



THE BURNING HEAT

*BY JJ ARGUS*



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# **The Burning Heat**

(part 2 of The Viking Vampire)

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**Smashwords edition**

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*This story is a work of fiction. All characters are over eighteen.*

My name is Danielle Taylor. I take the last name from my mother, who was a stripper. My father, who had never married her, is a murderer, and in prison. His name, I have done my best to ignore. It is, however, Eriksson.

It turns out that, however distantly in the far past, my I'm related to a Viking king. This would normally be nothing but a discussion topic at parties if the conversation ever got boring enough to move onto family trees and genealogy except that this particular Viking king is still alive.

Somehow.

He says he's a vampire, sort of, only what the books say about vampires is all wrong. He's never died, for one thing. On the other hand, he can fly, he drinks blood, and he's amazingly fast. He can also fuck with people's minds, and certainly with mine, in ways which should not be possible.

I showed up at his penthouse to consult on a legal matter because he's too damned arrogant and full of himself to go down to the law offices like normal people, and rich enough to merit personal attention.

As a king, he's used to taking whatever he wants. He wanted me, so he took me. Simple as that. I had no say in the matter, being too busy melting with heat and screaming in pleasure at the time. However, while we kissed, so hard, so hot, so bruising, I cut his lip, and wound up tasting and swallowing a small amount of his blood. He, of course, returned the favor in spades.

That was either my downfall, or a stunning opportunity. It was going to take some time to figure that out. On the one hand, it almost got me killed. Apparently my Swedish ancestry made my body a ready receptacle to whatever was in his blood, and it changed me in some weird paranormal way I can't even begin to understand.

I began to have these images of him, these fantasies, only they turned out to be true. Drinking his blood set up some kind of psychic link between the two of us, much to his annoyance. He considered resolving the issue by killing me, but seems to have put that off, for the most part because he thinks I'm hot, and controllable.

No one has ever called me 'controllable' before, and I'm not sure how realistic that is. I'm not going to be too quick to resist that control, though, if the alternative is being dead. Besides, there were some things about this which might be much to my benefit.

Tariq, his centuries-long Nubian companion and manservant put it succinctly. I could go back to working ten and twelve hour days at my law firm, earnestly trying to suck up to the bosses in hopes of getting ahead before I dropped dead in middle age of a heart attack, or I could consider living for a thousand years in perfect health in great wealth and comfort.

The problem was the man who called himself Colin Forrest Tariq called Lord Elander, and he was a bastard. All right, a really hot, gorgeous man who could almost literally drive me out of my mind with lust and hunger without even trying, but still a bastard.

He'd been an absolute ruler, and still felt like being one. He didn't take 'no' for an answer very well, and was arrogant as all hell. He was also a sexual sadist to some extent, in that the punishments he derived for me were all sexual in nature. They hadn't caused me any harm, but they had sure as hell hurt!

Oh, they'd also made me scream myself hoarse in pleasure, but that was something else again.

In any case, one of my problems was that while Forrest hadn't a hint of self-effacing modesty in his entire big boned body, I was not particularly used to it myself, nor good at it. I was not humble, in other words. I was not used to being humble. I didn't like pretending I was humble.

That's not a good attitude for a slave girl, which was the only role his royal high and mightiness Lord Elander could imagine for a peasant girl like me. He'd even put a collar around my throat. It was solid gold, rounded, like a thick rope with diamonds spaced along its length. It had no clasp or catch. He'd simply bent it together into one circle.

Which meant I couldn't remove it, of course.

The gold shackles on my wrists were more complex, flat, decorated with leaves and flowers. Together with the damn collar they were probably worth a small fortune. But then, given the size of the enormous penthouse off central park

Forrest was easily worth quite a large fortune.

I suppose if you have a thousand years to work with and can manipulate people's minds you can fairly easily wind up pretty rich.

Tariq didn't talk a lot of about stuff like that. He didn't talk a lot, period. He was not the most personable of men, any more than Forrest. I wondered how the two even managed to get along, except that it appeared Forrest slept through the day, leaving Tariq alone, and then of course, Tariq mostly slept at night, being still merely human, sort of.

He had decided that I would get the night shift. He had about nine hundred years seniority, after all. He was also seven feet of muscle, so he'd simply locked me in a bedroom and told me to sleep, for I'd need to be awake in the night to 'please my master'.

“This will be your room,” he had said.

It was a room to envy. It was beautiful, if a little masculine, luxuriously decorated, and had a large balcony with a fabulous view of the city laid out around it. It was also seventy two floors up, which meant yelling for help or crawling down to escape were right out.

Even if I'd had any clothes to wear.

As a cage it was pretty golden, right down to the eighty inch flat screen on the wall. But it was still a cage, and I fumed at being locked in.

But not for long. I only had to lay down on the large, comfortable bed a couple of minutes to fall asleep, despite the hour. I was exhausted, and should have been even more exhausted given the events which had taken place during the evening and night.

I didn't sleep all day, but was out for a few hours. When I woke I found the door still locked, and the sun much lower on the horizon. That made me nervous. It meant Mister Vampire was going to be waking up! And what would he do then!?

I had spent a good deal of time and effort to ensure I had some control over my life. My mother had had none. I worked hard to become a lawyer and get in with a good firm. Now I was a slave!

The upside of that was the wild emotional and physical memories of the raw, wild, incredible passion and pleasure I had felt the other day. It was like nothing I'd ever experienced in my life, and no amount of indignation, pride or self-determination could keep me from wanting more of it.

In fact, I was feeling like a coke addict looking forward to her next hit! And just like a coke addict I knew it wasn't good for me and I should resist and kick the habit, but dammit, it felt so good!

I flicked through TV channels. Forrest had full cable, of course, but all the stuff there seemed irrelevant to me just then. Instead I tried to figure out what to do, how to handle this bizarre and dangerous situation in which I found myself.

Would I really live for centuries?! That was just too freaky to even contemplate! Centuries looking like I was in my early twenties! So much for worrying about getting old and losing my looks!

Centuries of mind-blowing orgasms?! I couldn't even keep track of how many orgasms I'd had the other night, but I was willing to bet it was more than I'd had in the last couple of years for sure (working long hours as a very junior lawyer doesn't allow for much social life).

But as a slave!? No way!

I wished Tariq had allowed me more time to talk. He had suggested slavery wasn't always quite the same as it was in what he called the old American south. So what was different? I'd already been whipped, after all!

No computer, no internet. That sucked! I was used to being able to look things up any time I had a question. What was Tariq if not a slave? Maybe I could get in on that...

Lord Elander, he said, respected strength of will and character, determination and resolve. Okay. I was pretty sure I had all that. The only problem was he was also someone who'd whip me for talking back to him!

Mind you, the memory of that whipping was filled with such incredible dark pleasure my heart beat faster and my chest got tight just thinking about it... Yes, it had hurt, a lot! But it had hurt so... so good! And I know that makes no sense!

But I had no welts or marks on my body, no bruises, no cuts or scrapes. I wasn't even sore anywhere, despite Tariq having made me straddle a thin length of wood and jam all my weight down on my very soft, sensitive sex for quite a while.

He had said, though, that my body was much more resilient and would heal much faster. Again, I hadn't had a chance to question him on that, which was another source of frustration.

All this from accidentally swallowing a bit of blood!

But then, you could also die from the briefest of contacts with any number of viruses, so I supposed anything was possible, especially if you added magic.

Which was another concept which I was having trouble coming to terms with.

I'm a modern woman. I don't believe in magic and vampires! On the other hand, I'm an analytical person, and as Sherlock Holmes once said, once you've eliminated all the other possible answers, that which remains, however improbable, must be the answer.

How can a man fly? How can he invade my mind and turn me into a raving nymphomaniac? How can he heal my body of dozens of nasty whip welts by licking them?!

The only way I was going to get answers to these questions was to get him to talk to me, but the last time we'd been together he'd ordered me not to talk, then whipped me for disobeying. He had used the term 'fluttery females'. I wasn't sure where that originated but I guess I kind of had the concept. So part of the answer might be to be anything but fluttery.

That meant calm, soft spoken... I had noticed, come to that, that he tended to speak softly. His voice had a rich, thick burr to it, from having lived in England for centuries. I couldn't imitate an English accent but I could speak calmly and unemotionally. I could keep a good, stiff upper lip like the snotty English were supposed to be so good at.

He had also said we were psychically linked. My arousal aroused him in turn, so it stood to reason that if I was calm, he would be more likely to be calm. Being calm around him depended on him toning down whatever it was about him

which turned me into a trembling puddle of wet goo, though.

It also depended on controlling my temper when he acted like an arrogant son of a bitch who thought that everyone ought to be instantly agreeable to whatever a king decided.

The door opened very suddenly, and I didn't even notice until my peripheral vision caught movement. I gasped, twisting around, as Tariq carried something red to the edge of the bed, and handed it to me.

“My Lord will be waking soon,” he said. “I have procured something appropriate for you to wear.”

I stared down at a pair of red shoes atop a mass of red silk. It was lightweight and very fine, and when I looked up again he was almost out the door.

“Tariq!” I called.

He turned his head.

“Uhm, do I have to be locked up here all the time?”

“No,” he said.

Then he closed the door.

Well, that was enlightening.

I snorted and stood up, shaking out the silk dress... or nightie, or whatever it was. It took me a couple of minutes of experimenting and muttering to myself to figure out how to put it on. It was strapless. I stepped into it and pulled it up my body, and it clung to me like a second skin.

The bodice was extremely low cut (big surprise!) and when I pulled the cups together and fastened them below my breasts they left half my breasts bare. But that was still better than all of them. The dress had a long wide peephole running down from just below where it clasped together under my breasts, to low on my abdomen. It was ankle length, but slit up the hips on both sides.

Well, what had I expected, a nun's habit?

The shoes were, of course, stiletto's, and about five inches high. I shook my head, but put them on. I didn't like high heels, and had never worn anything this high. I wobbled across the floor and into the en-suite bathroom, cursing to myself and almost falling several times.

My image in the mirror was hardly reassuring. I looked like a slut! Nudity was more honest!

But then I reminded myself I was going to act calm and modest and see if I could get my lord and master to answer some damned questions.

