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Dark Lord Souls

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DARK LORD SOULS

S.L. Carpenter

Dedication

Dark Lord is the darker side to my thoughts.

But people seem to like this side of me, so this is for all those readers.

Welcome to my mind.

Prologue

Drizzle filled the air as the man knelt in front of the grave.

He brushed aside dead leaves from the metal plaque, placed his red rose across it and stood. Rain was a double-edged curse for him.

It never failed to recall the memory of one heartbreaking night, but it also brought the reminder of a fresh start.

Turning to walk away, he knew his future course was unsure. Where would he go? Who would he meet? They were questions for which he had no answers as he walked aimlessly down the narrow walkways of the cemetery. He could easily vanish and appear at a place where a woman would take him into her arms and into her body.

He was born to protect and serve the women of his tribe and had become an entity with no true direction in his existence other than showing women their deepest, darkest sexual desires. After being stripped of his powers, he had been given a glimpse of a normal life filled with happiness and true love with a special woman—Kelly. Loving and losing her was a reminder of the pain mortal people experienced.

After leaving the sacred grounds, he continued his slow progress through the rain that now fell steadily.

He was jarred out of his mindless wandering when he bumped into someone coming out of a diner.

A petite woman looked up at him, her eyes black and mysterious. "I'm sorry, I wasn't..." Mist clung to her jet-black hair as it flowed down her spine.

He stared back at her. "It's all right. I wasn't watching where I was going either."

The woman glanced down at his chest and saw the shimmer of his gold medallion. "Wow, that's gorgeous. May I see it?"

The dark man paused then pulled it over his head, placing it in the woman's hand. He watched her face as she touched the piece.

The woman couldn't take her eyes from the jewelry as it sat in her palm. He knew she'd feel warmth creeping through her body when she closed her hand around it and wasn't surprised to see her jaw shudder as the power of the medallion radiated through her.

He took her hand and unfolded her fingers.

She looked back up at him, blinking, lost in what just happened. Her gaze drifted down his body, noting the black clothing clinging to his muscles and lingering on the outline of his cock.

With a heavy breath, the woman licked her lips and spoke. "I've heard of you. I know who you are."

A wicked smile crossed his mouth as he replied, "And I know who you are – Maya."

Chapter One

Maya swallowed. "You know who I am?" Her hand shook with nervousness and the chain from the medallion swung back and forth.

"Beauty like yours is rare. There are very few women in this world with the essence of my tribe. I see that in you."

He reached out and touched a small jade arrowhead fastened to the leather-tied necklace she wore. "Only certain tribes make jewelry like this. These indentions and markings are made to show what you do." He stared at the green stone, studying it.

She stood motionless, scared yet enthralled by his actions.

"You're a messenger, aren't you?"

She looked away then up into his deep, dark eyes. "Yes, yes I am. I was sent to find you. I could tell that you were close, I just wasn't expecting..." She paused to collect herself and continued. "I have a message for you, from the elders."

"What is it?"

"I...um...I can't tell you. Not yet. Not here." Maya fumbled her words as the inner presence of the man crept through her. He was already getting into her head. She held tight onto his medallion as she realized she wanted more than just the thought of him, she had the need to feel him. The mystic abilities that enabled her to find spirits brought her here. But the connection to this being was affecting her in sensual and lustful ways.

She'd grown up hearing legends and tales about the Dark Lord of Lust. Women retelling their experiences and speaking of the dreams he'd fulfilled. How he opened them to a new world of pleasure. This was her chance to understand what others had related in their stories. Before her was a walking, breathing, fucking myth. "I need to take you somewhere. Then I'll tell you what you need to know. It's not far." She gave him back the medallion then held out her hand, reaching for him. "Please."

He paused for a moment then took her small hand in his, walking away as the rain continued. Looking back at the cemetery, his heart once more filled with thoughts of Kelly. He knew moments like this would always bring back reminders of the night he'd lost her – and the knowledge of how far he'd go to find her again.

* * * * *

They sat in a darkened bar, their clothing still damp from the weather. The crowded booths were fogged with clouds of cigarette smoke and people talked aimlessly in efforts to hook up with the next one-night stand. Most people came to places like this seeking something. They came here to forget or meet someone new. There was a heavy aura to this place like the weight of desperation hovering over it.

Maya had brought him here to tell him the message? What could this place have to do with a message from the elders?

"I was asked to seek you out so you could help a lost soul," Maya began. "This soul needs to locate a new body to find peace in this realm." She paused. "You have the ability to find the right donor. Your powers with women are why you have to be the one to find her."

"How am I supposed to help a soul find peace? Who am I to find her a dying soul to revive her own life force? If I choose the wrong one the soul will disperse." He frowned. "I went through hell after causing the death of someone I loved. Did they tell you that? Because of me, an innocent died before my eyes. Just let me be."

Maya could see this was bothering him. "Yes, I know what happened. I know you were made mortal for a period because you took a life in anger. Then as a mortal you found love and that gift was stripped from you as a test. But think about this, Pilan. With this gesture you can redeem yourself in the eyes of the elders as well as yourself. You can help someone begin again."

He thought for a moment then looked at Maya. He sensed something uneasy about her. He tried to read her thoughts but couldn't penetrate her mind as he did others. "What do I need to do?"

"You see that woman there?" She pointed toward the bar.

He looked where Maya indicated to see a pretty redhead cleaning the long wooden countertop. "The bartender?"

"Yes. Her name is Tasha. She will guide you. Someone she is in touch with will be the dying soul."

The Dark Lord shook his head. "Can't you just tell me who the dying soul is?"

"Pilan, being a messenger only gives me the ability to sense spirits in your realm. I can't help you with this task. This is something you are being asked to do. Maybe helping this lost soul will reveal the soul you seek for your own salvation." Maya could sense his sadness lifting a little. She was helping him find a glimmer of hope.

Looking into his darkened eyes, Maya felt the power of his passion and a surprising heat crept through her body.

"You're scared of me, aren't you?" He stared back at her. "I can sense you trembling inside."

"I'm not scared. Just-excited. I know who you are and what you do to women."

"I don't do anything they haven't asked me for." He paused and moved closer to Maya. "Tell me, what is the *real* reason you are guiding me? Nobody does anything without a purpose."

He was ominous, an overpowering presence before her. He was a beast—massive and aggressive—compared to Maya's small, fragile frame. She reached out and grasped the golden medallion dangling from his neck. "I will tell you, but there's something I want from you first..."

* * * * *

Maya's face was contorted as she grimaced. Her fingers dug at the bedding as he pushed into her from behind. Their bodies were hot and her inner thighs were sore from being spread apart so long. She tried pushing back to meet his thrust. Her body shuddered from the force of his crushing against her.

He paused. "You want me to..."

"No please...don't stop, don't stop." Her voice trailed off to a whisper as her body descended to the bed and his massive frame lay over her. His cock sank deeper into her pussy from behind until the swollen head pressed the opening to her womb.

His weight could have smothered her, so he just kept pushing up and down with his arms, sinking in and out of her loosening cunt. The wetness eased the glide as he stretched her open and her juices flowed with every deep, penetrating thrust.

"Oh yes, more, more..." Maya mumbled.

"Damn, you have a tight pussy. I might want to stay a few nights here fucking you." His voice was rough. His hair brushed against her shoulders as he looked between them, watching his cock disappear into her.

The words excited and aroused her. She could only fantasize about a man like him giving her this much pleasure, wanting nothing more than to continue fucking her over and over and over. The thoughts made her quiver and her arousal was at its peak.

Maya's head was pounding in rhythm with her heartbeat, her body pressed into the bed below her. With each invasive plunge she was forced against the softness. She started arching her ass up to meet his thrusts, and the jarring of his pelvis hitting her buttocks shook her to the core. He grunted while biting at her neck. Her hair fell alongside her cheeks and fanned around her head. She swallowed but found she couldn't catch her breath—she gasped.

