



DEMON
in
DISGUISE
Masters of the Incubus

ROXIE LEE

DEMON IN DISGUISE

Masters of the Incubus – Part One

Roxie Lee

When Lacey Michaels receives a surprise invite to Incubus—a notorious BDSM club in San Francisco—she jumps at the opportunity. After all, she’s a journalist and curiosity is her middle name. What’s more, if she finds the rumors about the club are true, she’ll make a name for herself in the business.

A Demon by nature and a soul catcher by trade, Kurt Samuelsson is enchanted by the beautiful dark-haired stranger who visits the club. He instinctively knows she’s everything he needs in a woman, and is therefore his promised one—the soul mate who will be his for eternity.

As Lacey discovers all manner of strange phenomenon pointing to demons and devil worship at the infamous venue, she becomes frightened, but also sexually drawn to the good-looking guy who always seems to be staring whenever she glances in his direction.

Lacey hadn’t reckoned on falling for the tall, enigmatic stranger with the mesmerizing eyes, and as a result her priorities become unclear.

Should she sample the demonic sexual fruits on offer from Kurt, or should she see sense and simply run from Incubus with her story, never to return again?

Reader Advisory: Contains scenes of domination and submission, a strong heroine, and a demon in disguise.

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Dedication

To my wonderful husband, Clive, you are my inspiration, because without you, I cease to exist.

Chapter One

Lacey Michaels couldn't help but smile at her best friend's genuine concern. "You look worried, Rebecca, but there's really no need, I can take care of myself."

"I hear you, Lacey, but I can't help worrying. As a natural submissive it's part of my nature."

"I know, but you seem to forget that I'm a twenty-six-year-old woman—one who holds a black belt in karate. I don't need you to hold my hand, because I can look after myself just fine."

Rebecca didn't seem convinced. "Okay, but I wish I'd never agreed to let you come with me to Club Incubus."

"Everything will be fine, you'll see."

"Rebecca Williams."

Her friend's name filtered through the loudspeaker system to where they both stood, waiting backstage.

"Look, I've got to go, Lacey. Promise me you won't get yourself into any trouble."

"I won't get into trouble, I promise. Now get out there and strut your stuff, girl." Lacey watched her childhood friend of fifteen years walk, or should that be glide through the gap in the thick velvet curtain, and onto the stage out front. A natural blonde, Rebecca held her head high and turned to the audience as she handed the auctioneer her card. Almost immediately he began reeling off the vital information it contained.

"Well, my friends, you're certainly in for a treat at Club Incubus tonight, because at twenty-seven years of age, and standing some five feet nine inches tall, this beautiful lady enjoys playing the submissive. As you can see, Rebecca here has gorgeous, long blonde hair, and just begs to be disciplined with the whip or a cane. So gentlemen, which of you Doms will bid high enough to win this highly desirable sub? Remember, all the proceeds of tonight's auction will go to charity, and your generosity is greatly appreciated..."

Waiting backstage, and knowing she was next in line, Lacey swallowed nervously before glancing at the card she held protectively in her hand. Would anyone bid for her? After all, she'd

compiled an almost endless list of things she wouldn't do. Anyway, whoever made the winning bid would be a complete stranger, so there had to be rules, right?

The auctioneer's booming voice cut through her introspection. "I'm bid three thousand dollars from the tall, dark-haired gentleman, sitting in the corner." Lacey peered through the slit in the curtain and saw the silver-haired auctioneer shake his head in disbelief. "Oh, come on, come on, good people, this beautiful creature standing before you is worth far more than a measly three thousand bucks. So I ask you again to look deep into your hearts, while you open your wallets wide. Are there any more bids, gentlemen?"

Lacey's mouth fell open in astonishment. Rebecca was gorgeous with a capital *G*, and had certainly caught the eye of several Doms at the infamous BDSM club. Curiosity getting the better of her, she furtively peeped through the curtains again, this time catching a glimpse of the large crowd that had gathered in the Grand Salon for this unusual event. In the sumptuous and well-appointed room, classical decorations and embellishments complemented the baroque styling of the furniture. While subdued lighting, cast dark eerie shadows, only adding to the mystery of the secretive venue.

Located on the affluent West Coast, and with a members' list that was highly guarded, Club Incubus was more like a secret society than a fet club. Catering strictly for the needs of wealthy clients, the club rarely opened its doors to new members. So when Rebecca had told her she'd been invited to attend a charity auction event at the mysterious venue, Lacey had seen an opportunity. As a journalist, getting the inside story on this secretive organization would be a tremendous boost to her career. The powers that be at the *San Francisco Spirit*, the newspaper she worked for, might even take her more seriously as a reporter, and desist from sending her to every dreary jamboree and gala event. Christ Almighty, she would certainly enjoy a break from those tedious women's coffee mornings, where *ladies that lunch* gossip about inconsequential things of no real interest.

At first, her best friend had been adamant. "No. No. No. You're not a natural submissive, and you're not into the lifestyle, Lacey. You'll be out of your depth. You simply have no idea what you'll be letting yourself in for if I agree to let you come."

Believing herself to be a confident woman, Lacey had instinctively disputed her best friend's reasons for not wanting to take her along. "Listen, Becky, I'm only going to look and learn, and I certainly won't be participating in any sexual activity with men I don't know. Sleeping around is

just not my thing. Anyway, you've already told me the auction rules state that the whole charade is merely a showcase to raise money for charity. A way of introducing like-minded individuals to one another. When all is said and done, it's no more dangerous than a blind date for God's sake."

Rebecca had vehemently shaken her head. "You have absolutely no idea how persuasive some of these Doms can be."

After much arguing, Lacey had eventually persuaded Rebecca to take her along. After all, what was the worst that could happen? If there was anything going on that she didn't like at Club Incubus, she only had to say no, right?

Club Incubus had been shrouded in secrecy ever since the enigmatic philanthropist, Willem Zeegers had founded the organization in San Francisco more than two hundred years ago. Just to be inside the place and glimpse that legendary interior was an achievement in itself.

Lacey knew she was about to be called onto the stage at any moment, and she steeled herself as best she could. Yes, she'd make a point of enjoying herself, and the more information she discovered about the enigmatic club, the better. If she could gain the confidence of the highest bidder, the man whose submissive she was about to become; then she would have the story of the century to take to her editor. After that, her boss Vincent Carpetta would have no choice but to recognize her as a serious journalist—a journalist who always got the story.

Indeed, that afternoon while Rebecca and herself had been waiting for the auction to begin, they'd managed to slip away from the organizers tight control, and find the infamous East Tower. The imposing turret rose some three stories, defining the outside of the Gothic building, and creating a landmark for miles around. Unfortunately, the massive oak-paneled door that would gain them entrance had been securely bolted. While they'd stood there, looking at the antiquated cast-iron locks, they'd both shivered as though an icy-cold hand had run the entire length of their spines. Believing themselves to be rational thinkers, Lacey and Rebecca had dismissed the unnerving phenomena as merely a change in the temperature, and not something more sinister.

Several years ago, a young woman had reported seeing some bizarre happenings in and around the East Tower—weird stuff that defied logical explanation. Her crazy story about devil worship had caused an incredible amount of hysteria within the media. So much so that it prompted Club Incubus to issue a strong statement of denial. As with everything, the trail eventually went cold and interest in the story soon waned, becoming another one of those five-minute wonders that

people remember and then forget within the space of an afternoon.

