

The book cover features a close-up photograph of a man and a woman in an intimate embrace. The woman, on the left, is wearing a light-colored, long-sleeved, form-fitting top. She is looking towards the man. The man, on the right, is shirtless, showing his muscular torso. His arms are wrapped around the woman, with one hand resting on her shoulder and the other on her hip. The background is a soft, out-of-focus blue and white gradient. The publisher's name, 'Changeling Press', is at the top, and the author's name and title are at the bottom.

Changeling Press

Cameo Brown

# DISAPPEAR

# **Disappear Cameo Brown**

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## Disappear Cameo Brown

In 1046, a Viking ship called *Sea Mist* sank beneath the churning waves of the North Sea during a gale. In 2008, an enchanted cruise ship, *The Mist of the Seas*, surfaces in the Caribbean just in time for its maiden voyage. Filled with clueless humans, a frustrated warrior-witch, a shape-shifting warlock, an intergalactic warrior-witch-training cannibal, and one very horny lemur, the voyage will offer two of the ship's otherworldly passengers the chance of a lifetime.

Lorelei, a beautiful warrior-witch who denies her heritage, steps on *The Mist of the Seas* hoping for nothing more than sun, fun, and romance. What she gets is an unexpected visit from a dream lover.

Maxim, a shape-shifting warlock trapped in the dream dimension, can't resist the tempting warrior-witch who makes him feel like a man again. He helps Lorelei explore her every carnal desire. Unfortunately, a price must be paid for Maxim's release, and only by embracing who she really is can Lorelei save her dream lover -- and herself -- from an eternity apart.

## Prologue

**The North Sea, 1046**  
**Aboard the Viking ship *Sea Mist***

Widnek lapped at Seshi's swollen lips, savoring the taste of her woman's cream and relishing her desire for him. She clutched his shaggy blond hair and thrust her hips upward, an obvious demand for more of his skilled attention.

Ever accommodating, Widnek slid his tongue into his fiery mate's depths. The feel of her spasming cunt and the promise of its exquisite bite on his cock drove him forward.

Seshi shuddered and yelled, signaling that the first wave of her climax neared. Replacing his tongue with his rough, weathered fingers to keep her pleasure going long enough for him to fill her, Widnek pushed his pants away from his hips with his other hand and placed his hard cock against Seshi's hot, tight opening. She moaned her assent to the sweet invasion, and Widnek drove his erection deep into his beloved's tight heat.

"Yes, Widnek, yes!" she screamed as he rode her hard, his cock gliding easily into her slickened folds.

His balls slapped against her softness, and he tried to ease his strokes, but Seshi would have none of it. She was a wild woman, and had many times reminded him how she liked to be taken, as if he needed reminding.

She licked her lips and fondled her breast with one hand while pulling at Widnek's hip with the other. He watched her passion grow, his orgasm building in proportion to the coming gale.

Around them, the storm grew worse. Rain fell in torrents, drenching them, two souls alone on Widnek's ship, challenging the waves of the sea with the waves of their own ecstasy. This is how Mardro, the magician, said it would be.

He told them of the prophecy; how they'd been chosen to battle Malia, a malevolent sea goddess, and her network of equally awful minions. How they were the only two whose love would be strong enough to amass an army to overcome her evil.

Widnek smiled. He knew Mardro was right.

They hadn't hesitated, setting sail alone while his crew and their families watched. Some cried; some cheered. But all knew this wouldn't be the end.

All they had to do was let their passion guide them in the battle, and Widnek knew exactly how to do that. As the raging winds swirled around them and the Ocean, against its own wishes, rocked the sturdy ship beneath them, Widnek spilled his seed with a bellow great enough to still the Clouds, and it almost did.

However, under Malia's bidding, they continued to weep, filling the ship and pushing it deeper into the waiting Ocean. Riding the ripples of his bliss, Widnek barely noticed the ship sinking into the churning waves.

And then it just disappeared.

The Sun, curious, peeked out from its hiding place, and the Moon stretched its long neck around the curve of the earth to see the damage Malia had wrought, but there was no sign of any wreckage. No laughter from the immortal goddess filled the air; no smug chortles from her wicked throat vibrated the land.

Because she'd lost.

This time.

The Sun smiled. The Moon grinned. The Wind stilled in respect. The Clouds dried their eyes, and the Ocean, feeling the power of passion filling it to its every molecule, churned into a mighty whirlpool. From its depths emerged a shining white vessel the likes of which none of them had ever seen, and they gasped in unison at the mighty vision.

A handsome man strode onto its deck, holding the hand of an equally beautiful woman. Both naked, they walked to the railing of the ship and she bent over, wiggling her ass at him, sending her mating scent his way.

The man mounted his woman, plunging his engorged cock into her and riding her with abandon until they both screamed each other's name.

"Seshi, my love!"

"Oh, Widnek!"

The Earth shook, and all was calm.

A pleasing contentment overtook Widnek as he laid his head across Seshi's warm back. The smell of her flesh excited him even though he'd just spent himself inside of her. He smiled as Seshi straightened to face him, her mischievous grin ever so inviting.

"Well done, dearest," she complimented him, glowing.

"Shall we begin? We have far to sail," he said, running his fingers through his long hair before offering her his hand.

She took it and pulled him to her, placing his fingers between her thighs. He couldn't tell whether her curls were wet from his seed or her need, but his throbbing cock didn't care.

"What's the hurry, Widnek?" she purred, the Wind caressing her hair. "We have all of eternity."

And, as the engines on the great, shiny white beast of a boat lurched to life of their own accord, Widnek took his woman again and knew she was right.

\* \* \*

### **The Caribbean Sea, 2008**

#### **Aboard the cruise ship *The Mist of the Seas***

"Harder. Harder, Widnek!" Seshi urged.

Her hips bucked wildly against him until a powerful orgasm rocked her. Widnek's release soon followed, and he collapsed on top of her on the deck of *The Mist of the Seas*, panting. As soon as he could breathe again, he grinned and pulled Seshi, her face aglow with satisfaction, to his chest.

"My woman," he grunted into her hair, inhaling the fragrance of it at the same time. Fucking Seshi always woke his primitive side.

"My man," she whispered, snuggling into him. "We have much work to do, my love. We've traveled far. Now we must prepare for battle."

Widnek laughed. Sometimes he wondered who the raider was -- him or Seshi. She'd crossed part of eternity with him, sailing through eons without complaint, and always wanted to prepare for battle.

"Remember, husband," Seshi continued as if reading his thoughts, "Malia struck down my village. Killed all my family. Left rot and ruin in her wake. I cannot let her do that to anyone else."

Widnek tightened his arms and nuzzled her temple. "Yes, wife, we do have much work to do."

"We need a permanent crew, perhaps some security officers first," she offered, pushing herself up on one elbow and nodding toward the black, slimy demon climbing over the railing above their heads.

Widnek followed her gaze and grimaced. "Pierre!" he summoned his first mate.

A tall, attractive man appeared from a wisp of mist, his blue uniform neatly pressed and his dark brown curly hair perfectly coiffed. He grabbed the demon by the throat, preparing to throw it overboard. It gave a hideous yowl and Pierre stopped.

"Oh, Widnek, not Pierre!" Seshi lamented. "He'll never do for security. He can never decide whether to dispatch the threats or fuck them. Besides, you know what happens when he hears loud noises close by..." she finished, a hint of a smile making her sweet eyes crinkle.

Widnek had to agree. Indeed, Pierre's face now held a look of longing as he examined the growling, seething creature, and the tent in his pants signaled the demon had awakened some kind of urge in the Frenchman.

Widnek chuckled. While Pierre may have been blessed with otherworldly gifts, the extent of which remained a mystery to Widnek, he still, at his very core, was



human, and that human core was all male. To put it bluntly, Pierre would fuck anything that moved.

Widnek rolled away from Seshi and stood next to Pierre.

"Drop it, Pierre!" he commanded, catching the squirming demon just as the startled Pierre collapsed into a pile of bones.

Widnek tossed the screeching monster, a minion of Malia's no doubt, over the side of the ship. A small splash turned into a hiss and a crackle, and a stream of black smoke told Widnek the salty water had dissolved the demon. He turned his attention to Pierre, whose eyeballs, now rolling around in his fleshless skull, held a look of fear.

"Mon Cap-ee-tan," Pierre began, his voice contrite, but Widnek interrupted him.

"No worries, my friend, you have other skills we'll use. For now, get yourself together and go to the bridge to prepare for our maiden voyage."

"Oui, Cap-ee-tan!" the skull's jaws responded as a bony hand formed and gave a smart salute. The pile of bones rattled against the wood, shuffling down the deck until Pierre disappeared into a wisp of mist.

Widnek shook his head and turned to Seshi, who now laughed openly. If anything, Widnek knew when he had been bested.

"Any ideas, my lady?" he asked with a bow.

Seshi batted her eyelashes at him, and he noted her stiff nipples pointed in his direction. His cock stiffened in kind.

"What do I get if I'm right, husband?"

"Whatever you want, wife, as ever."