He sank back into her, blowing hot air in her ear. He kissed her neck and gently bit her earlobe. With a firm bite he slammed hard into her again.

The sensation of pleasure took over her body. There was no control anymore. She buried her head in the pillow below her face as her entire being tensed. Her mind was

experiencing the blinding flash of ecstasy. She lost it, thrashing below him and screaming with pleasure. The sound echoed through her head as she came. Her pussy clenched around his thick cock. He hammered harder and harder into her. As she came, her body shook.

With a grunt he picked her up with a deep, penetrating thrust. Maya became weak and loose. He rubbed along her spine, muscles sore and all tension leaving her body. She was spent.

When he pulled his cock free, Maya shuddered. The fullness inside now was empty and she ached for him.

The Dark Lord flopped onto his side next to her, his cock still hard and swollen.

Maya looked over to him and reached her hand to his cock, grasping it. "Why did you stop?"

"Because we have all night."

Maya's pussy twitched and warmth flowed through her blood. A night of this might kill her, but she'd willingly sacrifice herself for it.

"You asked me why I'm helping you." She sighed. "I too have lost my life match. Since then I haven't been able to move on. So I decided to help others if I can."

Moving closer, she kissed him. "I can only do so much—I am not possessed of powers like you." She began to rub his broad, muscular chest. "I asked for this. I wanted to find you."

Pressing her breasts to his chest, she molded her form to his shape. His thickmuscled body flexed when he reached for her and Maya's melted from the sexual heat between them. He took a handful of her thick black hair and pulled her sleek body down as he climbed on top of her. She wrapped her legs around his wide frame, locking her ankles together like a vise.

Rocking his pelvis, he sank his cock back into her soaked pussy. Maya groaned, "Oh fuck yesss, yessss," as she dug her fingernails into his back.

He licked along her chin, tracing the line of her jaw and devouring her mouth with a luscious kiss then repeated in a whisper what he'd told her earlier.

"We have all night."

* * * * *

The room was dark, quiet except for the light snore from Maya sleeping beside him. Sometimes these encounters were soothing, helping him realize he could have a normal life, could be content with someone.

As he closed his eyes, he breathed in deep, filling his lungs with the fresh, calming air. A sudden chill swept through. He lay motionless, the cold creeping into his bones. Opening his eyes, he looked around him, the breath leaving his mouth like fog. In the corner there was a glow and he saw the figure of a woman.

She hovered above the cushion of a chair, almost as if she were sitting on it, her body radiating a bright mystical light. There was no wind but her hair floated around her head as if in a breeze.

Pilan rolled out of bed and walked toward her. He turned to look back at Maya, who lay motionless, and the room became completely silent. As still as if time had stopped.

This was the lost soul.

He knelt before the chair and tried to look at her, but the mystic glow blinded him.

It was him showing respect. For some reason he could feel she appreciated the small gesture. He didn't need to speak to her like a person because he heard her in his mind, like a whisper of the wind.

Why are you kneeling? There was no voice, just words coming to him as unspoken thoughts.

"Out of respect. I know what you are and have been told that you seek my help. That you are looking for a new host."

I was taken before my time. My life stripped from me. The elders say my life has a special meaning so I have been given a second chance to fulfill my destiny. But I need your help.

"Why me? Why not Maya or another being more worthy?"

Because of your powers and gifts toward women. All I ask is that you help me find peace. Help me to live my life the way it should have been.

He lowered his head and wondered how he might be able to find this lost soul a host.

Pilan, you are a powerful entity. For as long as you can remember, women have been drawn to you. All I ask is for you to use your natural skills to help me. Maya is helping to guide you to the host.

"Who am I to choose the host? How will I know?"

You will know. Your gift is touching a woman's heart and soul. Use this to find the one who is willing to leave this world for the next.

"As you wish." He raised his head but kept his eyes shut against the blinding light of the soul.

Doing this will help you redeem yourself to the elders, the woman touched Pilan's face, making his hair blow in the soft breeze that surrounded her, and this burden you carry shall be lifted.

His eyes remained closed as warmth swept over him and he smiled, basking in the glow from the woman.

"Pilan?"

Jerking awake, he found himself lying in bed. Maya was staring at him and shaking him.

She brushed her hand across his sweaty chest. "What's wrong? You were shivering."

"Nothing, just go back to sleep." He sat up, slowly trying to calm himself.

Maya lay back, her body sore from the carnal pleasures they had enjoyed. She had released herself to him, like so many other women before her. "I know you will be gone when I wake up, but...can you stay until I fall asleep?"

He leaned back, sinking into the warmth of the bed. "I may leave, Maya, but rest assured, I will see you again. Some other time, some other place, I will come to you."

Maya's hair fell along his wide chest as she smiled, taking in his scent, her skin touching his. Heat filled her body. There was a feeling of closeness inside her. From the ache of her muscles to the emotions in her heart, it was comforting. As she drifted off into a peaceful place, she felt almost loved.

Chapter Two

It was almost time for Tasha to get off work. The ten-hour shift had taken its toll on her. Her red hair, pulled back in a girlish ponytail, dangled against her neck, wet from heat and beer splattering as she served drinks during the football game on television. Game nights brought great tips and terrible pick-up lines from the numerous lonely men looking for a score.

Her eyes scanned the still-crowded bar and stopped on the man staring back at her. She quickly turned away, still feeling his gaze.

She wiped the counter as she took another order, popped the tops off a couple more beers and grabbed the money tossed on the bar. When she looked back in his direction there were a few women talking to him. She noticed he seemed disinterested in the scantily clad women who were drawn to him.

He turned back toward Tasha and their eyes met again.

Warmth swept through her body. His thick black hair dangled over his brow and fell along his cheek. His eyes were still focused on her.

"Miss? Hello?" a man waved his hand in front of Tasha's face. "Hey?"

"What?" Tasha came back to the present. "I'm sorry. What can I get you?"

The rest of her shift was spent working the bar and gazing at the dark and brutally handsome man who kept staring at her. Something about him appealed to Tasha. Maybe it was his eyes, or the large, muscular body she saw stretching the black T-shirt he wore. It could have been that all the women were vying for his attention, but he kept looking at her. It was probably the fact when she looked at him, her only thought was to fuck him until they both screamed for mercy.

The second-shift bartender arrived and Tasha talked to him for a few minutes. When she peeled her apron off and turned around, the man was gone. She sighed, brushed the wrinkles from her black skirt and grabbed her purse.

"Wait a sec, Tasha, I'll walk you to your car," the bouncer yelled, seeing her walk toward the back of the bar.

She waited a few minutes then went out the back door to the small parking lot.

After fumbling in her purse for her keys, she looked up and saw the dark man leaning against her car. For a moment she debated whether she should pull the canister of pepper spray from her purse. She'd used it before and had no qualms about doing so again.

She became uneasy the closer she got to the car. Should she turn and run back? Should she walk up, kick him in the balls and leave as she wanted to do? Maybe she should grab the pepper spray from her purse and blind him if he said anything remotely creepy. She had seen men before who thought something miraculous happened in the bar because she smiled at them. But this was different.

He stood stoic by the car, not making sudden moves or anything. He just stared at her. She reached into her purse as if getting keys and grasped the thin can of pepper spray. There was something she felt about this man but it wasn't fear. It was deeper. More like lust.

"Don't scratch the paint." Confidence was something Tasha had. But she held firm onto the spray as well.

"I won't, Tasha," his voice growled back.

"How do you know my name? And who are you?"

"Too many questions. All you need to know is I am the man you'll be taking home with you tonight."

"Oh really? And why is that?"

His hand brushed along the lines of her car as he looked at Tasha, his eyes glowing with a strange red hue. "Because I am what haunts you at night. The darkest desire that burns inside you when you crave satisfaction. I'm your secret thoughts when you pleasure yourself... I am your dark lust."

