



# Midnight Showcase

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## Midnight



## RAUNCH

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Midnight Raunch

# **MIDNIGHT SHOWCASE**

**– Midnight Raunch –  
Erotic-aah Digest**

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**Midnight Raunch  
(The First Launching)**

**MIDNIGHT SHOWCASE**  
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Midnight Raunch

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## **Midnight Raunch**

### **– The First Launch –**

#### **Slave To Love, Anna Fallon**

When the end of submissive Marissa's three-month trial period with Dominant lover Rick nears, she's ready to do anything to see that he keeps her.

#### **Master Husband, Anna Fallon**

Becoming a motorcycle cop might prove very exciting indeed for Steven Barret. His fetish for leather comes out with a surprising gang member.

#### **Orola, the Warrior Priestess, The Kiir, Herbert Grosshans**

She found shelter and love when she needed it. For a short time, she was happy and ecstatic to be part of a miraculous transformation.

#### **Buttered Fingers, Mae Powers**

Kitty wanted to make her fantasy a reality; but she needed to find just the right man for her unusual, but pleasurable whim.

#### **Getting It On, Mae Powers**

Johnny has desired Sarah for a long time now. He'd love to make this hot babe completely his. Problem: Does she want him too?

#### **Ten and Counting, Randall Lang**

It's been ten years since she has seen her old school friend. Their reunion ignites V-E-R-Y adult feelings, and in a restaurant of all places.

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Also by Anna Fallon from  
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Jaded Beasts 1: The Rat of Fury  
Jaded Beasts 3: Snakes and Ladders

Egyptian Realms: Never Say Die

Spellfire Seasons: A Fairy Merry Christmas  
A Spellfire Evening: Nastie Business

## **Slave To Love** **by** **Anna Fallon**

Waiting could be such a bitch! *Where the hell is he anyway?* A thick lock of dark hair flopped into her eyes, obscuring her vision. “Shit...bloody hair is always in the way!” Marissa’s long hair annoyed her at times. “One day I’ll get it chopped off, I swear!”

“No, you won’t.” A familiar commanding voice spoke.

The voice startled her, even though she half expected Rick to sneak up on her; he always seemed to surprise her anyway. Wincing slightly as he wrapped her hair around his hand, he pulled her head back. Marissa’s leant back to allow his forceful kiss to sting her lips. The surge of want hit her just as suddenly as his approach.

Marissa joined her local BDSM club, Frisk, about 2 years ago. More as a social member than anything, her curiosity about the lifestyle led her to want to learn more. Every relationship she’d ever had seemed to be unfulfilling. Marissa harbored a fascination about being a submissive. She met a submissive out clubbing one night and she convinced her to go along for a look.

Once she got to know everybody it was really cool and she loved it. Marissa became an observer, invited along to special nights, but not expected to take part until she found a person she felt comfortable being dominated by. For a year, that person never came along. Then one night Rick strode in. She noticed him right away. It took about six months, but finally Marissa knew she wanted to be Rick’s submissive.

She remembered the way Rick strode up to her. His intensity excited her. She wanted him like no other man. After long discussions and passionate sessions, Rick introduced her to the life of a slave, his slave. Marissa fell head over heels in love and she wanted to please him. In fact, seeing his pleasure became her greatest satisfaction. Marissa intended to stay with Rick, if he would have her. She just hoped he loved her back as much as she loved him. He said he did, but a lifetime commitment could be another story.

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Under mutual agreement, the three-month trial period was almost up. As a safety net, they both had the chance to have an 'out' if either wanted it, no questions asked. Marissa did not want out, if Rick did she wasn't sure what she would do.

"The hair stays...right!" Not a question, never a question. Rick gave her another kiss, this one, on the verge of bruising her lips. Seeping wetness gathered at the cloth of her panties and, remembering he'd told her to wear none, a beading of sweat formed on her brow.

"Yes, Rick, the hair stays."

His lips gently brushed hers, the softness of his tongue ran over the outline of her mouth. Her heart skipped a beat as he nibbled so gently. Rick knew how to make her feel cherished. When she pleased him, he showered her with sweetness. When she displeased him, Rick's ways of punishment took Marissa to the edge of sexual extremes. Then he held her and lavished her with tenderness, Marissa could not imagine ever being with anyone else. And yes, just like today, she sometimes purposely displeased him. Admitting she was a dirty slut who loved to get nasty was half the fun.

"Good girl. Now, how are you, my lovely?" His fingers played over the front of her silk top, her nipples forced hard against the material. Kissing her gently again, roaming his tongue softly around the crevices of her open mouth. Opening her mouth to him completely, Marissa throbbed with desire.

"I'm fine, thank you, Rick. How are you?" Her laughter as sweet as a babbling brook, Rick smiled. He did love her, very much.

The thought of losing her frightened him. Insecurities convinced him a creature as gorgeous as Marissa would never stay with someone like him of her own accord. But here she was. None of his previous girlfriend's possessed the courage or strength to submit. He would never hurt Marissa, Rick took care not to push her too far, too soon. Today would see if she truly loved and trusted him. Today would prove once and for all, if the last three months would become permanent and perhaps the massive solitaire diamond ring in his pocket could find its way onto her perfect finger.

"Ah my love, I am fine now that I am here with you." Rick usually made himself late because he stood watching her. Amazed at her beauty and the things she allowed him to do, her willingness to please. You could never pretend to be a submissive; subs had a will to serve and please, it was the thing that made them happiest. It wasn't

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about weakness. His hands lingered on her pert ass cheeks, squeezing his appreciation of her rock hard, muscular body.

Closing her eyes, knowing what was ahead, Marissa braced herself. Stopping his hands on the seam of her underwear, Rick's hand quickly traveled back up and gathered a handful of hair.

"You bitch, you little bitch...I told you, *no* underwear. None, you hear me? You'll have to be punished, won't you?" His burning eyes showed the passion of anger he felt. Marissa, thrilled at his mood, knew what followed would be wonderful. Painful but wonderful, her favorite kind of enjoyment.

"Yes," her voice faltered. Grateful they were in a very quiet park, early in the morning, Marissa managed to squeak out an apology. Eager to take her punishment, her pussy clenched with need. Begging would be to no avail, she would have to take what was coming to her. No problems.

Walking her to the wooden park table and bench seat, Rick released her hair from the hair tie and planted a strong kiss on her mouth, his tongue invading hers with a ferocity reserved for attacks. He pulled her face from his and glared into her eyes.

"Smart bitch. I'll shove my cock into you, make you scream. You'd like that wouldn't you, my slut?" before she could answer he assaulted her mouth again, pulling her against him. Marissa could feel the hardness of his arousal against her abdomen. Receiving as much of his oral attack as possible, underwear awash with juices, Marissa knew she was in for a treat. *I deserve it*, she thought, *God knows I left the panties on purposefully. I need to be punished and humiliated.* Rick pushed her away, stepping back.

"Take them off, slut. Take them off and lick your filthy juices from them!"

Obediently, she pushed them over her hips and they dropped around her stiletto encased feet. Marissa stepped from her silky panties and lifted them to her lips, using the tip of her pink tongue on the seepage. Her gaze connecting with his as her performance continued.

"Ha! You call that a lick? Use all of your tongue, just like you are licking melting ice-cream, use long strokes."

Obediently again and lapping, licking and slurping her musky juices until almost gone. Her pussy still throbbed, Marissa felt sure her juices would run down her thighs at any minute.



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Rick stepped towards her gruffly ordering her to stop licking. "Get over the table, you whore. What are you?" Marissa particularly loved it when he had her repeat his words.

"A whore," she replied.

"Yes...and who's whore are you?"

"Yours, baby, only yours!"

"Don't you forget it either bitch, hurry up and bend over that table."

"Yes, Rick."

Leaning forward over the table, the mini skirt, he'd ordered her to wear, hitched up to her waist, Marissa waited for the inevitable. Her body shook from anticipation. The roughness of the timber table cut into her thighs.

"You need a good spanking and I am going to give it to you, make your sexy ass cheeks red and stinging. You love that don't you?" Marissa, loving the pain of a spanking followed by a pounding in the pussy, nodded her head emphatically. Rick's large hand resounded on her bottom. The sting excited her even more. She pushed her ass high for the next one. Secretly she wondered if anyone might see them, loving the thought of being spanked in public.

As Rick brought his hand down, the action crushed her thighs to the boards, giving her a double helping of pain and pleasure. With each slap, he called her a dirty name. "Bitch...whore...slut...dirty."

Her sharp intake of breath told Rick she'd had enough and he knew Marissa's pussy would be primed for the taking. She always was after a sound spanking. He recalled how her tight tunnel gripped at his cock like a vice. He rubbed his hands all over the redness of her butt cheeks, caressing softly.. Marissa groaned.

"There you go my good girl, now you won't do that again will you? I won't have to spank you if you aren't disobedient will I?" he asked, knowing full well how she provoked him because she loved her ass whippings. "Now stand up. Turn around to me."

Marissa following his instructions without delay, face streaked with tears, thighs red raw as well, the animal desire in her eyes was unmistakable. At this moment, Rick wanted to gather her up in his arms and protect her from every bad thing in the world.

Rick knelt in front of her, tracing his fingertips lightly over the injured thigh area. Marissa found this unusual, as Rick never put himself into a submissive position. Knowing instinctively that this was a fragile situation, Marissa whispered to keep him at ease. "Oh

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Rick...I love you...I'll never leave you. I need you, and only you, to satisfy me. Only you know what a dirty bitch I am and how I need to be treated. I'll do anything for you."

Raising his eyes to hers, he kissed her thighs all over. Gasping with delight Marissa's thighs parted, revealing the inner sanctum of her cunt to him. Rick allowed his eyes to roam over her shaven, glistening genitalia.

Leaning back, Marissa propped herself up with her arms behind her. Her body trembled with anticipation Rick became caught in the moment, in the love he felt for her, wanting only to pleasure Marissa beyond her wildest dreams. Taking one leg after the other and placing her feet on the bench seat, he gently parted her legs as far as they would go. Her muskiness hit his nostrils, he licked his lips. Placing his index finger at her opening, Rick circled and felt the tightening of her cunt walls at his fingertip.

Normally Rick would take her roughly, knowing she liked that. Pumping his juices into her while she came hard. But today something came over him. Feeling safe Rick continued to explore her. Looking at the sight before him, he traced his finger lightly over her pussy lips. "My God! You have a beautiful cunt! The most beautiful I've ever seen."

These words must have brought Marissa closer to orgasm, a throaty whisper escaped. "Thank you, Rick."

Slowly inserting his finger to the hilt, reveling in the warmth and softness, he felt an overwhelming urge to bring her orgasm, to feel the powerful writhing of his woman in ecstasy. His woman coming for him.

Holding still for a time, Marissa used all her self-control. Her first thought was to drive herself up and down on that finger, needing something deep inside her. As if sensing her need, Rick withdrew his single digit, replacing it with three. Pushing them as far up inside as they would go and held them there, hard and tight inside her, stroking the upper wall of her pussy firmly. Almost to the point of no return Marissa bucked a little.

"No, keep still. Don't move...just feel me pleasuring you. Dirty girl, you are a slut aren't you? My slut.....always." He spoke gently, quietly, the contrast of the severity of the words and his caring tone took effect on her and Marissa moaned loudly. The cool morning air caressed her body. "My fingers are right up inside you, can you feel them, bitch? Can you feel my fingers jammed in there?"

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Pressing them hard inside as he took his other hand towards her engorged clitoris, he smiled at how swollen and pink it looked. He placed one finger on either side of the engorged button and added some slight pressure, popping her clit from its hood. Oh how he loved her groans and knowing he held the power of her passion between two fingers. Her exposed clit glistened, inviting him to taste. Rick stroked inside her once more, moving his fingers over her g-spot, her focused shuddering told him he'd found it.

Instead of using a rigid tongue and assaulting her clit, he allowed his tongue to remain soft and pliable. He gently and slowly lapped the full flatness of his tongue over her clitoris. A cry sounded from Marissa and Rick felt like a king. "Yes baby, that's it, you cry out if you want to."

Continuing his soft tonguing actions, he licked her more gently than ever before, he didn't want to finish. Rick's wanted his tongue to feel as light as a feather and he surprised himself at how horny he felt. Being blessed with a large, thick cock, he generally took his pleasure from his partner rather than with her. They always came, but it was usually a little devoid of emotional closeness. Spending more time with Marissa he found himself exclusively fucking her, and wanting it that way. Tasting her now, he increased the pressure and felt her vaginal wall muscles tighten further. Wondering if her tightened walls might squeeze his fingers out, he wriggled them in harder and held them fast. Rick discovered that sexual power did not always have to come through force. Keeping the pressure the same, but increasing the speed of his tongue seemed the right thing to do.

Marissa discovered she loved the feeling of something hard up inside her, but not moving. Her orgasm built in her center; bracing herself another cry of pleasure sounded as if it came from a distance, Marissa felt transported to another dimension. Knowing the time drew very close, The surface of his tongue never left her swollen button it just continued to gently rasp back and forth faster now. As the beginning orgasm took her in its wake, Marissa's cunt pulsed down on his fingers and her body jerked and shivered it's agreeable release. A white light flashed before her eyes, as for a second or two the outside world went blank to her. His fingers stroked firmly inside, pressing her g-spot as the driving force of pure pleasure hit her like a sledgehammer and brought forth a series of loud cries. Seemingly endless orgasms, end-on-end, erupted and took over her body. Marissa had no control and in that moment, she knew he possessed

her very soul and she gave it willingly. Rick somehow knew decreasing his pressure and speed rather than increasing it would prolong and intensify the orgasm.

Having done this, it took all his strength to maintain his fingers inside her cunt, the muscle spasms were so violent from within her. Marissa babbled her pleasure to him, "Oh yes...Fuck me, fuck me! Yes, Yeeeees!"

The last 'yes', being a very loud scream, echoed around the secluded park. Marissa obviously did not realize her volume, in her ecstasy, shook as her vagina walls flexed and relaxed on his fingers, squeezing and releasing for what seemed an eternity. Licking her slowly and deliberately now as her climax began to recede, caused small shuddering motions through her pussy.

Letting his hand lower a little, Rick pumped his fingers in and out of her soaked pussy slowly. Removing his mouth and taking his fingers from around her clitoris he spoke. "There, my darling, slutty girl. How was that?" Looking up at her as she gazed down, he saw something in her eyes he had never been there before, more than love, more than devotion. In his soul, he knew they connected in a spiritual way.

"Oh Rick, I have never had that before from anyone, you rock my world. I'll do anything for you, anytime."

Standing up he held her close, knowing she meant what she said. His fingers still inside her, he slowly withdrew them. Gushing come flowed out of her, covering his fingers and hand, holding it up for her to see. "Look you messy little bitch, my messy slut...look what you have done to my hand. Clean it off for me! Please?"

Marissa smiling wasted no time. Taking his wrist in both hands, she proceeded to suck and lick his hand as if it were his cock. Tasting such an expanse of her own juices pleased her. Rick watched on, seemingly mesmerized by her. Then he surprised her once more.

"What would you like me to do next?" He'd never asked her opinion before. This was a very special moment. Marissa thought momentarily and decided to repay the favor. Looking him squarely in the eyes and smiling. "Fuck my mouth! Make me take it all in until I gag and then choke me with your sweet cum!"

He didn't need to hear it twice. "Why you slut, I would love to shove my cock in between those luscious lips and ram it down your throat."

Kneeling on the soft grass leveled her mouth at exactly the right spot. His jeans strained at his erection. Marissa knew she would love this. Unbuttoning the top of his jeans, his zipper began to release itself due to the huge cock behind it. Marissa, ripping the jeans to his knees, began to marvel at how large eight inches actually looked. She remembered in the beginning how the inside of her cunt would feel bruised.

Rick thought he would explode if she didn't hurry; he almost resorted to begging her. "Come on, Bitch, hurry the fuck up!" At that point Marissa opening her mouth wide engulfing as much of the dick as she could. Gasping at the feeling of her hot, soft mouth around his shaft, which almost brought tears to his eyes, Rick pushed his pelvis forward. Winding hair around each hand tightly, he began to fuck her mouth slowly. Marissa was almost gagging but Rick gave her time to catch her breath, for now. She had perfected the art of deep throat. It took a while, but with practice, she learned to control the gagging reflex at the back of her throat.

Tasting the saltiness as the soft skin of his cock reamed inside her cheeks, she let out some muffled sounds of enjoyment. Rick increased his speed. Holding her head she had no chance of retreat even if she wanted it, he spoke loudly and with passion. "Yes, you whore, take it all. I'm fucking your filthy mouth because I can and you can't stop me! I'm going to shoot my hot cum down your throat."

Marissa wanted Rick to feel the ecstasy he'd just given her. Taking his balls in her hand, she squeezed.

Switching over to the state where carnal urges took over from the mind, Rick gave her all he had, but was careful not to hurt her. He couldn't stop, his head pounded for release and this woman was the only one who could make him come so hard. The pressure built inside his balls. Normally controlling himself until he was ready, this time he had no hope. He was coming and there wasn't a damn thing he could do about it! "Here I come, baby, going to give it to you now...Oh, Marissa. Ohhhhhhhhhh!"

\* \* \* \*

Rick, found it hard to comprehend what just happened; took himself for a cup of strong coffee. His mind raced, a little doubt crept in, having been burned by love before. Still, that wasn't to be held against Marissa. Knowing he'd fallen for her both thrilled and scared him. He still wanted to know the depth of her devotion. The memory of the sex this morning was still fresh in his mind, her taste still fresh

in his mouth. With his cock threatening to stiffen again behind his desk, Rick tried to put his mind at ease. *She won't hurt me. I'm being paranoid.* His coffee tracked its steamy course down his throat, *but maybe I'll test her a little, see how much she means she'll do anything for me.*

Marissa whizzed into the bank just seconds to spare. *Shit! Fucking nearly late again! That old bastard will be sacking me at this rate!* Her boss stood waiting for her at her desk. She knew her boss loved to look at her body and fantasize about fucking her. His eyes said it all. Everyone in the office thought her to be quiet; it amused her to remain so straight laced at work and be such a slut at home. *What they don't know wouldn't hurt them anyway. None of their business how I like to be fucked.* Feeling a little hot under the collar, Marissa raced past him to her desk, checking her list of things to do. Glancing up, she saw he stared at her and was going to say something. *Here we go old Reggie on the warpath, doubt he's ever had a decent root in his life!*

"Miss Black...Where have you been?"

*Out sucking my boyfriend's cock*, that's what she wanted to say, "Got caught in traffic, Mr McDermott." His swollen lips stretched over his large white teeth. "Well...you were almost late again and I won't suffer tardiness, Miss Black!"

*Lick my asshole, you jerk-off!* "Yes, Mr. McDermott, I'll be more careful." Marissa always hated the way his red lips glistened, always looking slobbery, and he smelt too much of aftershave. *Poor fucker.* Sometimes Marissa teased the shit out of him. Knowing it was wrong only made it more fun; the boss wanted to fuck her, she played up to him for fun and told Rick all about it when she would see him later. He loved to hear about it and spank her afterwards making her tell him she wanted to fuck Mr. McDermott.

But she never would, no way. No-one could compete with Rick, he was superb. She had no idea why she loved being humiliated in that way or why it turned her on so much. All Marissa knew was that she loved Rick and, wanting him to be happy, would do anything for him. It wasn't just the sex though. Out of the bedroom, he was as gentle as a lamb. Always looking out for her and surprising her with gifts. Only ever wanting a man who could be relied upon and who gave her an emotional place to fall, Marissa felt maybe forever wouldn't be too long with Rick.

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Tapping away on her keyboard, she wondered when Rick would call to see her next. Having never even discussed moving in, it was far too soon to think of anything more serious than hot, delinquent sex. However, judging by experience, men generally didn't stick with the raunchy sex girls. They were often being passed over as mates for life. Okay to fuck them every which way, but no good to take home to Mother! Where do men get off judging the quality of a woman by her sexual escapades anyhow? If the women were sluts, so were the men who had multiple partners.

Tapping away, tapping away, not paying the slightest bit of attention to the work being done. "Marissa! Would you please join me in my office for a moment?" *The old fart, wants another perve I suppose.* Still she guessed he wasn't any older than fifty-five, still thirty years her senior. She walked over to his office door, which was ajar. Remembering her knickers were gone caused a quiet chuckle under her breath. *Give the old goat an eyeful that should fix him for a while!*

"Yes, Mr. McDermott." The phone rang just then, all the other girls looked busy on the other lines. "I'll just take this call, shall I?" she asked, peering around the door. Seeing him nod his approval Marissa went back to her desk and picked up the phone.

"People's Bank, Marissa speaking, how may I help you?"

"Is that my horny little spunk rat? How is that luscious twat of mine, ready for a good fucking?"

Recognizing the voice immediately, the heat burned between her legs. "Rick! H-how can I help you, or maybe you could just help yourself?"

"What are you doing? Fingering yourself under your desk, I bet! Are you touching that delicious clit I licked like a lollipop earlier? Mmmmm...tasted sweet as honey too."

Her pussy throbbed as he reminded her of this morning, less than two hours ago. "Rick! Stop that! I have to go take notes with the boss, last thing I want is to be horny!" Speaking quietly so as not to divulge her conversation with the others.

"Why not be horny, why not be slutty with him, you might get a promotion!" Rick asked.

"Blech! Old Reggie is gross! He has a good look whenever he can anyway. No, thank you, you are the only man for me!"

"Fuck him!" Rick served up the order matter-of-factly.

"What?" Marissa answered.

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“Fuck him in his office, you said you’d do anything for me...so fuck your boss’s old cheesy cock!”

Marissa did not doubt now that Rick was serious. “Shit, Rick! Don’t be silly!” Wondering how the hell she could go through with this, Marissa nervously played with the phone cord.

“Now, you listen to me,” his voice sounded the command. “Do it. I want you to. You fuck him on top of his desk. Sit yourself on his dick and hump him till he comes, then suck him off until he comes again. Make sure he pumps his load all over your face too...whores like you deserve that! Then tell him to stick his fuckless job up his tired, old ass and get your butt over here to tell me all about it...do you understand?” Rick’s voice commanded attention with its silky smoothness.

Marissa ached to be fucked now. Hearing his words she knew she would do as he wanted, and love it. “Yes, Rick, I understand. I...I’ll go right away. But, Rick, what will I do without a job?”

“You’ll just have to take that chance...if you really love me as you say you do, you’d give up everything for me!” Marissa placed the receiver in its cradle and walked to the office door.

Rapping lightly on it, she heard her boss.

“Come in.”

She walked slowly around the door and closed it behind her.

There he sat, lips glistening, his bulbous tongue moistening them even further. “Ahh...Marissa, please sit down, I’d like your opinion on something. Rather personal actually, I hope you don’t mind?” he asked, looking a little sheepish.

Marissa felt some sympathy for him. “No. That’s fine I hope I can help, Mr. McDermott.” Marissa left her legs slightly parted when she sat, so her boss could catch a glimpse of her lack of underwear.

“Please call me Reggie.”

“Sure, Reggie.”

Beginning to imagine Rick watching her, she enjoyed that thought immensely, sliding her tongue over her lips as she held Reggie’s gaze, the power she wielded in this situation turned her on. Reggie, looking a little uncomfortable, shifted in his chair.

“Well... you see it’s about women. I...um...well you know? I have a lady I would like to ask out, she’s lovely, in my age group, but very young in attitude...I wonder if you could suggest whether an old fashioned approach would be appropriate?”



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By parting her legs, Marissa gained all of his attention, he loosened his collar as he stared between her thighs. "You want to fuck her, Reggie?" Reveling in her power, now she knew why Rick got off on it so much. "You want to jam her cunt with your stiff old prick?"

"Why! Miss Black I'm sure..."

Interrupting him as she stood up, she placed her right foot up on the desk. After a long pause, she placed her foot back on the floor again. His stiff rod almost burst the seam of his zipper. Marissa could spot a hefty cock anywhere.

Licking her lips, perhaps this wouldn't be so bad after all; he's packing an Uzi down there. Walking around the desk towards him, she pulled her mini up around her waist and, sliding her fingers over her parted cunt lips, she said, "Don't be shy, Reggie. You've wanted to see this for a long time haven't you?" Nodding his head, Reggie smacked his lips with his tongue.

"Stand up. Unzip your pants and drop them." Her commands made her feel powerful, Rick would be proud of her. Reggie stood. Unzipping his fly, his thick cock popped out. The trousers pooled at his feet and he stepped out of them.

The look on his face bordered somewhere between disbelief and wicked excitement. "Lie down on your desk, Reggie, on your back." Commanding him turned her on and she knew why Rick got off on it so much. He obeyed, knocking the items in his way, on to the floor.

Marissa placed her knees either side of him positioned herself over his engorged penis. "Your lucky day, Reggie, your lucky day!"

Impaling herself on the fat cock made her draw breath. Reggie, too, drew his in sharply. Marissa rode him, loving the fatness inside her. Pushing herself down hard and grinding felt awesome. Reggie cried out a little and suddenly Marissa wanted to make him come. Continuing on harder and harder, redness filled his face.

"I'll tell you how to treat your girlfriend. Fuck her hard and often and if she complains stuff your fat cock in her mouth to shut her up! Then give her everything her heart ever dreamed of. Treat her like a princess and fuck her like an animal. You reckon you can do that?" Smiling, Reggie nodded his head, "You like me fucking you, don't you Reggie. Love the feeling of my tight pussy around your dick!" Fucking him with a vengeance now, dripping cunt sliding up and down as fast as she could possibly go. "Fuck you Reggie...Fuck you...Fuck you...Fuck...You!"

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Reggie grunted low in his throat and thrust upwards in frenzy. “Yes...Yes...Yes...Ohhh. I always knew you would be hot!” he answered and gripped her thighs tightly as she felt his cock pumping. Admitting to herself that she was immensely turned on, she almost came, but held back because she wasn’t sure Rick would approve.

Last minute shudders racked his body as his orgasm subsided, shining red lips glistening at her. Marissa knew she still had work to do it, climbed off. “Stand up and lean back on the desk.” Loving the chance to be in control, her pussy throbbing, Marissa sank to her knees.

