

C. R.  
Moss

DIRTY LITTLE  
SECRET



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Dirty Little Secret  
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# Dirty Little Secret

By

C.R. Moss

## Dedication

*Samhain (pronounced: Sow-win) Celebrated Oct. 31: Witches' New Year, marks the death of the God and his arrival in the Land of Youth, where he opens the gates so the souls can revisit their loved ones. It is said to be the day when the walls between the worlds are to be the thinnest and when contact with one's ancestors can take place. It is celebrated with the Festival of the Dead. This is a time of reflection on the year and a celebration of our ancestors. Happy New Year! & Happy Halloween!*

## Hypocrisy

The condition of a person pretending to be something he is not, especially in the area of morals or religion; a false presentation of belief or feeling.

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Proverbs 7:9-11 (New King James Version)

In the twilight, in the evening, in the black and dark night. And there a woman met him, with the attire of a harlot, and a crafty heart.

Deuteronomy 28:16 (New King James Version)

Cursed shall you be in the city, and cursed shall you be in the country.

Bobby Joe smiled at her from the front of the hall.

*Did he know it was her he had picked up at the bar a couple counties over Friday night? Had he recognized her?*

No, she assured herself. She had been in one of her guises and even she hadn't been able to discern her real self from her role playing character after a couple of drinks. Besides, he smiled at everyone because that was who he was, a nice guy.

She watched him sway slightly, his satiny dark blue robe with white lapels swishing with his movement as the song ended and the quiet organ music faded to nothing.

Mmm, but *nice* didn't do him full justice, considering he was a succulent piece of man with a slim but toned, rockin' body and one of the best cocks she'd ridden in a long time. The juncture between her thighs heated with the thought of this piece of meat sliding in and out of her, stroking all of her canal, reaching and touching places no other man had been able to.

The redheaded, husky-voiced, *Veronica* persona whom she employed from her repertoire of

disguises the other night had scored again. That chick could get any guy. What power there was in seduction.

She wanted to wink at him, acknowledge his smile, but she couldn't. Not only didn't he know his dick had been in her, they had both agreed their tryst would be anonymous, that the one night stand would be just that...one night.

He had, after all, confessed he was married and one night was all he could afford. This he said as he had eaten her out on that hard motel room bed, the light of the flashing red neon sign outside their window winking in and out on his head as he feasted between her legs. Along with his thick shaft acting as a wonderfully fulfilling and stimulating organ, that tongue of his worked magic as well, instinctively hitting all the right pleasure points, bringing her to carnal rapture more times than she could count. She couldn't remember a time she was more relaxed and satiated. Wetness trickled out of her crotch on to her panties. She squeezed her thighs together under her skirt. Too bad he was married. She would have liked to get her hands on his cute, tight ass again, get that luscious dick of his back in her mouth and suck on that silky head.

Feeling as if hundreds of eyes stared at her and people read her thoughts, she carefully turned her head to glance around. A few seats behind her, she

eyed Bobby Joe's wife in the audience.

*So it was her who he smiled at.*

His other half, Mary Jane, Miss Cornhusk beauty pageant queen back in her senior year of high school and still pretty in her early middle age, was one fortunate girl to have Bobby Joe, a once-upon-a-time high school quarterback star, in her life.

Hell, if *she* had Bobby Joe with his pretty blue eyes and blond hair to herself and in her life on a constant basis, she'd make sure he had no reason to go traipsing off to other towns in different counties looking for pieces of ass. No, that boy would stay right where he belonged, home in her bed, banging her with that incredible penis of his every chance he could.

Regardless, whatever trouble those two were experiencing in their home, which she'd find out about at the potluck lunch, she had lucked out running into him and experiencing his sexual prowess as it was. For that she was thankful.

The choir sat and she and the rest of the congregation followed suit as Pastor Frank took his place at the podium on the dais once more.

*"If we could open our bibles to..."*

Tuning out his voice, she realized she was also grateful she was no longer under the rule of Catholicism. It was hard enough trying to be a good Christian and follow the Catholic ways



without feeling guilty all the time, but every time she turned around, they had made up a new sin. Even yoga was now considered wrong from what she recently heard. It seemed no matter what one did, one sinned and had to go to confession and she got tired of professing her *transgressions* whenever she went to a horror flick or had too much to drink or dressed up in her costumes to pick up men and tumble into bed with them.

So what if she had a penchant for vampires and the supernatural, for partying to her favorite heavy metal tunes, for loving and marrying and divorcing the wrong types of men. Just because the church said those things were wrong, did that make her a bad person? She went to church on Sundays, Easter and Christmas. She gave to charities and volunteered at the children's hospital.

