

Waking Kara

Written by Anne Holly



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"Yes. I just arrived at the Carlyle place," the trim brunette reported. "I'll likely be here until the end of the day, so I might not be back to the office - keep my messages for me, unless they're urgent."

She snapped her phone shut, and stepped one long, nylon-clad leg out of her economical sedan. Everything about the woman's inner state was visible in her physical appearance - attractive, yet practical. And untouchable.

Quiet, exacting, observant, Kara's natural personality made her designed for the antiques trade. She had never been a wild child, having seen too much unfettered boldness in her mother before she had run off with her father's business partner and left her child and husband to fend for themselves. Like her father, Kara was prone to solitude. Unlike her mother, she was proud of her firm control. Never once had she given into more earthly desires. She ate exactly as she should, she slept exactly as she required, and she maintained only moderate appetites for all pleasures. When it was time to get married, she did so, to an equally unassuming and practical individual, her levelheaded husband, Adam, who gave her all the stability and habit she could desire.

Until recently, that is. Recently, Adam had been more

moody than normal as of late. Depressed. It seemed irrational to her. In terms of work, they were both at the top of their game, with Kara becoming nearly indispensable to her employers in the estate firm, and Adam no longer having to worry where his next freelance job was coming from. His years as a struggling tech writer were well behind him, and his byline was a constant feature in many of the top computer and lifestyle magazines. In terms of their financial health, they were solid, and, at 34, they were already free of their mortgage, and nearly done with student loan repayment. With this firm footing, for which she had always longed, she had trouble understanding why Adam wasn't satisfied with their life.

True, they had made sacrifices. She supposed it was unlikely they would ever have children, which she couldn't really consider without some regret. But, all too often, they had seen couples disintegrate into marriage trouble and debt from rushing into reproduction, so she was reasonably sure their childless status was likely for the best. Kara's rigid planning hadn't allowed for children before their debt had been resolved, and that just hadn't happened in time for them to become parents. The right

time, which she had insisted waiting for, just hadn't come in time.

It was an unfortunate, yet necessary, part of ensuring that their lives ran smoothly.

So what did Adam have to be depressed about? Kara asked herself this whenever she had occasion to think of it, such as when she noticed he had neglected to shave for the second day in a row, or when she realized it had been more than a day since they had spoken more than a few passing greetings. After all, she managed to find contentment in their stability, hadn't she?

But Kara rarely allowed such thoughts to intrude on her determined serenity. She hadn't married Adam to get embroiled in emotional drama. In fact, he had been the selected candidate because, as a quiet tech-head, he seemed exactly the type to cause nothing more uncomfortable than the odd disagreement over where to go for a meal. Just because he was now in some sort of protracted funk, perhaps an early midlife crisis, that didn't mean Kara have to deal with messy emotionalism that she had never agreed to.

This afternoon, these were the thoughts that only

briefly entered Kara's consciousness before she pushed them away in favor of matters more important to her, such as the appraisal of the late Xander Carlyle's infamous collection of occult and late medieval art and books. It had been weeks since Millbrook's Estate agents had received the sole consignment on the vast assortment of knickknacks, documents and *objets d'art* that filled the house from basement to ceiling, and Kara rose to the honorable position of head assayer. It was by far the largest job she had been given by the agency, and she was determined that her commission, as well as her professional reputation, would benefit substantially from Carlyle's passing.

From all reports, Carlyle had been a strange old coot, who had spent the last twenty years of his life as a shut-in since the death of his beautiful, yet equally strange, French wife, from whom he had acquired his taste for late medieval esoterica. Judging from the collection, Mrs. Carlyle had fancied herself something of a witch or Devil worshipper, Kara surmised, but characteristic of her even temper she passed no value judgment on this. It was merely an observation as she spent countless hours unearthing centuries-old tomes from dusty library

cabinets and shaking her head over layers of wax on fine old provincial wood. So many layers, in fact, she couldn't help but assume they came from ritualistic candle use.

It was little wonder Carlyle's great nephew, who had no emotional attachment to the man or his belongings, had simply instructed the agency to clear out the lot and prepare everything, including the home itself, for sale. This dark collection wasn't for the faint of heart.

Yet for Kara, the mysteries hidden within the damask covered walls were close to joy. The puzzle of material history was as close to passion as she ever allowed herself to feel.

Coughing a little from the smoke-heavy dust, she wiped her hands fastidiously on a wet nap from her purse, and surveyed the old-fashioned book cabinet doors. She had just emptied it of another dozen priceless French books - all rare explorations of paranormal subjects from the 16th century, one of which she believed to be the only copy in existence. The handmade rosewood cabinet itself was handsome and shone magnificently despite the patina acquired over the centuries from countless palms resting on its surface in the various palatial libraries it must have presided over in

its time. Once their furniture expert removed the ill-advised shelf paper from the 1920s, it would do wonderfully at auction.

Standing on tiptoes from the top of her stepladder, Kara swept one last hand along the shelves to make sure she had revealed and cataloged all of its contents. Suddenly, the very tips of her fingers grazed something warm in the very back corner. With a gasp, Kara snatched her hand away, and nearly came off the ladder. Warm? The house was as chilled as a tomb! Nothing should be warm in there unless it was alive.

Ridiculous, she scolded herself. She had felt no fur, so clearly there was nothing alive in that cabinet.

Venturing her hand once more into the back corner, she strained until she could edge her fingertips along the foot of whatever it was back there. Again, she perceived the impossible warmth of the object, despite the fact that it felt like heavy stone.

