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*Beyond the Vision
of Dreams*

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Beyond the Vision of Dreams

By

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Chapter One

The mouth around his cock hummed as he throbbed within it, fucking it brutally. The woman attached to it moaned, and then pulled off, smirking. She turned so she was on all fours; he growled and grabbed her hips, sliding into her sopping pussy. She moaned and turned her gaze to the mirror that appeared in front of her, and watched him fuck her. Her bright green eyes went wide, and then shut as he felt her come, his body shuddering with her, feeling himself spurting into her slick warm flesh...

Remy sat up in bed and looked at the clock. It was just before dawn and he was alone, much to his distaste. *Fucking dreams. I swear one day I'm going to remember all of them. Then they are in for a serious load of trouble.* He swung his legs out of bed and padded naked to his bathroom. He didn't turn on the lights, his night vision perfected by his heritage, as Pythons were almost blind in the daylight, but could see as clear as day in the darkness.

He walked to the sink and turned on the faucet. Running his hands under the cold water, he brought a small pool up to his face, effectively waking him up. *This is just getting ridiculous. I haven't had a decent nights sleep in a week. Maybe I need to get laid. Nah, well yeah but that's not going to help. That's the last time I suggest fucking till dawn to Elise. Shit knows that's exactly what happened, but I'm still pent up.* He smiled at himself in the mirror and walked back out to his bedroom, intent on actually trying to get some sleep.

The same girl every night was getting a little old. Not that he was against monogamy, but the fact that he didn't know the raven haired beauty with the brilliant green eyes, and had never seen her in his life, was disturbing him slightly. The dreams

were always erotic, and while the parts he remembered were never the same, the same woman starred in them night after night.

He laid back down. The cool air of night filtered through the open French doors, caressing his body like the dream lover he was still thinking about. *Thank god Succubi don't really invade dreams, or I'd be worse than fucked.* He stretched his muscular body on the steel colored sheets and groaned, the dark haired beauty still playing havoc in his waking mind.

Whoever she was, she was quite the whore in the bedroom. *Was she real?* He knew some of the others in the crèche, or nest, had prophetic dreams, but in the thirty five years of his life, not once had it happened to him. Either way, it bore looking into, and once he was truly awake, his head not fuzzy with the fog of sleep, he would revisit the problem with a renewed sense of purpose. *Now...*

His eyes closed and she came to him again, her coy smile and lush glossy lips beckoning him. He smiled and cupped his once again rampant erection, grasping with just enough pressure to make him groan. He stroked himself, growling as his dream girl took over pumping his cock in his head, his self-gratification replaced by her sweet caresses straight from his mind.

It didn't take long as he was already worked up from the dreams and he came hard, groaning and licking his lips, his hot sticky cum pooling on his ab-riddled stomach. Pants escaped his mouth and he whistled. "Well fuck if that didn't do the trick," he said as he quickly cleaned up and turned his head towards the window. The dregs of sleep he had felt were turning into tendrils, and he yawned, his eyes growing heavy as the sun started to break on the horizon.

What seemed like minutes to him was actually four hours as his alarm went off. "Christ." He sat up, grabbed a cigarette and lit it, inhaling the harsh smoke. "Breakfast of champions, fuck at least it's not a bottle of gin."

He walked to the bathroom once again and went through his morning routine, finishing his shower and dressing in under fifteen minutes. He could hear and feel the rest of the house already up and about around him, their latent energy hum resonating

throughout the house. He dreaded going down to the morning room. Remy Crane was a lot of things, but morning person wasn't one of them.

He hoped he didn't catch wind of Elise on his way ; he was still a little stung from her turning down his offer the night before. Thinking he could banish the woman that turned his dream crank nightly by actually getting some physical tail was the plan, but the Archon, or nest leader, Elise Rizdon, did not share his ideas or the sentiment. Not that he expected her to, but it was worth a shot.

Trying to seduce the Archon was a long shot, as he knew they were friends and little more than that, but desperate times call for desperate measures. Regardless of the fact that he knew she was going to say no, his ego, however non-existent, was a bit bruised.

He left his room in silence and headed down to the common rooms of the compound, praying to whatever god listened to his kind that he would meet as few people as possible on his way.

The hallways were quiet, most of the din coming from the floor below him, where the children were, the common floor where most of the house was, and above him in the few rooms on the third floor that were occupied. *Someone is getting an early morning booty call*, he thought as he made it down the first staircase that would lead him to ground floor.

The Compound, a sprawling mansion just outside town, sat on about fifty acres of land and was hidden by the dense copes of evergreens, elms and birches that were indigenous to the area. For the past hundred years it had housed the upstate New York nest with relative ease and very little scrutiny. The residents had the freedom to come and go as they pleased, live their own lives, and not have to worry about the once a month hunt in a place where giant snakes were unheard of. The fifty acres that surrounded the sixty five thousand square foot mansion was protected land, lush and fertile, and the perfect environment for the nest to hunt in.

He loved it here, and had stayed because of that, when a good portion of the other males had gone to other crèches. New York just flat out did it for him, and he loved the

people here. As he walked down the next set of stairs, he took in the ground floor tiling, the embedded snake motif that weaved through it was only truly visible from the third floor stand off outside the Archon's room, but from living here so long he knew exactly where to look. As he descended the stairs, the pattern became geometric shapes, not meant to be seen by just anyone coming to the house. It was a little trick to them, a way of hiding what they were but keeping it all out in the open.

Remy was so engrossed in his musings that he didn't even notice the woman standing in the foyer. As he bumped into her, he cursed and shook the pleasant thoughts from his mind, concentrating on being the gentleman most people rarely saw when they looked at him. "Ah shit let me help you up! I didn't see you there, I'm sorry," he rambled, focusing on the dark black hair that was hanging in the woman's face. "Are you ok?"

"Sure," she bit out sarcastically. "Don't mention it, I try to get knocked on my ass at least once a day," she growled as she straitened herself out, pulling back her hair, and Remy almost died.

He blinked not sure how the hell this was happening, but the woman from his dreams, the woman whose body he knew so damn well, was standing right in front of him, and boy was she better than the dream one. A tight stomach peaked from under her cut off band shirt, ample high breasts, tiny waist, hips just right to hold onto, long shapely legs encased in ultra low hip huggers... his cock was growing hard just looking at her. Her lips and eyes caught him, and he bit back a groan of need as he tried to gain composure. She was exactly like his dream, what the fuck was going on here?

His composure back in place, he smirked. "You don't live here, what exactly are you doing here? Picking someone up? Delivering something? No, that's not it; you're not dressed in any manner to be delivering anything, except maybe a..." he trailed off. The fact that he was about to end the sentence with 'except maybe a wet dream' did not escape him. Seeing his dream girl in the flesh, in front of him, well none of his thoughts were G rated, not even PG rated.

The woman raised an eyebrow. "Don't live here? Gee, well that's a welcoming attitude. I'm new, and I just arrived. Didn't anybody mention it?"

He shook his head. "Sorry, I didn't hear from the Archon that we were getting a new arrival, of course that could be cuz I missed the house meeting. Where the fuck are my manners? I'm Remy Crane." He extended his shaky hand to her. The nest as it stood was twenty people, including the Archon, himself, the other four single snakes still searching, two sets of couples and the remaining ten were the couples' children, respectively, though the crèche as a whole took responsibility for raising the young. Now they were at twenty-one with this ravishing creature joining them. *Well twenty-one has always been my lucky number.*

She took his hand. "Chrissy Stanford. It's nice too meet you, even if I didn't quite enjoy the trip to the floor." She smiled at him.

"I'm sorry; I'm not used to meeting up with anyone this early in the day. My mind was elsewhere."

"Obviously. So you missed a meeting? I didn't think that was allowed in such a big nest."

"Elise runs a very informal household. While we all belong to the nest, we all have our own lives. Each of us has things we do, even her, so she is really lax about that stuff." *Not to mention I'm not the first one they tell anything to, but why bring that up to her?*

She smiled nodding. "So, I don't suppose there's a hope in hell that you know where she's going to put me? All my things are kinda at the door and it's gonna take a few trips as it is. I'd like to get it all away as soon as..."

He smiled. "Odds are you'll go on the second floor. Most of the rug rats are on the first floor, the second and third reserved for the adults." He shook his head. "God I'm an asshole. Let me help, cool? Kinda like making up for the ass plant."

"Sure thing, that was my next question anyway. So, what do you do, Remy? That is, when you're not knocking people over." She grinned teasingly at him.

His face turned a mild shade of red. "Oh, I run a recording studio in town, and I sing in a band. You?" He picked up her larger bags and smiled. "Come on, you can tell me as we find you a bedroom." *Gods Rem, don't take her to your room.*

She lifted the rest of her stuff and followed him. "I don't know what I do. My last job in Greece was at a law firm, answering phone and such... nothing as interesting as you though."

He laughed. "Interesting? Far from it. Half the people get in the studio have visions of grandeur of making it in the business. Its not the most glamour job, especially in upstate New York."

"Yet you still do it, so there must be an attraction."

He shrugged. "I'm a trust fund kid. Not much else interests me, so I do what I'm good at. You know how fine tuned our hearing is. At least I can make them sound half way good."

"True, I suppose." She giggled.

Remy's parents had been gone since a few years after he learned to change, an accident on vacation on some tropical island. He never learned the particulars, but didn't need to. The fact that they were dead, and that he had been alone so long was more then enough information for him. Like most of the snake families, they left a legacy for their child, should something happen to them, and while most of the snakes he knew lived the playboy lifestyle, Remy had wanted to give back to the community and opened the studio. While it gained a name in the music community, he still kept it open for the little guy. The revenue from the big names that came to town to record helped keep the little guy getting their demos and cd's for cost. It was because of this that Remy was pretty much booked through the next two years and very well respected. It was true, he liked his toys, but it wasn't all he was interested in.

They made it to the second floor and he looked from side to side, counting in his head what nest member was in what suite. He smiled. "Well, I think I know where she's going to put you, seeing as the only open suite is the one to the right of mine. We share a deck I think." He walked past his own door, resisting the urge to open it and drag her

in, and opened the Lavender Suites door. Indeed, the room was meant to be hers; Elise had the French doors open, the sheets turned down, and the towels, the same soft lavender as the walls, on the side chair. "You like?" he asked as he led her in and dropped her bags near the open door of her walk-in closet.

"Wow" She gasped looking around. "It's beautiful, it's so big." She walked around looking in the closet. "My god, the closet is bigger than my last place... no joke."

He chuckled. "Well, yeah everything here is large scale. If you don't like the room's colors, I'm sure you can change it. Elise has an account set up just for interior decorating. Alexandra lived here last; she liked purple, a lot."

"I kinda like it... well," she considered. "Maybe a little bit of white wouldn't hurt. So, there's a deck?"

He nodded toward the exact copy of his own French doors. "Just follow the breeze." His eyes bugged out as he watched her ass as she walked, his cock once again stirring, demanding attention from the sexy woman. She moved like a dancer, which was common in their race, as humans they kept some of their snake traits. She was one finely built female.

She walked out the doors, the fresh air blowing around her and into the room. "Nice view."

"Couldn't have said it better myself," he murmured and followed her out, watching her survey the backyard and the forest beyond.

"There's good coverage in the trees." She turned to face him. "So, that's your room then?"

