

# THE DEMON INSIDE

Episode II of Seer

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This is the sequel of the first episode of Seer. In the first episode we get to know Melissa who has come to Moon River to attend College and get a fresh start. When two College students are found dead, Melissa has to realize that the visions she's been having for years might be based on reality.

Episode one ends with Melissa, Alexandra and Philip in trouble as they have ended up in the claws of the two demons Keshet and Gail.

Codes: FF, MF, Demons, College, Consensual, Non-Consensual, Caution, Rape, Reluctant, Mind Control, Lesbian, Bi, Hetero, Light Bondage

The usual cautions apply. This is not for kids, people that can't handle graphic sexual or violent descriptions in written text, or those of you who can't see the difference between real and fantasy. Don't do this at home. No dolphins were hurt during the creation of this text!

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## PART 1

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Melissa's hair was aching. Her throat was aching even more. She tried to keep her sobs back. Her head was forced back and she was standing on her knees, straddling Alexandra. Gail held her from behind. One arm around Melissa's waist, the other grabbing her hair.

"Do it," Gail said. "Or I'll squash you like a bug."

Melissa looked down into Alexandra's eyes. Her roommate was returning her gaze with wide-open, scared eyes. *I was supposed to save her*, Melissa thought. *God!*

"Please," she said.

Gail reached up to Melissa's neck. "Sit on her face."

"Do it!" Keshet said. She was leaning on the desk, her eyes shimmering red, her tongue caressing her parted lips. Philip was kneeling between her parted legs. She pushed him to her with a palm on the back of his head. His face was buried in her soft flesh, his tongue busy lapping her juices.

"Let go of me!" Melissa said.

Gail tightened her grip around Melissa's neck. Melissa made a throaty sound. She gasped for air and tried to claw at the hand around her neck. Keshet leaned over and stared into Melissa's eyes.

"Do it."

Melissa tried to shake her head, eyes staring wide. Gail squeezed even harder. The pain grew too strong. Melissa shuffled up in the bed and sunk her crotch down until she could feel Alexandra's face.

Alexandra tried to pull away but she was caught between Melissa and Gail's legs. She tried to shuffle down in the bed but Gail had anticipated this move and sat on her chest.

"Do it," Gail said behind Melissa.

"Grind your pussy all over her face," Keshet said. "Rape the little red-haired cunt!"

"Is she licking you?" Gail hissed in Melissa's ears. "Are you licking her pussy?"

Melissa felt Alexandra's tongue snaking into her and tried to nod. Gail let go and when Melissa looked down she saw what she already could feel. Alexandra's face was buried between her legs. The sight of the other woman's green eyes just above her blond pussy hairs made Melissa's mind swirl.

"That's better," Gail said. "Do you like having your cunt licked?" Melissa felt how she reached between her legs from behind, pushing her fingers between her buttocks. "Is she good?"

Gail increased the pressure against Melissa's ass and Melissa realized in panic that she was trying to push more than one finger into her. "Go ahead," she said. "Just rape me, and when you're done, I hope to God Dawn will walk through that door and kill you."

"Who's Dawn?" Gail said, "another hot and willing pussy just like yourself?"

"Shit," Keshet said and got up from the desk. When Philip wanted to keep his face between her legs she slapped his face, sending him sprawling on the floor. "We gotta go!"

"Who's Dawn?" Gail asked still trying to push her hand into Melissa.

"Aure!" Keshet said. "She calls herself Dawn."

"I saw her together with this one," Gail nodded at Melissa, "at the party."

"You fucking moron! You saw Aure on the party?"

"I..."

Gail got on her feet. Melissa sighed as the pressure of her fingers disappeared.

"Get those two," Keshet said and nodded at Alexandra and Philip. "You can stay with your bitch," she hissed to Melissa and aimed a kick at her.

Melissa felt the foot impacting her ribcage and before she could feel anything again she was lying on her back. Keshet was trying to get the window open while Gail pulled Alexandra and Philip on their feet. She handled them as if they were a pair of suitcases and their hair was the handle. As far as Melissa could judge these women were in the position to do whatever they wanted without anyone being able to stop them. They were too strong.

When her head started to clear Melissa realized the two women were going to bring Philip and Alexandra with them through the now open window. Just as she was about to protest the door to the room, to her right, was kicked open and Dawn entered the room.

Keshet, who was about to pull Alexandra with her up on the table and to the window stopped and looked over her shoulder before she pulled Alexandra even harder. Gail gave a battle howl and dived through the air towards Dawn.

Melissa felt her heart stopping when she saw the power behind the woman's leap. She would throw Dawn down on the floor making her an as helpless victim as she, Alexandra and Philip already were. She moved to get up and assist but she only got to half sitting before she stopped and stared.

Dawn moved so fast Melissa wasn't even sure how it had happened. One moment she was standing in the door taking in the room, the next she had moved out of the trajectory of Gail's leap. She produced a long, lithe sword and with it she managed to spear Gail like a catfish.

Gail cried and fell to the floor. Dawn raised the blade to deliver a final blow, even though Melissa was quite sure she wouldn't rise in the first place.

When Dawn noticed that Keshet was about to pull Alexandra with her through the window she cursed and left Gail laying as she rushed to Alexandra's rescue. She couldn't use her sword since Alexandra was in the

way and when she jumped up on the desk Keshet fell backwards through the window. Alexandra tried to grab the window frame but Keshet was too strong and Alexandra's fingers had to let go before Dawn could grab her arm and with a scream the redhead was pulled backwards and out of sight. Dawn was just about to jump after her when a large shadow passed outside the window.

"Fuck!" Dawn said and peered into the darkness.

On the floor one of Gail's legs twitched and, how impossible it seemed, the woman struggled to her feet and escaped into the dark corridor outside their room.

"God!" Melissa said and struggled to her feet. "I'm such an idiot."

Dawn looked out the door. The corridor was dark and empty. "What?" she asked as she turned back to Melissa.

"I could have warned you," Melissa said.

Dawn walked over to Philip who was sitting on Melissa's bed, staring down at his hands in his lap.

"Are you okay?" she asked.

Philip looked up at her with an empty gaze. "What did I do?"

"Everything is okay now," said Dawn.

"No! Nothing is okay. I just raped my best friend. It was like in a fog... They were so beautiful, and I had to obey them..."

"It's not your fault," Dawn said.

"It's my fault," Melissa said. "I saw all this happen, and I did nothing about it."

"They are very strong," said Dawn. "Even if you'd tried to resist them they would have forced you to do what they wanted."

"No," Melissa shook her head. "I saw this happen already yesterday night. I had a vision."

"A vision?"

"Yes, I saw the window, and I saw Alex in danger, and after Gregory and Shaun I should have understood it would happen just like with them."

"You saw them too in a vision?"

"What are we going to do about Alex?" Philip asked. The despair in his eyes was replaced by determination. "I'm not going to leave it at this."

"None of us are," Dawn said trying to soothe him. "I just have to figure out a way to track them down."

"We need to find them, and kill them," Philip said.

"We need to turn them in to the police," Melissa said and swallowed as she felt how the room started to spin around her.

"Fuck the police," Philip replied. "I need to see these two cunts dead!"

"Easy now," Dawn said. "We'll deal with them when we find them, but that's not going to happen unless you two get dressed."

"What were they?" Melissa asked and sunk down on one of the beds. "They were so strong."

Melissa slid off the bed and Dawn grabbed her arms just before she ended up on the floor. "You okay?" she asked and helped Melissa back on the bed. "Can you get a glass of water for her?" she asked Philip.

"We don't have time," Philip said. "We have to find Alex. She's out there, in the claws of those... creeps. We have to help her."

"Yeah?" Dawn said. "The best thing you can do right now, junior, is to give me the goddamned glass of water before I give you something to whine about!"

Philip stared at her with wide-open eyes. "I'm not gonna..."

"Now, junior!"

Philip blinked and left the room without another word.

"Try to breathe," Dawn said to Melissa who was still feeling like she was riding a roller coaster.

Melissa tried to do as Dawn said. The world was still spinning around her, but she found it comforting to hold on to the other girl. "God," she said. "I don't know what's..."

Philip returned from the kitchen with a glass in his hand. "Here," he said with a frown and handed the glass over to Dawn.

"Get dressed," Dawn replied and took the glass from him. She offered the glass to Melissa who took a mouthful before she pushed the glass away. Dawn placed it on the desk and looked into Melissa's eyes. "Are you feeling better?"

"I'm not sure," Melissa said. "It's not spinning... so much anymore."

"That's good." Dawn gave Philip a glance. "He is right though. We need to start looking for Alexandra as soon as possible."

"I'll try," Melissa said and tried to get on her feet.

"Take your time," Dawn said and held out a supporting hand to her.

"Good," Melissa sunk back on the bed. "I think I need to... take my time."

"It's okay. I have to talk to you both."

"Don't try to blame shift on me, Missy," Philip said. "I caught as much as these freaks know you and that's probably why they came here to take Alex in the first place."

"I'm not going to blame shift, or try to explain, or excuse myself, I've been chasing these two all day, one of them several weeks. My intention is to find them and kill them. You can talk to me about blame once they are dead and your girlfriend is safe again, till then, you listen to me and do exactly as I say, unless you wish to find out how a night with those two ends. Is that clear?"

"Alex isn't my girlfriend."

"Whatever. I want you to listen very careful now. None of this was any of your faults. It happened because those two women aren't normal human beings. They are demons. An especially nasty kind of demons that seduce people and uses sex to suck their life force out of them."

Philip laughed bitterly, but a glance from Dawn silenced him.

"They know how to talk to guys, and they are extra sexy and will make most people wanna fuck them because of it, but their main weapon isn't looks or wit. I don't know all about this, but I've managed to figure enough to know that once you get near them it's like magic and you cannot resist the power in their suggestion.

"You'd better know damn well what you're doing when you fight these things or you'll end up with you pants down... and that's gonna be the last time."

Dawn looked down at the sword she was still holding in her hand and pursed her lips.

"You can kill them, but not just like that. I guess you both saw what I did to Gail? With this sword my only chance to kill her would have been to try and chop her head off, since her attack was so sudden, I didn't had time to move into the right position.

"They can be killed by decapitation, or if you pierce their heart with silver. Fire can also kill them, but they are tough and will survive more damage than any normal human. Ordinary bullets will make them pissed, nothing more."

"I don't have a gun," Philip said as Dawn's lecture seemed to have ended. "No sword either, but I'm going to find these guys anyway and when I do, they better pray I'm still unarmed."

"I suggest both you and Melissa try to sleep somewhere else tonight, I'm going to find your friend."

"I'm not going to sleep at all, and you're not going to go look for her on your own. I'm going too."

"The last thing I need is to have some...one tagging along and doing all the mistakes I learned not to do years ago. Thank you!"

Dawn and Philip had locked eyes and their gazes were shooting daggers.

"Hey, guys," Melissa said and got on her feet. "Save your venom for those two, remember? We need to find them, not fight among ourselves."

Dawn backed off first. She didn't lower her gaze but she took one step back and sat on Alexandra's bed. Philip averted his gaze and sat on Melissa's bed.

"The problem," Dawn said, "is that this city is large enough to hide both of them several days, hell it took me almost a week to track down Keshet."

"But you must have seen some places where they like to hang," Philip said. "We could check those places out and maybe find them quickly?"

"What makes you think there are special places where they like to hang out?"

"Well I'm assuming, like sewers or something like that..."

Dawn laughed. "That would probably have helped a lot, but no. They don't 'hang' in any special places. No more special than what humans do."

Philip shrugged, "okay."

"No, we need to do this the hard way, like looking for a lost person, however, a lost person that would without any problem be invited anywhere, merrily rape all the inhabitants and move on before we even knew they were there."

"This will be fun," Philip said.

"Maybe," Melissa said, "I can help with that."

"What do you mean?" Dawn asked.

"I've seen these people in visions, and I got a book from my... well a friend... it was about a lot of things... like clairvoyance, and stuff... maybe I could just get a vision of where Alex is?"

Philip sighed and was just about to say something. Dawn assumed it would be rude. "Wait," she said, raised her hand and stopped him, "you said you've seen visions, what does that mean?" she asked Melissa.

"I saw this happen, I saw that Alex was in danger."

"And you didn't warn us?" Philip said. "A friend would have said something."

"I didn't believe they were real."

"This is good," said Dawn. "Can you get a vision of them now? I mean... how does it work? Can you close your eyes and just... see them?"

"No," Melissa mumbled. "The visions just appears when they feel like it without me being able to control them one bit."

Both Dawn and Philip gave an exasperated sigh.

"But I think someone might be able to help me do more than that." Melissa reached for her mobile. "Or at least I hope so."

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In the middle of the night Dr. van Alten's clinic seemed less glaring, at least the waiting room. His office seemed as usual; a central of focused knowledge. Dr. van Alten himself was standing over his desk, reading from one book while he was holding a finger at facts in another.

*He is cross-referencing,* Melissa thought and suppressed a laugh. The serious atmosphere didn't allow it.

"You say they feed on their victims sexually?" Konrad said.

"Yes," Dawn replied. "They have sex with their victims and when they climax, they kinda suck their life energy... it's very hard to explain."

Both Philip and Melissa squirmed uneasily. Konrad nodded and hummed over his book, reached over for another volume, opened the index page and flipped the book open on the right page once he knew what page to look at.

"Umhm," he hummed again. "What you encountered was a couple of Succubi." He looked up at Melissa and Philip. "Quite rare actually."

"Succubi?" Melissa said. "I thought they only existed in fairy tales."

"Fuck!" Philip moaned. "We're hunting pixies and trolls now?" He was in no mood for games, not when freaks had kidnapped his best friend.

"Those... pixies and trolls... have kidnapped your girlfriend," Dawn said, "so unless you start believing in fairytales you can kiss her goodbye."

"Alex is *not* my girlfriend, how many times do I have to say this?"

"Whatever." Dawn turned to Konrad. "Does your book say anything about how to kill them? Part from the ways I've managed to discover already."

"Um," Konrad said and opened another book. "I'm not so sure... Rape them anally by full moon on a recently risen vampire's grave. Hang them on the east side of an at least one-hundred year old oak by the meeting of three different roads, exactly noon on a Sunday. But I'm not so sure about the reliability of this source." He read some more. "Oh, they can also be drowned."

There was a moment of silence under which Melissa and Philip tried to control their furious blushes and Dawn wrinkled up her forehead thoughtfully. Then she shook her head. "I've never managed to drown one."

"Good," Philip said. "We know they are Suck... whatever, and a bunch of new useless ways to kill them... all we need now... is to find out where they are!" The last he said while he stared a challenge at Dawn.

"Yes," Konrad said before Dawn and Philip got into a quarrel. He glanced at Melissa. "If you give me a few moments alone with Melissa I think we'll be able to solve that problem too." They both kept their challenging stares at each other. "Now! Get out!" he shoed at them. "We



need to concentrate in here. You can fight out there, just keep the volume down."

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Alexandra was lying face down, naked on a bed. Her hands and feet were tied to the head and foot board with strong ropes. She was unclear of where she was. She wished her mind could be as hazy about how she'd gotten there but she was unable to forget the insane flight Keshet had taken her on.

After they'd fallen out through the window Keshet had grabbed her around the waist and... taken off. She had jumped into the air and they had been flying. At first Alexandra was stunned by the impossibility of the situation.

*Keshet has no wings*, she had been thinking, but when she looked behind her she had seen something blurry that might very well have been large black wings in motion. When she'd looked down at the arm around her waist she'd been able to determine that Keshet was not a normal woman. The backside of the arm had been covered in large, black scales, and there had been claws at the fingertips.

Alexandra could still see the scratches on her skin. The best description of what she'd been kidnapped by would, in Alexandra's vocabulary, be monster, or demon. She didn't want to think of Keshet as the devil. After all, Gail had arrived at this new place even before Keshet, so logically, she must have flown too. Two devils was a thought Alexandra didn't like at all.

*Does vampires fly?* She thought and shivered. That was another thought she didn't wanted to get closer acquainted to. Whatever they were, they were in a fight now and Alexandra could only guess at what would happen if things got nasty. *Please someone*, she thought. *Please God, save me!*

"Fucking hell!" Marius, a handsome guy in his mid-thirties, slammed his palm into the tabletop. "Are you slow in the head damn-it! It's not something you just do like that." He sighed and glared at Keshet who was sitting at the opposite side of the table.

"Hey," Keshet said, "calm down! We're paying you, so take it easy, will you?"

Gail was standing in the door to the balcony with a cigarette in her hand. She rolled her eyes at Marius but his back was turned at her so only Keshet saw her.

"Listen, Marius," Phoenix, a thin man with dark hair, said as he placed his hand on his companion's shoulder. "They're paying well."

