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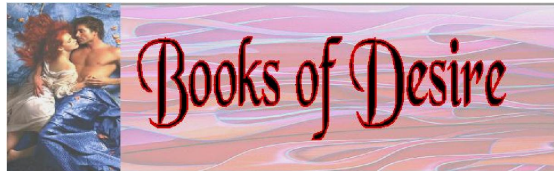


This is for my big brother and my sis. Thank you a bunch for editing and making sure the book is right. You are a treasure to me. I love you both.



Dark Passion

By
S.G. McCrae



United States of America

Chapter One

Beth awoke and dressed, getting ready for her day. She put on coffee, along with setting some small Danishes on the table to eat, before she and the caretaker started work. The caretaker, an elderly man named Homer, tended the grounds around the museum. He had worked for Beth's grandfather, and Beth inherited the property when her grandfather passed away. She had told Homer she would appreciate it if he stayed on with her, and he assured her he would until he became too old to work. With him continuing the job, Beth didn't have to worry about the plants and gardens. She only had to tend to the museum itself, which was mainly an historical museum. It housed objects worn or used as far back as 1800. She used the ground floor for now, with a type of gate closing off the staircase so nobody would go to the vacant upper floors.

The museum stayed busy with people asking about items, and others wanting to step out of the hot day who would also go through browsing. Beth kept pamphlets available to hand out when visitors requested extra information.

A class of school children arrived to do reports on several of the exhibits in the museum. Beth led the tour, describing the exhibits and answering questions. The tour lasted close to three hours, and then the students left to go back to the school. Beth remembered how she used to have to do the same type of lessons. She enjoyed learning new things, and all the research she did during her years living with her grandfather in the museum helped her when she grew older.

Beth furnished lunch for herself and Homer. After lunch, she cleaned up the small kitchen and went back to her office until she heard the small bell ring as someone else came through the front door.

Beth closed the doors of the place at five, with Homer leaving soon after, locking the main gates as he left. The museum closed on weekends. Those were the days Beth would clean the museum and her living quarters.

The young woman watched as the last person stepped through the door of the museum to leave, and she closed the door and locked it. The day had been long. Beth was exhausted, and was quite relieved that her living quarters were in the museum. Even though it was still early, she wanted to get bathed and go to bed.

Beth turned out the last of the lights and secured the other outside doors. She closed and locked her office door, and stepped into the hallway. Beth glanced sideways at a huge statue she had acquired.

The seven-foot gargoyle statue sat in the foyer, staring at the front door. He was made of polished black marble, grotesque to the eye but smooth to the touch. His wings spanned out from his body as he sat. Three-toed feet held onto the rock the statue was erected on. Magnificent muscles showed all over the gargoyle's physique,

and some appeared to be rippled from the way the gargoyle had one arm draped over his knees, while the other arm was behind him, with the hand flat on the rock underneath him. Long slender fingers were tipped with inch long claws. The claws looked sharp enough to rip something or someone to shreds. Even the wings had a sharp claw-tip on the joints at the top.

The gargoyle's head held the shape of something between a dog and a cat, its ears laid back flat against the head. The eyes were slanted slightly and blood red. A flat nose defined the front of its face, but what most people noticed was the open, full mouth of sharp teeth much like a blood-thirsty carnivore. The gargoyle had a long tail with ridges along the length, which looked as if it could hit something or someone, seriously injuring it or ending its life. The look on the gargoyle's face was one of fierceness; as if he was about to pounce on his prey, or maybe giving a warning not to get closer.

Beth continued gazing at the statue, smiling as she glanced over it. She had read all she could find on him in order to be able to tell visitors about him and why she bought

the statue. She felt a type of connection to it. Often at night she would reach out and touch the huge statue, feeling the slick exterior. The gargoyle, or *her* gargoyle as she called it, was not exactly a nice looking specimen, but she liked it.

Her hand roamed over the gargoyle's leg. The smooth but cold, exterior felt soothing. She moved her hand on up until she could place it on his arm.

"You're magnificent. I don't know why I'm so drawn to you, but I love the feelings I get from looking at you. Somehow, I feel safe with you here. I don't know why, but I do. Just touching your cool exterior turns me on. I wish you were real."

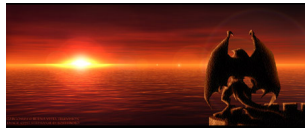
Moving her hand from his arm, she glided it along his broad back. He had a slender waistline, and she felt along until she came to his buttocks. Even with him being a statue, it turned Beth on by touching him everywhere. She felt moisture between her legs when she cast her eyes upon the gargoyle.

She had run across the huge statue when she'd traveled out of town for her grandfather to pick up new things for exhibits. She wrote out the check, and had a

moving company bring it to the museum. Since the statue was so large, the best place to put it was in the center of the foyer, and she immediately designated it as her guard statue. Her grandfather had chuckled when he saw the ugly monster of a figure, and he shook his head when Beth told him that she was going to learn everything she could about the name, Antoine, and the circumstances surrounding the statue.

Turning away from the gargoye, Beth continued along the hallway, making her way to her bedroom. She didn't notice the gargoye turn its ugly head and watch her as she retreated.

After a relaxing shower, wearing only a nightgown, Beth decided to sleep instead of reading a book she had started. Turning the bed covers back, she slid in and lay down, not bothering to cover up because of the warm night.



The gargoyle entered her bedroom, looking around until he focused on her bed. She appeared to be sleeping soundly. She lay one arm above her head, and one leg bent outwards, showing between her legs. Antoine stepped to the bed and hesitated before he touched her. He moved his hand along her thigh until he reached the hem of her gown. Raising it, his eyes traveled to her downy muff. Licking his lips with his long tongue, he stuck one long, razor-sharp fingernail into the flimsy fabric of her gown and slowly began slitting it.

Once he parted the garment off her breasts, Antoine took his attention to her clit, and he ran one finger along her folds. Beth moaned and drew the other leg outward, giving access to her most feminine place. Hearing her soft moan, Antoine moved his fingers inside her heat, gently thrusting to stimulate her. Beth moaned louder and shifted her body, moving her legs wider apart. Antoine moved and snaked his long tongue inside her. As soon as he delved his tongue inside her, Beth thrashed her head, and she uttered small groans.

Beth mumbled in her sleep, writhing, and Antoine crawled over her. His long tongue slid over her slender body, moving toward her breasts. He licked over her stiff nipples, and as he noticed her body arch toward him, he positioned himself so that his hard cock would touch the entrance to her wet heat. When he inserted his long cock into her; she opened her legs wider, and he thrust his cock in further. Beth took him in, moving her vaginal muscles so that she could take him in completely.

Antoine enjoyed the feel of her hot walls enclosing around his hard cock. Still asleep, Beth's muscles stroked him, making him increase in size. His tongue moved over her breasts. As her small nipples hardened and her breasts became fuller, Antoine thrust his cock harder into her. Grabbing her up in his arms, he slid out and flipped her over on her stomach. Beth awakened instantly, and before she could grasp what was happening, he impaled her once more with his hardness; and continued thrusting fiercely into her. Gasping, she tried to look around. Beth desperately wanted to know who was inside her. He felt smooth, cold and extremely hard, and the pain was intense.

The size hurt, but as he continued to thrust, she began to respond. The smoothness stimulated her hot spot, making her start to cum. Antoine felt her as she tightened her muscles. Her juices ran over his engorged cock, saturating both of them and leaking onto the bed.

While Antoine thrust into Beth's hotness, she lifted her buttocks and he felt himself once more ramming against the back of her canal. Grabbing her at the waist, he growled and felt her as her heat firmly closed around him and stopped him from cumming.

Beth could not think...she could only feel the need for him to continue. She felt his massive shaft impale her over and over, causing her body to respond against her will. Relaxing her vaginal muscles, Beth allowed him to move freely in and out of her. Antoine took advantage of the moment and reached around under her, lightly pinching her nipples. Her body reacted, sending a wave of juices over his long cock. Antoine smelled her intense desire, thrusting in harder. With a yelp of pain, Beth bucked against

him and Antoine erupted into her. His thick cum gushed out and filled her. He knew he was lubricated enough, and since he still had her on her stomach, an idea flashed through his head. Rubbing his stiff cock against her buttocks, Antoine positioned his member at her rectal entrance.

Holding his cock in one hand, Antoine continued to hold Beth's waist with his other. Easing his stiff member against her buttocks, Antoine felt it slide into her a little. She gasped, then whimpered as he brought his cock back out of her.

"Please...don't stop," she said in a shaky voice, without knowing why she didn't want him to. Although his penetration hurt, the sensations that coursed through her obliterated the pain.

Antoine eased his cock into her once more, getting it in further than before. Beth cried out, and he ran his finger over her clit, titillating it until she squirmed. As she moved her body, Antoine pushed deeper into her, and soon he not only had his full length inside her rectum, but he had Beth moaning in pleasure as he manipulated her

clit and inserted fingers into her, finding her hot spot. Beth shuddered when Antoine thrust in and out, and soon she was having a harder climax.

"Oh, my God. Don't stop! You're making me cum!"

He continued to thrust into her back entrance and fondle her vulva and clit.

Once more, he felt her hard climax building, and he pulled out of her. Antoine smiled and watched as he rolled her over on her back. Her eyes were open, but she could only see a dark shadow with no discernable features. He leaned over her and kissed her lips. Feeling his long tongue invading her mouth and tickling the back of her throat at first almost choked her, but afterwards she began moving her tongue along his, and he laid his full body length on her. Beth was ready for more of him. He kept his fingers moving around in her heat and soon she erupted, her juices gushing out and bathing his hard skin with moisture. Antoine felt her arms start to go around him, and he caught hold of them and pushed them onto the bed at her sides. She could not lift them because of his strength.

He withdrew his mouth from hers, and without another sound, Antoine backed away and eased out of the room. When Beth could finally move, she realized she was alone. Still breathless, she reached for the lamp, turning it on and looking at her body.

Her gown was ruined, and she felt invaded. Her body hurt all over, and she could see traces of blood on her legs and the sheet. She tried to get her thoughts straight. Berating herself for keeping the office locked, she managed to get to her dresser where she clasped the key chain in her hand. Her housecoat was draped over the dresser chair, and she eased it on and tied it. On shaky legs, Beth held onto whatever she could in order to make it to her office.

Slowly easing down the hallway, Beth unlocked the front door, then the office, and went to her desk. Sitting in the soft chair, Beth picked up the phone and dialed a number.

“Danville Police Department,” a man said on the other end.

Beth drew in a deep breath, and stated, “This is Beth Jameson. I need some help. Someone was in my house tonight, and he...he...please help me!” She broke into hard sobs.

The man told her, “Easy now, Ma’am. I’ll send a unit out immediately. What is your address?”

“I live in the Danville Museum. It’s on the edge of town. It hurts bad!”

“I know where that is. You just hang on, and they’ll be there shortly. Stay on the line with me.”

“Ok. Thank you.”

Within minutes, the car pulled through the side gates and stopped. Two officers got out and made their way to the door. An ambulance pulled in behind them. The officers went first to check Beth, the property, and to make sure everything was clear. Once they were sure it was clear, the officers holstered their guns and watched as the medics came in to care for Beth. One of the officers gave her a long look.

“Ma’am, I need to talk to you for a few minutes. Your door did not seem to be broken into, and your house is not ransacked. Could you tell us what happened? Our dispatch claimed that you reported that a man was in here? I need you to explain that to me.”

“Sir, I swear someone was in here. My body is sore, and there is no way I could have done it myself. I don’t know how he came in. I made sure the locks were all secure. That is a nightly routine for me. I don’t know what else to tell you.”

The medics finished working on her, and one told the officer, “She has vaginal abrasions. Someone has penetrated her; that’s obvious. There are secretions. We just can’t tell if it was really rape or if he was a huge guy. The hospital can tell.”

Beth could not believe what she was hearing. It sounded like they were not believing her. She looked at each individual, and shuddered as she remembered the events of the night.

The officer turned to her once more. “Miss, like I said before...there are no signs of someone breaking into the museum, no signs of struggle that we can see. Your bed is a little rumbled, and there are traces of blood and semen, but that doesn’t mean rape.”

“I don’t understand any of this.”

The officer rubbed his eyes and spoke again, “Have you ever been into anything kinky? Do you have a boyfriend? Were you a virgin and when it hurt, you panicked?”

Her temper flared Beth focused on the officer. She clenched her teeth and snapped, “Excuse me? I don’t do anything kinky! I don’t have a boyfriend, either. Those two who took care of me said something was in me. That’s proof that a man was in here and he took advantage of me while I was trying to sleep!”

