

A man with a beard and mustache, wearing a dark brown cowboy hat with a silver concho, dark sunglasses, a light blue denim shirt, and brown suspenders, is sitting in a wicker chair. He is looking off to the side with a serious expression. The background is a warm, dimly lit interior with wooden paneling.

Changeling Press

ENCOUNTERS

Dream Lovers
A Taken Encounter

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The woman who comes to Diesel in his dreams haunts him, but he's not afraid. He welcomes her with arms wide open. He doesn't know her name, the sound of her voice, or where to find her. But none of that will stop him. Is she just a dream? Or a vision of his future?

Dream Lovers

Prequel

Taken by the Cyclops

"She doesn't exist." Diesel shook his head and left the parapet. He'd spent too much time hiding. Avoiding people, keeping them at arm's length, kept his heart from being broken. He'd been hurt too many times. Women didn't understand him. Everyone else feared him.

A cyclops.

A freak.

Someone to avoid.

Someone to fear.

He wasn't a bad guy, but he did bad things. So what if he'd killed? He'd maimed? Sometimes bad things had to happen for better ones to take their place.

Sometimes.

He groaned and shut the curtain to his room, closing off the world behind him. If he didn't bother anyone, they wouldn't annoy him.

He could hear his sister arguing with someone in the other room. Probably her boyfriend. He could intervene, but he knew better. She could handle herself. Hell, she was probably just as dangerous as him because she had magic. He didn't. He simply looked angry and mean. Violent.

He left his hat and sunglasses on the table, then tugged his shirt over his head. He tossed the garment onto the floor, not bothering to see where it'd landed. He'd pick it up later.

Diesel rifled his fingers through his hair, then collapsed on the bed. Some days were good, but most were just plain lonely. He closed his eye and reclined on the pillows. Sleep beckoned, but he fought the good fight. He crossed his ankles and folded his hands behind his head. Maybe the dream would return tonight.

He could only hope.

Relaxation washed over him and he sighed again. The dream was about the only thing to keep him sane. She'd show up.

His blood heated at the thought of her.

He'd never met her. Never seen her in person, either. He doubted she even lived in Eerie. If she did, he'd have known. He'd have felt her presence. He knew everyone who passed through town.

No one escaped his notice.

Not because he needed to know. Because he felt them all.

She had a certain pull and he'd have noticed that. He'd go to hell to find her, if he knew that's where she lived.

The darkness surrounded him and he flattened his hands on the bed. Electricity shot through him. If he could make the dream happen, he would.

Where was she?

A white mist filled his mind and he opened his eyes. The dream. Hades, he loved this dream. She appeared before him. Her hair slipped over her shoulders and blew in the slight breeze. Her eyes flashed and a slight smile curled on her lips. The dress clung to her curvy frame.

He had no idea of her name or where she was, if she even existed, but he didn't care. He reached for her.

She smiled and inched up to him. The bodice of the dress -- had to be a sundress, if he was to label it -- strained against her chest, showcasing her breasts. Her nipples beaded.

He grasped her hand and twined their fingers. He'd missed her. He swore this wasn't the first time he'd been in her presence. The last time he'd had this dream, he'd fucked her. No, being with her wasn't simple sex. It was making love.

He wanted to speak to her, but she had him tongue-tied. They never spoke in his dream. Then again, there was no need.

She pressed her body to his and he threaded his arm around her waist. She fit so well in his arms. Smelled good, too. Like heaven. He slipped a lock of her hair from her

face, loving the softness of her skin. His fingers sizzled.

She smoothed her palm over his cheek, then caressed the spot where his eye should've been.

He groaned again. Where anyone else would've been unnerved by his not having two eyes, she wasn't phased. She traced the line of his cheekbone, then nuzzled along his jaw.

He let go of her hand and scooped her into his arms. He'd waited long enough. Any woman who liked his nuance was the woman he wanted in his bed. He needed her. But he wasn't in bed any longer.

Where in the hell was he?

He shook his head. Didn't matter. He had better things to do than look for a damn bed. He tipped her head back and kissed her. The second his lips touched hers, he saw stars. His world tipped on it's axis, then settled. Everything felt right with her. She was his.

If he could only find her.

As he kissed her, she raked her fingers down his chest. When she reached his belt, she slipped the buckle loose. In seconds, she popped the button on his jeans.