As he spoke, Tasha felt her body become aroused. Her pussy moistened and her jaw quivered. His words echoed in her mind. Visions of carnal pleasures, so intense she swore they were really happening, played in her head.

The images were so vivid she actually sensed his cock pushing in and out of her. She felt herself being wildly fucked by this man speaking to her from beside her car. Her need to touch him was strong and she reached out toward him. But her body became so aroused she had to grab something to hold on to for balance.

Her mouth hung open, she gasped and her body was jarred from the alternate reality taking her sexually. Her eyes squeezed shut and a grimace crossed her face.

"You will be mine tonight, Tasha, make no mistake, but you need to be willing to let go of your inhibitions and let me in."

"Oh...damn...you don't play fair, oh..." Her voice fell silent as she leaned against her car beside him. Her body bent forward and clutched on to the hood as she stifled a scream. He was pushing her so far that the ecstasy was taking control of her.

The inner walls of her pussy were being spread apart and her legs weakened. Her mind played out the visions of this man giving her such pleasure she clenched her legs together and came as she tried to hang on to a thread of reality.

Tasha's body jerked and wobbled while she attempted to calm herself. She swallowed and began to breathe normally, taking long, cleansing breaths.

"Hey, Tasha?" The bouncer's voice yelled out from down the walkway. "There's a party at Nicole's, are you coming?"

Already did, she thought before waving the bouncer away. "Not tonight," she answered back, regaining her composure. She turned to the dark man. "So, you want to follow me or just fuck in my car?"

* * * * *

A trail of clothes scattered across the floor from the front door to the living room. The fireplace was aglow with the burning wood. The two of them were lying naked on a blanket in front of the fire.

She sat on top of him, arching back. Her hand gently stroked the top part of her pussy lips as his cock lay hard and swollen between them. She brought her fingers to her mouth, licking them, then reached back down and rubbed the top of his cock.

Tasha turned her head from side to side. Her red hair, loose and curly, cascaded around her shoulders as he caressed her breasts.

"I have always had a thing for redheads. I think it's the fire within. It makes me want to fuck you more and more." He pushed his body up, the muscles flexing in his legs and chest.

"So what are you waiting for?"

He reached up and pulled her off him.

She lay on the blanket beside him, squirming as his hands swept across her skin. Tasha moaned loudly as he rolled on top of her.

He sat up with his massive thighs spreading Tasha's legs apart and stared at her glowing body. He caressed her small breasts, flicking her protruding nipples with his fingertips. Tasha could barely breathe as he lowered his face to her breasts, sucking her nipples into his mouth.

Her mind spun out of control with her excitement racing. She was aroused beyond want and needed to feel him inside her. Her pussy was wet and ached for him. The thumping of her heart pounded hard and fast in her chest.

With a wicked smile he reached between them and held his cock. He pushed against the opening of her wet pussy.

She felt the head of his cock spreading her apart, teasing her. *Oh God, here we go again,* she thought. He was nibbling on the sensitive tips of her breasts, sending shocks

of pleasure through her. She arched her body up, pushing her breasts against his mouth. Her eyes closed tight, the sensations overtaking her.

He pulled up and slid his hands down her stomach, reaching below to her ass. With one motion he sank his cock into her. Tasha's body shook below him and she frantically wrapped her arms around his neck, whimpering with pleasure.

"Oh fuck, oh fuck, I'm..." Her voice stopped and the shaking of her body signaled her orgasm. Sexual tension was released. But she wanted more.

He felt her legs wrap around his hips, drawing him in and out as he fucked her. He pulled his head up, looking into her smiling face. She put her hands on his cheeks and kissed him, pushing her tongue between his lips as he sank deeper and deeper inside. Her red hair was flowing across the floor beneath her as the fire made her sweaty body glisten in the light.

His breath came harder and Tasha felt her body begin to tense again. With each stroke he grunted, shaking her with each thrust. He was so big. She could feel every inch as it stroked in and out.

"Fuck me, fuck me. Faster, go faster."

He pushed his body up with his massive arms and Tasha grabbed his tightening ass. She pulled him in and out harder and faster.

"Oh fuck, just like that, like that...oh fuck..."

The man groaned and his head fell to hers. She lifted her face and kissed him, their tongues dancing.

He pumped in and out, over and over. "Oh fuck, you're making me come."

Tasha couldn't stifle her cries and with a loud scream she came as he erupted inside her. She grabbed and struggled to regain control of herself as she scratched and kissed his shoulder and neck.

He lowered his body to hers and pulled his cock from within her sore pussy. He lay on top of her and Tasha felt the juices from their sex seep from her. For the first time in

a long while she felt like a satisfied woman and didn't want to let it go. But somehow she knew this was just a fleeting moment in time.

Although the memory would last forever.

They both calmed, lying naked by the fire. Tasha sighed, knowing there was more to this than it seemed on the surface.

"This was so silly of me. I'm not the type of woman to bring a stranger home. Not like this. Although there was that time in Tijuana, but I was young and drunk." She smiled. "There is something about you. I knew you weren't going to hurt me. Maybe it was intuition. This is *so* not me."

"I would never hurt you. Unless you ask for it." He smirked and slapped her bare ass.

"Who are you?" she asked as he flopped onto his back beside her.

"I'm nobody." He sighed.

"Bullshit. Any man who can fuck like you and make me feel this good is...wait." She paused, leaning up and looking at him. "You never asked me for anything. You were just there. That thing you did in the parking lot, the way you made me feel so incredibly fucking hot by just looking at me. No man can do that. At least no man I've ever met. Should I be asking who you are or what you are?"

"I'm just who you want me to be."

"Well, I guess I wanted a fucking machine and here you are. Why you chose me though, I don't know." Tasha fell back onto the blanket and sighed.

"I'll be honest. I'm not like normal men."

"No shit, Sherlock."

"I'm a being from the spirit realm. My purpose was to protect and serve the women of my Indian tribe a long time ago. My people have almost vanished. Now I'm just searching for my life mate. Her spirit is among the living so I share this side of myself with certain women, learning and experiencing things with them."

"If you're a spirit, why can I see and feel you?" She brushed her hand over his muscular arm and neck. "Why do you seem so real?"

"Because I can choose to be corporeal. To be just like you and everyone else."

"Oh hell no, you aren't like anyone I've met before. Do you have other magical powers and things like that?"

"I know what women are thinking. I can get inside their heads and make them do and feel things. But my most powerful gift is that I can see their secrets. The things they try to hide. Sexual thoughts the outside world would be shocked to see."

"So you read my mind before we got here? Before this incredible night?"

"No, I didn't want to. Tasha, you give me strength. Passion, desire and lust give me powers. Being able to bring a woman pleasure is empowering for me. To get a sense of their inner secrets, it makes me feel alive. To enter their bodies and become one with them, that is what drives my existence."

He gazed down Tasha's nude body. "You are an exquisite woman. You taste of honey and your skin feels like silk."

"Jesus, when you talk like that my pussy gets wet. If there's anything I can do for or to you, let me know."

His voice was deep, calm. "There is one thing. But you don't have to do anything really."

Tasha looked over to him, admiring how his chest rose and fell as he breathed in. "Tell me."

Reaching over, he pulled his gold medallion from his pants pocket. The metal glowed in the light from the fire.

"I'm looking for someone. Someone I am supposed to help. This is a person you know. I need you to give this to women in your life who you think may need my help."

"So you want me to be your pimp?"

A wide smile crossed his face and he continued. "No, just give it to women who need help. Women who seem to be lost. I don't know who this woman is. It's just important that I find her." He dropped the medallion into her open palm.

"And what should I tell them?" she asked, admiring the golden jewelry. "There are a few women I know who seem depressed or down about where their lives are. Syndi and...ohhh, Maggie."

