



# A Satyr's Tale: Selby and Darius

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SELBY and DARIUS

McCarver

**To my dearest best friends, all loved and appreciated equally in my**

**Heart forever and always.**

**Thank you Dorothea, Kay, and Olga, I love you.**

**Other books by Shiree McCarver**

**FOREVER MOONLIGHT**

**A SATYR'S TALE: ZAZA AND SYLUS**

**THE LORD AND THE SCORPION**

## CHAPTER ONE

Selby Maison stood in front of the mirror and watched as her fingers caressed the healed scar that ran from her navel to the top of her pussy.

There was a time when she took pleasure in gazing at her own body, but now she couldn't bear to look at her reflection, and she definitely wasn't going to torment a man into lying about how sexy she was.

To seduce a woman of wealth and notoriety, a man would use every trick in the book, including lying. Such men, generally speaking, were lousy fucks with huge egos. Egos that required you to lie about their alleged sexual prowess that left you frustrated and unfulfilled.

Moreover, a lousy fuck only taught you how to become as consummate a liar as he was by telling him how great he was in the bed. It was shameful what a woman would do and say to not sleep alone.

Now that Selby couldn't have babies, the thought of marriage was no longer appealing. What good was the "white picket fence" without children playing behind them? She didn't look forward to explaining to every potential partner that he was giving up his opportunity to have children by being with her.

As she turned to the side, she had no choice but to admit she never took pleasure in looking at her body in the mirror, because her stomach and hips had always been too big for generally accepted standards of beauty. Her naturally large breasts were so heavy they started going south when she turned twenty-five. Now at thirty-five, just three years after her partial hysterectomy, her stomach, tits, hips, and ass had become what seemed to be one big mass of flesh.

Yes, she was one of the obese American statistics you always hear about. A native of Alabama, she was a lifetime member of the S.B.A.S.B.W., *Southern Big Ass Society of Black Women*.

It was not a myth that southern women could cook, and she was no exception. Her foster mother made sure that she would be a virginal bride and homemaker with a good Holiness background. These genteel qualities in no way helped in her battle to be thin.

*Hell*, how was it possible to be thin when it only took two hours to whip up her own batch of biscuits, complimented by some smokin' smothered fried chicken, accompanied by a jar of sweet iced tea, and topped off with a thick slice of double chocolate cake?

When a woman sits down at the table and enjoys the taste of her own cooking she knows she doesn't stand a snowball's chance in hell of wearing a size six. As part of her first contract in the entertainment industry, there had been a stipulation that she maintained her figure somewhere between a size six and eight. Depressed from her failed marriage, she took comfort in the kitchen, and once she reached a size ten, they broke her contract and dumped her from their label.

This wasn't a big deal for a platinum recording artist. Immediately she signed with another label, and they stood by her all the way up to a size eighteen; then they, too, dropped her.

So now, she was a size twenty-two and working in local Las Vegas casinos while earning revenue from her old hits. Her best friend and manager, Zaza, had hustled a "comeback" contract, and they were waiting for new songs that she didn't know if she was capable of producing.

*Sigh.*

The one thing Selby could admit was she was lonely and horny as hell. Her lover of the past three years had been fine! Double-door white refrigerator loaded with all her favorite goodies type of fine. Still, she was a woman who had lost her zest for life and the way she was living wasn't satisfying.

The only time she felt happy was in her dreams. Strangely, since the dreams started a couple of years ago, not even eating during her waking hours appeased the aching loneliness building up inside her.

Selby wondered when did a woman get to the point where she could forgive herself for choosing a career, over children? When would she stop blaming herself for squandering her youth in order to please others?

With a yawning sigh, Selby moved away from the mirror. Every time she walked into the master bath with its Grecian marble floors, she remembered she needed to buy more throw rugs. She loved the feeling of sinking her naked toes into the plush cream carpet of her dressing room and this marble wasn't doing a thing for her.

Turning the ornamental knobs, she watched as the water rose along the sides of the luxurious sunken bathtub.

She made sure housekeeping hadn't reset the thermostat on the tub while she twisted her mid-length hair atop her head, using extra-long bobby pins to secure it in place.

Selby treaded down two rubber-covered steps and eased into the water, allowing it to envelope her body into a cocoon of warmth.

With the press of a button, the opening strains of music from her first album flooded the room. Deep inside, she hoped it would eventually spark some creative ideas for the current album.

It was no secret her new producers had voiced concerns that she had lost her ability to pen chart-topping songs. They even asked her to consider singing tunes by other writers. Frowning as she reflected on that request, she wondered how she could evoke an emotional connection to her songs if they weren't *HER* songs? She would know the difference, so would her fans.

Selby leaned her head back and allowed her neck to rest on the bath pillow. She closed her eyes, replaying the past few years of her life and wondered how she managed to survive.

Her last album hadn't been as successful as the first and she knew what the difference had been. When she had written the first one, she had been in love.

Correction, she had been a fool for love. That is usually what happens when you are in a one-sided relationship.

She opened her heart, legs, house, and bank account to that man. Isn't that what newly married women are supposed to do? As Brian had pointed out, why did she marry him if she didn't trust him?

Of course she could have blamed her impetuous marriage, undertaken without a prenuptial agreement, on too much alcohol, or because she was bored, but that would have been a lie. She married him because she loved him and his happiness had become her new goal in life, that and having his babies, of course. Yet, for him there had never been a good time to have children.

It had taken nearly three years of large, unexplained withdrawals from her account and a serious threat by one of her husband's loan sharks to face the truth.

Once Zaza had given her official records from the private investigator she had hired on her behalf, there was no denying the truth. She had been living a lie and now it all seemed obvious.

His medical complaints of back pain, the phantom stomach cancer, and his fictional work history, had been his way of manipulating her emotions as he weaseled his way into her heart. The private investigator's report confirmed that Brian's entire life was one big pretense after another.

Three years into the marriage—trusting, supporting, and loving this man—Selby learned she had married a complete stranger.

She had thought that she was being a good Christian wife by supporting a loving man presently down on his luck, only to find none of her life with Brian had been real.

Were all women this easily duped by a conniving man? Or was she particularly vulnerable due to her feelings of low self-esteem and abandonment, as her psychiatrist suggested during one of her overpriced therapy sessions?

Any child growing up without knowing their real parents and having to graciously accept the foster family's refusal to adopt them was going to have issues. Eventually she found a family that wanted to keep her, but they had been very religious and strict in her upbringing. It didn't take much longer before she realized that no one would ever officially adopt her, because once they did they wouldn't receive a monthly check to aid in her support. Thus began the pattern of becoming a pawn for others' monetary gain.

Selby reluctantly returned her thoughts back to Brian. She couldn't believe that nothing, *absolutely nothing*, about Brian had been the truth. Not his expressed devotion to his hardworking mother who raised three children alone, or his college degree in finance, or the accountant executive position he supposedly left behind in Georgia.

Selby had wanted to believe everything; she had thought it was strange that his cousin was safekeeping his vehicle back in Georgia while he was living in Vegas utilizing public transportation. After awhile she suppose it seemed logical, since he had a new job that could take him out of town at a drop of a hat.

She knew it was strange that he was never able to produce an emergency contact number where he could be reached at work and, when she finally put her foot down and he gave her a number, it never dawned on her to call and check.

She didn't mind his mysterious job taking him away for days at a time; after all, it had been an ideal situation for Selby. She was on the road a lot with her own career and having a man with his own business interests seemed the ideal situation. Yet, once she got a permanent Vegas gig that allowed her to remain at home, she realized he actually never traveled anywhere.

Selby believed him when he told her he had asked for a desk position that would allow him to do most of his accounting work from home.

She had seen him working with numbers all the time and how was she to know they were figures for bets he placed in the casino sports bars? She had been a stupid ass, seeing only what she wanted to see, and paid dearly for it with the hefty divorce settlement.

Selby opened her eyes and reached out to shut off the water as she felt the soothing liquid tickling russet-colored nipples.

She no longer had to deal with monthly periods and, now that she could have uninterrupted sex, the surgical scars and added weight made her insecure.

She often wondered if the hysterectomy would make a man's cock feel different inside her. Would he be able to tell the difference? Would this make her less desirable as a woman?

One old wives' tale she had heard from her elderly foster mother after surgery was that her pussy would dry up and shrivel like a prune. Of course, she didn't exactly say it like that, but Selby was terrified up until she had taken a mirror and checked out her plumbing. It was still a slippery, rosy twat and her ovaries, which remained intact, allowed her to produce enough juices to drown a man.

She laughed aloud, realizing that was a bit of an exaggeration; however, she was thinking of buying stock in panty shields because she seemed to walk around in a state of aroused wetness.

She sighed in annoyance as she felt her clit tweak in agreement.

"I hear ya, *Clitessa*," she chastised, using the little pet name she gave her clitoris, after all if men could name their cocks why couldn't women name their buttons of joy?

Selby squirted some bath oil in her hand and worked up an oil slick between her palms before she skimmed a slippery hand beneath one heavy breast to glide her fingertips around the brunette areola with her free hand.

Gently, then more firmly, she tweaked and tugged until the pebble of her nipple extended. Leaning forward she was able to administer tickles from her hot, wet tongue. She licked, suckled, and gasped as she released her nipple from her damp lips.

Selby felt the pull deep up each drag on the nipple in her pussy causing her to cross her ankles. She flexed and released her thighs, feeling her vagina warm up and her clit swell.

Easing her hands downhill, she massaged and kneaded her fleshy belly along the trail towards paradise.

Once she found her pubis bone, she pressed hard and elevated her hips to meet the power of her wet fingers.

Selby imagined her pussy swelling with each pulse of blood racing to her tender clit. She could feel the erect nub aching to be touched, and she was in no mood to deny her body.

Eagerly she parted the thick lips of her slick vaginal rim as she gave into her fantasy of a long, thick, and wet tongue slipping into her spreading her lips wide while swiping roughly against her smooth hooded clit.

Selby released a loud moan.

Frantically, she fingered *Clitessa*, but it wasn't enough, as she felt her building climax.

With her free hand Selby reached out and smacked a familiar button on the side of the marbled spa tub causing the jet streams to burst forth. She scooted down and spread her thighs wide, past caring about her hair getting wet or water spilling over the sides as she scooted forward. She lifted her wet feet outside the water to rest against the cool, hard sides of the bath.

One hand held on to the inside railing to keep her face above the water while the other hand kept her pussy lips spread wide to allow the full stinging pulse of the water against her clitoris. She bit her bottom lip as the water pressure urged her towards the final surge into ecstasy.

Selby started shuddering, panting rapidly, and her full lips trembled as if seized by an Arctic breeze. Her body began to quiver uncontrollably as a climax tore through her. She felt like liquid fire as memories of a dream lover with dark locks of hair and pale green eyes flashed in her mind.

Hot tears kissed the surface of Selby's face as the overwhelming sensation of emptiness flogged her heart.

*"God, please help me find someone just for me before I go completely crazy. Why don't you just let me die, if I'm meant to spend the remainder of my life childless and alone?"*

She threw her hands over her mouth and released a muffled scream as she succumbed to her feelings of wretchedness.



## CHAPTER TWO

“Damn woman is crying again, Sy. I swear her unhappiness is tearing me asunder.”

“Then you must go to her, Darius.” Sylus handed his companion an opened bottle of chardonnay. “You should have never allowed yourself to bond with her during that performance. You know what happens when you link to the human species. They are such emotional creatures.”

“It’s different this time, Sy, because I couldn’t help myself and usually when it’s a general link it wears off. I linked to Selby well over a year ago and her essence is as nourishing to me as...as the wine we need to survive. It only confirms to me that she has to be the descendent of a Nymph.”

Sy rolled his eyes. “How many times have I heard this?” Sy came up behind Darius and wrapped his muscular arms about his waist, leaning against his familiar and natural form. His musty scent in animal form was powerful, making Sylus extremely aroused.

Darius made a formidable human being at 6’2”, with the body of a gladiator. However, in Satyr form, he was glorious in stature as his hoofed feet increased his height another two inches.

Even though the world had changed and battle between warriors in the coliseum ceased to exist, Sylus noted his friend had taken a shine to using modern exercise contraptions that reminded him of a few pleasure apparatuses he had used on the Marquis de Sade. Now that insidious bastard deserved all the pain he gave him, more so, because he had the gall to have taken credit for everything Sylus had taught him.

“Sylus...I am in the middle of an emotional crisis with this woman in my head and you seem to no give a damn!”

Darius felt irked by his companion’s aloof manner; but after all these years, he knew Sy rarely demonstrated emotions except for anger and passion.

"I was just thinking about the past centuries," Sy sighed softly against the broadness of Darius's broad back. "Remember when life was so much simpler, and we were accepted amongst the humankind even in our true form?"

"It wasn't that those times were simpler; it was because our true form was all we had and people accepted it, as they accepted the gods. It was because of Pan's drunken mishaps that the Satyrs' reputation was altered."

Sylus snorted a laugh. "Please, don't remind me. Pan isn't even a true Satyr, he was the bastard-born son of one of a god's indiscretion with a sheep Nymph, and because he was half-man, half-beast, he was assumed to be one of us."

Sylus hold dropped away from Darius. He began to pace in anger. Nothing riled him more than conversations about Pan. Darius turned to stare at his friend sensing a tirade about to begin knowing there was no sense in even trying to temper it.

"Pan! He was nothing but a fucking runt and such an ugly little goat creature. You know what pisses me to no end? The little shit is the one humankind has chosen to depict throughout history. Why, you may ask?"

Darius narrowed his eyes and glared at him. "I didn't ask. I believe we were talking about *me*."

Sylus ignored him and continued his ranting. "This mistake is because some artistic ass decided to paint the runt of mankind and misnamed him as a Satyr!"

Darius shook his head with a deep chuckle, for it was true. He didn't know how many times he had stopped Sylus from posting banners, which no one did anymore they used the newspapers now he would remind his companion. There was even the time he had to prevent him from shifting to prove historians had made an error.

It was one of the reasons Sylus could no longer return to the *Musée du Louvre*, an incident that occurred in 1813. Of course, leave it to Sylus to misbehave in a museum owned by a fellow Satyr.

This only incensed Sy more because he wondered how a satyr could sanction art pieces depicting them as "drunken, flute-playing idiots."

He and Sy chose to stay on the move from city to city and country to country. It was easier than pretending to grow old, die, and become your own children. Some of the fellow Satyrs liked staying in one place for a sense of stability, and some stayed because they had grown attached to some humans.

Yes, a few humans knew they still existed and were not creatures of myth. These humans held their secrets sacred and made life bearable for them. The human witches who didn't mind tumbling with the beast under the moonlight kept loneliness at bay, but only for a moment.

"Damn be it to Zeus for this curse! You would think that after all these centuries, he could be forgiving." Darius frowned.

"Fuckin' gods loved their trickery," his companion said and added, "He created eternally-virginal Nymphs to roam naked in the hills of Greece and tells us that they must never be touched. We could eat of all the pussies in the land, but never the twat of the Nymphs."

Chuckling, Darius clapped Sylus on the shoulder. "Of course, once we did go against Zeus's wishes, we found their pussy juices were the sweetest."

"You're right about that, but you'd think we would have learned to control our lust and do as we were told after that Adam fellow was tempted."

Darius continued to laugh aloud until the persistence of Selby's sadness overwhelmed him. "Enough, Sy, my head is already killing me," he sighs there was a deep longing to go to her and ease her loneliness, Darius sat on the side of his large king-sized bed.

"Selby Maison leaves me no choice. I can wait no longer. I must go to her when she falls asleep and finally make sure she is my eternal mate. Once our souls and hearts merge into one, then this insatiable curse of loneliness will go away."

"At least for you and her," Sy stated, his anger fleeing as quickly as it appeared. "Darius, if this is true love, and she is your mate...once you make love to her you will have no need of me. This will leave me completely alone for I have yet to find a female or male human playmate to tryst with in this city." His long, pale hair fell forward over his shoulders as he lowered his gaze.

"You haven't been looking." Darius reached out, grabbed at Sylus's hand, and pulled him to sit beside him on the bed. "Because there is no need for that, Sy, I will always be here for you as you friend."

His fingers trailed down Sy's temple; tenderly he traced the lines of his masculine cheekbone and square jaw, caressing stray strands of hair so pale in pigment it appeared white.

"Darius the Dark" and "Sylus the Fair" they had been called as they teamed together in their human appearance, utilizing the cunning strength of the Satyr.

In their days of glory, they reigned in the arena of the coliseum and brought the citizens of Rome to their feet. Orgies of the flesh flowed like wine and debauchery was normal. Once the word got out that a human could gain immortality from a Satyr's sperm, they took full advantage of the misinterpretation.

In truth, only the females chosen by the gods received immortality from the Satyr's sperm nectar.

Sylus was his life partner and for centuries this man had been his only friend, his constant brother, and his unselfish lover. Darius would not add physical isolation to the emotional loneliness that already burdened their hearts.

"You have my word, you will not walk alone, Sylus. I am here for you and always will be. If it's true that Selby Maison is my mate, I will become faithful only to her. She, however, is not bound by our restrictions, and she will have both of us."

"It won't be the same." Sylus reached up and stroked one of Darius's curved horns. He received an immediate reaction as Darius's noble cock expanded from the fur-laden bottom half of his body.

"No, Sy, it will be better, for I will no longer have this cursed sense of emptiness, and we shall make sure you are entertained." He teasingly nuzzled his companion.

Darius gasped as Sylus wrapped his large hand around his member; the tips of his thumb barely touched his middle finger and the more he stroked, the further apart his fingers separated to accommodate its girth.

"You are already speaking about her as a 'we' so you are already one with her, and I am on the outside looking in with envious eyes."

Darius unbuttoned Sy's silk shirt and placed wet kisses upon his broad muscular chest, allowing his long tongue to swirl wide, flat trails to his small salmon-colored nips.

He pulled away and placed a soft kiss to his lips as he pushed the shirt off his wide shoulders.

"Sylus, you are my *erastes*, lover. Sex is not what binds us. It's the companionship and all of our history together." His expression was passionately intense; he placed a loving kiss to his lips. "Trust me, all will be well. I don't even know if Selby will accept me for who I am. I know I must try, and if she is the one, I cannot lose her."