“What are you doing girl?” Reggie sounded a bit nervous as he spoke his concerns to her.

Marissa smiled at him “I’m gonna blow your mind!”

Reggie looked positively panicked “But...I’ve never...” trailing off, looking embarrassed.

*Surely he can’t mean he’s never had a head job!* Marissa marveled at the possibility. “Never what Reggie? Never had a woman suck your cock and then came all over her face?”

Shaking his head, mumbling “Never come twice in a row either, not sure if I can.”

Laughing, she grabbed at his fatness with her hand. “Oh...you will, Reggie. You will come in bucket loads again, you just make sure to shoot it over my face okay?”

Nodding and closing his eyes Reggie must have thought is what heaven is like. Marissa retracted the foreskin, His pink knob shining and his cock stiffened a little more. “There you go, getting hard already. Awash with her juices, Marissa lapped him clean from tip to base whilst Reggie moaned his approval. This really was turning her on and the proof of that now ran down her thighs mixing with male ejaculation.

Having finished the clean-up job Marissa widened her mouth, stretching it to accommodate his girth, rammed her mouth down his shaft, and sucked with all her might. Reggie cried out. Bobbing her head back and forth as fast as she could, Marissa savored him. Hands holding his ass cheeks Marissa stopped and looked up at her boss. “Now Reggie, you fuck my mouth. I’ll stay still and you hold my head or scruff my hair and ram that cock into my mouth. But when you come, make sure you pull out and shoot it on my face...okay?” Nodding, an evil look in his eyes, Reggie obeyed.

Reaching down and coating her index finger with her juices Marissa poised her finger between his ass cheeks, lightly pressing against his puckered orifice. May as well give him another first! Reggie proved a fast learner and fucked her face with vigor. Then he pulled his cock out of her mouth and as the first shot travelled up his dick and landed on her face, Marissa drove her finger up his ass as far as it would go. Reggie cried out again, louder this time. His secondary load pumped out onto Marissa's face as his spasms gripped her finger. Dripping with his thick cum from both ends, her pussy still ached for completion. Did she dare to come, Rick hadn't allowed her that. Still the punishment might be exquisite.

Reggie looked flushed with satisfaction. Apparently he'd found a new confidence. "Let me look at your cunt please? I have never seen a real one close up and they look so lovely in magazines?"

"Jesus Reg, you been living under a rock?" Again Marissa felt empathy toward him. Sitting up on the desk Marissa spread her legs wide. Opening her labia with her fingers, she felt the surge of need for an orgasm. Reggie fell to his knees studying her.

"May I, I've never..."

Marissa interrupted him "Touch it, Reggie, it won't bite, do what you want to me."

Needing no second invitation Reggie inserted a thick finger and wriggled it around her cunt walls. "Beautiful!"

Removing the finger now, he used the wet tip to work a circular motion around her swollen clitoris. Marissa gasped her pleasure encouraging him to do more. Reggie, tasted her, moving his tongue into position he flicked around her opening. Driving his rigid tongue into her cunt made Marissa squeal, this was a first for her; she'd never been tongued-fucked before. His tongue was long and thick. Reggie thrust in and out, moaning his enjoyment.

Marissa wanted to come so badly, wondering what Rick would say. Reggie turned his attention onto her clit. For the second time today she was stroked by a male tongue. This tongue really felt different to Rick's, Reggie seemed more exploratory whereas Rick was confident in ways to excite her. Marissa felt a little guilty at her enjoyment, but she needed to come and she intended to see that Reggie gave her an orgasm. "Lick me hard, you bastard, don't you dare stop. Lick me hard and fast...Faster!"

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His tongue took up a blistering pace and Marissa's orgasm broke through the barrier. Marissa cried out involuntarily knowing all the office girls must have heard her and not caring at all.

Reggie muzzled his face into her hole and spread her come over his face, wallowing in it. Then he stroked inside her with his tongue again.

"Thank you, Marissa. I could never have..."

Remembering Rick's orders, Marissa pulled her skirt down, and went and washed up at the hand basin in the bathroom. When she'd finished she completed her mission. "Mr. McDermott, you can shove your job up your ass!"

As she turned for the door, amused at the look of bewilderment he gave her, the feeling of power increased. Feeling freer than ever, Marissa laughed out loud and walked out his office door. Her workmates looked at her with questioning, accusing eyes. "There you go girls! He's a top fuck, the old prick! Fucking huge cock! Get your asses in there and teach him a few more new things! See ya's." Then she grabbed her things and left. Just like that, free!

\* \* \* \*

Rick fidgeted as he waited for Marissa; it had been over an hour, where could she be? Had she finally decided this was too much for him to ask? Had she enjoyed fucking the old man if she had gone through with it? I can't believe she would love me that much...but maybe. Then he heard the knock on the door which led out to the back alley. He'd brought Marissa here before. What she didn't know was he owned the company, in fact he was one of the richest men in the country. That was a little known fact though. Even here at the company, they all thought he was just another worker.

He liked the anonymity. He felt it important to find a woman who loved him for him, not for his money. Rick adjusted his tie nervously, now he would find out. He was more keyed up than ever. Watching her enter the room, her blue eyes wide, Rick sweated. Long, lithe legs walked toward him and stopped just short of contact. He tried not to give away his nervousness, but this could be the most important day of his life.

"Hello, Rick." Looking deep into his eyes, she continued to speak, "I fucked him just like you said. Then I made him fuck my mouth. Am I a good girl, Rick?"

"Yes, Baby... You are a good girl. What was his dick like?"

"Thick and juicy."

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“Did you get on top and fuck him good till he came?”

“Yes.”

“Then what?”

“I told him to fuck my mouth and he did, you know he’d never had a head-job before! Then he shot his load over my face, just like you said.”

“Then what?” Marissa looked sheepish not knowing how Rick would react to her next escapades.

“He wanted to look at my fanny, so I let him. I sat on the desk and spread my flaps open to him. He loved it so much he tongue fucked me. Neither of us had done that before.” Marissa braced herself.

“Did you come?”

“Yes, I came, was I allowed to?”

Rick processed this information and his prick hardened as he thought of watching another man pleasuring her. Still he hadn’t given her permission to come so he may have to punish her for that.

“Well, you must be punished you know that, for being a dirty slut. But that can wait till later.” Drawing her face to his Rick gave her the sweetest kiss ever.

Marissa couldn’t believe it but she was horny again; how did he do that to her?

“You really do love me don’t you, Marissa?” Rick felt secure in that thought now. It was important to him because he really loved her.

“Oh yes, Rick...with all my heart. I know we have only been seeing each other a few months but I know how I feel.”

“My dear, sweet Marissa, would you do me the honor of sharing your hot, dirty, nasty sex with me for the rest of our lives?” With this he pulled a pink velour jeweler box from his pocket.

Opening it, revealed a huge glittering diamond encased in white gold.

“Rick? What the...Do you mean marriage?” Marissa could not believe her ears, *I must be dreaming!*

Rick laughed. “Of course I do.”

She could tell from the tears in his eyes he meant to love her with all of his heart, forever.

“Then, yes! Yes! Of course I will. But this ring is huge! Shouldn’t we pick something a little more understated, just starting out and all...”

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Again Rick laughed. "There's no need. Have you ever heard about Rick Sweeney, the man who was a millionaire by the time he was twenty designing computer software?"

Marissa thought for a moment, yes she was sure he had been in Cosmo magazine as one of the world's most eligible bachelor a few years back. "Yes, but I wouldn't know those type of people from a bar of soap."

Rick roared with laughter this time. "Well...You'd better brush up because you just agreed to marry him."

Marissa's jaw dropped. "What? Are you serious?" Then looking around her she knew he was. "Oh my God!"

Rick drew her closer once more. "Now a little unfinished business I believe, my very own hot little bitch." Reefing up her top and hoisting her breasts out of her bra cups, he pinched her large pink nipples between finger and thumb. Groaning from arousal, she leant back on his desk. Rick held her nipples tightly and shook them vigorously while pulling on them mercilessly. Marissa squealing as Rick pulled harder.

"You can take it, Bitch, you love it don't you?"

Ripping her mini skirt off, he bent her over the desk. She tingled with anticipation thinking a spanking was on the way. Instead of bringing his hand down across her butt, Rick parted her cheeks and pushed her roughly down across the desk. Deftly swiping two fingers in and out of her dripping cunt, he held her cheeks open with the other hand. The he moved upwards and pushed his finger into her ass.

Marissa made guttural noises caused through a mixture of pleasure and pain as Rick's fingers fucked her tiny hole. Because his dick was so long, he could dip a good two inches in her cunt at the same time. He fucked her with his knob this way for a few minutes. Marissa writhed on the desk wanting more inside her, but not daring to ask.

"Stay still slut, I'm going to fuck your ass as punishment for coming without my permission!"

Marissa was a little scared as he was so large, but before she could protest he had hold of her hips, parting her cheeks with his thumbs and she felt his knob pressuring her butt-hole. Then without warning, it slipped in, stretching her to almost tearing point. Marissa screamed out, tensing up with the white hot pain. Immediately, Rick remained motionless except for his fingers working on her clit. Marissa relaxed and felt the horniness take over. Soon she was

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pushing back ever so slightly onto his raging hard-on. Rick began to slowly fuck her in the ass.

Marissa had her own hand on her clit now working up her orgasm with gusto, she wanted him to shaft her harder now. “Fuck me, Rick please...Fuck me, harder.”

He obliged by driving his rod deep within her anal walls. She screamed in passion as he stroked in and out of her. “Oh, Rick. I love the way you fuck me! Oh, I’m coming, can’t help it...ohhhh!”

It was as violent an orgasm as she’d ever had. Her whole body convulsed. He grunted his release and collapsed over the top of her. The afterglow lasted forever. Finally, he removed his flaccid cock and rubbed the globes of her ass as he turned her to him.

He place the most loving kiss she’d ever felt on her lips. “I love you, Marissa Black, and I will be proud to make you my wife, if you’ll have me?”

“Of course I will.”

**The End**

**Master Husband**  
**by**  
**Anna Fallon**

Becoming a motorcycle cop might prove very exciting indeed for Steven Barret. His fetish for leather comes out with a surprising gang member.

<http://www.annaf.net/>

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**Master Husband**  
**by**  
**Anna Fallon**

Lastly, he pulled on his black leather knee high boots. The handcuffs jabbed into his hip as he bent over. *I must remember to put my belt on last next time.*

“Oh my God. Steven...look at you.”

“I feel overdressed.”

“You look fantastic! Truly. I think becoming a motorbike cop was a smart move. The uniform is so much better than the normal cop uniform.”

Steven Barret stood up, fixed his belt, and turned to face Kate, his wife of ten years. She walked up to him, planted a kiss on his cheek, and took his hand in hers. Her touch had always thrilled him but lately, with all his extra late night study, plus his shifts at work, sex had become a fond but distant memory.

It felt a little strange, her touching him so intimately. Although he welcomed it, and would have loved to act on his urges, he had to go for his first shift patrolling Ocean View Road. A rider gang had been riding recklessly in the area the last month and they were said to be very tricky to catch. All other cops had failed, the riders kept losing the police. It seemed they knew the area well enough to disappear apparently into nowhere.

But Ocean View Road was the place he'd grown up and he knew every back road trail on it. In fact, he had created most of them, with his buddies. The timing for him to become a motorcycle cop was just about perfect. Steven had no intentions of letting any of the Hell's Rider's gang out of his sight if he came across them riding dangerously.

“I have to go Babe. Maybe we can continue tonight...later.”

“I'll be out at a meeting till after ten. Shawna is coming over to watch Zach. You'll be home before me, so pay her will you. Fifty dollars will cover it.”

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Shawna. Steven dreaded coming home to Shawna. The fully-grown girl just turned eighteen and had a body to be admired. But Steven had no interest in her whatsoever. To him, she was a child and not anyone he would ever consider a relationship with. Unfortunately, Shawna did not feel the same about him. Along with that, she had a love of motorcycles and he could only wonder at her reaction to his uniform leathers.

Kate was his first and only love. Sure, he wondered sometimes what it would be like to have sex with someone else. But at the moment, he spent most of his time wondering what it would be like to have sex with Kate again. The one thing that turned his head now and again was the way Shawna dressed and her piercings. Her style of dress was sensible when she baby-sat. A very responsible young woman with the children in her charge. But on a few occasions she'd approached him in the street to say hi when he was on duty.

With her eyebrow and nose pierced, it was plain to see she was into that look. Shawna always seemed to be wearing leather. Tight pants, short skirts, bodices, studded, with chains. A look that engrossed Steven. He supposed it was because Kate had more of the desperate housewives look. Always immaculately groomed and a real stunner, Kate turned heads wherever she went. She was five foot nine and as slender as a reed, but the woman had back. Kate's great grandmother met her great grandfather while he was on an African safari. She was the daughter of the tribal leader and after the pair fell in love, Kate's great grandfather had to endure a painful initiation and become a tribal warrior to win the permission to marry her.

When you saw Kate's deep black coffee colored skin and looked at her ass riding high on her athletically muscled legs you could see the heritage. Shawna had a long lean body as well, but pale skin and blonde hair, much like his own coloring. He and Kate were like chalk and cheese when it came to coloring, but was a large part of what attracted them to each other.

One time when Shawna strode up to him in the street, she almost matched his six foot two height in her long, impossibly high-heeled boots. Then came the stockings, short skirt and mesh bodice. Through the bodice he could see an almost see-through bra and although her breasts were ample that wasn't what caught his eye.

It was plain to see Shawna had her nipples pierced. He could see the metal rings easily enough through the wispy material. Oh yes, that turned him on and he wasn't sure why. The whole look was slutty but

Steven couldn't help but wonder what his Kate would look like wearing that type of get-up. Trouble was his interest must have lingered a little too long and Shawna misinterpreted it as interest in her. He'd spent the last three months trying to convince her otherwise.

Soon he'd have to let Kate know. Although a little embarrassed to admit he had fantasies about seeing Kate dressed this way, it was better to admit that than have Shawna flirting with him constantly. Maybe Kate could speak to her woman to woman and they wouldn't have to lose the best sitter in town. Zach just turned four and he loved Shawna.

"Are you okay Baby? Nervous are you?" Kate must have thought his prolonged silence was because of nerves.

"No...I'm looking forward to stopping this gang scaring the heck out of other people on the road. I was just lost in thought."

Kate kissed his lips then and turned away. "Have a good day hun, and be careful."

"Oh there's no harm in that gang really. It's not like they go around doing drive-by shootings. A few regular patrols should keep them at bay."

"I don't know what they see in motorbikes. Death-traps if you ask me," Kate replied.

"Well, you can get killed just walking out your door. No reason why motorbikes are any more dangerous if you use them with respect." It was the age old argument from Steven. Kate did not share his enthusiasm for bikes.

"I know you love them, Babe," she answered respectfully. He loved that about her, even if she didn't agree, Kate never tried to stop him doing the things he loved.

"Gotta go...I'll see ya tonight when you get home then." Steven grabbed his helmet and opened the door.

"Sure...I love you."

"Love you to."

\* \* \* \*

Steven pulled off the road, this was his fifth run up here today. It seemed hard to call it work really, the sea air in his nostrils the view of the ocean. This was just like coming home to him. Nothing out of the ordinary, no bikers. Just holiday makers and locals it seemed. He'd helped a couple with directions and talked to an old friend or two. They told him his presence there was welcome as a few of them almost had accidents since the bikers started going crazy along here.

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Of course, as things always went, the minute he turned up it seemed the bikers chose today to stay away. He had fifteen minutes till the end of his shift and the taste of Kate's lips lingered in his mind. He hoped her meeting did not run too late tonight. His leathers rubbed him the right way and he felt as horny as hell. He imagined how Kate would look in black leather pants, thigh high fuck-me boots and a bodice laced so tightly her large breasts would swell over the top.

His cock hardened and he realized just how urgently he wanted to make love to his wife. The motorbike idled beneath him sending tremors and vibrations through him. *No wonder women get off on the washing machine.* He shifted in the seat but that only made it worse, or better, whichever way he looked at it. Looking down at the large bulge Steven gave it a quick rub and looked at his watch. *Almost home time, thank fuck for that.* Then he thought about Shawna waiting there. *Oh, no.*

Next thing a black bike roared past him. Coming to a sudden halt about fifty foot in front. The rider was covered in black leathers. And a black full face helmet. The only splash of color was a red set of wings with Hell's Riders written in the middle. Turning to Steven the stranger extended an arm and stuck up the middle finger. Giving Steve the bird. Then the bike took off, front wheel in the air and when the wheel touched the road again the bike zigzagged and snake-tailed before taking off at a very high speed.

Steven pulled on his helmet and clipped it up then roared his own engine into life. Checking no other traffic came either way, he raced off after the offender. *Cheeky prick,* he thought. *Well, you won't get away from me. This bike can do two hundred miles an hour and is tough enough for off-road.* Once he caught up Steve kept the mystery rider in full view.

It had been his suspicion that most of these troublesome riders used the bushy tracks to the left of the road to escape capture. Quite a maze existed in the thick shrubbery. Steven went and checked them out earlier and saw only a few showed signs of use lately. He knew a few shortcuts if the rider in front of him decided to try and lose him that way. If nothing else, he could book this rider for speeding and dangerous riding. Perhaps the message might get through to the other gang members then.

Screaming around the corner, Steven was hot on the tail of the offending motorcycle. He switched on his siren and the small blue

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light on the front of his bike. This let the other rider know to pull over to the side of the road.

But as predicted, the stranger rode off to the left. In actual fact, the tracks beyond the main road were quite manageable by the experienced rider. Steven could not help but feel excited as he turned to follow. Knowing the tracks like the back of his hand, he might just enjoy this chase. Steven bumped along the narrow dirt road and could see the other bike just ahead. Turning onto another side track, Steven raced along as fast as he dared. He knew by going this way, if he went quickly enough, he would cut off the other rider.

Bouncing back out to rejoin the previous route Steven couldn't see anyone in front of him, but he caught the sound of a motorcycle behind. Glancing back quickly, he saw he'd achieved his goal. "Bingo!" he yelled and slid to a halt sideways across the track. To his surprise, the other rider veered off into the trees going deeper into the wilderness.. "Shit!" This rider must be familiar with this place. Steven fired up his motor again and gave chase once more.

This particular trail led down to a small clearing. Steven hadn't been in there for about fifteen years, when he was fifteen years old. It was the place he and his friends went to do all the secret stuff teenage boys do.

Maybe the gang had discovered it and used it as a party area. Still he never saw any evidence of anyone being down that way when he rode past here earlier. Maybe turning down here a lucky guess by the person he chased. The branches scraped against his jacket and more than once he had to duck under low-lying boughs. He'd brought Kate here once on his road bike. He'd been nineteen then, yes, *that* was the last time he was here, actually twelve years ago.

How could he forget that, the night they'd given their virginity to each other. It was the first time he'd showed off his cop uniform to her. A comedy of fumbles, but the passion skyrocketed with quick learning, and by daybreak, they had pleasuring each other down to a fine art. *No time to be reminiscing.*

Apart from the one set of tracks, it looked to be undisturbed. *Must have been a lucky guess then.* The other bike went out of sight now, but this trail held the only way in or out of the clearing, so Steven knew he had whoever it was cornered. It briefly occurred to him this could be quite a dangerous situation, being alone. He decided not to step away from his cycle. At least then he could use the emergency tracking switch if he needed sudden back-up. For now, he

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would play it cool; his eleven years experience as a cop taught him to be careful.

Once the clearing opened up he saw the black bike parked in the middle of the grassed area. The rider still sat on the bike, facing Steven. Steven stopped short of pulling up beside the other bike. He wanted to make sure he was first in line to the exit should he need to make a hasty retreat. But he was close enough to be able to hear the rider speak and get a good identification. As it was late in the day, he decided a warning to stop the dangerous riding in this area might be enough. Pulling his helmet off his head Steven spoke in his best authoritative voice.

“Pretty dangerous riding back there. I could take you in for speeding.”

The other rider said nothing, just shrugged.

“Do you have anything to say for yourself? You Hell’s Riders have been a problem lately. That stops today. With me.”

Steven watched as the rider stepped off the bike and stood beside it, legs apart. Over six foot tall by the looks of it and for the first time Steven realized the black boots were thigh highs with criss-cross laces up the front and eight inch platform soles. *Jesus*, he thought and swallowed hard. Trying to keep his composure, he repeated his question, “I asked if you had anything to say?”

The rider facing him nodded, helmet still in place, and turned. Steven almost cried out when he saw bare ass cheeks protruding from the leather pants. The rounded shape of the cheeks confirmed this to be a female. The material wasn’t there. And neither was any underwear by the look of it. Steven’s cock hardened like cement as the person leaned forward. *Oh yes, female all right*. Touching the ground in front with the palms of her hands. He’d know that ass anywhere. He’d seen those pink pussy lips many times in this position, although not lately.

“Kate?” he breathed out heavily. She removed her helmet and sat it on the ground.

Her hands ran over her ass cheeks and down her thighs and as she slid them back up, Kate stood, but not before she inserted a finger into her pussy and coated it with glistening juices. Turning to him now, she placed that finger in her mouth and pulled it out slowly. He’d already stepped off his motorbike and moved toward her for a closer view.

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“Hello, Officer.” Her tight black curly hair, straightened, now fell just above her shoulders. A shock of bright red at her fringe looked fabulous. And more to the point, it looked careless and messy. *His* perfectly groomed Kate. Mussed hair, dusty and wearing ass-less leathers.

“Kate...”

“It’s Mistress Kate to you. You bad boy.” Then she pulled a black riders crop from her leather bag and held up a shiny set of handcuffs.

Steven almost came there and then. He just could not believe his wife would go to such lengths. And he never knew she was interested in BDSM. But then he’d never told her his fantasies either. It was plain to see she’d worked it out somehow. But Steven had no intention of being dominated by his sexy wife. No, he had news for her.

“Mistress Kate you say? We’ll see about that.” Steven almost ran to get to her and with her heels, she almost matched his height.

He ran his hands through her hair and fisted a handful as he pulled her mouth to his. He enjoyed her gasps as he let his tongue explore every crevice of pink inside. And later he would be doing the same, only lower. Breaking free she looked at him with her dark eyes, passion flared in them.

“I want you to fuck me.”

“That is the last thing you get to say unless I speak to you first. You call me only Master Husband and I will refer to you as slave wife. You will not dominate me, do you understand? You are mine and you will do as I say. Your safe word is Steven. If at anytime you feel uncomfortable, you say Steven and I will stop. I love you. Do you understand?” Steven took the riding crop from her hand.

“Yes.” Kate replied and the fire in her eyes showed excitement such as he’d never seen in her.

Slapping her on the thigh, through the leather, he said, “Yes what?”

“Yes, Master Husband.” She bowed her head.

Steven felt a surge of love and sexual need rocket through him. His slave wife. Oh how did he get so damn lucky?

“First of all, slave wife, don’t bow your head to me. I want to see the passion in those eyes I love. Make eye contact as much as possible.”

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“Yes, Master Husband.” Kate looked him straight in the eyes as she said it and Steven almost buckled at the knees. Not a good look for a Master.

“Good, good. Now turn around for me again.”

She did, and her perfectly rounded ass cheeks became awe inspiring once more. You could balance a drink on those babies. He rubbed them with his hand, squeezing and feeling the muscled resistance in them. “Oh, slave wife. You have an exquisite ass. It needs a spanking for being so sexy. Doesn’t it?”

“Yes, Master Husband.”

“Lean on your bike. Stick your ass out to me.” She obeyed.

Steven raised the riding crop and brought it down on her ass. He saw her bottom tense and the moisture at her candy-pink opening was clear to see. Again, he raised the whip and let it fall on her other cheek. She tensed again and stuck her ass higher into the air, resting her elbows on the seat of the bike. Then she turned and looked right at him, licking her lips.

Steven never broke eye contact and he brought the crop hard down onto her ass and watched as she squeezed her eyes shut and gasped loudly. Opening them again, the fire looking back at him intensified and he knew her well enough to know she wanted something inside her cunt. It might not be what she expected though.

Steven slid the flared end of the crop down to her opening, spreading her juices around her lips and up onto her beautifully puckered asshole. Oh how he loved it. He loved all of her. She pushed back onto it. Lightly he slapped her pussy opening with the crop. And he saw it contract hard, along with her ass. Steven wanted to see both those holes filled; by the time he was through, they would be.

“Open yourself to me, slave wife. Spread yourself wide for me.”

Kate obeyed him and pulled her cheeks apart, her chest now resting on the bike seat.

“Good girl. Now I will play a little.”

He took his long black baton from his belt hook and held it up.

“I have my baton. My hard baton. You want me to fuck you with it don’t you, slave wife?”

“Yes, Master Husband.”

“You best ask me nicely then.” He let the riding crop drop to the grass.

“Fuck me with your baton...” it almost sounded like an order until she finished her sentence, “please?”



Steven chuckled at her cheekiness and unzipped his leather pants. His cock was now so engorged it was painful to have the restriction. His erection jutted out and he stroked his thick length.

“Yes and later...you’ll have this.”

Steven took the baton and nosed the end of it at her entrance. Her juices coated the tip freely and he slowly inserted the tip of it. Kate pushed back and he landed a stinging slap with his hand onto her ass cheek. She cried out. “You do not move unless I say so.”

He reached under and found her clit, swollen and rigid, and stroked it softly a few times. Her cunt walls relaxed a little, and as they did he pushed the baton in a little further. When she tightened again, he stopped. The baton wasn’t as thick as his cock, nowhere near, although it would measure an inch and a half in diameter but it tapered off. He knew Kate loved thickness inside her, more than length but this was just a primer.

Again, he reached under and rubbed her juices across her clit. As he did, he felt her cunt dilate a little and pressed the baton in further. She groaned and moaned but she never moved once. Sliding the black rod in and out slowly, he knew she would long to rock back and forth on it. Kate loved to be in control, but this time the tables were turned and he had honestly never seen her this wet before. He fucked her slowly with it. Enjoying the sight before him, the cool breeze blowing across them. Then he moved on with his plan and slid the baton out of his wife. She cried out a protest and he slapped her cheek hard again.

“Quiet!” he yelled at her.

