

CHAPTER 3

Giselle awoke slowly, cocooned in heat. Bed had never felt so good. Downy softness beneath her, a softer pillow for her cheek. Plump comforter covering her.

A hard male stretched the length of her back, his deep melodic voice murmuring in her ear.

Pyotrik. She recognized the caress of his voice and invigorating touch of his skin. He was naked. So was she. And, where he cradled against her ass . . . he was most definitely aroused. His cock pulsed against her rear cleft, as though straining for release, but held in check by a strong will. Or her unconsciousness.

So, she wasn't dead. Or, if she was a daisy pusher, she had been very, very good because this sure felt like bliss.

Which ruled out dead. She hadn't been that good.

Couldn't deny, though, she felt damn fine, she realized. Nothing ached, except her pussy, the muscles wet and filled with the pulses from her heart.

More details, vivid sensations, sifted into her, anchoring her through her primitive senses. The scents of lilac – her favorite flower – and vanilla coffee. Faint music, an unfamiliar tune in an unknown language. One of Pyotrik's arms stretched beneath her neck, while the other traced delicate patterns on her back. His words took shape.

“My lady's quaint healing doth I impress. Heart be not too hard beneath. Opens thus the seeress. Her ruby gates call for the touch of mine river. Let this be done, old flesh healed, new flesh united. For the stroke twice the cock shall crow. My lady's repair doth I impart.”

He was quoting the book of erotic poetry she'd brought. The words ended with his breath still soft against her hair. His hand trailed from her back, across her shoulder, and then down her arm until

he reached her palm. There, across her palm, he repeated the patterns he'd formed on her back. His long fingers circled, rubbing the thin cartilage between her fingers, stroking across her knuckles. Oh, honey, what an erotic zone the hand was.

“My lady’s rent doth I repair,” he murmured.

His toes stroked gently at the sole of her foot. How could she feel so boneless and so charged at the same time? So surrounded, yet so alive? Normally, she didn’t like to snuggle in bed. Except during sex, the pressure of a sweaty body made her skin ache.

Not so now.

She opened her eyes to discover the book of poetry floating two feet from her face, supported by nothing but air.

She shut her eyes. Unknown land, unknown rules. With a slow, deep inhale, she gathered courage, and then, ready to embrace this strange, wondrous world, she opened her eyes. The floating book didn’t seem so odd this time.

Pyotrik’s face was tucked into crook of her shoulder, his hair tickling her nape. His hand now splayed across the top of her breast, and she rubbed her thumb across the sprinkle of golden hairs on his fingers.

A small motion, but enough that he caught it. He entwined their fingers, and then brought their joined hands upward, to his mouth. Leaning over her shoulder, he kissed her knuckle.

“You awake at last, mi amour.” His voice was husky.

“How long have I been out?”

“A mere hour. ‘Tis still the night. How do you feel?” He nuzzled the bend of her jaw with his nose.

She tested before answering. No stiffness or soreness from scrapes when she curled her toes. She straightened her arm, bringing her palm into view. Amazing. The raw flesh had nearly healed. Only faint splotches of pink told where the skin had been rubbed off. She shifted her shoulders.

Burning pain ran across her left shoulder from neck to arm and she winced. “What hit me?”

“A neuronc fireball. Designed for an agonizing, drawn out death.”

“Then, should I be feeling more pain? Not that I’m not grateful for being alive—” A shudder ran her spine.

His arms tightened. “Vasili will not take you away from me,” he said fiercely. “Our bond is too strong; your seeress will is too great. With your book of spells, I healed the worst of your injuries. I fear, however, you will have a scar here.” He drew a kiss along the top of her shoulder, erasing the path of pain.

Another shiver ran through her, one that had nothing to do with fear and everything to do with the smooth graze of his lips.

“Tell me, Giselle, are you healed?”

“Yes,” she breathed, not only healed, but aroused.

That single word unleashed him. “Thank the blessed seas,” he groaned, and then, with a move so deft that Giselle was barely aware of the motion, he flipped her to her back. His tense, naked body trapped her within the downy mattress. She spread her legs, let him settle and take claim between her damp thighs. His thick, erect cock pulsed atop her clit, leaving no doubt of what he now wanted and intended. His mouth found hers.

Losing to desire, she opened to him, could do nothing less. Her lips invited his tongue to taste, an invitation he took full advantage of. Cream flowed from her, as she tried to move herself closer to his cock, to take him inside her.

But, he didn’t slide inside her wet pussy. “Not yet,” he growled, turning their fever into a battle he won, for the moment, with his superior strength. Instead, with her mouth claimed, he reared back, bracing himself on one hand as his thumb caressed her jaw, then curled around her neck and tested the pulse of her jugular. His head was still tilted, his lowered lids shielding his eyes from her, while his sensual lips pressed together, holding in check some deep emotion. “First, you will tell me, why you

left me. Why you returned. Am I a mere diversion?" His words were clipped, harsh.

