

VISIONQUEST



LAURA TOLOMEI

It wasn't till he took me to his bed and made love to me, for the first time—no competition between us, no unspoken challenge, no master-slave, no blood, no death, nothing but intense emotions overwhelming me with the sheer power of his feelings, a sea so deep, a tide so strong I thought I'd drown as he took me face up, raising my legs above his shoulders and plunging deep before preying on my mouth, too, in a never-ending kiss that took my breath, not to mention my resolve, away—that in spite of everything, I gave him what he wanted most, my soul in its entirety, for I knew right there and then I was sealing my destiny forever.

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Visionquest

By

Laura Colomei

Chapter One

“Hey, Ilenio, wait up!”

I turned. “Hello, Athrias.” I smiled at the young man coming my way, followed by a herd of sheep. “Going home early, too?”

He nodded vigorously. “After all that’s happened at the village, my father doesn’t want me to stay out late.”

“Yeah, I know.” I fumbled, whistling to my sheep to resume the path down the mountain. “It’s not like it used to be.”

“You can say that again! That...beast—or whatever you care to call it—is really making people afraid.” Angrily, my friend tossed his head back. “We’re not free to go out at nights or whenever we feel like it.”

“Well, I for one wouldn’t want to end up like those butchered corpses.” A sad smile curved my lips at the memory of the nasty pictures my nightmares tormented me with of late.

“So you’ve seen them?” Lowering his voice, he came closer, a glint of insane curiosity flashing in

his eyes.

"Hem...not really." I blushed. No one knew about those dreams, but they were getting so bad, they had simply slipped out. "Just heard someone say how terrible the bodies looked when they found them."

"Especially since that beast takes it out on people our age." Athrias shook his head, then took a step back as if I weren't so interesting after all. "Have you heard about the last one?"

Not in so many words. Nauseated by his sickly gossipy tone, I tried stopping the gory image of a young body crossed by bloody slashes, one deep in the throat, another at the crotch like a giant hole instead of the usual sexual organs, without any success. "Not in any detail," I lied eventually, ignoring the cold shivers running down my back.

He moved closer again, this time though as if wanting to make sure I wouldn't miss a word. "I heard my father tell my uncle it was cut up so bad, the Patroniter had trouble identifying it."

I sighed. "Oristan is as befuddled as the rest of us. And who could blame him? They tell me that poor girl—"

"No, Ilenio, it wasn't a girl, but a boy." He lowered his voice. "They tell me the killer had fun cutting off his cock."

So that's why he had a giant hole where it should've been! Sick to my stomach, I couldn't reply. Then

again, who needs pictures nowadays? Apparently, word got around fast in our village.

"And that was just the last thing they did to him." Athrias grim tone sounded ominous. "My father was so disgusted he couldn't talk about the other details, but one thing seems certain."

The killer must be an animal for sure. There's no other explanation. Those gashes came from nothing human, not even close to being done with a knife.

"Oristan is convinced it's an animal."

"Too bad he can't seem to catch it." Raising my gaze to glance at the last rays of the day, I felt their warmth despite the season's turn for the cold.

"My father's the Patroniter's only assistant." Athrias shrugged. "There should be more men or resources since the Seigneuros abandoned our county two years ago."

"Right after the raptor's massacre, right?" Of course, I remembered the last time we had seen the master of Griphonis Castle in our midst, the same time five people were slaughtered in one single night and since one of them was found on a tree, it had given rise to the common saying about a bird being responsible for the horrifying incident. *And what if it's him this time, too?*

My friend nodded. "And one of them was Adur's son, his only son if I remember correctly."

"Wasn't he the one they found up the tree?"

"Yeah, he was." Athrias pause a while,

probably the memories working on him, in spite of his macho attitude. "And they had a tough time taking him down, too." Shaking his head sadly, I saw him give in to the first real emotion since we started talking. "What a horrible way to end!"

"My father told me he wasn't living with his parents anymore when he got killed."

"You're right. He was much older than us and I think he was working at the castle already." Turning to glance behind his shoulder, Athrias checked on the sheep. "Well, wherever he was living, it didn't save him from the raptor's fury."

"It's strange how it all blew over that time, though they never caught the killer." I followed his example before continuing. "And the myth about the raptor —"

"What else could've taken a body, and a dead one at that, up a tree if not a bird?"

"So maybe the same thing's responsible for the new deaths."

"Not a chance." The young man's eyes blazed in denial. "My father says there are too many differences between the way the people back then were killed and the wounds he found on the recent killings. They're completely different, which means something else entirely is at work now."