“Yes, Master Husband,” she whimpered.

Steven could not take much more of this, he had to have his cock inside her. He held up the baton and was amazed at the thick covering of her wetness on it. Perfect, he thought. Then without any further stalling he slid his hard cock straight into her. The thickness of it stretched her tiny hole. She was as tight as the day he first fucked her as a virgin. Back then they had trouble getting it in she was so tight. Today it felt every bit as tight and he knew he could thank Pilates for that.

Despite the resistance of her clamped pussy walls, he drove his dick in, straight up to the hilt and she cried out again.

“There, slave wife, you wanted that didn’t you? Wanted my thick cock deep inside you.”

“Oh yes, yes I did, Master...Husband. Thank you.”

“You may move.”

Kate pushed back with her hands on the bike seat and then forward again. Repeating the movement as she fucked his cock in and out of her. Steven did not know how he would keep his control. But somehow, he did. Then she twisted to look at him and raised her upper body, putting her hand across her buttocks. She gripped his balls and squeezed. Her flexibility, one of the modern wonders of the world. Steven lost control of his senses and wanted to fuck her everywhere.

He put the baton to mouth. Such lovely red lips. They were thick and plump.

“Suck your cunt juice off it.” He felt like a wild animal. He rammed his cock hard into her and held her back onto it with his other hand. She opened her mouth and took in the end of his baton, swirling her tongue over and around it the way she did his cock. It seemed so long ago since he’d had his cock inside those fabulous thick lips.

“Make it nice and wet, slave wife, this is going in your ass.”

He watched his wife make sure the baton was nicely lubricated. He moved it away from her mouth and she let go of his balls and wet her fingers with saliva, it dripped off her bottom lip and made her look so goddamn sexy.

Before he had a chance to put the baton near her ass, she reached back and rubbed her wet fingers over her tight hole. Steven could not believe his eyes when she effortlessly inserted the ends of two fingers in and fucked her own ass with them. All the while she watched him, making eye contact.

Steven had no doubt who was really in control here, but he was happy to play the part of Master Husband as long as Kate wanted him to. But seeing this almost tipped him over the edge and he knew he’d better be quick if he wanted to fulfill his fantasy of coming while both Kate’s holes were stretched.

“Stop fucking yourself, slave wife.” She removed her fingers and he placed the tip of the baton at her orifice. All the while, she watched him and her eyes egged him on.

He pressed the baton to her and let his fingers find her clit again and stroke it gently. When he felt her relax a little, he pushed the baton and the tip went in. Kate tensed up and Steven continued to massage her swollen nub in a circular motion. She breathed heavily and a guttural moan came out of her.

As soon he felt her resistance stop, he pushed the baton further into her ass. His wife cried out and then reached back and spread her

cheeks and cunt lips wide for him, the arc in her back seemed impossible but it allowed him room to have his cock fully in her and still manipulate the baton.

Her legs were spread and her head rested on the seat of her bike. He pushed in a little more and braced his legs as his cock went in to the hilt and he pushed about two inches of baton up her ass. "You may speak, slave wife." Steven bordered dangerously close to exploding his seed inside her.

"Yes, fuck me. Fuck me hard. Master Husband, I love you," she yelled.

Steven pressed hard on her clit not able to move his finger and the baton at the same time. As he moved the baton in and out of her ass while his cock was hard up inside her cunt, he felt the first tremor of her orgasm begin. This triggered his and he just could not stop himself from crying out her name as he felt his release rocket inside her pulsing body. It seemed their shared orgasm went forever or time slowed.

Kate collapsed forward gasping for breath, her secondary tremors still passing through her as Steven removed the baton and released the pressure off her clit. He took out his semi-soft cock and turned her to face him. Tears of emotion filled his eyes.

"Oh, Kate. That was so fantastic. You are gorgeous. Thank you, thank you, my love." He hugged her just as hard as he could and his tears wet her hair.

"Happy anniversary darling. Today, twelve years ago, we made love right here," she reminded him.

"It was nothing like that though."

"No it wasn't, but it held its own version of sweetness."

Steven moved apart from her now and hitched up his boxers and leathers. "Just when did you learn to ride? And what are all these lies about meetings." He laughed.

"I've been learning to ride for about three months now. Ready for this day. It was a bit nerve wracking I can tell you. But it worked out better than even I could have imagined."

"Kate, I swear you never cease to amaze me. And here I was wondering how I could inspire you. But you blew me out of the water."

"Well, our sex life was a little dull lately. Zach's starting school soon, and you home at odd hours with shift work I thought we could use something to fill in the spare hours."

“That won’t be all I’ll be filling in, Lady.” Then he remembered he had to tell her about Shawna. Steven never held anything back from her. “I have something to tell you. It’s about Shawna...”

“It’s fine. I fixed it. I’d noticed her crush on you and how uncomfortable her attentions made you. I spoke with her and you won’t have any more troubles. She was a little embarrassed, but I put her at ease. I asked why she suddenly developed an interest in you and she said the way you looked at her when she wore her leather outfit. Shauna swore you did nothing to come onto her, as I knew you wouldn’t, but that the glint in your eye was nothing any boy had ever given her. Even though she knew it wasn’t her you were thinking about, it excited her.”

“Yes, that’s true. I was thinking about how you’d look in this exact outfit and here you are. My every fantasy come true.”

The night air began to fall and Kate moved away from him. Throwing her leg over her bike, she started up the engine.

“I think you’ll need to clean your seat when you get home, Babe.”

“If you are lucky, I’ll let you do it, Master Husband.” She laughed, a wonderful sound.

“Mmmmmm. I have to run this bike back to the station and tell the boss why I am late. Hopefully I’ll think up something on the way.”

“Tell him the truth,” Kate dared.

“What, that I fucked my wife in the ass with the baton while my cock was hard up inside her? Christ! He’d be tossing off for a month over that. You know how they all love your perfect African ass.”

“Hey, I might like the idea of other men wanking while thinking about me. What do you think?” She pulled on her helmet and Steven did the same.

“Baby, you don’t want to go teasing me like that.” Steven put his baton back in its holder and got onto his bike. While he started up his bike, Kate rode hers up closer to him.

“Honey, that wasn’t teasing. *This* is teasing.” She ripped her press-stud leather jacket open and inside her huge breasts were pushed high and underneath them sat a tight leather bodice. Her large brown nipples both had thick silver rings through them. Kate threaded her fingers through the rings and pull out mercilessly on them. She winced and grinned back at him, then let them go. “Besides we

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haven't used the handcuffs yet." And then she pressed her jacket closed and roared off.

Steven was completely stunned and hard again. "Oh, I'll be seeing you at home, woman!" he called and rode off after her.

He'd never looked so forward to getting home for a long time and something told him that this was only the beginning of a very adventurous sex life. He knew he'd do anything she wanted and his mind explored the possibilities as he raced to get this police bike back to the station and get his lily-white ass home.

**Orola, the Warrior Priestess – The Kiir**  
**by**  
**Herbert Grosshans**

She found shelter and love when she needed it. For a short time, she was happy and ecstatic to be part of a miraculous transformation.

**Herbert Grosshans** also wrote the Xandra series, Daughter of the Dark, Mother of Light, and Goddess of Life. He is the author of 'Dual Visions', which contains two stories, 'Cliffs of Time' and 'Orion -- the Hunt'.

His first story published by Midnight Showcase 'The Anniversary Gift' appeared in the Sweet Revenge Digest, followed by 'Remember me next Christmas' in 'Holiday Voices', and 'Gin and Tonic' in Summer Heat 3.

Upcoming titles will be 'The Kiir' in the 'Launch the Raunch' Digest and 'For Love of Arilee' in the Sweet Challenge Digest.

Further releases scheduled for this year are Book one and two of 'The Stardogs' and 'Mark of the Cobra', a contemporary thriller.

Visit him on his blog <http://hegro.blogspot.com>

**Orola, the Warrior Priestess – The Kiir**  
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**Chapter One**

They sat unmoving among the branches of a giant Scrip-tree, the foliage hiding them from anyone looking up. There were five of them. Scruffy looking men with stoic brutal faces. Only their black eyes seemed alive as they watched the river below.

The object of their attention stood looking at the briskly flowing water.

A naked young woman. She had arrived some time earlier. After tethering her steed, she shed her rather skimpy clothing, consisting only of a short kilt, a strip of cloth to cover her pubic area and a pair of metal breast cups, hardly large enough to cover much of her ample breasts.

Testing the water with one foot, she seemed to hesitate, but then with a shrug, she dove into the water, her naked body glistening white in the midday sun.

She hit the water and one of the watchers grunted. His lips parted to reveal brown, rotten teeth. The others nodded and silently they began to move through the branches.

Climbing down on the hidden side of the thick tree trunk, they reached the soft forest floor and, without making a sound, two of them moved towards the girl's steed. One took her clothing and the other one tried to untie the animal.

When the black coated beast snorted, the girl looked towards the commotion and called out sharply. Then she began swimming towards shore.

Letting go of the beast's rope, the man looked at her and grinned. His companion had already disappeared.

## Midnight Raunch

She climbed ashore and looked at the spot where she left her clothing and her sword, realizing they were gone. "What do you want?" she demanded.

The man grinned, his eyes raking her naked form. They rested momentarily on the thick black triangle below her smooth flat belly, then moved up to her round, large breasts, his attention suddenly on the red glowing object nestled in the deep cleft between them.

"Well?" she said, staring defiantly at him.

"I want you," he said, his voice thickly accented and his words slurred.

The girl laughed, shaking her long black hair. "You want me?" she taunted. "You and how many other men?"

Still grinning, he said, "Four."

Hearing the breaking of a twig behind her, she turned and looked at the two men approaching her. She stepped to the side and watched them coming closer, her body suddenly falling into a fighting stance.

Noticing her position, the two men slowed, but didn't stop. "Don't try to fight us," one of them said. "We are five...you are just one helpless girl."

She took one step backwards. The jewel between her breasts pulsed with a steady rhythm. "I may be just a girl, but I'm not helpless." She whirled with a sudden movement, her knee came up and rammed into the belly of the man who tried to sneak up on her. He howled and dropped to the ground, his hands clutching his belly.

The other two rushed her and tried to grab her arms. She hit one of them in the face with her right fist, while the ball of her foot smashed into the chest of the other one. Rolling away from them, she came up, but collapsed, as a thrown club hit the side of her head.

\* \* \* \*

As the blackness engulfed her, she felt being pinned to the ground and the heavy weight of a body bearing down on her.

How long she was out, she couldn't tell. In the first moments of returning to consciousness, she became aware of a weight on top of her. She lay on her back, spread-eagled, her arms and legs tied to stakes driven into the ground. Between her legs, one of her attackers moved lazily.

Opening her eyes, she stared into his bearded face. He grinned when he saw her open eyes, grunted and stiffened as his body began to shudder.

After he rolled away, another one took his place.



## Midnight Raunch

“Maybe you can move a little this time,” he said and grinned.

The girl closed her eyes, bit her lip, and tried to keep from screaming. Concentrating on the jewel between her breasts, she encountered only emptiness.

Silently crying out, she realized the *Holy Communicator* was gone. They must have taken it from her while she lay unconscious. There was nothing left for her to do but suffer through the ordeal.

She drifted in and out of consciousness, while they took turns on her. They seemed insatiable. Darkness descended when the last one finally finished.

She could hear them as they moved away, towards the stream. Listening to their splashing and subdued laughter, she wondered if it was really over now or if they would come back to her in awhile.

To carry on. Or maybe to kill her.

Aware of nothing else but a deep painful throbbing between her legs and in her womb, she didn't really care what they did. She was beyond feeling any real pain.

She opened her eyes again and turned her head slowly to look at them. They were clearly visible in the setting sun and the image of their faces burned into her memory. If she lived, she would hunt them down, one by one. They would pay for what they had done to her.

While she watched them, one looked into her direction, grinned and came swaggering towards her. Fondling himself into an erection, he fell between her legs and mounted her again.

She looked into his black eyes.

“I will kill you for this,” she whispered.

He just laughed. “If you live,” he said hoarsely, clamping his mouth over hers. His breath stank of badly fermented wine and something rotten.

She ignored it. Let him have his way. She could have bitten him, but she didn't.

Maybe they'd let her live. Just maybe.

She lost consciousness for a second time and when she became aware of her surroundings again, she knew she was alone.

*Solar* flooded the darkness with its pale light.

Looking up at the bright disk, she began to pray, but without her *Holy Communicator* her god could not hear her.

Willing her body to be calm, she tried to ignore the dull pain, succeeding only partially. The bonds on her ankles and wrists were tight, but fortunately no so tight to cut off circulation.

## Midnight Raunch

She slept a little, waking up at irregular intervals. Each time she woke, she listened to the noises of the forest. Only once, she heard something large slinking through the underbrush, but then it was gone.

Daylight hit her eyes when she woke again.

She struggled to pull the stakes out of the ground, but they were driven deep and she felt so weak. Closing her eyes against the glare of the bright morning sun, she tried again to pray, but it proved useless. There was no answer.

The sound of voices made her open her eyes and she lifted her head to watch the approaching figures.

A young man and a girl.

They stopped when they saw her. The girl put her hand to her mouth. "Look, Elto. A body!" she exclaimed.

Her companion took another step and looked closer. "It's a woman, and she's naked."

Grabbing his arm, the girl whispered, "Don't go closer, Elto. Maybe it's a *Forrest-Nhim*. They appear in the form of naked women, beautiful naked women. They promise pleasure beyond your dreams, but they will ensnare you in their own sexual fantasies and give you nothing but unbearable pain."

The young man snorted. "Who told you that?"

"The old Healer-woman. She knows everything," the girl said and squinted her eyes to get a better look. "She looks dead." Then she gasped and cried out, "She's tied to the ground."

"I am alive," the bound girl called, her voice coming out in a hoarse whisper. "Please, help me."

The pair came closer, until they stood beside her.

"I'm not a *Forest-Nhim*," she said. "My name is Orola. I'm a stranger to this part of the world and just passing through. I mean no harm." She kept her lids half-closed, finding no need to let them see her eyes...not yet.

"Who did this to you?" the other girl asked.

"Five men," Orola answered. "Five ugly hairy men. More beast than man."

"*Kellos*," the young man spat. "They were *Kellos*." He produced a small knife from a sheath strapped to his upper arm, and then he cut Orola's bonds. "Come on, Neltie," he said to the girl who stood watching. "Help me get her up."

## Midnight Raunch

Orola sat up and rubbed her wrists. "Thank you, but I can manage." She stood up carefully, swaying a bit, and smiled when the young man put an arm around her naked waist. "Thank you again, Elto. You are a kind young man."

She saw the slight bulge in his thin pants, but pretended not to notice. Neltie saw it, too, and giggled, staring at the bulge. Coloring, the boy dropped his arm. Then he pulled off his shirt and handed it to Orola. "Here, put this on."

"I'd like to wash the grime off my body first," Orola said and walked to the water's edge.

\* \* \* \*

Elto swallowed hard and tried not to be too obvious as he watched Orola's plump naked buttocks moving enticingly as she walked towards the water. "She's beautiful," he blurted out.

Neltie slapped his arm. "How can you even think these thoughts? The last thing she'd want right now is someone like you sticking his *stinger* into her. After what those beasts did to her!"

Elto nodded, embarrassed, trying to hide his erection. "It's just...I have these strong urges, and you won't let me anymore," he said with an accusing stare.

"I let it happen that one time and I'm sorry I did. It's not right, you know. We are cousins."

"Distant cousins," he said, watching Orola as she washed off her full breasts.

"Besides," Neltie said, "you are much too young for her."

\* \* \* \*

Orola came out of the water and rubbed herself dry with her hands. She stood shivering for a moment and reached for the shirt, which the young man held out to her. Her nipples were pink and stiff on her breasts and she quickly slipped into the shirt. Because of her height, the shirt reached only to her navel, leaving her bottom uncovered and bare.

She looked down and smiled weakly. "I guess you wouldn't want to give me your pants, too?"

"I...I...don't..." Elto stuttered and blushed.

"I'm only jesting," Orola said and leaned against a tree. "My knees feel a little weak. I need some rest and maybe some food. Would you mind if I accompany you to your village?"

"Oh no, we wouldn't mind at all," the young man said eagerly. "Our place is not far from here."

## Midnight Raunch

“You are welcome to stay with us,” Neltie agreed. She touched Orola’s elbow. “You can lean on me.”

Orola smiled and put an arm around the younger girl’s shoulder. “Thank you.”

They walked slowly. Orola winced as dull pain spread from her womb to the rest of her body.

“You are hurting?” Neltie asked, concerned. “I’ll heal,” Orola said, “but the ones who did this to me will pay, this I swear.”

## Chapter Two

“You live fairly well,” Orola remarked as they entered the immaculately kept yard and looked at the dwelling. Two stories high and entirely built with bricks. Red clay-tiles covered the roof.

She saw fowl running around free and heard the bawling and trumpeting of large food animals from another building.

“My dad raises *Sagos*,” Elto said proudly. “He’s very good at it and he takes good care of them. The animals love him and they grow large and fat.”

“I’m impressed,” Orola said. “*Sagos* are mean and unpredictable. They could gore a man to death with their long curved horns. Any man who can handle *Sagos* is to be respected.”

The interior of the house looked as immaculate and clean as the outside. Rugs and furs covered the tiled floor. Curtains on the windows created a cozy and comfortable atmosphere.

A woman stood at a counter in the kitchen. She turned around when she heard the opening door. Smiling, she came around the counter to greet them. Her smile vanished and her eyes grew large when she looked at Orola.

“Who is this young woman and why is she half-naked?” she demanded to know.

“This is Orola,” Neltie answered. “She’s been violated by a pack of *Kellos*. They took her clothes.”

“Oh, you poor girl.” The older woman came closer and took Orola’s hand into both of hers. “You must feel awful. Come, sit down. Dinner is almost ready. But first, we’ll have to get you some decent clothes. Can’t leave you running around naked. Not with the men coming in at any moment.” She gave Elto a stare. “Go get your father and brother. No need for you to watch. You’ve seen more than is good for you, anyway, young man. That is your shirt she’s wearing, isn’t it?”

Elto grinned. "Since I'm not wearing one, I guess it is." He disappeared through the doorway.

"Men!" the women exclaimed and shook her head. "He's growing up fast, this one. I saw him looking at my daughter when she's bathing in the creek without clothes on."

"Oh, Mother, Elto is my cousin," Neltie said, blushing.

"That he is," the woman agreed, "but he's becoming a man. I think it's time you start putting on some clothes when you go swimming." She took Orola's arm. "Come with me. I'll find you something to wear."

They climbed a set of stairs and entered a bedroom. After rummaging around in a closet, the woman produced a loose robe, similar to the one she wore. "Here, this should fit you. I used to wear it when I was slimmer." She touched her hips and belly, chuckling good-humoredly. "As you get older your weight shifts to different places."

Orola smiled and took off Elto's shirt. The woman looked her over with appreciating eyes. "You do have a magnificent body, girl. Any man would love to bury his face between your beautiful breasts and have your lovely thighs embrace him. I had better tend to you myself. Can't have my men staring at your naked nest. They'd lose their heads for sure." She laughed and grew serious. "My, you're bruised all over. Those beasts really mistreated you."

"They will pay for it, my lady," Orola said with a low voice. She looked up and the other woman took an involuntary step backwards.

"I believe you," she said slowly and stared into Orola's face. "Where are you from?" she asked with a slight tremble in her voice.

"From the island Antanakka," answered Orola.

"The *Island of Witches*." The woman nodded. "You are a *Moon-Priestess*. Your eyes give you away. You have the eyes of a night-hunter."

Orola laid a hand on the older woman's arm. "I don't know what you have heard about us, but much of it is probably exaggerated. We are not evil and you don't have to be afraid. Just let me rest here in your home for a couple of days and I'll be on my way," she said soothingly.

"You can stay as long as it takes to get you well," the woman said with a warm smile. "I know you're not evil. I have a feeling for that."

Both women turned at the sound of the opening door. A man stepped through and stopped when he saw Orola with the older woman.

He was tall and big, middle-aged and quite handsome.

"I'm sorry," he said, staring in surprise at Orola's naked body. "I didn't know anyone was in here."

"Stop drooling and close the door...from the outside," the woman said and laughed when the man hastily closed the door again. "Men," she chuckled. "You'd think they've never seen a naked woman before."

Orola smiled at the older woman's good nature. "You are certainly very tolerant with your husband."

"He's not my husband." The woman sighed. "He was married to my cousin. After her and my own husband's death, I moved in with Carth. He takes care of me and my daughter. He's a good man."

She watched Orola slip into the robe. Then she went to a drawer and took out a jar. "We'd better put some ointment on that nasty cut on the side of your head," she said and proceeded to smear some of the salve on a piece of cloth and very gently, she rubbed it into the wound.

Orola winced, but she didn't say anything.

"I know it stings," the woman said, "but it'll promote healing."

Orola, who had some knowledge of herbal medicines, recognized the scent of the herb in the ointment. She knew the woman spoke the truth. "Thank you," she said. "You are kind."

"It's nothing," the woman said. "Anyone else would do the same thing. People around here are very helpful and friendly, except..." A frown crossed her face and her bright eyes clouded over. "Except for the Kellos. But you've met them."

They left the bedroom and climbed down the stairs. The man, who had been upstairs, sat at a table. Another, a younger man, and Elto sat beside him. They were eating from heaped plates, while Neltie served the food. She was just about to sit down when she heard Orola and the older woman coming down the stairs. She looked at them and smiled apologetically.

"We started without you, Mother. You know how the men are. They can never wait."

"That's fine, Neltie. I know what you mean," her mother laughed. She turned towards Orola. "Sit down, girl. I see Neltie already set a place for you."

## Midnight Raunch

She looked at the men. "By the way, this is Orola. She'll be staying with us for awhile." Staring at Carth, she said, "But you've already seen her, haven't you." She winked, causing the older man to chuckle.

"I have, haven't I," he said with an embarrassed grin.

Orola sat down and smiled. Aware of the younger man's stare she looked into his eyes. He appeared to be the same age as Orola and she felt an instant attraction towards him. She liked his open face and wide smile.

"I am Rylic," he said, "and you are the most beautiful girl I've ever seen. I love your eyes. You have the eyes of a night-hunter."

"I told her that already," said the older woman. "Orola is a moon-priestess from the island Antanakka. Just so you know, young man."

"What happened to you?" Rylic asked, still staring at Orola.

Again, the older woman answered. "Kellos! Does that answer your question?"

Rylic stopped smiling and became serious. "It does. It certainly does. I am sorry. What's a moon-priestess?"

"We worship the moon Solar," Orola explained.

"What makes that moon so special?"

"Our god resides there."

"I don't believe in any gods. Not ever since my mother was murdered. The gods are dead. They never answer."

Orola detected the bitterness in the young man's voice.

He stared at her. "How about your god? Does he ever answer you?"

Orola smiled. "All the time. I am in direct communication with him, but I need my *Holy Communicator*, which the Kellos stole from me."

"So how is it that your god did not save you from the Kellos?" Rylic challenged.

Orola shrugged. "Solar never interferes without our permission. We have to take the initiative, and then he will lend help. I cannot tell you more, because I am bound by an oath never to reveal our secrets, but believe me, Solar is a powerful and very real god."

The young man shrank back from the fire blazing in Orola's eyes. "These Kellos made a fatal mistake when they violated the body of a Moon-Priestess, my body, and when the time comes, Solar will give me the strength to revenge the wrong that was done!" she said fiercely.



"I almost believe you," Rylic whispered hoarsely and shuddered. "But I don't believe you need a god to help you. Something tells me that you are quite capable to revenge yourself. It's not only your eyes that are strange." He looked at her for a moment, and then he lowered his eyes to his plate and started to eat.

Orola tasted her own food and found she was quite hungry.

Nobody spoke for a while and Orola felt grateful. The dull pain from her insides diminished the enjoyment of the food somewhat, and the cut at the side of her head gave her a headache. She looked up at the older woman. "Thank you for the food, but I am not feeling well. Is there a place where I might rest?"

The woman wiped her hand on her apron. "Of course, dear girl. You can sleep in Rylic's room. He can bunk with Elto."

"No, no, aunt Firma," Elto protested. "Rylic snores. Why can't she sleep in your bed? It's big enough for three people."

"Oh, alright. She can sleep in my bed." The woman smiled and looked at Carth. The older man grinned, but said nothing.

Firma accompanied Orola back into the bedroom. Elto had been right, the bed was huge. A strong iron frame supported a thick, soft mattress. A heavy curtain could be drawn for privacy or against drafts.

Orola removed her robe and, naked, she climbed under the covers. Firma brought another jar and pulled back the covers.

"This is good for aching muscles and joints." She proceeded to put little dabs of the ointment all over Orola's body and then she rubbed it in.

Her hands were gentle and Orola closed her eyes, enjoying the massage.

"You have lovely, soft skin," Firma remarked and her hands lingered on Orola's full breasts. "Beautiful breasts, too," she murmured and rolled the pink nipples between her fingers.

Orola opened her eyes. The older woman smiled and moved her hands down to Orola's belly. "You've been hurt inside, girl. Open your legs," she said softly and dipped her finger into another jar. "This will heal you."

Orola sensed no malice in the woman and spread her thighs. Very gently, Firma inserted her finger into Orola's sex-organ and rubbed slightly stinging cream into the walls of her sheath. When she was done, she said, "Turn over onto your stomach. I'll do your back."

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Orola obeyed and closed her eyes again. The gentle massage and the ointment soothed her aching body and the cull pain seemed less severe. Even though aware of Firma's hands lingering longer than necessary on her round buttocks and of the finger that softly stroked the cleft between them, she didn't care. She felt good and dropped into a deep slumber.

When she awoke, she found herself alone. A sheet covered her body and the curtain was drawn around the bed.

She stretched and yawned. Then she sat up, opened the curtain, and slipped out of bed. Naked, she padded to the window and pulled open the blinds. Bright light lit up the room and she realized it was morning.

A noise from the door made her turn around. Firma stood there, a friendly smile on her face. "Good morning, my dear. I trust you slept well."

Orola rubbed the sleep from her eyes. "I never woke up once." She touched her body. "And I feel fine. Hardly any aches."