There was nothing in the bathroom, by the way, other than soap, toilet paper and tissues. There was no shampoo or hair brush or any other toiletries. This was obviously a spare bedroom, so one of the things I was going to need to do was talk to him about supplies, and an internet connection, and being allowed to go to work...

Although the thought of going to work didn't exactly fill me with enthusiasm. In fact, the whole mental image of it was so... banal compared to this.

About half an hour later Tariq came to the door again.

"It is time for dinner," he said.

My stomach rumbled and I started forward and then started to fall. He grabbed me easily and righted me, then took my arm.

"I'm not used to these huge high heels," I growled.

"Lord Elander will appreciate your efforts," he said.

I snorted doubtfully.

I wobbled along at his side down the corridor and then around the corner and into the dining room. This was the gray marble room where I'd first met him, and I felt a flush creep down my face at the memory of riding him right there on that chair he was sitting in.

Tariq sat me to his left. The table was already set, and after pushing in my chair he disappeared.

I looked nervously at Forrest. He really was an absolutely gorgeous man! He had a strong, very masculine face with a square cut jaw, piercing gray eyes, and full lips, all of it bordered by shoulder length, reddish blonde hair with brushed the black silk of his shirt.

He was a tall man with broad shoulders and a deep, muscular chest, and I fought against the memories of what he'd done to me as my heart began to beat faster and my chest tightened. I did not want to turn into a pile of goo here at the table!

“Where did you get that dress,” he asked, his voice a soft, male growl which had me thinking of a wolf looking at a sheep.

“Tariq gave it to me... uh.. .my Lord,” I said.

“That is not the mode of address you should use,” he said.

“Sir?”

“Master is the appropriate term.”

“Tariq calls you my lord,” I said.

“Tariq is my respected manservant with long centuries of service,” he said with a scowl.

“Is Tariq your slave?”

“No. Although he was once,” he said reluctantly.

Ah, I thought.

“So how does one go from being a slave to being a uhm, respected manservant?”

“Master,” he growled.

“Sorry.”

He frowned at me.

“Tariq has earned his manumission.”

“His what?”

“It is a Roman term,” he said.

“I thought you were Swedish.”

“Master,” he said in irritation.

I rolled my eyes. “I thought you were Swedish, master.”

“I was born in Sweden. I have lived in many places since then.”

“You lived for many years in England, you said... master.”

“Yes.”

“Didn't they outlaw slavery?”

He gave me a long, level look. “In olden times a woman who annoyed a king could have her lips sewn shut,” he said.

I pursed my lips and shut up.

Tariq pushed a cart laden with food into the room and unloaded it onto the table. Then he bent and began to unload the tray underneath that one. There was enough food on the table to feed a party of six! But I wasn't going to complain. I was suddenly very hungry.

Tariq then sat down across from me, and began to serve himself.

“Eat, woman,” Forrest said.

I examined the plethora of food uncertainly, and Tariq scooped food onto my plate, including what looked like Swedish meatballs covered in gravy. It was all rich, but fairly common food, I realized. It wasn't, in other words, the kind of fancy, dainty delicacies you'd find in New York's posher restaurants.

Forrest seemed to eat a little bit of everything, according to whatever whim or mood struck him. I focused on the meat balls, which were delicious.

“These are really good,” I said to Tariq.

He inclined his head gracefully.

“Teach her how to cook,” Forrest said.

Tariq inclined his head again.

“I can cook,” I said. “I mean, I know how to – .”

“No one asked you your opinion, girl,” he said.

*Humbleness, modesty, tranquility, I thought.*

Forrest seemed to be irritated by something. He frowned at Tariq, who acted oblivious, and at me, and at my bountiful cleavage.

“I do not recall ordering my slave girl be clothed in silk,” he said.

“What else would a slave to the king be clothed in?” Tariq asked mildly.

“I do not recall ordering my slave girl be clothed at all.”

Tariq smiled but said nothing.

“It is sufficiently warm for her to not require clothing.”

“This is true,” Tariq said.

“Her gown is indecent,” Forrest said.

“It's better than being naked,” I said.

Forrest glowered at me. “This gown squeezes your breasts and thrust them up and out as if on display.”

“If they were naked they would be on display as well,” Tariq said mildly. “She is a sex slave, after all. Offering up her breasts in a presentable manner would seem suitable.”

I flushed at that description of me. I was so not a sex slave!

“She is not a sex slave,” Forrest said to my surprise.

Tariq looked at him and Forrest scowled.

“She is a slave. The bodies of slaves are available to their masters for sex.”

“You never used me thusly,” the enormous Nubian said dryly.

“I did not find you worthy of my attentions,” Forrest shot back.

I snorted and both men looked at me.

“Sorry,” I said. “I think Tariq is pretty hot.”

Forrest's eyes narrowed, then turned and glowered at Tariq.

“Those who play jester to their king risk his wrath,” he said.

“I thought a jester was immune to the king's wrath,” I said.

“You are not a jester!” he snapped.

“It is truth that jesters were rewarded by their king for their merriment,” Tariq said.

“Do you see me laughing?” Forrest demanded.

“Rarely,” Tariq replied.

“Very well, I reward you.”

He turned to me. “Girl, you will crawl under the table, and service master Tariq to the best of your ability. If you do not make him climax I will whip you.”

Urk!

I stared at him, my chest suddenly locked up tight, my face hot. Then the rest of me started to get hot, too. Forrest had said that it used to take him effort to make a girl incredibly aroused, and that after a thousand years he had to put effort into stopping them from becoming incredibly aroused. The implication was that he gave off some kind of aura or magical pheromones or something which turned women into bitches in heat and that he had to consciously do something to prevent that.

He had apparently decided to stop doing whatever it was he was doing, and a wave of heat swept over me such that I suddenly found the idea of getting my mouth around Tariq's cock to be incredibly, fantastically, breathlessly arousing!

“You are not to climax,” he said to Tariq, “or I will whip you!”

Urk!

I slid under the enormous table, heart pounding. Tariq was a very large man at over seven feet. He didn't have his chair pushed in tight to the table because he didn't need to with those long arms. It was fairly easy to slide in between his legs and stare at his groin. Then the flames really hit me and I shuddered, my nipples burning!

My trembling fingers reached for his belt and undid it, then jerked down the zipper on his black trousers. He was wearing white silk boxer shorts of all things, and I tugged them down and felt another rolling wave of heat go through me at the sight of him.

I thrust my mouth in and began to lick and suck him wildly. He ignored me as my shaking hands pulled him out of his boxer shorts and began to run up and down the long, soft length of him, my eyes wide and staring like a child with a marvelous new toy. His skin was black, black black, the darkest I'd ever seen.

I leaned in and sucked his balls into my mouth one at a time, moaning around them as my swollen breasts ground against the edge of his chair. The long soft shaft began to thicken, to harden, and to get longer still as my fingers ran up and down its length.

“So tell me, Tariq, is there an update on the flooding in Malaysia?”

“They have placed another large pump down into the south mine and the water level is dropping,” Tariq said unemotionally. “They hope to have another pump in place by Tuesday. If the pumping goes well they can restart production in November.”

I let his balls slide out of my mouth and licked my way up the shaft, up and up the shaft, marveling at how long he was. He was bigger than Forrest, who was the biggest man I had ever known! When I finally pulled him downward and slid my lips around the head I could barely open my jaw wide enough!

I didn't consider the morality of this, by the way. The heat burning inside me made any sort of inhibitions irrelevant. I was probably staring at that long, hard length of flesh as if I were a starving woman looking at steak. I ran my taut lips up and down the head, determined, as I wrapped my fingers around his balls, to swallow every damned inch of it!

I slid lower and lower, squeezing my thighs together as the heat rolled up my body, grinding my breasts against the chair as I forced more and more into my mouth. The fat head pushed against the back of my throat, but I was too aroused to gag. I slid back up a little, sucking, my tongue whipping up across the underside of the head repeatedly, then slid down again.

Deep!

I swallowed the head, feeling a hot, bubbling sense of dark erotic excitement just from the feel of it filling my throat and sliding downward! I stared at the shaft, cross-eyed, forcing my lips lower and lower, feeling the thickness of it filling my throat with a dull aching sensation as I took more of it.

The closer I got to the bottom, the more aroused I got! And when I succeeded in wrapping my lips around the base, taking every single inch, I felt a pulsing heat, a sense of conquest and delight as I let my lips massage the base even as my fingers massaged his balls.

Black dots were dancing in front of my eyes by then, but it hardly occurred to me that I was forgetting a little something like, oh, say breathing. Only when a sharp pain in my scalp signaled the pull at my hair, and my lips started sliding up with that pull did I remember to breath.

Not that I could with that thing in my throat!

Tariq pulled me calmly up off his steel-hard shaft and I gasped for breath, chest heaving, gulping in air and swaying there, light headed for a bit.

They were still talking, but it was like an slurred echo in my mind, and I only caught a few words at first. Only as I caught my breath did the blood stop pounding in my ears.

“... but I insist,” Forrest was saying. “It is only the reward you deserve, after all.”

His voice was kind of smug, and even in my heat I was starting to feel a bit irritated at him.

Tariq pushed back his chair a bit and pulled me up, then, still dazed, I felt myself turned and pulled back. The dress had thigh high slits on either side, as I said, and he pulled one aside to bare my lower body, then eased me backwards.

Raw, almost violent heat seized my mind and I reached down for him, gasping exultantly as I wrapped my hands around the shaft, then lowering myself onto it. It stretched me, made me ache, but that was utterly unimportant, almost meaningless. If anything, it only added to my sense of hunger, feeling how thick he was.

I sank down, shuddering, trembling, glorying in the feel of his thick, slick shaft pushing up deep into my belly!

“Remember, if you climax, slave girl, you'll be whipped,” he said.

Fuck you, buddy, I thought dazedly.

I didn't care about the punishment! My insides were boiling over with heat as his cock jammed up into the very back wall of my sex, then pushed further! Oh, God, I wanted to come so bad, and I knew I was going to!

Except that then his majesty decided to pull back all that raw heat which had enveloped me, which left me momentarily stunned, in a strange dark way. I was sitting, straddling Tariq and his cock was buried inside me! And suddenly the deep internal aching of so much of him crammed into so much of me started to matter!