Possibly, but we're no nearer catching this one than we were the last one. No need to share the

thought, so we walked in silence for a while.

"Besides, last time the Seigneuros himself followed my father's investigations closely while now..." He shrugged nonchalantly. "He doesn't seem to give a damn about his people being butchered."

I yawned. Like my father, I felt our land was better off without any demanding Seigneuros to watch our backs. And even were he to return, I was sure he would be as powerless as the Patroniter to stop the brutal murders, which—I couldn't help noticing—coincided with my coming of age and the start of my nightmares. Dejectedly, I cleared my head free, unwilling to think about either, then yawned again.

"Come on!" Whistling softly, Athrias turned to his herd once more. "We're almost home."

Raising my gaze, I caught sight of our village, nestled in the fertile Iotaris Valley, right under the imposing mountain that held Griphonis Castle. Soft glows lit its wooden cabins, scattered around a central square in a circular pattern. Together, we sped up the leisurely pace, prodding the sheep to imitate us, until we reached the large market place where our paths divided. Nodding a brief goodbye, we separated, each having to go a different direction to get home.

"Good evening, son." Standing at the shed, my

father checked the sheep crowding inside. "Was everything all right?"

"As usual." Then looking at his face, I realized the same wasn't true at home and fear clutched my stomach. "How's Elianij?"

Corias's forehead creased with more worry than his eyes had dared transmit. "Your baby sister has taken a turn for the worse," he mumbled at last, weighing each word. "The doctor can't do anything else for her." He sighed heavily. "They tell me at Lycidare we may find a better doctor, but he asks for a lot of money, which we don't—"

"Papa!" My younger brother's high-pitched tone startled me. "I could work in the forest and get more money—"

"Hush, Artmos! You don't know what you're saying." Raising his voice, Father shook an angry finger in front of my brother's face. "Those jobs are dangerous enough for more experienced men, imagine for small brats like you, and we're in enough trouble already with your sister without putting you at risk, too. How do you think your mother would take it? Do you want her to die of heartbreak?"

"No, of course not." Artmos started apologetically, lowering his gaze to the floor. "I only wanted to help..."

"I know you did." Corias's tone softened as he patted my brother's back. "But your mother

would never forgive me if I let you go."

"She must feel terrible..." I glanced at Father as my voice trailed off in the darkness.

"Come on, boys." Straightening his shoulders, he threw back his head and tousled Artmos's hair vigorously. "All's not lost." After we had all gone out, he closed the shed door, then headed toward the house. "Your mother has cooked an excellent stew and she's waiting for us to enjoy it." He patted me on the back. "I think you both earned it, so let's move."

Infected by his spirit, I smiled bravely and began following him. "And I'm starving." Then quickening my step to keep up with him, I hurried along.

"Oh, and things are looking up for the village, too." Swinging his gaze in my direction, Father's eyes twinkled. "Have you heard the news?"

"What news?" Curious, I accelerated to keep up with him.

"The Seigneuros has returned to Griphonis Castle!" My little brother's happy shout made us both smile. "And he'll get rid of all the bad guys."

"Right." Corias nodded, opening our front door.

I kept my peace. If they chose to believe one man could actually make a difference in the battle between good and evil, I certainly wasn't going to spoil their illusions. So I remained silent while we

settled inside for our much needed nighttime rest however tormented mine was of late. But then they were only dreams or so I hoped as I bargained with the faceless entity above us to spare my sister's life in exchange of mine, if necessary, or of whatever price he had set on it, which I would've gladly paid, anything to avoid my parents the agony of her loss. Yet, as I fell asleep, nothing came back from the vast darkness beyond the conscious realm except visions of blood and destruction, so that upon waking and finding my sister in the same conditions as the night before, I wondered why I had wasted my breath and precious time until I realized there was really not much else I could do for her or for myself either. And since it was the start of another brand new day, I got dressed and left.

Chapter Two

Working in the forest, I stopped to wipe the sweat from my brow. Hotter than yesterday, the temperature was getting in the way of finding kindle wood to replenish our dwindling stockpile. The only indication our doctor had given us was to keep Elianij very warm, so we had already consumed a year's supply in just a few weeks.

"It's best if you and Artmos look for wood." And since Corias had suggested it before retiring, here I was, my brother a short distance away toiling in a separate area in order to find more dead branches or twigs.

