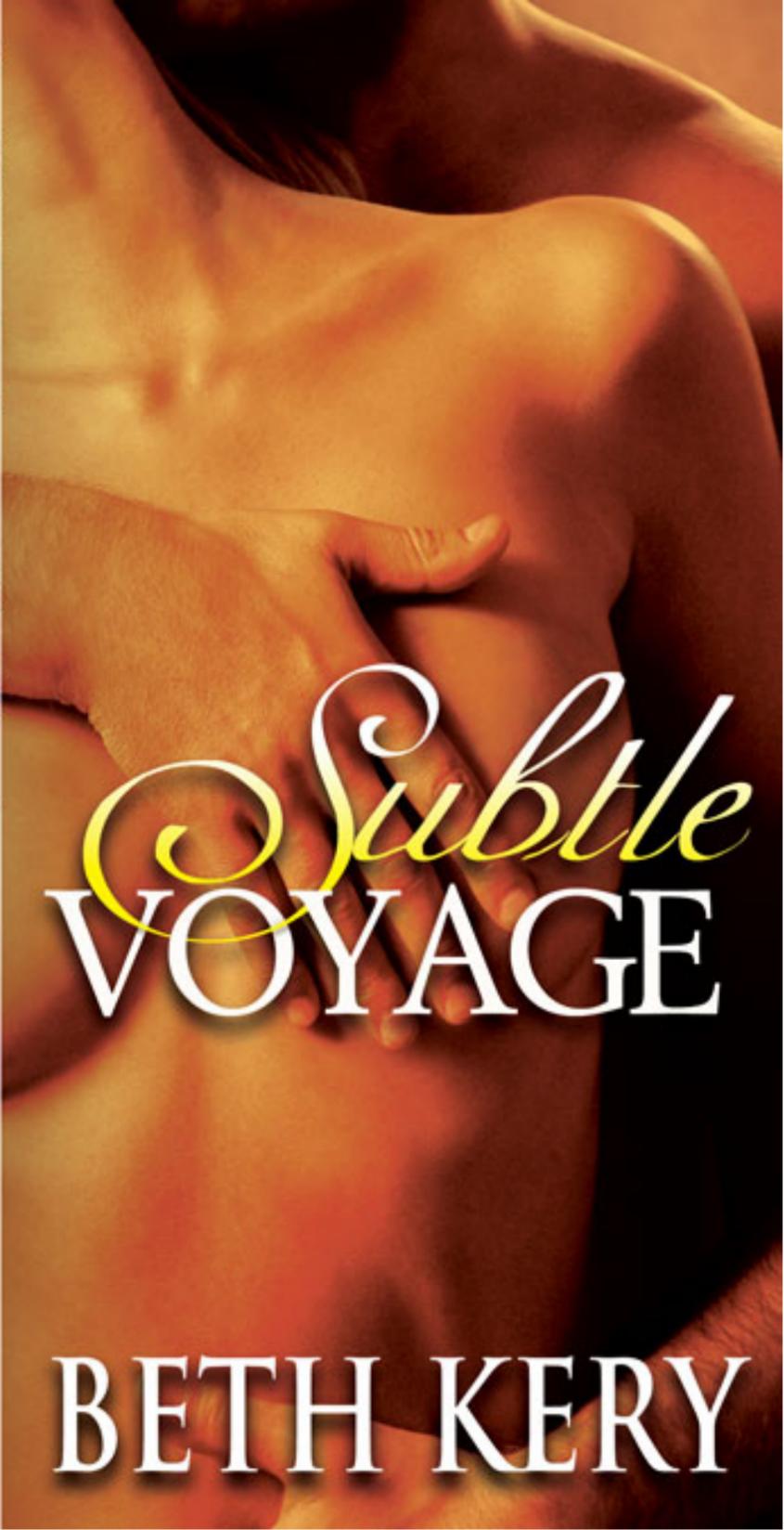


ELLORA'S CAVE EXOTIKA



Subtle
VOYAGE

BETH KERY

An Ellora's Cave Romantica Publication



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Subtle Voyage

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SUBTLE VOYAGE

Beth Kery

Author's Note

So there may well be in existence a creature endowed with a rational spirit and a corporeity less gross, more subtle than man's.

For the incubus, by reason of his rational mind and immortal spirit, is equal to man; and by reason of his body, more noble, because more subtle, so he is more perfect and more dignified than man. Consequently, when having intercourse with an incubus, man does not degrade, but rather dignifies, his nature.

They [Incubi] practice perfect coition, and sometimes beget.

Incubi, from their nature, may be well be styled Sons of God.

It is clear that [Incubi] are neither evil Demons nor Good Angels.

...the children thus begotten by Incubi are tall, very hardy and bloodily bold... It is generally a fact that men thus begotten [by Incubi] excel other men, yet such superiority is not always shown by their vices, but sometimes by their bravery, and even their virtues.

– Lodovico Maria Sinistrari, *Demoniality*

That the sons of gods saw the daughters of men that they were fair...

– *Genesis 6:2a*

Glossary

Druaga: The ancient line of priestesses who were identified at birth as being able to wield power in the subtle realms and then were trained for that specific purpose. Only women such as the Druaga were able to successfully mate with the mysterious Watcher fathers.

Grigori Council: The Watcher ruling body consisting of the king and five other Watchers who have been chosen and tested for their degree of wisdom and strength.

Leman: A human female, not powerful enough to be a true mate but still having the sexual power to feed and empower a Watcher to a greater degree than typical women.

Rush: The burst of rarified subtle energy provided by a human female's orgasm. A Rush is essentially Watcher food, their sustenance for existence in the physical world.

Subtle Bodies: Generally speaking, any of the several energy bodies, all of which are more rare or subtle than the physical body but which permeate it and act as the template for the flesh.

Chapter One

"Excited, Dr. Peck?" he asked.

Dr. Aileen Peck's body shimmered in sensual awareness at the sound of Saya Lange's deep, resonant voice rumbling in the intimate confines of the halted car.

The answer was an unequivocal *yes*.

She fervently hoped that the seductive dance of tease and retreat that she and Saya had been engaging in all week while they studied the Neolithic site of Saint Madeleine would come to a climax very soon. Aileen was going to explode from pure sexual frustration if it didn't. How could he regularly make love to her and yet never touch her? He accomplished it with his compelling voice, his dark sapphire-blue eyes, and that small, knowing smile that drove her nuts.

"No moon and not a cloud in the sky. I'm ecstatic, Dr. Lange." When she recognized the husky quality of her voice, she turned and determinedly started rooting among her supplies in the backseat of the rental car, overwhelmed by sexual excitement. She wasn't accustomed to feeling so horny before a man so much as touched her.

Saya smiled sadly. The planet Venus shone in the star-filled dome of the black night sky, casting more than enough light to illuminate the vague embarrassment on Aileen's features. He'd been quite taken with the professor of anthropology when she sought him out after a lecture he'd given in Vienna a little over a month ago. Her concise understanding of some of his more obscure theories and her low, smoky voice weren't easy to forget.

What was obvious to him was apparently not so obvious to Aileen. He could "see" her deep cache of sensuality in her bright aura as easily as he could see her smooth, soft-looking skin and intelligent gray eyes.

No matter how many times he encountered it Saya couldn't imagine why a woman who possessed the subtle beauty of Aileen Peck—a woman who clearly could be a pure channel for the Goddess—would *ever* have cause to be embarrassed when it came to her sexuality. Personally he was bowled over by her vibrant, rapidly moving subtle essences.

Saya had an innate gift among the race of subtle matter beings called Watchers. He possessed a talent for identifying women who had the capability for *esenorgos*, short refractory periods between orgasms—and thus the ability for repeated, powerful climaxes. He could look at a woman and see her sexual potential as easily as her smile.

They were going to engage in a magnificent sensual feast on this Winter Solstice.

His rare species had the ability to focus their consciousness into one of many energy bodies but solid flesh was the most difficult to maintain. Only mated Watchers could remain humanlike in form for extended periods of time, and Saya had not yet been blessed in finding one of those rare women powerful enough to be a mate. It taxed his Will and strength considerably to do it—he had depleted himself by conferring Leo, one of his Knights, with enough energy to drive the second car tonight—but Saya identified with his corporeal body nevertheless.

It was worth the expenditure of energy to be able to touch Aileen on the cheek and see her dove-gray eyes widen as she went entirely still.

“Leave your backpack, Aileen. There will be time to get it later.”

His gaze flickered back to the headlights of the vehicle that pulled up smartly behind them.

His four Knights had arrived. The anticipation that built in him went far beyond that of a typical night of Watcher seduction and lovemaking. If Saya didn't miss his educated guess, not to mention his subtle intuition, something very exciting was about to happen in the ancient chamber of Saint Madeleine tonight.