"And from Ephesians, Chapter Five starting at Verse One of our New King James Version of the Good Book we read," the Pastor's voice intruded upon her thoughts. "Be imitators of God, therefore, as dearly loved children and live a life of love, just as Christ loved us and gave himself up for us as a fragrant offering and sacrifice to God. But among you there must not be even a hint of sexual immorality, or of any kind of impurity, or of greed, because these are improper for God's holy people. Nor should there be obscenity,

foolish talk or coarse joking, which are out of place, but rather thanksgiving. For of this you can be sure, no immoral, impure or greedy person, such a man is an idolater, has any inheritance in the kingdom of Christ and of God."

Granted, at times this church wasn't much better than the other church she had attended years ago, but this order was more liberal than the Catholic one which had kicked her out after her first divorce as she had found out during her second divorce. Yes, being a member of this conservative Christian church with its hints of liberalism was much better because at least they let her stay after husband number two, Hank, left her and let her continue attending services. But then again, if the elders found out about her *interests*, she'd probably be thrown out of the membership faster than she could blink.

"And from Deuteronomy Chapter Twenty-eight Verses Fifteen and Sixteen it says, but it shall come to pass, if you do not obey the voice of the Lord your God, to observe carefully all His commandments and His statutes which I command you today, that all these curses will come upon you and overtake you. Cursed shall you be." He paused, gripped the sides of the podium, closed his eyes and took a deep breath. A couple of seconds later, he looked upon the people and seemed to focus on her.

Goosebumps broke out on the flesh of her arms under her heavy cotton sweater.

"There ends our service for today." Pastor Frank made a cross in the air, saying, "The Lord bless you and keep you. The Lord make His face shine upon you and be gracious to you. The Lord lift up His countenance upon you, and give you peace."

Around her the congregation replied, "And with you."

*Yes, better that I keep my habits to myself.*

\* \* \* \*

"Becca! Over here. We saved a seat for you."

She looked around the basement fellowship hall for Ella Rose's voice and noticed her friend waving an arm from her place at a faux-wood top folding table in the middle of the room. Plate in hand, she made her way through the growing, boisterous church crowd over to where the woman sat with her children.

"Thanks, Ella." She took a seat across from her and nodded to her friend's three girls and one boy. "There're a lot of people down here today."

"Sure are. Guess they're all trying to bank some God points since Halloween is a few days away. Pastor Frank sure hit the point home this morning with his sermon that this holiday is evil, don't you

think? My kids don't even want to go trick-or-treating for fear of being rebuked by God."

Becca nodded her head in agreement even though she couldn't remember much of the service, since her mind was on that delicious man. Except she did recall the end of the sermon where the head of the flock once again reminded her she was on a fast track to hell. She took a bite of Miss Tina's famous German potato salad to save herself from spilling another one of her secrets, one which was in total contrast to the Pastor's preaching.

She loved, absolutely *loved*, Halloween.

The chance to *really* dress up as someone or something different, to go out on the town and finally encounter other adults of like-mind was a rush, a fantastic high she craved. And though she dressed as different women and went out on a regular basis to feed her addiction, nothing compared to the night of October thirty-first when everyone's wild-child energy was in sync to everyone else's. She had the perfect outfit this year, too, for her *Natasha* persona.

"You know, you should really come over to the salon soon," Ella trilled as she wiped a bit of food from her youngest child's chin.

"Why?" she blurted too quickly, distracted by her covert observation of Bobby Joe talking to his wife at the buffet.

"Have you looked at your hair lately? You need

to add some warmth and zing to that mousy brown mop of yours for the upcoming holiday season. Cover those grays littering the top of your head. Color will also help to liven up those pale brown eyes of yours."

"I happen to like my hair, thank you very much. I happen..." Out of the corner of her eye, Becca watched Mary Jane shove Bobby Joe. *Ooh, this could get interesting, could open opportunities.*

"Oh my. Did you see that?" Ella's worried voice quipped. "I had heard they were having marital troubles, but didn't realize they were that bad."

"Bad?" Her attention snapped to her friend. Here would be the information she had anticipated to learn.

"Kids," Ella instructed her brood. "Go on over to Marcie's table and say hello to her and her boys, will you?"

