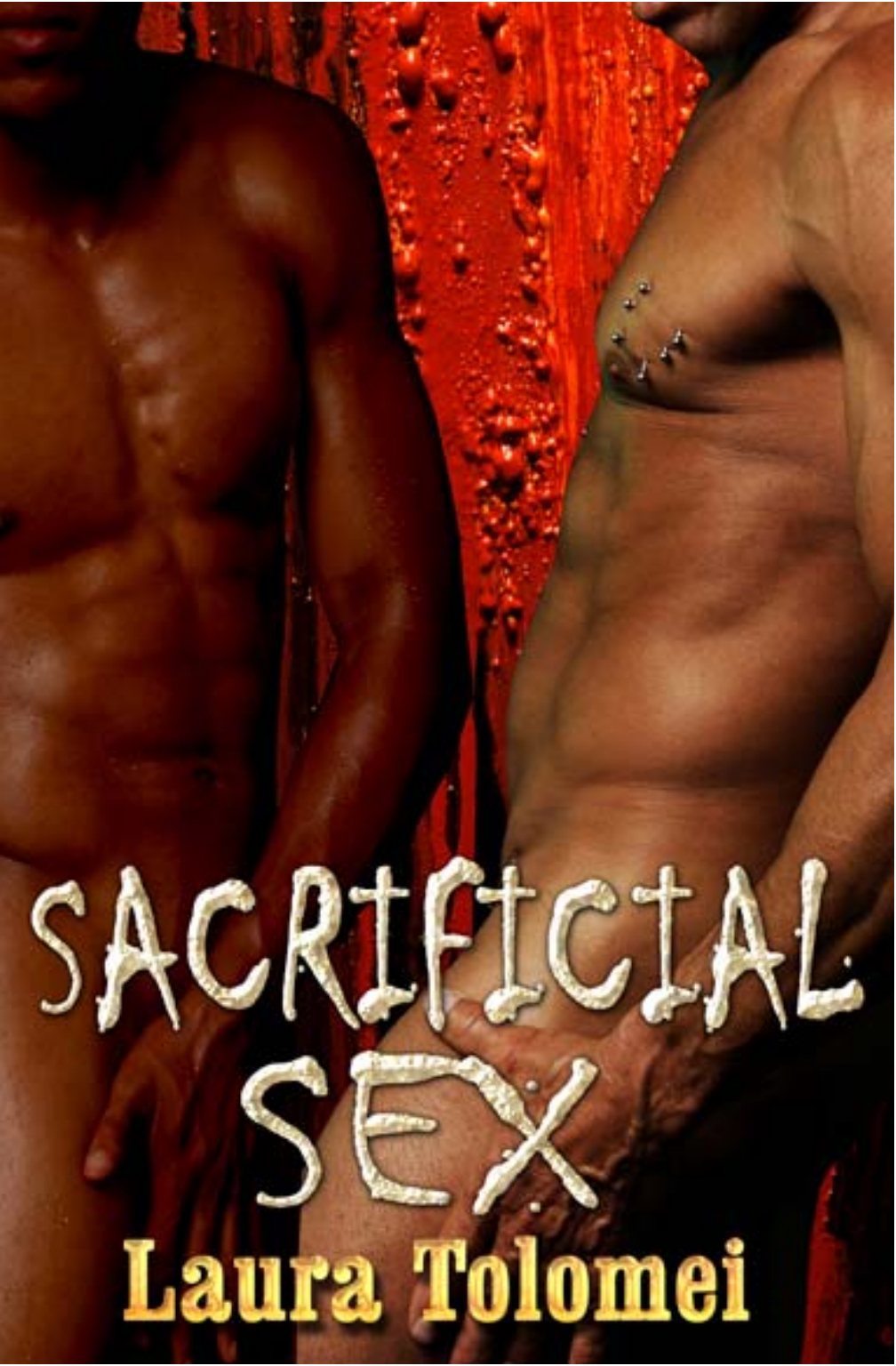




SACRIFICIAL SEX

Laura Tolomei

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SACRIFICIAL SEX

BY

LAVRA TOLOMEI

CHAPTER ONE

The thrill was gone.

Or rather, it was not like before.