"Just give them the medallion. If they want me to come to them, it will summon me. It holds some powers, but mainly it's a guide for me to find people. When I meet them, I will know if it is the person I seek."

"I'm not so sure I want to share you. If you do to them what you do for me...of course a lot of my friends are in need of a really good fuck. Lord knows I needed one. All right, I'll do it. But what are you going to do for me?"

"You ever had your pussy licked from the inside out?"

Chapter Three

The red glow from his eyes burned in the darkness. He had been sitting in the room, waiting for her.

Her bedroom had once been a sanctuary, a place of solitude and relaxation. But the tranquil escape was now a reminder of how alone she really was. Syndi needed to experience dark, forbidden love. Maybe it wasn't love she wanted or needed at all, more like lust. The untapped corners of her being released onto someone, freeing the sexual beast within.

Her once sanctuary was filled with a dark, mysterious aura. Someone or something was in the room with Syndi. She could feel it. Her hand instinctively reached toward the phone on the nightstand beside her bed. She looked down and something sparkled on the surface. For a moment she froze, remembering what it was.

It was the medallion Tasha had given to her with the sworn promise to return it. Syndi thought it was rather unique. It wasn't a polished, perfectly restored piece of jewelry. Instead it was primitive-looking with flat spots on the wide parts, as if many people had rubbed it with their thumbs.

For a moment everything seemed to calm. Her room became cold and she stood holding the medallion in her hand. She was nervous for some reason and began to stroke the smooth, flat spot on the back. Her eyelids fluttered when she felt her pussy becoming wet as if someone were licking it. Syndi's jaw trembled when she rubbed the medallion faster and the stroking feeling intensified.

Syndi was torn between stopping her pleasurable rub or sitting down before she fell to her knees. Her chest flushed and the warmth between her legs spread through her body to her chest and focused on her breasts. Her nipples were aroused and hard. They stood proud and begged for attention. She began to shake from the scorching heat shooting through her veins.

"You called for me, Syn?" His voice echoed in her ears.

Startled, Syndi dropped the medallion. "Who the fuck are...? How did you get in here?"

"I have been watching you. You are a very sexy little woman, Syn."

"Why do you call me Syn? My name is Syndi."

He stepped closer to her, revealing his massive size in the dim light from the candles in the room. "Some people may call what you're thinking of doing a sin. So let's call it for what it is."

She stood motionless, her knees weakened and pussy wet with excitement. She *had* called to him as her friend Tasha suggested. It had been so long for her, so long since she'd been taken by a man. Letting go of everything holding her back. Life dealt her too many unplanned curves. Nothing was going right, and with all her long work hours, anything remotely for herself disappeared.

Tasha explained how this paranormal being had created such a feeling of power inside her. She wasn't going to let anything or anyone get in her way and stop her from becoming the woman Tasha knew she was. And the sex was in-fucking-credible.

Syndi swallowed when she saw the man pull his shirt off. His wide chest was a mass of muscle and he had an abdomen that rippled as he tossed the shirt aside.

She closed her eyes, breathing in deep and trying to compose herself.

"What am I supposed to do? This is a mistake. I can't..." Her voice cracked while she tried to talk herself out of the situation.

He stood stoically. A smile spread across his masculine lips and he pulled the long black strands of hair from his face with his muscled arm. "Don't be afraid. I can see you aren't the one I seek. But there is something missing in you. Something you have long

forgotten. You know why you summoned me. Don't try to deny your thoughts, your desires."

Her eyes scanned his body, instinctively looking lower to his crotch. The unfastened button on his black pants, the outline of his cock along his inseam, it all made her wetter, hungrier. Hungry for the taste of him in her mouth and wet to feel him violate parts of her body. "I can't..."

"Then I shall go. Give me the medallion and I'll leave." He walked up to her and held out his large hand.

Syndi leaned over and picked up the golden medallion she had used to summon this being. It was hot to the touch and glistened from the candlelight beside it.

She held her palm up with the medallion in it. The long chain dangled around her fingers, making them tingle. Looking up at this man caused Syndi to hold her breath. He stood so intimidating before her. His eyes were less red and more black and deep. There was something within his stare that drew her in further and further.

Her hand shook as she laid it upon his. It was so delicate and fragile compared to the massive palm. He closed his fingers around hers with the medallion still in her grasp.

He looked away from her eyes to the medallion enclosed in their grip. Resting his other hand around theirs, he squeezed. Closing his eyes, he began to murmur some type of quiet chant.

A golden glow emanated from their hands clasped around the medallion. As he squeezed her hands tighter, the intensity of the light grew, as did the sudden pulse of heat within her pussy.

Holy fucking shit, she thought as heat and the constant throb engulfed her entire pubic area. Her mind melted into a state of sexual euphoria, and like a heartbeat, her inner walls convulsed with spasms.

"I'm going to make you come for me." She heard his voice echoing in her mind. "Tonight, Syn, you belong to me."

Her knees buckled and she had the urge to cry out but didn't. As she came, she felt such a release that it overwhelmed her body and mind. Her head fell back and she passed out in his arms.

* * * * *

Syn lay helpless as the huge sexual beast slammed his thick, rigid cock into her. He held her ankles in his large hands, spreading her legs wide, and pumped deep.

He pulled back until the head of his cock began to spread the slippery opening of her cunt apart then drove back in until she felt his balls slap against her. Syn bit her lip, holding back the screams of pleasure welling within her. Every fiber of her soul was ravaged and taken by this being. All she could do was hold on to the headboard and let him take her body again and again.

"Fuck me until you burst, fuck me until you satisfy your lust. Just fuck me..." Her voice trailed off as she reached around his large frame and grabbed his ass.

With a deep, menacing growl he lowered on top of Syn and sunk his length inside her. She whimpered and gasped for air as his weight almost smothered her. His chest, wide and sweaty, smashed against her breasts.

"More, harder, more...." She writhed and shook below him, begging him to go on. She wrapped her legs around his hips, not wanting to let him go.

Growling over her, the Dark Lord began to hammer into her small body mercilessly.

Syn tugged and pulled at the hard muscles on his back with desperate need. Her fingernails dug into his sweaty flesh, causing him to groan. "Damn, you are a great piece of ass. Mmm, I could fuck you over and over..."

Her eyes were shut tight. Her body became rigid and tense. She was there again and began to shudder with each thrust into her welcoming cunt. Every time he sank into her, the firm shaft would drag against her clit as her pussy stretched to its limits. She arched against him, her breasts pressing to his chest as he rose and fell against her.

"Oh God, I'm coming again," Syn cried out.

"Fuck, I can feel your pussy tighten. Oh fuck, so am I." With a grunt and a hard thrust he slammed deep into her and erupted.

Her body shook as she came with him. The hot lava from his cock coated and filled her insides with scorching heat. Over and over she felt him throbbing within her. The muscles of her pussy were sore and ached from the abuse he put her through. But she didn't care.

Nothing like this had ever happened to her and from this moment on, nothing would be the same. She lay there with her eyes closed, absorbing all the pleasures she was feeling. The sense of being so satisfied that she was freed. To now know that the intensity of her sex was limitless.

"You've opened me up to reveal a new person. Someone not so hollow, not so scared. I can be myself and know now that I'm a woman filled with passion, desire and lust."

"You always were that woman, Syn, you just tucked her away, sheltered her. I see now someone who knows a little more about who she is."

With a heavy sigh she finally relaxed and felt no more weight upon her. She closed her aching thighs and felt the slippery juices from their sex seep from within her. She rolled onto her side, curled up like a cat and smiled.

She opened her eyes and he was gone. But the soreness in her pussy and the overwhelming urge to smile reminded her that hopefully he'd be back.

Chapter Four

Maggie was one of life's stereotypical power players. She called the shots in every aspect. At work, she was the boss. At home, she was the boss. And she was aware her love life suffered from this constant need for control.