Besides, who would believe that a club secretly practicing devil worship would be named Incubus? It just didn't make sense, because they'd be drawing unwanted attention to themselves.

With no real evidence of any wrongdoing, Lacey had zero justification for snooping around the club. However, the auction gave her the perfect opportunity to dig a little deeper, and besides, the origins of Club Incubus were both interesting and intriguing.

From the moment Willem Zeegers stepped onto dry land from the Pride of Hades more than two hundred years ago and formed the club, Incubus had been steeped in myth and legend. However, after researching the history in greater depth, something just didn't sit right with Lacey. The journalist in her was like a dog with a bone, and demanded she seek out the truth, making sure that the constant trickle of rumors were just that—rumors. It wouldn't be an easy job, but she was willing to pretend she was a submissive who was heavily into the BDSM scene. Lacey took her work seriously.

Shit. Am I really dumb enough to offer myself up for auction? Talk about jumping in at the deep end.

Unsure if she was doing the right thing, Lacey took several deep breaths in an attempt to quash her natural reaction to make a run for the exit door behind her. However, even after several lungfuls of air, she still couldn't quite regain her composure. The growing apprehension and excitement had finally gotten to her, and she fanned a hand in front of her face, only to lose her grip on the card that the auctioneer needed to read from.

In sheer dismay, she watched it flutter slowly to the floor some four feet below the raised stage she stood on. *Hell, what am I supposed to do now?* With the auction for Rebecca reaching fever pitch, Lacey hurriedly scanned the semi-darkness beneath her feet.

"Did you lose something, little one? Perhaps I can help." A deep, assertive voice rumbled through the gloom, making the hairs on the back of her neck stand to attention.

Lacey felt her eyes widen with sexual desire and not a little fear as she stared into the face of just about the most beautiful, yet powerful man she'd ever seen. Surely no man on God's good earth had a right to be as handsome as this guy? Finger-combed dark brown hair blended perfectly with rugged features, while a body to die for filled out tight leather jeans and a white T-shirt to perfection. Even from her elevated position on the raised stage he looked tall, and she guessed him to be at least six-three, maybe even six-four.

And then he smiled at her—a smile that seemed to scorch the divide that separated them. A smile that sucked the air from her lungs and made her pussy wet with need. *Oh, dear, God, yes.* Whoever this guy was, his face held the smile of a man who knew exactly what he wanted. Clearly he was one of the Doms at Club Incubus who'd slipped away from the main event. In that instant, Lacey realized that her prayers to find her dropped auction card had been answered.

Normally organized and in control of her destiny, she felt anything but in the presence of this total stranger. What had Rebecca told her? Yes, that's right, a submissive should always refer to any club Dom as "Sir" until they instruct you otherwise. Unable to move, and feeling like a complete idiot for staring at the sexiest guy she'd ever laid eyes on, Lacey found her voice, only for it to come out even huskier than usual.

"Sir, I'm sorry, Sir, but I dropped the card that holds my bidding information." She pointed to where it lay at his booted feet, noticing that her hand shook ever so slightly. "The rules say that I can't be auctioned off to the highest bidder without it."

"Is that so." He smiled again, this time with amusement, making those compelling blue eyes crinkle slightly at the corners. "In that case, we mustn't disappoint the good people here at Incubus, must we?"

"No, Sir."

He hunkered down, picked up her card and began reading the information written on it. "So, Lacey." A look of pure sexual intent flashed across his face as he raised his gaze to her, which made her feel as though she were in the presence of the devil himself—a demon who wore a beautiful disguise.

"I see this is your first time at an auction."

"Yes. Um...? Yes, but how did you know?"

He handed the card back, and smiled. "I just know."

Her fingers barely brushed against his as she took the card from him, but to Lacey it felt as though an intense electrical charge had passed from his body into hers. The feeling continued as she stared helplessly into his eyes, and asked, "Have we...have we met before? I feel that I-I..."

"You feel that you know me, don't you, Lacey?"

"Yes, but it's strange, because I know deep down that we've never met before, and that I don't even know your name. Um...I'm not sure why...I just thought that..." Her brows drew together as she tried to make sense of the muddle of information being processed by her brain.

Eventually, she dismissed the idea of them having met before as complete nonsense. “No. Just forget what I said.”

He smiled again, and she instinctively felt that he understood her. “So tell me, why did you come here tonight?”

“Because it’s a charity event, and I like to contribute to good causes whenever I can.” She lied.

He wagged a finger at her, and she felt as though he could read her mind. “Didn’t your mother tell you that naughty girls go to hell if they tell lies to strange men?”

“But I’m not lying.”

“And there you go again. This time lying about not lying.”

“But—”

He took a step forward and pressed his finger to her lips, sending that same electrical charge through her body again. “Shhh. Quit while you’re ahead, little one.”

Lacey wasn’t a natural submissive, and in every one of her relationships with men they’d always been equal partners. However, within minutes of meeting this man for the first time, a man whose name she still didn’t know, Lacey felt like a submissive woman—one who actually enjoyed the dominance and control of a powerful male.

Disturbed by her thoughts, her whole body jolted in surprise when the auctioneer suddenly banged his wooden gavel on the table, and announced, “Rebecca Williams, sold to bidder number ninety-seven for six thousand dollars.”

Right now for some unknown reason, she didn’t give a fig about Rebecca and how much money she’d raised for charity, because her attention was focused solely on the gorgeous, godlike man standing before her. After all, what other man had made her go weak at the knees when he so much as looked at her? None.

“It’s your time, little one. I want you to go out there and shine, just for me.” With those immaculately delivered words he was gone, making her question whether this charismatic man ever really existed other than in her imagination.

She studied the auction card. The very one he’d handed back to her. Was she going crazy? If she was, it was certainly a good feeling.

Chapter Two

As a diversion from the auction of female flesh, which in his opinion had become too pedestrian, Kurt Samuelsson had wandered around to the back of the stage. He'd sensed that something special lay just behind the thick velvet curtain, and he'd been right. In fact, he'd never known his intuition to be wrong in more than two hundred years.

As he'd handed back the auction card to the softly trembling young woman, Kurt had stared into the most gorgeous green eyes imaginable, instinctively knowing that this woman was special. Despite her best efforts to hide it, Kurt had sensed her vulnerability. When he'd heard her soft husky voice for the first time, something irrepressible had immediately stirred within him, charging up his sexual libido to new levels.

Their brief meeting had been electrifying, and he knew Lacey, beautiful beguiling Lacey, shared that connection. She was the promised *one*. There was absolutely no doubt in his mind about that. After endless years of waiting, searching, and hoping, he'd finally found his soul mate. It was their destiny to be together until the end of time.

Completely stunned by this revelation, he eased back into his chair as a new life plan formed in his mind. The centuries of loneliness and desperate solitude he'd endured had seemed never-ending. His loneliness at times so overwhelming that he'd almost given up on ever finding his perfect mate—that special woman who would take away the gnawing emptiness he felt inside. Isolation in its purest and cruelest form had threatened to be his only companion until the very end of time, and that heavy burden made Kurt sad.

