

Encounter: Beautiful Music Something Real Faith Talbot

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Beautiful Music: Something Real

She was warm and willing, open beneath him, the hot, slick musk of her cunt calling him to it. He wanted his face in it, his fingers, his tongue. His dick.

He didn't know who she was, didn't know her name. Knew only the taste of her skin, the turgid bud of her nipple against his tongue and the smell of her -- God, the smell. It turned his brain to mindless sparks, nothing but primitive electrical signals filling him with the animal need to rut.

"Baby. C'mon, baby. Erik..." The girl's voice moved against his ear, little more than sounds his brain couldn't interpret past the pounding sound of his own blood. Her mouth found his, he felt her legs wrap around him, and then the hot, sweet slide as he took her --

And then the pain.

* * *

"Erik. Erik?"

He heard the familiar, soft baritone first, Jason's voice nudging him back to consciousness. Then a higher, shriller voice, crackling with panic.

"I swear to God, I didn't do anything, I didn't give him anything. If he shot something up it had nothing to do with me, I swear to God..."

“Shh. Shh.” That was Randy, soothing the nameless girl Erik had picked out of the crowd of groupies who had gathered after the show, most of them hoping for a shot at Jason. Then Jason’s big hand cupped his face.

“Erik. Are you okay?”

Erik opened his eyes and looked up into Jason’s worried, gray-blue gaze. His hair was still lank with sweat from the show, hanging down into his eyes.

“Erik?” he said again.

Erik tried to speak, but enervation had taken his whole body. Where before he had been firing off violent, intense sparks from cell to cell, driving his body almost beyond his own will, now it was as if those same cells had lost any ability to communicate with each other. He couldn’t even move.

Jason brushed a hand through Erik’s hair. The familiar touch calmed him a little. “What happened?” Jason asked.

In the background, Erik could still hear Randy soothing the groupie. Her voice gradually quieted. Erik wondered if Randy would have her now, on the bus or behind the venue or bent over a booth in the bar, closed now after the show. He shuddered at the thought, not because it repulsed him but because what had happened to him -- whatever had happened to him -- had left him unfinished, with desire shooting all over his skin in random trajectories, unsatisfied and uncontrollable. He blinked hard, realized there were tears in his eyes.

“Hey.” Jason caressed his face again. “Hey.”

“I just wanted...” Erik could barely speak. His throat closed over the words. He stopped, closed his eyes, swallowed. “I just wanted something for myself.”

A look of pure pain moved over Jason’s face. “Oh, God. Erik. I’m so sorry.”

* * *

Later, Jason told him he hadn’t been breathing when he’d come in, following the distressed cries of the girl. Summer, he said her name was. Not her real name, Erik thought, but he had no way of knowing if it were true. “What did you do?” Erik asked.

“I touched you,” said Jason.

And that was all it had taken. Erik closed his eyes. He didn't want to know anything else.

Jason stayed with him for a time. Erik drifted in and out of sleep, and finally, drifting out of it, opening his eyes to find himself alone.

She had been so warm. He'd watched Jason take any women he wanted, night after night, sometimes more than one in a single night, sometimes more than one at a time. He understood why Jason did it. The hunger that drove both of them was insatiable -- it had to be fed regularly. The few times Jason had tried to stay with the same woman for more than a week or two, the hunger had become stronger rather than diminishing or leveling out as they'd both hoped it would.

And the women had all suffered after a time, coming down with something that could be passed off as flu or fatigue but which Jason and Erik knew was because they'd drawn something from them. Something he and Jason needed, but that the women couldn't always afford to give.

We're like vampires, Erik thought, not for the first time. Jason feeds off them, I feed off Jason. Just the thought of it repulsed him sometimes, but there was nothing he could do to change it.

He dreamed of her that night. He'd dreamed of her before, but never this clearly. The other dreams had been ghostly pale, glimpses of a face in shadows, a body with curves that were obviously a woman's.

She didn't speak to him, didn't say his name or give voice to her own, but she gave herself to him utterly. Her heat took him in, engulfed him, and he woke surrounded by the musky smell of sex, the wet warmth of his own come, as he opened his eyes to an orgasm that stole his breath.

Yes, he'd had these dreams before, but they'd seemed like nothing more than dreams then. The sad desire that somewhere, somehow, there was a woman who could truly love him, body and soul. But this time it seemed like it was more than that. This time it seemed like it might be real.

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