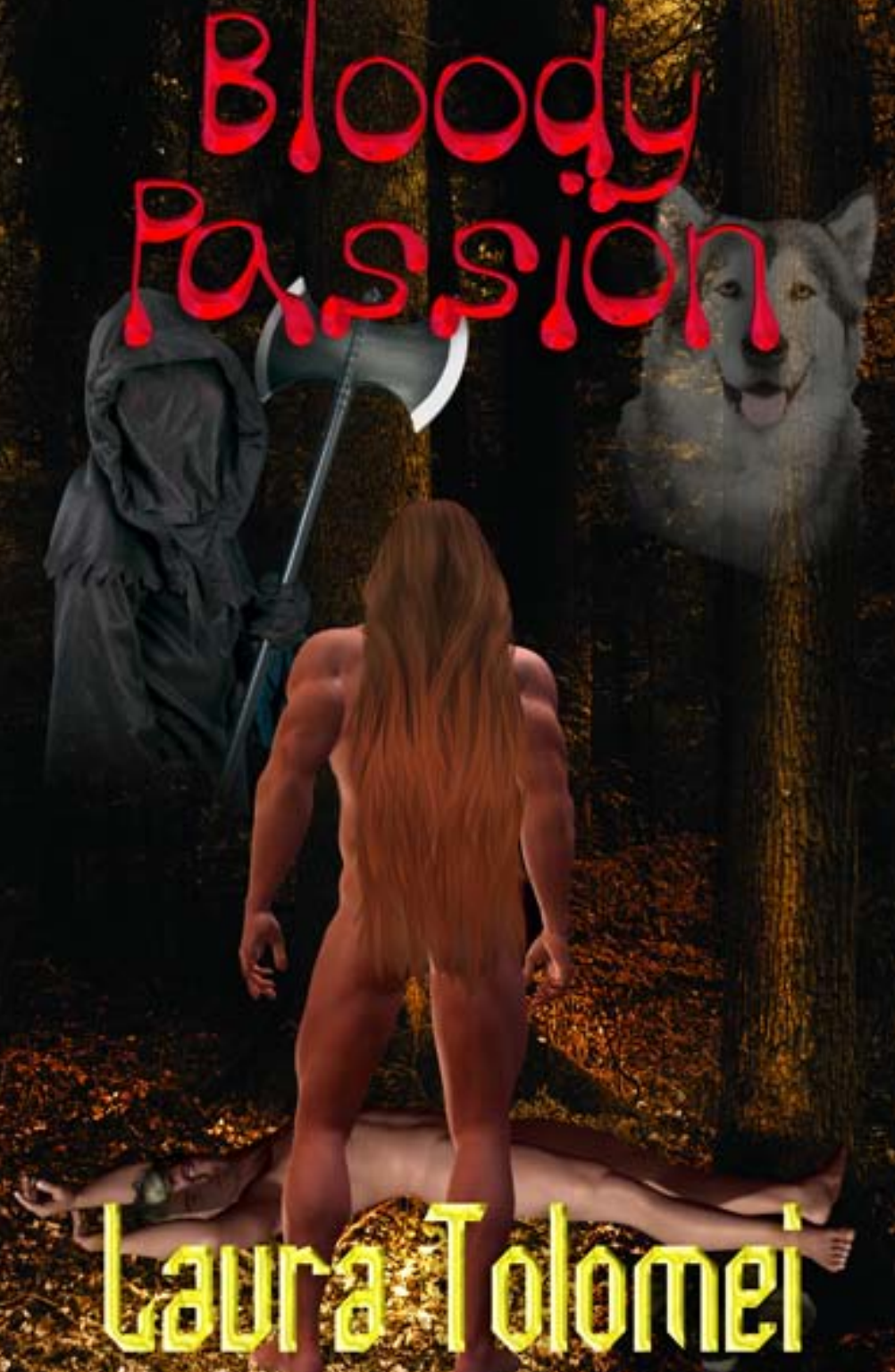


Bloody Passion



Laura Tolomei

There's a hidden treasure inside everyone. Some show it, but only a few can afford it. Sometimes, you only need to know how to manage other's treasures, even if self-destructive.