Sylus watched Darius's muscles playing beneath his skin as he pulled his trousers from his slim hips, leaving him naked. Before his pants hit the floor, he shifted into his true form, his lower body completely shadowed with a layer of silken white hair, except for the long phallus that came alive in his lover's hand.

Darius knew to make this last time one-on-one sexual session with his friend a special time for the both of them. He wanted Sy to be happy for him and to be a part of the new beginning they were about to embark on with the addition of the woman he had waited on for centuries.

Darius knew that after living as long as they had, life had become comfortably habitual and making changes difficult to accept. Regardless, Darius couldn't help but see this as a good change.

Darius wanted Selby to be a part of their world. He trusted that she would have extra love to offer to his withered soul and Sylus's jaded heart.

He felt his body raging, and he wanted nothing more than to take Sylus without a thought or tenderness. He knew his companion could relate to unadulterated passion and aggression, but he was already changing. It was this newfound sense of patience and tenderness he was gradually inheriting from his bond with Selby that was causing Sy to feel insecure.

There was no time like the present. Darius decided to allow Sylus to experience first-hand the glorious sense of fulfillment Selby brought into his life. He reached out to Selby. She had finally cried herself into a deep sleep, and he knew that she would be waiting for him to come to her in her dreams. This night would be different; he would use his mental bond to both of them and bring them all together.

"I want you to completely merge with me, Sylus, so that you may know Selby as I know her."

"She was upset just moments ago, are you sure she will welcome an intrusion on your dream time together?" Sylus's gaze drifted the length of his body. "Besides, weren't we in the middle of something?"

Darius wasn't fooled; he knew Sylus was trying to put off the inevitable. His companion never liked giving up complete control of his senses as required for this merge to succeed.

Taking a deep breath, looking deeply into his wary brown eyes, he said, "If for some reason you and Selby do not get along, I will break the fusion and allow you to withdraw."

Sy cleared his throat, composure firmly in place. "I will open myself to her completely and trust you to release me from her if she becomes distraught by my presence."

"Of course, I would never do anything to make you or Selby uncomfortable." His voice was overpowering, generous, and soothing as he completed his mental link to Selby.

He managed to hold on to her in his mind as he felt Sylus tense from the unfamiliar feminine invasion. Darius knew he was requesting much of Sylus. The link between a destined Satyr and Nymph female created a life-force of overwhelming uninhibited emotions. To another Satyr, the feelings would be almost unbearable.

"Relax, Sy and close your eyes. Allow her to explore your body through me. Yield to me and feel her touch through my fingers."

Darius sighed with relief the moment he felt Sylus give himself over completely. He became a dream observer and allowed Selby's spiritual essence to use his flesh as her own.

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Sylus could discern Selby's compassionate heart and hesitant touch in the masculine fingertips that caressed his heated flesh.

Fingers trailed lightly down his sides and around his hips. Imagining that she was in the room with them, it became real for him. With eyes closed, he shuddered with a quivering exhalation of breath as fingers took hold of his hardened penis, gripping it very firmly just above the glands.

Sy released a moan on the first upward stroke of the shaft. He arched against the continuous motion and hissed between clenched teeth when the pleasuring hand reached the sensitive head of his cock and twisted slightly.

The up, down, and twist motion continued until he thought he would go mad as he reached for his ejaculation.

Sy grunted his protest as the hand paused just when he was about to tumble into the vortex of no return. A gasp of surprise caused the muscles in his washboard abs to tighten. Full, searching lips suckled the round head of his cock while the flickering tip of a moist tongue teased the opening slit of its head.

He opened his long, muscular thighs wider and accepted the intense pleasure of hands and lips paying homage to his huge erection. Gently applied pressure to his scrotum caused the muscles around his ass orifice to constrict. His fingers dug into the mattress. A deep longing for more of this somewhat gentle form of lovemaking seized his senses. He felt a tear escaped from behind his tightly-closed eyelids.

Sylus de Gauls felt the tightness of his heart-opening acceptance as he gave in to his longing for the gentle touch of a woman. Secretly, he envied Darius's good fortune in finding his mate and could only be thankful that she accepted his role in their lives.

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Darius removed his wet mouth from Sy's cock, tasting the pre-cum on his lips. He wiped the stringy thickness away with his finger and used it to circle the dark hole, allowing his lubricated finger to penetrate and massage.

He and Selby were one as his lips returned to the administration of passionate care to Sylus's penis. Through this connection, he allowed her to experience what he felt, to touch and have her way with Sylus. Darius's heart swelled because Selby was a tender lover and not only loved with her

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body, but her heart. He could only love her more for being so opened to accepting his male companion.

His fingers continued penetrating Sy's anus, manipulating and encouraging his rectal muscles to relax and accept the intrusion. Joy and sheer pleasure radiated from Sylus's handsome face.

Darius knew that not only had Selby won his heart and soul, she had won acceptance and an open hand of guardianship from his life partner.

### CHAPTER THREE

Selby sighed in her sleep; her body seemed to vibrate with erotic delight. She was having another one of those strange-yet-realistic erotic dreams.

It was like her nightly performance in her own version of a *Midsummer Night's Dream*.

In her dreams, Selby became a naked wood Nymph running with an enchanting and handsome dark Satyr, not the elfish-looking little goat-men you see in the movies and depicted in art, but the wicked form of what one would suppose the offspring of an angel and demon would look like.

This man with hoofed feet towered at least six feet four or five, and he had the face of a mysterious seraph or a demon, but she never discerned any evilness or malice.

Her dark lover's long hair rippled in the gentle breeze from a center part.

Selby pursued him deeper into the mystical forest, immersing herself into a world of giant mushrooms and multi-hued flowers, sparkling lights of fairies and frolicking unicorns. She cavorted without fear into the evergreen world of blooming weeping willow trees and never-ending fields of deep, lush grass crushing beneath her naked feet.

When her dark half-man, half-beast prince stopped and turned his welcoming stare upon her, his pale, mesmerizing eyes reflected their emerald surroundings.

In her head, she could hear his voice; it wasn't statements, but a magical mixture of softly-playing flutes and laughter. It reminded her of fluttering butterfly wings against the rims of water-filled wine glasses.

Selby couldn't stop her eyes from feasting upon his muscular chest and washboard abs. Her less-than-subtle gaze picked up a trail of dusky wisps of hair from his hooded belly button to the half-hidden object of her desire.



Her dark, hungry eyes lowered, seeing the present fact that separated reality into fantasy. A V-shaped hairline introduced a blanket of silken soft rabbit-looking fur on his lower body; it was black like the hair on his head and glistened in the moonlight like shining glass.

An exceptional human-male-shaped appendage, semi-erect, peered from the midst of hair. Selby's tongue flitted across her lips as she admired its size.

Her deep brown eyes moved upward towards his handsome face, awakened with a quiet fervent beauty. She felt as if his eyes seemed to be probing her very soul. Under his scrutiny, moisture seeped into the tightly curled thatch between her thighs.

This nightly lover stirred a longing so deep she believed she would die from the sheer lust of it.

His eyes mirrored her feelings of being unloved, unwanted, and unhappy, sheltered in a shield of numbness.

This had not been his first visit in her dreams, but it was the first time he didn't come alone. With him, he had another; the difference was a pelt of nearly white hair that appeared to glow in the endless darkness of the wooded area.

Selby perceived it was important to her dark lover to make his fair-haired companion feel wanted and adored. This man-beast had made her feel respected and needed during his first nocturnal visit. She could only do the same for his friend.

She didn't think twice about walking up to the newcomer.

At first, Selby only savored him with her eyes. She needed to become familiar with his classically handsome features that were so unlike her dark Satyr with his generous mouth, aquiline nose, straight forehead, and olive skin. This man-creature seemed more angelic in his appearance.

Instead of the white pelt of fur and hooved feet, she expected wings to spread and envelope her in a body of light and warmth. His dark eyebrows and deep brown eyes were startling against his fair skin and white hair.

Surprised by the wariness in his eyes, she reached out carefully and allowed her forefinger to trace his patrician profile.

His stance was similar to her dream lover's for it clearly spoke of power, wisdom, and ageless strength. She held his chin in her hand, amazed by the dark earthiness of her skin against his. His square jaw tensed visibly as if he was battling inward emotions. Her heart went out to him, for she sensed it had been a while since this man had seen kindness.

Regardless of each man's unseemly appearance or the unique animalistic yet a masculine odor that seem to be a part of their makeup, they were in many ways definitely men.

Selby could sense the angelic Satyr's longing and desires. They were as human and familiar as her past lovers; the only difference was with these two, she felt none of her own doubts and fears about their intentions, malice.

Selby moved closer and came up on her tip-toes as she held his features in both hands and drew his face downward until his noble nose pressed against the short roundness of her own in an Eskimo kiss.

His dream-flesh felt so real. She could feel the hotness of his breath against her skin and, like her darker lover, his breath smelled similar to sweet wine. Selby knew when she kissed him it would taste like the aroma.

She allowed her nose to slip to the side and placed her full dusky-colored lips, so they could glide back and forward against his, urging him to relax and to trust her. He was like a skittish stallion longing to be broken, yet afraid to yield.

"You will not walk alone. We are here for you and always will be." For the first time, she heard actual words spoken in her dreams, yet it didn't sound like her voice. With that realization, Selby smiled and so did her new fair-haired friend.

Selby was sandwiched between the two men as they embraced each other, and she gazed up to see "Light" and "Dark" meet in a passionate mingling of lips and tongues. Never in her life had she imagined she could find pleasure as she viewed the uninhibited ardor between two men. In this moment, she savored the newness of this virtual pleasure, and she felt lightheaded as her blood pulsed hotly in her veins.

She watched as "Dark" released "Light's" lips and turned his full sensuous force on Selby. He started by rubbing his lips from side to side against her lips, teasing them into fullness. Selby felt as if she would go mad if he didn't kiss her.

She parted her lips welcoming "Dark's" assault on her mouth. "Light's" wet tongue lapped and twirled at the side of her neck, nipping on her rounded shoulders with short, even teeth. She had a fiery cock pressing into her stomach and one pressing into her back, and she was in heaven. Her lashes fluttered close as she felt the welcomed cuddle of her dark haired lover. His erection nudged against the small of her back.

Eagerly, Selby reached one hand in front of her and the other behind and encircled silken twitching snakes of flesh. Light made short, effective work of her lips and breast whilst Dark nipped and licked her neck and shoulders. Selby felt as if she was an expert at making love to two men at the same time, managing a coordinated front and backstroke.

She didn't know which Satyr was holding her shaky leg up, resting the back of her knee upon his muscular forearm, but she adored him as she felt the cool breeze against her sweltering pussy. The sensation of her wet orifice being spread wide and exposing her to the elements felt sinfully intense and decadent.

The breeze carried the essence of her smell to the Satyrs for their nostrils flared, and they became wild.

In a rush of movement, suddenly there were large masculine hands, fingers, lips, and tongues, which seemed to be everywhere. She would have crumbled to the ground if it weren't for the two hard bodies holding her up by pressing into her.

Selby felt as if she was lying on a heated, hard-body mattresses crushed between rabbit fur blankets. She didn't think she ever felt anything so sinfully delicious.

That was until she felt a masculine hand slide up the inside of her open thighs and over her crotch. A very large finger snaked inside her pussy, darting in and out of her drenched hole as the thick padding of a thumb flickered repeatedly over her clit, turning Selby into a frenzied tigress.

Selby relinquished her valued hold on their cocks, afraid in her lustful madness she would hurt them, however there was no protection or consideration for their bare chests and arms as she scratched, kissed, suckled, and nipped every inch of flesh she came in contact with.

She bit down on her own arm to keep from screaming as several fingers pounded inside her while several others continuously worked on her engorged labia. Clitessa was getting a work out that no forty-dollar plug-in vibrating toy could ever give her.

For the first time in her dreams, she could hear her dark lover and her new lover speaking in her head crooning encouraging words of adoration and love. Sweetly, they praised her beauty, her voluptuous curves, and the thickness of her hair. The "Dark" one described how she made him feel.

It was more than spoken words. It was the sensation of experiencing what her lover sensed as he touched and tasted her. Selby slid to her knees and took turn tasting each Satyr's burgeoning cock. She loved the individuality of each man. The distinct musky odors, the way her lips adjusted to the length of one and girth of the other.

Selby appreciated the way the Dark one enabled his mental bond to keep them all locked in one passionate orgy. For the first time in her life, she felt as if she was experiencing sex as a woman and a man.

Her mouth opened wide, working down "Dark's" shaft. Simultaneously, she wrapped her hands around "Light's" ass, spread his cheeks and inserted one, then two, fingers.

She moaned her disappointment as “Light” pulled away from her probing fingers and “Dark” pulled her to her feet. She couldn’t take her eyes off the ripple of muscles beneath “Light’s” skin as he shifted into human form and dropped upon his hands and knees, turning the smooth pale flesh of his ass towards her.

Selby was momentarily confused until she looked down at her body, and it was as if her dark skin was a pelt of dark fur with a huge, pulsing cock. It was no longer her body; in her dream state, she had become one with the dark male Satyr.

She couldn't pull her gaze away as she reached between her hair-covered thighs and grasped her dream phallus. It felt wonderful and powerful as it twitched beneath her touch. She continued to deeply stroke the erection even as she knelt behind the angelic Satyr and began to work in her imaginary cock against the dark, puckered tissue around his anal orifice. How did her dark lover know one of her daring fantasies was to know how it felt to wield a man's cock?

To be able to penetrate another man with this long and thick shaft was a dream fulfilled. Selby felt startled, anxious, and excited at the same time.

The beautiful fair-haired Satyr's body twitched and quivered with every added pressure, and it wasn't long before he began to moan. With his encouraging mutters she thrust forward, watching him spread wide to accommodate the cock's thickness.

Selby wasn't usually vocal, but feeling like a man fucking a man, she grunted and moaned with each deep stroke.

She never experienced anything so wondrous. *So this is what it was like to be a man.* She couldn’t believe the controlled, powerful feelings of heavy muscles rippling beneath her skin.

Potency and sweat kneaded against muscles and sweat. How could something as simple as the feel of heavy come-filled testicles slapping against a firm ass feel so freakin' good?

“*Oh my!*” The tight pulling and tugging of the foreskin on the cock as she pumped with hard strokes was unbelievable.

What a rush, now she could understand why men were such fools for fucking. There was no slow build-up as it there was for a woman. Their entire screwing time was one long, intense build-up.

She could feel the balls tightening as if they were sucking up into her stomach and knew she was about to blow. Selby felt an extreme spasm around her own asshole as she watched the man she was fucking's cock jerk once, then twice before shooting his come into the grass under his hands and knees. He called out to the gods as he collapsed to the ground on his stomach, bringing her down on top of him.

The muscles in her arms strained as she braced herself above “Light’s” limp figure, continuing to pump into his body. After two more rapid thrusts, Selby felt contractions in her asshole as she released a shrilling scream, releasing sperm deep inside him.

Lying spent against “Light’s” back, her dream world seemed to shift on its axis. The fair Satyr faded away, and she found herself lying on her stomach with her face buried against the fullness of her black silk-covered pillows.

She could feel hot gushes of liquid seeping from between her spread thighs. Selby reveled in the sensitivity of her vagina milking a blessedly large phallus. She felt bereft as the penis slid from her pussy. But she was too tired to complain.

Used and thoroughly spent, Selby smiled as her eyes drifted closed, and she longed for sleep.

“Soon, Selby, my love, I will leave you to sleep,” a deep voice chuckled against her ear as if reading her thoughts. “I loved the way it felt being inside you and your smell is all that I imagined it to be. I knew you were the one, my eternal wife, and now you are immortally bound to me.”

She was so exhausted, but she managed to open her eyes and found herself looking into a gorgeous, sculpted face. Selby matched his reverent gaze with one of amused wonder; she couldn’t believe he was just a dream. He seemed so real, and he had become the one entity that she could count on. Every night she would sleep and he would come to her and soothe her fears.

She no longer felt like she was part of a dream. For the first time, the dream was taking place in her bedroom and her tall, dark, and handsome lover was no longer a creature in a forest glade. Tonight he seemed to be a normal guy. She groaned, disappointed that he was now fully dressed in a dark green pocket t-shirt shirt and sinfully tight dark blue jeans. She knew this meant he was going to leave her alone again.

“You are never alone, Selby, I am always with you.” The dream man smiled and she couldn’t believe how real the texture of his lips felt pressed against hers.

Selby returned the smile. “You have such beautiful eyes. They are always full of laughter and boyish mischief. I swear, the more I dream of you the more real you feel to me.”

“My sweet Nymph, I am real.” He pushed the frizzed lock of her sweat-dampened hair off her brow and behind her ear.

She giggled and whimpered from the protesting aches of her sexually used body. “Mmm, I admit I was exceptionally wanton, but I wouldn’t call myself a Nympho...yet.” Selby yawned and stretched wide like a well-fed cat as she rolled onto her back, her hands going to the tenderness of her breast. Her chin pressed to her chest as she took in the beard burns and passionate bruising from suckling lips. She had the markings of a thoroughly fucked woman.

"You know, if you take off those clothes and stay, we can work on the Nympho thang." She cupped her heavy tender breasts and wiggled her brow. They immediately swelled under the heat of his gaze.

Selby watched as his pupils dilated, nearly turning the color of his eyes black. She felt wonderful lying there knowing she wasn't the finest woman in the world, but under his stare, she felt like she was the only woman in the world.

"I want to thank you for the wonderful experience you gave in my dreams tonight," she finished with another wide yawn. She wasn't ready to go to sleep; she wanted to keep him with her, and if she closed her eyes he would be gone once she woke up.

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Darius smirked, knowing he had given her a well-ejaculated dose of his nectar. Even during his average release, it was still a heady sex juice, and she had been thoroughly doused.

For humans, it was like an entire bottle of fine wine.

The amount he ejaculated into Selby would make her feel as if she drank two bottles of wine, since he took her in his natural Satyr state.

Darius reached over and made sure the bedroom phone was off so her service would pick up her calls. She needed undisturbed sleep for at least two days while her mortal body evolved into immortality.