Picking up a dry piece, I was about to stack it with the others when the sound of hard hoofs pounding the ground froze me on my tracks. Something big was coming my way and fast, but before I had time to think it through, I saw a black shadow already too close for comfort. Instinctively, I jumped back just in time to avoid being trampled as the powerful beast raced at high speed towards the other end of the forest,

although I didn't lose sight of him.

Still shaking by the dangerous encounter, I was all ready to curse the damn fool's complete unconcern about human life when the words died in my throat the moment the rider stopped to return my way and stand in front of me. With a sinking heart, I recognized the Seigneuros scrutinizing my face, his icy gray eyes looking me over top to bottom. He looked imposing and not just because he sat on a horse. Undeniably tall, his proud chiseled features uncommonly dark and masculine, he had high cheekbones, an almost square jaw and full lips under a straight nose. And of course, the rugged traits were partly covered by a mass of raven black hair hanging down below his shoulders as was common to most noblemen in our area. I liked this tradition so much I had taken the liberty to imitate them, even against my father's strenuous objections, by letting my hair —

"Hey, boy, who are you?" The commanding voice broke through my thoughts.

"I'm Ilenio, son of Corias, sir." Then I bowed not knowing how else to respond to his authoritative tone. "I live here, in the village right under —"

He raised a hand to stop me, obviously uninterested in my whereabouts. "Turn around," he ordered instead, after another thorough look over.

I obeyed without hesitations and I felt him curl his lips at the sight of what he shouldn't have found on someone like me.

"You dare follow our customs?"

Cruel and sarcastic, his snarl was meant to belittle me, so I threw back my shoulders and raised my chin to muster all the dignity I could show him. "Seigneuros, I didn't mean to—"

"Shut up!" He cut me off brusquely. Then to my surprise, he gave me an unexpected order. "Take them down."

With trembling fingers, I reached for the large pin holding my hair in a tight crotch and removed it to let a mass of reddish-gold strands tumble down my shoulders and all the way to my ass. I was inordinately proud of their length and wavy patterns, so much better than many noblemen's poor supply of ugly, straight strands that simply hung there without any grace. Mine instead were brilliant in color, shapely in their waves, soft to the touch and very tempting according to what girls told me.

To emphasize the point, I dared shake them a couple of times, just to let him appreciate the curls' full effect, particularly if they captured the bright light, until hearing nothing behind me, I braved a peek over my shoulder and discovered I was alone in the clearing, the Seigneuros having vanished without a trace or sound.

On our return home, I saw a man standing outside our hut. "Hey, Papa!" Sidestepping him, I ran after Artmos who had already thrown open the front door. "Who's—"

"Ilenio, come here." Father's tone didn't leave room for any arguments.

Half curious and half dreading whatever news he had to give me, I entered the kitchen. "Yes, Papa?" Then looking around, I noticed my mother's absence and all of a sudden, I didn't feel so good.

"Sit down, son." He gestured at a chair, then placed another one in front of it.

"Where's Momma?" But however hard I tried to delay the moment of awareness, I knew it would come all too soon.

"I'll tell you in a moment." He heaved as if the words weighed more than he cared to admit, then continued. "Today, the Seigneuros came here."

"Lord Brahany?" My eyebrows flew up into my hair. "When...why?"

"Apparently, he needs a new servant at Griphonis Castle." After taking a deep breath, Corias swallowed hard. "He told me he's returned to stay, so he needs to replenish his staff and after seeing you in the forest, he asked me..." His voice trailed off as his gaze became lost in the stove's flames. "Hem..." He cleared his throat. "Actually,

he paid me to have you."

I couldn't believe my ears. "Paid you?"

Father nodded slowly. "He wants you to work for him at the castle."

"To do what?"

Corias shrugged. "He didn't say and I didn't ask, especially once I saw how much money he was willing to spend just to have you."

A cold hand gripped my stomach. "So that's where Momma went? To the expensive doctor?"

"Exactly." Father nodded again, this time with more vigor. "When the Seigneuros heard Elianij's coughs, he ordered one of his men to take her and Mother to his personal physician, an even better one than that in Lycidare. They still haven't returned, but the Seigneuros felt sure he could help your sister."

At the news, I knew there was nothing for me to do but accept my fate for the good of my family. And why complain anyway? Even if I felt like cattle sold on the market square, it was what I'd bargained for only the night before. "So the man outside—"

"He'll take you to the castle."

A deal is a deal, I reasoned, trying to be brave about it, but succeeding only in feeling powerless to stop whatever had started in the forest, which would surely have a twist I wouldn't like.

