

CHAPTER 7

Giselle followed him, a mass of emotion. Curious, her throat dry with apprehension, but her body tight with need. Something primitive raged in Pyotrik as he dragged her back upstairs and up a flight of steps at the rear of the house. Did he feel the passage of time as keenly, as though something precious was slipping through their fingers?

Spying the raging erection he sported, she kicked out the fanciful muse. This was about sex, about magic, and about raw, earthy need.

The door at the head of the stair led to a roof top. They weren't at the very top of the houses, but rather just below and looking down at an enclosed city square. Deep night pressed against her with its radiated heat and smudge of stars. She just had time to recognize that the arched alley at the far side must lead to the rest of the hidden city, before Pyotrik turned her around and pressed her shoulders to the rough, still-warm brick.

He cupped her shoulder, keeping her captive, and she shivered as his other fingertips ran up her arm. His middle finger dipped beneath one of the straps of her shirt, then he tugged and it unraveled, exposing her breast.

"Traitor magic clothes," she muttered.

But, Pyotrik didn't answer her tiny joke. His thumbnail traced around her nipple. A halo of light surrounded his pale hair, but the heat in his eyes wasn't the least angelic.

"Out here?" She glanced around the exposed roof top, suddenly uneasy, though she stood in the shadow.

“What’s wrong with it?”

“Someone could see us.”

“Who?”

Her glance hit on an undraped window across the square, the only one showing light and one of the few on a level to them. A couple danced together in the room of that not-too distant home, the room empty except for the wooden walls painted with erotic art.

The couple was nude, well-formed, and athletic. They danced around the room, mixing dance moves with sexual touch. He spun her across his shoulders; she slid down his body to kneel and take his cock in her mouth for three, slow, sensual beats.

“Them.” Giselle tilted her head.

“So? We’ll watch them instead.” He drew her out of the shadow to face the couple, then curled her fingers around the balustrade top. The filigreed wrought iron was no shield, anything they did was exposed.

He stood behind her, cradling her with his thighs. His hands cupped her breasts, playing with her nipples in the same languid rhythm as the male dancer. “Besides,” his voice was very low and tempting in her ear. “Voyeurism is arousing. The risk of the discovery. The thrill of the forbidden.”

“We shouldn’t watch something that private.” We shouldn’t let them see us.

“Not a crime, only, perhaps, naughty.”

“We shouldn’t—”

“Then turn away,” he answered with a touch of impatience. “Your actions are your own choice, Giselle. You allow this.” Another strip of cloth slid off, exposing her other breast to view. He surrounded her from the back, his thick erection pressing the silk between her cheeks. His hands gripped her breasts, playing with the sensitive nipples, just like the male dancer they watched. Streaks of heat spun through her chest, her belly, her clit. “I like watching them.”

So did she, when Pyotrik was making the guilt so damned pleasurable. She didn’t want to

move away, either, not when Pyotrik's hands made such delicious tugs to her nipples, leaving her hard and aching. Not when his cock pressed insistently deeper between the ninja strips she wore.

"I want to watch," Pyotrik ground out, "while I feel you up and smell the lilac in your hair and bite your smooth skin." He nipped her bare shoulder. Yet, she felt his eyes watching the other couple as he added, "Even the inability to choose or to act, mi amour, is by your choice."

If Pyotrik wanted to watch, then they would watch. She gave in to the swirling currents of desire. Her breasts jutted forward, to the open space, and she arched backward, rubbing against him.

The woman dancer drew back slowly, a mimicking action, and her partner's thick penis emerged from her mouth like a cherry stick. She rose, and they resumed their dance, now a frenzied circle. Their feet traced intricate patterns that never falter or bumped.

"If only you –" Pyotrik groaned, his words bit off beneath a groan of pleasure as Giselle traced a nail down his cock.

She shifted, drawing a languid stroke down the side of her lover's face. Her palm savored the silk of his hair and then the smooth muscle of his shoulder before she cupped the roughness of his cheek. Pyotrik trailed the tips of his fingers down her side, lingering on the curve of her breast, rubbing the indentation of her waist.

"Do you dance?" she asked Pyotrik.

"Not that well." He rested his hands at her hips and began to move them in a circle, one that rubbed against his erect cock with each pass.

The lazy move tightened her. Night air filled with the energies of sex around them. His throbbing cock demanded against her ass.

The dancers circle ended at the painting of Pan ogling a nymph, his jutting phallus a clear sign of his intent. The woman dancer spun off the arm of her partner to brace her shoulders atop the nymph painting and spread her legs. Her partner watched her a moment, his feet spread, his hands at his hips, the pose of a conqueror, and then he stalked forward. He interlaced their fingers and pinned her wrists

against the painting. With one sleek stroke he entered her, the muscles of his taut butt bunching with each thrust.

Giselle swallowed hard, her mouth dry, the rest of her wet and wanting.

“Can’t believe you’re still watching?” Pyotrik whispered with a touch of humor.

“You’re corrupting me,” she countered. Yet her hands tightened around the rail atop the balustrade and she pulsed backward, rubbing against Pyotrik’s jutting cock and the strength of his thighs.