"The forest on the compound is probably the best stocked in the state," he said and nodded towards the door of his own room, answering her next question. "Yep. We can set up a partition on the deck if you wish." *Don't wish, don't wish!*

She shook her head. "Nah, it'll be cool, I'm not used to having this much space to myself, anyway. Back home it was just me and the two other girls, and we practically shared the same bed. I don't think a balcony will be as obtrusive."

Thoughts of her and two girls in bed made his cock twitch in his leather pants, and he discreetly shifted, praying she didn't notice. "Suit yourself. I have to warn you though; I do keep some pretty odd hours. Its one of the reasons I'm at this side of the house."

She grinned. "It's cool. I'm gonna be living on Greek time for months anyway."

"Beauty. So I guess I should let you get settled. Elise is on the third floor; behind the lemon yellow door is her suite. And she's there most of the time, as she works from home. So maybe I will see you later? If I don't bounce," *I'm going to grab you and fuck you till you pass out* "I'll have some really pissed off feminists' on my hands, some crazy Bikini Kill Style band is recording today."

She giggled, "Oh, well I'm sure you'll enjoy that. Thanks for helping me get settled."

He left her then and closed the door as he went, making it to the garage when he spied her still on the back deck and smiled. She was beyond a vision in the sunlight, and with all the dreams he'd been having recently, Chrissy Stanford was going to be a problem for him. His restraint wasn't endless, and he could already see the images in his mind of what he wanted to do to her. He got into his Lotus and roared out of the garage, visions of that sexy woman's body yielding under him dancing in his head.

Chapter Two

Her things barely filled the drawers let alone the huge walk-in wardrobe. She needed more stuff or fewer shelves. She couldn't believe that she'd moved again. After her mother's death, she'd promised herself no more change, but it was a promise she couldn't afford to keep. It had gotten more and more dangerous to shift, locals had started hunting huge snakes and their numbers had dwindled drastically. She shrugged at the mirror and sat down, lying back on her new bed. It was the curse of her kind, hunted by humans, forced to live in complete exile or in nests. Everyone wanted to bag a huge snake, something to tell the grandkids.

But that was the way things were, the way things had always been. Nest positions were rare, and it had taken her a lot of searching before she'd finally gained acceptance to the NY nest. Chrissy was fortunate that the Archon, Elise, had agreed to take her in. The other girls from her nest in Greece had moved to gain the protection of relatives' nests. Chrissy's mother had been without a nest or relatives, so it was hard for her to convince the other Archons to take her on. Even for a female at breeding age, much like she was, it was hard.

She was still slightly dubious of the reasoning behind Elise's acceptance. Chrissy may have been of breeding age, but she was in no rush to become a brood mare of any kind. Most matings between her kind were for the better of the species and all that junk. She had no intention or inclination to better her species, especially at the cost of her freedom of choice. She hoped that Elise wouldn't try to force her to take a mate. That

same condition was the reason that she'd had to turn down the few nests that'd been willing to take her in.

But still, she knew nobody here, except for Remy, and she wasn't all that sure what to think of him. She didn't have much experience with males of her kind, so she was waiting to pass judgment on him. He had smelled wonderful, though, and his tattoos had been to die for. She wondered just how far they went, and how many he had. Then there were those two piercings, his nose and his tongue. She shivered from head to toe, licking her lips, as she remembered the glint of silver as he spoke. *Oh lord, the things a talented snake could do, and maybe that's not all he has pierced.* She squashed her excited curiosity; she didn't want it to get her in trouble again. She had a tendency to take things a little too far, see just how far she could push things until they got out of hand. Besides, if he was already otherwise involved, she'd hate to step on anyone's toes, especially any protective mates. Snakes could be particularly vicious about mating rights.

Grudgingly removing her thought from the gutter, she packed away the last of her clothes and surveyed the room. It was indeed beautiful, but it was large and spacious, reminding her of her loneliness. She missed the girls, her friends. Her talent at making friends was somewhat stunted, in fact, she resented that she even had to make the effort. She knew that everyone would be nice to her, even accept her, but they shouldn't have to. No matter what, this huge place, with its clean, if slightly cold air, just wasn't her. Her family was gone, off to better things, and she just had to make the best of it.

"New life, new start," she repeated as her mantra. She'd been using it all her life as her mother carted her around the world, never stopping in one place for long. It had never helped much, but it did always remind her that she'd one day find home. Which she had, but now that was gone and here she was, the new girl yet again.

After making the bed for the fifth time, she decided that it couldn't be put off any longer; she had to meet the Archon. The name had always scared her, made the position seem more daunting than it actually was, more official. Chrissy had never gotten on with authority figures; they always seemed to be giving her trouble for something or

another. She nervously climbed the stairs and knocked on the door where Remy had mentioned Elise could be found.

A light voice came from the other side. "Come in."

With a deep, steady breath she entered the door, pushing it slowly and stepping inside. The woman behind the large oak desk was diminutive, even slight, her blond hair and big brown eyes warm. The Archon was beautiful, and without much movement on her part, Chrissy knew she was graceful. Grace was always found among all of the snake shifters, however with Elise, there was almost a hypnotic edge to her. She held herself effortlessly, and was no doubt as dangerous as her counterpart snake.

She smiled warmly at Chrissy. "You must be Ms. Stanford." She looked at the clock. "And you're early. I was sending a car to get you at the airport." She frowned. "No matter. I'm Elise."

"Ah... yeah, sorry, I caught an early flight. I've been here a little while." Her eyes lifted from the floor. "It's nice to see you in person."

Elise smiled and nodded regally. "And you got settled in ok? Pick a room? We had the Lavender suite set up for you; I hope it was adequate."

She nodded back, feeling quite inadequate next to her. "Its perfect, thank you."

"I hope you will be happy here. So, I guess we better get down to it then eh? I run a very informal household with very few rules, but the ones I have, I expect to be followed. Clear?" Elise's tone was friendly but authoritative

Crystal. "Very, and those rules would be?"

A smile never seemed to be far away from Elise's features as she smiled warmly at Chrissy again. "One, don't bring anyone not of the crèche home with you. You want to fuck; you do it at their place. Two, keep what goes on here, here. Outsiders can't know. Three, scheduled hunts are once a month, if you need to shift before that, stay in the tree boundary. Fair?"

"Yes, more than," she agreed, smiling at her luck.

Elise nodded. "Any questions for me before I show you around?"

Chrissy sighed and winced, letting her curiosity get the better of her. "Only one, well kind of... Not that I'm not more than grateful, but why did you agree to take me? I mean nobody would, well not without conditions. You didn't have to... so why? If you don't mind me asking?"

The small woman got up from the desk and walked towards Chrissy. "That's an easy question to answer. I knew your father," she said simply.

Chrissy blinked. Of all the explanations that she'd been expecting, this was not one of them. Her father had never been part of her life; she didn't even think that her parentage was known. She would have doubted the very existence of a father had one not been biologically required. "Oh..."

"He was a very good man, Chrissy. I was beyond upset with his passing. It's why we hold the compound and the grounds so dear; here we don't have to befall the fate both your parents did."

Her eyes filled with tears and she nodded, knowing that if she spoke they'd spill over. Her mother had never spoken of her absent father, they had just been two people with nothing in common, coming together and producing a child out of lust. Unfortunately, in death and fate they'd finally shared something... Hunters.

"And now it looks like I have upset you. I am sorry." Elise's tone was soothing almost regretful.

"No, no. Well, yes, but it wasn't you. I miss my mother, and I never knew my father existed except from basic biology. It hurts to know that they both died of the same fate."

"Most of our kind does. You would think humans would figure it out, so many large snakes dying so far from where they are indigenous. But we don't worry about that here. So, you obviously met someone or you wouldn't have found the suite. Who was it? Andy? Reece? Myrna?"

"I met Remy, he was more than helpful."

She laughed. "I'll just bet." She hooked her arm in Chrissy's and they walked out into the main hall. "Remy is quite a sweet guy, even though it doesn't look it on the surface."

"Yeah, he was... sweet."

She looked at Chrissy. "Speak your mind child; I can feel you holding back."

"No, not really. He was cool; it's good to have him help me, even though he knocked me on my ass."

She laughed as they made their way down the stairs. Elise showed Chrissy around, starting with the children's floor, and taking her to the main compound floor, quickly going through the living room, game room, dining hall, kitchen, back deck, sauna and weight room before taking her out to the grounds to show her the tennis courts and the garage. Chrissy was trying to keep up with everything. She was horrible with layouts and directions, and she was already lost. Thankfully she was sure that Elise knew exactly where they were.

They stood in the vast building that housed the cars and Elise pointed out what was who's. "The Mercedes is mine, and the Aston Martin is Remy's, the two Ducati bikes are Reece's and Myrna's, the Jeep is Andy's, and the spot that's empty belongs to Remy's other toy, the Lotus. There's obviously room for more, and if you desire a car, love, just say the word."

"Really? I don't really know how to drive. It never really came up," she answered, a little surprised at Elise's offer.

"Well if you want to learn, I'm sure someone will teach you. Come, I'll show you the tree line."

"That would be great." She nodded and took her arm as they started to walk again.

"Now the grounds are readily stocked with game, and should you wish to change in private, there's a shed in the corner there, with a 3 by 3 foot hole to slink out of. Some of the older ones get body conscious, but you won't find that here. Still it's an option. So love, did you take after your mum or your dad?"

"My mum I guess, I don't know what my dad was."

"Your father was a beautiful anaconda, love, same as me."

"Ahh, ok... Well I'm a python, just like mom."

"Well I'm sure you're tired, love; jet lag will set in soon enough. Would you like to relax before the evening meal?"

"Yeah, I think so. My body's telling me that it's the middle of the night."

"Well then you should rest. Come, you can relax and I'll get you by dinner, ok?"

She nodded in agreement, smiling. Chrissy found herself liking even trusting Elise.

"Thank you for everything."

"No thanks young one. You are family, and you have come home."

Chapter Three

It was well past eleven when Remy drove up the mile long drive to the compound, shattered from the day's events at the studio. The band, Cat Scratch, was beyond difficult when it came to sound and takes. After his near fifteen-hour session with the four women, all he wanted now was a shower and a good hard fuck. Since the latter was well out of his reach, he figured a cold shower would have to do.

With his day so full, he hardly had time to breathe let alone think about his morning and the woman he met. It was true, his mind was fully on her as he drove the ten miles from the end of the driveway to the business district of town and his studio, or more importantly not on her as a whole, but on the curve of her hip, the rosy lips, perfect breasts, long legs and bright green eyes, but as he entered the studio and got his day started, thoughts of her quickly evaporated. At this point of the night, his memory was completely fried.

The house was quiet as a tomb as he stole up the stairs, near soundless on the grand oak stairs. His room, his sanctuary, was dark, the silence cut by the near inaudible tick of his bedside clock. He closed the door and quickly got undressed, padding into his bathroom, his feet getting a quiet shock going from lush carpet to the slate tiles of the bathroom floor. He hopped from foot to foot, eyeing himself in the mirror. His hair, usually unruly and spiky was half flat, and he frowned, seeing as his tattoos seemed to sag with fatigue as well. "Fucking hell I look like dog shit," he mused to himself and turned on the shower, cold, and stepped in.

