

# The MPire: In Search of the Lost

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## Excerpt from Chapter Seven - The Goddess



He looked at his watch, 9:38<sup>PM</sup>. He walked into the grand living area. There were several life size paintings and empty canvases. He took a few steps and he saw a circular stairway with candles of all shapes and sizes on the landing. He looked up at the ceiling and saw one big skylight. There were many windows in the loft. Some windows were covered with multiple fabrics and trinkets hanging on them.

"Where the hell am I?" He walked up the stairs and discovered her gallery of work. He looked at her paintings. "She's remarkably talented." He took a few more steps and passed a particular painting that caught his attention. As he studied it, the orange, green, and red swirls of the paint hitting the canvas stimulated his mind. The swirls of paint started twirling and spinning. He sat on the floor captivated. Elektra appeared back into the room lighting the larger candles. She looked at him and realized that he was mesmerized by her piece, Temptress of Anger.

"You like that?"

"It speaks to me," he whispered trying not to disturb the painting.

"Mallory, you're angry."

"I am?"

"Yes. Sit here." She helped him up and toward the sofa but he never took his eyes off the painting.

"I didn't think that I was." She placed his face in her hands to get his attention. "It's my brother ..."

"No, Mallory, your anger is deeper."

"Deeper?" He frowned. She attempted to kiss him but he deflected it.

"I'm not trying to anger you further. I'm just trying to get you acknowledge it."

"Acknowledged."

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She straddled him and looked in his eyes. "I have done my research beyond the Internet. You are the great Mallory Towneson Haulm, a powerful warrior and one of the best lovers."

"Where did you see this?"

"You make passionate love with your anger." She massaged his shoulders and neck. "I want more. I want you to make love to me with your soul. Mallory, do you hear me?" She grabbed his face and brought it to hers.

"I'm listening. I just don't ..." He locked his eyes onto hers.

"You sought me out, right?" She cradled his face. "That's because you wanted something more."

"I wasn't thinking that ..." He looked down.

"You spent time and energy to find me and you found me. I want you, but I want more than just your anger. I want your soul to make love to mine." She caressed his chest and arms.

"I don't think I can do that."

"I'll help you." She disappeared again leaving Mallory alone in the room.

10:03PM.

He placed his face in his hands. The room began filling with strange aromas that made him a little disoriented. She appeared again wearing a long white fluid gown that gave way to her hourglass silhouette. Her wavy locks appeared to be flowing in the air and gently fell down her arms.

"Come here, baby." She extended her hand helping him up and guiding him to the bedroom. She gently unbuttoned and opened his shirt, exposing his brawny chest and slid her hands down his stealth biceps. He stood speechless and paralyzed. She unzipped his pants and freed his penis. She bent down and attempted to kiss it but he stopped her.

"No, don't do that ... I don't like that."

"Oral sex?"

"No, I don't like it." She rose up in confusion. "It's a bad ..." he grabbed her. "Look you're an intoxicating person and I'm a strange animal." He whisked her up carrying her into the bedroom. "I'm sorry, in order for me to give you an unforgettable night that I PROMISED... I must take over from this point."

"As you wish,"

He climbed in the bed and gently lowered her down on the bed. He completed the undressing ritual. "What's your favorite color?"

"Yellow."

"Close your eyes." He handed her a yellow condom. She opened her hand.

"Really, Mallory."

"I'm responsible." He crawled in the bed.

"Oh ... do you have stock in Trojan. Is that one of your many assets?"

"Ouch, I'm wounded." He stood on his knees, grabbing his heart and fell onto the bed appearing to be stabbed.

"You're flattered." She turned toward him.

"I'm flattered, but wounded. Actually, I have a small factory in my basement. All my condoms are fitted... my size only." He laughed. "I'm full of shit."

"I'm pleased that you recognize that. How many yellow condoms to you have?" She played with his lips.

"Just one. But I brought a rainbow of with me." He entangled his finger in one of her light copper and brown wavy locks.

"What's your favorite color?"