The stone henge and underground chamber had been named, in recent history, for the tiny church a quarter mile away. Saya had been studying and assisting Aileen in

excavating the earth-covered mound located in Brittany for a week now. Saint Madeleine, like many similar sites, was being called Neolithic. But Saya was convinced that the stone chambers were much older than humans had ever conceived them to be. When Saya had first learned that the Saint Madeleine possessed a quartz-lined inner chamber similar to several henges and earthen mounds in Scotland and Ireland that he'd investigated, he knew he had to see it.

Tonight Saya would be experimenting with a theory that he'd been formulating along with his good friend Eli Aurelius for a while now. Fate had bountifully supplied him with the perfect human woman to test out his hypothesis.

"Let's go check out the effect that Venus is having on the chamber," he whispered gruffly as Leo, Rama, Aime and Valac started to get out of the sedan behind them.

Aileen licked her lower lip anxiously. A shiver of piqued awareness prickled from where Saya still touched her cheek all the way down her spine, awakening her sex like a spark to kindling. His mundane suggestion struck her as highly erotic. That was nothing unusual though. Since she'd met Saya Lange at a conference on Neolithic sites as possible astronomical observatories, Aileen had regularly had lustful fantasies about him, both in her waking thoughts and in her dreams.

A man as handsome and brilliant as Saya probably had all sorts of women throwing themselves at him, including conservative academics who were too old to be getting starry-eyed and panty-wet because of a genius IQ, bedroom eyes and a body that made flagrant promises of sublime sexual fulfillment.

Come to think of it, an intelligent, mature woman would have *every* reason to be worked into a frenzy over Saya Lange.

"Okay I guess I can come back for my stuff after we take a look at the effect that Venus is having in the chamber," Aileen said breathlessly. Unconsciously she leaned into the warmth of Saya's hand. She'd shared any number of steamy stares with him, and with those four indescribably beautiful men whom Saya said "worked" for him,

but this was the first time he'd ever touched her. The unusually bright light that Venus cast allowed her to see the familiar small, knowing smile on his rugged features.

Saya savored the satiny softness of her cheek with his stroking thumb before he brushed his fingertips through her hair.

"Aileen?"

"Yes?" she asked dreamily.

"Take off your belt before we enter the chamber."

She blinked. "*What?*"

"Your earrings and watch as well. It's an old superstition in Scotland. Humor me."

Aileen laughed and shook her head. She tried not to show her disappointment when his hand dropped.

"No metal in a faerie ring? You've *got* to be kidding, Saya."

She felt the weight of his stare.

Aileen opened her mouth to ride him about taking folklore so seriously when he held doctoral degrees in two of the most "rational" sciences, astronomy and mathematics, but something stopped her. She'd learned enough from spending the past week with Saya to know that he was anything but a typical academic. In fact, in flights of extreme fancy she'd compared him in her mind to the legendary priest astronomers of old. He would be perfectly cast in a Hollywood film as an enigmatic, dead-sexy arch-druid.

Ridiculous, she assured herself as she dropped her watch on the center console. His grin flashed white in his dark face when she unbuckled her belt.

Saya still smirked when he stepped out of the passenger side of the car into the crisp night air. In truth, Watchers had a custom that was in direct opposition to the old superstition to which he'd just alluded. It was a Druaga custom that Watchers still adhered to when entering prehistoric chambers such as Saint Madeleine.

Saya clearly recalled the stark, fierce expression on the Druaga Maerda's face when Saya had accompanied her, Jax Ammadon, the King of the Watchers, and Skylar, Jax's mate, on a leisurely hike to a similar site on the Isle of Skye, Scotland. The old crone had stopped Skylar roughly before any of them could enter the chamber and thrust a dagger into her hand.

"Never, *never* enter a place such as this one without a piece of metal – and the more lethal that metal the better!"

But why should the Watchers continue to blindly follow Druaga directives? Who was to say that it wasn't Celtic folklore that had it right while the ancient line of priestesses had got it all wrong?

Valac scowled up at Saya from where he leaned against the hood of the second rental car.

"What's wrong with you?" Saya asked drolly. "Leo's driving?"

"There's nothing wrong with my driving. I've driven *four times* before!" Leo said sourly as he rose out of the driver's seat and slammed the door heavily.

Aileen laughed. She paused when she realized that all four of the men who had been in the car behind them had turned their fathomless stares directly on her. It was a disconcerting feeling, like suddenly being the target of four conscious search beams. She hadn't begun to get used to the sensation over the past week. She felt as if Saya and the four men were either dissecting her soul or turning her flesh into liquid desire with those preternatural gazes.

Even after spending a week with Saya, Valac, Aime, Leo and Rama, Aileen kept having the same surreal sensation that she'd had the first time they were introduced. Every one of the five men who surrounded her was well beyond six feet tall and each one divinely beautiful in a unique way.

Rama's dark, olive-colored skin, perfectly harmonious masculine features and velvety black eyes brought to her mind sultry desert nights and forbidden manners of pleasing the flesh. Leo was the tallest of them all and the leanest, though Aileen had no

doubt that his torso rippled with delineated muscle beneath his casual outdoor clothing. Aileen caught the warm glint in his light blue eyes when she met his gaze, recognizing the sizzling fires that belied his icy Nordic good looks.

"Sorry, Leo," Aileen murmured, smothering her laughter. "It was just the way you said it, like you'd only driven four times in your entire life...*ever*."

"That's twice as much as Valac has and —"

"I'm still a much better driver than you," Valac accused irritably.

"When the Fathers come home you will be!" Leo responded.

Valac's handsome face tensed as though he was about to argue. He halted abruptly when Saya made a subtle movement with his hand.

Aime caught her eye when Aileen glanced his way. He had the shoulders of an American football player but the rest of him was pure black Irish, including the ever-present gleam of devilry in his green eyes. His Celtic-god smile managed to carry a message of helpless apology for his friends and potent sexual promise all at once.

Aileen's body pulsed with a wave of vibrant heat when she felt a touch on her upper arm. It took her a moment to realize that the powerful sensation was sexual arousal at a level she'd never before experienced or even guessed at. She looked up dazedly into Saya's dark eyes. He wore his small, inexplicable smile. If she didn't know better she would swear that he knew perfectly well that the mere touch of his fingertips had just melted her flesh and bones into sex putty for the second time tonight.

Mold me any way you please, Dr. Lange, Aileen thought dazedly.

"Valac and Leo are just irritable because they're hungry," Saya said.

Aileen noticed the amused glance that Rama and Aime exchanged.

"I brought sandwiches," she offered. "They're in the backseat."

She stopped on the way to get them and spun around when Saya called out to her.

"Leave be, Aileen," Saya said in his deep voice—the voice of a man used to being obeyed. "Sandwiches won't appease them."

Aileen gaped in disbelief at the nonverbal message in his stare. Her eyes flickered over to the golden-brown-haired, bronzed-skinned Valac.

He watched her hungrily.

Her lips moved but nothing came out when she transferred her gaze from one man to the next. Blood seemed to rush out of her brain and pool between her legs. It was as though they'd been exposing her to only the tiniest glimpse of their masculine desire as they'd all worked side by side this week on Saint Madeleine.

Each one of them stared at her with naked, feral lust, the intensity of which Aileen had never imagined in her life, let alone seen.

Leo moved suddenly. Aileen watched mutely as he opened the back door of the sedan and drew out two thick, rolled sleeping bags.

"Are you ready to go inside the chamber, Aileen?" Saya asked in his rich, compelling voice.

Her gaze found his in the vibrant Venus starlight.

"Yes, Saya," she answered solemnly.

Chapter Two

The brilliant evening star bathed the field and the mound of Saint Madeleine in a soft, benevolent light. Just months ago sheep had grazed on top of the slight rise in the earth, peacefully unaware that they feasted on top of a sacred chamber that was so ancient that it predated even the Watchers' first memories. The entrance and twenty-five-foot passageway that led to the underground chamber had been fully excavated by now. Aileen's unique scholarly contribution had been the discovery of the sky box, the narrow opening in the roof of the chamber that allowed sun-, moon- and starlight to enter the quartz-lined room.

Even Saya had agreed that there could be no better indication that the now partially buried henge and the mound had been used by ancient man as an astronomical observatory. After doing some measurements and calculations, he had insisted that they all return on the night of the Winter Solstice in order to see Venus' effect in the quartz chamber.

Aileen and Leo both carried powerful flashlights. Leo turned his on once they'd passed the fallen remains of standing stones that had once been a small henge surrounding the mound. For a moment the lights behind Aileen cast their shadows on the towering white granite dolmen that marked the entrance to the chamber. Aileen shivered at the sight of the five shadows that the men cast. It was as if the standing stones of the nearby Carnac plains truly had been giants that had unfrozen on this magical night and come to stand just behind her.