What she longed for was to meet a man who could handle and deal with her control issues, someone who wouldn't back down from a challenge. Her girlfriend Tasha had told her of such a man, a very different man she'd met who fulfilled desires and fantasies for her to such extremes that she would never be the same. He opened doors to her soul.

This man seemed like a myth to Maggie because she hadn't met anyone like that.

At least not yet.

As usual, Maggie was still working after eight in the evening. She finally closed her laptop and headed out the door. Her nights ended around eleven after she arrived home, changed into pajama pants and a T-shirt then nibbled on sushi or a fast food salad she picked up. Pathetic, but it was the life she chose, and honestly, the money was great.

She stepped through her townhouse door and carried in the armload of basic necessities she'd bought at the market right next to the fast-food place that made the best salads. As she walked inside, her foot kicked an envelope on the floor.

After setting her bags down, she picked up the envelope and read the front. All it said was *Maggie*. She had a slot in her door, but most of her mail went into the free-standing mailbox just outside the entrance to the townhouses.

She shrugged, grabbed a cold wine cooler from the fridge and plopped down on the couch. Her high heels were killing her feet so she kicked them off and rubbed her soles on the carpet. Maggie shook the brown envelope, feeling something heavy in it. After

taking a long drink from her wine cooler and setting it on the table, she ripped the top of the envelope open, turning it over. A golden medallion fell into her hand, along with a small piece of paper.

The medallion felt warm. She held it between her fingers and read the piece of loose paper.

Maggie,

You need this.

You're always telling me you feel lost. That life is passing you by. If you really feel the need to be taken as never before or just can't scratch that inner itch, let your mind wander and he will be there for you.

Tasha

Maggie set the note down beside her and stared at the piece of gold she was holding. It wasn't fancy or exquisitely carved and shimmering as if it were finely polished. But something about it was intriguing. All the while she held it in her hand, warmth crept between her legs from within. Not from anything else but inner heat finding its way to her.

Her mind wandered and she began to think about what Tasha had written. She was a normal woman with normal needs. Her hand crept up her legs and along the hem on her skirt. She just didn't want all the hassles that came with it. She didn't want marriage, kids and a house payment. Financially she was set, but mentally she was a mess.

She began to slowly stroke the metal with her fingertips. Each time her finger touched the outer rim of the medallion she swore the lips of her pussy were being massaged with a tongue. With a groan she felt her inner walls tense.

"Holy fuck." She moaned as she kept circling the outer rim of the golden piece with her finger.

Swallowing, Maggie became very aroused to the point of wanting ice to cool her need. She wanted to fuck – now. She licked her lips and sat upright on the couch, taking

the medallion in both hands and rubbing very deliberately on both sides. Her face wrinkled as she strained to not buckle from the pressure felt against her pussy. Her legs spread apart, and when she closed her eyes, she envisioned a man pulling her legs wide, burying his face in her soaked cunt.

Knock, knock.

The sound shook Maggie from her stupor. What the fuck? Why now? She set the medallion on the table and went to the door. She looked through the small peephole but couldn't see anything.

Stupid kids, she thought as she sighed.

"You called?"

Maggie almost pissed her panties as she spun on her heel to see over six feet of tall, dark and muscular man before her. "Who are...? How did you get...?"

With a thud the man put his hands to either side of Maggie's body against the door behind her, imprisoning her. Her hand reached for the doorknob in case she needed to run. Her mind was trying to be rational, her pussy was trying to not cream from want.

"You know who I am. If you want me to leave, I will, but you don't want that. Do you, Maggie?"

"How do you know my name?" His massive body leaned forward, pressing her against the door. There was something poking along her pubic bone when his groin rested against her. "You're the man Tasha was talking about, aren't you?"

Maggie wasn't the type to be intimidated. She would take control of the situation. She tried to squirm free but he just kept pressing her against the door.

"I know a lot about you. More than you think." His deep voice echoed in her head.

Looking up, she stared into his eyes. They were black as night with a hint of red. She felt weak but unafraid. He grabbed her waist and leaned against her then kissed her.

He pulled back and raised his large hands up her body to cup Maggie's breasts in his palms. With a growl he smiled and squeezed them. "Damn, you have nice tits," he said with a smile then leaned in, kissing her again.

His lips were firm and he let his tongue venture into her mouth to tangle with hers in a wicked dance. She moaned. As he pulled his mouth away, she bit at his lip. She was in full tilt "I need to get really fucked long and hard by this man" sexual mode.

He raised his hands higher along her arms and pinned her, wrists high against the door. "Are you ready for me?"

"I'm ready for whatever you can dish out."

"Wanna bet?" He leaned lower and dragged his hands up Maggie's legs under her skirt. Grabbing two handfuls of her ass, he picked Maggie up. Her legs clung around his body and her wet pussy moistened his abdomen through her underwear as they kissed. He carried her to the bedroom, stopping beside the bed.

Maggie savored their embrace. Heat burned her skin from within. Her blood boiled as the intensity of their passion rose to new heights. He let her go and she slid down his frame until she stood in front of him, hands on his wide, muscular chest.

"Take my belt off."

Now we're getting somewhere, she thought.

Lowering down farther, Maggie sat on her bed and tugged at his belt. It was black and made of leather. Her eyes focused on the bulge along his inseam. She swallowed and continued to pull his belt loose after unfastening the buckle. She pulled it free, started undoing his pants.

"Stop... Stand up."

Maggie looked up, wondering why he'd stopped her.

He reached down and pulled her up, grabbing her wrists. Yanking the belt from her hands, he said, "Turn around."

Maggie turned away from him. He reached his arms around her, cupping her breasts in his palms. She stood motionless, only feeling his large frame behind her. He breathed into her ear, his voice a deep growl. "Put your hands behind your back."

When she reached her arms back, he grabbed them and wrapped his belt around her wrists. Her first reaction was to pull her hands away. He quickly tightened the belt strap, binding her hands, taking control of her.

She turned to the side and saw him rummaging through the underwear drawer in her dresser. "Damn, all this fancy underwear and you never wear it." He held a pair of red lace panties to his nose and took a deep breath. "Mmm, you've worn these once. I can smell your pussy on them." Her knees buckled from his voice.

He pulled out a long piece of black silk, a scarf she'd bought a while ago. She loved the way the fabric shimmered and was soft against her skin. He rolled it into a long, thin strip.

She stood frozen as he reached the scarf around her face to blindfold her.

"No, don't do that. I don't like..."

With a deep voice he said, "Tonight, you have no choice. You belong to me and will give me everything."

The loss of control in her knees came back, and after he tied the blindfold behind her head, his hands slid along her back and down to her ass. "Damn, you have a great ass. I'm gonna love fucking it."

His fingers pulled her skirt up and he shoved his hands inside her underwear. His hands were warm as he groped and squeezed her ass while pulling her panties down. He moved one hand to the front and Maggie gasped when he rubbed his finger along the opening of her pussy. She wanted to scream. He kept rubbing, teasing her to the point of release.

Maggie was helpless. She couldn't touch or see what was happening. Her only real sense was the feel and sound of what he was doing. She was blind and could only try to pull her hands free from the binding behind her.

She felt his hands touching the sensitive skin between her thighs as the wet underwear fell to her ankles. His hands brushed the fabric of her blouse and she could almost feel his eyes on her. He touched her lip with his finger and she tasted a tinge of salt on his fingertip. She licked the end as he moved it over her moist lips.

"You want something else between those hot, red lips?" His tone was more powerful, and Maggie clenched tight between her legs as she became increasingly aroused.

"Oh yes."

She felt him tugging at her blouse, and with a rough pull he ripped her shirt open. Buttons hit the floor and a cold burst of air electrified her skin.

"You have any scissors?" he asked.