"I'll tell you later." He kissed her as he positioned her on top of him. She rose up and placed his penis just inside her lips. After several teasing entries, she meshed her body onto his. He slid his legs down and moved his hands toward her thighs. She moved in an erratic rhythm, so Mallory grabbed her hips, guiding her body to control her rhythm and intensifying his thrusts. Once they were in harmony, Mallory let go so it appeared that she was in total control. Every so often, he glided his fingertips between their connection to ensure lubrication and to get an instant arousal from her.

The room filled with black smoke and the temperature dropped. Mallory was so engulfed with Elektra that he never saw the paintings around him coming to life. The Temptress of Anger awakened and her swirls of orange and red paint began flying around the room and encircling the bed. Mallory felt himself drifting away so he tried hard to maintain his focus. He unbuttoned her gown and slipped it off exposing her pure and plump caramel breasts. He grasped and squeezed them softly. Cold chills started consuming his body, so he reached up grabbing her for warmth. She maneuvered her body to accommodate his embrace. As he embraced her, he grabbed the small amulet with his teeth and swirled it around his mouth with his tongue. Once again, they were in rhythm. Mallory again felt that he was drifting, so he laid back down to regain his focus.

She blindfolded him as she kissed him all over. She grabbed his hands and tied them with pieces of silk. She leaned down to pull out a dagger and pierced his side. "I need your soul," she whispered.

Mallory was so overwhelmed with her passion that he did not hear her. He felt the pain and flinched, but never cried out. He unraveled the silk tie and grabbed her, knocking the dagger out of her hands. He repositioned her back on him and she resumed her sexual motion. Hours later, she climaxed and leaned forward. Her wavy hair fell over Mallory body, he became instantly stimulated.

Drops of blood fell on the bed, but Mallory never realized that his side was pierced. He flipped her over and brought her legs to his shoulders. Just before entering her, he leaned in and said, "Pick another color."

"Blue," she panted. He lowered his body, kissing her ears, and rose back up with a blue condom. He put it in on and began rubbing his penis against her and she moaned. He stopped again. "What?"

"Not wet enough." He raised her legs above his head as his tongue journeyed down her thighs to her insatiable treasure. He made various small flicks and circles with his tongue. He closed his eyes and concentrated on her body movements to read her signals. With each different and repeated technique, the motion of his tongue was more vigorous. She relaxed her thighs with pulsating motion. He decided to use his lips and placed them against her, bringing her closer to him. She let out a sensual cry. Mallory stopped and rose up with a devilishly smile to make eye contact with her. "I found you."

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He returned to the chosen technique of lip and teeth. She finally came again and Mallory entered her with no hesitation delivering full power thrusts. Mallory eventually released her legs and lowered his body to perform the sexual missionary position, with Mallory's flare. He embraced her body with his, grabbing her buttock. He massaged her buttock firmly, and then started to finger her anally. "Oh God!" Elektra screamed.

Although Mallory's arousal state was heightened, her outcry pissed him off. "Woo Elektra ... baby ... do you love what I'm doing to you, aye?" He tried to mask his contempt.

"Yes," she forced out.

Mallory raised his body and slowed his strokes. "Don't give God credit! He's not making you cum, I AM. If you need to call someone on high, you call on Mallory."

"Really?"

"Yes, let's practice." Mallory said, resuming his forceful thrusts.

"Mallory. It's just that ... I do see God ... in you."

He slowed his movements. "Explain ..."

"It's just you're bringing me to level that only a God can."

Not knowing how to respond, he gave in and resumed pleasuring her. Her words sunk into his iced heart. He kissed her shoulders while realizing that his whole perception of pleasing her had changed.

Mallory slowed his rhythm and cuddled close to her to gather all of her warmth. The black smoke consumed his body and the swirls of the Temptress lashed whips of orange and red on his back. She grabbed his shoulders and intensified his thrusts. Eventually, she climax and she screamed out. "Oh God!" Mallory embraced her tightly as his face softened with satisfaction. He reclined down beside her.

"Mallory. Can you do me a favor?"

"Anything you like."

"Can you braid my hair? I fear that it's going to get tangled."

"It's too late for that, aye?"

"Can you please?" She turned over and handed to him a brush. He gently gathered her hair and began brushing it down her back.

"This night has been wonderful," she said softly.

"Are you ready to end it?"

"No are you?"