Seshi motioned for him to sit beside her. Straddling his lap, she pushed him back until he lay flat against the deck. She positioned herself over him and moved his hard length inside her, sliding down and letting him fill her completely. Widnek gasped, the velvety grip on his cock almost too much to bear.

Seshi closed her eyes and slid leisurely up and down, sending sparks through him and bringing every part of him to life. "We have a couple of passengers on this

voyage who'd make a fine security team," she said, straining with the effort to maintain her focus.

Widnek reached up and massaged the sensitive flesh at the sides of her round breasts. Seshi inhaled sharply and continued, speaking faster as if the first inklings of her climax tickled her insides.

"One is a shape-shifting warlock trapped in the dream dimension by Colonia, Malia's step-sister, and the other is a warrior-witch, a descendant of Gudrun, but she has denied her heritage and never took her training."

With no control left, Widnek thrust himself upward, pushing his engorged cock deep inside Seshi as she rocked against his hips. It took only seconds before she came with a scream, and Widnek let himself go just after.

Their passion fed yet again, Seshi slid to Widnek's side and yawned. Widnek couldn't blame her. It had been a long day, and four orgasms usually required a little nap at some point.

The Wind dried the sweat on their bodies and carried the scent of their lovemaking out to sea, where it must have tickled Malia's nose and aggravated her even more.

The ship lurched as Widnek wrapped himself around his woman. He worried not, for as amorous as Pierre could be, he was one of the finest sailors on the ocean of time in equal measure, and a fantastic third-in-command. He could hold them on course through the worst of storms.

Something did nag at Widnek, though.

"Wife," he said, nibbling Seshi's ear.

"Yes, love?" she murmured, cuddling into his embrace and pressing her shapely ass against him.

"The two you've chosen to lead our security team -- don't you think there might be a problem with their... situations?" he said, careful to not let his burgeoning doubt show.

A tiny laugh escaped Seshi. "No, their situations are of no consequence at all, Widnek," she reassured him, her voice light and convincing. "As you know, true passion can resolve anything."

Widnek relaxed. He knew Seshi was always right. However, just as he was about to doze, she spoke again, and this time, her words left him anything but relaxed.

"The only problem is that one of them has to die."

## Chapter One

### Stateroom 2548, *The Mist of the Seas*

He watched her.

Lorelei tilted her hips back and forth with excruciating slowness, her neck arched, her eyes closed, and an impish smile on her full, pink lips.

A low growl emanated from Maxim's throat, but, he observed, she couldn't have heard it if it'd been accompanied by a freight train. Fucking whatever pathetic life form lay beneath her held her full attention.

Maxim growled louder.

He knew she couldn't hear him, not as long as he remained trapped within the structure of the ship, peeking out through mirrored surfaces as he did now. The staterooms all had large mirrors on one side of the bed, and this one provided a full view of Lorelei's lovely naked thrusting.

From the increase in the speed of her movements and her expression, a mix of pained effort and exquisite pleasure, he knew her release loomed. His regret at not being the one to please her made his insides churn. He should be the one lying there feeling her pussy gripping his cock. He gritted his teeth.

He'd get his chance.

The prostrate creep did nothing except groan and pinch the soft flesh at the curve of Lorelei's hips, as if trying to reposition her for his maximum benefit. Maxim grimaced at the red marks the man's fingers left on Lorelei's pale skin, his pleasure obviously more important to him than her comfort. She pushed his hands away, but he grabbed her again, the thoughtless prick.

Maxim bristled.

The man howled and his hips went up in a wild thrust. Lorelei accepted his bucking, pressing her pussy down around his spewing cock and trying to continue to ride him to her satisfaction. It was no use.

In a matter of seconds, the man stopped moving and relaxed, the evidence of his pleasure trickling between them, glistening in the dim light. Grinning like a satisfied cheetah, he patted Lorelei's thigh and pushed her off him to her side of the bed.

Maxim hated cheetahs.

"Thanks, babe," the man said, and abruptly turned his back to her, snuggling in for the night.

As the jerk fluffed his pillow, Maxim had a strong urge to cover the bastard's face with the soft cushion and hold it there until he passed into another realm where he might learn some manners. However, Maxim hadn't killed anyone for a long time, and he was saving up for one being in particular.

The urge to destroy never seemed to go away, but his brute energy -- his need to use his magic to tear a person completely apart -- had to be saved and nurtured. Only one woman existed who deserved the fury he had to unleash, and as long as he remained trapped in the dream dimension, she remained safe. He sensed, though, the awful price to be paid for his release was being negotiated at that very moment, whatever it was.

Ignoring the chill in his spine, Maxim turned his attention to Lorelei, who sat in all her womanly glory on the bed, her cheeks red and her brown eyes glistening. Her frustration evident, Maxim could almost hear her contemplating her options. Masturbate? Beg her lover to please her? Forget it and go to sleep?

Maxim grinned at the last option, stroking his cock as he did so. It pulsed in his hand, and Maxim's libido jumped into overdrive at the image of pushing himself deep into the honey-brown curls protecting Lorelei's pussy, its softness accepting his hard length as she begged him for more, just as she'd done in the past.

"That's right, my beauty," he whispered. "Go to sleep and let Maxim take care of you."

Lorelei, oblivious to Maxim's presence, slipped off the bed and padded to the tiny stateroom bathroom. In a matter of seconds, he followed. Flowing through the lines of symmetry in the walls, his being gathered itself in the mirror of the medicine chest, another perfect place to peer out and watch her.

Just as he suspected, Lorelei planned to take care of her need herself. She braced against the sink and stared at her reflection in the mirror. Maxim stared back, knowing he was invisible to her, knowing she only saw her own heart-shaped face, honey-brown locks, and angelic brown eyes. Her eyelids closed as she allowed her hand to drift from her ample breast to below his line of vision.

Her chin dropped as she explored herself, trying to arrange her fingers in her pussy, penetrating with one and then stroking. Penetrating and stroking. As a dream lover, Maxim had seen more than one woman take her own satisfaction before she fell asleep and her subconscious called to him. He recognized the determined expression and the movements, telltale signs Lorelei prepared to give herself the satisfaction her inconsiderate partner denied her.

Lorelei's shoulder moved with every stroke, slowly at first then faster and faster. She bit her lip, the muscles in her neck taut from the strain of maintaining the pressure and speed needed to produce the orgasm she so desperately sought.

Maxim hardly maintained control. His cock had been hard since he'd watched Lorelei undress for her lover; now it wept, the head almost purple. He leaned his forehead against the shimmering force field separating him from his muse and panted, his need to touch her suddenly overwhelmed by his need to feel his cock squeezed tight in her hot, slick walls.

Lorelei's low moans ignited a fire in his blood. He watched her expression change as her fingers worked their magic in her pussy. She thrust against her own invasion, and he sensed she was close. He wet his cock and massaged the sensitive head, harder and faster in time with Lorelei's motions, watching her beautiful face contort as the need to reach her peak took over. Maxim matched her passion and began rocking into his hand, imagining he plunged deep into Lorelei's tight pussy.

He hadn't realized he'd closed his eyes until he opened them just in time to watch Lorelei throw her head back, gasp and stiffen. Her fingers hammered between her thighs as she rode out her orgasm, her grimace eventually relaxing into a small, satisfied smile.

Watching Lorelei come drove Maxim over the edge. His cock exploded, spraying his jism forward. It floated briefly before disappearing into nothingness. Waves of bliss rolled through him, making his nerve endings crackle and reminding him of times long past when he was a part of the real world.

He squeezed his eyes shut against the onslaught. Pieces of events that had taken place before his imprisonment ricocheted through his brain as carnal emotions washed over him, holding him hostage with their inviting romantic notions while at the same time battering him with the futility of his existence. He screamed like a banshee, but knew no one could hear him.

Finally, the last of his orgasm ebbed away, leaving him filled with a sudden, inexplicable loneliness, worse than anything he'd felt before in all his centuries in the dream dimension. He looked up and found Lorelei studying her reflection, a tear trickling down her pink-tinged cheek. Satisfaction blended with some kind of misery, creating a vision he couldn't quite comprehend.

"Babe? You dyin' in there or what? I gotta pee." The deep voice startled them both.

Something came over Lorelei. Her expression hardened and her mood darkened instantly. Aggravation replaced the gentle lines around her eyes, and her grimace reminded Maxim of an animal fighting to keep from baring its teeth. Her lips worked back and forth across tiny fangs that had dropped and she lowered her head. Maxim noticed a glimmer in her eyes, which had changed to almost black, before she slowly turned her head toward the door.

"Babe! Come on," the voice whined.

The muscles in her shoulders tensed as she forced her gaze back to the mirror. "I hate fucking whiners," she said, her sultry voice and dangerous edge sparking Maxim's desire. She was so beautiful.

Her eyes returned to their chocolate-brown hue and her face relaxed, fangs receding, but not before Maxim's cock hardened again at the power she'd exuded. He had a soft spot for strong women, which is what had gotten him exiled in the first place.