Maggie was a little scared. She was tempted to scream and do whatever she could to get away. She wondered if he was going to kill her as paranoia set in. She suddenly stopped thinking of what might happen when she heard the sound of scissors being opened and closed.

"I found them." The sound of metal blades rubbing together echoed in her ears.

Her body shook as she stood blind in her room. The cold feel of the scissors brushed against her neck. Terror shot through her. Every inch of her was tense. Yet Maggie was so aroused she was afraid she would come if he touched her.

She felt the edge of the scissors brush her skin and heard the sound of him humming. The scissors traced along the edge of her bra, making her skin chill. He let a blade slip under the fabric and ride along to the strap over her shoulder. With a turn and a snip, her bra loosened on one side, releasing her breast. He did the same thing on the other side. With a final snip between her swelling breasts, she breathed deep as her bra fell away, releasing her breasts. He tugged and cut away the rest of her clothes and they were in a pile at her feet. She stood bare and vulnerable, he was taking control of her.

"Get on your knees," he commanded.

Maggie was nude and aroused. Her nipples were hard and erect. She felt so alive. She was on her knees, her hands behind her back, and couldn't see a thing. All she heard was the sound of a zipper.

"Open your mouth."

Maggie licked her lips and opened her mouth. Again she felt a fingertip brush her lips. "You have nice lips. I bet they're just like the lips of your pussy."

Her pussy ached from his words then she felt the tip of something hard pressing against her mouth. As she opened wider, she felt the flesh of his cock spreading her lips apart. He tasted of man and she savored him. Her saliva coated and lubricated him slowly pushing in and out. He held her hair, pulled at it while she sucked him. Her throat twitched and she almost gagged as his large cock hit the back of her throat.

He pulled out and she began to lick and suck on the swollen tip of his cock. Like being starved, she craved his taste more and more. Her wrists ached from being bound and her pussy was dripping with the moisture of her need.

"Fuck me. I want you to fuck me." She slid his cock into her mouth and took it in as deep as she could without gagging then pulled back. "Fuck me..." Her voice trailed off as she licked down along his thick, hard shaft. Her hunger for him grew as she frantically tasted him.

She felt him reach down and grab her hair, running his fingers through the thick, long black strands. He helped her to her feet and guided her to the bed. Pain shot up her legs as her shins knocked against the wooden frame. With a shove he pushed her down.

Maggie was facedown on the mattress, her cheek buried in a pillow. Her ass was up and she rested her weight on her knees. She tried to put her legs together but he moved between them, holding them apart. She lay in darkness, waiting for him. Her pussy was wet and ready. She just wanted to feel him inside her. To end the void she so desperately needed him to fill.

Slap...

The loud smack sent a stinging pain shooting up her spine. He smacked her buttocks hard. Then he massaged and caressed her round ass. He moved his finger between her legs and toyed with the back of her pussy. She wiggled and squirmed while he kept flicking his finger around her opening, teasing her to frustration. She didn't want his finger, she wanted his cock. That big, thick thing she had just been sucking on.

He slipped the tip of his finger into her, the juices almost dripping from within her. He toyed with her opening, making Maggie squirm. She moaned. He let out a snicker. He pulled his finger out then slid two in the same way. Moving back and forth, his fingers fucked her.

Maggie hung her head. She was tied and submissive, giving up control of what was happening. He pulled his fingers out and her body flinched.

He leaned against her, the heat of his chest against her back.

"Damn, you sure have a sweet little cunt. I wonder what other treasures you have down there." His voice was just above a growl.

She heard him rummaging through a drawer beside the bed then felt something smooth against her skin. It was rubber or plastic – maybe.

"I can see your ass isn't virgin territory."

Maggie gulped because then she knew what he had found.

Her body tensed as he slid his finger along the lips of her pussy. "I need something slippery to ease the way. Well, looky what we have here, some scented lube. This will ease the way."

Maggie arched her head back as he slid the butt plug into her anus. The stretching sent shocks of pain and pleasure through her. The muscles in her legs became weak and her body wobbled. He was right, she hadn't played like this with a man before, but when she was alone, she ventured down different paths. Most people she knew would think this too kinky or dirty.

She felt his hands on her hot skin. He was rough and deliberate as he pushed the slippery plug into her. His fingers teased and rubbed her pussy as he turned the plug, He was toying with her and seemed amused by his effect on her body, there was a wickedness in his growl. Her blindness only intensified her other senses.

He pushed her down against the mattress harder and grabbed her hips. She was helpless and so aroused that his next touch might set her off. She felt pushing around her pussy. He was almost there. With a grunt he sank his thick cock into her. The slick plug pushed fully inside her anus and now his cock filled her pussy with every thrust. Maggie was euphoric.

She was completely vulnerable, totally at his mercy, and for some strange reason this made her more relaxed. There were no burdens from the pressure of being a sex kitten. She didn't have to worry about what she was doing because he was in control and she could turn her mind off and enjoy the pleasure flowing through her. Like the pleasure she felt swelling in her pussy as she climbed higher into the throes of a mindblowing climax.

Her legs buckled and she came. He began to thrust in and out of her convulsing pussy faster, making her moan loudly. Her moans fell on deaf ears as he hammered into her, picking her body up from the bed.

The domination caused her such agonizing pleasure that she wanted more. She longed to be taken harder, further, past her boundaries.

Slap, slap.

Again the stinging pain and consequent pleasure skittered through her nerves.

"Oh fuck this!" he mumbled as he pulled out of her.

Maggie was panting, she wanted more. "What's wrong? Come on, come on."

She groaned as he pulled the plug from within her. The fullness in her was now empty. Maggie tried to catch her breath. Her wrists ached, her eyes were burning from the sweat in the blindfold and she was sore.

He again played with her pussy. His fingers wetted by her juices. She was so turned-on. The waiting to see what came next ate at her. She squirmed as he took his finger from her pussy then swirled it around her sensitive ass.

"Damn, I'd like to fuck your sweet ass. It looks so hot." A loud slap echoed in the room and stung Maggie's reddened butt. She shook and gasped from the growing excitement. This really turned her on and she wanted to feel him again.

His hands caressed around her inner thighs and he stroked her pussy and the opening of her anus. Her entire region was engorged and sensitive to his every touch.

"Hmmm, better use a lot of lube here because you have me so hard. You make me want to just take what I want."

She felt a warm liquid seep down the crack of her ass. He rubbed it around her anus and slid his fingertips into her. The feelings made her shudder and the urge to close her legs crept through Maggie's body.

She felt the head of his cock push against her anus and slide out. His hands grasped her ass, spreading her cheeks apart, and he again pushed the head of his cock into the opening. He slowly slid just the tip into her ass, very carefully.

Maggie's mind went numb and her body tensed as he pushed inch by inch into her. She had to adjust to the stretching inside her. Butt plugs and small anal toys hadn't totally prepared her for the pressure and fullness she felt inside, but she was at the point of climax from the intensity of the growing arousal that had been building inside.

She panted and almost wept as he filled her and stopped. She heard him breathe in deeply and sigh. His body pressed against her, his hands clenched her waist and slid down to her ass.

"Damn, I was right. You are so fucking tight. You feel incredible."

His words only added to her excitement. She longed to be taken and used as a sexual being by a powerful man. Her face pushed into a pillow and her desire to scream muffled.

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S.L. Carpenter

The excessive amounts of lube eased the friction of him pulling back and then slowly pushing back into her. She arched her ass as far as she could to ease the rhythmic motion. Maggie was about to burst.

He groaned and plunged his cock into her ass, causing streams of juices to flow down her inner thighs as she came again. The explosive shockwaves of surprise and excitement overwhelmed her. His massive torso lifted her from the bed and he grunted as he fucked her like an animal.

Her body was shaking and weak, her mind spinning like a top. With a deep plunge and a hard squeeze of her hips she felt the throb and release. She shuddered and moaned, his seed spilling within her.