He whimpered into the kiss. Soon, he'd find the highest highs and peace at the same time.

She pushed his jeans down his thighs, exposing his dick. A shiver, then groan rumbled through him. He loved that he never wore underwear in his dreams. She wrapped her hand around his shaft, sending another shiver through him.

Nothing else mattered but her.

His jeans settled around his ankles. Perfect. He tucked her to his chest.

She said nothing and draped her arms around his neck. Her eyes flashed again as she curled her legs at his waist. She said nothing and feasted on his mouth.

Hades, this was why he didn't need words. She knew what to do to frazzle his thoughts. He sucked on her tongue. At the same time he kept one arm around her back and grasped her ass with the other hand.

She whimpered as he rocked against her slick heat. She'd be the death of him.

She dug her nails into his shoulders. The mist surrounding them increased as he surged into her body. The tightness, the perfection of her overwhelmed him.

A feral cry escaped her throat. She rocked against him, meeting him thrust for thrust.

Gods, yes. He surged to the hilt into her. Everything about her fit him -- her body, her smile, the magic in her eyes. She'd been made just for him. No one else would do.

He built into a steady rhythm, moving in deep before nearly pulling out. His skin tingled and his throat went dry. He felt every ripple and nuance of her. The world melted away around them.

She cried out, then buried her face against his neck. She clawed at his shoulders again and tightened her pussy around his shaft. A shudder ran through her as she came.

Diesel increased his pace. Listening to her orgasm, the soft cry of release, pushed him to his own climax. He surged into her and growled. His knees buckled. He struggled to stay upright. Where was a wall when he needed it?

She clung to him for what seemed like an eternity. When she finally moved, she tipped her head back and met his gaze. He'd never seen anything so beautiful in his life.

The sparkle in her eyes increased, but she began to fade.

He held onto her tighter. This moment wasn't allowed to end. She belonged to him. She was his. No question.

A sad smile crossed her face as she disappeared.

He reached for her, but only touched empty space.

Fuck. Gone again.

He swiped through the air again, then slapped the bed. Back in his room, on his sheets. Just a dream.

He slipped his hands over his crotch. Pants open, cock exposed, her slickness on him... if he hadn't been with her, then this was the best spell ever and he didn't want it

to end.

He shoved his pants the rest of the way down his legs and kicked out of the garment to stretch out naked on the mattress. He'd been with her again. Not just with her, but he'd changed because of her. He'd found his heart. If she'd helped him find it in a dream, he'd find her in real life and get his heart beating again.

Had to.

She owned his soul.

Once he found her, he'd never let go.

Ever.

Taken by the Cyclops (Taken 1)
A Paranormal Women's Fiction Novel
Megan Slayer

Piper wanted nothing more than to escape the life she'd come to know, full of abuse and danger -- certainly not love. When she drives to Eerie, she's convinced she'll get a fresh start. What she doesn't expect is Diesel.

Diesel believes he's not worthy of love, but when he looks at Piper, he wants more than to protect her. He wants to own her -- body and soul. There's just one problem. He's a cyclops -- dangerous, destructive and hated. He's done things he knows are unforgivable.

Will the sweet runaway find the love she deserves in the monster she's found? Or will the monster from her past catch up and ruin her chances at the future she craves?

* * *

Authorized Excerpt:

Just let me get there. Piper sped through the night, checking the rearview mirror every few seconds just in case he'd followed her. She'd tossed her phone a hundred miles ago, but her wad of cash wouldn't hold out forever. He'd see she'd taken her life savings -- a whopping thousand dollars -- and run. She had to get to Eerie. Anything was better than where she'd come from.

Her life wouldn't get much better in the new town, but she'd get away from John. He was a bully, and she'd been a fool to hook up with him.

She sped on, blowing past the posted speed limit sign and praying the cops hadn't seen her. Then again, a night in jail would be better than being with John.

She tugged her sleeve down to hide her bruises. God. She was a smart person and strong, but she'd allowed him to put his hands on her. He'd convinced her she deserved the treatment.

Even alone in the car, she could hear his voice in her mind.

Never going to do better than me.

You don't deserve anyone else.

You're bringing me down to be with you, but no one wants you.

You're a waste of a person.

You're a piece of shit.

Worthless.

Whore.

Her tears clogged in her throat. Her sex life hadn't been his business before she'd met him and had gone to nothing once she'd become his punching bag. She'd only ever had three lovers before she met John.