“Of course, if Tariq climaxes he will be punished instead.”

I stared downward, but couldn't actually see anything but my cleavage. The dress still hid me below the waist, at least from in front. But my bare flesh was pressed against the cloth of Tariq's trousers, and I was impaled on his stiff shaft. My head was spinning, but not as quickly now, and I was starting to regain some control over myself.

“N-Not fair!” I gasped.

“Fair? A lawyer speaks of fairness?” Forrest said mockingly. “Fairness plays no part in law.”

Which was unfortunately somewhat true. The job of lawyers was to do the best for our clients regardless of whether that was fair in any sense of the word.

“You're messing with my head,” I groaned.

“You are aroused in my presence,” he said. “That is not the result of any effort of mine. I have told you so. I must concentrate in order to draw back my natural influence.”

“It is the effect of the blood,” Tariq said. “Though of course, it can be increased if one has that power and ability.”

Which meant, of course, that Forrest did.

“If one is linked by blood, and one concentrates and focuses on the other, it is possible to convey ones desire to the other, to influence the others desire in line with ones own,” Tariq continued.

He reached around me and cut a piece of meat, then drew it up and back over my shoulder to pop into his mouth.

“Which I have not done,” Forrest said, glowering at him.

I struggled to not move – at all! My hands were behind me on his thighs, trying to ease the pressure of his thick spear against the back wall of my sex!

“I speak merely in generalities,” Tariq said. “Anyone may do such a thing if linked metaphysically.”

There was a subtext to that which I wasn't paying a lot of attention to, but I knew there was one. I just wasn't too interested. The ache inside me was easing, bit by bit, as my body began to accommodate his thickness and length, and I eased it a bit more by leaning forward.

Shit, he was big!

“You should eat, girl, to keep up your strength,” Tariq said.

I gasped as I felt his fingers in my hair, tugging my head up and back. Then a moment later his fingers held a piece of meat to my lips, and slid it easily inside. I blinked in surprise, but took it, having little choice as his fingers slid it deep into my mouth.

I saw Forrest staring, and suddenly I kind of clicked to what Tariq was doing. He was trying to make Forrest jealous! Well, at least, he was trying to make him wonder why I wasn't riding his cock instead of Tariq's. He was the big king, after all. I was his new toy and yet Tariq was the one playing with me.

As if to confirm that he didn't ease his fingers back out quickly. Instead he kind of slid them in and out a bit before removing them. I closed my lips around them, and Forrest looked at me with an intent scowl.

I winced as I shifted my hips a bit atop Tariq, then started as his left hand slid easily into the gaping front of my dress and cupped my bare breast in a comfortable, casual squeeze.

“She has very soft skin, this girl,” Tariq said. “Without blemish or flaw.”

I felt my breast throb as his fingers softly kneaded it.

“Her breasts are firm with youth,” he added, as he caught my nipple between the pads of his thumb and forefingers and began to roll and caress it.

His other hand came up with a piece of meat in it and held it before me. Gulping uncertainly, I licked it out of the palm of his hand and chewed it as Forrest watched.

Oh, wait!

Now I wondered if what Tariq had said was being said for my benefit. Could I turn Forrest on in the same way he could turn me on!? Wouldn't I have to be aroused to begin with, though? Of course, I was aroused now, just not crazy hot like I had been. You don't turn off a heat like that without leaving after effects!

I swallowed the piece of meat and Tariq slid his fingers into my mouth. I closed my lips around them, sucking, licking them clean as he pumped them idly in and out.

Forrest scowled and cut a piece of meat himself, then ate it.

Tariq's fingers slid out of my mouth and then down my body. His hand slid in through the slit on the right side of my hip, and I jerked convulsively as they made contact with my clitoris! The sensations as he began to stroke me there were like a slow building fire between my legs, and my breath began to get more ragged as I squirmed around the thick post impaling me.

“A very sexual girl,” Tariq said, his breath warm against the side of my throat.

“All women are whores,” Forrest sniffed.

“It is in the nature of women to seek men as it is in the nature of men to seek women,” Tariq said. “Those who deny nature deny themselves... much.”

The heat inside me was building steadily, and I started trying to move, instinctively seeking to ride that lovely cock buried inside me. But though Tariq's fingers rested lightly on my clitoris, his forearm was heavy against my thigh, pinning me against him.

I suddenly remembered I'd be whipped if I climaxed! That caused me some hesitation, for I wasn't crazy mad with lust yet, but at the same time, my concern for that was starting to fade as the heat took hold and the rest of my body began to flare with it.

I dropped a hand to my belly, almost able to feel his thickness jammed up against me from the inside!

And if he came it would be him beaten, I thought. Maybe that was why he didn't want me riding up and down! He sounded so calm, but he had centuries to practice calmness. Maybe he wasn't so calm on the inside!

I stared at Forrest, then tried to focus on him, to focus my heat and lust. I stared at those beautiful gray eyes, those soft, full lips, the breadth of his shoulders. I stared at his chest, remembering how it looked naked, and wanting to see it again, wanting to feel it against my fingers!

I saw his face flush, saw the flush extending downward as he glowered at me, but there was heat in his eyes, not merely anger.

Tariq's forearm eased the pressure and my hips rose up. I shuddered and gasped as I was able to force myself up a few inches, then sank back with a helpless cry of pleasure.

“Oh my God!” I gasped, doing it again. “Oh my... God!”

I pulsed with heat. I radiated heat! And I was radiating it towards Forrest. But Forrest wasn't a sponge, he was a mirror, and I felt the heat reflected back at me even as his own arousal grew!

“We are... having dinner!” he said through clenched teeth.

“Of course, my lord, but also obeying your orders,” Tariq said, his voice less calm than it had been.

Riding his cock, even a few inches of it, was the greatest experience in my life! As the heat rose it drove me on and poured energy into my body! Oh my God it felt so incredible! It was utter, utter bliss to feel that thickness as I moved up and down it! If I had been able to move freely, to ride him the way I wanted to, I would have come in seconds!

As it was, I could only move up and down slowly, and only rise a few inches before sinking back, and that kept me on a bubbling boil as his fingers moved away from my clitoris and instead reached up and pulled the cups of the dress apart to bare my breasts.

Both his hands folded over my breasts then, and I grabbed the edge of the table, whimpering and moaning, leaning forward and back, riding up and down with growing desperation as the sexual pressure inside me grew to unbearable intensity!

I looked at Forrest again, trying to make him feel that incredible heat. And suddenly his big hand was around my throat, almost completely around my throat! He yanked me forward, dragged me up off Tariq and onto the table until I was on my belly on the end, and he was staring down into my eyes with a knife in his other hand!

“A king must show restraint,” Tariq said.

Forrest glared at him, then at me.

“A king need not show restraint at all,” he growled. “But a king must show discipline.”

I was half laying atop the food, and could feel the soft, hot meat against my lower chest, salad against my belly, and some kind of gravy spilled against my abdomen. The overwhelming sensation, though, was emptiness – inside. I felt vacant, and dazed.

Forrest stood up, with my throat clutched in his hand, sort of lifting my upper body up, my back arching as I gurgled breathlessly. Then he abruptly flipped me onto my back and thrust my head back down. I felt meatballs and bread against my back, but that didn't matter. My head dropped over the edge of the table and he yanked open his trousers.

He was hard and throbbing and hungry, and if not as big as Tariq, well, he was big!

And as I lay there gasping, head upside down, jaw open, he drove himself into my open mouth and plunged down my throat in a single, swift thrust that had his balls pressed against my face just above my eyes.

My hips bucked and twisted and rolled as he leaned in, his big hands on my shoulders, and began to thrust into me with long, deep strokes, his hips working as smooth and fast as if he was in my sex. His balls slapped against my face hard and fast as he pumped, and I soon felt a pounding ache in my skull from lack of breath.

“You seek to use this link between us as a weapon, girl,” he growled. “But I have a thousand years of experience, and power you lack!”

I felt a flood of .. something, pouring into me, a wild mixture of heat and cold as I writhed there on the table, and then the world blacked out entirely.

\*

I had not climaxed so was not to be whipped. But Forrest was unhappy at my being able to turn my heat on him and determined to show me that had been a poor decision.

I wakened in bed, in his bed, the big four poster bed. I was tied spreadeagled to

the corner posts, though not tautly. There was some room for movement, in other words.

“I will demonstrate to you just what power I possess,” he said, standing at the foot of the bed.

I was still dazed and woozy, my throat aching and my head unsettled, when a wave of heat struck me. At first it was that raw, burning hunger like I'd felt in the dining room, when he had released the hold he had on whatever metaphysical shit turned me into a nympho around him.

That was bad enough.

I began to arch and twist and writhe as my body overheated, as hunger gripped me with ever-growing desperation. Then it got worse. Much worse. He focused on me, then, focused on trying to make me aroused. He took the heat I was radiating and reflected it back, then added his own to the point I thought my brain would boil within the heat and pressure of my own skull!

I screamed raggedly, straining against the ropes, twisting and bucking and arching and sobbing in desperate need and hunger as he drove me nearly out of my mind!

He was naked and beautiful as a god, and he let me see him that way, made me want him frantically, but simply stood there and denied me! For long, exhausting minutes I twisted and bucked and trembled and shook as he looked on with something like satisfaction.

But then, he had just climaxed. That gave him a certain strength, a reserve. As the minutes clicked by, though, that reserve began to fade at the sight of me. I could, in some strange part of my mind, feel it, feel his certitude and stern self-confidence weakening, his own hunger starting to catch once more.

And then, thank God, it collapsed and he threw himself on top of me! I screamed as he plunged deep, and went on screaming as long as I had breath, for the orgasm exploded like a firestorm, the deepest, most intense pleasure sweeping up around me and drowning me in ecstasy!

It went on and on, as he pounded into me, his big, powerful arms surrounding me, his hands on my buttocks, jerking me up to meet every violent thrust as he

used me with a savage lust and hunger of his own!

I thought he must be tearing me apart inside, but couldn't care less! Nothing mattered but this raw, glittering sense of exultation, of rapture, as the orgasm went on and on, batting my mind around like a ping pong ball hammered by a typhoon.

