



DIRTY LITTLE GIRL

C.R. MOSS

Tired of living with her crazy mother, Jamie Sue embarks on an adventure of her own seeking life in a big city. A strange urge prompts her to stop and stay in Las Vegas so she gets off the bus and settles in. When she meets her *golden angel*, Michael, she believes she's found the love of her life, but things aren't always what they seem. Will the bite of his love change her forever?

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Dirty Little Girl
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Dirty Little Girl

By

C.R. Moss

Dedication

*Thanks to my girls and to Chauncey for staying
quiet.*

The Blue Rose

Impossible, Unattainable

Blue roses exist in fantasy but not in nature, unless they are dyed via their petals or roots. If you find a blue rose, the color is probably an illusion since some variations of purple or lavender roses only appear blue in certain lights. The blue rose symbolizes the unattainable or impossible, represents a figment of the imagination. Giving this flower to someone isn't a good choice, especially if you wish to keep a relationship with that person.

“I can’t blame anyone for my life. This is the path I’ve chosen. Running away the moment I turned eighteen had seemed the only viable option. I don’t believe anyone misses me. My father disappeared several years ago. No one has seen or heard from him since. Months after his split, my mother vanished as well.”

“Mary Jane is gone, too, Jamie Sue?”

The deep male voice rolled through her hearing. A coarse blindfold scratched her temples. The urge to move the annoying cloth grew with each passing moment. She rubbed her wrists against the ropes binding them together behind her, making her arms dig into the wood corners of the back of the chair. She understood the man wanted to keep his whereabouts a secret and had agreed to be blindfolded when his men came to pick her up to take her to an unknown location, but she hadn’t expected to be drugged, then wake to find herself trussed up like a pig for roasting. “Yeah, in a sense. While I was on a camping trip, she had hooked up with some strange guy. He impregnated her and took off. Ever since that time, she hasn’t been right in the head. Don’t get me wrong. She did her best with me and my

brother and the twins she ended up having. She loved us, loved those babies and was way too overprotective of us...at least when she was lucid."

"Lucid?"

The voice crooned from a different location, closer. She sensed his presence from a shift in air temperature. He emanated a strong radiant heat. Her contact, Rachel Quigley, told her he had great energy, was a Master for good reason. She took a deep breath, sought his power and drew it to herself. The atmosphere around her snapped to frigid force.

The man tsked, his footfalls stepped away. "Did I say you could feed off me? You should know better."

"Yes. I should." She bowed her head. "Not without permission."

"Good. I know you're tired and hungry on more than one level. But remember, if you don't tell me everything, then I can't help you. Nor will I feed you. Now, your mother, you said she wasn't lucid?" There was a snap and sizzle. Seconds later the dark aroma of an expensive tobacco surrounded her.

"Mother." An uneasy laugh escaped her. "I'm sure I could have felt pity for her, for the bouts of catatonic-like stages she fell into, for the hours when she'd wordlessly stare out her bedroom

window or cry or both. But really, she put herself in that situation. And I got real tired of playing *Mommy* when she became like that. Then, it came to the point that she had to sell our house and move us all in with her mother.” She shook her head, hoping the movement would help readjust the blindfold. “Maybe Grandma misses me. Without me around, I’m sure Doherty and Cedron are handfuls for her.”

“I’m sure it was hard for both you and your grandmother, raising little hellions who weren’t your own.”

A comforting hand rested on her shoulder. Jamie Sue detected his sympathy and did her best not to pull on his energy again, even as *hungry* as she was. It was a relief though, to realize he was genuine and on her side. She could tell him everything that happened, do so without shame, and he would help her. “Landsakes, I was still a teen. I should have been out having fun with my friends, dating boys, enjoying my time before the responsibilities of adulthood took over. But no.” She took a deep breath to calm the anger swelling within her and released it in a heavy whoosh. “My mom had to go and get knocked up and then take long trips into crazy land, leaving me to pick up the slack. I didn’t believe that was right. I shouldn’t have had to take care of my older brother and the twins. Several of my friends

agreed. So the moment I walked across stage for my diploma and officially graduated, a ceremony she conveniently missed, I left town."

