

Samhain Publishing Freebie ~ [www.samhainpublishing.com](http://www.samhainpublishing.com)

# Ginnir: MYSTIC MAYHEM

TONI L. MEILLEUR

Ginnir: Mystic Mayhem

Copyright 2009, Toni L. Meilleur

Cover Art: [www.ireadromance.com](http://www.ireadromance.com)

This is a work of fiction. The names, characters, places and incidents are products of the writer's imagination or have been used fictitiously and are no construed to be real. Any resemblance to persons, living or dead, actual events, locale or organizations is entirely incidental.

All rights are reserved. No part of this book may be used or reproduced in any manner whatsoever without written permission except in the case of brief excerpts or quotations embodied in critical articles and reviews.

Celeste swirled and sipped the 'Blood Daiquiri' absently as she watched the dance floor. She wrinkled her brow at the strong drink but kept her attention on the object of her interest, Cameron Parpolos. There was a story here and she was willing to sacrifice her normally boring Friday night to prove it.

Ever since Cameron killed a hot story he'd been working on and then quit his job, as lead reporter at the Daily Inquisition, Celeste smelled a rat. Cameron was too ambitious to just quit his job. Something was amiss and if Celeste had to use Cameron to move up the reporting ladder then so be it.

Celeste swirled the liquid again as she watched Cameron pull a woman close to him on the dance floor. Given she was masked like everyone at the Mystic Mayhem Benefit Ball she just *knew* the woman was beautiful, the complete opposite of her. Celeste was the quintessential plain girl next door. With brown hair and dark eyes, the only remarkable feature about her that men loved were her lips. She had her mother to thank for the plump sensual Angelina Jolie lips that men couldn't stop staring at. And what's more, she knew exactly what they were thinking when looking at her mouth.

So caught up in her own musings, she almost missed when Cameron suavely led the woman off the dance floor and made his way through the crowd. Immediately she trailed him keeping an eye on the cape as it flashed the dark red underside as he walked. Dracula wasn't exactly an original costume, but Celeste suspected Cameron definitely knew his dark good looks could pull it off. He was vain but that didn't stop Celeste from wanting him. How long has she masturbated to Cameron making love to her?

"Ah, there you are!" Celeste felt a warm firm hand clasp about her forearm halting her trailing after Cameron. She turned around irritated as the woman who'd taken her coat earlier removed a black strand of wig hair from her green face with a puff of air. Celeste still couldn't figure out what the woman was supposed to be. Elpheba maybe? "Sorry, but I forgot to give you this when you checked your coat." She grabbed Celeste's hand and put a small object inside of it. Celeste looked at the wooden token and quirked her eyebrow up in question.

"It's a wishing token." The girl's hand flurried about in excitement. "See that fountain?" She pointed to the beautiful ice sculpture that doubled as a fountain. Red liquid cascaded down its side giving it an eerie but beautiful effect. "Since it's Halloween you get to make a wish without having to pay the price for it."

"Price?" Celeste laughed at the notion. She couldn't believe the people who actually believed in the occult. She was familiar with the rules of magic, having done a piece on a woman accused of killing a man with witchcraft. Apparently use of magic required a price from the one seeking its favor, and the price was usually high.

The girl frowned at her in disapproval and Celeste sobered quickly. "Thank You." She amended politely. "I'll make a wish later." The woman seemed mollified and she wandered off back to her post. Celeste looked at the marker and marveled at the workmanship. It appeared to be quite old and was beautifully carved with a symbol she'd never seen before. Eight blunt three pronged forks that met in the center with a circle encasing the meeting point were etched in black. She rubbed her thumb across it and was surprised to find it unusually warm.

Suddenly remembering why she was here Celeste looked up too see no sign of Cameron or the woman. Damn! She balled her fist in frustration and the coin bit into her hand. Celeste looked down to see a small bead of blood on the token. Great, now she could get some blood borne disease from the ancient-looking token.

Celeste wandered over to the fountain momentarily at a loss. Cameron could be anywhere. Doing anything, or anyone she thought wryly. She couldn't remember the last time she'd gotten laid. What she wouldn't give to have some action. Some good heart pounding sex

that was so good it would nearly kill her. She laughed at the notion as she stared at the token. It would make a great keepsake to prove she hadn't spent every Friday night at home alone.

She set her drink on the ledge of the fountain and just as she went to secure the token in her purse she was bumped and it flew out of her hands and into the fountain. "Oh I'm so sorry." A woman threw over her shoulder as she whisked past Celeste. Great, there goes the story *and* the souvenir. Celeste sighed and snapped her purse shut. Maybe if she just followed the path Cameron took she could find him. She cut through the crowd, though it didn't part for her as neatly as it did for him.