Stone that felt warm in a cold house?

Grunting slightly, she gave one large effort, and managed to shove the item closer to the edge of the shelf so she could wrap her hand around the base, bringing out what appeared to be a grimy statue of a

winged human figure.

“Ugh! You’re filthy,” she grunted in disgust as she rubbed her impatient hands across the face of the figure to make out the origins.

From what she could tell, it appeared to be a French copy in alabaster of a Hellenistic-inspired statue of Icarus or a fallen angel, its less than holy background reflected in the wild mass of curls on the statue's head, and the fierce grimace on the handsome features, with lips pulled into an attitude of rebellion.

Kara ran her thumb over the perfect, bow-like lips, and down the graceful line of the masculine yet beautiful nose. Rubbing her thumb over the hollow Byronic cheekbones, she recognized the astonishing allure of the face. Grazing the well-defined musculature of the rippling chest and torso, Kara felt a gush of female reaction as her fingertips traced the coiled power in the hips and thighs, and tightened her grip around the powerful buttocks. Her eyes hungrily consumed the sight of his long, sinewy feet and bunched calves, before settling on the core of the male figure, the fantastically realistic penis at rest against his inner thigh, protected by a nest of intricately carved alabaster pubic curls.

Despite herself, she couldn't resist running a sensitive thumb down the length of the member, as her left hand cradled the spread wings of this infernal being, captured in mid-plummet.

Shocked by the sigh that escaped her, she darted a nervous tongue to moisten her mocha-tinted lips and looked around to make sure no eyes had been there to witness her lusty fondling of the inanimate object.

What had gotten into her? Shaking her head, she sat the statue on the case desk and mentally shook some sense into her head. Adam had shown no interest in sex for months. That must be it. Simple biological urge for a male body. Nothing more.

Yet, Kara was aware of an almost wicked energy in her, as her eyes strayed towards the statue again, against her will. Picking it up, she noticed that it was almost hot now - far hotter than her hands could have turned it.

She jumped when her cell chirped in her bag. Grateful that she hadn't dropped the piece, she sat it down and answered the call.

"Hey, I was about to make supper, but I noticed you were late again, so I thought I should see if you'll be here

to eat tonight?" It was Adam. He had long ago ceased any intimate pleasantries when he called, realizing she preferred short and to the point communication. His recent lull had made their infrequent calls even briefer.

"Um..." she said, feeling oddly guilty for her recent thoughts, "Yeah, I'll be home in about 40 minutes." Just leaving the Carlyle place now."

Adam barely replied as he signed off, and she shut her phone.

Glancing at the statue, and acting on impulse, she grabbed a chamois and wrapped it securely to take it home with her. It wasn't unusual for her to take unidentified pieces home where she could clean and research them at her leisure. If pressed, she could explain her impulse as the need to identify the origins of the statue, but if she were honest, she would realize it had more to do with the way it had made her sigh.

"Work ok?" Adam asked, without really caring, as he loaded two plates with fettuccini.

"Fine," Kara said, succinctly, as she pulled the garlic bread out of the oven. "I found the oddest statue today. I

think it was in the back of that old cupboard for years - likely since the wife died."

Adam made a noncommittal sound as he sat down at the table.

"I brought it home with me to clean it up so I can do some research on it. It looks like it might be Lucifer... Not sure, really."

Adam filled his mouth with pasta, and the couple ate in silence for a few minutes more.

Kara swirled her tongue around in her mouthful of warm red wine. Normally, she would have had white, but tonight she desired something fuller bodied. It was heady, seeming almost to go to her head from the favour alone as it danced on her pallet. The silence stretched, as she thought of the statue, feeling the previously unrealized sensual pleasure of the drink slipping down her parched throat.

She observed her husband silently as she traced an errant drop of red with her tongue.

Adam was not an unattractive man, she thought. His hair had once been very short, but now started to fall across his forehead and down the nape of his neck in thick brown waves, which she felt a sudden urge to

navigate with her fingertips. His deep chocolate eyes set against honey-hued skin and fringed in long eyelashes had always appealed to her with their quiet depths, and she longed to see a spark of fire in them. She felt a desire to run her lips along his jaw – an urge she thought she had lost long ago.

Being daring, she slipped a foot out of her sensible black pump and reached it across the carpeted floor under the table. Making contact with his bare foot, she stroked the length of his big toe with hers, symbolically mimicking a far more lustful act.

His large, dark eyes tore up from his dinner immediately, searching her face with a tinge of shock. It had been a long while since she had made any advances toward him, and he almost didn't believe it was happening now. "Wha...?" his question breathed and died on his lips, as he took in the seductive, hungry look in her face.

Kara smiled, and stood, making her way around the table to where Adam sat in stunned silence. Whatever strange impulse had come over her in the Carlyle library was still beating in her chest, and had started to pool in her feminine core. She could feel her breasts start to

tingle, and she could feel her pussy grow heavy and damp. Her smile grew wicked as her thoughts ran more and more naughty. In the distance, thunder rumbled as a summer rain started to fall, and it fueled her desire for a long denied climax.

Adam shivered slightly as Kara slowly threaded her hand behind the fall of his hair, skimming the sensitive skin at the base of his skull. Bending over him, she placed her warm, wine flavored lips to his, slack with surprise.

For a moment, she wondered if he would reject her, but in her current state of sudden arousal, she dismissed this as impossible.

Tonight, Adam would fuck her, or she would fuck him.

Neither of them had any choice.