The water did nothing to change his mood. He was still surly, aggravated and horny, and not one thing he was going to do this evening was going to change that, except maybe, sleep. *Sleep sounds good. Get to see your mystery girl.* Thoughts about the night dreams lifted his spirits as he showered, his thoughts turning to what he would do to her that night.

Tired and pleasantly aroused from the inner workings of his own mind, he got out of the shower smelling of the birch soap Myrna had gotten him recently for his birthday, and padded, still wet, into his bedroom. He stretched, and then fell out onto his bed closing his eyes.

He opened his eyes and looked around, the sounds of the night coming from the now open doors on his balcony. *Were they open when I came in? I must be dreaming,* he thought with a smirk. *So if I'm dreaming where is she?*

He got off the bed and looked around the shadow-darkened room. Satisfied that she was not lurking about, he walked out onto the deck and into the cool night air. He smiled to the full moon above and closed his eyes, turning his back to the railing. He waited. When he opened them and she was still not at his feet on her knees, he shook his head.

"You never played games before baby. Why start now? Come out Darlin, you know you want this."

The dream ended suddenly though she wasn't sure why. Chrissy looked around the huge empty room and pulled the covers back up, her body still thrumming. The memory of the dream was vague. All that remained was the feel of his lips skimming over her, teasing her willing flesh. She could still feel his teeth on her as he gently worried her flesh. The way his pierced tongue flitted over her most sensitive spots, lapping and stroking at her with its cool metal and hot breath. She growled and rolled over, gods she was so wound up; it had been so long for her. Without thinking she

lifted a hand to her breast, pinching at her nipple, feeling the metal bar that was pierced through it. She licked her lips. Her legs clenched together causing a wonderful pressure on her clit. She was so wet and moaned inaudibly.

That was when she heard the voice from outside. Remy, it was unmistakably his voice; she checked the clock, removing her hands. It was late; he sure as hell hadn't been lying about keeping crappy hours. She wasn't going to get back to sleep and it wouldn't have been entirely proper to carry out on her previous train of thought with him just standing out there, no matter what her body was telling her.

Shaking off her body's instincts and needs, she got out of bed and padded towards the double doors that led to outside wearing nothing but her white baby doll and boy shorts set. She opened the door to see him standing naked with his very lickable back to her. She nearly choked as her eyes bugged and her panties flooded even more. Her body reacted violently to the sight, remembering exactly how it loved to be touched.

"Maybe we should get that partition after all... you looking for someone?" Her lips twitched in a smile as she moistened them with her tongue.

"Got tired of hiding, Darlin'? I was beginning to think you weren't going to show. Now how does this go? Oh that's right, on your knees, pet, or are you forgetting?"

Her lower muscles clenched and she swallowed hard, not believing she'd heard correctly. "My knees?" *Oh god, yes please.* She slowly started walking towards him, her body all but singing.

"This is my dream, pet, and it always starts with you on your knees with my cock in your mouth. Hmmm you have forgotten haven't you? I think a refresher course is in order." He smirked at his dream girl and crooked his finger at her. "On. Your. Knees."

Groaning slightly, she did as she was told, falling to her knees for him. Thoroughly entranced, she gazed up the line of his multicolored body and licked her lips. His tattoos were first rate, and thoroughly turned her on.

"That's new," he said. "You never look at me like that, Pet. Perhaps I'm getting more creative. You like what you see, Darlin'?"

"I'm here aren't I?" And she did like what she saw, gods did she. He was a god in flesh. And he was pierced, she'd been right, she loved being right.

He smirked and touched her face, his eyes so intense. "Then get to it. I wanna feel your hot wet pussy before I wake up." She shivered again, his words affecting her more than he'd ever know.

She struck suddenly, sinking down on him, feeling the cold metal of the frenum piercing. A barbell pierced through the underside of his cock, just under the head, at the back of her throat. *Gods this feels so amazing.* She sucked him hard not letting him adjust as she pulled off him, then sank slowly back down to his base.

"That's it baby... you know how I like it..." He balled his hands in her raven hair and growled.

She continued, sucking harder and deeper each time. He tasted wonderful, and filled her perfectly. She began to hum on him as her head went down, vibrating deep into his shaft.

He growled again and looked down at her. "That's it baby... Ummm your pussy is going to feel so good after this."

She whimpered, speeding up on him, unable to get enough. Her hand reached up to knead forcefully at his balls.

Remy hissed and pulled her off his cock, tilting her face up to his. His eyes had gone reptilian and he smirked at her. "You suck cock like a pro, baby; did I ever tell you that?"

"You just did babe..."

"Strange, we never talk. Fuck it; it just must have been my day. All I kept thinking about is slipping into your tight pussy, pet." He let go of her face and came down to his knees, turning her roughly in the same motion. He bit her shoulder and worried the flesh. "Now, pet, who said you could wear anything this time? You look great, but I prefer to see your shaven pussy. The only thing that catches your wetness is my cock or my mouth, baby. Take them off or I'll rip them off."

Oh fuck yes. She quickly pulled her shorts off and threw them onto the deck, sparing little thought to how he knew she was shaved. "So, you were thinking about me all day, baby?" she asked as she pulled the baby doll off dumping it somewhere near the forgotten shorts.

"Don't talk," he hissed in her ear. "You never talk." Remy grabbed her hips and plunged into her heat quickly, groaning. She moaned as he filled her, almost painfully. "God, baby, you're so wet." He pushed her shoulders forward and rode her hard, grunting. "So fucking hot, baby you feel like hot silk." His piercing scraped deliciously over all the right places.

She bit back a scream and quivered. *So, he doesn't want me to talk eh? I don't have to talk.* She backed into him, pushing him deeper. Her nails scraped at the decking with every powerful thrust into her body. He knew exactly how and where to touch and squeeze her flesh, manipulating her wonderfully.

"Gods you're all I fucking need," he whispered in her ear, once again biting her shoulder as he rode her, laying his claim to her and marking her as his jaw clamped down, his eyes fully python now. He pumped viciously into her and reached around, playing circles on her clit.

She came hard screaming and bucking under his weight. "Oh fuck, REMY!"

He unlatched his jaw and growled. "God, you come so sexy baby," he whispered in her ear and nipped at it. "And your all mine, at least here you are." He redoubled his efforts and brought her again, this time coming with her, shooting deep into her and groaning.

She convulsed around him, panting. Her body was tingling, and he'd caused it. Her inner muscles squeezed teasingly on him to catch his reaction.

"Gods, baby! When the hell did I lose control of this dream?" He panted and kissed her spine. "You're exactly what I always need."

"And you're just what I need."

He chuckled and held her, still deep inside until his erection subsided slowly. She drifted off in his arms as he to fell into contented slumber.

Remy woke to the annoying buzz of his alarm clock and shook his head. For the first time in a week the dream had worked to completion, if not in a very strange way. He smiled, remembering the feel of her slick pussy pulsating around his cock and groaned, quickly becoming aroused. He got out of bed, intent on fixing this problem and getting his ass to the studio.

The shower was deliciously warm as he recalled the dream and how it had changed so much; she had a voice now. Now where the hell did I get the voice? He thought as he soaped up, and then he remembered. *Oh Shit! Chrissy! That's it.* Thoughts of the morning before flooded back and he smirked. His dreams had taken on a solid life, with the woman he was salivating over made flesh. While it was amusing, he knew that dreaming things so damn erotic with a women that was living next door to him was going to be hell on him, but he never backed away from a challenge, especially one as sexy as Chrissy. He was sure in time the dreams would become reality for the two of them, and he would be enjoying the chase with her. It wasn't often he had found a female of his own species. While he was a shy guy, she just seemed like the kind of girl he could really relax around, once he got over the fact that he was fucking her nightly in his dreams. The thought warmed him until he washed down his leg with the soap and got the stinging feeling of a cut.

He washed the soap off and bent in half to check out his knee, as flexible as his altered worm was. He saw the source of his pain, a splinter, about two inches long and thick, was embedded in his skin, and he hadn't felt it at all until the soap touched it. *Oh shit. What the fuck did I do last night?*

Chapter Four

Her body ached in all the right places. The whole evening had been bizarre, yet wonderful. He really had dreamt of her; he knew exactly how to work her body. Waking up in his arms had been wonderful, but she hadn't wanted to wake him. If he wanted to keep her as his dream girl, then she was more than willing to allow him to carry on that particular fantasy, for now. His scent still covered her, and it set her body on edge.

He'd known just how to touch her; she stretched becoming aroused at just the thought of a repeat event. Her body ached at the memory of his piercing, the way it had scraped along her. They had fit so well together. Sighing she rolled out of bed, stood and surveyed herself in the full-length mirror. Her thighs and hips sported faint bruises, and there were two bite marks on her shoulder. He'd marked her, he hadn't meant to, but he had all the same and it felt good. She growled as she rolled them. The bruises would be gone by the time she was out of her morning shower.

The doors leading to the decking were still open, as she'd left them last night in case he'd woken up and decided to come over for round two. She found herself a little more than mildly disappointed when she discovered that he hadn't. Pouting slightly, she padded naked to the bathroom, again leaving the door open.

She started to run a bath, the shower being too much of an effort to her. A long good soak is just what I need. The smell of dewberry, her favorite scent, filtered out across the tile bathroom as the tub slowly filled. With her teeth brushed and her face

cleansed, she sank herself into the deep scalding water. Her muscles relaxed and the tension leaked from her body as the heat spread through her.

She closed her eyes and relaxed, her thoughts drifting to night before. His thick cock was amazing, and it had felt so right and good inside of her. The arousal flared, and her fingers slid gently over her naked body. Her thumb brushed softly over her erect nipples, pulling at the bars pierced through them. Her clit stood to attention begging to be touched. She needed release. She swallowed hard as her finger brushed over her body, causing her need to heighten. She pictured his tight body as he ordered her to suck him. With her eyes shut she relaxed back into the water, a few stray bubbles playing around her chin as her fingers worked lazily on her clit. She slid her other hand down to gently slip inside, her thoughts firmly on the way he'd stretched her open.

"Listen Chrissy? I just wanted to..." Remy walked in and stopped dead, seeing the woman all soapy with suds rolling down her body, her nipple hard with faint glints to them from the metal. "Oh shit, I'm sorry. I... I didn't think you were in the tub. I figured you were brushing your teeth, not slipping your hand over your perfect breasts... Shit."

She opened her eyes, startled, then smiled at him standing there in all his embarrassed glory. "Perfect?"

He blushed and looked over towards the window, swallowing thickly. "Um yeah this probably isn't the best time."

She looked around her, her hands still lightly playing in the clear water. "It's good for me."

He looked at her and groaned. "I really shouldn't be here."

"No, you should be in here." She opened her legs wider giving him a better view, as her finger slid deeper. Her tongue snaked out to wet her lips and she grinned.

He stood there, eyes wide watching her. "Chrissy, um... Shit... god you're sexy... I, I wanna apologize for last night." He stopped talking and walked over to the window and leaned against the wall, his eyes on her nipples.

"Don't you dare... It was amazing." She chuckled and moaned, her breasts quivering. "Did you really think about fucking me all day long?"

He closed his eyes and nodded, his hand coming up to his face and massaging his temples. "I can't talk to you while you're doing that. I don't want to..."

She stopped immediately, her heart sinking. "You don't want to?" She grabbed some bubbles covering herself and sat up. "Sorry, I must have gotten the wrong impression."