"But before you left, you must have learned something. You seem to be a resourceful girl. You must have found out about the man who left your mother in such a state. If you hadn't, I doubt you would have come this far."

A guilty shiver racked her body. It was bad enough she had to recount what recently occurred, but to admit how she turned her back on all her morals, all the teachings she had learned at church and through the girls' missionary group, made her cringe.

"Jamie Sue." His resonant voice warned.

She sighed. *Time to pay the piper.* "I broke into her room one afternoon when Grandma took her to a shrink appointment. I read her journal. For pages, she wrote about a dream man, one who was able to take away her pain and sadness, who helped her forget about her divorce, me, my brother, her crummy life... She wrote that he made her feel like a woman. Obviously my father wasn't good at that either in her opinion." Jamie Sue sneered, remembering her parents' fights, the slanderous remarks, being caught in the middle. "She thought God sent the dream man to her to help her through a difficult time."

"God!" The man chuckled. After several long moments of laughter, he coughed. "My pardons. Please continue."

"So then in the middle of the journal, she described meeting him in the flesh, going on an erotic trip with him to the tropics while I was at camp and Joe Junior was at his friend's house. After he dumped her back at home, she discovered she was pregnant. In the book, she explained she tried to find him. Asked people around and in Randy's, the café and store where he picked her up, if they had seen him. She called travel agencies and resorts to see if anyone remembered them there. Months passed. She never tracked him down and no one she spoke with ever had recollections about him or her. She had the twins, tried to hold her sanity together from what I could tell of her ramblings in the notebook, but then he returned."

"He did?" A tinge of excitement tainted his voice.

"Not in person, mind you. She wrote he returned in her dreams, loving her, wooing her, telling her how they would have extreme happiness when he was able to come back. They're connected by telepathy and it was because of him my mother lost her mind. It's because of him, and an asshole I hooked up with, that I'm

here seeking your guidance. I vowed to track the bastards down."

"But if you don't know what your mother's lover looks like or have a name—"

"Oh, but I do." Sultry satisfaction dripped from the simple words. She was close to reaching her goal. All she had to do was tell the man what she knew and what happened to her because of Michael. All she had to do was finish explaining about *that man* who'd destroyed her mother and seemed to be behind her troubles and then she'd learn how to make the two men pay for their evil ways. Jamie Sue smirked.

"You do? Please share." The enthusiasm in his voice oozed over her like a thick coat of icing on a warm cake.

"From what my mother says, he's sleek and dark from his hair to his clothing to his boots. Ebony hair and goatee, luscious dark eyes, chiseled facial features beneath pale skin. She likened him to a predatory black jungle cat, rippling muscles, sexual. Once she even called him a dark angel and thought she had seen black wings laced with purple veins sprouting from his back while they had sex."

"But his name. Did she mention a name?" The man's energetic fervor was palpable.

"Ash. His name is Ash."

"Meraviglioso! Wunderbar!" The man clapped. "Mark, come!"

She jerked in her seat. *There's someone else in the room? How did I miss that?* A cold tendril of fear snaked around her spine and slinked down to her tailbone.

"Welcome to La Setta di Uccisore." The man whooped.

The blindfold was yanked from her head.

A man of tall height and robust stature stood before her, reminding her of a Norse God from the pictures she had seen in her mythology class in school. His slicked-back black hair shined from the lamplight in the room and his deep-set brown eyes glinted with mirth beneath dark bushy brows. The gold shirt of his Kung Fu outfit glinted in the light. Bare feet poked out from silky black pants. "I am Master Dante. Again, welcome to the Sect of the Slayers. You are safe within the walls of the Las Vegas Command Center."