A prickle of uneasiness went through her when she noticed that while her own shadow cast a pitch-black shape on the stark stone, the men's, though substantial and delineated, looked more gray than black...more ephemeral. She spun around, eyes

wide, unconsciously seeking out Saya's mysterious yet somehow comforting gaze in her moment of fear.

How had she come to this strange point in her life? What exactly had her intellectual curiosity and fanatical lust for Dr. Saya Lange gotten her into? Aileen was a scientist, a practical, level-headed woman. Yet all week long she'd been working side by side with men whom she'd fancifully come to suspect were *not* men at all.

Sometimes they were cold, strange and alien. Often they were funny and endearing. Usually they were seductive and...*divine*. Aileen knew it must be the fey quality of the night that made her consider it but she could think of no better word to describe Saya and his beautiful, mysterious men.

And now, if she wasn't greatly mistaken, she'd just tacitly agreed to enter this Neolithic structure and have sex with all five of them.

"Everything is going to be okay, Aileen," Saya said softly. He knew that at that moment she profoundly sensed their essential difference from her. Watchers *were* only half human, after all.

And what the other half was only the Gods knew.

Humans throughout the ages had called them incubi, demons, shining ones, fallen angels, the Gentry, fauns, jinni and lutins, among other things. The title of incubi—the spirits that sexually tempt and seduce women in their sleep—at least captured the Watchers' long and complicated evolutionary and genetic history with human women.

Females provided them with the sustenance they required to exist and operate in the physical world. The subtle energy that a woman released during the intense, focused explosion of sexual orgasm—what they called her Rush—was the primary source of their sustenance and the only way to attain the solid body. Women everywhere, in every time in history, owed the Watchers gratitude for some of their most pleasurable wet dreams and realistic night visitations.

They were essentially subtle energy beings. Each of them had the ability and power to manifest with varying degrees of strength in the physical world. But Watchers craved corporeal existence above all else, which is why they had voracious sexual appetites and a profound sense of respect for human women.

A woman was nothing less than the initiatrix for a Watcher into full corporeality, after all.

Saya understood that this is what Aileen was currently experiencing—a strange combination of fear at the realization of their alien nature combined with a powerful feeling of desire and disbelief as she recognized how much each of them wanted her...cherished her, even in a manner that she had never envisioned.

He stepped forward, communicating telepathically to his Knights to stay back as he spoke to her in a low murmur.

"Nothing will happen inside that chamber tonight if it isn't your deepest desire. This I promise you," Saya murmured as she stared up at him, the flashlight making her face look pale. He easily sensed her anxiety as he probed her mind lightly, searching for the cause. "What is it? Tell me what you're unsure about, Aileen."

"Will it be...safe?"

"Yes," he assured quickly, reading her mind with ease this time. It would only confuse her further if he explained that Watcher sex was always "safe sex" since they would make love to her psychokinetically. It would feel more real to her than this reality, in many ways *would* be more real. He alone was powerful enough to touch her and taste her in the physical sense, although that sacred contact must necessarily be brief. So instead of attempting to verbally explain, Saya reached into the fragile workings of her brain with his mind and planted the truth on an unconscious level. Tension visibly eased out of her muscles.

"I'll keep you safe, Aileen."

"I believe you," she whispered. He smiled when he saw the trust in her eyes.

"Leave the flashlights outside," Saya ordered before he took her hand and led her to the entrance of the sacred chamber, his four Knights following behind.

Things were a little crowded in the stone room, Aileen realized, especially since the five men were of such large proportions. Once they were inside, her anxiety got the better of her. She tried her best to ignore the fact that Leo matter-of-factly spread the sleeping bags on the earthen chamber floor as she examined the night sky from the narrow roof box—a rectangular window in the chamber created long ago by the ancients.

"Venus should shine down through in a half hour or so," she said breathlessly. When she turned around her eyes immediately found Saya in the small room. He sat on the sleeping bag, his long, jean-clad legs bent in front of her, leaning against one of the white quartz slabs that made up the walls of the room.

"Come here," he said calmly.

Aileen glanced around nervously, aware that the four other men stood in various places about the chamber, the tops of their heads nearly brushing the low capstones of the ceiling. The brilliance of the night sky filtering in both through the entryway and the narrow sky box, in addition to the stark white walls, made the small space surprisingly bright.

They all watched her with rigid, steady stares that made her nipples feel prickly and achy against the material of her bra. Her pussy throbbed and flushed with heat as she slowly moved toward Saya. When he held up his arms she knelt and went into them without hesitation. He widened his thighs and pulled her against him, groin to groin, belly to belly.

Emotion overwhelmed her as she pressed against his hard, vibrant body and his rich, male scent enveloped her. Her face burrowed against his chest, her eyes clamped shut. She felt his hand in her hair, soothing her, as if he understood her riotous emotions. A desire that felt completely foreign to her in its strength seemed to rise in

her chest and throat. She made a choking, sobbing sound, her lack of control mortifying her.

“Shhh,” Saya whispered. He spread his hands on each side of her head and lifted her face to him. Her heartbeat thundered in her ears when he dipped his head slowly and began to tenderly ravage her lips.

She whimpered at the onslaught of pleasure that followed and closed her eyes.

He proceeded to make love to her mouth as though it were the most delicious morsel that he’d ever tasted. He tilted her jaws down, forcing her to open so that he could sink his tongue between her lips.

A low groan vibrated Saya’s throat as he surrounded himself in her heat and taste. He firmed his hold and tilted his mouth to get a new angle on her, his tongue plunging and dominating, thoroughly bespelled by the sweetness of her essence and her generous responsiveness.

Their kiss became wild...ravenous.

Aileen completely forgot about the other men in the chamber. Only Saya existed – his possessive tongue, the exquisite suction of his mouth, his hard chest, the stony ridge of his erection that pressed against her belly and achy pussy. She was so lost in the erotic spell that Saya’s kiss cast on her that she was thoroughly disoriented when he determinedly sealed the kiss and leaned the back of his head against the quartz wall.

“You’re delicious, Aileen,” he muttered gruffly. “You almost made me forget about the arrival of the evening star.” His long forefingers caressed her brow and then brushed gently over her eyelids, closing them.

She immediately opened them again.

“I want you to sleep right now.”

Sleep? Aileen thought blankly. Her vagina clenched over an aching emptiness. She could feel the heat of Saya’s swollen erection throbbing into her.

Why would she want to *sleep*, of all things? Although she had to admit, her eyelids suddenly felt strangely heavy...

The next morning she told herself that she had imagined what happened next. Saya's sensual mouth never moved but she heard his voice, clear and sharp as audible crystal in her mind.

I want you to sleep he said with a patient authority. He smiled at her look of amazement and lightly brushed his fingertips over her eyelids. *Trust me, Aileen. My men and I are going to make sure that you have the loveliest, most realistic dreams of your life.*

And then she slept...as if the only rationale her body required was that Saya Lange had said that he wanted it.

What followed *should* have possessed a dreamlike quality. But on the contrary, from the moment that Aileen came to consciousness and felt two large, masculine hands spread across her hips and ass and the soft, electrifying sensation of a long tongue prowling moistly between her labia, Aileen Peck was more completely, utterly *awake* than she'd ever been in her life.

"Saya," she groaned uncontrollably at the jolt of concentrated pleasure. She never doubted that it was he who was building the storm of pleasure between her legs. Her hips wiggled. She wanted to drown in the delicious sensation, increase the friction...feel *more*. But simultaneously a part of her was overwhelmed by the blinding intensity of the erotic torture.

She stilled in shock when he popped her bare ass once with his palm.

"Hold still, Aileen. You want this as much as I do," Saya growled directly next to her damp sex.

She gasped at the sensation of his lips sliding against and vibrating into her hypersensitive flesh as he spoke.

Her eyes opened wide as he resumed his activities. On some shadowy, vague level she was aware that she was on her hands and knees on the ground of Saint Madeleine's inner chamber. But most of her consciousness focused with hyper-clarity on Saya's divine suck and roll on her clit.

What he was doing to her was only remotely similar to what she knew of the practice of cunnilingus. It was like comparing a piece of quartz to the rarest of diamonds because both were glittery, pretty stones. His tongue was an unknown earthly phenomenon, alternating between a precise press, a whipping motion that seemed more rapid than a hummingbird's wings and a velvety suck that Zeus himself might have used to soothe the mortal Semele during her unbearable raptures as he loved her.

Time was suspended. Saya brought her to climax not once but twice, only the erotic sounds of moist flesh sliding against moist flesh, his low grunts of gratification and Aileen's sharp cries and gasps of disbelieving pleasure interrupting the dense silence conferred by the cradling earth.