I faded away again. My throat felt as if I had torn blood vessels with my screams. My insides felt as if they had been pulped. I didn't care as I slowly sank into a deep blissful sense of absolute calm and peace, and then lost consciousness again.

\*

I woke up in my 'own' bed, aching, but not nearly as bad. My insides still felt sore and bruised, as did my throat. I winced as I sat up, running my fingers through my ragged, tangled hair.

Holy shit, I thought weakly.

I felt shell-shocked, only the massive explosions which had driven me to the edge of madness had been within my own body, and the shock waves which had battered my consciousness had been that of unbearable pleasure.

I fell back dazedly, moaning, jaw slack, eyes staring sightlessly up at the ceiling. It took me... a while... to kick start my mind into something approaching rational thought.

And of course, the first conscious thought was that... damn, I wanted that again!

I would not have believed it possible for heat and pleasure to be more intense than they had been the previous day, but Forrest had shown me wrong.

I groaned and forced myself to sit up again. That brought my sex into contact with the bed, and I winced, my hand dropping down between my legs. Almost immediately that made me hiss as I felt both pain and pleasure. I was sore and swollen and yet my nerve endings were raw, the slightest touch conveying a rush of sensation.

And I was... I don't know... keyed to sexuality, maybe.

I fell back again, moaning, spreading my thighs wider, and let the fingers of my right hand delicately brush my labia with soft, gentle caresses that soon had me gasping and moaning with heat once again. My insides ached fiercely, not ready for more muscle spasms, but I couldn't stop myself.

And then I brought my left hand down, already trembling, and let my two middle fingers begin to brush against my swollen clitoris.

The first touch made me cry out, head flung back, pain and a raw rush of pleasure sweeping over me. The pleasure won, of course, and I quickly began to rub faster and harder. Seconds later I was climaxing, crying out again and again as the muscles in my belly and abdomen spasmed violently.

I fell back, sprawling, gasping, chest heaving.

God, that hurt so good!

It exhausted me still further, but after a minute I felt my head was clearer.

That bastard Forrest! God, he was ... impossible! This whole thing was impossible! But I was going to have to start coming to terms with it somehow. And I was going to have to start treating him, if not like a king, then like the senior partner at my law firm.

Which, come to think of it, was pretty much treated like a king.

And while I didn't like Forrest, well, I hadn't liked our senior partners either. The difference was Forrest could kill me – though that wasn't all that much difference from the senior partners' ability to kill my career. No, the difference was that as nasty as he was he was also incredibly hot!

Then again, so was Tariq, and I'd never thought much of Black men, to be honest. He had that softly rounded accent from, I guess, Egypt, and there was something unearthly calm about him that you had to admire.

I sat up again, groaning, and swung my legs out of bed. There was no dress to wear, of course, since it had been torn up. But as I got to my feet I saw some black cloth on the side of the dresser by the door. I padded over and picked it up and it turned out to be... a corset, a thong, fishnet stockings and a garter belt.

Lovely.

And there was some kind of lacy black wrist cover things, too. And underneath it all, another pair of stiletto heels, these ones black.

I tossed the corset back down with a scowl. The hell with wearing that. They'd both seen and touched me everywhere anyway. Damned if I was going to dress up like their little sex toy!

I pulled open the door, then hesitated. The dress had been Tariq's idea, not Forrest's. Forrest didn't care if I was naked or not. Tariq seemed friendlier than Forrest, and I wanted to keep him that way.

I flushed at the memory of that incredible penetration, of being utterly impaled on his absurdly thick cock! God, that had hurt! But it had been mind blowing! And I hadn't gotten to actually ride on it. The thought of doing so, of riding him freely, or him ramming that into me, that sent a hot ripple of sheer lust right down my body and made my sex thrum.

Was I becoming a slut or something!? Nobody was even here trying to influence my mind with some kind of magic shit, so why was I such a whore all of a sudden!?

Tariq was the guy who had been willing to talk. Tariq was the guy I needed to please to get answers. Forrest was too aloof to bother.

I put on the merry widows outfit, including the silk stockings and garter belt. Then I wobbled out of the door on those stupid high heels. I kept my hand against one of the walls as I moved, to help balance me. I was heading for the kitchen, where I hoped to find Tariq.

Instead I literally ran into Forrest as he was coming out of the great room. I yelped and fell back, but he grabbed me and pulled me upright. I felt a wild flare of heat, but it was almost instantly doused. I figured that was him 'concentrating'.

“I see you have recovered,” he said, with a frown. “That is good. You will develop some stamina in time.”

Arrogant dick.

“I uh, was looking for Tariq,” I said.

He scowled. “Tariq? Why were you looking for Tariq?”

“Well, I was hoping to get some answers, and Tariq doesn't mind talking to me,” I said carefully, “uhm, Sir.”

His scowled deepened.

“I mean, I wouldn't bother a man of your importance with my lowly questions, sir,” I said.

“That is good, that you learn discretion,” he replied slowly, looking me up and down.

He snorted. “I see Tariq has been busy playing dress-up again.”

I had nothing to say to that.

“Come.”

He turned and went back into the great room. I really didn't have any choice but to follow him.

The great room was an apt name. The ceiling was twenty feet high, and the room was fifty feet long. There was a massive fireplace of black onyx on the end wall, bracketed by a kind of burnished gray marble. There was a wall of glass on the right giving a breathtaking view of the city lights, and a bubbling pond built around a large tree at the near end.

The floor was a very light gray stone with a plush white rug in the center. The furniture, of course, was all black leather. Either Forrest or whoever he'd chosen to decorate had a thing for blacks and whites.

He sat on a big leather wing chair and pointed at the floor before him. I bit my lower lip, then sank to my knees.

“I do not know why Tariq keeps putting these things on you,” he said as if in irritation. “Your body is beautiful and should be naked. Remove them.”

I hesitated, but then really didn't have a choice. I unlaced the corset and pulled it off, blushing only slightly. Undressing was different than simply being naked, and his eyes watched me closely.

I removed the garter belt, then had to stand up to slide the stockings down and off, removing the high heels first and with some relief. When I was naked I looked at him for further instructions. He licked his lips, then pointed down again so I knelt once more.

“There is a proper manner for slave girls to kneel at the feet of their lord,” he said.

I felt a rush of indignation at the term but kept my face level. Senior partner, I thought. Senior partners can be as arrogant as they want.

“Spread your knees wide apart,” he said.

I gulped, and felt a flush of heat along with the indignation, and then reluctantly spread my legs apart on the soft rug.

“Further,” he growled.

The heat was creeping up my body as I spread my thighs as wide as I could.

“Back straight, hands behind your back, head up. Do not look upon your master. Look over my left shoulder.”

Asshole, I thought, but the heat was still rising as I obeyed, holding my right wrist in my left hand behind my back.

“Your skin is like ivory,” he said softly.

The heat rippled within me and I felt my chest tighten.

“Speak your questions, girl.”

Questions? What questions?! I did have questions! What were they!?

“I... forget,” I gulped.

He snorted and made a face.

“Your... heat is overwhelming my mind, sir,” I said.

My heat is well and properly shielded, girl,” he replied. “You feel your own heat.”

“I never felt heat like this before...”

“Before you met me,” he said smugly.

*Stay polite, I told myself desperately.*

“This... magical... metaphysical... heat makes it difficult to think,” I said.

He shrugged and sat back in the chair.

“What you feel is not metaphysical or magical or supernatural, girl. It is you and you alone.”

“That's not... possible, sir.”

“Oh? Such arrogance to think a child knows what is and is not possible. Because you have not previously felt it you believe it not possible.” He snorted derisively.

“Why would I start feeling such... heat now, sir?”

He drew his hands together in front of him, steeping his fingers as he looked down at me.

“The burned hand teaches best,” he said.

I looked at him, mystified.

“Pain is an excellent teacher, especially for the young. But so is pleasure.”

“I... don't understand, sir.”

“Have you ever heard of Pavlov's dog?”

“Of course.”

“You will recall then, that the dog would salivate at the sound of a bell, because

it knew that the bell meant it would be fed a treat. It's mind remembered the pleasure of that treat, but so too did it's body. Every time it heard the bell it knew it would feel that pleasurable taste, and it salivated in anticipation of what was to come.”

I stared at him, still lost, and he leaned forward.

“Every time you have seen me, girl, you have felt exquisite pleasure. Your body and mind remember, and thus, anticipate exquisite pleasure when confronted with the sight of me.”

“That's ridiculous!”

He frowned.

“uh, sir. I mean how could – .”

“You are not a virgin. You have lain with men before. Do you normally respond the way you do to me?”

“Well... no.”

“Your experiences with me the last two days have been such that they have entirely altered your mind and body's view of sex. You now seek and desire sex far more than you ever have before, seeking more of that pleasure you felt at my hands.”

“I was feeling pretty hot at Tariq's hands too,” I pointed out.

He frowned even more deeply at that.

“Uh, sir.”

“The term is master,” he snapped.

“Master,” I said lamely.

“It may be that such heights of pleasure as you have felt, heights rarely attained by human women, have made your mind more pliable, more aroused by the thought of sex with any man at all,” he said a bit reluctantly.

“And your nervous system is better able to process such sensations, just as your body is better able to transmit them. It is of no matter. It is good that you find sex pleasurable as it is now your purpose in life.”

*Senior partner, I thought desperately, biting my tongue.*

“About that... master. My law firm will be wondering what has become of me and – .”

“You resigned.”

I stared at him in astonishment.

“Your formal letter of resignation was sent in yesterday. It was quite graceful. I wrote it myself,” he said with a smile.

“You can't do that!” I blurted out.

“A statement demonstrably at odds with reality,” he said.

“Why would I resign?”

“To take up an offer as my legal counsel, of course.”

I was open mouthed, speechless. Which was probably lucky, because the things I was thinking were not flattering and would likely have gotten me a beating!

“You would not be able to resume working there in any case, Danielle Eriksson,” said another voice.

I jerked my head around as Tariq came into the room.

“Don't call me that!”

“It is your proper name,” he said calmly.

“Since my father never married my mother my name is Taylor!”

He shrugged as if the discussion was irrelevant.