“No, what it proves is that you could be mistaken, or maybe you are too embarrassed to tell anyone that you use toys or other objects so you can get some satisfaction, and you ended up hurting yourself. There is no proof that you were raped or attacked. We can’t do anything more at this point. You can go to the hospital for your own peace of

mind if you wish. Let them take a semen sample and see if they can find out whose semen it is. They can do a little more than the medics. Plus, they can give you some pain pills to get you through the night. My suggestion is this...don't get rough with toys or men."

Seething, Beth glared at the officer. "I *will* go to the hospital. I want to know who did this. Your accusations are outrageous! I don't play with toys. This museum takes place of a private life. I was asleep! Someone screwed the hell out of me! Why can't you believe me?"

The officer lowered his head, taking in everything she said. He shrugged his shoulders once more, and about that time his radio crackled, and he was asked if he could check out a burglary when he finished. The officer gave an affirmative, and turned to Beth.

'If you're ok to go to the hospital, we need to go.'

Beth narrowed her eyes and snapped, "I'll be fine. You do whatever you need to do. I'll take care of myself from now on. See yourselves out."

After everyone left, Beth leaned back on her sofa and began to cry. *The police are supposed to help you...not accuse you of making things up.* She eased from the sofa and went to get some decent clothes on. She did want to go get herself checked thoroughly at the emergency room. The medics helped, but she still felt awful.

At the hospital, Beth was told to lie on a stretcher. A doctor and nurse came in and examined her thoroughly, taking semen samples like the medics did.

After she was allowed to dress, she was told to wait. After a while a nurse came in and told her that the police were on their way to talk to her again. Beth knew it would be senseless, but she did not relay this to the nurse. She simply nodded and prepared herself to face the same officers that came by her house.

Right on her assumptions, the same two walked in and made their way to her. Beth's body stiffened.

“We received a call from the lab. Both specimens were checked, and it is semen. There was blood in them. We’ll start looking for the person. When we find out who it was, we’ll come by the museum and let you know.”

“Thank you for that, at least. I hope that whoever it was, they won’t come back.”

Beth walked out of the hospital after signing another paper, and she drove home. She was still unhappy over the events, especially with those cops acting like she lied.

Once she arrived back home, Beth secured the garage and went in to clean up once again. She still hurt, and now she wanted her soft bed. Closing her eyes after a brief shower, dreams of a mystery man roamed through her head.

Chapter Two

Beth sat in the kitchen sipping her coffee, looking out the window to see the day start. Her watchful eyes took in the tall wrought iron fences surrounding the property. The fencing made the old building look more like an abandoned mansion than a working museum. She looked toward the two large iron gates that were closed. The building was situated on the edge of town, right before the city limit sign. Tall windows in the building were covered with thin curtains, which not only let in the moonlight, but also the sunlight during the daylight hours.

She could not help but think about what had happened to her last night. Why did she have such mind-blowing orgasms with an attacker in the middle of the night? Did she dream it, and what about her nightgown? Could she have torn it in a restless sleep?

Pouring another cup of coffee, Beth questioned, "How did someone get inside the building? I'm sure I had it locked."

Homer came in, walking to the coffeepot. Seeing Beth in another world, he became concerned.

"Are you ok, Missy? I've never seen you this preoccupied before. Can I help with anything?"

"No, Homer, it's ok. I just have a lot on my mind...what with the travelers coming by. I hope the day goes by all right."

"Me, too, Missy. I hope no one touches the exhibits. We don't need anything broken."

Chuckling, she turned to him and said, "That is why they are all enclosed in those glass cases, Homer. I learned my lesson the hard way about people wanting to touch."

"True. Ok. Well then, Missy, guess I will go out and get back to work. I just wanted some more java. See you at noon."

“All right. Don’t get too hot today; if you need to, come in and get out of the heat. You know I don’t mind.”

“Might take you up on that. It depends on what the weather is doing. For now I have a garden to tend.”

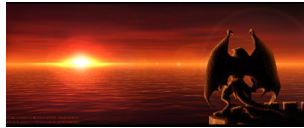
The old gentleman walked out the door, and Beth smiled as she watched him. She loved the man like he was a blood relative. When she needed help, he would come in and offer aide.

Homer kept the grounds looking pristine, including the trees surrounding the fences and building. The lawn continued to be green year-round and the bushes were lush. A large water fountain sat in the middle of the left part of the yard, with sparkling water flowing out of a dolphin’s mouth and landing in the round cement bowl at the bottom. The water circulated through the ground with its own pump.

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A large sign hung on the front fence by the double gates, which read 'Danville City Museum'. On the front door, there was a large bronze knocker in the center. Altogether, it seemed quiet and comfortable, even with the building looking a bit eerie.

As she walked through the kitchen area to the window, Beth watched Homer open the gates, and she turned away and began to unlock doors and windows for the day, afterwards walking into the foyer to wait on the travelers' bus to arrive.



One woman on the bus approached Beth when they walked into the building.

"Thank you for allowing us to come view your museum. I have read a lot about it, and I'm interested in the Indian exhibits."

"Go right ahead. I will be in the main foyer if you need me. Take your time." Beth assured the woman.

After a few hours, the travelers were ready to leave for another area.

Beth clanged the bell for Homer to come in for lunch. She made sandwiches since it was so late.

Beth had been working on papers for a week now. The back part of the yard needed mowing and trimmed. They would both finish by the end of the week.

Not many people came in the rest of the day. It helped to get the chores finished. When four-thirty came around, and the sun began to set, Homer made sure everything was secure once more. Beth went through the museum and started locking doors. If anyone came in for the last thirty minutes, she could always keep the front door open.

When Homer came in a little before five, he mumbled, "Going home, Missy. You close up and do the same. It's been a long day."

"It sure has. You go on, and I will after a little while. I want to stay up for a few hours until I get sleepy. I have a book I started reading."

"Ok, night then. See you in the morning."

Beth watched as the older gentleman walked out the front door to leave. When the door closed, she smiled and secured it. Off and on she continued to hear faint noises. Trying to ignore sounds, she read several more pages of the book. She began to doze off, but she made herself stay awake. Knowing the place was locked didn't matter to her right now. Instead, she was afraid to fall asleep and be awakened by someone again in her room, making mad love to her. If it had been a dream, would it invade her subconscious again, making her body writhe over the bed?

At ten o'clock, Beth was still up, reading her novel and sipping iced tea. Nothing out of the ordinary had occurred yet, but the night was still young. Knowing she would be tired for work, Beth inserted her bookmark and stood, going around one more time to make sure windows and doors were locked. She turned the break room light out, and walked past the gargoyle. She felt a shudder go through her, and she stopped in front of the gargoyle, tears prickling her eyes. "Whoever was in here last night hurt me. I wish you were real so they can't do it again."

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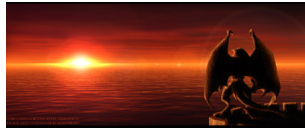
As Beth walked by the gargoyle statue, its head turned slightly. Antoine peered after her retreating figure while she quickly walked the hall and flipped the last switch for the museum. The gargoyle stepped down from his customary spot and followed quietly behind Beth, his long tail slithering behind him.

Chapter Three

Beth entered her bathroom and ran some water, feeling every aching muscle in her body. She eased into the warm water and slid down, getting her hair wet so she could shampoo it. As she applied the liquid to her hair and lathered it, she again heard a shuffling sound, like something being dragged across the floor. She hesitated briefly before finishing her hair, and she rinsed it out. She began soaping her body, relaxing in the warmth of the water. It always helped her stiff joints to lie in the water as much as she could. As she washed the soap off, she listened for more sounds, and she heard them getting closer. When they stopped, she intently gazed at the bathroom door, and she heard faint noises.

Beth leaned against the back of the bathtub and continued to listen for the sounds. Finally, things grew quiet.

Not hearing anything else, she climbed out of the bathtub, letting the water out. She was more tired tonight, but wondered if her attacker from last night would make another appearance. When she'd locked up earlier, she made sure there was no way anybody could get inside without her allowing it. If she had another attack, she would immediately get up and check every window and door again, to see if anything was disturbed. She refused to believe it was some ghost from her overworked imagination.



After being asleep for a little over an hour, Beth was awakened by a noise. She sat up in bed, listening closely. There was the same scraping sound. It continued for a short while, then stopped.

“I don’t know what that is, but it doesn’t sound normal,” she muttered to herself as she sat on the side of the bed.

The noise continued. It sounded as if someone was walking through the front museum area.

Beth leaned forward, listening.

“I know I locked all the doors. Who could be getting in?”

Easing out of bed, pulling on her housecoat, and walking the hall on her way to the front, Beth listened. The noise became louder as she neared the foyer. When she almost made it to the door of the office, she saw the statue of the gargoyle in its customary place. The monstrous figure always fascinated her, and she roamed her eyes over it as she went to the light switch and flipped it, illuminating the room with brightness.

Leaving the foyer and entering the small break room, Beth listened to the footfalls starting up and going through the building again. It sounded as if whoever it was, might

be in the room with the old records and tapes. Easing through, she knew she was at a disadvantage because she had no weapon. Spying the umbrella in its place by a small table, Beth grabbed it.

It's not much, but better than nothing if I get attacked, she thought.

Softly going further, the noises getting louder, Beth tried to breathe normally. It was hard because she was scared.

Stepping into the record room, she saw no one present. The footfalls had grown silent as well. Beth searched through the rest of the rooms on the first floor after turning lights on, but did not find anything. There were no more sounds, either.

Maybe I was hearing things. I'm being silly. It was probably the wind playing tricks, or I was imagining all of it, Beth thought, as her eyes surveyed the hallway once more on her way to the back after shutting out lights again.

As she slid the umbrella back into its holder by the small table, Beth turned to go back to bed. The next thing she knew, she was being shoved against the wall. Her

face pressed into the paneling, and her hands were forced to lay flat on each side of her against the wall.

“Who...who are you? Are you the one from last night?” Beth questioned uneasily.

She shook all over, and knew whoever was behind her was a lot stronger than she was.

“Why are you here, and how did you get in? I don’t understand.”

Trying to not be as frightened, Beth mumbled, “I don’t want to get hurt. What are you going to do? Oh God, please help me! Why are you bothering me? Where is help when I need it?”

Beth screamed, although no one could hear her, tears spilling down her cheeks. She was afraid of what was going to happen to her this time, but it did not take long for her to find out. She felt the fabric of her silk housecoat as he raised it over her smooth buttocks. He pushed her hard against the wall, stepping up close behind her, and she

felt his hardness against her skin. She gasped, and began to fight hard. She tried to turn to face him, but he roughly forced her to turn back to the wall.

Whimpering, Beth managed, "How did you get into a locked building? Are you planning do this every night; come in, defile me, and leave without saying a damn thing?"

Abruptly, Antoine pulled her away from the wall and gave her a push toward the small table, and as she reached it, she felt herself being forced to bend over the top. Beth trembled and did his bidding, and she felt her legs being spread. Again his hardness touched her, and Antoine began caressing her soft skin.

Beth kept her eyes focused on the wall in front of her as she felt hands going over her legs. It seemed as if Antoine's hands were smoother than most, and when she felt them going over her, she tried to think about pleasant things. Antoine brought one hand up, his fingers raking through her hair, and he began kissing her neck. The sensations

worked on her like they did the night before. Antoine noticed how she trembled, and knew his touch was working magic once again.

Taking his hand from her hair, Antoine groaned and moved his hand down her back. Reaching for the hem of her housecoat, he slowly began raising the garment up her slender body. As she felt the hem move lightly across her buttocks, Beth could not help but moan. Whoever he was, the man knew how to provoke a response from her.

Feeling her silken garment sliding over her head, with her nightgown following, Beth waited to see what would happen next. Antoine leaned into her, his hard cock pushing against her anal opening.

Beth sighed, thinking about how long it had been since she had been touched until he came to her. She was about to get impaled all over again; yet she felt ready for it to the point of yearning for him. She did not care about anything except this person and what he was doing to her. Beth wanted to feel the fullness of this individual inside her

again, making love to her either hard or gentle. She felt Antoine's hands roaming over her back and buttocks, and he moved one hand between her legs.

Gasping, Beth mumbled, "Ooooh."

One finger found its way into her opening, and Antoine tickled her clit. The minute he touched her there, she moaned hard. Smiling, he playfully nipped her skin, being aggressive enough to stimulate her but not causing her undue pain. Beth leaned back against Antoine, and he wrapped his free arm around her.

