

A man and a woman are shown in a close embrace, their bodies partially transparent, set against a background of a sunset over a body of water with mountains in the distance. The man is on the left, leaning over the woman on the right. The overall color palette is dominated by warm, golden-yellow and orange tones from the sunset, contrasting with the dark silhouettes of the figures.

# Heaven and Hell

*Series 4*

*Beyond  
Redemption*

*Bryn Colvin*

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***BEYOND REDEMPTION***

***Heaven and Hell: Series 4***

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# BEYOND REDEMPTION

BY

BRYN COLVIN

*For John, with thanks.*



# *Beyond Redemption*

## *Chapter One*

### *All Foreplay*

*L*iving with the eye of the camera following her every move about the bedroom left Jade acutely self-aware. At first, she considered taking it down, or covering it for privacy, but decided not to. Only Jareth would have gone for this. She knew he loved gadgets, and it was logical comeback for her having broken in to his flat.

*Did he steal my keys, or use a locksmith?*

Much as she wanted to know, Jade resisted the temptation to ask. That would mean admitting she didn't know. The timing was odd – had he taken advantage of the power cut too?

*How close were he and Juliette to running into each other? Do they know about each other? What might she have done to him?*

Too many questions and pride would not allow her to ask any of them.

There was no guessing how often he watched, or even if he watched alone, and it was almost unsettling to be so exposed, but intoxicating in almost equal measure. Jade lay in the morning sunlight, watching patterns of light from the curtains cast their form upon her bare skin as she let her mind wander. She was hungry for his thoughts, to know how he felt watching, whether he liked the results of this new game.

*Did you see my session with Juliette? Did that turn you on? Why don't you talk to me, damn it!*

She needed to know if he had enjoyed watching her sexual antics, if he watched her while she slept. Was the camera there to keep her on her toes?

*What if he doesn't watch? Shit, that would be humiliating.*

Sometimes, she could almost imagine him as a real presence in the room, sitting at the foot of her bed, his expressive eyes focused in longing upon her flesh.

“Can you hear me? I bet you can. What do you want, Jareth?

And do you have the balls to ask for it outright?"

She shifted her position on the bed slightly, contemplating what she might do.

When her thoughts turned to Jareth, the sexual rage Juliette inspired in her melted away, leaving only an aching, yearning feeling that might be tenderness. It was not an emotion that came readily to her, and she had no idea why this man had been able to tame her aggression and gentle her so completely.

*Bastard. What have you done to me?*

It was the simple things she hankered after now, to touch his cheek and taste his lips, to feel the warmth of his arms around her.

*Sentimental idiot. You've really lost the plot this time, Jade. He's just another guy. Nothing special. So why are you mooning about like a love struck teenager? You make me sick.*

The voice of her usual self could not break the spell he had cast.

*He is different. I want him.*

Arguing with herself never worked, and she grew bored with it.

Knowing that she was too edgy to sleep further, Jade pulled a large book from beside her bed and began to flick through it, absorbing the images. While visual erotica did not normally move her, there was something compelling about the posed and heavily contrived shots. It had an artistry all of its own, an art form made of flesh and bonds that caught her imagination.

*I could be very good at this*

In the early evening, she stood once again before the camera.

*You'd better be watching.*

She had memorised the book's details, and ventured out into the bustle of the city for the further apparatus required. It would have been easier with second pair of hands, but for now, her own solitary efforts would have to do. The method was deceptively simple – she had already tried it once in the privacy of the bathroom, where no lens spied upon her efforts. A fiddly process, but one she had mastered. She felt confident now and looped the soft rope around the back of her neck, setting knots in it at even intervals.

Jade had a good sense of theatre and took her time, making a spectacle of the act. There was so much scope for drawing out the sensual contact of rope on skin. With every extra twist and knot, the tension on her already bound flesh grew fiercer. Ropes altered the usual contours of her breasts, pinching them and accenting her nipples. She glanced at the full length wall mirror, enjoying the way in which the dark rope contrasted with the pale and subtle tones of her flesh, the way in which the knots squeezed and accented the femininity of her form. They pushed against her in interesting ways as she moved. Wearing this, she would be more self-aware than ever, her body kept smouldering in a state of partial arousal. She laced the rope between her thighs, carefully placing the knots so that they would rub against her clitoris and arse whenever she walked.



*Sexier than I thought. Secret, perverse... it's perfect.*

The visual effect was striking as well, and she turned slowly before the camera, making sure her distant watcher got a good look at everything on display. She wanted to fuel his desire and make this the first step in a long, planned seduction.

*Now, how to disguise it?*

She chose a high collared shirt and a suit of dark green velvet, loose enough to mask the knots and cords beneath. The slight restriction made it harder to dress. Every move and gesture made the bonds subtly shift their positions, reminding her of their presence and purpose.

*Well, even if Jareth doesn't get a kick out of this, I'm having fun!*

Acutely aware of her roped body, Jade took her time in the club. She felt hot in the extra layers, but did not want to share the decorative rope bondage with anyone else. Moving casually amongst the regulars, she paused to exchange words with as many people as she could, wanting to draw out this foreplay. People were always keen to share a few words. It was easy to fascinate and lure them into co-operating with her plans.

As she ambled from one clique to another, Jade felt Jareth's eyes on her. Whenever she looked up, she reliably found him watching her.

*He saw.*

There was something unmistakably hungry in those dark eyes. He moved also, talking, laughing, never quite where she expected him to be as they paced out a slow dance that she felt must inevitably bring them to the same place.

“Good event,” he said, catching her at the bar.

“It gets wilder.”

“Very pleased to hear it. You’re clearly on form tonight.”

Jade preened. “Why thank you!”

“I like your attire,” he added, making no effort to mask the appreciation in his eyes.

“Good,” she replied, turning away. He definitely saw. That was all she needed for now. If he wanted more, he would have to give chase.

Contemplating the knowledge that he had been watching, Jade felt smug. Recent anxieties were swept away, and she would pretend they had never existed. Back in control, she would make him follow after her. *I made Juliette beg. You’ll do the same, Jareth.* The possibilities of the night made her giddy and carefree. She drank, laughed and talked, paying Jareth mercilessly little attention. Part of her still hoped he would turn the tables and take control. *What would it be like to find someone strong enough to overwhelm me?*

Despite her drinking and making merry, there was an interesting dilemma on her mind. She poked at it, testing the issue thoroughly as she looked for possible solutions. *What to do next?* She

couldn't play any game alone that involved a visual seduction. She had already given him what she could on that score and knew something more complex than footage of her masturbating would be needed to completely captivate him. So what was she to create next? And if she needed an accomplice, who would be suitable?

She had been toying with the idea of taking a few people home and displaying them on her bed, which had a certain allure, but it would only be foreplay. To create the visual feast she had planned would require assistance, either someone she trusted, or someone she could offer up to Jareth in her stead. Trust was not something she was much inclined to, and so she determined that in the short term at least, she would have to forgo the pleasure of bedding him in favour of creating just the right scenario. Her mind raced with possibilities, scanning through the faces of women she knew, wondering who would suit her best.

That evening's formal entertainment consisted of six toned and beautiful young acrobats, who arranged themselves in a series of improbable and amusing tableaux, using their bodies to create other forms. While they were not actually penetrating each other most of the time, there was a delicious possibility in their postures, a suggestion that it would take little to transform this into an original and graphic sex show.