Of course, there'd been women in his life, or should that be women in his existence, for that was how it felt to him. There'd been plenty of them too. A never-ending stream of firm female flesh, and although this endless parade of sexy women briefly took away the emptiness he felt, Kurt knew that no ordinary woman could ever fill the void that tortured his very soul. Only the *chosen one* could do that. And her name was Lacey.

Kurt found it hard to believe he'd found her, but he had, and she stood just twenty or thirty feet

from him, shielded only by the red velvet curtain. He yearned for her to emerge like a beautiful and brightly colored butterfly before going home with the highest bidder—him.

Yeah, he'd make sure he was the highest bidder. In fact, he'd move heaven and earth and everything in between to win the rest of eternity with this exquisite creature. Kurt steeled himself as he waited for the heavy curtain to swish open. He would not fail in his quest, because it was their destiny to be together.

Feeling a tingle of excitement as anticipation rose within him, Kurt stroked a hand across his jaw, enjoying the way the stubble rasped beneath his fingertips. He'd sensed the confusion in Lacey's mind, but he knew deep down that she felt the connection too, because she'd asked if they'd met before. At this point in time she didn't fully understand why her emotions and thoughts were so confused, but with his help and guidance, she soon would.

Kurt looked around the auction room, needing to know what competition he was up against in order to win Lacey. His old friend, Willem Zeegers, eyed him with interest, and then raised his glass before taking a sip of the vintage brandy he'd brought with him all the way from the old country more than two centuries before. "Tell me, Kurt, has something, or more importantly, someone caught your eye tonight?"

"Maybe, but I'm keeping my powder dry for now, Will." Kurt needed to act as nonchalantly as possible, because he didn't wish to draw unnecessary attention to Lacey.

As he waited for the auction to begin, Kurt's thoughts drifted back in time, way back. As a boy of barely eleven summers, he'd set sail with his parents in an ancient galleon named the *Pride of Hades*. Setting out from Hamburg during the cruel winter of 1786, Kurt had initially overflowed with youthful enthusiasm and a sense of adventure. However, that youthful energy had soon waned, because during the eleven-month voyage, the conditions aboard ship became almost unbearable.

More than half of the two hundred and eighty-six souls onboard perished, succumbing to *ship's fever*, now known as typhus, a disease which was made interminably worse by the lack of drinkable water, and fresh edible food. Disease was rife and brutal in the way it summarily dispatched human life as though it meant nothing. Kurt had been forced to watch his parents suffer long drawn-out deaths, only for their bodies to be thrown overboard by the crew, as though their human existence had been worthless.

Now frightened, lost, and alone, a man called Willem Zeegers—a man who appeared to be in

his mid-thirties—befriended him. Willem had protected him from the other passengers as anarchy aboard the *Pride of Hades* escalated. He'd protected him from evil godless men who hadn't seen, let alone enjoyed a woman for almost eleven months, and saw a vulnerable eleven-year-old boy as a suitable sexual replacement. Those same godless men also tried to steal what little food and water he had, but again, Willem came to his rescue like a knight in shining armor, protecting him from the evils of the world.

Although just a child, Kurt had instinctively known there was something different about Willem, but as a mere boy he'd found it hard to make sense of his feelings. Willem had a presence about him—an aura. It appeared to his young eyes that the man was surrounded by a magical force field. A force field that protected himself and anyone Willem considered to be a friend. Without Willem, Kurt was in no doubt that he would have perished on that trip, just like all the other lost souls, and just like his beloved parents.

Kurt had been overwhelmed with relief when they'd finally dropped anchor at Yerba Buena—the small settlement later renamed San Francisco. After almost a year at sea, he'd stepped like a drunken sailor from the *Pride of Hades* and kissed the ground, vowing never to go to sea again even if he lived to be a hundred years old.

Without a single friend in the world, Kurt was overjoyed when Willem offered his guardianship and a new life. However, there was a catch. In exchange for Willem's help and his own survival, it was necessary for Kurt to sell his soul to the devil. Without any other options, he'd reluctantly given himself up to Willem's charge on whatever terms he demanded.

Kurt smiled as he waited for Lacey to appear from behind the red velvet curtain. Since those long ago days, he'd learned a lot about the enigmatic passenger called Willem—the only man who didn't get sick, not even once, on the long voyage from Hamburg.

Willem had guided his development, teaching him the ways of the Incubus, postponing the day he was converted into a fully-fledged demon until he was a mature adult. By then he was thirty years old and more than ready to be assimilated into the Dominion.

Breaking into his reverie, Willem slapped his thigh and laughed out loud. "Goddamn it. I just know you are fantasizing about that pretty submissive backstage. You have women on your mind at the moment, old friend, and if my intuition is to be believed, one woman in particular."

Kurt drummed his fingers on the table as he studied his friend intently. In the two centuries since he'd first met Willem, his lifelong mentor hadn't aged a day, still having the appearance of

a mortal man in his mid-thirties. During that time, fashions had come and gone, but Willem with his jet-black hair and piercing eyes had remained exactly the same, just as he had.

Knowing he couldn't hide anything from his best friend and confidant for long, Kurt eventually said, "I've found my soul mate."

Willem leaned back in his chair, and then folded his arms across his chest, a satisfied look to his face. "What did I tell you, Kurt? I always said that one day she would walk into your life, and that you would know immediately that she was your soul mate. Exactly the same thing happened when I laid eyes on my beautiful Sarah for the very first time. Us demons instinctively know such things, Kurt."

"And you and Sarah, you've been happy ever since?"

"Yes, and so will you be, but I'm sensing a certain uneasiness in your demeanor, old friend. You can't fool me. Nobody knows you better than I do, Kurt."

Willem spoke the truth.

"I'm not sure she's here for the auction at all, Will. I think that's just a smoke screen. I believe she may even be trying to find out the real truth about Incubus. Maybe even expose us for what we really are—demons in human form that live forever. It's too early for me to be certain, but I can't shake the feeling that she's a journalist of some description."

Willem's eyes sparkled with an intense white fire as he concentrated his power on the stage, and the girl waiting nervously behind the curtain. Willem's sheer power and presence sometimes intimidated even other demons. However, Kurt had gotten used to his towering influence over the years, and had never once felt afraid of his lifelong friend. Apprehensive and wary yes, but afraid, no.

Kurt knew what that look in Willem's eyes meant. He was angry. After all, he'd nurtured Club Incubus into life with his bare hands, and he wasn't about to have it destroyed by a nonbeliever of the female variety. Willem leaned forward in his chair, his voice a deep menacing growl. "You need to contain her, Kurt. I don't have to tell you what will happen if she gets her way, and I will not have anyone jeopardize the Dominion. Not even you, my friend. The whole of humanity depends on these portals being run properly and efficiently."

"It's not a problem, Will. The changeling process is already underway, albeit in its preliminary stages. A short time from now she won't remember any of her old life, and she'll become completely absorbed into our world. She will become my soul mate. I guarantee it."

Will patted his shoulder. “Then I suggest you work your magic, Kurt. After all, I taught you well, so I know you can do it.” He pointed to the stage, just as Lacey emerged from behind the thick velvet curtain. “I suggest you start bidding immediately, because a woman as beautiful as her won’t remain available for very long.”