“My lord speaks the truth about the impact of recent events on your mind and

body,” he said. “My understanding of such ... firms... is that their culture would not be a comfortable one for the woman you have now become.”

“I'm the same person!”

“Are you? How often do you think about sex, Danielle Eriksson?”

“Well, of course I think about sex a lot! I mean, you keep me naked and in shackles and then every time I see you...”

“The pleasure you have been subjected to, that your altered body is capable of feeling, is such as to rob more mundane activities in life of meaning. If you never returned to this place and never saw Lord Elander again you would seek that pleasure everywhere you went.”

“I would... not!” I protested.

He raised an eyebrow. “Henceforth, you will seek pleasure in every man you meet,” he said. “It will be much more intense than it has been before, though it will never be as intense as with Lord Elander and his kind. Both of these will inspire you to further efforts.”

“You're saying I'm some kind of nymphomaniac now!?”

“An interesting term, but while inaccurate the colloquial description is apt.”

“That's ridiculous!”

“Is it?” Forrest said. “Very well. We will test it. You will have no further sex.”

I felt a lump of lead in my belly, a surge of disappointment.

“Fine!”

“Nor may you pleasure your body.”

“Fine!”

I had doubts about that, but was determined to make a point.”

“After one day, you may return to work at your firm,” Forrest said.

“Great!”

I stood up.

“I did not give you permission to rise, girl.”

I hesitated, then knelt down again, flushing as I spread my legs wide before them again. They looked at me and I felt heat rising.

“No cheating,” I gulped.

Forrest's eyebrows raised.

“No... failing to concentrate!”

“Ah, very well. You may, in fact, completely remove yourself from my presence entirely. Tariq will see to further questions, and teaching you some manners.”

Tariq gave me a pair of jeans and a sweatshirt to wear. I wondered where he was getting all this stuff, but wasn't about to complain. Then he brought me to the kitchen to teach me how to cook. Or at least, how to cook for 'Lord Elander.’”

“I'll be gone tomorrow anyway,” I complained.

“Was the food good?”

“What I tasted of it,” I said.

“Then you will learn something for your future,” he replied.

I shrugged, eying him as he carefully sprinkled pepper into a stew. He was such a big man, kind of overwhelming, in fact. And big all over. My eyes dropped to his crotch, and I remembered the feel of him inside me. God, I wanted to feel that again!

But no, I was going to resist that shit. Maybe after twenty four hours I'd call him up and ask him for a date or something.

He stayed entirely proper, but come on, a hot looking, muscular, sexy guy who could cook was a turn-on all by himself! And I kept thinking of how stuffed I felt with him inside me, no matter how often I tried to shake the memory out of

my mind.

My nipples were hard under the sweatshirt, and kept rubbing against the soft material as I moved. And the crotch of the jeans was digging into me where I felt hot and swollen.

But I resisted. I stayed quite proper. If their suggestion was I wouldn't be able to work with men without attacking them, well, that was ridiculous!

Then again, I didn't work with men like Tariq and Forrest.

After the cooking lesson Tariq went to bed. That left me free, and I wandered through the penthouse, steering clear of Forrest. I couldn't keep my mind from thinking of him, though. I was horny. There was no doubt about it. And I supposed there was some truth in the idea that since sex had been so fabulous I wanted more of it.

But that didn't make me a nympho!

I found the pool and was happy to strip off the sweatshirt and jeans and dive into the water. The cool liquid slid along my skin, which I had thought would cool me off. Instead I found the experience distinctly erotic. I found myself distinctly erotic! I had to keep jerking my hands off my breasts and away from between my legs.

I toweled off, put my clothes back on and found the library. Boring places, libraries, very unsexy. I looked through some of the books. A lot of them were very old, centuries old, in fact. There wasn't a lot of fiction, though Charles Dickens was there. A lot of the books seemed in poor condition, but I was bettering it wasn't because they were cheap versions.

Was Forrest a book collector, or did he just buy stuff and never throw it out? If you lived a thousand years that would result in an awful lot of valuable old books being in your library.

Including the Marquis de sade, apparently. I gave an “urk” when I came across them. But there wasn't much doubt, even though I didn't read French. Les 120 journees de sodome caught my eye. Next to that was Juliette and Justine, and ten more I had never even heard of. I lifted one down, and yes, it was over two hundred years old.

Shit. I wondered if he had ever actually met de Sade!?

I felt a dark heat across my breasts and between my legs at the memory of him whipping me.

*Whipping me! I thought breathlessly. He had whipped me!*

I felt a liquid heat roiling my lower body, and imagined myself tied spreadeagled, then remembered him taking me in bed, remembered... heat flooding me, filling me to overflowing, a wild dark, enthralling heat that made me writhe and twist and cry out in pleasure...

I thrust the book back onto the shelf and fled the library.

The theater! Unless that was full of porn that ought to distract me. My breasts felt hot and swollen, longing to be touched. My nipples were so hard they were sore. I went into the theater and tried to figure out how it worked. Were there shelves full of DVDs? No, it turned out, all the movies were on a computer.

That surprised me since Forrest hadn't struck me as the modern type. Maybe Tariq had done it.

I could be having wild sex right now, I thought. I shook the thought off and looked for something from Disney, something very unlikely to turn me on even a little bit.

No Disney. Action adventure, then, lots of car chases and shootouts. Nothing sexy about that. I tried that, but the sight of Arnold Schwarzenegger with a bandolier of ammo across his enormous chest made me think of Forrest, so I switched to something older.

Black and white movies weren't sexy. I found a comedy which distracted me, and felt better. I began to think my arousal was mostly due to my being forbidden to do anything about it. Having someone tell me 'Don't look behind that door' tends to create an overwhelming desire on my part to open the door.

I felt better after the movie, but I was starting to get bored. I thought about bed but I'd slept much of the day, and I was wary of going to bed and not falling asleep. My hands might... wander.

I went back to the kitchen to make a snack but then had a sudden mental image of Forrest which drew me out to the great room as if it were a summons. Apparently it was.

I approached hesitantly, feeling my heart beating faster.

“More wine,” he said, indicating an empty bottle next to him.

“Uh...”

*Senior partner, I told myself.*

I came forward and picked up the wine bottle, trying not to look at him. He was reading documents, and there was a crystal wine glass on the table next to him.

“I'm not sure where the wine is... master,” I said.

“In the kitchen, of course,” he said, not taking his eyes off the papers.

God, he had nice shoulders!

And seeing him sitting there set off memories of straddling him, riding him. I pulled myself away and hurried from the room, nipples pulsing, body thrumming with sexual energy.

There was a door to what I'd thought was a cupboard in the kitchen. Instead it was to a wine room. So then I just had to figure out how Tariq stored things. Was it by date, by country, by sweetness?

Fortunately, my eye picked up a number of similar labels and pulled an identical bottle off a rack. It was the same year as the empty bottle in my hand: 1937. I doubted that was ten dollars at the local wine store.

I opened it and brought it back to him, steeling my will not to think about anything sexual. He looked me up and down, made a face at what I was wearing, then turned back to his papers after nodding at the bottle. I poured and left the bottle, then hurried away as my mind imagined my fingers sliding through his long hair.

Bastard!

I felt some relief when he went 'to sleep'. I wasn't quite sure where that was and wasn't about to look for him. The sun was rising, and I could wander through the place without worrying about running into any males.

No, I insisted to myself, it was just those two.

I enjoyed the dawn, enjoyed the view, and, tired, decided I ought to be able to fall asleep now. The windows in 'my room' had thick, curtains which shut the light out nearly completely. I stripped and lay in bed, determined not to think sexual thoughts and hoping to fall sleep soon.

That didn't work out very well. I didn't fall asleep, and was starting to feel more and more sexually frustrated. I discounted what Tariq had said about my having this deep lust for Forrest's body. Well, I mean, the magical elements of it. Maybe there was something to my being more interested in sex than usual given how fantastic it had been for me lately.

But that was just normal human conditioning and could be resisted. With effort. With a lot of effort. I tossed and turned for a while, though, and my nipples were rock hard the entire time. Worse, my mind kept pulling up erotic tableaux, fantasies, if not memories, things which would be wickedly exciting to do, or which I thought would be.

And with every hour that passed, the hunger within me grew worse!

I began to have serious doubts, then. What would happen if I put on an outfit right now and went to work? Would I be able to concentrate, to focus, or would I wind up jumping the bones of some lithe young lawyer?

I got up, went into the bathroom, and took a cold shower. Then I toweled off and got back into bed, feeling calmer.

It didn't last.

The sexual hunger was like an itch I was not allowed to scratch. Only it was a lot more distracting than an itch! I had to keep jerking my hands away from my body. It was like my fingers had minds of their own, and kept creeping towards my breasts or groin.

Another cold shower calmed me for a while, and I almost fell asleep. I dozed

anyway. That let my mind wander, and it wandered into some wild, kinky sexual things which woke me with a start, gasping, and overheated. God, I was horny! I couldn't remember ever being so horny in my life!

Of course, sex had always been something I could have had any time I wanted it. I simply hadn't often wanted it. I wanted it badly now, and I couldn't have it! Unless I cheated...

Who would know?!

Well, me...

But if I had to cheat then maybe what Tariq said was right. Maybe if I went back to work I'd just wind up doing something slutty, disgracing myself, and getting fired. I mean, I could do without sex for twenty four hours! I'd gone without sex (or masturbation) for months at a time before!

Only now I knew what I was missing, the incredible pleasure I could have! It was far more powerful an incentive than I'd ever felt before! I didn't know if that was because, as he said, I had heightened senses now, or just that the recent experiences were so incredible I was now conditioned to want more – like an addict.

But if it was true then what was I supposed to do for a living? Be a stripper? A prostitute?

Even the thought of being a stripper turned me on! And while I wouldn't want to stand on a street corner, I let my mind dwell on the thought of being a high class, high paid call girl, and it did so with a degree of consideration which bothered me.

Could I really live for centuries?! And not as some wizened, wrinkled crone in a wheelchair, but young and healthy! What did I need a law degree for compared to that!?! Of course, I didn't know if they were telling the truth about that. Just because Forrest could screw with my mind – okay, and fly – didn't mean he and Tariq had lived for centuries.

