

CHAPTER 4

That was an orgasm. Giselle collapsed into the soft down of the bed, the explosive aftermath sparkling inside her like bubbling champagne. Beneath her, Pyotrik pulled in deep breaths. A moment later he shifted a bit to the side, while his hand, heavy at her butt, kept them still joined. Surprisingly, despite the sweat that plastered her hair onto her face, she wasn't exhausted, only charged and alive.

When her brain finally received enough oxygen to think, she remembered Pyotrik's explanation for his first, premature coming. Giselle turned her head on the pillow, so she could see him. "How long? How long has it been since we fucked like that?"

His face clouded in confusion, as though the question – or the answer – troubled him. Or eluded him. Then, he set his mouth and kissed the corner of her jaw. "A long time. Questions later."

"No, please, a few now. I need . . . to understand."

"You still do not remember us?"

"Not in my conscious memory."

"Do you remember how to wield the sex magic?"

"No. None of it."

He reared back, his face now troubled. "You were helpless against Vasili? He was able to strike you because you had no defenses?"

"Got it in one."

His hand tightened to a fist. "I thought you chose not to reveal yourself because your ordeal had temporarily weakened you, and you knew Vasili would be keen to destroy my seeress. How could

I have failed you so?" He drew his fist across the corner of her jaw. "Twill not happen again, that I should be so careless."

"I'm not entirely defenseless," she protested, not willing to be cast into the role of female victim, whose only function was to scream while the hero pummeled the bad guys. "I helped get us out of there."

"As well you did," he agreed, a touch of pride in his voice. "Next time, however, Vasili will not so readily dismiss you. Which means you must relearn your magic."

Would she be here to confront Vasili again? The question tightened across her chest, as she ran a hand across the smooth curve of Pyotrik's shoulder. If she had only minutes, or hours, left, she didn't want to spend them studying.

Did she want to encounter the villain again? Her shoulder still protested if she moved wrong, and she wasn't eager to repeat that experience. Or be scared spitless. No, facing Vasili was too dangerous. She'd found a limit to her desire for risk.

Still . . . some deep, instinctive curiosity drove her to learn more about this world weaving around her. "Who is this Vasili? What is the key? Who are the Custos Magi?"

He gave a small sigh, then withdrew from inside her, despite being semi-hard and already stirring. She started to protest, until he rolled to his side, urging her closer against him, front to front, his erection against her belly a pressing reminder that, apparently, they were still not near finished.

For the moment, she was content to snuggle and listen to the glide of his voice. He had a faint accent she couldn't place. Russian? Czech? She had no ear for judging. She only knew she liked to hear him speak.

"Vasili is an engineer, a metallurgist," he answered. "A creator of talismans."

"An engineer using magic?"

"The two are not mutually exclusive."

Maybe not in his world. "What kind of talismans?"

“His latest? A metal mesh, which binds a seeress here.” He traced around her hips. “The girdle prevents her from coupling.”

She stared at him, and then burst out with a whoop of laughter. “He created a chastity belt?”

“’Tis no laughing matter.” Pyotrik scowled at her. “With this, Vasili controls any seeress he chooses. She cannot replenish except should Vasili unlock it and rape her.”

“Yes, yes, I see it’s important . . .” She shook with another giggle and wiped a laughter tear from her eye. Only her fantasy could make up magical chastity belts. “But Vasili doesn’t have the key.”

“Yes, he does, one that answers only to him. What he needs to find -- and destroy -- is the lost key spell that allows anyone to free a bound seeress.”

“He uses dark magic? Evil magic?”

“Magic is neither good nor bad, dark nor light. It simply . . . is. How a man chooses to use that power defines him as evil or good, or like most of us, somewhere in between. Vasili uses his considerable strength to claim more power or for his selfish pleasures, uncaring of whom he hurts or kills in the process.”

“Who are these Custos Magi?”

“Seers dedicated to fighting to effects of evil.”

“You’re not part of them?”

