



CRYMSYN HART

This publication is protected under the US Copyright Law and all other applicable international, federal, state, and local laws, and all rights are reserved, including resale rights: you are not allowed to sell this publication to anyone else. Piracy robs authors and publishers of potential royalties. This book is being distributed as a FREE READ with the permission of the author to do so.

This is a work of fiction. Names, places, characters, and events are fictitious in every regard. Any similarities to actual events and persons, living or dead, is purely coincidental. Any trademarks, service marks, product names, or named features are assumed to be the property of their respective owners, and are used only for reference. There is no implied endorsement if any of these terms are used.

MURMURS

Copyright © 2009 Crymsyn Hart. All rights reserved worldwide.

ISBN Not Assigned

Cover Art Designed By Anastasia Rabiyah

Edited By Traci Markou

Published by Purple Sword Publications, LLC

www.PurpleSword.com

MURMURS

Murmurs

By

Crymsyn Hart

The murmurs of sweet nothings were monotonous as Rochelle flipped over on her side, trying to purge the memory of Clay from her system and her body. The space next to her felt empty like an echo that never bounced back. His words filtered in her thoughts. He had promised there had been nothing between him and Sadie. She was used to being betrayed, but not by her best friend and her husband. Now, months later, her house mirrored her bed and her heart. The red digits on the clock strained by as the minutes passed slower than dust settling. She groaned and stared at her window. The night was cold, everything seemed distant. The city was so far off when it was only a few miles in her car to uptown. The stars were barely bright anymore, but that was because of all the human inhabitants that burned their lights from office buildings reaching like fingers brushing the night sky.

She sighed again and wrapped her arms around herself, trying to imagine his touch sliding over her skin. She had met Clay in a bar. He was actually the blind date that Sadie had been set up on, but her friend had never showed and they had hit it off. After three years of marriage, they had been happy and then she had come home to Sadie's twittering laughter floating through the air as she dropped her purse and her jacket on the sofa. Walking into the bedroom, she discovered her best friend's legs up in the air and her husband grunting like a pig. Rochelle didn't say anything, but turned on her heel and headed to a hotel room. She was a zombie for a couple of days and then finally contacted a lawyer and filed for divorce. Clay begged her to come back to him, but she ignored his pleas and six months later she was a free woman. Now, she was alone in her house getting alimony and was as unhappy as ever, wondering if she should have accepted her husband fucking her girlfriend just so she could have the perfect marriage that everyone thought they had.

Who was she kidding? She couldn't have shared her husband with anyone. She had done the right thing, even though everyone was telling her to give it a second chance.

"God, why does it have to be so hard?"

"It's only hard if you want it to be."

Rochelle turned, startled by the disembodied voice. "Who's there?" Her eyes searched the shadows and she could find nothing, not even the outline of a stranger waiting in the night to rape her.

MURMURS

The voice laughed. It was a rich laugh that she could have been caressed by. “I am not here to harm you, Rochelle. Only to try and take away some of your pain, if you’ll let me.”

Her eyes strained in the thick darkness of her room. A pair of eyes appeared in the corner of the room. They were electric blue like neon signs in the distance. Her breath caught in her throat. A shiver trembled down her back, raising the tiny hairs on her skin. From the eyes, a form took shape in the darkness, a thick line marking the body of a man. A second passed and the stranger stood up slowly. Rochelle heard the rustle of cloth as he walked. She moved back, closer to the wall, hoping that the curtain could shield her from the intruder. He froze.

“What are you?”

“Something that can take away the hurt that you feel. I can give you surrender and abandon, something that you will never know in the hands of any mortal.”

Rochelle twirled a stray hair that fell from her ponytail. This specter was not moving. He waited for her to make the decision. Something that Clay had never done. He had always wanted things his way, always wanted to be on top, always wanted to hit orgasm, leaving her wanting and never sated. She sneered at the thought of the life that Sadie and he were making for one another. Her friend was going to find out really fast how much her new hubby liked to be on top. Her curiosity was piqued. Why would this being come to her? What could he do to her? Was he a demon come to possess her? An incubus come to draw the life out of her?