I would have to question them, talk to them, interrogate them, ask what life was like centuries ago and where they had lived. The thought they might be truthful, though, was fascinating, and gave me a sense of possibilities which was hard to

truly appreciate.

But if the rest of what they said was true... well, how often did I need to have sex? How often did I need to masturbate? If I masturbated before work would I be okay for the rest of the day? I mean, it was the orgasms I wanted, right, not the men.

Although my mind kept flitting through visions, memories and fantasies of men, especially Tariq and Forrest.

Why was I even doing this!? Because Forrest was an asshole and I wanted to prove him wrong.

More importantly, I didn't want him to prove me wrong, the smug bastard.

And hadn't Tariq said that Forrest respected strength of will? So if I wanted his respect I had to show some self discipline.

But oh it was hard! I needed to focus on something else! Anything else!

I went for a walk outside – in the snow. The cold worked reasonably well. I didn't find it the least bit erotic. I wondered how nice the deck was in the summer. There were mounds of snow on everything so it was hard to tell.

But then when I came back in the pool was right there and... the temptation, shivering as I was, cold all over, to strip and jump into the nice warm pool (yes, of course it was heated) was overwhelming, so I did.

And yes, it felt erotic, turning and sliding through the water, diving down and angling up. But I put all my energy into swimming, then, as fast as I could, doing laps. That pushed the hunger aside temporarily.

When I came out of the pool, dripping wet, Tariq was there, and held out a towel. I flushed, felt heat thrumming through my body, and took the towel, sweeping it around myself, then up over my head to dry my hair. My hair was getting long, I thought. I needed to get it trimmed.

“And did you have a good night's sleep?” he asked.

“No,” I said crossly. “I'm horny.”

He made a small shrug.

“But that doesn't mean I'm going to jump people! I can abstain if I want to.”

He made another small shrug.

“Have you really lived for 900 years?”

“Yes.”

I wrapped the towel around myself. It was getting too hot being naked next to him.

“How did you meet up with Forrest?”

“I drove a spear into his belly in the fourteenth century.”

“Nice introduction.”

“He deserved it. He was supposed to die. He didn't, though. Instead he pulled it out, held it to my throat, and congratulated me on my speed and prowess. Then he offered to give me a long life of wealth to be his servant. Naturally I agreed.”

“And you think I'm nuts not to?”

He gave another little shrug.

“It doesn't bother you to be a slave?”

“I was a slave when I attacked him, a warrior slave in the Ottoman Empire. Come. We eat.”

I grabbed my clothes and followed him, deciding to wait until I was dry to put them on. He made breakfast as he talked about being a warrior slave, and then about accompanying Forrest to China.

“They had never seen a man like me. They thought I was something other than human, which, by then, I suppose, I was becoming.”

“So you get everything Forrest has but you don't have to drink blood or live in the night?”

He shook his head. “He has a number of powers. I have greater strength and resilience, enhanced senses, resistance to disease and aging, and a metaphysical link with him. I can not fly. I do not have his strength and speed. I do not have his magic.”

“It's hard to believe in magic,” I sighed.

“Not so hard for me. My people believed in magic.”

“Your people were primitives. No offense.”

He gave that small shrug again.

My breasts were feeling very hot and swollen while we spoke, very tender, very eager to be touched. Even the pressure of the towel I clutched tightly around myself made them throb. My nipples were pinpoints of crackling excitement, and I felt moist and heavy down low. My chest was tight, and my belly fluttered. But I could function.

“So uh, about this sex habit of mine. Do you have it?”

He looked at me and smiled, and I flushed.

“The blood of a man like Elander, a vampire, if you will, affects females differently than males.”

“Well that doesn't seem fair.”

“Do I have a very high desire for sex? Yes. Especially for a man of my years. Do I enjoy sex? Yes. I do not go into heat, however, when I am denied.”

“I'm not in heat!” I protested indignantly.

Though to be honest that wasn't a bad description of it.

“No?”

He lifted me up suddenly, easily, smoothly, and dropped me onto the broad surface of the kitchen island. In an instant he had whipped my towel away and had jerked my hips down so I fell back onto my back and my buttocks were right

on the edge, then gripped my thighs and spread them apart.

I gaped at him, open mouthed, and he looked down as calmly as ever. He was fully clothed in black suit, his large hands on my thighs a few inches away from my groin.

“You are not in heat? At all?”

“I-I'm n-not!” I said in a strangled voice.

I gasped aloud as he raised my thighs up and apart, lifting my hips off the table momentarily, then setting it down again. He lifted it again, this time grinding me up along his crotch as he did, then grinding me against him as he lowered me. A flood of sensations poured into my groin and up through my belly, leaving me breathless.

“Are you certain?”

I saw him smile. It was a wicked smile, not one of amusement. It was the smile of a ... a mischievous boy!

He released my thighs momentarily, reaching one long arm back behind him, and plucked something from a box and bringing it to his mouth. When he gripped my thighs again I saw he held a straw ... a simple drinking straw ... in his mouth.

I gasped in pain as he forced my thighs wider, then he moved back, bent, and brought the straw down to within an inch or so of the swollen lips of my sex.

And then he blew.

A warm, narrow stream of air swept down across the trembling surface of my skin, up along the wet, tight line of my sex, and then over my clitoris! It was... indescribable! My hips bucked violently and I arched my back, my hands thrown up and back as my head jerked from side to side.

He played that thin line of air back and forth across my clitoris and I gurgled helplessly, my body twisting and spasming on the wooden counter, my chest locked up, my lower body flaming!

And then he straightened, released me, and backed up!

My hands started to shoot down between my legs. I couldn't stop them, but I did manage to alter the target, grabbing my own thighs where his hands had been instead of touching my pussy. I knew that one touch and I would come! Even as it was my body was trembling and shaking, and heat was rolling through me in waves!

“N-N-Not f-fair!” I cried.

“Life is not fair. It has never been fair. It will never be fair. Life is a series of accidents, incidents, encounters, opportunities and disasters. Some of these you have some measure of control over. Others, you do not. What is fair about a child dying of a disease at the age of two?”

He sniffed in disdain at the very idea life should be fair in any way, at the same time making my complaint sound like self-pitying whining.

Which, compared to his example, I suppose, it was.

But then he took pity on me. He let me eat my breakfast on my knees. That was ostensibly to demonstrate to me how a slave girl ought to behave as she was fed. But the fact was if I had sat down just then I would not have been able to stop myself from grinding my sex into the chair and climaxing.

This way I could keep any touch away from that overheated volcanic area and its bubbling pit of lava. I even had to keep my legs spread wide, which, while embarrassing, was a relief.

“You should take joy in your beauty,” he said, as he fed me.

I made a face.

“Through no fault of your own, you are an object of great value and desire,” he said.

“I'm not an object,” I replied.

He waved that away.

“You are alive because of your beauty. Lord Elander did not kill you because of it.”

“I didn't do anything to deserve being killed!”

“Deserve? That is a word like 'fair', yes?”

I tsked in annoyance.

He fed me another piece of sausage, and I licked it out of his fingers, my wrists locked together behind my back. That bit of locking the gold shackle things together both aroused me further, for some reason, and protected me from doing something with my hands which would have made me fail my little test.

“Lord Elander has killed many men who did not deserve to die, if you wish to consider that word. Some did, of course. In fact, almost all did. But some were merely problems for one reason or another. Lord Elander is a student of history in more ways than one. He knew Joseph Stalin, you know.”

“I bet they were great friends.”

“No, he disapproved of him and his murderous ways. But there was a quote Stalin made which he recognized as symbolic of his own philosophy.”

“What was that? I take what I want?”

“No. It was that problems are caused by men. No man, no problem.”

I thought about that a moment. “So if I'm a problem...”

“Yes, exactly.”

“He sounds like a bastard.”

He fed me another piece of sausage.

“Do not use such terms. I realize it is a common insult now. It was not in older times. In fact, the use of such a term would be more than ample justification for a duel to the death in many cultures.”

“Does a slave girl get a drink?”

He raised his eyebrows. “How does a slave girl ask for a drink?”

I flushed. “May I have some milk, master?” I asked.

“You may, though your tone is more deserving of a spanking.”

He got up and opened the fridge, took out the milk, opened the cupboard, then took out a bowl instead of a cup. He set the bowl on the floor, and I rolled my eyes up at him, then sighed.

I had to tilt forward and half fall onto my shoulders, then awkwardly eased my head in and forward to drink from the bowl.

“Keep your knees spread wide,” he ordered. “Men like to see what is between your ivory thighs.”

I flushed hotter as I obeyed, lips plunged into the bowl.

“It is a very inviting sight,” he said. “It beckons a man with thoughts of pleasure and tempts him to drive himself deep inside.”

I felt a hot shudder running through my body, and my knees shifted almost involuntarily further apart.

“Keep your bottom raised high,” he said sternly. “Your upper legs should be vertical, but spread to the sides, your belly drawn in tightly against them.”

I complied, gasping a little as the weight of my chest ground my swollen breasts against the tiled floor. It was an obscenely vulnerable position, one which basically invited any man to kneel behind me and fuck me hard! That was... embarrassing, in a way, but made my insides swirl and churn with hunger!

I knew better than to accuse him of not being fair, though.

Worse was to come, though. After breakfast he took me, my wrists still locked behind me, to that large bathroom, the one I'd seen in my mind. He led me over to the counter before the Gothic mirror and I stared at myself in the lights from the wall sconces which flanked it.

The tiles underfoot and on the walls were pebbled in tiny squares half the size of

a postage stamp, but they were laid so carefully and tightly together I couldn't detect a seam. The huge sunken tub was made of the same material, and so was the walls which projected out from the corners to enclose the shower area.

Tariq ripped the plastic off a new toothbrush and then brushed my teeth.

“I can do my own – !”

“A slave girl is the property of her master. It is my job to clean and care for the property of Lord Elander,” he said calmly.

After brushing my teeth he led me into the shower enclosure, then stripped off his own clothes.

I nearly fainted!

He was seven feet of muscle! His shoulders were wider than Forrest, and while his chest wasn't quite the huge thing the Viking possessed it rippled with muscles which went all the way down to his abdomen. His thighs were powerful and his skin gleamed in the light.