Antoine's fingers were busy moving inside her. She could feel his fingers manipulating her hot spot and clit. She tried to clamp her legs together when the sensations almost made her go over the edge.

"No, I don't want to cum yet. I haven't been with a man in a long time until you came to me. Please let me enjoy this."

His fingers pressed against her heat. He felt the beginning drops of her juices; Antoine manipulated the tiny button until he felt her trembling.

Beth quietly stood, anticipating his hard cock inside her. Before he inserted, though, he stroked his cock until he could lubricate it with his pre-cum, and then he positioned her over the table. He pushed the head of his cock into her hot love channel.

“Yes...I want to feel you inside me there. Please, *now*.”

With gentle thrusts, Antoine inserted more of himself within her. Beth’s vaginal muscles began suckling and stroking him, trying to get him deeper. Antoine smiled, and quickly rammed his entire cock into her. His balls slapped against her button, increasing the ecstasy she had already begun feeling.

With a steady in and out motion, Antoine’s moves made Beth moan loud with pleasure.

“God, please go on. You’re big...so hard. I don’t want you to stop. I’m so full. I have never felt someone as large as you. I can’t get enough. Give me more of you.”

Grinning, Antoine pummeled inside her.

“You’re exquisite. Make me cum like I never have before.”

He started pumping faster into her, and she felt him ramming against the back of her canal. The pain of his massive cock almost made her pass out, but when he reached under her and massaged her clit, the pain was forgotten and she writhed and moaned, and he held her tighter against him.

“I’m going to cum! Ooooh! You’re magnificent.”

She began bucking her backside against him with every thrust he made. Antoine closed his eyes, and he grabbed her breasts in his hands. Forcing himself into her as fast as he could, he felt the hot juices inside her as they erupted over his cock and balls, dripping to the floor. Antoine felt his own climax, and he growled as his cum burst forth, mixing with her juices.

Antoine picked Beth up, turning her toward him and laying her on the tabletop. Spreading her legs, he knelt and pulled her legs open wider. He slithered out his long snake-like tongue and lapped at her clit. She quivered violently, and a new rush of liquid flowed out of her, bathing Antoine’s mouth with flavor. He drank greedily, and as

his tongue moved around inside her, Beth felt another climax coming on. Antoine nipped her bud, forcing the waiting juices to erupt once more.

“You’re making me weak. I have never cum this much before. Let me make you feel this good. Let me take your cock and caress it and make you cum deep in my throat. I want to taste you.”

Antoine put his hand over her mouth. Getting the message, she grew quiet for a few moments. He forced her down harder on the table before moving his cock against her bare buttocks, moving it up to her wet muff to give her more pleasure.

Beth relented to Antoine, loving the feel of him against her. She opened her legs wider and allowed him to insert his hard cock back into her opening. Beth felt the head and then he was in, and she moved her muscles around him again. Antoine enjoyed the way she gave in, and he knew he had waited long enough.

As he thrust into her, Antoine leaned over and took one nipple into his mouth, twisting it with his teeth. With his tongue, he licked over her full breast, returning once

more to the nipple and suckling it. After lavishing one breast, he turned to the other one, bestowing upon it the same sweet treatment. Beth gasped, arching her breasts up to Antoine, who willingly took both breasts in his hands and pressed them together. His tongue caressed over each nipple, rolled around the breasts, and he nipped at her skin. Once more, Beth erupted and her entire body shuddered as juices gushed over Antoine's hard cock. Seeing her eyes still closed, he moved his tongue to her lips, tracing the outline.

Opening her mouth, Beth took his tongue inside, and sucked on the tip. Antoine growled, and he forced himself into her harder and faster. He ventured a kiss, which she returned passionately. If she noticed anything different about his facial features, she didn't act like it. Instead, after the kiss was broken, her hands moved over his body until she found his stiffened nipples.

"Lean closer. I want to kiss your chest," Beth whispered.

As soon as she felt him leaning over her so she could get to his chest, Beth moved her hands over his skin and began kissing him. Antoine noticed how good it felt, and he gladly let her touch him. Beth kissed and nipped at his chest, seeking his hard nipples the best she could, but she noticed how slick and cold his skin still felt. When she felt his nipples, she suckled and licked each nub until she felt it getting stiffer. His cock expanded more, making it a little uncomfortable inside her. He continued to plunge inside, and Beth bit down on his nipples one at a time, forcing another climax from him. His slickness did not stop his nipples from reacting to her mouth or her hands. This time his cum was hotter, and seemed a lot thicker. Antoine's mouth moved down her throat to the nape of her neck, and there he began a slow suction of her skin. Within minutes he noticed her movements.

"I'm cumming! I'm cumming harder this time!"

As she spoke, her nectar flowed out and over them both. Antoine loved the sensation she was giving him. He also felt her vaginal muscles tense with her climax. He knew she would not be able to give him much more.

That's ok; there are plenty of other times, he thought to himself.

Antoine stepped away from her when he felt her relax. He slinked out while she was trying to catch her breath and recover. She found herself alone in the room.

She opened her eyes and looked around. The building was like it had been earlier, only quieter now. She cast her eyes toward her room, and suddenly became very tired and wanted her bed.

Stepping away from the table she stopped and looked over at the statue of the gargoyles. It sat tall and proud, the eyes focused on the front door.

Smiling, Beth turned out the light to the hallway and walked along, ready to finally get a good night's sleep. Tomorrow would be another busy day, with tourists coming in from out of state.

Chapter Four

Beth pondered the activities of the last two nights. Checking the locks, there was no way in that she could see, unless he was a ghost that could go through solid walls.

Shaking her head, she muttered to herself, “Beth, get a grip. There are no such things as ghosts. You had a wet dream; that is all it could have been. Time for reality now.”

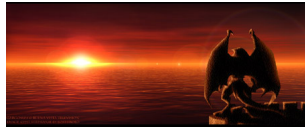
Beth perked coffee and brought out doughnuts, and soon Homer came in to help himself before he started work. He saw the far-off look in her eyes, but he didn’t comment on it. He knew she would say something when she was ready. He poured another cup of coffee and walked outside.

Beth walked out to the foyer and stood gazing up at the statue of Antoine. She moved her eyes down the body of the figure until she rested between its legs. They were slightly spread, and its intimate parts were hidden from view by one of its arms.

"I have often searched to see if you were truly a real creature. You look so harsh....so mean. You make a striking figure for my museum, though," she sighed as she moved her eyes around Antoine's backside.

Beth wondered how long it would be before she managed to see what her dark lover looked like. Her curiosity was beginning to wear on her. She desperately wanted to know who he was. Maybe soon he would trust her and allow her to see him. She didn't care what he looked like; he made her feel wonderful when he touched her. She never wanted to lose his touch or his kisses.

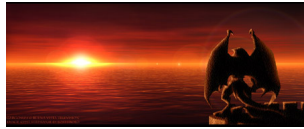
Beth shook her head and stepped back, turning to the hallway leading to her living quarters. She entered her own domain in the huge building.



As the night wore on, Beth found herself not being able to sleep. She wanted the attention she had been getting the last couple of nights.

Lying still under her covers, her eyes staring at the bedroom door, she whispered to herself, “I don’t pay much attention to a person’s looks. I’m one who looks at the inside, and who the person is underneath the outer package. It’s not right to focus on the outside wrapping. It has a tendency to fool someone. You have made me feel really good inside. No man has made me feel loved like you have. You’ve made me want you here more often...”

Upon saying her thoughts out loud, Beth drifted off into a restless sleep. Tonight, the gargoyle did not go to her. Instead, he stayed on his perch, making sure nothing disturbed the building or Beth.



Every day, Beth kept busy with the museum. She loved making sure the exhibits were cleaned and situated right. It would soon be time to browse for new items. The surrounding towns held hope for new objects that people might be interested to see, but occasionally Beth had to travel a few hundred miles to buy. She usually tried to make it Saturdays when she drove, and she would call the antique shops ahead of time to give them a ‘head’s up’ that she would be arriving.

There was one room on the first floor of the museum that was still vacant, and Beth wanted to turn it into a Pioneer exhibit. She’d been scouting around for old dresses, tools, guns, and other things that people in the 1800s used or wore. She had listened to her grandfather many times as he told stories from his father about how they’d had to live, and that helped her find what she wanted.

“Now, Bethy, listen carefully. Times were hard in those days. We churned, milked cows, grew gardens, and we didn’t have city water or lights. We used well water and coal oil lamps or candles.”

He even had her working with him out in the shed behind the building, showing her how they washed clothes with rub boards or wringer washers, and he taught her how to make lye soap. He had kept the old outhouse back there as well, adding it to the exhibits in the museum after thoroughly cleaning it and fixing the old rotten boards. He would laugh at the faces Beth made while he repaired the old building.

“That sounds nasty, Grampa. They couldn’t flush the toilet like we do now.”

“You’re right, Bethy. We used corn cobs and old catalogues for toilet tissue.”

“Now, that’s really gross!”

No matter what her grandfather told her, Beth remembered it.

Their projects helped Beth a lot in her idea of one room completely made into one with covered wagon models, Sheriff badges, Texas Ranger badges, and old straw hats

and felt hats. She even wanted an old wood stove and pots and pans they cooked in. Beth kept that particular room locked, with the items she already had stacked neatly in a corner waiting for her to start converting the room into a masterpiece.

When the phone rang, Beth had no idea opportunity would literally fall in her lap. Someone from Easterbrook, a small town a little over sixty miles from her, called.

“Is this Miss Jameson?”

Beth answered her, “Yes, this is she. What can I do for you this morning?”

“We have some items you might be interested in. The store is going out of business, and we wanted to give you first chance at our inventory. One of the customers we usually have told us about your museum and how you were searching for old items for a pioneer room? There are old dolls, clothes, stoves, and many other things. Would you like to come over sometime this weekend and browse? We don’t have normal customers now; therefore you’d have the place to yourself. We don’t even open the

place now. After you see what you want, we're going to put the building on the market, including the merchandise inside."

Beth immediately became excited.

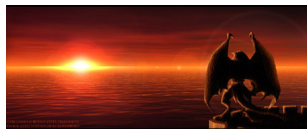
"Yes, Ma'am! Thank you so much for calling. I don't know who could have told you, since there have been so many that I have talked to about it. I appreciate the chance to go through first before you sell the building. I can come up today. It will take me at least an hour to get there. Will that be all right?"

"It'll be fine. I will see you then. You won't have any trouble finding the store."

Beth hung up the receiver and thought about the sizable nest egg her grandfather had left her. It was for her to spend on whatever she wanted. Nobody knew about it except for herself and the bank she dealt with. Before she left for her trip, she made sure she had her cell phone and her checkbook, and she grabbed a light jacket in case the weather turned worse. In Danville, it always changed with the blink of an eye.

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On her way out the door, Beth glanced around to make sure everything was secure. When she stepped out onto the small porch, she noticed rain clouds, so she went back inside for an umbrella. Ready now, she locked the front door and went on her way to check out the store, hoping it held many surprises for her.



Beth loved taking trips like she was on for the main reason that she could see new country. She always carried a map also in case she needed directions. She followed the road signs, and they helped to get her to Easterbrook.

Right off, Beth saw the disheveled surroundings as she entered the main part of town.

No wonder they want to sell; this town looks almost deserted. As old as it seems to be, maybe I can find a lot of things.

She noticed there didn't seem to be any traffic signs or lights. Most of the buildings were run down. A few looked to be in good shape, and she saw a small grocery store that was open. Next to the grocer, another building stood with a small alley separating them. The building had a rusted sign that read 'Lester's Antiques'.

Assuming that was her stop, Beth pulled in and parked in front of the store. Getting out, she walked to the front entrance and knocked, trying the handle. The door had a window on it with a thin curtain that tried to keep outsiders from seeing what the wares were inside the store. The door was locked, but Beth heard a faint sound of jingling keys inside the store, along with the clomp of heels.

The lock turned, and Beth readied to greet the person inside, hoping it was the woman she had spoke to on the phone. As the door opened, a middle-aged woman smiled at her and reached out her hand.

"You must be Miss Jameson. It's nice to meet you, and wonderful of you to drive out here to see what we have."

Beth smiled and shook the woman's hand warmly.

"Yes, but call me Beth, please. I had no idea that this shop was here. I would have been here sooner."

"My name is Ginger. I'll stay to assist you if you have any questions. Feel free to roam."

"Thank you, Ms. Ginger. I can already see it's going to help me a lot with what I've been searching for. Pardon me for asking, but are you not having enough customers, or do you want to get out from under the merchant business?"