Saya's smile may have been a little smug when he finally lifted his head from her pussy minutes later. Her Rush was powerful but it was her amazingly brief refractory stage—the time period when she was physiologically unable to climax due to a previous orgasm—that made Aileen such a treasure.

She sobbed, still under the explosive impact of her second powerful, prolonged orgasm beneath the onslaught of Saya's mouth. A moment later she heard his tender yet commanding voice at first at a distance and then slowly approaching nearer and nearer.

"Aileen, look up. I am here for you."

And when she did tilt her neck back and open her eyes the very real sensation of his fingers pushing the hair off her damp cheeks greeted her. She was on her hands and knees in the starlit chamber. How she'd gotten that way she never thought to question.

All of her attention was focused on the beautiful, compelling man who stared down at her from a kneeling position, his hands bracketing her face.

He wore nothing but a pair of low-riding jeans. His dark hair hung down on his forehead, mussed from the time he'd spent between her thighs. She moaned with an acute stab of renewed desire at the sight of his sculpted lips and chin shining with her juices. Her eyes toured longingly over a powerful chest and taut belly. The hair on his chest and the thin, erotic trail that crossed his bellybutton and disappeared into his jeans were a dark chestnut brown. She licked her lower lip fleetingly when she saw how full he looked behind the fly of his jeans.

Saya tilted her head slightly until she met his eyes. "You are a woman like no other."

Aileen believed him. She would until the day she died. Truth was the essence of Saya's magic.

The reverence in his voice caused her already jellied flesh to turn to syrup.

"You are ready?"

"Yes," Aileen assured him with a pressurized hiss.

His smile caused the muscles of her pussy to clench tight in agonized longing. She cried out when she felt the smooth, thick head of a penis press against her wet, delicate tissues. Then the tapered head flicked up against her clit in three rapid, flirtatious bats that left her open-jawed in stunned lust.

She tried to turn around to see who was behind her but Saya held her chin firmly in his grasp, preventing movement. At the same moment several hands began to caress her hips and the sensitive sides of her ribs. Fingers gently whisked across her suspended, vulnerable nipples feeling pleasingly abrasive and warm, the temperature an erotic contrast to the coolness of the stone chamber.

Saya narrowly watched her reaction to having Rama poised between her thighs and Leo and Valac caressing her soft skin, teasing and lightly pinching her nipples. The five of them had made love to countless women before and had long ago grown accustomed

to working together. Yet there was nothing routine about their lovemaking, for every woman was unique—her body, her mind...her desires. As their leader, Saya “read” those desires and directed his Knights in the best manner to fulfill them.

He knew that smart, demure little Aileen Peck wanted to be overwhelmed...to burn in the deep, hot fires of her passionate soul when before she’d only cautiously held her hands up to the flames.

He sensed her anticipation and mounting excitement, her willingness to take the plunge. The knowledge pleased him.

“Now, Rama.”

Aileen’s eyes widened at Saya’s stark order. She moaned a second later when a thicker cock than her pussy had ever known slowly pushed into her slit. It felt like too much. When she instinctively gave slightly at the invasion, two hands that she sensed were not Rama’s held her hips steady as the cock continued to spear her flesh. It hurt a little but the pleasure was what caused her brain to practically short-circuit, especially when she distinctly felt the delineated cap sink into her flesh and then back out, causing a marvelous sucking vacuum that pulled deliciously all the way to her core.

Saya continued to watch her face closely as Rama breached her. His eyebrows went up with both amusement and prurient interest when his Knight groaned in ecstasy.

“Very tight,” Saya whispered so intimately that Aileen’s riotously firing brain cells couldn’t comprehend if he was speaking to her or to Rama. She cried out as Rama’s cock carved its way further into her flesh, causing nerves in her body that she didn’t know she possessed to fire madly. Saya’s face tightened slightly with concern.

“Perhaps you should lubricate her,” Saya said tautly.

“Trust me, Saya, she’s cream-filled,” Rama gasped as he began to thrust in and out of her.

Aileen moaned loudly at the impact of their erotic exchange combined with the sensation of her nipples being stimulated more rigorously by one—or perhaps two—of the men, being held steady for Rama’s powerful thrusts and Saya’s compelling stare.

Saya released her jaw but Aileen had no desire to turn around anymore. Her eyes were all for him as he slowly unfastened his jeans and drew them, along with his briefs, down over his long, hard, hair-sprinkled thighs.

The moment he took his cock into his hand, stroking it lightly, a surreal, soft light began to fill the chamber. In the back of her mind she knew it was Venus moving through the night sky and beginning to cast her magical light upon them.

For the most part, however, she was preoccupied with the sight of Saya's long, shapely penis. He was fully aroused. His cock was a shade darker than his big hand where he held it mid-staff, lightly stroking himself. The head was smooth and fat and fleshy. The stalk was straight and proud, his testicles round and full. Just the sight of them made her womb seem to suck inward with lust.

Rama gave a sharp, triumphant cry, rewarded by her profound desire for Saya. She fixated hungrily on the fleshy crown of Saya's cock while Rama's penis finally pushed all the way into her and tapped her furthest limit.

"Open your mouth, Aileen," Saya demanded gently.

She complied without thought because she was screaming brokenly as pleasure tore through her flesh.

Saya waited until Rama had received the full impact of her Rush energies before he touched her. Watchers believed that whoever conferred a woman pleasure should be the primary recipient of her Rush. If Saya, or any other of his Knights touched her at that moment, they would be fortunate enough to share her exquisite, empowering essences, sharing in them but also diluting the experience somewhat for Rama. He could tell by the expression of ecstasy on Rama's face as Aileen's subtle energies pounded through him that he was stunned by the singular quality of her Rush.

Aileen's eyes blinked open hazily at the sensation of Saya's fingers on her, tilting her jaw downward. At the same moment that he touched her, eight other hands made contact with her body, stroking her thighs, the back of her neck and belly, palming one breast, lightly pinching the painfully erect nipple of the other.

She felt as if she were drowning in sensual delight.

Rama began to fuck her at an eye-crossing pace, their flesh slapping together rhythmically now. Lovely aftershocks of climax rippled through her as she stared once again at Saya's beautiful cock. *Yes*, she wanted to suck on that fleshy spear...so much so that she was filled with a powerful, strange desire to have him push it into her throat. That was how aroused she was. She wanted to be stuffed full of Saya, filled, overwhelmed by this enigmatic man.

She met his stare and stretched her mouth wide...waiting...wanting.

Rama paused, fully sheathed in her pussy, as Saya pushed his cock between her lips. Aileen wondered vaguely if Rama had paused because he was watching. Perhaps all the men were watching. It only added to her feeling of piqued excitement. Saya's cock felt deliciously warm and heavy as it slid along her tongue. She instinctively began to close around him, which didn't actually require much movement. He was so thick that her completely spread lips just ghosted his girth. But as she tightened around him and her tongue sought out the thick ridge beneath the succulent crown, Aileen felt a sharp crack on her ass.

A small smile tilted Saya's lips when he saw Aileen's startled expression. He gently pushed down on her jaw. "Always keep your mouth spread wide Aileen, and your tongue still until I tell you otherwise. Agreed?"

Her eyes remained huge in her face as she quickly made an abbreviated nodding gesture with her head. Liquid heat gushed around Rama's cock. He gave an answering agonized groan. Aileen saw Saya nod once tersely as he continued to stare into her eyes.

Both men began to move in her at once. Saya slid his penis along her tongue until the tip just ghosted the back of her throat before he withdrew. He cradled the back of her jaw with one hand and used the other to serve his cock through her widely straining lips. He scraped lightly against her teeth and she strained to open wider, worried she might hurt him. Saya gave a small smile at her efforts. She could tell by the gleam in his dark eyes that he was far from uncomfortable.

Aileen moaned with concentrated desire. She wanted to close around his flesh so badly that it became a physical pain. The feeling of the thick rim beneath the fleshy cap sliding and pressing against her sensitive tongue and not being able to fully explore it was the cruelest erotic torment. It was the equivalent of dying of starvation and having someone place the most succulent, moist meat upon the tongue and commanding that it rest there when the body insisted that the mouth suck out the flavorful juices and worry the morsel until every drop slid down the throat.

Her tongue curved around him, pressing up hungrily, ravenous to increase the contact of flesh against flesh. She saw Saya's handsome face tighten at the subtle, sinuous movement. His ridged abdominal muscles flexed in pleasure, his cock slid along her tongue at an increased rate.

"Is that what you want, Aileen?" he whispered huskily. "You want it faster...harder?"

She nodded slightly, unable to speak with his heavy weight on her tongue.

"Give it to her then, Rama," he said tensely.