At first, he had felt privileged to do the gods' delicate work. Now he only felt used by a power he did not understand. Still, his work was sacred, or so they assured, and he could not quit now.

The chamber stifled Mylos. Stone walls closed on him from every side. He needed to breathe fresh air, clear his mind from the latest obsession so he stepped outside. The day was magnificent. Primax, the brightest star in their sky, lit the high plateau where Ashantarie rose in silent splendor. The city had stood on the flat hilltop since time's beginning, the pulsing heart of their advanced civilization. Its stone buildings, tall and elegant, attracted Primax's blinding light, which shed illusory reflections with the passing day. Most of the official buildings, Temples in particular, were pyramidal in style. The triangular masonry structures climbed up to the sky. Some had smooth, steeply sloping sides that met at an apex. Others had sharply angled steps, which reached a

towering altar at the center of the top platform. The pyramids, standing near the rich part of the city, dotted the landscape and commanded an attention that was hard to deny. In fact, many fell in love with Ashantarie after just one look.

Mylos was proud to live in the cultured city that people traveled great distances to visit. And most of them came to him, Ashantarie's spiritual leader. They needed his advice on family matters, business or love, bringing gifts to thank him in advance of the good fortune he would bestow on them. *As if I had any real power*, Mylos mused wryly. Well...maybe once he did. After many repetitions, he was not so sure.

Perhaps it was not entirely his fault. Someone else told him otherwise. This was surprising in itself. Blood Divines, such as himself, hardly received advice from commoners. Even more unsettling, he was listening and it was getting to him. Mylos shook his head. Lately, these thoughts had the uncanny ability of making him lose perspective. He needed to get a grip on himself before he slipped down a dangerous path. In these cases, nothing worked better than his own special therapy, the same he intended to pursue right at the moment.

People greeted him, busy with chores and businesses, but never enough to spare a quick hello to a very important member of the

community. Walking rapidly, Mylos acknowledged everyone, though he did not stop to chat. His purpose clear, he headed to the city's outskirts and climbed the steep hill to Primax's Temple.

Huge stones set in a circle protected the sacred open area. Only the autarchy had permission to cross its boundaries and of course, Mylos was more than qualified. With a firm step, he strode across the stone ring, quickly approaching its center, then stopped to look around. Luckily, no one was around at lunchtime, the hottest time of day. Ashantarie had a fiery climate all year round. Primax's merciless rays enflamed the desert plateau and temperatures quickly rose to high degrees already by early morning. The scorching light firing the sky was probably the reason for Ashantarie's dark-skinned population. In order to protect the delicate flesh, color had turned increasingly black despite indiscriminate use of the pyramid's dim interiors. Pale skins, the few that reached Ashantarie, were a rarity. Once on the desert plateau, they had to adapt to the scorching blaze. Naturally, one of the best strategies was to avoid them altogether by hiding inside dark interiors, especially during the hottest times.

This did not apply to Mylos. He loved both the blinding light and the heat, always looking for

excuses to escape the glum pyramids. The confined space and lack of light wore on him, a strain he found difficult to endure. So he actively sought Primax's incandescence, especially in the Sacred Stones Temple, built to receive from the first to the last burning rays during a day.

Glancing at the structure, Mylos noticed that Primax had reached the zenith. His timing was perfect. Taking off his robe, he went to the circle's center and stretched out, completely naked in a cross-style position. Eyes closed, he let the heat enflame him, warming cold bones, stinging the skin with small fiery darts. His flesh tingled under the attack, but he did not move. His amber skin had a way to protect itself so it was just a matter of getting used to it. If the first impact was always the hardest at a superficial level, the subsequent waves reached much deeper. Mylos relaxed, enjoying the merciless assault. Liquid fire penetrating all the way down to his bones felt exquisite so he shifted slightly to press every curve closer to the ground, soon engulfed by the flames burning above as well as below him. By then, his only desire was to melt, liquefy and blend with the hot waves, becoming one with them and escaping all boundaries.