Lorelei, though, seemed to know how to control herself. Colonia didn't understand the meaning of the word restraint, and she'd spent the better part of her immortality torturing those who didn't bow to her wishes. Maxim, being a warlock with the ability to shift his shape as he desired, had never bowed to anyone's will. Colonia commanded him to fuck her, and he'd chosen to ignore her request. That had turned out to be a big mistake.

The sound of running water brought him back to the moment. Lorelei finished washing her hands and left the bathroom, slamming the door behind her. Maxim, now entirely familiar with the architecture of the ship, immediately flowed to his place in the mirror by the bed.

And waited.

The jerk who'd left Lorelei unsatisfied smacked her ass on as they passed each other in the tiny room. Lorelei flinched, but held her temper. Maxim clenched and unclenched his fists, his breath coming in small puffs, until the pleasant distraction of Lorelei slipping under the covers soothed his anger. It was only a matter of time now. Soon she would be asleep.

Soon she would be his.



## Chapter Two

The sensation of teeth tugging at her nipple pleasantly surprised Lorelei. Had Kevin figured out he'd been an asshole earlier and wanted to make it up to her? Maybe he'd heard her take care of herself in the bathroom and realized his mistake, although she'd been careful to make as little noise as possible. Still, she thought she sensed someone watching her, listening to her in there.

Lorelei didn't open her eyes. If she showed her willingness to participate, Kevin might fall on his back and make her do all the work again. She just couldn't take another disappointment.

So Lorelei lay there, amazed Kevin knew his way around her body so well. He'd shown little aptitude for pleasing her in the few months they'd been together, but now he caressed and fondled her with such intimacy and longing, she couldn't believe he was the same person who'd stepped onto the ship with her.

The teeth that had teased her tender nipple moved to her neck. A quick nip at the soft area under her ear, as if he marked her as his territory, drew a gasp from her, but it didn't faze him.

Kevin nibbled her throat, his hot breath scorching her skin and heating her blood. The nibbles turned into kisses as Kevin found his way to her shoulder. He continued his assault on her senses, alternately licking, nipping and kissing his way to her fingertips, the ones she'd used to please herself earlier in the evening. Each of those he suckled in turn, sending delicious, tiny shocks of pleasure straight to her clit.

The sucking stopped long enough for Kevin to place her hand on his hard cock, and she instinctively grasped it, letting the moisture drip from its silky head onto her finger. She spread her legs and pulled gently, letting Kevin know she wanted him there.

He resisted, and Lorelei's surprise at his hesitancy gave her a moment to realize how heavily she'd been breathing. She could hear no other sound in the room aside from the jagged breaths she drew. She couldn't remember the last time she felt this much desire. For the first time in years, she felt raw excitement... a complete need to abandon herself to her lover and whatever he wanted to do to her.

Strong hands grasped Lorelei's thighs in a tight hold, and she readied herself for penetration, for Kevin's hard cock to fill her. She wasn't quite there yet, but she didn't want to lose progress. This was the first time Kevin had tried in any way to please her, and she didn't want to discourage him.

Lorelei felt something else between her wet lips -- the smooth stroking of a tongue practiced in the ways of giving pleasure. She clutched the sheets and groaned.

Kevin's tongue found her swollen clit, and he played with her, driving her to the edge and back, lapping at her hard bud, then kissing it when she squirmed. His tongue slid further down, tasting her juices. His mouth fully covering her mound, he moved his tongue to her tight opening, teasing her with the thought he might slip it inside her to feast on her fully.

Lorelei could barely think. Where had Kevin learned all this? Why had he held out on her? Out of her head with need, she wound her fingers into Kevin's hair, lifted her hips, and opened her eyes.

And panicked.

Lorelei's body stiffened as she surveyed the top of a head between her legs. All the air went out of her lungs and the silence in the room deafened her. Something was terribly wrong. Instead of the short, fine blond hair she'd expected, she found thick, wavy hair as black as the night sea.

Lorelei glanced sideways to find Kevin snoring beside her, as if he had no idea another man's tongue was using her pussy as a playground. The other man, apparently realizing he'd been discovered, gave her clit one final lick and rose up to his knees, giving Lorelei full view of the crisp black hair on his massive, muscular chest. It led downward to a huge erection pointing right at her.

Her gaze drifted up to his devilishly handsome face. It sported a smug grin highlighted by the deepest navy blue eyes Lorelei had ever seen. They were oddly familiar, and when he spoke, her blood ran cold with recognition.

"Miss me, Lorelei?" he said, his deep voice husky and hypnotic.

He nodded approvingly as he examined her face, her breasts, her hips, and finally the folds he'd just been so expertly manipulating, as if he had the right to. His expression, his stance -- both indicated he waited patiently for her to let him continue, just as she had so long ago.

Her dream lover had come back.

"What the hell do you want?" she shouted.

The words came out much louder than she meant them to, her anger at the memory of his betrayal momentarily getting the best of her. She'd blocked it all out so well for so long. Why did he come back now?

Kevin rolled over. "Jesus, babe, shut up. Quit talking in your sleep," he admonished.

Silently, her dream lover reached over and knocked Kevin out of the bed with one quick punch. Kevin didn't move.

Lorelei rushed to pull herself onto her knees and crawl to the edge of the bed, ignoring her dream lover's impatient sigh. Glaring, she turned to face him. If anyone was going to punch Kevin out, it should have been her.

"What the hell did you do?" Lorelei grabbed for him, but he disappeared and reappeared on the other side of the bed. She stood and stumbled across the uneven surface of the mattress to try to reach him. She needed some answers.

The ship lurched, and instead of subduing the exquisite specimen of male beauty, she fell into his arms. He laughed at her clumsy attempt to fight him.

Lorelei fumed. "You have no idea who you're dealing with."

"Ah, Lorelei, but I do," the hunk purred in her ear as he set her struggling form down and held her to the wall with his body, his erection pulsing hot against her thigh. It left a tingling sensation in its wake, its scent intoxicating her.

Lorelei blinked at the speed with which he pinned her, the warrior in her filling with admiration and the need to mate with such a magnificent adversary, while her human side fought to say something that would remind her she'd left all that otherworldly garbage behind.

"Now then, do you want me to continue or not?" he asked, his eyes flashing and desire edging his tone.

From the look on his face, he already knew the answer, but he'd inquired anyway. She had to give him points for that, at least. Her resolve continued to crumble when he kissed her, a gentle kiss filled with an intense passion barely controlled. It had been a long time, but the old flame still kindled.

Lorelei felt it deep in her bones, and she wanted him just as much as she had all those years ago when he'd disappeared. He'd suddenly stopped coming to her, and her dreams all but faded away. It had been just as well. Who needed all this weirdness?

He took her lips again, and she tasted her tanginess on his tongue. He explored her mouth, probing every part of it until Lorelei couldn't breathe.

She reached between them and took his cock into her hand, coaxing it toward her and placing the head at her wet opening. His breathing became ragged and he moved against her, sliding his hard prick back and forth in her pussy.

"If you want me, Dream Lover," she murmured in his ear, "take me."

That's all the permission he needed. He picked Lorelei up and deposited her on the edge of the bed, lifting her legs up and spreading them wide. Placing himself between her thighs, he drove into her wet curls, filling her and stoking a fire inside her only his seed could extinguish. He waited until she adjusted to his girth, then thrust into her over and over, faster and faster, creating a wonderful friction that spread from her pussy to her toes, fingertips, and the top of her head.

She gripped his hands as he steadied her hips and rode her hard, his balls slapping against her ass as he pounded into her again and again. They rocked together until his feral passion pushed her over the edge into a blinding, incredible bliss. Her

cunt spasmed and he cried out her name, his seed spilling deep inside her and mixing with her thick cream.

The swaying of their bodies slowed as they rode out the last of their releases together, until their motion blended with the gentle movement of the ship so much so that Lorelei couldn't tell which was moving and which wasn't.

"Babe?" A groggy voice interrupted Lorelei's contentment.

Without moving, and with the grace and agility of a practiced warrior, Lorelei lifted her arm over her head and threw a punch that sent Kevin tumbling back over the side of the bed.

She looked up to find her dream lover staring at her, his expression unreadable.

"You don't prefer the human, then?" he inquired. He suddenly seemed vulnerable.

"I've never preferred humans, Dream Lover," Lorelei responded. "But a certain dream lover I know disappeared on me, so who was I supposed to fuck?"

He shook his head and sighed again, planting a kiss on her ankle. "I disappeared because that's what you wanted, Lorelei," he said, frowning down at her.

Lorelei pushed herself up on her elbows and raised her eyebrows. "What are you talking about?" she asked, but he wasn't focused on her anymore.

He looked off into the distance as if hearing something far away. He dropped her legs unceremoniously and turned toward the mirror.

"No!" Lorelei shouted and grabbed for him.

"You're waking up," he explained in a flat monotone, his movements robotic. He stepped into the mirror, and Lorelei felt her whole being thrown backward onto the bed.

The covers roughly pulled themselves up to her neck and stayed there, no matter how much she fought them. Consciousness called, and with it came a sound she hadn't heard for ages. Her grandmother's voice penetrated the realm of her dreams, demanding her return to the real world and with it, the grand delusion she'd tried to avoid all her life.