Once the children were out of earshot, Ella leaned across the table toward Becca, glanced to each side and said, "Marcie overheard Miss Tina and Ms. Marjorie talking about Bobby Joe's and Mary Jane's trouble in the bedroom. Seems that Mary Jane is starting *the change*," she said while making quotes in the air with her fingers, "and isn't too pleased. She's taking her discomfort out on poor Bobby Joe. He hasn't been getting much, if anything, in the biblical sense, if you know what I mean."

Becca nodded, silently urging Ella Rose to go on and give her more dirt and hope.

"Well, Ms. Marjorie's grandson was at the feed store, that big one a couple counties over, and happened to eavesdrop on a conversation between his cousin and one of the cashiers. Sounded like Bobby Joe had been at a bar out that way and got friendly with the help and it sounded like it wasn't the first time. But unless someone from here is out that way and catches him in the act, it's all conjecture if he's cheating on Mary Jane or not."

A commotion near the exit door next to the food tables caught the ladies notice and the attention of the rest of the people in the room.

"Get away from me!" The southern belle, beauty queen pushed Bobby Joe again. He stumbled backward a couple steps. Miss Tina and Ms. Marjorie, the two elderly, proper southern matrons hurried to her side, whispering and signaling for her to calm down. "I'm so tired of your lies," Mary Jane cried and hid her face in Ms. Marjorie's shoulder.

"Honey. Mary Jane. Please," Bobby Joe crooned. He took a step and reached out toward his wife, but with a sharp look from Miss Tina, he snapped his hand back before contact could occur. "You're making a scene."

"Me? I'm making a scene?" She pulled away

from the matron, her makeup streaking in mixed colors down her face. "You're the one with rumors chasing him about how you can't keep your prick in your pants."

At that point, Pastor Frank intervened. He directed an apparently confused Bobby Joe in one direction as the matrons led the obviously distraught Mary Jane away in another.

When the small group cleared the exit way and conversation between the people of the membership resumed, Becca's gaze honed in on a tall man in a black leather trench coat standing in front of the door. Slowly, he pushed his dark sunglasses up from his face to the top of his head, revealing equally dark eyes. The shades pushed back long locks of jet black hair and his matching goatee quivered as a mischievous smirk lifted his lips.

*Why, the man's flirting with me, initiating the chase.* Her crotch twitched in anticipation of the opening of the *game* and the sexual *finale*.

She openly ogled the sexy devil, taking in the view of the coat draped over broad shoulders, exposing only the top of a black turtleneck since the garment was cinched closed over his torso and tied at his narrow waist. The leather flowed down to just above his knees where tight black jeans lay over shiny black boots.

*Could he be a black-clothed biker dude?* She hadn't

had one of those in ages. A delightful shudder of desire rolled through her like a seismic wave. Too bad *Veronica* wasn't here in her place. He'd be a sure thing then. When her gaze met his again, he grinned and the hint of malice that flashed in his eyes sent bolts of ice into her fingers and toes.

"Becca? What's got you woolgathering?"

"Ella." She turned to her friend, taking her focus off the man. "Get a load of this guy." She tilted her head in the stranger's direction. "Do you think he's a member here?"

Her friend looked over to where she indicated. A puzzled expression crossed her face. "What man?"

Becca looked back at the exit way. The man was gone.

\* \* \* \*

Gravel crunched under the tires of her car as she pulled into the lot of the bar she had chosen for her Halloween escapade. The biker saloon was several towns north of where she lived and one she hadn't been to in ages. The location was remote, in the middle of nowhere surrounded by trees and, within a radius of five miles, there were a handful of motels. Perfect circumstances for her game. She had called prior to leaving to make sure they *were* hosting a party and luckily they were.



There would be prizes, free drinks and plenty of festive activities and, from the amount of vehicles and motorcycles surrounding the ranch-style building, the place seemed to be packed and already hopping.

*Good pickings for me.* She parked and carefully got out of the car so as not to snag her black fishnet stockings or dirty her red satin miniskirt, which matched her black and red bustier-like bodysuit. A *Korn* tune blasted from the outdoor speakers behind the property so those outside on the volleyball court or at the public barbeque grills could be entertained. With an adjustment to the underwire of the pushup, padded bra of the outfit and a tweak to the horns on her head situated on her jet black, long haired wig, she headed toward the wood-paneled building.

Inside, the bar was dimly lit and smoky. She pushed through the crowd of costumed adults. A handful were dressed as witches and warlocks, some as vampires, a few others dressed as she had in devil get-ups. A few people near one corner of the bar looked like the characters from *Lord of the Rings*, and the one in the ranger outfit appeared promising until he kissed the elf next to him. She turned head in the opposite direction of the fantasy characters and smacked face first into a small pair of feathery wings.