In moments, she found herself in a dark hall with people littered about like it was some sort of brothel and not a benefit to raise money for cancer research. She squinted behind her mask trying to make out a figure that would resemble Cameron and the Barbie Doll.

Her heels sank into the plush black carpeting and she was glad for it. Couples were heavily making out and Celeste would have been nothing short of mortified had they looked up to see her staring. Celeste swallowed as she couldn't stop herself from watching and envying the bold sexual pleasure the patrons were experiencing. "We can give you so much more pleasure than these neophytes."

Celeste turned at the sound of the deep-chorused voices. Her mouth hung open in shock as Cameron still dressed as Dracula peered at her from his mask. There was no mistaking the deep green eyes. His black hair was neatly pulled back and secured at his neck. There was another man behind him, but in the shadowed hall it was hard to make out his features though they resembled Cameron's at first glance. She'd forgotten the effect this handsome man had on her. It took a moment for her mind to take in what he'd said to her. It was then that she realized Barbie was no longer with him.

"I bet you're wondering what I'm doing here." Celeste stammered knowing she'd been busted. There was no way she was getting out of this. She'd been spying on him for weeks and she was more than a little surprised that he waited until now to call her out on it.

"I know what you're doing here and I'm here to make sure you don't leave here until you get what you deserve." His voice hummed in her head. He didn't sound angry at all. In fact the sound of his voice alone was causing moisture between her legs. She didn't remember him affecting her so strongly before. Perhaps it was the daiquiri she'd been drinking. She wished she had that drink now to help her through this.

"Listen, Cameron—"

He put a long strong finger to her lips to silence her. The moment his finger touched her mouth she felt a small tingle run through her and down to her crotch. His finger traced her lips slowly and, without thinking, Celeste licked her lips nervously. He smiled as her tongue swiped his fingers. "I can't wait to feel this mouth on my cock," he murmured.

Celeste should have put Cameron in his place right then and there. But the words stuck in her throat. She just stood there as his hand cupped her chin tilting her head up. Even as he stepped forward, she should have pulled back. She stepped forward instead so that their bodies touched. The heat from his body seared hers, instantly cutting through the thin fabric of her gown.

Her nipples hardened as if a cold wind had blown on them. His mouth covered hers and when his tongue swirled inside of her mouth, her knees just about gave out. What the hell was wrong with her? She kissed him back and when she felt a presence behind her cupping her rear and squeezing it she only jerked in surprise but made no move to stop the molestation.

She was sandwiched between two males, one she knew and one she couldn't identify to save her life. The stranger moved closer until she could feel his hard cock against her backside. He kissed the side of her neck and without any prelude bit into her neck. Not hard enough to draw blood, just hard enough to cause her to release a muffled cry of pleasure.

"Ah, perhaps we need to take this to more private quarters," Cameron suggested against her lips.

"I think she would enjoy being taken here with eyes watching," the other one said, sounding remarkably like Cameron.

"You have a point there." At this juncture Celeste wasn't sure who said what. It was hard to separate the voices. The blood was pounding so fast and loud in her head she could hardly focus. What she did know was that two men were somehow planning to fuck her in the hall with everyone watching. She had to put an end to this. "Who gets first taste?"

"No one," Celeste managed to stammer but they ignored her feeble attempt to take control. She could hear the tell tale ripping of her dress as it was being stripped from her body. Her first instinct was to cover herself.

"There will be none of that," one Cameron said in disapproval.

"You have nothing to be ashamed of," the other Cameron joined in.

Celeste closed her eyes and tried to conjure up an image of herself. True she was a runner. She worked out at least five days a week and while her body was not by any means statuesque it was healthy and firm in all the right places. She tried to relax and rejoice in the fact that at least she thought to put on her sexier undergarments.

She could hear murmurs in the hall and knew the spectacle they were making. The horror never came though, only the tremors of excitement at being watched. These people didn't know her. Well, besides Cameron. She was just a masked woman in black undergarments and heels. Of course she was also about to get publicly fucked.

Slowly, her underwear was pulled down around her ankles and she stepped out of them. Now she stood in her bra and heels and her breath caught as Cameron from behind bit into one cheek of her ass and then he kissed where he'd bitten her. He bit into her again, only this time at the exact same time a tongue swiped slowly between her folds and she would have fallen had a strong hand in the small of her back had not kept her standing.

"Hold onto me, love, it gets better." Cameron in the front looked up at her from his kneeling position as he ripped out the cord that secured his ponytail. His normally green eyes seemed to flash ice blue. Celeste assumed it was from the lighting. Her fingers dove into his soft black hair. "So much better," echoed Cameron from behind her.

She couldn't help it. Celeste looked around her to see masked faces all staring in their direction. Men and women watched with unabashed sexual curiosity. Celeste even noted quite a few bulges in the pants of the men. The women clung to the men and rubbed against them in an almost catlike fashion. The air hung heavy with the promise of sex and lots of it.