When the physical sensations settled, his mind traveled on the magically bright beams. Primax usually had this effect on him, focusing his

attention and making him see things in a different light. Or in alternative, it made him spin out of the world, carried away into a dimension where neither time nor space existed. There he could float freely without worrying about inconsequential details like life or death. The latter was the primary reason he had sought the Temple's heated comfort so he waited patiently for the luminous journey to begin. When it did not, he squeezed his eyes shut tightly while pressuring his mind to plunge into bottomless void. But the heat aroused his senses rather than encourage meditation so he had no choice but to return to the dim smoky hall.

Mylos's blood rushed to his head. The sound of distant drums filled his ears. He loved playing out the service in the semi-dark stone chamber, full of smoke from the burning torches hanging on the wall. The intended victim would come forward, looking helpless and terrified. He read fear in her eyes, heard her blood pumping, tasted her salty sweat, felt her heart thumping wildly. Cock aroused, Mylos would watch fascinated the terrified trembling in excited anticipation of what would soon follow. It was all part of the game, a deadly one, of course.

He stretched luxuriously, reliving with pleasure scenes and sensations, which unfortunately belonged more to the past. Yet, he could never

forget his blood pounding faster or the hunter's excitement at the sight of his prey, doomed from the start. Licking his lips, he almost tasted the sweet blood that would eventually pour freely from every gash.

Blood was sacred on Ashantarie. The red liquid testified to life...and death. This was the reason the gods' asked him to spill it so they would never forget their sacred duty to the humans. It reinforced the alliance they had forged with the first man when he sprung to life from the bloody cave. And blood continued to bring life.

Mylos shivered despite the heat. The ceremonial sacrifice still thrilled him and he would have liked to—

"Master," a voice called out.

Mylos stretched his head upward, opening his eyes. A young man stood next to one of the megalithic stones. From his tense pose, the Blood Divine clearly guessed he did not dare to cross the forbidden boundary. "What is it, Patris?"

"Master—"

"Come here, boy," Mylos scoffed. "I can't hear you that far away."

* * * *

Permission granted, still a lifetime training hampered Patris's movements so he entered

hesitantly the sacred area, walking fast to reach its center and kneel next to Mylos's naked form. "Master, there is a woman to see you. She has a...an offering with her."

"How long since she came?"

"Well, Master, we had to look for you so she's been waiting for a while."

"Good." Mylos's hand grabbed Patris's neck and pushed him down on his belly. "I'm sure she won't mind waiting a little longer."

Knowing exactly what his Master wanted, Patris opened his warm mouth, positioning it over the tip of the erection straining in front of his face. How long the Blood Divine had been like that, he had no idea, although he was sure of the remedy to release his Master's tension. Without wasting more time, Patris's hot cavity enveloped the bulging head and swallowed it. His tongue lashed out to curl around its thickness, sliding on the entire length in long, wet laps that covered each side. Hard sucks soon followed, tentative at first as if unsure on how to go about it. Hard, then more forcefully as he drew the cock further inside. He felt it strain against the confined space, hitting cavity enveloped the bulging his cheek and palate before hovering on the brink of the throat fall.

In an attempt to fight him off, Patris breathed deeper and almost choked on it. Quick as lightning, it had inserted in the even tighter space

available, trying to slide all the way down. Managing to keep it a bay was the start of a new game as his tongue wrapped around the stone-like shaft, traveling seductively from top to bottom, his head bobbing along with the movement, partly controlled by Mylos's continued hold on his neck. He knew his Master wanted him to step up the rhythm so he had no choice but to comply. Using also his hands, he increased his lapping, sucking harder than before, uncaring if he choked, but coughing liberally if he could not resist...anything to please his Master.

* * * *

Mylos enjoyed his position as Blood Divine. It allowed him the freedom to choose the company he kept, particularly in his sexual affairs. Society's rules seldom applied to high officials such as Mylos. In fact, he hardly worried about conventions or ethics when it came to pursuing his sexual inclinations. And they did not include women. In fact, he hated them with a passion. Inferior beings under every point of view, he did not even agree on the gods' sexual preference. In Mylos's mind, ritual sacrifice called more for strong-bodied men rather than weakly women. Completely unlike men's straight and proud lines, their ugly curvy bodies repelled him, but

comparisons were useless, particularly when the choice was not his.