Firma laughed. "It's the ointment. The old Healer-woman from the village makes it. She is very knowledgeable when it comes to medicine." She bent down and picked Orola's robe off the floor. "Here, put this on and come down for breakfast. There is a room downstairs where you can wash up and make yourself presentable."

Orola slipped into the robe and followed the woman downstairs.

## Chapter Three

Everybody already ate when she sat down at the table.

"We start the day early," Firma remarked. "The Sagos demand a lot of attention, and Carth gives it to them. A couple of heifers are calving today, so Neltie and Elto are helping, too. Maybe when you've had your breakfast you want to go and watch. It is very interesting."

Orola wiped out her bowl with a piece of bread and emptied her cup. "That was great," she said. "I didn't realize how hungry I was." She got up. "I'll help you clean up," she offered, but Firma waved her off. "No, thank you. I'm fine by myself."

Orola went into the yard. She walked barefoot, but the ground was soft and sandy, easy to walk on. She headed for the outbuilding. Reaching for the doorknob, she was almost knocked down when someone flung open the door. Neltie came charging out.

"We need some help in there," the girl panted. "Both heifers are calving at the same time and Elto decided to go down to the pond for a swim."

Orola followed the girl into the building. Outside, she had smelled the Sagos, but inside the stench hit her nostrils and she gasped for air momentarily.

"You get used to it," Neltie said and pointed to the far end of the barn. "They're in there."

The animals eyed her suspiciously as she hurried past them. They had black, shaggy coats, but shimmering scales covered their muscular short necks and large heads. Each animal was kept in its own pen, separated from the others by solid walls. A strong iron gate held it safely inside the pen.

"Don't go too close," Neltie warned over her shoulder. "Watch their horns."

The horns did indeed look vicious. Two long curved ones on either side of the head and one short, straight one right above the nose.

## Midnight Raunch

“Those gates are quite low,” Orola remarked.

“They can’t jump very well,” Neltie explained. “They’re too heavy.”

Some of the Sagos snorted and some bellowed at the two girls.

“Hush,” Neltie told them, but kept her distance.

They reached the end of the building and halted in front of one of the gates. A female Sagos lay on its side. Carth knelt behind the animal and seemed to be pulling at something. “It’s coming out fine,” he called when he saw the girls. “Neltie, come in here and give me a hand. Orola, go get Rylic.”

“He’s in the last stall,” Neltie said and slipped through the gate to join Carth.

Orola hurried past the snorting animals and found Rylic in the same position as Carth. He looked up when Orola approached. His naked upper torso looked slick with perspiration. “This is one is bad,” he panted. “We might lose it. It seems to be stuck and it’s coming out the wrong way.”

Orola saw what he meant. The calf’s hind legs were out, but nothing else.

“It’s taking too long,” Rylic groaned and pulled with all this strength at the two exposed hind legs. “The mother will soon come out of sedation and then we have troubles.”

Orola moved to the front of the stretched out animal and looked at the eyes. The lids were still half-closed, but they were beginning to twitch. She bent down and touched the wide, scaly forehead. Closing her own eyes, she entered into a semi-trance. She had been good with animals and even though she did not possess her *Holy Communicator*, she hoped her gift had not left her.

As she sank deeper into trance, she sensed the animal’s uneasiness and slow return to awareness. She began to send soothing thoughts and after a while, the female Sagos seemed to respond and calmed down.

Orola lost all sense of time, aware only of the primitive thought tendrils of the animal mind. Deeper and deeper she sank into that state. She felt a pain in her womb, an awful pain. Even though she knew the pain was not hers, it hurt.

Suddenly the pain was gone and then she heard a faraway voice calling her name.

The connection between her mind and the primitive entity snapped and she surfaced back to reality.

Rylic had his arms around her from the back, in front of her the female Sagos struggled to its feet. Unfortunately, they were in the back of the pen, the entrance blocked by the large body of the animal.

The Sagos snorted, bellowed and lowered its scaly head. Orola stared at the sharp long horn pointing at her chest. If the animal lurched ahead, it would run that long horn right through her and Rylic.

Without thinking, she reached out and touched the horn.

She heard Rylic take a deep breath and hold it.

Again, the Sagos snorted, but made no other threatening moves. Then it lowered its large head even further and turned sideways. Orola stepped closer and began stroking the smooth, scaly neck.

The animal rubbed its shaggy shoulder against her, almost knocking her over.

Very gently, Rylic eased out of the pen, pulling Orola with him. When he closed the gate behind them, he let out a sigh of relief. Giving Orola a strange look, he said, "You are full of surprises. Even my father, who understands the Sagos, could not have done what you did."

Orola smiled weakly. "I have always had a good relationship with animals. By the way, where is the calf?"

Rylic shook his head. "It suffocated. We lost it, but my father was lucky. He delivered a healthy bull Sagos."

"That's good," Orola said. "Now...I need to sit down. This has taken a lot out of me. If only I had my Holy Communicator."

"There is a bench back there where the calves are kept," Rylic said and took Orola's arm.

They found Carth in the pen with the newborn Sagos busy rubbing down the shaking calf.

Orola sat down and watched. "It's got no hair," she said, staring at the gray-skinned little animal.

Rylic laughed when he saw her puzzled expression. "That's why it is so important to take care of them. The hair will grow fast. Look at the others. They are only about half a season old."

Orola counted fourteen calves of various sizes; most of them displayed a thick coat of hair.

Looking up from his work, Carth gave her a friendly smile. Then he looked at Rylic and frowned. "You should have gotten her out of there sooner."

## Midnight Raunch

"I know." Rylic replied, looking sheepish. "I'm sorry, but she seemed to have things under control. Did you see what she did?"

"I saw," Carth said curtly. "Still, you should have been more careful."

"My father is very possessive when it comes to his Sagos," Rylic said under his breath. "And maybe a little jealous. He doesn't believe that anyone else could ever achieve a rapport with them."

"I heard that," Carth called. "But you have to agree, you've never met anyone who can."

"Until now," Rylic said, smiling triumphantly.

Carth unsuccessfully suppressed a chuckle. "Until now," he admitted and gave the little Sagos bull a gentle slap on the rump. "That should do it." He looked at Orola. "Why don't you and Neltie go down to the pond for a swim. You'll enjoy the cool water. Rylic can join you after he's helped me bury the other calf."

Neltie reached for Orola. "Come," she laughed and tugged impatiently at Orola's hand. "Let's go and see if we can surprise Elto."

Orola followed the giggling girl. She still felt a little sluggish, but a dip into some cool water sounded great.

They didn't see Elto in the pond or anywhere near it. The girls shed their clothes and gingerly entered the water.

"It's cold," Neltie laughed and shivered. "I have goose bumps all over." She looked at Orola. "Your breasts, they are so large and yet, they look so solid." Touching her own breasts, she said, "Mine are small, underdeveloped. They make me look like a little girl, much younger than I really am. Do you think they'll ever be big?"

Orola chuckled and shrugged. "Breasts aren't everything. Big breasts don't make you a woman."

"But men like them. I've seen Elto and Rylic gawking at Lady Rhena when she comes swimming in the pond."

"Most men don't really care. They might look at a woman's breasts, but a nicely formed body and a pretty face gets their attention. And you possess both. Any man will find you attractive."

Neltie sighed and ducked her head under water. She came up, shaking her wet hair and laughed. "This is so nice. I never had a sister to play with. Come, let's race."

The girls swam towards the other side of the pond. Orola could easily have won the race, but she let Neltie take the lead. Laughing,

they reached the other side and climbed onto dry land. They lay back into the soft grass and stared up into the sky.

“Do you have any brothers and sisters, Orola?”

Orola turned to look at Neltie. “Many brothers and lots of sisters.”

“Really? How many?”

“Many. I don’t actually know all of them.”

“How can that be?”

“Because there are so many.”

“How many?”

“I don’t know. Hundreds.”

Neltie laughed. “Now I know you’re playing with my mind. How can you have hundreds of brothers and sisters? How many did your parents have at one time?”

Orola smiled. “We have many parents. I never knew my birth parents. After we are born, we are raised in the *Place of Learning*. Our place in society is determined during that time. I was trained to be a warrior and also a priestess.”

“You don’t look like a warrior.”

Orola chuckled. “You mean fierce and menacing?”

“Yes, that’s what I mean. You look so...so soft and curvy.”

“You think so?” Orola stared at the moving clouds in the sky. “My home, my island, is far away from here. I have no means of letting my sisters know where and how I am.” She sat up. “Did you hear that?”

“What?”

“Listen. It sounds like someone in pain.”

Neltie strained her ears. “I think it’s coming from behind those bushes over there.”

The girls rose and slowly walked in the direction Neltie indicated, towards a thick clump of high shrubs. Through an opening they could see two people in the high grass.

“I think we found Elto,” Orola whispered.

Under the wide branches of a *Barl-tree* Elto lay in the embrace of a woman, his naked lean buttocks moving with a steady rhythm between her widespread thighs.

“I wondered what he’s been doing these last few days, always going swimming by himself,” Neltie whispered a little breathlessly. “I did have a suspicion, though.” She giggled. “That looks like Lady

Rhena. I knew she still had a nice body, but I didn't know about her appetite for younger men."

The two girls were hidden behind a row of thick shrubbery, but through the opening, they had a clear view of the two lovers.

After a short time of watching, Neltie suddenly jumped up and cried out, "I can't bear to watch those two. This is not right. She should be doing this with her husband, not with someone half her age. Not with Elto!"

She turned and ran away.

Orola hardly paid any attention to her, watching fascinated as Elto moved untiring on top of the older woman. She couldn't take her eyes off them, finding something hypnotic about the whole scene.

The woman pushed the young man gently away. Getting to her knees, she presented her ample buttocks to her lover. He moved into position behind her and with a forceful stroke entered her again. His hands clamped around the woman's smooth hips and slowly, like an experienced lover, he rocked between her fleshy buttocks, leaving no doubt that this was not the first time the couple did this.

Orola could see the rapture on Elto's face, his eyes glued to the spot that joined him to the woman.

Without realizing it, Orola assumed the same position as the woman. She shivered slightly when she felt the touch of hands on her hips and the probing of a warm solid rod of flesh between her soft buttocks.

"Watching is no fun," a soft voice whispered into her ear. "You have to participate to really enjoy it."

Quivering with anticipation, she pushed back and cried out as the hot flesh entered her hungry sex-canal. Forgotten was the pain she endured while being raped just a few days past. This was different. This time it was not rape. This felt right and good.

The man behind her acted gentle and loving and gave her almost unbearable pleasure. She cried out again as an orgasm shook her body. His lips brushed against the nape of her neck.

"Hush, my sweet," he murmured. "Take my gift as I take yours."

After giving her several orgasms, he pulled out and gently turned her onto her back. She spread her thighs wide and he moved between them. Looking into Rylic's smiling face, she saw the love in his eyes.

He lowered himself and again he entered her thick bush of black hair. His fleshy rod seemed even more swollen this time and she gasped as he let her swallow his hot sex-organ.



## Midnight Raunch

She moaned and writhed underneath him and he closed her mouth with his kisses.

His saliva tasted sweet and fruity and it seemed to give her strength she needed to keep up with his virility.

He turned her onto her knees again, entered her gently from behind. She gasped as his fat rod glided into her inflamed sheath.

Staring through the opening in the shrubs, she saw another person had joined the two lovers.

Neltie.

The older woman gave up her place on the soft moss and let Neltie lie down. The young woman smiled up at Elto and reached for him. Her slim legs bent sharply and her knees touched the ground. Orola could see her swollen mound of Venus and noticed the sparse pubic hair.

Without hesitating, Elto knelt between the Nelti's inviting thighs and then he let her guide his stiff member into her pink cleft.

Smiling, the older woman watched the two young lovers for a while, then her eyes fell on Orola and, still smiling, she began walking towards where Orola and Rylic coupled behind the shrubbery.

Orola watched her coming closer, somewhat embarrassed about being discovered.

The woman was beautiful. Tall and slim, her breasts solid and round, her hips flaring below a narrow waist, her legs long and slim.

Reddish, shoulder length hair framed a lovely, oval face. She seemed young or of middle age. Orola found it impossible to tell. Stepping through the opening, she knelt down beside Orola. Then she lay on her back and pulled Orola's face towards her own. Her lips were warm, soft, and her saliva tasted like Rylic's, sweet and fruity.

Orola swallowed it eagerly.

Behind her, Rylic moved slowly and lazily. His lean belly flattened her soft buttocks with each forceful, but gentle thrust. He didn't hurry and it seemed as if time stood still. Orola rode the crest of waves and waves of pure pleasure.

Reluctantly, she came down to reality when she heard the voice of another man beside her. She recognized the voice.

Carth.

"What are you doing?" he asked.

Orola smiled up at him. "Sharing love with your son," she said and gasped as another wave of pleasure gripped her body.

## Midnight Raunch

The other woman stood up and swayed towards Carth.

“Lady Rhena,” he exclaimed and drew a deep breath. “I never saw you unclothed before,” he blurted out and stared at her voluptuous nude body. “You are so...”

“Naked?” she laughed.

“Yes...yes...” he stammered. “So naked and so...beautiful, and much younger than I thought.”

“Much, much younger,” she agreed and took his face between her hands. Then she put her open red lips to his.

At first, he resisted, but then he sighed and eagerly returned her kisses. After a few moments he pulled away and said, “Let’s all go up to the house. We’ll have more privacy there.”

“Lovely idea,” Lady Rhena said and took his hand. She turned towards Orola and Rylic. “Come,” she said sweetly. “We have been invited.”

## Chapter Four

When they arrived at the house, Firma stood in the kitchen, smiling. Carth frowned when he saw her. "I thought you went to town," he said.

She came up to him and kissed him full on the mouth. "I decided to stay. I see you brought company." She gave Lady Rhena a hug. It didn't seem to bother her to see Lady Rhena stark naked.

The women smiled at each other.

"Why don't we go up into the bedroom," Firma suggested. "It will be so much more comfortable."

"I'll go along with that," Carth agreed. Putting his arm around either woman's waist, he walked between them up the wide stairs.

Orola watched them climb the stairs, saw Carth's hands move to grab the women's buttocks.

From one of the other rooms she heard giggling and then the sounds of a gasping little cry. "Wow," she heard Neltie's breathless voice. "You've grown."

Through the open door, Orola saw Neltie's nude body lying on her back on top of a narrow bed, her legs spread wide. Between them, a pair of naked buttocks moved up and down. In a mirror on the wall, she recognized the reflection of Elto.

Orola didn't get time to wonder how the pair got there so fast. Rylic pulled her down on top of him. He stretched out on the floor, his rigid pole strutting between his legs. Orola straddled him and with feverish fingers, she guided his sex-organ into her own.

She cried out as the pleasure spread again through her body and bucked uncontrollably above him, until he grabbed her thrusting hips and steadied her movements.

"There is no hurry," he said soothingly and his eyes locked with hers.

After what seemed like an eternity, a multitude of orgasms, and a change in position, Orola sensed someone beside them. She opened

her eyes, not remembering when she closed them and looked into Firma's smiling face.

The older woman seemed younger looking and more radiant. She kissed Orola and the girl tasted the sweet fruity flavor of her lips. Firma took Rylic's place between Orola's widespread thighs and rubbed her pubic area against the girl.

Orola opened her legs wider and became aware of a warm, snakelike thing entering her womb. It grew hard and solid inside her and moved with the rhythm of Firma's snapping hips in and out of her.

It felt good and Orola didn't ask what gave her this great pleasure. Looking into the other woman's wide-open eyes, she let the waves of ecstasy wash through her body.

There were long periods when she seemed unaware of her surroundings, her whole being aware only of the thing filling her insides.

Nothing else existed.

Once when she looked around she saw Neltie bouncing in Rylic's lap. He gripped her slender hips and with his strong arms, he lifted her up and down. Orola could see his erect organ appear and disappear in the youthful vagina.

Even though small and slender of body, possessing small underdeveloped breasts, her sexual appetite seemed quite large. She appeared to have no problem taking the full length of Relic's thick penis into her, because she sank deep into his lap every time he pushed her down.

Her wide-open eyes stared into Rylic's, her face an expression of pure rapture.

Orola's attention moved back to the woman between her legs and realized it wasn't Firma anymore rocking on top of her, but Lady Rhena. The living rod of flesh still moved inside her.

Lady Rhena offered her one of her ample breasts and Orola began sucking on the long red nipple. It tasted sweet, like fresh picked fruit.

Suddenly, she found herself on her knees with Rylic behind her. She recognized Rylic by the way he moved and the way his rod felt inside her.

His hands grasped her breasts and with each deep thrust, his fingers dug gently into their soft flesh.

## Midnight Raunch

In one of her sane moments, she saw Lady Rhena on the thick carpet in front of her. She lay on her back. Between her shapely widespread thighs Carth moved with forceful plunges, his eyes locked with Lady Rhena's wide-open eyes. With every deep thrust, the older man grunted like an angry Banter.

Lady Rhena just smiled, her beautiful face otherwise without expression. However, her hips moved expertly underneath the man, meeting his thrusts with equally powerful ones of her own.

Even in her foggy state of mind, Orola wondered, if only briefly, at the stamina the older man displayed. She also noticed that time after time, when Carth seemed to falter and slow down, Lady Rhena put her lips to his and kissed him deeply. Then she would present her large nipple to his searching mouth and he would suckle eagerly, swallowing whatever came out of those beautiful breasts.

Behind Orola, Rylic moved untiring with a steady rhythm. Somehow, his rod seemed to have grown larger and stiffer, filling her completely.

Suddenly, his rod began to throb and then she felt the gushing explosion inside her. The hot liquid burst with incredible power out of the pulsing swollen head and entered her aching womb.

Pushing her fleshy buttocks higher she tried to engulf him even more and cried out as the exquisite pleasure washed through her whole body and her own gushing release joined his.

Her knees buckled and slowly she sank to the floor, her belly and breasts touching the thick rug.

Rylic had his rod still buried inside her, but it began to shrink in size. He pulled out and sluggishly he moved away from her. Orola lay on her belly, watching Carth and Lady Rhena as she offered him her nipple. "Take this gift," Lady Rhena whispered, "as I take yours."

Carth's buttocks began to quiver and he lay shaking between Lady Rhena's clutching thighs.

"Now!" she cried out. "Now..." Her heels dug into his lower back as she opened herself wider to his deep thrusts. Her beautiful smile changed to an almost savage expression and her eyes closed.

She shuddered and lay motionless beneath him. Carth rolled away and gasping for breath, he looked at her still body. Her eyes were closed.

He shook her, but she didn't move.

"What happened to her?" He looked at Firma who stretched down beside him. "Is she dead?"

## Midnight Raunch

Firma smiled. “No, not dead. She’s just...resting. You gave her what she craved for and needed. You gave her life. Because of your gift she will live.”

Carth shook his head. “I don’t understand.”

“You will.” She smiled and pulled him on top of her. “Now give me what you gave her.”

“I don’t think...” he started to say.

Her eyes locked with his. “You can,” she whispered and pulled his head towards her breast. His mouth fastened on the rigid nipple and Orola saw him swallow eagerly.

He gasped as Firma took his hardened rod between her hands. Opening her legs wide, she guided him into her fluffy triangle. Carth groaned loudly as his pole vanished inside Firma’s smooth belly.

Orola had been watching, lying on her belly. Now someone touched her and gently turned her over onto her back. She looked up and saw Elto smiling down at her. She marveled at the size of his rigid pole strutting below his belly.

He knelt between her slightly open legs and very tenderly, he pushed on her knees. Orola yielded to his demands and pulling up her knees, she let her thighs fall open wide. The young man got into position and without effort, he slipped into her welcoming sex-canal.

He looked into her eyes and smiling he began his forceful thrusts.

The exquisite pleasure began inside her womb, spread throughout her whole body, and whimpering, Orola bucked beneath the young man.

Just like Rylic’s, his sex-organ seemed to swell inside her, and with it the pleasure.

He kissed her and some of his saliva trickled into her open mouth. She swallowed it eagerly as she tasted the sweet fruity flavor.

He rode her for a long time.

Then suddenly the throbbing swollen head of his sex-organ burst open and flooded her interior. While he didn’t make a sound, just quivered inside her tight embrace, Orola gave a long cry of pleasure.

Then it was over and he collapsed on top of her, lying still.

Orola held him for a while, and then she gently pushed him off. He lay beside her, his eyes closed. His face looked slack, but his chest heaved slightly, like the chest of a person in deep sleep.

Her own breath came in great gasps. She looked at Carth and Firma. The woman writhed on top of Carth, her somewhat fleshy hips undulating in the man’s lap. His hands clamped around her ample

breasts and his eyes stared into hers. Her buttocks quivered every time she sank down, then she lifted up, nearly exposing his rigid pole and came down again.

Carth emitted a loud sigh each time Firma's sex-organ swallowed up his rod of flesh.

"I'll take your gift now," the woman said softly and clamped down hard on the man's penis. He grabbed her hips and pulled her deep into his lap while lunging upwards.

With a rumbling cry, he emptied himself into Firma's clutching sheath. When he was finished, the woman smiled and whispered, "Thank you," and collapsed on top of him. Her large breasts flattened against Carth's deep chest.

He sighed and held her close. "It's never been this good before," he murmured and turned to let her slide to his side. Her eyes were closed like Lady Rhena's. Carth studied her for a while, a tender smile on his lips. Then his eyes fell on Orola. He saw her looking at his erect penis. He grinned and rolled over to her.

Still sexually stimulated, Orola needed no encouragement, and watching Carth and Firma had only fuelled the flames of desire burning inside her. She opened her legs wide and watched Carth slide between them. Then she engulfed his rigid organ, cried out softly as he entered her.

"I never felt like this before," the older man grunted and pushed deep into Orola's hungry sex-canal.

At first, they clawed at each other like two animals in heat. Carth pounded furiously between Orola's clutching thighs and Orola lifted her hips off the floor to allow him deeper access.

After the girl experienced several orgasms, Carth came inside her with a loud roar. His warm fluid flooded her insides and she felt her own juices flow like a river. He lay on top of her, both of them breathing hard, but his penis felt still solid inside her. When their breathing slowed back to normal, he pulled out and turned her onto her stomach. Grabbing her hips with both hands, he pulled upwards to bring her shapely rump level with his strutting organ.

He stared at her clearly visible vagina-lips beneath her white buttocks, his hips moved forward and the head of his penis touched the fleshy lips. Very slowly, he entered her and watched his rigid pole disappear inside her sheath.

Orola arched her back and pushed backwards against him, her buttocks flattening against his lean belly.

## Midnight Raunch

"I don't know what's happening," he groaned, "but I feel so full of energy. I think I could go on for hours still."

"Then do," Orola moaned and cried out as another orgasm ripped through her. "I feel the same way," she gasped. "My body seems to be on fire and only that hard thing of yours inside me can put it out."

"I'll try my best." His laugh came out as a hoarse, gagging sound. He snapped his hips back and forth, slammed them into her fleshy buttocks. His eyes traveled over Orola's shapely back, watched her round solid buttocks flatten against him repeatedly. His hands covered her soft breasts and squeezed them roughly.

"You are very beautiful," he moaned, "and so young. I feel lucky and young today."

He pounded into her from the rear for what seemed like hours. Outside, the sun had disappeared and two of the moons shone their reflected light through the windows.

"Here I come again," Carth called out and grabbed Orola's long black hair. He lunged once more and released his sperm into her clutching organ.

Orola's ecstatic screams blended with his hoarse shouts as they both rode the crest of pure rapture. When it was finished, they toppled to the side and lay panting on the thick carpet, Carth's penis still lodged inside Orola's vagina.

She giggled and let her inner muscles ripple over his shaft. "You are still hard," she said.

"I know," he murmured into her ear. "And you seem to want more."

He pulled out and rose to his feet. "Let's go upstairs into the bedroom," he suggested and glanced at the two women, Rylic, and Elto, who were still sleeping on the floor. "We'll have more privacy there," he added.

Orola followed him upstairs. He opened the curtains to let the light of the moons flood into the room. Solar, the largest moon, had risen and Orola looked at the great green disk, shuddering. "I wish I could contact you," she whispered and turned away to join Carth on the wide bed.

He lay on his back, his sex-organ standing straight up. Orola straddled him and guiding it into her black fluffy triangle below her belly, she took the big stiff organ into her lubricated sheath.

Carth let out a loud, satisfied moan. "So soft...so soft. It feels better every time," he groaned and lunged upwards.



## Midnight Raunch

Orola began rotating her hips and at the same time snapping them up and down. Her large breasts bounced gently and Carth stared at them. Then he reached up to cover them with his large hands. “So perfect, so unbelievably perfect.”

The eerie green light of Solar bathed her face and he looked into her strange eyes. “Like a demon-beast,” he murmured. “Like a wild beautiful demon-beast.”

She laughed, shaking her long black hair. “If I only had my *Holy Communicator*,” she panted, “then I could make you feel the way you never felt before.”

He let his hands slide to her narrow waist.

“How can it be better than this?” he cried out, his voice hoarse, and buried his rod in her softness.

Orola’s slit eyes shone brightly in the light of her god. She slammed her groin into his and sat quivering as she accepted his gift. His swollen organ pumped its creamy liquid into her womb and her own fluid gushed out freely.

“This is impossible,” he groaned, when his body calmed down, his penis still hard inside her demanding vagina.

They changed positions. Again, she lay on her back with Carth rocking between her clutching soft thighs.

When the first rays of the rising sun entered the room, they finally collapsed exhausted on the wide bed.

They separated and fell into a deep slumber.

## Chapter Five

Orola heard voices.

She sat up and yawned. She knew it must be close to evening, even though daylight lit up the room. She looked down at her nude body and ran her fingers through her disheveled hair.

Getting up, she searched for a robe. When she didn't find one, she walked naked through the open door.

Carth stood at the bottom of the stairs, as naked as she. Then she saw Rylic and Elto standing in the middle of the room. They looked up and Orola noticed the widening of their eyes when they saw her naked body.

"I had a strange dream," Orola heard Neltie say. The young girl stepped into Orola's field of vision. She wore a coarse robe, slightly open in the front. When she saw Elto staring at her partially exposed body, she blushed and pulled the robe closer around her slender form.