Jamie Sue surveyed the area. Two dark brown leather wing back chairs sat before her in what looked to be a masculine decorated library. Behind the chairs on either side of a gas fireplace, mahogany shelves filled with books lined the wood-paneled walls. Matching mahogany end tables sat on either side and between the chairs and a Queen Anne console was under a window. To the other side of her, a large heavy desk faced a

doorway. Antique-brass library table lamps with green shades sat on the console and desk. A small chandelier hung from the ceiling.

A hand grasped her wrist, held her still. The rope released its chaffing grip. Her arms hung heavy at her sides, dead weights she couldn't move. Warm, tingly sensations threaded their way through her muscles and veins.

"Thank you, Mark. That will be all."

She glanced over her shoulder. Master Dante's bald-headed companion was as tall as him and dressed in a black Kung Fu shirt and pants. Like Master Dante's shirt, his also had white edging, strip buttons and cuffs at the end of long black sleeves. He bent forward a couple of inches, then padded on bare feet across the wood floor and left the room.

"Here, allow me." Master Dante held out a hand.

After shaking her arm to finish waking it up, Jamie Sue extended it and accepted his assistance. He helped her out of her seat and led her to a dark brown leather couch that was behind where she had been sitting. Once she sat, he picked up the chair, spun it around and sat on it. He leaned forward, his elbows on his knees. "Thank you for being so understanding of our ways and cooperating with the blindfold and binds. With the kind of work we do, we have to take all

necessary precautions, make sure the people we bring into our fold are on our side, are one of us."

She rubbed her wrists above where the rope had bit into her skin. "I have to say being drugged and tied up took me by surprise. When the arrangements were made for me to come here, I was under the impression I was only going to be blindfolded. Why the change in plans?"

"We had to be cautious of you, of how strong your special powers have become."

"Of me?" She shifted on the couch, bringing up her legs and crossing them, and thought for a moment. Up until she met Michael, she had some episodes with psychic thoughts, but at the time she wrote them off as coincidences. After he took off, her world had turned on edge and the psychic ramblings were no longer coincidences but indisputable occurrences. She understood and saw things no human should be privy to. Her body and mental strength had quadrupled and, when her temper flared, she had the intense craving to beat the living crap out of anything or anyone that showed a hint of immoral, of evil.

Then she had met Rachel Quigly, a powerful witch who taught her the ways of psychic vampirism and how to deal with the psychic intuitions. She never shared her visions and the overwhelming surges of anger flowing through her body, which made her want to go out and

fight, with Rachel or anyone else. Rachel's teachings, though thorough and helpful, could only take her so far and didn't help with the evil she sensed on a constant basis. "Look, Rachel set up this meeting for me because she said you could help train me so I can track down mine and my mother's dead-beat boyfriends. I don't understand what the deal is with all these questions and why you seem to think I have special powers. Rachel explained my story to you."

Master Dante leaned back and rubbed his chin. He puffed on a cigar. A dark eyebrow rose over a speculative gaze that kept focusing on the area near the juncture of her neck and shoulder. "Yes, Rachel told us all about you, but I want to hear what happened in your own words. So please, continue with your story and tell me how you came to find Rachel and then us. Then I will explain why I believe you have the exceptional qualities the Sect has been waiting for."

Jamie Sue rubbed the area he kept staring at. The wound itched beneath her clothing. It was finally starting to heal after months of oozing, clotting over, scabs dislodging and oozing some more. Rachel said she'd have a nasty scar from it. She didn't mind. It would be her badge of honor, a reminder why she made it her life's mission to find Michael.

“Like I said, I ran away from home when I was eighteen. I couldn’t take living there anymore. Joe Junior had left the year before. I have no idea where he went, but I took all my graduation money and savings from the bank, hopped on a bus and headed west. I had plans of traveling all the way to Los Angeles, but when the bus stopped at the station downtown, I had a strong urge to get off. I still don’t know if debarking in Las Vegas was a good thing or not.”