"It's ok for you to ask. Actually both...nobody wants to come here to shop and I do want to spend more time at home. I decided to sell it only last week."

Beth walked as they visited, and soon she laid eyes on an old wood cook stove. Her heart leaped, and she quickly stepped over to see it better. Ginger went with her, seeing the enthusiasm from the young woman. Beth opened the front door to the stove, her eyes going over the structure.

“If you would like to purchase it, I’ll make it reasonable. Anything you want will not cost much. I’m tired of being here every day with no customers.”

Beth straightened up and looked around, spotting a few dolls and a rack of dresses. One dress in particular caught her attention, and she eased over and took the dress off the rack and looked it over. While holding this dress, she looked more and found a rack of girls’ clothes. Baby clothes were also on a table.

Walking further into the building, Beth found more items. An old churn stood in one corner, along with a washtub, an old flat iron, and a wooden ironing board. These few items were enough to make up Beth’s mind about the place.

Stepping back from these items, she saw the woman standing in the front of the store. Beth walked up to her, folding her hands together.

“Ma’am, I have a bit of a presumptuous question for you. I would like to know what you are asking for this store. I’d like to have it.”

Ginger opened her eyes wide, and she stared at Beth for a few moments.

“Why, child! Whatever do you want this old store for? I hoped you would want a few items before I shut the doors, but for you to ask how much I want for the whole building?”

Beth laughed softly, and nodded. “Yes, I would love to own it. My grandfather arranged it so I could do whatever I wanted with what he left me, as long as it helped the museum. This building holds many treasures. It has more than what I need for the museum, but also I would love to help you out on what you want to do. I’m willing to give you whatever you’re asking. Once a month I can drive up and get items I need. Is that ok?”

With her eyes wide and her hands in front of her mouth, Ginger gasped and stammered out, “I...I was going to ask ten thousand for the entire building, with merchandise included. Are you sure about this?”

“Yes, I’m very sure of it. You have more than enough things in here to fix up the rest of my museum. Is there anything in here that you’d like to keep?”

“No; I took anything I wanted out when I first bought the building. Thank you for doing this. It’ll be nice to sit on my porch and enjoy the cool breeze.”

“Great! How do you want the money? I’m thinking cash since your town is not very big. I can go to the next town and have the money wired to me. It might take two hours at the most.”

“That’ll be fine. There are no banks here. All of us here in town have to go to the next town for our banking needs. It’s called Jenson. I have the papers for the store at my house.”

“Let me go get your money. It should not take long. I’ll be back tonight.”

Beth went to her car and drove off for Jenson. She remembered seeing the bank there, and knew the money could be wired without much trouble.

After an hour and a half, Beth had her money and was on her way back to the woman’s shop. Not surprised to see the parking spaces empty, she climbed out of her car and walked up to the door. She was about to knock when it opened and Ginger was

smiling at her. She showed Beth to a small office off to the side of the front desk, and Ginger opened a small safe and handed Beth the deed to the building.

Taking the paper, Beth smiled and handed over a brown envelope with the money in it.

“Thanks so much, Ms. Ginger. I appreciate this opportunity. I’ll be coming over with a truck every weekend that I can to get the things out of the building. After I get everything out that I want in the museum, I’ll make sure the building is not broken into. I’ll keep in touch and let you know how things are doing, and I would love for you to come see the museum. It’s open during the week, closed on weekends, but I usually clean things during that time and I can give you a tour of every exhibit I have. There are a few rooms that I’ll work on before letting the public see them, and your store will help tremendously.”

Ginger shook hands with Beth, and told her, “I would love to, but I’ll wait until after you’re fixed up. What will you do with the building after you get the items out of it?”

Frowning a little, Beth shrugged. "I'm not sure. I'll want to keep it, and it'll take me a long time to finish the museum like I want. I might repaint it and repair whatever is in need. I like this little town, and I'll give it some thought. I won't know anything about that for a long time, though." Beth fished out a card from her purse and handed it to Ginger. "Call me anytime. I'm always close to the phone. My cell is listed on the card as well. I need to get back. I'll go ahead and take a few things now in the car, and will call when I start on the way back here for more. Is that ok with you?"

"Of course it is! You own the place now; you don't have to ask for my permission to do things. I have the keys for you also. Let me get them."

While Ginger gathered the keys to the shop for Beth, the young woman sighed and began picking up a few items to take with her. She especially wanted the dolls and clothing this trip. After she had her trunk and back seat filled with future exhibits, Beth walked over to Ginger, who had been watching her intently.

Reaching out her arms to the older woman, Beth gave her a warm hug.

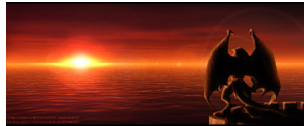
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“Thank you. I do appreciate all of this. I guess I’ll close and lock the building and come back next weekend.”

The older woman patted Beth on the back and told her, “I’m glad you’ll get some use out of everything. It’s about time this old building had someone watching over it that can take care of it.”

“I need to get to the house before it rains. I noticed some drops as I was loading the car. Goodbye now. Take care.”

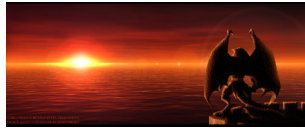
Ginger walked around the building to her own car, as Beth went to the door and locked it. She walked around the place, making sure other doors were secured. Getting into her car once again, she headed for home.



Driving her car through the gates and into the garage at the side of the museum, Beth parked and gathered a few items in her arms to carry inside. Once those were deposited in the special room, she continued trips out until she had everything, and then she locked the room. She would need a moving van to get more things in one trip.

She went back to secure the garage door. Afterwards, she went to her living area to relax. Beth knew it would take several weeks to get everything she wanted out of the antique shop and get it arranged. She still didn't know what she would do with the building and the rest of the inventory once she had the museum totally finished. Maybe later an idea would come to her.

After doing her normal lock-up duties, Beth took a bath and went to bed. Tomorrow she would go upstairs to see what could be done with it. The building was entirely too big to not be used more than it was.



No sooner did Beth close her eyes to get some sleep, than Antoine entered her bedroom. The way he shuffled across the floor had become familiar. Beth opened her eyes and stared at the ceiling, asking out loud, “You’re here again, aren’t you? Why are you doing this to me? I can’t go to the police; they don’t believe me. I can’t see what you look like because you stay in the dark. Why can’t you leave me alone? My body hurts, and I am tired of having you come in nearly every night and take whatever you want from me. What have I ever done to you?”

Antoine watched her as she trembled and scooted closer to the headboard. He knew she was frightened, although he had never really harmed her. He stepped closer to the bed, knowing that she could not see him. A low hiss emitted from his throat, and Beth put her hands over her eyes and began to shake worse.

The gargoyle moved toward the bed, a wicked smile crossing his harsh features. He touched Beth's foot, sliding his long fingers along her leg until he reached her knee. Beth gasped, but remained still as she sat on the bed. Antoine patted her knee gently, and moved his fingers on up her leg until he reached the junction of her thighs. Taking his hands and parting her legs, his eyes watched to see how Beth would react. She kept her hands over her eyes, waiting for whatever he would do tonight.

His hands caressed Beth's soft mound as she sat, and he tickled her clit with one long fingernail. Beth moaned, not being able to help herself. Antoine smiled and inserted one long finger into her love channel, seeing that she had relaxed a tad. Beth slowly lowered her hands to her sides, gripping the sheet. Antoine knelt, his long tongue sliding out and licking her vulva lips. Another small gasp escaped her, and Beth began to feel her inhibitions let down again. She loved the moves he made, and she wanted more than a touch from him.

Hissing once again, Antoine gently pushed her into a reclining position. Easing her gown up, the gargoyle teased her clit until he felt her shudder and smelled the essence of her nectar. His cock hardened instantly, brushing against her soft leg. The touch stimulated them both, increasing his hunger and her need.

“Oh, yes!” she breathed, suffering mixed emotions at what he did.

Antoine positioned his cock at her entrance, sliding it inside. After his cock went in a few inches, he pulled back out, hesitating several moments before he grasped her and tossed her over on to her stomach. Beth thought he was going to insert into her canal from behind, but soon she felt him urging his huge cock into her back entrance.

“No! Please don’t! That will hurt...I’m not ready for you to go inside me there. God, please don’t do it there!”

Not hearing her, or acting as if he didn’t, Antoine masturbated his cock until pre-cum began oozing out. He took one hand and spread the liquid over his cock and over her anal entrance. Urging his cock into her rectum an inch at a time, he noticed her tensing,

and he would slide back out. Not giving her time to collect herself, he moved his cock back into her and began a slow rhythmic motion, while his fingers and long nails tweaked and massaged her breasts and nipples.

Beth sighed; moving to meet his thrusts while Antoine manipulated her. Every time his long nail raked across her button, Beth emitted a shriek and put her hands up to the pillow, and she grasped it tightly. Antoine then raked his nail over her back, enticing her body into small shivers. She lifted her hips and prepared for the harsh entrance of all of his hardness into her rectum.

Antoine pushed into her a little further, while caressing her back and shoulders with one hand. Beth began moaning, pushing her buttocks against him with each thrust he made. It wasn't long before pleasure replaced the pain, and both Antoine and Beth moved in ecstasy.

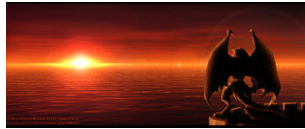
"Oh, yes...harder. You're making me cum! I'm cumming hard!"

Antoine began massaging her back as he pummeled into her rectum. With his other hand, he started pinching her clit with his finger and thumb. Feeling her body quaking, he inserted one long finger into her love channel, raking his long fingernail around inside her. As he touched her hot spot, Beth screamed as she erupted with a hard climax, her juices flowing from her over Antoine's finger. He slammed every inch of his long, hard cock into her, his cum hot and thick, coagulating inside her, with only a small amount dribbling out. After he eased out of her, he turned her over onto her back, gently rubbing her anal entrance. Beth whimpered, and Antoine swept his hand over her stomach, patting it for a few moments until he leaned over her, making sure she was ok. Noticing her breathing was back to normal, Antoine nodded and stepped back, quietly exiting her room. Beth was so exhausted that she closed her eyes and drifted into a long and peaceful sleep. She dreamed of someone loving her; taking all of her, including her heart.

Chapter Five

Antoine stepped up onto his stand, his mind thinking about Beth and her museum. He also thought about all the years he had spent scaring people and killing those who wronged him. Now he found himself in this building; a museum run by a beautiful young woman who seemed a little naïve, but also one who yearned affection in the worst way. He wished he could allow her to see him. Circumstances prevented him from being around her during the day. He had seen so many pretty females over the years, but none made him feel the way Beth did. When she bought him at the Gothic fair, he instantly fell for her. Every day and night he would listen to her and her grandfather discuss business. The first time he heard her name mentioned, Antoine put it to memory. The most he could do for now was sit on his perch, going to her at night, until

the time came that he, along with his past, could be revealed to her. He did not want her frightened. He would know when he would be able to talk to her; until then, he must play it like he had been.



The day started with a group of high school students doing theme papers. They had much harder assignments to do than the grade schools. Their papers were longer, more in depth, and were used to see if the students were college material. Also, Beth had to watch them closer. Some of the boys would try to impress the girls by clowning around with the exhibits, like putting hats on their heads or swishing swords around. This was the reason Beth began putting exhibits into glass cases. She still had quite a few items out of cases, though. She would make it a point of watching the boys today

until she could get those cases and put the exhibits into them. One hat almost became destroyed also, which made her quite upset.

Beth called out over the din in the rooms, "Please, I must insist that you do not touch any of the exhibits. I thought I made that clear when you arrived. I don't want to have to ask you to leave."

One of the teachers finally got the students under control, and things quietened down enough for Beth to explain each exhibit.

One of the girls asked, "We were told you were going to eventually open a pioneer exhibit. Will you still do that?"

Beth smiled, replying, "Yes, at a later time. I have some rooms that would be wonderful as pioneer exhibits. I recently acquired a building which houses a lot of old relics, and I'll soon start transporting things here and will extend the museum to more rooms than it holds right now. Any more questions?"

One of the older boys piped up, “Why can’t we touch the exhibits? All they are is just a lot of old junk.”

Beth frowned, but kept a professional attitude with the students. “Yes, to some of you these items are junk. To older people, however, it has been their way of life. When I open the pioneer exhibits, you’ll see a lot of old items such as churns, dresses, shoes, and many other things. You young people could not live like the older ones did in the 1700s or 1800s. They had things a lot harder.”

The same boy spoke up again, “I don’t think I would like living without games and videos and computers.”