The tall, slender man in the white and gold toga

angel outfit spun to face her.

"I'm sorry," she stammered in a Russian accent when the blue eyes from behind a gold face mask that reminded her of pictures of Zeus gazed purposefully into hers.

"Quite all right," the man's baritone voice rolled, muffled by the mask. He picked up her hand and lightly kissed the back of it. "What pretty violet eyes you have for a temptress."

A quiver of anticipation strummed her senses as a whiff of his strong and sharp woody, mossy cologne wafted to her. She noticed one of his pecs was exposed and the top of his six pack abs could be seen. Here stood her mark for the night.

"Temptress?" She batted her fake thick, black eyelashes. "I'm supposed to be a devil." She stroked his long, muscular, bare arm, observing how her plum-colored fingernails stood out on his lightly bronzed skin. "Will you save me, my beautiful angel?"

"I don't think saving is what you need..."

"Natasha," she replied, knowing he paused so she could supply her name.

"Natasha, would you like to accompany me to the bar for a beverage?"

She nodded, afraid to speak and stumble over the accent she affected. When he offered his arm, she took it and realized his voice sounded familiar, sounded a lot like Bobby Joe's. Her heart

lifted that she could have a second shot at that body and cock of his.

The bartender came up to them for their order.

"What would you like?"

"You." She fluttered her lashes again. "But for now a Tom Collins will do."

"A Tom Collins for the lady and a double shot of your best Scotch for me," he instructed the bartender. "You cut right to the chase, don't you?" He faced her and leaned on the edge of the bar.

"Why play games? We're two consenting adults who know what they want. You're not here with someone are you?"

"No."

"Not married?"

He shrugged a shoulder. "What about you? How long have you been role playing?" his voice intoned, deeply hypnotic.

"Role playing?" she inquired timidly, hoping her anxiety of being caught wasn't coming through. "I don't think I know —"

He put a finger up to her lips. "Don't lie, *Natasha*. Lying doesn't become you. Tell me how you got here."

"My first husband used to like pretending we were strangers hooking up." The words rolled effortlessly from her lips as if she had been hypnotized and prompted to reveal her subconscious thoughts and for a brief moment she

wondered why she was about to spill her secret. But caught in a spell he seemed to have cast and without further conscious reflection, she continued, "I liked the rush and feelings of control and power so much that even after we broke up, I continued dressing up and going out. It's how I met my second husband and one of the reasons why we separated. I like the chase. I like the adrenaline the game brings out. I like the feeling of flesh on flesh. And I like dick too much to stop."

"Now there's my temptress," he whispered, brushing the backs of his fingers against the pushed up protrusions of her breasts and clutched her right one. He continued to squeeze and release the mound even as the bartender came up to them with the drinks. With his free hand, he gave her the Tom Collins, then picked up his shot glass. "A toast?"

She nodded again as a blissful fire built in her chest under his touch and her nipples hardened against the padding of the bustier.

He held up his shot glass. "Here's to having a wonderful fuck in the next couple of hours. Finish your drink and we'll get out of here." He put his drink down without imbibing a drop of the dark amber beverage and tossed some bills onto the counter.

In a flash, she gulped down the sweet, gin laden liquid and was pulled from the bar by her

beautiful Bobby Joe angel.

Outside, he stopped and held her tight against his side as if he were afraid she'd run away. "Where's your vehicle?"

"Over this way." She pointed toward the left of the building. "Follow me."

The sound of their footsteps was drowned out by an *Ozzy* song blaring from the speakers.

They got to the car and she started it up. "Do you have a preference on which motel to go to?"

"No. As long as it has a bed that I can take you on, I'm good."

She shrugged, pulled out of the parking lot and headed down the dark and deserted country road. A couple of minutes into the drive, he commanded her to stop. She edged the car to the side and turned off her vehicle. "What's up? Are you okay?" she asked.

"I'm fine. I just can't wait to have your mouth on my dick." He pulled off the gold satin shorts he wore underneath the toga and exposed his shaft.

She felt her eyes widen upon observing the large cock in front of her. Though it was dark and she couldn't make out all the details, she was pretty sure it was Bobby Joe's dick. A wave of hungry desire to taste that piece of flesh spiraled through her and her nerves fluttered with excitement as she leaned over, comfortably positioning her body across the gear console.

Wetness from her own arousal trickled from the cleft between her thighs.