She closed her eyes, remembering the day as if it had happened yesterday and not shy of two years ago. The blast of hot desert air as she had stepped out of the terminal and onto Main Street had sucked all the moisture from her skin. The bright sun had made her eyes water. But the heat and light did nothing to damper her sense of freedom, the thrill of the adventure she had set herself on. She looked to Master Dante and started her tale.

That hot June afternoon, Jamie Sue resituated the duffle bag strap on her shoulder and walked to the casino next door. Her plan was to stay there for a few days while she procured an apartment and a job, then she’d look into a trade school or college classes, just like she had decided to do in Los Angeles.

Her friends had thought she was crazy when she said she planned to leave the country for a big city. But she knew she wasn't. She never felt more clear about anything in her whole life. It was as if she were being called to a new place. None of her friends understood her compulsion to get away. They all wanted to settle down with their high school sweethearts, take courses at the community college or through distance learning classes, have children and raise a family. She couldn't see herself doing any of those things. For one, she didn't have much of a life and thus didn't have a boyfriend to even consider settling down with. But more than that, she had realized deep down she was meant for something greater. Life in a small country town wasn't for her.

After she settled in a room, she explored the area. Evening had graced the city and all the neon lights of the downtown casinos had come on. The smell of food and money from the buildings hung heavy in the air. The multitude of colors—candy for the eyes, she thought—amazed and enthralled her, making her feel as if she were a child waking on Christmas morning. She popped in and out of the casinos long enough to see what the interiors looked like, but short enough not to arouse suspicion, and had dinner at a fast food place. For dessert, at one of the smaller casinos, she bought a deep fried Oreo, a type of treat her parents would

never allow her to have. She bit into it and the altered cookie reminded her of a donut with a gooey chocolate-and-cream middle.

With high spirits, she continued to hang out on the promenade. She wanted to dance and laugh, savor her independence and the energy of the city. An hour later above the pedestrian walkway, a canopy created from thousands upon thousands of LED modules showcased animated scenes. The images flared and flashed, moved to the beat of the music that poured out of the speakers attached to the awning and the surrounding buildings.

Once the show was over, she used the directions a hotel staff member had given her, walked a couple of blocks away from the covered area and located the city's public transportation hub. With its spot noted, she headed back to the hotel, thrilled about life's prospects.

Her plans took longer than expected, but she enrolled in a massage school at the south end of the city and also found a furnished place to live and a job in the same area. Occasionally, she'd check the news and public records back in Tennessee to see if anyone had reported her missing. No one had. She tried not to let their uncaring ways bother her. For the most part, the fact no one missed her didn't faze her, but late at night, she'd wake up with a wet pillow.

But all the tears stopped the moment Michael walked into her life.

The blond-haired, blue-eyed man, who reminded her of the Ken doll she used to play with as a child, strolled into the restaurant and became a co-worker. She looked forward to the nights they had a shift waiting tables together. Her nerves fluttered in anticipation of seeing him and his sexy smile, of having a chance she might learn the secret promises behind his seductive gaze. When they worked together, his friendly touches and warm glances kick-started her body's most primal reactions. Desire for him boiled within her core, heated her until she thought she'd turn into a puddle of goo. Many times back in Tennessee, she had wondered what her friends meant when they talked of their feelings for their boyfriends and how they wanted to get laid. With Michael and his aura of masculinity, she finally understood and had the same sentiment—she wanted to fuck his brains out.

Over the course of a few months, they became friends. Older and more experienced, he helped her with tricks on remembering customers' orders without having to write the information down and with her schoolwork. When he came to work one night and explained how his roommate skipped town and that he needed a new place to live, she offered him hers. Ever the gentleman and friend,

conscious and considerate of her upbringing, he slept on the couch for a few weeks. She called him her golden angel because he seemed to be a godsend, come to help her out with her job, school and the rent, not to mention awakening the sexual thoughts within her.

One night after work, he rented a movie, bought two bottles of wine and some cheese and crackers and brought them home. Halfway into the film and a glass into the second bottle, Michael shared how she had wormed her way into his heart and how he was in love with her.