"You don't know how badly this shit is gonna fuck things up, or you'd protest just as much as I do." Marius turned to Keshet and drilled his eyes into her. "You're not asking for small favors butterfly."

"I can pay for them."

"Yeah? With what?"

"I can pay you in cash, or if you prefer so, I can fuck you silly and then fuck you twice as much. Just let me know which."

Marius laughed. "Yeah right, fuck me... you think I'm an idiot, or what?"

"I was threatening you."

"Well then, schoolgirl," he leaned forward, his face just inches from hers, "before we discuss price I'm gonna ask you one thing." He paused making sure Keshet wanted to hear his question. "Do you like comedy?"

"What?"

"I said, do you like..."

"I know what you said, what the hell has it got to do with anything?"

"Well you're asking me to play in my own comedy, so you'd fucking well love it or I might just stuff you in a hole and bury you alive."

"In that case. Raise the curtain."

"Lets hear the price... in cash." There was a long moment when the two negotiators were staring into each other's eyes with deadly seriousness then Marius laughed and leaned back, his eyes still locked in Keshet's. "Or are you planning on staring me down until I do it for free... and offer my cock as a part of the deal?"

"I wouldn't touch your cock with a syringe, unless I was cutting it off."

Marius laughed. "Hey, keep the dirty talk up and I may just lower the price for you."

"I'm willing to pay fifteen."

"Twenty."

"Eighteen."

"Deal." Marius got on his feet and reached out his hand to Keshet who reluctantly took it. He pulled her hand to his mouth and bit her hard.

"Fuck!" Keshet cried and pulled her hand back. He had managed to draw blood.

"Delighted Madam," Marius grinned. "My associate will take care of the money business while I go mingle with the dinner guest. I'm guessing you intend to fuck her to death?"

"You'd be surprised to discover we do have a sense of aesthetics's."

Marius laughed and walked into the room where Alexandra was lying. He sat on the bed beside her and reached a hand out to one of her buttocks.

"You don't like those two cunts, do you?" he said and nodded to the other room, his tone almost friendly, if it hadn't been for his hand that was pushing between Alexandra's legs just then. "Why don't you let me have some fun and I'll see if I can make them nicer to you?"

Alexandra swallowed.

"Hey!" he continued. "I forgot; I don't give a shit about what you want."

He leaned down and licked along Alexandra's neck, causing her to whimper. She'd figured the more resistance she would put up against Marius the more he would try to hurt her – his associates could fly, what would he be able to do. She shivered. She had to clench her teeth and ball her fists not to yell at him to get away from her. She pulled her restraints though, hoping that maybe she'd be able to break free after all.

"How you feel about getting raped, Pigeon?"

Alexandra buried her face in the beddings under her. She gasped and couldn't keep a moan from escaping her.

"Yeah," Marius nodded. "I too find that word so insensitive... how about we call it non-consensual love-making instead?"

He started to pull off his shirt.

"You know, if you fuck me good, I might be nice and buy you a cute dress for some of the money. What do you say about that?"

"Please," Alexandra whispered despite her self.

"Yeah? Just sing, tell daddy what's on your heart schoolgirl."

"Please, don't hurt me!"

"Hurt you? How do you mean, specifically? Like this," he slapped her ass hard, leaving a red hand-mark on her white skin. "Or were you referring to something more social-emotional, like 'please don't hurt me by raping me so good I want to spend my life with you, just to see you go off and rape the next cunt that slithers by just because you like her smell?'"

He unbuttoned his trousers. "I can do that, if you're a good fuck."

"Hey!" Keshet called from the living room. "Can you please get on with it? We *do* have other things on the agenda as well!"

"Can you please excuse my language," Marius said to Alexandra, "while I tell the cunt in the living room... to shut her fucking hole, or I'll rip her head off and fucking rape her brain stem!"

Alexandra winced and stared at him with large scared eyes.

"Not you pigeon, the cunt in the living room."

He sat beside Alexandra and licked his palm. Then he reached between her legs. "Let's see if we can get you wet?"

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## PART 2

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Dawn was pacing back and forth in the waiting room, wringing the sheath of her sword in her hands while she mumbled under her breath. She stopped and stared at the closed door to Konrad's office.

"Goddamnit," she said. "I could have found her by now. On my own!"

"Hey," Philip interrupted from the sofa, he was keeping his voice low. After all, disturbing Melissa and Konrad right now was probably the best way to ensure he'd never see Alexandra again. "I'm worried too. She's my friend you know."

Dawn shot him an angry look before she frowned and started to pace again.

"And," Philip added. "You stomping back and forth over the floor, almost making the paintings go askew, aint gonna make them faster..."

"Shut it junior!"

"Yeah?" Philip smirked as he leaned back in the sofa. "And exactly how old are you? To me you don't look a day over..."

In a whirlwind of activity Dawn unsheathed her sword and lashed out with it toward Philip's neck. Philip yelped as he tried to push his back through the sofa backrest. The tip of the sword scratched the underside of his chin, forcing his head back until he was staring at Dawn along the back of his nose.

"I wasn't referring to age," Dawn said.

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The only light in Dr. van Alten's office was a lonely candle standing on the table beside the desk. Melissa was sitting in one of the chairs by the table and Konrad in the other.

"Slow, deep, breaths," van Alten said with a monotonous voice. "Still looking into the flame. Relaxed. Slow. Deep. Breathe in. Out."

Melissa heard his voice through a soft, darkness that had her in a comfortable hold. She drew in a breath.

"You now feel calm, relaxed and safe. Calm. Relaxed. Safe. A sphere of light emerges from your body and encloses you. A sphere of warm, soft light. The light becomes stronger and stronger and it shields you from everything around you. Keeps you safe. Stronger, bright..."

Melissa sneezed.

"...er," Konrad said and sighed.

"Fuck!" Melissa moaned and opened her eyes. "It's not working. We're wasting time!"

"You need to stop concentrating on getting a vision and start working on your trance," Konrad said. "Now once more."

Melissa sunk down in her seat. "It's useless. It's better we get out and search for her."

"No, once more."

Melissa sighed and leaned on her head. "I give up," she mumbled. Then, just as she had given up all hope, just as if the hope alone was keeping it away from her, she felt the familiar tingle in her neck. She gasped and sat straight. The tingle disappeared. *Relax*, she told herself. *It's useless, I... I can't control faith, I can only take what's given to me...* The tingle came back, followed by the buzz in her head, and the light behind her eyelids transformed into images.

Alexandra was lying on her back, her body was twitching from side to side, shaking, convulsing. She was surrounded by a blue circle on the floor. Melissa moaned when she saw a shadow rising from Alexandra's chest, clawing at her tossing body, making her scream. Alexandra was dying.

Melissa opened her eyes and stared in panic at Konrad. "My God!" she whispered before the vision took hold of her again.

Melissa was lying on her back. Something wet and sticky was running from inside her, staining her thighs, gliding down between her buttocks and making her slippery and squishy. She noticed her hands were dug into the blanket she was lying on, and she was shaking. She was Alexandra, and Alexandra was fighting for her life. She saw Keshet leaning over her.

"Leave her," she said and pushed a window open. Keshet slid through the window and landed on the street outside in a graceful movement. She looked around. The sign with the street name burned into Melissa's eyes.

"I know where it is!" Melissa rasped and forced herself to stand. "They are going to kill Alexandra!"

Konrad jumped to his feet, just in time to catch Melissa as she fell over. "Take it easy," he said and helped her back into her chair. "It was a vision, it may have been several days from now. Take it easy."

"No, it's just gonna happen, any minute! We have to hurry!" The last words was sobbed. Melissa feared that they were already too late, that what she had seen was already happening.

"Did you see Alexandra?"

"She was in pain." Melissa managed to get on her feet again.

"We'd better go get her then."

"We're late. We need to go now. Alexandra is in darkness, she had darkness around her." Melissa turned to Konrad. "The darkness of the soul."

"We're getting her now," he said and pushed the door to the waiting room open.

"About time," Dawn said as she saw Melissa walking through the door. "Me and junior here..." She saw the expression on Melissa's face. "What's happened?"

"Alexandra is in danger!" Melissa replied and grabbed her coat.

"If you two are done quarreling," Konrad added, "maybe you'd grace us with your assistance?"

"I'm ready," Dawn said and begun strapping her sword to her side.

"Uh," Philip said and stood. "I'm ready too, but I don't have much more than my fists to fight with."

Konrad glanced at him before he went into his office again. A few moments later he came back with a handgun. "I trust you won't shoot me or any other innocent person with this, if possible use it only to threat and let Dawn take care of the killing."

Philip looked down at the gun he'd been handled. "I thought guns wouldn't harm them."

"They don't kill them," Dawn said. "You hurt them, I decapitate them, we'll be a team junior."

"Don't call me junior."

Dawn grinned at him.

"We don't have time!" Melissa said from the door.

"Dawn," Konrad said. "Can you drive?" He reached his car keys over to her.

"Sure," she said and took the keys.

Konrad placed his hand on Melissa's shoulder. "You remember where Alexandra was?"

"Yes! Hanover Road."

"You know where on Hanover Road?"

Melissa shook her head. "Somewhere on Hanover Road."

"Then let's go there."

Dawn pursed her lips and gazed at Melissa. "If she's really there..."

"She's there!" Melissa said and left the waiting room.

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Marius' fingers were digging into Alexandra's arms as he held them down, pressing them into the mattress. He was balancing on the verge of orgasm. Alexandra could hear it in his breathing. She could feel it inside. He was moving cautiously back and forth with short, jerky moves. Now and then the pleasure took him over and a prolonged groan left him. He held Alexandra's arms in an iron grip. He was holding her too hard, she wanted to protest, but she was scared.

"Are you ready, pigeon," he gasped into her ear. "Are you fucking ready?"

She was afraid to look up at him but she tried to answer anyway. First she just croaked, then she cleared her throat, "Yes," her voice shivered. If he came he would be satisfied and maybe leave her alone before he moved his hands. Closed them around her neck. Squeezed harder and harder. Lost in his pleasure. Unable to hear or see anything else. "Please come," she breathed and something broke inside of her.

The last bit of self-control left him as he pumped into her again and with a throaty gasp he pulled back, pushed in, threw his head back and cried out his pleasure. Alexandra clenched her teeth and fought back a cry of her own.

The impossible happened. As she felt the first spurts of his semen shooting into her a gigantic wave of pleasure washed over her. It was almost like pain, but it made her body hum, and it scared her. She tried to channel the strong emotion by screaming. She tried to get away from it. Squirmed and trashed on the bed, but the sensation held her and shook her as if she'd been a kite in a hurricane. Through the twirl of emotions she heard a weak voice in her head asking how it was possible that such a beast could make her feel like this.

He shoved into her again and every atom in her body felt the penetration. Blood red filled her vision as pain and pleasure washed through her in an insane mix. Her world grew dark when the sensation became too strong and the last thing she remembered was a shrill, piercing sound she had to assume was her own scream.

Alexandra was gone for little over a minute during which Keshet and Gail looked at each other in astonishment. "I'll be damned," Keshet said. "He may be an asshole but apparently he can fuck."

Phoenix rolled his eyes and sighed. "Moron," he said and got on his feet. When he got into the bedroom Alexandra was just regaining her consciousness while Marius was still lying limp on top of her. Phoenix knelt on the bed, gently pushing Marius off of her and placing him by her side.

"How are you?" he asked.

"God that was good," Alexandra replied. "I'm not sure what's up and what's down."

Phoenix chuckled. "It'll settle in a couple of minutes."

He got up and peered into the living room since he thought he had heard one of the women curse. The room was empty. He shrugged and turned back to Alexandra. With a sigh he started to unbuckle his belt.

"I hate sloppy seconds."

Alexandra started giggling. "Are you gonna do me too?" she asked. "Will the two witches do me then?"

"Only me," Phoenix said as he got up on the bed and squatted between Alexandra's spread legs. "Raise your butt. That's better."

Between giggles, Alexandra noticed that he was penetrating her. The sensation from her first orgasm was still making her body tingle. Actually, the sensation made her laugh. Soon she noticed that he was making her feel good, and her giggles turned into moans. She started pushing back up at him.

"That's my girl," Phoenix said between breaths. "Show me what you got!"

Keshet stormed into the room. "They're here, we need to get going right away."

"They?" Phoenix asked and stared up at her.

"Aure and the other's."

"Fuck! This really can't wait."

"I can give them candles and flowers," Alexandra said. "They'll..."

Phoenix started pounding away into her with fast, hard shoves. "Oh! Cowboy!" Alexandra said and laughed.

"What the fuck!" Keshet said. "They'll hear her!"

"Cum! Cum! Cum!" Phoenix chanted into Alexandra's ear as he kept up his speed.

"I said," Keshet frowned as she placed her hands on her hips and stared down at the scene in front of her. "They're coming. What are you? Deficient?"

"I need," Phoenix panted.

"Yeah, your needs are gonna get you killed."

Gail entered the room. Gave Phoenix and Alexandra a single glance before she turned to the only window in the room.

"We're leaving through this window." She nodded at Marius. "Get him with you. If Phoenix wanna stay and play, that's his problem."

Phoenix moaned and grabbed Alexandra's hair. "When I tell you to come," he hissed into her ear, "you comply."

Alexandra's hands grabbed in the air. She buried her face in the mattress and stared pushing back up at him. Phoenix increased the speed even more. Alexandra's buttocks were hurting but the pain drowned in the sensations between her legs. She screamed into the mattress as she came again.

-----

"Stop!" Melissa said. "It's here!"

The car was traveling down Hanover Road towards an alley ending in the railing between the houses and the railroad.

"Left?" Dawn asked as she stepped on the brakes.

"Yes!"

"How close?" Konrad asked.

"Just here! That window!"

"Pull over there," Konrad said.

They hid behind a hedge just outside the house Melissa had indicated.

"Okay," Dawn whispered. "Here's the plan. You three are on lookout in case someone is trying to sneak out, sneak in or if something else happens. I'm going in and trying to get her out."

"I'm going too," Philip replied with an intense whisper.

Dawn ignored him.

"How are you going to find them?" Konrad asked.

"I'm kicking in every door."

"I'm sure Melissa could show you the exact door."

They all looked at Melissa. "Maybe," she hesitated. "I've had some... residue images before..."

"Before?" Konrad said but shook his head. "Later. We're going too."

"And who's going to be on lookout?" Philip asked.

"I can help Melissa if we need more visions from her," Konrad said.

There was a silent moment before Philip sighed. "I'll be lookout, and I swear to god, if you don't bring Alex back..."

Dawn gave him a stern gaze before she shook her head and turned to Konrad. "You're following me to the door, and no further. The rest is up to me!"

Konrad nodded. Melissa frowned.

Dawn unsheathed her sword. As they advanced towards the door it was obvious this was a common thing for Dawn but not so for Konrad and



Melissa. They were tripping, sliding and making all sorts of noise. Dawn glared back at them more than once, but finally they reached the darkness in the porch.

"What floor?" whispered Dawn.

Konrad took Melissa by the shoulders but she shrugged him off, opened the door and stepped into the porch. Dawn frowned, unsure she wanted the other woman so close to possible danger but as far as she could tell there was no other way.

Melissa placed her hands on the first door, then leaned her head against it, almost as if she was listening. After a while she shook her head and stepped over to the other door. They waited a little longer before she stepped away from that door as well.

"Second floor?" Konrad said.

Melissa nodded and climbed the staircase. Dawn stole past her and gave the second floor a suspicious inspection before Melissa was allowed up.

This time Melissa hesitated longer before she dismissed the first door. At the second door she gasped and stepped back. Finally, at the third door, she hissed and jolted back. Her hands shook and balled into fists.

"She's there... she burns, she cries in darkness." Melissa sunk back, too tired to even breathe. Konrad pulled her away from the door.

Dawn placed her ear against the door for a few seconds before she tried the handle. It was locked. She got a small knife and a metal plate out of one of her pockets and managed to get it open.

The door was chained and Dawn motioned to Konrad and Melissa to keep silent. She listened into the apartment. She thought she could hear someone whispering. She reached in through the door. She had no clue if Alexandra was in immediate danger, or if she had time to try and open the door in a less suspicious way. She reached her sword over to Konrad, took the door handle in one hand and the chain in her other. She pulled the door until the chain stretched, and then she pulled fast and hard in the chain. One end of the chain was ripped free with a loud sound of broken wood.

Before Konrad could ask Dawn how she managed to pull the door chain free with her bare hands she took the sword back from him, motioned for them to stay and slid into the apartment.

Dawn moved between empty rooms. When she reached one of the bedrooms she stopped and turned to Konrad. "I've found her," she mumbled.

"Is she..." Konrad asked.

"Is Alex okay?" Melissa interrupted and tried to peek past him. "Let me talk to Alex!"

Dawn shook her head and Konrad held Melissa back. "Let Dawn go first."