Big hands squeezed her breasts, making the nipples captives between thumbs and forefingers while two warm, sucking mouths fixed upon them.

Saya's nostrils flared with tense arousal a moment later as he stared down at Aileen's rapturous expression as she hovered on yet another crest of release. He groaned in pleasure as her throat began to vibrate in a scream, making her tongue tremble delicately as Rama held her hips steady and began to pound into her.

As overwhelmed as Aileen was, as she tipped over a glorious wave of climax she whimpered in loss when Saya withdrew his cock from her mouth. But she was too far gone to stop the tsunami of pleasure from crashing into her when Rama pushed himself into her to the hilt and diddled her slick clit with his finger.

Everything went black for a moment as pleasure racked her relentlessly.

"Open your eyes. I want to watch you," she distantly heard Saya say, harshly enough to break through her ecstatic focus.

She blindly looked up. When she found his eyes, he held her soul captive with his magnetic gaze while she cried out helplessly in orgasm.

She gasped several seconds later when Rama's still-rigid cock slid out of her. Her eyes went wide when she saw the gloriously nude, dark-skinned man come around to the front of her and kneel next to Saya. His swollen, glistening cock jutted out from a thick thatch of black hair, the dusky, glistening head weighing down the shaft at a downward angle. Every muscle in his hard, lean body was pulled tight with tension as he hovered on the brink of his own release.

Saya kept his hand on her jaw but moved aside. Rama came forward and arrowed his straining penis between Aileen's lips.

Chapter Three

Her groan of disbelieving lust greeted him.

“Keep your mouth wide, Aileen,” Saya instructed firmly when he saw her eyes darken with arousal. “I want to see him come on your tongue.” He lowered his fingers to her neck. “I want to feel you swallow his seed.”

His words caused Aileen’s throat to vibrate with a moan of longing. Rama groaned at the sensation, shouting out sharply as orgasm slammed into him. Her eyes went wide at the thick stream of salty, warm semen that began to jet against her tongue. It quickly filled her mouth before she had the chance to swallow. She instinctively tried to close around his thick flesh and reposition him but she felt Saya’s fingers tighten on her jaw and neck.

“Stay still and keep your lips spread, Aileen. You look so beautiful.”

She barely heard him as she struggled to swallow all of Rama’s copious offering. She couldn’t prevent spilling some of it out of the corner of her mouth. Rama still grunted and grimaced, obviously in the midst of a powerful orgasm. When the initial, most forceful shuddering of his climax had passed, Aileen became better able to manage the rhythm of his spurting fluid and her own swallowing.

It aroused her more than she could put into words to feel Saya’s big, sensitive, fingertips pressed to her contracting throat muscles, lightly massaging her as she swallowed Rama’s cum.

Rama opened his dark, beautiful eyes a few seconds later and watched with a tensed jaw as the once nearly constant spurts of semen waned to become irregular spills. Aileen let these sit and spread on her tongue for a moment, savoring Rama’s musky taste before she swallowed. She felt Saya’s long forefinger softly caress her jaw. She glanced up, clearly seeing him in Venus’ protective glow.

Saya smiled as though he knew precisely what she'd been doing.

"Aime," Saya said huskily, still holding Aileen's stare.

Aileen gasped in disbelief when Rama slid out of her mouth at the same time that the head of another fat, steely-hard cock pressed at the gate of her pussy, demanding entrance.

"Ahhhh!" She cried out when Aime's big hands grabbed her hips. He speared her with a very long cock in one demanding stroke.

"Careful, Aime, she's small," Rama warned as he moved aside for Saya. He caught Aileen's eye. She looked thoroughly jolted by Aime's total possession. Aime began smacking their flesh together with gusto from the onset. Rama brushed his fingertips almost lovingly across her cheek.

"I want to thank you, Aileen," Rama said with a flashing white smile that made Aileen's eyes cling to him even as he moved away. She felt his fingertips a moment later caressing the sensitive side of her body, making her shiver. Her groan was low and guttural as Aime gave her stretched, increasingly hungry pussy a good old-fashioned fuck.

"Are you all right?"

She responded to Saya's deep, low voice automatically, even in the midst of the sensual assault on her body.

"It feels wonderful," she managed to whisper as she looked up into his stark, handsome face.

His smile made her tilt her hips at a slightly different angle, increasing the indirect pressure of Aime's cock on her clit. Aime and she moaned in unison.

Saya's smile widened. He bent his knees and brought their faces closer together. Both his hands came up to cradle her face. "Are you sure?" he asked just a quarter of an inch away from her, bathing her lips with the fragrant vapor of his breath. One of

Aime's particularly forceful thrusts bounced her body forward, making her lips brush too fleetingly against Saya's. "Aime can be very...athletic."

"I can take it," Aileen assured him. *And love every second of it*, she added to herself.

"And so you will," Saya growled in a low voice before he leaned forward and took her mouth in a hard, possessive kiss. Everything Aileen had wanted to do and to have done to her with his cock, he did with his tongue. He pillaged her depths and sought out all the secrets of her mouth, seemingly establishing it as his domain. That kiss told Aileen in no uncertain terms that he might allow his men to pleasure her but that she was his to do with as he pleased.

Aileen's wild, uninhibited return kiss assured him that he was correct.

She didn't know how long their tongues tangled and Saya applied a divine suction that seemed to magically manipulate her clit and even the deepest part of her womb, making it spasm and suck hungrily. Aileen wondered if she wasn't actually hallucinating the wonderful sensation when she heard Aime growl in increased arousal and his pumping motions became even more enthusiastic. Her body began to jolt violently with his forceful, increasingly rapid thrusts. She cried out in anguish when Saya broke their kiss.

"Valac, Rama—hold her steady."

Aileen panted and moaned. Were they forming a queue to fuck her? The thought was almost as arousing as the fact that four large hands spread around her waist and hips reinforcing Aime's hold on her. She was held totally immobile while Aime's big cock hammered into her.

Orgasm was imminent but she still opened her lips eagerly when Saya ordered it.

"Hold out your tongue," he added as he grabbed the thick root of his cock and closed in on her, holding her steady at the jaw.

Aileen's eyes rounded in disbelief when he began to beat his heavy erection against her tongue with a supernatural rapidity. Her gaze flashed up to his but for once he wasn't spearing her with his stare.

Instead he was watching himself cock-flog her tongue with avid arousal.

It was too much. Aileen's throat vibrated with a scream as she crested.

Her orgasm this time was so powerful that she wasn't aware Leo, Rama and Saya all broke contact with her as she came so as to give Aime the full benefit of her powerful Rush energies. Saya's gaze flickered up from the compelling sight of Aileen's lovely face transformed by ecstasy to rest on Aime.

His Knight also shuddered with pleasure as Aileen's subtle energies pounded into him, feeding and solidifying his corporeal body. Aime's eyes met Saya's. Saya nodded once in permission and Aime wasted no time in withdrawing from Aileen's pussy and coming around to the front of her on his knees.

Saya knew that Aileen was still in the deep space of recent orgasm so his voice was harsh when he told her to spread her lips. She responded immediately, opening her sex-drunk eyes and dark pink lips at once. Saya felt his own cock lurch almost uncomfortably as he watched Aime push his turgid member into her.

Aileen stretched her jaw mightily but Aime was so large, and even more swollen than usual because he was on the brink of orgasm. She had no choice but to close around his blood-engorged member. He barely squeezed the head into her before he roared in climax. He jerked his cock from her mouth.

"Keep your mouth open, Aileen," Saya ordered tautly.

She didn't have time to consciously comply and her lips sagged closed without the rigidity of the solid pillar around which they'd been stretched. A stream of white cum fountained out of Aime's cock, shooting into her mouth and onto her lips and chin. Saya's thumb tilted her jaw downward in order to make a larger target but when the singular taste of Aime's semen soaked into her awareness she craned her mouth widely of her own volition, eager for more.

Which she got in abundance.

* * * * *

A bright light suddenly flashed in the chamber. Venus had moved in the skybox, striking the bottom of the quartz headstone. It caused a solid bar of brilliant light to form on the stone.

Saya felt his body begin to tingle as though a low-level electric shock had gone through his subtle bodies. His gaze sharpened back on Aime, who was still in the midst of climax. Aime shouted extra loud, an edge of surprise in his voice as though the increased vibratory rate that Saya sensed had increased the strength of his already violent orgasm.

Saya suppressed his groan of excitement as he watched Aime continue to shoot his semen on Aileen's lips, cheeks and chin and directly into her mouth. By the time Aime sagged forward, spent, her face was drenched and cum dripped from her chin. Saya's cock lurched when Aileen's wide gray eyes met his and she licked her lower lip hungrily.