Taking the silky head of his phallus in her mouth, she sucked on the upper portion, rimming the overhang of the mushroom-like top with the tip of her tongue. As she drew and pulled on him, her hand ringed the base of the shaft and slid up and down, following the motion of her head. She bent down further toward his crotch, taking the cock fully into her mouth, stroking it several times before she came up for air, letting the hard penis slide off her tongue in a long, slow lick. In a quick move, she gave his bare nipple a lick, then went back to his crotch.

Her tongue snaked out, licked the underside, then lapped down his length to his balls and took one in her mouth, gently caressing it. When he shifted and moaned, she kissed and licked her way back up to the moist tip and, once again, rimmed the ridge of the mushroom head with the tip of her tongue. Grasping and gliding her fingers along his cock, she let her mouth follow suit, massaging and caressing the shaft. The dick pulsed within her oral cavity and she drew harder on it.

His hands went to the back of her head and pushed her down even further, barely letting her move. She realized he wasn't allowing her any kind of escape while she worked his member and

moaned around the mass in her mouth as he moved her head in the rhythm he wanted.

"Oh yeah, baby, that's it, that's how you go down on a guy," he groaned as he maneuvered himself in her mouth. "Get ready, baby. I'm gonna let you have my load."

She took a deep breath through her nose as he thrust with his hips, pushed on her head and released into her. The shot of come was as hot as molten steel and felt like acid reflux heading in the wrong direction, which concerned her. Bobby Joe's spend was sweet and a bit salty, nothing like the battery acid currently burning her throat.

When he released her, she forced herself to look up to his face and smile, pretending to have enjoyed what just occurred. A strange faint golden glow seemed to emanate from him. Figuring it was the combination of the moonlight, which had finally broke through the clouds and his costume, she brushed off the weird sight and sat up.

"That was wonderful, my dear," he said, reaching over and brushing the back of her hair with his hand. "I think we should forget the motel and just enjoy each other here."

"What if someone comes along and sees us?"

"No one is going to come along. We'll be fine." He stepped out of the car.

She followed him out of the car and went over to the passenger side where he stood. The moment

she stopped in front of him, his hands sought and cupped her breasts, his thumbs brushing over the raised mounds of her flesh.

He yanked the mask from his head.

She let out a small gasp. In the moonlight he looked like Bobby Joe, but as his hands gripped her and wound their way to her back and held firm to her shoulder blades, she knew something about him was off.

His mouth covered hers with a savage intensity.

She attempted to pull from him, but he held fast, crushing her body to his. He pried her lips open with his tongue and aggressively explored her mouth.

Letting go of one shoulder, his hand found its way to the front of her body and its fingers slipped down into the bustier. A warm palm groped her breast. The fingers passed over her nipple several times, bringing it to a hard peak, which he pinched, rolled and rubbed between his thumb and forefinger. He stopped the kiss and pulled the top of her outfit down to her waist, exposing her breasts to the cool night air.

"Beautiful. Grope my ass, *Natasha*," he commanded, then kissed her again, forcing her mouth open with his tongue, pulling hers into his mouth and sucking on it. He gave it a playful nip before he let it go. His hands caressed her breasts, working the nubs of her nipples and, the more he



tantalized them, the deeper she kissed him.

She groped his ass as he requested and her tongue met his, thrust for thrust. Her searing need to have that Bobby Joe cock in her overrode any qualms and thoughts of danger she had. She threw her all into the kiss as if to devour him.

He broke off the kiss and moved his head to her breasts. His lips and tongue traced and licked the outline of one areola, then the other. A hand found its way beneath the skirt and to the snaps. In three quick clicks, they were unfastened.

“Smart girl, wearing no underwear.”

The breath from his words tickled her left nipple. He flicked the sensitive part with his tongue, then took the breast back into his mouth as his fingers probed the moist junction between her thighs, sliding in and out, rubbing the moisture along her crotch and mound.

As if he hadn't a care in the world and there was no chance anyone would come along, he kissed his way down her abdomen, then replaced his fingers with his tongue, moving it in and out of her vagina. When he lapped and suckled her vulva, she grabbed his hair, entwining her fingers in the long locks. Again he laved her labia and stroked her clit. She writhed above his head, but he held fast to her hips and continued his assault. His tongue extended and licked her crotch down to her ass and back, then he edged a finger into the

tight opening of her anus. Slowly he slid in a second finger and stroked her ass in time with his tongue in her vaginal cleft. Her body tensed and she cried out as a spasm of bliss vibrated through her.

"Baby, you ready for me?" he asked from between her legs, his fingers still in her ass and doing their thing.