Alexandra was lying in the bed, she gazed up at Dawn under heavy eyelids, and as Dawn came closer she licked her lips and smiled.

"Like what you see?" she asked and rolled her naked body from side to side.

Dawn stared at her in confusion for a second before she shook her head. "Not particularly. Why would you ask?"

"Nothing. Cut me loose."

"Just stretch the ropes," Dawn replied and used her sword to saw through the rope.

When Alexandra was free she reached down and cupped her crotch with both hands. Dawn's eyes widened. She understood and she felt as if a knife of ice had been driven into her heart. She reached down and grabbed Alexandra's shoulder. Just as she was about to say something she noticed Alexandra was caressing herself.

"Get up," she said trying to hide her confusion behind a harsh tone.

Alexandra sighed but did as she was told. Just as Dawn had predicted there was a large wet spot where Alexandra had been lying.

"They raped you?" she asked and made Alexandra face the wet spot.

"One of them," Alexandra replied her face turning whiter than usual.

"Was it Gail or Keshet?" Dawn asked.

"What the fuck? They can't rape me... They're women... well at least female..."

"You're right." Dawn pushed Alexandra towards the door. "It was someone else, right?"

"I don't wanna talk about it."

Alexandra took one step then she fell into Dawn and started to slide towards the floor. Dawn almost had to drop her sword to catch her.

"I need to sit," Alexandra said.

Dawn helped her to sit and sheathed her sword. "We don't have time," she said, picked the blanket from the bed and wrapped it around Alexandra before she scooped her up in her arms and carried her out of the room.

-----

Alexandra was standing in the shower room. In front of a mirror. She was wearing a towel draped over her shoulders and she was staring into her own eyes in the mirror glass. Her body was tense, her eyes trying to bore into themselves. The moment drew out. She laughed.

"You thought taking a shower would make it go away."

She pounded her hands into the sink. "No, no, no! It's not your fault. There was nothing you could have done about it..."

"Shit! You could have done something. You could have stopped it. Instead you just locked up and prayed for your life."

She squeezed her hands around the washbowl edge. "No. There was nothing I could have done. I was tied down. I was helpless."

She met her own eyes in the mirror. They were shimmering with a clear green light, almost as if they were lit by a light source of their own.

"You weren't just a victim. You..."

"So what? You didn't put up a fight, why should you? You were helpless!"

"You should have!"

"Look at me!"

"You're... You're empty."

"You should have fought. But you didn't. You just lay there, you even... you..."

"Don't blame yourself. There is nothing you can do about it. You're helpless."

"Oh God! Oh God!" She hid her face in her hands.

"I'm not gonna accept that! I am not helpless! I am not... Not helpless!"

She was staring into her own face in the mirror, leaned on the washbowl, her eyes challenging herself. She broke into laughter but then choked the laughter and turned it into tears.

"It made me... arrive... I squirmed and whimpered and bucked just like a whore."

She reached up and cupped one of her breasts, squeezing the nipple between her fingers. "You don't understand, do you?" She brushed her thumb over the nipple, her gaze altering between the nipple and her eyes in the mirror. "Look at it." She closed her eyes. "I said, look at it. It goes stiff when you touch it." She squeezed harder. "Tell me you can't feel it?" Pulled. "How it makes you ache? Tell me you can't feel that." Her other hand reached down between her legs and pressed her long finger into herself. "Tell me this doesn't make you hot?"

She closed her eyes.

"Look into the mirror!"

She did. Kept the stare for a long time. Her hands stroked of their own will. She managed to make herself produce a low moan and she realized it was right. She did feel horny. "Oh God," she gasped.

"God has nothing to do with it. You love this, don't you?"

She started to stroke herself hard and fast, the lewd sounds of her wet sex made her head spin.

"You're wet."

One of her hands grabbed the washbowl edge. She leaned on it while her other hand was squeezed between her thighs. Her back arched. The need to touch was impossible to ignore. Even though she squeezed her legs together, her juices was spread over her thighs, making it to easy to push the hand all the way to her hot core.

"Oh God! I'm a whore," she sobbed as she felt her own body betraying her. "Oh God! No! I'm not a whore. I'm confused. This is normal. You were raped an hour ago. It made you come and now you're touching yourself. Maybe you should go back there and see if you can get more?"

Alexandra felt how the primitive drive of her sexuality took over and directed her actions. The rubbing between her legs increased in both speed and pressure and as she parted her thighs she gasped, her knees buckled and before she knew it she was squatting, one hand still grabbing the sink while the other kept stroking her wide open pussy.

"Now you understand why? Oh God! Just go with it, don't fight it. Go on. Just go on."

Luckily for Alexandra it was too late for any of her dorm mates to be awake and the risk that someone would walk in on her was very low.

When she exploded, one cut off cry passed her lips while her body tensed from her toes to her neck. The hand between her legs jerked. Her thighs shivered. In the throes of orgasm her body rolled against the hand between her legs. She kept rubbing, and rubbing, hoping the flow of pleasure would never stop.

When she came down from her peak she hang on to the sink for several moments while she tried to catch her breath. She realized what she'd done

and struggled to her feet. She was still panting while she stared back into the mirror.

"Face it," she said, a single tear running down her cheek. "You're a slut."

-----

Melissa was still awake when Alexandra returned from her shower. She'd had a hard time to keep herself from following her roommate, making sure she was okay. The few pieces of advice Konrad had been able to give her before she followed Alexandra into their dorm had told her to let Alexandra decide the pace she wanted to talk about things.

"Just listen to what she wants to say," he'd said. "You'll find it's much harder to do that than just giving away advice, but it will help Alexandra much more than any advice ever would."

Alexandra slumped down on her bed, her towel wrapped around her shoulders.

"Are you okay?" Melissa asked. "Is there anything I can do?"

Alexandra shook her head and stared into the carped in front of her. She raised her gaze at Melissa as if she'd just then realized she wasn't alone in the room. "I owe you."

"What?"

"I owe you for saving my life."

"Oh... It was mostly Dawn that did that."

"No. I mean she freed me and helped me get out, but you were the one that found me."

"With Konrad's help."

"But it was you that found me."

Melissa shrugged. "Yes, I guess."

Alexandra walked over to where Melissa was standing. Her towel slid down on the floor and Melissa had to tear her gaze away from Alexandra's naked body. She cursed herself.

"I... owe you." Alexandra stepped closer. Reached around Melissa's neck. She pulled the taller girl's face down towards her own.

"Alex?"

"I owe you."

Their lips met.

The kiss was electric and it made Melissa shiver. Alexandra reached around Melissa's body, squeezing her buttocks firmly. "Come on." She pushed a hand into the back of Melissa's pajama trousers. Melissa stared at her.

"A... Alex?"

"Can you... please just do this one thing for me?"

Alexandra took Melissa's hand. Melissa didn't protest when Alexandra placed the limp fingers on her crotch. Melissa had to fight back an urge to touch.

"Alex, you're in shock."

"If I was in shock," Alexandra said. "Would I..." one of her fingers slid into Melissa's pussy from behind, "...do this?"

Melissa croaked and bolted. "Fuck!" she called and backed away from her roommate. "Don't..." She clenched her teeth and balled her fists while she struggled to maintain her self-control. "I'm sorry."

Alexandra was holding her hand up in front of her face. Her fingers were glistening with pussy juices. She pushed them into her mouth and licked them clean.

"You are wet. Are you horny?"

"I... Oh God Alex, I... I'm such an idiot, I'm so sorry!"

"What?" Alexandra shook her head. "I kissed you, fuck it! Pay attention!"

With that she snapped her towel from the floor and started to dry her hair. Melissa was staring at her back unable to decide what to do. She wanted to run over to Alexandra and take her in her arms. She had no clue what had happened to her roommate the hours she'd been in the kidnapper's power but she could imagine it had been an unpleasant experience. At the same time, her eyes refused to stay away from the other woman's butt. Alexandra was bent forward and Melissa could make out her sex in the crease between her thighs. She swallowed. It looked like Alexandra was wet.

"Alex," she mumbled. "I... if you want to talk."

Alexandra threw the towel on the floor and turned to her, anger shining in her eyes. "Do you know what I want? Do you?"

"I... just let me know and I'll do... I'll try to help..."

"You know what I want," she said. She stepped closer to Melissa. "Just do it goddamnit," she mumbled.

"What?" Melissa asked and took a step back.

Alexandra followed her and stepped even closer. "Just follow your instincts," she mumbled. "Please!"

"What? What instincts?"

"Touch me."

"Alex... I think... you're in shock..."

"Just touch me, fuck it!"

Melissa jumped back. "No," she shook her head. "Listen, I know what happened to you was really, really bad, and I wish to God I'd waited till Dawn appeared so she'd been able to save both you and Philip right there. I'm... so sorry for... what I did... I can only guess what you're feeling, but I know... you're in shock, and that's exactly why I'd never... do that."

"Do what, Melissa?"

Alexandra was close to her again, her voice soft, her hands almost on Melissa's hips. "Do what?"

"Hurt you more."

"It wouldn't hurt me."

Melissa stared at her. "You're saying that now," she said her eyes trying to read Alexandra's expression, "but when you've been able to sleep, it'll seem different."

"Do you think I'm sexy, Melissa?"

"What?"

"Do you watch me when I'm not paying attention? Do you watch my pussy when I dry my hair? I think you do... Do you think I'm sexy?"

"I... yes. I mean... you are... very... but not like that... guys must be..."

"Do I make you horny?"

"What? Alex, come on!"

"Fuck Melissa, I just want it to go away."

"I'd do anything, Alex. I want to help."

"Then, please... make... it go away... do it..."

"Do you really mean that?"

Alexandra looked into Melissa's dark eyes with a gaze full of pain and something Melissa thought was hunger.

"Alex," Melissa mumbled and took a step back. "You're in shock."

"I just want the pain to go away."

Melissa reached out to her roommate and pulled her into her arms. "You're safe now," she said and held her close. When Alexandra pulled back Melissa did the same and again their eyes locked, just inches apart.

This time Alexandra didn't wait, but she got on her toes and pulled Melissa to her. Their lips met. Alexandra's mouth opened and her tongue slid between Melissa's lips. Melissa felt her body starting to burn but when one of Alexandra's hands pressed between her buttocks and cupped her crotch from behind she twitched.

"Alex... You're in shock."

"Touch me," Alexandra breathed into Melissa's ear, "please just do it."

"No," Melissa pulled back hard. "I... I... I'm sorry."

She turned her back at Alexandra and slid into her bed quickly. She was struggling hard not to shake. "Good night." She switched off her lamp.

Alexandra was still standing in the middle of the room. "Fuck!" she cursed under her breath.

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### PART 3

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The next morning Melissa sneaked out of their room even before Alexandra woke up. In the cafeteria she looked anxiously around to see if she could spot Dawn. When she couldn't she got a table and ate her breakfast. Soon Jolene appeared. Melissa said a polite good morning to her. Jolene replied and sat down. They ate in silence. Finally, when Dawn arrived, Melissa mumbled an excuse to Jolene, picked up her tray and walked over to Dawn.

"Let's sit and talk," Melissa said and motioned for an empty table.

"Right," Dawn said. "You know, what happened last night. I realized how good that was."

"Yeah?"

"I mean you were... what you did, it was so helpful. I would have had to track them for several days, and..." her voice lowered at this. "You saved Alexandra's life. I wouldn't have been able to do that."

"I... It was mostly you and Konrad..."

There was an awkward pause.

"How's Alexandra today?" Dawn asked.

"She's... it's good that you mention that... she's been acting weird."

"Weird?"

"Um."

"Maybe you should ask her to talk to Konrad."

"Why? I mean ... what happened to her?"

"What do you mean?" Dawn lowered her voice. "She was kidnapped, for all we know threatened to her life. They would have killed her eventually, if we'd not been able to get there so fast."

"I guess."

"Don't guess... what you, well maybe Konrad too, but I saw you, and I know... what you did was... it made the difference here."

There was a long silence under which they concentrated on their breakfast. Melissa was staring at her yogurt. Dawn was leaning back in her chair and pushing her fork into her pancake. Both women could feel the uneasy atmosphere.

"Dawn?"

"Yeah?"

"I'm sorry about yesterday."

"Why?"

"I interrupted your night out."

"No worry."

"So... you're hunting... 'Creatures of the Night', huh?" Melissa said in a conspirational whisper.

"Uh... well... yeah," Dawn replied. "I was actually thinking that since you seem to be so good at locating demons, maybe you should join me?"

Melissa jumped in her chair, looking around as if she was afraid someone would listen, then she stared at Dawn again. Shook her head and leaned back.

"Listen... I don't know how to kill those things... And..."

"I can do that. You just have to locate them."

"I don't know how to do that either. I only did what Konrad told me to."

"I think you can learn. Maybe with his help?"

"Listen," Melissa said, "I'm very happy Alex is safe and sound, but I've had a... well... I'm not up for problems right now... I'd rather concentrate on my studies."

"Just so you know," Dawn said and placed her hand on top of Melissa's. Melissa met Dawn's gaze. She felt herself getting lost in the other woman's dark eyes. "I'd really appreciate working together with you."

"We can always... go for a coffee sometimes."

A tray was put down on the table, just beside their hands and as they looked up, Alexandra was standing over them staring into their eyes. Dawn got up and pulled out Alexandra's chair.

"Hi Alexandra... why don't you sit?"

Alexandra frowned but sat down.

"How are you feeling today?"

"I... Fine. Why?"

"Why not?"

"Okay."

"So, how are you doing?"

"I'll survive."

"I'm glad we found you. It would have... I mean..."

"I survived."

Jolene had discovered that Melissa, Alexandra and Dawn wasn't going to join their table so she got up from her table and walked over to their table. Susan and Kaitlyn looked confounded for a couple of seconds before they too got up and walked over to the new table.

"Hey," Jolene smiled and sat down. "Anything interesting going on?"

Melissa looked around the table. Alexandra was silent, so was Dawn.

"No," Melissa replied. "We're just talking. Join us."

"So?" Susan said and put her tray down at their table too. "You trying to avoid me, Jolene?"

"What?" Jolene looked as if someone had accused her of stealing the jam and she'd been as surprised by finding her hand in the jar as the one accusing her. "What did I do?"

Kaitlyn joined the table as well. "Nothing Susan hasn't done too."

Susan made a mock frown. "You're following me."

"You're keeping tabs on where I'm going, so you can go there before me."

"What did I do?" Jolene asked.

"You got up, and left our table with no explanation," Susan said and took a bite of her bread.



"No, Jesus Susan, we always lunch together, you know that."

"Well," Kaitlyn said in an attempt to defend Jolene, "everybody is running around like wild hen today."

"I didn't mean to just walk out on you," Jolene said. "I just didn't... think."

"I think," Susan said with a grin, "you and Philip should just get together."

"Ah," Kaitlyn said, "they would forget they had a relation going before... well... they'd have a relation going."

Melissa raised an eyebrow at that. "You know what they say? Once you get old enough and desperate enough..."

"That statement only goes for boys," Susan said.

Melissa was about to reply when she felt Alexandra's hand on her thigh. It was hidden under the table but Jolene was sitting not too far away on Melissa's left side. Alexandra squeezed just above her knee and Melissa jumped as she felt a strange sensation right between her legs. It was as if her knee was connected straight to her crotch and when Alexandra squeezed, muscles stretched from one place to the other.

Melissa glanced over at Alexandra who was smiling innocently. None of the other people around the table seemed to notice anything was wrong. Part from Dawn. Melissa suspected Dawn knew something was going on; she was looking at Alexandra in a funny way.

When Alexandra scratched her nails over the fabric in Melissa's jeans she pulled her leg away and tried to stare her down. *What the hell?* she thought, *what's going on here?*

"Gotta go," Dawn said and stood. "I'll see you guys tomorrow?" she said to Jolene, Kaitlyn and Susan. She gave Alexandra a smile, but said nothing. Then turned to Melissa, "and, don't forget what we talked about?"

"I wont," Melissa replied. "But I'm not promising anything!"

"Think about it?"

"Sure."

Melissa glanced over at Alexandra and just as she suspected Alexandra was staring down into the tabletop straining not to frown.

*What the hell is going on here?* Melissa thought. *Is she jealous? Jealous of what?* Dawn picked up her tray and left. Melissa could watch Alexandra's eyes following her.

At first she thought Alexandra was angry, she might think she had a reason, at least if she was jealous of anything imagined going on between Melissa and Dawn, then she saw something else in Alexandra's gaze and when she suspected what she was watching was nothing else than well concealed lust, Melissa wondered if she was seeing the proper cause for Alexandra's jealousy.

*Surprise!* she thought but when Alexandra got up while mumbling an excuse, and rushed after Dawn, Melissa fought to keep her smile to herself. *So that's it?*

-----

Living the life she did, Dawn had developed a seventh sense for discovering danger. She was walking along Fourth-Street towards her car when she felt that something was wrong.