Kurt’s loins pulsed with pure sexual arousal. His cock was rock hard and pushed uncomfortably against the inside of his leather pants as he studied the woman destined to become his soul mate. Subtle lighting emphasized her gorgeous, long brown hair, creating a halo effect. As she stood there, Lacey looked completely edible in her skimpy leather skirt, and those sexy thigh-hugging leather boots clinging to the creamy flesh of her legs. This incredible woman had tits to die for too, and Kurt felt an almost irresistible urge to mount the stage, rip them from her blouse, and then suck the goodness from them. Lacey was certainly curvy. The sort of woman any man or demon with red blood coursing through their veins would dream about.

The bidding soon reached five thousand dollars for the highly desirable sub, and rather than waste more precious time, Kurt shouted authoritatively from the rear of the auction room. “I bid two hundred thousand dollars for the lady.”

Fuck it. It is only money, and as a demon that can never die I have all the time in the world to make some more. Right now, nothing else matters except claiming beautiful Lacey as my soul mate.

An audible gasp of astonishment rippled around the auction room, but he didn’t bother to check it out, because his laser stare was concentrated exclusively on Lacey. The fledgling female demon was clearly as shocked and surprised as everyone else.

Kurt watched entranced as she instinctively touched perfectly manicured fingers to her mouth as if to say, “Two hundred thousand bucks for me? How the fuck did that happen? Exactly what the hell is going on here?”

But there was something else he stole from her thoughts too—relief. Yes, that was it. Relief that he’d been the one who’d actually made the bid.

The auctioneer’s voice came out as a tight squeak. “I’ve just been bid two hundred thousand dollars for this beautiful lady. It may be a big ask, gentlemen, but are there any more bids out there from the audience?”

Silence. Total silence ensued.

Kurt felt confident that Lacey now belonged to him, because with the exception of his old

friend Willem, none of the other demons in the auction room were able to compete.

Kurt could have heard a pin drop as the hushed silence remained for what seemed an eternity before the shell-shocked auctioneer finally banged his gavel against the wooden sounding block.

Pandemonium instantly spread like wildfire throughout the auction room. “Sold. Sold to Kurt Samuelsson for the incredible sum of two hundred thousand dollars.”

He’d done it. He’d defeated all his demon adversaries, and had won the prize that would make his life complete—Lacey.

Kurt patted Willem on the arm with affection, but also as a way of letting him know that he now considered himself to be on equal terms with his former mentor. “Like you say, Willem, I have to sort this out, and that’s exactly what I’ve done.”

That need to conquer and take control had suddenly been ignited. Lacey Michaels with her beautiful brunette hair and lush sensuous curves was now his to do with as he pleased. His to mold, guide, love, and direct. She now belonged to him—Kurt Samuelsson.

He felt his cock harden in his pants again as he imagined possessing her silken body for the first time. He’d fuck her in every way and manner that pleased him, knowing that Lacey would get as much pleasure from their blissful union. Now he’d purchased her, this beautiful woman would be his for the rest of eternity.

Chapter Three

Lacey almost had to pinch herself, because she found it nigh on impossible to get her head around what had just happened. Some gorgeous guy who she'd met and spoken with for barely five minutes had just spent two hundred thousand dollars to win her at a charity auction. How crazy was that? She'd expected her limit to be more like one hundred bucks, because the charity auction was just for fun, right?

Her heart beat worryingly fast, because the incredibly sexy Dom, who had just secured her company for an amount of money that could buy a new apartment, stared intently at her as she stood bewildered on the stage.

Then, almost in a godlike way, the crowd obediently parted, and he strode purposefully toward her, making her wonder exactly who this guy really was, and why he had such influence over her. He took the steps two at a time, bounding onto the stage with undiluted energy before closing in on her. His penetrating blue gaze never once wavered from her for a single second, letting Lacey know this was no ordinary man.

His dominating closeness meant that she had access to his alpha-male scent, and her whole body responded accordingly, releasing large amounts of adrenaline.

"So we meet again, little one." His voice dripped with raw sex appeal, sending her body and mind into a spiral of desire that felt divine, yet at the same time unnerved her. "I'm Kurt. Kurt Samuelsson. You belong to me now, little one. You're mine."

His uncompromising words worried her, but they also turned her on. Lacey struggled to convince herself that everything was perfectly normal, and this really was just a harmless charity auction. However, deep down she knew it wasn't, and she instinctively understood that her time at Club Incubus would have a far more profound effect on her life than she could ever have envisaged.

He smiled, showing perfect white teeth, and she knew, just knew that this guy possessed otherworldly qualities that she couldn't as yet understand.

Even with all the excitement in the Grand Salon, and the cacophony of people talking in the background, she fancied she heard the trace of a slight accent, possibly European in origin. With dark wavy brown hair, and arresting good looks, she figured he could be Austrian or possibly Hungarian. Wherever he originated from, Lacey felt his presence almost burrowing into her, as though trying to extract every secret she ever had.

Without him even asking, she found herself slipping her hand in his. There it was again, that feeling of an electrical charge passing from his body to hers. It unsettled her slightly, but it also made her feel incredibly sexy and aroused. For some unknown reason, Lacey was acutely aware of this enigmatic man, almost as though their meeting had been preordained by a higher power. But that was impossible, because although he seemed incredibly familiar, she knew deep down they hadn't met before.

I mean, wise up, girl. If you'd met this fucking drop dead gorgeous guy before, you'd remember. Jesus, you'd remember.

He's impossible to forget.

He wrapped his arm around her waist and led her from the stage. "Come with me. There is nothing of interest for us here now."

Lacey tried to find her old self within herself. The woman that was naturally confident and assertive, and as far away from being the submissive female as possible. Only, God help her, she couldn't seem to find that girl anymore. It was almost as though she'd gone forever. Almost as though she'd never existed. Lacey was a black belt in karate, but try as she might she couldn't think of one single defensive move at this moment, and she was sure it was all down to Kurt Samuelsson's influence. Just who was this guy, and how did he exert such control over her?

He frightened her. He excited her. He turned her on.

In a bid to get a grip on reality, Lacey forced herself to remember that she was a journalist—a journalist with a job to do. She needed to focus on that fact. *Focus. Focus. Focus, Lacey. Try to block these mind games he's playing with you. But I can't. I can't. I just can't. He's too strong for me. I feel his towering presence every time I look into those perfect blue eyes. I feel it every time his hand so much as touches mine. Pull yourself together, woman.*

The invite to the auction is the opportunity of a lifetime. The opportunity to find out what really goes on here at Club Incubus. Never forget that. That's the reason you're here in the first place. However attractive Kurt is as a man, you are still your own woman. A woman capable of

making her own decisions, no matter how much he tries to bend you to his will with these mind games he insists on playing.

When he assertively cupped her elbow in the palm of his hand, and then guided her down the small flight of steps that led from the stage, she still couldn't shake, no matter how much logic she applied, the feeling that she'd met Kurt Samuelsson before.

Quit torturing yourself, woman. Get it into your thick skull. You. Don't. Know. The. Man.

He stopped abruptly at the bottom of the steps, before roughly spinning her around and staring unashamedly into her eyes. She felt it again—that intense electrical charge, followed by his overwhelming physical presence. Such was the effect he had on her, Lacey really had to convince herself that this beautiful man couldn't read her mind.