Luckily, his private life followed different rules. As the Blood Divine, he was in charge of a strictly male community made up of young men wanting to know about the sacred ways, apprentices that he had to train to serve the gods, though inevitably they learned only to oblige their Master. Eventually, one of them would take his place, but until then, they were under oath to serve him in whatever way he saw fit. Mylos found a certain justice in this arrangement since he had to follow the same training in his younger days.

The Master back then had been old, ugly and smelly, a stubborn creature who refused to step down when he reached the end of his career or rather his life. And since no one could depose him, thus he continued to command not only rituals, but mostly disciples, dastardly creatures who crowded his Temple.

Mylos had been a new acquisition. His parents had only just brought him to the Blood Divine's service. Tenth of twelve children, many of which had died before reaching the age of ten, he was another victim of the famine that raged the countryside, depriving families of the means to support life. Rather than watch him starve to death, his mother had taken him to the Temple, begging the Blood Divine to accept him into his

service. Something about Mylos had convinced the sorcerer about his worth and he took him into the Temple's fold.

Mylos still recalled the expression of regret on the old face, almost as if it had not been his decision, but rather somebody else's, a higher level pressuring him. And knowing his acceptance was forced down the ugly man's throat had given Mylos a shiver of pleasure, particularly since his mother had told him how choosy the bloody son of a bitch was about his acolytes, refusing most of the young men who came begging at his door.

Mylos knew he had been lucky. He also knew he would succeed the old bastard because he was born leader in a world of servants. That was the only reason he suffered through the humiliations and the demeaning services. He had to clean everyone else's filth, scraping off dried blood from floors and knives, sharpen blades, even sweet talk victims into acceptance. Worst of all, he had to let the smelly crone use every part of his body for his own pleasure, apparently making sure it hurt him more than anyone else. Mylos resisted for the sole purpose of repaying one day his bloodthirsty Master with the same coin, never once giving the son of a bitch the satisfaction of showing his true feelings. And the gamble paid off in the end.

When the Blood Divine lay on his deathbed, Mylos did not allow anyone near him and enjoyed

watching the old man beg for something to eat or drink. Mylos refused everything except pure cold hatred, which of course, did little to keep the Blood Divine alive. Heart turned to stone, insensitive to the dying sorcerer's pleas, Mylos had hoped he would last long in horrible suffering. When the end did come, the Blood Divine had looked at Mylos, his gaze reflecting the same hatred.

"You are a fitting successor," he had whispered, handing the dark red silk scarf, the Blood Divine's emblem.

Then to Mylos's intense satisfaction, he had died. Ever since, Mylos had treasured the hated lessons, treating his own acolytes in much the same way as the old man had used him, although he prided himself on being more understanding, less demanding and definitely less sickening. The change in leadership did nothing to improve living conditions of the small community and the young men still learned to serve the gods through their duty to the Master or rather to his pressing needs, which were mostly of a sexual nature.

Sex, just like blood, was life's foundation. Mylos understood this simple principle and had used it to please the gods, or better yet, himself. He sighed, closing his eyes again. His cock hardened spasmodically at the wet challenge, even under Primax's scorching blaze that melted

his outer layer just as Patris's hot mouth burned his flaming desire to cinders. Not really comparable, the two pleasures blended together as the young man's skillful tongue darted relentlessly on the hard surface, inserting its tip under the sensitive skin before pulling his lips all the way down to the base.

Mylos pushed up to get in deeper, well aware he would choke his disciple. But he really did not care. All he wanted was to reach the blissful release that was only moments away so he ignored the cough and continued pushing. Trying to find the right way, the bulging head pressed first against a soft cheek, quickly shifting position to reach the throat and fighting against a rebellious tongue that wanted to banish it on the hard palate. With a shove, Mylos strove to break through Patris's defense, but it was only when he held his head that he could take the plunge. Keeping a tight control on the unruly head, the Blood Divine increased the tempo, his hip dance perfectly coordinated with his hand's tireless motion until he reached full satisfaction with an explosive flood that almost choked the young man in hot bittersweet semen.

"Why is she drugged?"

Mylos looked at the woman apparently asleep on a cot. He went closer, examining her slim pale

body. Soft brown hair hung around her shoulders, framing a small oval face. Annoyed, Mylos pushed them away, then moved her head from side to side to check her neck. Satisfied by what he saw, he turned his gaze on the woman standing next to the girl.