At first she wasn't sure what it was but after another couple of minutes she understood someone was following her. When she saw whom her shadow was she didn't believe her eyes but a second glance made it obvious; Alexandra was following her.

*What the hell?* she thought decided to counteract. She walked over to her car. It was impossible to park closer to the university than at Pinewood Drive. Dawn used to curse that fact, but now it helped her. She could gain a head start on Alexandra and disappear before Alexandra even understood her target was gone.

She rounded a corner of MRC Tech and hurried the last yards to her car. She got in the car and managed to get away before Alexandra rounded the corner and could see what had happened. It would keep Alexandra in the area for some time before she would know she had lost Dawn.

Dawn didn't drive far though. She double parked on the west side of the Liberty building and within another couple of minutes she was back at MRC Tech. Instead of walking over to the north-western side of the building, where Alexandra would be, trying to figure out where Dawn had gone, she entered at the south side and made her way through the whole building.

MRC Tech was built like an indoor galleria with a glass-covered passage in the middle and buildings on both sides. Dawn wondered if maybe the passage had been a street once, but the buildings on both sides seemed too much alike. Once she approached the north side of the building she slowed down and kept her eyes open in case Alexandra had entered the building.

It was good that she did because sooner than she'd expected it Alexandra came walking down the passage towards her. She found a coffee shop a few yards away and escaped into it.

She hid in a corner just inside the door. She knew Alexandra might decide to look in the coffee shop and stumble over her, but since the shop had large windows and it was possible to see everyone in it Dawn hoped Alexandra would settle with a quick glance and then go on.

Alexandra didn't. As she passed outside she stopped, Dawn bit her lower lip while waiting for Alexandra's next action. For a couple of moments it seemed Alexandra wasn't sure what to do, then she reached into her pocket and pulled out her mobile.

Dawn held her breath while Alexandra was dialing. If she could listen in on Alexandra's conversation it might just happen that the problem of figuring out why Alexandra was following her would solve itself.

"It's me," Alexandra said into the phone. Her jaw set as she continued, "I am calling you now. If you're gonna fuck with me... I swear to God..."

She took a deep breath and looked around, suddenly aware that she was after all not alone in the passage. "I am relaxed. So, stop fucking around! I lost track of her."

Alexandra stared up into the glass ceiling and moaned. "I *am* reporting in. You stay the fuck away from this!" Her gaze snapped down and Dawn almost thought she had been caught but Alexandra was too absorbed in her phone call. "Don't talk to me about managing, fucking hell!"

Dawn didn't know Alexandra that well but she thought what she was displaying right now was a bit on the extreme, even for the stressful situation she was in.

"Don't talk to me about control," Alexandra continued, "I am in control. No... Not now! I'm telling you, I've had fucking hormones kicking my ass all morning, this is not funny!" She took a deep breath.

Alexandra realized a couple of students were walking just a few meters from her. They weren't looking at her but she could see they had heard her and was quickening their pace to get past her. "Well, you know damn well what I'm gonna do... I didn't call for you to piss me off. I'm done with this shit. I'm going to the next phase."

As she listened to the phone she glared after the group of students that had passed her and for a second Dawn wondered if she would follow them and try to beat them up or something to that effect.

"I'm getting a weapon," Alexandra said, "that's what's happening now. And if you're nice from now on I won't use it to cut your fucking ears off and shove them up your ass... you need to be fucking nice, I'm telling you."

She snapped her phone shut. Dawn watched her as she marched off down the passage. She had heard enough and she decided it was time to act.

-----

Konrad was staring at Dawn, his eyes wide with a mix of surprise and something else that might actually be fear. She had stormed into his office, more or less thrown out one of his clients and closed the door. Then she had asked him a steady stream of questions.

"Are you in on this?" she said and crossed her arms.

Konrad shook his head. "I'm having a hard time even understanding what you are taking about? You say Alexandra followed you?"

Dawn frowned and sat. "Then she was having this really weird conversation."

"How do you mean, weird?"

"On her mobile."

"Well, I mean," Konrad shrugged and leaned back in his chair. "I find most people with mobiles weird. The things people say when on them. Sometimes I think we humans are too stupid for the technology we've managed to produce."

"This isn't that kind of weird, this is the kind of weird where I felt you were the first person to talk to."

"If it will calm you I can assure you that I've not... what? You thought I was somehow involved in Alexandra following you? That is... I mean, I guess most people have a paranoia or two..."

"I'm not paranoid, I'm telling you, this girl... if you'd heard her," Dawn trailed off and silenced.

"Okay, so you want me to do what?"

"With your expertise I'm thinking you'd be able to deal with this."

"I cannot really talk to Alexandra before she comes to me, any other way would be very unfavorable for the therapy. I'm merely the copilot when people consult me."

"That's hardly our biggest problem right now," Dawn frowned.

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Nicolas was leaning against one of the abandoned warehouse's wooden crates. One of his hands playing with a pair of sunglasses while the other was resting on the edge of the crate. His steel blue eyes gazed at the man in the middle of the room. The man was fat and he was sweating. Nicolas smiled at him. Every time he'd done that, the man had snorted back. This time however he just glared.

They were in the middle of a deal. Nicolas was the seller; the fat man, Everett Lemann, was the buyer. At least this would be the case if Nicolas got his will through. It seemed, however, Mr. Lemann wasn't sure he liked the deal.

"I can't do much about the price," Nicolas said. "However..."

He noticed that Mr. Lemann was staring at a point behind him. Nicolas frowned. "Elle?" he said and swallowed. He kept eye contact with Lemann, trying to keep his thoughts straight. He had heard the clatter of high heels from outside the warehouse, felt her presence, but he hadn't realized what it meant. Somehow he was always dense around Rachelle. He thought he might be able to keep his head straight as long as he didn't look at her, but then it was as if she had leaned close and blew on the small hairs in his neck. Nicolas shivered.

"Come sit," he said and patted the crate beside him.

Rachelle was lacking almost half a foot on Nicolas height, this even though she was in her high heels. If she was short her exotic, Latin features still got men's attention, and whenever exotic failed, her 34D's, usually did the trick. However, Rachelle was one of those girls who never failed to attract the attention of anyone she wanted. She smiled at Nicolas and jumped up on the crate, landing beside him on her butt.

"How are you doing?" she mumbled and snuggled his ear.

"I'm soon done," he said and looked at Mr. Lemann. He wanted to yell at her to keep out of his business, to stop playing her games, but instead he felt an idea forming in his head. He wanted to push it away but he couldn't. He could read desire in Lemann's eyes. "I was just about to offer some additional benefits to Mr. Lemann here."

"Yes?" she said and raised an eyebrow as she looked at the older man. "Such as?"

"What do you think about offering to let him fuck my bitch sister as a part of the deal?"

"You wouldn't," Rachelle said and turned pale.

"Trust me," Nicolas said and grinned. "I am."

They both turned to look at Mr. Lemann. He was sweating even more and his eyes were wide open, as was his mouth. Nicolas's hand grabbed the crate beside him, a thin sheen of sweat covered his forehead as he slowly shook his head from side to side.

"Excuse me," Mr. Lemann mumbled as Nicolas and Rachelle kept watching him -- Nicolas with a grin on his lips -- Rachelle uneasily. "You were thinking of doing what?"

Nicolas smiled at Rachelle. "Show him."

"Please," Rachelle said, her voice almost inaudible.

"No," Nicolas replied and cradled his hand around her neck. "You and I are going to show Mr. Lemann what I'm offering him."

He pulled her to him and pressed his lips against hers while the rest of her soft body pressed against him as well. Throughout the kiss Nicolas kept eye contact with Mr. Lemann who was having an even harder time to breathe. Rachelle seemed to get into the action and she licked Nicolas's cheek and down his neck.

"That's enough," Nicolas said and when she wouldn't stop he grabbed her hair and pulled her head back. Their eyes burned into each other's for a short second. "Fuck, Elle!" he mumbled.

"Shush," she said.

Nicolas blinked and turned to Lemann. "She's a hot piece of ass isn't she?" He squeezed one of Rachelle's buttocks through her dress. "Now," he said to Rachelle, "go show Mr. Lemann you never miss out when dealing with me."

He slapped her ass, making her cry out. She frowned at him. "I told you, no!"

Nicolas laughed and pushed her towards Mr. Lemann. "Go fuck his brains out."

"Please!"

"You know complaining is useless."

Rachelle winced but when he frowned at her she did as he told her. She approached Mr. Lemann but for a little while it seemed as if Mr. Lemann's two jumpy bodyguards would stop her.

"Looking for something, boys?" she asked with a grin.

They glanced at Mr. Lemann and took a step back when he motioned for them to.

"This is..." Lemann started but trailed off when Rachelle leaned in and nibbled his ear. "I can clearly see she doesn't want this."

"Please, Mister," Rachelle whispered, "no!"

"He's forcing you."

"It will only get worse." Rachelle pressed her body against his.

"You don't have to take this from him. You should get up and leave."

"I love my brother." Rachelle knelt in front of him.

"He's your *brother* and he treats you like this?"

Rachelle nodded.

Lemann stared down at her, unable to decide what voice to listen to, his conscience or his need. When Rachelle opened his zipper he tried to jump away from her but Rachelle was quick and before he could she had his already half hard dick in her hand, licking the angry red head.

"Yes," Rachelle mumbled before she took him into her mouth.

"Shit!" Lemann gasped and backed up until he could lean on a crate. While he moved his trousers slid down along his legs and almost made him trip. Rachelle kept her mouth on his cock, shuffling after him on her knees. "My God!" Lemann moaned as Rachelle took all of him into her mouth. He shook his head and reached down grabbing her hair.

"I can't allow this!" He pulled her away. Rachelle whined and as she pulled to get back to his cock Lemann's resolve abandoned him. He was aware he had two bodyguards and that he would easily be able to overpower

Nicolas, but then what? He couldn't help Rachelle out, and besides, she was so damn good at what she was doing.

He felt how things were moving too fast and he had to pull her away again. "What?" she mumbled and strained to move back to his cock. She glanced behind her where Nicolas was still leaning against the crate, his arms crossed over his chest and his white teeth shimmering in his tanned face. "Listen," Rachelle said, "I want to do this. Please just let me finish?"

"This isn't going to get you the price you're asking though," Lemann said to Nicolas.

"What is?" Nicolas asked calmly.

Lemann looked down at Rachelle. She was even paler now. "More than she is willing to give, and I'm willing to take," he said resolutely.

"I see," Nicolas said. "Come here Rachelle."

"Nicolas?" Rachelle said with a shivering voice but she got on her feet and walked over to him.

"It seems," drawled Nicolas as he reached up to Rachelle's cheek, "Mr. Lemann has some misconceptions about our relationship, why don't we show him what it really is all about?"

"Yes Nicolas."

Rachelle reached under her dress and removed her panties. When she stepped out of the skimpy garment she reached it to Nicolas who put it in his pocket.

"On you face, on the crate."

Rachelle pulled her dress up around her waist and reclined on the crate face down. She made sure her curvy bottom was turned towards Mr. Lemann who was treated to an eyeful.

"You see," Nicolas said as he reached between Rachelle's thighs. "Rachelle is a very special girl." Mr. Lemann could see how Nicolas pressed his fingers between Rachelle's swollen pussy lips. "She likes it rough. And she loves," two of his fingers slid into her, causing a groan to escape her, "to show off. Don't you, Elle?"

Rachelle whined.

"I think that says it all. Don't you too?"

"I..." Lemann stammered but he was stunned by the image of the young woman on display right under his nose. "And... she wants me to...?"

Nicolas nodded. "But first," he said and pulled his fingers out of Rachelle, "business. I've offered you a price, added benefits, and now I'm offering my..." he looked down at his hand. "...soon I'm offering my..." he licked off his fingers, "...hand for you to... shake and settle the deal."

"No," Lemann shook his head. "I'm not going to buy into that cheep trick..."

"By all means," Nicolas shrugged. "Do you mind if I fuck the bitch while I think of a new price?"

Mr. Lemann's eyes were about to fall out their sockets.

"Oh please!" Rachelle whined. "Mr. Lemann, please just do it! Please! Nicolas is mean to me!"

"Yeah," Nicolas laughed and slapped Rachelle's ass. "And you love it!"

"No, please!" Rachelle sobbed. "Mr. Lemann, please! It would be wrong for Nicolas to have sex with me..."

"You talk to much," Nicolas said and pulled down the zipper in his fly.

"Oh God," Rachele's voice trembled.

Mr. Lemann's two bodyguards were almost on their way to pull Nicolas away from her when Lemann stopped them.

"Listen," he said.

Nicolas stopped, his dick in one hand and Rachele's hair in the other.

"Please," Rachele mumbled.

Nicolas decided to shut her up and pushed his cock into her mouth. Mr. Lemann closed his eyes. "Listen," he said again. "I'll give you forty if you throw a night with her in the deal and if you stop doing that immediately."

*Forty-thousand*, Nicolas thought, but Rachele's swirling tongue on his cock made it hard to concentrate. "Hey," he said and pulled away. She gave him a mischievous grin before she replaced it with her big-eyed, terrified kid-sister face.

"Fifty," Nicolas said.

"Forty-five," Lemann countered.

"Okay," Nicolas tucked his dick back into his pants.

"Okay," Rachele echoed and got on her feet. She took a step towards a crumbling Mr. Lemann but Nicolas grabbed her hair and held her back.

"Deal first," he said. One of his hands snaked around to her front and buried between her thighs. "Then you two crazy kids can play, but only then."

"Jesus Christ!" Lemann said. "It's a deal, goddamnit!"

"Fine."

Nicolas let go of Rachele who walked over to Mr. Lemann. Nicolas could see pussy juice trickling down the inside of her thighs. "Jesus," he mumbled as he leaned back against a crate watching in awe.

Lemann had Rachele face down, draped over a crate. He was trying to get into her from behind.

Nicolas shook his head and realized what was happening. His brat, kid sister was going to ruin the whole deal. "Shit!" he mumbled and took a step towards them. He met Rachele's gaze and stopped. Her eyes were dark, and deep, and he found he could not deny her anything. He tried to shrug her hold off of him but even when her eyes closed he felt trapped.

Nicolas felt someone or something was in the room with them and this something was behind him. He turned around and stopped when he saw her. She was standing on top of some crates at the very far end of the warehouse. He could only guess he was the only one that had seen her so far, but he thought the bodyguards would have made more noise if they'd seen a strange woman appearing among them, as if by magic.

Behind him he could hear the mixed sounds of Rachele and Lemann. He couldn't help but smiling when she started to slam her fist into the crate. He knew it was Rachele without even having to turn and watch, she always got violent when she lost herself in pleasure. The woman started to climb down from the crates so Nicolas moved towards her while he raised his finger to his lips, motioning to her to be silent. Lemann might just call it off if he was interrupted prematurely.

The woman was short, maybe even shorter than Rachele. Her red hair was flaming like a fire and her green eyes shimmered with a strange light. Nicolas thought he knew what she was looking at but when he turned to

follow her gaze he realized he was mistaken and he felt fear rising in his chest.

"What do you want?" he asked.

"That's none of your fucking business."

"Well, I'm just..." he stopped as he heard Mr. Lemann cry out with ecstasy as he came. Nicolas smiled. Rachelle whimpered as she came too. "I've just closed a deal on selling it. You'll have to talk to the new owner." Nicolas was unnerved by the way the woman ignored him.

"Fuck the owner," she said and shoved Nicolas aside. She was strong. "I take what I want."

With that she walked up to the object Nicolas was selling and Lemann was buying. It was a sword, laying in a large oblong case almost as long as a guitar case, but not as wide. It shone with an almost supernatural light even though it wasn't jeweled. The metal itself seemed to have an inner light that made it look as precious as gold.

She reached down into the case and lifted the weapon. Nicolas had to admit it looked good in her hands, but she was a beautiful woman, not as beautiful as Rachelle but still very good looking.

"Put that down now lady," one of Mr. Lemann's bodyguards said, "or we'll have to hurt you." He was already reaching for his gun. The woman smiled and walked towards him and his colleague.

"I said," the first bodyguard said, "put that..."

The fight began. Both bodyguards had their guns out of their holsters and were raising them to aim at the woman. She moved like a whirlwind, and as the short but explosive fight evolved it was apparent the bodyguards would never be able to use their guns. She didn't use her hands, only her legs and she held the sword in one hand, not using it either, and still she managed to send both bodyguards sprawling on the floor within seconds.

Rachelle got up from the crate and pushed her skirt down. She stared with burning eyes at the redhead. The muscles in her jaw tensed and her hands balled into fists. "Put the sword down, now!"

The woman looked at her, laughed and started to move towards the door.

Rachelle got in her way. "I said, put the sword down."

"Rachelle, no," Nicolas said and moved towards them.