Shocked at first, she could only stare at him, then the realization she loved him, too, swept through her. An upsurge of primitive sensual energy demanded she respond and, at that point in time, nothing on earth could have stopped her from tasting his wine-sweetened lips. She pushed him to his back on the couch, straddled him and planted her lips on his. Years of repression broke free of the chastity dam she had been forced to build and she kissed him with fierce passion.

His large hands grasped her ass, squeezed, then moved up her back and roamed all over her. Every curve, every line of her body he touched blazed with heated longing. She wanted his bare skin next to hers, wanted him inside her and she told him so. They shed their clothes in record time and proceeded to have sex on the couch. The act

was quick, perfunctory and only slightly painful. Though she didn't have the pomp and circumstance she thought she should for her first time, it was all right. They made up for the lack of fireworks in subsequent sessions that night—in the bedroom, the kitchen, the living room floor. He taught her how to give a blow-job, making sure to stroke his cock in all the right places. His dick inside her and his lips on her breasts roused her to heights of pleasure she only dreamed of and read about. She didn't know if she could ever be happier than she was when she was with him, in his arms, listening to the beat of his heart.

As the months progressed so did their illicit activities. She had become a brazen little hussy, wanting his cock inside her all the time and would have done anything for her man and did—participated in various sexual acts, experimented with drugs, committed minor misdemeanors like shoplifting. The good little church girl had become a very dirty girl.

One evening he brought home a batch of brownies. "Specially made by a friend of mine," he said.

She understood he meant they were laced with marijuana, their drug of choice that month, and ate one. After they each had a huge chunk of the chocolate delight, he asked if he could blindfold her and take her *somewhere special*.

Desire, hot and thick, coiled low within her. Aroused and intrigued, she said he could.

He produced a black cloth from his front pocket, folded it into a long strip and placed it over her eyes. The cool silk stroked her eyelids, her temples. A sensation of being a step away from euphoria stole over her. She imagined herself to be on a cloud floating in a warm sunny sky and giggled. Time and action skewed. One moment he had his hand on her back, directing her to the car, and the next they were at his special location.

Michael directed her up some steps and through a doorway, then up a couple more steps. He undressed her. A wisp of air conditioning brushed her bare skin. Goosebumps puckered her skin. Her nipples elongated to hard tips.

Still blindfolded, she reached out, touched and followed what seemed to be a banister, but they were no longer on any type of stairs. A few feet along the railing, he stopped her and had her sit on the ground. He took one hand, pulled it up and tied it to the structure behind her, then did the same with the other hand. The restraints were soft like the material covering her eyes and were loose enough that, should she choose, she could remove her hands from them. No fears or concerns graced her mind. The drugs kept her in the game, kept her yearning for him and her ultimate release.

The silk cloth was pulled from her head. She blinked and focused on tall stained glass windows on either side of a wall that held a large rendition of Christ on the cross. She observed the area. Pews sat below the windows, portraying scenes from the New Testament and altars with vases and candle stands stood to the sides. She turned her head and glanced over her shoulder. A couple feet beyond the railing she was attached to, a pulpit faced a sanctuary. A trickle of unease iced down her spine. The happy haze she had been in burst.

"We're in a church?" her voice cracked in trepidation.

"Yes." Michael pushed his jeans down and stepped out of them, then removed his black t-shirt. Naked as the day he was born, his chiseled muscles creating shadows on his skin and his cock jutting forth, he offered her a devil-be-damned grin. "Titillating, isn't it?" The deep-voiced question reverberated throughout the congregational hall.

Jamie Sue squirmed against the restraints, her ass burning lightly against the rough red carpet. "I don't know, Michael. What if we get caught?"

"No worries, my dear. We won't. Now, be a good girl and spread your legs for me." He knelt down and placed his large hands on her knees, making sure to move her extremities far enough apart for his body to fit between.

At his touch, the happy haze returned and she submitted herself to him.