She shrugged as if it was not her business to say, only to bring new victims to the Temple in whatever state she found them.

Once, centuries before, Ashantarie's blood sacrifices were a common ritual. The city needed the gods' protection and they were bloodthirsty ones, expecting the people to sacrifice young, healthy individuals to their unquenchable craving for fresh red fluid running down dark throats. A precious reminder of men's bloody birth, the ritual reinforced the bond between life and death, linking also together deities to humans. More importantly, it safeguarded Ashantarie's future. The gods' protection lasted only as long as the office appeased their hunger.

This awareness had changed customs and favored the rise of a new social status. To be a human sacrifice became a privilege, though a short lived one. Considered an honor to be chosen as the leading figure of the bloody celebration, families donated freely their best youngsters, feeling sure the gods' reward would more than make up for their loss. Naturally, no one dared

question this custom so the Blood Divine, even more powerful in those days, chose each new victim from an abundant supply, though not all volunteered for the hot spot.

Back then, the city had been in a constant state of war. In order to control the plateau and the land around it, Ashantarie challenged its neighbors. It had been a time of bloody battles and deaths, soon followed by famine. The city had to sacrifice up to the last resource in order to survive and eventually win against its enemies. Luckily, the sacrifices were not in vain. The gods smiled on the city – not the elegant picture of modern times, but a crumbling heap of ruins – granting a full victory.

In time, Ashantarie's people rebuilt their city, restoring it to its original splendors. Of course, intensive use of more blood sacrifices to ensure the gods' blessing became an integral part of the reconstruction effort. For centuries afterward, the city had prospered. Commerce flourished. Cultural level escalated exponentially. Population increased, especially attracted by new work opportunities in the construction of massive stone walls that enclosed the city's confines.

The old customs were still alive, though prosperity tended to make people forget about their origins. Or rather, their civilized culture began to consider distasteful the barbaric practices of the past. People believed their gods had meekly

followed the cultural developments, raising their living standards, too, finally cured of their blood thirst. But more than that, mentality had changed so radically that people expressed horror at the mere thought of what had been perfectly reasonable and common in the past, the offering of human beings. As a result, society banned blood sacrifices altogether, effectively stripping the Blood Divine of much of his power.

Greatly misunderstood, the gods did not take kindly this turn of hearts. Just a few months after the fateful ban, Ashantarie suffered a major earthquake. The ground first trembled, then shook violently. Primax hid behind a thick blanket of clouds and the sky went dark. Stone fell everywhere while buildings crumbled to the ground. People tried to run away, but most remained trapped under the rubbles, their pitiful cries echoing desperately in helpless ears, carried by the strong wind sweeping the desert.

It was a time of chaos. Only a strong leadership avoided a civil war or worse, though it could not stop the terrible famine that plagued the population for years. Many died due to the earthquake, but even more from lack of food. And the situation only grew increasingly serious because despite all efforts, the land, obviously still in shock, seemed incapable of producing anything edible.

At this latest turn for the worst, the city Council debated on restoring blood sacrifices. After all, the gods had clearly expressed their will. Yet, no number of official acts could overcome strong cultural beliefs or stop objections regarding the cruelty of human sacrifices. Moral disapproval aside, the major practical problem consisted in finding available victims since most people were either dead or too hungry to last long. The Council discussed the matter for weeks, until finally it voted to reinstate only animal sacrifices, leaving humans alone.

But the compromise seemed inadequate to appease the gods, particularly after their unequivocal sign. To restore the thriving prosperity, authorities decided to allow occult offerings along with the public ones. The Blood Divine, reinstated in his position, became the official Ritual Master of animal sacrifices while unofficially and secretly, he disposed of the destiny of fresh human victims.

Of course, it all depended on supply so a network of willing and silent accomplices scouted the countryside in search of young girls that their parents could not afford to support any longer. Often, families just did not want them, afraid of the extra expenses a girl required over a boy. The dominating male culture had little love for females in general. Like Mylos, many considered them

inferior and did not feel the need to share the little food that came their way with expendable creatures.

