



Forbidden Publications

Dream Lord

The Tome Of
Unnatural Desires



Skylar Sinclair

DREAM LORD: THE TOME OF UNNATURAL DESIRES
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Dream Lord: The Tome of Unnatural Desires
by
Skylar Sinclair

It all started when Lana Thomas went to an old junk shop on a lazy summer evening. The smell of staleness was the first and foremost thing that assaulted her senses. The air was heavy with the lingering scents of old, unusable and discarded possessions. Yet something about the place called to her, pulling her into its sphere of disheveled mayhem and useless bits and pieces of others' castoffs, drawing her toward a particular area of old books in the back of the shop.

On shelves filled to overflowing were old books of every kind, from paperbacks that had seen better days, to hardcover books that were worn, to threadbare boards and unreadable lettering.

Amongst the heaped stacks of unappealing and molding literature before her, one leather-bound book caught her eye. It was plain, without any markings to give it a name or reference to what was contained on the tattered edges of the pages. But as her hand drew near the book, upon its perched position on the dust-lined shelf, she swore it gave off the feeling of static electricity, causing her hand to tingle.

Pulling the old leather bound book from the stacks of so many other forgotten works, she blew a whispery billow of air across the front cover to lighten the film of dust that settled upon it from unwanted neglect. Oh how she wanted it, but for the life of her she couldn't really say what the reason was for her impulsive desire to hold it. Own it. Almost like a needful wantonness, a craving for this indescribable book that hungered to the depths of some unknown meaning that her soul recognized, but she could not fathom why.

Lana Thomas was now the proud owner of something dark, evil and sexually fulfilling beyond anything she could've ever imagined and she didn't really own this book; it owned her...

* * * *

In a surreal realm of unrelenting dreamscapes, a wicked deep-throated chuckle pierced the dim atmosphere of a shrouded and foggy dimension.

Caleb, the Dream Lord known as the spinner of dreams, just found his perfect counterpart. One that could match his depraved and dark cravings--someone he could use until he'd sated his hunger for flesh and blood.

Since the creation of mankind, he fed off the sexual dreams and proclivities he wrought within the dream realm of both men and women. Caleb derived sexual satisfaction from fucking both sexes, yet even they had become stale in the last hundred years, leaving a void within the matrix of his unnatural soul that yearned for completeness. And now Lana would be his to take and mold into the perfect play toy for his own wicked sexual pleasure.

An unholy curve reshaped his full lips, baring canines that could sever and maim or gently nip and lead his victims into a carnal tailspin of unbridled and unfettered sexual delirium. Caleb could be a person's worst nightmare or their wildest dream come true. It was his powerfully-mastered touch, body and sharp canines he used to devastate and invoke the body and mind to press beyond its limits, taking more than humanly possible, opening his victims up to unexplainable or undeniably decadent experiences.

In a low growl coated in carnality, Caleb rejoiced in his change of fortune. "I will be waiting for you, my pet. In that place were the mind drifts and bleeds between reality and fantasy." Stroking down his smooth muscled chest, he wrapped his meaty hand around his hardened cock; a towering thick column of flesh and veins that reached past his navel to rest atop his rippled and sculptured stomach. He stroked his cock in self-indulgent pleasuring, with a steady pumping action of his fist, feeling every notch, dip and vein that ran along his large blood engrossed sex.

"Your body will soon be my body to rule and master over," he growled.

With a groan of unadulterated gratification, he masturbated. His hips undulated

and surged to the rhythm and pressure of his tightly fisted hand. Imagining it was Lana's wet, tightly clench pussy muscles ringed around his cock, squeezing and releasing its tightly held grip. She would ride him without shame, bucking and writhing, being speared by his sex. Or maybe it would be her rosy puckered anus that took him deep, swallowing his cock into its heated depths. He thought of himself pumping in and out of her volcanic sheath with his powerfully pistoning hips, he'd show her no mercy, no leniency. The sound of flesh upon sweat-drenched flesh slapping against the other would resonate throughout the eerie silence of his den of carnal dreamdom on the borderline and just this side of pain, blending into the ultimate in beast-like pleasuring. Driving her to a carnal madness that only he could relieve with his brand carnal proclivities. With each thrust and pull of his cock as he worked it in and out of her body, she would feel like she was being burned alive from the inside out with his brand of hedonistic passion. Sinking his teeth deep into her soft, feminine neck. Partaking of her life force that would feed his hunger, quenching the fire that had raged in his soul since the beginning of his servitude to the Gods of the Night to rule the dream realm.

Caleb was older than time itself and in his time he'd learned every wicked and depraved act that a human body could withstand without being ripped asunder. He knew exactly how to use and devastate a body with his unnaturally large cock. He'd honed his sexual skills like a master craftsman. The same cock that was now being stroked just the way he craved by his own hand, powering himself toward a mind numbing climax with the deep pumping motion of his tight fist.