They both collapsed in a heap. His weight forced Maggie into the bed. His body was hot and slick against her back. He pulled his cock free from her ass and Maggie felt him loosen the ties around her wrists then pull the blindfold free from over her eyes.

His hot breath blew against her neck as he spoke. "As much as you like control, sometimes relinquishing it in bed can set you free."

A smile spread across Maggie's face. He was right. "I don't know where you came from or why you chose me, but thank you."

"I am seeking a woman who's lost, someone who's given up. You definitely do not fit that description." He got up off the bed, his limp cock dangling from his body.

Maggie looked at him, her vision adjusting to the light, and smiled. "All I know is you've given me something to remember—always. This side of me hasn't felt so free in years, in fact I haven't felt like this with any man."

She lay sprawled across the bed, her nude body moist with perspiration. He raised his eyebrow and licked his lips as she shifted a little. "Damn, you are so fucking hot."

Maggie grinned wickedly and snuggled into the rumpled sheets and blankets. "You know just what to say to make a woman feel good."

38

Chapter Five

He sat in the smoky bar feeling slightly defeated. Finding a host for the lost soul was beginning to feel like a lost cause. He had met some wonderfully sensual women who satisfied his primal urges, but his hope in seeing his way to finding peace again was waning.

He took a sip from the water in front of him, and as he looked at the glass, it began to frost over in his fingers. The hair on the back of his neck bristled, his blood grew cold and a feeling of darkness crept through him. The women around his table were giggling and in a good mood, but he couldn't shake the presence of something ominous and sad near him.

He looked for Tasha, needing to find where she was. His eyes scanned the room and at last he saw her leaning on the end of the bar, talking to a hunched figure.

He tried to get a look at the person she was talking to. The woman pulled a hood back, revealing locks of long, tangled blonde hair. She was talking, but something around her was dark, like a cloud of despair.

For some unknown reason he couldn't stop staring at her. She was a small woman. He watched as Tasha handed her a bowl of something and a glass of what looked like water. He had to find out who she was. There was something wrong with her being here, a disruption of some sort that disturbed him.

He rose and walked to the bar. Tasha was serving drinks and he motioned to her.

"I've been thinking about a few other people I know who might be the woman you're looking for."

He grabbed her arm and looked into her eyes.

"Can't wait another hour, huh?" She was flirting, but quickly picked up on his concern. "What's wrong?"

S.L. Carpenter

"Who's that woman?" He pointed to the figure at the other end of the bar.

"That's Iris. Poor thing, she's a mess. She comes in here sometimes and I give her some soup or whatever we have in the break room out back. She is such a sad woman with some real bad stuff in her life." Tasha paused, shaking her head. "She lost everything. Her boyfriend Marcus was shot and killed right in front of her, died in her arms. He was the only person she had left after her mother passed away – no family – just totally alone."

"What happened to her mother?"

"Iris spent the better part of a year watching her succumb to dementia. It tore her apart. She told me about it one night. Iris was taking a bunch of anti-depressants to just cope with her own depression. But it all changed when she met Marcus." Tasha looked up at Iris and sighed.

"There's something wrong. I don't know what. I can't get into her head."

"Honey, there's nothing there. She's a lost soul. Hit rock bottom. She lives wherever she can around here but won't beg or take help. Too proud or something. I give her food and stuff, but she refused the money I tried to give her. She said she'd work for it and cleans up some nights when it's late or the midnight cleaning kid calls in sick."

Iris looked up from her soup and stared at him. Her eyes were empty, but he could hear the whimper of her soul as it cried out to someone who was no longer on this plane of existence.

He sat, locked in a trance and he started to shudder. This wasn't the kind of connection he usually had with women. His blood froze and a tear stung his eye. This feeling hadn't hit him since that day. The day he lost Kelly.

"Hey." Tasha shook his arm.

Tearing his gaze away, he looked back at Tasha. "I have to go."

As Tasha reached for his shoulder, he vanished before her eyes.

"Holy shit. What happened?" She turned around and Iris was gone too.

* * * * *

Iris sat motionless. The dim light from the end table shone onto her as she rested alone on the tattered couch beneath a well-worn blanket, a cracked glass of water next to her with a lipstick stain on the rim.

Finally, she stood and walked slowly to the bathroom. The water had been running and steam filled the cold room. She had used the last of her money to pay for a week in this shit-hole room. The week was up tomorrow.

But tomorrow wouldn't matter.

By then everything would be over. The painful memories, the constant inner struggles, the incessant sobbing in her head. The rippling sound of the water filled the little room as she turned the faucets off. Iris slowly tugged her robe open and let it fall to the floor. She unfastened her bra and tossed it to the side of the small clothes hamper. Her panties fell to her ankles and she kicked them away.

When she turned from the small sink, she caught her reflection in the full-length mirror on the back of the door. Her eyes filled with tears because the once young woman filled with hope, dreams and a bright future wasn't what she saw anymore.

Her life had become meaningless. Filled with drugs to help keep her sane in a world that had become a nightmare. She'd had to watch as her vibrant mother lost herself in dementia, the whiplash changes from woman to little girl, from caring mother to vicious. Iris had done the best she could, keeping her mother home instead of a facility. In the end it was all for nothing. Her funeral costs had been the least of the accumulated expenses. Watching as her family home was auctioned off had just about killed her. Iris kept taking the anti-depressants but could still feel herself turning inward, away from everything and everyone around her. She would use a razor to cut herself to try to force herself to feel something, anything.

Marcus had changed all that. He gave her a reason to believe again, a reason to step from the cell within her mind she had locked herself into. He helped her through the depression, the drugs and the self-abuse. He was her white knight. But even that shred of happiness was ripped from her heart as she had to watch in agony as he died in her arms. Nobody should have to go through that helpless torment alone. It broke her fragile spirit and left only the tattered remnants.

She picked up the straight-edged razor, her old friend, on the sink and walked, still crying, and listened to the water as it dripped like a heartbeat into the tub. Stepping over the rim, she sat, letting the heat engulf her body. The bath felt cleansing. She submerged herself up to her neck. The silence surrounded her. In a way she thought this was what God would feel like if he held her. She would be wrapped in a cocoon of warmth. If only He could forgive her for what she was about to do. A cardinal sin, but she thought it was her only answer to be back with Marcus again.

Iris let her head fall back, her hair hanging loose and dripping from the edge of the tub.

She sobbed and couldn't bear the weight and constant abuse of her frayed soul. She didn't want to go on, falling farther and farther into the bottomless pit, or longing so badly for the person who had made her feel whole again. Her heart was hollow and empty. Nothing eased the grief she felt. It was weighing on her, crushing her.

With a quick shot of pain she slit up her forearm. Her eyes squinted from the initial shock then she switched hands and cut the other forearm, blood streaming down her pale forearm. She threw the razor from the tub and lay back in the water. To Iris, this was the only way to get her love back and be with him again.

* * * * *

The Dark Lord materialized in the dingy hotel. Somehow he knew it was here that he needed to be. He looked around, seeing the light from the bathroom under the halfclosed door.

There was an eerie silence. He became hesitant as he approached the room. Pushing gently on the door, he sensed a darkened aura. The cloud of steam dissipated slightly with the door opening.

His eyes scanned the room, seeing a figure in the bathtub. It was the woman—Iris. A red cloud of color filled the water surrounding her. Her skin was pale. The black smears of makeup under her eyes showed she had been crying. The open wounds above her wrists pulsing the life-blood from her body.

Her head leaned to the side and he looked into the hollowness of her eyes as she slowly weakened. Sadness filled his heart as he stared back at her.

He stepped into the pool of water and blood. It spilled out, splashing across the floor beside the tub. Reaching down, he pulled her limp body to his chest. She was so frail that he was afraid he'd hurt her more than the pain she was already feeling. He felt her heart, still beating, but weak and slow.