He smiled. A triumphant smile that told her he knew things she didn't. "Don't look so scared, little one. I don't bite. That is, unless you want me to." Further control came as he dragged his thumb across her parched lips, making them separate with the pressure, causing her clit to zing immediately into life. Dear God, she didn't know how he did it, but Lacey wanted him to rip her clothes off, spread her thighs wide, and then pleasure her pussy lips in exactly the same way he caressed her mouth right now. Jesus Christ, it would only take a few strokes of that magical thumb against her sensitive nub to bring her to explosive orgasm.

Oh. My. God. Please. I'm so wet with longing. I need you. In her imagination Lacey slapped her own face, hard. Then for good measure slapped it again in order to get the message across. What am I saying? Why the hell am I thinking this way? I barely know the guy for God's sake. Control yourself, woman, you've never acted so wantonly, so quickly, with a guy before.

When Kurt removed his wondrous touch from her lips, she stood staring breathlessly at him, desperate to know how he created such carnal need within her—a gnawing sexual need that made her long to have Kurt thrust his huge cock deep inside her. Huge cock? How the hell could she possibly know something like that?

Disturbed and startled by her overtly sexual response to this powerful man, Lacey wondered if Rebecca's prophecy would come true. Her friend's words echoed ominously in her ear. "You have absolutely no idea how persuasive some of these Doms can be." She was a grown woman, and up until now had always been in control of her destiny. Why was that changing tonight? Why was she finding it so fucking difficult to focus and stay in control? Deep down she knew she was losing it big time.

Lacey steeled her resolve again. This assignment was a once in a lifetime opportunity—an opportunity that demanded her full attention. Instead of filling her head with wanton sexual needs and desires, she needed to fill her head with fighting talk. If she put her mind to it, there wasn't a man in this whole fucked-up world who could control her, the way Kurt Samuelsson seemed to be doing with such consummate ease.

A striking man with dark hair and swashbuckling good looks strode purposefully across to them. With an engaging smile to his face, he held out his hand. "Good evening, I'm Will, the proprietor of Club Incubus."

She immediately noticed that Will was blessed with the same towering presence as Kurt, causing her to fluff her words a little. "G—good to meet you, Sir," she blustered, as she felt the warmth of his masculine hand envelop hers. "I'm Lacey Michaels."

Will laughed. "I know. I know who you are. I make it my business to know exactly what goes on in my club. Welcome to Incubus, Lacey. What brings you here tonight?"

"The—the charity auction." Jesus, this guy could read her thoughts too, and knew she was lying through her teeth.

"Charity auction, huh? I see." He affectionately patted Kurt's shoulder. "I fully agree with your initial findings, Kurt. I think we're both agreed on the plan of action." Without another word Will spun around and strode from them.

Lacey's heart was in her mouth, because she knew she'd been rumbled. Now two incredibly powerful men were fully aware that she'd come to Club Incubus for reasons other than a harmless charity auction.

With her elbow still cupped in the palm of his hand, Kurt guided her across the great hall, motioning to some plush velvet seating. "We'll talk for a while, then I'll take you to one of the private play areas here at Incubus."

Lacey's mouth fell open. Kurt wasn't asking her what she'd like to do. Instead, he was telling her what they were going to do. This thought frightened her, but whichever way she wrapped it up, his domination also ignited a sexual passion in her she hadn't realized existed.

He kissed her lips, and that electric charge zapped straight to every nerve ending in her body again. "Do I scare you, little one?"

"Yes, but you know that already, don't you, Kurt? In fact, you seem to know almost everything about me."

“I do. It’s my job to know such things,” he whispered as he settled beside her on the comfortable couch.

“But how? How do you know such things, Kurt? And why do I feel this way when I’m around you?”

He possessively raised her chin with his thumb, giving her no option but to stare into his eyes. It was as though those piercing blue irises effortlessly dredged every secret from deep within her, no matter how she tried to hide them from him.

“Curious little thing, aren’t you, Lacey? But don’t worry, because everything will soon become apparent. In short order, the mystery will be solved and the pieces of the puzzle will fit perfectly together.”

Kurt angled his body toward her, making her even more aware of the powerful being sitting so achingly near to her. At such close range, she marveled at every plane and angle of his finely chiseled face. Unable to stop herself, she breathed deeply imbibing his natural masculine scent. She wanted him. However hard she tried to convince herself otherwise, she wanted Kurt Samuelsson, and if he was blessed with some degree of magical or even demonic powers that she couldn’t quite comprehend, this only made her want him more.

He knew it too, because he traced the line of her cheek with the tip of his index finger, causing any resolve and fight she had left to first crumble, and then disappear. “Yes, little one, it’s good that you’re scared of me. A little fear for your Master is always desirable.”

“M–m–my Master?”

“Yes.”

“But...but...” She shook her head. “But it’s just a harmless charity auction.”

“An auction that I won, little one. Have you forgotten the small matter of the two hundred thousand dollars I paid to buy your soul?”

“You–you’ve bought my s–soul?” Kurt was right—he scared her—but the sexual attraction to this powerful man was so overwhelming, she wouldn’t want to be anywhere else right now.

“You mean you own me?”

“Yes. Every exquisite inch of your body, mind, and—”

“Soul?”

“Yes indeed, your soul, Lacey. Did you really think that Willem and myself were naïve enough to believe your story about the auction? As you’ve already discovered, I can read your thoughts

and I know that you're a journalist. One, who has come here to destroy everything that Willem and myself have created?"

"I—I'm not a journalist." She knew her answer didn't convince Kurt in the slightest.

"Little liar. When will you learn that it's impossible for you to deceive me?"

Lacey tried to speak. In a pitiful attempt to defend herself, her mouth got as far as forming the perfect *O*. However, before she could say anything, Kurt leaned forward, invading her space by covering her lips with his own. Such was the impact of his kiss that at this precise moment in time she didn't want to speak anymore. Instead, she reveled in the way this magnificent man tasted, and the feel of his tongue urgently dueling with her own.

He wanted more, and he caressed the base of her neck, weaving his fingers progressively tighter into her hair until he held her head in a vise-like grip. Far from frightening her, this loss of control thrilled Lacey, making her pussy wet with desire. With her face angled to his, he pulled slightly away and studied her intently for a moment, constantly asserting his dominance over her.

"Never make the mistake of lying to me again. Do you understand?"

Those expressive blue eyes burned with fire, and she knew better than to argue with him. "Yes."

"Yes what?" He twisted his hand more tightly into her hair.

"Yes, Sir. Sorry, Sir."

"Better. Much better." He let go of her hair, and she felt relief flood her body, although strangely, such was the impact he had on her she already missed his touch.

Taking pride of place on the wall opposite hung two impressive framed portraits painted in oils. To her eyes they looked old—ancient even—and she guessed they dated from the 17th or possibly 18th century. For some reason, she felt compelled to stare at each gilt-framed oil in turn, almost as though the picture itself demanded her attention.

Lacey did a double take, because the people in the portraits, despite wearing clothes from centuries past, looked uncannily familiar.

Suddenly slotting together the pieces of the puzzle that Kurt had talked about, Lacey instinctively placed her hand to her chest in an effort to control her breathing. "It's—it's..." She violently shook her head. "No it can't be. It's just not possible."

"What's not possible, little one?"

“Those two men in the portraits. They’re...they’re you and Will.”

Kurt threw back his head and laughed, obviously enjoying her discomfort. “Do you mean me and Will? Or two people who just happen to resemble us? Bearing in mind those pictures were painted more than two hundred years ago, which do you think is the most likely scenario, Lacey?”