"Hey, son." Corias's firm grip on my shoulders

shook me and brought me back to the warm kitchen. "You won't be a prisoner in that castle. I made sure of it." He raised my head so that our eyes could meet. "You can come visit us any time you're free from duties. I insisted on it and the Seigneuros gave me his word."

"And you believed him?" I challenged.

"The Seigneuros looks like a fair man despite his harsh manners, one who keeps his word." My father's gaze penetrated to my soul. "He won't make life easy for you, I'm sure, but at least he'll treat you right. And if you remember life isn't easy any way you look at it, I know you got the best deal you could under the circumstances."

Then why do I feel like I've just been sold to a demon? Still, I hugged him and my little brother goodbye since I had no time to linger for the guard prodded me like one of my sheep until I got on the horse and rode off to my new life.

Chapter Three

“**S**o this is the Seigneuros’s new...puppy?” A tall man scoffed when the guard landed me inside the castle’s kitchen.

“He didn’t say exactly.” The man who had brought me there shrugged indifferently. “All the Seigneuros told me was that you should feed him, then take him to an upstairs bedroom.”

“An upstairs bedroom?” The voice turned to outright scorn. “So he wants to keep the toy close at hand.”

Again, the guard shrugged, then left without adding another word.

“And what’s your name?” The tall man cocked an eyebrow evidently annoyed, as he began pouring some broth into a bowl.

“I’m Ilenio, sir.” Keeping a civil tone, I tried to be as polite as I could.

“Then sit down, Ilenio.” Somehow, the tone softened him a little because he gestured at a chair before placing the steamy bowl in front of my nose. “And for the record, I’m no sir.” From his

gruff tone, I understood he had no great love for the category, same as many people down at the village. "I'm Ladaes, the Seigneuro's cook here in Griphonis Castle."

"Thank you, sir...Ladaes." After dipping the spoon in the hot broth, I took a sip, first making sure it was cool enough. It tasted delicious, so I quickly finished it, the cook rewarding me with a piece of cheese.

"Hungry, eh, lad?" Ladaes chuckled.

I agreed with a slight head bow, biting down on the cheese, though I didn't want to get into any detail about how poor my family was.

"All right." Nodding in understanding, he gave me another piece of cheese. "But this is all for tonight."

"Thank you." Ashamed at my weakness, I mumbled gratefully after swallowing the last of the cheese.

Once I finished, he took me upstairs to a room as big as my entire home, if not more. On one side there was a large fireplace with a couple of armchairs in front of it, a huge bed in the middle and a small table surrounded by two chairs on another side. "This is a closet." Ladaes showed me, opening a drawer. "In case you have any clothes..." His voice trailed off the moment he noticed I didn't carry any bag or sack. Groaning loudly, he retraced his steps, turning before he left

the room. "Wait here." Then he headed for another door along the immense hallway that seemed to occupy most of this first floor.

I obliged him easily, happy to enjoy the whole space to myself, incredulous I should have so much when I used to have so little, although the thought of how much it would cost me spoiled it a bit. True, I was still young and inexperienced in the ways of the world, but one thing my humble background had taught me was that everything had a price and that rich masters didn't give a damn about poor folks. What exactly the Seigneuros wanted from me was still a matter of speculation, even if —

"Here he is." An unfamiliar voice cut through my wanderings.

Raising my gaze, I saw three men standing at the door, looking me up and down with a snarl on their lips. Tall, heavily built frames, naked muscular chests, they resembled fighters more than lackeys, though their outfits had nothing of the warrior.

"Come on." A dark-haired one beckoned me forward. "It's time to get washed up."

"What?"

"He said..." Another dark-haired cut in. "Move!" Then he pushed me to the door.

"And fast," the last one added, grabbing my shoulders to place me between them.

"Hey, what's going on?" Unnoticed, Ladaes had scuttled back and now stood on the threshold, holding a pile of clean clothes in a hand. "Where are you taking him?"

"Master's orders." The first man, and the biggest of the three, scoffed brusquely, even if he couldn't hide a note of respect. "You know how he insists on cleanliness."

"Yes, he does, as long as it isn't an excuse for something else." The cook glanced at each of the three in turn as if to make sure they understood his meaning and two of them averted their gazes. "After you've done..." Now he turned to me. "You'll have a fresh change here in the drawer." Sidestepping us all, he went to the closet. "Oh, and be sure to throw away those ragged things you still carry around."

I nodded in his direction.