Various denizens of Heaven lounged about on the comfortable seats, enjoying the view. Jareth himself seemed to be thoroughly engaged. Jade could not resist going to stand behind him.

The collar of his shirt was loose, showing a good deal of his pale skin. She inserted a lone finger between cloth and flesh, stroking the back of his neck with her fingertip. He neither moved nor spoke, but she was conscious that much of his attention had diverted from the floorshow to her. Gradually, she broadened her exploration to include his ears and shoulders, fluttering her fingers over his throat, thinking just how easy it would be to kill him.

At first, he seemed responsive, but something shifted. It made no sense to her. The lust he felt was obvious, but there were other, troubled currents running with it. She could feel the desire growing in him, a bitter, angry sort of want that might rise up violently to consume some victim. This was new, she did not recognise it, and that excited her. There were dark shades to Jareth's psyche, ones that might equal her own.

"You become more interesting by the day," she murmured into his ear, her lips brushing against his skin. She smelled the residue of shampoo in his silky hair.

"You're full of surprises," he replied. "Keep up the good work."

The words irritated her, but Jade knew she was being played. "Yes, boss," she said, her tone laden with sarcasm. "How much keeping up do you want?" He bristled, so she pushed harder. "If I put my hand on your cock, I'll ruin your whole 'non-combatant' line."

"Don't bank on it."

He really wasn't in a good mood, she realised. "Don't worry, I'm not that easy. I just like tormenting you."

“So I gather. Don’t push your luck”

“But you aren’t telling me to stop?”

“Oddly enough, Jade, I noticed that detail as well. This is all very interesting, but there are lines it would be better not to cross. Understand?”

“I like to test the edges.”

“I recommend you don’t.”

“But you still aren’t ordering me to stop.” He wanted this, and at the same time, he didn’t. Jade felt sure she could seduce him.

Jade became so engrossed with arousing the man she desired that she didn’t notice the attention her efforts were drawing. From across the room, Cerys had seen her, and watched intently. This unusual attempt at seducing their host looked far more interesting than the staged erotic pieces laid on for general amusement. Jareth never participated in sex play, although a vast amount of it happened up here. Nor did he normally allow anyone to make free with him in public. Yet this evening, Jade quite blatantly had her hand beneath his shirt and looked like she was playing with his nipples. *Interesting*, Cerys thought, and paid closer attention.

Some intuition prompted Jade to glance up. Cerys let her gaze slide off the pair, hoping the scrutiny hadn’t been noticed. Jareth’s eyes were closed, but Jade might well have noticed. She glowered and looked away again. *Well, if she doesn’t want people looking,*

*she shouldn't be being so public. Snotty cow.*

From her survey of the room, Cerys could tell that other people had picked up on the action. There was a lot of surreptitious watching going on. The acrobats were right out of favour. There were very few pleasures in Heaven that could not either be bought for the right money or enjoyed just for the asking. It was a place of indulgence, after all. The favours of the proprietor and his latest Heavenly Queen were the only exceptions to that rule, so far as Cerys knew. No one who had sought them had found themselves requited. Now these oft-lusted-after individuals were locked in public foreplay. The reactions were almost as interesting as the action. Heaven seemed to hold its breath, hardly daring to believe the new delight they had been offered.

Jade sensed the heat of their collective desire. It was like a riot in her head. All these small minds and spirits were clamouring for a taste of the sublime, and wanting to journey in some modest way into erotic bliss. She hadn't thought about the audience before. For the first time in her life, she relished being watched in this public way, feasting on the sense of power it gave her. Beneath her fingers, Jareth was close to an explosion, but whether into rage or orgasm, she could not tell. It seemed as though the two might run close together for him. *He'll play to the crowd, one way or another.*

Edging along what felt like a knife edge, Jade kept him just on the brink of unleashing that dangerous emotion. One slip could cut

them both to shreds. The acrobatic team reached the climax of their show, drawing attention back to the official distraction. Everything that had been suggested throughout their act was finally enacted. It looked like a stone carving from an ancient eastern temple to eroticism. Bodies intermeshed, bending and contorting in unusual ways. Jade was impressed by their flexibility.

As she watched the final tableaux assemble, hands, organs and orifices connected the performers so that each was multiply engaged with their companions. It became difficult to work out exactly which parts belonged to whom. *Remarkable*. She wanted to reach down and see if the sight had given Jareth a hard-on, but that might push him too far. From the way he was breathing, the man was definitely aroused.

The performers had locked themselves together such that they could barely move. It was an astounding feat of balance and co-operation.

“We thank you for watching us,” called out a voice from amidst the tangled limbs. “It has been our great pleasure to perform for you tonight. And as we finish our display, it will be our even greater pleasure to bring this show to an explosive end.”

In the audience, several people laughed appreciatively.

“If we have inspired you tonight, then feel free to join us in this final act, in any way you please. We are the servants of ecstasy!”

With the slowest and most tantalising of movements, they undertook to mutually fuck. The action appeared to ripple across

their interlocking bodies, creating a rather strange effect. Jade watched, almost forgetting Jareth in her fascination with the spectacle. The hunger around her was palpable, people already wild with lust caught up in the scene. Many were openly masturbating. *If they all come, it's going to be a feast and a half.*

The show created a tantalising sight, a blending of muscular bodies and limbs, cocks, mouths and arses as the performers worked upon each other. This was not part of their normal public display, but a special addition. Apparently, they'd been inspired by an outfit called Puppetry of the Penis and had collaborated to see just how far they could push things. For the right money, they were happy to share some of the things they liked to do in private. This was well worth the price of hiring them. Jade had consulted with them on the choreography beforehand and approved it wholeheartedly. It had turned out even more effective than she'd imagined.

The numerous watchers divided their attention between the beautiful, orchestrated fucking, watching each other, and keeping an eye on the slow teasing of Jade's fingers under Jareth's shirt. It would be difficult to say which drew more attention or inspired the greatest arousal. The air seethed with frustrated desire and voyeuristic enthusiasm. She swam in their lust, feeling more potent all the time. When the performers started to come, it only added to the tension. Jade could tell who was at breaking point, who would now pay for a pretty boy or girl to sit in their lap for a



while, who would start fondling whom. They came to Heaven to watch each other getting off as much as they did for the shows. Her displays were simply appetisers.

Lust was like a chain, a harness, and Jade could gather those lines and threads, drawing their attention to herself, focusing their lust upon her body. She took her hands from Jareth as the floor-show men made their way out amidst cheers and applause. He watched her in the long mirror opposite them, his expression unreadable. Every eye was upon her as she threw off her jacket and slowly unbuttoned her shirt. The fine ropes were bright against her skin as they crossed her chest, holding her breasts but not disguising them. Her nipples were very much on display, and she felt the delightful thrill that ran through her audience on seeing them. Never before had she bared herself like this. Those who had not jerked off already were close to derangement as she paraded before them. There were cheers.

Her fingers found their way back onto Jareth's neck. There was real anger in him now, although she could not understand why. His eyes were locked on her reflection, and she knew he could not tear his attention away from the sight of her bound and prominent breasts. Still, he was resisting her, refusing to be led so publicly. She slowed. This could go very wrong. Her control was not absolute, and Jareth still resisted.