She had urges to work out of her system, and they had been growing ever since the pad of her thumb grazed that perfect alabaster cock. Now she felt like a taste of the real thing.

Adam managed to come out of his amazement in time to clutch her ass in his hands as she slid one leg over his lap, brushing against the stirrings of his erection.

Hiking her skirt up over her thighs with his hands, he tangled his pinkies under the elastics of her thigh-high stockings. Even through their clothes, he could feel the moist heat of her against him, and he knew she was already in a state of readiness.

Kara had always been a sensible lover. They used to enjoy regular, yet unmessy, sex. This was nothing like that. This was not the Kara he remembered.

Kara invaded the recesses of his mouth, feeling the inexplicable desire to plunder his very throat, echoing the thrust she desired from his body into her own. Never before had she seduced a man, always demurring to his desire with pleasure, but never this level of hunger.

If she hadn't been so single minded in her horniness, she might have marveled at this change in her behaviour.

Grinding against his burgeoning hardness, her breath started to come in labored gasps, as strange mewling sounds emerged from her throat.

"Fuck me," she demanded. "Now. Here."

Wedging her hand between them, she unbuttoned the fly of his pajama bottoms, his constant uniform these days. Just a day before, she had despaired at the

slovenly way he lounged around in these dreadful plaid things. Now, due to their easy access to the parts of him that interested her so much, she blessed them. She was delighted to find that his cock, hardening and hot, was reachable through the gap in the boxers she found underneath the flannel. Rough pubic hair stood abrasive against her fingers, in contrast to the velvety textures of his erection.

She levered herself up so she could free him, using her thumb to spread the dribble of preliminary fluid that escaped the single-minded organ to lubricate her tantalizing exploration of the throbbing scarlet head.

"Mmmmmm," Adam moaned his enjoyment through her mouth, sending delicious vibrations down her throat and encouraging her ministrations.

Kara impatiently pulled aside her brief underwear, allowing a rush of cool air over the feverish lips of her pussy. Immediately, Adam's hand sought out that wet cleft and sank into the welcoming, honeyed channel with two fingers while his thumb sought out the sensitive nub of her clit.

Almost too sensitive to bear the touch of the ridged texture of his fingertips, she pushed aside his hand,

preferring the smooth head of his hot, hard penis, rubbing it against herself with urgency.

Unable to wait longer, she impaled herself, and finally felt herself filled to the brim where she most needed his masculine length and width. But her sigh of contentment lasted only a moment, as her satisfaction with being entered yielded to the need for pumping force.

Breaking her mouth from his, she arched her back, and grasped the back of his chair in white knuckled strength as she proceeded to take her pleasure from his body, pounding her needy apex against him, over and over, forcing him deeper and deeper into her by the anchor provided by the chair.

On and on she continued to grind, their flesh squishing with the combined liquids of their exertions, until, at last (for though it only took moments, it seemed an eternity to her selfish desires) she felt the clutch of an orgasm build in her abdomen. It felt as if her entire body was vibrating and quivering as her inner flesh grasped and churned on his cock, as she came to completion.

Finally, she came to rest, holding on to his shoulders, and resting her forehead against his still-clothed chest, her breasts rising and falling with her panting. Small

tremors still fluxed through her. It had been the strongest she had ever come.

In her afterglow, it took her a moment to remember that Adam was still there, and she looked up at his face, now feeling the embarrassment that she had formerly been too aroused to feel. She knew the kind thing to do would be to make sure he came, as she hadn't felt him come inside her during her ride, but she knew her own mood had passed sufficiently that she wouldn't be able to finish him with as much gusto as she herself had enjoyed.

"Did you finish?" she said in a throaty whisper.

Adam just looked down at his disheveled wife, noting that her teeth had left indents in her swollen lips where she had bitten them during her efforts on his lap. He shrugged slightly, reality dispelling the passion between them as surely as it was deflating the unused erection that still rested inside her.

Knowing he wanted her to get off him, Kara didn't relish the awkwardness of dismounting as much as she had enjoyed seating herself in the first place. The feel of cooling liquid from her sex trickling down her inner thigh as she stood reinforced her disgust with her behavior

and heightened the dirty feeling she was experiencing.

"Wow..." she started, lamely. "I really don't know what to say about that."

"Nothing to say, really," Adam dismissed her need to explain.

"And here I thought only men could be guilty of premature ejaculation," Kara said in an attempt to lighten the suddenly funeral mood in the room.

"Don't worry, Kara, really," Adam said, with more kindness in his voice than he perhaps felt at that moment. "I'm glad you enjoyed it, but I'm just really, really tired. Don't worry about it."

Somehow, his consolation made Kara feel worse, as she watched his back retreating towards the sink with their two unfinished plates of pasta. Feeling foolish and more alone than ever, Kara nearly ran to the shower in the hopes that she could wash away the dirt.

Kara went straight from their en-suite bathroom down to her basement office, to avoid running into Adam. Her cheeks flamed red with the memory of how she behaved. Perhaps it was the thunderstorm, she

thought. Even now, as the distant rumbles made her shake, she could feel the silk of her robe and nightie slide against her skin in ways she wasn't accustomed to noticing.

A part of her wanted to just sleep and forget all about today, but she knew she was too wound up for that.

Instead, running a thick towel over her long chestnut hair, she sat at her desk, where her bag from the day waited to be unpacked and repacked for tomorrow. Flipping on her computer and her desk lamp, Kara carefully unearthed the chamois-enrobed statue. Perhaps some time spent cleaning and Googling the object would put her mind back where it should be.