He chuckled sexily and licked his lips. "I don't wanna talk. All I want is to watch you right now; I don't trust myself for anything else."

She smiled and eased back down her hands returning to their places. "Then watch." She closed her eyes, throwing her head back as she gently pleased herself.

After his shower and the excruciating business of getting what amounted to a small spike out of his skin, he walked into his bedroom to dress, thinking of what to say to the woman next door. It was obvious to him now that the dream he thought was so vivid was real enough, and that he had taken her in a manner as wild as his dreams, but in a way that was not like him in his waking life. *I acted like a brute, a callous asshole. Shit what is she going to think of me now?*

When he went into the bathroom he had it all planned out, what he was going to say and do, but when he saw her hand touching her perfect breasts and the other hidden beneath the pleasantly scented bubbles, he could only guess at what she was doing. Watching this woman touch her self was beyond erotic, and the fact that she wanted him to made the situation even better.

He stood back, his eyes on her and what her hands were doing, his eyes quickly going python. She groaned murmuring his name, her own snake like eyes opening to meet his. His mind was swimming with possibilities; his body reacted to what he was seeing, her hands playing across her skin as he wanted to do. Some of it was hidden from his view, and he needed to see it. This wasn't something he stumbled onto every day, if ever, and he was not passing this up.

"Fucking hell. You're torturing me. Show me... I want to see what you're doing to yourself."

She pushed the bubbles out of the way, giving him a clearer view of her legs up and parted, moaning as she slips another finger inside of herself.

"God, you're perfect." He groaned and watched her fingers play on her slick and bubbly flesh, watched as she drew circles on her clit. His own hands itched to do exactly the same thing as he got down on his knees and crawled to the tub, leaning on the edge, licking his lips. "I want to watch you cum, Chrissy."

She reached down and took her nipple into her mouth, sucking on it before coming hard. She threw her head back as she peaked, calling out to him with her eyes squeezed shut.

Fucking hell she's limber. "Oh god, Chrissy." He groaned and licked his lips. The woman was beyond anything he could have dreamt, and he kicked himself for not being more creative in his dreams. It was clear she was a wild girl that could do wild things, even to herself. His cock twitched in his jeans, asking for some sort of attention.

She lay in the tub panting, her eyes still closed. "Ummm, now that's the perfect way to start the day... wouldn't you agree?" she purred.

No, perfect would be rolling over in bed to see your back and pulling you close as I enter that sweet pussy of yours, nipping your shoulder. His thoughts were dirty, as were most of them, but they were also delving into the realm of permanence, something he didn't think of before this. He shook his head. "It's one good way, but not the perfect way." He smirked. "And shit if I don't need a smoke after seeing that. I'll happily be your audience anytime. But I think I should explain about last night."

"Sure. Could you pass me the cloth?"

He nodded and passed her the soft cloth, but only after dipping it in the water and lathered it with a fruity scented soap. "Would you believe I have been dreaming about you for a week now?"

"Me?" The soapy cloth felt good on her skin as she washed over her body. "Truly? Were they... good dreams?"

His grin spanned his face. "Each one was a variation on last night. I'm so sorry though. I thought I was dreaming. And yes, my dreams are that vivid."

"Why be sorry? The sex was amazing..."

He smiled. "Well, I'm not sorry it happened. I'm just kinda sorry it happened how it did. I'm not an asshole I swear, nor would I have just done that. My day was horrible and I had forgotten you were here." He shrugged. *So not an excuse. How the hell could you ever forget this perfect woman was right next door when you have been boning her for a week straight in dreamland?*

"I don't know... I mean it was kind of a turn on being ordered onto my knees. It doesn't happen everyday. Plus, I'm doubly impressed that you waited for me to cum. You won't find a lot of men doing that in their dreams." She winked teasingly.

He blushed. "It's not good for me if it's not good for you, in dreams or in real life."

"Spoken like a true gentleman. See? You won't find an asshole talking like that."

He smiled and shot his hand out, dipping it in the water and moving from side to side. "I should have known though, in my dreams you were good, but you weren't as fantastic as you were last night. And you didn't have those." He motioned his head to her erect nipples with the bars through them.

She grinned, "You like?"

He nodded. "I do, very much in fact. Fucking sexy." Chrissy tipped his sexy meter just by looking at him. The piercings were so sexy and an added bonus. If given the chance, something he figured he might get after the little show and tell a few minutes before, he would have to pay some attention to them and see just how sensitive they were.

"Good... I must say I'm a fan of your piercing as well."

His face turned into a sheepish grin and he blushed. He had gotten it for his own personal edification, and the fact that she liked it, well... "Oh, yeah thanks." While it was a novelty, most women got freaked out by it, or more so that he let someone shove a sharp shard of metal through his cock. They took it as a sign of him being a sadist, but

truth be told, it gave him a bit more sensation, and when a girl got past the fact that he had it, they seemed to enjoy it as well. That she wasn't freaked spoke volumes to him.

"You know, you're kind of shy when you're not dreaming." She licked her lips. "I like that." She rinsed off and started to wash her hair.

He smiled. "Let me do that." He moved around and grabbed the shampoo, lathering her long black hair, his hands massaging her scalp. It was an intimate action, more so than the animalistic sex they had on the deck the night before, and it gave him a very soft sort of pleasure to do it. He could easily see himself doing this often; just hearing her purrs of delight as he did was enough to have him hunger to do it more. The suds from her hair dripped into the water as she gave over control to him. All tension left her, as she moaned, boneless against his strong hands.

"Oh lord, that feels like heaven."

"Glad I could help. Um, shit I feel like an idiot. I barely know you and I'm here washing your hair." Oddly, it just felt right to him that he would be doing such an intimate act with this woman he knew for just under a day. This entire situation just felt right.

"Well what would you like to know? And you really don't have too..." she purred.

"I don't know really. Tip your head back." He grabbed the pitcher from the side of the tub and filled it with water, then rinsed the soap out of her hair, pouring the water slowly, careful not to get any splash or soap in her eyes.

She waited till he'd rinsed her clean, then spoke. "Well when you figure out what you want to know about me, just ask and I'll happily inform you."

He moved closer to her ear. "Living next door to you, I'm sure I'll learn lots of things. And you need to know, feeling you quiver around my cock is the best feeling ever." He kissed her cheek. "I gotta go to work. See you tonight?" he asked hopefully, taking the bold road with his statement and his question.

She shivered, and then grinned. "You bet your ass you will. And so we're straight, quivering around your cock is the best feeling ever."

He chuckled. "Have a good day, Pet."

"You too, babe." She smirked back as he left her.

Chapter Five

Remy was still baffled by the morning and what he witnessed. It was true, he had fucked the girl raw last night, and barely knew her in the flesh, rather, didn't know her as a person, knowing her in the flesh was something he knew very well.

It floored him that everything in his dreams was right, exactly how to touch her, what she did when he did certain things, how she would sound when she moaned, and most importantly, how hard and dirty she could take it and like it. This girl was beyond what he dreamt of; she was so much more. Still, the nagging feeling that the dreams were more than that was tugging at him as he sat in front of the mixing board and changed the levels on the woman that was screeching like a cat in heat into his sensitive equipment. *Thank god for earplugs. Fuck if I'm going to have to re calibrate everything once these idiots are finished here.*

Really, he was just going through the motions of working, his mind replaying the sexy scene he was so fortunate to witness in the bathroom this morning. Remy knew he was an attractive guy, and he'd had his share of girlfriends and lovers, but nothing he'd ever experienced before came close to Chrissy. She was bold and brazen, and sexy as all get out. He had realized while driving to the studio that up until now his sex life had been pretty vanilla. Only in his dreams was he as wild as he wanted to be, and now, well that spilled over into real life, and damn if she didn't enjoy it as much as he did.

The girl is so wild. He mused as he reset the reverb levels and played back last night's "dream". She liked taking orders, not that he was really a dominant type, but when it came to her, he wanted her total submission, something he'd never wanted in a

woman before. He'd marked her last night, and as much as it scared him that he instinctively knew she was his, it was a comfort as well. His mate, the woman meant for him for all time was living in the same house, sharing a deck.

It couldn't have come at a better time either. As it was, his band was gearing up for a tour, something Elise wasn't too happy about but wasn't interfering in. He had figured he would put out the call to the other nests in the country that a breeding age male was coming through and would be looking for a mate, but now that he knew she was living next door, well that idea was out the window. The trick was to make her want to be his mate, not just sexually, but spiritually. The last thing he wanted was an angry Python for a mate. Wooing her wasn't going to be hard, but in truth he had no idea how to go about it with her.

Other women, even women in the nest, were very into the material. Cars, money, clothes, shoes... others were into the fact that he was a musician, and the possibility of being "With" the band. With Chrissy, well he wasn't sure about anything with her. *Shit. What the hell do I do? Bring her flowers? Is it too early for that? Christ! Take her on a date? Yeah, I could take her around town and out to eat... we could do that... taking her out is probably the best option.* He looked at the clock on the side wall and whistled. Six hours had gone by since he showed up and he had no recollection of anything but her. *Yeah, I got it bad.* He smiled at the thought and turned on the mic into the sound booth. "So Katrina? Wanna wrap this up? Last take was great. One more run through and we should be good for this song."

After her bath, Chrissy threw on an old pair of jeans and a short cut top that showed her belly piercing off. Without drying it, she tied back her hair and left the room in search of food and some tea. She walked in the dark as since she couldn't find the switch and could see perfectly in the dark anyway, it made no real difference to her.

She retraced her steps from the night before trying to remember if it was left or right she went at the end. *Right, definitely right.*

The mansion was huge, so much bigger than the two bedroom apartment she'd shared in Greece with the three girls, and there had been six of them originally living there. Elise had shown her around the previous day, but Chrissy needed a map before she truly got to know a place; which was another reason she hated to move around so much.

Her thoughts drifted to Remy, she'd never asked if he were taken. The thought disturbed her somewhat. What if he had someone already and she'd just been making a fool of herself? Or what if that was what he'd been trying to tell her but was too much of a male to say otherwise. He had thought she'd been a dream, but she had no excuse.

She swore loudly as she came to a dead end with nothing but a small staircase to her left.

"Fuck! Why does it always happen to me?"

She swiveled round, only to turn and nearly knock into someone. Startled, she jumped back a few feet and glared; the guy had been so close to her. There was something reptilian in the way he looked at her. She didn't like it. He was wearing jeans and a white tee and he wreaked of old leather.

"And you must be Chrissy."

Ok, a housemate. Maybe he knows where the kitchen lives. "Umm, yeah." She offered her hand, smiling shakily. "That's me, I kinda got lost."

He grinned, his eyes going to slits as he did. "Reece. You'll get used to it soon I'm sure." He took her hand and brought it to his mouth and kissed it, inhaling. "You smell like Remy. He got to you before I did?" he asked, a serious look in his eyes.

She frowned, "Huh? Got to me?"

He smiled again. "Well he fucked you didn't he? I can smell him all over you. He's marked you, too. I can sense it. Not here twenty-four hours and you're marked? Well it's not so strong. You want a choice, Luv? I'm sure I can do things for you he didn't." He let go of her hand and grabbed at her hips, bringing her closer to his body.

She squealed indignantly and pushed at him. "Oh Mister you better let go of me right now or I swear you'll be hurting next week."