The men double-teamed her. The feel of firm wet tongue licking her puckered entrance from the back, with the coupled effect of being licked deliciously between her wet folds was almost too much to handle. She balled her fists tightly pulling the hair of the man in front of her, but that only seemed to entice him to excite her more. Electricity vibrated through her as she felt the building swell of an orgasm.

As if this were a well-rehearsed dance, the man in back penetrated her with his tongue, fucking her with it so expertly her eyes rolled. Cameron simultaneously found her clit and sucked on it, pulling on it with just the right amount of pressure. It was too much. Celeste yanked mercilessly on the hair of the man in front of her as she fell over the brink into a mind-numbing orgasm. Her body jerked from the force of it and this time there was no stopping her from falling.

She was caught in two pair of strong hands as her body continued to writhe they let her descend gently to her knees to the soft carpeting. Her head rested against Cameron's chest. The sounds of pleasure seemed far distant around her. She couldn't open her eyes, couldn't speak as the waves rode her hard.

"Oh, it's not over yet, love," Cameron from the back warned her.

"I-I ..." Celeste tried to form a thought but her brain would have none of it. She felt the pins being pulled from her hair as it cascaded down to her shoulders.

"That's better," one of them commented. "When I fuck a woman, I want her to show she's been well used."

Celeste had no idea where her outrage and dignity went. It deserted her, leaving in its place a wanton exhibitionist who wanted nothing more than to be fucked by two men she barely knew. It seemed reasonable enough.

"Come on Celeste, let me see how those pretty lips look around my cock."

Celeste lifted her head and opened her eyes at the sound of a zipper being worked. She looked up to see the black slacks fall around Cameron's ankles, revealing tanned muscular legs. She looked further up at the thighs lightly dusted with dark hair. Then her eyes settled on the large thick cock jutting out from its base. The large helmet shaped head promised pleasure beyond all reasonable doubt.

It called to her to taste it. She rose up placing a hand on each of his thighs and waited for him to feed her his cock slowly inch by inch. He held his cock by the base as one hand settled on her head. He pushed his hips forward. "Open your mouth wide for me, love," he softly ordered her. Celeste opened wide and he slipped the tip of his arousal past her lips. He moaned under his breath as she tightened her lips around him. "Such a pretty Fuck-Me mouth. That's exactly what I intend to do with it."

His words made her desire rise. He tasted so good as he seated himself in her throat. It was Celeste's time to moan as he pumped slowly between her lips. The Cameron behind her ran his hands between her legs. She heard the faint sound of the snicker of a zipper. "You're so wet." He whispered in her ear. He placed his hands at her hips positioning her so that she had to lean more of her weight against the man she was blowing. "You're so ready for me." That was her only warning.

Without having to see him, she could feel he was as equally endowed as the man in front of her. He had pushed all of himself into her in one pump. She gasped at the quick thick full invasion. Or she would have had her mouth not been so full of cock. The man behind her dug his fingers into her hips as he pumped hard into her. He was slamming her so hard from behind every bone in her body felt the impact—and she loved it!

"She's cock-hungry."

"Those pretty lips were made to suck me, weren't they, love?"

She could hear them saying lewd things to her and she didn't care. She wanted it, all of it. The gasps and moans around her further egged on her on. Celeste's body was on fire. She could feel another orgasm building inside of her. The masked man from behind her reached around and began to fondle her clit.

"Can you take more of me?" The challenge was issued on a moan as Cameron somehow managed to seat himself even further down her throat. He let out a strangled cry of pleasure as his hips pumped faster. The large bulb of his cock raked against her throat and Celeste couldn't seem to get enough of him. He pulled out long enough for her to take a breath before he plunged inside again.

"Ah, Celeste you're choking me you're so tight," the one behind her groaned. His fingers worked her furiously. He pounded into her and she thought she'd die from the sheer pleasure. Her heart hammered relentlessly drowning out the groans and moans from the people watching her in the hall.

Her mind was focused on three things: the tasty cock in her mouth, the one pounding her from behind, and the orgasm building between her legs. Every nerve ending was centered on being aroused. She heard a horse cry moan, "Swallow me love!" Ribbons of hot seed spilled down her throat and Celeste's throat worked feverishly trying to swallow every delicious drop.

Teeth bit into her shoulder as the man behind her stiffened. His hips jerked in short strong spasms as he emptied into her. Celeste could take no more and she tumbled into a tornado of pleasure. Her senses caught in a whirlwind of ecstasy as she came on the thick root inside of her. Her body shook and she lost control as her flesh vibrated from the sensations.

She could feel the soft carpeting as she fell on her side writhing in pleasure. When her breathing finally began to slow she felt a hand stroking her hair and another on her thigh. "Are you still with us, Celeste?"