He kissed her forehead, her nose and quick on her lips. His tongue trailed from her chin, down her neck to in between her breasts, then laved over to one areola and circled it. His mouth latched onto her nipple. He teased the peak with the tip of his tongue. Tingles of pleasure trickled up and down her body. He pulled off her tit, licked his way over to her other breast and suckled that for several minutes. She wanted to touch him, touch herself, and at any point she could have slipped her hands from the bonds, but didn't. Being tied up was part of the game. She didn't want to ruin the romp and have him get mad at her.

Michael relinquished her nipple and peered at her crotch with a hungry gaze. He slipped his hands beneath her thighs, repositioning himself between her legs so his head was at her crotch, and placed a featherlike kiss on the top of her vulva.

Her nerves trilled with exhilaration. The happy haze became an inferno of euphoria as he sucked on her clit. For several moments, he kissed and fellated her clitoris, differing his pressure every so often. Varied groans and moans of pleasure emanated from her.

The nub slid from his lips, his tongue extended and licked her crotch down to her ass and back.

She writhed under his mouth, the floor rough and hot against her buttocks. She pushed herself closer, encouraging his ardor. Michael nipped the hair of her pussy and slid a couple of fingers in to her canal. In and out they moved—alternating tongue then finger, finger then tongue and sometimes both. A few times he casually kissed her along the inside of her thigh, but the love nips never lasted long for his tongue and fingers would continue their explorations of her snatch. Squirming from his arousing assault, her juices flowing and adding to the experience, she clenched her hands into fists.

He laved her labia and edged a finger into the tight opening of her anus. She gasped and wiggled, but he stopped her with a hand on her hip, his tongue in her vaginal cleft and inserted the finger a bit further in. While he worked her canal with his tongue and her ass with his finger, waves of blissful fire billowed through her.

“I want you inside of me, Michael.” Her breath came fast, raspy. “Do me. Fuck me now.”

He looked up at her, smiled like a predator that had cornered its prey and knelt before her. He lifted her and moved in so she sat on his lap. His penis found her opening and he thrust in. She jerked her hips to meet his plunge, desperate for release. Michael delved in deeper. Jamie Sue believed he’d hit her center, her soul, and the love

she felt for him engulfed her whole being. Each of his movements increased the fire burning within her. Her gaze semi-focused on the stained glass, on the art on the wall, on a man with dark hair, eyes and wings. The words *my son* spoken with happiness and pride flitted through her mind, but she was so caught up in the feel of Michael's cock in her she thought nothing of it.

Just as she fell into the abyss of sexual satisfaction, his mouth came down at the juncture of her neck and shoulder and sharp teeth sunk into her flesh.

She fainted.

Jamie Sue shook her head. "Alone. I woke up in that church naked and alone, tied to the altar, my arms outstretched and my head bowed just like the figurine of Christ on the cross hanging above the pews in front of me. Thankfully, no one was around and Michael hadn't bound me too tight. I was able to work my hands free of the restraints, dress and leave before I was caught desecrating the sanctuary with my nakedness.

"The fact that he left me to my own devices in the church, considering the state I was in, should have been my first clue he was an ass. But I was in love. What the hell did I know? I made excuses, told myself he must have gotten an emergency call from a friend and he didn't want to wake me or

that he had heard something and went to investigate and would be back any moment. Of course, by the time I finished dressing and snuck out of the building, he was nowhere to be found and hadn't left me a message on my cell so those excuses went out the window.

"Luckily, I had change on me and was able to pay bus fare to get home. I checked my apartment the moment after I barged through the door. He wasn't there, but his belongings were. A part of me was relieved his stuff was still there, but another part of me had a distinct feeling that whatever we had shared was over.