“Can I touch you, Rochelle?”

She looked into his eyes. They held her enthralled, but he wasn’t trying to take advantage of her. She nodded. In an instant he was behind her. She didn’t feel the heat of his body nor was he cold. It was as if there was no one there. His hands rested on her shoulder, and she felt the weight of them through the T-shirt she wore. The intruder’s chin rested on her head. She had forgotten what it was like just to be held, to have someone there that she could rely on, to know that she wasn’t spending the night alone.

“Tell me what you want.” He breathed against her hair.

Fantasies slid through her mind like dark chocolate. She didn’t know where to start. She wished she had strawberries and she could dip them into the fantasies of her mind. He laughed against her.

“Everything you want I can give you. You don’t have to think of one thing. I can give you an experience like you have never known only if you let me.”

He slid one hand along the nape of her neck, touching the exposed flesh in a butterfly caress. Soft fingers moved over her throat and tickled her cheek. Rochelle almost melted into him there, but she bit her lip and just let him move over her jaw. His other hand slipped over the thin cotton and moved lightly over her breast. Her nipple hardened at the thought of what he would do to her. His lips met her earlobe, and he nibbled like he would on an exotic sweet.

Her breath drew into between her lips. His hand settled on her stomach, lightly resting. Her heart fluttered to a stop. His lips moved from her ear to the side of her throat where his tongue traced the line of her artery. For a moment, it lingered and she wondered if he was some kind of vampire that would plunge his fangs in and drink her dry. His teeth nipped her skin and the pain was intense.

Her moan made him pull away. “I told you. I can be whatever you want. I can have fangs and drink you dry. I can make you an immortal seductress if that is what you wish. Do you want that?”

“I don’t know what I want. Except that I want this, whatever it means.”

“Good. Then relax and let me bring you what you want. Everything I do will be something that you have always wanted. I swear.”

The palm resting on her stomach slid over the thin material of her panties. She jumped from the sudden contact. It had been ages since someone had been so gentle with her and so demanding as well. He was taking charge, but only in a manner that was her choosing. His fingers toyed with the elastic, sending shivers through her core. She wanted him. It didn’t matter what he was, she wanted him. Fuck Clay and Sadie.

MURMURS

Rochelle turned in his grasp and looked at the creature that visited her. He had short hair the color of dark earth and tanned skin. He was wearing nothing, and his sculpted body had no bellybutton. When she allowed her hand to travel down, she felt his erect cock. It was warm as if he was truly human. She watched his expression. He smiled and closed his eyes while she caressed his length. She slid down and took him in her mouth. She loved to do this, but Clay never let her. He always wanted straight sex, never went down on her, never let her roll her tongue around on his dick like she was doing now. She cupped her hands under his balls to hold him steady as her other hand slid around the perfect mound of his ass.

“Yes, Rochelle yes.”

She wanted to bite and went down on him harder, taking all of him in her mouth, thankful that she didn't have a gag reflex. He tasted salty with a hint of spice like musk, but what did a ghost taste like? What flavor was mist and shadow? His hips thrust against her, and his hand settled on the back of her neck, nestling her into him. He thrust against her faster as her tongue worked up and down his cock. Her cheeks pressed on the side of him as she suckled quicker. Breaths came out of him quicker until he was panting. Suddenly, he burst down her throat, hot and salty. She swallowed him down like he was nothing and looked up at him as she licked the tip of his dick. Afterward, she sat on her bed feeling rather guilty. He sat next to her and stroked her hair. His fingers wound around the strands as if they were made of silk. She relaxed against him and let her head fall back onto his shoulder. “What are you really?”

“I'm spun from dreams and fantasies. Reality bends to my will. I can create or destroy. I am nothing and everything. And I've been watching your dreams. I heard you call out. I heard you long before this night, but it was your soul longing that made me flesh.”

“You're a demon?”