Every part of the rational being within her screamed—get a grip. The men in the pictures just look like Kurt and Will, that’s all. However crazy it sounded, and crazy as it was, she instinctively knew the guys in the pictures *were* them. Indeed, one of the men sat mere inches from her forensically studying her reaction.

Breathless, frightened, but also intrigued, she rose from her seat for a closer look, tracing her fingers over the swirls of paint created by the ancient brush strokes. Although no art expert, she realized the portraits were genuinely old. They weren’t modern copies or fakes. They were the real thing painted by an artist long since dead.

Lacey spun around. “It is you. It is you, Kurt. And it’s Will too.” Close to collapse, she hunkered down and placed her head in her hands. “Oh, my God. Oh, my God. What am I dealing with here? What the hell is going on in this club?”

Kurt beckoned her over with a crooked finger. “Come and sit next me to me, Lacey, before you pass out.”

Not wanting to know the details, but needing to know everything, she immediately did as he demanded. He responded to her distress by wrapping his arms around her, making her feel at peace again.

“Let’s cut the bullshit, Lacey. The reason you came to Club Incubus has nothing to do with the charity auction event. No. The reason you’re here tonight is to see if the all the rumors are true. And if they are, to write and sensationalize them in that two-bit newspaper you work for. That would destroy the club and I can’t allow you to do that.”

“And are the rumors true, Kurt?”

Without answering her question, he said, “Come with me.”

As if their paths were somehow destined for one another, Lacey couldn’t resist. Her body and mind seemingly compelled to follow this gorgeous man wherever he may lead her.

Chapter Four

Kurt assertively guided Lacey through the gaggle of people who were still gathered in the auction room. He wasn't interested in the entrails of the bidding, because to his way of thinking he'd already won first prize—Lacey. Now, more than anything else in the world, and with his prick pushing relentlessly against the inside of his leather pants, he needed to get Lacey alone. He wanted her hot, bothered, and begging for him to pleasure her. Maybe his undivided sexual attention would distract her imagination from the parts of the Incubus equation she still had trouble getting her head around—like Will and himself being more than two centuries old.

With mounting anticipation of how beautiful this lady would be when completely naked, he led her from the Grand Salon, well aware there was no way back for either of them. He'd gone too far and shown too much of his hand for Lacey to leave the club, and for things to return to normal. Besides, every second that Lacey remained under his influence accelerated the changeling process, turning her from a mere mortal woman, to a fully-fledged female demon. One who would live for all eternity, just as he would.

Despite all this crazy mixed-up shit, they were destined to become soul mates, and he figured that Lacey was far enough into the process of conversion to begin to understand this. Each passing second she became more receptive toward him, and more accepting of her destiny.

She was his—forever. And there wasn't a power in the world that could change that.

As they walked serenely hand-in-hand, he noticed Lacey's beautiful face held a smile. He figured it would be almost impossible for her to pull away from him now and regain her old self.

The Vault, the name for his favorite playroom at Club Incubus lay vacant, and without any form of resistance from her, he ushered her inside before closing the heavy oak door behind them.

Clever subdued lighting enhanced the overall effect, giving the space an eerie forbidding feeling. This uncompromising environment made the Vault the ideal place to discipline a wayward sub should the need arise. The room, which measured some thirty feet square,

contained most of the equipment required for those heavily into the BDSM scene like himself. A leather spanking horse lay in the corner, along with an intimidating medieval rack for those subs who proved to be more of a problem for their Masters. A large selection of canes, whips, and floggers lined the walls, and even a pair of manacles hung forbiddingly from the ceiling, making the Vault a real place of pleasure for any Master Inquisitor worth his salt. He'd seen no end of subs change their tune as soon as they'd entered the Vault. Kurt had regularly noticed their eyes widen with a mixture of fear and sexual excitement when he'd brought them here, and in that respect Lacey was no different.

"Please, Sir, you're not going to—"

"Spank you? Flog you? Discipline you in any way I see fit? To demonstrate the absolute power I have over you?"

"Yes."

"On this occasion, and with you still confused about certain aspects of this strange new situation you find yourself in, I've decided to be benevolent. Break you in gently so to speak. Thank your new Master for his kindness."

"Thank you, Sir."

He just adored the way her gaze dropped to the floor as she whispered her reply, in true submissive style. After a few seconds studying her trembling vulnerability he raised his voice, letting Lacey know exactly who had the whip hand.

"I demand that you look at me."

Kurt enjoyed the way her head instantly snapped to attention, causing a sexy froth of brunette curls to fall about her face. He lowered his voice now for added menace. "Concentrate on my eyes and only my eyes, because as far as you're concerned nothing else exists in the world, apart from your Master. Do you understand?"

"Yes, Sir. I fully understand and willingly comply."

The changeling process was irreversible now, each second bringing it ever closer to that glorious moment when Lacey would understand everything and take her rightful place by his side as his soul mate.

The Vault lay in semi-darkness, but he could just make out the pure sexual arousal showing in those wonderful green eyes. Further enhancing his dominance, he put his hand to her neck, tracing the slender column with the pad of his thumb.

“You’re starting to understand why you’re here with me, aren’t you, Lacey? Every passing second it’s becoming clearer.”

“Yes, Sir. Yes it is. It’s all beginning to feel so…”

“Natural. Like nature intended.”

“Yes, exactly like nature intended.”

“And there is nothing more perfect and awe-inspiring than nature, Lacey.”

“Yes, Sir.”

Using just the tip of his index finger he intimately traced the shape of those perfect rosebud lips. “See how well we fit together, Lacey? That’s Mother Nature at her best.”

“Yes, Sir. I feel it too.”

Enchanted by the beautiful goddess standing before him, he smoothed his fingers across her collarbone, enjoying the way she reacted to his touch with a smile. She was as turned on as he was, and Kurt instinctively knew that her sweet-smelling pussy was as soaking wet as his cock was hard.

Her perfect breasts rose and fell at an alarming rate, and he clearly saw aroused nipples pushing against the thin material of her satin blouse. Instinctively, and with her lips gently parted she pressed herself back against the wall for support, making the pulse in her elegant throat visible. It beat out a fast regular rhythm that perfectly matched his own as the changeling process drew closer and closer to its final conclusion. Such was the happiness and well-being that Kurt experienced, he couldn’t resist touching the life-giving beat as it throbbed beneath his index finger, making him want this stunning creature more than anything else in the whole wide world.

“You’re mine. You belong to me now.” He menacingly nipped at her earlobe with his teeth.

“Yes…oh yes…but—”

“There are no buts, little one.” This time he grazed her ear with his teeth, mercilessly torturing the delicate shell-like bone structure, causing her mouth to fall open and a whimper of submission to sexily hiss from those perfect rosebud lips.

Lacey was close, so very close to becoming his property until the end of time. Just the smallest slither of resistance now remained. For her transformation from human to demon to be complete, he needed absolute power over this exquisite creature. Ninety-nine percent was not enough. He needed and demanded total control. She wouldn’t give up her old life without a fight though, because just the smallest remnants of the old Lacey continued to frustrate and defy him.

Kurt figured she was one hell of a strong-minded woman in her life outside Club Incubus. That was good. He liked a woman with spirit, because when his will finally overpowered hers, his victory would be all the sweeter because of it. Over the last two centuries, his mighty will had broken even the strongest of women, and however hard she fought Lacey would be no exception.