Rylic still stood staring at Orola. When she looked him in the eyes, he dropped his gaze and looked away.

Then Orola saw them. The four naked bodies on the floor.

She walked down the stairs, ignoring her nakedness. Memory flooded back; she stood beside Carth. The older man seemed embarrassed by her closeness and put one of his hands down to cover his groin.

"Something happened here last night," Carth said with a shaky voice. "And it is best we forget about it."

The bodies of Firma and Lady Rhena looked as if they were chiseled from stone. Their skin had turned completely white.

Orola gasped when she looked at the other bodies on the floor.

Rylic and Elto.

"How...?" she started and stared at the two standing in front of her.

"Kiir-nymphs," explained Rylic and sank into one of the chairs. "Watch," he said. "They're almost ready."

## Midnight Raunch

Suddenly the body of Lady Rhena split open with a sharp crack. From between her breasts emerged a small head, a pair of slim arms and then a fragile body followed.

The creature was pure white, almost translucent. About half the size of its host-body.

Large, green eyes looked out of a small beautiful elfin face.

The other three bodies split open and three more of the creatures emerged. Long, transparent wings unfolded from their backs and trailed behind them as they walked across the carpet.

All four looked at the watching Humans. Then they smiled and emitted high-pitched, twittering sounds. One of them walked up to Carth, reached out and gently touched his hand.

Then they walked out of the door.

Orola heard their twittering voices as they took to the sky.

Kiir. The beautiful creatures of the clouds. She had heard of them, but never seen them before. Never knew how they came into being.

Until now.

“There are two more down by the pond,” Rylic said, looking again at Orola, desperately trying not to stare at her strutting breasts or her fluffy black triangle. “One looks like Neltie, the other one like you.”

“The nymphs take on the shape of people they see in the minds of the people they meet. Once they take a person’s form, their own mind draws from the mind pattern of the one they mimic. Even if that other person is far away. It doesn’t make any difference,” Carth explained.

“They have the ability to cloud your thoughts. You’ll never know the one you’re with is not the real one. They need us Humans to enter the next stage in their lifecycle. Once they have you in their power, you are helpless. You do what they want.”

“But they are not evil,” Rylic interrupted his father. “They don’t just take. They also give.”

“What do they give?” Elto asked, his eyes traveling unashamed across Orola’s nude body. She didn’t care. He had seen her naked before. She noticed the bulge in his pants and smiled.

She also saw Rylic’s.

“They give incredible pleasure,” Rylic said, the gaze of his eyes flicking towards Orola’s pubic area. “They also give healing and vitality.”

## Midnight Raunch

"I know about that," Elto said proudly. "Lady Rhena and I..." He stopped and looked at Neltie, who blushed under his scrutinizing eyes.

"It wasn't real," she gasped. "They were fakes."

"They were real enough," Carth said and looked at Orola. "Some things were too real, but they happened. There is no denying that." He turned and walked up the stairs.

Orola could not miss his half-erect penis, which he tried to cover up. Looking back at the split bodies on the floor, she noticed something peculiar. They were beginning to shrink and lose their shape.

As she watched, they dissolved, leaving only a handful of fine crystalline powder behind.

Orola looked at Neltie. "Will you come down to the pond with me? I left my clothes there and I'd like to pick them up."

Neltie nodded and followed Orola outside.

"I still feel kind of strange inside," Neltie said after awhile. "I feel so..."

"Sexually aroused?" Orola smiled. "So do I."

"But you're older and more mature," Neltie protested. "I shouldn't have feelings like that. Especially towards Rylic and Elto."

"They are males. Young and virile males with raging hormones. You are female. Young, attractive, with your own raging hormones." Orola laughed. "It is only natural."

"But they are my cousins. Distant cousins, as Elto likes to point out, but still cousins." Neltie put her hands over her face. "Things will never be the same again. Even though I know it wasn't really them and it wasn't me they did it with. "She gave Orola a sidelong glance. "Elto, I mean the real Elto, and I, we did it once. Only because he was pestering me and I admit, I was curious, but I never did it with Rylic. He's too old for me."

"Not that old." Orola smiled, thinking of Carth, who must be twice her own age.

Neltie sighed. "You know, if Rylic would ask me now, I would let him. Would that be wrong?"

Orola put an arm around the younger girl's shoulder. "I've been to places where it's alright for a brother and sister to have sexual relations. But then again, there are places where they would stone to death a mother who taught her son about sex, but not the father who

seduces his daughter. I cannot tell you what is right or wrong. That is up to you.”

They had arrived at the pond and Orola found her garment under a clump of shrubs. “You want to take that swim now,” she asked Neltie.

“Alright.” Neltie stripped and both girls jumped into the water.

“It’s cold,” Neltie shrieked and laughing, she began splashing Orola.

After splashing each other they decided to go home and began swimming back to shore, when someone called from the other side of the pond.

“How’s the water?”

When Orola looked, she saw two young men standing under a tall tree, smiling.

“That looks like Garron,” Neltie gasped. “From the village. He’s the blacksmith’s son and he is so good-looking.”

“May we join you?” Garron called.

“If you can stand the cold water,” Orola answered. “Come on in.”

Within moments, the young men were out of their clothes and naked, they dove into the frigid water. When they came up for air, they had traveled half the distance under water.

“You’re right. It is cold.” Garron laughed and came closer with powerful strokes. He stopped in front of Neltie. “Nice to see you again.” He smiled at her and let his eyes rest on her nubile breasts.

Both girls stood in waste deep water, their upper bodies exposed. Neltie blushed and sank up to her neck into the water.

Orola watched the other youth. He was tall and muscular, with a tanned handsome face. She let him look at her naked upper body and smiled back at him. “I am Orola,” she said.

“I am Erton, and you are the most desirable creature I have ever seen.”

Orola lowered her long lashes. “Thank you,” she said, putting a husky tone into her voice. “And you are one of the boldest young men I’ve ever met.”

He laughed and came closer. Orola could see his erection in the clear water.

“You are right. I am bold,” he said and put one of his hands over her breast.

She didn’t pull away, knowing what he wanted. She also knew that she would give it to him.

## Midnight Raunch

Both of his hands grabbed her buttocks. She put her arms around his neck, lifted up her legs and slid easily over his erect mast.

"I was right," he murmured as he pushed deep into her.

He was strong. Even though Orola possessed a slim body, her tall and muscular frame didn't make her light in his arms, but he swung her back and forth with apparent ease. It didn't take long before she experienced her first orgasm. Crying out, she slammed against him.

He lost his balance and they both tumbled under water. He released her and they came up spitting.

"I think we should go on land where it is not so dangerous." He grinned.

"I agree." She laughed and walked towards the shore.

He didn't follow her immediately, just watched her walk. She deliberately put a little more sway into her hips and smiled when she heard his breath catch in his throat.

She more sensed than heard him coming up behind her. She didn't manage to climb completely out of the water when he grabbed her. She half-fell onto the land, her upper body resting on a flat rock. He cupped her from behind. Feeling his searching stiff rod between her buttocks, she pushed backwards to let him slide between her spread thighs.

With a triumphant shout, he entered her again and pushed deep into her.

Gasping, she flung her arms wide and flattened her breasts against the warm stone. It felt rough against her soft skin, but she didn't care. What mattered mostly was the hot piece of hard flesh driving into her from behind.

After recovering from another powerful climax, Orola heard ecstatic cries beside her. She looked and saw Neltie and Garron locked in a deep embrace. Neltie lay on her back, her slim thighs wrapped around the young man's torso, her heels digging into his thighs. His lean buttocks moved lazily up and down between her widespread slender thighs.

Erton stopped moving behind her. He pulled out and climbed onto dry land. Then he lay on his back, his stiff pole sticking up between his legs. Orola straddled him, grabbed the pole with one hand and guided it towards her inflamed sex-canal.

He moaned, his eyes glued to the spot where the head of his throbbing sex-organ entered her cleft. Very slowly, she swallowed

## Midnight Raunch

him, savoring the sensation as the swollen fleshy mast slid into her lubricated sheath.

Then she began a slow grind in his lap.

She looked into his eyes, but he kept staring at her large bobbing breasts. After a while, she stretched out on top of him, flattening her breasts against his deep chest.

Then she kissed him.

He moaned and bucked underneath her.

She rode the crest of her own climax and sucked the last drop of his squirting member into her womb. Something seemed to be missing, and when she came down from her high, she knew what.

There had not been any sweet fruity flavor on his lips.

Smiling at him, she slid off.

He looked at her with a slight frown, then he sat up. "You are real," he blurted out.

Still smiling, she nodded and said, "And so are you. Seems we all made a mistake."

They both looked at Garron and Neltie. The girl knelt on the soft ground, her small but well-formed buttocks sticking up. Garron knelt behind her, his lower body moving back and forth with steady strokes. They could see his penis as he pushed it in and out of her youthful canal. His fingers were digging into her slim hips, trying to steady her as she bucked wildly under him.

"He'll be surprised," Erton chuckled.

Orola giggled. "And so will she."

The young couple didn't pay any attention to Orola and Erton. Garron pulled out of Neltie and stretched out on his back. Looking at his stiff organ, Orola remarked with a somewhat envious voice, "He's far from being finished."

"He can go on for a long time." Erton nodded in agreement.

They watched Neltie climb on top of Garron. Crouching over him, her pubic area hovered above his straining mast. Then she began rotating her hips, letting her cleft barely touch the swollen glans of Garron's penis.

He groaned and pushed up. Neltie laughed and grabbed his stabbing organ. Holding it between her hands, she rubbed herself against it.

"Don't tease," he moaned. "Let me put it back in."

"Let me play a little," Neltie pouted. "I like to play."

She put the shiny head into her pink slit, but kept both of her hands tightly wrapped around the stiff mast. With only the swollen tip of the penis inside her, she gyrated slowly around it. "I love this," she moaned and closed her eyes. "You boys always want to put it in all the way. Girls are different." She cried out and clamped down hard. Her whole body trembled in the grip of an orgasm.

Garron grabbed her buttocks and lunged upwards. With the same motion, he turned her onto her back. Her legs flew open wide and spreading her arms, she looked for support.

Sobbing, he buried his organ deep inside her clutching sex-canal. Then he let out a hoarse shout; his buttocks shook, and pressing her against the soft ground, he emptied his load into her young womb. When he was finished, he collapsed on top of her.

"That was the best," he said after awhile, his chest still heaving. "You nymphs sure can give a man pleasure."

Neltie pushed him off. "What do you mean by *nymphs*?" she demanded, her eyes wide and blazing angrily.

Garron smiled lazily. "Don't pretend," he said. "I know what you are. But it doesn't matter to me."

"I am no nymph," Neltie protested. "You are."

"What?" Garron sat up and looked over to Erton and Orola.

They were both smiling.

"We are no nymphs," they said, almost in unison.

At first Garron looked angry, but then he flung himself back and burst out laughing. Neltie looked embarrassed and sat up, her body in a fetal position.

"But it was so beautiful," she whispered and looked at Orola for comfort. "I feel so ashamed and stupid."

Orola got up and walked over to her. Putting her arms around the young girl, she said, "I never knew, and neither did they. Don't blame yourself. Besides," she smiled, "we did it willingly and we all enjoyed it. Blame it on the after-effects of what happened yesterday."

"What's worse," Neltie whispered and stared in the direction of Erton. "I am still turned on. And I want Erton."

The young man saw her looking at him and grinned. He didn't even bother hiding his erection.

"I believe the same thing is on his mind," Orola chuckled. "Take my advice. Follow your desire. He's a handsome young man and quite virile."



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Neltie pressed Orola's hand. "I can't help myself," she whispered fiercely and got up. She lay down beside Erton, knees up, thighs apart, her pink cleft beckoning.

Erton just rolled on top of her, and within moments, they were locked together.

## Chapter Six

Without looking at Garron, Orola knew what was on his mind. She couldn't read thoughts, but she had the gift of empathy.

His burning desire transferred into her mind and kindled the flame.

She lay back, spreading open her thighs. "Come," she said with a low voice and looked at him.

He gulped and knelt between her inviting thighs. With trembling fingers, he touched her black thick bush and spread the hairs, stroking the thick lips hidden underneath. "You're so grown-up down there," he whispered hoarsely. "I've never had someone like you." His finger found her *stimulator* and rubbed it gently.

Orola moaned and closed her eyes, enjoying his caress. Then she felt his finger withdraw and sensed him getting into position above her. His swollen head spread her labia apart, entered and then he sank the whole length of his shaft into her slippery sheath.

She lay quiet for a while, just let him move in and out of her. Then she began moving her lower body and let her inner muscles grip his stiff organ.

He moaned deeply and she rippled the walls of her canal down the length of his penis. She really regretted the loss of her Holy Communicator. She would have shown him a kind of intimacy he never had and never would experience, but even without it, she knew with certainty he would never forget her and this day.

She had been trained in the art of copulating. Not being quite human, she could do things with her body and sex-organ no Human woman was capable of doing.

Coupling with Erton did satisfy her animal-desires and gave her a chance to gain control again over her body, almost.

Since Garron climaxed with Neltie, Orola knew he would last a long time. She opened her eyes and looked into his as he labored above her. "Slow down," she whispered. "We have plenty of time."

Pulling up her legs, she put her heels behind her head. This position opened her wide and let him enter much deeper. She tightened her vulva around the base of his shaft and began milking him.

He sobbed loudly and clenched his buttocks in her hands, which she used to pull him to her.

"You are making it difficult for me to hold back," he said between clenched teeth, "but it feels so good I want to go on forever."

She laughed throatily. "Not forever, I'm afraid, but I can help you to last." She used her fingers to put pressure on certain spots below his belly and he sighed. It delayed ejaculation and at the same time increased his pleasure.

"I never knew a woman could use her *flower* the way you do," he groaned. "Even the Kiir-nymphs didn't make me feel like this." He shuddered as a mock-orgasm gripped him and let out a hoarse shout.

"How is this possible?" he gasped. "It felt like a climax and yet...I never unloaded." His buttocks clenched again and he pressed his lower body tightly against her, trying to push deeper. Her inner muscles gently squeezed his throbbing penis and caressed it like a soft hand.

He gagged. "How do you do that? It feels like it's alive."

Orola concentrated on her own pleasure. "Training," she breathed, her fingers digging into his quivering buttocks. Then she cried out as a series of orgasms began to shake her body. She wrapped her long legs around his back, kissed him savagely, her tongue snaking deep into his open mouth.

She took the full weight of his body, her soft breasts crushed by his muscular chest. "You talk too much," she said when they broke apart for air. "Just shut up and enjoy our lovemaking."

\* \* \* \*

Erton and Neltie were not quite so noisy. Neltie bounced merrily up and down on Erton's stiff penis. Both his hands cupped her breasts. The fact that they were small didn't seem to diminish his enthusiasm. Massaging them gently, he twirled her pink nipples between his fingers.

She had her head thrown back, a steady low moan escaping her open mouth. Her slim hips snapped back and forth, sometimes slow, sometimes fast. Her little *flower* slipped over his stiff pole like a well-oiled sheath.

## Midnight Raunch

"You are quite talented," Erton groaned. "You must have lots of experience."

Neltie let out a gurgling laugh. "Not as much as I would like to have," she breathed, "but I'm a fast learner."

She glanced towards Orola and Garron, who had changed positions. Orola was on her knees, her fleshy buttocks up, her large breasts resting on the grass, her head pressed to the ground. Garron crouched behind her, one leg bent, the other stretched out. Neltie could clearly see his big organ moving in and out of Orola's hairy cleft.

"Watching those two has inspired me," Neltie gasped and dug her fingers into Erton's arms. She let out a whimper and kept staring at Orola's clenching buttocks. Garron seemed frozen in position behind Orola, his rod half-buried inside the dark-haired girl's clutching sex-organ.

She could hear his loud grunts and Orola's cries of pleasure. Then Garron snapped his hips forward and, with a savage thrust, he sank his big pleasure-giver to the root into the thick-lipped orifice.

His hands clamped around Orola's wide hips. Holding tightly onto her, he threw back his head and howled like a wounded snow-lizard.

Orola's arms flew wide open, her fingers dug into the grass and her buttocks quivered in Garron's shaking loins. Her cries of pleasure blended with Garron's ecstatic howl.

Then they collapsed onto the ground.

Neltie lifted off Erton's still stiff penis. Getting down on her knees, she arched her back, presenting her pert buttocks to the young man's view. Below her round cheeks, her smooth, thick vagina-lips peeked between her thighs at Erton. He knelt down behind her, stuck his finger gently into her pink slit, then he rolled onto his back, put his head between her widening thighs and began licking the stem of her little *flower*.

Neltie whimpered keenly and, rotating her hips, she pressed her groin into Erton's face.

\* \* \* \*

Orola and Garron recovered sufficiently. They lay in the soft grass, watching the young couple.

After tonguing Neltie for a while, Erton slid from under her, and then he cupped her from the rear and slipped his shaft into her well-lubricated sheath. Neltie pushed back her rear and received him

## Midnight Raunch

eagerly. She began bucking beneath him almost immediately and Erton put his arms around her smooth feverishly rippling flat belly, ramming his organ with great gusto into her.

Neltie raked the grass with her fingers and gave out a series of long sobbing cries as he assaulted her from the rear.

“Oh, this is so good,” she cried, arching her back and pushing backwards. “So awfully good. I think I’ll die.”

“Young lovers, they say such foolish things,” Garron’s voice whispered into Orola’s ear.

Lying on her stomach, she sensed him crouching on top of her, and then something stiff and warm snaked between her fleshy buttocks. She giggled and spread her legs. “Are you ready again?” she asked teasingly, her breath coming faster.

His probing member found what he looked for and, lifting her buttocks, she sucked his hard organ back into her still throbbing sheath. As he slid deep into her, an almost unbearable feeling of pleasure surged through her body.

She sobbed loudly and began milking the hard, fleshy moving rod, and it didn’t take long before she climaxed, at the same time feeling his hot discharge filling her womb.

Her mind became hazy, unable to think clear thoughts.

Time stood still.

Only pleasure existed.

She found herself on elbows and knees, her buttocks clenching and unclenching, her canal milking, milking...her womb drinking the seed spilling into her body.

She threw back her head, cried out, but not from pain. Her long black hair fell across her face, covering her glazed-over eyes.

Then she lay on her back, her unfocused eyes staring into Garron’s smiling face. Her arms reached for him, pulled his face towards hers.

She kissed him.

He tasted of fresh fruit and sweet honey.

Between her wide-open thighs, his hot hard organ moved untiring in and out of her. There were a few sane moments when she noticed that the sun had disappeared and three of the moons climbed into the dark sky.

When she looked around, she saw a familiar looking dark-haired young woman, not far away beside her, mounting a young man who looked remarkably like Garron, except Garron lay in her own arms.

## Midnight Raunch

The dark-haired young woman guided Garron's erect penis into her thick triangle, swallowed it into her sex-canal. She turned her head to look at Orola and smiled.

Orola recognized herself.

Her double shook her long black hair, let it spill over her creamy shoulders. Staring into Garron's eyes, she began rotating her hips, while her fleshy buttocks rocked back and forth with slow steady movements.

When Orola looked to her other side, she saw Erton and Neltie. The young girl lay on her back with Erton moving between her widespread legs.

Orola tried to focus her eyes when she saw another young couple, just beyond the first one.

The second Erton was on his back. Neltie's double sat above him. Her breasts seemed fuller, more bouncy, her figure still slim, but more fleshed-out. Her white round buttocks moved up and down. By the light of the three moons, Orola could see Erton's stiff pole appearing below their bellies every time the girl lifted up.

"Life," Garron said above her. "It is a precious gift. It must be cherished." He smiled and stopped moving, only his penis throbbed inside Orola's clutching canal, gushing more fluid into her.

"Receive my gift," he said, "as I take yours."

She felt herself erupt, spilling over as she reached another orgasm.

Her body seemed aflame, and staring into Garron's wide-open eyes, she slipped into an altered state.

Her mind seemed befuddled and clear at the same time.

She was Orola, the girl, gasping for breath beneath Garron's tirelessly moving body. She felt his hard muscular chest against her soft breasts, felt his flat belly touching hers, felt his solid warm penis moving in and out of her vagina.

She was Garron.

No...she was not Garron, only a simulacrum. A form *It* had assumed out of necessity. The real Garron lay nearby, giving life to another.

*Life. It would have Life.*

Exhilarated, it continued giving pleasure to the life form beneath it, continued feeding her life-giving fluid, which flowed freely from the orifice between her lower extremities, her *flower*, as she called it. It drank the nectar from her lips when they tasted each other.

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But it did not just take. It gave back. It gave of its own fluid, which was laced with elements of healing, elements that gave endurance, vitality and youth.

Through the thoughts of the life form whose body it copied, it knew that coupling with a female was not only used for the continued existence of their species. They coupled also for the experience of pleasure.

And pleasure it gave, while taking pleasure in return.

It had no memories of a life before this. Only fragments of a life as a formless blob suspended in water.

Waiting.

Then it became aware of another life form close by. On the land.

It felt joy and ecstasy.

It would have *Life*.

It crawled on land.

One entity was close. No...there were two. Two minds, one body.

After the ecstasy came separation. One body became two.

One, the female, she called herself Orola, lay watching another body/two minds.

The other, the male, Garron, lay on his back, eyes closed.

Instinctively it knew what it must do.

It took Garron's thoughts, his memories. It became Garron. Its gelatin body became solid and warm. It formed the feeding tube between its legs, shaped it into the likeness of a male penis.

Then, as Garron, it moved on top of the female Orola, pushed its feeding tube/penis into her sex-organ from behind. It created strands of pleasure inside its new body and the moment the simulated penis entered Orola's vagina it experienced extreme pleasure.

So did Orola.

The fluid the creature exuded acted like an aphrodisiac to her. As she absorbed it into her body, she slipped into an immediate trance, totally under the creature's control.

As it joined with Orola, it became aware of three others of its kind, shaping themselves into the likeness of the other three life forms.

It was jubilant.

It would not be alone.

## Midnight Raunch

Joyfully it moved its lower body with a steady rhythm, pushing its feeding tube deep into the female's clutching orifice. The creature's source of life.

Coupled with intense pleasure the creature released a spray of fluid into Orola's womb. The seeds inside searched and found the ova, melded, fertilized. Then it sucked the life-givers back into its own body, where the growing process began.

Another life formed. A superior life form would emerge.

There would be no offspring in Orola's womb, all she received was pleasure for now and vitality and health for a long time after.

A fair exchange.

Orola didn't feel appalled by this. Sharing the creature's thoughts and memories, she understood the need.

Her consciousness shifted back to her own body.

Opening her eyes, she stared into Garron's face and eyes, but she knew it wasn't Garron.

As if reading her thoughts, the creature smiled and said, "You know me now as I know you, *Moon-Priestess*. The joining of our minds has given me as much joy as the joining of our bodies. From your memories, I received glimpses of my own future. I hope I will somehow remember you. It should make me very glad. Take this last offering."

Once more, it released a gush of warm fluid and once more, their minds joined.

Orola gasped and cried out as she reached another orgasm. Experiencing it with two minds created the ultimate ecstasy.

She felt the ejaculated fluid leave the creature's penis, jubilant as exquisite pleasure washed through its assumed shape.

She felt the creature's warm discharge flooding her own womb, exultant and unable to contain her cries of joy.

When it was over the creature slumped into her arms.

Very gently, she turned over until she lay on top, then she lifted off, letting the limp organ slide out of her. She looked around and saw the other Garron, the real one, and her own double, still locked together.

Garron lay on his back, the undulating smooth hips of the Orola-nymph grinding in his lap. His fingers were digging into her large, bobbing breasts, kneading them with great enthusiasm.

From his lips came the sounds of deep moans, while his eyes gazed into the nymph's smiling face.



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She clamped down hard, sat quivering, her slit eyes never leaving his.

Garron cried out harshly and pushed up against her.

Then she collapsed on top of him.

From the other side of her Orola heard the ecstatic cries of Neltie and Erton. Almost simultaneously their Kiir-nymphs sagged in their tight embrace.

Orola found it curious that all nymphs had been in the top position before they released their gift.

Garron looked at the quiet body of the Orola-nymph beside him and then at Orola.

He stood up. Between his legs, his erection still strutted. "This is incredible," he said, shaking his head. "I should be totally exhausted, but I feel so alive, so full of vitality."

Coming close, he touched Orola's breast. "I don't know about you, but I'm far from satisfied."

Orola smiled, feeling the desire welling up inside her. Pulling him to her, she kissed him and sank to the ground. With a loud sob, he entered her and crying out, Orola received him into her over-stimulated hungry sex-organ.

Beside them, Neltie and Erton watched silently. Then they, too, began clawing at each other and within moment, Erton found his throbbing penis lodged deeply in the girl's clutching vagina.

They never saw their duplicates metamorphose, never saw the hardening bodies break open to release the emerging fairy-bodies of the Kiir.

Twittering, the frail beautiful creatures lifted into the air on gossamer wings. Below them, the two young Human couples, the Givers of Life, were lost in a world of ecstasy and pleasure.

The Kiir circled above them and then they took off into the clouds.

## Chapter Seven

The first rays of the sun lit up the trees when Orola and Neltie said farewell to the two reluctant young men, Erton and Garron.

"Maybe we can come back and meet sometimes," Garron suggested with a somewhat leering grin on his handsome face.

"Maybe," Orola answered and smiled. "Let's go home," she said to Neltie.

Neltie danced vibrantly beside the older girl. "I feel so alive," she laughed, "and so grown up. A real woman. It will be hard to find a lover like the one I had last night. I'll never forget him." Then she frowned. "The only problem is I'll be seeing Erton in my mind. But I know it wasn't him. It'll be confusing."

Orola smiled at her. "How about Erton? He'll be remembering *you*, even though he coupled with a nymph that looked like you."

Neltie stopped dancing around and looked at Orola. "You know, when I was with Garron, I mean the real one, it was kinda nice, too. I like him."

"It was nice." Orola nodded. "Remember, I was with him, too. And with Erton. The real ones."

"The real ones and the fake ones." Neltie screwed up her eyes and let out a little scream. "Oh, this is really confusing." She threw her arms into the air in mock disgust.