Gudrun, the Warrior Bitch.

## Chapter Three

"Lorelei! Girl, it's time to wake up." Her grandmother's gravelly voice and the violent shaking accompanying it forced Lorelei wide awake, though she fought it well.

Fully aggravated and pissed off, she sat straight up and threw her covers off. "What is it, Grandma? What the hell do you want this time?" she growled, struggling to keep her warrior side in control.

A woman who looked not much more than thirty stood at her side, her shiny black ponytail, barely-there warrior garb, and pale skin a sharp contrast to the cruise ship motif. "I want to play ping-pong, Lorelei. Now get your ass up!" she snapped, hitting the edge of the bed so hard Lorelei flipped up into the air and landed on the floor with a thunk. Lorelei had forgotten how strong her grandmother was.

"Bitch!" Lorelei shouted, then clamped her hand over her mouth when she remembered who she was talking to.

"Hence the name, darlin'." Her grandmother stopped storming around the room long enough to flash her a winning smile. "*Now, get your ass up!*"

Lorelei jumped up and searched for some clothing. A gray T-shirt hit her in the face, along with jean shorts that were actually Kevin's and a pair of orange flip-flops. She barely got the shorts pulled up before her grandmother dragged her out the door toward Deck 10.

Lorelei expected odd looks from the other passengers as they made their way toward the bow of the ship. After all, how often does one see a strikingly beautiful warrior-witch wearing hardly any clothes dragging her granddaughter along by the wrist on a cruise ship? However, Lorelei realized something was different about the ship this morning. Very different.

Gudrun tugged her past a deck chair in which a tabby cat and -- *was that a lemur?* -- fucked their brains out.

"Shape-shifters," Gudrun explained, pulling her along. "Hey, not everyone can be a panther."

Below them, on the pool deck near the stage where the calypso band played, a statuesque blonde with big tits played with the pecker of a guy holding a microphone.

"Siren. Trying to convince Anton down there to let her sing. Like that's gonna happen." Gudrun shook her head.

Near the whirlpool, a skull sitting on top of a pile of bones lying on a blue uniform moved its jaw up and down and wiggled its eyeballs at a gorgeous brunette, who giggled and flipped her hair while her bikini held on for dear life.

"Don't ask."

At the pool deck bar, Lorelei spotted Kevin, one eye and the side of one jaw black and blue, chatting up two raven-haired beauties, mirror images of each other. Their smiles, their movements -- everything about them -- was mesmerizing, and Kevin inched closer and closer to them, as if drawn hypnotically to their charms.

"I hooked your pathetic loser boyfriend up with those twin succubae down there. They'll teach him how to bring a woman to her ultimate glory, or he'll die in the process," Gudrun said, without even a bit of remorse.

"Grandma!"

"Your serve, Lorelei," her grandmother commanded, handing her a paddle and ignoring her horrified expression.

Lorelei took a deep breath and tapped a tiny ball toward her grandmother, who whacked it back at her so hard she had to duck. It hit the lemur, who showed his ire by chattering at them and throwing the ball over the railing, all the while never missing a thrust. The orange cat moaned in ecstasy.

Lorelei turned back to her grandmother. "That's just wrong."

Her grandmother shrugged and conjured up another ball, which she immediately served. She hit it even harder than before, but instead of ducking, Lorelei



smacked it back this time, winning an approving nod from her opponent as Gudrun smashed it back Lorelei's way.

"Why are you here, Grandma?" Lorelei asked, trying to focus on not getting killed by the little flying projectile that had been, only moments before, an innocent little ping-pong ball.

"Lorelei, I know you think I'm a delusion. That all of this is a delusion, but it's time for you to understand that it's not. I'm not."

"Oh yeah, you are. How many grandmothers are the same age as their grandchildren? How come Mother never talked about you? How come I had four other grandparents, and you never showed up for holidays? Hmmm?"

Gudrun rolled her eyes and slammed the ball so hard it nearly disintegrated. "It is the nature of the warrior-witch breed to age differently than humans. And even when warrior-witches mate with humans, their genetics plays a role, or did you miss Punnett Square day in 9th grade biology class?"

Lorelei frowned and smacked the tiny ball back at her grandmother.

"I put a spell on your grandfather when I realized what a mistake I'd made. I'd mated with a human and produced a complete human offspring, and neither, might I say, were very likable. To this day, all he remembers is that I died in childbirth, and from the time it took him to hook up with your current maternal grandmother, I'd say he didn't feel too much for me to begin with."

"But..."

"There's no time for 'but' anymore, Lorelei. I'm connected to you, and I've come back to offer one last chance for you to train. It's a matter of life or death for that dream lover of yours."

"What?" Lorelei let the ball go past her at the mention of her lover. "How do you know about him?"

Her grandmother tilted her head and smirked. "Everyone in my world knows about Maxim James, one of the greatest shape-shifting warlocks who ever lived." She paused to let it sink in. "Colonia, step-sister to the evil sea goddess Malia, wanted to

fuck him and he refused, so she managed to lock him up in the dream world where he'd have to fuck anyone who needed a dream lover as his punishment. There's only one way for him to escape, and no one knows what it is except Colonia."

"Is that why he left me?" Lorelei asked, her voice sounding small even to her own ears. The thought of her dream lover with anyone else made her queasy.

Her grandmother shook her head. "No, dear, he left you because you refused your training and anything otherworldly. He's a warlock. He's otherworldly. Your desire to be what humans consider 'normal,' to believe that all the magical things you see around you are a delusion, sent him away. The only way he could reach you is on this enchanted ship. Look around. Humans can only see what they believe is real -- pina coladas, the casino, being served liked royalty in the dining room. Creatures like us see what is really real -- shape shifters, trapped warlocks, hot warrior chicks playing ping-pong."

Lorelei dropped her paddle on the table, signaling the end of the game. She put her hands to her temples to stem the ache that had begun.

Her grandmother laughed. "Warrior-witches don't get headaches, Lorelei; they give them. I came back to offer you one last chance at the training you refused years ago. I wish I had the approval of the Council, but I don't. I've never had their approval, which is why I'm known as the Warrior Bitch. But once you're trained, it doesn't matter. You'll be on your own. The next generation of me. Lorelei, the Warrior Cunt. It's the only way creatures like you and I can survive."

Lorelei looked up just as her grandmother's form started to disappear into nothingness. A strange desperation overtook her. "I love you, Grandma!" she shouted as Gudrun evaporated into a mist.

"Call Vektor, just like I taught you," her grandmother advised, becoming more and more invisible.

Lorelei stood there and watched as her grandmother, the woman she'd wanted to believe was just a delusion for all these years, disappeared before her eyes. The information she'd provided explained much, but not enough. Lorelei looked around,

taking in the truth. The lemur fucking the cat, the skeleton trying to make time with the sexy brunette, her ex-boyfriend hitting on two horny succubae.

Suddenly, Lorelei felt tired. Very tired. And the only cure for being tired was taking a nap. She found a lounge chair next to the lemur and the cat, who'd finally finished and were cuddled up next to each other. The lemur winked at her, but the cat swatted him and hissed at her.

Lorelei's fangs dropped and she hissed back.

She didn't need anyone's sass today. She only needed one thing...

Maxim.

## Chapter Four

Where should he begin?

Maxim leaned against the railing and watched the steady rise and fall of Lorelei's round breasts. Even covered, her firm, muscular body drew him in, begging for his touch. He yearned to feel her soft honey-colored hair tickling his chest, her hot mouth sucking his cock and driving him wild.

But this wasn't his dream, it was hers, he reminded himself. Her pleasure was paramount, and through her joy he'd find his. His breathing quickened when he contemplated all he wanted to do to her.

Lorelei opened her eyes and smiled, letting her tiny fangs show. "I missed you, Dream Lover," she said simply, unbuttoning her shorts and shimmying out of them and her flip-flops in seconds. She lay there, her lower half fully exposed to his view.

Barely able to keep from taking her right then, Maxim strode to the lounge chair, his gaze fixed on the soft down between Lorelei's thighs. She spread her legs, exposing deep pink folds glistening in the sunlight, and his cock throbbed.

She was so wet for him.

He wanted to do his job, to please her first, but Lorelei made it extremely difficult. For the first time in centuries, he felt like a young man during his first mating... wondering what to touch first, what to experience next.

Lorelei must have sensed his frightening need, because she took the lead. Or maybe it was the warrior-witch in her bubbling out. It didn't matter once she pulled her top off -- she and her voluptuous breasts were in control. Maxim had a sudden urge to do exactly what he was told to do.

It would feel so good.

Lorelei turned over and moved to all fours. Maxim's mouth went dry, and when she wiggled her ass at him, the wordless invitation from the tiny pink petals near her tight opening proved too much.

"Take me," Lorelei demanded just as Maxim wrapped his arm around her waist and pulled her up to his waiting cock.

He rubbed his cockhead against the smooth skin inside her pale, firm thighs. Lorelei moaned when Maxim's fingers explored her softest, wettest places. He slid one finger between her swollen, damp lips, and she quivered. Maxim brought his fingertip to his tongue and tasted her moisture, spreading it on his lips and savoring the flavor of her desire for him.