His cock resembled a rod of wrought iron. Fuck he was hard. Kurt instinctively knew that his prick wouldn't relent until it had its fill of Lacey's oh-so-fuckable body. As he curled his fingers around the neckline of her silk blouse, his heart beat so fast that he could think of nothing else but possessing her unconditionally.

"Woman, you will be mine."

Her eyes widened with a combination of fear and sexual arousal, and her tongue darted out to feverishly swipe her lips. "Yes."

He ripped her blouse from her trembling body, reveling in the noise it made and the feel of the delicate material that held her bodily warmth.

"Yes, Kurt. Oh yes..." Her resistance was almost gone, and just a slither of that tiny slither now remained.

Soon she would be his soul mate for eternity.

Closing in for the kill, he dropped to his knees and hungrily feasted on her magnificent breasts. Kurt couldn't get enough of her as he licked, sucked, and kissed the wonderful female form, occasionally biting her achingly gorgeous erect nipples as he molded her tits into any shape that pleased him.

A trickle of feminine perspiration slowly ran between the creamy mounds of flesh, and his cock twitched expectantly in his leather jeans as he swiped it away with his tongue.

"Mmm, you taste so good. Thank your Master for his compliment."

"Thank you, Sir. Oh thank you. You are too good to me. Too kind." Lacey's words were breathy, and he enjoyed the way her fingers feathered through his hair as she spoke.

"Yes indeed, little one. If I have a failing, it is that I'm too benevolent at times."

Every passing second she became more compliant, more malleable, and he knew he was winning the battle to make Lacey his soul mate for the rest of eternity.

The short leather skirt she wore turned him on, giving him a tantalizing glimpse of the creamy feminine flesh that existed between the top of her thigh-length leather boots and the hem of her miniskirt.

“Mmm. you have such long, long, legs. Legs that seem to go on forever.”

Wanting her...needing her, Kurt ran his fingers down Lacey's leather-encased legs, slowly drawing down the zipper until it finally stopped at her shapely ankle. He performed the exact same procedure on her other leg before completely removing the sexy footwear.

“You are blessed. You have perfect feet and toes, little one. Perfect thighs and calves too.” As she stood before him, he couldn't resist licking her, basting her from her ankle to the very top of her thigh. “Mmm...your flesh is so creamy smooth. It takes on an almost translucent quality.”

Her legs trembled submissively as his probing tongue slowly meandered from ankle to thigh again. “Thank you, Sir. Oh God thank you.”

Kurt smiled as he released the catch on the tiny leather skirt before tossing it to one side, allowing his finger to briefly tease the front of her panties as he did so.

Lacey was so very nearly his. There was no way back to the dull black and white world she used to inhabit. Slowly, oh so very slowly and with his cock demanding its release, he started to slide her panties down the silky smooth thighs that excited him so much.

“Oh God. Oh dear God. Oh dear God, Kurt?”

He smiled again as her hands fisted more tightly into his hair. “Let me assure you, little one, that God has absolutely nothing to do with why you're feeling so fucking good right now.”

“Yes, Sir. I'm sorry.”

“Now step out of your panties.” It wasn't a request but a demand.

Lacey complied immediately, and Kurt knew that mere embers of her old life now existed. The most perfect pussy imaginable greeted his hungry eyes, making Kurt slowly shake his head with the sheer beauty and majesty of what he witnessed.

“Little one, you do not disappoint your new master. You look after yourself that is clear to see, and you obviously take pride in your femininity.”

“Yes, Sir. I do.”

“Your cunt is immaculate. Silky smooth just as I demand, and waiting for my tongue to slip inside it.”

Lacey threw back her head. “Yes, oh yes. Oh, dear God, yes.”

Her first reference in thanking God for feeling so good about herself was faintly amusing. However, her reliance on this so-called all-powerful being was starting to piss Kurt off.

“There is no evidence to suggest that God actually exists, anymore than Superman, Batman,

Santa Claus or any other fictional superhero. God only exists in the minds of people who need a crutch to help them stand on their own two feet. You don't need the help of this imaginary superhero anymore, little one, because you have me to guide you now."

"Yes. Thank you, Master."

"The devil on the other hand is a living breathing entity, whom I can personally vouch for."

Kurt felt the erotic sensation physically gnaw into his bones. The incredible life force he experienced manifested itself as a wonderful sense of well-being. Lacey was his for eternity, because the changeling process was now one hundred percent complete. Feeling as though he could create and destroy worlds with no more than a click of his fingers, he decided to flex his muscles a little before devouring every inch of her creamy flesh.

He felt omnipotent as she stood totally naked and trembling before him.

"Who is your Master, little one?"

"You are, Sir. You are my Master for all eternity."

"Excellent. And what of this God delusion? You seem keen on using this impostor's name whenever I pleasure you. Surely you know this displeases your Master?"

Kurt enjoyed the way Lacey shook her head before staring submissively at the floor. "God doesn't really exist, Master. He exists only in the minds of people who are unable to make their own way through life. God is an illusion for sad pathetic individuals who don't have a powerful yet sometimes benevolent Master to see to their needs like I do."

"Correct. I have taught you well, child."

"Yes, Master, and I thank you for the new life you have gifted me."

"And what of the Devil, the taker of souls?"

"The Devil exists. You are living proof of that."

"Indeed I am, little one, and to make sure that your God delusion is gone for good, it is my duty as your Master to discipline you before our flesh becomes as one."

"Yes, Master."

Her unconditional submission became more visible, because she trembled uncontrollably with the realization of what his words meant. He liked that. Demons thrived on the fear of lesser mortals.

"Do you see the leather sawhorse over there?"

"Yes, Master, I do."

“Then I demand that you lay your silken body over it.”

She complied immediately all resistance now gone.

“As a demonstration of my absolute power over you, I shall beat the embers of this God delusion from your creamy ass with my bare hands.”

“Yes, Master, and I deserve your discipline.” Her breathing was fast with a combination of fear, anticipation, and wanton sexual arousal.

Her ass was as perfect as her tits as it presented itself to him. The hardness of his cock was unrelenting as he stared longingly at the voluptuous creamy globes of feminine flesh. “Hmm, now what shade of red should your Master choose for your ass cheeks?”

“Whatever shade of red my Master desires,” came the breathy reply.

“Yes. Whatever your Master desires is the correct answer, little one. I believe a deep lustrous shade of red would be appropriate to beat the God from you.”

“Yes, Master. A deep lustrous red.”

The erotic noise as the palm of his hand impacted her bare butt echoed around the Vault, reverberating off the ancient stone walls. He’d heard that exact same sound many times before over the decades and centuries, but with Lacey as his chosen one, the experience somehow felt all the more special.

Her beautiful naked body jolted from the pain, twisting and turning like a coiled serpent as she writhed seductively on the leather sawhorse.

“And what of God?”

“He doesn’t exist, Master.”

He slapped her bare ass again, harder this time, making the color of those delicious butt cheeks match. Kurt knew everything about Lacey now, because she was his soul mate, and despite the physical pain, he instinctively knew she got as much pleasure from receiving her spanking as he got from administering it.

“Again. And what of God?”

“He doesn’t exist,” she sobbed quietly now. “Please believe me, Master, I would never lie to you.”