"Get out of my way," the redhead said and took another step closer. They were just a feet apart.

Nicolas could see Rachelle losing her self-control. "Rachelle!" he warned but she didn't listen. She raised her hand and slapped the woman across her face.

"Put the fucking sword down now," she yelled.

The woman stared at her for a second before she punched her square in the face, sending her flying to the floor just like the guards a few seconds before.

Nicolas felt how his head was spinning. Was Rachelle hurt? "Rachelle!" he cried. "Are you okay? Honey, please say something?"

The woman was staring down at the sword in her hand. "I love this."

"What do you want?" Mr. Lemann mumbled as he got his clothes in order.



The redhead raised the sword to her face, stroking her cheek against the cold blade. "None of your fucking business, but if you want to I can use this to chop you to pieces, just keep asking questions."

"That's..." he hesitated, "I... I bought that... but I'm sure, if you like it and give me the right price..."

"Shush," the woman said and closed her eyes. "You give me a headache."

"Who do you think you are," Nicolas said, his voice trembling as he rose from Rachele, "coming in here, beating her down, and interrupting while honest god-fearing people make business?"

The redhead looked at him with an amused grin on her face. "God fearing... Fucking right." A cunning smile played across her face. "I need your help."

"Help?"

"Yes. And in return... I'll let you all live."

"I think," Mr. Lemann started but the woman interrupted him.

"I choose not to kill you and your bodyguards, don't make me regret that choice." She turned to Nicolas. "You're perfect."

"Listen," Nicolas said, backing away as she approached him. "I'm sure you can hurt us all, but..."

"You want to know what I want, right?"

Nicolas's back bumped into a crate. "What do you want?"

"Two things." She pushed him backwards until he was lying on his back on the crate. "One; call me Alex." She climbed the crate and straddled him, pulling at his belt. "Two; you and I are gonna fuck."

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## PART 4

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Melissa was lying on top of her bed. She was reading. Across the room Alexandra was doing the same, or at least Melissa thought so. Her mind kept wandering to Alexandra. She had seemed different this morning. Of course, she had been kidnapped last night, but there seemed to be something else going on as well. Had she seen something between Melissa and Dawn, and felt jealous? Melissa warmed at the thought; her sexy roommate being jealous of her and another woman. That said a lot of things, like for instance that Alexandra was seeing other women as competition, not to mention seeing Melissa in a romantic light. Or was something else going on?

"What are you thinking of?" Alexandra said from across the room.

When Melissa looked over at her bed she saw Alexandra had turned around and was facing the foot end of the bed. She was resting on her elbow and watching Melissa with curious, shimmering eyes.

"I... nothing," Melissa mumbled and tried to concentrate on her book again, however Alexandra reached behind her head and untied the hair knot on the back of her head, causing clumps of red hair to spill out over her shoulders.

Melissa gasped but managed to conceal her gasp as a sigh. It wasn't much better, but it did at least have a little ambiguity to it. Alexandra was playing with her hair and while Melissa did everything in her power not to look up at her, Alexandra did nothing to hide that she was staring at Melissa.

"What?" Melissa asked.

Alexandra didn't reply but instead she unbuttoned the top button in her shirt. Melissa's eyes widened and she lowered her gaze again. She wasn't shocked at what Alexandra had done, but she was worried that some of her thoughts might have been so easily read by her roommate, especially since she wasn't sure herself what she was thinking about her. *Not yet*, she thought. *Not so soon*.

She glanced at Alexandra again. She was down to her third button now. "What are you doing?"

"What does it look like I'm doing?" said Alexandra, her voice a little unstable.

*Like you're getting undressed*, Melissa thought. There was nothing strange with that. They were after all roommates and girls. There should be no problem with that at all. When Melissa could hear the unmistakable sound of a zipper being opened she stiffened and turned facing Alexandra. Her roommate was getting out of her jeans.

"Care to help me?" Alexandra asked with a sly grin.

"Help you with what?"

"What does it look like I need help with?"

"You tell me," Melissa said.

Alexandra laughed and pushed her jeans down. "Too late now." She pushed her panties down after them. "And I don't know you well enough to let you help me with these." Her clothes were bunched up around her ankles and as she spread her thighs Melissa felt a blush rising on her cheeks.

"Getting a shower?" she asked and turned on her belly, holding the book in front of her, pretending she was still reading. The desk was obstructing her line of sight, and she could hide the blush on her face from Alexandra.

Melissa could hear a wet sound from Alexandra's bed. She stole a quick glance at the other girl. Alexandra was beating off. Melissa sat in her bed. She got on her feet. Her eyes couldn't help but taking in the vision of Alexandra on her bed. She had her feet pulled up, and her legs parted widely, her pussy wide open between them. Her skin, white like cream, made her orange pubic hairs even more pronounced, and the slit hidden in them seemed even redder.

"My God, Alex, what are you doing?" Melissa said.

Alexandra gazed at her through half open eyes.

"Are you okay?" Melissa continued.

Alexandra didn't reply.

Melissa found she had to lean on the desk or her knees would give away and land her sprawling on the floor. *Alexandra is touching herself -- my roommate is beating off in front of me!*

Alexandra was sliding her fingers through her slit from the bottom where they were buried inside her up until she caught her clit between her fingertips and massaged it gently. Melissa saw her little bud protruding from under its hood and she felt her mouth going dry.

She looked into Alexandra's eyes and the heavy-lidded, wanton gaze she met there made her already wet pussy gush with new juices. She realized she would have to change her panties before she headed to afternoon classes, but that was just secondary to the alarming insight that she wanted her roommate, wanted to eat her pussy, wanted to make her come, or at least... touch her.

*I shouldn't watch*, she thought hazily. *It's private and I... shouldn't.* She moved over to the door on wobbly legs. *I should leave and let her finish undisturbed.* She grabbed the doorknob. *What if someone passed in the corridor outside?* She stopped and looked back into the room.

Alexandra had parted her legs even more and her hips pushed into the air. Her face wore a mask of pleasure while both her hands were busy between her legs. She had unbuttoned her shirt and pushed it aside allowing Melissa to see how her nipples stood straight out.

*She looks delicious*, Melissa thought breathlessly. *Shit!* The fact that she felt her mouth watering, and her lips tingle while she watched Alexandra's nipples made her swallow and turn away. *Fuck! I'm thinking of my roommate -- female roommate -- as tasty, and I want... DAMN IT!*

She turned the doorknob with all intentions to leave the room when she heard an involuntary moan from Alexandra. She turned again. *My roommate is masturbating right in front of me*, she thought. She realized

she was no better herself; both her palms had somehow cupped her breasts, squeezing her nipples through her bra, and her thighs were grinding together. *Please Alexandra, stop this insanity!*

Alexandra didn't seem to hear Melissa's silent pledge, and instead she uttered a series of soft whines, and her breathing became labored. Melissa ground her thighs together again and squirmed with the resulting pleasure.

She wanted to get back to her bed, or even better, Alexandra's bed, she wanted to lie down, get naked and join her roommate.

*I can't take this, she thought, not now!* She wanted to tell Alexandra to stop, but her words caught in her mouth. Alexandra was so beautiful it made Melissa's chest hurt. Her slender legs were open wide, her hips pushed at least a couple of inches free of the bed below, pushed towards Melissa, as if Alexandra was making an offer to her. And what a delicious offer! Alexandra's was grinding her fingertips into herself hard.

A feral sound escaped her. It was a mix of a groan and a gasp, even a cry, and her body bucked as her hands started to pick up speed.

Melissa knew she should leave Alexandra and stop ogling her, still her body refused to obey and her imagination was no better.

*She is so beautiful!* Melissa thought and gasped, "Goddamnit!"

Alexandra was staring down at her hands as they rubbed faster, making her pussy lips and fingers touch with a slapping sound. She held her breath as if she was afraid to breath or the pleasure would go away. Then her jaws moved several times, her head rolled back, her body arched. One gasp escaped her, then another. She was taking deep breathes. Her free hand was squeezing one of her nipples. Her body was shaking and twisting while she fought to reach the peak.

Melissa forced a hand under the waistline of her trousers. A part of her mind screamed to her to stop, she didn't listen.

Alexandra's feet slid apart then she pushed them together again and forced her hips into the air. Her breathing caught for several seconds while her hips and belly was undulating and her hand moved in a blur.

Melissa squeezed her breast while her hand slid into her panties. Her fingers stroked over her sensitive pleasure-bud and while she watched Alexandra stroking herself Melissa felt her body catching up surprisingly fast. Alexandra squirmed and whined. Melissa's hand rubbed as much as her constrained trousers allowed. Alexandra fell on her side. A shivering, prolonged whine announced the arrival of her climax.

Melissa kept her eyes lowered while she stroked herself. She could hear Alexandra gasping but finally her breathing slowed. The only sound in the room was that of Melissa's hand in her trousers. Was Alexandra watching her now?

*Just a little bit more.* She didn't want to look up. *Oh, please!* She just wanted to come. *Fast! Now! Get it over with and run!* Then she felt her orgasm clashing into her like a giant wave. She was surprised, shocked, at the strength of it. She tried to keep silent, and keep still. She felt her fingers sliding over her wet skin. She could hear how wet she was now, even over the rustle of her clothes. Alexandra could probably hear too. She didn't care. All that mattered was that she kept rubbing, kept the pleasure coming.

"Yesss!" she hissed. Her head flew backwards, banging into the door.

The realization of what she had done dawned upon her. She opened her eyes and stared right into Alexandra's wide-open, green eyes. She swallowed, but there was no shock in Alexandra's eyes, no rejection, only hunger. They kept the glance for a few seconds before Melissa pulled her hand out of her trousers. It was wet and slippery with her juices. "I... I'm sorry."

Alexandra got up from her bed. "I'm not."

Melissa got her towel from her bed. "I *am*!"

"I can feel you're still hungry." Alexandra caught up with her and cupped a hand over one of her breasts. "Don't go yet."

"What?" Melissa backed towards the door.

"Lets do it," Alexandra said and cupped her other hand over Melissa's crotch. "You, me, on the bed. Lets do it. I know you want it."

"No!"

Melissa's back slammed into the door. She reached behind her and managed to get the door opened. Without saying another word she stepped out of the room and escaped.

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Melissa was in shock. What had she done? And more importantly -- or at least it was an easier question to ask right now -- what had Alexandra been up to? If her roommate had wanted to seduce her... Melissa shivered at the thought. *And what do I want?* She didn't have an answer to that. Somehow she felt that something very serious was wrong with Alexandra.

Just as she passed Midwinter Garden, a park in northern Riverside -- she assumed the name was because it had lots of things that would be green even in mid-winter. Being a native New Yorker the deeper irony in the name didn't hit her, she'd never experienced a winter in south Louisiana.

"Hey," Melissa heard a male voice calling and as she looked up she realized Philip was walking further down the road in the park.

"Hey! Philip," Melissa called. "You are just the person I wanted to talk to."

He smiled at her. "Is that so?"

"Yeah, listen," she walked over to him. "I need to ask you something."

"Yeah?"

"Uh, yeah, well... I was just curious... about Alex."

"Why do you ask me then? She's your roommate."

"Well, you see... I think she's taking her kidnapping pretty badly, ever since she came back she's been strange and I've... had this feeling," she trailed off.

"So, what happened?"

Melissa blushed, "I... It wasn't something you'd go around talking about... It's just... did you ever get the impression she was an exhibitionist? Or... or maniac... sex... maniac?"

"Alex? God no, she's more like the flower and romance girl. You've got her totally wrong."

"Maybe not."

"Yeah?"

"She kind of... she.. came on to me."

There was an awkward moment of silence.

"Alex is a reasonable person, just talk to her, tell her how you feel and she'll understand."

"Or something is totally wrong with her. She undressed in front of me... and... did it... to herself," the last word was said in a whisper.

"She did? I... I mean... okay, listen, I'll talk to her, okay? I understand this could be very... upsetting for you."

"If she comes on to you too," Melissa said. "I just want you to know that I think she's still suffering from shock or something. She will probably regret anything that happens once she snaps out of this."

"What? God Melissa, I don't even think of Alex that way... If something is up with her, I'll find out what and help her solve it. Don't worry, okay?"

"Okay."

-----

The first chance Philip had to talk to Alexandra undisturbed was when he saw her by one of the docks by the Annex piers. She was putting away the gears from the boat trip from that afternoon. He walked towards her and just as she noticed him coming he realized he had no clue how to start the 'talk.'

It was not his business what she did or didn't do with her roommate, was it? But Melissa had seemed disturbed, maybe even pissed. He owed it to Alexandra, as a friend, to tell her that she was going to far, and he should make sure she was okay. After all, she'd been kidnapped just the other day and no one really knew what those guys had done to her.

"Hi there," he said frowning at the squeak of his voice. This would be hard.

"Hello," Alexandra replied and lifted some heavy looking diving gear into the boat.

"Let me..." Philip started but his words trailed off when Alexandra's head disappeared into the boat.

"I got it," she called from inside. "Why don't you join me, this will take a little while."

"Okay," he said and jumped onto the boat deck and climbed into the boat after her. "This is a pretty small boat," he said and looked around the minimal cabin.

"Most of the time we're on deck, this is mainly for storage and... if we need to sleep."

The last was said with a shimmer in her eyes and Philip had to lower his gaze. Melissa seemed to be right, he figured. Was Alexandra coming on to him?

"What did you want to talk about?" Alexandra continued while stowing away the gear.

"Well," Philip said and sat on the bunk, "Melissa talked to me before, and... I think she was a bit upset, or maybe spooked. I... I don't know how to break this... but I've kinda had a hunch about you for some time and she kinda confirmed it... I just want you to think about stuff... you understand?"

Alexandra was looking at him now, one eyebrow raised. "Do I understand? Honestly, not much... what is it that you want Philip?" She sat beside him on the minimal bunk, her thighs touching his.

The tone of her voice made him more sure Melissa was right. He moved away from her. The last thing he wanted to do was to hurt his friend.

"I just wanted you to know that Melissa was a bit upset, or shocked... and that as your friend I wanted you to know that, so you don't mess up with your roommate."

"You mean because I offered to sleep with her?"

"She gave no details, but I'm guessing that's probably it."

"So she is upset or maybe you are?"

"Me? You didn't do anything to me, it's Melissa..."

"Maybe that's upsetting you? I didn't do anything?"

"I think of you as a friend."

"Want me to be more than a friend?" Alexandra asked. She was leaning into Philip now, her face close to his, her eyes shining. "Want to have a go as well?"

"Alex!" Philip got on his feet. "I've been your friend for as long as I can remember."

Alexandra got on her feet too. The cabin was too cramped for Philip to be able to go anywhere and when she pushed him backwards he lost his balance and fell back down on the bunk.

"Hey!" he called out. "What..."

She straddled him and held him down. "Come on," she mumbled. "I know what you want." She ground her crotch into his while pulling his shirt open.

"No Alexandra!" he protested and grabbed her wrists. "This is not what I want."

Even though he held her hands, her hips were still free to move and they did, caressing her crotch against his. "I know what you want," she continued. "Don't you wish we were naked now? That I was stroking my hot, wet..."

"Alexandra!" he said. "I don't want to hear any mmmmm..."

She bent down and kissed him and he broke free from her immediately.

"I told you, no! And I don't want to use force on you."

"But you already did. You already raped me. You and those two witches. You've already fucked me and now it's my turn to give a little back."

"I'm sorry Alex, I really am..."

"Don't be. I want you to do this, now. Fuck me."

"You're in shock."

"Fuck! I know what I'm doing. Stop whining about me being in fucking shock!"

"Alex..."

"Just do it. Just fuck me." Her crotch ground into him. "Don't you want to get naked," she mumbled while stroking along him extra slowly. "Don't you want to fuck me?"

"Shit!"

"I know you want this, I know you're hard. I can feel it."

It was true. Philip couldn't deny the fact that he was having a hard-on and he knew she could feel it. He stared up at her. She gazed back down at him. Ground into him. When she saw the lust in his eyes she smiled and got on her feet. Still meeting his gaze she started to unzip her trousers.

-----

Melissa was sitting on her bed and reading when Alexandra got back. She jumped as the redhead swirled into the room. Alexandra threw her jacket on the bed, grabbed a towel and left the room again.

*I hope Philip managed to talk sense to her*, Melissa thought. She knew, if Philip hadn't been able to talk sense into Alexandra, she had to deal with it herself.

When Alexandra got back she was holding her towel in her hands, still drying them. Melissa could feel her eyes from across the room.

"I talked to Philip," Alexandra said.

"Yeah?"

"He told me you two have been talking. He told me you don't want me."

"What? It's not... I mean it's not like that. I just feel..."

"So, you do want me?"

"No. I mean. Not that you're not attractive, but... It would be wrong."

"Why?"