“Corrupting you? Only because you want it.”

“Yes,” she breathed. “I do want it.” Her lower muscles tightened, hard – belly, vagina, legs, all one quivering taut nerve wanting him. “Fuck me.”

Pyotrik’s hands entwined hers, even as the dancers’ hands joined. He spread them on the bar, bending her over so her breasts hung loose and inviting. The nipples burned for his touch, for the suckle of his mouth, but she only got the press of him against her back. Only cool breezes caressed her pointed tips.

He pressed harder against her. “Spread your legs,” he commanded, the roughness of his voice sending a shiver of need down her nerves.

She stared at the vigor, the rough abandon of the copulating couple in front of her. The spiral of need tightened. She’d had him gentle. Now, she wanted him primitive. “Make me.”

The tenor of his laugh changed. Masculine, superior, challenged. He pushed her hair aside with his face, burying himself against her nape. His hands and forearms tightened to steel bonds, forging them together with the electric charges dancing atop her skin, with the power of magic now tornadoing between them. He held her arms and upper body bound, unable to move, as his agile tongue slid across her neck. The strips of cloth they’d worn dropped off.

“That’s all—” she began.

He bit her, right at the joining of neck and shoulder where nerve endings ran close and thick.

She jerked, her legs spreading wide. “Damn, that hurt!”

He plunged inside her. “Pain’s part of life, too.”

Her slick muscles grabbed at the sudden penetration. Her heart pounded against her ribs, as he set her off balance once again by soothing the pain with sweet kiss. His hand loosened hers and caressed delicately against her neck, even as his hard cock drove in and out of her, thick and unabashedly demanding.

Her hands grasped the railing, the only way she could keep standing. He stroked her entire back, her neck, her arms with the fiery caress of his flesh.

And his magic. That white hot power blasted inside her. Surrounded her as surely as his body overwhelmed hers with masculine muscle and heat. Their spicy arousal musky in her senses.

She absorbed him, his magic, as her hips pumped in concert with his. No longer Pyotrik, no longer Giselle, they fused into a single, powerful force.

The power of sex coiled tight inside her. She stared at the dancers, deep in the throes of their own orgasms, heads thrown back in ecstasy.

She didn’t need someone else’s fantasy, someone else’s pleasure. She needed Pyotrik. The touch of his lips, the sound of his voice, all those single pieces of him that made the whole.

He plunged forward, hard and thick, then suddenly, withdrew all the way.

“No,” she shouted, hovering on the edge of orgasm.

“Face me,” he growled. “Kiss me. Scream for me.”

She loosened the rail. With a deft move, he twisted her to face him, then plunged back into her, his cock hot and slick with her juice.

“Ahhh.” She arched, pressed against his sweat-slicked hips, caught by the talons of a bursting orgasm. The unthinkable pleasure notched down.

Until he thrust deeper, filling her vagina with the thick pulse of his flesh.

Pyotrik groaned, his head thrown back, absorbing the circles of energy, expanding from the power

where their bodies met.

Thrusts. Kisses. Incoherent, primitive grunts and gasps. His cock inside her. Rising, spiraling, demanding need. Scorching power searing her. She pulled his shoulders until her aching breasts flattened against the muscles of his chest. His hair chafed against her tingling nipples, so swollen, so in need of the friction. She wanted his suckle there. Later. Don't stop the grinding kisses. Lips so demanding, firm, sweet.

She could die, a little, just from the pleasure of his kiss. White, hot glow rose in her belly. The tiny node swelled with power of a nova, filling her with pleasure and pain, power and the incredible force of need.

Filling her with magic.

Pyotrik gripped her shoulders, his fingers punishing as he shouted his release against her lips. The flood of his coming scorched her. Pleasure, mind-blowing, knee-collapsing pleasure consumed her.

Orgasm. She screamed, lost to all sense but of Pyotrik. Consumed, she died le petit morte.

Later --how much later? – she drew in air again, her lungs craving the fresh rejuvenating oxygen. Her exhausted muscles relaxed, yet she had never felt so alive. She stroked a hand along the back of Pyotrik's head. He cradled her in one arm, while the other braced against the wall. He'd supported them, she realized, while she'd been lost to everything but the joys of his body.

His lips were still on hers, his penis still within her. Strong muscles pressed against her. Her arms tightened around him, as her heart swelled with joy.

It wasn't just orgasm she'd missed. It was this utter joy.

She gave him a gentle kiss and he returned it, his lips soft and caressing on hers. A sweet moment of connection that caught her throat with the tenderness, with the inescapable sense that to move would be to lose something very precious.

Yet, move they must. Pyotrik lowered his supporting arm, slow motion, giving them time to

adjust to the separation. He slid out of her, yet they stayed pressed against each other, bodies still craving these last, sparkling touches. At last, with a small exhale, he buried his face against her neck. From the corner of her eye, she caught sight of the dancers. They were standing together, arms entwined, watching her and Pyotrik, just as she had watched them, drawing pleasure from the unabashed joy of two lovers. When they caught her eye, they smiled and nodded, then left the room, disappearing from view.