This was an exquisite torture for Saya but he knew that his unbearable wait would make his final possession of Aileen so much more blissful for both of them. And by that time the concentrated power of the heavens combined with Aileen's powerful sex energies would create...

What?

He believed the six of them were generating exponential increases in the vibratory rate of their subtle energies, and in doing so, they would glimpse another world...a reality he suspected those ancient magicians had experienced. Watchers knew that other realities interpenetrated this one, worlds like the *faerie don* or the astral plane. But the one he believed these Neolithic and Paleolithic structures had been built to access was not any reality that the Watchers knew.

Saya's body prickled for the first time not only with powerful sexual arousal and anticipation but also anxiety. What they were doing was even more powerful than he'd hypothesized from the feel of things. Should he, perhaps, have informed King

Ammadon and the Grigori Council—the Watcher ruling body of which he was a member—what he had planned on this winter solstice?

But Aileen's big gray eyes brought him back fully to the moment. Amazing woman, he thought as he picked up his shirt and tenderly used it to dry her face. She watched him with wide, trusting eyes that turned him on nearly as much as flogging her tongue with his cock had earlier.

When he was done drying her, he bent over and pressed his lips to hers. For a few seconds their tongues dueled sensually. Her taste entranced him—sweet, musky...raw. When he sealed the kiss and raised himself, her eyelids flickered open. She looked beautiful...thoroughly drunk with pleasure.

"Let me suck your cock deep and swallow your cum," she whispered hoarsely. In some remote part of her awareness Aileen was vaguely shocked by her flagrant request. But that everyday, practical side of herself was too distant and dim to infringe on her intoxication, which combined satiation and arousal in equal measure.

Saya sank his fingers into her soft hair and caressed her scalp soothingly. "We will see," he said softly. In his customary fashion, he held her gaze as he spoke to Valac.

"She needs a break after Aime's pummeling. Valac, would you do the honors?" he said with a small smile.

"Let me help!" Aileen heard Aime say somewhere to the left of her. She tried to turn and look at the Celtic god-in-man-form but Saya held her head steady. She felt a big hand tenderly caress her waist and then her belly. "I want to make up for it if I was too hard on you, Aileen."

The chamber was beginning to glow like a crystal globe as the bar of light moved up the stone slab, making it easy for Saya to see Aileen blush. He smiled, knowing that she was embarrassed by Aime's matter-of-fact eagerness following the intimacy of what had just gone before.

"I would think it was obvious that I loved it, Aime," Aileen murmured breathlessly, wanting to give credit where it was due despite her embarrassment.

She heard Aime's deep chuckle and then the brush and rustle of big male bodies moving around her, positioning themselves beneath and behind her body.

"Yeah, I suppose you're right," Aime admitted gruffly a moment later from somewhere in the vicinity of her tailbone.

"Ohhh God!" Aileen abruptly exclaimed, overwhelmed by the simultaneous sensation of a limber tongue whipping and pressing against her clit and another burrowing deep into her slit. At the same time, two tongues began to lash her suspended nipples. Eight large hands either held or lightly caressed her body everywhere from her jaw to her thighs.

It felt like more pleasure than she could bear.

"Shhh, you can take it," Saya soothed. But she continued to keen in disbelieving arousal. Saya must have decided to take advantage of her vibrating tongue and throat. His cock was so erect that it felt like it was going to burst through the skin when he told her to spread her lips wide.

Aileen took one look at Saya's divine cock and craned up for him. The inches and inches of straight, thick flesh and his large, shapely, tapering crown turned her on more than any other cock she'd ever had. Already she'd come to crave his taste. She felt like crying because he wouldn't let her suck and lick him. Her whole body began to vibrate and tremble with sexual excitement as he pushed his cock along her tongue, further and further into her mouth. Sensual pathways that she'd never known existed had been opened up all along her body. The focused pleasuring of her nipples sent tongues of flame down to her pussy. Her clit sizzled with pleasure beneath the onslaught of whoever's talented tongue pressing and whipping and suckling her mercilessly. The bottoms of her feet burned with sympathy for what her clit endured. Even her asshole seemed to flex and pinch tightly with excitement, close as it was to the sinuous, wet onslaught that occurred between her legs.

It all felt so wonderful that she actually appreciated the moment of discomfort when Saya tickled the entryway to her throat with the tip of his cock. She gagged

reflexively but he held her head steady, not letting her move. Aileen stared up at him wide-eyed as his men whipped and licked her body into a frenzy of sexual excitement and he plugged the entryway of her throat with his cock. He winced with pleasure as her gag reflex and cry vibrated his flesh.

Even though tears fell down her face by the time he slid back along her tongue, withdrawing from her throat, Aileen craned forward for him, wanting him back. He restrained her by grabbing her hair at her neck.

“Push her against Valac’s tongue,” Saya said.

At first Aileen was confused by Saya’s inexplicable statement. He began to tug on her hair rhythmically, and all five of the males’ hands were rocking her body back gently but relentlessly on the tongue that harried and tortured her clit.

The realization of what they were doing combined with the sensation of being pushed with exquisite precision against Valac’s stiffened tongue by all five men brought climax to her doorstep, an expected but early guest.

The scream that erupted out of her throat was completely uninhibited and raw. It didn’t sound like a noise that Aileen Peck could even begin to make.

Saya grunted in aroused gratification when, for a split second, the bar of light caused by Venus reflecting on the crystalline wall fractured slightly, sending a million tiny rays of light all around the room. Aileen continued to scream in orgasm but the magnificent visual effect and the increase in vibratory frequency that Saya had briefly felt both dissipated as her cries quieted and her body slowed. It was clearly Aileen’s orgasms that powered the shift in reality.

His eyes flickered up to what most scientists considered to be Neolithic man’s crude symbols at the top center of the stone.

Because of his Watcher knowledge of languages, both present and past, Saya knew that the moment of power—the moment of ignition, so to speak—would come when Venus’ light bathed those symbols that he’d come to understand meant something akin to *subtle window*.

Chapter Four

Aileen blinked her eyes open onto a fuzzy world a few moments later. The first thing that she saw was the fat, bulbous head of a gold-colored cock just inches from her face. A pearl of cum grew at the eye on the crown.

"Oh!" she murmured as she opened her lips for Valac's beautiful cock. Without instruction from Saya she didn't close around him but just let him slide a short way into her mouth and rest heavily on her tongue.

"Stop," Saya ordered tensely.

Her eyes flickered over to him. It excited her beyond measure to know that he liked to watch another man explode on her tongue. Saya placed his hand on her throat possessively while Valac stroked his member rapidly with his hand. It took him longer to orgasm than it had Aime or Rama because Valac hadn't fucked her like they had. Still Aileen knew from the dense weight of Valac's penis and the tense expression on his handsome face that he was very aroused.

He bounced his cock against her tongue a few times before he howled in orgasm.

Once again Aileen struggled to not spill the large volumes of semen that spurted into her mouth and yet not choke either. She was so overwhelmingly aroused that as Valac spasmed on her tongue she defied Saya's orders and closed over him, licking and sucking that fleshy, golden spear and swallowing convulsively to keep up with the his tremendous emissions.

Saya's hand moved slightly on her rhythmically tensing throat but he didn't protest.

When she slowly opened her eyes a few moments later she was amazed to see that Rama, Aime and Leo all knelt beside Saya and Valac. They had watched her suck Valac's cock while he came. The realization made her flush with embarrassment but she

couldn't deny the pinch of arousal at her clit as well. Or maybe that just came from seeing all that beautiful, naked male flesh at once.

She must be the luckiest woman on the face of the Earth, she thought in befuddled awe as her eyes toured Aime's big, muscular body and Leo's long, lean one. Her flesh seemed to hum with an electrical, warm, tingling feeling like nothing she'd ever experienced.

She wondered vaguely if Valac felt it too when he groaned with renewed arousal. She abruptly realized that his cock was still in her mouth. Aileen glanced up at him. It struck her that he seemed more vibrant, more *present* than he had when she first saw him tonight. He slowly, seemingly regretfully withdrew his cock from the ring of her tight lips while the other men watched fixedly.

"Thank you, Aileen," Valac whispered with a warm smile.

The fat head of his cock sprang free from her lips with a popping sound. He grunted. Aileen blushed. She hadn't realized she'd still been applying such a steady suction. Her eyes immediately sprang up to Saya's. She'd hoped she would see the usual small, amused smile on his sculpted lips. She went utterly still when she saw the way his sapphire eyes glittered at her with stark arousal.

Or was it anger?

"Leo," Saya said succinctly.

The tall, blond man immediately moved behind where Aileen perched on her hands and knees. He placed a hand on her ass, alerting her to his presence but didn't make another move while Saya came to stand in front of her head again.