He'd been her undoing. He'd convinced her to quit her studies and change her appearance, and he'd hurt her. What kind of man did that?

John did.

She spotted the village limit sign and gunned the engine.

Eerie was the place for paranormal creatures to belong -- so she'd been told. She'd heard stories of having Faerie blood. Did she? She hoped so. If she truly did, she'd be able to pass the village limit into Eerie. If not, then she'd been lied to, and she'd have to find somewhere else to hide.

Right now, she had to focus on the sign. She sped forward and held her breath.

The second she passed the yellow line on the road, she expected to be in the middle of a field or bland road. Instead, she rolled down the quaint street filled with closed shops, a restaurant, and even a drive-in theater. The place was cute -- in a dark and slightly scary fashion.

At least she was here. That rumor about Faerie blood must've been true.

She didn't hit the accelerator and instead coasted along the main drag through the village.

The place sort of reminded her of photos she'd seen of the 1950s small towns with lots of little businesses, neon signs, wide sidewalks, and eclectic names on the buildings -- Nan's Nothings, Curiosity Closet, Hot Dogs Dog Wash, Witch's Brew Coffee... She'd bet the place was pretty in the light of day.

But no one who wasn't a paranormal creature would be able to see it.

She spotted a hotel on the city square and pulled into one of the parking spots.

She'd tucked what was left of her hair into a baseball cap and wore thick gloves -- anything to disguise her appearance. If John found her now, then she'd have to find another safe place and work out another disguise.

She tossed the gloves and hat onto the passenger seat, then grabbed her purse. For all she knew, she'd be turned away at the front desk. She didn't exactly look like someone who could afford a night at the posh hotel.

Being new in town, she might stick out too much, too.

She braced herself and headed into the hotel. She had a backup plan in case she got tossed but hoped that wouldn't happen.

A woman with flame-red hair and faint, actual wings stood behind the counter. "Welcome to Eerie. How can I help you?"

"I need a room for the night, please?" She signed, then rummaged through her purse for some money and her ID. "I mean, I'd like a room, please?"

"Sure." The woman swept her gaze over Piper. "You're not from around here. How'd you find us?"

"My great-grandmother married a Fae. I never met either one of them, but I've been told stories." She produced her ID card and fisted the small wad of cash.

"Do you have a credit card?" The woman eyed Piper's ID. "We prefer a card to hold the room -- that and in the event you destroy the property."

"I don't have a credit card." She'd left hers at the apartment and tossed her phone along the road, hoping it'd be smashed by a passing car. Besides, she hadn't wanted John to find her, and the quickest way to track someone outside of their phone was their use of a credit card.

"Just a moment." The woman spoke softly into a tiny mic clipped to her shiny blue blouse.

The longer Piper had to wait, the lower her heart sank. She truly doubted she'd ever get away from John, but the odds he'd find her here had to be just about nil. He could be persistent, and if he thought he'd been shafted, he'd be tenacious. Nothing about him surprised her any longer, either.

She put her money back into her purse and held onto her ID.

“Okay.” The woman nodded and produced a swipe card. “I’ll give you a room for the night.”

“Thank you.” She had no idea how happy she’d made Piper. A place to stay that wasn’t the lumpy front seat of the shit car she’d bought for five hundred dollars.

“Don’t thank me yet.” The redhead crooked her over-drawn eyebrow. “You’re a stranger in town.”

“I know.” Piper squirmed under her gaze. Jesus. She hated being nervous.

“And we don’t always take to strangers. You never know why they’re here,” the woman said. “So for now, you’ll have a handler.”

Megan Slayer

Megan Slayer, aka Wendi Zwaduk, is a multi-published, award-winning author of more than one-hundred short stories and novels. She's been writing since 2008 and published since 2009. Her stories range from the contemporary and paranormal to LGBTQ and white hot themes. No matter what the length, her works are always hot, but with a lot of heart. She enjoys giving her characters a second chance at love, no matter what the form. She's been nominated at the LRC for Best Author, Best Contemporary, Best Ménage, Best BDSM and Best Anthology. Her books have made it to the bestseller lists on various e-tailer sites.

When she's not writing, Megan spends time with her husband and son as well as three dogs and three cats. She enjoys art, music and racing, but football is her sport of choice. She's an active member of the Friends of the Keystone-LaGrange Public library.

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