She tracked the faint dip of his cheeks, the thickness of his brows, surprisingly dark given his fair hair. So new to her eyes, a stranger. An angry stranger. Someone she didn't even know the color of his eyes.

"Look at me." She made her own demand.

He complied, and his dark brown gaze was both hungry and thunderous as it swept across her.

She touched the corner of his eye. She'd expected light. Blue or hazel. Or gray, like Dom? The edge of an elusive memory teased her. Touching a masculine face, just this way, before parting. Briefly, male faces blended, imbuing strangeness with déjà vu familiarity, then the moment vanished, as ephemeral as a dream. A fading past yielded to the vivid present.

"Rich, near black, like bitter chocolate," she said.

"What?" His fingers traced restlessly across her face, brushing back the strands of hair that had stuck to her sweaty cheek.

"I wanted to know what color your eyes were."

He stilled, and the anger worsened for it. "You have forgotten me? Another has so ensnared your senses? Do you know whose cock will soon take you?"

There was nothing of the resemblance now. She had seen none of this masculine fury and mature power in Dom, only tenderness and idealism. Yet, Pyotrik's dark edge excited her, fueled her now as much as the gentle care for a virgin had eight years ago.

How to explain a fantasy? "I don't remember our time together. I don't remember the magic. Or you. I don't even know your last name."

"Amnesia?"

"Yes." As good an explanation as any.

"I'm a stranger to you?"

"Yes." So, how was it she didn't hesitate being naked and intimate with Pyotrik? A man she'd

known for a few hours.

Simple answer. Because right now she was alive again, filled with energy and surrounded by color.

“If I’m a stranger, do you plan to refuse intimacy?” He rolled off her, an edge of desperation to his voice.

Blast it, she hadn’t meant to make him stop. “Pyotrik, I’m naked here.”

“I undressed you.”

“One of those things we’ll sort out later. Do I look like I’m refusing?” She gripped his shoulders and tried to pull him back, but he resisted. “If I were refusing, you’d have heard ‘no’ long before and very clearly. I’m no cockteaser. My mind and my eyes may not remember, but my heart and body know you. I want you, Pyotrik. You. Every which way we can imagine. Until we’re exhausted and sated and sweat-soaked and have had so many orgasms that we’re filled to the brim with that sex magic power you’re talking about. Afterward, we’ll sort out the questions. Am I making myself clear here?”

He was silent a moment, searching, then she saw his eyes crinkle with humor. “I’m not entirely sure. Give me another hint.”

“Another hint?” she purred. With her grip still on his shoulders, she pulled herself up to him. Teasing, she brushed her breasts against his chest, and then gave him a nipping kiss on the corner of his lips. “Hint enough?”

“It will do. For now. So be it. You have chosen. Once I enter you, there will be no retreat for either of us.”

“Quit pontificating and make me come.”

He stared at her a moment, then burst out laughing. “Your command is my wish.”

His hand drifted to her breast, and he palmed it, humor fleeing from the dark need that gripped his face. His thumbnail circled her tight nipple, teasing and not quite satisfying as his mouth found the

sensitive spot where neck and shoulder joined, where the pulse of her blood surged.

The air around them glowed and undulated like living pearl. That magic fueled by sex?

“About that magic—” she began.

“Later.” His hand cupped her head, while his thumb made a delicious, caressing move, right at the back of her ear, which had her gasping.

“Okay.” Hell, right now she’d didn’t give a flying fig about power and recharging sex. All she wanted was him inside her, thrusting and fucking.

He leaned into her, pressing her inexorably down, not that she had any intention of resisting, “I can reacquaint you with your magic. First though, you need to get reacquainted with me.”

His lips retraced their earlier path across her shoulder. Not healing, but frankly carnal. Sucks and bites left a dampness, which both cooled and overheated. More followed at her neck, her earlobe, her jaw. His hands pressed and stroked, without delicacy or hesitation, all the new-found erogenous zones. Fire roared through her in answer, igniting her matching need. His mouth found hers with a frantic pressure, demanding entrance, a shade too painful for pleasure.

Pressing her hands against his back, against anywhere she could caress, she drew energy and desire from the river-smooth play of his muscles and the faint sheen of sweat.

Suddenly he gave a curse, some language she didn’t recognize. “I can wait no longer, Giselle. It has been too long.”

He reared back, his face tight and wild. His hands gripped her thighs, spreading her for him. His hips pressed against her. His cock poised against her pussy.

She wasn’t quite ready, but he wasn’t waiting for permission.

“Demka,” he grit out, pausing one moment.

“Huh?”