But in the end, it's like seeing yourself in a mirror. So how to explain the violence?

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BLOODY PASSION

BY

LAURA TOLOMEI

DEDICATION

*Without your help, lover, this work would have
never seen the light. Love you even more for
this and may your patience be as never ending
as my inspiration!*

CHAPTER ONE

Later, I couldn't quite remember how it all started...well, not as exactly as how it ended. My memory's fault, no doubt, clogged as it was by its blinding, passionate desire, a fire so hot it consumed me, coursing through my bloodstream like a river's sweeping current anxious to reach the sea. That had always been my weakness, not to mention his power, the fatal attraction, which would eventually break me. However hard I tried, I could never resist him or his call, the most insistent sound in my ears. Surely, my uncontrollable cravings got the better of me, their echoes reverberating through my mind, my body, my very spirit. No, I had no defense, no way of protecting myself while his fire burned it all, me included.

Korax had tried to warn me, but of course, I didn't listen. "Beware of the powers of evil disguised as angels," he used to say during my long training but as my head nodded in understanding, my mind kept thinking he was just a foolish old man. *Sure, as if you'd actually seen*

them, I mused sarcastic, too immature and inexperienced, mostly too full of myself to change my ill-considered ways, my senses already getting the better of me, until the dream began.

I didn't remember it at first, not in any detail, with the exception of an occasional weird image fogging my mind; though its power grew to the point I dreaded falling asleep...if I could call it sleep at all. Instead, it felt more like a slow, relentless drowning into a dense fluid ocean closing over my head. But water wasn't my problem.

Apparently weightless, I floated in a red, sticky liquid, the color, feel, smell and taste of blood, suffocating my senses, penetrating my nose, smearing my mouth, filling my lungs with a heavy load that pulled me down to the bottom of a blissful oblivion. Exactly when the thought occurred to me I was dying, I never could quite remember, at least not as clearly as its irresistible call for sometimes life just isn't worth living, no matter how much you believe in it.

I only knew that at one point, the wolf instinct took over, maybe because I surrendered my energy to its powerful force that was sucking it away in the first place. With a fierce struggle, the wolf emerged in all its might, clawing the liquid and demanding freedom from the redness that threatened to cloak his senses to a stupor, limbs

fighting hard, energy pouring from every muscle, until in the end, with a loud gasp, I'd break through the murky surface, lungs burning from the sudden intake of air.

In silence, I looked over the dark reddish expanse, the blood moving more slowly on top than it did at the bottom, its bittersweet taste lingering in my mouth and on my skin. Once again, the deadly silence made it all seem unreal, like a bad dream that would soon clear from my head if it weren't for the body floating away, its pale flesh ripped by deep, red, wolf gashes from which life ebbed out forever. And as the truth first dawned on me, noting could I do except watch it disappear in the distance, trembling and helpless to stop any of it.

CHAPTER TWO

My village stood near Aquae Sulis, a place dear to the Goddess and not just because She also protected the Roman invaders that had set up their camp right by the sacred wells. Luckily, they didn't stop us from worshipping She who has no name or face, although sometimes it was hard to reach Her, having to pass through their encampment.

"There are worse things in life, Cedric," Korax, my guide and Druid teacher, used to assure. "The Romans are simply another detail of Her greater picture, whatever that is."

"But shouldn't She tell us what She's planning?" I asked, imbued with a child's blind hope in the powerful divinities above.

"She doesn't need to, Cedric," he explained patiently. "Her plans are so far beyond human comprehension..." He shook his head in faithful acceptance. "That even were She to tell you about them, you probably wouldn't understand."

"I'm sure I would," I retorted defiantly, my eighteen years burning to show how much I'd grown and learned.