A mighty roar poured from his parted lips as his sex released a gushing stream of shiny thick cream that overflowed onto his belly and hand from the tiny slit that opened up on head of his shafted cock.

As he slowly rubbed his thick cream into his body, he thought about how when the next time he came, it would be within the walls of one of her orifices, warming and seeding her muscled interior, proclaiming her as his dark consort. Caleb fantasized how he would mark her in both seed and the mixing of their blood, to proclaim her as his

toy—his possession.

She would be powerless to resist him and his blatant sexual ferocity, which burned everyone and everything he touched. Once she'd had a taste of his kind of lovemaking, she would never go back to the same old boring way other human men had used her body, bringing her only empty fulfillment, only a trace amount of carnal gratification by his standards of sexual proclivities.

Caleb relaxed back upon his red satin sheets that now held the aromatic scent of his resent sexual release.

He'd grown restless as of late. Growing bored with his dreamscape world of nightly fornicating and sexual depravities. Caleb had serviced the Gods well over the thousands of years, not that he was complaining. He had the best of both worlds, the human and Night realm, to fulfill and sate any demonite's ungodly sexual appetite. But now he hungered for something more, someone that he alone would have for all time, never to have to leave them when the darkness of night bled quietly away being overshadowed by the rays that broke with the dawn.

He crossed his feet at his ankles and swept his hands behind his head, clasping them to cradle the back of his head in a relaxing pose of a man comfortable in his sexual skin. Ready to take on the woman that would soon be his, utterly and completely. Fucking her as soon as his soon-to-be fallen angel went to sleep to bring her into his dark world of dreamt carnality. Taking her into his world, never having to give back what he alone would soon own--to ravish and dominate at will.

He couldn't wait to work his sexual magic on her unsuspecting body and mind. He planned on making her beg for mercy before he gave her any release from her madding state of arousal. Having her scream his name over and over again and crying out for redemption and salvation that only his unholy passion could absolve.

"She is going to be the best lay yet." He leaned back into the satin pillows once again firmly stroking his hard cock while he pondered all the sexual possibilities he would have with her. "Just you wait, my beauty; I will have you screaming for everything I am going to give you. You can bet on that!"

* * * *

Reclining on her bed in the early morning hours just before the beams of daylight peek out from over the horizon, flooding the world with shelter from the night, Lana found herself unable to sleep, restless and sexually needy.

The urge to open the old neglected leather bound book took on a life of its own. Her fingers itched to find out the contents it held. There was something special about this tattered old book and her curiosity was getting the best of her to open it up and see what lie between the pages.

Lana found that her hands were shaking as she went to open the book and turned to the first page. For some unexplainable reason she'd not opened it at the junk shop, wanting to come straight home after purchasing it from the unkempt old man behind the counter.

The book's binding creaked and moaned as she carefully lifted and pulled back the old leather cover, exposing the yellowed pages bound inside. The first page was engraved and titled in gold lettering with these words: *The Tome of Unnatural Desires*.

She felt an unsettling chill radiating from the page as she ran her fingertips over the raised lettering, letting her fingertip test every bump and dip that formed the words spelled out amid the center of the page. Goosebumps lined her skin as an anonymous breeze ghosted across it.

The black silk teddy she wore to bed slid sensually over her skin, as if a lover's hand was caressing it. Her nipples puckered and peaked as the material slithered up and down over them with each breath she took. Her skin had become sensitive, like live wires sparking to life over her entire body. The silk rubbed and slid along her form, heightening her arousal like never before.

She looked down at the open palm of her hand and the fingertips that had run over the letters on the page just moments ago. Using the very tip of the pad of her thumb, she ran it along her other fingertips from her little pinky back up to her index

finger in a rolling motion. It sent tingled charges of sexual awareness up through her arm and straight to her pussy, causing dampness to gather and leak onto her panties.

Looking back down at the book nestled in her lap she turned to the next page. It showed a picture of an unbelievably handsome man and underneath the picture it stated his name, Caleb the Dream Lord. The picture depicted a sensuously nude man with bronze skin and one hip cocked in an arrogant stance. He had blue-black hair that curled about his face, overflowing to hang down past wide muscular shoulders and then further to the middle of his back. She could see a little of his inky hair peaking out between and underneath the one arm he had raised and placed behind his head, as if he was showing off the deep roped muscling that bound his pectoral and forearm. On any other man hair like that would've looked feminine and girly, but on him it gave the impression of a carnal unruliness.

A perfect set of black arched brows framed a brilliant pair of yellow-green colored eyes that had a cat-like slant at the corners, giving him a devilish expression. His strong arrogant features looked like Michael Angelo himself had sculpted them, chiseling out high cheekbones, a strong jaw line, and a thin straight nose.

