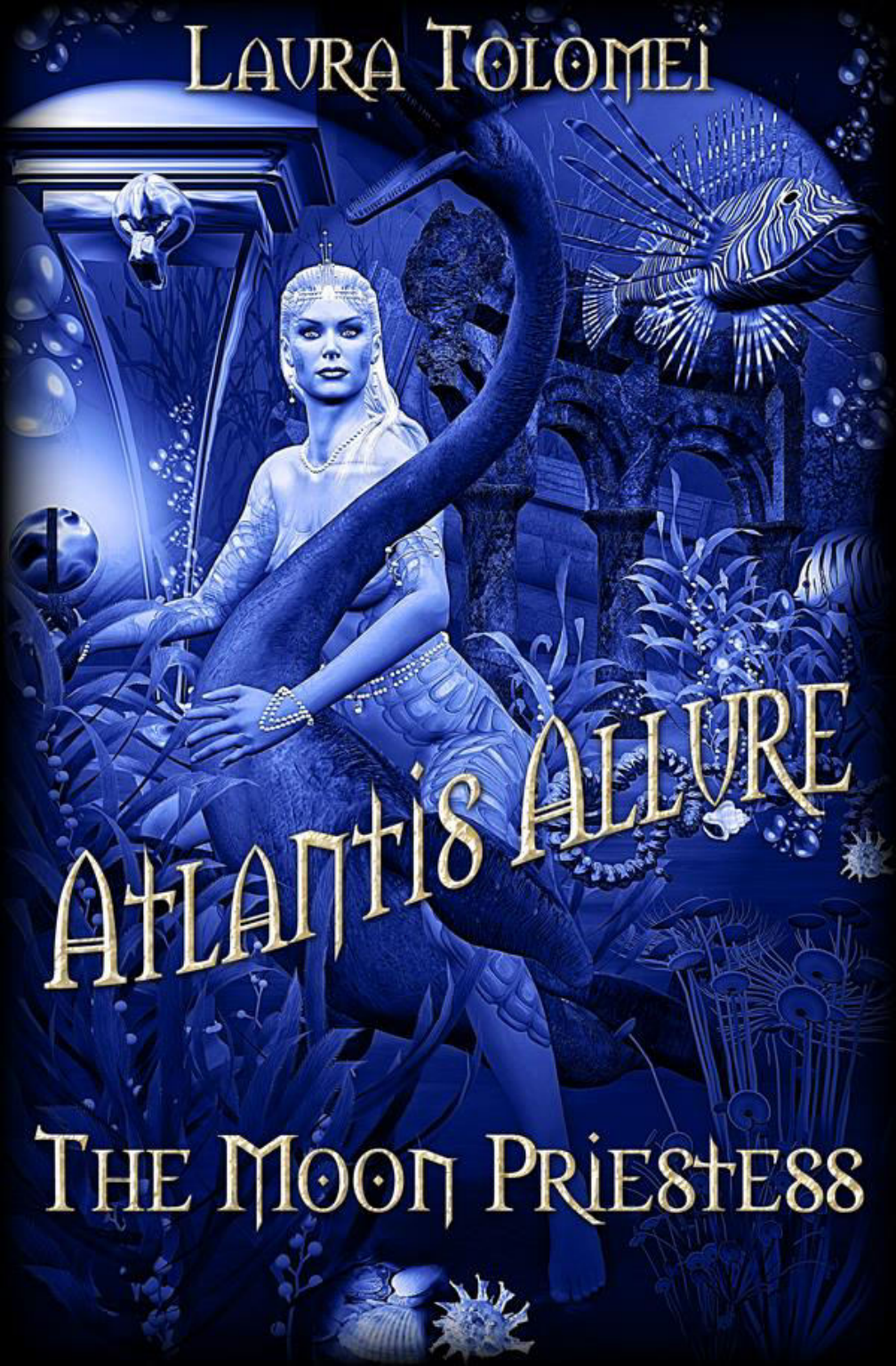


The book cover features a central illustration of a woman with blonde hair, wearing a crown and a blue dress, holding a large, dark, curved object. She is surrounded by various elements: a large, ornate fish on the right, a classical statue head in the background, and various sea creatures like jellyfish and shells at the bottom. The entire scene is set against a dark, textured background with a blue color scheme.

LAURA TOLOMEI

ATLANTIS ALLURE

THE MOON PRIESTESS

Want to know all about Atlantis's last days? Let the Moon Priestess mesmerize you with her enchanted tale of love and betrayal.

Her nightmares warn of impending doom on her home, Atlantis, but how to ensure her people's survival? And why has her lover fallen for a mysterious stranger, bewitched and intrigued to the point he isn't listening to her anymore, to her who is the only Moon Priestess?