“My last name is Demka. Pyotrik --” His thick cock plunged inside her. “Demka.”

The joining sent shudders of pleasure cascading through her, forged bars of need between them.

He began to thrust, hard and wild.

Giselle matched, her hips riding his erection. Reaching, reaching, spinning, the elusive orgasm riding her close. Her muscles contracted. Tight, Hard. Release. Orgasm. Almost . . . Yes, yes . . .

“Gissellllle. Aaaaah.” He gave one more thrust as his hot juice shot into her, then slumped down.

Like a flower severed from its roots, the pleasure bloomed, then withered. Whimpered down to a few, pleasing after-tremors. Shit, shit, shit. Not enough. Not nearly enough. The stars had stayed firmly in their orbit.

“Damn,” she whispered, biting her lip in frustration. Even her fantasy couldn’t get it right. Maybe he’d use his mouth . . .

“Pyotrik,” she began.

“Yes, mi amour.” His breathing steadied around the languid answer.

But he was still inside her, still giving her tiny, sweet kisses to the neck. Her muscles tightened around his cock, which, to her surprise, showed no signs of growing limp. If anything, it swelled.

“You’re still hard,” she observed.

“You did not think we were through?”

“The thought had crossed my mind. You came.”

“The selfish curse of the male. It has been a very, very long time since we fucked and having you once again in my bed . . . Ah, saints, the pleasure. My control? Pitiful. But, I am not yet fully sated. More important, you were not near pleased.”

“You noticed?”

“Of course.” He quirked up one brow. “How can a man not know when the need of his seeress still hums? ‘Tis a siren call. Now, however, my edge is blunted, and I would play a little more with you.” To illustrate, he braced himself on one elbow, then licked the tip of his finger. Slowly, he circled it around her nipple, his nail just grazing against the so-sensitive tip.

“Now,” he promised, “our loving is for you. Our reacquaintance was much too short. We have hours left.”

“Hours?”

“Hours,” he repeated. That humorous glint took a decidedly wicked bent as he cupped her face with his hands and thoroughly kissed her. Then, mouths reacquainted, he slid down her body, his cock pulling from her and trailing against her thigh. He found his way to her breast. Mouth this time, warm and moist. As he tangled her tight nipple with his tongue, as his fingers kneaded and excited the other breast, she raked her fingers through the strands of his platinum hair. Soft despite the spiky style.

Just when she decided her breasts were thoroughly familiar and it was time for a lower body parts to be introduced, he gave one long lick to the curve of her breast and moved upward. His thumbs caressed across her hairline and forehead. The delicate touch circled her cheeks, like the soothing strokes of an excellent facial.

This was something way more than mere foreplay. Each caress left her skin tingling with awareness, as his touch implanted deep within each cell. Her eyes drifted shut, and he kissed each eyelid.

She turned, burying her nose against his neck, and pulled in his unique, rich, masculine musk. She would recognize his presence, now, even in the dark. Recognize the sheer eroticism of that scent. She opened her eyes to feast upon him again.

His nostrils flaring, he mimicked her actions, inhaling deeply at her breasts, above her heart. “Should you be caught in the deepest cave,” he said, “I would find you. I would know you behind any false guise.”

“As I would you,” she answered, shaken by this elemental connection they’d forged.

As if those words had erased some invisible control, their strokes grew more frantic, animalistic. Not just with palms and fingers, but with mouths, lips, cheeks, even teeth, they branded each centimeter of skin with the other’s essence. Even to the soles of her feet, the web of his toes, the

crease of her thigh, the indent of his waist. Wherever they touched, for the moment of that brief pressure, the air above changed colors. Their sexual play was surrounded by a trail of color, like an erotic, pointillism painting.

“Mood skin,” she murmured, thinking of the little devices that changed color when you ran a thumb across them.

“Sex magic,” he corrected as he slid down her. He shoved her thighs apart with his hands, just to the point of discomfort, exposing her wet, weeping pussy to his hot, liquid gaze. His arms anchored her legs to the bed.

Too vulnerable. Too open. She shifted restlessly against the uncontrollable waterspout of desire, which devastated her controls and her inhibitions. Her taut insides demanded the release hovering at the edges. Yet, she couldn't escape that vulnerability, which kept her back. Couldn't touch the release she craved.

“Thou dost grow still. Thirsty ground absorb all mine water. Flower in the night and darkness, until the stalk bursts forth in release.” Pyotrik's whispered quote of poetry soothed the fear, held her in thrall to him.

Settling himself between her thighs, he eyed her exposed sex. “Your lips are so pink and pretty and swollen for me. Plump and—” he drew a finger along her slit, “so very, very wet.” He licked the finger like a Popsicle, then applied his mouth to her.

Oh, she'd missed this. “I'll get you back for this,” she gasped, barely able to find voice.