It was the sensuous curve of his lips that drew her eye. They had a slight sheen to them, as if he had just ran his wet tongue around his lips before the picture was drawn.

Lana's eyes moved past his gorgeous features to roam down the corded column of his neck, past the wall of muscles that lined and shaped his chest and stomach to a fine line of short black hairs that led her eyes downward toward his groin area, into a nest of curly black hair. Even though his cock was flaccid it hung long and thick amid large fleshed balls that proclaimed his manhood.

Bundles of long lean muscles formed and flowed down his thighs and into well-defined calves and beautifully shaped feet.

He looked like a God drawn to perfection, preserved upon the page for all to see and lust after.

No man ever looked as handsome and serene to Lana. But for some reason, she knew better. Below the surface of his handsome façade this man had a dark animalistic

nature that he never denied, taking what he wanted, and accepting nothing less than complete and total submission to his will. Submitting to his every demand, becoming his willing servant to any and all his desires. Though beautiful, his cruel streak was still visible to Lana.

A tingling chill slid down Lana's spine at the mere thought of having to face someone like this man pictured in the book.

She let her fingertip lightly caress the outline of his picture, as if to imprint his male perfection to memory, so she would carry his picture in her mind for all times. Lana could've sworn she heard a low-pitched growl. It floated through her senses; giving her that feeling she was being watched.

Lana shook the sensation off as an overactive mind and lack of sleep. She'd taken a much-needed vacation from her nightly job as a bartender. It was a demanding job and the next two weeks she was going to do nothing but read and watch television for all she cared.

"Why is it that all the really great looking guys are always between the pages of some magazine or book?" She rubbed a hand across her weary eyes. "I'll never meet someone like that. Even if I did, they'd turn out be gay. My damn luck."

Who'd want a chunky, no longer twenty-something, bartender? It isn't like I'm going to change or anything.

Shaking her head, and with one last caressing look, she closed the book and placed it on top of nightstand next the bed and turned off the light. Snuggling down into the softness of her bedding, she drifted off to sleep and hoped she'd dream about something other than the regularity of her mundane life. A life that seemed to only encompass the darkness of late, leaving little in the way to lighten the doldrums. She was ready for something different and adventurous to lead her merrily out the rut her life had become.

Something has to give was her last thought before sleep overtook her.

* * * *

The sensation of weightlessness was the first thing that traversed Lana's senses. It felt like she was lying upon a billowy cloud that supported and molded to every curve and dip of her body, yet she was standing because she could feel the hard cool surface beneath her feet. Looking down, she could only make out a mist that pooled and swirled around her calves and feet.

As she took a deep breath into her lungs, the scent of sex clung heavy in the air. Instead of repulsing her, it turned the blood in her veins to fire that raced throughout her body. Her pussy moistened and ached with empty despair.

She'd never had a dream where she could actual feel and smell before. What was going on? Why did this feel more real than all the other dreams in the past?

Darkness surrounded and cloaked her vision, making her feel slightly unbalanced and lost. Getting a sense of movement to her right, Lana slowly turned. In small increments she moved toward it. A source of light appeared dimly in its path. It beckoned to her, pulling her forward out of the shadows, but to where it led she didn't know.

An arched doorway came into focus up ahead. She kept moving forward until she stood directly beneath the archway.

As her eyes grew accustomed to the dimness of the room and its surreal-like surroundings, she could make out a man lying stretched out on his back upon a bed that was position in the center of the room up on a dais, with numerous pillows that supported him from behind, propping up his back and head as he lounged nonchalantly in an arrogant repose. The pillows were done in shaded arrays of reds that bled into the matching satiny sheen of the sheets, sheets that overflowed off the bed, to puddle onto the floor, staining it with its vibrancy.

Then it dawned onto Lana why this man seemed familiar to her. He looked like the same man from the old leather bound book she'd purchased. But, how could that be? Wasn't that book just a fictional work about a make-believe character?

Her faced must have mirrored her confusion as the strange man addressed her.

"Why the confused look, Pet?" He rose up and swung his legs off and over the

side of the bed to sit up. "Don't you recognize me? I have been waiting for you. I don't like to be kept waiting either."

A purely carnal expression settled over his face, turning up the corners of his lips, drawing them together into a sensuous pucker. His eyelids hooded in a predator's perusal. When he cocked his head slightly to one side and raised an eyebrow, it made her squirm in place, shifting from one foot to the other. His blatant animalistic look gave her the impression that he wanted to devour her, savoring her one-inch at a time. His eyes scoured her from head to toe. He looked her over as one would when they acquired something new and had to familiarize themselves with it before they could play with it.