“No.” he kissed the top of her head and lifted her chin and caressed her lips with his. His technique was exquisite, not too much tongue, just enough. Her fingers pressed against the hollows of his cheeks. She fell into his embrace as his fingers traced her shoulder blades. After lifting her T-shirt, his hands moved over the outside of her tits. Quivers ran through her. She moaned as she

automatically raised her hands above her head and let him fling the shirt into the shadows. He backed away and stared at her.

“You are so beautiful, Rochelle. You don’t even know it. There is so much that you could do. All you have to do is let go.”

His hands caressed her tits, measuring the weight of them, bringing one to his lips. His tongue flicked over her nipple and the other was being pressed by his fingers. He locked his eyes with hers. He smiled before he trailed his tongue down over her tummy. His face settled into her cunt. His tongue found her clit through her panties and a sudden moan escaped her lips. Suddenly, there was nothing separating her from him as he made her panties disappear. His tongue worked over her quickly. His fingers plunged into her depths.

Rochelle bit her lips to keep from crying out from the tremors that moved through her. Colors appeared behind her eyes and pleasure exploded in her brain. Her hands clenched and her nails dug into his shoulders as he worked her. Her knees grew weak and could barely take the pressure building inside of her. She was panting as his tongue and teeth lapped against her, pushing her over the edge until her juices exploded in his face. Her head fell back as the aftereffects shook her.

He met her eyes again and kissed her lips. She tasted herself on him. God where had he been all these years? Was he always lurking in the shadows waiting for her?

“Yes. Your secrets built me and your thoughts gave me substance. Do you want forever, to be as you are?”

“Yes, if it means this. Fuck me. Kill me. I don’t care. I just want this,” she begged him, surprised to hear herself uttering the words.

“Good.”

His fingers, still buried inside her, turned ice cold and thickened, stretching her cunt until it hurt. A hint of fear rippled through her as a maniacal smile spread on his face. His eyes faded from blue to black. He moved his fingers inside of her up and down, finger fucking her. Pain sliced her as he

MURMURS

kissed her. His mouth became a maw of sharp teeth and they fastened on her throat in a fluid motion. But she didn't feel that pain. She was already lost in the way that he was fucking her, pushing inside of her harder than she had ever been fucked. Her legs wrapped around his back, and as her toes caressed his ass, she realized that there was no longer skin, but something sharp like scales and an appendage curled around her other leg, a tail.

“Harder. Fuck me. Harder.”

“Do you still want this?”

“Yes.”

“You are nothing. You are shadow and form, thought and fantasy. You are everything and reality.”

He pulled his fingers out, and with one motion, slid his dick into her, wrapping his taloned hands around her. With his cold cock buried deep inside her, Rochelle felt the warmth leaving her as she panted. Her breath quieted but the pain that the demon gave her was exquisite. The muscles in her cunt contracted and brought her over the edge. She felt herself shifting, dissolving into something, into nothing. But even as he fucked her into oblivion, she knew that Clay was on her list. Oh, he would experience what she had to offer and when that happened, there would be nothing left to him. After him, there was Sadie.

About the Author

Crymsyn Hart is a bestselling author of Erotic Romance. Her worlds are filled with luscious vampires, gorgeous gods, quirky witches, and everything else that goes bump in the night. Hell, there is even a delicious cheesecake god floating around, but if I were you I wouldn't eat his brownie cheesecake.

Crymsyn worked as a psychic for many years in Boston while attending Emerson College. She graduated with a BFA in Writing, Literature, & Publishing. When she gets bored, she sneaks away to local cemeteries and coffee shops to find peace and quiet. Granted, graveyards might be a great place for the dead, but she still has to listen to their chattering. It can get annoying when all you want to do is write, but she can tell you quite a ghost story. Crymsyn shares her life with a small zoo, two playful puppies and her hubby Mark. If you come after dark, you're more than likely to find her snuggled up with a gory horror movie, or a bloody vampire movie.

Crymsyn has a collection of Living Dead Dolls and five bookshelves overflowing with books. Of course there's always room for more.

Visit her on the web at: www.RavynHart.com

MURMURS

Purple Sword Publications, LLC
Publisher of romantic speculative fiction.
Escape to new worlds with our authors at
www.PurpleSword.com