*Play with me.*

She willed the thought through her fingers and into his flesh.

*What's so terrible? You don't have to give much, just a little. Tonight will be legendary if you do.*

Jade bent low, so that her mouth was close against his ear. She flicked her tongue over him. "What I should like to do is carry on running my hands over you. I'd like to see if you're hard yet. You can't have gone through all of that without reacting."

From the feel of it, he was turned on, and fighting it with all the will he could muster. *Why?*

She kept whispering. "I imagine your shaft would feel very good indeed under my fingers. I can tell the clientele would dearly like to see you buck and writhe with pleasure. What do you think?" Glancing at his reflection, she saw the strain on his face. *Break for me.* "This is undoubtedly the best show I've ever given them, but I'm not going to get you off for their amusement, not unless you really want me to."

His voice was low, but harsh. "No."

"Ah, then we could send them out, wild with frustration. They will be talking of tonight for weeks to come, and those who missed it will envy those who were here. They will all come back, hoping for a repeat. Just the thought of it will keep them keen for months with the idea of what might have been."

"It is not my habit to make a public spectacle of myself," he growled under his breath.

No one else could have heard the latent rage in his tone. Jade enjoyed her power over him so much that she paid little regard to

the exact form her influence was taking. "What would you have me do?" she asked, her voice light and playful. "We could wait until they've gone. Don't tell me you aren't gagging for it. I can tell you are. Why not submit and let me get you off?"

"Stop this."

His tone sobered her utterly, and her hands became still. Jareth rose and walked away.

Jade followed, hot on his heels as he took the private staircase. "What's your problem?" she shouted after him.

"Nothing. Leave me alone. You've caused quite enough trouble already."

She had to jog to keep up with him as he left the building. Everything about his posture indicated that he did not want her company, but she ignored this. "I know you want me. I can feel it in you, so why are you trying to deny it?"

He stopped in the street and turned to face her, glowering. "Be so good as to do both of us a considerable favour, and leave me alone."

Jade could not resist the challenge. "No." Jareth started walking again, and she kept pace. She was so accustomed to getting her own way that his denial of her was insufferable. "What is it with you? Pride? It can't be prudery, because you run a fucking sex club."

He stopped again. They were near to his home, and the orange streetlights gave everything a synthetic appearance. His stare was fierce and

uncompromising. “You don’t know what you’re getting yourself into.”

“Don’t I?”

“I very much doubt it. You had best keep away from me.”

“This is madness. I know how much you want me, Jareth, I know how you’ve looked at me, how the most innocent touch of my skin against yours sets you on fire. What is it? Performance anxiety?” Her laughter was cold and cruel.

His eyes darkened, and his lips curl back in a snarl of fury. “If you want to keep your job, you should shut up and go away. Now.”

It was too tempting to spar and turn words on him, and her frustration needed a new form of release. “Sounds like I have struck a nerve. I know you’ve got a taste for blood recently. Don’t tell me it’s taken all the lead out of your pencil.”

He fell deathly still and silent, his face a pale mask that would not yield to interpretation. Jade’s usually steady pulse thundered, full of battle hunger and brutal desire. Any tenderness she had felt transmuted into the need to ravage.

“I’m right, aren’t I? That’s why you’re a non-combatant. You don’t have any choices. Well, if that’s the case, why not be man enough to admit it rather than playing me along and then pushing me away like it’s my fault.” The mockery grew in her voice, but behind it lurked a sense of devastation. She wanted this man as she desired no other, but fate had deprived her of him. The sheer unfairness of it all only served to fuel her cruelty.

“I warned you, Jade. Back off.” He sounded really angry

now, but that only excited her further.

She shook her head. "Just tell me the truth. Is that so much to ask?"

"You're fired," he said. "I don't want to see you in my club again."

For a few seconds she was stunned to silence. "You don't mean that. You can't cope without me."

"I can, and I mean it. You've pushed me once too often tonight. I don't want this kind of hassle."

"Then you shouldn't start things you have no way of finishing."

He snorted. "Leave it. Go away."

Jade bit back her anger. "I thought you were better than this."

"Yes, well, we all make mistakes, don't we? I thought you knew how to play and where to draw the lines, but I was seriously mistaken."

"Jareth..."

He didn't let her continue. "Just fuck off out of my life. I don't want anything more to do with you. Is that clear enough or do I need to say it slowly and use very small words?"

"I hear you." His words hurt more than she thought anything had a right to.

He turned and walked away, his shoulders stiff. This time she did not have the heart to chase after him.

Jade stood in the street for a long while after he disappeared. She couldn't think. The high from the last hour or so still rampaged through her blood, driving her towards a furious venting. *I should kill someone. I'd probably feel better then. Maybe I should*

*kill Jareth?* She mulled this possibility. It had undeniable allure. *Too easy. I want him to suffer, and then I want him to apologise. That would be better.* She pictured him, humbled and desperately sorry. *That's more like it.* Looking back, she found it bemusing that the man had seemed so appealing. Jade shrugged. She would return to the club, collect her things, and go home. *He really didn't deserve me. However, it will be entertaining to take him apart.*



## *Chapter Two*

### *What the Camera Sees*

Heaven was far too quiet. Cerys played with her drink and took sidelong glances at Will. It was so quiet that the security guys were propping up the bar to keep the rest of the staff amused. There were only half a dozen punters in the place.

“Where is he tonight? Any idea?” she asked Melisand.

The pixie woman shrugged. “He’s not even phoned and isn’t answering messages. I don’t know what we’re supposed to do.”

“I assumed that when neither of them showed the other night that they’d got it together.” It seemed the most obvious conclusion at the time, but now Cerys wasn’t so sure. “They seemed really into each other.” Although she’d also picked up on the odd undercurrents. As the silence continued, the things she had seen appeared in a different light.

“He wasn’t happy that night,” Will said. “I know the signs. He was pissed off.”

Cerys frowned. “I don’t know him well enough to be sure. So, what do you think’s going on?”

“I don’t much like it, whatever it is. If things carry on like this we’re all going to be out of a job.” Will glanced around the almost empty room.

Cerys looked at the little crew. They all seemed lost without their captain to guide them. “I really hope it doesn’t come to that.”

“Don’t we all,” Melisand said, her expression grim.

When neither Jade nor Jareth had shown up for a second night, what had seemed amusing became unsettling. On the third night, far fewer people showed up, and those who did left early. Rumour of the patron’s disappearance had spread, and while no one knew the reasons for his behaviour, his absence deprived Heaven of much of its allure.

With a melodramatic sigh, Melisand continued, “It’s just not like him. What if he’s fallen ill or had an accident. He might have died, and we won’t know until some lawyer starts sorting out his estate.”



“Hey, no need to think like that,” Will said. “It’s only been a few days. We’ve got to trust the man.”

Cerys had continued to attend out of a sense of loyalty, combined with a desire to know the outcome of this latest tale. She was hungry to find out what had happened. Others might speak of electric passion and erotic foreplay, but she had seen the look on Jareth’s face and knew something had been very wrong.

“I’d phone him myself, but no one will give me his number,” she said. Not that she really thought they would.

“He’d kill us,” Melisand replied. “Not that he doesn’t like you Cerys, but he’d definitely kill us, on principle, if we handed out his details like that.”