Lana felt like the proverbial mouse that had been cornered by the cat and he was ready to pounce on her. She felt naked and unsure of herself, standing before him as if she was a chattel and he was her master. What did he want of her? Why had her dream taken such a darkly sexual tone to it?

She had trouble keeping her eyes off his large erect cock that jutted up proud and long from the fleece of blue-black curls between his legs. Her mouth watered thinking about feasting on his large, full sex. She could just imagine running her wet and clever tongue down along the veins that ran lengthwise from the perfectly shaped mushroom head to the stout base, hearing his moans and growls of approval. Lana had never seen a cock of that size before.

"I am not sure..." She let out a deep breath, brushing back the tendrils that impeded her vision. "But I bet you're going to tell me, right?"

Lana figured what the hell, she was dreaming and this jackass was royally pissing her off. His arrogant pose and insufferable attitude was more any she would take from any man, be it a dream or not.

A sensuous smile reshaped his lips, smoothing out some of the hard edges and angles of his face, giving him a soft, less menacing appearance to his overall features. Brilliant white teeth accent his beguiling smile. That decadent smile of his could melt the panties right off a woman. "I am the one who will giveth and taketh away, my

luscious morsel.”

Caleb regarded her lush figure that curved and dipped in all the right places filling out the black teddy. The fullness of her breasts pushed up over the top of the teddy and threatened to spill out over the low cut bodice. One good, deep breath and she’d be exposed in all her glory for his eyes to feast on. He felt the tingling bite in his gums as his canines threatened to emerge. Caleb wasn’t ready to expose her to that just yet, but soon. Oh yes. Soon. He’d sink both his teeth and cock deep within her, taking what he wanted. He’d not be denied when the time came.

Her arms and legs were defined with the smooth, sleek muscle that only women had. He loved to feel the pillowed flesh rising up and conforming to his, while underneath his hard muscled body, as his cock was sunken balls deep, cushioning and cradling his thrashing and twisting hips. Giving him padding to hold onto when he fucked her hard and fast in whatever and whichever position they had tangled into. Tearing up the bed as he unmercifully took her body over and over again, pushing her to the limit of her sexual endurance, giving her and him savage sexual satisfaction.

* * * *

He stood up and pushed himself away the edge of the bed, walking down from the dais. He prowled toward her, as a beast would stalk its prey before taking them down for the kill. But in her case, he wasn’t going to eat her alive, more like eat her out.

A twinkle of mischief materialized in his eyes at the thought of getting his mouth on her pussy, feeding on the cream that flowed from her muscled well. Caleb’s cock had been hard ever since Lana picked up the book. And no amount of masturbation seemed to relieve the ache in his balls.

He reached down and fisted his cock, working his hand up and down, pumping it in rhythm of his stride, letting his hand ride up to stroke along the plumed head. Caleb watched her eyes widen as he played with himself right in front of her. He could tell it was exciting her and her breathing had become more labored and shallow,

causing her enticing breasts to strain and her nipples to jut out against the silky fabric of the teddy.

A pink blush worked its way up her neck and up over on her cheeks, giving a natural glow to her features. It'd been a long time since he'd seen a woman blush and it was quite attractive on Lana. He wondered what other fascinating things about her would intrigue him.

Caleb looked directly into her emerald green eyes that were fringed on the top and bottom with thick dark lashes. His eyes lingered there and then moved onto her ripe, red lips. He could easily image those lips wrapped tightly around his cock, taking it deep into her mouth, while her cheeks hollowed and then expanded, taking him in strong regular pulls up and down his stiff prick. Causing his balls to draw up tight against his body, with a powerful orgasm that would leave him panting and sated, at least for that moment. A wicked smile widened his face and his cock hardened and ached as his lusty imagination ran wild.

Fiery red hair veiled her head, cascading down to just past her shoulders in thick waves. It reminded him of a living flame that burned brightly all around her heart-shaped face, accenting and framing it.

Caleb used his power to mesmerize Lana; she'd be coherent and able to talk, yet unable to resist him, leaving her vulnerable to his every desire, his sexual slave. Her face took on a vacant, spacey look. Taking her by the hand, needing to feel her flesh intertwined with his, Caleb led her to his bed perched up high on the dais. A bed made to display his sexual decadences and depravities to their fullest. The bed's covering was reminiscent of the red fires of Hell, a flaming reminder of his unholy desires for flesh and blood, pussy or cock.

Turning her to face him, he bent close to her ear. "I am the one that can make all your carnal dreams come true." He growled out his next instruction. "Now be a good little girl and take off that fucking teddy. I am growing impatient."

Without some much as a blink, Lana obeyed. She slowly lowered one thin strap and then the other one until the teddy fell to rest up top her breasts. With sinuous cat-

like moves, she wiggled the teddy down off over her ass, kicking it aside when it hit the floor.