Even parents had problems supporting a woman. Weaker than men, they worked less. In addition, they would one day leave their home to follow their mate, depriving parents of their work while benefiting strangers. As a result, cattle had a higher value because, unlike women, it stayed in the family and enriched it. To this end, city authorities offered money to those willing to get a daughter off their hands without asking too many questions. This business had steadily grown over the years thanks mostly to the bad economical situation.

Of course, everyone kept the secret, from the higher levels all the way down to the lowly scouts, even if embarrassing information had always the bad habit of leaking out despite precautions to the contrary. So far no one had complained, revealed an inappropriate knowledge or challenged the recruitment. Perhaps, people simply pretended to ignore what was happening. Either way, for long spells the Temple secretly sacrificed girls—sometimes problematic young men, too—in a small yet steady number. But once again, the situation changed.

Mylos remembered the time when the stream of potential victims had increased dramatically. At

first, he had not been sure about what was happening. All of a sudden, his scouts brought back greater numbers of young, pretty girls, offered by a variety of parents and relatives. It was more than the Temple could handle, but initially the Blood Divine accepted all, believing it was the gods' will. When the numbers ran too high, he had the first doubts, although continuing with the acquisitions. *Well, Rowen certainly put a stop to that*, Mylos mused, suppressing a smile. The young man had come much the same way as the girl sleeping in front of him and —

"Her father brought her like this," the woman finally replied.

"You came with her father?"

"He insisted to come along to the city's walls," she confirmed, moving away from Mylos's scrutiny.

He turned to look squarely at her. "All right, tell me. Where did you find her?" Mylos glanced again at the pale skin. "She's not from around here."

The woman looked nervously around because as a rule, the Blood Divine was not supposed to ask questions, simply to accept the offering and pay consequently. "I...found her up North, like the other one you keep here."

"You mean Rowen?"

"Yeah, him."

"And why did her father accept that you take her away?"

"She's a difficult child, he told me. She doesn't respond well to authority so—"

"They wanted to get rid of the problem," Mylos concluded.

Again, the woman shrugged clearly indicating it was not her concern why people got rid of their next of kin. "My lord," she said eventually, "she has no mark. Shouldn't that alone be enough?"

Severely tempted to give the girl back to the go-between, Mylos looked at her one more time. Something about her did not feel right...the wrong woman in the right place. Perhaps, sending her away would be the best solution. Yet, as the scout had pointed out, she clearly had no mark. He sighed, knowing the decision rested solely on him. And a human being's destiny hung on it, however inconsequential she was to him. He took a deep breath. Despite his reluctance, he followed a different impulse. Just like Rowen, instinct prevailed over cold reasoning. "All right, leave her here. Go to Patris and he'll pay your dues."

The woman hurried away, her expression revealing how glad she was to be off the hook.

The Blood Divine glanced one last time at the sleeping or drugged form, then clapped his hands.

A servant appeared from the left and bowed low. "Yes, Master?"

“Take her downstairs. See to it she gets food and water when she wakes up.”

The servant picked up the light load and disappeared.

Mylos wondered about the girl’s future, whether he would destine her to the bloody chamber or—

“Hello, killer,” a mocking voice cut through his thoughts, “thinking about more sacrifices?”

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 import/export business.

I have always liked writing and started in the USA by working with Emory University's magazine The Phoenix. Since then, I have been writing and publishing in both Italian and English.

In English, I write erotica in various genres, mostly fantasy, sci-fi and paranormal, sometimes trespassing into contemporary. Recently I published by eXtasy Books:

Divinitas, novel—historical, dark fantasy, gay, lesbian ménage, paranormal, gods. Love, betrayal, destiny, the ingredients connecting two men's lust to their quest of the divine as Spirit, defeated by Flesh, falls short of creating Divinitas.

Trespassing All Hallow's Eve, novel—dark fantasy, paranormal, adventure, gay, lesbian, Halloween. Lover of women, follow Brighit's personal trespass into the world of men, where love takes new forms and shapes and reality is not always what it seems to be.

Hunted, short story in eXtasy's Anthology Sanguinary Seductions.

The Moon Priestess, short story in eXtasy's Anthology Atlantis Allure.

Coming soon: Virtus: Erotic Control, Spying the Alcove, Roman Seduction, Bloody Lust, A Soulmate's Seduction.

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