He knew at this moment his nectar was coursing through her veins like an injection from the fountain of youth. As he looked down at her beautiful face, he twirled a silken strand of dark brown hair between his fingertips.

He loved the way her full, voluptuous figure flowed into curves and hollows. He was delighted that he would have forever to explore its secrets and uncharted places.

She rolled over on her side facing his kneeling figure; he couldn't help but follow the jiggle and shifting of her large breasts as they naturally flattened one on top of the other. He found her perfect and wondered how she could ever think otherwise.

His large hand perused over Selby's hips, descended over her heavy, rounded ass cheek and licked his lips as it overflowed his hand. He couldn't seem to get enough of her body. He knew he should leave her to rest, but not yet. Their bond was stronger now, and he couldn't bear the thought of being without her by his side, for even a moment.

She had taken so much joy in tonight's escapade with him and Sylus. It gave him pleasure to know his mate and companion were compatible; it would make their future so much easier.

He eased over and placed tender kisses against her hip and ass. It amazed him how humans became insulted when someone told them to “kiss their ass.” He, for one, found kissing ass a delightful pastime.

Selby moaned and her butt cheeks clenched from the erotic feeling of him worshipping the part of her body, she had been the most ashamed of because of its size.

Darius knew he should feel guilty for bonding with her for eternity, without her knowing the consequences. He had waited for centuries for this gift, and he couldn't chance losing her.

“Thank you, dearest Selby, for making Sylus feel welcomed to share in *our love*.”

The smile that easily came to her lips warmed his heart. “Our love, I like the sound of that.” She giggled and chastised her responsive body. “Down Clitessa, you know you're too tender for any more play.”

Darius snorted at her use of the pet name he had given her clitoris during his dream visits. Slowly, he slid his hands up the back of her body to lean over her shoulder and pressed his lips against hers to swallow up her sweet laughter. She responded eagerly to his kiss and his heart swelled.

Reluctantly, he broke the kiss.

“Selby, I hate to leave you, but I am in much need of nourishment and rest, you wore me out.” He chuckled. Then his eyes grew serious.

“*Ise omorfi*, you are so beautiful, *S'agapo*, I love you. You are my heart's desire, my destiny, and remember I'm your deepest dream, darkest secret but in time, I promise you will accept what is to be.” Darius rushed out his words, feeling desperate for her to understand and accept him.

Since she considered him a dream, he was easily accepted, but it nagged him to think she may not be as accepting once she found out he and all that had happened between them was very real.

“Shhh...sleep with me?” Selby managed, her long lashes fluttering as she fought the lethargic feeling encompassing her body.

“Now you know, my love, that there will be no sleep for us if I was to remain and share your bed.” He kissed her temple. “Soon, once I have made you aware of my existence in your world, we shall be together.”

Easily, Darius switched to softly speaking to her in his mind, deciding it was time she started getting use to their growing spiritual connection.

*'Selby, I want you to know me in your heart when we meet. Remember I am more than a fantasy you've created to soothe your loneliness.'*

He nuzzled his nose against her ear and whispered, "I am always with you, Selby, for we have an unbreakable bond. You are the woman of Darius Andros and your secondary guardian is Sylus de Gauls. If for any reason I cannot come to you, he will. Even though your memory will be vague, you will feel safe and loved in our presence."

"Darius..." she called his name for the first time, and it overwhelmed his heart; if he didn't let her go now he wouldn't be able to ever leave her, and she had been hurt. She would require time to get used to the reality that he wasn't going to simply disappear at the rising of the sun.

Darius hummed an ancient, haunting melody and sent her into an extended, dreamless sleep.

He had done his part by ejaculating the nectar of the gods that had remained housed in his loins for centuries. His semen assured Selby's immortality and helped to prepare her body to carry his children.

Each Satyr housed this essential ability to use only once. The gift of immortality wasn't something the gods handed out easily. It would be too difficult to control the human population if no one ever died.

Mankind would be amazed if they knew how significant the Satyrs, Werewolves, Vampires, and all other immortal breeds were to their daily lives. There was his distant *Lamialicos*, blood-wolf cousin Justus, who was from a breed of born hunters that assured the safety of mankind.

The Satyrs assured mankind's love of wine, women, and song. His other cousins, the Vampires, got the worst rap of all, and no one would ever know they are the ones that transfused and cleansed the blood of mankind. It was because of them, there were no more plagues that destroyed entire populations in earlier centuries.

The immortals were a necessary and proud race of people; nevertheless, they had to hide their natural forms and embraced what was familiar and tolerated in today's world. Back during the time of his youth several centuries earlier, Selby's induction into immortality would have been celebrated, and she would have been deemed a goddess.

Now people seek to destroy those who were different from them. Darius didn't look forward to the time he would have to inform Selby that after ten or twenty more years of remaining in the public eye, she would be forced to give up her successful occupation and fade into obscurity until enough time passed so they could emerge again with another name and in another city or country.

He allowed his eyes to feast upon her dark loveliness one last time before he departed.

Forever, Selby would appear to be a woman in her thirties, and eventually it would bring the investigation of the heretics that sought to exterminate them. It was one of the many things she



SELBY and DARIUS

McCarver

would have to know about living an infinite life. Darius hoped these things didn't thwart her from becoming his eternal mate.

## CHAPTER FOUR

“Selby, come on, sweetie, wake up and drink some of this coffee.”

Selby coughed as the strong black liquid went down her throat. She put her hands in front of her face to ward off the person trying to poison her with horrible coffee.

She didn't care much for coffee and, when she did drink it for the caffeine, she had to have extra cream and sugar.

“Bitch...go away!”

“Oh, I know you didn't.” Zaza sighed. “Dammit, Selby, it's Zaza...come on, sweetie, open your eyes, or I'm going to have to call an ambulance.” Zaza tugged her friend's hands away from her face.

“Za? What are you doing here waking me up?” Selby moaned, managing to open her eyes. “What time is it?”

“It's seven a.m. Here, sit up.” She adjusted the pillows behind Selby's back and carefully placed the lukewarm coffee in her hands.

“What are you doing here this time of morning, and I definitely don't need an ambulance or the publicity that goes with it.”

Selby stifled a yawn.

“God, I had the best dreams; the best sleep I've had in a long time, and you ruined it.” She yawned again and bent her head to sip the coffee, turning up her nose at its bitterness. “Blah!” she grimaced, smacking her tongue in disgust as she set the coffee cup on the bedside table.

“Selby, I can't even believe you. You are sitting in the bed glowing like the newly-crowned Mizz America, actin' as if you don't have a care in the world while I have been going mad with worry. I know I've left at least a hundred messages with your service.”

Selby looked up at her best friend Zaza Draper with startled and confused eyes.

Za has always been the kind of woman who made men stopped walking solely to stare at her, or she could make them lose their train of thoughts in the middle of a conversation. She looked like Halle Berry but her lips were fuller, she wore her short hair longer in the front and her skin was two shades darker. She had a body that was slamming; however, her most arresting features were her beautiful light colored eyes.

They had been friends since middle school. Both had a great love for music, except Za couldn't sing. As a result, she went into performance arts management instead.

Noticing the intense and deep concern in her best friend's honey-brown eyes she began to worry, despite the fact she felt glorious and rejuvenated. She couldn't wait to work on the new song tumbling around in her head.

"Is something wrong? Has something happened?"

Za dropped down in the love seat at the bottom of the bed. "Where have you been? If you needed some time off, I could have arranged it. But you missed two studio appointments, and they are docking it from your royalties."

"Wait, Za, what the hell are you talking about? Stop yelling at me and tell me what is going on. I know my first appointment isn't until Tuesday morning. I promise I won't miss it." Selby wiped the sleep from her eyes; her head was beginning to pound.

Selby leaned over and opened the top drawer in the oak nightstand beside the bed. She picked up a bottle of baby aspirin from the drawer chewing a couple of them for some relief. "They must have gotten my appointment mixed up with someone else's because I had this weekend off."

"Selby, I know you said you might take a trip to your cabin on Mount Charleston, so I didn't think anything of it when you didn't return my calls." Za picked at the cream-colored comforter. "But then you missed your Tuesday and Wednesday appointments. I decided to use my key to see if something had happened to you, only to find your ass in here sleeping."

Selby frowned. She had lost four days—what the hell? She remembered her bath, masturbating, being upset, and taking a couple of over-the-counter sleeping pills. Most of all she remembered dreaming. Dreaming that her creature lover had taken the form of man and came to her bedroom.

Her face flushed in memory. If she told Za she spent the weekend asleep, dreaming of frolicking in the woods fucking a mythological creature, she was sure to get a reaction.

Selby shook herself out of the reverie of her thoughts, missing half of what Za was saying. She realized the only thing she could do was lie.

"I'm sorry, Za, I did go to the cabin, and I lost track of time. I came home exhausted from the drive and went to sleep not too long ago. You know I'm suffering from burnout and depression. I guess... I went up there and lost track of time."

"You already said that." Zaza stared at her with narrowed eyes; she had known Selby long enough to know she was not telling the truth. She also knew if Selby felt the need to lie about what was going on, it was best to pretend to believe her until she was ready to talk about it.

Zaza sighed. "Look sweetie, I know things haven't been the same for you since Brian fucked you over. Then the final blow seemed to come when you found out you would never be able to carry children." Za paused as if gauging Selby's reaction. "Well, that could be difficult on any woman who wanted children as badly as you did."

"What is your point, Za?" Selby raised an eyebrow when she didn't answer.

Za moved, kicked off her heels, and crawled up in the bed with Selby.

"I was just thinking; maybe it wasn't a good idea to bury you in extra work. I thought it would help you if you were distracted, but I think now you might have needed the time to grieve. Even get some therapy." Za picked up and held Selby's hand.

Selby remained silent while her thoughts mulled over her friend's suggestion. She doubted the record producers would agree to time off; she was pushing a deadline for a soundtrack, and she already considered extending her leave from the casino lounge show.

As much as she loved her dreams, it couldn't be normal to have the same beast visiting her night after night. Maybe she could use some help.

"Selby, I know I've been pushing you hard to do this soundtrack album, along with your other obligations. But you have had a respectable career. You have plenty of money and great investments to keep you busy for the remainder of your life. So just say the word, and I can start negotiations to buy out your contracts."

"I have a feeling things are about to change, Za. Don't ask me why; I just know it in my heart. I believe I just needed these days to catch up on some much needed rest," Selby stated with an excitement she hadn't felt for a long time.

"See, that is what I'm trying to tell ya. If a long weekend benefited you, imagine what a couple of months would do for you. You could write at your leisure. Find the old you again."

Normally, Selby would have fought the idea of taking a break because she didn't want to spend the entire time dwelling and thinking about the past. However, this time outlandish things were happening.

She had lost track of time—not hours but day—and she was having erotic dreams of strange men who weren't men. She also felt more alive than she had in years.

Maybe canceling all her appointments and placing her album on hold was a good idea. There would be a few angry music producers but so what; they wouldn't want to lay track to the crap she been writing lately.

"You know...I think maybe a break is exactly what I need, Za."

"Hell, yeah, it's what you need! Actually, 'vacation, let's have fun' can start right now. It will be like the old days!" Zaza came up on her feet and started jumping on the bed.

"Selby, remember when we use to do this during the sleepovers at my house until Momma came in and threatened to spank our ass?"

Selby giggled as she covered her breasts. Za's enthusiasm had caused the sheet to fall down. "Girl, if you don't quit jumpin' on my bed like you're crazy, I'm going to spank your ass."

"Promises...Promises." Za dropped to her knees in giggles, and her gaze fell on Selby's breasts and arms. "Dang, girl, have you been working out since I last saw you?" She brushed aside Selby's hands and caressed her breasts with both hands.

"Remember what else we did during those sleepovers? I always liked the heaviness of your tits, but they seemed to have firmed up a bit and your arms...hell, your entire upper body is lookin' toned."

Za finished pushing away the sheet, revealing Selby's lower body. Selby's brow rose in surprise; she was still a big woman and positive, she would always be a big woman, but for some reason this morning everything didn't look so bad.

All the fat dimples she saw in the mirror the other night before her bath seemed to have disappeared.

"Wow, I suppose cutting out the late night eating, getting plenty of rest, and being chased by beastly men in my dreams has firmed my ass up." She laughed.

"Did you say you were chased by beastly men? What the hell is that about?"

"I don't know," Selby laughed with a shrug of her shoulders. "I keep dreaming about this drop-dead sexy dark-haired man, and recently it's become really hot."

"Do tell." Za leaned forward with a wide grin.

"Well, this time I dreamed he brought a friend that was so striking, looking at him almost blinded a sister." Selby chuckled. "Za, I had me not one...but two fine men. They licked me up, down, and sideways from my slit to my crack." Selby giggled, her face flushing from the memory.

Quietly, Selby stared at her friend, contemplating if she should tell her the rest. Before she could change her mind, she mumbled casually, "I grew a dick and fucked one of them."

"What! Did you say what I just thought you said?" She stared, then her eyes widened. "Girl, I strongly thought you gave up weed back in college." Za snorted and continued to tweak Selby hardening nipples.

Selby felt as if a line of erotic communication went from her nipples to the warmth spreading between her legs. "And I had thought you had given up females back in college."

Za shrugged. "You know I am an equal opportunity sex explorer, and I haven't been with a man for three years. You know this. Besides you don't count. You will always be my slap-and-tickle partner; I gave you your first kiss and your first orgasm. Also, besides me, you aren't attracted to women."

"You right about that. Nothing like a long, thick stiff one, but you know how to get to my secret places quickly." Selby gasped as Za moved closer and snuggled against her body. "Now, you remember we started this girly girl stuff because you didn't want my fingers to rot off from masturbating." Selby giggled.

Za moaned aloud and released Selby's breast. "Oh *puh-leeze*, I can't believe your foster mom had you believing if you touched your *coochie* your fingers would fall off. I had to masturbate for you and show you, I still had my fingers. Took what? A whole month to convince you that she lied."

"I still don't think I was convinced back then. It scared me every time I did it; so I used to hump a doll or something so that way if I didn't touch *it* my fingers wouldn't fall off."

Selby and Za continued to reminisce, breaking out in silly fits of giggles.

"Ok...enough Za. I can't laugh anymore, but it feels good to be able to again."

"Yes, and it's good to hear you laugh again." Za leaned over and gave Selby a warm, deep kiss. "Hey, I know what we can do next. Let's go raid the kitchen! We can make some French toast and bacon, then afterwards..."

She kissed Selby again, slowly.

"You keep that up and we can skip breakfast." Selby smiled, her body tingling with delight from the feel of Za's tongue working against hers.

A flicker of pale green eyes flashed in her mind.

Selby tensed and a deep sense of longing ached in her heart.

"Hey...hey, you're shaking. Are you okay? I know it's been years, since we have been intimate. I didn't mean—"

"No...no it's not that. You know I love being with you...it's...well, I can't seem to stop thinking about the dark-haired man in my dreams."

Zaza chuckled. "Wait. I thought you said you dreamed about some kind of beast."

"Well, he is, but he isn't, look, don't tease. I'm serious."

"I see you are, but it was a crazy dream, Selby. I can help tide you over and ease your tension with this." She wiggled her tongue at Selby.

Selby giggled and slapped Za on her shapely backside.

"But seriously, Selby, all you need is some grade B dick," Za voiced.

"What the hell is grade B dick? I mean wouldn't a grade A be better?" It was hard for her to keep a straight face during this conversation. It was as ridiculous as her dreams of late.

Selby's mind drifted once more to her dreams as Zaza went on preaching the alphabetical fundamentals of cocks. Starting with the explanation of grade B, which any dummy, except for Selby, would know meant a bodacious body with a beautiful big cock.

She decided it was an excellent time to try to recapture details of her dream. Most of it seemed vague, except for the sex. She couldn't remember their faces that well, either; only that one was darkly handsome with pale green eyes and the other was ethereal with dark brown eyes.

She could have sworn the dark one told her their names; however, even though her thoughts were muddled, her body could remember how it felt to have his tongue mingling with hers and the smell of him overwhelming her senses.

Selby's eyes closed and her lips parted as her heart started to race and the inner muscles of her swelling pussy began to pulsate. The feel of his thick fingers deep in her pussy had felt so...damn...good...mmm.

At that moment, she longed to return to sleep in the hope that he would come to her again.

*Come to me*, her thoughts drifted to her dream beast.

*Soon...S'agapo, I love you, Selby.*

In the mist of her reverie, Za struck her in the face with a perfectly aimed pillow and it landed in her lap.

"Damn, girl, I'm sitting up here trying to educate you on the male fuckin' anatomy and you've completely zoned out on me. How rude can a sista be?"

"Za, I swear I never realized you talked so much." Selby laughed and hit Za with the pillow that had landed in her lap.

"Oh, I know you didn't!"

Their laughter, teasing, and banter overflowed as they had a serious all-out war using the pillows as weapons.

Selby had never been so alive. She felt like laughing, having fun, making love, and drowning herself in a tub of wine. Where this new craving for wine came from she had no clue and she didn't care.

For once in her thirty-five years, she didn't care about doing what was right. She was young, rich, and free to run naked in the woods in her dreams and roll around in the grass with the beast, so if she could do that she could start drinking wine if she wanted to.

"So, girlfriend, what about the French toast and then we make it a girly girl day?" Za stifled a yawn, stretching across the bed.

"Sounds like fun!" Selby clapped her hands together and rolled out of bed naked and, for once, she didn't wait for the room to empty before she walked about naked.

Za laughed in surprise. "Selby, here is your robe." She removed the heavy terry cloth robe from where it was lying across the foot of the bed and held it out to her friend.

She knew how self-conscious Selby had always been of her nudity, another byproduct of her foster mother's childrearing technique. There was a woman who thought she was better than the Lord himself. "*Nudity only leads to sins of the flesh.*" Zaza could hear her grating voice in her head. She never understood how Selby kept from going mad and supposed her music was the way she adapted to her circumstances.

Zaza wanted Selby to start living, loving, and fantasizing again. She missed her sense of humor and their girly sessions.