Caleb pointed to the bed perched on high. "Get that ripe ass of yours on my bed." He watched as her ass sway to and fro as she made her way up onto the bed positioned in the center of his dream-den.

Caleb's eyes hooded and his features hardened into a sensual mask as he watched her crawl on top of his bed on all fours, exposing her glistening folds from behind. "Holy gods, I couldn't wait to sink my cock deep into your wet sex," he growled low under his breath. He wouldn't be able to contain himself much longer at the rate his desires fueled and burned.

Lana positioned herself on top of the bed and looked back over her left shoulder giving Caleb a sultry, lash dipped look. "Are you coming?"

He chuckled at her remark. "Eager are we? I'll be coming alright, but I have a little surprise for you first or maybe I should say *big* surprise?"

Sexual hunger oozed from every pore on Lana. "My pussy is on fire, I need to have you fuck me hard and deep." Dipping forward, she rubbed her torso against the coolness silkiness of the sheets, trying to quench the madness of her overheating body.

"Patience my little sex kitten, you'll love this surprise, take my word for it."

Her head fell forward and her long red hair mingled in with the red shades of the satin sheets as if they were one. A deep and frustrated groan escaped her throat and spilling forth from between her lips. "Huhh." Her lips were pursed and pouted, and her eyelids narrowed showing her displeasure at having to wait.

Walking up the steps and taking his place behind her, he picked up the silk scarves that streamed across the bed. He motioned for Lana to change positions. He wanted her flat on her back, displaying her drenched pussy that was fringed in red curls to him. "I love a woman that is all tied up in knots, so to speak." He laughed at his own pun.

Taking both her hands, he wrapped one of the scarves around them, shackling both of her hands together, tying them over her head to a metal bar that was hidden

beneath the layers of silk that overflowed the bed. Now her hands were stretched over her head. With quick work, Caleb used the remaining two silk scarves to secure both her legs in a spread eagle fashion. Opening up her salacious pussy to show the pink creaminess that glistened like drops of dew, coating the red curls that framed her folds.

She was a feast for his eyes, a temptress spread and open in an obscene manner. The way he liked all his prey.

Lana tested the strength of her silky bonds and they didn't give one bit. "Are you going to leave me like this?" Her tone sounded hesitant and slightly unsure.

He bent over her body to suckle on one of her distended nipples, worrying it with his teeth and tongue.

She meowed and her back bowed against his mouth, farther pushing her nipple into the moist warmth of his mouth. Her body had already begun to crave his; needing his body to satisfy the sexual fires that had started to burn deep within her feminine core.

"I need to work off some of my excess sexual energy on someone else, my impatient pet. Your turn will come." A knowing smile settled around his mouth, but not quite reaching his eyes.

Lana could sense a streak of cruelty that ran a wide mile through Caleb, but for some reason his sinful tawdriness turned her on more than it should have. And she was helpless, even if it did matter.

Clapping his hands briskly, his minion, Rake, appeared before him.

"You called master?" A gorgeous, nude, angelic-faced man appeared.

Caleb favored the blonde masculinity and beauty Rake exuded, along with the fact that he was almost as depraved and evil as himself. He had the tightest ass he'd ever fucked.

Rake's body was leaner and smoother than Caleb's, bending more toward feminine than masculine. His blonde-white hair hung straight in sheets of spun silk down to his taunt ass. Rake's skin was alabaster white and cool to the touch. Even his ice-blue eyes gave the impression of softness, but if one looked close enough they could

see the fires of Hell burning brightly behind them. His demonic coolness gave Lana the shivers. What did Caleb plan for this pale and beautiful man?

Together they complimented each other. One was dark and sexually dominant, while the other was light, with a deadly frostbitten appeal, but both were positively evil to the core. It didn't take a rocket scientist to figure that one out.

As sweet and innocent as he may look on the surface, Rake was deadly and vicious. That was his biggest turn on for Caleb. He had been Caleb's sexual toy for hundreds of years. He never got tired of feeding his cock deep into Rake's tightly clench asshole.

Caleb reached over and laid a possessive hand on top of Rake's head, then stroked down his silky tumble of pale hair, as if comforting a child. When his hand reached Rake's ass, he gave it a mean squeeze to remind Rake who was boss here, causing Rake's cock to jerk and swell even larger from Caleb's painful admonishment.

Placing his finger under Rake's chin he looked directly into his frosty eyes. "I need for you to take off some of my sexual tension so I don't hurt the woman, got it?"

Rake winked at his master, and then licked his lips in a very seductive manner exposing a pair of sharply wicked canines. "Tell me what you want Master and I will but do it."

Caleb's hand slid back up to the top of Rake's head exerting pressure for him to get down on his knees. "Suck my cock. Get it nice and wet for me."