Peeling back the layers of the thick yellow cloth, she shuddered as she revealed once more the intensely male form of the fallen angel... or demon, she corrected, mentally. The beautiful face of the creature was too darkly forceful to retain any angel.

Re-crossing her legs restlessly, she took in the detailed features of the creature, turning him over to run the corner of the cloth down the muscular back and down to the cleft of his buttocks.

Spritzing him with gentle cleanser, she carefully,

lovingly, wiped away decades of grime, bringing a glowing sheen to the pale, perfect skin.

Skin? She laughed at her folly. Stone. Nothing more.

Somewhere in her head, she heard a derisive chuckle, but she wasn't sure from whom it came - herself, at her recent odd behavior, or from somewhere deep inside.

Her nipples were beginning to tighten painfully under the dusty rose of her robe, and she could feel them rub sensually against the skin-warmed silk. Shifting in discomfort in her chair, Kara could feel every movement of her labia against the seat, and she could tell they were becoming thick and dewy with a renewed hunger, which she would have thought impossible given her recent climax.

"Touch them," said a soft voice from within, rich and deep, and just suggestively accented. "Touch them."

At first, Kara resisted the notion. She had given up masturbation at sixteen, and wasn't about to start now that she had work to do.

Yet, running a graceful fingertip along the corded buttocks and thigh of the creature, she moistened her plump lips and found the command becoming stronger

in her.

"Show me you want me," the voice demanded, half teasing. "Show me what you wish I could do to you."

Hardly aware of what she was doing, she slipped one hand down her chest to cup one aching breast, pinching the rigid nipple between a quivering thumb and forefinger.

"Good," the whisper purred. "Make it hurt, my Kara."

The warm richness of the voice made her name sound like the naughtiest of endearments, and she did what the voice asked of her. "It hurts... but I like it..." she thought, rather than said, though she really didn't know the difference any more as her body caught fire from the pleasurable pain in her tight breast.

"Good, Kara. Feel my mouth?"

"Yes!" Kara gasped, shocked that she almost thought she could feel a hot, wet mouth on her.

Moaning, she allowed herself to slink down in the chair, almost to the thick carpeting.

"Open for me, Kara."

Deep within, Kara could feel things she couldn't understand in her sudden haze of desire.

Taking drastic action, Kara slid all the way to the

deep pile of the carpet and rolled to her back. She gave the wheeled chair a shove with her foot. It fell backwards instead of rolling, but she was insensible to its thud. Using the legs as a prop for her arched foot, Kara frantically pulled at the robe like a desperately hungry lover trying to get to her bare flesh.

Her hastening fingers almost bruised her delicate skin, unused to roughness, but she didn't care. Nor could she stop herself if she did, as she felt no longer in control of her limbs.

"Fast or slow, my Kara?"

"Fast!" she gasped. "Hard!"

"Not yet, my flower..." the voice in her head and heart teased. Not yet."

Grunting in frustration, she exerted her will and shoved two fingers deep inside of her burning pussy, which was wet enough to welcome the fullness gladly.

"I want a cock!" Kara moaned, half in disappointment that all she had were her fingers, yet half with the pleasure that her exploring digits gave her.

She could feel both the slick texture of her inner walls, as well as the sensual slide of her fingers, enjoying the sensation of being both the penetrated and

penetrator. The double sensation was unlike anything she had ever felt, making her limbs shake and her womb contract with need.

"Do you feel me inside you?"

"Yes!" she gritted through passion-clenched teeth, as she pushed the pad of her thumb against the stiff bud of her clit. Grinding against the skin still sensitive from her recent attack on Adam, she was driving herself wild.

Writhing on the floor, she heard the voice give way to breathy expressions of masculine pleasure.

"You feel so good, *ma chère*," the voice whispered. "So good."

Sighing, she could feel the power of her climax mounting. Never before has she come more than once in a night, but tonight she would, as the storm outside reached its own zenith.

"Tonight," the voice responded in her head, "you will drench me, again and again."

Inflamed by the bold words, Kara could only moan something like *yesyesyesyesyesyes* as she continued to clutch at her fevered breast with one hand and rub madly at her soaking pussy with the other.

"Now, come for me, my sweet..."

"You..." Kara panted with her effort, "you... too..."

Feeling almost as though her mysterious lover's heated breath was mingling with her own, she could feel the hot, pulsing gush of his orgasm deep against the very root of her being, a sensation she hadn't savored in months, since the last time she had managed to make Adam come.

The feeling of his spurts, once, twice, a third time, crashing against her hot, quivering flesh made Kara spill over the edge into her own spiral of pleasure. She didn't even think to cover her cries of ecstasy, but, luckily, her breath caught quick enough that her screams of passion consisted more of silent grimaces than sounds.

Wracked with small aftershocks, Kara lay on the carpet, a wanton mess, but feeling like she was floating.

Slowly coming down to reality, she noticed with some shock that the valuable statue had fallen to the floor. The creature's body glistened with the cleanser, which almost looked like perspiration, but he was unharmed. Clutching the piece to her breast, Kara breathed in her afterglow.

She dared not think about what she had just experienced. The voice, raspy and foreign, had seemed

so real she was tempted to believe it was so. But... how...?

Looking at the statue, she couldn't believe the answer her passion-addled brain brought forth.

"You know who I am, Kara."

"Impossible," she said, aloud this time, shaking her head and putting one arm, still clad in her robe sleeve, over her fatigued eyes. It had been just the storm and recent strain.