Selby put her hands on her hips, carelessly displaying all her naked glory as she stared at Za holding out her robe. The look on her best friend's face caused her to smile, genuinely pleased by her evident desire.

She was thirsty, hungry, and horny and she would have it all in that exact order.

"Do you think I need a robe?"

Za's smoky eyes traveled over Selby's voluptuous body, remembering how nice it felt to feel those thick thighs clamping around her ears as she licked her delicious pussy. She felt herself becoming wet and made it her goal to seduce Selby before the ending of the day.

"My, you did wake up on the naughty side of the bed this morning." Her eyes sparkled with surprise and more than a touch of lust as she watched her friend.

"Yup and come on, Za, I'm starving. Better yet, I will make breakfast while you call *Poppa Llano's* and tell him I want a couple of bottles of his best wine...no...no make that a case of his best



wine delivered. If he can get it here before noon, tell him to add a hundred-dollar tip to my account.” Selby skipped from the room.

Za’s mouth dropped open in suspended disbelief. She didn’t know what stunned her the most, Selby going to cook breakfast *naked*, Selby *skipping* her naked ass from the room, or Selby’s skipping her naked ass from the room and thinking about *wine* this early in the morning when she didn’t even drink alcohol.

She found Selby’s behavior completely out of the norm. Zaza would have felt more concern if she didn’t feel this change was a gift from heaven.

She hadn’t been blind these past few months. She knew the path Selby had traveled and her greatest fear was she did not know how to stop it. Too many talented black female artists were turning to drugs or taking their own lives; no matter how happy the world thought they should be, they were tortured souls.

Hell, it couldn’t be easy living under a constant microscope and trying to please everyone all the time. It would be hard on even the strongest souls.

Za’s thoughts returned to Selby. She was such a gentle soul, easily taken advantage of and then discarded by manipulators and losers. Under the circumstances, you couldn’t help but be an *overprotective* friend.

It had crossed Za’s mind a few times during her frantic attempts to reach Selby that she might have gone off somewhere and committed suicide. Now, she was hopeful that the dark period was finally over.

Za smiled as she heard Selby’s beautiful, melodious voice filling the penthouse apartment. It sounded like a new tune was brewing and she liked it.

She picked up the phone and called for the wine before stripping off all her clothes. Wistfully, she sashayed to the kitchen wondering if Selby had properly christened that big dining room table of hers.

## CHAPTER FIVE

“Okay, Selby, I give. Sister-friend, you are wearing me out for real. I’ve done everything you wanted to do today. Now I think I need to draw the line in the sand,” Zaza whined.

“Hey, weren’t you the one who said we should start living again and be carefree and spontaneous like when we were young?”

Za placed slender hands on her hips and leaned back in her chair rolling her eyes at Selby, receiving only another giggle from her friend. Za noticed Selby was doing a lot of laughing since she woke her up early that morning.

Probably because of all the wine she was drinking. Yet she wasn’t showing any signs of drunkenness, but she had never seen her act so unrestrained.

She could see that Selby was walking correctly, she wasn’t slurring her words, and she had no problems driving except for speeding. Za would have pissed her panties a couple of times if she’d worn them.

“I admit I did say that but you have never...ever been this rowdy when you were young. Dang, Selby, who’s youth are you reliving, Chaka Kahn’s? Besides, I didn’t mean we should do it all in one day.” Za continued to bellyache in spite of the fact she was enjoying herself but for some reason the wilder Selby became, the more she took over Selby’s role as the cautious mother.

This night was getting odder by the moment.

“Selby, it’s after midnight, I’m exhausted and after all that dancing my feet hurt. Don’t think I forgotten you’ve never told me where or on whom you learned to use a strap-on dick.”

Za shivered, remembering being bent across the dining room table, legs spread wide and sensitive nipples rubbing against the hard polished oak as a powerful manmade cock pounded in her. Selby knew how to work every corner; it was as if she had a cock for real, and a woman with a penis was a dangerous combination. Who better to know another woman’s secretive crevices?

Selby laughed, noticing Za licking her full lips and the way she squirmed in her seat. She knew she was remembering the strap-on...well Selby had no clue when she learned how to use such things. It was her first time but it was as if she had become someone else for a moment.

Selby motioned the waiter to bring another bottle of wine.

“Girl, you amazed the hell out of me, when in the middle of me licking syrup off your nipples you decided to leave a sister hanging and juices building to run out to an adult store.” She laughed at that one, though it wasn’t funny at the time she was horny, wet, and pissed. Selby was taking an unnecessary risk.

Fun in private, yes, but an unnecessary risk when you had a career based on public perception to worry about; it was reckless.

“You must have bought out the store and what if some of those reporters tailed you? You had two bags of sex toys. Lord, you’re going to have our PR people working overtime to cover this mess if it gets out.” There was a note of panic in her voice as she looked at Selby, her eyes wide with wonder.

“Zaza!”

“What?”

“If you don’t stop talking so damn much I am going to crawl under this table, pour salt on your pussy and do tequila shots off your clit and you know that shit...got...to burn.”

Za’s mouth dropped open and at that moment she decided nothing else Selby did for the rest of the night would surprise her. She was going to go with the flow or die trying.

“Damn...I got to remember to test that. You think it will be a good burning or a bad burning?” Za smiled wickedly. “Can I make one last complaint?”

“Zaaa,” Selby moaned and grasped the bottle of wine from the waiter, completely ignoring the glass. She held it to her lips, took three gulps and set the bottle on the table wiping her mouth with the back of her hand.

“Go ahead.” Selby sighed and released a loud burp, grinning profusely. “I’m ready now.”

*What the hell...no, I promised myself I wouldn’t say anything, Zaza reflected. Please don’t let there be any reporters on the prowl tonight or some fool with a camera phone.*

*Most of all, if anyone up there is listening to me, don’t let her put her feet up on the table or grab her crotch because I don’t know what has gotten into my friend.*

Zaza took a deep breath and released a shuddering sigh.

“All I was going to say is...I am not doing this. There is no way you are going to get my ass up there and do karaoke with you.”

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Before Selby could address Zaza's complaint, the intimate lounge seemed to grow smaller as two tall men, one swarthy and the other fair, sauntered into the room dressed in Harley Davidson leather jackets, black t-shirts, black jeans, and blue-tinted streamlined shades.

Only confident men who were sexy as hell and knew it, could enter a room wearing shades at night and no one think them an ass.

The dark one, whom Selby seemed to not be able to tear her gaze away from, had his hair pulled back and tied, with a leather cap turned backwards. The fair-haired man by his side allowed his hair free to flow about his shoulders with a tied bandanna.

"Damn," Za sighed.

Selby's mouth had gone dry and she couldn't speak if she wanted to. *Yes, damn, they were fine.* Selby mentally agreed, unable to take her eyes off of the dark, handsome man. She looked up to heaven and made a silent prayer. *Excuse me Lord; I know lust is an awful reason to pray, but I want me some of that...please...please.*

He moved toward her, strutting rather than walking, dressed from head to toe in black. He was striking. Her breathing quickened as she took in his familiar features. Her gaze fell to his crotch and she unconsciously licked her lips.

His gaze dropped from her face to her moist, thick lips and the lustful look he gave her made her shiver inside with growing need.

"Okay! I am here, let the party began" the dark one yelled out with a drop-dead gorgeous smile comprised of perfect even white teeth.

Clitessa became alert. *The party is down here between these big thighs, handsome!* Selby thought. A slow smile played across her mouth as she took in the view of his fine ass as he waltzed on by her table. She tried to push her feelings of disappointment aside.

The entire lounge seemed to grow silent as every head swiveled about to stare at the dynamic duo before suddenly the entire place appeared to have received its second wind. The dance floor quickly overflowed as the Karaoke DJ's bumping jam seemed to grow louder. Simultaneously, the staff became busy flitting back and forth between the bar and tables.

Another swarm of people arrived, making the small lounge a wall-to-wall party as if by magic.

Selby's mouth dropped wide in amazement and turned the bottle of wine up to her lips as she turned to look at Za.

“Selby, I should have said ‘*let the party begin*’ when we arrived. It seemed to get this dead joint jumping.”

Selby set the bottle down on the table as she returned her gaze to two sexy strangers, only to find the dark one staring at her once more.

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Darius’s eyes fell on Selby and his body began to harden. All through the day, he had allowed himself to remain a part of her and it seemed she was having quite an eventful day.

He had found gratification in feeling her orgasms and even invited Sylus into the mix to enjoy the pleasures he was experiencing through Selby. Sylus seemed intrigued by her companion, but Darius felt incinerated by his love for Selby and only felt all that she had experienced. She had already begun the change; her growing insatiability for living was a sure sign.

Darius telepathically read Selby’s friend and he didn’t sense any indication that she, too, was a descendent of the Nymphs.

He felt a bit disappointed. Now that he had found his mate and was complete he wanted Sylus to have the same. If Sy chose to bind with Selby’s friend, it would mean he could neither give her children nor give her eternal life. She would be just another passing consideration for his male companion.

There was precedence for this; they had both enjoyed mortal women over the centuries and bade them good-bye once they became bored with the women’s expectancy of something more serious.

It was then they erased the females’ memories of them. No, it wasn’t fair to these women, but they were left with the feelings of pleasures and happiness they had experienced while being in their presence.

Darius didn’t think Selby would appreciate Sy wooing and discarding her friend.

He tore his entranced gaze from Selby as Sylus nudged him towards a table that a very willing waitress had cleared for them.

Darius sat in the chair closest to the karaoke stage because it allowed him a direct view of Selby. He could feel her eyes on him, he could smell her all-too-familiar scent and it took all the power within his grasp not to allow his thoughts to merge and speak familiarly with her.

He must be patient.

“You’re *sure she doesn’t remember us*, Darius, because her gaze seems to be very intent upon you.” Sylus stated, merging his thoughts with Darius.

*"I'm sure, Sy, but I've never used my nectar on anyone before, so maybe even though she doesn't remember, she may have the awareness of having a part of me inside her."*

*"Well, thank the gods I can remember everything."* Sylus chuckled, and then became more serious. *"Darius, you do remember you cannot spend a lot of time pursuing Selby as a human. She has to know of her destiny and the danger it presents now that she is yours."*

Darius sighed aloud, knowing what Sylus said was true. He realized that he shouldn't have taken her without her knowing the risk and agreeing to change her life of her own accord.

He had been an impetuous fool. Nevertheless, he couldn't help the connection between them—it was written in the stars by the gods. He was already deeply in love, befitting of a Satyr once he found his Nymph. Once a Satyr fell in love, patience was no longer an option.

He could only hope she would forgive him and not grieve for the human life that was no longer hers.

*"I know you fear how she will react to your deception once she finds out that it has not been merely a dream," Sy stated.*

Sylus touched his friend's shoulder and squeezed reassuringly. He ordered two bottles of wine from the server with instructions to keep it coming before returning to share his thoughts with Darius.

*"I don't think I need to remind you that Selby must be under our constant guard from now on, and soon. Even now, I can discern that she is experiencing internal changes. If I can sense that, so can they and it won't take long for them to track her. You should have been there when she first awoke to tell her the truth"*

*"Sylus, don't you think I know all of this? She wasn't supposed to awaken before I regained my potency to maintain human form. I hadn't suspected someone would seek her out."*

Darius felt tense. He had never taken a woman through the change so how was he to know what comes next, maybe she was supposed to wake up when she did. *Damn!*

"What is it?" Sylus asked aloud.

"I don't know what the hell I'm doing, what if I hurt her? How do we know the prophecy is even true?"

"Darius, we have to believe. We've spent our entire lifetime waiting for this moment and I'm still waiting." Sylus perused the woman Selby called Za. "I can't believe out of all the cruel things the gods have done to us over the centuries, they would lie about the one thing we have to look forward to."

Darius blinked and scowled as two approaching females blocked his view of Selby with an open invitation to join them on the dance floor. Darius smiled and looked away, politely declining the invitation. Everything he wanted was sitting at the table across from him.

Sylus, too, declined; he still had much to say to Darius before enjoying this night.

*"We must keep a watch, not only mentally but also possibly physically on Selby as long as she is in this vulnerable state, Darius. I know I encouraged you but now I fear maybe we mishandled the situation and you should have wooed her before thrusting the change upon her."*

Darius moaned aloud, turning his piercing glare on Sylus.

*"Well, it's too damn late to change things now, my friend. As you well know, I have given her my quintessence and, very soon, she will be irresistible to the god Hades' demons. Now do me a kindness: shut up and get out of my head. Try to act normal."*

The women they rebuffed earlier took a seat next to their table, each of them rolling their eyes at Darius and Sylus, mumbling something about them being too sweet on each other to notice any of the women in the room.

Sylus laughed and cleared his throat, ignoring the need to take both women back to his place and fuck them both until they couldn't walk. True, he loved Darius and for centuries, they had been lovers as was their way, but he was by no means *sweet* on him or any other man, it was just a matter of pleasure. A Satyr never placed a limitation on indulging in all things pleasurable.

"As I was about to say, I have danced amongst the gods, fucked and debauched queens, kings, and people of the cloth and you want me to pretend to be normal. What, pray tell, do you consider normal behavior in this century, Darius?" Sylus questioned in hushed whispers.

"For one, normal people don't list their sexual escapades like an employment resume and take pride in them as if they were some great achievement," Darius reprimanded from between clenched teeth.

Once more, Darius forced his hungry stare from Selby and turned his clear gaze on Sylus who was as usual pretending to not hear him.

Silently, he swore.

If he didn't care for Sy he wouldn't have put up with him for all these years nor would he have allowed him near Selby. Nevertheless, if it hadn't been for Sylus keeping him from offering his immortality back to the gods' centuries ago, he would not have been alive to feel the completeness of finally finding his mate.

"It is an achievement when you manage to do all of that in one night." Sylus smiled wickedly.

“Oh, by the gods, this is a new millennium-“

“*Another* damn millennium,” Sy grumbled. “Do you realize that you say that each thousand years or so? May I ask you, have I changed yet? Doesn’t that tell you that if I haven’t changed yet, I don’t intend to?”

Darius couldn’t help but chuckle because it was true. He and Sylus had been doing this song and dance longer than he cared to admit.

He looked forward to the newness Selby would bring into their jaded lives and Darius longed to feel the reciprocation of his love. There was no doubt in him that Selby was his Psyche. Already in the short time he had spent in Selby’s presence, she sent his heart into a flutter, flooding him with sensations that threatened to overwhelm him.

With Selby by his side, the years would melt away and soon they would have sons to occupy their time. Darius was looking forward to finally having his heart’s desire, a big family.

It would be a much-needed stimulation knowing life would bring something new each day. He could only trust once Selby realized he could give her the children she thought she could never have, she would not find him monstrous and love him in return. It would be a glorious time to be an immortal because he would have a reason to awake to another day. With these thoughts in his mind, he wasn’t going to allow even Sylus’s negative bantering to ruin this feeling.

“I think it’s time to introduce myself to Selby Maison,” Darius announced, rising to his feet. “You have been eyeing her friend Zaza since we came in here...you coming?”

“I have been *eyeing* her because of what *your* mate did to her earlier today. The woman’s gratification and her lack of inhibitions intrigued me. I assure you there is no deeper attraction. She is not my type.” Sylus crossed his arms across his broad chest, obviously in a sulking mood.

“Oh, I wasn’t aware you had a type, since over the years you have been with many women, all nationalities and such. What makes her not your type?”

Sylus’s mouth tightened when he glanced over at the woman sitting next to Selby and she had the nerve to roll her eyes at him and turn away.

He chose to ignore the question and instead turned the conversation back to Darius. “Darius, don’t you think you need to take care of the matter at hand?”

Darius laughed quietly; he didn’t think he’d ever seen Sylus so frayed. He was beginning to wonder if it was the fear of change with Selby coming into their lives or was Selby’s friend making more of an impact on him than he was willing to admit? He finally decided that whatever was bothering Sylus, he would have to learn to adapt in his own way...in his own time.



Sylus had never received a reaction of indifference from a woman and he decided these feelings of openness absolutely wouldn't do. It was such a human emotion.

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Sylus couldn't help but watch as his best friend and constant companion moved to meet up with the delectable Selby.

First, Darius's mate had touched a part of him he thought never existed. She brought out a need to protect her and an unfamiliar tenderness. At this moment, Sy envied Darius. He was already feeling the effects of Selby's presence in their life; now he had to contend with this insipid dark-skinned pixie-faced woman with the beautiful eyes.

Selby's beautiful companion had this annoying way of gazing down her pert nose at him as if he were something stuck to the bottom of her boots. She didn't even know him. Maybe it was not him she disliked; maybe she preferred the company of women. Either way, he decided it didn't matter to him.

Sylus felt a deep need to shift into his true form; it seemed the longer he stayed in this state of human form, the more human emotions he had to contend with.

His eyes followed Darius as he made his way across the dance floor towards Selby. Once more, he found his gaze drifting towards the woman with the short pixie hairstyle. A man walked up to the table and she slipped her hand in his and led him to the dance floor.

Sylus gasped in disbelief as she gave the man an irresistibly devastating grin. His jaw clenched, his eyes slightly narrowed. Therefore, she didn't have an aversion to men, just him. Sylus didn't even dare ask himself why it bothered him that she didn't find him desirable. He wasn't sure he wanted to know the answer.

## CHAPTER SIX

Selby watched Za as she went out to the dance floor. Nothing was unusual about her being the first to dance while Selby sat alone and waited. That was the way it had always been.

It didn't matter that tonight she was feeling like a new woman with a new attitude or that her CD single had spent seven weeks at number one on the charts a few years ago. Nothing changed the fact she was still the fattest girl at the prom with no date.

Therefore, it was easy for her to look at the sexy, tall, dark, and handsome biker guy and secretly lust after him. Still, she wasn't stupid. Men like that didn't fall over women like her; they fell over big fake-boob blondes like the one he was speaking with at the edge of the dance floor.

Once again ignoring her glass, Selby turned the wine bottle up to her lips, curious as to why she suddenly felt an urge to go scratch Ms. Fake Tit's eyes out of her bleached head.

If only she could just walk out of the lounge right now, go home, and sleep. When she slept, she would dream and if she dreamt her beastly lover would come to her. Then the loneliness that threatened would go away. The beast was all hers and she didn't have to worry about anorexic chicks taking *him* from her.