He turned on the water as I tried to keep my eyes off the thick black snake dangling between his legs, then pushed me under it.

“I was just swimming,” I complained.

“The water has chlorine in it,” he replied calmly.

And then came the soap.

“Oh no!”

He used his hands, his huge black shovel hands to soap me up, and they were surprisingly gentle as they slid over my body.

That was the problem!

He scrubbed with an apparent clinical detachment, not focusing overly on any particular area at first, but when his hands slid under my breasts they slowed down, his fingers wide, curving up and down around the undersides of my

breasts as he soaped them up.

My nipples were burning hotly as his fingers moved lightly over the surface of my breasts, and when his fingers finally slid across them I cried out in helpless pleasure, twisting and wriggling against him.

He gripped the back of the collar in his other hand to hold me steady, and let his hand, holding the soap, slide down my belly and abdomen, then curved it off to the right and along my thigh, then back up along my hip and over my butt.

He soaped up my back, then my butt, as my pussy thrummed alarmingly. When he turned me, his hand slid up and down my inner thighs but avoided my sex, even as soap trickled and slid down to cover it anyway.

“Your skin is a delight to my fingers,” he said as he slid them up and down my ribs and then over my breasts.

I could tell just how much of a delight, for his cock was stiffening and rising menacingly.

But then, I thought, heart pounding, if he simply... took me, without my asking or anything, that shouldn't invalidate my statement that I could get by without it! I wouldn't have given in, after all!

He pushed me under the water and let it pour down over my head and shoulders, then turned off the water, turned me around and pushed me to my knees in front of him.

He was hard and thick and pointing up at a sharp angle!

I stared at it, transfixed, noting he was breathing heavily as he stared down at me. Then he pushed himself into my mouth and I jerked my jaw wide to envelope it! I moaned around it as it slid slowly through the taut circle of my lips, my tongue working excitedly at the underside of the head as it passed over.

Oh God, there was so much of it!

But I knew I could do this. I'd done it before!

I sucked and licked on him as he pushed deeper, and then he tilted my head back

and thrust down into my throat with a long, smooth, slow stroke that had me gurgling dazedly and staring down the length of what remained of him until nothing was left.

It was all inside me! I could feel it filling my throat!

Tariq said something which I was sure was a curse, but not in any language I knew. He ground himself into me, eyes closing, big hands around my head. Then he trembled, looked down, and gathered up my dripping wet hair in a single mass above my head.

He pulled slowly back, then pushed into me again, pulled back, and pushed forward. I trembled continuously, trying to work my tongue along the underside even as I ran out of air and my chest began to burn.

He pulled free with a gasp from both of us, and I coughed a little, my throat aching as he gave me time to suck in deep, shaky breaths of air. Then he plunged into me again. I should have choked on that thick a cock, but the heat was like a protective screen around my mind.

He thrust deep, then began pumping in and out in long, smooth strokes that got progressively less smooth as his excitement mounted.

He pulled out again and I coughed breathlessly, swaying, moaning, light-headed. Then he drove himself in once more, thrusting hard, now, as hard as Forrest had when he'd taken me on the kitchen table, my lips jammed against the base of his cock again and again as my nose was forced into his pubic bone.

When he came it was so powerful that I imagined I could feel a flood of semen pouring into my stomach. I trembled heatedly, but much of the arousal had been driven out of me by lack of oxygen. When he pulled free I would have fallen flat on my face had he not held me by the hair.

\*

I managed to get through the day, somehow, but I knew I wasn't going to get through the evening. There was just... no way. Not with Forrest up. And if he even tried to tease me, to flirt with me, to touch me, I knew I wouldn't be able to stop myself. I was a bitch in heat, just like Tariq said, and I wanted him, or Tariq, or... or anyone, inside me!

I needed to do something fast or I was going to lose this little challenge in a big way.

What I decided to do was a little risky, but worth it, I thought (though of course I wasn't exactly thinking straight).

I put on the sweatshirt and jeans. My nipples threatened to burn holes in the sweatshirt, and I kept the jeans as low on my hips as possible to keep the crotch from pressing heavily into my sex. And then I went into his bedroom after Tariq informed me he was up.

I didn't see him there, just the rumpled sheets of his bed. But there was water running in the bathroom. It wasn't the shower but the sink, so I took a risk and padded across the floor and peeked through the doorway.

“Vampires have to shave?” I said.

He turned and scowled at me, then turned back to the mirror. “I have told you that the tales you have heard of vampires are not correct,” he said. “At least, not if they are applied to me. And you are being impertinent.”

“Sorry, master,” I said. “I just wanted to inform you that I haven't had any kind of sex and am well on my way to passing your little challenge.”

He turned to me again. “I posed you a test, and it has some hours left to run.”

I waved my hand dismissively. “If I could resist the sight of a naked Tariq I can resist anything.”

He glared. “Why was Tariq naked?”

“So he could wash me. He said it was his job to wash his master's property.”

“This is true,” he said grudgingly.

“God, he's so big!” I said admiringly.

“Are you taunting me, girl?” he demanded.

“Me?” I asked, wide eyed. “I wouldn't do that! I didn't say anything I don't

believe!”

Which was kind of true but I had to remind myself that just because he was a bit arrogant and spoiled didn't mean he was dumb.

“I'm amazed I managed to get his whole thing inside me,” I said. “I mean, in my throat, not in my, you know, sex. I didn't climax or anything, though he did, of course. He almost choked me on that monster.”

He snorted, drawing the razor down his cheeks rapidly, then down along his throat.

“I need to learn how to hold my breath longer,” I said. “I almost fainted the way he was pounding himself into my face like that, holding my hair in his hands, with my wrists shackled behind my back like they were.”

Young men who just wake up want sex. I knew that. I was betting a thousand year old guy in a young man's body did too. I was trying to persuade him use me for that purpose. After all, why should he care about a test? He didn't need to have patience. He was a king!

“I think the gag was originally invented for the woman,” he said, finishing up on one side. “To keep her from irritating men.”

“Well, Tariq was surely gagging me!” I said. “I felt dizzy. I was all soaking wet from the shower but I still felt like I was sweating and – urk!”

He grabbed me by the throat, like he'd done before, his eyes narrowed into slits as he shoved me, straight armed, back out of the room. He spun me around roughly, jerked my wrists together behind my back and locked them in place.

And there I realized I might have made an error. If all he did was what Tariq did, then I still wouldn't have any release of the incredible pressure which had been boiling wildly inside me for so many hours!

“Are you going to do what Tariq did?” I asked in an excited voice.

He cursed instead and flung me against the thick round horizontal post which crossed the foot of his bed. I went “oof” as I fell across it, gasping, and then by the time I had raised my head up and turned to look behind me he had a belt in

his hand!

Oh shit!

“Do you think to taunt me, girl?” he growled.

“I wasn't!” I lied.

The belt cut across my bottom with a sharp, nasty crack of sound which was echoed, a moment later by my cry of pain as the stinging pain lit up my buttocks!

“It is clear you require much further training,” he snapped.

*Crack! The belt cut across my bottom again and raised a line of stinging fire!*

*Crack! Crack! Crack! Crack! Crack!*

I hadn't prepared for this! The sharp, stinging pains were like blows to my mind, sending it spinning in confusion. They did, however, manage to melt a lot of the heat gripping me.

Just not enough.

*Crack! Crack! Crack! Crack!*

I cried out repeatedly, writhing and twisting as the belt slashed across my upraised bottom, soon turning it a fiery red and raising a throbbing wall of heat and pain across the surface of my skin!

“Please!” I gasped. “Please!”

*Crack! Crack! Crack! Crack!*

My bottom burned even hotter, to the point of overshadowing the dark heat within me, but at the same time my breasts were grinding and rubbing and being mashed against the mattress underneath me as my body jerked convulsively.

And there was like, an echo, a vibration, a resonance, maybe, as the belt slashed down on my bottom, which rippled through the space between front and back and set my sex quivering in sympathy. Every blow sent a jolt of pain into my

body, but still made my insides quiver and reverberate with sensation!

The heat began to grow again, only deep inside!

*Crack! Crack! Crack!*

My legs jerked and my feet twisted and pawed at the floor, and then moved further and further apart. That didn't stop the belt from snapping down across my buttocks, though, but it did so more slowly.

I was exposed and vulnerable! If that belt decided to move lower, to snap down across my throbbing sex God knows how much that might have hurt. On the other hand, part of me was praying it did, feverishly desperate for anything touching me there!

And then I didn't have to wait! With some kind of Viking curse he threw the belt down, tore my thighs apart, and a moment later I felt the soft, hot, hardness of him pushing against me! I bucked wildly, eyes jerking wide apart as I felt that pressure against the swollen lips of my sex!

Then he thrust in painfully hard, and I fought desperately, as desperately as I ever had in my life for anything, not to come! I wanted to wait! I needed him fully inside me! I wanted to feel him buried in my belly first! I wanted to be – !

I came as his hips slapped violently against my buttocks, as the head of his cock punched me in the belly, deep inside, as his big hands gripped my hips. I came with such intensity I couldn't scream. Instead my body just shook wildly, as if every muscle inside me was crackling and quivering from a live electrical current!

He drew back the long length of him and thrust deep again, and again, and again, hard, violent, savage, hurting, and the orgasm redoubled its strength as my knees began to knock against the bottom of the bed and my upper body began to bounce and jerk and twist from side to side.

His powerful hips rammed into me with bruising force, and the orgasm ran over me like a freight train, car after car howling through my mind as if there were no end to it! All the while he pounded into me with a fierce, angry hunger, at one point seizing my hair and yanking it up and back, then reaching under to roughly squeeze my breast.

The orgasm went on, car after car of it rolling over me as I trembled and shook and somehow managed to draw in a long, sucking, quivering breath of air, only to scream it out again, in the grip of an orgasm like no other I'd ever experienced. It even made the ones he'd given me the previous days pale in comparison.

It was an orgasm to blow my mind, literally.

The bed shook violently as he threw his weight against my hips, as his spear-like cock thrust deep into the quivering, spasming, overheated depths of my body again and again, as my body was convulsed by orgasms and my mind spun dazedly, reveling in the unrelenting glory of a long, monstrous orgasm!