He smirked. "You don't wanna play, love? Come on... I bet I know how you like it baby... bent over, hair pulled?" He pulled her closer. "I can make your body do things you only dreamed of." His mouth was close to hers now and he moved in for the kiss.

She saw red. *How dare he?* Her hand pushed him back a little, then she brought her forehead forward to hit squarely against his nose. She winced as it connected with a sickening crunch and his grip loosened as he stepped a little, dazed. Without looking at him, she pulled away and ran down the rickety staircase and practically jumped through the door, which, as she discovered to her surprise, opened to the kitchen.

Reece raged behind her, cut off by the closing of the swinging door. Elise, sitting in the breakfast nook, looked quizzically at Chrissy and smiled. "Met Reece did you?" she asked, completely unfazed as she sipped from her teacup.

Chrissy nodded and walked quickly away from the door. "Yeah... I don't think he's too happy; I broke his nose."

"And you're not the first. Reece fancies himself the next Don Juan, but it's good you got your run in with him over now. He won't fuck with you again, especially that you just confirmed Remy's claim on you. Heard you guys last night. Very hot." She smirked at her and winked.

Her cheeks flushed bright scarlet. "Oh, I well... He... Is there any tea around?" She changed the subject, moving to the empty cups.

"There are three different carafes on the counter. One's green tea, one's white and one's black. Take your pick. So? Do you like him?"

"Reece, lord no! I think the nose breaking would alert you to that." She filled her cup with black tea, and then sat down across from Elise.

"I meant Remy, hon." She laughed and shook her head. "Thank god we heal quickly."

"Remy? Yeah... I guess, I mean last night was... well, I don't normally do things like that."

"Neither does he." She put down her teacup and looked at Chrissy. "Can I give you some advice?"

She nodded and took a sip of her own tea. "Sure, I think I need some."

"Remy is not a normal male of our species. He's coarse, yes, but he's not domineering in his real life. You won't find that with another snake. He's very carefree, and that's rare in us. He'd be a real partner, not a master. He will pursue you, child; you'd do well to respond to his advances. Sex is sex and can be good with anyone... But for a man, a snake, to dream of his mate as vividly as he's dreamt you? That's beyond the vision of dreams."

Her heart warmed as Elise used the word *Mate*. *Would Remy be her mate? The one for her?* "Thank you, Elise. I guess that helps. Do you know when he's due back?"

"Odds are he'll put in an early day after last night. I saw him as he left. I haven't seen a smile on his face that grand since he got the Lotus."

"Really? Well it is a nice car." She giggled.

"It's his baby. The Martin? It's his serious car, but the Lotus..."

"It does have character."

"It's Remy... he's wild like that."

She smiled, her body clenching. "Yeah, he is."

"He's impulsive and great with the children, too. He's a good match."

"I bet."

Elise got up from her seat at the table and smiled at Chrissy, grabbing her cup and saucer. "Life does strange things, Chrissy. I'm a firm believer in fate." She winked and looked at the clock. "Expect him just before evening."

"I will, thanks, Elise." She smiled and took the paper that Elise had been reading.

"Don't mention it, Honey. I will see you around. I have a ton of work to do." She walked out of the kitchen humming.

Chrissy smiled and looked down at the paper, though her thoughts were on Remy. He would be a good mate Elise had said, was she even looking for a mate? Did it matter? He'd marked her and she wasn't too upset about it. It felt right; she wanted to

be his. She wanted him. She stared blankly down at the paper, sipping lightly on her tea, her thoughts fully on their next meeting.

Chapter Six

He had made it to the house just before five and walked in, looking around for Chrissy. The girl was still on his mind, more so now due to his itch to get her out in public. She was nowhere around and figured she was either in the sauna, or maybe she was on the grounds. Either way he wanted to get to her and get them out to town before sundown.

Remy popped in the shower, cleaning the grime of the studio off his body and the negative energy from the band recording there off his soul. After the berating he got from the pre-Madonna Katrina, even after he was so damn gracious to her, all he wanted to do was find Chrissy, get some dinner, maybe hit the carnival that he saw on the outskirts of the town park, and get to know the woman he marked.

Marking her hadn't been deliberate, but now that it was done, if she agreed, he had his mate, and everything would fall into place after that. He knew in the very center of his being that she was his, and he wasn't going to let her go. With all the time he had spent alone, the thought that he would actually have a mate of his own never occurred to him. Instinct knew, and he wasn't one to fight it.

The bathroom was filled with birch-scented mist by the time he was finished. He cleaned off the mirror of fog and shaved, then went to his closet and grabbed a pair of jeans, a form fitting t-shirt in black, and his black Adidas gazelles. He was comfortable and relaxed. He slipped his belt on, buckled his large belt buckle, and then looked in the mirror. *Well, time to find your mate, snake... don't fuck this up.*

He found her fifteen minutes later in the sunroom, standing and staring out the floor to ceiling panes of glass, her back to him. She wore a cut off shirt like she did the other day, low hip huggers that lovingly clung to her perfect ass, and her hair was a black curtain behind her. Looking at her, his chest ached. *So beautiful. How the hell did I get so lucky?*

As he watched her, he leaned against the doorframe and smiled. "I could get used to seeing you from behind. You paint a lovely picture."

"Yeah?"

"Indeed. So? Fancy a trip into town? I saw a carnival set up at the Park, might be fun."

Her face lit up in a grin. "Ooh, sounds great... now?"

"Well yeah, I was thinking dinner first? There's a great pizza joint in town, and they make the best baked ziti I have ever had. So I was thinking, get some eats, show you around, and then hit the carnival?"

"Ok, I can see the fun there."

"Great. I hope you do rides... and if you're a good girl maybe I'll win you a teddy bear." He laughed and pushed off the wall, walking over to where she was. "So? Shall we go?"

She gave a wicked little smile and started to walk towards him. "I thought by now you'd know I do rides, babe." Her lid shut in a cheeky wink. "I'm ready when you are."

God she had to go there, didn't she? He grinned and grabbed her hand. "Then let's get, cuz I'm starving."

Dinner at Lorenzo's was quick, and for a perfectly proportioned woman, she ate a lot. He liked that, and didn't feel like a pig with her. They had both had ziti and she had kept up with him, starting with the bread, then finishing with a clean plate once they got their entrée. They had walked off their dinner as he showed her around the fairly

large town they technically lived in and pointed out all the hot spots, which admittedly, were few and far between.

When they stumbled onto the carnival, it was well after eight and the crowd was in full swing. They walked the midway, barkers heckling them at every turn and found the ticket booth. Remy grabbed a book of fifty and grinned at Chrissy. "What shall we do first? The bumper cars? That salt and pepper shaker? The Zipper? Or do you wanna see the attractions?"

"Ummm..." She looked around trying to decide. "The Zipper, I think, I like the sound of it."

He laughed. "Hope you like getting flipped upside down." They got on line for the large gravity-defying ride. The Zipper, a staple to the carnival world, was an oblong ride with twelve cars attached in twos. They watched as people got into the cars, or really cages, and got belted in. The main body of the ride lifted in the air and the cars started to spin around it, much like a chain on a chainsaw. Remy grinned. "You sure you can handle it?"

When the ride stopped they waited and got in when the carnie told them to, Remy handing over the tickets. They were strapped in and quickly lifted to the top. He smiled at her and turned his head. "Hey Chrissy?" She turned her head and he caught her lips in a kiss, effectively their first. He ended it just as they started to move again and winked at her. "Here we go!"

The ride felt like forever, they hollered and yelled as they spun in the air, screaming and whooping, counting the times their individual car spun around. Two and a half minutes later it was over and Remy was grinning at Chrissy, her hair a mess.

"Wow that was great!" Her eyes were wild and her cheeks were flushed.

He looked at her as they got off the ride, his heart in his throat. She was beautiful, wind blown and flustered and beyond sexy. "You look fantastic Chrissy." He grabbed her to him and nuzzled her nose. He wanted to do more, and would, but anticipation added spice. "So? What next? "

She giggled, pressing her light frame against his. "Ummm, bumper cars... then the hall of mirrors." She kissed him.

"I do love it when a plan comes together..."

Chapter Seven

They'd been on the bumper cars and a few other rides. Currently Remy was throwing darts into balloons as he tried to win her a giant bear. The bear in question had a red ribbon tied around its neck, but other than that it didn't have much going for it. It was one of those giant cross-eyed Carney bears.

She tore off another piece of candy floss and stuffed it into her mouth. As she watched him move, he was beyond sexy and he kissed like the devil himself.

"And after the hall of mirrors, we have to go and see the Snake Boy." She smirked sarcastically. "Half man half snake... it sounds terrifying."

He turned and smirked at her. "Rubbish! As if something like that exists!" He winked at her and threw his last dart, popping the balloon. "Sweet. Well take the big Panda." He motioned at the disgruntled Carney and took the bear when he gave it to him. "Thank you kindly." He turned to Chrissy and smiled. "Well love, I won the bear, I get a kiss don't I?"

"Yeah, you sure do... you want it now or do you wanna save it for later?"

"Oh I want it now, it will be sweeter with the candy taste to it." He smiled and moved in, capturing her lips with his. "And I'll take one later, too."

Her arms wrapped around him as she pulled him into a deep kiss. The feel of his tongue on hers, tasting her, forced a deep moan from her mouth. His spicy scent surrounded her, and she pulled back breathlessly, licking her lips. "One like that?"

He growled, his eyes going python for a moment, and then changed back.

She grinned. "Watch yourself there, lover. You might end up in one of those tents." She winked.

"Then you shouldn't press me, pet. It's your fault." He winked and they walked off down the midway. "So Chrissy, the monthly hunt is coming up," he said quietly as they walked, speaking only loud enough for her to hear.

"Sorry, but it feels good to press you." She popped another piece of candy floss in her mouth. "It is? Good, I suppose it'll be good to get a proper stretch."

"Well, usually we hunt alone, but... Well are you sentient when you change? I mean do you retain you? Some people don't," he rambled and looked at her, blushing slightly.

"Yeah, I stay me. It's pretty much how I've survived this long. You're very cute when you're asking something," she remarked gleefully.

He blushed again and shook his head. "Well, would you want to hunt with me? I mean, I'd show you one of my favorite places if you want." He looked hopefully at her.

His favorite places? "I'd love too. Just the two of us." Her smile was warm.

He brightened. "Good. Well go early then. I assume you honed your telepathic skills as well?"

She winced. "Umm... yeah, a little. I mean kind of... well not really so much honed, as in... The opposite?"

"Can you use it?"

She nodded, "Sometimes."

He nodded. "Well we will just have to work on that wont we? I personally can only use it when changed, Elise and Myrna, well they can use it any time. I think Andy can too."

"Practice makes perfect I guess."

He smiled and nodded his head to the house of mirrors. "Still wanna go for it? I haven't been in one of those things in ages."

"Yeah, lets." She grabbed his hand and dragged him up the stairs. "These things really used to scare me... they kinda still do. I'll just have to stay close to you."

"Go on in, I'll follow." He stopped to give the Carney the tickets and spoke to him in hushed tones. Chrissy wondered idly just what was going on, but he followed her a second later with a grin on his face. "Shall we?"

"Sure, let's go..."

He grinned and they went deeper into the maze of glass, letting themselves get lost in all the reflections. Two minutes later they were in the center, and Remy smiled as the lights around them went out, the faint glow of the blue spotlight above them bathing them in its eerie glow.