"Or, I just fucked a demon," she laughed in an attempt to bring herself back to sanity.

"Or he fucked you."

Sitting up, she grabbed the chamois and re-wrapped the statue, locking it firmly in the bottom drawer of her desk until morning.

Whatever this feeling, if this statue was somehow inspiring her to act like the slut of a mother she hated, then it had to stop.

She had made marriage vows, and she was not like her mother. No man be he flesh and blood or of alabaster, would cause her to be unfaithful to Adam, mentally or physically. Whatever this strange state was, she would get over it. She had to.

After all, demons weren't even real.

The next day, Saturday, Kara returned to the Carlyle house, clearing out the rest of the library, adding a particularly fine set of theosophical esoterica encyclopedia from the 1920s to the auction catalog. Stretching out the aching muscles in her back, she noticed the time and wondered if she should go home.

All day, she had worked and tried to keep her mind too occupied to wander about recent events - and to keep her body too busy for her to notice the telltale throb that remained of her night's activities.

She had seen or heard no more of her demon lover, and was glad of it. Such things really just weren't in her nature, she reminded herself resolutely. She didn't have flights of fancy or bouts of irresistible animal lust. She wouldn't follow in her disgraceful mother's footsteps - that, she had promised to herself. That her lover was imaginary made little difference in her condemnation of her actions.

And he was imaginary, she reminded herself, even though a part deep within her didn't believe her.

Kara finished up at the Carlyle estate, and returned to find that Adam had already eaten and had locked himself away in his study to work on a deadline for Monday. She ate a small chicken salad and decided to take a bath. There were pale bruises on her breasts, reminding her again of her wantonness the night before. That made her blush, but she otherwise managed to school her mind enough to concentrate on the movie she watched before turning in. It was dull, something about a Victorian scientist, which was exactly what she wanted that night.

Adam had already turned in when she padded into their bedroom and changed into her nightie, a silk slip of the same design she wore every night, but tonight in vivid blue. Silk nightwear was her only weakness, and the only outward acknowledgement that she had any sensuality to her nature at all. She wore these things only for herself, however. Adam had stopped noticing what she wore.

Exhausted from the day's work, she began to fall into a fitful sleep, on her lonely side of the bed.

"Am I not real?"

From the haze, he stepped into the dim light from the crack in the bathroom door. Kara watched his lithe form, larger than life and all male, move towards her.

"No."

"You are stubborn, my Kara," he smiled, with a dangerous cast to his face that belied the softness of his voice.

"No, just smart," she denied, arching a stony brow. "You aren't real. I'm imagining you."

"Do I not feel real?" he asked, teasingly, as he slip one long, graceful finger up her arm from her elbow to the strap of her gown.

"You're not real," Kara repeated like a desperate mantra, though with just a twinge less confidence than a moment ago.

"Why do you seek to deny?" he asked. "Why deny yourself the pleasure that I want to give you? I only want to serve you. You are my desire," the half-angel-half-demon softly intoned as he slipped one impertinent finger under the strap, hesitating only briefly before he slid it from her now-shivering shoulder. "You awakened me, so you must have a need for me."

"I don't need you," Kara protested weakly. "I don't need anyone."

"You need me," he contradicted. "I only come when I am needed. I came to you because of the way you held me when you first found me."

Kara's throat tightened, remembering the shock of electricity running through the statue that first day. Indeed, this was a life size version of that statue, his face shining with the beauty of vitality instead of immobile. Two eyebrows like heavy black wings spread across his face over the blackest eyes she had ever beheld - so black, there was no difference between the iris and pupil, giving them an eerie otherworldliness that discombobulated her. A high, masculine forehead blended in seamlessly with the brows and his timeless aquiline nose, making him look like a William Blake drawing come to life.

His body was well developed and muscular, with broad shoulders and deep hollows at the collarbone, resting above a rippled chest and strong, ridged belly. His hips were ropey with sinew and muscle, and his thighs long and hard. Fine legs, and feet she would have called beautiful, if she were the type to call a man's feet

beautiful.

His hair was a crowning glory, long and wild, with pitch-black curls tangled together, as if he had just come from a fight or a session of wild sex. Or as if he had just fallen from the sky.

He seemed very real. And she wanted him.

"Are you a demon?" Suddenly, it occurred to her that she should probably be scared for her life.

His sudden smile was nearly a sneer as he drew his lovely, plump lips up over even, white teeth. "Some might call me that, yes," he answered. "But I am older than that mythology, I believe."

"What do you call yourself?"

"Myself," he shrugged with disinterest, smoothing a palm over her blanket-clad hip. "Mortals are so obsessed with labels and designations," he sighed. "It would be amusing if it didn't make for such dull thinking."

She sighed as his hand slid to cup her buttocks.

"Some have called me Eros. Others, Lucifer," again he shrugged. "I am both of those things, and neither. I am what you want me to be. I am whatever is needed by the woman I serve."

All thought nearly fled her mind as he bent his head

to the sensitive area where her neck met her shoulder, running a long, agile tongue along the valley of her jugular muscles. Her shoulders quaked in spite of herself, and she plunged her eager fingers into his hair, capturing his head to her, even though he had no intent to leave his delight.

"...Serve me...?" she whispered.

"Yes," he whispered against her rapidly heating skin. "I will bring you to yourself. I serve your pleasure, as I am designed to do."

"How did you know?"

"I was meant for you," the lover answered. "I had been locked away ever since my Marie had to leave. I was waiting for you."