Orola laughed at the younger girl's antics. "You are silly, you know," she said, "but I like you." She put her arms around Neltie and hugged her. "You'll figure it out. Remember, you're a woman now. Let's get back home. They'll be wondering."

Neltie took Orola's hand and both girls ran as fast as they could, giggling all the way.

They almost collided with Carth as they rounded the corner of the barn.

## Midnight Raunch

“Hold it, young ladies,” Carth rumbled and took a little sidestep. “Where have you been all night?”

“We went for a swim, and then we decided to spend the night under the stars.” Neltie smiled innocently and didn’t even blush.

“Better hurry into the house,” Carth suggested with a shrug. “Your mother came back real late last night. She’s been sleeping. I guess the...” Carth hesitated and smiled. “The...ah...trip exhausted her, but you know her, she likes to get up early.” He turned and walked into the barn.

“The trip exhausted her,” Neltie mocked and snorted after he disappeared. Then she burst out laughing. “Did you see that bulge in his pants? We know what exhausted my mother.”

“Hush,” Orola chided. “That’s no way to talk about your mother. Show a little respect.”

“Hush yourself.” Neltie giggled. “I feel naughty. I think I’ll give Elto a workout, or maybe Rylic.” She laughed. “Come to think of it, I’ll have both of them for breakfast. I can handle it.”

## Epilogue

Orola swung her little bundle of extra clothes and some food across her shoulders. “How can I ever thank you for your hospitality?” she asked.

Firma smiled warmly. “Be kind to others,” she said and squeezed the girl’s hand. “I’ll hope you’ll find your belongings again, but I must advise you against this foolish venture. It can only lead to trouble.”

“Firma is right,” Carth said beside her. “I wish you’d just forget this notion of revenge. Be happy you’re alive and well again. Leave it at that.”

“I wish I could,” Orola said, “but they took my *Holy Communicator* and my *Transmuter*. Without them I am lost.” She looked at the green disk of Solar, partially visible above the far mountains. “They are part of what I am.”

“And what exactly are you, my child?” Firma asked softly.

“I am Orola, the Warrior Priestess.”

“That you may be,” the older woman said, “but these last few days you have proven that you can exist without those things the Kellos stole from you. Are they really that important?”

Orola smiled. “They are. Like the Kiir, I cannot help being what I am. I must spread my own wings and let them carry me where my god wants me to go.”

**The End**

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**by**  
**Mae Powers**

Kitty Samuels had a fantasy, one she intended very much to play out, and very, very soon. It was a weird fantasy really. In order to make her fantasy a reality, she had to find the right person. Not just any man would do. She would have to go into the red-light district of town to find what she wanted. She'd never been that daring before.

Kitty lived her life mostly in mid suburbia; occasionally getting out of town or going downtown to find some action. She felt as hot as any other red-blooded human female. She needed sex too to sustain her life. A dildo or a finger or two could only satisfy her so far. She needed to feel flesh in her pussy too.

Although what she had in mind, she would need a flesh-feeling dildo, she supposed. Yet, the hot stuff would be in the red district. It wasn't illegal, it just cost a lot to party there. She'd saved up big time for this fantasy and was determined to find a person to do it with soon. She'd had no luck at the normal rounds of parties and pubs. She just didn't find the person who made her want to suck and fuck. He, or maybe a she, had to be here somewhere.

At the new swingers' bar, *Play-Time* she finally thought she saw the man. Everyone who was anyone came to *Play-Time*. If you wanted something unusual, then it could be had here. For a hefty price, sometimes you got lucky when you wanted something different. She sat at the long, half-moon bar, sipping thoughtfully on a tall drink when she saw the young man. He was slightly tall, dark skinned and had the most beautiful gray eyes she'd ever seen on a man's face. He was lovely to look up on too, sweet, almost ethereal in a sense and he made her cream immediately.

She wondered if he would be the one, to have her way with him. She hoped so. She almost spoke to him, but he sat down just one stool away from her and started talking to another young man there. Neither one of the two men were probably more than twenty-two, if

that, but she hoped they were clean and legal. She took precautions even if she did play around from time to time.

Kitty motioned to the bartender to buy the gray-eyed man whatever he was drinking. She listened close to the conversation going on around the area, but tried to hear over the din what the two men were talking about. The black haired, gray-eyed cutie leaned in closer to his blond friend. He had such kissable lips.

However, it was more than his lips Kitty wanted to kiss. She eyed his buttocks. Oh yeah, she loved the way he filled out those tight black jeans. High and rounded, she'd love to squeeze them for a bit before she stroked his ass with her tongue. She wanted to explore every inch of his tight looking cheeks.

The people around them got louder so she couldn't hear the two men whispering to each other. The cutie-buns did look up when the bartender told him the drink was from her. He held up his drink to her and nodded in her direction. He gave her a half smile then sat down on the barstool next to hers, turning his back to her. She sighed. Well at least she tried. She turned back around and looked into the mirror, which was the backstage for a shelf of liqueurs. Briefly, she saw the blonde get up and leave the dark haired man.

When she heard the stool move and creak next to her she glanced up in the mirror to see that her hopeful had turned in her direction. She slowly turned around to get a better view of him.

"Thanks for the drink. I'm Solon." His deep timbre belied the sweet looking man sitting next to her. He was just as handsome up close and his dark clothing of shirt and jeans only accentuated the broad shoulders and dark skin, but highlighted the piercing gray eyes. His smile made her cream even more.

Would she have a chance with him? There was only one way to find out. She held her glass up in his direction and smiled back at him.

"You're welcome. My name's Kitty."

"With those catty green eyes of yours and that pretty honey mane, it's no wonder the name is so apt," he said in a complimentary tone. So what brings you to Play-Time?"

"You," she said mater-of-factly to him.

He only raised his eyebrow slightly. "I'm gay. My friend went to make a call. I thought it only polite to say thanks."

She almost sighed. "Well, I was hoping to swing with a good-looking gay man."

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He looked surprised, and interested all of a sudden. "You're honest about it anyway. Why a gay guy? No offense, but what kind of kink are you in to?"

She half smiled. "Well to tell you the truth, I've had a fantasy for awhile now, but it means a lot to do it with the right person, who makes me just cream when I look at him."

His lips formed a wide grin. Even gay, she thought, men were still men and cocky when it came to a compliment from a woman.

"That's great to hear actually. I've always been attracted to men, but occasionally, I've been with a woman, just to see why I stick with men. You're not in a relationship then? Most who come to Play-Time are not in one or are cheating on their significant other."

She shook her head. "No, not married. Guess you're not in a relationship either?"

He shook his tight curls, and she felt her nipples pinching against her tight halter-top. "I am still single. Looking for Mr. Right, I suppose. You've got me curious, what is your fantasy?"

She almost answered when she saw his blonde haired friend coming back towards them. "I guess you won't find out tonight, you're lover's back."

He laughed and set down his drink. "Not my lover, just an old friend I wanted to say hi to tonight. Pardon me a minute, I'd like to buy you a drink and sit and talk with you for a few."

She was surprised then. He wanted to be with her? At least he was honest with her as she had been with him. Perhaps something would come of the evening. She hoped so, but would wait and see. He spoke a few words to his friend, who then hugged him and chuckled before leaving the bar area and got lost in the dance crowd. Solon turned back to her, slipping on the bar stool next to hers.

"Let me buy you a drink now."

Kitty tightened her pussy lips together and turned her hips to the bar, but kept her arm on the bar counter and one hand near her thigh. She wanted to reach out and stroke those thick thighs of his. Well she wanted to do more than that really.

He smiled seductively at her as the bartender thrust two glasses of wine down in front of them. He hurried off, and people around left them alone. She was glad, that she felt some privacy with him, even with a crowd around them.

"Thanks, Solon. I appreciate the drink and the honesty."



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He clinked his drink to hers. "I find honesty attractive. Like you, there has to be something there. Whether it's a one-night stand, or a long fling, or a relationship. Just a spark of oomph, perhaps."

"You've got the right chemistry for me, gay or not," Kitty chuckled. She leaned closer to him. "I've never told any one what I want to do. It's not something a woman usually does."

He raised a thick brow. "Now I'm really curious. I promise not to laugh. Lean closer and tell me what it is you'd like to do."

She studied him closer. In his eyes she saw the slow interest, and the deep curiosity. She had him intrigued. "First, would you consider yourself more gay or bi?"

He rubbed his chin thoughtfully. "Never got asked that before. "More gay. I have swung with women in my younger days, but honestly, men attract me more. I do have women who are just friends."

"You don't look older than twenty-two."

He grinned and his lopsided smile infected her with humor. This was a strange conversation to have with a gay man, or any man period, she realized. It made the evening and him more enticing than ever. It couldn't hurt, perhaps, to at least talk about it. Maybe she'd know what a man's real reaction would be to her strange desire.

"I'm thirty, Kitty. I get that reaction all the time. You don't look much older than that yourself. You look too sweet to be here."

She laughed gaily and freely. He made her feel at ease. "I'm close to your age then. Thanks, Solon. I think I've been too uptight about this whole idea of mine. Maybe if I did tell someone, it might make it more exciting or I'll just drop it. Not sure, no one asked before."

He put an arm on the counter and leaned closer to her. "Bet you never thought anyone would be interested in any of it."

Kitty nodded. "Just an idea of something I wanted to try for a few years now. You sure you want to hear this."

He leaned in closer, his other hand and forearm slightly resting on her thigh. His voice lowered. "Just let those luscious lips tell me your deep fantasy, Kitty. You intrigue me, pretty lady. Some gay men do like variety and scintillating kink. Let go and I'll listen. What is it you'd like to do with me? Or do to me?"

Kitty softly chuckled, then leaned her head slightly closer to his ear, and whispered.

\* \* \*

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She licked his left ear lobe, slow and teasingly. He shivered next to her, the anticipation of what she was going to do to him, making his cock so much harder. Solon blew softly against her soft curls, loving the heat coursing through her as he touched her breasts. He often didn't mind being bi-sexual one bit.

At the club, she'd blown him away with her whispered fantasy. Now the thought of her enacting it out on him made his shaft grow achingly with need. Her mouth was hot and her tongue shockingly heated as they made circular trails over his shoulders next then lower down his back. He lay up on the pillow, not minding or caring what she did to him. She wanted him face down and on the bed.

She'd already washed his body from shoulders to thighs and he'd loved every minute of that, nearly cumming when she nibbled his tight cheeks in the shower. She'd washed him with edible coco butter, teasing his ass with piercing thrusts into his butt hole, and kneading his high buttocks with her stunning hands. He loved her talented, buttery fingers in the shower.

Oh she had a way about her that made him want to shoot his wad there and then, but he wanted more. Soon she would lick him all over and kiss his ass, running that long hot tongue of hers up and down between his ass cheeks.

Even his balls ached with need as the tightened in anticipation of what she was going to do to him. He'd never had a woman that wanted to fuck him in the ass. It would be a new experience for him. One he would enjoy to the fullest.

\* \* \* \*

She splayed her hands over the taut muscles of his back, leaving love nips along each of his shoulders. He shivered with ebbing desire beneath her heated ministrations. Her fingers were like silken threads of fire, scorching his needs to higher proportions. He couldn't wait for her to fuck him. Her tongue started spiral dances down his back in darting dances as she made her way slowly down his back.

She lowered her thighs and legs to the floor, looking up and admiring his high, well-rounded cheeks. Oh, he was lovely, no incredibly handsome to look at...and such perfect cheeks to explore. She opened first one hand wide, then the other and grasped an ass cheek in each hand.

Kitty loved the way Solon's ass cheeks curved nicely in her palms. Earlier in the shower, she'd loved soaping his erotic body down. They kissed and fondled each other, excitedly being tender

with one another at first, but savoring the exploration of each other's bodies with fierce abandon.

He in turn ran the buttery smelling bar of soap over her contours, squeezing her full breasts until the nipples became hard with desire. His big fingers filled her cunt wonderfully. She massaged his hard thick cock until he was close to coming. Each had become more firmer in their strokes just before both exploded together in mind-blowing orgasms. Then they quickly washed and dried off and went into the bedroom part of the hotel room they'd rented for the night.

Kitty again began her exploration of his sexy, muscular body. She palmed his inner butt cheeks, opening him up as wide as she could, then leaned over him, her face near his ass. Tentatively she licked his dark crevice up and down from the top of his anus down to his large balls poking out from under him. He groaned loudly and she creamed immediately.

"More," he said with raspy breaths. "Lick me deeper and harder."

She let out a soft excited chuckle of pleasure. "Most certainly."

Kitty pulled the colorfully packaged tube of edible, butter-flavored gel from the nearby nightstand. She quickly opened it and squeezed some of the creamy swirl on two of her fingertips. With smooth strokes, she lathed his butt and crevice with the beige yellow gel, then followed her fingers' movements with her ready tongue.

Up and down and over his exposed ass she licked and fucked and fondled him repeatedly again and again, enjoying every inch of his taut cheeks. He ground his thighs and the front of his hips into the bed.

"Damn your tongue and hands are hot. More. Do it all over. Yes, baby! Ah, that feels so fucking good."

She could feel a tiny rivulet of moisture creeping down his balls, that she knew came from his cockhead. He really indeed liked what she did to him. His urged her on to carry out the rest of her fantasy; he so willingly agreed to after she'd whispered it into his ear, earlier that night in the bar. Before they'd gotten into the shower, she'd laid her sex toys down on the bed. Glancing at the two-way vibrating dildo, she grinned in anticipation. It gleamed in all its tempting beige colored mock flesh up at her. Her palms were damp from wanting to hold it, to soon put part of it in her and then slowly fuck his ass with the other seven inches.

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He turned his face to one side, smiling up at her, desire and more in his dark gray eyes. He glanced briefly at the sex toy then back at her. "Do it." His voice was laced with intense pleasure.

After grabbing it quickly, she moved up behind him, and strapped on the two-penis sex toy, inserting one end in her creamy pussy. She quickly applied some gel to the other mock flesh dick, before positioning herself between his thighs. The big head of the cock pointed right at his tight ass. With one hand, she turned the dildo on soft vibrating mode. With her other, she guided the end into his anus. Tentatively she entered his puckered ass-lips. His buttocks shivered with the vibrations.

Solon moaned out his approval. She slowly slid the whole seven inches inside of his tight asshole. Soon the cock was deep into him to the hilt. She relaxed her hips into his, enjoying the feel of the vibrations pulsing into both of them.

"Oh fuck me good, baby. Damn I like this. More, Kitty! Fuck me hard."

Kitty couldn't resist. She started slowly thrusting firmly in and out of him. He pushed his butt upwards allowing her easier penetration into his ass. She needed no further invitation as he pushed up against her strokes, urging her on to fuck him more. Again and again the dildo shot waves of pleasure into both of them as she fucked him quick and hard.

"Oh hell yeah! Oh shit, I'm gonna cum good!"

She pumped his ass swifter and firmer. Her pussy was soaked with scorching desires of liquid heat as she rode him. The heat swelled within her as the friction became excessively intense. The dildo increased the pleasure and flames of need bursting forth between them. He screamed aloud as did she. She pumped him harder and harder. Her pussy felt on fire with the intensity of the vibrations tickling her drenched cunt. She screamed out as waves of euphoria washed over her.

She reached around Solon and put her hands around his cock, shoving in and out of his butt while she rubbed his shaft up and down as best she could. Together, they went over into the edge of near oblivion.

Moments later, she pulled out of him and flopped to her side. Panting, she pulled off the dildo and tossed it to one side. Kitty propped up on her elbows, glancing over at him. Solon had turned

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over and plopped back on his back. He grinned widely as he turned towards her.

“Woman, you can do that to me any time. Especially with those buttered fingers of yours.”

“Who knows,” she laughed, reaching out to stroke his cheek fondly, “maybe I’ll come up with another flavor next time.”

**The End**

**Getting It On**  
**by**  
**Mae Powers**

Johnny has desired Sarah for a long time now. He'd love to make this hot babe completely his. Problem: Does she want him too?

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**Getting It On**  
**by**  
**Mae Powers**

How come a guy can't get it on with just any woman he comes across?

That came up at work the other day. I guess he could if he were rich and good-looking. Well, with most women any way. I just want *one* woman. I've had two or three, in one sitting, but I want one woman now.

Sarah Mitchell. Built, oh yeah; hot, definitely. Yet, either Sarah is playing hard to get or she just really isn't interested in me. She sits one desk across from me in the graphic arts studio. Her blouses are slightly see through, but decorum enough for the office. The low-rise pants she usually wears are tapered and hung low on her hips, accentuating her plump buns.

Really I try not to stare at her, but when I see those dark ebony breasts of hers jiggling slightly from those pastel shirts she wears, I want to cream in my pants. I've had women of different nationalities and colors, but not one has made me want to ravish her as much as Sarah. She wears her dark brown hair in a nice medium length bob, and her eyes look at me so seductively with those teddy bear brown eyes, slightly softer than that exotic skin tone of hers.

I'd like to lay her down on my bed, maybe handcuff her and then eat out her pussy until she begs me to do it all over again. Then I'd fuck the hell out of her all through the night.

I'd even love to feel her red-tinted nails sweetly trailing down my chest and stomach, until she's kneeling at my feet, pulling my pants down to my ankles and then she lays those beautiful talented hands of hers on my balls and dick, her sweet mouth puckering to give me the most stupendous, delicious blow job a guy could want.

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“Johnny, you gonna stare at me all the time or finally ask me out?”

I looked up from my desk and see she had moved her chair next to mine. Talk about being in fantasyland. I’d been so caught up in my reverie I didn’t see her move over to my desk. I look down into those tempting eyes of her and see devilment.

“You’ve been drooling over me for weeks, man. You gonna ask me out or what?”

“I didn’t think you’d want to go out with a coworker. You usually tell the other guys no.” I said.

“You aren’t like those other guys. You see more than just my body, Johnny. Nothing wrong with that, but your smile isn’t always lewd like theirs. It reaches your eyes too. So do I interest you like you do me?” Her passionate eyes pulled me in, eating me up, and I couldn’t believe my luck.

Damn right, I was interested. I quickly glanced at the clock on the wall nearby. Just one minute to quitting for the day. “You wanna go grab a bite to eat?”

Her luscious smile widened. “Oh if you only knew what I was hungry for. I’ll meet you down in the parking lot in a few.” Then she moved away from me and got ready to leave for the day. I did likewise. Within five minutes, I was downstairs in the employee parking lot, making sure that I could see where she parked. She wasn’t too far from me. She motioned for me to follow her.

It was about a half hour later that I drove up to a small duplex in a nice neighborhood of town, not far from the apartments actually, where I lived. I pulled in behind her. She chuckled as she got out of the car and started up the stairs to one of the duplex doors.

I followed, as I’m sure she meant for me to do. Inside, the place was neat and tidy, like a classy single woman like her would have.

“I’ve got some wine and cheeses in the fridge. Sound good for dinner?” she asked.

“I’m with you, anything sounds great right now, Sarah.” I followed her into the front room. A blue sofa and love seat were her main furniture pieces next to a large TV set.

“Sit down, and let’s have desert first then.”

I did a double take as she took my hand and led me over to sit on the sofa. I hope I didn’t mistake her implication.

“You’re one hot and lovely woman, Sarah, but...”



She put a finger to my lips. "I haven't wanted anyone like I do you, Johnny. You're the first white guy I've ever wanted to date and you make me crazy with desire. I'm not usually this bold, but I don't think your eyes told me wrong. You do want me as much as I do you?"

"Damn straight I do, Sarah. I haven't been able to think of any thing but you these last few weeks. I want to fuck you so bad and eat your cunt."

"Oh there's so much I want to do to you too, Johnny. Such as sucking your cock. I know it's gonna taste so good." She put her hands on my crotch. "Let me suck you good, baby."

I groaned. "Honey, you bet." I reached out and pulled her into my arms. She wrapped her long arms around my neck and kissed me fiercely.

I felt her body respond to my own sexual shivers of need. Oh, she could suck and love on me any time. She suckled on my neck and then ran those hot hands over my chest, helping me quickly out of my shirt. I took her by her upper arms and lowered my head to plant another sizzling kiss on her luscious lips.

She pushed her body to mine and all but ripped my shirt off. "Gawd, Johnny you're all I have wanted for weeks now too. I sure wish you'd told me weeks ago. But it doesn't matter now. Just let me suck that delicious body of yours."

Who was I to argue with this sexy woman? "Baby, I'm yours."

She chuckled and lowered herself down before me, slowly undoing my slacks, and pulling them down as she kissed my stomach and lower, her tongue trailing where her mouth had been seconds before. Damn, her wet tongue and full lips felt like heated candy on me. She knew how to use those lips and hands.

My pants fell to my ankles. I was no longer dreaming. She slowly took my erect cock into her mouth. In one long stroke she sucked almost all of my length in. Her head bobbed up and down over my swelled dick as she fondled my balls with one hand and my butt cheeks with the other.

"Ah damn, Sarah, you're so much...umm... better, than I imagined...oh hell yeah, so much better, baby!"

She gurgled a sexy response and I loved it, and running my hands through her dark straight hair. She smelled of musk and vanilla and it only added to the damn seductive spell she had me under. I had never

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felt such a hot, hot tongue and mouth in all my days of fucking a woman. I couldn't wait to taste her cunt.

She sucked me furiously, and fondled my balls like a pro. Oh, but she was so much better. No guy could get it better than I had now with my Sarah. Damn I wanted to be in her hot pussy. I stepped out of my pants and grasped her upper arms, pulling her up to me

She was a bit surprised as I planted a deep, wet kiss on her then pulled her to the couch. I pushed her down and then got between her succulent thighs, my eyes alighting on her curly brown mound. Glistening drops of passion peeked out from beneath pink tinted inner lips. I gazed down into her sex-filled eyes as I stroked that glorious pussy

Oh yeah, she felt as hot as I thought when I slipped a few fingers into her quivering, heated core. "Oh hell yeah, Johnny! Finger me good, baby. I like that!"

"I'm gonna suck that hot pussy of yours too baby." I let her know as I lowered my head and started sucking her awaiting clit.

She cried out with hot passion as my tongue lashed out at her clit and I finger fucked her at the same time. "Oh shit that's so good. I want that big cock of yours in me soon, Johnny"

I was happy to oblige her. I sucked, licked and fingered her until she creamed with flowing desire. Then I turned her over and pulled her hips up in the air. She half knelt for me on the couch and I teased her with my cock for a minute or two until she let out a curse of a plea, begging me to fuck her.

"I'm gonna fuck you good, sweet thing."

"Hell yeah, shit, fuck me hard, Johnny-boy!"

I thrust hard and deep into her, pounding her cunt fiercely. Oh, she is so friggin hot and makes my whole body aflame with desire. She takes all of me in and I fuck her furiously. Her big breasts bounce back and forth nicely. I wrap my hands around her and grab them and squeeze them as I fuck her like there is no tomorrow.

"Oh, I've wanted to get it on with you for weeks now, baby! You are so hot!"

"You fuck better than anyone. Shit you're so damn good, Johnny. Fuck me harder."

"I'm gonna make you explode like an earthquake, doll."

And she exploded all over me as I got it on with her, firing my jism into her in hard spurts. She made me come like there was indeed no tomorrow.

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Only I was gonna make sure that I had many more glorious days to come of fucking and loving on this hot, wonderful lady. I don't thinks she had too many complaints about that as she lay panting and smiling beneath me.

**The End**

**Ten and Counting**  
**by**  
**Randall Lang**

It's been ten years since she has seen her old school friend. Their reunion ignites V-E-R-Y adult feelings, and in a restaurant of all places.

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

## **Ten and Counting**

**by**

### **Randall Lang**

I had known him since the fifth grade. He was tall and lanky, with stringy blond hair that fell across his large blue eyes. Even then his crooked grin could make me smile. Deep inside I knew that he was trouble to his very core, but I couldn't help myself from being attracted to him. I loved the way he could easily encourage my mischief to come out and play; drawing me out of my shell to do things my shy nature would never otherwise allow. He was my 'Stevie', and I liked him just the way he was. The way his eyes would flash and his smile would beam holding me captivated. It seemed like the world around us would go away when I was with him.

Most of the kids at school considered us 'outsiders' and 'geeks'. In reality we were just two awkward kids who didn't fit in with the "cool" bunch or with any other bunch for that matter. No one else wanted us and we connected to each other almost immediately. He was sweet to me, as none of the other boys had been. He would appear by my side; rescuing me from the taunts of snippy girls and the cruel laughter of the boys. He seemed to always be there when I needed a friend, or someone to talk with, or when I just needed to laugh.

We remained best friends all through high school and swore to be close forever; but as will happen in life, following high school we went our separate ways and lost touch. I had not thought much about him as the whirlwind of the next ten years carried me along. Occasionally he would pop into my thoughts, like a phantom from a forgotten past flashing me an image of his smile or of his eyes.

After graduation the years seemed to fly by. Finding a job in the accounting department of the cardboard box manufacturing plant toward the south end of town started me down the road to responsible adulthood. Becoming a reliable and enthusiastic employee changed

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me from “Kathy Johnson, employee number 124” to “Kathy Johnson, Accounting Team Leader with a fifty cent per hour raise, a box of business cards, and two extra work hours per day.

But even with a degree of success at work, my life still felt empty. Coming home to an apartment with just a cat to greet me left me feeling hollow. I had often thought that it would be great to get back to the fun and spontaneity that I’d found with Stevie. Having a friend that I just enjoyed being with was something that I genuinely missed. But trusted friends were hard to come by, especially for someone like me with my lack of confidence.

I would not try the bar scene since most of the patrons were the people that I could never get along with in school. My self esteem suffered a beating in the early days and I still found it hard to fit in. My computer became my social window to find and explore other walks of life. E-mail became a way for me to meet and stay in touch with online friends. It was new and exciting! I signed up on one of those classmate reunion sites hoping to find Stevie, but as the weeks passed and the spam and unsolicited “Hey Babe” e-mails rolled in, my interest in the site waned.

Then one day I received an e-mail which I almost deleted without reading until “Grove Street” caught my eye. Someone was asking if I was the girl he knew who used to live on Grove Street. The sender had the same surname as Stevie. *After all these years, could it be him?* My fingers typed a fast response asking if he was Stevie.