“Although possibly not literally,” Will said.

Melisand managed a smile. “Possibly.”

Will shrugged. “Well, we’re out of punters now. Not including you, Cerys.”

“You’re more like family,” Melisand added. “Feel free to stay if you want to. We don’t usually go home for a while yet.”

The observation warmed her. “Thanks. I’ll take you up on that.”

Eventually Lilith arrived, looking worn and weary. “He’s still not shown up, then?”

“No,” Cerys acknowledged. “No sign of Jade either.”

“Oh, didn’t you hear? That’s because he fired her.” Melisand made no effort to disguise just how smug this made her feel.

“I had no idea. What on earth happened?”

“He didn’t say. She dropped by yesterday and said we could figure things out for ourselves. She’s handed her keys in, and that’s about the size of it,” said Melisand.

Cerys considered this. “It does cast things in a different light.”

“Whatever that business was the other night, it wasn’t foreplay,” Melisand said, with obvious satisfaction. “Either that, or she turned out to be a really lousy lay.”

“Yeah.” Will nodded. “I mean, she looks fit, no two ways about it, but that woman is one seriously cold fish. I wouldn’t want to fuck her. It’d be like shagging a waxwork, I reckon.”

Lilith smiled at him. “Not that any of us really know what Jareth likes. For all we know, he could be a closet necrophiliac. Maybe cold and stiff does it for him.” She giggled.

“Thank you so much!” Melisand said. “I really didn’t need that mental image, ok?”

“I’ll do the rounds,” Will said. “Be back in a bit, all right?” He headed off.

“Heaven was really quiet tonight. It’s dead without them,” Cerys pointed out. “It can’t go on like this.”

“Purgatory’s ok,” Lilith said, “But he seldom showed up there anyway, so the place hasn’t lost its shine yet.”

“Hell is the same,” Melisand agreed. “We might be able to weather it.”

“If the membership fee is anything to go by, we were making a lot of money up here,” Cerys said. “Multiply what I

normally spend in a night by fifty to a hundred people, and that's a lot of cash."

Lilith nodded. "Yep. Heaven's where the serious money is."

"So how do the books balance without it?"

Melisand frowned. "I don't know. We don't get an overview. I know how my section works, but that's all."

"Does anyone even know what Jade had booked for this place?" Cerys asked.

Lilith shook her head. "I've tried to find out. Beyond what's advertised for the next couple of weeks, not a clue."

Cerys nodded. "This is going to take some sorting out."

"Do you want the job?" Lilith eyed the tall woman thoughtfully. "You're a regular aren't you? You must have a pretty good idea how it all works up here? Plus you obviously have some business sense."

Cerys smiled, enjoying the compliment. "Yes, but I'd rather not. I have a rather demanding day job already. This is where I come to play. Anyway, I'm not enough of a character. You need someone larger than life to make this work."

"Easier said than done. There's no helping it, so we'll have to share this between us, Lilith, until either he comes back, or we can find someone suitable," Melisand said wearily. "Where's that man of yours when we need him?"

"Will? I expect he'll be back in a bit. It's all pretty quiet down there."

Lilith grinned, and Cerys picked up the sexual undercurrents in her voice. She had often wondered what happened after hours. There seemed to be a lot of sexual chemistry between them all. *Is Jareth a non-combatant after hours?* She thought back over the recent conversation and Lilith's remarks about his preferences. *He probably is then. I wonder what his vices are? Does he watch them? That would make sense.* She wondered if they were going to ask her to leave, but neither seemed to be in any hurry. The thought of Lilith getting it on with Melisand stirred the less feminine aspects of her body into life. She crossed her legs, not wanting the telltale bulge that was forming to give away her secrets.

All she seemed to have done of late was rethink what she had seen of the encounter between Jade and Jareth. She wished she hadn't confirmed her suspicions that something was wrong. It would be arousing indeed to think of those two touching each other up. They were both mysterious and alluring – impossible not to lust after, but never to be obtained. In many ways, they seemed well matched. She imagined his dark hair on Jade's skin, her mouth closing over his nipples. This above all things she wanted to see, but did not hold out any great hopes of doing so.

"I think I'll hop downstairs and check on him," Melisand said. "He is being slow."

Lilith smiled. "Go for it, sweetheart."

She rose gracefully and made her exit just as Will arrived. Cerys' palms grew slick and her stomach knotted with anticipa-

tion. Thoughts of Jareth and Jade fled in face of this more immediately tempting prospect. Any opportunities to see Lilith and Will together set her on fire. They were gorgeous, and perfect. She couldn't get enough of them.

Will swept Melisand up in a hug then turned his attention to Lilith. "Hey, babe! Are we going home, or are we staying and playing?"

Lilith shot Cerys a questioning look. "We like an audience," she said, "I get the impression you like to watch. Want to stay?"

It was a fantasy coming true, and Cerys could barely believe her luck. "I'd love to."

"I really need something, right now." Lilith hitched up her short skirt, baring all as she splayed her legs wide and fingered herself.

Neither of them seemed especially interested in foreplay. Cerys didn't care. The scene had thrust her straight into full on arousal.

"Sure, babe." Will knelt down between Lilith's thighs, burying his face in her dark pubic hair. Flushed and radiant, she pushed down her sparkly top, freeing her perky breasts, so that she could play with her own nipples. Cerys wondered how many more perfect images tonight might yield to accompany her set from their first encounter. *Oh, those tits.* She licked her lips, hungry for a taste. Melisand watched too, and Cerys wondered if she would get in on the act, as well. *Fuck, that would be beyond perfect.*

"You like?" Lilith asked.

"You are so hot," Cerys said.

Lilith wriggled her arse. “I love being looked at. It’s just not the same without an audience.”

Cerys swallowed. “Any time...fuck...this is like my all time greatest wet dream come true.”

Between whimpers, Lilith kept talking. “We had the most amazing experience a couple of weeks back. Will and I picked up this she-male, with stunning breasts and a cock. One hell of a turn on, and a bloody good lay.”

“Oh, right, sounds different,” Cerys tried to sound nonchalant.

“I’d love to do it again. I’ve got this really filthy fantasy, you want to hear it?”

She could tell Lilith was getting off on the talking, that it was part of what she needed. “Oh, yes, please. I love hearing about what other people want.”

Lilith gasped and clenched Will’s shoulders. He brought hands up, gripping her arse to keep her steady. “Okay, what I really want to do is get it together with this she-male character again, or someone similar. Them flat on their back, me on top, and then get Will to fuck my arse at the same time. I bet you haven’t heard anything that kinky in a while.”

Lilith’s face was pink with arousal, and before Cerys could say anything, the young woman bit her lower lip and closed her eyes. The thought of her coming was enough to raise Cerys’s pulse significantly. A soft moan suggested she had. Cerys thought she might just spontaneously shoot her load. It was all too good. *What’s to lose?*

Cerys lowered her voice, so that she would sound more like she had on that fantastic night. “I heard a story a while back, about this guy who had breasts and the hormone treatment, but still had his cock. He’d seen this really gorgeous couple, and all he wanted to do was watch them fuck each other, so he lured them into his car. Turned out he ended up giving the guy a blow job, and shagging the girl.”

“It’s your voice,” Lilith said, “I knew I recognised it.”