She looked at him, startled. "Is that supposed to happen?" Her instinct made her step closer to him.

"It does when you pay the Carney a hundred bucks to fulfill a fantasy."

"Oh yeah?" A small smile graced her face. "And what would that be, babe?"

He pulled her closer and growled, his eyes turning to snake quickly. "Fucking the hell out of you surrounded by mirrors."

Her body melted into his. "Ummm, god I like the sound of that." She hissed up at him, her eyes matching his.

"Your eyes are so beautiful, Chrissy." Saying her name, he hissed it out so it sounded like 'Crisssssy'. He growled and kissed her, taking her hand and guiding it to his groin where he was more than ready for her. "Say yes, Chrissy."

She squeezed him. "Oh hell yes!"

He groaned and moved his hands from the sides of her hips to the front of her low rider jeans, quickly unbuttoning them and pushing them down her perfect thighs. "This would have been easier if you were wearing a skirt," he mused as he went to his knees and pulled her pants to her ankles, helping her step out of them. "But I see you don't wear underwear, so that's good." He kissed the seam of her thighs and slipped his tongue out, traveling higher till it was deep between her soft folds. He groaned and sucked lightly.

She bucked and moaned, her hips moving of their own accord to press into him. The sensation that his tongue was providing was beyond amazing, and her hands went to his head to steady herself, her back against the cool mirror.

He chuckled into her and worked her a bit more before pulling back. "It's your choice, pet. I can keep going, or..." he let his voice trail off and looked up to her, his eyes still very python, and very male.

She trembled and licked her lips. "I want to watch you fuck me, baby."

He smirked and came off his knees grabbing her behind the thighs and lifting her with him. He moved then to a rather large mirror and pushed her back against it, licking his lips. "You taste so fucking good, baby. Remind me to finish what I started at a later date." He kissed her and she tasted herself, his hands working his belt and pants open quickly. He deepened the kiss as he slid into her wetness, and she was indeed more than ready for him.

She cried out as he filled her. "God you're so fucking perfect." She grabbed the top of the frame to steady herself as her legs wrapped tightly around him. Her lips met his as they kissed deeply. Her eyes were firmly on the mirrors as she pulled back, watching him pound deep into her from quite literally every angle. He used his position to drive deeper into her than he had before, forcing a sharp moan from her throat.

He kept his eyes looking past her while he worked her flesh, one hand holding her hip, the other thumb playing a melody on her clit. He growled and fucked her hard, his pumping relentless and brutal. The sound of bare flesh slapping against the glass echoed around the small, enclosed space. "You have got the best pussy, pet, and it's all mine. You're all mine." His mouth found the mark from the night before, and he bit down on it, reinforcing his claim.

"Oh Yes!" She threw her head back, screaming as she came hard. "Please..." Her body bucked against his and the cold reflection. Her lips moved down his face and neck, licking and kissing him. Her eyes stayed on his reflection, tracking his every move and thrust.

He moved further to the side to give her room and hissed, his pupils going to slits. His hand playing at her clit went further down and parted her pussy even more than his thick cock was, stretching her nerves tight, and his thumb went back to the circles on her clit.

She sobbed and screamed again, biting down on his offered flesh making him hers as she came violently around him. Her bite deepened and her hands fell around his neck.

The magic swirled around them, thick like cotton. They could both see it in the reflections, their auras, his a pale green, hers a stunning yellow, mixing around them. They were bound by life forces, now and forever. He shuddered and panted, finally letting go of her skin. "Gods that was epic," he said and looked down at her grinning.

Her body went limp in his arms, completely spent. "You can say that again," she murmured against his shoulder, her pink tongue lapping at his wound.

"Baby? You have to see your shoulder." He turned them so that she could see the scrolling design where he had bit her in the side mirror. "That's really fucking cool."

She frowned. "Yeah, if not a little odd, should that happen?"

He shrugged. "Maybe. I haven't ever been mated before. What does mine look like?"

She pulled back grinning, "It's the same, only bigger."

He kissed her and pulled out of her slowly. "Fantastic. I think we should go, don't you? We got some more tickets," he said, smiling at her.

She kissed him and slipped down his body. "Yeah, we still have to go look at the freaks. Think there's any bearded ladies?" Her body bent double as she quickly slipped her jeans back on. "Well that was quite a fantasy you had there."

He fixed himself and smirked. "Made more memorable thanks to you, Mate."

She beamed at him worrying her bottom lip. "Yeah... Mate." *Oh gods... Mate.*

He kissed her sweetly and wrapped his arm around her waist, steering her towards the mirror exit.

Chapter Eight

The nights that followed were hot, bed hopping back and forth, spending their days together exploring and shopping punctuated with Remy teaching Chrissy how to drive. She had taken over his long vacant position at the Studio of receptionist, and he was teaching her little by little about the recording business.

When Elise saw them the morning after the carnival, she embraced them and congratulated them, and announced the mating at the house dinner that night. They were met by a raucous round of delight, even Reece was happy for them. Everything in the house had an exulted air to it, as if it couldn't get any better.

For Remy, it couldn't, except for one thing. It had been days since the mating, and as their marks had become more permanent, he still hadn't said the L word. It wasn't that he didn't feel it, but it was quite possibly the scariest thing he could say to someone.

He knew a lot of mated pairs that wanted each other, lusted after each other, but didn't love each other. If he was in that kind of mating he didn't want to know. Like his parents, it was all or nothing for him. Dealing with this was going to be hard indeed.

The noonday sun was high in the sky when he walked out onto the back lawn towards the tree line and shed his clothes, willing himself to snake form. This was something he was an old hand at, making the transition effortlessly from a six foot two man to a seven-foot snake that was as thick around as an elm. You always knew Remy in snake form, the star tattoo by his eye translated over to a near star like marking on his face, just below his right eye. He slithered into the tall grass and up the nearest elm

to wait for his mate, curling around a low but thick branch, the sun shining on his coiled form, warming him.

She walked up about twenty-five minutes later looking about for him after seeing his clothes on the lawn. He lifted his head from where he was dozing and flicked out his tongue, catching her attention.

She smiled at him and walked over. "I'd know you anywhere, but the star is a dead give away." She reached her hand out to him.

He uncoiled a bit from around the branch and moved up her arm and around her shoulder, so that most of his bulk was still on the tree. His tongue flicked out and tickled her ear as he hugged her.

She giggled and kissed his sun-warmed skin. "You're just beautiful, but in a manly way." Her cheek nuzzled at him.

Tongue flicking out once more, he sent a thought to her. *So do I get to watch you change? I know you like it when I watch, pet.*

"Oh course you can, babe, but you need to get off me first."

He sent her a low chuckle and moved slowly back onto the branch, settling in to watch her transformation.

She teasingly removed her clothes, folding them in a neat pile next to his. Dropping to her knees she began to change, in a matter of minutes, a six foot five python replaced her. Different shades of green and yellow made up the pattern on her back giving her the perfect camouflage for the forest at the edge of which she lay. She rolled almost lazily over then flicked her tail in his direction, beckoning for his attention.

Cute, Love, though I would love to take you like this, I think it might get a bit messy. He uncoiled from the branch and lowered his mass to the forest floor, hissing at her. *Come on, love; I'll take you to the waterfall.*

She flicked her tongue at him, before following him. *Waterfall? Sounds perfect... I don't think I'd even know how in this form, although it would be fun to roll.*

He laughed. *Rolling we can do. You ever swim?* They took their time traveling deeper into the forest preserve towards the hidden springs and the placid lake with the

waterfall. As they arrived on the shore he turned his head to her. *The sun is still warm, pet; if we relax and wait a hunt will present itself.*

Ok, it's beautiful here. Much better than what I'm used to. She sighed. *It truly is a paradise. Especially with you.* She nuzzled at him.

His thick body moved over hers, curling around her in a protective manner. He rested his head on her and flicked his tongue out. *One day soon we should come out here and visit the hot spring.*

Hot spring? Now that I like the sound of. She chuckled. *And I can hear you perfectly; it must be because you're my mate. This is perfect.* She said to him as the sun beat down on them both.

They sat in silence for a long time, the sun warming them, the whole time Remy on guard searching for a hunt. A situation presented itself just as the sun began to hide behind the western forest; two large hares came into view. *Showtime.* She lifted her head and tasted the air and in sync, they moved in for the kill. Remy took his hare first, and then Chrissy got hers. It was quick and twenty-five minutes later they were both bloated with bunny on the bank of the pool. *You're pretty good, pet.*

She chuckled. *You say that like you've just figured it out.* She rolled into him, curling around him as much as her bunny filled state would allow. *First thing you learn is to never let a feeding opportunity pass you by, it keeps you alive... And it lets you get back to more important things, such as relaxing and digesting. Though I must say I do want to try my hand at swimming. It does look fun. And bunnies are much easier than lizards.* She added in afterthought.

Indeed they are... And more filling. You wont have to feed much if you stay on the bunny diet, pet. And I think we shall try the swimming thing another day. He rested his head on her neck. *I never liked being like this before, but now I have a feeling I'm going to enjoy it, as long as you're with me.*

Good thing I'll always be with you, love. That's what mates are for, and I don't think I could manage to swim like this. I'd just sink to the very bottom, like a little bunny filled anchor. She coiled sleepily round him.

Rest, Darlin. I'll be here when you wake. He moved closer to her and coiled his tail end around her, content as a snake for the first time ever.

Chapter Nine

The hamper was packed with food and wine. It had been three days since their hunt together and things were going better than she'd ever hoped. She and Remy had been getting along perfectly, doing practically everything together. She'd been getting to know all the other nest mates and even made an unsteady truce with the scary Reece. Remy was amazing and he'd even let her drive his Lotus, granted he'd been flinching and wincing the whole time, but he'd never complained.

She'd decided to surprise him with a picnic in the forest, hoping that he'd make good on his promise of showing her the hot springs. It sounded magical, and the very thought of the two of them in a natural spring set her heart racing. The only thing was, she wasn't sure if it would set him. Sure, they lusted after each other, they'd spend most nights naked and sweaty until they were both more than spent. He enjoyed her body, of that she was sure. However, not once had he told her he loved her.

Love, she supposed was a human thing. Most snakes took mates, they fucked and spent time with each other, but they rarely loved. She loved him. She knew she loved him just as sure as she knew the sky was blue, and the grass was green. Whenever she was without him, he would be all she'd think of. She felt saddened to think that he didn't return her love. Cheated even. Not that it changed anything between them; they were a mated pair. But it hurt a little knowing that by being with her he was giving up any chance he had for love.

Mentioning it to him would have been pointless, if not putting him in a position that he would feel obligated to say it back. So instead, she called him love or lover and

sometimes even a few daring my love's. But none of them had ever spurned the answer that she so desired. Not that she would ever let her disappointment show or get her down, hence the picnic. Today they would both go onto the grounds by the pool and make love well into dusk. To her there was no bad, if he didn't return her love, then maybe one day he would. She could wait; they had the rest of their lives together.

They had lots of time and, as she was mated, there was no chance of her ever becoming her mother. She'd never known what went wrong with her mother and father's relationship, that was if they'd had ever shared one. One thing was certain though; there was no love loss between them. There was no emotion at all, not even pain or anger. Chrissy hated the idea that someone could be so cold and emotionless, even snake-like. But that was her mother, she thought with a smirk, all snake and no heart. She had always wondered what her father had been like, if he'd been more like her, carefree or adventurous.