The entire time, Lana watched the two men's' interactions with each other. Her arousal leaked down between her thighs and the crack of her ass, causing wetness to flow onto the satin sheets beneath her.

She could smell her own desire, a pungently erotic mingling with the air that circulated around her. She'd never seen two men together and it was making her horny as hell--hedonistic and raw emotions were ready to surface and fight for domination if they kept her waiting much longer. For now, all she could do was to lie there, while the men indulged in oral gratification.

As soon as Rake got down on his knees, he wrapped one fist tightly around the

base of Caleb's straining cock, while the other hand reached in between his master's legs to fondle his taunt-skinned balls, rolling them gently back and forth, and then fingering the delicate area between his sack and anus. This type of foreplay always elicited a carnal groan of passion from Caleb. Rake knew how to deep throat a cock, lavishing it with his wily lips and wicked tongue.

Caleb's head fell back between his shoulder blades and he threaded his fingers into Rake's long hair to grab a fistful with each hand to guide Rake's mouth toward his aching and skintight cock.

"Now remember you little bastard, no fangs this time," Caleb warned Rake.

Rake smiled devilishly up at him, running his tongue along the side his sharp canines just before he swallowed Caleb's cock all the way down to the base, burying his nose deep into the curly dark hairs of his master's groin. Rake hummed and growled his approval of the salty taste of Caleb's sex.

"Of all the unholy gods, that feels fucking delicious. You were born to suck cock."

Rake used the tip of his tongue to swirl around the large hood of Caleb's cock, lightly tickling around the sensitive nerve endings that dwelled there just below the surface of Caleb's tautly drawn skin. Rake's head and mouth worked in perfect harmony first using suction to draw Caleb's cock all the way to the back of his throat, then lightly letting his front teeth graze along his master's shaft. Then repeating the process over again and again, until Caleb's breathing became short harsh gulps of air.

Caleb gazed down watching Rake suck his cock in and out between rosy tinted lips. It always fascinated him how far Rake could swallow his cock down his throat. It was an erotic feast to Rake, and Caleb loved that. As his cock slid in and out of Rake's heated mouth, it was all Caleb could do not to thrust his hips to the pull that was being applied to his stiff prick. He was getting close to losing his load and he wanted to save it for Rake's ass.

"Stop," he commanded Rake. He pulled his minion up by the hair and gave him a deep wet French kiss. Pulling away from Rake's lips, he smiled at him with demented

affection. Caleb could never truly love anyone or anything. He was too evil for emotions such as love to play a part in his dark life.

"I want to watch you eat that luscious pussy of hers, while I fuck that tight hole of yours I like so much." Caleb pulled Rake's head back and gave him a love bite on the side of his neck. He then lifted his head and scented the air, taking a deep breath. "Gods, I can smell her desire a mile away. I bet she tastes as good as she smells."

A shiver of excitement worked its way up Rake's backbone. He knew what he was in for. And he love eating pussy as much as he loved sucking cock.

Still handling his minion by the hair, Caleb hauled him toward Lana and her drenched pussy. "Eat her until she begs for mercy and then I might give it to her."

Rake settled between Lana's wide-open legs drinking in the lush landscape of her crimson shadowed pussy that was dripping with arousal. Caleb positioned him with his ass draped obscenely over the edge of the bed, his legs straddled wide to open up the crack of his ass, exposing the delicate tissue of his ruby rosette to his master's gaze.

"Damn boy, you have a fine ass." He gave it a firm slap with his hand and smiled when Rake moaned.

Caleb watched as Rake spread Lana's pussy lips to expose her swollen clit, running the flat of his tongue from her puckered anus to the top of her cunt, growling as he did. Rake licked her as if she was a cream filled dessert. Lana withered and bucked as Rake went to work devouring her pussy. Licking here, nipping there, and dancing his tongue around her clit, teasing her. He knew just how to keep her on the edge of an orgasm, never touching the heart of her need. Lana bucked in frustration, grinding her pussy against Rake's face, wanting him to tongue her pussy deeper, harder with his fiery tongue.

Caleb positioned himself directly behind Rake; slowly working the head of his cock passed the tight ring of muscle that formed the entrance of heat he knew so well. Rake's ass was an inferno, a burning intensity that drove him to ram his cock the rest of the way home, balls deep. Fuck he had a sweet hole!

Rake squealed like a stuck pig as Caleb gave him no mercy, using his ass for relief, finding his rhythmic beat in hard, quick thrusts. Rake started to moan and whimper as Caleb's cock stretched and pulled at his asshole with each mighty thrust and withdrawal of his prick, bumping and grinding against Rake's spongy prostate gland. Rake pushed back hard to get deeper penetration of Caleb's oversized rod. The burning sensation became more intense. Rake thrived off the pain derived from the backdoor games he and his master engaged in on a regular basis.