Cerys uncrossed her legs, letting her erection push up the front of her clinging dress. Her cock was so hard that it had somehow managed to escape from the constrictions of her underwear.

Lilith smiled hungrily. “So, are you going to come home with us, or do you want to do it here and give Jareth the pleasure of watching it on the security cameras?”

“You think he’d like to watch?”

“You know Jareth; watching is his kink. He’d watch anything that involved sex, I reckon. If he’s got any inhibitions on that score, I haven’t found them yet, so they must be pretty obscure.”

“He wouldn’t watch anything with kids,” Will said, sitting up. His chin was dripping with Lilith’s fluids.

Lilith nodded. “I guess you’re right there, but anything consenting he’d certainly go for.”

The realisation that she could be accepted and desired in her current form was a magical revelation for Cerys. She didn’t need to hide or fear; she could share herself with these two. *And Jareth*

*as well, if he's watching. I hope he is.* For a few seconds she felt shy, lost and uncertain, but her playmates offered open arms and the inhibitions soon slipped away.

"Guys, I'm going to leave you to it," Melisand said. "I'd forgotten about the cameras. He's probably heard everything we've said tonight."

"Go steady," Will said, fondling Lilith's arse.

"Yeah. Have fun, all of you."

Cerys had a moment of regret, but the look in Lilith's eyes soon made her refocus her attention.

The door to the flat was open. For a few seconds, Melisand was alarmed by this, but then she remembered the cameras and supposed Jareth had been paying attention. He was far too good at that sort of thing. The long, slender heels on her boots clicked over the tiled floor as she made her way in. She had visited with Lilith on one previous occasion, for the express purposes of putting on a private show. It felt like a long time ago. That night he had filmed them getting each other off on his bed, but had never actively participated. Much as she wanted him, she had no reason to think this visit would prove any different. *Hell woman, everyone wants him, and he always says no. It's just who he is. No point taking it personally.*

Nothing had prepared Melisand for the vision of her employer,



stretched naked across his own large bed. He lay sprawled on his stomach, head resting on his hands. Every last inch of him was beautifully toned and muscled. His skin looked smooth and flawless.

“You’ve just missed watching Will getting Lilith off again. She does come so very prettily, don’t you think?”

He patted the bed next to him, and Melisand came to sit at his side. On his large screen was an unfamiliar view of Heaven, looking down from one of the corners on the seating area. Cerys was still there, talking to the other two.

“Hang on. I’ll turn the sound down.”

“I wasn’t sure if you’d want to see me. I was worried about you,” Melisand explained. “Are you ok?”

He stared at the screen. “That’s very sweet of you. I just needed some time to myself.”

“You can tell me to bugger off if you don’t want me around.”

“Should the situation arise, you’ll be the first to know, you have my word.”

The temptation of his nudity proved more than Melisand could stand. She trailed her fingers up and down the length of his back. “Is that ok? I know you don’t normally play but...”

“What you’re doing is very pleasant, but don’t get your hopes up,” he said.

She loved the smooth feel of his skin even if he wasn’t warm. “That’s cool. I’m not making any assumptions. I just want to help you feel better.”

“Good.”

They watched Cerys strip, revealing a lean form with pert breasts.

“I thought she was one of your non-combatants?”

“So did I,” Jareth said. “People can be full of surprises. That’s why I like them so much.” From his tone, it was evident this new development had him intrigued. “I wonder what’s changed her mind?”

“Sometimes all it takes is the right person,” Melisand said. “I see a lot of that in Hell.”

Jareth made a startled noise. “Now there’s something I hadn’t expected.”

His words drew Melisand’s attention back to the screen. Cerys had her cock on display. “Who’d have thought?”

“Oh, that’s priceless. I never had a fucking clue! I’m glad I didn’t miss this!”

Melisand was transfixed by the revealed secrets of Cerys’s complex body. She had enjoyed watching Lilith getting laid more times than she could remember, but this particular combination was striking. Cerys was an intriguing mix of male and female. Seeing Lilith’s lusty womanhood, mounting the beautiful transsexual captivated her.

“That is awesome!” When she crouched down and Will moved in to add his cock to the ménage, Melisand hardly dared to breathe. “I wonder if Cerys would let me play some time, too?”

Jareth patted her thigh. "I can't see why not."

"I always hoped you'd fancy me," Melisand confessed.

"Not you as well?"

"Yeah, me as well. I guess you must get a lot of that. As I said, I'm not expecting anything."

"Sorry. I like you Mel, a lot. You have a great attitude. I just have complications coming out of me ears right now." Jareth rolled onto his side, stroking one hand over her thighs and sliding under the slit in her straight skirt. His nails were hard against her skin, his touch inspiring an ache of desire. Although she longed for such attention, she did not entirely trust it.

"Why are you doing this?" she asked. "I'd rather got the impression you didn't want me."

"Melisand, you have a delightful body. To be perfectly honest, I could use a little distraction. Is that ok?"

She resisted the urge to whoop with delight. "Hell, yes! Is this distracting enough?" It didn't take long to peel her clothes off.

Lying back on the bed, Melisand opened her legs so he could explore her further.

His smile was indulgent. "You know me," she said. "No strings, no hassle. Whatever you want to do, or get me to do, I'm cool with."

"You are an angel, Mel."

"No, I'm a slut."

"There's a difference?" His fingers found her moist cunt

easily, and slide back and forth over her lips before plunging in.

His fingers were everything she had imagined, and more.  
“Oh, yes!”

“Is this what you want?” he asked.

“Yes. Please. Lots of this.” She turned towards him, supporting her head on one arm so that she could watch the scenes from Heaven. On the screen, Lilith was penetrated fore and aft, Will’s sublime body pumping into her. Melisand hardly dared to look at Jareth, afraid he might not prove entirely real if she did. He pushed her skirt back, his lips pressing against her thighs. The image of Lilith showed her flinging her head back. There was no sound, but Melisand imagined the raucous cry of her friend’s release.

Burning with lust, she collapsed against Jareth’s body, her head resting close to his stomach. Lust pounded in her veins, fuelled by what she had seen. He was hard, and she reached for his cock.

“Don’t. Please. Just let me make you come.”

She acquiesced. Now his hands and mouth teased her excited flesh, making her weak and rapturous at once. He nipped her skin with his teeth as his fingers worked her into a state of frenzy. There was a sudden, sharp pain in her thigh, but it passed almost at once, melting into the sweetest sensation she had known. His fingers were in her, finding the secret sources of her pleasure and stimulating them almost beyond endurance. There was a risk of losing control, but she managed to stay lucid even as pleasure overtook her. Then she was coming wildly and repeatedly. She

ejaculated, drenching his sheets with gush after gush of hot fluids. All the while, his mouth was locked to her thigh, and the ecstasy of his kiss left her dizzy and exhausted.

A heavy lethargy settled over her. Melisand rolled over, pressing her face into the cool duvet.

“Let me get you a drink,” he said, rising.

“I’m okay. Can I do anything for you?”

In her mind, images of the very kinky threesome she had just watched blended with the feeling of his fingers and lips. The last thing she had anticipated this evening was Jareth getting her off. *Oh, and he is so good.* She knew there was something very peculiar going on with him, but had no idea what. He’d never shown this kind of interest in her before, but she wasn’t going to complain. Nor was she going to ask why.