Saya hadn't felt this level of intensity about a woman for a long time. Maybe a century or more, he thought bemusedly as he stared down into Aileen's big, trusting gray eyes. She had been so aroused that she had defied his order to not suck a cock until he commanded it. Watchers loved more than anything to see a woman pitched into the throes of mindless excitement. That was clearly what had happened to Aileen and that had pleased him. Watching her pink lips close around Valac's cock, seeing her suck him

into her warm mouth with such greedy, focused lust had made his entire being pulsate with desire.

Inexplicably, it had piqued his anger as well. Watchers rarely became jealous but Saya was honest enough to admit that was the emotion that currently plagued him.

Aileen felt regretful as she looked at Saya's tense face. It had been arousing to her to follow his commands as his men did. He had brought them all so much pleasure and she had ruined it all by losing control over Valac's admittedly beautiful cock. But it had really been Saya's that she wanted to gobble greedily until she choked on her pleasure.

"I'm sorry, Saya," she whispered softly, hoping only he could hear. Rama, Aime and Valac were still close, watching.

Saya shook his head slightly. "You aren't familiar with our ways, Aileen. You have nothing to apologize for." He ignored her fleeting expression of puzzlement at his words. He would explain later, at a time when his desire wasn't tearing relentlessly at his spirit.

"Prepare her, Leo."

Without another word Saya guided his cock between her lips. Her eyes widened in shock when she felt Leo's hand part her ass cheeks. It shocked her to her core when he abruptly spanked her directly over her asshole with a cupped hand. Uncertainty filtered into her awareness for the first time since she'd agreed to this magical gang bang.

Saya sensed her hesitancy mixing with her piqued excitement when Leo spanked her again, this time on a round cheek. The smacking sound of flesh against flesh aroused him and he pushed his cock further into her humid depths. Much to Saya's annoyance it turned out that he needn't explain Leo's actions to Aileen because Valac did so tactlessly.

"Boss likes to fuck a glowing ass," Aileen heard Valac murmur with prurient amusement to Aime.

Aileen would have thought that after all the orgasms these men had given her it would be impossible to feel what she did at that point. Valac's casual reference to the

fact that Saya was having Leo spank her bottom because he wanted her flesh to be hot and filled with blood when he penetrated it made her cheeks flame—not in embarrassment but in arousal.

She didn't have time to consider it for long, however, because Saya was once again pushing the tip of his cock into her throat. Leo continued to spank her ass with firm, brisk strokes but as if to attenuate her discomfort he also reached between her legs and worked his forefinger between her wet, swollen labia. Tears fell from her eyes as she gagged on Saya's cock at the same time that Leo expertly diddled her clit.

Saya held his cock in her throat and stared down at her. "Close around me, Aileen," he whispered tautly.

She wrapped his heavy penis tightly in her lips, ravenous for the sensation. He pulled back, sliding along her tongue and unplugging her throat. But the breath through her nose had been sufficient and she was so hungry for Saya's shapely, tasty cock that she didn't loosen her desperate hold on him. She ducked her head forward as he retreated, starved for him.

"Aime," Saya said simply. Aime came behind her and spread his big hands at the sides of her head, holding her immobile for Saya's spearing penis.

Saya watched her closely as he face-fucked her. He could sense how aroused she was. That of course was the reason he did this. It was the reason behind every orchestrated choice of his lovemaking.

Watchers would do anything to free a woman's true desires, releasing her power in the process.

But tonight liberating Aileen's desires was even more monumentally crucial.

Aileen had no room for thought as Saya made free with her mouth and throat. She sucked on him desperately when he stroked deep, afraid that he would withdraw from her at any moment and that she would once again be deprived of what she craved. He didn't protest when she moved her tongue the first time, fluttering it across the sensitive fat cap of his penis on an outward stroke, so she continued to do it every time

he withdrew. She could tell by the tension in his long thigh muscles, taut abdomen and rigid face that he liked it...very much.

As hyper-focused on pleasuring Saya's cock as she was, she was still very aware of Leo's activities on her backside. How could she not be? Her bottom burned from his spanking. But much to her amazement she found it extremely arousing. The sizzling sensation seemed to merge with and enhance the burning sensation on her clit as Leo stimulated it. That combined with the fact that Saya was having Aime hold her captive while he used her mouth to pleasure his cock had her so hot that she was ready to explode again, as impossible as that seemed.

As if Saya sensed this he began to pump into her mouth harder. He was too long for her to suck him to the balls but he'd been cramming more and more flesh into her until only four or so inches were left unattended at his root.

Aileen moaned desperately as he pushed further into her throat. He was so large that only the tip would fit into the narrow passage. It felt uncomfortable and even painful when he lodged it down her throat but the moment he retreated she found herself wild to take him deep again. He seemed to sense her hunger and pressed further, finally overcoming her body's resistance. She reminded herself to breathe slowly through her nose and her discomfort passed.

She could tell by Saya's increasingly loud grunts and groans of pleasure that he loved it.

The next time she took Saya deep she felt Leo pressing a finger to her asshole. Her eyes went wide as she stared up at Saya and Leo penetrated her ass. He slid in easily thanks to what felt like a cool lubricant. She could tell by the gleam in Saya's sapphire eyes that he knew precisely what Leo was doing to her.

And that knowledge was enough to push him over the edge

Saya clutched at her head and bellowed as he came.

Aileen experienced a moment of panic. He remained fixed in her throat, his cum shooting straight into her esophagus. The knowledge aroused her so greatly that her

fear was quickly extinguished. His eyelids had clenched together tightly as he climaxed but he opened them after the first powerful wave faded.

For several erotic seconds they stared at each other while Saya throbbed inside of her, spurting cum into her throat.

It was an incredibly charged moment for Aileen though she didn't know precisely why. Her excitement pitched to unknown levels. Her entire body seemed to vibrate with an energy that felt like sexual tension and electricity combined. The chamber began to flash and sparkle with light as though it shared in her exponentially peaked excitement.

Saya backed out of Aileen's throat. Although he spasmed with profound shocks of pleasure as he came on her tongue he was still aware of what was happening around him.

A potent sense of foreboding overcame him.

"Wait, Aileen... *No!*" Saya shouted abruptly.

But Aileen clenched her eyes shut, wiggled her hips and pressed desperately against Leo's fingers.

She erupted violently.

Saya stared in stunned fascination as the bright bar of light that Venus made on the upper portion of the headstone abruptly fractured, sending hundreds of thousands of shards of colored light in all directions. Where each ray struck it refracted off the quartz walls, sending another ray to the opposite wall, where the light bounced off yet again, until they were seemingly in the midst of a living, vibrant crystal. His subtle essences began to vibrate rapidly. The low hum in the air had a quality that seemed strangely familiar to Saya though he had no memory of it. It sounded both organic and mechanical at once.

"Saya!" Leo shouted above the noise. "What is it? What's going on?"

Saya just shook his head, unable to alleviate the expression of anxiety on his Knight's face. The spectacular phenomenon stopped just as abruptly as it had begun when Aileen's body quivered with one final shudder of release.

By the Fathers, that was amazing! Leo muttered to Saya telepathically.

Was that what you were expecting to happen, Saya? Aime queried, awe in his tone.

Saya didn't respond but the answer was definitely *no*. His features were rigid as he withdrew from the warm harbor of Aileen's mouth and glanced pointedly at the sky box. A bright planetary body still shone there, equally as bright as Venus.

But it *wasn't* Venus. And the other stars that glimmered through the narrow passage weren't any stars that Saya had ever seen from Earth. What was worse, his subtle essences told him that they *were* seeing a physical world, not an alternate subtle realm like the *faerie don* or the astral plane.

By the Fathers, what if the subtle window closed and they couldn't get back?

His gaze flashed over to the headstone. The bright planet or star cast a bar of light just as Venus had...but it wouldn't stay in that position for long. He spoke tersely to Leo.

Aileen felt utterly spent when she opened her eyes and came to full awareness. What had just happened felt beyond human experience. She found Saya's gaze, eager to feel the comfort of it in the midst of such overwhelming, incomprehensible feelings and sensations.

"That was...so...*incredible*," she whispered brokenly.

He gave a small smile and tenderly dried a teardrop off her cheek. None of the others seemed to be aware of the gravity of their situation and he wanted to keep it that way.

"Are you ready for more?"

Aileen shook her head rapidly. There was no *way* she could take that much pleasure again. Her brain would short circuit. She wouldn't survive it.

"You'll survive, lovely," Saya murmured with amusement as he put his hands on her shoulders and helped her rise.

Aileen moaned when he drew her against him and leaned down to kiss her deeply. Despite her earlier thoughts she immediately responded to him, loving his scent, his taste, his nearness. She pressed against him for the first time, naked flesh to naked flesh. The stark angles and unyielding hardness of his body felt wonderful against her curves and softness.