"Actually, I'm just getting warmed up." He put the brush down and started braiding her hair.

"You're a strange animal."

"Why are you agreeing to that now?"

"You have not cum all night."

"I'm here to please you."

"Oh ... so I should take it that you're the world's most unselfish man."

"Aren't you satisfied?"

"Kinda."

"Explain this one ..."

"Mallory, I want you to be satisfied with my body."

"I'm satisfied with your body."

"No, you're not. You haven't cum all night."

"Cumming is an intimate thing for me. I don't just cum on a bloody whim."

"I think I have been rather intimate with you several times tonight. How would you feel if I were faking?"

"You could never fake it with me."

"You have been faking with me."

"Elektra, what do you want?"

"When are you going to tell me your favorite color?"

"All of them," he said sarcastically. Mallory hesitated for a moment then pulled out a small round packet. He laid it on the pillow next to her face. It looked different from the other condom packets.

"What's this?" She read the packet, "Black Pearl?"

"That's my favorite color. It's a special one." His innocence flashed through.

"Why is it special?"

"It's hard to explain." He blushed with embarrassment.

"Try!"

"Well, it's much more lubricated than the others. It gets more lubricated with friction and it restricts my size a little." His mind flashed random thoughts of his angel in college.

"Why do you want that? Don't men want to be bigger?"

"Not for what I want to do to you tonight."

"Oh?" She thought about it again. "Oooh."

Mallory closed his eyes in fear of being judged. He attempted to close the night. "Look it's 3:23AM ... you and I both have busy days. I enjoyed my night with you."

"You did?"

"Yes, it was wonderful."

"But not fulfilling."

"It was very fulfilling."

"I never pegged you to be a liar."

"I'm not lying."

"Yes, you are." She handed the black pearl back to him.

"Look, you asked me a question and I answered it. I don't know why I'm so compelled to be so honest with you."

"What are you scared of Mallory?"

"Of hurting you."

"I don't think so. I think you know I can handle that physically. I think that you're scared of me hurting you."

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"You?"

"You're scared of making a connection... you open up and share a full connection. Are you scared that I'll make you call God?"

"That's not possible." Mallory looked at the clock.

3:47AM.

She rose up grabbing the black pearl packet from his hand and said, "When you see God, would you recognize him? Would you acknowledge Him or curse Him? Don't respond." She kissed his hand. "I'll do this for you and when you see God... acknowledge Him."

"If I see God ..."

"As you'll have it ..."

He retrieved the packet from her. "Okay? If I see God, I'll acknowledge Him and do whatever you want me to do next. If I see God ..."

"As you will have it." She got up and retrieved five black candles. Mallory looked at her intensely as she lit each one by blowing fire on them. The black smoke that consumed his body earlier attempted to suppress his emotions. She lowered down and Mallory straddled her. He took the condom out and placed it on his penis. It's was harder to put on, so he took great care in placing it on by stroking his penis carefully. He took a deep breath and tried to pump himself up to maintain control. He kneeled down and kissed her thighs and lips passionately. She assisted him this time, by stroking herself lightly with her fingers. Mallory smiled grabbing her fingers and placed them in his mouth. Starting from the bottom, he glided his tongue up to her lips, up to her pelvis, around her belly button up to her breastbone, circling each breast, up to her delicate neck and to his final destination of her ear.

He gently began to stroke her ass lightly. She grabbed his buttock and pushed him further into her letting him know that it was okay. Mallory slowly stroked into her. Her hips opened up and received him. Mallory felt overwhelmed.

With each driving force, he felt that he was slipping away in great degrees. He began making erratic movements to outset the feelings, but she managed to guide him back in a rhythm motion. Mallory began sweating and cringing. She saw that he was fighting the temptation to release his evil portal and she began contracting her muscles around his penis. He closed his eyes tightly and tried concentrating harder. She moved her hand between his cheeks and stimulated his anus. He lost control and came.

4:58AM.

"Oh ... Oh ... my God! Shit oh my God!" She began grabbing his hips pushing him further and further into her faster. "Oh God!" Mallory grabbed the mattress and gave her final power pounds. He collapsed onto her body shivering and breathing heavily.

"Isn't He a wonderful experience?"