My mother had brought me to Korax when I was just a toddler, asking the Druid to take me into his service. "He's a strange child," she had told him, convinced I didn't listen or understand. She had looked at me with mixed feelings, fear mostly, shaking her long black hair—so much like mine today—that fell around her shoulders as she swung her head back to Korax. "I think he has..." She had struggled to find the right word. "Dark connections," she blurted at last as if revealing an oppressive truth. She shook her head, obviously wanting to clear it from unbidden and evil thoughts. "Maybe I'm just imagining things," she had confessed eventually, "but I think a family...my family isn't his place."

"You think mine is?" Korax had mocked softly. Then he had looked at me and my blood had stopped. As if knowing exactly what I was going through, his gaze searched my face, penetrating so deep down I thought he'd pierce my stomach to reach my spirit directly. Unable to resist his burning eyes, I took a step back, but it was already too late. Quicker than lightning, he attacked me with a powerful blow to the stomach that sucked all the air out of my lungs. The funny thing, I remember thinking, was that he hadn't moved an

inch from where he was standing. Yet, the blow had caught me squarely in the belly as if he had actually punched the crap out of me. Frightened, I reacted instinctively, without even thinking. Baring my teeth in an angry snarl, I rushed at him, not my body, but something of it, jumping on his massive frame ready to pound him to the ground like I had so many other kids before. Unlike them though, he didn't cower away nor did he fall on his knees, begging for mercy. Instead, he stood his ground, regarding me coldly as a bitter snarl twisted his face, apparently unaffected by my assault. "The boy certainly needs training," he had mused, turning to my mother and talking as if I weren't there anymore. "I don't usually take them this young, but your..." He had looked at a loss.

"Cedric," my mother supplied the missing element.

Korax had nodded slowly as if finding the name fitting. "Yes, I'll take Cedric with me, if you want."

"Thank you," had been my mother's immediate reply. When she had turned to leave, I had tried catching her eyes, moving to get in her way. Uncaring, she had brushed past me without looking down and I smelled her fear for one last time. Then she was gone.

“And she won’t come back,” Korax had pointed out as he neared his fire. “You haven’t been too good with her.”

What could I say? I never liked women and my mother was no exception. The fearful, tearful creature wanted to turn me into her personal slave, the same fate my brothers suffered already, but I did not intend to comply. Mother or no mother, I had to restrain her overbearing needs of love by erecting a protective barrier to keep her out of my way. And I had no compunction in using any means possible, even fear if necessary, while refusing to allow her position or her gender to interfere with my life.

What really puzzled me was that people considered her, as they did most women, the embodiment of the Goddess Herself. If that were true, I thought, gazing at the vast, cold darkness surrounding me, then the world would certainly come to a sorry end. “The Goddess should help us anyway,” I argued, swinging my head in the Druid’s direction to continue my earlier thought. “Instead, She goes and leaves us alone at the times we most need Her.”

“Only because tonight is All Hallows’ Eve, remember?” Korax reminded.

“Sure I do.” My training had been accurate, inclusive of all the relevant topics. I particularly liked learning about plants, their beneficial and

malignant effects a welcome discovery. We spent long hours going through the forest in search of the precious herbs, Korax pointing them out, telling me their names and properties while I listened attentively. The Druid was the community's official healer, "So he has to know what plants he can use to cure wounds, burns and sickness in general." For each, he explained secrets, which included ways to turn a good effect into a bad simply by increasing or decreasing its beneficial dose. To be honest, I didn't fully understand everything at the time, but it didn't stop me from imitating his actions, smelling the air, digging the soft soil carefully to expose and examine the tender roots thoroughly, before stashing it in our small pouches. Returning home, the Druid treated the precious booty knowingly, lovingly, cleaning away the dirt and using only the essential parts to prepare ailments or potions with my help. But plants weren't Korax's sole interest.

The animal world held just as much appeal and he prompted me to study its infinite variety, some recognizable by inspecting the soil in search for the traces he later taught me to identify. Mostly, his main concern was always to respect life in whatever form it came and whether plant, animal or human it made no difference to him or to his stern prohibition to avoid unnecessary killings.