"More than ready," she panted. He pulled his hand from her and she suddenly felt empty, wanted him back in her.

"I'll be in you in a minute, dear," he chuckled as he moved his toga away from his cock and stepped in toward her. "Prop yourself on the car and spread your legs."

She slid up on to the hood and positioned her legs for him. The cool breeze tantalized her wet crotch. With a hungry gaze, she watched as that wonderful cock neared and entered her.

Just like Bobby Joe, the mass completely filled her and touched her like before. He circled his hips and she felt the motion deep within her core. She leaned back to let him do his thing.

His large, hot hands held on to her hips again as he thrust in and out, circled within, pulled out to tease her mound and shoved back in. Each time he took himself away, she had a wave a disappointment wash through her, but when he pushed back in it was as if he had grown larger,

filled more of her, if that was possible.

Her passion mounted to a pressure cooker high and her breathing quickened. He pulled out and thrust in one more time, which set her off. "Oh, Bobby Joe! Oh Jesus!" she cried as an orgasm ripped through her body and he released his fiery hot stream of liquid into her, filling and burning her insides.

"Honey, I'm neither Bobby Joe nor Jesus," he replied, pulling from her to stand several feet away in all his naked glory. The golden glow which had surrounded him earlier returned and pulsed brightly. When it returned to its subdued state, veins of crimson streaked through the radiance. The yellow brilliance pulsated again. The veins burst open. A geyser of carmine-colored liquid poured forth, filling and darkening the man's corona to a deep burgundy hue. Dark wings broke and unfolded from his back, destroying the costume ones. His blond hair and clean shaven face morphed into that of the stranger she had seen at the church Sunday morning.

The hairs on her neck and arms stood on end as an icy stream crackled down her spine and along her nerves. Attempting to quell her rising hysteria and tell herself she was imagining the sight before her, that the bartender had slipped her a *mickey*, she covered herself with her hands and slid down

the car trying to get away from the horror before her. Her back pressed uncomfortably against the tire and her knees went up against her chest.

“Your Bobby Joe is home in his own bed fucking his own wife. As with most humans, you, Becca, saw only what you wanted to see and only listened to what you wanted to hear, only thought what you wanted to think, to make your paltry little life easier,” the demon mocked. “But you will hear this now. I am *Pruslas*, assistant to the great *Astaroth*, the demon prince of accusers and inquisitors, and you, my dear, have been called out. Cursed shall you be.”

An ear piercing screamed welled up from her core and escaped.

The demon man threw his head back with a hearty laugh.

She screamed several more times as he continued to laugh, then she fainted.

\* \* \* \*

*Several Sundays later.*

Becca tried to ignore the indignant and pitying stares of her fellow church members who had found out she was one of the women who had been with Bobby Joe as she slowly and painfully made her way to the front pew, her body frail and weak from her ordeal on Halloween. If she ever

needed God's forgiveness and grace to shine upon her, the time was now. Sitting in the front made her feel she was closer to the *Source*, closer to the redemption she sought from her Lord and hoped to someday receive, though deep down she knew it was highly unlikely she would ever receive the absolution she so desperately needed. She sat demurely, her bible on her lap, and tucked a gray strand of hair behind her ear, praying that this day she'd finally be able to eat and keep food down and the nightmares of two demons suckling on her and draining her energy would end.

With a shiver, she thought about her *once favorite* holiday. She had woken up on the first in a hospital room, told her screams in the woods had disturbed the residents and brought one out of her home to check out the situation. Found in an unconscious state of undress, blood leaking from bites on her nipples and pooling between her thighs from the gashes found there, emergency services had been called. Later when the police came to the hospital to question her, they informed her she hadn't talked to or left with anyone from the bar.

She had been alone.

It wasn't possible. She wasn't crazy. She had been with someone, or some *thing*. If she hadn't been, there was no way the doctors could have told her she had given birth.

She wasn't pregnant before the night started, that much she knew. She couldn't have been since she was on birth control and all her marks had always worn protection.

That demon had poured his seed into her, the unholy gestation expeditious.

Now *Pruslas* was out there mingling in the ranks of humanity with her and his satanic get. Because she didn't follow in her Lord's footsteps properly and acted out her dirty little secret fantasies, she had unleashed evil upon the world.

It was yet another secret she had to keep close to her heart. Cursed she was.

## 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 and real estate realms writing newspaper articles, press releases, corporate newsletters, etc. Now that she's settled into the health care industry, she has returned to her first love: fiction 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 two cats or reading a book.

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