“Thanks for the thought. Better not.”

“If you want to talk about it, I’m cool with that,” she said as he rose from the bed, imagining there must be a difficult story behind his chastity.

“Talk about what?”

“Whatever’s bugging you. Just thought I’d offer.” She shrugged. “Or not...your call. I’m good either way.”

“I’d rather not,” he said. “We need to get some liquid into you.”

“I’m fine, really.”

When he plied her with sweet tea, she realised how thirsty she was. He sat beside her on the bed, thoughtful and distant, his

cheeks slightly flushed. Melisand thought he looked a good deal better than he had on her arrival.

“Seriously though, is there anything I can do for you?” she asked. “Needn’t be sexual. I do really good back rubs.”

“I’m fine, honestly, thanks.”

His smile seemed genuine enough. Looking down she saw that his cock was small and flaccid. He noticed the direction of her gaze.

“I wanked myself silly before you got here, I’m afraid. Had I known you were planning a visit, I might have done differently.” A wicked smile crossed his face. “I’ve got a superb video of Jade. Do you want to see it?”

“Definitely.”

He pressed a few buttons on the remote.

Melisand watched the recording with interest, but it did little for her. She didn’t like Jade. Knowing the other woman would hate being exhibited like this gave her a buzz, though.

“Did you shoot this?”

“Nope. She broke in and used my camera.”

“Mental! That woman’s a serious bunny boiler. I’m glad you booted her.”

“Me too.”

Melisand sighed. “She’s ok to look at, but I really wouldn’t go there. I guess if she did this, she was seriously after you.”

“Looked that way. She’s going to be high maintenance, that one. Not my bag.”

“I’ve seen a few things I didn’t expect to this evening,” Melisand said after a while. “It’s been quite educational. Do you want to make another film of me some time?”

“Melisand, my dear, that’s a lovely idea. I’ve nearly worn out the one we made of you and Lilith.”

She stretched. “I am so sleepy. Is it ok if I crash out? I mean, you could get half a dozen on this bed no trouble.”

“Feel free.”

She kissed his cheek. “Friends,” she said. “Friends with benefits.”

“I’m good with that.” Jareth kissed her shoulder. “Exactly how tired are you?”

She picked up the innuendo in his tone. “Well, I might last a bit longer.”

“It’s just...I know how often you can come with Lilith’s mouth on you. I had a feeling you might not be totally satisfied yet.”

“I can take more,” she said, beaming.

“Good. Lie back. I think it’s about time I got my tongue in you.”

Melisand whimpered. Seconds later, she groaned. In a matter of minutes, Jareth had her thrashing and screaming with delight.



### *Chapter Three*

## *Her Dangerous Desires*

*T*he canal Jade had chosen to explore ran through patches of dereliction, where old Victorian factory buildings crumbled. Sooner or later someone would see the potential in this place, and the pleasant, life-giving decay would be swept aside in favour of some garish modern buildings. *That's usually the way of it.* Jade rather enjoyed ruins with their ghosts and mysteries. Covered with small plants already, they demonstrated, to her mind, the continual battle between civilisation and



wilderness. As a predator, she felt she belonged to these wild spots, like some city fox living in forgotten corners and feeding from the humans with ease. Slinking through the night reminded Jade of her innate power, her glorious, dangerous nature and feral inclinations. It could also fuel her brooding.

Her last conversation with Jareth replayed in her mind, as did the terse note he had sent formally terminating her employment. That stung. She had been good for him, and for his wretched club. Being cast aside like an unwanted toy angered her. Time had not taken the edge off her emotions. She wanted to lash out and break something, to vent her rage and blot out the insult with a heated rush of violence. The city offered thousands of potential victims who could be sacrificed to her fury. It would not be enough to hurt or maim someone. She could do that all too easily in any dark alleyway, but it would not suffice; she knew that without trying. Her desire was to fight someone, to be challenged by an opponent and have to try to destroy them. Such opportunities were not easily found.

A part of her wanted nothing more than to break and overpower the man who had slighted her. She wanted him on his knees and at her mercy, begging permission to do anything she desired. Jade knew if she subjugated him so that he would allow any humiliation she considered, she would cease to be interested in him. Perhaps that would be for the best. *Then I won't care, and I can put this mess behind me.* There were no doubts in her mind that she could break him, have him eat shit or glass as the fancy

took her, use him as a footstool, make him her slave. She had done as much to countless others, and anger-driven as she was, she no longer thought he would prove any different. *He will not have any more power over me.*

The canal entered a rougher part of the city. She could hear drunken voices from the street above. The air prickled with threats and anger. *Bring it on.* It was exactly what she'd been looking for. She'd gone out with the intention of looking for trouble. Precarious looking heels, a tiny skirt and clingy top made her look like she was out to get laid. Following the sounds of aggression, she tapped noisily up a flight of metal steps and out onto the street.

There were three guys. One of them was pissing against a wall. The other two were waving arms and making threats. The sound of Jade's heels drew their attention. One of them wolf whistled.

"All right there?"

Jade feigned nervousness. "I'm fine." She walked past them, gyrating her backside, whilst trying to seem vulnerable.

"Not got a boyfriend, hey?" one of them called.

Jade said nothing and kept walking.

"Shouldn't be out on your own at night. Isn't safe."

"Leave her, Joe."

"Aw, fuck it man. You can see she's gagging for it."

Then laughter and footfalls. Jade sped up a little. *Come on you bastards. Take the bait.* A little further along the road there was another footpath leading back to the canal. She took it.

“That’s a fucking invitation!” One of the men behind her yelled. The sound of running feet carried clearly.

*Only one? Shame. Ah, well. Better than nothing.* She slowed, letting him catch her in the tunnel beneath a road. Rough hands pushed her against the brickwork. She smelled beer and stale sweat. He tasted stupid, out of control. *You’ll do.* Jade touched his hand as though trying to fend him off. “Please, stop, you’re scaring me.”

I’m not going to hurt you, sweetheart. Just have a little fun.” He pushed a hand up her skirt. “You look like you’re out for a bit of fun.”

“No! Let me go. I won’t tell anyone, I promise.”

He laughed, his fingers finding her sex. “No pants, hey? You are so up for it, aren’t you?” His fingers went deeper. “Fuck, you’re so wet.”

“Stop it!” Jade protested. She could taste his lust, and his fingers felt good.

“Now, lady, am I going to fuck you nicely ‘cos you want it, or am I going to have to cut you first?” He produced a blade and put it to her throat.

*No posturing. He does know what he’s doing then.* The sting of sharp steel bit slightly into her flesh.

“Or maybe I’ll fuck you first and cut you later. What do you think? What’s good for you, eh?” He laughed at his own joke.

Her blood sang. *Bring it on.* She made no move to defend

herself as his vast paw of a hand enveloped one breast. He might think he was using her, but he was wrong. *Very wrong*. She tasted the arrogance in him, the belief in the power of his blade and cock. He was already imagining how she would scream and cry when he shoved his ample prick into her waiting depths. It wasn't just sexual gratification he wanted, but the pleasure of breaking and ruining, of despoiling. It was an impulse Jade recognised. She felt much the same way.

He was exactly the wrong sort of attention she'd been hungry for. All dick and malevolence, he was the perfect outlet for her own depravity. Jade whimpered as though his actions caused her pain. It looked as though she had found her man. He forced her down onto the ground, the tarmac path cold and hard at her back.