"The rest of the weekend passed and by Monday morning, he still hadn't come home. I went to my morning class and wondered the whole time what had happened to him. At lunch, I was a total mess. While I sat in the pizza place, I tried him on the phone. He wasn't answering his cell. I called work and they hadn't seen him. The manager told me if I talked to him before he had a chance to, to tell Michael he was fired since he hadn't shown up for two shifts. The pepperoni slices I had ordered lay in greasy repose, untouched, in front of me. My stomach and lungs ached, acting as if I had been punched in the gut and had the wind knocked out of me. I had given everything of myself to that man." Jamie Sue thumped her chest. "My heart. My soul," her voice

faded on the last word. She held back the tears that threatened to spill out of her eyes. He didn't deserve any feelings from her anymore.

"Sounds like you were just a conquest. Someone he could play with and see how far he could take things. And your religious background made his domination of you all the more sweet."

She hung her head, the pain of her lost innocence still raw. "You're right. Looking back on the situation, I realize I was an easy mark. All my beliefs, all my morals disintegrated because of him. I cut my afternoon classes that day and went back to my apartment. All his stuff was gone, but on top of the television was a note attached to a blue rose. The piece of paper said, *Thanks for the good time. M.* I cried the rest of the day and all through the night. I almost dropped out the last few weeks of school. Thank God I met Rachel shortly after he dumped me. She talked some sense into me, taught me how I could harness the psychic thoughts and feelings I was having and how to replenish my pranic energy, or my mana or Chi, depending upon who you talk to. Rachel helped me through my rough patch and, once she thought my mental state was stronger, she referred me to you for my next step. She told me you could help me find those bastards so I can take them down."

"But where is the connection between Ash and Michael?" He waved a hand in the air.

Jamie Sue tilted her head and gazed at the man, wondering why he asked the question when his tone seemed to indicate he already knew the answer. "I've had visions. Michael is either Ash's son or one of his close friends. We find Michael for me, we'll probably find Ash for you." She rubbed the wound near her neck. "So, now tell me, what makes you think I'm so special?"

"My, dear." Master Dante scooted forward on the chair, took her hands in his and held them tight. "That wound you keep rubbing is the bite mark of a demon. With the powers you have now, I would have thought you'd have guessed Michael's and Ash's true demonic natures. Since the bite, you've seen demons, have you not? You have a sixth sense if someone is good or bad. You can tell when a demonic presence is near or had been in the area. You're eager to go out and fight for the side of good, are you not?"

Jamie Sue slapped and covered the bitten area. How did he know all that? She had told no one of the evil she had seen and felt, not even Rachel. The blood rushed from her face, leaving an icy cold trail in its wake. "What? Rachel said nothing about demons."

"No." He released her and stood. At the desk, he snipped the end of the cigar and relit it. After

several puffs, a small cloud of smoke hung above his head, then dissipated. "She wouldn't have. She thinks our organization is a private assassin for hire business. That we go out and rid the earth of scum. We do. The despicable people we seek are the evil creatures of the night, those that prey on innocent humans, such as Michael did with you. It is because of your...um...talents shall we say, that you're special and you're the one we've been hoping for. We will train you in our ways to be a demon slayer extraordinaire. You'll have to abide by our rules and some of our tactics may seem extreme, but you will be well taken care of and have almost anything your heart desires."

A slow smile lit her face. The desire to kill Michael and other worthless beings was stronger than any urge she ever had. The dirty little girl in her clapped with glee. "Whatever you say, boss. I'll do whatever you want, if it means I can make Michael and others like him, pay someday."

About the Author

C.R. Moss, resident of the hot, high desert in the southwest, knew she wanted to write at a young age, as early as she learned to read, cooking up stories to entertain herself in the rural, non-kid-laden area she had lived in. But she took a roundabout way to settle down as a fiction writer, having worked in the corporate pharmaceutical and real estate realms writing newspaper articles, press releases, corporate newsletters, etc. Now that she's settled into the alternative health care industry, she has returned to her first love: creative writing. When she isn't working at her practice or at her computer cooking up another tale, she can be found hanging out with her husband and cat, reading a book, chillin' in front of the TV, or working on a craft project. She has also been known to play WOW.

Readers can visit her at: www.crmoss.net