Caleb leaned forward scraping his teeth down his minion's back leaving lines of blood to mark him as his possession, while he pounded Rake's ass with hard driven thrusts.

Lana had tried to watch Caleb as he serviced Rake's ass, but her mind shutdown to the carnal actives before her as soon as Rake inserted two fingers inside of her clenched pussy. Rake's agile tongue worried her clit back and forth and then switch ploys to softly nibble her distended clit with his teeth. His attentive care to her pussy sent her over the line of ecstasy. She let out an ear-piercing scream as she splintered into showering pulses that rocked her body one after another, leaving her shuddering and quivering upon the bed.

Caleb and Rake too, followed her lead and they both found their release in a profusion of male groans and yells that could've woken the dead.

He pulled hard on Rake's hair, twisting his face away from Lana's spread legs and toward his mouth to give Rake a deep kiss. Caleb growled when he got a ripe taste of Lana's juices that coated Rake's mouth and tongue. He delved deeper into Rake's mouth to savor more of her essence they shared between their wrestling tongues. Caleb gave him one more peck on the lips, and then waved his hand, causing his minion to disappear along with any trace of their sordid coupling.

Caleb stood over Lana drinking in the beauty of the afterglow that radiated off her in waves as her quivering flesh started to settle after her intense orgasm.

Rake was an appetizer and Lana was now the main course.

"Are you going to untie me?" Lana raised head off the bed to look him straight in

the eyes. "I can hardly wait to get my hands on you."

"Not tonight my sweet." Caleb ran a possessive hand down her taunt thigh. "I want you helpless beneath me."

Lana tried pulling free from the silk ties again, but she couldn't budge them even an inch if her life depended on it.

"Damn you! Let me up!" she yelled at him.

"I'll let you up when I'm damn good and ready. You need to learn your place, and that I am the master and you are whatever I want you to be." His narrowed gaze caused her to sink back onto the bed and stop fighting her bonds. She could tell he was good and pissed. And Caleb was nobody to fuck with.

"Now that is much better. Do what I say and I will reward you with the best fuck you've ever had, my pet." He bent down and nipped her stomach. Lana whimpered and twisted in her bonds as her arousal fired throughout her body again.

Caleb crawled over her body and down amid her spread legs. He teased and taunted her with the head of his cock, rubbing it between the folds of her sex, bumping up against her sensitive clit that Rake had just finished torturing with his talented tongue.

Lana's hips bucked and rolled as he teased her aching pussy. "Stop teasing me dammit." She ground out from between clenched teeth.

The teasing light left Caleb's eyes, something predator and demonic took its place. His whole demeanor changed in the blink of an eye.

Before she had time to react, he slammed his cock home. Caleb was done pussyfooting around. He was going to go at her with everything he had. He'd teach her how his body could reduce her to an animalistic state, making her growl and scratch her pleasure for him.

She was not prepared for the thickness of his oversized cock. It stretched her to the limit and at the same time, its length reached nerve endings that had never been stimulated before. Her scream of pained pleasure excited him.

Caleb leaned up on his elbows to look down between their bodies, wanting to see

his cock pull out shiny with her cream, and then sink back into her tight, muscled core. Her pussy felt like suction cup that gripped and released at different intervals, giving and taking, sharing and receiving. Her cunt was pure heaven to him. And that would be the closest he'd ever get to heaven by his way of thinking. He was a demonite and darkness was his only saving grace.

Lana's breathing had accelerated into shallow pants. Her head was thrashing from side to side and back bowed as Caleb picked up the pace and swiveled his hips, mashing down on her clit with each down stroke.

He could feel her inner muscles tightening and the tension rising with each tunneling thrust. As he felt her starting to come apart, he pulled his lips back up over his front teeth exposing his sharp canines that had exploded through his gums. Caleb leaned down and gave her neck a nice long lick, then bit down, breaking through the delicate skin between her neck and shoulder.

Lana screamed as a furious orgasm broke down the barriers of her mind, leaving little in the way of humanity she'd had left to her soul, shredding her body in multitudes of orgasmic waves.

As Caleb dined on the richness of her blood, he got a surprise of his own as Lana bit him back. His head snapped up and he let out a glass-shattering roar just before he dropped over the edge of his own darkness.

* * * *

Lana woke up groggy and disoriented. Propping herself up on her elbows with her palms faced down on the mattress, she leaned back for support, slowly waking up. She stayed in that position while she tried shaking off her drowsiness. Swiping the stray hair from around her face, she struggled to get her bearing.

Her body ached all over as if a Mac truck had run over her more than once. Even her hair hurt.

Wow! We must have really overdone the fantasy last night, she thought to herself.