I don't know how I retained consciousness, though it was a dazed sort of consciousness. I remember him flinging me over the top of the bed frame to land on my belly on the bed, drooling against the sheets. Then my body was flipped onto its sides, my thighs stretched wide, and he dove between them.

To torture me.

With his tongue.

He let my body stop trembling and shaking, contenting himself on sliding his tongue up and down my thighs and over my hips, across my belly and along my ribs, but then he slid back down between my legs and I felt his big thumbs slowly spreading open the hot, swollen lips of my sex.

His tongue slid up and down the narrow crevice between them, then plunged into me, twisting and squirming in a way which made me spasm and my hips buck helplessly. It pumped in and out, and seemed to curl up along the top of my tightly constricted sheath to find – my G-spot!

I arched helplessly as the sensation of his tongue stroking at that small, swollen area was transmitted up my spine. His lips were jammed against me as if he was trying to push his head into my body! His tongue swirled from side to side, then stroked back and forth across my G-string in a way which should have been impossible for a normal man!

Of course, he was hardly normal.

I was quickly writhing and spasming beneath him as his tongue stroked inside me, and when he pulled it loose, when that long, soft, twisty snake of a tongue slid out of me and moved against my clitoris the next series of orgasms began to line up to trample what was left of my mind!

But he barely touched me before moving up my body, and then settling his weight upon me.

I groaned as he all-but crushed me beneath him, my chest still heaving as my pulse raced. He raised his hips, gripped his cock, and then pushed into me with a long, slow, but steady thrust that buried him inside me once again.

Then he lay atop me, his upper chest propped on his elbows as he looked down into my face. I stared back, panting, and gasping every time he moved. He slid his hands in around my head, into my hair, then bent and kissed me.

That same tongue slid into my mouth. Was it my imagination that it was swollen!? It wasn't my imagination how soft it was, or how deep he managed to get it, as my mouth was invaded while his lips slid against mine.

Only very slowly did he began to move his hips, and then it was sort of a grinding motion, which might have been intended as something relaxing, but wasn't. The sensations that grinding motion produced were, in some ways, more intense physically, than stroking in and out of me.

My legs were splayed to the side beneath his wide hips, and of course, my arms were still locked together at the wrist underneath my body, so all I could do was lay there as he did whatever he was going to do. There was a profound sense of being adrift, of having no control over anything. At the same time that total lack of control meant that my mind didn't have to consider anything but the sensations swirling inside me.

Which grew more and more intense as his mouth ravished mine!

He was still grinding himself against me in a comfortable, relaxed way, while my body began to burn and tremble with a growing intensity.

And then, he started to thrust. His hips rolled up and then rolled down in a quick, hard pumping motion that took less than thirty seconds to bring me to orgasm. This one was at least not an endless parade of them, though it almost took the

top of my head off.

He resumed his grinding motion after that, his lips moving from my mouth and onto my neck. I moaned dazedly, waiting for him to bite, and it didn't take long. I felt a strange sensation of numbed pain, then pleasure coursing through me as he kept his jaw locked against the side of my throat.

All the while his hips ground against me.

When he finally pulled his lips back his hips started to stroke again, hard and fast, and brought me to orgasm very quickly. Then it was back to grinding, his mouth on mine. Did I imagine the taste of blood? Was it his or mine? Probably mine, though it wasn't like I cared at that point.

He drew back, flipped me onto my stomach, jerked my hips up, entered me from behind, and started pumping, bringing me to another orgasm, then another. He stopped, threw me onto my back, raised my legs up and bent them back, then thrust into me again, bringing me to several more orgasms.

I was about as much of a dazed and bedraggled mess as you could imagine after all that, but he kept at it. He let me drop down and licked his way down my body once more as I lay there half alive, chest heaving, eyes glazed. Then he licked his way up over my breasts and started chewing on them.

His teeth dug in painfully, repeatedly, while his lips caressed me and his tongue glided across my skin. He sucked and chewed and turned my breasts to throbbing fire, my nipples ready to burst from the incredible sensitivity within them. And then somehow he made me climax simply by sucking on my nipples.

He was going to drive me insane, I thought, though didn't care.

He flipped me onto my belly again and spread my legs, entering me from behind. But this time I felt his finger at my back opening, squirming slowly past my sphincter, pumping in and out as he thrust slowly inside me. I moaned helplessly, but was beyond speech, and when he pulled his finger out and drew his slick hard cock from my body it was to drive it slowly down into my ass.

It didn't matter. The feel of so much of him inside me still made me tremble with heat, and within a minute of stroking, however slowly, another orgasm tore through me, then another as he sped up.

I was just a total freaking nymphomaniac I guess.

It only ended, presuming it ended then, when I lost consciousness entirely.

\*

I woke in 'my' room, laying naked across the sheets. My wrists were no longer shackled together, and my arms lay stretched out to either side as my slitted eyes stared up at the ceiling.

I was faintly surprised to find nothing happening. It had felt like I was going to be having sex permanently, without stop. At least, that was the way it had felt. My insides were still sore and tender from the muscle spasms, not to mention being pounded by his big cock.

There were bite marks on my breasts, though the marks were fading. There was no broken skin, at least, though I faintly remembered there had been some. Just how fast did cuts heal for me now?

My nipples were still hard and tender and sensitive. I moaned, my hands sliding downward. I was not as swollen and hot as I had been but I was still quite sensitive down there.

But at least I felt calm... mostly.

I wouldn't have turned down sex, mind you, but I wasn't wildly aroused or anything.

I was feeling kind of content, in a way, physically and emotionally spent, but ... content. I lay in a sort of languorous state. If Forrest or Tariq... or any other man, had shown up and wanted to fuck me I'd just have lain there and let them do whatever they wanted.

I had no need to move.

And while I wasn't deeply aroused it wasn't like I would have minded sex.

Shell shocked. Again. God!

I lay there for a time, my mind drifting a bit, pondering things. Would I rather

spend ten and twelve hour days hunched over a table in the library at work looking up precedents and writing them down? Well... not really.

I had gone into law for what reason exactly? Security. Well, I suppose being a slave girl was a sort of security. It wasn't like I'd be laid off any time soon. The working conditions could be... good, at times. There was room and board provided...

No pay, though. I needed a pay check, a source of income. Maybe I could negotiate. How did Tariq get money to buy stuff?

Like the stuff sitting on the dresser by the door.

I groaned as I sat up, turned and looked out the huge glass doors and windows, then turned back towards the door.

It was a bodysuit, a high necked, lace bodysuit with a kind of double vine pattern going up the legs and arms and across the torso. I put it on half curious. It felt kind of – nice. I had to tuck the high collar up under the gold rope collar, but it was reasonably comfortable.

I shook my head as I looked in the mirror. Did Tariq spend time on the internet looking at lingerie pictures? He and I were going to have to have a chat.

Hundreds of years? My mind couldn't come to terms with it, but it didn't matter. Every thirty seconds my body gave a little tremble as memories of that wild storm of pleasure swept through it.

And he'd already had me resign from the firm anyway.

I went out into the hall to look for him. Tariq had gone to bed, I supposed. It was late. Where the hell was Forrest. Then, the moment I thought of it, I knew. At least, I knew how far and what direction. I headed that way.

I came to a sliding glass door leading onto the deck, and saw him through it, sitting in a hot tub looking out over the city. Muttering, I opened the door and stepped out, my feet freezing pretty quickly in the snow as I hurried over to stand there.

He turned and frowned at me, then shook his head.

“Tariq does enjoy his dress-up games,” he said.

“I'll talk to him about his tastes,” I said. “Sir.”

He raised an eyebrow at me.

“Uhm, do you mind if I... It's kind of cold.”

He motioned me forward and I climbed in and groaned as I sank into the water to my chin.

“That color does become you.”

“Thank you, sir.”

“You may call me Colin,” he said grudgingly.

“Really? I mean, thank you, uh, Colin.”

He nodded.

“You don't look like a Colin.”

“It is not my original name but it will serve.”

“I've decided that maybe you guys are right and going back to work in an office right now might not be a good idea.”

He snorted.

“But I would rather not spend the next nine hundred years running around naked. And I bet you'd get bored of the sight of me if I did.”

He smiled. “I think not.”

“Tariq has interesting tastes,” I said, looking down at the wet polyester bodysuit, “But I bet I have a better idea of how to make myself look... sexy.”

I was going to say presentable.

“But of course, now that you quit my job for me I have no pay check, no way to

buy anything, no source of income.”

“Tariq can give you a little card. It is apparently worth a great deal of money.”

“A debit card or a credit card?”

He looked at me with a mystified expression.

“You don't get out much, do you?”

“I have seen all there is to see,” he said with a sniff.

“Not possible. The world is too big, and new things are being made every year, every month, every day.”

“I have seen all that is worth seeing, then.”

“And done all that's worth doing?”

He nodded.

“But not sex.”

He smiled. “Sex is always worth doing.”

“There are other things that are always worth doing.”

“Yes, but if I took down my sword and slew those who offended me the police would soon take notice.”

“Aside from sex and killing people there are other ... amusements,” I said, “especially if you have someone to do them with.”

He raised his eyebrows.

“We could... maybe look into some of those things... night time things,” I said.”

“Are you bored so soon, girl?”

“Bored would be a wildly inaccurate description of the last three days, believe me,” I assured him.

“Good, then we will have more such days. Until you are bored, or I am,” he said with a lewd grin.

“Uh...”

He slid a hand onto my chest, then tore open the front of the bodysuit as he swung me through the water and around to face him, to straddle him. Then his hands were sliding over my bare breasts.

“Don't you ever get enough?” I asked, more surprised than anything else.

“Enough of this? Hardly.”

My nipples thrummed as his fingers rolled them, and I looked out on the city and thought that this was going to some kind of life if he never got tired of wild sex.

But I would die with a smile on my face.

End

\*

## **The Viking Vampire**

[A Very Bad Man](#)

**The Burning Heat**

[Learning to Serve](#)

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Have praise, suggestions or complaints? [writeargus@gmail.com](mailto:writeargus@gmail.com)

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