Of course, this only skimmed the surface of the great knowledge required to become a Druid. Following his daily routine, I realized I was just starting to learn how complicated it would be, especially on a deeper, more spiritual level.

"Everyone, not just Druids, has a connection to the divine spirits above, Cedric," Korax loved to repeat in his attempts to make me aware of what cannot be touched, but exists anyway. "Our job is to wield it in order to help people."

"We are gods?" I asked, my eyes widening in amazement.

Korax chuckled. "I wouldn't quite go so far, Cedric, but we certainly are the link between the human and the divine."

"So our great gods need us," I affirmed smugly.

"Wrong again, Cedric. The humans need us because they don't understand the gods will." His gaze lost in midair, he sipped his steamy brew, shaking his head sadly. "Mostly, they can't see the complicated patterns designed for man's life. Take the Goddess, for instance."

"What about Her?" I challenged hostile.

"She represents what's most sacred about life, Her spirit flowing freely in all creatures in the form of blood and energy. But can anyone truly interpret Her will or Her instructions? All we know is She's the giver and taker of life and —"

"Yes, I know," I cut him off, annoyed he should consider me like a little child without memory. "But if She's so powerful and important, why does She leave us prey of evil creatures on All Hallows' Eve?"

Korax grinned as if implying the demons should be afraid of me instead. "This is a time of renewal, Cedric, so She leaves in order to come back stronger than before. We must follow Her example and use the night wisely."

"How so, Master?"

He took a long pause before answering. "There are dark forces at work in each of us, Cedric," he observed at last, "powerful energy we're often not aware of. All Hallows' Eve can unleash them like nothing else ever will. And as you know, awareness is the first step to mastering."

I grabbed my head in confusion. "I don't understand."

Korax shifted from his seat to edge closer. "You see, Cedric," he explained gently, "what we call dark or evil creatures are in reality the embodiment of our fears or of something so dark within us, we're scared to admit it even exists. If we learn to conquer them during this magical night, we'd be safe for the rest of our lives."

"It's kind of difficult to do it in this pitch blackness," I mused, looking around at the impenetrable darkness. At All Hallows' Eve,

everyone snuffed out their fires, which had been burning for an entire year, waiting for the sacred flame that would rekindle them anew in the morning, starting the yearly cycle again. But a night was long without a light to keep away the frightening terrors a human mind was able to conjure up on its own.

Korax shook his head. "No, tonight it'll be different."

"What do you mean?"

"That you'll guard our fire until morning."

"Aren't we supposed to extinguish it like everyone else?"

The Druid had shrugged. "Yes, but we'll make an exception this All Hallows' Eve."

Why? I was about to ask, but his eyes told me he wouldn't answer my question. "So what should I do tonight?" I asked instead.

"Your task is to make sure the fire keeps burning until morning," was his reply.

Without adding another word, he got up and moved away from our cabin, taking a side path going deeper into the forest. I followed him and, reaching the clearing, saw the fire. Startled, I blinked, thinking it was a trick of the mind or a work of magic. It seemed impossible we had sat outside in cold and darkness for what felt like an eternity while the brightest of fires was burning just a short distance away. And not only had I not

heard it, I hadn't smelled it either. But opening my eyes again, the huge blaze was still there, its high flames leaping into the air in an attempt to leave the groove from which it started while its shiny light penetrated the darkness almost swallowing it in its wake. Standing in front of it, Korax gestured, indicating my place. "You can stay over there, Cedric," he pointed out. Then without even making sure I followed his order, the powerful man moved away in the cabin's direction.

"What about you?" I asked, hurrying after him.

He swung around, an ironic look on his face. "Afraid to stay alone, little boy?" he sneered.

"Of course not," I spat. "I'm eighteen and I can—"

"I'm going to the village. The chief's afraid something horrible might happen tonight so he wants me close at hand." His explanation completed, he left me alone, shivering, cold and terribly scared in the lonely night.