Not that her mom had been a bad mother, she'd cared for Chrissy as best she could, taking her with her instead of dumping her off at a crèche and leaving to her own devices. It was the best that she could have done she supposed. Love was a pointless commodity to their kind; survival was the key. But knowing that didn't stop Chrissy from wanting it, maybe even needing it. Unlike her mother or even perhaps her father, she wanted to be loved.

It was curiosity the sent her looking for Elise, she needed to know more about her family. Maybe knowing more about her father or her mother's circumstance would help her out a little. Although no child, snake or human, likes to hear that they were an accident, but she'd come to expect it; she'd known her mother.

She found Elise sitting in the communal room reading a book by herself. The woman was the picture of calm as Chrissy approached and sat next to her, unsure of how to broach the subject. She sat for a few seconds before blurting out. "Did my father ever find love?"

Elise looked at her and smiled. "I was wondering when we would chat about Merrick."

"Merrick? Was that his name?" It pained her to ask; she didn't even know her own father's name. She felt like it betrayed him, somehow defied the memory of the man she would never know, his own daughter not even knowing him.

Elise nodded. "Merrick Stapleworth."

"Ok, and did he? What was he like? Did he have family? Do I have any family?"

"Merrick was a very upstanding snake. He and your mother met at the San Francisco nest. He was a painter, and one of considerable worth. He was kind and loving, and cared about your mother a great deal. I saw them once together after they got engaged. Trina was happy, they both were. It was after he got killed that she changed."

"They... they were engaged? They liked each other?" she asked, shocked.

"They were mated, didn't you know?"

She shook her head. "No... Never. She... she never said."

Elise sighed. "It was after your father died that she found out she was pregnant with you. Let me ask you, did you ever see her with men, I mean for any length of time?"

"Not really, but that was just her way, the way she'd always been." *The only way I knew her.*

"Since you were born. Trina was very in love with Merrick, and I think she always was. She was a strong woman, though, and she took you away from what reminded her of him."

"And did he love her?"

"More than you know. She was his world."

She nodded sadly, fighting back the tears. "Then I'm sorry I never got to meet them, the way they should have been."

"Me too. They were very much like you and Remy are." She chuckled. "Yet another generation of snake royalty has found their way to each other."

She wiped her eyes, refusing to cry before Elise's words registered. "Huh?"

"I wouldn't have expected Trina to tell you, or explain our lifestyle really. Remy is as close to being American royalty as you can get money wise that is. His family has been here as far back as anyone can remember. He like the Hiltons, honey, and technically, so are you."

"I am?"

She nodded. "You have a trust fund that would make the Olsen twins jealous."

She laughed, "Since when? And please stop with all the pop culture, I really don't need it."

"I keep forgetting you're not as young as you look child. You have always had it."

"Oh... well, that could have been useful to me at some point up until now. Though, maybe mom always wanted me to come back to a big nest, even though she couldn't. If I had known, I never would have came here... or found Remy."

"Exactly. Your mother wasn't stupid. The trust is your father's legacy to you, child. I really wish you could have known him."

"Me too. It would have been nice having them both at their best."

"So? How are things with Remy?"

Her face lit up, "Wonderful, he's perfect... The most amazing man by far."

"I am truly glad you two have mated; he needed you."

"Yeah and he has me... for better or for worse."

She smiled. "You know, Remy is an orphan, too. You would be his only family."

"Yeah, it's hardly a real fun bonding experience. Besides he has you and the others... we both do."

"True, the nest is a family and a good one. So? Will you stay here? I mean once you get married?"

She blinked. "Married? Well, he... I'm... you know marriage has never come up."

"It will. Remy never does anything half-assed. So have you told him?"

"Told him what?"

"That you love him."

She'd always known that Elise was one page a head of her, but she was beginning to get the impression the snake was on a completely different chapter. "Well... I do, but I just... I didn't want him to feel pressured to say it back. It's not that important and if he doesn't, he might in time. I'm waiting for him to volunteer the information. If he doesn't, it's not a big..." She shrugged off.

She laughed. "Youth always feels it has the time. You took my advice once before, would you like it again?"

She nodded. "Ok."

"Tell him. We lose so much time in our lives waiting and wanting. If you love him, tell him."

"And if he doesn't love me back?"

"Don't even think like that. I told you, Remy is not the kind to do anything half-assed. He marked you for a reason."

She nodded. "He barely knew me... but I will. Thanks for the advice, and talking to me."

She shook her head. "Not the first time, child, the second. He marked you in the hopes that you loved him enough to do the same. You did, now all that's left is to say it."

"Oh... Well, I can manage that... I think"

She rose and hugged her. "Chrissy, I do hope you will stay. This house needs the two of you."

"I love it here and I would never ask Remy to leave our home." She smiled wryly. "Besides, I've just figured out where everything is... well, almost."

"Still need that map?" she asked, humor glittering in her eyes.

"It would have helped, you know. Or one of the huge ones with the arrows pointing saying 'you are here' that I could have done with..." she trailed off giggling. "I carry my phone with me now, if I get lost, I just call Remy."

"I keep meaning to get the intercom set up here, maybe it's about time I do it."

She laughed, "That would just confuse me more, voices from out of nowhere. Besides, everyone seems to know their way around. But, I've made it a rule to stay away from large old wardrobes."

"Now who's starting in on the pop culture references?" Elise smiled.

"Well you did start it; I can't help but keep up. I better go and let you get back to your book. Remy will be back soon, and I gotta finish getting ready... we're having a picnic."

"Hot springs?"

"With a bit of luck" She grinned and winked.

"Enjoy yourself, child. And there's a really good bottle of Dom in the pantry." She winked and went to settle back down in the sunshine, book in hand.

Chrissy grinned and thanked her again before leaving her in the sun. She had a lot to think on, her parents had loved each other. Losing Remy would kill her, not knowing the pain that her mother had suffered before isolating them both. She understood her actions now, but didn't totally agree with them. Trina's actions were still not acceptable to her, but the woman had loved her daughter as she loved her mate. Chrissy loved Remy, she would tell him and see what came of it. She went for a quick shower and prepared herself for the coming day.

Chapter Ten

Remy found Chrissy coming out of the pantry that was off the kitchen and smiled. "Get lost, Pet? Surely you would have called me, or were you just hiding?" He pulled her into his arms and kissed her before she could respond, and then smirked. "So I closed the Studio for the day, turned the answering machine on, and I'm all yours, no interruptions. So what's your little surprise?"

She smiled nuzzling into him. "Well, I was thinking you could take me to the hot spring." She nodded behind him to the packed hamper. "And I made dinner, complete with everything we could ever need."

"You cook? Dear god, a woman after my own heart. What's for dinner?"

"Well, you'll just have to wait and see won't you?" She smiled teasingly.

He nibbled on her neck. "And desert?"

She giggled, "Oh, that ones easy... I got a ton of whipped crème, freshly cut fruit pieces and a bottle of Dom chilling. I neglected the plates though, I think we're inventive enough to create our own."

He growled and kissed her again. "You really are a goddess you know."

She smiled brushing against him. "So you keep saying."

"So shall we go then? I'm hungry." He nipped at his mark on her and licked her neck.

"You're always hungry, baby." She giggled.

They left the house through the side door, Remy carrying the hamper full of food, Chrissy carrying the cooler and blanket. The walk was quick, and they reached the

waterfall pool, and then made a right, walking deeper into the forest till they reached an enclosed glen. Remy stopped and smiled. "We are here, Pet. Set up the blanket, ok? I'm going to go and light the pillars, keep the bugs out."

"Sure thing, baby." She spread the blanket and set out some of the food.

The spring started life as a personal granite quarry for the first Archon of the New York nest. She was a sculptor and the deposit of granite on the land was a deciding factor to developing there. So, stairs were crafted, three, and the rock was mined in large pieces. It was about seven years later that the spring welled up, hot mineral water filling the large hole in the granite making a natural hot tub.

To Remy it was a magical place. He had never brought anyone here, and to share it with Chrissy meant the world to him. He considered it his own special place, because as far as he knew, he was the only member of the current nest that ever used the place.

He came back to her and grabbed her by the waist, pulling her flush with his body and growling. "I don't know about you, Pet, but I could go for some relaxation time in the spring." He let her go and moved off, shedding his clothes quickly and turning to her. He smirked and used the granite steps into the spring and hissed. "Perfect temperature."

She shivered and smiled before pulling off her clothes and stepping in next to him, her body snaking around him. "Ummm, oh it really is, baby."

She moved to him and they kissed, Remy lifting her to wrap her legs around his waist. He kept his footing on the side, the rock warm under his skin. His hands ran softly up and down her spine, his tongue deep in her mouth.

There was no time for words between them, and they didn't need them anyway. He touched her all over, his hands moving of their own accord to all the places that made her moan, whimper and sigh. In such a short time he had committed her to memory, adapting to bring her complete pleasure.

He never thought he'd be mated to someone he was so devoted to, someone that he wanted nothing more than to make happy. He never thought he'd have it. His parents had love, were devoted to each other, and now, he had that with Chrissy. She felt so

good in his arms; her long perfect legs wrapped around his hips, her sweet pussy teasing his cock into oblivion. His mind was reeling, all he wanted was to sink deep into her and feel her come around him over and over.

Today though, he planned on taking it slow, taking her fully, making sure she was completely sated by evening. The woman deserved to be ravished, and he planned on doing just that.

His mouth left hers and he grinned a very male grin, leaning her back and kissing down her neck to her firm breasts. His mouth closed over her right nipple, his hands supporting her back as she arched under his caresses. Her hair hung thickly into the hot swirling water and he nipped at her nipple, biting her till she moaned, the pressure just this side of pain. He flicked it, then let go, and licked up her skin to her ear. "Fucking you here is going to be the most erotic thing we have ever done." The whisper was close to her ear and she moaned, wiggling, her pussy skimming his hard cock. He hissed, kissing her again, partially lifting her and driving into her quickly, seating himself to the hilt. She was hot satin around him, very wet and creamy. His hands went to her hips and he held her still as he worked her at a moderate pace. Her waist so small and his hands so large, he held her easily and without strain.

Remy made slow deep love to her, nipping at her neck and licking, never breaking the skin. His eyes went reptilian in the afternoon sunshine, mirroring her own. His growls and moans were matched by hers, and he felt her body driven higher. "Goddess your beautiful, Chrissy, and all mine, my one."

She whimpered, pulling him closer, if possible. "Ummm... Fuck, all yours. Forever, babe, all yours." She sucked and nibbled on his ear enjoying every moment of him before whispering in his ear. "I love you." She came hard, bucking and writhing on top of him, her teeth sinking down on her mark.

He groaned at the feel of her coming around his cock, and swallowed back emotion at the words she just whispered to him. *Thank you... oh baby, I love you too.* His body craved release and he sped up, moving them to the side of the spring. He positioned her back on the smooth granite wall and whispered in her ear. "Reach back and hold on

baby, I'm riding you to another." And held her thighs and fucking her savagely, biting her shoulder, his eyes still python. Her body still quivered around him as he pounded into her, and he felt her getting closer to yet another orgasm. "Come with me, my love," he whispered and kissed her hard. She screamed into his mouth, coming hard around him.