Maxim pressed another finger inside her, stretching her. A low, feral growl escaped him as she thrust back on his finger, gliding across it and whimpering for more. She peered at him over her shoulder, her darkened irises and fanged smile hinting he had her warrior blood boiling. It was only fair -- he was about to explode.

He reached down and planted a kiss on each cheek of her nice round ass, inhaling her mating scent as he did so. The need to fuck his woman removed any remaining intentions of taking his time. He'd meant to go slowly, to control himself long enough for Lorelei to find her pleasure, but now he had other ideas, and so did she.

When he placed the tip of his cock at her opening, Lorelei pushed back against Maxim, taking every inch of his engorged prick into her to the base. She yowled in ecstasy as Maxim drove deep. She spread her legs wider to accept him, her tight pussy spasming and pulling him in.

Fighting to control the beast inside, he rode her, pumping into her and delighting at the feel of her warmth each time it closed around him. He felt his prick swell to nearly bursting when a blinding gust of exquisite pleasure jolted through him. Out of his mind, he emptied his seed into Lorelei, who continued to thrust against him until she tensed and screamed.

Maxim kept coming, riding the waves of bliss with Lorelei, his semen dripping between them onto the deck. Minutes passed before he realized he held Lorelei in his arms on the lounge chair, his happy, flaccid cock still partially inside her, connecting them. His head lay at the nape of her neck, the heady mix of the fragrance of her hair and their mating intoxicating him.

Maxim nipped Lorelei's earlobe, and she turned over to face him, pushing her breasts into his chest and caressing the muscles in his arms. Her gentle touch surprised him, awakening feelings he didn't understand.

"I love the way you fuck me, Maxim," Lorelei said, nibbling at his bottom lip. "Be my dream lover forever, won't you?"

A sudden chill ran down Maxim's spine. A horrible image of Colonia, her foot planted in Lorelei's head and a look of utter triumph on her face, flashed into his mind. Maxim bolted upright. "No!" he shouted at the sky, at Colonia.

She hovered near -- he could feel her pulsing evil pounding in his head. Lorelei struggled away from him, the hurt in her eyes unbearable. She must have thought he'd been answering her question.

"I have to wake up now," Lorelei said, her voice flat and her cheeks blistering red.

"Lorelei!" Maxim yelled, but it was too late. The dream dimension pulled him back, clamping his mouth shut with its power. He watched the conscious world push Lorelei to the lounge, where her eyes closed and she became lost to him.

Possibly forever.

## Chapter Five

Lorelei woke with tears streaming down her face. Her encounter with her dream lover had become nothing more than a sad nightmare.

"So much for buying into the delusion, Grandma." Lorelei sniffed aloud.

Shit. Maybe she should have told Gudrun the truth when she'd had the chance. Maybe she should have told her grandmother the reason she denied her training had nothing to do with wanting to be normal. It had to do with wanting to be not normal so badly that she feared she'd never be good enough to be truly otherworldly, to pass her training.

Sure, she had her strong moments, but sitting on a chaise lounge openly weeping because Maxim didn't want her just proved she'd made the wrong choice.

Again.

Lorelei swiped at her tears with the back of her hand. Some great warrior-witch she'd make, crying over a man. Admittedly, her first instinct had been to saw his prick off with her nails and toss it overboard, and her second had been to turn him into a fly and swat him with her orange flip-flop. But still...

"Hey, sssslut." A feral hiss interrupted her thoughts. "Watch whosse boyfriend you flirt withthth."

Pain burned the top of her foot, drawing Lorelei's attention downward. The silky striped feline who'd been on the receiving end of the lemur's ardent humping licked a piece of Lorelei's flesh from her claws.

"You bitch!" Lorelei blurted, surveying the deep scratch on her big toe.

"That'ssss Queen Bitch to you, human cunt!" the cat hissed back, readying her needle-sharp claws to slap Lorelei again.

Lorelei was in no mood. "You fucking lion wannabe," she growled.

Lorelei dropped to all fours to challenge the obnoxious feline when the cat's haunches went up. With all her fur puffed out, she suddenly turned toward the railing and let out a screech before rolling into a ball.

Lorelei, all her senses humming, turned immediately to find a slimy, wrinkled demon, its translucent wings covered in blood and bits of flesh in its claws, climbing across the deck toward her and the cat. Or, more accurately, her and the orange-haired beauty the cat had almost transformed into. Unfortunately, the change wasn't entirely complete yet, leaving the young woman vulnerable. From the look in the demon's eyes, he meant to tear her apart.

Instinct took over, and before the demon reached the cringing, half-metamorphosed shifter, Lorelei plucked it from the deck and squeezed its neck until it gasped for air. Throwing it overboard would be most expedient and wise, but Lorelei's fangs dropped and a bizarre desire to bite its flesh overtook her mind.

It took only seconds to bring the neck of the demon to her mouth and penetrate its putrid flesh with the sharp points of her fangs. Driven by some strange need, some inner directive, she sucked the demon's blood while it wailed.

Oddly, she tasted nothing, not its blood, not the slime oozing from its skin. Nothing.

But she knew everything.

Images, feelings and sounds flooded her brain, nearly driving her to her knees. She stumbled, pictures of people she didn't know and events she'd never experienced bouncing from synapse to synapse. The evil essence of the being from which she now drew life-force held knowledge; knowledge showing her much more than her grandmother could possibly know. Knowledge of its evil mistress, Malia, and the exploits of her minions. Knowledge of Colonia. And Maxim.

Before she realized what happened, something snatched the demon away. Lorelei's vision cleared, allowing her a view of a slim, freckled woman tearing the head off the demon. Her shiny yellow-orange hair whipped around her long face as she



tossed the demon's body overboard and proceeded to kick the head around the deck, batting it here and there before finally offering it to Lorelei.

She shook her head, and the woman, grinning, tossed the head over the railing without even turning around. A faint splash, and a hiss and a wisp of smoke wafting toward the heavens followed.

"Thank you for saving my life," the woman said, her voice sounding familiar. She licked the back of one hand and smoothed her hair with it.

Lorelei blinked. It was the cat's voice.

"You saved my life," the woman continued. "And that means what's mine is yours, girlfriend."

Lorelei stood mute, still stunned by all she'd seen. Finally, it dawned on her what her new comrade meant. "You mean the lemur?" she asked, and the woman nodded, a mischievous glimmer in her eyes.

"You know, Roderigo's not always a lemur. We just like to switch things up now and then. Add a little magic," she said with a wink.

Lorelei smiled at the mention of magic. She had some of her own to attend to, and now she knew exactly what to do. Sucking the demon's blood gave her all the information she needed to release Maxim. Apparently, being a warrior-witch with a handy-dandy pair of fangs had its perks.

"Thanks, um..."

"Tabitha -- Tabby for short."

"Thanks, Tabby, but I've got to go kick the ass of the immortal bitch who's holding my warlock lover in the dream dimension."

Tabitha nodded, her mouth forming a silent "oh." Then the chattering of a small animal drew her attention. She blew Lorelei a kiss and sauntered away toward her furry fuckbuddy.

Lorelei took a deep breath. Maybe she'd suck at being a warrior-witch, but now she had no choice. From what she'd discovered, she was Maxim's only hope for ever

being released, and her only hope for getting the job done lay with one of the most freaky entities in the universe.

Time to call Vektor Schloss.

## Chapter Six

Maxim ran his fingers through his hair again. He'd been staring out of the mirror by the bed for what seemed like an eternity waiting for Lorelei to get back to the stateroom. With no mirrors on the upper deck, he had no way to see her reaction when she woke up, and it was killing him.

What worried him even more was the feeling that Colonia was on her way, and he didn't know why. All he knew was that it had something to do with Lorelei.

For centuries he'd waited for his chance to destroy Colonia, but now she was aware of his feelings for Lorelei. She would use that against him, though he didn't know how. The thought terrified him.

The sound of the stateroom door opening and closing caught his attention. Lorelei burst into the room and relief surged through him, until she took a blanket and covered the mirror with it. He flowed to the vanity mirror, but she used clothing to cover it as well. Maxim hovered behind the cloth, stunned.

How the hell did she know he could see her?

\* \* \*

Lorelei dashed around the cabin trying to cover all the mirrors. If what her grandmother told her about Vektor Schloss all those years ago was true, this wasn't going to be easy, and she didn't need any spectators.

With all the mirrored surfaces covered, she stopped to catch her breath, and that's when it occurred to her... How does one contact an intergalactic lesbian warrior-witch trainer with cannibalistic tendencies from an enchanted cruise ship?

Lorelei looked around the cabin, as if that would provide some kind of clue. Her gaze fell on the phone, and the notion came to her that if she just picked it up, inspiration might strike. Lorelei lifted the receiver and waited.

Nothing.

"Hello? Anyone? Vektor Schloss?"

The boom that followed shook the cabin, throwing Lorelei to the floor. When the smoke cleared, a tattooed hand grabbed her by the hair, jerked her to her feet, and tossed her across the room.