“A sex mage needs a seeress to be strong enough to join them,” he added quietly, his hand soothing down her arm.

And she, according to the lore, had been missing. “What happened to me? To us?”

“We had one incredible night together, then . . . you vanished. As though you never existed. Except, I carried your mark, the brand of a seeress.” He held out ankle with the dragon tattoo. It had been very faint before, now, it glowed like rich amber.

“It’s darker.”

“Because we have had sex. The more sex, the more charged. See, yours is, too.”

She glanced to her feet. The ink of her Pegasus tattoo had faded a bit over the years, but now it was a dark, sapphire blue. She rubbed the mark with her other foot, an odd curl of apprehension rising in her belly. “So that’s why you need a seeress? Someone to recharge the batteries?”

“Any sexual contact will do that, although intercourse is the most potent. That is why men like Vasili will coerce and rape, unless they find a willing woman, one who shares their evil bent.”

“That’s why he wanted me even when he thought me powerless?”

“He will never touch you,” Pyotrik said fiercely. “Not while I have breath in my body.”

Somehow that devotion was both endearing and frightening. And something she dared not get used to.

“A seeress is more,” he continued, “a rare match.”

“You mean one of those soul mate, ‘you are my destiny’ deals? Where the participants have no choice in the matter and end up bereft if they don’t happen to find each other?” Those kind of stories had always bothered her, as though free will and fighting for the life you wanted had no place in the grand scheme.

“Not destiny. Chemistry.” He laced their fingers together, pulling her tight against the heat of his skin, against the erection that still pulsed as if it retained a separate life of its own. “But chemistry alone does not define a seeress. It’s more complicated.”

She traced the dragon, watching the color warm and shimmer beneath her toe. “Explain.”

“Sex is enjoyable. Sex, if you find a chemical match, is stunning. A man and a woman may find many such partners in their lives, or maybe but a few or even one. Some of the unlucky, or the unadventurous, will never feel that special touch.” He reached down, his forefinger stroking gently inside her wet pussy, even as he leaned over to kiss her. His tongue made a lazy sweep across the inside of her mouth, then across her lips, where he murmured. “Even now, you cream when I touch you.”

“Changing the subject?”

“No.” He held up his finger, the wet droplets glistening like pearls, and then touched his finger to her lips.

An energizing effervescence sparkled inside her, spinning a fillip of delight across her heart. Something she hadn't noticed in the urgent coupling just passed.

“You feel it, don't you?” he asked. “That power. That chemistry? A man's seeress is a chemical match, yes, but beyond that she is the woman who . . .” He paused, as if considering his words. “She is the woman who opens his heart, the one who commands his commitment.”

“The one he loves?”

He shrugged. “Not a term we use. Sex between two such is an intense pleasure and empowering in a way that can only be experienced, never understood or explained. With her, with their union, a man is the most powerful of our kind, the ones who wield the sexual magic.”

“What do you do with this magic?”

Instead of answering, however, he asked, “Are you sleepy?”

“Why?” she responded with a grin, running her fingers down his chest and realizing that, even during conversation, they'd both been doing that. Caressing, as if their skin and their touch had been too long separate. “Are you tired of my questions?”

“Yes. Tired of words. You'll relearn the magic only by doing. And you must relearn to protect yourself from Vasili. And I shall teach you. So, no more questions. Immerse yourself in the sensations of the body.”

Okay, maybe this 'learn magic' wrinkle wouldn't be bookish, and she had asked Madame Claudine for magic. Didn't mean she had to do anything as stupid or risky as facing a mad, metal-wielding magician.

Still, wouldn't do to give in too easy. She deliberately provoked Pyotrik, curious about what he'd do. “Teach me? Think you're up to that challenge?”

“With you, always.” His voice was a deep purr, like a pre-hunt rumble. “Perhaps you challenge me because there are still parts of you I have not yet reacquainted with my touch. Parts of you not fully engaged.”