Beth chuckled softly, saying back to him, “No, I suppose you couldn’t. Back then, their games were horseshoes, playing rocks like you play marbles, playing Red Rover, amid others. They had no videos at all. Their computers; they were pictures they drew on paper or on the ground with rocks or sticks. If there are no more questions, I’ll continue showing you our exhibits.”

The students remained calm, although curious, throughout the rest of the morning. A few times Beth had to calm down a boy or two again, but for the most part it went smoothly.

Around 11:30, the teachers and students stepped onto their bus to go back to the school for lunch and to study their notes. Beth went into the kitchen and made some sandwiches for herself and Homer.

Homer was tired from his groundwork. Beth watched him drink his iced tea and eat his sandwich, and she mentioned to him, “The yards look good, Homer. Why don’t you go upstairs to the attic where your cot is and take a nap? I can manage things the rest of the day. You look exhausted.”

He smiled and nodded, “Thanks, Missy. I believe I’ll take you up on that. I think I took a cold over the last few days. See you when I get up.”

The older gentleman rose and took his plate to the sink, talking to himself as he went up the long flight of stairs to his attic hideaway Beth kept set up for him.

As Beth cleaned up, the phone rang. When she answered it, she realized her afternoon would be just as busy as the morning.

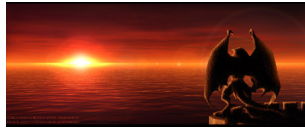
“Ms. Jameson, I am in charge of a group of tourists from out of state that want to see your small museum. I asked if they would rather wait until you expanded, but they want to see what you have now. Is it possible that we come out?”

“Yes, come right ahead. I believe I can get you in before we close. Do you have any of my pamphlets?”

“Yes, all of the people do. They are rather excited to see your building.”

“Come ahead. The rules are listed in the pamphlets. I strictly adhere to them.”

Hanging up, Beth sighed and leaned on her desk. The morning had worn her out, and it looked like the afternoon might be worse. She would have a long weekend of cleaning to look forward to.



A few stragglers came in and out before the group of tourists came to the museum. Beth could already tell there were some pompous men among the bunch.

Rolling her eyes, she put on a smile to greet everyone. Starting the tour, she tried to keep her eyes on everyone. Finding that hard to do, she finally accepted the fact that she would have a weekend of not going to get a load of antiques.

A couple of the men in the end of the line were talking to each other as Beth discussed the museum with the group. One man was smoking, which was against the rules stated on the pamphlets. The two didn't seem to care one way or another about rules; they did whatever they wanted.

The one smoking was closest to Antoine, and he reached up and flicked his ashes into the gargoyle's mouth. "There you go, you ugly beast. Might be an improvement to you. I would never have such an ugly exhibit in my place of business."

"Yes, I know what you mean. The way she described it, you'd think the thing was her pride and joy. Go figure." The second man looked at it with disgust.

Flicking his cigarette ashes into the mouth of the statue again, the one man shook his head as the other man talked. As the cigarette burned to the butt, he put it out on the tongue of the gargoyle. As he did, both men chuckled.

"That should give him some kind of improvement."

They joined the others, who were a little ahead at the moment. Beth saw what they did, but she held her tongue because she knew it would do no good to tell the men to stop. She had the feeling they could be more trouble than she could handle. Perhaps she should consider a security guard during the day hours.

She did not see Antoine as he turned an evil look on the two men. His eyes showed pure hatred as he watched the two join the others. He turned his head back to face the front door, rolling the cigarette butt around in his mouth. His eyes turned deep red, and he spit the butt out, shifting his beady eyes hatefully at the man who had put the cigarette in his mouth. Swallowing the ashes, he felt a slow burn inside. Antoine growled low and looked toward the two men again.

“You don’t know who you are messing with,” he hissed. “Your ass will wish you never smoked another one of those hot sticks.”

As he turned away to face the front door once again, Antoine’s eyes glowed like the tip of the cigarette just before it was plunged into his partially open mouth. He felt a change in his lower body, and as he looked down, he saw a visible hard-on between his legs. Realizing it was the ashes, he planned to find more so he could enhance his cock to stay harder than it had in the past.

The group of people filtered around the rooms, looking and asking questions. The two men seemed bored with the museum, and they wandered off by themselves. Beth at that moment did not care...she would be glad when the two were gone. They had done nothing but disrespect her and her museum from the time they came through the door. She answered the others in whatever they cared to know, letting the two men go off to themselves.

The man who had been smoking lit up another cigarette, picking up items and looking them over, before setting them back down haphazardly. Smirking at the displays, he said to the other man, "She sure is proud of all this junk. I wonder what she would do if something got broken."

"There's no telling. Probably cry about it. What are you thinking about doing, man?"

"Hide and watch. I'll show you."

Puffing on his cigarette, the man snickered and picked up an old glass jar, and reached over for an old cookie jar. He turned to look at his companion, but when he

saw the man's face he did not know what to think. The man's face was totally pale, and his eyes were big and round. Fear radiated from the man's body.

"What's wrong with you? You look like you've seen a ghost."

All his companion could do was point in the direction behind him. He slowly turned, and he, too, turned pale.

"Exactly what are you planning to do with those artifacts?" Antoine asked, red eyes darkening.

"You...you're not real! You can't be. You're just a big old...well..."

"I know. I'm just a big old dumb ugly statue. Allow me to show you *just* what I can do to a man who does not show Beth respect."

His movements lightning fast, Antoine grabbed the two objects out of the smoking man's hands. He then took hold of the cigarette, which was close to being at the butt, and he looked it over. Both men watched as the gargoyle put one hand on the man and told him, "Open your mouth."

The man shook his head, looking from the cigarette to Antoine, and Antoine again said to him, "Open your mouth. I won't say it again. You do it on your own, or I will do it for you."

Gasping, the two men tried to back up, but Antoine reached out to the one who smoked and put his hand around the man's throat.

"I want you to know how it feels to have one of these put out on your tongue. I want you to feel the pain, and swallow the hot ashes. You *will* do this tonight before you will be allowed to leave."

The two men managed to get away from Antoine, and frantically ran for the front door. Quick on their heels, Antoine flew through the doorway and knocked them both down. Hearing the mower running out back, Antoine knew Homer was in the back yard, so he had a little time. The man who had been smoking lay flat on his back on the sidewalk, his wide eyes staring up at the huge gargoyle hovering over him. The other

man rolled away and scooted back from the gargoyle and smoker, watching to see what would happen.

Antoine forced the man's mouth open, even though he struggled frantically, and the gargoyle took the still-lit cigarette and put it out on the man's tongue. He closed the man's mouth and put his hand over it, preventing the man from crying out. Gagging and swallowing the best he could, the smoker muffled a cry of pain. Antoine was not finished. He rolled the man over, pressed his knee hard against the man's jaw to prevent him from screaming, and with fingernails extended, he brought both hands down the man's back, shredding the shirt and skin, bringing blood. Once more, he brought his nails down the man's back, ripping flesh, and rivulets of blood ran down to the ground. Satisfied with the man's back ripped open, Antoine moved off the man's head and took his hands and planted them on the butt of the man's jeans, dug his nails in, and began a slow torturous movement down the backs of his legs. By now the smoker was in so much pain and shock that he could do nothing but shake and moan.

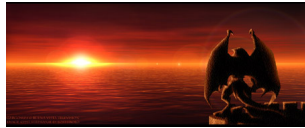
Two more times the man felt his hide being scraped off his legs, and then when he thought nothing worse could happen, Antoine leaned down and rolled him over, hissing at him, "You will never live to see the light of day."

Antoine reached up, cupping one hand around the man's throat, and he jerked hard. Throat and hand drew back, and blood shot out, running and saturating the ground. The gargoyle stood and dragged the man into the nearest bushes, depositing him under the leafiest one. Turning his gaze to the other man, he stood, and watched as the man jumped up and frantically began running in the direction away from the museum. He gathered himself and leaped, his wings spanning out, and he flew over the retreating figure and flew down, his feet latching onto the man's body and he continued flying off, needing to dispose of this body before Beth noticed the statue missing.

Instead of killing him by his own hand, Antoine flew a short distance, hovering to see where to drop the figure. Seeing a sharp spiked fence surrounding a house, he flew over it and dropped the man, watching as the figure became impaled on the back

S.G. McCrae

fencing. Satisfied again at the demise of both men, Antoine flew back, hid in the trees, and seeing the coast clear, he went to the fountain in the yard. He found the water hose and washed the blood off of himself, and sprayed the sidewalk as best he could. Then, he went in and climbed onto his perch, relaxing and waiting until night when he could ravish Beth's body...one more time.



Beth was never more relieved than to have the group of visitors leave. She didn't know where the two men went, nor did she care. She didn't like the way they talked, and certainly didn't like it that they persisted in making fun of her exhibits and the museum. She bid everyone goodbye around four-thirty, and walked over to her gargoyle statue and laid her head against its leg.

“I’m so exhausted. I want to lie down and sleep for a week. Two more days this week, and I can lock up and clean. Even cleaning this place will be more comforting than the week I’ve had,” she sniffed as a few tears escaped.

The tears did not go unseen by Antoine. He loved the touch of her arm on his leg, and the closeness of her body next to his gave him a rush. He did feel her pain, though. Maybe tonight he did not need to go to her; give her a rest until tomorrow night.

Homer walked in, seeing her distress.

“Long day, Missy?” he asked, a fatherly arm draping around her shoulders.

“Yeah, two men earlier. They think my exhibits are crap, Homer. I think they’re wonderful, and a lot of people enjoy the tours.”

“Then keep going with them. Don’t let two men ruin this dream for you. I think the museum is wonderful, and the new rooms you want to open will bring more in. I overheard the children talking earlier about the Pioneer rooms. They’re anxious to see it when you redo the bottom level.”

“I hope you’re right. I don’t want to encounter those two men ever again, though. They were hateful, and smoked, and would not follow the rules.”

Wrinkling his nose, Homer sniffed and told her, “I do smell it, now that you mentioned smoking. It’ll fade. Spray some air freshener around a little more than you normally do. Think of it as a skunk outside spraying, and try to cover it up.”

His comment made Beth laugh, and she hugged him, saying, “I knew you would cheer me up. Take care tonight, Homer; I’ll see you in the morning.”

“Sure thing, Missy. Relax and go on to bed.”

Homer walked out, going to lock up his shed and the front gates. He noticed the wet sidewalk, but brushed it aside for the time being. He was too tired to worry about some wet ground and pavement. Beth went around locking up everything, but she went to stand beside the statue and gazed up at the face.

“I need to clean you up. That asshole put his cigarette out in your mouth. As far as I’m concerned, he’s not allowed in here any more. I don’t know his name or the other man’s, but I can do business without the likes of them. Let me go get a washcloth.”

She walked into the kitchen, grabbing a chair on her way out. She stood in the chair, leaning against the statue, and she gently dabbed at getting ashes out of his mouth. She wondered why there were not many there, but shrugged it off. After dabbing to rid the ashes for a few moments, she leaned forward, kissed the gargoyle’s open mouth, then stepped down and carried the cloth and chair into the kitchen. From there, she turned the last of the lights out and stopped for the night.

Walking past the statue, Beth continued down the hallway, while Antoine watched her leave.

“Nobody will ever hurt you again, my Beth,” he muttered in a low voice. His eyes followed her until she was beyond his sight, and true to his word, he left her alone to allow her to rest her soul and body.

Chapter Six

The next morning Homer arrived to see a gruesome sight. Flies were buzzing around a few of the shrubs next to the building. He stepped over closer, and looked around the shrubbery to see if there was a dead animal that crawled there and died. If there was, he needed to dispose of it.

Instead of finding a dead animal, Homer pushed aside leaves to find a dead man lying there, blood-soaked. Homer gasped, hurried around to the kitchen door.

Opening the door and rushing in, Homer looked for Beth. She came in, going straight to the coffeepot. She glanced at the elderly man, seeing his troubled face. He looked panicky and pale.

“Homer? Something has you upset. What is it?”

He looked at her, wringing his hands. "Missy, you better call the police."

"What? Homer, what are you talking about? Why do we need the police?"

"There's a man laying dead out there. He's under some of our bushes. He looks a sight too; all bloody and scraped up. I think he's been dead a while."

Beth drew in a deep breath, and ran to her office to call the police department. They assured her there would be a unit on the way, and she thanked them. They did not want her opening the museum until things were investigated and the body was removed. Beth was unsure of opening even then. Considering the week, she added this event to a long week of woes.