"You are not yourself now. I understand it feels like no one wants you, but you have to trust me. This will pass and you will feel differently about it."

"Doctor van Alten told you to say that?"

"Uh..." Melissa twisted her hands. "Yeah, but... I agree with it."

"Or maybe you're afraid of what might happen if you let me near?"

"What? No!"

"I think that's it. You're afraid giving in would make you an outcast."

"You think you've got me figured now?"

Alexandra reached her hand to Melissa's cheek. Melissa flinched but as the other woman's palm touched her skin she swallowed and closed her eyes.

"I know I have," Alexandra said.

"Fuck!" Melissa said and got on her feet. "You know nothing about me!"

"I know you want me every time you see me. You peek when I undress."

"I do not... peek!"

Alexandra smiled.

"I don't!" Melissa repeated. She grabbed her jacket and headed for the door. Alexandra grabbed her arm and hurled her back into the room and onto one of the beds.

"What are you doing?" Melissa said.

"I'm not finished yet. I know you want me. And... you've already had me."

"What do you mean?"

"Already forgot yesterday?"

"No. God Alex I... I would never hurt you. You must trust me."



"I trust you," Alexandra said and smiled as she locked the door. "I trust you completely. Now, it's time for you to trust me."

"What?"

"Trust me." Alexandra pulled her sweater off. "And give me what you've already got from me." She unclasped her bra. Melissa lowered her gaze. She knew Alexandra was right. She'd had a nightmare already about what had happened the other night. In her nightmare she'd dreamed that Alexandra licked her, and that it had made her come. Even though the demons was forcing them. She had come.

"Alex," she said. "God! Honey, I'm so sorry, but you don't want to do this. You'll get out of this and then you'll realize..." Alexandra pulled her panties down. "What are you doing?"

Alexandra climbed the bed and pushed Melissa down on her back. "Just do what I did," she said and straddled Melissa's chest. She looked down at her now trapped victim, smiled and scooted higher up in the bed.

Melissa saw a shimmer in Alexandra's eyes. Something was wrong. *She's been kidnapped, maybe worse,* she told herself.

"Lick me," Alexandra said and pushed her crotch down on Melissa's mouth.

Melissa closed her eyes. The heady scent of her roommate filled her nostrils. Her damp pussy lips meshed into her mouth. The image of what she had done to Alexandra came back to her. She had already raped her roommate. Was she being raped back?

She reached up to Alexandra's hips, hesitated and took her swollen pussy lips in her mouth. When Alexandra started to moan with pleasure Melissa wanted to give her more.

"Harder! Faster!" Alexandra said and grabbed Melissa's hair.

Melissa did what she could to comply with Alexandra's demands. She didn't stop or protest even when the hold on her hair became painful. The harder Alexandra pulled, the more Melissa wanted to give the other woman pleasure, and somewhere, under all the arousal, Melissa hoped that she was healing Alexandra, but she knew that was not the whole truth. She was getting off on giving the other woman pleasure, and imagining what she would do in return had her breathing quicken and her body tingle.

Alexandra pulled Melissa's head harder to her crotch while grinding her pussy all over her face. "Yes," she groaned. "Yes! Oh yes! Oh! Yes! Yes! Yes!"

Her legs shivered. Melissa licked faster, almost devouring the other woman. Alexandra cried and arched her back. She was a paralyzed bow of shivering muscles. The moment grew until she fell backwards with a long cry and ended up on top of Melissa in a trembling, panting pile. Melissa raised her head and kept licking until Alexandra covered her crotch.

"No more," she said. "God! I can't take more. Not now."

Melissa stared into the ceiling, then she looked down, into the gaping pussy right in front of her, "My God."

Alexandra laughed, making them both shake. She struggled back up until she was once more kneeling, this time over Melissa chest.

Their eyes met.

"Did you like when I was doing that to you?" Alexandra said.

"I was forced... we were forced."

"And now? Did I force you?"

Melissa was silent. "At first, you did. But then..."

"You want me to return the favor?"

"I..."

Alexandra scooted down in the bed. "You want me to do you like this?"

"I... No! If this is what you needed..."

"And your needs?" Alexandra unbuttoned Melissa's fly.

"No!" Melissa grabbed Alexandra's hands, pulling them aside.

"No?"

"Please," Melissa said.

Alexandra pushed her face between the waist of Melissa's jeans and her sweater. Stroking her lips over the small strip of naked skin she found there. Licking. Pushing the sweater higher. When she nibbled the undersides of Melissa's breasts, through her lacy bra, Melissa let go of her hands and reached to Alexandra's head. Melissa pulled the other woman even harder to her.

Alexandra reached under Melissa's back. Melissa hesitated for a second before she raised her back, allowing Alexandra access. Seconds later the strap around her waist slacked and Melissa felt naked. She could feel Alexandra's palms sliding over her skin, pushing her sweater and bra up under her chin. She moaned when Alexandra touched her breasts, then Alexandra's damp lips pressed against her skin.

"Alex," she said. "Please..."

Alexandra licked Melissa, making her twitch and moan. She slid her free hand down to Melissa's waist again. This time Melissa didn't try to stop her and when she got the fly open she slid her hand into her panties. Melissa was soaking wet.

"I knew you wanted this," Alexandra whispered and started to scoot down in the bed.

Melissa tried to get her thoughts in order. *What am I doing?* She knew what she should call it. She had already done it to Alexandra, now it was happening again. But Alexandra wasn't being forced. She was forcing Melissa. Or was she?

Alexandra was pulling Melissa's trousers down. She knew she should resist, but she couldn't. Instead she raised her butt. Alexandra pulled off her panties and she felt the cold air on her naked skin. Felt exposed.

"Alex," she said. "I'm..."

The other woman licked along Melissa's thighs. Melissa twitched and tried to push her legs together, but Alexandra pried them apart with surprising strength and pushed her head even further down between them.

"Oh, God! Alex!"

Alexandra reached her crotch and Melissa's resistance subsided. She wanted this. Wanted Alexandra. She knew it was wrong, that she was giving in to someone that was ill, but she couldn't help herself.

Alexandra pushed a couple of fingers into Melissa as she kept licking and licking and making Melissa squirm.

"Oh Jesus," she whined. "Oh!"

The world seemed to fall away and all she could hear was her own breathing. All she could feel was Alexandra's tongue. Lick for lick.

Oceans of fire cascaded through her and with a squeal, muffled in her pillow, the fire turned her into floating, blazing ecstasy.

When she came back to her senses she realized Alexandra was laughing. She looked down. The other woman was kneeling beside her, her face was damp with Melissa's juices, and Melissa wanted to reach up to her and kiss her but the reality of what had just happened held her back.

*I gave in, she thought. I let her have her will even though I know she isn't okay.* She hid her face in her palms. "Alex," she said. "Oh, God, Alex..."

Alexandra got up from the bed and when Melissa glanced at her she was getting dressed.

"We're even now," Alexandra said and clasped her bra.

*Have we raped each other now?* Melissa thought. When they've done it, it had felt like they were making love. "Even?"

"Yeah, well," Alexandra let her eyes linger on Melissa's body. "You owe me one..."

There was nothing Melissa could say to that. True, she had forced her crotch into Alexandra's face, and Alexandra had done the same to her. There was no bad feelings left to be had... But still, she had been forced to do that to Alexandra. Could she have resisted more? *I licked her... Eagerly! What if she's still in shock? What if I've just abused her? She tried to call for help and I took advantage of her?* Melissa found that thought too disturbing. She had to tell herself once again that it was Alexandra that made the advance.

"See you later," Alexandra said. She was dressed now. Melissa managed to pull her trousers up before Alexandra opened the door and left the room.

*There is something wrong with her. Alexandra is in desperate need of help. I have to talk to Konrad. What if this have happened to someone else?* For a second she had a scary image of Alexandra being in bed with half the people on campus. *No! People around here are honest, it's only someone like me that manages to misinterpret her so badly -- unless you wanted to misinterpret?*

Melissa shook her head. *No more!* She looked at the clock. It was too late to visit Konrad today. *I'll talk to him tomorrow.*

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## PART 5

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Alexandra was pacing back and forth in front of the Lilac dorm building. Far in the west, the sky was still dark and full of stars, and in the east the only sign of a sun was a thin stripe of gold on the horizon. Alexandra was speaking into her mobile phone, with a low but intense voice.

"No. You don't get it. There is still no progress. Fuck, I have to work my ass off to even keep status quo. I'm not exactly the hottest piece of ass in this town... Yeah, you could have done better."

She laughed but the expression died out immediately. "No," she said. "I'll call you."

She hung up. "Fuck! This shit is killing me." She turned and looked at the dorm building with a sigh. "Well," she said and started walking towards the dorm. "I'm in it for the cash."

-----

Konrad was staring at the bottle in his hand. He shook it several times. "So, you are saying the contents of this bottle went yellow?"

Dawn nodded. "Yes."

Konrad swirled the bottle's contents again. "I don't understand why it's not clear now."

"You noticed that, Huh?" Dawn said and smiled at him.

He stopped shaking the bottle and stared back at her. His mouth opened and closed again without a word coming out. He swallowed. Dawn's eyes got deeper and darker.

"This bottle is old," Konrad said. "I probably need a new one." He broke the eye contact and looked up at the bookshelves. "Yellow," he continued and scanned his books. Dawn took a step back and leaned against the wall by the window, watching him with crossed arms.

"There should be," Konrad said and lifted down a large volume with shaking hands, "something in Hertzberg's Tome of Corruption."

"Uhm," said Dawn. "It's that bad, huh?"

"No, and yes. The Tome of Corruption was written in the late 18th century. Lots of things that are accepted today were counted as corruption then. Hertzberg even has a section on sex-magic... Now let's..." While Konrad was talking he was searching the index of the book. "Ah," he

mumbled and flipped to the right page, read for about a minute before he slammed the book shut with a snort and looked back up at the shelves.

"I'll get some coffee," Dawn said and left the room.

Dawn found Mrs. Lamprue already brewing coffee as she entered the combined waiting room and reception. "Good," she said with a smile.

Mrs. Lamprue gave her a frown that could be considered a smile back, if one was stretching the interpretation. Dawn suspected that Konrad was putting off clients because of her, something she suspected was threatening Mrs. Lamprue's ordered life.

When Dawn returned to the office, a coffee cup in each hand, Konrad was still bent over the pile of books stapled on his desk. He was humming and flipping pages in either one book or another. Dawn gave him his mug.

"Hah!" Konrad said. "Aaidiash!"

Dawn stared at him. "Bless you?" she asked half on joke but Konrad didn't hear her.

"I think I know how to solve this," he mumbled while flipping through another book. "We need... yeah! We need to channel the energy into... Khalach Madiri... Khalach..." He reached for another book and flipped through it. "Aha, a receptacle, or does it mean bonding?"

"So," Dawn asked in a desperate attempt to get clarity. "You're saying..."

"Yes," Konrad mumbled still reading out of the book.

"What are you saying?"

"What? Oh, sorry. We need to tread very cautiously, and we need to act as cunning, no even more cunning... Oh..." he read a few lines in the book. "I think the best thing to do now, immediately, is to set a trap."

-----

Melissa woke up with a feeling that something wasn't right. At first she didn't know what it was but as her mind cleared she realized what made her feel that way. *I had sex with my roommate yesterday.* She groaned and rolled over on her side, peeking over at Alexandra's side of the room. Her bed was made and she had already left. *Fucking great.* She asked herself if it was a good idea to have a sexual affair with your roommate? *Not if you want to keep her as roommate.* Melissa got out of her bed and stretched with a moan. *I have to talk to Konrad.*

It turned out the first person Melissa came across wasn't her therapist, but Philip, and she only needed to take one look to see something was up with him too. She sat down across from him. He was staring at his breakfast, absentmindedly poking his bacon and eggs with a fork.

"Morning," said Melissa.

"Um," he replied and kept poking the scrambled eggs.

"Everything right?"

He looked up at her and shook his head. "Everything is fucked up."

"Yeah," Melissa sighed, "I know what your mean."

"Why?" he asked and looked up again. "What happened?"

Melissa squirmed in her chair. "Well, it was... let's just say it wasn't good... I guess your mood pretty much describes my morning."

Philip put down his fork with a rattle and leaned back in his chair. He gazed at Melissa for a few seconds, making her wish she could just get on her feet and leave. "It happened to you too?"

"What?"

"Alex?"

Melissa sighed and gave in, her shoulders sloping as she did. She nodded. "It did."

"She came on to you again, and...?"

"And?"

"You did it?"

Melissa hesitated, then she nodded.

Philip buried his face in his hands with a groan before he pushed his blond hair out of his eyes and looked back at Melissa. Melissa frowned at him. He was laughing.

"What?" she asked.

"I'm sorry," he said as he regained his control. "It's just, all last night, all morning, I've been wondering what to do... how to... well make it work with Alex... and what you've just told me, I mean it's obvious what's going on here."

"It is?"

"She's not herself. She needs help but most importantly, what she'd just done doesn't count."

"You think so?" Melissa wanted to curse her heart for sinking like a stone in her chest. *I already knew she was in shock! Damn it!* "What should we do?"

"We need to talk to someone, and I think I know who."

"Who?"

Philip looked up just as Dawn entered the cafeteria. Melissa followed his gaze.

"Dawn?" she asked. "What does she know?"

"I've been observing her..."

Melissa frowned. "Yeah, so what?"

Philip gave her a long gaze. "You didn't feel that horrified when Alex came on to you, did you?"

"I felt bad since what she'd been through must have placed her in some kind of shock."

"And because you wanted it to happen?"

Melissa stared at him but before she had a chance to answer Dawn placed her tray on their table and sat.

"Hey you," she smiled and started making a sandwich. "What have you two been through?"

Philip and Melissa both jumped. Melissa shook her head. "Nothing."

"I see," Dawn said and stirred her tea. "You both seem kinda... I don't know..."

A long, awkward moment of silence followed under which Melissa tried to decide how to talk to Dawn. She hoped Philip would start the conversation but he was staring at his food again.

"You both seem like you've had a night full of nightmares, and waked up to find the hot water doesn't work," Dawn said, there was still a hint of a smile on her face but she was serious.

Melissa sighed. "You can say that."

Dawn raised an eyebrow but said nothing.

"We've had some problems," Philip added.

"Okay," Dawn said. "Maybe I can help?"

"With Alex," Melissa added.

Philip cleared his throat. "I'm not sure that really is how it was, not for me anyway... I think, maybe Alex has some problems with us."

"Oh," Dawn said and drank her tea.

"Yes, we might have caused Alex some problems."

Dawn still said nothing.

"We... kinda," Philip shrugged and stared into the tabletop.

Melissa realized she was the one that had to decide if Dawn would be let in on this or not. She had decided to talk to Konrad, but she had ended up talking to Philip and that had been good, it turned out she wasn't alone with her experience. Would Dawn have something to add? When she realized what that might imply she gasped. *Please don't tell me she hit on Dawn too.*

"Both me and Philip have been sexually approached by Alex," she looked over at Philip to try and read his reaction, "and at least I've had sex with her."

"Me too," Philip mumbled almost inaudible. He looked up at Dawn. "I've seen your glances at her. You know something about this?"

"What?" Dawn said but then she shook her head. She sighed and leaned back. "Okay. I know something about this."

"What's going on?" Melissa asked.

"Let me show you," Dawn said and got on her feet. "Come on."

-----

Nicolas was watching Rachele as she left the bathroom. She was still angry. The shower hadn't calmed her down. She rubbed her hair with one towel, the other wrapped around her chest. He stepped closer. She stopped and stared into the mirror. Her dark eyes were shimmering dangerously.

Nicolas opened his mouth.

"Don't say a thing," she interrupted. "I don't give a shit what you're gonna say. He walked away with the money, and that redhead bitch walked away with the sword, and we're just sitting here doing nothing."

"Honey..."

"Have you even considered what Mr. Harper will say when he finds out what's happened? Have you? If he wont kill us..."

"Elle, honey..."

"No! Goddamnit! She ruined it! She just... she... fuck that bitch! I'm gonna..."

"Elle, baby, calm down... We'll solve this."

"What if we don't? What happens if the sword is gone and the money too? What will Mr. Harper think?"

Nicolas gazed down into Rachele's wide, dark eyes. He took her in his arms and held her tightly. "It will never come to that!"

"Promise."

"I promise, baby."

"Seal it with a kiss," Rachelle whispered and stood on her toes, her head bent back.

Nicolas gasped and pressed his lips against hers. Rachelle reached up to his neck and pulled him harder to her. While their tongues met in his mouth she pressed her belly and crotch against him. He grabbed her hair and pulled her back, his eyes searching into hers. There was a silent moment before he reached down to the towel around her body and tugged it free.

Rachelle's eyes closed and her mouth opened. Her parted lips shivered and when Nicholas closed his hand over one of her breasts she mewled and pressed harder against him. "Please, Nick," she whispered. "Please..."