Feeling her come for him once again set him off and he hissed and came, kissing her fully. She said it, those words he wished to hear from only her lips and now there was no going back. The kiss ended and he looked at her. "You're so fantastic, Darlin." He kissed her again, this time sweetly. "And I love you too, sweetling; you're all I ever really wanted before I even knew I needed you. You have me forever, Chrissy."

She squealed and kissed him deeply, hugging him closer. "God I love you so much... and I get to keep you. For all time."

He laughed and slid his hands over her sides. "That's right, love, you do. So shall we eat that wonderful picnic you prepared for us?" He slipped out of her and pushed away, dunking under the water and coming up now wet from head to toe. He grinned a very sexy and knowing grin, and went to get out, padding naked to the old fashioned shower and pumped the handle, cold water coming out of the showerhead. He shivered and made a burr sound. Chrissy watched him from the spring and licked her lips. "Like what you see, pet?" he asked as he wiggled his eyebrows. "Come get showered off, the mineral water tends to itch if it dries on you." He smiled at her and cupped himself, throwing his head back as the shower spilled over him. "And I could use some of that desert."

She licked her lips again. "Then eat we shall." She swam to the edge and climbed out, the water cascading off her body. She sloughed off, then walked up behind him. "And you know as long as I'm looking at you, lover, I always like what I see." Her tongue slipped out to lap a few beads of water from his shoulder.

He shuddered and smiled, leading her towards the picnic and the sun warmed blanket. They sat and ate, feeding each other small morsels of food and drinking the chilled Dom. It wasn't long before Remy grabbed the bottle and laid her flat, looming

over her. He poured small pools of champagne on her flat stomach, the liquid pooling in her belly button. When his mouth came down to slurp it up, she arched, the alcohol rolled off her and onto the blanket. Remy was quick like in his snake form, and caught it just before, licking the trail up.

She giggled, moaning and stretching. "Ummm... baby you have the best ideas. This is perfect. So, do I get a shot?"

He nodded. "Eventually, though I think I truly enjoy this... it might be a while. There are so many part of you I want to taste through the bubbly." He moved down her body so his face was just under her pussy and grinned. Pouring the liquid, it splashed on her lips and ran between, Remy moved lightning fast to catch it. She tasted like summer and fireworks, and as his tongue played havoc on her clit, he moaned into his mate.

"God please..." she cried out, squirming under his ministrations. Her body opened to him fully, begging him for more. Her hands stroked and clawed at his soft hair. "Oh Remy... you're my god... My mate."

His chuckle made her clit vibrate and he pulled away. "You taste fantastic, mate." His smile was broad, his face shiny with the wetness from the alcohol and her come.

She sat up effortlessly, pulling him into a deep searching kiss. Her tongue explored every inch and corner of his mouth, tasting him completely. She pulled back from him with a pop. "Ummm, so do you." Her Cheshire grin spread from ear to ear.

"You're beyond sexy. You know that?"

She giggled. "You have mentioned it."

"And such a naughty python." He kissed her again and smiled.

She writhed in his grasp. "I think we both fall under that category, lover."

"I'm only naughty ever with you, mate. You bring out the best in me."

"It better only be me." She giggled and nipped at him. "But I'm glad I do... you're perfectly naughty."

He sat up and pulled her into his lap and smiled. "Marry me, Chrissy."

She gasped her eyes widening. "Really?"

"Hell yeah. I got to make an honest woman out of you, our children will not be born bastards." He winked and kissed her nose.

"No they won't. Not ever, and we'll be there for them. Parents, married parents."

His body tightened and he kissed her, pulling her quickly down on his cock, her body welcoming him immediately.

"You always fit so well." Her voice was a breathy moan in his ear.

"That's because you were made for me." He rocked forward on his knees and lowered her back to the floor slowly working her from the inside, her come covering his cock as he pumped in and out of her slick pussy. On his knees he got a higher angle and grabbed her hips pulling her sweet body to him.

Her legs wrap around him, clasping him tightly. "I was that, love."

"God you're so fucking hot, Chrissy." He bent over and sucked a nipple into his mouth, biting just enough to cause her just the slight bit of pain.

Her back arched into him as she cried out, "Please Remy... I'm so close." Her thrusts became more urgent as she neared her peak.

His mouth let go and he growled, meeting her thrusts with his own brutal ones. His eyes locked on hers. "I love you," he said with a hiss and felt her quiver. "Come with me, baby... show me you love me."

Her nails raked down his back, drawing blood as she screamed, coming hard around him.

"Fuck Chrissy!" He came with her and roared to the forest around them, the birds in the closest trees taking flight. His sticky cum shot into her as she arched and he panted, smiling his love at her. "I love when you get wild, baby."

"All animal; can't help it." She moaned into his shoulder.

His arms came around her as they laid together in the dying sunshine. He was happy, mated and in love. Dreams were a funny thing. The future was ahead of them, and he knew neither of them was going to look back.

Epilogue

She still looked back fondly on their first trip to the hot springs. That had been a little over nine months ago and several trips back; and every one reminded her of the day that he told her he loved her. She smiled, curling her legs under her in the large, sun filled communal room. She was now Mrs. Remy Crane, the thought always made her giggle. Remy had made good on his promise to make an honest woman out of her two months after his proposal. They had both decided to stay at the nest after the wedding; both she and Remy had agreed that it was safer, especially now that she was pregnant. She was exactly twelve weeks along with what she hoped was the first of a few little children.

She lightly fingered her wedding band, watching idly as the sun reflected off it, sending gold beams onto the warm leather of the couch. It was of the pair that they had had custom made for their wedding, a delicate design done in platinum and gold of two intertwining snakes. The metal was heavy and warm to the touch; it lay perfectly on her finger, a constant reminder that he was hers forever. The wedding had been a small gathering of friends, not overly busy as both of them, pretty much, shared their friends.

Two of her old nest mates made the trip down. They had been curious to meet the man who'd tamed her so easily. She'd tried to explain that there was no real taming involved, however, they couldn't understand. It was weird, her friends would probably never understand. She and Remy shared something that was so rare in the snake community. They had love and respect, true soul mates.

Her eyes closed as she sank deeper into the heated leather, basking in the hot sun. The scent of the couch slowly enveloped her, reminding her of Remy, that hot musky smell that was all his and all hers. A small contented smile flitted across her face as she edged up the front of her top just enough to bath her small rounded belly in the warm light.

The baby was healthy; numerous private scans from their personal doctor had proved that it was. A very healthy baby indeed, as they were past the three month danger period. Unfortunately, for them, as shifters, the most dangerous time was yet to come. She couldn't shift while pregnant, for obvious reasons. Pythons lay eggs, they did not carry human shaped fetuses; any shift in her body structure at all would endanger the baby. Which was hard to state the least, she was a shifter used to changing at least once a month. For her to go nine consecutive months was going to be tough, but it was achievable. It would have to be achievable.

The most dangerous time would be in the last few months of pregnancy. Her skin would be itching for the change, tightening as her muscles cramped and begged for release. She'd be strong though, she'd have to be. And with Remy beside her she could face anything. The doctor had explained everything though, even stating that nearer her time she'd come and live at the nest with her. Also if her need became too violent or desperate, the doctor would carry a muscle relaxant; something used only as a last result as it may harm the baby.

The whole process sounded scary, made more frightening by the deliberately calm voice that the doctor had. For some reason people telling her not to worry always made her worry more. Then there was the actual giving birth, which terrified her even more. But all that was a little far away and to start stressing about that now would not help or change the situation any more or less. She'd decided just to relax and take things as they came to her.

She heard his footsteps rushing towards her over the hard wood floor. Considering his footwear, his steps were always so light. She smiled as he approached her.

"You're in a hurry," she said without opening her eyes.

He walked in, a smile playing on his lips. "Always in a hurry to get back to you, love. How was your day?" He moved his hand from behind his back, presenting a dozen pink roses and a box of mint bon-bons. "See. I don't forget."

She opened her eyes and grinned, the scent of mint and the flowers drifting over to her. "No you never forget, babe. Thank you." She took the bon-bons and stuffed one in her mouth. "So... what haven't you forgotten?"

"That you wanted the mint ones today, or so you said when I left you sprawled on the bed." He came to stand in front of her and dropped to his knees laying his head on her slight bump, kissing it. "And hello to you little one."

"Ahh, well in that case, well done. I had forgotten that I was in the mood for these." She laughed, arching into his kiss.

His five-o'clock shadow scratched lightly on her shirt as he rubbed his face on her. "What did you do today? Decide on colors for the nursery?"

"Not really. I still can't make my mind up; there are so many different colors you know. I went for a little walk with Elise, then I had lunch, then I had a nap in the sun. As you can see I'm still here." She gestured around her smiling.

"Trust you in your delicate state to seek out the warmest spot in the house. I'm glad the Indian summer has lasted. With any luck we will have it through October. Doctor Halford said it was the best thing for you to keep the change at bay, to indulge your snake side as human. Is it working?"

"Yeah, a little. I don't feel the need to change. So it must be. I have been exhausted, though." Her bones creaked as she stretched and yawned.

"Ummm well that is expected. Don't worry, love, once this little bundle is born you can spend a month as a snake." He kissed her sweetly.

"A month?" She laughed. "I think a few hours will suffice, love. I don't think I could leave the baby for that long, even as a snake."

Remy smiled and got up, taking her hand. "Elise wants us to take the family portrait. You up for it before dinner?"

"Before dinner? Sure, I don't see why not, I saw them all setting up the equipment, but nobody would let me help." She pouted.

"You're pregnant, love. The most strenuous thing you're doing is lifting a chocolate covered strawberry."

"You shouldn't all indulge my lazy side. All I'll ever do is lie in the sun or in front of the fire... I'll come to expect it."

"Nonsense. You're not one to sit by idly, and we all know that, but indulge in the pampering while you can. Snake children are a handful."

"Don't I know it... the crèche is a nightmare."

The rumble of laughter in his chest was accompanied by a wide grin. The din reaching them from the main family room alerted him to the task at hand. "I think we should go, my love, wouldn't want to keep the Archon and household waiting."

"Of course not." She smiled wryly.

She held her hand out and he took it, pulling her up to him smoothly and into a deep kiss. Chrissy relaxed into him, her husband and her life. As she pulled back from him she smiled; her smile saying more than words ever could. In a moment of perfect understanding he returned her smile, and then kissed her sweetly with his satin soft lips.

This was her home, with Remy and their baby. Together nothing could hurt them, and they would always be together. She'd always have family here, someone to watch over them. Elise was like a mother to them both, loving and sweet, even if she could be mistaken for her older sister. She'd always be there for them, helping and guiding. With Remy by her side she knew her future wouldn't be filled with the hopeless uncertainty her past was and that she would always now have a place to call home. She had finally found a place to belong, and her baby wouldn't have to grow up like she did, moving and alone. She was safe and loved and it was all thanks to a wild dream of her husband's, a dream that brought her mate to her. She would always be grateful to the powers that be for giving her everything she ever wanted. Love and life were the most precious gifts she could ever receive, and with Remy, she had both. She absently rubbed

her belly as they left the room, a train of baby names running through her head for the life she was now carrying. “Hey, what do you think of Evelyn for the baby?”