Two patrol cruisers and the medical examiner arrived, and from the first cruiser came the two police officers that Beth had talked to when she called in her attack the first night. Seeing those same men did not make the day any better. She blew out a long breath and asked them both in, while Homer took the officers from the second cruiser to the body.

One of the officers with Beth scratched his head and said to her, "Seems trouble likes being around you, young lady. Can you tell me what happened? Who is the man your caretaker found?"

"I haven't been outside today. I didn't want to see him. I've never seen a dead body for real...only on television. I don't know why a dead body would be here, on my property. It suddenly feels as if the world is against me for some reason."

"I can see your point, but I need you to go out and see if you can ID the man. After all, he did die on your property."

"I know what you mean, but I don't know who killed him. I did have some trouble with a couple of men yesterday during a tour, but I guess they left earlier than the others. One of them even put out his cigarette in my statue's mouth. They were horrible men, and I hope I never see them again."

"Ok, let's go see what he looks like. If you can ID him, that will help. We can then see how he was killed, and hopefully by whom. Are you ready for this?"

“Yes. Let’s get it over with.”

As they walked out to the site of the body, Beth looked around at the officers and at Homer. Her old friend looked as if he’d aged several years. When she lowered her eyes to the body, suddenly she felt herself go pale and she trembled, muttering, “Oh no! Oh my God, no!”

One officer took hold of her as she dropped, and he asked her, “Miss, are you ok?”

Beth shook her head and mumbled, “No...he is the man I was talking to the other officer about. The one who was smoking and put the cigarette out in the statue’s mouth. He gave me trouble yesterday...he and another man.”

The officer she had talked to in the house asked her to go back inside and tell him everything that happened, and she gladly left the body and walked in, putting her head in her hands. The body was gruesome, with blood everywhere. After pictures were taken, one of the other officers walked in and in a low voice told the officer with Beth, “He has abrasions, and scratch marks over his back, buttocks, and legs. When we

rolled him over we saw that much, and it looks like the work of an animal of some sort. No human could do what we saw. It looked more like a bear or some other large animal. We looked at his head and front body; his neck has been torn out and inside his mouth is burn marks, almost like cigarette burns. That part has us curious, but the rest points to ravishing by an animal. I have never seen any attacks before now, though. What do you want to do?"

"I'm not sure. I'll have her come down and write out a report on the incident between the man and her yesterday. She said there was another man with this one. Maybe we can find him, or he'll turn up somewhere."

Beth gathered her purse and agreed to follow the officer to the station. After taking her report, and with her trying to describe the second man, adding that he was not as rude and abusive as the one they found deceased, she was allowed to return home.

She did ask, "Am I in trouble?"

The officer she had talked to the most asked her in turn, “Can you tear out throats and rip up bodies like a bear or mountain lion?”

Beth frowned and gave him an odd look, shaking her head.

“Ok then. We’ll review all we have, including your statement, and we’ll be in touch with you when we find out anything. I don’t believe it for a minute that you can do to a body what that one shows me. Stay indoors, though, if you can...you and your gardener. At least until we find out what we’re facing. Understand?”

“Yes, sir. I’ll tell Homer. Thank you.”

He walked out, with Homer entering the building right afterwards. He gave Beth a long look, and said to her, “Missy, that poor man was ripped all to pieces. Have you seen any large cats around?”

“No, can’t say that I have. At least we’re not under suspicion that I can see.”

“We’re not, but we have to stay in until this is over. Would you like for me to stay here, or go home until you call me to come back?”

“Homer, go ahead and go home. I’ll give you the same pay as always. The yards are fine, along with the flowers. Don’t get out much.”

They said their goodbyes and Beth closed up, not intending to open until the police could solve the death. She made a sign for the front door reading ‘Closed Until Further Notice,’ and she decided while she was not to get out for a few days she would clean things.

Hearing a knock on the front door, she opened it to find an officer remaining, and he pointed to the sidewalk and asked her, “What happened to the walkway? It looks like blood was washed off of it.”

“I have no idea. I didn’t see that when I came out earlier. I’m sorry, but I was conducting tours most of the day.”

“Ok, thank you. I will make a note of it. Maybe it might help.”

Beth closed the door when she saw the officer get into his cruiser and leave. She was still nervous and shaky over the death. The man might have been an asshole, but she sure did not want him dead. Who or what could have done this?

She tried to stop the tears from flowing, but found her resolve breaking. The tears streamed, and she walked to the kitchen to put a cool, wet paper towel to her face. When she managed to get herself together, she went out, turning off the light and going to her quarters. She was nervous and scared, but still felt safe inside her house because the locks were all fastened.

For one more night, seeing Beth upset, Antoine stayed put on his perch. He did not want to cause her any more stress. The time would come again to go to her, but not now.

Chapter Seven

The next day, Beth tried to focus on work. Because she had not been accosted again, she thought she had an overworked imagination that had led her to believe someone was having sex with her the few nights she remembered. As she cleaned, she tried to put those nights out of her mind.

That afternoon, the phone rang. An officer was on the other end, and he had some news for her.

“Ma’am, we have a body down the street from your house. We would appreciate it if you would drive down and see if this is the other man who was with the one we found on your property. It’s not a pretty sight, so give us a few minutes and we will get him to

where you can possibly ID him. He managed to get about a mile from your property before someone was on him.”

“Ok, I’ll be right there. One dead body was one too many. I didn’t want to have to see another one.”

“I understand. At least this one is not in the shape the one under your bushes ended up being.”

Beth grabbed her purse and her light coat, and she went out to her car to go check out the second body. It was too close to her property. She was beginning to get very apprehensive about having her museum open to the public now.

As she parked at the property, one of the officers walked out to meet her. She climbed out, followed the officer to the body, and there she saw that it was the man who had been in the company of the first dead man.

She closed her eyes, mumbling, “He’s the other one. Who could have done this? I’m beginning to think I shouldn’t open back up. I don’t need people to end up dead on my property.”

“No, don’t feel that way. We’ll find out what’s going on. At least this body did not look as bad as the other one. There is no way you could have conducted a tour, killed that man, brought this one here, and went back to the tour. Go home and stay there. We’ll be in touch.”

Beth drove home, dreading hearing anything else the rest of the day. Two dead bodies; it didn’t seem real. She walked into the museum, locking the door behind her, and she called Homer to let him know the news. He was as stunned as she.

Beth turned out the lights in the museum area, and went to the back. There, she curled up in her recliner and opened her book to read. She wanted to forget the world outside.

She had two chapters read, when she felt a presence behind her. Beth tensed, afraid to turn around. Slowly, she eased around and looked. There was nothing there, so she laid her head against the back of the chair and sighed. She was already getting paranoid, and she didn't want to be that way.

Antoine made his way to the front after checking on her. He saw her frazzled nerves, and he knew he needed to go to her again. If he did, it might put her over the edge. He yearned for her, but he didn't want to go to her before she was ready.

Beth went back to her book, but she could not concentrate. Getting up, she went to her kitchen to start a pot of coffee, but she stood staring out the window trying to get her thoughts together.

Looking at the clock, Beth noticed it was only three o'clock, and she felt drained. She had not started the coffee yet, so she decided against the coffee and instead wanted to curl up in bed and get some sleep. Getting out of her clothes and into her gown, Beth went to her bedroom and lay down, slowly dozing off into a restless sleep.

Antoine walked up the hallway to check on Beth. Seeing her lying in bed, one arm over her head and one foot out from under the cover, turned him on immensely. It had been a few nights since he had come to her, and he wanted her again.

He eased to the bed and slowly began uncovering Beth. As he made it to her waist, he reached over with one hand and began to make small circles around one breast. Beth moaned, moving slightly. Antoine put his hand flat against her breast, massaging it gently. Beth rolled over on her side. He smiled, easily rolling her to her back again, only this time he pulled the covers totally off of her and raised her gown, totally exposing her abdomen and breasts to him. Antoine leaned down, taking one nipple into his mouth. Suckling it at first, and then twirling it between his teeth, the hunger began building into a giant inferno inside his body.

Beth squirmed under his affections, and Antoine sucked harder, taking little nips at her flesh. Her back arched, bringing her breasts closer to him. Antoine kissed along the center of her stomach, detecting certain urges coming from her. He trailed the

kisses to her abdomen, and he pulled her vulva lips apart, licking her clit. Beth gasped, lifting her hips toward him. He cast his eyes on her face, seeing her eyes closed. Her hands were caressing her breasts, and she would take her nipples and twist them.

“Ohhh, God, it feels wonderful. Don’t stop. I love it.”

Antoine smiled and went back to licking her clit. He parted the lips more and twirled his tongue deep inside her. Beth writhed in ecstasy, her moans louder. Antoine bit lightly on her button, which made her writhe, and she gripped the headboard tightly, screaming out for him to continue.

He sipped at her clit for a few moments before he pulled away his tongue and inserted his hard cock at the entrance.

“Yes, please...I want to feel you; it’s been too long. I need you inside me.”

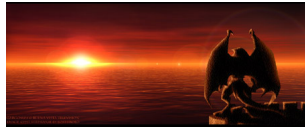
Pushing his cock into her tight heat, Antoine began thrusting in and out quickly. He soon began a rather harsh thrust, forcing himself into her until he felt how deep he went. With every push, Antoine could feel her vaginal muscles clenching and milking him.

She began to climax, and her internal muscles tightened around Antoine's cock until it hurt. Her fluids streamed out around his hardness and saturated the bed, while Antoine was not ready to fill her yet with his thick cream. He continued to thrust into her, harder and deeper until she was gasping and screaming.

Sliding out, Antoine suddenly turned her over on her stomach, and inserted his long cock into her rectum. Inch by inch he managed to get all of himself into her, and he slipped his hand under her and began tickling her clit. Beth rose on her hands and knees and began pushing against him, taking him totally inside her. He thrust harder and faster. Beth screamed from the ecstasy. The pleasure far outweighed the pain she had. She began climaxing heavily, her wetness flowing over Antoine's fingers and hand.

"I'm cumming so hard...and so much! I love it. I want you to come back, and thrill me like this always."

Antoine pushed into her one more time, his climax hitting furiously. His thick cum filled her to overflowing, and soon after he erupted she joined him one last time in a climax of her own. She came so hard and fast this time that it left her weak and trembling. After he slipped out of her, he watched a moment as she breathed to make sure she would be ok, and then he backed away and left the room, quietly going to clean up in the bathroom before getting back on his perch.



Beth lay in bed until she could move again, and slowly she made her way to her bathroom to clean up. Instead of using a washcloth, she stepped into the shower and used water as hot as she could stand. The heat helped her body to relax and move better. She soaped up and washed thoroughly, and as she stepped out of the shower she walked over to the lavatory to comb her hair. Lying on the basin was a washcloth

that was slightly bloody. Beth took out a sanitary napkin in case she had her monthly, but then realized she had not used the cloth; she wondered how it got there and who had used it.

“Strange, I know I’m not losing my mind. Whatever is screwing me is real, and this is proof. He had to have used this cloth. What in the hell is going on around here? First, I get ravaged in my bedroom, and then dead bodies turn up. They were the very ones who dissed my museum! Now I have to stay indoors? I don’t think so! I want...no, I *need*...to get out and get some things out of my new building. It’s the only way I can stay sane during this weird stuff.”

She put on a clean gown, went to bed, and made silent plans to start working on the rest of the museum since she could not open it to the public as of yet.

Chapter Eight

Beth rose and made up her bed, pulled some old clothes on, and went to make some coffee. She also made sure she had some money in her purse to get something for lunch. She wanted to get a moving van and get as much as she could in one trip. She decided on hiring some help, and she would first clean up the second floor and the attic. Homer did not use the attic much, but when he did need it, she wanted it clean.

She called the local movers, and found out she could rent a truck. She drove to pick it up, and then went on her way to Easterbrook. After arriving at the antique shop, she went inside and gathered everything she could get into the van that she would need to start the Pioneer exhibits. She hummed as she worked, and if something was too

heavy she made a note of it on a small note pad she brought with her. It took around three hours to fill the truck with many things, but afterwards, she locked the antique shop and went to get something to eat at the small diner she saw nearby. She found out not only was it reasonable on prices, but it had a homey atmosphere. Beth thoroughly enjoyed her lunch there.

She made her way back to Danville to the museum. After pulling into the drive, she opened the back door and began hauling things inside. She put everything in her washroom, and after she finished she locked up the truck. She rented it for the whole weekend. The more Beth could get moved, the happier she would be. The heavier items she would get help with. Next week she would keep the museum closed and work, and she hired the help she needed to move her personal items upstairs in order to turn the entire bottom floor into museum. Maybe the weekend she could get most of the items, and next week she would get moved totally into her new quarters. She did look forward to having more space for herself. That gave her ten extra rooms for the

museum, along with a bathroom for the museum in case someone needed it before the tours were over.