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The Moon Priestess
Copyright © 2013 Laura Tolomei
ISBN: 978-1-77111-580-3
Cover art and design by Martine Jardin

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Atlantis Allure
The Moon Priestess

By

Laura Tolomei

Fire from the sky burned the silent city. The Earth shook uncontrollably, unending. Sea waves rose to impressive heights, pouring masses of water on the helpless population. Grayness covered sunlight, spreading a filthy mist over the sky. Nature was being violated in a hideous way, powerless to stop the destruction.

People ran everywhere screaming for mercy, but there was none. The tall buildings crumbled to pieces, like toys crushed by an adult's careless hand. Stones fell down, forever burying terrified people. She struggled to safety. In vain. Turning to check if he was following was her undoing. Something fell on top of her, weighing down and cutting off all air. She tried screaming, but no words came out. No one would hear anyway, everybody too busy trying to save their own skin. She was going to die, she realized suddenly, without having accomplished half the things she wanted. *Life is really unfair.* At the last flicker of awareness, she struggled some more, then went still.

Right after, it was as if something pulled her out of her body, making her float in the sky above to witness the rest of the world slowing down,

until nothing moved any more. Everything stood immobile, in silent anticipation of the final act. And it did not have to wait too long. Cold winds blew on the plains, while temperatures quickly dropped below acceptable levels. The world froze, forever silent under the heavy ice whiteness, all signs of life and civilization eternally buried underneath.

She screamed again and again, waking up from the dream. Though she had taken action to change the future portrayed in the dream, it still haunted her as if warning of something else. With a sigh, she got up and went to the temple's open space. Slender white columns enclosed the sacred area where ceremonies were held. Peering through them, her gaze jumped to the fields in the distance, glimmering under the moon's pale light.

A little bit further, she caught the sea's glittering reflections, its waves adding to the illusion. The warm night seemed peaceful under the soft light, and she was tempted to drown in the darkness, leaving the world behind. But she knew better. With a sigh, she turned around and faced the temple's other side.

Atlantis rose beneath her, impressive in its stony beauty made softer by the moon's radiance. Tall buildings dominated the city, imposing structures of fine sandstone, which reflected a

The Moon Priestess

warm brownish color. From the temple, she saw some parts of the city lit by torches that, mingling with the moon's rays, created odd flickering games of lights and shadows.

She loved Atlantis, born and raised on its green plains, trained inside the tall buildings that dotted the countryside. With one sweep of her gaze, she embraced it all. Atlantis was built in a great valley surrounded by fertile hills, which gave the impression that she wore an impressive crown. All the temples were outside the city on the hilltops, as if, being higher the gods could keep the city safe, protect it better somehow.

Well, they sure did. The vast land around it was prosperous. Harvests were plentiful. Everyone had more than enough to eat, feeding not just their stomachs, their spirits and minds mostly as testified by their refined culture. All the more reason to give thanks to the two powers that allowed them to live and thrive with such ease.

The Moon and Sun Temples, Atlantis's main worship, faced each other on opposite hills. One was built in white washed stone, the other a bright yellow that made the sunrays dance. Otherwise, they were almost identical twins, both overlooking the city since time unmemorable, which however did not diminish the supremacy of one over the other.

Standing on the Moon Temple's inner fold, she

finally understood the legend binding the Moon to Atlantis. A stray star at the time, one of Her rays had casually hit the valley and created the magnificent city that had first beckoned the Moon to stay, then bewitched Her to the point She had decided to remain close to Earth, so She could admire Atlantis every night. For this reason, the Moon Priestess was at the top of Atlantis's hierarchy. Considered to be a bridge between the material earth and the Divine Goddess above, she led the people in ritual ceremonies, prayers and sacrifices, though not always were they as successful as expected.

Innumerable generations had come up the hill and climbed the thousand steps to offer gifts to the Moon, to beg for forgiveness or simply to ask for a brighter future. If the Goddess listened to all, She blessed very few, which did not detain people from streaming in regardless of the result.

"Keylar, honey!"

On spinning around, again the moon confounded her, more so at the sight of the beautiful male face staring at her with concern.

"It's late." The man took a step forward.

"I know." Enchanted by Atlantis's play of lights and shadows, she had the illusion of being suspended in time and space. "But I couldn't sleep."

"The nightmare again?"

She nodded, wondering, not for the first time, why he had the power to read her so well.

"Come here." He stretched out his arms.

No, it was the last thing she wanted, to drown into his sensual magic...especially after what had happened.

"Honey, please come here." Impatiently, he moved closer.

"Why, Vyler?" Dejectedly, she shook her head. "It's obvious you don't want me."