She exhaled noisily, lifting the wine bottle once more only to find it completely empty.

*Damn, did I drink this entire thing by myself?*

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Darius was trying hard not to be rude to the young woman who hindered his path to Selby. He could feel her loneliness reaching out and pulling at him.

"I...I huh...was wondering if you would like to dance with me," the petite blond-haired woman asked.

He glanced over the woman's head, willing a sad-faced Selby to look at him.

She looked up and he caught her stare with his eye. He crossed his eyes at her and was pleased to see her smile.

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Selby was stunned. The sexy biker dude was making funny faces at her while this beautiful little blond was standing in front of him looking at her feet as if she were too shy to actually look at his face. His generous mouth parted in a dazzling display of straight, white teeth and she felt her pulses suddenly leap with excitement. He projected an energy and power that undeniably attracted her.

She watched as he bent his head and whispered something to the blond woman and the woman looked up and turned to look at her. Selby became curious as to what he said because the woman issued her a very nasty look before walking back to her table.

Their eyes locked once more as he made his way across the dance floor towards her. She couldn't tear her gaze from his eyes. They seemed to rivet her to the spot. He was so handsome her breath caught in her throat.

"Hello, my name is Darius Andros and I was wondering if you would care to dance with me?"

Selby cleared her throat, pretending to not feel the heated effects of his nearness. "He...hello, my name is Selby Maison and I am flattered but I don't slow-dance."

His brow lifted in question. "May I ask why not?"

"Because I don't like for men I don't know to bump and grind against me. I think it's too intimate for...for strangers," she admitted, embarrassed that it was easier to stick to this reasoning than to say she didn't know how to slow dance. Her ex-husband never slow danced with her because he claimed she was too short and it made him uncomfortable. This man was at least a foot taller than he was so she figured it would feel awkward for him, too.

She thanked the waitress once more as another full bottle of wine arrived at her table.

"Add this table's tab to mine please." Darius displayed a dazzling smile to the waitress, causing her to blush profusely before scampering away.

Selby felt like scampering, too, right between those football-player thighs.

Absently, she raised the new bottle to her lips and changed her mind since he was watching her so intently. She finally used the wine glass she had ignored most of the evening and instead of a swig, she took small sip. She didn't want the man to think she was a lush.

"Sweetheart, I can't promise not to hold you close, but I promise to keep my hands above the waist if that is any comfort," Darius teased. "Also, if you need a character reference, that is my best friend," he nodded across the room. "Sylus de Gauls, he can vouch for me."

"Really, I am flattered but the truth is...I...I never slow danced before and I'm afraid I will step on your feet and make a fool of myself," she decided to admit as a pretty blush spread across her full cheeks.

She couldn't help but stare at him. "Uh...have we met before, Mr. Andrus?"

"I think I would have remembered if we had."

"What, if I may ask, do you do for a living?"

"Mostly, I have invested wisely and it affords me the ability to enjoy my love for music."

"Music? You sing or play an instrument?"

"Both."

Selby licked the wine off her lips. "Maybe I have seen you somewhere. Are you in a band?"

"My friend and I are independent musicians and writers," Darius stated as his eyes followed the coral tip of her tongue across her full bottom lip.

His heart hammered in his ears and his aquiline nostrils flared as the sweet, intoxicating familiar scent of Selby's body overwhelmed his senses. He felt his horns threatening to sprout and he had to close his eyes and will himself not to shift.

Selby noticed the tenseness in his face as his eyes closed. She reached out and touched his arm, feeling an immediate spark between them causing her nipples to extend and tingle against the silky fabric of her blouse.

"Darius, are you okay?"

He opened his pale green eyes. Their gazes locked and their breathing became one. Darius's blood seemed to rush to the spot where her fingertips rested on his arm. "You are breaking my heart by denying me this one dance," he spoke softly, his voice a mere whisper close to her face as he leaned in towards her. "Selby, you know in your heart you can...trust me."

An unexpected familiarity slammed upon her senses as flashes of her beastly lover came into her mind's eye.

He turned on his booted heel and walked onto the dance floor.

She couldn't help but allow her gaze to take in the way his black jeans molded over his muscular thighs and muscular ass. She felt her clit twitch and a dampness spread in her nether regions. There was something so wickedly familiar about his body, but she repeatedly saw long black silky hair instead of the black jeans. She shook her head thinking that finally the wine must be kicking in.

To Selby's surprise, he continued walking up to the karaoke host and whispered something in his ear, slipping him some money. Then he turned back to look at her, held out his open arms, and stood in the middle of the dance floor waiting for her.

The music to *One in a Million* by Larry Graham started up as the karaoke host took the stage and began to sing.

Selby decided she couldn't leave the man standing in the middle of the floor waiting for her. It wasn't her intention to embarrass or insult him with a public refusal. He was making his request so obvious to all that were staring at them and what woman could deny such an open invitation?

The prolonged anticipation of feeling his arms about her was unbearable. Every time his gaze met hers, her heart turned over in response. She saw the heart-rending tenderness of his gaze and she reached out, lacing his fingers with her own.

His fingers were cool and smooth where they touched hers and she allowed him to tug her against him.

He encircled his arm firmly around her waist, while pressing the back of her hand still linked in his against his thudding heart, and began to sway from side to side.

Admittedly, Selby had a tense start. She was terrified she would mess up, but as he began to rock her, she relaxed and followed his lead. Before she knew it, her face was resting against his broad chest and he smelled so good.

Once Darius dipped his head slightly and started singing the second verse of *One in a Million* in her ear, Selby was in a deep bump and grind against the turgid erection pressing into her stomach. She felt wanton abandonment, wishing she were a few inches taller so that his sex would rest against the apex of her thighs.

Selby felt as if she was a hair's breadth from jumping on him and wrapping her legs tightly about his lean hips. His deep, melodious singing voice sent shivers down her spine and she began to harmonize the chorus with him, deciding they made beautiful music together.

If possible, his protective hand pressed her closer to him before resting on the fullness of her hip. Tilting her head back, she peered at his face and he released her hand as his fingers tenderly traced the line of her cheekbone before lightly fingering a loose tendril of hair on her cheek, tucking it behind her ear.

Darius's arresting good looks totally captured her attention and she didn't protest as he continued touching her with familiarity.

His fingers slid sensuously over her bare arm, brushing her collarbone, lingering there too long to be an accident. Darius's fingers clamped over her chin, touching her trembling lips with one

finger, moaning deep from his chest when she opened her lush mouth and descended upon his finger, suckling. With each gentle tug, he felt it all the way to his cock as it continuously jumped against the sensual rub of her soft belly against its hardness.

She was driving him mad. Unconsciously, he merged his mind with hers. *You are mine, Shelby. I want you so badly.*

"I want you, too," she whispered aloud, not thinking clearly enough to realize he was speaking in her mind.

He looked at her intently, and then immediately he turned on his heel and strode to the door leading into the lobby. Taking a deep, unsteady breath, she tried not to think about the gawking faces staring at them, including a stunned Zaza as Darius pulled her along behind him.

Selby didn't know where he was taking her and she didn't care. She would worry about her recklessness later when she was alone, but for now she was going to enjoy the feel of having this big, darkly-handsome man wanting her as much as she did him.

Firmly he caught Selby by the elbow and escorted her into what seemed to be the men's room. The lithe form of his body pressed against hers as she felt the sink counter hit her ass and effortlessly he lifted her to sit on the restroom counter.

Darius' mind linked to a very agitated Sylus, but he didn't have time to wonder what the problem was. He was having a hard time sustaining his human form while his passion was raging for Selby.

*"Sy, I need you to guard the men's room door...please."*

As Sylus started to curse at him, Darius closed the connection. He knew that in spite of his friend's irritation, he would not allow anyone to enter and disturb him or her.

As she toiled at removing his jacket, her fingers were shaking. Selby didn't know if it was from deep need or the anxiety she felt at being reckless with this man. Still, she couldn't help herself; she never wanted anything or anyone more. Her body ached for his touch and even though the smoldering flame she saw in his eyes stunned her, she welcomed his open desire.

Darius made her feel the full powers of being a woman as his striking face tightened with longing. His skin pulled taut over the elegant ridge of his cheekbones and drops of moisture clung to his damp forehead as he worked frantically at her silky blouse, causing a couple of buttons to scatter.

Selby didn't care about the mess he was making of her expensive clothing as long as he didn't stop touching her. She gasped her moan as he eased the lacy cups of her bra aside and buried his face against her breasts.

The sounds of heavy breathing, wet kisses, rustling clothes, and grunts reverberated off the bare walls of the men's room. Their lovemaking noise was like listening to a stereo surround-sound of a couple fucking and it turned them on even more, if that was possible.

She pushed his leather cap off his head to the ground and as she reached to pull his t-shirt from the waist of his belted jeans, he begrudgingly released a dark russet-colored nipple with a wet smack and allowed her to tug his t-shirt over his head.

"Selby...by the gods you are beautiful...*Ise omorfi*."

Selby admired his ability to speak for she could barely breathe; much less form legible words and what language was he speaking? Even his baritone accent seemed familiar. His smell, his touch, and his taste were all like a feeling of *deja vu*, but that *wasn't* possible. It was as implausible as her fucking a stranger in a public bathroom and placing her career at risk. Wait, isn't that what she was doing?

She kissed his bare chest and nuzzled her face amongst the thick, soft downy hairs in the center of his chest. Selby experienced a maddening hunger for the scent and texture of his skin. She anxiously unfastened his belt and pulled down his zipper. Wonders of wonders, he wasn't wearing underwear and she found it very wicked knowing she had been staring at his ass earlier and was clueless.

She thought she had Darius all figured out as a playboy, multicolored briefs, man whom had a penchant for petite, big-tit, blonde-haired women and in the matter of a few hours he had proven her wrong. Most amazingly, not only did she find him sexy and attractive, she felt a comfortable tenderness towards him.

Selby knew tomorrow she would see this experience as a one-time thing to fulfill a dark, lonely need in her, but for now, she was just going to enjoy the moment. Things like this happened to girls like Zaza, not big girls like her; as a matter of fact, most men she'd met couldn't lift her.

Darius gathered Selby into his arms; his large hand took her face and held it gently. Her head fit perfectly in the hollow between his shoulder and neck as she relaxed, sinking into his cushioning embrace.

The heat of his rigid erection pressing into her stomach indicated his desire was as rampant as hers, but his kisses were surprisingly gentle. What she assumed was going to be a transient fuck with a stranger in the bathroom was becoming something warm and startling.

The caress of his tongue as he traced the soft fullness of her lips felt more like the handling of a longtime lover. Still holding her face in his hand, he kissed the tip of her nose, then her eyes and, finally, he satisfyingly smothered her soft mouth with demanding mastery.

His fiery palm stole around the exposed column of her throat, traveling lower as he fondled the large orb of her breast, its dusky nipple brickwork-hard.

Darius dipped his head and allowed his moist tongue and teeth to tantalize the swollen bud while his hand seared a path down her abdomen and onto her thighs. He whispered his love for each part of her body.

Selby was shocked at her own eager response to the touch of his lips and the gentle massage of his fingers sent currents of desire through her.

Selby's thighs tensed as his deft fingers enter her weeping orifice, searching and finding each of her pleasure points.

She whimpered as he paused to tongue a path down her ribs, skipping over the skirt pushed about her naked hips and halted to lick, tease, and nibble on her powder-soft inner thighs.

"Oh, Darius...Oh...please," she moaned as her body instinctively arched towards him.

His hands held the fleshy curve of each bottom cheek as he looked up from between her legs and smiled. With a wicked gleam in his eyes, his tongue flicked her clit and then sucked it leisurely into his mouth.

Selby shuddered and exhaled noisily, thrusting her hips against his mouth, frantic for more.

Her fingers threaded through the silken strands of his hair, releasing its heavy mass from the leather binding trying to tug him even closer; she didn't care; the bliss was so intense she acknowledged the desire to grind against his face. Selby rode her clit against the tip of his nose as his tongue worked in and out of the opening of her pussy.

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Her fragrance and passionate response was driving him insane with need. Darius closed his eyes and clenched his teeth to prevent his shift. The more impassioned he became, the harder it was to keep his horns from unfurling. There was an intense connection between his aroused penis and his natural horns. Keeping the bottom half of his body from shifting was easier than keeping his horns from becoming erect.

Darius heard Sylus chuckling in his mind.

*"Go away, Sy, but don't you dare leave that door yet."*

A growl rumbled from the back of his throat and he heard Selby cry out as she felt the vibration against her swollen clit.

*"Darius, I'm getting tired of babysitting this damn door, my friend. The Out-of-Order sign, which you are, by the way, for leaving me to deal with Selby's shrew of a friend, is blocking the door while I stand more inconspicuously at the pay phones next to it."*



*"Sylus, you can't fool me; I can sense your desire for Zaza."* Darius welcomed the mental distraction. It allowed him the opportunity to slow his heated pace.

*"I told you that horrid woman does absolutely nothing for me. She rolls her eyes at me like a damned cow"*

*"Liar"*

*"Fucker!"*

*"I am trying to fuck Selby, but I am waiting for you to leave me to my pleasure."*

Darius sensed Sylus begrudgingly slip away and he put all his thoughts back into pleasing his ladylove.

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Selby didn't know how Darius could keep up this pace using only his mouth; his tongue had to be about ready to drop off. Yet, if he stopped his satisfying maneuvering, she probably would kill him. She threw a look over her shoulder into the mirror, watching his dark head being enveloped by the heft of her thighs.

*"Ah...ah...sweet...sweet...fuck...oh...oh!"* Selby cried out as her body started to automatically pulsate and have a fit as if she was in the midst of some form of seizure. *"Y...y...yes...oh fuck...yes!"* she shouted without any leftover inhibitions.

Dazed by her release, Selby barely noticed Darius leaned his body into her as he slid his hands up her sensitive flesh and arose from his knees to his feet. With hands on his erection, he rubbed his already pre-cum lubricated tip against her saturated pussy and, placing his hands on her hips, he lifted her against him sliding his cock in, feeling her stretch and embrace him deeper inside.

He tried to withdraw and felt her clench him tightly. His knees threatened to buckle and he had to brace his hands against their mirrored backdrop. Darius's eyes gleamed with constrained passion like glassy volcanic rock as he feasted upon the reflection of his girth buried between her thick and quivering thighs.

*"By the gods of *Olympus*, you are so fucking beautiful,"* he managed while letting out a long, audible breath.

He was dying to pound into her flesh, but she was in control of this mating and he never felt anything so glorious. If he had thought Selby was an exceptional lover in her dream state, having her wide-awake and completely aware was mind-scrambling.

Selby arched against him, allowing him freedom to stroke in and out. Her hips rotated against his, she called it going around the world as she allowed her full hips to switch as if they were

on an axle and go in the opposite direction. She received a throaty moan for her efforts and Darius pressed his lips to her as he pummeled against her body.

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Darius saw how Selby's eyes remained tightly clenched as he ravaged her "O" shaped lips with kisses and nibbles, allowing his cock and horns free reign. He didn't think there was anything more beautiful than her lovely face twisting in the agony of her release. He picked up the pace until she stiffened, gasped, and dug her nails into the rippling muscles of his biceps.

Selby, drenched in her sweat and his sweat, felt her body go limp. She wanted to keep meeting his pumping thrust but she couldn't move as she felt herself floating.

Darius felt waves of pressure building in his cock as his seed sacks drew up tightly. He started panting as he felt his legs straighten and tighten. His fingers bit into the flesh of her hips and it felt like hot lava burned a trail through his cock's vein as he shot deeply inside Selby, groaning his blessed release.

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Selby felt euphoric as she commanded her eyes to open. She fluttered her lashes a few times. Her vision blurred from her slightly-skewed contact lenses. She had kept her eyes clenched shut too tightly, causing her contacts to shift. For a moment, she gazed up through blurred vision.

Her dark eyes grew wide with disbelief. Selby gasped and frowned as her eyes closed once more, sending her into darkness. She needed to get her contact lenses to shift back into place; nothing was worse than astigmatism and wearing contacts. She felt she had to be coming out of an orgasmic coma because she could swear Darius had horns protruding from his head like a depiction of Satan or a demon from hell.

Selby closed her eyes tightly, struggling to escape the dreamlike unreality of her body's release. Her senses seemed to spin and, slowly, she opened her eyes to peek. Darius was gazing down at her with a masculine, satisfied grin. He was devilishly handsome but he wasn't the devil incarnate unless she held his ability to make her feel sinfully erotic and devoid of all morals against him.

She decided regrets could come later, but for now while he still rested between her thighs, she would have no regrets about how he made her feel. She felt wonderfully happy that she was able to enjoy sex; her hysterectomy hadn't taken away her womanhood or her ability to feel. Actually, she felt more uninhibited.

Selby decided that was the best sexual liberation she had ever experienced in her entire life, even better than her wet dreams. It was so good, she must have passed out and started dreaming of her horned dream lover.

“Selby, are you okay? I hope I didn’t hurt you. It’s not the most romantic or comfortable place to make love.” Darius stood up, allowing her room to breathe because she was looking a bit peaked.

“I...we...oh, my goodness!” She struggled to sit up and avoided his steady gaze as she slid from the sink counter. Her legs became numb and her body pleasantly ached. She felt like her feminine hole was forever open-mouthed from Darius’s large cock invasion. She had that wonderful tender, just-fucked feeling. Sharp pinpricks burned her legs as she started to get back the feeling in them and she swayed against Darius.

Darius caught her in his arms. He cupped her face in his hand and placed a tender kiss to her mouth.

“I feel so blessed to have found you. I hope you will allow me to see you again,” he whispered against her lips.

Selby pulled away. She was stunned. He wanted to see her again.

She didn’t know why she hesitated, he made her feel adored; plus he was gorgeous and sexy.

On the other hand, he could also be another lying gigolo like her ex-husband looking for a woman to take care of him. After all, what did she know about him? He was a biker, for God’s sakes, probably didn’t even live in this city. Everyone knew Vegas ran rampant with riffraff and drifters. Good sex wasn’t a good reason to get involved with someone. At least it wasn’t enough for her. She wouldn’t ever allow herself to be hurt again.