Giselle smiled back, though they could no longer see, then turned back to her lover. She ran a hand lightly down his arm, adoring the feel of him. Downy skin over rock-hard muscle.

“You must be exhausted,” Pyotrik said softly.

“Not really. I feel charged.”

“Magic delirium.”

“Do you feel it, too?”

“Yes.” He kissed one of her eyebrows. “I have to leave for a time.”

“Where are you going?” A sudden fear touched her: if he left, she’d never see him again.

“I won’t be gone long. You can go back to our room and rest.”

He hadn’t answered her question. Her eyes narrowed as the real answer hit her. “You’re going after Vasili. He’ll be weakest now, before he has a chance to find another unwilling partner and renew all the energy he used. That’s what this little interlude was about. Charging you up to face him.”

“This interlude was about us.”

“I’ll come with you.”

“You’re untrained. You know that. You felt it with Lillian.”

“All true, but I’m coming with you.” What the hell was she saying? She could feel the power, yes, but she didn’t know how to use it and here she was volunteering to go with him to fight a demon seer. Why the hell had she never had learned to keep her hand down?

He didn’t huff or sigh or roll his eyes at her persistence. Instead, in typical male fashion, he

simply said, “No.”

“You’re stronger with me there.”

He leaned back, detaching from the closeness, and gave her a steady look. Not a glare of anger or exasperation, it was simply a look of steady determination and acceptance. His spiked hair was mussed from their lovemaking, but his dark eyes were firm. “Not if you don’t know what you’re doing. Then, you’re a liability. You can’t protect yourself from an attack. I’d have to protect us both, and with a seer as strong as Vasili, I can’t afford the drain. Even fucking like this right before I leave, I wouldn’t have sufficient power.”

She winced at the deliberate crude cruelty, in part because she knew he was right. She’d escaped Vasili twice by luck and happenstance. Going into the spider’s web, however, she wouldn’t have that luxury.

“I won’t risk you,” he added, brooking no argument.

And that, she knew, more than anything else fueled his obstinacy. He was shielding her.

And part of her was relieved at the excuse not to face the danger. Not to take the risk.

Except, there was something stronger now in her. For, in the span of a fantasy, she had fallen in love. With Pyotrik. The need to protect a lover at all costs, despite the danger to yourself, also rose deep within her. She could not let him face the danger alone, not if she had the power to help him.

In taking care of her brothers, she had found a courage born of love, the courage to sacrifice and play it safe. Now, here with Pyotrik, she found a new courage, also born of love. The courage to take a risk.

She traced the curve of his lips with her fingertips and felt the ripple of power between them skating along her skin. “Teach me.”

“Teach you?”

“Magic. Let me be your apprentice as well as lover.”

Pyotrik closed his eyes a moment, sorely tempted. Sex magic, for the full blossom of power

even between a sorcerer and his seeress required the consent and the practice of both. He would be stronger.

He wanted her at his side in all things, in all ways.

He wanted to protect her, shield her from all harm. That imperative ran through him, stronger than any need of his own for union or for vengeance.

“I can’t risk you.”

“The choice to risk is not yours Pyotrik. It must be mine.”

“The choice to accept your risk, though, is mine.”

“And if you face Vasili without my strength? If he bests you? Who will protect me then? Vasili will come, and I will have no defense. He will lock me in that belt, rape me and use me endlessly.” Her delicate touch, her whispered words sent shivers through each nerve. She leaned forward and gave him a butterfly kiss against his sensitive lips. Lower, despite their recent lovemaking, his unruly dick stirred in anticipation and the familiar gnaw of hungry need rose in his gut. Her hand lowered, giving him one single caress, when he needed so much more. “If I am to fail, let me at least fail trying.”

“You don’t fight fair,” he grit out.

“Neither do you. Teach me.”

“There’s too much to learn in the short time we have.”

One more caress, one more kiss, then she pulled away. “I know. Teach me to protect myself. Teach me to channel to you. Anything else can come later, when we’ve defeated Vasili.”

He surrendered to the inevitable, to her wisdom and strength, and to his own longing for his seeress at his side. For she spoke the truth, he would only have this one chance against Vasili. While his adversary was weakened from the loss of Lillian and the output of power.

If he failed, he had no doubts that the picture Giselle painted of Vasili’s revenge was only too true.

“All right,” he agreed, resting a hand against her smooth cheek, then scowling at her smile of triumph. “Let us begin.”

As he took her hand to lead her, she stepped from the starlight into shadow, erasing her sweet features in the dark. A slither ran down his spine at the omen.

For he couldn't shake the thought that terrified him beyond all others. Not that they would meet Vasili tonight. Not that they would not prevail. Despite his protests to Giselle, he was stronger with her. Even with her limited knowledge, their powers fed to one another in a spiral that brought ecstatic strength.

No, what he feared most was that, after all of that, in the sweet celebration of victory, that when he woke in the morning she would be gone.

Forever.