He pulled her to him by her hair and silenced her with another kiss. His palm slid from her breast down along her belly. His hand stole between her thighs and he found her wet and hot. She started to whine into their kiss, while rocking her hips against him.

"Oh, please Nick," Rachelle said. She broke the kiss and stepped away from him. "You know what I want," she continued and backed until she felt the bed against the back of her legs. She sunk down on it, parted her legs and caressed her thighs as her gaze was locked into his. "Please, Nick, I really need this now."

Nicolas hesitated for a moment before he started to tear off his clothes.

"Oh god," Rachelle said. "You really loved forcing me, didn't you?"

"I'm not done yet," he replied with a low, rasping voice.

Rachelle slid up on the bed. "What do you mean, 'not done yet?'" She slid to the far end of the bed, then stood beside the bed and backed into the far corner. "Please Nick."

"Get back on the bed."

"No, you'll be mean to me."

"If you don't get back on the bed now," Nicolas said and started to move around the bed, "I swear to God I'll be mean to you!"

"Please Nick, think of what you're doing."

Just as Nicolas rounded the foot board Rachelle jumped up on the bed again and crawled over it. Nicolas threw himself on the bed and grabbed one of her feet just as she was about to jump out of the bed. She cried, and instead of getting the foot with her, she fell head first towards the floor on the far side of the bed. He pulled her foot hard, dampening the fall and at the same time pulling her back into the bed.

Rachelle managed to roll over on her back and just as she was about to kick at him, Nicolas caught both her feet and pushed his body between them. She reached down to her crotch and covered it with both her hands while a sob left her mouth.

"Please, Nicolas, I'm your sister!"

"So what?" he said and tried to pry her hands from her crotch. "You asked for this!"

"Please, no!"

"Shut up and stop resisting." He pulled her wrists harder, prying them apart. She tried to roll over, twisting free from him, but he pulled her arms, throwing her over on her back again.

He pushed her hands down on each side of her head, leaning his whole weight on them as he moved his hips. They could both feel their genitals



touching and she gave a sob at her imminent defeat. "Please, Nicolas, I'm your sister."

"There is nothing you can do to stop me."

"Please. I mean it, you can't do this."

They both felt how he found her opening. She gasped. He sighed and pushed into her. She was already slick with juices making his entry almost frictionless. They both cried out as he buried in her to the hilt. She was twitching, her whole body jerking every time he moved in her.

"Please," she said and wrapped her legs around his hips. She pulled him into her, "do it properly." She fought back a scream as he slid back into her and summoning all her will power she clenched her already tight pussy around his invading member. His mouth fell open and a moan escaped him as she squeezed again and again.

"Stop!" he said but her legs were holding him in place and her boiling, clenching pussy threatened to end him prematurely.

"No," she replied. "Come on! Fuck me!"

He wanted to resist her, but even as he pumped into her, grinding his pubic bone into hers, he realised how futile that was.

She whined and they could both feel how her pussy overflowed with juices. He kept pounding into her. The liquid sound of his cock in her pussy was punctuated by the slapping of flesh against flesh.

Her breaths came in shallow pants while he increased his speed until he found he had to slow down again. Her breath caught in a whimper and she pushed her hips up at him. "Come on!" She clawed his back. "Come on!"

He caught her arms and pushed them down onto the bed. He braced himself, took a deep breath and started fucking her for all he was worth. Rachelle's legs kicked straight out and she started to wail while her hips bucked up at him. He didn't need to hear her screams or feel the spasms of her pussy around him to know she was coming, feeling her nails burying in his arms was a sign, if any, that she was coming.

He pulled back all the way until he was resting at her opening, hesitating before pushing back in. He knew he wouldn't manage to bury in her once more, and he tried to regain his control but she had a different idea and as she locked her legs around his hips and pulled him hard to her he felt how the last remnants of self-control left him.

With a hoarse cry he held her close and pumped into her. She threw her head back into the beddings and screamed as she felt how he made her whole crotch squishy. She pulled her legs up to her chest as far as they would go without assistance and as she felt him burying into her even deeper a whine escaped her.

They panted while climbing down from the peak. Now and then grinding into each other. Nicolas was lying on top of Rachelle, and several minutes passed before he sighed and opened his eyes. She stroked his hair and pulled her head back to look into his eyes.

"You always have to claim me," she said.

"You always make me," he replied.

"I love you."

He wrinkled up his eyebrows. "I love you."

He rolled them to their sides and they were lying like that for a long time before Rachelle noticed that Nicholas had fallen asleep.

"I love you," she repeated in a soft whisper before she slid out of the bed. *I love you but there is something I have to do now*, she thought while getting dressed. *You may think we should be cautious. I don't.*

-----

After lunch Alexandra was leaving the cafeteria for a biology lesson when Melissa caught up with her. The tall blond was walking by Alexandra's side for a while before she turned facing her.

"We need to talk," she said.

"I have class now, so you have to walk with me."

"I just don't want us to be disturbed."

"There's hardly anyone around here. They've all gone to the lecture I'm about to miss."

Melissa shrugged and gazed into Alexandra's eyes, "You know, last night..." It was obvious she had a hard time saying the words. "What made you think I was wired that way?"

"What?" Alexandra laughed. "I think that was obvious."

"You selfish, egotistical bitch!" Melissa breathed. "I told you, no."

"What do you mean?"

"I've been abused before..."

"I didn't abuse you, I thought you were in on it as much as I was. Hell, I know..."

"How could you?"

"What the..."

"I don't love you. I don't want you. I gave you no reason, no reason at all... and you were just... you... you raped me."

"What the fuck! You were an eager participant, you fucking begged for it."

Melissa looked at her for a long time. Tears were streaming down her cheeks, and her lips were shivering. She nodded and turned to leave but Alexandra caught her arm and held her back.

"What the fuck do you mean I raped you?"

"I've seen enough," Melissa gasped and broke free from her. "I'm... I'm through with you. Damn it! You're a woman, you should know what stop means!"

"You are fucking incredible!" Alexandra laughed and shook her head.

Melissa stepped close to Alexandra who had to bend her neck to look into the taller woman's eyes, but Alexandra didn't back off, or diverted her gaze.

"I'm going to go to Dawn now," Melissa said.

"So that's why? It's about Dawn, isn't it?"

"So what if it is?"

"You're afraid of losing her, aren't you? Since you ended up fucking me? Now you're trying to blame me, and say I raped you... just so she will still want you, is that it?"

"I don't care what you think," Melissa said and left.

"Fuck you!" Alexandra said. "If you wanna go fuck that bitch, then be my guest! You wanted that all the time, didn't you?" She watched Melissa walk down the street, away from her. "Fucking great," she said. "She was

into Dawn all the time. No! What happened between us, it was real. Oh, for fuck's sake! She didn't resist me. And Philip? He's my friend. You're not special, not to Melissa. She's going to Dawn. She's going to report you to the police. No, she'll never do that. Maybe she will? She called you a rapist, remember? I must talk to her. Jesus-fucking-Christ! Can you give up already! You've got one option right now. You know what to do. Follow her. Find the address. Philip and Melissa are my friends. I'm not gonna hurt them. You know it's not about them. Dawn isn't my friend."

She stared down the street. She could still see Melissa. She bit her lower lip.

"Okay."

She followed Melissa.

-----

It took Melissa almost half an hour to walk to Dawn's house. Alexandra had suspected Dawn would be living in an apartment, but when they arrived she realized she was living in one of the large villas by the coast, in the part of Moon River called Gray Lark.

Alexandra hid behind a hedge and watched Melissa enter. Now what? She knew what she should do; get out of there, but her curiosity demanded more. She entered the garden through the hedge and snuck up to the side of the house.

With her back pressed against the wall she slid up to one of the windows and peeked in quickly. It was a dark room. She stole past it. The next window was the bathroom, and it was empty. She reached the corner of the building and peeked around it. She was looking at the backside terrace and Dawn and Melissa was standing on it, and they were hugging.

Alexandra frowned. *They are hugging. They are a couple. Friends hug, too.* Alexandra peeked again. *Still hugging.* Dawn and Melissa broke the hug and Dawn reached up to Melissa's face, cupping her cheeks. *Look at what happens now.*

The two women were gazing into each other's eyes for a long time. Alexandra held her breath. Then it happened. Dawn bent closer to Melissa and they kissed.

Alexandra moved back and collapsed against the wall, not sure if she should laugh or scream. *Dawn will never let you have her. Why do I protect the very person that keeps me from the one I love?*

"I can't think, I can't think clearly..." Alexandra whispered. "Oh God! She doesn't love me!" *She loves you, but* "Dawn is blinding her. Didn't you realize that?" *She wanted it just as much as I did.* "She said I raped her." *Why do you think she did that? "Because of Dawn?" What if Dawn has done something to her, have you ever thought of that? "No." Can you be sure? "Why would..." Maybe she want her... "Oh God, of course!" Why else would she go through all that trouble. "I have to do something!" You know what you have to do.*

Alexandra struggled to her feet and stole back out of the garden and on to the road. She knew what she had to do, but she was still not sure if she liked it or not.

-----

Dawn's lips were soft and warm, they made Melissa feel wanted, they made her feel loved and the strong arms around her enhanced that feeling. For a moment she relaxed in the kiss before she started to realize what was happening. Her eyes opened and she pulled away.

"I'm sorry," Dawn mumbled. "I've got no idea where that came from. I'm sorry."

"It's... okay."

"Feel better?" Dawn sat in the sofa.

"Yeah," Melissa took a deep breath. "I think so."

"All this," Dawn said, "it's for the best, I hope you understand that?"

"Yes, of course... I just wish I wouldn't have to be so... crude."

"I understand, but you have to understand how serious this really is. People may die."

"Yes, I understand."

Dawn smiled. "Do you like cookies?"

"What?"

"I feel a cookie urge coming on."

Melissa laughed. "Yeah, I think some sweets might help."

"Sure, a couple of cookies will do the trick, we've got much work to do before we're done."

-----

Phoenix was sitting in the kitchen, staring at his mobile. Gail was digging through the fridge trying to find something edible.

"I'm starving to death," she mumbled and pulled out a plate with an upside down baking pan on it.

"I thought you'd wanna fuck her in there then?" Phoenix said and nodded at the door leading from the kitchen to the living room. The sound of lovemaking could be heard through the thin wood.

"I'm waiting for the hubby, we never share."

Phoenix raised an eyebrow. "I might have paid to see that."

"It's bad for the energy flow." She removed the baking pan from the plate. "Aahh, cake. It dulls the hunger. And besides, it's wonderful being able to eat as much as you want without risking to gain a pound."

Phoenix made a grunting sound and looked at his mobile again.

"Missing your friend?"

"Missing?"

"Feeling cold and lonely?"

Phoenix raised his eyebrow. "I swear to God," he said, "you people. Everything isn't about sex. I'm just interested in making much more money, and keeping Marius safe is the best way of doing that."

"Then maybe you'd wanna help solve my problem?"

Phoenix only had to meet her gaze for a second before he'd read her. "I just said, everything isn't about sex."

"Everything is," Gail smiled and removed the straps to her dress. "And I'm thinking you've been wanting to fuck me ever since you laid eyes on me."

"I think I should call and check up on Marius now," Phoenix said and got on his feet.

Gail stopped him, pressing her body against him while she licked his chin. "Come on," She mumbled. "I'm dying for you to take me."

"For Gods sake," Phoenix said. "I know what you are, are you so incredibly stupid?"

"I wasn't going to hurt you, just fuck you once or maybe twice to get my motor running till the hubby gets home, now you'll never get to know how it feels."

She turned and marched out of the kitchen slamming the door behind her.

"Thanks," Phoenix said. "I'm not interested in how it feels." He looked down at his mobile again.

The kitchen door opened again. Phoenix raised his gaze, a rejection on his lips. When he saw who was entering her smiled. "Hey there," he said. "Glad to see you."

"It's time," Alexandra said and stepped into the kitchen.

"Good," Phoenix replied and walked over to her. "Let's get the others."

"One fucking moment," Alexandra said and stopped him.

"Jesus!"

"Is everything in order?"

"Relax, will you? I've taken care of everything while you've been gone."

"Good."

"So... how's your grip?"

"Keep your trousers on, I'm in control."

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## PART 6

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Alexandra opened the door to her room and walked over to her closet. Just as she placed her hand on the knob to the door she realized someone was watching her.

Rachelle was standing in the middle of the room, arms crossed over her chest and eyes burning with anger. "Bitch," she said.

"What?" Alexandra turned facing her. "Who the hell are you and what the hell are you doing in my room?"

Rachelle laughed. "You're asking me?" Her eyes darkened. "Where is it?" She pushed Alexandra into the closet door. "Where have you hid it?"

"Hey!" Alexandra protested and pushed back sending Rachelle flying across the room and crashing into the desk. Rachelle ended up on the floor, on her butt, a shocked expression on her face.

"What did you just do?" she gasped.

"Listen," Alexandra said, "I understand that you need to have some kind of psycho episode, but could you please have it somewhere else? I'm busy!"

"You have some nerves lady," Rachelle said as she got on her feet, "interrupting honest people, assaulting them stealing from them. And then you just go on as if nothing has happened. Are you surprised I've found you? It's nothing compared to how surprised you will be when I fuck you up for life, bitch!"

During Rachelle's whole outburst Alexandra watched her calmly. "Are you finished?" she said, her arms crossed over her chest.

"Not until I have the sword in my hand."

"Well, you have to find the sword before you can take it."

"I'm gonna beat it out of you, bitch!"

"Go ahead, I'd love to see you try."

Rachelle screamed, her fists balling, her teeth grinding at each other -- it seemed inevitable that clawing and hair-pulling to follow, however, Rachelle regained her control with a sigh as she placed her hands on her hips and smiled.

"You don't even know what's hit you," Rachelle said and locked her eyes into Alexandra's. "You have no clue what's hit you."

Alexandra kept the gaze for a few seconds then she laughed. "What's hit me?"

Rachelle's smile faded. "What the hell?" she said and swallowed. "It's... no way!"

"No?" Alexandra said and opened the closet. "No, what?"

"You... you don't feel it?"

"Feel... it?" Alexandra asked and reached into the closet, a smile on her lips as she pulled out the sword. "Better bring out that secret weapon of yours... girlfriend."

"What have you done? How?"

Rachelle tried to stare Alexandra down while the other woman approached her with the sword nonchalantly in her hand.

"This the sword you wanted back?" Alexandra said and pointed it at Rachelle.

Rachelle started to back away. She realized she was in a dangerous situation. "You're supposed to do what I tell you... put the sword down! Now!"

"Okay," Alexandra smiled and continued her approach. She stopped and looked down at the sword before she smiled up at Rachelle who had climbed Melissa's bed. "I'm sorry, I can't."

"What are you gonna do?" Rachelle whispered and moved into the farthest corner of the bed.

Alexandra pursed her lips. "Let me see."

"Okay, listen," said Rachelle and stood in the bed. "I think I will leave now."

"No," Alexandra grinned. "Not before I've returned this."

With that she aimed a blow at Rachelle. The other girl was trapped in the corner and trying to parry the sword one hand passed in front of it and the other hit it without pushing it aside. Rachelle cried as the hard metal pierced her.

"Oops," said Alexandra.

Rachelle's eyes were opened wide, staring at the weapon buried in her body. She shook and slid down on her knees. A gasp passed her lips and she stared up at Alexandra with eyes wide as saucers.

"Do you like having the sword back?" Alexandra said and pulled the sword free.

Rachelle was pulled along and fell off the bed and onto the floor with a throaty groan. She struggled to get up, her hands clawing at the green carpet.

Alexandra looked down at her. "I think I've killed you... Now I'm going to go kill someone else."

-----

They were hiding behind some bushes, by the water, no more than fifty yards from Dawn's house. Alexandra was holding her sword, Keshet and Gail had swords as well. Phoenix had an axe.

"I'm still not sure I like this plan," Keshet mumbled. "You don't know Aure, you can't just waltz in there and try to kill her, she's gonna kill you instead."

"Well," Alexandra smiled. "Not if she thinks I'm her friend."

"So what are you going to do? Walk over, knock on the door and chop her head off?"

"Exactly."

"And what if she knows something is up?"

"That's what I need you guys for. After I've gotten in I want you to attack through the back door."

"That plan is insane," Gail protested.

"It's insane to sit and plan behind a bush," Keshet added. "What kind of fucking ad hoc crap is this?" The last she said to Phoenix.

"Hey," Phoenix said and raised his hands. "Calm down."

"What kind of fucking wimps are you?" Alexandra said. "Either we do this now, or you can go fuck yourself and I'll do it myself. Just for the hell of it."

"Okay, okay," said Keshet. "Just calm down. We'll do this but I swear, if there is any sign of danger..."