Her pussy was swollen and sore, and it was worth every ache and pain she'd have today. A purring sound resonated deep within her throat, as she thought back about what they did last night.

Her demented husband's sexual expertise could completely overwhelm every part of her body, playing it like a finely toned instrument. Always in tune with her body--her needs. Her pleasure was ultimately his pleasure. Her screams and whimpers were music to his demonite ears.

Caleb never left one square inch of her flesh untouched, using his wicked tongue that could twist her clitoris into knots, much like those that can tie a cherry stem into a knot using just their tongues, but only better; much, much better. His lush, full lips and powerful body and massive cock; he used them as if they were carnal weapons.

Caleb was the master that doled out more pleasure than she could've imagined possible. She was gladly his submissive in the bedroom, another damned soul for his sexual amusement.

Lana rolled over and admired the handsome man that dominated most all parts of her life. She drank in the vision of his smooth, broad chest. The satin sheet draped at his waist did little to hide the outlined of his impressive cock.

Reaching her hand over, she brushed back a wayward lock of hair that always seemed to be falling onto his forehead and into eyes; she smiled at her adventurous and wildly sexy bedmate. She'd never tire of having sex with this man, this demonite, nor would she even find him boring. Last night was one of her favorite fantasy to play out with him.

Lana was more in love with that nasty bastard today than she was yesterday. They were definitely a match made in Hell anyway she looked at it. They were perfect for each other.

Her thoughts drifted back to the old leather bound book. It was what had brought them together over two years ago. To think that if she'd not gone into that old junk shop, she wouldn't have ever met Caleb and his dark brand of carnality.

She looked forward to their fantasies and depraved sexual play. It really spiced

up their sex life like nothing else could. Lana especially loved the orgies when other demonites, minions and vampires joined in experimenting with anything and everything imaginable. Thank god Caleb was soulless and sharing came naturally to his demonite nature.

Taking one last good look at his strong profile, she slipped quietly out of bed and walked toward the bathroom to take a shower and hoped she'd feel more human afterward. *Well, as human as a vampire could ever possibly be that is.* Lana snorted at her own frivolity.

Steam from the hot water pillowed and swirled in the air filling up the bathroom with heated bliss. She wiped down the fogged up mirror with a washcloth. Checking out her reflection in the bathroom mirror, she took a good look at her features.

Lana's eyes glowed with sexual vibrancy and vitality. Her eyes also showed the deep and abiding love she had for Caleb, would always have for him.

Twisting up her hair onto the top of her head, she secured it so wouldn't get wet. Just before she stepped into the nice hot steamy shower, she cracked a smile nice and wide. A wicked pair of canines appeared like brilliant white picks that protruded over the pink flesh tone of her bottom lip. She growled at her reflection in the mirror and screwed up her face, just for the hell of it. It always tickled her to see how fierce she looked when she made that face, yet she was all woman to Caleb.

She'd never forget the look on the big Dream Lord's face when he found out she was a vampire, a creature of the night. Even with that shocked demeanor overshadowing his face, he was still the most handsome and unholy creature she'd ever laid eyes on.

Hell, he thought he was going to ravish a poor human woman, but what he got was a vampire, a sexual creature that could lick and bite him into carnal heaven, matching him in every depraved act known to man or creature. She would willingly, lovingly drive him over the edge time and time again, never giving him mercy. Two could play at that game.

Oh, yeah, she smiled to herself; she was definitely one lucky and very happy

vampire indeed. It was one in a million that she'd ever have found a man/demonite that complimented and matched her sexual appetite so perfectly.

When Caleb asked her one night what she'd done with the book she told him it was in a safe place. But she'd lied; she didn't really have the book, she thrown it away, to be buried forever under miles of trash. Lana wasn't sure the world was ready for the demonic carnality the Tome of Unnatural Desires would unleash on the innocent world at large.

Epilogue

A word of caution: Nothing is ever what it seems and some things just will not stay buried. Never underestimate the unholy desires poured into the pages of a book, for it was made in a dimension of an erotic realm to be read and savored if one dared.

Who next would possess the Tome of Unnatural Desires? It's now packed away in a cardboard box filled with other books in storage. In a few weeks time, it will be set out along with the other odds and ends at a neighborhood yard sale. What unholy entity of sexual proclivities will be waiting to be unleashed upon its next unsuspecting owner? Maybe the next one could be you.

AUTHOR INFORMATION

SKYLAR SINCLAIR

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Skylar resides in sunny California. She has many different sides to her persona. The one being a writer is her favorite. Her alter ego is free to create wild and erotic realms and characters she hopes the readers will enjoy.

Skylar's had many years of enjoyment reading other author's works of wonderment, and hopes she can achieve the same for her readers. She likes reading fan mail and would love to hear from readers who have enjoyed her stories.

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