Grasping her waist with a sudden passion, he growled, "You cannot deny me."

"No," Kara agreed, finally. "I can't... I won't!"

Her vow made the demon laugh as he buried his beautiful face between her shuddering breasts, and tugged at the vee of her nightgown with his sharp teeth.

Nearly laughing herself with the newfound joy in letting go of her control, Kara adjusted her weight to bring him down to cradle on her body, bringing her legs

unconsciously up around his trim waist.

"You're mine," she said, in awe of what she was experiencing.

"Yes, my Kara," he pledged. "And you," he said, with a sharp nip to her belly that left a small mark of possession, "are mine." A masculine growl of arousal rose from his deep chest as he started to ravish her abdomen with his lips and tongue, laving her naval and the concave places where her legs joined her hips, which she had never imagined to be so erogenous.

She knew his intention just moments before she felt his head dip to the dark chestnut curls at the damp center of her. Others had tried to pleasure her this way before, but she had never let go of her rigid self-awareness enough to enjoy it as she did now.

She felt his hungry mouth capture the lips of her pussy like a piece of succulent fruit, and he feasted upon her, alternating between gentle and violent, answering her rising passion with his own fervent desire to drink in her climax. Roughly capturing her hips in his arms, he raised her ass off the bed, wrapping her milky thighs around his head and neck, and pressing his fingers sharply into her soft flesh. His own arousal was

becoming painful, and the pleasure of her musky scent and flavor drove him on, calling on him to hump the air as his body demanded entrance into her.

His moans of hunger and delight against her wet lips vibrated through her swollen clit, as if there was a direct telegraph from his mind to her womb, commanding her to let herself go. Wild now with the pleasure his strong, churning tongue was giving her, she followed his order and let go, and drenched his face with the juice of her orgasm.

"Yesssssss," he hissed as he lapped up the delicious cream that she granted him. "Yes, my Kara."

Unable to support herself, she sank into him, giving her languid body over.

"You're like wine," he gasped, breaking his mouth from her feminine cleft and seeking out her mouth.

Growing drunk on the smell and taste of her own sex on his lips and all across his cheeks and chin, Kara felt wonderfully lascivious as she ran her tongue along his bottom lip to collect some of the neglected proof of her pleasure.

"Good," he murmured. "It is all for you to enjoy, my little one."

"Now you..." she urged, huskily, as she sought out his rock solid erection with a greedy hand. Grasping him firmly, she felt powerful, feeling like she could lead him anywhere by his torpid leash. "Serve me," she smiled.

"Yes," he ground out through clenched jaws.

Pumping her hand madly, she could feel that she was taking him to the limits of his control, glorying in the contrast of a seemingly immortal being so at the mercy of their bodily urgency.

"Now," he commanded, taking back the control she had won, changing the tide of their sensual battle.

Pinning her hands above her head to cease their wandering onslaught, he nailed her to himself with one powerful thrust of his enormous, impossibly hard cock, driving her into the mattress, and lodging himself firmly against her most excitable spot. Drawing back only slightly, he pushed again, using his powerful fulcrum to pry from her the shudder of a second orgasm, delighting in the slick gush of her come.

Her pussy, pliant from his pumping, was like wet silk, welcoming him, demanding he add his essence to her own. Despite her relative inexperience in seduction, her body was a natural, with a wet suction that made him

feel like she was trying to suck him off with lips not belonging to her mouth.

Without disconnecting himself from her, he rolled to his back, forcing her to sit astride his lunging hips, urging her to take control of his body again, and to take power over her pleasure. Riding him with enthusiasm, she brought herself to orgasm again on his thick shaft, digging her feral claws into his lust-tightened abs.

Finally, no longer being able to resist his own pleasure, he came, pumping a geyser of hot come into her hard enough to make her rise off his hips in its force, only to slide wetly back down upon him.

Spent, she collapsed against his chest. Given his sturdy bulk, she felt as if her weight was no burden to him at all, so there she remained, nestled against his chest. Leaving his wilting cock inside of her, she rested an enflamed cheek against his rough breast. Breathing heavily, she felt a deep satisfaction run through her very being.

"What do you wish to call me?" he asked her, softly.

"I get to choose?"

"Yes, certainly."

To name something is to own it, she remembered

someone saying once. Through her haze, she couldn't think of a name, except for one, a lovely sound that she had always enjoyed.

"Mateo?" she asked him.

"Mateo," he tried it on his lips, his accent making it sound like a sexy purr. "Mateo, it is, my Kara. I am your Mateo. And I will not leave you as long as you breathe."

"Only as long as that?" she half teased, even though, inside, she could already feel a pang at being parted from him even at death.

"I know your soul, my Kara," he whispered, running a palm down the small of her back, "I know you are a good woman. I cannot follow you where you are going."

"Good?" she whispered. "I'm not so sure how good I am." She could still feel the heavy weight of his softened penis within her, and she felt the swift onset of guilt.

"Yes," he promptly confirmed, bringing a finger up under her quivering chin. "You are so good, my Kara."

"Even after what we just did...?" she said, almost misting with unshed tears. "I'm married."

"I am not here to disrupt that, my Kara," he promised. "Pleasure is not sin. You have done no wrong. You are not your mother."

Crying openly now, she pressed a grateful kiss to his chest.

"There is much gray between slut and saint," he pointed out.

"But, Adam..." she answered, barely audible.