She did not care that he stank of piss and beer. His foulness suited her mood. The man she wanted would not – or perhaps could not – have her. Letting this vermin fuck her in a filthy tunnel seemed like revenge. It was crude and low, dirty, nasty sex with neither passion nor style. It was everything sour and vulgar that Jareth despised. She half wished he were there to see it, to know if he would indeed be horrified, or if even this could attract his voyeuristic inclinations.

“Come on, bitch, spread those legs for me,” the man ordered. One hand pushed at her thighs, and she allowed him to open her up.

Her skirt pushed up, then his hand roughly exploring her

again. He was so very alive, this brutal young man whom she could hardly see in the poor light. All animal heat, fuck and kill instincts and precious little thought. She had found a creature as amoral as she, doing what pleased him with no concern for the consequences. The impression of previous rapes and abuses danced in his thoughts. She lapped up his brutality with glee, thinking how much fun it would be to make a victim of this man who had hurt so many in his time.

“Hey, bitch, no pants and a wet cunt. I think you want it, bitch, I think you want fucking. Just begging for it, aren’t you? Go on, beg!” he pressed the knife a little harder, reinforcing his point.

She knew he didn’t want her to beg...not yet. He wanted her fear and horror, and some feeble attempt at fighting him off or a few rounds of her pleading for mercy, but not sex. Terrifying her into begging for it would be his true pleasure.

“Please don’t hurt me,” she said, her tone calculatedly pathetic.

He laughed. “Beg me to put my dick in you, or I’m going to start cutting that pretty face of yours.”

It was easy to fake tears. She did not draw off too much of his energy, wanting to save the best for later. His life tasted good.

“Oh, god,” she croaked, playing her part with enthusiasm. “Please...”

“Say it, bitch. Tell me how much you want it.”

“I can’t...” she whimpered. “Please don’t make me...please don’t hurt me.”

The knife grazed her cheek, just pressing enough to break the skin. “Oh, shit! Oh, please! Don’t kill me!”

“Ask nicely then.”

Jade whimpered. “Please put your dick in me.” She crafted the tone of her voice with care, sounding fearful and like this was the last thing in the world she wanted. *Joke’s on you, asshole.*

“That’s a good girl.” In a moment, he was in. He was well hung; she had to give the bastard that. He rutted angrily, thrusting hard and fast into her body, grunting as he went about his business. Now that he was at it, she could snare his mind in a thousand different ways. She wanted him to know when he lost control, to be aware of everything that happened. All she did was divert his attention a little, and then it was easy to take the knife from his hands. Jade had always been fast. The blade flicked in her fingers as she reached under her legs to get at him. He stopped dead, feeling the sharp tip against his balls.

“What the fuck?”

“You can stop now,” she said.

His cock went limp inside her.

“Pull it out.”

He tried to get up, intending to run, but she was quicker by far and caught his wrist. Her strength shocked him, and she liked the taste of it, promising greater delights to come.

“So, you like to play rough, huh?” She locked eyes with him. He might have been good looking had there not been something

dull and thuggish about his expression. He was well on his way to getting the face he deserved.

“You like knife play? A bit of blood to liven up the sex?” She cut him – just a quick scratch to his cheek to prove she wasn’t bluffing.

“What the fuck have you done to me?” He was trying to move, but his limbs were no longer his to control. It terrified him, and she lapped up the fear, relishing the taste.

“Hey, sweetheart, isn’t this how you like it?” she asked.

“Let me go.”

Jade laughed. “I’m not going to ask you to beg. That’s not how I get my kicks. Now, listen carefully, and I might just let you live.”

This was a man unused to feeling fear, but it gripped him now. “What do you want? I haven’t got any money. Fucking credit card’s maxed out.”

“I want what you want. Only we’re going to do this my way.” She could tell he didn’t understand yet, but that was fine. He’d catch on eventually. “I’m in charge here, and you are the one getting fucked for my benefit, got it? If you don’t do what I want, I’ll cut you to pieces with your own knife. I’ll take one of your fingers now, if you need a demonstration.”

“I’m listening, lady. What are you, some fucking witch?”

“Yes. And now I own you, and you’re going to do what I say. Or I’m going to give you your knife back and make you cut your

own bollocks off. Are we clear?" She had the impression he was close to pissing himself with fear. "On your knees, scum."

He knelt before her. Jade leaned back against the damp tunnel wall, spread her legs and hitched her skirt back up. "You are going to tongue me, and if you do it to my satisfaction, I might let you live."

He approached on his knees, already abject. It was obvious he had no idea how to give a woman pleasure, but as she gently tickled him with the knife, tracing fine cuts along his bare arms, he seemed keen enough to learn and follow instructions. His tongue was considerably longer than average, and after a while, she settled on just having him fuck her with it. He was nothing compared to Juliet, lacking both her inhuman proportions and her ruthless skill. Jade carried on inflicting pain, a little at a time, shedding his blood and making sure he never forgot he was no longer master of the encounter. As he worked her body, she stole from him heavily, feeding hungrily on his surging life force. His mind was so simple, she could take him apart with little effort. *No. You're going to know and understand, and that will be so much worse for you.*

It took him quite a while to get her off, and it was a paltry little orgasm.

"Stop," she ordered.

He leaned away, his face dripping with her fluids. Jade used her fingers to part her nether lips and with a skilled aim to rival



any man's, she brought herself off again, spraying her fluids into his face. *How's that for a cum-shot, Jareth?* She wished he could see what she had done.

Dropping her skirt, she put the knife back in his hands. He looked at it with fear, no doubt remembering what she'd said before. He tried to get control of the weapon, but she was so deep in his mind now that he had no chance. The desperation he felt tasted sweet.

"I'm letting you keep thinking. Joe, isn't it? Twenty three, car mechanic by day... I can pick anything I want out of your head. I can find out where you live. You'll never be safe again. You know that, don't you?"

He made an odd, strangled sort of sound.

"I'm not letting you move, though. I expect you'd noticed that. Fun, isn't it? Being overpowered." Jade had a moment of feeling heroic. *That's one rapist who won't do it again. Maybe this is my calling.* "Very sharp, that knife," she said conversationally. "I'm sure it would be very easy for you to castrate yourself. I bet you could cut your balls and dick off with that."

She still hadn't possessed him utterly. Some part of that vicious mind of his knew exactly what was happening. She saw the horror in his eyes as his hands moved beyond his control, plunging the blade into his body and letting the blood flow free. Jade had seen enough. Visceral unpleasantness did little for her. The sheer horror in his mind tasted delicious, and she held the

connection for a while. When she snapped her hold on him, the screaming started, and that was rather pleasing, too. By the time his howls brought others, she would be long gone.

Jade carried on along the towpath, humming to herself. Her entire being buzzed with the life-force she had stolen. She wanted more of everything. *Not a bad evening's work, all things considered. Damn, that felt good. I should do that more often. And it's socially responsible. People like him should be kept off the streets, after all.*

After a while, she realised that someone was walking in step with her a few yards behind. Jade continued at the same pace, listening to the footfalls and wondering what new adventure was afoot. Steeled for an attack, she could hardly believe her luck. No assault came, and so succumbing to curiosity, she stopped and turned, keen for whatever else this night might bring her way. The other figure stood in the shadows, but she knew it at once and fierce joy burned in her heart. "Are you following me?"