"Mmm Hmm," she murmured as she opened her eyes, taking off her mask.

Both men, fully clothed stood over her. Their eyes flashed ice blue at the same time and then back to green. "Good," one of them said. She didn't know one from the other in the dim light. "Didn't want you dying from pleasure," the other chuckled. Celeste closed her eyes as she remembered those words sounded a lot like her thoughts earlier. The stroking at her thigh and hair was gone suddenly, leaving a cold wake behind.

When Celeste opened her eyes they were gone. She lay sprawled in the hall mostly naked, her shredded gown a few inches from her. She retrieved it and pulled it around her body. Celeste then grabbed her purse from nearby and got up. Couples were still fucking wildly against the walls. Screams and moans rented the air as various people came. For the first time she didn't feel out of place.

Celeste looked around for Cameron and his friend but they were nowhere to be found. A door opened and Celeste instinctually turned towards the sound. Cameron Parpolos stepped out. His shirt was gone and he had a sheet wrapped around his waist. Angry red nail marks scored his chest. Barbie, fully naked and totally comfortable with it stepped out behind him. "What's all the noise ... Celeste?" He squinted at her in the hall.

She said nothing as she shook her head. Realization dawned on her and she backed up, needing the wall for support. If that wasn't Cameron fucking her... And the guy with him? She hadn't cared at the time when she thought it was Cameron and maybe a friend of his. But the man had looked exactly like Cameron. Except for when his eyes flashed blue. Both of their eyes flashed blue. Cameron stepped forward trying to get a better look at her in the hall. Celeste turned and ran.

She ignored the gasps of surprise as she entered the main room, her tattered dress haphazardly around her. Her hair was mussed and tangled. She self-consciously put a finger to her mouth. Oh yes; there was drying seed around her lips. She remembered the words of one of them. *When I fuck a woman I want her to show she's been well used.* Her cheeks flushed hot as she tried to exit the building.

"Wait!" a feminine voice called to her. Celeste just wanted to go home and figured out what happened. "Wait, your coat!" That word caught her. Coat. Yes she could definitely use her coat to cover up. She stopped and turned as the woman with the green face caught up with her. "Here, you're going to need this. The twins aren't kind to clothes." She laughed. "Who?"

"The Twin Incubi. You had to have wished for them, perhaps offered a gift of blood? They take on the form of the one you lust the most after. Trust me I know their work firsthand." The woman grinned knowingly.

"I don't know what you're talking about." Celeste shimmied into her coat grateful for the concealment.

"Of course." The woman winked at her. "I get it." She made a zipping motion with her hand across her mouth. "Believe me nothing gets out of here. We pride ourselves on being discreet. That's why we are so successful with these benefits every year. Hope we'll be seeing you next year." She waved happily and walked away.

Then it dawned on Celeste. The token, the wishing fountain, her lusting after Cameron. It couldn't be true. But her body remembered otherwise. She pulled her coat closer around her and decided to delay her investigative reporting. As she stepped out into the cool October air, she decided next Halloween she'd definitely be back.

\*

\*

\*

Cameron Parpolos watched as Celeste walked down the almost empty street, her heels clacking loudly against the pavement. "Stupid woman," he muttered as he saw two shadows brushing the sides of the building as she walked. They were stalking her now. Incubi and Succubi rarely let a victim go without draining the very last energy they had from their body. She was in over her head. How she managed to call upon the Incubus he couldn't figure out.

He'd stumbled into this world blind, following a story. Now he knew what went bump in the night. He'd unwillingly become a part of it. A beautiful blonde woman sidled up to him, and hooked her arm with his. "Are you ready Cameron?" she purred.

Cameron looked at her and smiled, hiding the hate in his eyes. Hating that she'd turned him into the very vile thing she was but needing her right now to learn to survive in his new life.

He could still hear the clacking of Celeste's heels. He wondered if he should warn her, help her. But there had been no one to help him. "I'm ready," he responded, his hunger already gnawing at him. She turned her body to his and offered up her neck gracefully. He lowered his head in a lover's pose. His unnaturally long canine's burst through his gums as the hunger claimed him. He could see or hear nothing but the sweet blood in her veins...and then when he could resist no more, he fed from his maker.

### **About the Author**

Toni L. Meilleur is a resident of Michigan. In between her job as a Personal Trainer and writing, she loves to do theatre. Toni considers herself an amateur photographer as well as a clothes, shoes, and accessory addict. She loves writing and has been writing since she was eleven.

Please feel free to visit her at: [Toni L. Meilleur](#) or <http://www.myspace.com/toni.l.meilleur>  
And at Samhain Publishing: <http://samhainpublishing.com/authors/toni-l-meilleur>