"Come on!" The man who had pushed me before and the only one who didn't seem afraid of Ladaes, shoved me forward again. "We've wasted enough time already."

I had no choice but to comply as the three men surrounded me and headed down to the castle's pits, descending so many stone staircases I thought they were taking me to the center of the earth itself until they narrowed to what looked like a stone cellar built beneath the castle's foundations. The more we went down, the more I

wondered if, in spite of Ladaes's warning, they were going to kill me there and bury my body where no one would ever find it, until suddenly, I heard the sound of water. Surprised, I tried taking a better glimpse, but could see nothing until I caught a reflection of the high torches' light on the floor, which didn't look like a solid surface at all, rather a shifting one sending bright flashes to the walls and ceiling. Puzzled, I peered closer, finally understanding it was water—not solid material—that filled most of the cellar's space, its waves running to the pool's borders in a continuously soft tide. At the sides, stone benches, with white towels spread over them, lined the walls, surrounding the entire basement. The place was pleasantly warm, probably an effect from the water itself since I saw a foggy steam misting its surface. Enthralled, I wanted to watch more, but my three escorts had other plans.

The lighter haired one grabbed me while the other two striped me naked with a single stroke, tearing my only clothes to bits.

"Hey!" I shouted, trying to hold on to the falling pieces.

"Shut up, Slave!" One of them ordered, throwing me inside the pool.

The splash didn't catch me by surprise. Luckily, our village had a nearby stream in which I spent most of my childhood summers. My grandfather,

a great swimmer, had taught me not to be afraid of water, showing me the basics of keeping afloat to avoid drowning even if my head slipped beneath the dense liquid. In addition, this time I had enough air to last while my body plunged to the bottom of the pool in the matter of seconds in spite of my efforts to regain the surface fast through a coordinated move of arms and legs. But I needn't worry. Strong hands grabbed me and pulled me up before shoving me back down, then up again in a continuous motion I found strangely exciting.

Apparently deciding it was enough, they pulled me out of the water, bringing me to lay face down on a soft bench as another rich cottony towel rubbed me dry. Their touch not bad, if a bit harsh, thus my body reacted again with pleasure, but it wasn't until they started applying ointment with seductive strokes that I perceived the arousal pressing on my stomach. Embarrassed, I tried to keep it hidden, failing miserably because all three obviously noticed it and seemed to take extra pains to make it grow, not stopping at the mere surface, rather exploring every crevice. Moving from my shoulders downward, they massaged all the way to my butt, squeezing and slapping both buttocks until I couldn't feel them anymore, finally going as far as rimming my asshole with wet fingers that stirred an unknown desire. Soon

after, a hot tongue made the rounds from the narrow opening to the balls while a hand gripped my cock tightly, sliding the skin forcefully to make it even harder.

I groaned, not knowing what to think. It was all too pleasurable, yet too sudden and embarrassing as well, to have men touching me like never before and to like it, too...well, it was a real surprise. And I knew I couldn't resist much longer either.

"Enough!" A harsh voice commanded at one point.

As if they were a single man, the three stopped pampering me and stood up, crowding me to cover the source of the voice I was trying to glimpse through half closed eyes.

"Leave!" At this order, they all started to move away when he called one back. "Wait, Kristioff. Untie his hair and dry it."

"Yes, Seigneuros."

I felt his rough handling remove my pin, the only worldly possession I treasured, and wet strands tumbled disorderly on my shoulders. Wrapping them in a towel, the man administered a series of vigorous friction, making my head shake from side to side.

"All right, now leave." Assertive in his tone, the Seigneuros indicated the staircase after he judged me ready.

In single file, I saw them leave, the sound of

their feet shuffling on the first steps reaching my ears until I could hear nothing except the soft tide lapping the stone edges of the pool. And then I was alone with him.

Paralyzed by fear, I couldn't move or breathe. What he wanted from me seemed now clear enough, but I didn't know if I had the heart, or the stomach for that matter, to satisfy him, even if my family hung in the balance. But his slow pacing around my sprawled figure distracted me to the point I began wondering what he could be thinking while his gaze traveled over my every line and curve, which of course tensed me only more for I expected requests I wasn't familiar with, especially considering how little my experience was.

Instead, he surprised me by running his hand through my hair, down their length, closing his hand around the thick strands as if to feel the silky, luscious consistency. "You're right to be proud of such hair." He breathed softly as he sat next to me on the bench. "Even if you have no title to wear them."

"I didn't know there was a law against it." I scoffed defiantly, piqued at his comment.

"Not a written one, no, it's just good manners and you obviously have none."