CHAPTER THREE

Forlorn and deserted, I turned around. The clearing was small so the fire had no trouble lighting and heating it all. I went to sit by it, knowing my duty went beyond a simple watch. My real assignment, though Korax had not said it in so many words, was to protect the precious forest from the flames' harmful effects. Like during Beltane, the Druid had charged me, his only trained assistant, with the most important task of all. "We must respect nature," he used to say, "for it's the source of everything, our beginning and our end. Always remember, Cedric. There's nothing more sacred than life, in whatever shape it comes."

Many of these instructions were given under the influence of special herbs that helped our perception. Korax assured they opened our mind. I believe they did much more. The first time I used them, my senses spun so fast I thought I was about to fly like a bird and leave for the distant

sky. I would have just as easily fallen into the nearby river and swam my way to whatever sea lay beyond if Korax had not caught me in the act of jumping from a small cliff, stopping my attempt at freedom. Since then he had taught me how to dose and use them more wisely, always insisting I shouldn't touch them except for ritual purposes. Of course, I didn't always obey.

Looking around the clearing, my gaze scanned the vegetation. With time, I had come to know some powerful herbs quite intimately, like the one my eyes spotted next to a giant oak. I got up to take a closer look and yes, it was her! Briefly, I debated whether to use it now, recalling its exciting effects, which made me feel powerful and so hard that simply brushing my cock by accident had made it burst like a flooding river. Obviously, I loved this side effect, even if my new awareness of sex had reduced its use. *Not that it feels the same*, I mused with the assurance of a far more experienced man, which in fact, I wasn't.

"Hem..."

Startled by the sound, I whirled around. The first thing that caught my attention was the medallion, its shiny metal glittering in the firelight and sending bright flashes around the clearing that blinded me if I dared stare at it. But I didn't.

Instead, I raised my gaze. On the opposite side, at the edge of the circle of light, a slight figure

shifted its feet nervously. Narrowing my gaze, I tried to determine what the creature was for it looked neither male nor female, rather a mixture of both. Its pale body, dressed in a white robe, resembled a woman, even with its deceptive curves hidden beneath the cloak. On the other hand, its face had the irregular features of a man, clearly evidenced by short blond hair and square jaw.

Of course, I couldn't stand women. The feeling had only grown since my mother had abandoned me with Korax. Not that I blamed her. I'd probably been more challenging than she could have handled. Still, the episode had not improved my consideration of women in general or my desire to be close to one of them. Rather, I found myself watching men with increasing fascination, liking them all. Tall, short, thin, fat, blond or dark-haired, it made no difference to me since I only wanted to know how big, thick, hard their shafts could be, its presumed shape firing my craving to a spasm. Whenever I held mine, I imagined all sorts of different cocks, wondering how they'd be like, not to mention how they'd smell, which alone made me want to taste one, and just the mere thought was enough to cause my first explosive pleasures. But I had no idea sex could be so good until I had met a stranger wandering in the forest alone a few months before.

Something about the man had caught my attention. Maybe the way he went around, obviously looking for company, rather than a plant or an animal. He seemed to tread carefully over the vegetation, sometimes looking down, but mostly searching around as if expecting someone to jump out of a tree any time soon. Following his movements, I spied him for a while, like I often did when I saw people in the forest, hoping to catch another exciting scene. So far, my habit had been very educational, making me witness more than my share of mouth-watering tumbles in the wild and I fully intended to continue it.

Unlike the soldiers I'd heard complaining around the camp, we Celts had no problem expressing our preferences for the male gender. Our traditions did not impose restrictions to what people saw as a natural taste, allowing it only for youngsters and slaves or forcing men to marry and raise a family in spite of their inclinations just to prove they were dominant males like the Romans did. The Celts had no such limitations. We were men regardless of whom we liked to fuck so many of my age offered themselves to older friends or even strangers for purely personal pleasure. And the forest was full of their passionate twists and turns.

I had never tried it myself, mostly because Korax lived at the farthest edge of the village for

people to come our way often. In fact, the Druid was my only connection to the community, moving back and forth to answer official summons like he had the day I saw the stranger.