"You love him no less than before," he told her, holding her tightly in his warm arms. "I am not the ruination of your marriage, but the salvation of your spirit. I can show you how to take pleasure in your faithfulness. Your loyalty shows your good heart, my Kara, and I will do everything I can to shield you from the guilt your goodness would burden you with."

Kissing him, with grateful love and affection this time, rather than animal lust, Kara felt that her heart might burst. She couldn't tell how he intended to keep his promise, but the fact that he had seen what weighed on her and wished to help made him infinitely dearer to her than even that pleasure he had brought into her life.

"Perhaps I am here to help both of you," he whispered, looking on the loving radiance of her face.

Before she knew what he was doing, he had pulled her head down to his and began to slowly rouse her passion by running his serpentine tongue against the

inside of her cheeks, making a leisurely tour of her mouth. Incredibly, despite her earlier pleasure, she could feel herself open for him again, just as she could feel his cock once more thickening within her. Moving her hips on him, slightly, she was thrilled to find she had to power to harden him instantly.

"You make me feel so sexy," she giggled.

"That is not me," Mateo answered. "It has been you all along."

Sliding one hand under her arm, extending it out until they were palm to palm, he kissed her deeply, as he placed both of their hands against Adam's still sleeping back.

"What...?" she gasped in alarm.

"Shhhh, my Kara," he hushed.

Moving her hand suggestively against Adam's back, Mateo grinned as he watched the light of sexual possibilities dawn on her face.

Never before had she considered asking anything like this of Adam, but, with this new sense of freedom flowering within her, she suddenly felt the wicked desire to explore all of the pleasure she had never allowed herself to hope for.

Taking the initiative, she ran one hand over Adam's arm, and down across his chest, adjusting herself so she could press against him. She had to wonder that the evening's activities hadn't yet woken him, but, she thought with a giggle, what was normal about all this? Placing her lips to his ear, she whispered his name in a feathery, seductive tone.

Groaning in his sleep, Adam rolled slightly, and threaded an unconscious arm under her and started to rub that spot at the base of her tailbone. She sighed in pleasure – Adam always had been able to get her going with that spot. Why hadn't she recalled how good he had once been?

Rimming his ear with the tip of a warm, moist tongue, she was pleased when she heard a rumble of desire in his chest, and saw, in the dim blue light of the bedroom, the subtle rise of his growing erection under his boxers. It would take so little effort, she knew, to find that portal in his shorts and free his ready hardness. Bless that ugly underwear, she thought again, with a light heart.

Possessing his mouth, she kissed him so passionately that he could offer no resistance, and the couple joined their breath and lips like long lost lovers

finding each other again after an extended absence.

In her heart, she could feel love and gratitude towards Mateo for giving her this, combined joyously with her love for Adam, as comfortable as an old habit. Yes, she thought, she could make her love for both men work for the good of them all.

Moving her mouth down in a sensuous path, she found his nipple, and felt it stiffen slightly under her ministrations. He rolled to his back, so she began to pet him through the thin fabric of his shorts, testing the growing length and thickness of him.

Adam's eyes fluttered open, watching her face with intensity.

"Kara," he breathed in surprised pleasure.

"I love you, Adam," she whispered against the smooth skin of his torso.

"You, too," he mumbled through the fog of sleep and arousal.

Grinning against his abs, she traced the line of him until the waistband of his shorts impeded her, and she plucked at it playfully with her teeth. He assisted her journey by raising his slender hips as she removed the final barrier to her exploration, and gasped as she moved

her tongue into those very hollows at the joining of the leg and hip, which, on her, Mateo had discovered. She was thrilled to find Adam as sensitive there as she had been.

Savoring the pleasure she was giving him, Kara inched down to do something for Adam she had never before done without his asking. Cupping his sack in her hand, she lowered her head to his now fully hard cock, slowly engulfing him in her wet mouth.

"Kara!" he yelped, now free of the lethargy of recent sleep.

All of a sudden, she started to feel hands on her back, and knew that Mateo's interest in the scene had finally inspired him to action. Oddly, she was unconcerned about Adam's reaction to seeing the stranger, and, like a sleepwalker, she no longer second-guessed her actions. Running a hand on Mateo's belly, she felt his muscles contract with sensitivity, and she knew what she wanted.

Rolling off Adam, she lay on the bed and held out her arms to him.

"Fuck my mouth, Adam," she purred, enjoying the wicked sound of the words.

Kneeling beside her, Adam assessed the situation. He wasn't as skilled or as experienced as Mateo, but he was certainly eager to rise to any challenge tonight, feeling new electricity in the air.

Taking his cock in her hands, she levered it downwards so he could move himself in and out of her willing mouth. Reaching to her other side, she found Mateo, and pulled him to her in a similar fashion.

Finding herself now with the heads of two ready cocks in her mouth, running her tongue along them and feeling them slide against each other between her lips, excited her like no other action ever had. Bonding the men with her saliva, she enjoyed the comparative sensations. Adam's preliminary fluid was saltier than was Mateo's. Mateo's body smelled like her own pussy, which heightened her excitement even further.

No longer able to contain herself, she grasped wildly at the two men, bringing them closer. Only Mateo knew what she wanted, and he raised his hands to his co-lover's chest and lowered his head to taste his skin. For some reason, magic or magnetism, Adam didn't resist, and his sexual energy vibrated through the threesome.

"Now!" she barked, helplessly. "Fuck me!" Bounding

up on her hands and knees, she grunted as if to direct them.

“Which?” Adam asked with a tentative, excited voice.

“Both...” Mateo answered, with the confidence of experience gained over the millennia in erotic possibilities.