"Yes. Do you do that to all the men in your life?" Juliette asked.

"Not always. Only the ones who really deserve it."

"And to the women?"

"If you're asking me if I have ever compelled a woman to mutilate herself, the answer is yes. If you're asking do I always do that sort of thing, the answer is no."

"Sometimes you break them by other means." Juliette's voice betrayed little emotion.

“I’m not apologising for what I am, nor am I going to pretend I’m anything I’m not. Sooner or later, I destroy my lovers. Sometimes deliberately. You asked. Now you know.”

“I’m not surprised.” Still she gave away nothing.

Jade took a few steps closer. Proximity always helped her pick up the emotions of others. “I’m giving you an opportunity to keep away from me. I don’t usually do that, especially not with people who attract me as much as you do.”

“Why treat me differently?” Juliet asked.

“I respect you.”

“Now that is interesting.” The wolf-girl stepped a little closer. “Might it in fact be that you don’t know if you could break me, and there’s a very real possibility I might take you apart instead?”

“That is part of your allure, admittedly.” Jade smiled, amused by her own reactions to this unusual female. “Have you been following me all night?” she added.

“Yes. And not just tonight. I’ve been following you for weeks. This is the first time you’ve noticed me, although that was only because I chose to let you.”

“And why did you do that, Juliette?”

“Curiosity. I saw what you did to him, and I have some idea how you did it. I was intrigued. I wondered if you would do that to me, given the chance.”

Jade looked the wolf-girl up and down. Fighting with Juliette was the most delicious foreplay she had yet encountered, and their

games of power play had intoxicated her. *Would I destroy this one, if the chance arose?* It reminded her too much of conversations with Jareth, but she spoke anyway. "If I ever managed to break you, it would be because you are unworthy of me."

"I feel much the same. I play rough, and I've broken a few people myself. I'll test you to the limits, and as long as you can survive me, I'll keep doing it."

"Then I will promise you the same," Jade replied.

"Good. We have an understanding then. Now, it looks to me as though something has got through your armour."

"What do you mean?"

"I've been stalking you for a while now. You've stopped working, you walk alone at night, and you have lost interest in your playthings. All is not well."

Jade was impressed by the analysis. "Ah, that."

Juliette took her hand and squeezed it. "Tell me who has wronged you. Perhaps I can help you exact revenge."

*Now there's a thought to relish.* "The problem is my former employer."

"Of course, yes, the infamous Jareth. He's a blood taker. You know that?"

"I had some idea." Jade thought for a moment, considering acknowledging a gap in her knowledge to gain some insight. "Does that always lead to impotence?" she asked.

"It can, but not always. They often lose interest, but that's

different, or the sex takes them too close to frenzy.”

Jade’s ears pricked up. “What does that mean?”

“It means if you do make him come, he may become blood crazed and try to rip your throat out. It’s one of the reasons a lot of other kindred stay away from the blood takers. I assumed you knew.”

Jade raised her eyebrows. “I’ve not had much contact, and people round here are reluctant to talk.” *Frenzy*. This was a possibility she had not considered. The blending of sex and death always attracted her.

“I’ve seen him feeding,” Juliette continued.

“Have you now? I haven’t, but I’d like to.”

“He’s very careful not to take too much, not to kill. He usually feeds in the club and buys them drinks afterwards to make sure they are well. I have seen him in both Purgatory and Hell. Heaven I do not know about.

“I expect he does it there, too. I don’t know how I could have missed this.”

Juliette laughed. “It is easy to miss what you do not think to look for. That is how so many of us go unnoticed.”

“True enough.”

They walked on in silence for a time. “This way is shorter,” Juliette said. “If we are going back to your home. And I think we are.”

“By all means.” Jade didn’t know the route.

Juliette continued, her voice low as though someone might overhear them. “He did not seek his monstrosity I think, and now he

does not like it, even though he has it in his soul to be a true hunter.”

Jade was impressed. “You seem to know a lot about him.”

“He isn’t the only one who likes to watch, and I don’t limit myself to sex.”

“We could have a lot of fun with him, you and I,” Jade suggested.

“You would share him with me? I am honoured.”

Jade warmed with delight. “It would be a pleasure, I think.”

“I think so, too. The game seems suitably crazy for my liking. So, how shall we play? What shall we do to him?”

“Take him to the edge and beyond.” Jade smiled maliciously, knowing that in Juliette she had found a true soul-mate, one who would live life at the extremes. She could imagine the pair of them letting loose on Jareth. *It will be magnificent.*

They turned a corner, and the unfamiliar scenery transformed into an entirely familiar road.

“I had no idea you could come this way,” Jade said, impressed once again.

“We are nearly home, yes?”

“Bang on.”

Jade reached for her keys, and in moments had the door open.

“You’ll have to tell me how you broke in the other night.”

“Perhaps, but for now, there are more important things to consider.” Juliette said, pushing the door closed.

“Yes?”

“That man you used didn’t get you very far, did he? I saw everything. I loved the way you came in his face.”

“Thank you.”

However, I think you need a little more.” Juliette ran a long tongue across her lips.

“Yes.”

She moved in close and held Jade firmly around the waist with one arm. The other hand plunged between Jade’s thighs, pushing her skirt up. “I don’t need a knife to make you do what I want,” Juliette said huskily as she fingered Jade’s engorged clitoris, “and I don’t need a dick to fuck you senseless.”

She used her fingers to pry Jade open, and then pushed two fingers in deep. “You fisted me the other night. I think I should return the favour.”

Jade slid down onto the floor and pulled her legs wide.

“I will be merciless,” Juliette promised.

“Good.”

She pressed fingers in first, curling and rolling until Jade’s cunt accepted the full breadth of her knuckle. The fist was broader than anything Jade had taken before, but she yielded easily. The power trip from the violence and arousal of earlier that evening had left her ready for some serious action. Juliette pushed deep, sinking her hand to the wrist.

“I am so into you,” Juliette said. She pushed harder, deeper, picking up speed until Jade had no control over the whimpering

sounds she made.

“Go on, scream. Let your neighbours hear how well I am fucking you.” The wolf-girl kissed her, biting Jade’s already tender lips before dropping to her knees to get a better angle. Her fist went in deeper, searing its path through Jade’s slick body. Pinned, she had little choice but to surrender, and she did so happily, letting her lover manipulate her body and transfix her with previously unexplored pleasures. This was ecstatic indeed, this cockless fucking. She imagined what they could do to each other with toys and deeper penetration. *We could do this for hours. Who needs a man anyway?* Closing her eyes, Jade let herself come over and over again.

*TO BE CONTINUED . . .*





## *About the Author*

Bryn Colvin spent some of her teens being a goth, although she never found any nightclubs as interesting as Heaven and Hell. Some of the characters in Heaven and Hell were created in her student days, dreamed up whilst she sat in the bar of Cheltenham College. Currently, Bryn does most of her writing for loveyoudivine Alterotica, stares out of the window a lot, and drinks too much coffee. In the rest of her life, she's a druid and folk enthusiast. Occasionally, she still gets the fishnets out.

[www.brynneth.org.uk](http://www.brynneth.org.uk)

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