Admittedly, she was flattered because he was drop-dead gorgeous and an intense lover, but the question was did she want to see him again and in what capacity? Did she want to chance finding out if he was sincere? On the other hand, she could take down his number and keep him as a cock call.

*“Yeah, right.”*

Maybe she should just ask him to forget this ever happened because this was a one-time reckless moment on her part and now it was over.

## CHAPTER SEVEN

Releasing a deep sigh, Selby pushed herself off the couch to answer the door for the seventh time in a span of seven hours. She sneezed. Every hour on the hour, she had received one elaborate floral arrangement after another. Leave it up to Darius Andros not *to* be a “single rose” man. She wouldn’t even try to guess how he managed to find out where she lived.

Her apartment was beginning to look like a hothouse of flowers. The first arrangement had been round purple posies with a card promising that until she called the number on the card, she would receive flowers every hour on the hour.

*“Yeah, right.”*

She was finding out he was a man of his word and obviously one after her heart because she was rounding into the seventh hour and in every corner of the room there were pale yellow chrysanthemums, red carnations, chardonnay-colored blossoming lilies, white daisies, and sunflowers.

Selby didn’t even think some of these flowers were in season so he must have paid a pretty penny to obtain them for her. She couldn’t help but be flattered. It had been the hardest thing she’d ever done, telling him she wasn’t interested in seeing him again after their erotic escapade in the men’s room. Still, she had made up her mind vowing to never allow another man to envelope her into a false sense of security. Brian had been the first man she had trusted completely and the last.

Selby opened the door.

“It’s me again, Ms. Maison, where would you like me to sit them?”

“George, I’m really sorry about this. I’m about to handle the situation. Sit them over on the sofa table.”

As she was about to close the door behind George’s exit, another delivery arrived, but this time it arrived in two wooden crates pushed in on a two-wheeled cart.

“What the?” Looking a little shell-shocked, she looked down at the crates.

“Sign here please, Ms. Maison.”

Selby signed the clipboard form. “Here, let me get you a tip.” She looked around vaguely for her purse but his next statement pulled her back to the doorway.

“No, thank you. It’s has been taken care of but...well...uh...if you don’t mind, can I have your autograph for my daughter? She...well, we...love your music. They just don’t do the old-school soul sound like back in the day, but you keep it going, along with a few others, Ms. Maison, and we’re grateful.” His aging yellowed eyes twinkled in remembrance of a more lighthearted time for him.

“Thank you very much. It feels good to hearing you say such nice things, especially after being told that I need to change my style by several producers.” Selby practically beamed at the man. “To me, it’s what the people want to hear that is more important. So how about I get a photo and sign it to your daughter and make it more personal?”

Selby sauntered over to the table where she had been answering fan mail in between flower deliveries. She wrote an encouraging note to the deliveryman’s daughter after he supplied the name.

After the man, left Selby turned once more looking at the flowers, shaking her head in amazement, in spite of the constant interruptions it did make her heart swell with emotions to be surrounded by such beauty, even if the mixed floral aroma was overpowering.

She looked up at the clock over the marbled fireplace and it was thirty minutes away from Floral Delivery Number Eight. She really should make him go for broke just because he was being so persistent. She released a giggle and went to inspect the crates.

Selby gasped in delight. It was cases of wine; he must have noticed her pension for the stuff at the lounge since he paid the huge tab she left behind, hauling ass out of there. She hauled up one bottle from its slot and read the label.

“*Chateau Filhot 1990.*” Reading the label, she shook her head, “Damn, he’s going to oblige me to call him.”

She took the bottle and placed it in the standing wine opener and the cork slid out with ease. Nothing was worse then chunks of cork falling into a good bottle of wine. Her brow arched in amazement as she wondered when she had become such a connoisseur.

She admitted to herself she could no longer lay claim to being a non-drinker in her future interviews. But, did she really care? She was happier than she’d been in a long time. She wouldn’t apologize for her contentment. Maybe she would title her new CD, *Selby Maison, Better than Ever.*

“God, why am I thinking about such things when there are more pressing matters?”

Making her way back to the couch, she raised the freely opened bottle of wine to her lips and moaned in delight at its wonderful, sweet flavor.

To think that only a week ago she didn't know much about wine but she had been gaining tips during her orders to *Poppa Llano's*.

Damn, she was going to have to call Darius. She was only fooling herself by pretending she wasn't excited by the prospect. *Well, it was close to time for the next arrival of flowers.* She would call right after she received Bouquet Number Eight.

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Darius paced in front of the fireplace in the masculine wood-paneled study of his spacious three-bedroom home. He thought surely Selby would have called by now. He lifted the phone again for the second time in the past hour to check for the dial tone. It was fine, but he wasn't.

"Why doesn't she call?"

"I can't believe you are wasting precious time on sending flowers, Darius. Why don't you just mesmerize her into accepting her fate?" Sylus leaned back against the brown suede couch, crossing one knee over the other nonchalantly. "If you don't mind my saying, I think the flowers are a bit of overkill, not to mention unoriginal."

"Sylus, don't you have a play, opera...*something*, you can go and do? I have an idea...why don't you scope out what the delectable Zaza Draper likes to do in her free time." Darius cut his gaze at him and chuckled as his friend scowled.

"I don't know how many times I must tell you she is not my type," Sylus grumbled.

"I suppose as many times as I have told you to mind your own business and let me handle Selby. She is special ... I have reached into her soul." He gazed at the phone for the seventh time, willing it to ring. With every delivery, he called to gain assurance they had arrived every hour on the hour; still, he stood waiting for her call.

"Blah...blah, just go fuck her and speak openly afterwards." Sylus sighed heavily, absently picking up a *Fortune* magazine and dropped it back on the coffee table. "I understand she is special to you, Darius, but honesty is better than flowers for any woman."

"Sy, my dear Selby has a void in her heart. She's already been disappointed in love and believes she will no longer be able to have children of her own. She is like a skittish colt. I know any sudden movements from me will once again raise the shield I had managed to tear down when we made love."

His rich-timbre voice belied a tenderness Sylus had never heard before and he envied his friend. He was stunned, as suddenly the image of Zaza came to his thoughts.

"You should know better than anyone why I wish to be gentle with her."

"Of course, I understand. Yet, it doesn't change the fact that each day she goes without our constant protection, the more danger she is in," Sylus reminded. Darius knew the games of the gods and now Selby had become fodder for their entertainment.

"It's almost the top of the hour; if she hasn't called me within five minutes after that, I shall make my way to her and just tell her the truth. I will make her understand this is her destiny." His body heated at the prospect of seeing her once again in the flesh.

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This time when the doorbell chimed, Selby looked forward to the delivery. It was the ring of a new beginning. A signal that gave her sanction to call Darius and open herself to the possibilities he seemed capable of bringing into her life.

With a bottle of very fine wine nestled in her stomach warming her insides, she twirled her way to the door with a smile and a feeling of hope she hadn't felt in a long time.

Without checking through the peephole, Selby opened the door.

"Oh...hey. I thought you were George with more flowers. Did I forget some--" Selby gasped in terror as a large hand came up, pressing cruelly against her lips and nose, silencing any further words as she was forced further into her apartment. She managed to nip the hand over her mouth and received a hard backhand across her cheekbone.

As she struggled to stay conscious from the heavy blow, her eyes fluttered and closed. Her last thought was of Darius.

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Darius was in the midst of pacing when a sharp pain to his heart sent him to his knees; his eyes blurred with tears his nostrils flared as he gasped, panting in terror.

He couldn't control the spasmodic trembling within him.

*Selby!* His mind reached out to hers and he felt as if a hand had closed around his throat.

"By the gods, Darius!" Sylus ran forward and immediately connected his thoughts to his friend as he aided him to his feet.

"One of them has found her, Sy...we must go to her!"

"Has he forced himself upon her yet?"

"No, for I can still feel our bond. She is alive but unaware."

Sylus held a bottle of wine up to Darius's lips, since his own hands were shaking.

“Darius, the only way we can reach her in time is in our natural state. You concentrate on keeping Selby unconscious; it will delay the demon’s coupling. He will want her lucid when he takes her, for they feed off the Nymph’s fear.”

Both of them shifted. “Sy, you know if the demon rapes Selby, she will become an earthly slave of *Hades* and be lost to me forever.”

“I know, my friend. I promise you shall get to your lady love before it is too late.” He reached out squeezed Darius’s shoulder in reassurance. “Get the sacred *Dagger of Athena* while I begin to mesmerize those around us so that we may pass unseen.”

Sylus fetched his magical reed-flute and brought it up to his lips and immediately the woody taste reminded him of Olympus. He summoned the energies of all his fears, sorrows, frustrations, and anger in his breath and played a ghostly note. Soon more musical notes followed; first rising then retreating into a mesmerizing melody, calling on the strengths of the gods.

With ease, Darius and Sylus ran cloaked in magic, hiding their gallop from the human’s eyes as they raced upon hooved feet to Selby.

“*Sleep my love, go to our secret forest and wait for me. Do not rise until I come for you.*” He prayed that they weren’t too late.

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Darius and Sylus reached Selby’s penthouse apartment. Sylus changed the tune to one that would enchant a demon and the door opened. The demon was still in human form except for the yellow glow that now illuminated his irises; it was easy for him to blend with the other humans and one would never suspect his blackened soul. The demon stood back and allowed them to enter as long as Sylus continued to play; he could not deny their will.

Darius noted the delivery uniform and cursed himself. He knew a stranger would had not ever been allowed to get this close to Selby if it weren’t for the continuous delivery of flowers he had sent Selby. He might as well have invited the demon to take her himself.

Without further thought, Darius glided towards the demon as if he had sprouted imperceptible wings. As he gazed down from his lofty hooved height, he said a sacred prayer to the goddess Athena before bringing down her sacred dagger to plunge it into the demon’s heart. It wavered a few seconds like a mist and became a pile of dust.

It was finished, at least for a while; because she was bound to him, she would always be at risk. He would tell her the truth...today...no more putting her life at risk just because he was being too cowardly.



Sylus removed the flute from his lips, his eyes moving to take in the loving scene as Darius lifted his mate up into his arms and cradled her against his heart.

“Is she well? Do you sense any drugs or poisons?”

“She is still in the sleeping state.” The back of Darius’s hand caressed the bruise developing on her cheekbone. “I don’t sense anything but her fear and it’s tearing at my heart; I must reassure her. Forgive me if I send you on your way, my friend, so that I may do what must be done.”

“But, of course.” He gave Darius a formal nod. “I shall clean up the demon’s ashes and take them with me to dispose of properly. We don’t need him arising again from some foolish human’s unknowing incantations.”

“Thank you. I appreciate you guarding my back.”

“Always, my friend. By the way, you don’t have any clothes with you, not that you’ll need them right away. I will deliver a few of your things in the morning.”

For a moment, a bittersweet look crossed over Sylus’s face. The time had come for two lifelong immortals to gain a third. He could feel his love for Selby becoming as deep as Darius’s and he anticipated the time when she would become comfortable with her new family.

“Be patient with her, Darius.”

“Of course I will.” His dark brow arched in question, seeing Sylus’s hesitation. “Is there something else you wish to say?”

“You were right. I am attracted to Zaza Draper, but because she is Selby’s friend, I promise I will not mesmerize her or entice her in any way.”

Darius could tell Sy was sincere, but he also knew from his personal feelings for Selby, sometimes a man had no choice but to follow his heart.

“I trust you to do what is right, Sylus. You realize Za is not a Nymph and the relationship you could have with her would be limited.”

Sylus shrugged. “I don’t even know why I brought up the subject. The woman acts as if she can’t stand to look at me in my human form, so how could I expect her to accept me in my natural state?”

He watched with longing as Darius carried Selby’s sleeping form down the hall. Lifting the flute to his lips, Sy weaved a magical web in the room to cleanse any residual evil. He placed an enchantment spell to protect the lovers from being disturbed, at least until the morn.

Before he let himself out of the apartment, with a mischievous smile on his face, he swept back into the room and grabbed a bottle of wine from an open crate in the middle of the room.

SELBY and DARIUS

McCarver

As Sylus played his flute and danced past each apartment door, he caught the deep scent of Selby's friend Za and realized she, too, lived in the same complex. He hesitated only a moment before he placed the wine and flower at her door.

## CHAPTER EIGHT

"Come to me, my love, you are safe now," he whispered. "I will never let them have you. You are mine, Selby." He buried his fingers into the thickness of her hair and lifted her head.

Darius kissed her sweetly, loving her more than life itself, and he had known a long life. He lived for this moment; and if something were to happen to her, he would not choose to go on.

She gasped. Her breast arched as she swallowed back a scream and began to struggle earnestly. *"No! God, no, it's the man who wanted the autograph for his daughter! He's come back and his eyes...oh, God, his eyes!"*

"Shhh...Shhh...Selby, baby, open your eyes, it's Darius. You are safe." He urged her to be calm, to open her eyes to see that she was safe.

Her eyes remained tightly closed in fear. *"He's evil...he's trying to trick me. Why would Darius come for me? I was acting childish by not calling him and now it's too late!"*

"Selby," he commanded, "It is my will that you open your eyes and look at me, Darius. The man is gone and you are safe now."

She blinked and sat up. Darius lay beside her, his bare skin glowing in the light of the fire crackling in the bedroom fireplace. He was naked; so was she, and they were in the safety and comfort of her bedroom.

"Am I dreaming?" she whispered.

"No," he smiled and a dimple appeared beside his full lips. He reached out, touching her face. "See, I am real. I have always been."

She frowned, thinking that was a strange statement.

Darius watched hungrily as the coral tip of her tongue moistened her lips.

"Selby, you have been having dreams lately of frolicking with satyrs in a magical forest, making love under the willows of weeping floral branches---"

"How do you know this?" she asked in wonder. "Za told you!"

"Of course not, why would she? When would she have been able to tell me such things?" His thumb traced her lips as he gazed deeply into her eyes. "Look at me, Selby; you know the truth. Logic wants to deny what your body knew to be true that night in the men's room."

Even though she feared the very thought, she met his gaze and she knew. Somehow she had dreamed up this man and he became her dream lover. He was just a man. She didn't know why she had chosen to make him a man-beast in her dreams and she was sure there were hundreds of psychiatrists willing to tell her for a hundred bucks an hour.

Still, she knew these eyes, this mouth, and this glorious body as well as she did her own. She also knew he would never hurt her.

"I do feel as if I know you, Darius," Selby said, as the fear fled from her eyes as she looked up at him. "From the moment I saw you walk into that lounge, I couldn't take my eyes off of you. I wanted nothing more than to run and throw myself into your arms."

"I wanted to go slower and ease you into our future, but now after what has happened, I can't afford to give you the time you may need to adjust to your new reality." He gazed at her seductively as his pale eyes drank in the sensuality of her face. "As much as you might find what I am about to reveal to you an abomination, I am duty bound to tell you the truth about what I am and what I have done to you."

"What do you mean, *what* you are?" she restated. "What are you?"

"Selby, have you ever heard of Satyrs?"

She regarded him with a speculative gaze. "Of course, in college I took an elective in Greek mythology. There is the story of *Pan* ---"

She halted, seeing Darius roll his eyes in disgust.

"By the gods, we are never going to live down the lies in your human history books. *Pan* is by no means a Satyr. He is actually a Faun species and only reaches my waist in height. He deliberately posed for all those portraits and statues. The little jokester was probably deep in his cups when he told the artist he was a noble Satyr and the rest is, unfortunately, history.

"I swear if Sylus ever catches up to him, he is one beaten goat-man."

The heavy lashes that shadowed her cheeks flew up. "You...you speak as if you know him...as...as if *Pan* is real. You do know mythology isn't real, don't you?"

"Selby, there is always some realism to myths. Everyone's myth is someone's reality."

He smiled as he picked up errant strand of hair from the hollow of her shoulder and twirled it between his fingers.

"Baby, not every creature you have read about is a fictional character in a book. They are actually real and because you humans are not prepared to accept those who are different from yourselves, those of us who are dissimilar have adapted to fit mankind's needs."

Selby giggled. "Next thing you're going to tell me is that there are such things as Vampires and Werewolves."

A shadow of annoyance crossed his face.

At his obvious vexation, she bit back another nervous giggle. "Oh, my God. You are serious, aren't you?"

"Let's just say my distant cousin who is a *Lamialicos* would be more than happy to prove to you that both exist."

"I know I may hate asking this Darius, but what is a *Lamialicos*?"

"They are blood-wolves, an immortal born of a Vampire father and a Lycon-born mother. But I digress," Darius muttered as his eyes drifted to the fullness of her lips. He longed to get the details over with so he could take her in his arms and suckle and caress those lips while burying himself to the hilt deep inside her moist heat.

Selby listened with bewilderment, finding all of it hard to believe. This entire experience was unreal. She wondered if she had passed out from too much wine and all this was just another dream. The man lying beside her was as real as he had been the evening they fucked in the bathroom. She remembered the briny taste of sweat on his body and the smell of his skin, which reminded her of springs in the country after the first rain.

She knew he was like no other man, but she found it hard to fathom that he believed in such fictional bullshit. This was too much for any woman to have to deal with and she hated to have to hurt his feelings again by refusing his advances but she refused to waste time on another liar.

"You know, Darius, I am glad you came along when you did and obviously saved me from that mad fan," she hesitated, torn by conflicting emotions and refusing to admit the "fan" had red, inhuman eyes. "But I think you should go now and it may be best if we don't see each other anymore."

He shot her a penetrating look as she rose with the sheet pressed to her naked breasts.

He grasped her wrist and stopped her from leaving the bed. "*Ela agapi mou*, come my love, you must listen to me. Hear what I have to say and let me show you what is true and then if you still wish me to leave, I will do so."

Half in anticipation, half in dread, Selby leaned back against her pillow and waited for Darius to continue.

"The first time I saw you was during one of your concerts. Sylus had surprised me with tickets because I listen to your music all the time. Your voice soothes a part of me that has been restless and unfulfilled for many years."

As he leaned forward, Selby found his voice lulling her into a mellow mood. She longed to be able to trust.