In comparison, she found Adam's hesitant sweetness and Mateo's practiced imagination a heady combination. Together, they formed the perfect lover.

She directed Adam to lie beneath her, and she straddled him. Rising, she hovered over him, finally impaling herself on his stiffened member, feeling him slide deeply with slick ease from her earlier lovemaking.

“Oh, Kara...” he murmured. “You feel so good.”

“You, too,” she whispered, as she started to move on him, no longer surprised that her hunger would stir so quickly again in an evening.

Mateo pressed against her back, cupped her heaving breasts, and pinched her aching nipples. She lifted her arms, and placed eager hands behind Mateo's head to tangle her fingers in his long, dark hair. The intensity of her husband inside her and her lover pleasuring her was almost enough to make Kara come

instantly, but she held off. This time, she would give Adam all he was due.

Stilling her motion on her husband, she knew what Mateo was about to do, and she was ready and willing for his forbidden penetration.

Slick from her mouth and come, his cock made the tight journey up her snug ass with surprising ease, given his size. She even welcomed the ache of it, as her inexperienced body adjusted to the invasion, and his passionate fingers flexed with bruising force as he held her ass cheeks wide to accommodate his steady, slow thrusts.

“Oh, fuck!” Adam grated, as she began to move on him, awkwardly at first but soon gaining her stride.

Buffeted between the two men, the three rocked in unison, and she could feel the cocks of Mateo and Adam bumping against each other against that fragile barrier between them somewhere deep in the pit of her stomach.

Fighting the tide of animal lust for as long as they could, Adam was the first to come with a thick gush, which triggered Kara’s violent orgasm. Her spasms tightened her on Mateo, snapping even his iron control.

Filled with come, and feeling their multiple spurts within her, Kara could imagine her body was now like a hospitable shoreline, as old as time, welcoming the waves of their essence, where they mingled somewhere within her.

She collapsed down upon Adam, and Mateo came to rest across the foot of their marital bed.

For a long time, there was nothing but the sound of ragged breath and the gasps of her aftershocks.

"Kara," Adam said once more. He smoothed her sweaty hair from her forehead, and looked at her with intense appreciation.

Raising her head, she looked into his deep brown eyes, feeling a vibrancy from him that had been so long missing. "I love you," she could only say again, and kissed him, loving him all the more for the gift he had given her tonight.

The springs creaked as Mateo moved from the bed to recline beside Adam, and she now felt the hands of both men run down her arms and shoulders, and across her breasts. Their hands seemed everywhere, working in unison to soothe rather than to arouse. It was the most languid massage she had ever experienced, and she

could feel the fingers of sleep begin to invade her mind.

She watched then as Mateo placed calming lips to Adam's shoulder, tracing a shivering kiss down his arm as he reached around to fondle his lover's husband. She watched the grimace of Adam's enjoyment and she touched the hips of both her lovers. She could tell the moment that Mateo entered Adam, without even seeing the movement. Adam's eyes grew wide and then cloudy with wild sensation.

Mateo pushed further. Not satisfied with entering him sexually, Mateo seemed to be melding into him from behind. A strange glow pulsated through Adam, as he smiled with unexpected joy at the union.

Pressing herself to Adam's chest, feeling his embrace, Kara drifted to sleep with the sway of the two men she loved.

The next morning broke clear and bright on the bed where Kara lay.

For full moments, she just laid there, wondering at the scenes that flew through her head. Had that been real? She asked herself. Her rational self explained it

away as a dream, but the aching muscles of her body told her that rationality clearly couldn't explain everything.

One thing was certain. She loved her husband. And, whether fantasy or some strange reality, she also loved Mateo. Last night had shown her it was no crime to have her passionate side satisfied, and it posed no threat to her loyalty to Adam. Whatever Adam was going through, she would be there with him, and give him the help she had been denying him for far too long.

Mateo had promised he would make it work, and she knew he wouldn't break that promise. Somehow, she would have both the men she needed to be happy.

Mateo had shown her that they could be happy.

Suddenly feeling a strong thrill of energy, Kara bounded out of bed. She could hear the faint sounds of Adam making breakfast below. Eager to embrace him and share her renewed joy, she hurried downstairs, unconcerned with the protest of her over-used muscles.

Finding Adam standing at the sink, she stood to observe him a moment. Naked except for a pair of shorts, she could admire the lines of his body, as his broad shoulders sloped into a slim waist over a pert ass she had always enjoyed watching. Shockingly, there

were tattletale signs of her fingernail marks on one of his shoulders, and she grinned.

Coming up behind him, quietly, and standing on tiptoes, she placed her lips to the mark.

“Good morning,” she breathed. “Sleep well?”

“Like the dead,” he chuckled. “Must have been really, really tired.”

The smug purr in his voice suggested the reason for his fatigue, and she laughed.

“Come here,” she chuckled, wanting to kiss him.

Turning into her embrace, Adam laughed with a lightness she had never heard from him. Happiness and health glowed from him as he picked her off her feet and held her against him.

She was right that this marriage was valuable, she thought, sinking her forehead against his collarbone.

“Happy, my Kara?” he asked, lovingly.

Recognizing something, she snapped back her head to look into his radiant face. His face was the same, but for his eyes, which were now so black there was no difference between the iris and the pupil, and she gasped.

“We all deserve to be happy,” he said meaningfully.

“Yes,” Kara laughed in surprise. “Yes, we all do!”

Feeling the joy of her husband twirling her around the kitchen, Kara knew they would be. All three of them.