I took a closer look at my new acquaintance. Although dressed like one of us, he resembled a Roman, with his height, carved face and broad chest. Naturally, I couldn't care less about his origins. As usual, what intrigued me was the promising bulge I had the chance to admire when he turned my way. Hidden behind a giant tree, I studied it for a while before deciding I wanted to see it at a closer, much closer range. So I stepped out, pretending to be just walking around until I stopped as if something had caught my attention. Obviously, it had to be something down on the ground and I felt his eyes on me as I bent to pick it up, making sure I pushed my ass right in his face.

"Hey, you..." The man had been quick to grab the opportunity. "Looking for something?"

His Latin, mixed with a few words in my language, confirmed he was Roman. Luckily, I had learned the basic of their tongue thanks to Korax insatiable knowledge so I had no trouble understanding his question. Slowly, I turned to look at him, my gaze lingering on his crotch before going up to his face. "Yes, sir. I'm looking for mushrooms."

The man grinned. "Well, I think you just found the biggest one of all," he announced, striding forward.

My own stumbling step in his direction made me trip down to my knees, my face coming right in front of his crotch. Having gotten what he wanted, he took the beast out and it stood proudly in its hardness. As promised, it was huge, even bigger than mine, I noticed, grasping it firmly to admire its elongated shape with the thick stem that held the fat head regally as if crowned by it. I breathed deeply its intoxicating smell before nearing my lips to land a quick kiss. Even more aroused, I darted out my tongue to taste it and I liked it...immensely. Wanting more, I licked the rest of him, reaching down to the balls, then returning up to the bursting head waiting for something more. My mouth wrapped around it and I almost spilled my guts from this new pleasure.

I had no experience naturally, except the imaginary one, grown out of years of wondering how it would feel to have a warm mouth on my shaft. I recalled the exact sensations I would have loved to experience so my mouth began moving as if it had a mind of its own, following the pattern of my dreams. In growing excitement, I held, touched, breathed, tasted, lapped, licked and sucked the vibrant piece of meat, which to my

immense surprise turned to stone. I felt it twitch with pleasure, its thick head hitting my cheek, then bumping on the roof of my mouth as it pushed to get past all obstacles. I tried swallowing it, but getting it too close to my throat, I pulled away. Drawing the tip of the erection back inside, I also slid my hand in the same movement that brought me so much pleasure I'd often lose my mind over it. Insatiably, my tongue ran back to his hairy balls, sucking and licking them avidly as my hand kept the rhythm going. Raising my head, my lips returned upward, my mouth having to enlarge over the bulging head. It was too big to hold it all, but he didn't seem to mind as he pushed his hips to get a closer look. I sucked harder, my tongue curling around it, partly to avoid a strangling effect, mostly to feel its firm rub, filling my senses with his taste and smell. In rapture, I would have played for hours with his savory equipment, trying to fulfill its every desire, had he not wanted more.

"Care to fill something else?" the man suggested huskily, pulling back a little.

I had seen too many scenes in the forest not to understand how the game evolved between two men, even if, "I've never tried it, sir," I confessed. "But I'd like to," I added truthfully, my asshole already throbbing in anticipation.

"Really?" His eyes blazed with excitement. Dropping down to his knees, he turned me around and I lay on my elbows as I'd seen many others do. "Don't worry," he assured. "It's real easy and great fun, too," he continued, freeing my ass from the shielding clothes. "The trick," he continued, "is to keep it very wet."

A cold sensation chilled my enflamed butt hole as his tongue rimmed its edges. In rapture, I surrendered to his teasing for he didn't push inside or force his way through, simply skimmed around for the longest time, unleashing a raging fire I'd never felt before. My reaction was to throw back the ass at him while my only craving was to feel something, anything, inside to quench its burning desire. I swung in a steady rhythm, begging for his fingers, in lack of something bigger, until he satisfied my request and dipped one inside. Pleasure hit me unexpectedly as my flesh wrapped tightly around it.