"I opened my heart and soul to you, Selby. You are all that I am."

"*Tai Liam Arena*," she spoke in a weak and tremulous whisper. Selby remembered the performance well; it was the best of her life and the one they chose to release as a live concert-performance DVD. She won Best Live Album of the Year.

"Yes...it was," he admitted, not surprised that she too felt the bonding. "After that night, I tried to forget how it felt to merge my heartbeat to yours, but I couldn't forget you or how you made me feel. As time passed, I thought for sure you would be happier without me complicating your life.

"I was wrong for I could sense your heartache and pain that bastard you married put you through. Many times, Sylus had to actually chain me to the bed to stop me from going to you."

"So you are saying since that night you have been connected to me in some way for all these years?"

"That is exactly what I am saying."

"If this is true, why now? Why did you choose this time in my life to make your presence known?"

Darius didn't fail to catch the note of sarcasm in her voice.

"Because you left me no choice."

"I don't understand."

"Selby, you were so unhappy; at first it was tolerable but lately it has become unbearable and it was tearing me apart. When your thoughts started to run dark, thinking up ways to take your own life, I knew I could not take a chance on losing you. You are the woman I have waited centuries for. You are the woman that will produce my sons."

She started shaking her head. "No...impossible! I know now you are lying because I can't have children...ever!"

"Yes, you can Selby. You are starting to heal and change every day. You are now able to have my sons. Three, to be exact, is the total of sons that I can give you."

"How would you know we will have sons and how do you know how many...no...no...I don't want to hear this." Selby threw her hands over her ears and closed her eyes tightly. "How could you think I could love you? I obviously don't even know you."

She floundered in an agonizing maelstrom of fear and hope. She was a woman facing the harsh realities of spending her life alone, or bound to a creature that by all accounts did not exist. What kind of life would that be? What kind of children would she have? More misfits like Darius? Did she really want to live forever?

“How could you do this to me, Darius? If you care for me, you would not make me suffer this nonsense. The one thing I want most in the world is to have my own children.”

“I know this, Selby, and I would never use such a thing to manipulate or hurt you.” Darius reached out to touch her face and she pulled away. His expression was like someone who had lost something very precious.

“I see I must face that you may never be able to love me, Selby.” He dipped his head to avoid the disgust he knew would be in her eyes. “I’m sorry for what I have done to you without your consent. I see now I had no right to assume you could love someone like me.”

With a deep grunt, he rolled from the bed and reached for his jeans.

Selby allowed her eyes to travel over his splendid nakedness: he had rock-hard abs and huge, strong forearms. His whole body exuded strength. Baby-soft silky hair lay smoothly against his bronze chest everywhere except for his navel, which was bare, and the growth picked back up in a tiny, thin trail down into a thatch at his groin. When he turned to look for his discarded shirt, his back made a perfect “V” and her breathing became shallow.

Selby felt guilty and selfish once he turned back to face her. His features were bleak with sorrow; the effect on her was shattering. She never intended to hurt him; he had to understand how impossible this entire situation was for her.

“Darius please don’t withdraw from me. We must be able to discuss this. You can’t expect me to just understand without doubts and questions.” She broke the silence stretching between them; her mouth felt like old paper, dry and dusty.

“Can’t you see why I would be scared of this situation?” Her eyes grew wide as a thought crossed her mind. “My God, Darius, if what you say is true, after what happened in the bathroom I may already be carrying your child.”

Darius shook his head causing the dark tresses of silken hair to fall forward as he looked down and eased up the zipper on his jeans. He was too embarrassed to look Selby in the eyes; afraid it would emasculate him further to see grief and disgust on her face. What had he expected, after all, he was a beast, an abomination of nature. For that reason alone he would never know real love.

"Selby, it is not that easy. True, you have started the first phase of becoming immortal but it will begin to fade without..." his voice trailed off into silence. The muscles in his jaw worked tensely.

"Without what?" Selby licked her lips.

"Selby, you obviously have made your decision so it's not important now."

"Please, just answer my question, Darius."

"Dammit, Selby, everything will automatically reverse without me making love to you again. If I don't make love to you and ejaculate inside you two more times, the nectar's effect will dissolve and then you will forget that I ever existed."

"I see," Selby mumbled, looking at her clasped hands as she sat up in the bed leaning against the headboard, uncaring of her large, exposed breasts.

Darius halted with his button-down shirt in his hands as he noticed her bowed head and his eyes trailed over those glorious breasts with their russet turgid nipples. His mouth watered and his body hardened.

Silently he cursed the gods for this bit of irony. It was more than the fact Selby was his chosen mate and that he found everything about her desirable.

He had actually fallen in love with her and her inner beauty. Their long-standing connection had enabled him to know her better than he did himself. Darius wished she could see him for who he was, both inside and out.

If he could, he would stay in human form to please her, but it was impossible, because each time they made love his horns would unfurl and he would have to be in his natural state in order for his sperm to fertilize her egg.

No, Selby must love and accept him for who he was or not at all.

Selby couldn't look at Darius again or she feared she would beg him to stay and finish making her his mate before it was too late, but she couldn't. Her foster mother, had she been alive, would have screamed in disgust at her recent behavior. And the fact that Selby loved a Satyr would condemn her soul to eternal damnation.

How could her God accept her children if their father was some form of demon?

"Say what you will about me, but I am not a demon. The creature that appeared as a man before you this evening and attacked you is a demon, but not I."

Selby's mouth dropped open. "You can read my mind," she accused.



“Yes, when I wish it but only because we are still connected. For now, I can still feel your pain and...and your disgust.” Tears welled within his eyes as he grabbed his boots and his jacket, unable to be in Selby’s presence a moment longer; she was breaking his heart.

“Darius, do you need me to come back?”

Sylus’s voice entered his thoughts, sensing his distress, and he welcomed the familiar, understanding warmth that surrounded him.

*“No, I am going to go to our wooded home and shift so I can run off this cursed pain. It’s over, she despises me and I must accept that my immortality will end.”*

Darius knew his friend’s grief was as deep as his own and there was nothing he could say or do to alter the fact that he had took a chance and lost.

*“Sylus, I will leave a protection boundary around Selby’s apartment complex. I need you to watch over her if there is any danger, for I must withdraw my bond from her. My heart...”*

Unable to resist the pull, he looked at Selby one last time, willing her to meet his gaze and to look past what he was and see only the love he felt for her.

Telepathically, he could feel Sy’s growing frustration towards Selby and warned him to not blame her. No matter what happened, she was still the love of his life.

*“I understand Darius; I wouldn’t do anything against Selby but I don’t want you to do anything foolish against yourself. I’m your male life partner and your obligation to me is as strong. I demand that you seek nourishment and we will deal with what lays ahead together.”*

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Selby saw the heart-rending tenderness of his pale gaze, but she couldn’t tell him what he wanted to hear. He shook his head regretfully before turning on his heels, leaving her with an inexplicable feeling of emptiness as he closed the bond he had with her for the past few months.

She wasn’t aware how much Darius had become a part of her soul or how much she loved him until the moment she felt his mental essence withdraw from her.

If she couldn’t live with him, she welcomed the end of the forty-eight hours when all of this would be just a forgotten dream.

Her clamped lips imprisoned a sob as her tears choked her and her newfound glowing, youthful happiness faded into numbness.

## CHAPTER NINE

Selby could already feel the energy and the desires starting to fade. Even her cravings and newfound enjoyment for wine was starting to wane.

Even though he had pulled away from her, at times she could still feel him reaching out to her. His deep sadness and regrets for what he was tore at her heart; she didn't want him to hate himself. He was caring, loving, and passionate. He was everything Selby could want in a man, except for being a man.

She knew the next thing that would happen is that she'd forget Darius and all the memories of happiness she associated with him. Even though she had known him for a short time, he had been in her dreams since her performance months ago. Would she truthfully be able to forget him?

Selby frowned.

*"What is to become of you, Darius Andros? You never mentioned what happens to you if I decided to not be your mate. Do you find another and start over?"*

Selby sighed and return to the mournful love song she was writing on her miniature baby grand piano. She had spent the rest of the last night and all of today putting lyrics and music to paper. She couldn't think of a better way to make sure she didn't forget how he made her feel and how much she had once loved this man she would soon not remember.

She wasn't sure when her forty-eight hours would be up so she went ahead and wrote a note to herself and read it aloud.

"Selby, this is a note to yourself. You may not know why you chose this title for your new CD, but call it *Ode to Darius*, and you may wonder who Darius is. Just listen to the words and know he was your heart's desire."

*"Oh God, forgive me. It's true, no matter what else Darius is, he is my heart's desire and in my dreams; I didn't care if he was a beast. I don't care now, either. I want him to love me forever and, most of all, I want his babies."*

The phone interrupted her thoughts.

Selby rushed over to the phone, praying it was Darius.

"Hello? Oh, hey Za...I'm fine...yes, all the songs are nearly completed and you can go ahead and set up the studio time. I'm ready to get back to work." Selby smiled sadly; she had hoped it was Darius, but why would he call her after the way she had treated him.

"Yes, I'm still here. Yeah, I guess I should thank that Harley Biker guy for getting the creative...uh...juices flowing," she forced a laugh. "Za, I've told you twice his name is Darius...don't forget it...ever...okay." She closed her eyes, yet a silent tear slipped between the lids and over the hill of her high cheekbone.

*'God, I don't want to forget, either.'*

"No, really I'm fine, just need sleep. His friend's name? I think his name is Sylus...no, I don't remember his last name...so you've been thinking about Darius's sexy blond friend? You're going to have to give another man a chance someday, Za," Selby rolled her eyes. "I thought that's why you pay your shrink the big bucks. You were just a child...okay...okay; I'll drop it, but tell me why did Sylus piss you off so badly? No, I don't know anything about a flower and a bottle of wine."

Selby genuinely laughed this time as her friend went into a tirade. She dropped down on the sofa, as her tired and weary burning eyes drifted to the first vase of flowers from Darius on the coffee table. She leaned over and plucked the card from its holder. It had Darius's phone number on it. Her heart began to patter.

*"It's not too late, girl. Call the man,"* Selby thought to herself.

"Look sweetie, I hate to cut you short but there is something I need to take care of before I pass out on my feet. Hey, if you don't hear from me for a couple of days I am fine... I just need some down time; you know how I get after finishing a music cram jam session? No problem, I'll call you in a couple of days. Love you, too...bye."

Selby leaned the phone against her heated brow and closed her eyes. Her finger held down the dial-tone button as she felt those lingering fears of what loving Darius would do to the rest of her life. She hadn't even asked if she would be able to continue her career. Would she be able to share the truth with her best friend Zaza or would she be expected to leave all this behind and disappear?

Although, what did it matter? At this moment, she needed Darius to come to her and finish binding them before it was too late.

Selby punched in his number and held her breath as each ring sounded.

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Darius, tired and a bit worse for wear, stood outside Selby's door. He tried to give her up and stay away. He wanted to allow her the freedom to choose a mortal future without him in it. It seemed an easy thing to do because he loved her and her needs had to come above his own. He just needed to see her, to be near her once more before she forgot he existed.

He had spent the last thirty-two hours riding his motorcycle from Las Vegas to Lake Tahoe. It was the closest thing to nature a Satyr could get in this modern era. It reminded him of the ancient days. Darius missed the times when they were a respected species running openly in true form. Not to mention, rutting freely with Nymphs back when they had been plentiful; however, none had been his life mate.

He had never felt shame about being who he was until the moment Selby withdrew from his touch.

Darius cursed the very human part of his nature that made him as weak as any other man who had lost the love of his life.

*This must be what dying feels like.* As an immortal, he could only speculate, but without Selby, he would soon know the truth for himself.

Crestfallen, he leaned his head against the cool wood of her penthouse door; his palms pressed flat, reaching out to sense her movements. He allowed himself to link with her once more.

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Selby hung up the phone. She felt disappointed that there was no answer; not even a machine to pick up so she could leave a message. She didn't know how much longer she had, but she did know it was too late if she had no way to contact him. She didn't even have an address.

*"I'm so sorry Darius...I love you...I really do. Please come to me."*

Her misery was so acute that it was a physical pain. Terrible regret assailed her and she buried her face into the sofa pillow and fell into heart-rending sobs that racked her insides.

Selby's heart jumped as she heard a soft voice in her head.

*"Please don't cry agapi mou, my love."*

"Darius! If you can hear me...I'm sorry, I want you...I don't care that you are different...I love you." She waited for his reply, to make sure she hadn't gone mad and was hearing things.

*"Darius, can you hear me?"*

A soft knock came to the door. Selby groaned. She was dressed in a robe, her face was a blotchy mess, and her hair was all over the place. She was not in the mood for Za or anyone else. It had to be Za or George because she didn't get a buzz from the front desk announcing a visitor.

The knock came again, louder and more persistent. Selby rolled to her feet and pushed her weary body off the sofa. Her bare feet buried deeply into the thick-piled carpeting as she made her way to the door.

She stood on her tiptoes to peep out the door, but she couldn't make out who was standing there for the peephole was blocked. For a moment, her heart pattered as she remembered the man Darius had called a disguised demon. What if it was another demon and now Darius wasn't here to save her?

"Whoever you are, you need to back up so I can see you... better yet just leave! I don't want to be bothered today."

"Well, which is it woman, you want to see me or you want me to leave?"

"Darius?"

"Selby please let me see you." He had a possessive desperation in his voice and she had never heard anything so wonderful.

Scrambling for the locks she wrenched the door open, throwing herself against him, sending him staggering back a few steps. She had to make sure he was really real.

"Oh, Darius you came back to me," she cried as she showered his face with kisses. "I'm so sorry I hurt you."

Darius's heart swelled with adoration as he held her tightly in his arms, swearing to himself, no matter what she did or said he wasn't walking away from her ever again.

She released him and marveled as he allowed her body to slide against his body as he placed her back on her feet. She hadn't even been aware he had managed to lift her broad butt off the ground. However, it felt wonderful to have him back with her where he belonged.

Darius took Selby by the upper arms, gazing down at her. Her maple-colored eyes shimmered with tears, but she gazed up at him with unconstrained love.

"By all the gods, I have missed you, Selby. I will do whatever you need me to do to stay by your side. I will give up my immortality for you. I will give up all my chances of having my sons for you...all I need is you."

Selby looked at him with confusion. What did he mean give up his immortality and no children?

"Come inside," she sniffled and tugged on his hand, pulling him inside behind her.

Stepping through the doorway, Darius kicked the door closed as he pulled Selby back into his arms. He marveled at how perfect the curves of her body melded into his.

Gently, he cupped her face in his hands and his large thumbs wiped the tears from her cheeks.

She took one of his hands in both of her and brought his knuckles up to her lips, slowly kissing each one tenderly. Her thick lashes fluttered as she looked up and allowed her eyes to lock with his.

Darius felt his body vibrate and his erection lengthen against her stomach as he continued to adore her with his eyes.

"I love you...I love you," her words blended together as she touched him. "I do and I want to spend forever loving you and, yes, I want to have your babies."

The kiss he pressed to her lips was unyielding, loving, and full of hope.

"Selby, do you know what you are saying? I swear, if you can't abide what I am---," he whispered against her lips, pressing his forehead against hers.

"Shhh...don't say it." Grasping his head in her hands, she pulled him away so she could look up at him. With a finger against his lips, she stared in wonder. "Darius, when you came to me in my dreams, in your true form, I loved you even though I didn't know you were real."

"I've always been real for you, Selby; I just didn't know any other way to make you comfortable with what I am."

"I know that now, but everything you told me scared me and I wondered what would happen to me afterwards. Do we run away and I leave my friends and life behind?" She paused, swallowing deeply, her heart beating frantically in her chest.

"Darius, I don't know if I will be able to handle children like you. What about your culture, how can I teach them the ways of a Satyr?" Selby tried to make him understand her fears, fears that stemmed from the fact that he was a Satyr and that she had fallen in love with such a creature.

*"Baby...baby, I'm sorry. I shouldn't have allowed my hurt pride to force me to walk away from you. I should have understood that you would have questions. Instead I took it as a rejection because I'm a Satyr."*

Selby noticed the tears that filled his eyes. There were no sufficient words to express the intensity of his love for this woman. "We are running out of time my love, let me make love to you and I promise, before we fulfill our destiny with the third mating in my true form, we will discuss your fears."

She wrapped her arms around his neck and pulled him close, trusting him with her life, her heart, and her soul. For without him she was no longer alive.

Darius groaned against her lips and lifted her by the strength of his muscular arms as he carried her into her bedroom and gently eased her on the bed. Her robe fell open and he allowed his eyes to feast hungrily as he unfastened his belt buckle and pulled the waist of his red t-shirt from his jeans.

Selby pushed his hands away and eased down his zipper, the sound of their heavy breathing was the only noise in the room.

She looked up at him and he smiled the sexiest smile she ever seen. Her heart melted.

She hooked her fingers in the waist of his jeans, once again admiring the fact he wasn't wearing underwear. Damn, if he didn't make loving him easy. He was so fine.

Darius pulled his t-shirt over his head and threw it to the floor as his jeans dropped in a whish around his ankles as he stepped out of them and kicked them aside.

Cradling his cock in her palm, Selby stared at him in awe at his cock, as it lengthened and grew in the palm of her hand. All she could do was appreciate what she didn't have time to dwell on, in their heated session in the men's room.

She was amazed as he reached the length of about seven inches and it was still growing longer and wider as she began to stroke him.

She purred in absolute enjoyment.

He squirmed, trying to hold back the rising climax.

"I know this sound foolish, but you have a beautiful penis, Darius. Look how dark it is as blood rushes to the tip of its head." As if his penis took great pride at her vocal praise, it stood up at attention, stretching its great length past his navel.

Selby slid her hands over his hips, grasped the cheeks of his tight ass in the palms of her hands, and pulled him forward.

She nosed the length of his penis, savoring his unique musky scent. Removing one hand from his buttock, she pressed his turgid erection against his washboard abdomen as she nuzzled and washed his dangling testes with her tongue.

Darius growled from his throat and his head fell back as he moaned in ecstasy. "Selby," he panted. "I...I...oh, baby, right there...no...no...wait." He placed his palm on the top of her head and pushed her away from his balls.