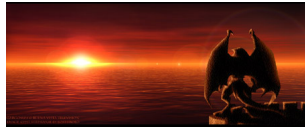
That night Antoine left her alone since he was with her so much previous night. He noticed how she was expanding, and he knew eventually time would come where he could make himself visible to her and end the questions. Until then he wanted to watch her work and make sure nothing went wrong again with the tours or the extra visitors.

Beth moved the things out of her washroom and into the room she kept locked. In the morning she would go for another load. Monday would be the day her hired workers said they would come at nine o'clock that morning to start moving her to the second floor. She wanted to go get boxes tomorrow to begin to pack.

Antoine took in her activities quietly, marveling at how efficient she seemed to be. After she locked the one door to the spare room, she took a broom and mop, along with her dustpan, and started up the stairs. He listened to the swish of the broom and her

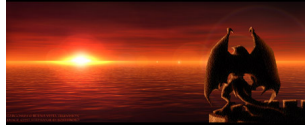
talking to herself, and he chuckled. He thought that she would talk to herself even when he fully let her know how real and alive he was.

The statue of Antoine started coming to life in the evenings, after dark settled in. Now, he found himself coming to life anytime of the day, especially when he was angered or worried. He knew his time grew closer. Patience had always been a virtue with him, and it began paying off with every little thing he did for Beth.



Beth finally made it to the attic, thoroughly cleaning. Looking at her watch, she saw it was midnight. It had been a long day again, and she was more tired because of the cleaning. Before she headed for the antique store in the morning, she would pack up her belongings except for the bed and covers. Therefore, it would be another full day

tomorrow. Not knowing when she could open the museum again, she was thankful that she could finally go forward with her plans of expanding.



Beth finished packing, and drove once more to get a large load of items. She had called the movers and asked if they could come in a day early, and they arrived to find she needed them to follow her to get a load of the heavier things. Agreeing, both vans proceeded to Easterbrook, and within three to four hours both vans were loaded. Satisfied for now that she had enough things to go forth with the museum, Beth returned home and both vans were unloaded. The items were set along the hall and the one empty room. From there, although it was beginning to get dark, the movers went ahead and moved her furniture and boxes to the second floor. Since she had the heaviest items now, she could get the rest herself. Paying the movers and adding a little extra

for moving her ahead of time, Beth saw them out and locked up, proceeding upstairs to get some things unpacked.

Within a few more days, Beth had the bottom floor started like she wanted, and she made a trip daily to the antique store until she finally had everything that she needed for the museum. She locked up the antique store, planning to fix it up later, possibly as a future home for herself.

Setting up the museum thrilled Beth. It took all that week and two more, and in between she would call the police to see if anything new had come up. She continued to work, cleaning and getting new glass cases for the newest exhibits. She finished one room before beginning another. With tender loving care, she cleaned each new exhibit before putting it out for others to see. She was proud to be able to show others how pioneers lived, with the old wash board and other objects. She studied and was soon up to speed on everything so she could make a better tour guide.

On the fourth week, Beth finally received the phone call she was waiting for. The police department called her and said they were closing the case; they had found no large animals and the coroner said no human did the damage to the one corpse, much less could they find out how the other man had been dropped onto the spiked fence. Both cases went into the cold files. She felt the police did not want to spend any more time on it because it looked to be a hard case to break. They gave her the go-ahead to re-open her museum when she was ready.

Beth grew ecstatic. She did the finishing touches, and walked through, loving her museum even more now. Business might actually pick up with the newer things. She planned on opening up the first of the month, and when she went to bed she fell into a restful sleep.

Chapter Nine

Slender fingers crept along Beth's leg until they came to the junction between her thighs. Beth moaned in her sleep, and one of her hands reached down and grasped Antoine's hand at her mound. She moved it up to her breasts, and Antoine saw how receptive she had become to him. He squeezed one breast. Taking the nipple between his thumb and finger, he rolled it around and pinched it gently. Beth took her hand and grasped the sheet under her.

"God. Don't stop. Make love to me. Tantalize me."

Antoine continued manipulating her breasts, tweaking her nipples into stiff peaks. He leaned over and licked around one breast, finding it becoming fuller with his touch. Taking the small nipple into his mouth, Antoine suckled it and bit down gently, and Beth

arched her back toward him. Antoine savored the feel of her breasts, and as he fondled her, he inserted his hard cock into her love channel.

“Ahhh, yes! I want it deeper, and I want you to force it harder. Give me all of you...everywhere! Cum inside me and fill me up.”

Antoine started to ram into her faster, forcing his cock into her so deep that he hit the back. Pain shot through him, but he did not stop. Hearing a screech escaping her, he knew he was doing what she wanted. He slid his hands underneath her head, picking up his movements in order to bring her to a stimulating climax. Lowering his face, his lips captured hers and his tongue tickled the inside of her mouth. She started to wrap her arms around him, but Antoine quickly stopped her arms and pushed them to the bed, and he quickened his thrusts. He broke the kiss and went down her neck nibbling and licking. As he went to the nape of her neck, he bit down and she cried out, her body stiffening and suddenly her juices came gushing out.

Antoine hissed, thinking to himself, *Yesss, my love. That is what I wanted. Now I will have a taste.*

Sliding along her body, Antoine came to her mound and pushed his face into it, sniffing and licking through the curly hairs. His tongue found its mark, and he sipped and drank her nectar hungrily, while his hands manipulated her breasts again. Beth thrashed on the bed, her hair flying out around on the pillow. Antoine bit down on her button, which threw Beth into another wild orgasm. Fresh liquid flowed out, tinged with a bit of her blood from his bite, and he pushed his tongue back into her until he came to the back of her canal. There, he tickled and licked at her, making Beth squirm and she erupted into a harder climax. Before she came down from this latest eruption, Antoine took his cock and shoved it hard into her, and she screamed.

“That’s it! More! Please give me more!”

Antoine changed his actions. Instead of gentle and moving, he became an almost violent lover, his hips moving repeatedly as his cock thrust in and out of her. It helped

to bring forth the biggest climax from her, and Antoine joined her with his thick white cum, shooting load after load until he felt drained. Beth's body went limp, and she began moving around and her eyes fluttered. Antoine immediately dropped to the floor, quickly exiting her bedroom as she fully became alert.

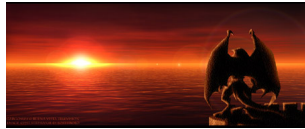
Beth sat up, rubbing her body. She looked about the room and sighed, mumbling, "I know I'm not losing my mind. Someone was in here. I know it!"

She combed her fingers through her hair, and as she moved to stand up she felt wetness between her legs. Putting her hand down to her mound, she brought it back to see a thick white substance. Beginning to cry, Beth rose and stood on shaky legs, holding onto whatever she could grasp on her way to the bathroom. She quickly made a stream of warm water flow from the shower, and she stepped under the spray and stood there, letting the heat soak her skin. She held onto the bar on the wall, and she cried for several minutes, knowing now that she had not been imagining having someone coming to her.

“Who? Who has been doing this to me? Oh God, please let me know who he is. Why doesn’t he let me know? What is he afraid of? I’m tired of him coming to me in my sleep, taking my body and ravishing it, and then slipping out. It’s tormenting me! Is he ugly? Is he old? I have to know! I’m such a damn hard sleeper! Damn it, I want him to show himself!”

Beth pounded her hands on the wall of the shower, upset that the man would turn her on so immensely and make her yearn night after night for him. After she took out her frustrations, she grabbed the bar of soap and cleansed herself before getting out, sliding her gown on, and she started to go back to her room. Instead, she turned and went downstairs. Going to her gargoyle statue, she stared at it for a long time. She roamed through the house for her own peace of mind that nobody was in there. Seeing everything secure, she mumbled, “Go figure,” and returned upstairs to her bedroom, climbing into bed and trying to go to sleep. She kept feeling the hard long cock sliding in and out of her canal, but the face and the rest of the body were in blackness. Nothing

was discernable that she could see. It served to make her a lot more ill at ease. Her lover at night, along with the two dead men found, were getting next to her. She realized it was now time to re-open the museum and get her mind back to business.



Opening the museum again felt good to Beth. She felt better once she took the sign off the front door and put the notice in the paper and on the radio. She called Homer to come back, too. While the museum was closed, she had mailed his checks, but he was ready for work.

Once he laid eyes on the grass and shrubs, he grinned and said, "I have plenty to do now that things are back to normal."

Beth had to laugh along with the elderly gentleman. She still felt like things were far from normal, though. She was proud of the expansion of the museum and the many

new objects on display. As visitors flocked in once again to hear her and to see the new rooms, Beth relaxed.

Two months after she opened, there came another day that served to ravel Beth's nerves. A young man wanted to take her out for lunch, but she politely declined. He persisted, even asking her if she was too good for him. Beth politely asked him to leave. He informed her he would be back, and he had her phone number. He vowed he would change her mind.

As he left, Beth muttered, "Creep," under her breath. She put the incident out of her mind and finished her day.

Antoine, however, had seen the incident, and it did not bode well with him. When he heard the phone ring upstairs and heard her voice raise, he knew the young man was trouble. He had memorized the man's features, and he knew the person would be back.

Antoine was right in his assumptions. It took less than a week before Beth was in tears from the man's persistence. When he showed up unexpectedly one night after closing time, Beth picked up the phone and called the police, who told her they would send out a unit to investigate. If the man was still there, they would take him in for the night.

The young man left, but did not go far. He hid in the trees around her property. After the squad car left, he walked slowly toward the front door again. Beth had gone upstairs after the police told her the man was gone, and she went to bed. Antoine was still alert, though, and prepared. He heard the rattling of the doorknob and suspected that the man was trying to break in.

"Well, let me make it easier on you," Antoine mumbled.

He stepped down from his perch, walked quietly to the door, and unlocked it, swinging it open to face the young man. The man was on his knees, a tiny object in his hand, but when he looked up and saw Antoine, he chuckled.

“It’s not exactly time for Halloween is it? Your costume fits you.”

Not smiling, Antoine gazed down at him.

“What do you think you’re doing? Breaking and entering is against the law. You need to leave.”

The young man sneered, standing straight and putting his hands on his hips. He put one hand in his coat and drew out a pistol, aiming it at Antoine.

“My business is not anything of yours. That girl here will soon find out what happens when you rebuff me.”

“Oh, I hardly think so,” the gargoyle said as he frowned. Stepping through the door, he shoved the young man a few steps back, and the man brought the pistol up to Antoine’s face. As Antoine heard the click of the gun, he moved quickly and knocked the gun out of the man’s hand. As fast as lightning, Antoine had his hands on the man’s neck and he broke it. Looking around, he noticed nobody around, so he took flight with the man in his arms and he flew for a while, looking for a drop spot for the body. After

going for about two miles, he saw a grove of trees. Releasing the body, he watched as it fell to the ground. Satisfied, he flew back to the museum and went inside, securing the door again. He went upstairs, entered Beth's bedroom, and drifted his long fingers along her cheek.

“Nobody will ever hurt you again, Beth. I’ll protect you from now on.”

Antoine gave her a light kiss on the cheek and went back downstairs. After he stepped up on the rock again, he resumed his position of staring at the front door.

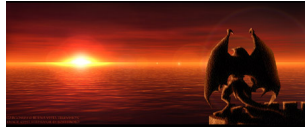
Chapter Ten

Homer could not work much outside the next day because of rain. It came down in sheets, and he told Beth, “Missy, I’m going home. There is nothing I can do here today. I’ll be back tomorrow. Are you going to keep the place open?”

“Yes, there might be a few stragglers later. Some might seek shelter from the rain for a little while before they go to their next destination.”

Saying their goodbyes, Homer left and Beth went to the break room to sit at the table in case the door opened so she could hear the tiny bell jingle. She had a couple of hours before the next people came in, so during that time she ate something. She had the radio on a low volume until she heard someone, and then she could turn it off.

Seeing that today would be slow, Beth went to the washroom to start laundry. She could stay busy. Hearing the bell a few times, she went to the front to accommodate the people before they left for their next stop. She grew bored because of the rain and the few visits. Finally she closed up at four, knowing things would not get much better.