"Are you an angel?"

"No, but I can help you."

"Just let me die. I can't go on. I can't..." She swallowed, her heart slowing as she spoke in a whisper.

He held her and thoughts streamed through his mind as emotions rushed to his immortal heart.

"I too have lost someone, someone who meant more to me than life itself."

The memories of Kelly overwhelmed him. He couldn't find his voice so he closed his eyes and spoke to her without moving his lips. "If you want to let go, I will take you away from this pain. You'll feel no more hurt, no regret, no loss. But you can help someone who was stripped of life too early."

He stroked the wet strands of her hair and continued.

"She is a lost soul. She wants to come back and live again. You can help her, Iris, you can save her and in a way, save yourself."

Iris's eyes filled with thin tears that streamed along her cheeks. "Please, I miss Marcus so much..." Her voice grew silent as she weakened.

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Seeing a woman surrender and seek death made him ache inside. It released the sadness he'd buried inside him and the agony coursed through his veins. He trembled with anger—not at Iris for wanting to let go—but at the cruelty of Fate for robbing him of Kelly. He'd had to go on. Iris' life had crushed her and left her a shattered shell, a soul with no more to give, ready to make the ultimate sacrifice and end the pain. She thought it was justified. But it wasn't. The room began to shake as his powers swelled within him. He was a being who seldom released his emotions or betrayed his pain. However, in this moment, holding this fading life—he was losing control.

Light filled the room and a figure appeared. Illuminated and radiant, the figure floated above the reddened water spreading across the bathroom floor. She was like an angel. It was the lost soul.

Iris looked to the figure, and for a moment Pilan saw her smile before she closed her eyes, drifting away. A mixture of sadness and compassion filled his heart. He was helping one soul yet dismayed at another giving in.

Lowering his head, he began to chant and the room quickly filled with light.

He reached his hand out to the lost soul as he held his other arm around Iris' limp body. "You have a chance to begin again. Most people don't get a second chance. Iris is giving this to you." In this state, he could finally see the lost soul. He looked into its eyes and began to shake.

"Kelly?"

All the anguish from his sorrow swept through him. As he had before, he was sacrificing the one thing he loved. After the soul transferred to Iris' body, the memories would be gone. He wouldn't be able to find "his" Kelly again.

But Kelly's soul would begin again in the form of Iris with no memory of what they had shared or the pain Iris had carried. He was forced to watch Kelly die once, and for the second time he would have to let her go. She would forever be lost to him because her soul would be reborn in Iris' body and the woman he knew as Kelly would cease to exist anymore. The lost soul would find a new life.

He began chanting again until the light was a brilliant star. Iris' soul rose from the lifeless shell and wrapped around the Dark Lord, holding on to him. Her nude form was illuminated and transparent. He let go of the lost soul's hand and stood in the tub with Iris' soul clinging to him.

Pilan became dizzy and weak as agony shot through him. Struggling to stay upright, he began to weep. He wrapped his arms around Iris' soul and slowly vanished.

The lost soul floated above the tub, looking down at the water and the soulless body of Iris. Spreading her arms wide, the lost soul let out a deafening scream and dropped into the tub.

Gasping and coughing, Iris rose naked from the water. She looked around, confused and shaking as if in a state of shock. The water was clean and warm. She looked at her hands as she brought them to her face, touching it carefully as if it were a new experience.

Her hands trembled and her thoughts were scattered and frayed. Looking around, she couldn't remember what happened or why she was shaking.

Chapter Six

Tasha jumped when she went into the storeroom. "Dammit, I hate when you do that!" She hit him on the chest. "Where have you been? I haven't seen you in about two weeks."

He smiled and pulled his hair back from his face. "You know why I'm here."

"Gotta go, huh? It figures. All those nights of incredifucks and you leave me. I'm still walking funny from the last night we were together. You do have a way of spoiling a woman for regular men. Not only do they have a cock that's diminutive in comparison, but you do that thing with your mind." She rolled her eyes and took his hand.

"You will make some man incredibly happy." He paused.

"Oh, blah, blah, blah. Will I see you again?"

"I don't know. I have something for you. A thank you for your help."

"I didn't do anything. You, though? My friends are all a little different now. And Iris..."

He interrupted Tasha. "What about her?"

"She's really different—not sure what you did to her. It's like she has amnesia. I asked her about that night you said you met her, but she can't remember any of it. She does seem to be a lot happier and definitely stronger. She took up painting as a hobby and she's working at the deli down the street. Doing really well I heard. Josh, the owner, gave her a job after I told him about her. He's real pleased how well she's working out for them."

"That's good. In fact that's great." He dug into his pants pocket and pulled something from it. "Here, this is for you. I made it. The stone is from volcano lava. It has a special feel to it."

Tasha held out her hand as he draped the necklace with a black stone on her fingertips. "Holy shit. It's warm, in fact it's hot."

"It will always be hot to your touch. But only your touch." He looked at Tasha and when she looked up to meet his eyes, he kissed her.

Tasha's legs went weak. His hands held her hips and moved up to the side of her breasts. With a gentle lift her breasts pushed together and he groaned into her as his tongue danced in her mouth.

Pulling back, he whispered, "I'm going to really miss snuggling between those breasts and eating your sweet-tasting pussy."

Her head fell against his chest, her hair hanging along her face. "You don't play fair. My God, I'm so fucking horny now. You sure you don't have time for a...you know...here in the stockroom? Nobody will notice."

He put his hand along her jaw then outlined her lips with his finger. "Not now." He opened the storeroom door and walked out.

Tasha lifted the necklace, held it in her palm. It was a dark black shining stone with a beaded strand to wrap around her neck. The black stone had an oblong shape but was flat with small divots carved into it. It was beautiful—when the light hit the surface, it flickered in her palm. She felt a coil of sadness creep through her as he left and closed her hand tight around the stone.

Her body began to shake and her eyes fluttered. The heat from the stone began to pulse in her palm. "Oh you bastard, not again..." Tasha held one hand on the counter while the other firmly clutched the necklace. She squirmed and clenched her thighs together as tight as she could.

* * * * *

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He walked to the back exit door to leave the bar and heard a familiar moan echoing through the air. With a wicked smile he left.

* * * * *

The mist filled the cemetery and he stood wet but motionless. Like every other time he'd visited this spot, he said nothing and simply laid a rose on the grave or stood as still as the statues that surrounded him. Then a light rain began to fall, adding to his somber mood.

"Why couldn't you tell me? You knew and yet you made me go through that again." His head hung, water dripping from his wet hair.

"How did you know I was here?" The woman's voice came closer and clear of the shadows.

"Maya, you are a messenger, but I knew your mother. She was more powerful than any simple messenger. You knew who that lost soul was and yet you knew I'd do whatever was asked to appease the elders."

She felt guilty. "I couldn't tell you. The elders said you had to do this yourself." He turned, looking over his shoulder at Maya. His eyes were black and hollow.

"I watched Kelly die before my eyes. She told me we'd meet again, but I thought that would be when I passed over to the other side."

"What you did was right. Her soul was lost without you. Now she can have what was taken from her. You gave her a life again. One with sight, one that she can begin again with...because of your powers."

"That may be true, but I know it means I can't go back to her. She has no memory of me or what happened before. The slate is wiped clean. It means I'm alone now. Completely alone."

Maya stood next to him, her umbrella sheltering him from the rain. She looked down at the grave and saw Kelly's headstone with a metal plaque attached. The year of death had been etched away. "You have never been alone, Pilan." He looked down as Maya took his hand.

About the Author

S.L. Carpenter is a born and raised California man. He does both writing and cover art for novels as outlets for his overactive libido and twisted mind. His inspiration is his wife, who keeps him well trained. Writing is his true joy. It gives him freedom and expression for both his sensual and humorous sides.

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

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