"What?" *Please don't push me away now because I do want to be with you.*

He leaned forward and her mouth dropped open; there were two curved horns protruding from the hairline.

"That is what I was trying to say. When I get aroused beyond reason, I can't completely control my shifting, but my Satyr's horns are like nibbling and licking behind the ear for you."

Her lashes fluttered and she smiled. "So I wasn't going mad. I did see horns on your head in the men's room."

Darius stilled, looking at her as stunned pleasure filled him, "And you aren't frightened by what you see?"

Selby darted out her tongue and tickled his scrotum, causing him to laugh out and squirm.

"See, Mister Andros, I think you have more to be frightened of," she teased and went back to concentrating on the erection at hand.

Selby licked his shaft. He moaned again as pre-cum began to flow from his cock-head; she savored his feral, salty flavor as she took the spherical head in between her moist lips.

She relaxed her throat and went down on him until his short and straight hairs tickled her nose, causing her to pull back and release him before tiny sneezes seized her body. She didn't want to accidentally damage *her* prize with errant teeth.

Darius laughed as she pulled away and leaned forward to press a kiss to her lips, easing her back on the bed as his nimble fingers pushed the robe off her shoulders.

"As much as I find your wonderful, luscious lips on my prick pleasing," he panted lightly, "time is running out and I must consummate our union and release my seed inside you before the nectar dissolves."

Selby opened her legs wide to adjust to his hips as his fingers pressed in and rotated on the pubis bone above her clitoris. With a whimper, she arched against his fingers and rode the waves that started to build.

She reached up and pulled the leather binding, releasing the length of Darius's black silky hair to enclose them in a dark curtain of intimacy.

His hands continue to ready her as his two-day facial growth left burns on her breast as he nibbled the corner of her mouth and suckled her bottom lip.

Selby allowed herself to drown in his kiss. He has to be the best kisser, she thought dazedly as he continued his torment.

He reached lower, taking his shaft in hand, and placed the eye of his hardened penis at her erect clitoris and moved it against her with a flick of his wrist. In and out, back and forth, his movements continued, raising the passion higher. It felt as if her tiny feminine penis was fucking him. The sensation was enormously erotic.



Selby had no idea what he was doing to her body but the intensity of this strange sensation raced to the hood of her throbbing, sensitive best friend, Clitessa.

She raised her hips up high, causing the head of his penis to slip through the slickness of her dark, ruffled labia into her open and ready aperture.

“Oh, oh, oh...Dariuss...yesss.”

“Look at me, Selby.”

She opened her eyes, amazed at his enlarged pupils making his pale-green eyes appear black with white rings around the edges. To see his eyes in this strange manifestation and the horns caused her to tremble, yet she still wasn't frightened. He was the one she loved above anything else.

“I love you, Selby,” he vowed ardently as he continued to plummet her, forcing his penis deep inside until his sacs were slapping against her bottom. He loved the way she clenched and expanded to accept his invasion and withdrawal.

His sweat mingled with hers as their flesh slapped against each other.

“Oh...Oh...God...I love you too bay...baby.”

Selby's fingers reached out and tangled in the sheets, holding on for dear life as two climaxes hit her back to back. She shrieked and sobbed her release.

“Grab...grab my horns and tug, Selby,” he ordered as he felt his seed sac tighten.

Selby released the sheet and wrapped her hot palms around his horns, amazed by their smooth bone texture. She tugged his horns, guiding his lips to her in a deep tongue-sucking kiss.

Just watching the play of emotions and strain on his handsome face sent Selby over the edge once more and her inner muscles started to milk him as another climax seized her responsive flesh in a release so severe it bordered on painful. His pants and masculine grunts came rapidly in guttural, husky sounds.

He threw his head back, a single vein throbbed in the center of his broad forehead as his neck and shoulder muscles pulled and strained. Darius thrust one last time, his buttocks tightened, and he cried out as his seed spurted hotly inside her.

“*Efharisto, agapi mou. S'agapo,*” Darius breathed against her ear. “Thank you, my love. I love you.”

Selby smiled happily. Completely sated, she released his horns and buried her hands into the depths of his silken tresses, holding him tightly. They allowed the apprehensions of the last few days to flow out of them like their combined body fluids.

After a few minutes, Darius managed to lift his head; his horns retracted as his heartbeat slowed to a more normal pattern. Their eyes locked and in unison, they spoke one word.

SELBY and DARIUS

McCarver

“Wine.” Their laughter blended as they slowly regained their strength.

## CHAPTER TEN

Selby shifted her position, leaning back into the comfort of Darius's huge, muscular body. A contented smile came to her lips as the heat of his body spooned against hers; his semi-erect penis pressed against the valley of the cheeks of her generous bottom.

As she lay entrapped in his embrace, she allowed her thoughts to drift and remembered how his flesh had felt beneath her wandering fingertips. He had the perfect body with its rock-hard abs, thick forearms, and muscular thighs. She could never explain the pleasant thrill she received from the way his pale green eyes locked onto hers or the amazing way they transformed into black orbs as his irises dilated with his growing desire.

It is a powerful feeling for a woman to wield such passion in a man such as this; no, Darius was so much more than just a mere man and the sooner she got used to the idea, the sooner they could move on with their lives together.

Selby knew she had one more coupling to go before her transformation into immortality would be complete. To make love with Darius in his true form would be the ultimate show of trust and acceptance of him and all it entailed.

Could she truly open herself to him in his natural state? Was her love for Darius enough to help her follow through with making love to him in Satyr form? Hadn't she handled making love to him with horns well?

*"God, why am I asking these questions again after I made up my mind when I opened the door and invited him back into my bed?"*

Her heart swelled with emotions as Darius adoringly tightened his hold. Even in his sleep, he felt a need to protect and reassure himself that she was still by his side.

How could she dare to leave him now, knowing he had come to depend on her being by his side through eternity?

Selby released a shuddering sigh and shifted restlessly as a warm, salty tear tickled the side of her nose before dripping silently onto her pillow.

“Selby, *agapi mou*? What’s the matter?” Selby’s distress had roused Darius; unbeknownst to her, their internal bond had once again strengthened after they made love. Once the final act of love took place, forever her pain would be his pain and her joy would be his joy. He looked forward to lifetime of loving her.

Selby turned in the embrace of his arms and buried her tear-stained face against his chest. “I know you said all will be well, but I am scared, Darius. Scared about the future and scared about us,” she confessed.

Darius leaned over and pulled the covers that they had kicked off the bed back over them. He was now fully awake, covering her mouth, face, neck and hair with comforting kisses as his long fingers caressed a soothing pattern from the base of her skull to the small of her back.

“Baby, it will be fine as long as we are together. Tell me, what scares you so? Talk to me, it is the only way I will be able to soothe your fears.” His deep voice soothed Selby like the sound of rain falling on lake waters.

She felt a warm glow flow through her and her features became more serene.

“You see there is nothing that we cannot get through together. I love you more than life and now that I have found you; Selby, I don’t know what I would do without you.”

She willed herself to pull back and look up into his face. The room was alight with a soft glow from the two 15-watt bulbs Selby left lit in the sitting area of her bedroom. Since she was a child, she never liked sleeping alone in the dark. In spite of her fears, she knew as she gazed at Darius she would never have to worry about sleeping alone again.

“Darius, when you returned you said you would do anything for me, even give up your immortality. What did you mean by that?”

“I can travel to the gods of Olympus and ask that they make me human and remove my immortality. Of course, it would mean I would become subject to human ailments and it would also mean sterility.”

“Why?”

Darius shrugged. “I suppose it’s the way the gods make sure we are no longer immortal,” he explained as his hand reached out and caressed her cheek; she leaned into his touch.

“You see, Selby, you humans are immortal but your immortality is through your children. As long as you have children, you continue to live forever until your descendants no longer exist. It is why it is so devastating when a parent loses a child. It’s like losing a piece of their immortality.”

"Yes, and—trust me—it isn't easier when you find out you can't ever have a child." Tears welled within her eyes as she spoke aloud. She never shared how being childless made her feel, not even with Za, and no one ever asked.

"Darius, I was alone when the doctor told me. I was married, yet my husband abandoned me long before I found out." She bit back a sob.

He kissed her softly on the lips. "You aren't alone now, baby. Tell me..."

"First, I went to the take the test and they did an ultrasound and all I could think was...this shouldn't be happening unless they were trying to show me my baby.

"But I knew there was no baby and the medical technician was so quiet and after staring at the small screen for some time while running that instrument across my stomach with a cold gel, she finally spoke."

Darius stroke strands of Selby's hair from her tear-stained face. He knew she needed this cry; she needed to grieve the loss of the child she thought she would never have.

"What did she say to you?"

"She...she just asked did I have any children? I told her no, and then she became very quiet again. I asked her what...what did she see? She said the doctor would discuss it with me once my test came back and left the room. She left me alone in the dark, with my pants pulled below my stomach and the gel drying on my stomach."

Her heart squeezed in anguish as she relived the moment.

"Darius, I hate being alone in the dark and she left me alone for about an hour. Then she returned and looked at the screen again in awkward silence. She knew I would not be able to have babies...but because she wasn't a doctor, she couldn't tell me the truth."

"Damn them! I had to wait another seven days to see the doctor and I sat in an impersonal room, alone again, looking at the doctor I had only met once before. He acted as if I was a thing...not human...he...he couldn't look me in the eyes when he asked me if was I married. Of course, I still was at the time but my husband had abandoned me! Then the doctor told me...'I'm sorry, I'm going to have to remove your uterus.'"

Selby broke down as sobs racked her body, reacting the way she refused to respond in front of the doctor when he told her she was no longer going to be a complete woman. That she would never bear a child that had her smile and talents. That her life was going to end as it had begun, alone.

Darius knew there were no words to soothe this kind of grief. He just had to listen, hold her, and hope she knew that she would never have to go through anything else alone. Nor would he. In

spite of his companionship with Sylus, there wasn't a companion able to give him these types of emotions. Only the other half of his whole could give him this feeling of completeness.

Selby held on tightly to Darius as she yielded to the tortured sobs that shook her.

With one hand, Darius pulled the pillows up behind his back and leaned into them against the headboard of the king-sized bed.

He pulled Selby up into his lap and rocked her like a babe as she pressed her ear against his thundering heart. He allowed his senses to overflow with his love for her and it poured forth in the beauty of his voice as his lips parted and he began to sing.

Selby stilled, afraid to move as the unfamiliar, haunting song stilled over her damaged heart, healing its festering wounds. She didn't want to break the magic that seemed to shroud the room in a haven of magic, transporting them to the forest of her dreams.

Instead of bed linen, she felt the thickness of grass beneath her bare heels that touched the ground as she continued to sit cradled in her lover's fur-covered lap.

Selby looked down and saw his hooved feet and her heart raced as she tensed with fear. Slowly her eyes traveled up the familiar expansion of male chest, broad shoulders, and corded throat to see the face and eyes of the man she loved more than life itself.

She immediately relaxed. It was her Darius. It didn't matter what form he came in. She loved him and he would always be the man she loved. As she gazed into eyes full of emotion, trust, and vulnerability, she asked herself that fatal question that women asked themselves when they questioned their love and commitment to a man.

*"Can I spend the rest of my life looking at this man across the breakfast table, taking care of him when he is ill and loving him, even if, for some reason, he could never make love to me again?"*

"It is time to choose, my sweet Selby. You can become immortal, marry me, and enjoy eternal life with me and our sons or a mortal life span with just me as a man." His mouth curved with tenderness. "Forgive me, but I don't have the strength to offer you a life without me being by your side, for I can't be that noble and risk losing you again," he finished as his voice splintered with emotions.

*"Hell, yes, to all of it!"* was on her mind, but she realized she had already hurt him once with rejection and he deserved to not only be told, but to be shown how much she adored him.

Selby turned in his lap, softly moaning from the luxurious feel of his silken fur-covered thighs. She straddled his lap, placing them face-to-face. She allowed herself to linger in the beauty of his eyes, surrounded by ridiculously long lashes.

She pushed her fingers through the thick, dark hair that hung in long graceful curves over his shoulders like strands of lustrous glass. In his Satyr form, he appeared more otherworldly; his arresting, devastatingly handsome face totally captured her attention.

The heat emanating from his body caused his wild, tantalizing smell to call to her senses and she felt her woman's juices seep from between her legs.

Darius's nostrils flared at Selby's heated scent. His eyes closed as he calmed the rampant beast. He wanted to make sure that the entire decision would be Selby's and she must make it without regret.

In this man-beast state, the ruggedness and vital power that attracted her in the first place was ten-fold in its ability to arouse.

He reopened his eyes and took a deep breath at the love he saw on her beautiful earthy face.

"I love you, Darius Andros." She leaned in with her lips only a breath away from his. "I want to be your wife for life and I want to bear your sons."

Darius squeezed her tightly where his hands rested on Selby's waist to let her know how much her decision pleased him and that he understood it wasn't an easy decision. He found her to be not only beautiful, loving, and his woman, but also he admired her for her bravery in choosing to be a part of his world. He thought it was impossible to love her more than he did a moment ago; but, to his amazement, his affections knew no bounds in her presence.

Releasing her waist, his fingers slid sensuously over her bare arms. As soon as his teasing fingers touched the warmth of her open hands, his callused fingers laced with her own until their palms were kissing. She felt safe.

Darius kissed her shoulder and Selby moaned from the electrical charge that set her body to humming. His long tongue licked the sides of her throat, swirling behind one ear until she thought the other would die from neglect. Her dark brown nipples stabbed at his broad chest as the silken hair teased them like tiny fingertips.

He released her hands and pulled Selby into a tighter embrace with the hardness of his huge erection nudging into her stomach. This was the beginning of the rest of their lives; she would know what it felt like to truly be loved by one such as he.

As their panting and moans filled the air around them, the illusion faded and Selby was back in her room, in her bed with Darius still in his Satyr state. His lips were all the magic she needed as he braced her face with his hands to hold her in place and press his moist mouth against her mouth.

Searching. Adoring. Intoxicating. With a timeless wisdom of kissing, he demonstrated the depth of his love for her in techniques of swirling and tickling movements of his tongue in way she never knew existed.

Selby received her first orgasmic kiss and as she cried out her delight, her pussy muscles clenched and unclenched. Silently, she thanked her God and his for allowing them to find one another in this lifetime. If he hadn't been holding her she would have passed out and drifted like a lotus upon the mussed linens of the bed.

Darius chuckled, nudging Selby's face with his nose as her head lolled on her shoulders and her eyes remained closed.

"Baby, are you okay?"

She felt his hot breath whispering against her ear and she moaned loudly as the sensation traveled and caressed every sensitive spot in her body before halting at her clit...throbbing for more.

"Are you sure you want me to give you more?"

"More...oh, so much more..."

"Your wish is my desire."

While his mouth, teeth, and tongue made work of her lips and neck, his fingertips traced a path down the scar on her belly to the patch of tight curls before disappearing into her wetness.

Her entire body felt attuned to all of his over-stimulating sensations. From the roughness of his unshaven face, the brashness of his tongue, the nipping of his teeth, the silken hair of his legs brushing like rabbit fur against her inner thighs and, finally, to the deep searching of his fingers in her moist heat.

Unabashed, she rode his fingers, reaching for that peak once more, holding her breath as she seized, washing his hand with her juices. In an orgasmic stupor, she smelled her own scent as he brought his fingers up to his mouth and licked them. She went for a deep kiss before he could full remove his fingers and tasted herself.

Selby was running on madness. She needed to feel him deep inside her. As she looked down at the part she had come to know so well, she realized in his natural form, it was much thicker and longer, as his height extended into his hooved feet so, apparently, did his cock.

Well, she had to get use to it if she was going to ride it for eternity, not to mention have his sons.

Her inner walls rippled at the thought.

"Please, Darius take me now. Can we start on our son tonight?"



"No, my love, we make love every night for the sheer pleasures of the flesh, but if we make love on the night of the new moon we shall make our sons."

"Then I guess we best get to pleasuring each other's flesh," she teased and spread herself wide as she reached out and tangled her fingers into the pelt of the hair on his legs and leaned back as he teased and guided his engorged member to rest at her opening.

She moaned in delight, taking a little of his big, blunt cock head inside. Stopping to catch her breath she smiled wickedly, seeing the pain on his face as he fought for control.

"Darius you do realize once we have children, all this glorious day-long sex will no longer be...ah...ah...whew! Now that was an interesting move..." She choked on a breath as he performed the mind-blowing move.

"You...were...saying." He clenched his teeth and arched an elegant black eyebrow as his fingers bit into her hips as she went lower, taking more of him inside.

"I...I can't remember," Selby moaned and began to move over him, slipping in a grind and dazzling him with a "trip around the world" move.

"No...oh...OH...oh...Selby. It appears you have a few interesting moves of your own, woman." He smiled and held her hips, refusing to let her move. He wanted to savor the intensity of the moment. The fullness of her accepting him as he was overwhelmed him. Tears welled within his eyes. He gently kissed her mouth.

Once he pulled away, Selby lovingly wiped the tears from his flushed, chiseled features, completely understanding how he felt.

"Now what were you about to say about our children?" she teasingly asked, making light of the moment for his sake.

"I was saying 'no worries' about the children. While away the day, we will just have Uncle Sylus to lull them to sleep with his flute."

"Don't forget their Aunt Zaza." Her muscles clenched his penis.

His moans increased in volume.

"Mmm, and what instrument can you play, Darius? Maybe we all can create a new act and Za can manage all of us."

She grabbed his horns and started stroking.

Darius hissed; his eyes blackened with lust as he felt the beast push forward.

"Shhh, Selby," he managed. His voice was rough with barely-leashed passion. "I'm playing one of my instruments right now...can't you feel it strumming against your womb?"

Indeed, she did...right against the newly formed womb that would someday hold his sons.



## SHIREE MCCARVER

Interracial relationships with action, romance, humor and emotions rolled into one memorable tale has become a trademark of Alabama native, Shiree McCarver's novels. She learned a long time ago that laughter and dreams is necessary for daily survival. Ms. McCarver loves hearing from her readers. She can be reached at:

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