"Who calls Vektor Schloss?" a female voice demanded.

It took a minute, but Lorelei finally regained her balance and focused on the shapely form in front of her. Built like a tiny athlete, but with extra large breasts and curvy hips barely contained in a tiny black skirt and a skin-tight, button-down man's shirt, Vektor exuded a presence that filled the room. Her multi-colored ringlets and big blue eyes gave her an innocent, almost sweet look, but Lorelei knew better.

Vektor grinned. "You are Guddy Bitch's kin, yes?"

Her unusual accent gave her an exotic aura, but the hard tone she used suggested she was not someone to be trusted. Lorelei nodded, not wanting to give her any more information than she needed to.

Vektor's gaze roamed over Lorelei's body, finally stopping at her crotch. "I train you. You pay," she commanded, licking her lips.

"What's the price?"

Vektor raised her eyebrows, and the next thing Lorelei knew, she was pinned to the wall next to the mirror. "No one questions Vektor Schloss," the demented Shirley Temple look-alike growled. She gnashed her teeth at Lorelei, her eyes flashing red.

With the bright light glinting from the jagged silver razors in Vektor's mouth nearly blinding her, Lorelei squeezed her eyes shut, turned her head and nodded again. Vektor pressed against her, rubbing her breasts against Lorelei and sniffing at her neck. Lorelei didn't flinch. Vektor's hand slipped between her thighs and felt her mons. The faint scent of sexual excitement filtered through the air. Lorelei still didn't flinch.

"I tell you price when ready," she whispered in Lorelei's ear, her hot cinnamon breath scorching the lobe. As suddenly as she'd pinned her, Vektor pushed Lorelei to the bed. "Undress."

Lorelei didn't argue. She stripped, just as she knew she would have to. Grandma's bedtime stories, the ones she told after Lorelei's mother finished *Cinderella* and slipped off to bed, detailed the intensity of the training and its bizarre requirements. She used to wonder whether she'd been mentally damaged by all the weirdness she'd heard as a child, even though much of it didn't make sense until later, but now she was grateful.

"Lie on bed. Cover breasts with hands. Leave pussy bare," Vektor barked, and Lorelei continued to follow orders.

Lorelei didn't have time to think about her vulnerable position. Vektor's voice soon turned from a drone to a dull hum, and Lorelei's mind began to register only clicks and twitters. The training had begun in earnest.

It seemed like only minutes had passed when Lorelei felt a pleasant sensation emanating from between her legs. Tension built deep inside her, along with the growing need to release it. Lorelei lifted her hips to meet the source of the wonderful pressure, while silently begging for the explosion of bliss it promised.

Recent memories filtered back. Maxim's hard cock invading her. His gentle kisses on her neck. The demon on the deck. Tabitha and her lemur boyfriend. Her grandmother urging her to call Vektor Schloss.

Vektor Schloss.

Lorelei immediately rolled to her side, squeezing her thighs together and grabbing for Vektor's ringlets. She fought her way off the bed, ignoring Vektor's shrill screams, the fog of her training stupor lifting. She shoved a very naked Vektor to the floor.

Straddling the waist of her twisting captive, Lorelei wrangled both of Vektor's slim wrists with one hand and gripped her throat with the other. Vektor glared at her with wild eyes and gnashed her teeth, but Lorelei tightened her grip on her throat. Vektor chose another tack.

"So, you not... not like pussy licked by girl?" Vektor gasped, managing a crooked, insane smile.

"I don't like my pussy licked by girls who use orgasms to make slaves of their trainees, you crazy bitch," Lorelei said. "My grandma warned me about intergalactic lesbian cannibal warrior-witch trainers like you."

Vektor tried to spit in Lorelei's face. Missing, she tried to throw her, but Lorelei had absorbed her telepathic training modules well. Vektor screeched in frustration.

"You trained me well, Vektor," Lorelei soothed, her new schooling giving her the confidence to dominate. She leaned down close to Vektor's face and rubbed her wet pussy against Vektor's bare mons. "If you shut up and listen, I'll tell you what your payment will be." Vektor's sharp intake of air told Lorelei she'd successfully subdued her trainer.

She'd just explained the details of Vektor's payment when the stateroom door burst open.

"I knew it! You like girls!" Kevin yelled, furious. "That's why you're always whacking off in the bathroom after we fuck."

Lorelei stood up and pulled Vektor to her feet, knocking the covering off the mirror next to the bed in the process. Kevin rushed forward and grabbed Lorelei by the shoulders. He shook her hard. She didn't like it. "I hate fucking whiners," she growled.

"You cunt!"

"That's Lorelei the Warrior Cunt to you, asshole," Lorelei ground out.

Kevin slapped her face, and the mirror shattered, pieces flying everywhere.

"I'm coming, baby," Lorelei said, knowing Maxim could hear and see everything. Beneath the coverings, the rest of the mirrors shattered. Yep, he was pissed.

Lorelei grabbed Kevin by the ear, twisting until he dropped to his knees. "Vektor, this is my ex-boyfriend, Kevin. He'll be glad to introduce you to a couple of succubae he knows, won't you, Kev?"

Kevin nodded, tears streaming down his face as Lorelei dropped him to the floor and stepped over him. Vektor grinned wickedly as she straddled his heaving form.

"If you want your payment, be on the deck, like I said," Lorelei instructed over her shoulder. Pulling on her clothes, she strode out of the cabin toward her destiny.

Vektor winked, then turned her attention to Kevin. "So, Blond Boy, you like licking pussy?"

## Chapter Seven

Lorelei stood waiting on Deck 10. She had no worries about locating Colonia. From what she'd gathered from the demon's blood, she had no doubt Colonia would find her.

Until then, a short nap might be just the thing to rejuvenate her. It'd been a long day. The shadows falling all around her made her think dark thoughts. Dark, handsome thoughts.

She lay down on the hard deck, falling asleep almost instantly. As soon as her eyes closed and the dream dimension opened up, Maxim was on top of her, raining kisses over her face and pulling at her lips with a desperate need. His hands investigated every inch of her body with wild intensity, stroking her, feeling her, assaulting her senses. The musky scent of his excitement invaded her brain and called to her primal need to be taken. What was it about this warlock that caused her to so willingly surrender to his desire?

The loving continued. Maxim didn't speak with words, but with his careful exploration of her body. He swirled his tongue around each nipple, teasing them until the pebbled tips ached. He massaged the delicate skin of her breasts with his full lips, sucking and kissing his way to her cleavage. From there, he let the tip of his tongue wander a lazy path to her navel. When Maxim flicked his tongue in and out of it, a burst of moisture dampened the soft patch covering Lorelei's pussy and she squirmed.

Maxim lifted his head and sniffed the air, eagerly following a scent that captivated him to the space between Lorelei's legs. He inhaled deeply and laid his head against her mons, pressing his face into her wetness and kissing it. Lorelei stroked his hair and lifted her legs around Maxim's shoulders in a gesture meant to be tender, meant to cuddle him, but it seemed to only add to his passion.



Gathering the few wits and little strength she had left, Lorelei pulled herself from Maxim's ardent embrace and pushed him onto his back. He appeared confused, but yielded to her silent coaxing. Lorelei helped him stretch out to his full length, enjoying the feel of his brute strength submitting to her will. The more Lorelei reassured him with her touch, the more Maxim relaxed.

Lorelei crawled to his feet and peered at her lover's body, imagining all the pleasure she would take from his sinewy limbs, sturdy hips, and pleasing mouth. His erection especially drew her attention. Tall and magnificent, the silky skin stood filled with a liquid warmth she couldn't wait to feel gushing into her. Maxim's cock wept with the need for her attention.

Lorelei's fangs, permanently in place after her training and endowed with a mind of their own, ached with the desire to touch the smooth skin at the tip of Maxim's cock. She crawled across his legs, and the slow, deliberate movements she used to excite Maxim rewarded her with fresh droplets of pre-come.

The spicy scent of his need and sweat, combined with the scorching heat emanating from his hot skin, enthralled Lorelei. Maxim watched her, his breathing labored, his eyes passion-dark. His tortured expression only added fuel to her desire to please him.

Lorelei gripped Maxim's cock, fighting the urge to plunge it inside her and ride him until he begged for mercy. First, she wanted to please him as much as he pleased her. She licked her lips and he groaned, his cock pulsing in time with his heartbeat. If she waited much longer, he'd spill himself. Careful not to scratch or puncture, Lorelei took the head between her lips, letting her fangs graze it while swirling her tongue around the tip. Maxim's hips lifted, pushing him into her throat, and a strangled cry escaped him as he came.

Lorelei lifted her head, letting her fangs scrape Maxim's cock as it slid from her lips. She dropped her head down again, taking more of him this time, sucking him hard and reveling in the salty taste of his come. She continued to bob up and down, stroking his balls, until he grabbed her hair. It was time.

Lorelei planted one last kiss on Maxim's cock before straddling his waist. He lay there patient, waiting. Maneuvering his hard length to her opening, Lorelei shifted and accepted his girth, stretching to accommodate it as she lowered herself onto him, taking him in to the base. The ecstasy of Maxim filling her caused her to moan. Maxim growled in response and thrust his hips upward.