"I do have manners!" Even more annoyed at this remark, I tried to turn my head to gaze

straight in his eyes. "Just because I was brought up in a village doesn't mean —"

Pinning my shoulders to the bench, he pressed down on me, cutting off my words, not to mention my breath. "It means you're mine, little one, bought this morning for a hefty lump of gold and for my pleasure alone." His free hand slipped to my butt and I felt him center the hole at the end of the cleft.

This time though, I didn't intend to keep still while yet another one played with my ass, even if it was the Seigneuros in person. Raising my shoulders, with a violent shove I tried pushing him off my back, but hardly managed to move him. As if endowed with the strength of a bear, he resisted every one of my pitiful attempts until I was too exhausted to continue.

With one final heave, he immobilized me once more. "Had your fun?" He sneered in my ear. "Now it's my turn." Again, his fingers slid to my asshole, this time rimming its border sensually. "And this is my pleasure." Following his curt announcement, he stuck the same fingers in my mouth. "For your own sake, I suggest you make them thoroughly wet." And after I complied with a lavish suck, he resumed the slow circles on my narrow entrance, moistening it without dipping inside.

"I've never done it!" Embarrassed and

ashamed, I wriggled to get free. "Really, Master, I'm no good in this kind —"

"Hush, little one, let me be the judge of that." Lightening his hold, Lord Brahany pulled back slightly. "And if I want to make it pleasurable for me, I'll have to make it for you, too." With an elegant swing, he ducked down to my rear, his long hair tickling all the way, and his hot tongue resumed the tantalizing rub I had already enjoyed thanks to his servants. Of course, he was much better, seemed more experienced, too, his wet attentions stimulating rather than just forcing their way into my tight opening. I loved the feel of the drenched tip caressing the borders before edging inside to enlarge the space that sucked it in effortlessly, almost as if it asked for more.

I had never done it myself to the girls I'd been with, all experienced enough to dispense with any particular incitement before opening their ass to a man's craving. But evidently, the Seigneuros had dealt with difficult cases, I realized as a flaming desire surged through my bloodstream each time he landed a well-aimed tongue lash into my now hungry narrow hole. And unconsciously, I began to push up and sway my ass as a sort of unspoken required.

"Need something bigger?" Amused, he quickly discarded his robe to cover me stark naked.

Actually, I wasn't sure what I wanted. I only

knew my cock was stone-hard, throbbing in anticipation on my stomach, smothered by the thick towel on which it lay, and my asshole contracted, then relaxed uncontrollably in a continuous tempo I couldn't stop.

Pushing his way to enter, I felt the tip of his erection penetrate the outer rim just as searing pain enflamed the hole. With a muffled cry, my butt slumped, trying to slide away from him despite his firm hold on my hips. "I know it hurts the first time." He whispered in my ear while easing the pressure on my behind. "But it'll pass soon if you trust me."

"Trust you? You're the one who's hurting me." I raised my voice angrily.

"A necessary pain." At this philosophical statement, his cock twitched in its twisted pleasure as it nudged the entrance again.

Had I wanted to escape, I couldn't have gotten very far considering the iron grip with which he held me, so he shoved once more, easily breaking through the entrance. This time though, it didn't hurt as much. I couldn't say it was a real pleasure, but my ass seemed to adapt to his shape slowly, finding more space for it as he fitted deeper—an inch at a time, stopping if I tensed, then resuming the moment I relaxed—until it held it entirely in its snug embrace.

In spite of my discomfort, I had to admire his

learned slides, even going as far as to enjoy them after he begun thrusting in a way that my cock's skin slid, too, like someone was jerking it off. The more he accelerated, the faster the skin glided and rubbed on the silky towel, taking my excitement to a peak. And his obviously, for I heard him groan with pleasure just as something hot and dense shot up my ass.

Oddly enough, it didn't just feel like a man's usual fluid. Something else of an entirely different nature seemed mixed with it, a fiery ball that uncoiled from my butt to explode in my brain. *Now, little one, do you understand what I need you for?* The harsh voice boomed in my head as if he were shouting aloud. But no sound came from his lips and the minute I realized he was actually talking in my head, not my ears, a pleasure so great shattered my very essence, concentrating at the tip of my rigid shaft and flooding the towel with hot seed and awareness of being home at last.

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 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 gay M/M erotica in various genres, mostly fantasy, sci-fi and paranormal, sometimes trespassing into the contemporary, not to mention my ongoing fantasy series Virtus Saga.