The month went by, and tourists and other visitors increased because they wanted to see the expansion. Senior citizens loved the new exhibit rooms. Since the two deaths, Beth kept up with the news quite often. She heard about another body that was found in the grove of trees, where the police were uncertain what had caused him to have a broken neck. They did not know why the young man was in such a remote area, either. They did find out he was from out-of-town. His name and residence were discovered,

but they never figured out who killed him. No footprints or fingerprints were around the body or on it. Another case went to the cold case files.

Once a week, Antoine went to Beth, either loving her tenderly, or hungrily ravaging her body. Each way, Beth craved more of her lover.

Things were still and quiet most of the time. Stars were sparkling in the sky as if they were winking. Where the museum was situated, she could raise her bedroom window when she wanted to and hear foxes, owls, birds singing, and other night sounds.

Beth finished cleaning the museum and the rest of the house, making sure Homer's attic space was tidy. She was elated because visitors had picked up and even the school children were treating her exhibits with respect. She recently began keeping small wrapped candies in a dish for the people to enjoy when they came through.

On a Saturday night, the wind was blowing a little hard and rain was in the forecast. The temperature had already dropped to fifty-six degrees. Beth turned on the thermostat so the place would get warm. No sooner did she climb up to her living room

area, than the skies opened up and rain poured down, with lightning flashing around dangerously.

Beth thought about going on to bed, but it was only nine o'clock. She continued to watch TV for a while, wanting to catch the news before she went to sleep. Not only did she see the radar of the clouds, but also the news reported an escaped prisoner from Millen County, which was two counties east. Shaking her head, she hoped the man would be caught soon.

After the news went off, Beth turned her living room light out and ventured to the first floor to check over the locks again. She did not want to take any chances. Hopefully the rain would not carry hail in it, because she was lucky in the sense that no windows had been broken.

As she pulled her gown on, Beth heard a noise. She stood very still, listening for anything out of the ordinary. Again, she thought she heard a scraping, then a rattling

noise. Unsure of what it could be, she pulled on her housecoat and eased down the staircase. The closer she came to the front door, the louder the noise became.

Antoine also listened. Not only did he hear Beth step close to him, but he had detected the other sound as well. He was focused on the front door, his eyes watching the doorknob. As it moved and something scraped, Antoine waited. Before she could get to another room, the front door burst in and a tall slender figure came tumbling in, catching sight of her. He ran toward her and Beth ran for the kitchen door leading outside. Opening it, she blindly ran out into the pouring rain, headed in the direction of trees. The man was almost on top of her when he was suddenly stopped in his tracks. Something was behind him, holding on, and the man could not get loose.

Beth hid in the grove of trees on the back of the property. She peeked through the limbs, and what she saw astonished her. There was a large figure battling with the man who broke in. As she watched, the figure turned a certain way, and Beth's breath caught.

With eyes opened wide, she mumbled, “Antoine! It can’t be...he’s not real. He’s a statue. Oh my God, what is happening?”

Trembling, Beth continued to watch the fight. Antoine was by far the strongest. The man he had a hold of was trying to get loose, but Antoine was not letting him go. The man pushed at Antoine, then slapped at him, but Antoine took one swipe with a hand and the claws scraped the man’s cheek, causing blood to run. After he scratched the one cheek, Antoine changed hands and swiped at the other cheek, damaging it the same way. The man screamed in pain, and Antoine turned him loose and allowed him to drop to the ground. He put both his hands on the man’s back, and with claws out, he raked both hands down and left deep gouges in the skin.

Beth put her hands to her mouth, mesmerized by the scene in front of her. She was frozen to the spot. She watched as Antoine took the man in his arms, said something to him, and his hand came around and clenched the man’s throat, ripping it out. Without a

word, Beth came out from the trees, her eyes focused on the tall statue of a gargoyle in her yard.

Antoine left the man lying in a pile on the lawn, and he slowly raised his eyes to look at Beth. She stepped closer to him, and as she neared within a foot of the gargoyle, she mumbled, “Antoine? No, it can’t be you. You’re a stone figure in my foyer. What’s going on? I’m dreaming, aren’t I? That, or I’ve been losing my mind over the past few months. Have *you* been coming to see me at night?”

Antoine smiled and answered, “Beth...it’s me. I don’t want you to be scared, but yes, I have been the one who has been you at night. It’s me who has loved you, and cherished you. I have a story behind me, but it is one you can fix.”

“I don’t understand. Why? Have you been killing the other men?”

“Yes. I won’t allow anyone to hurt you or me. Beth, I love you. It’s up to you to decide how you feel when I come to you at night.”

Beth came forward, watching Antoine. She wondered why she wasn't afraid of him. As she came closer, he reached out and touched her, smiling down at her face.

"Do you understand what I am telling you, sweet Beth? Would you like for me to demonstrate tonight what I am saying? First, I do need to dispose of this body. Then, I will come to you, and love you. There is so much I need to tell you, but you might not understand any of it. You might not be ready to hear the truth."

"Yes, I'm more than ready to hear it. I wanted you to be my guard statue. You have been the one I talked to all these months. Antoine, if you were human, I would love you 'til the end of time."

"No, Beth. That is not what I need to hear. Look at me as non-human. Look at me as a partner to you. Could you love me as I am, not as a human?"

Beth hesitated a brief second, and looked up into Antoine's eyes.

"Yes, I love you, Antoine. I don't care if you are a statue. You make me feel like a woman. Please...love me tonight. I beg of you."

Antoine stepped up to her, and wrapped his arms around her. His wings flapped, and soon he started to change. As she saw him change, Beth muttered, "Antoine, I love you now and always. Be mine for the rest of my life."

Antoine's changes began to slowly to evolve, with his body becoming different. Beth closed her eyes, wishing him to come to her at midnight, in human form. She ran to her room, hanged into warm, dry clothes. Whatever Antoine had to do, she would not be a witness against him. She slid into her warm bed and waited.

A minute before midnight, Antoine first grew long curly hair, with it hanging below his waist. His face became human, with a mustache that curved over his lips. His eyes became an icy blue, and he looked magnificent with a body of muscles and long legs. Before he went to Beth in her bed, he picked up the body and walked off with it, depositing it in the bushes outside the property. He knew the blood would still be there, but since he was not fully human yet there would still be no fingerprints on the body,

and the police might think a wild animal did the kill again and carried it off, since they had looked for a rather large one at the time.

Antoine walked to the building, checking the door to make sure he could get inside. As he opened the door to her bedroom, on the other side he met Beth, in a short gown, sitting on the bed.

“What do you wish of me?” Antoine asked Beth.

“I want you to come to me and love me. Let me know it’s you who has made me hunger. If it is really you, Antoine, then I know the one I secretly love is you. Nothing will change that. Come and love me tonight in my bed. Please.”

He moved toward her, wanting to love her in human form instead of gargoyle form.

Lying next to her, he whispered, “My Beth, I love you so much. I have since you brought me here. I wanted you to learn of me, and know me, but I have realized that love comes from within. It is up to you if you mean it. If you do, then the spell will be

broken and you and I can be together. Know this, my love...I do love you now and always.”

“Come here to me. I want to feel you as a man. I also want to know what happened to you to make you stone. I have never felt this way about anyone before. You make me feel whole. Antoine...I *do* love you.”

His transformation became complete. Gone were the slick exteriors, along with the harsh long tail and long claws. Lying in bed with Beth was a man, with nothing resembling a gargoyle any longer. He lifted a hand, draping his fingers through her hair. She gazed lovingly at him, marveling that he was no longer a gargoyle.

“Tell me what happened? Why were you a gargoyle? How could you walk around and love me the way you did, while you were in that form? Please, tell me your real name and tell me about you.”

Antoine chuckled, sitting up and pulling his long hair back from his face. Beth sat up beside him, eagerly waiting for him to talk to her. The man before her was magnetic, earnest in his gaze when he looked at her. He cleared his throat, and turned to her.

“Beth, I went overseas on an expedition. The people over there were not very friendly, and soon we found ourselves embroiled in arguments and fights over objects we had dug up. We wanted to bring everything back and have a type of fair, putting everything on display, and afterwards we were going to bring them to your grandfather for this museum. I talked with him many times over the phone, but never had the opportunity to meet with him in person. I don’t know if he told you about our conversations, and now I’m curious. Did he?”

Beth frowned, trying to remember. Suddenly, her face lit up, and she nodded.

“I remember him telling me about fixing up one particular room he was going to have for artifacts and things some men were going on a dig for! Before we could get anything

the plans were dropped. My grandfather said some things had come up, and he had a funny look on his face. What happened? Were *you* on that dig?"

"Yes, I was. The other men were killed, but I was spared. The head priestess thought I was pretty with my long curly hair and dark looks, and she wanted me alive. I would not go along with what her plans were for me, and those particular people were heavily into voodoo. The priestess used her voodoo and turned me into a gargoyle statue. She took our papers and found the address to send me to, which turned out to be the place where you eventually bought me. See, just because I am a statue, does not mean I can't hear or see. I've heard everything you've told me, and seen all the things you've done. The day you bought me, I was delighted. You were so beautiful, and even though I could not do anything at the moment, I remembered that the priestess had said that if there came a woman who had compassion and understanding, eventually it would win over her voodoo spell, but she never figured on it actually happening. See, she never figured on *you*, Beth. I knew the minute I saw the look in

your eyes when you gazed at me that it would not be long before her spell would be broken. Though, I *did* hope for you to be able to love me like you have.”

Beth threw her arms around him, saying, “I *do* love you, Antoine. Is that your real name?”

“Yes, it is. My name is Antoine Josiah, and I have Indian and Persian heritage. That is the reason I was on the expedition. I could tell them a lot about the artifacts and other objects they uncovered. We never planned on the priestess, though. She thwarted everything.”

“I understand what you’re telling me. I’m not just saying that I love you, because I really do mean it. It makes me very happy that the spell is off of you now. Will it stay gone now? Will it ever come back?”

Smiling at her, Antoine answered, “It’s gone, Beth. You helped to drive it away. From now on, I will drive away all doubts in your mind about me, too. I love you, and I always will.”

He put his arms around her and squeezed her tightly, and he gave her a long, passionate kiss. She returned his affection, and the kiss heated, filling them both with a raging inferno inside their bodies. Antoine nipped and sucked at her bottom lip, as well as kissed along her slender neck. Beth moaned as she felt his tender caresses. Grasping the hem of her gown, he lifted it and pulled it over her head.

Antoine lowered her onto the bed and he laid his body gently over her, his kisses setting her on fire as her body writhed over the sheets. The lust between them increased immensely, and Beth felt his growing hardness against her abdomen. She gasped, opening her legs to allow him entrance. Antoine felt her wetness and entered her, thrusting his hips forward until he was buried all the way inside her. Beth felt the way his cock increased in size once he was in, and she rolled her eyes in passion. Her body was in heaven, and his strong arms around her felt wonderful. She felt loved in every sense of the word.

Beth slid her arms around his shoulders and began meeting each thrust. Their lips met, with his tongue caressing her lips and his lower body moved faster. Beth whimpered, closing her eyes and enjoying his body as he rammed into her. She wrapped her legs around his back, forcing him to go a little deeper.

“Ah, keep going. Antoine... show me how much you care for me. I love you, and I will always want to make love to you every night and whenever you desire it. You’re so sexy and handsome. Oh yes! I’m cumming...oh God, my body is quivering with need. You are so wonderful to me. Oh, Antoine...!”

“There we go, Baby. Cum for me, Beth. I want to feel your cum all over my cock. I will love you for the rest of our lives.”

With a final thrust, Antoine buried himself deeper and let go, his thick cum mixing with hers as he felt her erupting, arching her body toward his. A scream escaped her lips, and he shivered as he filled her love channel.

Collapsing next to her, Antoine wrapped a muscular arm around Beth's small body, drawing her closer to him.

"Sweet Beth, I love you so much. I'm thankful it was you who showed me love. You're so beautiful."

"You are an amazing man, Antoine. Now that we know things, what are we going to do with the rest of our lives?"

Antoine gave her a playful grin, and he nipped at the end of her nose. She giggled, snuggling against his warmth.

"Oh, I thought we would finish your museum, maybe get Homer some help. I do have money, and now that I'm human again I can access it. Also, it seems as if you have another building in a small town that needs a little tender loving care? What would you say to us fixing it up into a home, maybe plant some flowers around it? We can live there and come here to work through the week. The hours can remain the same. I think after we get to know each other better, we might even start a small family?"

S.G. McCrae

Beth became excited, and she reached over and placed a huge kiss on his cheek. He laughed, saying, “I take that as a yes?”

Curling up in his warm embrace once again, Beth told him, “It’s a yes. I love that idea!”