"That's not true." His black eyes blazed. "I never said —"

"You don't need to." She spat. "I saw how you looked at him, so it's probably only a matter of time before —"

"What you fear most has already happened." Vyler took another step forward and stood in front of her, so close she could smell his breath. "But I still want you, the most sacred of priestesses." He stroked her long hair. "And the most beautiful."

No more time to run away. As if from afar, Keylar watched herself being flattened against Vyler, helpless to prevent his mouth from clamping on hers, his tongue from forcing its way inside. She fought back at first, her tongue engaging in silent battle with his, both striving for control. But of course, she knew exactly who would win.

Vyler's hands traveled on her body, removing

all the annoying clothes blocking his heated strokes. She sighed. Why was it that one part of her wanted him to stop, the other to go forward? Why was it that one kiss was all it took him to have her pussy drenched, dripping juices down her legs from the craving for him?

"I love you, Keylar," he whispered in her ear when he was finally able to pull away from her lips.

"I don't believe you." She scoffed, angry not at him, rather at her body's meltdown.

"Ah, darling, love is not a one way street." His hand ran down her bare back, cupping a round buttock possessively. "To share is the first rule of real pleasure." Then his lips claimed hers again, this time harder, his tongue ravaging her soft mouth, demanding her complete submission. Pressuring her down on her knees, he held her head tight to guide it to the bulge straining against his cotton pants. He undid the lace, and Keylar swallowed him, her tongue wrapping around his long length with the throbbing tip. With expert laps, she covered it all, drawing him father inside, loving the feel of his soft skin around the hardness that brought her so much pleasure. Rewarded by its jerking into full attention, it wanted her as much as she wanted it, if not more. So it deserved the depths of her throat, which was sure to spin Vyler's senses and unload his essence. After

taking a deep breath, she sucked him to the hilt, glad to choke on the bulging head, perceiving its need for release—

“Easy, Keylar.” Yanking her hair, he detained her forward slide. “I don’t want this.” Then he drew back, obviously unwilling to allow his need to overwhelm him. “I want you.” Pinning her to the ground, Vyler dropped on his knees and cupped her breasts. The nipple rose hungrily, begging for a deeper touch. “Your body still wants me, regardless of what happened.”

“My body shouldn’t command me!” To be honest, sex had always been the best feature of their relation, ever since coming together almost ten years before, during the time her mother, the official Moon Priestess, had been training Keylar.

“I think your body knows far more than your mind ever will.” Bending, his mouth traveled on the silky skin while thumbing her nipples that became harder.

When his mouth replaced his fingers, she gasped, her back arching for closer contact. Not that she could possibly achieve it. His mouth was already fastened to her as it lavished the taut bud, rubbing, sometimes biting, always sucking deeply. She moaned, muscles tense under his pampering, desire shooting through her bloodstream, rapidly losing all sense of reality, completely drowned in the fiery web only Vyler spun with such expertise,

particularly now that he left her breast to trail downward.

"Mmmm..." Lifting his head, he caught her gaze. "You smell so good with your lemony scent and taste even better, sour to the point you drive me crazy." The bastard, for such he was, had paused right above her pelvis, hovering on the edge of the plunge between her legs.

And the anticipation was killing her.

Finally, probably having mercy of her, he dipped, and she grabbed his hair to grind his face inside the whole of her cunt. The first lick was sheer bliss, so Keylar almost screamed her pleasure.

"Not yet, my love." In spite of her clutch, he wriggled enough to free his mouth.

"Please, Vyler." So she had no choice except to beg. "Make me come."

"Are you sure you deserve it?" An intriguing snarl curved his lips, crashing her heart to her cunt, where it throbbed painfully.

"Yes, I'm sure." She tried to sound convincing, despite his hands clouding her mind with deliberately slow strokes on her moist folds, designed to enflame her without any hope of release. "Oh, please, I'm going mad—"

"No more than I." He chuckled, but something must have induced him to take pity on her. Bending, his tongue tantalized the bursting clit,

soon ignoring it in favor of rimming her inner lips, which was a sure way to make her explode in frustration. So she thrashed anxiously, sliding her hips forward to force him to change direction until he did. A fleeting flicker was enough to unleash the first violent shivers, made worse by his zeroing in on what was dancing on its own, when not unbearable by his fingers shoving two in her pussy, one in her ass.

She screamed, pleasure running up and down her body, her contracted muscles relaxing all together.

He rose quickly and went for her mouth, his tongue sticking inside to share her lemony flavor, while shoving his thick cock into her cunt. She had no time to react. He immediately slipped to the balls, pumping rhythmically as if frenzied.