Saya knew that he needed to lose himself in this experience completely, no matter what the external threat. If Aileen sensed his anxiety about the fact that he strongly suspected that they currently existed in another physical universe, he might not be able to bring her pleasure. And he *needed* to...while that bar of light remained on the symbols that meant *subtle window*.

He needed to or they were lost to the Earthly world.

Aileen's sweetness and generous responsiveness made the challenge much easier than he would have ever guessed given the circumstances.

"Come here," Saya mumbled gruffly against her damp lips a moment later. He turned her around. Aileen blinked when she glanced down and saw Leo lying on his back below her, naked and aroused. Saya watched as her kiss-swollen lower lip fell away from the upper one as her eyes traveled over Leo's long, whipcord lean body with reawakened sexual awareness.

"Straddle him and lower yourself," Saya whispered into her ear. His gaze flickered to the bar of light on the quartz wall, gauging...measuring.

He knelt behind her and moaned in appreciation when he saw how pink her round bottom was. Once her pussy hovered over Leo's groin Saya slipped his hands beneath her buttocks and thighs, taking most of her weight.

Leo held up his erect penis with his hand while Saya lowered her down onto it. She moaned gutturally.

"You see?" Saya murmured gently from behind her. "You can take more. You can take much more, lovely."

Aileen could hardly argue with the obvious as Leo grabbed her hips, taking her weight from Saya. Saya positioned himself behind her, one hand around her waist assisting Leo in fucking her, using every inch of his long cock. It excited her tremendously to have Saya partially control the movements as another man penetrated her. Leo looked magnificent sprawled beneath her, his leanness making every muscle on his golden torso obvious as he strained and tensed with desire. Vaguely she was aware that Valac, Rama and Aime stood in front of and to the side of her, watching the whole scene fixedly.

That only added to her excitement.

Saya began to push her down and pull her up off Leo's cock more forcefully. She groaned loudly when he pushed a finger into her ass. As he rode her on Leo's cock he pressed a finger against her rectum. Her eyes widened when he penetrated her with ease due to what felt like a cool, silky lubricant.

Aileen's clit began to burn and sizzle unbearably at the dual stimulation. Her hand instinctively moved to alleviate the pressure but Saya abruptly pushed her all the way down on Leo's cock, not letting her rise. The hand that had been around her waist gently grabbed her wrists.

"Wait for it, Aileen. It'll be better for it," Saya murmured huskily.

Aileen just nodded, too overwhelmed with the feelings of Leo's hot, thick pillar of flesh throbbing inside her body and Saya's finger-fucking her ass to speak.

"Rama, help us," Saya ordered.

Rama knelt on the sleeping bag next to Aileen's right knee. He gently took Aileen's upper body weight, leaning her forward against his shoulder and chest. When Aileen looked up at him bemusedly he smiled and kissed her temple with so much tenderness it left her stunned.

Then he reached down and ever so lightly began to stimulate her clit.

"Ahhhh!" Aileen moaned desperately. Rama's clitoral stimulation was precise, making her ride on the crest of a tall wave of orgasm without actually tipping her over it. In the meantime Saya plunged another finger into her bottom and finger-fucked her forcefully.

"Please...please, Saya," she begged, knowing he was the master behind every touch, kiss, suck and fuck that had occurred on this magical night.

"Aime," Saya called out tersely.

Aileen was only vaguely aware of Aime straddling her hips, his face toward her feet. She almost came when he matter-of-factly spread back her ass cheeks and Saya presented the head of his cock to her asshole.

Aileen barely caught herself before tumbling into orgasm when Rama stopped his elusive maneuverings on her clit. Her cheek pressed to the solidness of his pectoral muscle and she gasped raggedly for air. Even though she knew it was coming her eyes sprang wide with shock when Saya pushed the head of his cock into her ass.

The feeling of being so full of both men was indescribable. Her mouth hung open against Rama's chest. She moaned into him as Saya slid into her another few inches. A potent mix of pleasure and pain suffused every cell of her body.

Rama must have sensed her discomfort because he began massaging her clit again, this time more forcefully. Aileen keened in disbelieving pleasure when Saya began to plunge in and out of her ass. Her cry was trapped in her throat when Valac suddenly covered her mouth with his, kissing her with a wildness and profound cherishment that left Aileen reeling with overwhelming desire.

Once again the bar of light began to fragment, sending rays throughout the crystal chamber. The low hum made her entire body vibrate and tingle.

Aileen felt Leo's cock lengthen and swell in her pussy. She ripped her mouth from Valac's kiss and screamed at the sensation combined with Saya's more stringent thrusts in her ass. He became so demanding that Aileen instinctively tried to move away from

the sheer force of his fucking cock but Aime tightened his hold on her buttocks and Saya continued to make free with her.

Aileen took the only path available to her – a plunge over an almost frightening cliff into realms of pleasure so powerful that she lost consciousness.

When she came to awhile later the first sensation that entered her consciousness was Saya's unique scent. Her eyes fluttered open. It was no wonder that Saya's smell pervaded her, she realized dazedly. Her face was pressed into his chest. At first she thought the light that illuminated the chamber was Venus but then she saw the soft glow coming in from the entry passage and realized it was the muted light of dawn.

She started and leaned up at that along with the simultaneous realization that Saya was fully dressed.

His hand spread wide along the side of her head.

"Okay, lovely?" he asked gruffly.

Aileen glanced in confusion from side to side. The chamber was empty except for her and Saya.

"Where did the others go?"

"They went back to the inn but I didn't want to wake you." The warm pads of his first two fingers swept over her brow softly. "Did you have pleasant dreams, Aileen?"

She gaped at him. He wore that small, knowing smile that always drove her nuts.

"Don't you *dare* try to tell me that was just a dream, Saya Lange!"

His laughter was low and heartfelt. Aileen felt it rumbling in his chest when he pulled her down to him and covered her mouth with his. At first she was just overwhelmed by the taste and sensation of him.

Then she registered it through the intoxication inspired by Saya's kiss – she tasted her own oils on his lips, musky, rich...and very real. She sighed with relief and sagged into his arms, suddenly thoroughly content to let the explanations wait until later.

Epilogue

Later that evening Saya sat with the rest of the Grigori Council around the large circular oak table in Jax Ammadon's office at Dunleavy Castle, the seat of the Watcher King. Jax stood up from the enormous carved wooden desk and approached the table.

Saya thought that Jax wore the mantle of leadership well. The last few times Saya had seen him Jax's vibrant subtle essences and luminescent expression were suggestive of his profound joy at not only being united with Skylar, his life mate but also the knowledge of the miracle of their child who would be born sometime next month.

Tonight however, Jax's handsome face looked grim.

Saya saw him exchange a weighty glance with Bale Ammadon, his formidable brother. A prickle of unease went through him. Could Jax and Bale already know in some way about what had occurred last night? Saya had planned to tell Jax and the Council about what had happened in the quartz chamber at Saint Madeleine but that was before Jax brusquely called the meeting to order and he noticed their king's sober expression.

"Skylar prophesized last night," Jax said without preamble as he reached his spot at the round table.

"What was it?" Eli asked tensely. There wasn't a Watcher present who didn't accept Skylar Ammadon's prophecies as unquestionable truth. "What did she say?"

Saya leaned forward, the now-familiar sensation of foreboding settling on him like the heavy cloak of fate.

Jax's eyes briefly met Bale's stare before he inhaled deeply, as if for strength.

"She said, 'You must protect the mates, King. The way has been opened. The Fathers will make the return voyage.'"

Saya vaguely took in Dante's, Che's and Eli's blank looks of shock and wondered if they matched his own countenance.

Or did the shadow of guilt differentiate him?

None of the members of the Watcher race actually recalled the Fathers. They were distant myths. Traditional wisdom couldn't even agree on whether or not the Fathers were from different parts of the physical world or from an interpenetrating alternate reality. One thing was for sure, Saya thought with increasing anxiety. Even though Watchers regularly said *when the Fathers come home* as a figure of speech, the phrase had a very specific meaning for them.

It meant that something was *never* going to happen.

In human terms, it was as if a group of people who didn't even remotely believe in Hell had just been provided with incontrovertible proof that Hell had just frozen over.

About the Author

Beth Kery grew up in a huge house built in the nineteenth century, where she cultivated her love of mystery and the paranormal. When she wasn't hunting for secret passageways and ghosts with her friends, she was gobbling up fantasy novels and any other books she could get her hands on. As an adult she learned about the vast mysteries of romance and sex and started to investigate that phenomenon thoroughly, as well. Her writing today reflects her passion for all of the above.

Beth welcomes comments from readers. You can find her website and email address on her author bio page at www.ellorascave.com.

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