

# Encounter: Stone Man

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### Stone Man

*"Clarisse..."*

Helen snapped back to reality from near-sleep. That voice again. It had come to her every night since she'd arrived in Paris and checked in to this charming old hotel. It always disappeared again as soon as she regained full consciousness. If some man in the City of Lights wanted to get in touch with her, he was doing a poor job of it. And he could get her name right, damn it.

Not that she'd mind a sexy Frenchman mistaking her for his lover. She hadn't found anything like the romance -- tell the truth, sex -- she'd come searching for.

She rolled over and pulled the covers over her head.

*"Clarisse..."* the voice whispered again.

"What do you want?" She sat up in bed and looked around. No one there, just like every other time.

The silhouette of the gargoyle hung in its usual place on the far wall. The curious statue that gave the hotel its name stood on the roof below in exactly the right spot for streetlights to cast its shadow up and into her attic bedroom. It had creeped her out the first night, but she'd gotten used to it. The only gargoyle in the city of Paris with an

erection, it made quite a display and, honestly, had given her some heated dreams that always ended in orgasm.

"*Clarisse...*" This time, the sound came from him -- or at least, where his mouth would be if he were more than two-dimensional shadow.

"I'm not Clarisse," she said. "Hell, I wish I were, if you were planning to use that huge tool with her."

"*Ahhh.*" The shadow shifted. Impossible, unless someone had moved the streetlight. She rubbed her eyes and lay, watching, and he did it again. More obviously this time. Holy shit, he was climbing down off the wall. And turning into gray stone. Pricks of firelight appeared in his eye sockets, and he cocked his head the way a bird does to study her. "*Clarisse.*"

"I'm not..."

When he clasped his fist around his cock and pumped it, her mouth went too dry to speak. The thing responded like flesh -- thickening and growing even longer. His dimensions had impressed her before. Now, her sex ached in anticipation. Her mind might think twice about fucking a guy made out of stone, but her body had made up its mind.

He began speaking in full sentences, although his voice broke on a few words, as if he hadn't used it much in a very long time. She could only make out a word here and there. Mostly, the name Clarisse. His hand never stopped moving along his shaft, and he became clearly agitated - and aroused.

"I'm not Clarisse," she repeated, although her pussy insisted she could pretend for a few minutes if it made him happy.

"*Oui.*" He sounded just as insistent as her sex. "*Clarisse Bouchard.*"

Bouchard. There was a painting in the lobby of the original owner, a Madame Bouchard. Everyone had remarked how much Helen resembled her. No wonder he'd confused the two of them. Only the portrait was over one hundred years old. Could he have stood on the roof with an erection the entire time?

*“Clarisse.”* He approached the bed, never releasing his cock. With his free hand, he stripped away the covers, exposing her body. The light flickered in his eyes, and he let loose a string of French she didn’t follow. It sounded evil, but in a really good way. She couldn’t move, but lay watching his fingers move over his huge member. Faster now. Frantically.

He was going to make himself come, and as much as she should have tried to stop him so that they could climax together, watching him manipulate his cock was erotic in itself. As he stroked himself, she could feel the pressure of his fingers against her clit. As his jaw clenched and his words melted into grunts, she felt the climax building inside her.

Moisture appeared on his forehead. Sweat. The stone of his features was softening into flesh and bone.

Before she could wonder at that, his grunts turned into a shout. Semen shot from his cock while he gripped it at the base. The droplets landed on her. Scorching hot, each created a tongue of fire against her skin. Not burning as a real flame would, but singeing her nerve endings and sending her into an upward spiral of need. And the man had just climaxed, damn it. Who knew how soon he could get hard again?

He didn’t leave her hanging, though. Lying on the bed beside her, he used his hand to smooth his semen into her skin. Over her chest and to her breast, cold fingers made trails of liquid heat across the flesh. When he reached the nipple, he tugged gently at it. Not enough to hurt but enough to make her sex clench. If only he hadn’t already come. She could spread her legs and feel him slowly enter her and then fill her over and over.

She let herself imagine it now as she began the sure climb toward orgasm. She had no choice in the matter. She would climax, either by his hand or her own. The only question remaining was how good she could make it.

That issue resolved as he continued massaging her with his essence. As he spread it over her belly and below, her breath came fast and hard, and her mind retreated to the place inside her where nothing mattered but sensation. The mattress

beneath her. Her labored breath and his. The stone fingers that caressed her more expertly than any human's had ever done. As he parted her legs and massaged the hot liquid into her inner thigh, the reality of the impending orgasm became clear. She was going to come hard. And soon.

Finally, he parted the lips of her sex and found her clit. Already hyper-sensitive, it responded by sending her somewhere up toward the ceiling. She held on, trying to draw the pleasure out. No one had ever touched her like this before -- as though he knew her body better than she did herself.

"Don't stop," she gasped.

A soft, male chuckle sounded in her ears as the finger kept moving over her clit. He played her with enough friction to keep her near the edge without going over. Her body tensed, the pressure building inside her pussy. She couldn't wait, couldn't endure more, needed... something... now.

One firm stroke, and he pushed her past the boundary. She screamed as the explosions started and rippled outward along her sheath. He didn't stop at that, but kept urging more from her, and her body answered. The orgasm continued until she had no more to give. When it finally ended, she had only enough strength to drag air into her lungs.

"Stone man." She sighed. "You sure know how to make a woman feel good."

*"Encore."*

"More? You'd better wait until my brain comes back online."

*"Encore,"* he repeated, insisting this time.

"Sure. Whatever. Let me know when you get erect again."

He must have understood that, because he grasped her hand and put it on his member. His very hard and very large member. Somehow, he'd managed to become aroused again, and he'd done an impressive job of it. She could have him inside her -- no more waiting. Her own body warmed to the idea with no trouble at all.

When she spread her legs in invitation, he took his position, easing slowly into her. She could have cried with joy. He felt so... damned... good.

As he rocked into her with long, sure strokes, the stone of his body warmed and turned soft, becoming human as he screwed her as if he'd nail her to the mattress. Everywhere she let her palms wander, she found heated flesh. Soft lips pressed against her ear as he crooned his lust to her. Each syllable -- even the ones she didn't understand -- traveled along her nerves to her sex. Her clit tingled, and each of his movements amplified the effect. Already, he had her soaring to another powerful climax.

Straightening his arms, he pushed himself upward as his hips kept moving to plunge his cock inside her. Now, she could see the face of the man who made such perfect love to her. His face still had sharp planes and angles, but his eyes held a light of love. He knew what he was doing, knew that he'd soon feel her climax.

The orgasm washed over her in a rush. She shouted as it took her into madness. This time, her inner muscles clutched at his hardness. He went wild, too, and slammed into her a few more times before he bellowed and stiffened as he filled her with hot semen. Damn, but he was glorious.

When they'd finished, he rested his body gently on hers and put his mouth to her ear again. "*Clarisse. Ah, Clarisse.*"

*"Oui, mon amour. Je suis Clarisse." Yes, my love. I am Clarisse.*

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