"Glad you like it," was his comment while slipping one more finger inside, then a third. I welcomed all greedily, sucking them deep much like my mouth had tried swallowing his big cock, but the game was fast moving to another level. "Now you'll get something bigger and much better," the Roman announced, taking his hand away. "Trust me." He nudged the hard head at the end of my cleft and gave a firm shove.

This time it hurt. With a yelp, I jumped away, but as if expecting my reaction, he had already pulled out. "Relax," he told me gently, rubbing the sore opening. "If you tense like this, it'll only get worse."

"But it hurts," I complained loudly.

"Only the first time," he assured. "The next time I come in, it won't. I promise."

As a matter of fact, the pain had lessened already, maybe because he still teased the tight entrance with wet fingers so I let him convince me and settled back in my position. To test me, his finger centered the middle of my buttocks again and true to his word, it didn't seem so bad. Feeling the difference, he quickly replaced it with the hard thickness, pushing it to gain the entry, having no trouble this time to obtain the desired result. I didn't move, just analyzed the new sensation of having something so big filling me completely. I relaxed like he had suggested and the demanding master slipped even further inside, almost sucked by what had now become my hungry flesh. And I liked it...a lot. But he knew how to make it better.

Reaching beneath me to grip my painfully throbbing cock, he slid on the long stem, penetrating at the same time to the hilt with a series of quick shoves, his balls tickling my ass every time he pushed forward. I didn't

immediately follow his rhythm because his firm grasp took much of my attention away from behind, focusing it to the front instead. Only when he pushed harder, did I start moving to his dance, my ass swinging back, slowly at first, then gaining momentum as my guest demanded more space.

Interpreting my full enjoyment from the forceful thrust back, the Roman fumbled to take my hand to replace his on my stone-like shaft, then free to focus on his pleasure alone, he increased his shoves, our skins rubbing so fast I was afraid we'd burn to cinders, including his cock stuck so far in I thought it'd reach my throat. And the fire only grew with each thrust as I pushed back to receive more until nothing made sense except my flesh sucking the thickness into an inexorable vortex that squeezed it to the spasm. When the explosion came, I wasn't prepared for it, its scorching heat mounting rapidly to the tip of my erection, pushing out all the fluid in one heavy jet first, then a series of smaller ones as I shook from a pleasure so intense I feared would drain my spirit along with the hot seed. And no matter how many times I did it afterward, that first sensation remained uniquely sculpted in my mind and body.

About the Author

Born 1965 in Rome Italy, I grew up in Lagos Nigeria then moved to Atlanta GA to complete my studies. In Rome, I graduated in Political Science and now work in the field of international trade.

I have always loved writing and started in college by working with Emory University's magazine The Phoenix. Since then, I have been writing and publishing in both Italian and English, specializing in various genres erotica, mostly M/M, dark fantasy, horror, historical and paranormal, trespassing at times into the contemporary. Recently I published with eXtasy Books:

Spying the Alcove, novella—Hot Sicilian sun brings to life an ancient medallion's erotic tales in Vittorio's imagination. But will the outrageous scenes make him seduce a new lover?

Roman Seduction, short story—1st century AD, Egypt, sun, heat, passion and the army...can these ingredients shape the destiny of two Roman soldiers? Don't miss the sensually hot prequel to Trespassing!

Sacrificial Sex, novella—Will the handsome stranger convince the bloodthirsty sorcerer to stop vicious human sacrifices? But can he afford to pay the price to fulfill his quest?

Divinitas, novel—From the fabled lands of Ancient Egypt, Persia and Celtic Britain, three stories span time and space in two men's reincarnations, love betrayal and destiny the ingredients to find a common thread in their sexual obsession and quest for eternity.

Trespassing All Hallow's Eve, novel—Follow Attilio and Aurelius's adventures in the passionate sequel as their fates tie with Brighit's sacred duty and her search for new forms of love. But pay attention because reality isn't always what it seems to be!

Coming December 15: To Seduce a Soulmate

Coming 2010: the first two episodes of the Virtus Saga, The Sex and The Game.

Visit my website: www.lallagatta.com.