"Wimp."

"Hey," Phoenix interrupted before Keshet could reply. "Lets do this nice and calmly. Okay? No more fighting."

Alexandra smiled. "She's gonna be so surprised when I chop her head off."

Keshet gasped.

"Not you," Alexandra said. "I don't give a fuck about you."

-----

When Alexandra stepped into the hallway of Dawn's house she knew something was wrong. She had walked to the front door, and knocked. She held her sword in her hand. When Dawn came to open Alexandra was surprised at how easily she accepted her story about the sword and why she was there. She should have understood something else was going on.

Just as the door closed behind her she saw a tall man by the staircase to the second floor. She had time to wonder about who he was before she felt an invisible force grabbing her and throwing her to the floor. She couldn't see her attacker, and all she could feel was a pressure against her chest holding her pinned to the floor.

"Fucking hell," she gasped.

"Es asantu nocienduc ipul," Konrad said and Alexandra felt how she sunk into darkness.

-----

Melissa was standing in Konrad's waiting room. She was staring through a window down on West Avenue. The street was full of cars.

"If there was any other way," Dawn said behind her.

"You want me to tell her she raped me. Goddamnit! I've just met her, and we're supposed to be roommates for the rest of the term, and you want me to say that to her!"

"I know it's an extreme thing to do."

"To say the least. What if she doesn't believe me?"

"What do you mean?"

"I... I wasn't exactly resisting her..."



"Listen," Dawn stepped closer to her, placing a hand on her shoulder. "Alexandra is in extreme danger right now and we need to use whatever measures we can to save her."

"Is she gonna make it?"

"I don't know." When she saw Melissa's face going pale she added, "but I promise I'll do everything I can to help her."

Melissa wrapped her arms around Dawn and pulled her closer, but when Konrad and Philip appeared from the office, a few seconds later, she stepped away from Dawn again.

"I'm ready," she said and noticed how Dawn's eyes shimmered.

"Just tell her what we agreed on," Konrad said and nodded.

"Yeah... I'm raped. I'm pissed. I'm going to Dawn's place."

"Exactly."

-----

When Alexandra lost her consciousness Dawn grabbed her under her arms and lifted her.

"Get her legs," she said.

Philip rushed over to them and took Alexandra's legs.

"They're approaching," came Melissa's hushed warning from the top of the staircase to the second floor. "You've got about one minute before they're here."

"Take care of her," Dawn said and pushed Alexandra's unconscious body into Konrad's arms. "You come with me," she nodded to Philip. "Come down here," she said to Melissa, "and help Konrad get Alexandra up to the room."

Melissa run down the stairs. Philip handed Alexandra's legs to her and hurried after Dawn. Together Konrad and Melissa carried Alexandra up the stairs while Dawn and Philip went into the dark living room.

"Remember," Dawn whispered. They could already see the three shadows sliding through the garden. "If they start shooting, get down, keep down and let me take care of it."

"What if they shoot you?"

"I wont let them."

"Eh... okay."

Dawn moved away from Philip and disappeared in the shadows on the other side of the room. For a short moment he felt like he was alone. Out in the garden three demons approached, and he was alone. He shivered and grabbed his sword tighter. *Aim for the throat*, he thought and felt his heart beating fast and loud. There was a low sound from the French doors. *My God*, he thought and tried to locate Dawn. What if she had left him alone? *Besides what can a girl do against demons?* He hadn't forgotten how strong they were.

The door opened and three shadows slid through it. Philip had almost decided to turn and run by then but he realized he was trapped between the shadows and the only other exit from the room.

Dawn switched on the ceiling lamp and Philip blinked, trying to adjust his eyes to the light. The three demons seemed to have the same problem though and Philip had time to get up and into his assigned position before

they turned facing him. He swallowed. He was supposed to stop these three from getting back out.

"Well, well," came Dawn's voice from the other side of the room. "We've got prominent visitors. Having a hard time finding the doorbell?"

"Aure," Gail said and raised her sword.

"Fuck!" Keshet raised her sword too.

"I'm gonna fucking kill you," Gail continued.

"No," Keshet said but neither Gail nor Phoenix listened to her as they charged at Dawn.

-----

Konrad got on his feet, and while leaning his hands on his desk he riveted his eyes on Dawn, Philip and Melissa in turn.

"We're going to exorcise her," he said and walked around the desk. "We'll need some place to perform the ritual and we need to catch her at that place."

"I think I know exactly where she'll wanna go," Dawn said.

"I'm still having a hard time grasping all this," Philip said. "You mean she's possessed?"

"Yes," Konrad said.

"But how? What has happened to her?" Melissa asked.

"Alexandra has been possessed by an Aaidiash demon. Their modus operandi is very unique. They can possess people but they cannot control them fully, at least not in the start. The only hope for the demon to get a firm grip on its victim is to place the victim in situations she'd want to escape. The mental distancing from the situation makes it possible for the demon to take over more and more."

"That would be sex with me and Melissa?" Philip asked.

"It's usually about sex, yes," Konrad said.

"How do we stop them?" Melissa asked.

"We must be very cautious or the demon may harm Alexandra permanently. If the demon senses any danger it can 'leap' out of the body."

"Shouldn't this be something we'd want?" Philip asked.

"No, definitely not! In nine cases out of ten a leap leaves the victim's body in shock, sometimes leading to death. We need to be able to catch them before the demon has a chance to understand what's happening."

-----

Gail raised her sword and aimed a blow at Dawn's neck. Just as the blade was about to connect, Dawn dove to the side rolling over the floor. She got on her feet by the French doors. Gail didn't notice what had happened at first. Then she felt the pain, and the hot liquid running down the front of her body. She looked down and noticed a long open gash across her lower chest. Gail staggered towards the door while Dawn attacked Phoenix who was still unharmed.

Philip almost managed to kill Keshet alone. He sneaked up behind her at the same time as Gail and Phoenix attacked Dawn but as he raised his

sword for the killing blow he hesitated. He was about to decapitate a seemingly normal woman. She was guilty of breaking and entering but he still thought decapitation was a bit on the rough side.

Keshet sensed the danger and spun around before Philip had a chance to react. She slammed her weapon into Philip's sending his sword flying.

"What were you planning on doing, boy?" she said and placed the tip of her sword against Philip's chin. "Killing me?"

"I..." Philip looked around. Dawn couldn't help him; she was locked in a fight with Phoenix. Konrad and Melissa were too far away to be of any help. There was no one else he could get help from. "I... I couldn't... do that."

"Sad for you," Keshet grinned.

"Wait," Philip's voice trembled as he backed away from her. He felt his feet catching on to something and before he could regain his balance he fell backwards with a cry.

Keshet jumped on top of him, straddling him and pinning him down. "You are so tempting," she said and licked his chin. "But I have to get going." She raised her sword. "And you can't come with."

-----

Konrad and Melissa placed Alexandra in the middle of the circle of blue sand. Konrad had been working with the circle all morning and as they placed Alexandra's body in it he warned Melissa not to disturb the sand.

After a while they had Alexandra lying on her side, in the circle in fetus position. She was still unconscious, her breathing coming in short, shallow pants. Melissa watched her as Konrad sat on the floor just outside the circle. He closed his eyes and took a deep breath. A silent minute passed and then Alexandra moaned and started to shiver.

"Is she okay?" Melissa asked.

"I'm working on it," Konrad said without opening his eyes. "And the hold is really strong."

Melissa stared at Alexandra. Her head rolled from side to side and her eyelashes fluttered. *If she wakes up, Melissa thought, what will the demon do? And will she survive it?* Melissa reached over towards her.

"Don't touch her," Konrad said, his eyes still closed. "And don't reach into the circle."

Melissa pulled her hand back. There was nothing she could do but hope Alexandra wouldn't wake up before Konrad was done with her.

"Inud occi es noto, orict em," Konrad mumbled. As soon as the words left his mouth Alexandra started to moan and toss from side to side.

Melissa realized she had seen this happen before. It was her vision. She had seen Alexandra just like she was now, lying on the floor, in pain. In the vision Alexandra had been hurt, even worse, and something black had risen from her. She looked at Konrad, but he was concentrated on the exorcism.

"Eor inerament ama cennad icapas," he continued and Alexandra's body started to buck.

"You're hurting her," Melissa moaned. "She's in pain."

"It's the demon, trying to get away."

Melissa swallowed. Konrad reached for a dagger by his side. Melissa felt her mouth going dry. Was he going to hurt Alexandra?

Alexandra suddenly sat in the middle of the circle. She blinked. Melissa noticed Konrad's grip on the knife was as strong as before.

"Hey," Alexandra said and smiled. "I'm okay now."

"Konrad?" Melissa mumbled, she could see something was wrong with Alexandra. Her eyes were burning.

"You have been defeated," Konrad said and raised the knife.

"Konrad?" Melissa said again, "what are you going to do?"

"I order you to leave," Konrad continued without taking notice of Melissa.

"No," Alexandra said, "you don't know what you're doing."

Konrad grabbed her hair, pulled her hard to him. Alexandra whined but became still when he placed the knife against her neck.

"Leave now or I will bind you to the soil for eternal time."

Melissa moaned as she could see a small trickle of blood running from Alexandra's neck.

-----

Philip stared at the tip of the sword suspended above his chest. Was this how he would die? He looked past the blade and met Keshet's eyes. She was so beautiful! She was straddling him, her crotch just inches from his, only a couple of thin layers of fabric between them. He felt blood filling his cock.

Keshet raised the sword above her head to gain more power behind her blow but Philip only cared about her pussy now. He reached down, took her hips and ground his hard cock up at her.

Keshet's eyes widened and she gasped. "What the fuck!"

Philip ground into her again. He could feel how soft and hot she was. Keshet fell forward and placed a hand on his shoulder. She moved her hips away from him but her drive was too strong and she ground down at him again.

"Fine," she panted. "If that's how you want to die..."

She dug her fingers into his hair and pressed her lips against his. "You don't think I can kill you this way?"

Philip reached up to her face and caressed her cheeks. "I want you to," he mumbled.

"Fuck," she mumbled and reached down to his fly.

As she did Philip noticed a shadow behind her. "Look out," he called but it was too late.

Dawn grabbed Keshet's hair and pulled her back. The blade of her sword penetrated Keshet from behind and appeared at the front like a silvery flash of metal protruding from her chest. Keshet stiffened and cried in pain.

"No!" Philip cried.

"Hey," Dawn said from behind Keshet. "Try fucking with me next time, bitch!"

"Aure," Keshet breathed with difficulty. "I was just on my way out."

"I'm sending you on your way," Dawn said and pulled the sword out of Keshet's body. "I'll send you all the way to hell." She raised the sword.

"No," Philip moaned.

"Please," Keshet said and fumbled for her sword.

Dawn pursed her lips and brought the sword down again, cutting Keshet's head clean off.

"No!" Philip cried again but as he saw Keshet's body turning into sparkling dust he gasped and the spell was broken. With a grunt he tried to get away from the falling particles but even before they've reached half way to the floor they disintegrated.

"Some demons do that," Dawn said and sheathed the sword.

"Okay," Philip said.

-----

Alexandra stared into Konrad's eyes. The knife cut into her neck.

"Konrad," Melissa said. "She's bleeding!"

Alexandra grinned, "she is precious to you!"

Konrad pressed the knife harder against her neck and her smile died. "Fuck you!" she said before her eyes closed.

"Leave her," Konrad said and pressed the knife even harder against Alexandra's skin.

Melissa groaned as she forced herself to keep still. She understood that Konrad had to make the demon understand that this was no game. "Oh please, oh please," she mumbled as Alexandra's eyes opened again.

"Uh," Alexandra said. "What's... what's happening?"

Konrad sighed and let go of her. Melissa saw Alexandra's eyes were okay now. She looked around. Where was the black shadow that would tear into Alexandra? She looked down at the knife that Konrad had dropped on the floor. It had a black handle with white signs. Was that it?

"I..." Alexandra said. She stared at Konrad. "Who are you? What are you doing?" She pushed him away and struggled to get on her feet.

"It's okay," Melissa said.

"You're all trying to do it," Alexandra said and backed into the wall. "He, you... the... that man... he... Marius... he did it. I couldn't move, and he didn't listen to me, and I screamed but he didn't listen to me. And then he made it happen, and it was awful and..." She stared past Melissa with wide eyes. "They're here now! Melissa, we're not safe, we're not safe!"

"You're safe here," Konrad said.

"Who is he?"

"He's a friend of mine," Melissa said. "He's... he's my therapist."

Alexandra's gaze jumped from Konrad to Melissa. "You're crazy?"

"What? No!"

Alexandra stared at her for a second before she broke into tears again. "They took me with them, they're not human Melissa, and they made Marius hurt me." She sunk down into a heap on the floor and Melissa took her into her arms.

"It's okay now, everything is okay now," she said and rocked Alexandra from side to side. She stroked the hair out of the other woman's face and looked into her eyes. Melissa shivered; Alexandra's eyes were almost empty. "I won't let anything happen to you again. You... you are... very special to me."

She held Alexandra close and felt tears in her own eyes as well. When she looked up she noticed Dawn and Philip had entered the room. Philip was shaking and his face was pale, Melissa could only guess at what he'd been through, Dawn seemed as usual however.

"How is she?" asked Dawn.

"Okay, but still in shock," Konrad replied.

"Maybe we should place her in a bed?" Dawn continued.

"Or even better," Konrad said, "get her home and into her own bed. I think she needs a familiar surrounding."

"Sure," said Dawn. "Is she awake?" she continued to Melissa.

"Are you?" Melissa asked Alexandra.

"What?" Alexandra said and looked up at her. Melissa felt a stone lifting from her chest; the emptiness in Alexandra's eyes were gone. It was replaced by pain. She could almost sense what Alexandra must be feeling, and she didn't envy her. But pain was better than nothing. Pain could be dealt with.

"Me and Philip can help you down to the car," Dawn said to Alexandra.

"Philip?" Alexandra said and looked over Melissa's shoulder.

"Alex," Philip said. "Glad to have you back," he continued and left the room.

"What? Why?" Alexandra said, the pain in her eyes obvious. Then she remembered what had happened between her and Philip. "Oh God!" She realized she was still in Melissa's arms. "Oh God! Let go of me!"

"No," Melissa said and held Alexandra back. "It wasn't you."

"I... I... Let go of me!" Alexandra said, broke free from Melissa and left the room.

"Will she be okay?" Melissa asked Konrad.

"It's hard to say," he replied. "Probably. These things take time and she need to heal in her own pace."

"What did that demon do to her?"

"I don't know for sure, I'll have to look up the books," Konrad said.

Melissa looked at Dawn. "What they did to Alexandra... it was... you asked me to help you track those bastards down... if you still want help..."

"I do," Dawn said.

"Can you help me?" Melissa asked Konrad.

"I'm sure."

"I need to learn to control this... vision. I want to find them... and kill them."

Dawn raised an eyebrow. "Don't get to vindictive now, we've already killed two of them."

"Good."

-----

Gail was in her car on I-10 eastbound. She was holding the steering wheel so hard her knuckles were white. Her face was a resolute mask of pain mixed with anger. She was still bleeding, and she was in need of a change of clothes, and something to stop the cut across her belly from bleeding. She was sure, staying in Moon River another minute would be the best way to risk her life, though, so she kept going.

The wound across her chest was hurting like hell, even though it had already started to heal. She had been badly hurt and she suspected Aure had even managed to break one or two of her ribs. It would take days for it to heal fully.

"That bitch," she said and returned her concentration on the highway. Ending up in a car crash would not help her escape. "Fuck!" It was supposed to be easy. She glanced over at the passenger seat. Marius was lying where she'd left him, with his trousers around his ankles. She'd felt the need just after they'd left central Moon River.

"You did better at that than you did with your cloak-and-dagger game," she said to the unconscious man. He had given her some strength back, but he tasted strangely. Not like a human.

"Wake up," she said and punched his shoulder.

Marius mumbled something.

It wasn't like she had taken that much from him. Her mobile rang. "Shit!" she said and reached into her purse groaning as she bent. "Yes?" she said into the phone.

"Hello," said a dark voice on the other end. "Gail?"

"Madeo?" her voice trembled.

"None other."

Gail swallowed. "How nice to hear from you! How have you been?"

"Fine kitten, how are you guys? Still catching virgins?"

"Uh, well... we've decided on relocation."

"Good, is Keshet there?"

"Well, actually no..."

"No?"

"Not right now... no."

"Okay, never mind, I want you guys to get your cute asses over here. I've got work for you."

"Where?"

"I'm still in Budapest, but I'll be flying over to New York this night. You know the place on fifth?"

"Um, yeah."

"You've got two days to get there."

"Well... okay."

Madeo ended the conversation.

"Shit!" Gail breathed as she put the phone back in her purse. *Aure did this to me.* "Fuck! I hate that bitch!"