“Where?” She couldn’t identify a patch of skin that didn’t glow and tingle from their sex play.

“Roll over.”

“Ah.”

Urging her over onto her belly, he didn’t wait for her compliance,. She didn’t resist, ready, the need that was still simmering, still not quite fully finished, blossoming with scarlet pulses.

Pyotrik stroked her back, long slow circles of a massage, some light, some with more pressure, some pointed into her deep muscle. He paused only once, briefly, reaching to a stand near the bed, and a moment later she felt a cool oil dripped to her skin. The scent of lilac filled her nostrils, also recharging her.

“Mmmmm, that feels, smells, so good.” She reached a hand backward, feeling blindly toward him. “But I can’t touch you. I’m not doing anything.”

His hands splayed across her butt, the tips of his fingers pressing against the base of her spine, his thumbs just teasing the edge of her crack. “Simply receive what I’m giving you. Feel the power of the seeress in your veins, your muscle.”

“But I want your pleasure, too.”

“Oh, I’m finding this extremely pleasurable.” He massaged her, the spread of his large, elegant hands teasing along the edges of two erotic zones. She squirmed, lifting her hips to him, trying to move his fingers toward her throbbing clit.

He gave a small slap on her bare butt, a mild sting more erotic than hurtful for its startling change. “Uh, uh, not yet. Your nice tight pussy knows me.”

“Not from that approach.”

He gave a small growl as he slid his finger down her cleft, stopping just shy of her slit, and then

pressed. The pleasure rocked through her, a spinner of sparks, and she moaned. Her ankle burned beneath the Pegasus tattoo. Then, he slid his hand backward, leaving her throbbing with unfulfillment.

“Beast,” she muttered.

“You felt it, did you not?”

“Yes.”

“The back of your knees need reacquainting.” He kissed her, right where he’d spanked her before, then slid downward, lying between her splayed legs. His hand and mouth caressed every centimeter of her legs and feet. Her skin came alive, as though touch sensors had been merely slumbering for twenty-six years, awaiting his touch to awake them to glorious reception.

His magical hands slid upward along her sides, brushing the outer curve of her breast. Her nipples tightened, and she moved restlessly against the bedding need the friction to relive their ache. A steamy echo repeated low, satisfaction hovering out of reach. Sweat slicked across her body, and moisture pooled deep within.

Pyotrik’s breathing grew ragged. His motions grew more frantic and his spiraling need set up a magic resonance within her, coiling and spitting with sparks. He was no more in control than she.

Remembering the image she’d conjured while fighting Vasili, she suddenly slid away from Pyotrik and raised to all fours.

“Take me,” she demanded.

“Yes,” he muttered, then his oiled finger traced around her anus.

She shied away, making her own choices as to what route their loving experiments would take.

“Yes,” he repeated, accepting her choices. “Not part of the fantasy.”

Then, he leaned over her. His hands anchored with her breasts. His palms rubbed her pinpricked nipples, and his fingers stroked the swollen flesh.

Without a second warning, he surged into her from behind, his thick throbbing cock once more filling her. The fever pitch of need coiled harder.

Power soared through her.

Oh, honey, but she felt it.

In. Out. In. Out. He stroked, stoked, filled her. Touched her everywhere, until her skin and her breath were burning with the need for release. Their sweat slicked bodies, their oiled sexes slid and joined.

The orgasm hit her with heart-stopping, breath-stealing force. Ecstasy swelled and quaked. She screamed her release, the pure bliss unstoppable and undeniable.

Pyotrik groaned, deep and feral, his thrusts hard against her cheeks. His fingers spasmed about her breasts in an unyielding clutch she reveled in. Massive, quick thrusts drew forth another groan; his hot seed erupted inside her.

They collapsed into the bed. Together, breathing heavy, so connected she could hear the thrum of his blood, hear the minute rustle of the wind outside the bedroom window. At last, she was so alive.

She no longer had to miss orgasms.

Her lover nipped the back of her neck. “Are you ready to use that magic?”