Keylar soon adjusted to his pounding, responding to every thrust, stretching up her hips to favor the drilling and slamming that titillated her still hungry clit. The friction grew the further he enlarged her and the faster he banged her, until the epilogue became inevitable. Her breath caught in his mouth just like her scream as she peaked again and again, then once more before he discharged his seed into her, collapsing soon after, his frame covering hers completely.

For several moments after, she could not move, crushed under his weight, yet welcoming the

pressure.

"Honey, do you still think I don't want you?" Vylar rolled off her, stretching at her side.

"Not like before." She could not suppress the accusatory tone. "Not since he's —"

"He's not the problem." While he made a visible effort to keep his even. "It's what he says."

"But you love him." Actually, it seemed all just too convenient for her. The world was going to fall apart and here came someone, out of nowhere, to divert precious energy from her efforts to save her people. "Don't you?" Better yet, it was all too unfair.

He sighed deeply, as though unwanted images had rushed in. "I do, but it doesn't take anything away from us."

"I knew it." Small satisfaction it brought her. However hard she had tried competing, she had lost him to the bewitching stranger fallen into Atlantis as if dropped from the sky, no one knowing where he came from or why he would choose such a moment to be there.

"Don't be cross." He drew her close. "Love is not the issue here." Stroking her was sure to get her tense muscles to relax. "I still love you more than life itself and will never be able to stop, yet I discovered I can love Jaydon, too." His hand slipping down her back, curving around her buttocks, then sliding upward again was working

like a charm, same as the throaty words he practically whispered in her ear. "One love doesn't necessarily preclude the other."

"Yeah, sure, and does your new lover feel the same, too?" She scoffed, throwing off his hand.

"Unlike you, Jaydon accepts this arrangement." Undeterred, he did not allow her to dismiss him so easily. "He knows the extent of my love for you and just how important you are to me, never asking me to make a choice." Repossessing her body took only a couple of well-aimed brushes to her hips and under her breasts, her treacherous flesh giving in to his seduction again. "He always says love and sex have no gender. It's all pleasurable." Lowering his head, he kissed her. "Thing is—for Jaydon, exclusive love is not an option."

"All right, so I'm not as open-minded." Truth was—she felt jealous and betrayed, more so because Jaydon was a man. "From the first time I saw him, I smelled danger, like he was trying to take you away from me for some ulterior motive I can't quite figure out."

"There's nothing to figure out." Tiredly, he let his hand fall. "You simply don't trust him."

"That, too."

"That, mostly." After stretching luxuriously, Vylar rolled on a side and looked deeply into Keylar's eyes, while his hand resumed its sensual

journey on her tantalizing flesh. "I keep thinking about what he told me —"

"Again?" To save herself from his magnetic pull, she sat up on her knees. "Please, don't start with that. I don't want to know."

"But, honey, you're the Moon Priestess." Straightening up, he leveled their gazes. "You have to know."

"He's just making up things." She needed to say it, not for his sake, rather for hers. "That's all." For she shuddered at the prospect the doubts eating at her stomach would find confirmation in a stranger's words. "There's no truth in his allegations." And that was final.

"You should at least listen to him."

"Why?" No, the Goddess could not be wrong. Even if her family had inhabited Atlantis for generations, even if she was the only one left and could think of no other place in which to live, Keylar must obey Her will, no matter what the cost. "It's all a lie anyway." It had to be a lie! "Not to mention, we're ready to leave." Unless, of course, Keylar was misinterpreting the nightmares, which could be. Too bad she was the Moon Priestess, the only one who could speak to the Goddess, so what good would it do to harbor uncertainty if not to instill it in her people, too?

"What if he's right?"

Yeah, what if he is? She immediately suppressed

the thought, still not quick enough for him to catch it and press his advantage.

“What if there’s no need to leave?” She knew that, however far ahead in the planning, Vyler was not convinced the gods had told her right. “You’re so sure the Goddess is telling you to leave our beautiful city—because an unknown yet impending threat will destroy it—that you never stopped to question it.”

“Why should I?” Defiant, she held his gaze. “The recurrent nightmares tell the whole story—”

“I don’t buy it.” Vyler snorted, stressing his disbelief. “And neither do you, judging from the doubts clouding your eyes just seconds ago.” He shifted so close to her, his breath played on her face. “But rest assured. Regardless of my convictions, I’ll go along with your plans because you are the Moon Priestess. I’ll abandon Atlantis, the city I love and cannot bear to leave behind, if this is what you demand of me, and Jaydon be damned.” In his black eyes, she had no trouble reading how the stranger had taken her beloved’s misgivings and given them new life. “Even if he has disturbing knowledge that could stop this folly.”

“The Moon does not lie.” Stubborn, she held her point, quieting the dark winds tearing her spirit apart to show Vyler he had misjudged her before.