“I'm looking forward to it,” he answered with a laugh, then applied his tongue, licking deep. Circling her clit with the tip, then stroking deep again, hitting every pleasure-bound nerve cluster.

She couldn't move or buck, held by his arms and his magic. Instead of frightening or panicking her, the position of helplessness only heightened her gushing pleasure. Incoherent, she could only moan ohs and ahs. Intense pleasure blotted out every sensation except the most immediate: his warm breath and agile tongue on her, her body's knotting, demanding response.

She arched into a taut bowstring, keening and moaning. The orgasm shot blissful tension to each particular hungry nerve. She shouted, unable to contain the moment, lost to reason and place.

Before the tremors even began to fade, his mouth released her and he surged up the length of her body. His thick cock once again plunged inside her.

Her pulsing muscles seized him, driving her back up to a second sparking orgasm before she could draw a breath. Only as the throes lost their pinchhold on her senses, did she hear him again.

“Yes, yes,” he chanted, his voice a raspy groan as he plunged deep, withdrew to the tip, then plunged again. Maximum stroke. Maximum penetration. “Come again, mi amour.”

“With you.” Her arms and legs now free, she took control. She kissed him behind the ear, sucked the delicate skin into her mouth, marking him as surely as the pressures and scrapes of his loving had marked her. Pushing against his shoulders, she signaled to reverse their positions.

Pyotrik dropped to the mattress, limbs splayed. “Straddle me. Ride me.”

Instead, separating from him, she sat back on her heels, drawing in her first full look at his nude body.

“Do not torture me,” he groaned.

“My eyes need to know you, too.”

“Are you a fast learner?”

“Very.”

In answer, he loosened his clenched hands and stacked them beneath his head, then spread himself for her inspection. The sheen of sweat at his upper lip and the knots of muscles only revealed the cost of this gift.

The hair, the dark eyes and lashes, she knew, but there were intriguing discoveries. Attached to the steel stud in his ear was an amber earring shaped like a dragon; that she hadn't seen. Nor did she know he had a steel nipple ring.

Her eyes feasted lower, at the smattering of darker, coarser hair dusting his chest and belly.

Beneath the hair and taut skin, muscles in the flat abs quivered with tension. His cock strained at the air, pulsing faintly, nearly dislodging the drop of pearly liquid that decorated the uncircumcised tip.

For a moment, she considered sucking the moisture. Later. She had more looking to do.

His legs were thicker with muscle than she'd expected, given his airy agility, and surrounding the left ankle he had a tattoo. Another dragon, she realized as she leaned closer, this one of the lean, Chinese style, with a bit of amber embedded in his skin for the eye. She traced the crimson pattern with her nail, causing him to suck in a breath.

"I have an ankle tattoo, too," she said, holding out her right foot. "Pegasus."

He licked her big toe, then quirked his brows as his gaze refixed to her as though the separation of their bodies demanded replacement with a fresh bond. "Verdict?"

Despite the casual question, she sensed this was too important for a throwaway line, like you'll do. In his world, she had abandoned him.

In answer, she straddled him, lowering herself onto his cock to the accompaniment of his indrawn hiss of breath.

"Words, Giselle."

Not perfection -- the lips were a shade thinner, the feet larger than masculine beauty dictated -- but, for her . . . She kissed him, tenderly, and voiced her thoughts. "Given the power, I would not change a detail, mi amour."

"Ah, that is good, for I would not alter a hair on you, either." His supple fingers circled her ankle. "Two creatures of air. We are a set."

Words were no longer necessary. She moved, sliding up and down his shaft, her own cream not enough to mask the beautiful friction. He matched her, then, at her lead, he moved faster.

She gripped the intricate wood of the headboard to brace herself. The brush of his hands against her hair, her shoulders, and the curve of her breast carried her with him. She fought back her three-repeat orgasm by focusing on him: the way his muscles vibrated when she kissed his chest and

nipped his shoulder. The way he tensed when she sat upright and reached between them to stroke his balls, the way he gasped when she ran a finger down his rear cleft.

His silky skin, the sinewy muscle beneath, the lean planes of his cheek and dark fire in his eyes – all her aphrodisiacs. She bent over and tongued the thin steel nipple ring, and the room glowed gold and sapphire, hovering above her in brilliant jeweled power.

“Can’t wait. Much longer. For you,” he gasped.

“Good.” She teetered on the edge, then clamped around him. Arms, thighs, vagina, all claiming him as hers, just as he had claimed her.

He thrust deeper, harder, than he had ever reached. Touching her womb and her heart in one stroke. His cum filled her, exploding hot and thick as he shouted her name.

She joined him in the orgasm. Coming again as he demanded. Reveling in her power over him, in his power to dominate her.

Seeing the stars tremble in their orbits.