Lorelei tilted her hips back and forth with excruciating slowness, her head back and her eyes closed. She rocked against Maxim's cock, hard and swollen inside her, and he thrust up to meet her. Maxim positioned his fingers between her swollen lips to work untold magic on her aching clit, the vibrations of their moving hips causing his fingers to stroke her with enough pressure to nearly drive her over the edge. He lifted his other hand to her mouth, and without opening her eyes, she suckled his middle finger. Her lips tingled and her rhythmic movements turned wild with urgency.

"Lorelei!" Maxim yelled, tensing with his release.

Her pussy clamped down on Maxim's cock as his come gushed into her, and she lost control. Shuddering as waves and waves of intense sensation rippled from her core throughout her whole being, she milked his cock as they moved in perfect sync. Her body hummed; her pussy twitched from their efforts.

She opened her eyes to find Maxim perfectly still, his heavy breathing the only sign she hadn't killed him. Lorelei crawled to his side and put her head on his shoulder, her attempt at a truce in case she had gotten a little too carried away. She needn't have worried.

Maxim sighed and reached for her, pulling her into a cuddle and kissing her with his soft lips. Lorelei had never felt more satisfied -- leave it to a dream lover.

"Yes," Maxim said after they'd lain there for several minutes.

Lorelei sat up and tilted her head at him. "Yes what?"

"Yes, I'll be your dream lover forever. I thought I'd lost you. I have some things to explain, Lorelei. I..." he started, but she interrupted him.

"No need," she said, turning her head. "Shh."

Lorelei thought she heard a buzzing sound. She definitely felt the presence of something not so nice. She touched her fingertip to Maxim's lips. He kissed it and frowned.

"What are you talking about?" Maxim asked, but Lorelei wasn't listening to him. Colonia approached. She had to go.

Maxim's expression changed. He must have felt Colonia's presence too.

"No, Lorelei, she's too dangerous!" he shouted, but it was already too late. Lorelei felt herself waking up, and Maxim, as always, could only turn and disappear into the dream dimension, whether he wanted to or not. She watched him go, his attempt to resist the call of the dream world evident in the twisting and turning of his body. Her heart ached, but she knew what she had to do.

She had some unpleasant business to take care of.

\* \* \*

Lorelei woke with a start. At the railing, far aft, she sensed a disturbance in the air. She watched the vision in front of her collecting itself rapidly. Lorelei stood tall and snapped her fingers. Her skimpy warrior garb appeared and molded to her body, preparing for battle.

Brown leather boots reached to her knees, while darker brown leather strips crossed over and under her breasts, around her back and wound around the tops of her legs, leaving everything else exposed. Cool wind and excitement hardened her nipples. Thoughts of Maxim wet her thighs.

Hip cocked, she waited for Colonia to fully form. The immortal stood tall and majestic. Her blue-black straight hair reached the deck like a velvet cape over her flimsy black toga. Her eyes glowed in her oval face, their color indistinguishable because of the light filtering through them. Ruby lips spread into a condescending smile across an ethereally beautiful countenance that could only belong to a goddess. Colonia nodded toward Lorelei and reached her hand forward in a conciliatory gesture.

Lorelei ducked just in time.

The first blast blew a chair over and off the deck. Lorelei rolled to her feet and shot a wave of energy back, stunning Colonia. Her smile turned into a snarl. She shrieked and ran straight at Lorelei. Thunder roared and lightning crackled; rain fell in torrents.

The fight had begun.

Arm to arm. Head to head. Magic versus immortal power. The battle continued, the balls of fire and waves of magic pummeling the ship along with the blowing storm. Lorelei knew she couldn't defeat an immortal, but she also knew she had to keep fighting. What she didn't know was why. Yet.

Panting, Lorelei pinned Colonia, but Colonia flipped her and prepared to run her nails, now at least five inches long, through Lorelei's head. Lorelei grabbed her crotch, surprising Colonia enough to knock her aside, and stumbled to her feet.

"You'll never defeat me, mortal bitch," Colonia shrieked.

Lorelei stomped on her throat and held her foot there.

"I'll destroy you," Colonia choked out, "and when Maxim is released, he'll realize what it will take to keep his freedom."

Realization dawned. Lorelei suddenly understood with perfect clarity the price that had to be paid for Maxim's release. She moved her foot just a bit, giving Colonia the advantage she needed.

Colonia twisted Lorelei's leg, wrenching it painfully and dropping her to the deck. The immortal leapt to her feet, grabbed Lorelei and lifted her over her head. A thunderous, wicked peal of laughter erupted from her throat, pounding into Lorelei's ears and nearly shattering her spine -- just before Colonia tossed her off the deck in the direction of the hot tub.

Lorelei flew through the air. The canopy over the hot tub, its sharp, pointed supports clearly visible, rushed toward her. Seconds later, she felt the spindle puncture her torso and rip out her back, leaving her perched there, hanging, the searing pain of her internal organs exploding and her flesh ripping a hundred times more excruciating than she could have ever imagined.

Everything stilled. Lorelei, skewered, watched her blood mix with the last few drops of rain, the pink droplets trickling from her fingertips into the pool below, as thoughts of Maxim's strong embrace gave her the strength to smile as she drew her final breath.

## Chapter Eight

Maxim choked and opened his eyes, his naked body convulsing against a hard surface he didn't recognize. Fresh air burned his lungs and his vision blurred. He coughed and spluttered. It took several seconds before he realized he was no longer imprisoned in the dream dimension, but rolling around on the wet, hard deck of a ship. His relief lasted but an instant before reality set in. Someone had paid Colonia's price to free him. His blood ran cold.

A tall figure loomed into his line of vision. Colonia.

"Maxim, darling." The cold, hollow purr penetrated his fog. "You're here. Too bad your little witch isn't."

Maxim's voice wouldn't come. He blinked, trying to clear his thoughts. Colonia grabbed him by the balls and squeezed. He yelped and tried to roll away, but Colonia wound her fingers in his hair and dragged him to the railing overlooking the pool deck. She forced him to look down, and he almost threw up.

His Lorelei, her body soaked in blood and rain and her eyes wide and staring, lay impaled on the canopy of the hot tub. As he watched, two slimy black demons, dancing around her body while they snickered, took turns tugging at her, ripping her body away from the spindle little by little until they'd freed her corpse. They pushed her into the pool and hugged each other.

Maxim's heart broke. Emotions flared within his soul like hot sparks -- despair, grief, anger...

Yes, definitely anger. Lots of anger.

"Tsk, ts, sweetheart. Don't let the fact she died so you could be released plague you," Colonia said, her tone detached and cruel. "That kind of thing can drive a man crazy. I know! Let's talk about us instead."

Colonia's words settled around him, and a low growl rumbled from deep inside. His heart pounded, picking up the beat of the tiger, and Maxim prepared himself to turn. He'd rip her to shreds for what she'd done. He'd do it for eternity just for the joy of hearing her scream for mercy, if she understood such a thing. Colonia seemed oblivious, rambling on.

"You know now, don't you? If I have to imprison you again, someone else you love will have to die to release you. That's the price I set -- a soul for a soul. You're mine, Maxim James. Don't you understand what has to be done?"

He did understand. Dropping to all fours, he transformed. Flesh to orange and black fur. Teeth to rapier-sharp fangs. Rational thought to irrational animal ferocity. Maxim let out a warning yowl and prepared to pounce.

Colonia laughed. "What? A tiger? How precious! What are you going to do? Maul me? I'll just keep coming back until your days in this realm end. Then what? What have you accomplished? I will continue to exist, while no one will even remember you. You'll simply disappear."

Clarity forced its way through Maxim's heated thoughts. His warlock side fought to return, bringing with it one thought: *One can only continue to exist if one ever existed at all.*

Maxim reined in the beast and changed back, the transformation taking only seconds. He found himself clothed in some voile-type, see-through black shirt and pants, Colonia's choice no doubt. Even better. She thought she'd won.

Maxim turned on the charm, even though the urge to destroy the being in front of him threatened to overtake his better sense. He pulled himself to his full height and strutted toward her, letting her take him in. Her nipples hardened. He watched her excitement grow with each step.

He stopped in front of her and massaged his cock, which remained flaccid and probably unconvincing, but Colonia didn't seem to notice. She ran her hands across her throat and down to her breasts. Maxim stepped forward.

Moving her flimsy toga aside, he exposed Colonia's swollen breasts and wide hips. He slid his fingers between her hard, wet lips. Her heat seared his mortal flesh, but he fought to stay in control long enough to do what he needed to do. He rubbed her clit hard, sparks shooting and the acrid smell of smoldering skin burning his nostrils. Her smirk grew more evil.

"Oh, Colonia," Maxim breathed, forcing himself to sound enamored, "I know there are only two things that can destroy an immortal -- her stupidity and her own desire. You are certainly not stupid, but..." Maxim pulled his fingers out of her and she gasped, stumbling backward. "You will be a victim of your own desire."