The hours seemed like days until the response arrived. So nervous and yet so excited, I hesitated opening the message. But when I did, my eyes grew large and I caught my breath as those words appeared upon the screen.

“Hi Kiddo! It’s your Stevie.”

My heart leapt. Only he would call me ‘Kiddo’. After almost ten years, I felt like a schoolgirl again!

\* \* \* \*

The e-mails continued. Each day I would rush home from work to see his mail. Sometimes he would send silly or funny notes about old times. His words often touched me as soft and tender expressions of how much our friendship meant to him. More than once my eyes filled with tears as the memories he resurrected flooded into my mind. At times my sides hurt from laughter remembering our antics. I would write long and occasionally emotional replies to him.

After six months of e-mails, he eventually sent the one I hoped for and yet dreaded.

“I must see you again.”

I wanted to drop everything and rush to him. My heart yearned to again see his face, hear his voice, and revisit the impulsive things that he brought out of me. But the usual doubts in my head told me something different. No good could come of this. I would jeopardize my job and disrupt my life if I went away to meet him. What if? What if? my mind screamed.

We had started out with the usual ‘getting reacquainted’ e-mails, but it didn’t take long for things to become more adult. With each increasingly daring e-mail I surprised myself with the suggestive and occasionally just plain lewd things that I wrote. It was the “Stevie factor” all over again, bringing out a side of me that otherwise remained deeply repressed and hidden. It was exciting for me to be so raw and sensual with a man and for the first time in my life I felt powerful and sexy. As things progressed, we teased and flirted non-stop during the exchanged emails. We each bet the other how long it would take for us to become overtly sexual if we met in person. Neither of us had much faith in the other staying in control. We each assured the other that shyness in person would prevent either one making the first move. I even wondered if my tendency to be shy would give way to my thing for men in uniform. If he wore his uniform I couldn’t promise anything.

But also, if he’d turned into someone I didn’t like, I was hopping onto the next flight back.

*What if I fall in love with him? Do I stay with him? Do I leave him and come back?* My mind fought with all the logic it could muster only to be silenced by my beating heart. I watched helplessly as my fingers typed, Y-E-S.

\* \* \* \*

Three days later the letter with the airplane ticket arrived in the mail. Holding the envelope nervously in my hand, mind and heart again struggled with each other. I set it aside with the thought that writing ‘return to sender’ on the envelope would instantly end this fantasy. That could be my escape. That was my safety valve.

But as the time to leave approached, I found myself again weakening. My boss scowled and expressed his disappointment when I arranged for time off from work. The letter lay on the table. Even as I packed I was still considering sending back his letter, but his smile

kept appearing in my mind. The blue eyes and flyaway hair kept coming back to me. Tearing open the letter, and removing the ticket, at last I felt truly committed. It was a relief! Finally, with my decision, logic again lay beaten into the dust behind me as I drove to the airport.

A flood of anxieties overwhelmed me as the large airplane rumbled down the runway at faster and faster speed, finally lifting from the ground. My fingers desperately gripped the armrests and my mind seriously wondered if I would survive this experience. Once the plane leveled off, a new cluster of demons began to dance.

*Would he expect the girl he remembered? I was a different person now. He said he would be at the airport waiting. We had exchanged the obligatory pictures during our e-mails but I was still nervous. Will he recognize me? Will I recognize him? Would we walk right past each other?* The prospect made me laugh but also terrified me. Ten years can change people a lot. *Too late to worry now*, I thought as I looked through the window at the clouds so close and the land far below, *I'm on the plane and there's no turning back.*

The memories of our youth and thoughts of rediscovery flowed through my head. Looking through the window, it was as if each cloud was one of my thoughts. Then the plane slowed and began to descend. Suddenly jolted back to reality, I tried to gather my thoughts. *Are my clothes right? What will I say to him? Will we be uncomfortable with each other?* Again, I found myself on the same emotional wild ride. This time, however, it was beyond my control. For better or worse, my Stevie was thirty thousand feet below me and I was dropping fast.

The plane landed and taxied to the terminal. I stared out of the window as if expecting to see him run onto the field. My stomach felt tight and I made myself breathe deeply to slow my racing heart. The landing had been scary enough, but now the doubts inside my head started again.

I gathered up my small carry-on bag and fell into the line of strangers getting off the plane. As I walked down the aisle I became more nervous with each step. Clutching the picture he had sent me, I peeked at it regularly trying to make sure I would recognize him.

As I rounded the corner, I saw him in his blue Air Force uniform holding a bouquet of purple roses, just as he had promised. He looked so handsome! The stringy hair was gone now, replaced by the neat



military haircut. Much taller and his shoulders were broad. The gorgeous eyes and that crazy smile had not changed.

“Stevie!” I shouted and waved.

He waved back yelling, “hey! Kiddo!”

I rushed to him and fell into his arms, pulling him tightly against me. I felt ten years of emotion sweep over me and the tears began to wet my face. As soon as I felt his solid body against mine, every ounce of worry and stress about this meeting seemed to pool in my center and form a sexual desire I had not felt before. Again and again, I whispered into his ear the few words I could muster. “I’ve missed you. It’s so good to see you.”

I could feel him smiling against my wet cheek. As I relaxed my grip, he moved back slightly and looked at me before our lips met. We played at kissing as teenagers, and even did it rather well in high school, but this felt different! A man’s kiss, filled with fire and desire, which instantly held me captive and made my knees go weak.

The tears were gone now, replaced suddenly by new feelings and urges that I had never experienced before. Such unaccustomed intensity made me feel as if I had just walked through a door into another world, and I liked that world. I felt vibrant and alive. My senses came alive and my body tingled at each contact with him. My mind was suddenly afire with lustful thoughts of what possibilities lay ahead. My fears now completely at ease, I wanted to see where this newfound passion could take us.

“Excuse me!” a stranger said after he bumped into us. The bump brought me back to the reality that we were very much in the way of other people in the busy airport. I took a quick breath and blinked my eyes to regain my senses. Stevie smiled at me as he turned, and taking my bag, he walked me toward the baggage claim area. It seemed that in a matter of seconds I was light years ahead of where the shy girl in me would have been with him. For that matter, I was light years ahead of how I had ever felt about any man before. It was almost frightening how out-of-control I felt as I proudly walked through the airport on the arm of this gorgeous man.

Envy seemed to radiate from the eyes of every woman we passed. It was such a change from being the ‘outsider’ couple we had been. I felt suddenly surrounded by sunshine and I basked in the glow.

“Would you like to go to the hotel room I booked for you to get settled in?” Stevie held my hand in a tight grip. I liked it a lot.

“Not really, but I am hungry.”

## Midnight Raunch

"I know a nice quiet place for lunch. Maybe chat over old times. Then we'll go get you settled into your room."

I wondered what he had in mind with that statement. With any luck he had the same thing in mind that I did. If he didn't, I would sure as hell change his mind. I wished that I could snuggle up against him as he drove through the heavy Washington traffic, *damned seat belts!*

As I thought about it, he had given me the choice between him in a hotel room and food. I couldn't believe that I had chosen food. *My body is boiling over with hormones, I could wring out my panties, and I choose to feed my face.* I've never been known for making the right decision quickly, but that was one for the books!

He drove us to a little restaurant on the edge of town, which he described as having good food and a wonderful atmosphere. As we walked in and my eyes adjusted to the dim light, I noticed that the bar did not seem especially busy, but still occasionally echoed with chatter and laughter. The dining room was set away from the bar and there were just a few people at the tables. The room was configured with many intimate tables and several booths that seemed remote. He smiled as he escorted me to the farthest booth in the quietest section of the place. I could hear noises and voices, but I could not really see anyone around.

We chatted until the waitress greeted us and took our drink orders. As she hurried off, we continued with the small talk. He slid over next to me. I could feel the warmth of his body near mine. His smile and captivating stare controlled me as surely as if I were bound in place. My skin tingled when his hand brushed my thigh. I caught my breath at his touch. Every fiber of my body cried out for more. I clenched my teeth to avoid begging him to touch me.

"Thank you for coming to visit. I can't believe that we found each other again," he whispered into my ear. "God, you look so sexy in that dress. I can only remember you in blue jeans. You wore those loose tops." He smiled and laughed, "I didn't even know if you had titties."

"Yes darlin', I do have titties. Full, round titties with nipples that could cut glass. Titties that are just the right size for your hands." I couldn't believe those words came from me. It was as if someone else spoke through my mouth. Yet I was glad and excited I said it.

"I love your sexy uniform. Stevie, being here with you is a dream come true for me."

## Midnight Raunch

He winked confidently and stared into my eyes as his fingers left trails of fire up and down my leg. Then he stopped, took my hand, and lifted it into his lap. I could feel how hard he was under his trousers, and the size of him startled me. I was acquainted with male anatomy, but this was certainly beyond anything I had ever touched. I was happy to gently explore his swollen and restrained member, even here in this restaurant.

He kissed me very softly. I was ready to be kissed hard. I expected crushing, demanding lips and writhing tongues; yet he kissed me gently, enflaming my passion yet further. I felt him slowly push up my skirt. In my lust I wished he would rip it away and make furious love to me right there, but instead he teased me as he pushed my skirt up inch by inch. I was panting openly and I gasped when the flesh of his hand touched my thigh. His hand slowly traced along the inside of my thigh moving ever upward. *Too slow! Too slow! Oh God Stevie, get there!* I wanted his touch...I burned for his touch! His fingernails swirled against my flesh sending shivers of desire through me. I stifled a cry when finally his fingers mercifully touched me through my soaked panties.

“Here we are! Two iced teas. Can I take your order?”

The words startled me and my eyes popped open. I struggled to regain some composure. Not knowing how much the waitress actually saw generated an unaccustomed thrill. *Have I lost my mind?* I could hardly breathe and my face must have been scarlet. I quickly unfolded my napkin and flipped it into my lap.

Stevie seemed unshaken as he casually ordered lunch for us. For a moment I could have cursed him for his cool demeanor. But before I could organize my thoughts, the waitress turned, gave me a wicked little smile, and walked away. *Damn, she knows!*

I took a few deep breaths and tried to pull myself back together, which proved to be a futile effort. The waitress wasn't out of sight before his hand was back between my legs. I knew I should stop him. This was a public place for heaven's sake! We could be thrown out if we got caught. But there was so much excitement in it also. It felt so like us to be daring. So unlike the quiet life I'd grown used to. If we got thrown out, what the hell, he was the only person in town I knew. *Screw it!*

This time he slid a finger inside my panties. I parted my legs a little more and he wasted no time working it between my swollen lips. I gasped and leaned against him, clinging to his arm as his finger

worked inside of me. I muffled my cries into his shoulder. His very skillful finger teased my opening. When his thumb brushed my clitoris, I almost jumped from my seat. My fingernails dug deeply into his arm. I could feel myself tightening and my breathing accelerating. I knew my orgasm would happen for me right here in this restaurant, and it would be soon. Then suddenly he slid his finger out. I instantly felt cold and empty! I turned to him with a look of disbelief.

“You look dry, how about some iced tea?” He picked up his glass and took a long drink as I sat boiling with lust and considering homicide.

“No thank you, I’m quite wet enough.”

“This is such a nice table, isn’t it? Quiet and away from everyone else. Why you’d never know that there are other people here.”

“Yes, it’s like we’re the only ones.” *Don’t you dare leave me like this!*

“You know, it’s probably illegal to indulge in sexual activity in a place like this. There’s probably some kind of health code that covers it.”

“Yes, there probably is.” I couldn’t stand this stupid game any longer. “Stevie?”

“Yes Kiddo.”

“Have you ever heard the word ‘dilligaf’?”

“No, is that a French word?”

“No Sweetheart, it’s a word commonly used in the military and I’m amazed that you haven’t heard it before.”

“What does it mean?” he grinned at me. I knew he knew exactly what it meant, but he just wanted to hear me say the words.

I pulled him close to me and whispered into his ear. “It means ‘do I look like I give a fuck?’ Stevie, do I look like I give a fuck about some health code? Right now, unless you get back to what you started, I’m going to be on the next plane back home. Do you understand me, Airman?”

“Oh yes, Ma’am! Loud and clear!”

Then he smiled and motioned for me to be quiet as he vanished under the table. I looked around quickly to see if anyone could see us. There was still no one in sight in the dark room. *Thank God for those long tablecloths!* I felt oddly alone without him beside me. Then I felt him push my skirt back up and grab my panties. I raised my hips and he slid them from me, at the same time he pulled my bottom forward

to almost the edge of the seat. It was so strange, but wonderfully exciting

He pushed my thighs apart and I felt his mouth on my wet pussy. His tongue felt wonderful, teasing and flicking. He thrust his tongue into me, and he licked me up and down. I squirmed in my seat at the edge of an orgasm while watching out for other people. It was like trying to keep your eyes open while you sneeze. I had never experienced anything like it.

Then he found my spot again. I gasped as his tongue danced against it. His adept fingers worked in my tunnel. One of my hands went behind his head and pulled him tightly into me. Knowing I may cry out, I grabbed a napkin and covered my mouth, pretending to cough to disguise my noises.

The waves of orgasm shot through me, one after the other, shaking my body and filling my head with blinding light. My arms and legs went limp; I felt helpless. The napkin stifled the moans I couldn't restrain. The orgasm had hit me so hard that I felt my fluid squirt.

As my senses returned, I realized I was slumped in the booth. Feeling suddenly self-conscious, I pulled myself back up and looked around again hoping no one saw or heard our little escapade. My face had to be beet red and I still felt intensely excited. My little 'battery buddy' back home could never deliver anything like what just happened to me.

He came out from under the table, wiped his face with a napkin, and winked at me. The front of his shirt was wet and I should have been embarrassed. But I wasn't embarrassed. I was red hot and ready for another round. I had never before felt this way with a man, and I enjoyed it! He smiled at me and brought his face to mine. Before he could kiss me I wrapped my arms about his neck and pulled him to me with all of my strength. I pushed my lips onto his, pried his lips open and jammed my tongue into his mouth. For a moment he seemed startled until I felt his tongue begin to dance with mine.

Before he could take control, I pulled away. Now he suddenly looked surprised and abandoned just as I had felt earlier. Before he could react, I reached down and released his belt. I stared straight into his eyes as I slowly pulled down his zipper, making sure he could hear the metallic sound it made. Without looking away I reached into the fly of his boxer shorts and extracted his long, thick cock. It filled my hand so fully, I couldn't resist a look. I couldn't close my hand

around it and it was two hands and more long. The sheer size of it broke my concentration. He was larger than any man I had ever known.

As much in admiration as in lust I slowly ran my fingers over it, feeling it jump in response to my touch. I looked back up at him. He smiled as he looked me in the eyes.

“Okay Kiddo, what are you going to do now?”

Not being one to back away from a challenge or an opportunity, I smiled back at him and kissed him before I twisted around and slid beneath the table. He was rock hard, just the way I wanted him. I licked him slowly from his balls to his tip. Parting my lips I gently took him deeper into my mouth. It was all I could do to take most of him and I had to practice breathing before I began to move. Teasing I slid my mouth up and off him, pausing briefly before plunging down again. Then I would pause and hold him as deeply as I could. I enjoyed hearing him as he inhaled with each stroke. He quietly gasped and moaned. I wanted to make it good for him. I wanted it to be as unforgettable for him as he made it for me. Just as I began to increase my strokes his body suddenly stiffened.

“Here you are, two lunch specials. Oh, did your lady friend leave, cutie? Be a shame to waste this nice lunch. I could join you if you’re lonely!”

*Oh, you bitch!* To get his mind off of that hussy I lifted my mouth from his cock and squeezed his shaft firmly, tickling the tip with my tongue. I could feel him pulsing beneath my teasing and almost giggled at my power over him.

I heard Stevie croak out, “she’s in the rest room, be right back. Thanks anyway!”

“Well, my loss. I’ll be back later if you need *anything*. I love a man in uniform.”

*I’ll just bet you do...and out of uniform even better.*

Just for spite I took the entire head into my mouth, applying short, sharp bursts of suction. He cried out a little and tried to thrust further. The table moved and scraped the floor a little.

“You all right honey? Can I get you something?” the waitress asked.

“No thanks. It’s just a...uh...nervous twitch. It hits me once in a while.”

“Oh, Ok. I’ll be back in a bit.”

I could hear her heels click on the floor as she walked away. *Back in a bit! I'll give you a bit!*

Stevie let out a huge sigh. "You almost made me come right in front of her," he whispered hoarsely.

"Just so long as you aren't thinking of coming with her." I answered.

"No way, Kiddo. You are amazing."

Then I took him as deeply as I could. Hearing him inhale and feeling his body stiffen, I even thought he might pass out. My tongue massaged his shaft, urging his orgasm. I wanted him to come deep in my throat. I knew from our letters that he had never been treated to this. He said it was because he was too big for the girls to do it, but I thought he was lying. I had since learned otherwise. I worked him slowly, drawing all the way up, teasing him with my lips and tongue, then sliding down again. I could tell from his reactions he was close. I carefully took him to the edge but not over.

Several times I felt his desperate attempts to push past my teasing, but I maintained control. When I thought he had been teased enough, I pulled up and went all the way down one last time and sucked as hard as I could. That was all it took! I could hear his muffled cries as he stiffened and thrust into me. I struggled for breath as a pulsing flow of warm, thick semen shot down the back of my throat. It seemed to go on and on.

I grabbed a breath when I could and swallowed as quickly as possible, but the sticky fluid would not be rushed. At last he began to calm. Using the opportunity, I swallowed hard and took a few quick breaths. To finish him off, I used my hand to milk his last few drops and licked him clean. His body went limp as a rag!

Greatly pleased with myself and my sexual accomplishment, I worked my way back up into the booth. Stevie sat there in a state of collapse. He looked over at me with beads of sweat on his face and softly whispered, "wow."

I took a drink of the iced tea and smiled proudly. It was then our waitress appeared from the darkness.

"Oh you're back!" She beamed, her eyes focusing on my face. "Anything I can get you? Some more napkins perhaps?"

"No thanks. I have everything I need." I winked at the waitress. She smiled cheekily and left us again.

Stevie quickly closed up his pants and we settled down to actually eating. With all of the preceding events I had forgotten how hungry I was. Stevie was right, this place did have great food.

Almost before we were finished eating his hands began to explore me again. His touch renewed the desire I felt not long before. As his hand made its way under my skirt and into my panties, all I could think of was his long stiff cock and how good it would feel inside of me. I put my hand on it and began to rub slowly. We were so hot by now that nothing was going to substitute for the heat of full-out animal sex. To his surprise, I suddenly pulled away.

I winked as I told him that I needed to go to the ladies room to freshen up. He looked mystified, and thoughts of pay back for his earlier teasing crossed my mind. As he stood up to allow me to pass I gave him my come-hither stare and my most alluring smile. He almost ran to catch up with me. When we got to the ladies room I ushered him into a large cubicle and locked the door.

He stood in the center while I worked to get his shirt off. I wanted his chest against my bare chest! I wanted to press my breasts against him and let him feel my hardened nipples. He grabbed my face and crushed my hungry lips with his. We went at each other like animals; clothing flying everywhere.

He easily lifted me up to his waist level and I wrapped my arms and legs about him. He held the cheeks of my ass while his muscular arms lowered me down into position. He kissed me as he pressed against me. I was wet and hungry for him but he seemed to tease me. He entered me just enough to rub himself at my gateway. My instinct was to push, to capture him within me but I trusted him completely. Each time he rocked my hips against him he lowered me slightly. I could feel myself gratefully yielding to the increasing pleasure. Then with one sudden hard thrust he began to push himself inside of me. I gasped as I felt his hard cock slide into me. He was larger than any other man I had ever been with! He filled me and stretched me! I could feel him thrusting deeper and I eagerly relaxed to take more of him. My fingernails dug into the bare flesh of his back and shoulders as I cried out into his neck. He backed me into the wall and pressed his cock into my pussy to the hilt. The wall was cold against my sweaty back, but I was far from caring.

I felt him so far inside me, to the point where it was almost painful, yet I wanted more. I couldn't get enough of him. I thrust and pushed, begging for more and more. I couldn't think, I couldn't see or



## Midnight Raunch

hear! There was only him and his wonderful beast, stretching and filling me, over and over again

He stopped and lifted me off of him. His eyes appeared wild and sweat dripped from him. Lust boiled from every pore of his body. The sight of him alone was enough to make me feel as if I would burst into flame! He moved to turn me around; he wanted to take me from behind. Now it was my turn.

I stopped him and, without a word, I pushed him backwards toward the toilet at the back of the stall. With his pants about his ankles, he carefully shuffled backwards, pausing only long enough to lower the toilet lid. He almost stumbled when I gave him an extra push. He plopped neatly onto the lid and in an instant I straddled him. I lowered myself onto him and again relished the feeling of his long, thick cock inside of me. My hips worked frantically as I clung to him. The moans rolled from us and I couldn't tell his from mine. He was deep inside of me, pushing and stretching. I rolled my hips to press my clitoris against him as I rode up and down.

I could feel my climax building and building until at last my body began to convulse. My muscles squeezed tightly around his stiffness. I held on desperately to him as wave after wave of the greatest pleasure wracked my body. I heard a low, rolling scream that sounded as if it was from someone else. As the shocks passed I could feel him thrusting frantically, his strong muscles lifting me like a feather. Then his warm fluid released into me.

I felt yet a few more waves burst through me and another surge of warm wetness flowed from my vaginal walls. I wanted to stay as we were, with him inside of me. I wanted nothing but him joined with me.

Suddenly, I remembered where we were. It felt as if we had been in the ladies room for hours, but it had probably been just a few minutes. We quickly dressed and I stood lookout as he escaped. He went back to the table first. I tried to be discreet; but I fear I failed miserably. Perhaps it was the giddy smile on my face or possibly my sweat-soaked hair that gave me away. We got back just as our waitress arrived with the check.

"Is everything all right?"

We both nodded yes while trying to avoid eye contact.

"This is the best place in Washington if you want some good eatin'. People come from all over the D.C. area to get stuff they just

## Midnight Raunch

can't get at home." Well I hope you enjoyed yourselves and you'll come see us again."

I could swear she put extra emphasis on the word "come". I made sure the tip was 'modest'.

\* \* \* \*

The bright sunlight hurt my eyes for a moment as we left the restaurant. When we got into the car, I cuddled against him. As we drove away, he turned to me.

"Did you want to freshen up?"

"Yes, I'd like that," I answered. I paused a moment then whispered to him, "Then I want to fuck your brains out!" He almost lost control of the car, which didn't improve much as I nibbled at his neck and stuck my tongue into his ear.

"Kiddo, you're killing me here!"

"Then give me what I want!"

"My place?"

"Your place, unless you really did get me a hotel room." I could tell from his silence and his smile that there was no hotel room. But that was fine with me. I didn't want to be more than an arm's length from him.

\* \* \* \*

That weekend was one for the record books! We had sex in positions I never would have dreamt of and in places that were certainly never intended for that purpose. To this day, I cannot remember anything to compare to the level of sheer lust between us, yet there was also tenderness and caring.

By the end of the weekend, as the time for my return flight approached, we shared an overwhelming feeling. It had been so very special and so memorable! The tears streamed down my face. He felt it too but in true masculine fashion, refused to let his tears go. We swore that we would stay in touch and that we would get together again as soon as possible, even though I think that I secretly knew this may never happen. The smell of him, the image of his smile, the sound of his voice, the sensation of his touch, and the memory of our mutual pleasure all stayed with me on that long flight home.

Our reunion had been one of the most remarkable events in my previously ordinary life, and I truly believe that it helped me gain the self-confidence that had been absent from my personality before. We stayed in touch with regular e-mail letters for several months, but after a while, our connection didn't seem to have the urgency it once

## Midnight Raunch

did. His last letter told me that he was being transferred out of the country and he didn't know when he would get back.

As, I suppose, it was destined to work out, my life went in one direction and his went another. We never did get together again and when I thought about it, I could feel a sense of loss. But even though he was gone from my life, he had given me more than he could ever have imagined. I went to him a shy girl, hiding from the world and from people, and came away with my eyes opened to all that is around me. It wasn't people who were rejecting me, it was me who was afraid to reach out. From then onward it was easy to stand up tall, stick out my hand and say, "Hi, I'm Kathy."

I now have a sexy and loving husband and wonderful children, and I have no regrets.

But occasionally, when it's dark outside and the house is quiet, my mind drifts back to that magical weekend. The memories stay with me as truly as in any scrapbook – that crooked smile, those large blue eyes, and my beautiful man in uniform.

**The End**

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\* \* \* \*

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\* \* \* \*

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When actress Brynn Anders and ex-duke Jacques Corday are reunited, more than sensual sparks fly between the two, hard-headed ex-lovers.



## **Egyptian Realms**

<http://www.midnightshowcase.com/EgyptianRealms.htm>

### **The Soul Jar, Olivia Lorenz**

Lucy goes to Egypt to mend her broken heart. Her salvation comes from an unlikely source – Khnum, god of creation. Khnum needs Lucy's help to fashion a new soul-jar for Osiris, king of the Underworld, but Seth, Lord of Darkness, is determined to stop them from their task.

### **Never Say Die, Anna Fallon**

Imagine year 2150, spiritually enlightened, demons common as mud. Violet and Tyler wake up dead, apparently trapped in a tomb...but are they?

### **Ancient Jems, Bridghid Parkinson**

Jemmie discovers a hidden cavern at a student archeology dig when the cavern collapses beneath her feet. Can she resist the heated temptations of Egypt?

### **Entombed, Mae Powers**

While searching for a rare type of marshmallow plant, Callie Owens comes across an ancient underground tomb, complete with a cursed mummy, who puts a delightful hex on her heart and body and entombing her within his immoral crypt.

\* \* \* \*

## **Seeds of Chaos**

### **-Eden's Gate-**

**By Herbert Grosshans**

<http://www.midnightshowcase.com/seedschofchaoseden.htm>

Falsely accused of a crime, Commodore Thomas Reginald Stone's promising career is brought to an abrupt halt. Accompanied by two beautiful, oversexed alien women, he begins his search for the mystery planet that may provide the answer why someone wants him dead. However, trouble follows him wherever he goes.