Kurt knew that, but his authority needed to be absolute. The palm of his hand impacted her reddened ass for a third time, and his rock-hard prick twitched uncomfortably in his leather jeans. He smiled again as spank number four evened up the stinging redness afflicting her

shapely rump. After the pain would come the pleasure.

“Again and what of God?”

“Please, Master, please, I’m begging you to believe me when I say that he doesn’t exist and never did.”

Totally culled and submissive, she sobbed pathetically as she lay naked and vulnerable across the sawhorse. “Please, please, you are my everything. Without you this wretched child is nothing.”

Feeling satisfied with a job well done, he reached over and feathered his fingers through her silky yet perspiration-soaked hair.

“Have you learned your lesson, little one?”

“Oh yes. Yes. Yes, Master. Truly I have.”

“I see” He tenderly ran his fingers along the length of her flawless back. “Then your Master is benevolent enough to kiss away the stinging sensation from your cute little ass. Thank your Master.”

“Oh thank you. Thank you. Thank you, Master.”

* * * *

Lacey knew exactly where she was, and with whom. She was in the Vault at Club Incubus with Kurt. If only things were that simple.

She felt...she felt... Lacey couldn’t quite articulate how she felt as Kurt’s wonderful lips soothed away the burn from her reddened ass. She tried to make sense of her thoughts again as his tongue snaked between her butt cheeks and explored the rim of her puckered hole. Whatever she did feel right now she knew it was good. Almost too good, because the exquisite sensation as he pulled apart her ass cheeks with his hands before burying his nose in her crease told her that this man, or should that be this “otherworldly being,” adored every single inch of her body.

“Master, that feels so good.”

“You will find that should you displease your Master strict discipline will follow. However, should you please your Master the rewards, sexual or otherwise, can be almost limitless.”

“Yes. Yes I see that now, Master.” Almost as though peering through a veil of unreality, Lacey started to see glimpses of the wonderful future that lay ahead of her. “Yes, I think that I’m

beginning to understand.”

Lacey felt his all-knowing lips tease the base of her spine, and she sighed contentedly as those same lips traced their way up her back with a series of butterfly kisses. “Oh, Master, why do I feel so good? Why do I feel so happy?”

“Because the struggle to hold on to your old life is over, little one.”

Kurt was right. He was right about everything, and she now believed his powers to be without limits. “Yes, Master, and us being together for all eternity is how it was always meant to be?”

“Yes.”

“Our destiny?”

“Yes.” After adoring her naked back she felt her Master’s breath on her neck. “Your old life is in the past now, and with each passing second as my soul mate it will disappear from your thoughts.”

This achingly gorgeous and enigmatic superbeing was right again, because try as she might, Lacey couldn’t recall the name of the girl she’d come to Club Incubus with. She didn’t care about such trivia anymore, because all that existed was Kurt and herself—cocooned in a bubble of wonderment until time slowed down and then finally stopped.

As he stood naked behind her. She hadn’t heard him remove his clothes, but then why should she? Kurt didn’t play by the same rules as mere mortals. He was the devil incarnate—a demon in disguise who could therefore bend and shape reality into any form he desired. He was magnificent... He was all-powerful.

And he has chosen me as his soul mate. Of all the women in the world, he has chosen me.

Just the realization made her well-being reach new levels of enrichment. The memory of what her apartment looked like now faded to such an extent that her own address and zip code eluded her. This was the power of her new Master, and she felt the unmistakable potency of his erect cock as it nestled between her bare ass cheeks. Lacey now knew without doubt that she and Kurt had been destined for each other from the very beginning of time.

“You adore the feel of me between your ass cheeks, the warmth of me, don’t you, little one?”

“Yes, Master. Oh yes.” Her tongue snaked out and spread some much-needed moisture onto her lips. “Oh, Master, only you have the power to make me feel this way.”

“Indeed I do, and do you believe that you have served your new Master well enough for him to reward you again?”

She needed to be careful with her reply. Too strident and self-satisfied and more discipline could follow. “That is for my new Master to decide. I am merely his humble and obedient servant. One who loves adores and worships the very ground he walks on.”

“Worship, little one?”

“Yes, Master, devil worship.”

“Excellent. You have passed your first test as my soul mate with flying colors.”

“Thank you, Master.”

Lacey experienced elation that no amount of illegal narcotics could give as his huge demon prick slid inside her sopping-wet pussy from behind. Fucking had never felt so good.

“Master, oh, Master, please...please...please.” On a scale of one to ten, the sheer sexual pleasure that Kurt bestowed upon her was north of one hundred. As their naked bodies became one, and the devil warmth transferred from his body to hers, Lacey entered a surreal world where anything was possible.

As soon as he entered her she came apart at the seams, violently climaxing again and again... “I love you, Master. I love you. I love you. I love you.”

He continued to pump his satanic prick inside her—harder...faster...harder...faster, biting her neck with animalistic passion as he imposed his mighty will on her.

“You are my soul mate for all eternity.”

“Yes, yes, yes... Always and forever.”

“Mine to love, to cherish, to guide, to punish...to protect.” Powerful hands reached around and fondled her breasts, pulling her aroused nipples painfully taut as his sheer presence threatened to overwhelm her.

“Yes, yes, yes to everything you say, Kurt.” Her orgasms kept coming, coming, coming, and she knew they wouldn’t stop until he demanded that they stop. Nothing. Absolutely nothing was beyond her devil lover, her soul mate.

Without warning he slid his mighty phallus from her, and then spun her around until she stared up into the most demonic eyes imaginable. Such was the devilish aura Kurt possessed that pure undiluted fear flashed within her. He looked like the devil. He was the devil! Those mesmerizing, frightening yet intoxicating eyes taking on an appearance that was not quite human. Lacey couldn’t take her gaze from his and her words spilled from her lips in a garbled rush

“Oh my Lord, my Master, my beautiful Master. You scare me, but I feel compelled to love you.”

When she looked down she saw just how huge his cock really was. Lacey shook her head in disbelief. “Oh, Kurt, you are so very, very beautiful.”

Heavily muscled arms curled beneath her thighs as he lifted her from the floor. Such strength, such otherworldly power. It took her breath away. She instinctively wrapped her arms around his neck and stared into those ungodly demonic eyes as he filled her so completely again, as orgasm after orgasm of unbelievable intensity bludgeoned and battered her body into submission.

Being submissive up to and beyond the point of helplessness had never felt so good. As he powered relentlessly inside her again, she was forced to reassess just how wonderful her life would be with her new soul mate.

Kurt threw back his head, and roared majestically like the wild demonic creature he was. “Oh, little one, our life together will be magnificent as I conquer new worlds with you by my side.”

Lacey came again as she felt his demon seed spurt deep inside her. “And I will be with you every step of the way, Master.”

THE END

Author Biography

From an early age, Roxie Lee loved to be creative. You would often find her painting vivid landscapes, or putting the finishing touches to a graphic design.

Nowadays, Roxie channels all that enthusiasm into penning erotic romances with a delicious, sexy BDSM theme. She loves writing about strong heroes and heroines who aren't perfect. While their flaws may be many, their emotions are strong and all-consuming, and whatever troubles lie ahead, readers can be assured of a happily ever after.

Thank you for reading.

Roxie also writes as Jan Bowles.

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