With that, he kneaded her cream between his fingertips, heating it into a flame. He pointed his fingers to her left and then to her right, conjuring an invisible restraint to hold her on each side. Once bound by her own desire, she could do him no harm. But he could harm her.

Working quickly, he conjured a block of wood. It wasn't original or dramatic, but the medium wouldn't matter, only the result. He made bold swipes at her feet, then ankles, then calves and so on. Wherever the block touched, part of Colonia would disappear.

"No!" she roared, and her minion demons trailed en masse over the railing and across the deck toward Maxim.

He continued to erase her body -- her pussy, her hips, her torso, her breasts -- while using his other hand to ward off the demons. It wasn't difficult. The more of Colonia he erased, the weaker they became. Many of them fell to the deck, writhing and flopping around like fish out of water. When she disappeared completely, they would disappear as well. Some of them already had.

Maxim had just erased her shoulders when he heard a terrible yowl.

"You there! That's Vektor's payment. Give to me!"

A strange little creature dressed in a black micro skirt, ankle boots and a tight, man's button-down shirt ran toward him, and he stopped. Its wild ringlets bouncing, it gnashed its teeth and let out a weird warning noise somewhere between a snarl and a



screech. It bent its head down and hissed at him, its eyes flashing red. He remembered her then.

Vektor, the woman in the cabin with Lorelei when Kevin ran in.

"I train your Lorelei. She promise Vektor head of immortal goddess as payment. Give to me!"

Maxim stiffened at the mention of his beloved. His chest ached. She'd died to release him, the least he could do was pay her debts. Colonia was powerless now, and he got the distinct impression by the wild fear in her eyes she didn't want any part of the insane creature. Even better.

"It's yours," Maxim announced, releasing the magic restraint. Colonia screamed as her head bounced on the deck, and Vektor snatched it up.

"Ooooooh! I always wanted real-live immortal goddess vibrator head for pussy. No sell on eBay," Vektor cooed, a wicked expression taking over her darkly cherubic face.

She lifted her tiny skirt and swung Colonia's head back and forth in front of her crotch.

"Look what you get to lick, pretty god-dess," she gushed.

Colonia's eyes lit in fear and she screamed profanities, blasphemies and insults.

Vektor's expression darkened. "You no like lick my pussy, god-dess?" she growled.

Colonia persisted in her panicked protests.

Finally, as if fed up, Vektor turned the trembling head over in her hands, examining it. "Fine," she muttered, biting into Colonia's ear with razor-sharp teeth and tearing it off.

Maxim flinched at Colonia's screech of pain and subsequent sobbing pleas for mercy, then watched in awe as the maniac in front of him bit into Colonia's eye and chewed, her eyes glazed and her head tilting back as blood and bits of bone dribbled from the corner of her mouth.

"Maxim! Maxim! Maxim!" Colonia begged, but Maxim felt nothing; his heart had been pierced when he saw Lorelei floating in the pool.

Vektor, apparently peeved at all the fuss Colonia made, adjusted the head in her hands and bit off Colonia's mouth. She chewed with gusto, making crunching and slurping sounds. Noticing Maxim watching her, she ripped off Colonia's other ear and held it out to him. He shook his head, his entire being suddenly overwhelmed by the events of the evening. His freedom, his victory, his loss.

"Maxim."

Maxim stiffened. The voice sounded tiny, and at first he thought some part of Colonia had escaped. But the arms that wound their way around his waist were more delicate, their touch more loving, if not possessive. He must be dreaming now -- another of Colonia's spells? Maybe Colonia would have the last laugh after all.

"I almost didn't recognize you with clothes on," the voice continued, louder this time.

Maxim turned slowly, not believing his ears. When he finally focused on the beauty in his arms, he couldn't believe his eyes.

Lorelei, dripping and reeking of chlorine, pressed herself into his chest, her delicate fangs nibbling at his skin.

In shock, Maxim took her by the shoulders and held her in front of him, studying her wan smile and examining her torso where she should have been torn apart. The only evidence of any trauma was an angry red scratch above her navel.

"I'm still learning. It takes a while to master regenerating," she explained, her voice weak. "You know what they say, 'Old warrior-witches never die, they just don't regenerate well enough to keep their titties from sagging.' Take me, Maxim," she finished, collapsing in his arms.

Maxim grabbed her, sweeping her into his arms and dropping to his knees on the deck. The tears he wept over her were those of utter joy. He'd not lost his woman as he'd thought. She was alive, and nothing else mattered.

Composing himself, he decided Lorelei needed someplace to heal, someplace she could regenerate in peace. Holding her to him, her arms struggling to stay around his neck, he bent over her body and whispered words in a language known only to warlocks. He continued to mutter, and a light mist enveloped them.

As the morning dawned bright and the other passengers -- both human and not-so-human -- woke to enjoy a new day, Maxim and Lorelei disappeared.

## Epilogue

Maxim couldn't remember the last time he'd bathed, especially with a beautiful woman's breasts plastered against his back. In the dream dimension, cleanliness was automatic -- with no water necessary. The purity of the realm detoxified any foreign substance that came in contact with it. How much he'd missed the feeling of cleaning off a day's grime, or more importantly, having his woman scrub him all over as Lorelei was doing right now.

Lorelei nipped his neck and his animal spirit threatened to respond. He turned on her, rising up on all fours in their narrow little tub and growling. She laughed.

He loved her fearlessness.

It had taken a matter of hours for her to heal from her wounds, and now no scars remained to even suggest she'd done battle with an immortal... and won. Maxim knew the days ahead would bring scars aplenty for both of them. They would no doubt have many battles to fight as the security team leaders on *The Mist of the Seas*; Widnek and Seshi had been honest about that.

But warlocks and warrior-witches were designed for just such skirmishes, and as long as beings like Colonia wrought havoc in the world, there would be no end to the misery perpetuated on the humans and non-humans alike if he and Lorelei didn't fulfill their purpose.

Lorelei gave a throaty giggle and grabbed his cock, making him yelp. "Some tiger you are," she teased, wiggling her eyebrows in an obvious invitation.

Maxim took her up on it. He hoisted her out of the tub and slung her over his shoulder. He carried her, dripping, to the bed in their permanent suite. A quick snap of his fingers produced a towel, which he used to dry every inch of her body thoroughly

after he'd dropped her on the soft mattress. The only problem area was her pussy. Every time he dried it, it would get wet again.

What does one do with a wet pussy?

Lorelei blew a kiss in the air, and the damp sheets beneath her immediately changed to a dry set made of silky red material. Maxim had dried her and laid her down. Now he prepared to mount her and ride her until she screamed.

She couldn't wait.

Lorelei spread her legs, eager to accept whatever Maxim wanted to do to her with his mouth or his cock. His ability to render her senseless with his expert touch never failed to amaze her. Well, what did she expect? He had been her dream lover, after all. That seemed years ago. Now he was her man, her lover, her mate. She'd never felt so complete. Not only did this delusion beat the hell out of reality any day, it also offered the best sex she'd ever had.

Maxim crawled between her thighs and kissed her mons. He lifted up to give her room to turn over, and she did as he silently requested. Lying across her back with his weight on his elbows, he entered her pussy, penetrating her with deliciously unhurried movements. His pubic hair tickled her. She moaned her encouragement and moved her ass to match his leisurely thrusts.

A disturbance in the air near the bed startled her, putting her senses on alert.

"No worries, love, it's Pierre," Maxim whispered in a thick rumble that belied his desire.

His thrusts increased, heating her slick folds, and the rest of the world faded until the bliss of their mating shot through her and her screams echoed the power of her climax.

She was barely aware of the clattering of bones next to the bed until the world started spinning again and Maxim rolled off her back.

"Pierre, good friend, how was it?" he asked the empty space at the foot of the bed.

Lorelei shook her head. She'd probably never get used to Pierre's sneaky voyeurism, but Maxim loved it. Must be a warlock thing.

"Magnifique! Eee-lev-on from ten!" an enthusiastic voice announced from the floor. Lorelei pulled herself to the edge of the bed and looked down. Pierre's eyeballs rolled at her and his bony jaws worked. He cleared his throat. "Mam'selle, we have a vampire in the medical facility with jock itch," he explained, his eyeballs spastically bouncing in their sockets. "She ees female."

Lorelei turned to Maxim. "You know what that means, don't you, darling?"

He nodded, pulling her in for a kiss with one arm and grabbing his pants with the other.

"Malia's at it again."

## **Cameo Brown**

Cameo Brown enjoys living in the world of stories, especially the erotic ones, whether reading or writing them. In real life, she lives somewhere just right of the middle of the United States with her totally delectable husband, who still doesn't quite understand why she enjoys sitting at the computer so much, and a passel of temperamental felines who are plotting to take over the world. When not writing, cleaning up hairballs, or making up excuses to dance naked, she loves hearing from her readers and adding new features to her place in cyberspace, [www.cafepriapus.com](http://www.cafepriapus.com). Visit her there for an occasional free story or contest opportunity, or drop her a line at [cameo@cafepriapus.com](mailto:cameo@cafepriapus.com) to let her know what you would like to see next.