# **Spellfire Commemorative Digest**

## **Readers' Choices**

### **(Plus three new stories)**

*Where unusual is the norm!*

When Spellfire was first created, none of us had any idea how big it would become, or how much it would grow and touch the hearts of our readers. Thanks to all you marvelous Readers and the gifted imaginations of all Spellfire authors, it will continue to grow and become part of all of us for a long time.

Enjoy the hauntings of things to come.

*Now...*

YOU asked for them and picked them, so here are the Readers' Choice Stories from the first four Spellfire digests.

#### **READERS CHOICE WINNERS**

##### **Sinful Sundaes**

**Fairies & Cherries, Leigh Ellwood**

##### **Spellfire Seasons**

**A Stature For All Seasons, Mae Powers**

##### **Spellfire Hearts**

**Drifting Desires, Leanne Strange**

##### **Spellfire Moons**

**Moonshyne, Jewel Adams**

#### **NEW STORIES**

**Grolim, Bridghid Parkinson**

**Nymph Gardens and Elfen Moons, Jewel Adams**

**Shadows & Darkness, Mae Powers**

Plus: Jewel Adams, Beach Party Story,

**Moonshyne's Treasure Hunt**

#### **ADDITIONAL BONUS**

**The Official Compendium of Spellfire, Texas**

A who's who, a what's what, and a *were's* where?

## **WELCOME TO SPELLFIRE, TEXAS**

### **Grolim, Bridghid Parkinson**

Lovers hidden away in the dark of night might not know there are eyes watching over them. You never can tell what lurks in the shadows.

### **Nymph Gardens and Elfen Moons, Jewel Adams**

The love of nature and the song of a child bring Dan and Bess together; but will it be enough to keep their hearts bound forever?

### **Shadows & Darkness, Mae Powers**

In the darkness of time, shadows of the past, present and future meld into a realm Maejika Maelstromm might not be able to escape from.

\* \* \* \*

### **The Fantasy Star Miniology,**

#### **Three sci-fi romantic, erotic-ahh tales, by Mae Powers**

Can you imagine having all your fantasies come true while traveling through the cosmos, on a futuristic cruise ship? Well then, welcome aboard The Fantasy Star, where all pleasures are possible in space. Imagine you're the ship's captain, or you're the tri-level chief bartender; or even the cruise director of entertainment, or even the ship's engineer. All work and no play? Not for this crew. But hey, you can be one of the many passengers who can achieve some otherwise unobtainable fantasy pleasure you'd like to experience. Then join us on this space-faring leisure liner for entertainment beyond your wildest dreams.

**Welcome Aboard, Story One.** Captain Mera LaFayette, of The Fantasy Star, learns from visiting alien hunk, Captain Roc Devahl, how some close encounters can be a very tantalizing experience.

**Station Sexx, Story Two.** At Space Station Sexx, Supply Officer, Tantra Evans, finds getting needed supplies turns out be an unusual intergalactic exchange of sensual fun.

## Midnight Raunch

**Guest Relations, Story Three.** Guest Marla Samuels' soured vacation becomes a scrumptious night of pleasure in one of the elite holo-suites, where Marla cannot find anything to complain about.

### Excerpt From:

**The Fantasy Star Miniology Copyright □ 2006 Mae Powers**

The first moment she set eyes on the alien hunk, she needed to keep from drooling like a blathering idiot. *I'm the Captain of a large cruise liner, in space nonetheless. I can't be showing a weakness in front of my crew. Damn, half the females onboard are salivating already. Can't blame them. I like the way his layered midnight blue hair sways over those big shoulders of his. Hell, I'd like to be caressing those biceps myself, and running my hands over every luscious muscle on that damn sexy body of his. By the seven known solar systems, he is a virile piece of mmmm.*

His shadowy, cobalt blue eyes brightened his mocha skin tone when he glanced upon her with admiration. She wanted to melt in a pool of sexual bliss right then and there, but years of being an officer kept her functioning in a proper manner.

She stood straight, tall and as circumspect as she could when they were introduced by The Fantasy Star's second in command, Lieutenant Commander Beezlbub Olandrus. She made the perfunctorily welcoming salute to the alien captain as was the norm with visiting dignitaries and officers. All the while, her mind ran rampant with other thoughts. The man just shook her ship and her inner, feminine world with his incredibly sexy and commanding persona.

*I wonder if it's true that his people have forked tongues or twin tongues. I'd love to see what this hot devil could do with that. Er those. Hmmm maybe we could exchange cultural aspects during this trip. Perhaps he won't be offended if I invite him to dinner and then we can see what develops. I'll definitely check up more on their customs, er personal customs to see what they find sexually acceptable and what they don't. Might even learn a few new things and have some fun in the process.*

## Midnight Raunch

Mera took a slow deep breath and smiled warmly at him. “Welcome Aboard, Captain Devahl. I shall be pleased to show you around my ship.” And more, she wanted to add. But that could wait until later.

All ROMPS are coming to Print in the new Romp Digest series.  
Digest One is now on sale.

\* \* \* \*

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**Read an Excerpt Below from the upcoming Digest,  
Spellfire Shadows. It’s spine tingling and more...**

Coming Early Summer 2007...

**Spellfire Shadows**  
**The other side of town**

Even in Spellfire, things are not always perfectly abnormal...

Read on for a haunting peek of things to come.

## Dark Edges

### Chapter One

She felt a rift in her destiny, closing in on her. She knew it started for her as child when she'd first stumbled onto LifeCore. Meeting the entity caused a rift in the true timeline that had been meant for her. Now she had to fix it to make it what it should have been. There was only one way for sure that she could do that.

She must leave Spellfire, for good.

Electra Spellfire knew what she had to do. LifeCore took too much from her, now she would make him, the alien or whatever it was, pay for the trouble it caused—and she let happen. Part of her felt some split infinitive of its essence still smoldered below the mound of ash and coal she caused it to become. But even though it lay as if dead, something didn't set well within her.

Nor did other things feel right with her any more. Alex was gone, thanks to LifeCore and Gremlorr. How could she go on any more? With the power of time on her side, she was tempted to change it all. But then it would affect so many others, in different ways. What would happen though, if she decided to do that? Would it kill her in the process? And could she alter others' lives for the sake of the man she loved? To bring him back, while others suffered?

No, she couldn't. But there had to be a way to right some things, and bring Alex back to her. She wouldn't give up hope of finding a way. It hit her then—what she knew she must do.

She waited until Sunday, in the late evening, when Sins closed. Then she went up to her loft above the place and made her preparations. Later, taking a satchel of things she might need, she started to go below, down the old stairs that led to the basement and to the doorway that would lead deep into the caverns below Spellfire. She formed a plan, and hoped it would work.

It had to.

With an uneasy grace and step, she made her way underneath, into the caverns that lay below Sinful Sundaes. She walked

sluggishly, as if something prevented her feet from moving faster. An eeriness crept around her, plastering her body like a second skin of dread and danger.

She halted for the briefest of seconds when she neared LifeCore's tomb. Dormant fear and anger assuaged her mind. An ember of hatred trickled into her mind. She hadn't truly known, after the battle some months back, whether he lived or died.

Now she knew, that faint odor of power simmered, waiting to be released and renewed once again.

She knew he waited for her, he knew she would come. It hummed in the essence of life around her. She felt its power, caught a small thread of it. They would battle. She instinctively knew that things would change in Spellfire, in her life to come.

If she lived through the battle of wills with LifeCore. For it would be mind control they both sought. A battle of wills for energy and dominance. It lay weaker than she stood. She needed to win completely, this time.

How much more agony did she have to go through before it was all over with? Before life could be normal or even a little abnormal again, in this unusual Texas town? If her friends and family knew what she was up to, she felt that they would try to stop her. But she needed to do what her instincts cried out to do. No matter the cost to her personally.

LifeCore wanted her to be his now. To mesh his powers with hers. The only way to do that was to control her love, her life. She thwarted LifeCore, refusing to join him. She'd gone to her past to prevent him from taking over her mind. So he'd tempted Mikhail and wanted Alex, but Alex didn't hear LifeCore's mystic hums.

Both men fell into a death sleep, much like Snow White in the fairy tale. Only this was real. Alex, nor Gremlorr, would ever come back or be freed if she did not do something tonight.

She was just about there when she heard it, a shifting in the magical essence of Spellfire. The town awoke a little, allowing for a visitor of special magic; it's kindred here on Earth. Electra stopped in her tracks and spun around as the image of a lovely woman appeared before her.

The Mother Goddess. The Earth goddess some called her. She was known by many other names too, in different countries. Since the town of Spellfire lay on some of her grounds, it flourished under her

protection too, in some ways. Yet the town some how suffered bruising by both her magic and LifeCore's.

"You've never come down here before, Gaelea, why now?" Electra didn't move from her spot as the powerful being approached her.

Nearly as tall as Electra, but with moon-blond hair, a much lighter complexion, and dressed in a white flowing gown that made her moonshine skin look even paler, the woman stopped a foot from her, studying Electra.

"The town felt you coming down here. Your sorrow is felt by many, Electra. You must not go back in there. I feel it is wrong..."

"Wrong! You dare, tell me, I'm wrong?" Electra tried hard to control her anger. She knew what could happen if she didn't. "Your warriors fought beside me, all of the Fae and Elvin that believed in the hope and goodness of this town. But did you lift a finger that night? No. You sat back in your clouded shell, letting others do what you were afraid to."

The deity looked hurt and the glow about her paled even more. "I...cannot kill, Electra. What if I put up a force field and someone ran into it. An innocent even. That is why I have warriors to aide me...surely you understand that, I can't hurt anyone?"

Electra's brows furrowed. She knew the gentle goddess didn't like war or hurting others. She was a beneficial earth deity, one who healed and granted wishes of prosperity, but who could not lift a finger to aide in fighting evil.

She sighed and calmed. "I know. Still, you could have contained them, done something, joined the others and me. Some of those, who believe in you, died in many ways New Year's Eve. You could have done more."

"And become like you are, Electra? Hollow inside, void of emotion and caring. Feeling nothing but anger for your losses...I'm sorry, child... I shouldn't have..."

Electra gripped her hands tightly together. "No, it was best that you stayed away from here. Why have you come now?"

She hesitated for a moment and Electra knew the earth deity had known unrest. Like LifeCore in a sense, the woman just sensed when things were not right or something awful might happen. Electra possessed those powers too, but hadn't used them much lately.

"I don't know what you are up to, but I do feel the winds of your sorrow. The town has been more watchful for us all. It is a good land



and touches our souls. Especially those with the power of nature in their blood. Like myself, and you, Electra.”

Electra jerked her head to glance into the woman’s dark blue eyes. “What do you mean?”

“Your parents possessed it too. Earth magic.”

“If there’s something you wish to impart, do it, and leave my parents out of this. They disappeared a long time ago. Thanks to you and probably, LifeCore.”

“That was not my fault, Electra. I didn’t take them from you and your brothers. That evil came from another world. Yes, your surprised look says you did not consider this. They came down to visit Fae-friends, the night they disappeared. We all searched all over the tunnels for them. Except that one place where only you could enter, or another guardian.”

Electra shifted her stance, glancing from the Great Mother to the chamber where LifeCore once lived and where Alex’s and Gremlorr’s coffins still were. She turned back to Gaelea. “I considered that, but didn’t believe it would harm them. Why do you tell me your suspicions now, when this might have made a difference before?”

“It held you under its influence, and no one, not even you realized this. It was after I felt the strange entity’s death that the fog of deception lifted from my mind and this piece of memory came back. I’m sorry, Electra. I really wish I could have done more. I have much power, but little strength of character for fights. My powers would diminish should I take away life when the Great Cosmic Energy put me here to help, not hinder.”

Electra finally unballled her fists. Gaelea spoke the truth. There were some, even powerful beings like the nature deity, who could not lift a hand to fight. Why are you here then?”

“To ease your sorrow and pain, and to tell you something I should have told you a long time ago. Back before your birth, here in Spellfire. First your pain, Electra.”

Electra stepped away from the goddess’ outstretched, glowing hand. “No, I’ll deal with my pain in my own way. Get to the point, Gaelea.”

Electra nearly winced at Gaelea’s look of sorrow and guilt. She hadn’t meant to hurt the nature goddess, but it just came out that way.

“I don’t know how much you recall about your former life, prior to being born to Electreah and Darius Spellfire, but when it came, you died.”

“I recall my first and only life before this one. I was walking in Mystic Meadows, near where the first caves formed. That was back before we founded Spellfire and I was helping to search for a town to build and live within for all para-kind, when we were trying to escape human prosecution. Then stars exploded and...” Electra trailed off as she caught the meaning of the goddesses words.

It all seemed to come back to her at once. Her life before Spellfire, where she’d been born hundreds of years before, part fae, part sorceress. She’d helped to look for a new beginning, a new home for many folks, like witches and fairies. She’d come here to Texas, when nothing more than nature and Texas natives roamed the lands. A free and beautiful land. Then she’d told them about it and her sister came to help with the founding of the town. Just before the town became built, a brilliant blast from the cosmos landed and Electra died within its dark aftermath.

It happened just before Spellfire arose beneath the earth deities’ protection that LifeCore came to life and dwelled beneath, in the oldest cavern levels of the Fae Caverns. She’d died then, and became reborn in the late twentieth century. LifeCore killed her then. So her essence went into a deep sleep before she became Electra Spellfire in this modern world. LifeCore took her life and hid that from her. Or perhaps, he hadn’t known until she resurfaced.

It would explain their connection, why it sought her. His essence came to life as hers died back then.

“To have and to give life, one must find it through death and rebirth.” Her words came from her subconscious.

“That has been a saying of many for thousands of years, Electra. It’s meaning is so old even I have forgotten them.”

Electra felt her eyes widen and saw her dark skin pale slightly as the words hit her full force. “I died to give him life, he became reborn to return mine, to...”

Gaelea edged closer. “Your path has always been meant to cross with LifeCore, Electra. And to be reunited with your kin again.”

Electra jerked back in time before the goddess touched her. “I don’t wish to have the pain eased, Gaelea. Don’t make me say that again. Now, what were you saying about my prior life. I remember a sister then. Now I have brothers.”

“Yes,” the older woman sighed. “Your sister was one of my grandchildren. She founded Spellfire with you and made it grow. She called her first daughter Electris, to honor you. All of Fredah’s first

born daughters possessed your powers. You were reborn into her line. The last of the Spellfire women, except for...”

“Frieda Faraday, who has a trace of Spellfire and Havoc in her loathsome blood.”

“But no Fae or Elvin, Electra. She was not born of love like you were. Do not hate her for that.”

“Frieda is not your concern.” Electra let out a long sigh. She needed to get the Earth mother out of the caverns so she could accomplish her task. “I appreciate your concern, Gaelea, but please, let me take care of my own inner turmoils myself. I wish this kept confident, but I’m here to say my goodbyes to Alex. I need this time alone to do that. I just couldn’t before.”

This seemed to satisfy the deity, for she smiled and her glow lightened. “I am glad to hear that, it is time to move on with your destiny and be happy again. You deserve that. Come see me soon, Electra.”

Electra nodded, glad the goddess finally disappeared and went away. She turned back towards the cavern opening and entered. She sensed no one around. Moving in front of the crystal coffins that Alex and Mikhail’s bodies still lay within, she turned to look upon Alex, still handsome though buried in this crystal container.

“I will find you again, beloved. Somehow, someday we will be together again. I know of only one way to get rid of the horror that separated us.”

Electra moved over to the rubble and dirt, to stand before the flattened mound where LifeCore lay buried. Dormant, but at death’s door. She entombed it for an eternity, but did not completely killed it when she. Alex and Mikhail fought it before their deaths and it zapped the life from them, just as she struck the last blow that sentenced it to a dying imprisonment.

“You tore up this land, hurt and killed my friends, turned loved ones against each other for your own personal gain, you horrible abomination. I trusted you, believed in you. First Mikhail, then Alexander. I cannot allow you to grow again. I must send you back to where you came from. And if you die, I do not care one way or another.”

Electra pulled off her backpack, pulled a small potion bottle out of it, then put the pack on her back once more. Besides dressing in pair of comfortable dark green jeans and a loose sweater, wearing tennis shoes made it easy to move around as she neared the icy-

smooth ground of the flattened mound. Only a tiny scar of closure lay upon the smooth mound. It gave her enough for the potion to seep in without LifeCore getting out.

“With this you’ll be thrown into another dimension that will keep you from traveling in ours and send you back to where you came from. I worked on this for months now. You’ll not harm this world or its people again, you bastard!”

Electra threw the glass container on top of the mound. She watched as it spread over the surface of the dark piece of rock. She slowly inched back as it caressed around the crack. Electra’s back bumped into the coffin of the Gremlorr. Nearly falling, she quickly reached out to steady herself when the ground shook slightly.

It stopped. The shaking had only been mild, but enough to give her concern. Her view focused on the liquid oozing around the seal on the mound. It started growing and changing colors from pale gold to a dark fiery orange. The potion was working. Soon it would totally seep through the crack and into LifeCore’s tomb!

“You’re so dramatic, Electra.”

Electra jerked her head around to see a slightly tall, voluptuous woman in a knit slack suit of dark brown standing near her, surrounded by a few Gobleens, Gremlorr’s old minions. “What the hell are you doing here, Frieda. Get out!”

“I don’t think so, Electra. And that’s why.” Electra jerked her head towards the mound where Frieda pointed.

Her mouth opened in shock as she saw that the crack opened and steam rose from the widened fissure “No, he’ll come back. Frieda you stupid fool!”

Frieda’s diabolical laughter was one of the last things Electra heard as the ground rumbled fiercely and sparks shot out from the fissure. It widened. She felt LifeCore awaken and an eerie glow emitted from the opening.

Things moved too fast for Electra. The huge Gobleens came up behind the coffins and at least two shoved on the coffins, Electra was thrust forward with the coffins. The fissure opened wider as she tried to stop the creatures from pushing the coffins and herself towards the fissure.

“So long, Electra. I won’t be needing you in this world or this necklace.”

Electra turned her head to briefly see Frieda throwing a glowing necklace towards her. The center looked like a piece of the rock

## Midnight Raunch

formed from LifeCore. It couldn't be, she thought. Frieda had been in contact with LifeCore all this time?!

"You fucking, bitch!"

Electra thrust out a hand and a powerful ray of energy shot towards the Gobleens. They were blown backwards into Frieda and fell on top of the witch. But the room started shaking violently now. The fissure widened to a big maw. Winds whipped at Electra's heels. She screamed out as first one coffin knocked her back towards the opening and then the other slid forcefully against the first one.

The necklace landed on her chest. She fell and lost her balance. The huge hole with its bursting flames glowed beneath, awaited her. The coffins and she slid into the deep abyss below. She screamed out, looking upwards. She thrust her might into the gaping hole as she continued to fall. The hole sealed and the caverns above fell down into the cavernous abyss with her into the never, seemingly, endless pit of doom...

\* \* \* \*

## **Dual Visions** **by Herbert Grosshans**

<http://www.midnightshowcase.com/DualVision.htm>

### **The Cliffs of Time**

Dinosaurs aren't the only danger Derek Steel faces when he travels to 100 million BC. Saboteurs try to prevent the terra-forming of Mars. They don't realize the consequences it will have if they are successful. Will Derek find his lover again or will they both be lost on the Cliffs of Time?

### **Orion – The Hunt**

Hektor Orion joins the Hunt on Izzard-Junction to find his kidnapped mind-sister Delina. Stranded in the deep jungle of a hostile planet, the motley members of the hunting party must find their way back to civilization, but freedom may not be at the end of their journey.

## Deities of Desire

<http://www.midnightshowcase.com/Deitiesofdesire.htm>

From the heavens and stars godlike beings come to search for passion, or to interfere in lovers lives, or aid them in their quest for love and desire. Three powerful novellas of magical sensuality tampered with by the gods, good or bad, will enlighten your heated senses with incredible possibilities of heated romance.

### **Insatiable Interlude, *Ann Cory***

A woman tries to become human again by seducing a lonely traveler in the hopes of unlocking his passions and falling in love with her.

### **Ménage, *Mae Powers***

Three lovers must outwit a devious goddess who tries to use them for her own nefarious and selfish means.

### **Behold the Beauty, *Megan Hussey***

Prince Beau loves healer Agnatha, and with the help of an all-powerful godling, the two may find the happiness each deserves.

## **Excerpt from:**

### **Ménage, by Mae Powers**

## **Chapter One**

Midnight, the darken hours the time between twilight and dawn to some, and an apex of otherworldly things to others. The time of strangeness and strength and a happening of power to those who knew how to wield it. And Tagreth did.

She harnessed the power of night, specifically the midnight passage between the worlds of the mortal and immortal. It was a time and an essence of being, when she felt her energies at their fullest.

## Midnight Raunch

When she was most powerful. When she could grant those she favored their deepest desires.

The one desire she had the most right now was to make him come. Come into her and sheath himself within her midnight folds of wet flesh. A dark wetness only he had been able to ever make her achieve. Even during her brief spite of being human she never felt anything this overwhelming.

Tagreth sat within her shell-shaped throne, looking out over the vast ocean that bordered her realm. The maw opening of the darkened throne-room of her temple cavern allowed for her to see the huge moon sink low into the water's horizon. Before long her force would be even stronger. As powerful as she was, her energies were greater at night. And he would come to her again, very soon. She clenched her fists and licked her lips in anticipation. Soon, he'd be hers.

He had been the most obstinate, the most resistive, and the most cunning, and still was. And he was the sexiest most sensual priest who served her realm. And he was married. Soon, she would bait him, out-smart him, and then make him hers. She smiled a cold hard smile. Oh he would be worth it. The heat that emanated from his body would fuel her desires for years to come. She would not let anything stand in her way of her need to have his shaft rammed deeply into her cunt. And by the blood of the six Elder gods, she would make sure that the two people, who stood in her way, would not find it easy to thwart her desires.

She had a mound of love servants with impressive cocks to lather her with their attentions and fuck her as much as she wanted. She had two of the most lustiest elder gods, who were on a power level of her own might, ravishing her wanton body often enough. Yet still, she remained unsatisfied. And all because of a mortal. She could not force him to lay with her, to use that delicious looking penis upon her, but there were ways around his stubbornness. Being the goddess of midnight desires and lustful needs did have its benefits. She was also the goddess of the hearth, and that went well with her plans for him.

Especially since he was married, and a First Husband, whose pathetic wife and spiteful sister were service bound to Tagreth. She thought hard about what she would do to get him to comply with her. Thoughts formed in her ancient devious mind. Never had she wanted a man so much. Her cunt ached and her mind spun with wicked plans. Oh yes, she thought, I have much in mind for my precious priest. He never should have turned me down.

“My goddess, might I naught please you tonight?”

She looked up from her shell-throne and glanced at one of her many lovers. He was tall, athletic and hung well, and almost the coloring of the man she desired. She would find a way right now to satisfy some of her own lustful needs, and while she did so, perhaps she would come up with the perfect plan to turn Zied to her way of thinking.

She waved her hand at the male servant. Now he looked taller, more muscular, with wavy hair that tapered in layers down to a nicely rounded taut ass. His skin was almost as dark as her own, but softer like a mauve-brown gleaming in the palest moonlight. His hair was like a shining amber moon, like his eyes. She opened her legs and leaned back on plump red pillows.

He knelt down before her, and without having to be told, he lowered his face to her dark sable curls. Ah, her own personal heaven. Yes, his long tongue pleased her well. He lapped at her with fierce abandonment. She writhed beneath him as his mouth and tongue did wild teasing motions around her pussy.

“Open my lips with your fingers. Slide those large fingers in my hot cunt now.” Oh yes, she needed this long foreplay. It helped her to think more on how she could get Zied to do her bidding. She may have him captive in her dark realm, but natural forces of this world kept her from forcing him to fuck her with that hot big cock of his, as long as he was of his own mind. However there were ways to get him to do her bidding. Some of them could be very entertaining. Yes, soon she would have Zied doing to her what her imaginary Zied lover was doing to her.

She'd be damned herself if she let that damn princess-heir take back what she the most feared goddess around wanted. Zied was meant for her service not that half-breed godling bitch. She had wanted the ripe priest for her own and behind her back the royal bitch had taken him first. Yania, akin to the great Tagreth or not, was not going to keep Zied for long. It was one of the reasons she often came in between the sisters and used the unsuspecting slut Kaedeah for her own purposes. Tagreth would take back what was hers and do it in such a way that the pitiful princess would think twice to tackle a goddess. And Zied would come to her or lose what he wanted the most. There were ways around the natural order of things that often prevented a goddess' interference.



As her lover's fingers and tongue plunged in and out of her, she formulated a most cunning plan that would have her getting what she wanted, and giving those who infuriated her a taste of what it was like to play games with a goddess. As he opened up her pussy lips further, she took the dark head of the man above her and shoved his face deeper in to her cunt. Bucking and rubbing hard against his unshaven face, she ravished his features and pressed him to please her even more deeply.

By her own dark lust energies she had devised a plan. Oh yes, this servant's twin tongues were thrusting nicely into her deep channels. She could feel her juices starting to flow over his face. She wound her legs around his head and jerked up against him harshly. Soon, she'd have others at her mercy and she would enjoy the games she'd play with their minds and bodies. It was so much more fun to play with mortal lives using games and such. Their reactions were an aphrodisiac to her bottomless soul. She lived for making others do her biddings, and complicating their lives.

She cried out and ordered her lover to fuck and suck her harder with his face and fingers. He gasped for air, but she ignored his needs. She rode him hard and tightened her hands in his hair. Oh yes, the plan was forming nicely and she was finally getting a good orgasm rising. She pulled him up by his shoulders with her supernatural strength, and he automatically thrust his engorged cock inside of her slippery folds. She bucked underneath him and screamed out with glee as the spasms of her climax and her plans sprung forth giving her a satisfying moment she had not felt in some time.

Her dressed up lover barely had finished his own orgasm when she threw him off of her. She got up and walked towards the ocean that her temple cavern looked out onto. She dove into the dark depths of the twilight colored waters, cooling her ardor and swimming towards the dark foreboding shore ahead to put her plans in action.

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