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Awakening

By E.D. Beale

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Adriana had never been a shy girl. In fact, out of all her sisters, she was perhaps the most outgoing.

But, as she stood outside the hut where she was to have sex for the very first time was a little intimidating. Her eyes were wide as she bit her lip, nervously, while trying to psyche herself up to knock on the oak door.

She didn't have to. The door slowly opened knowingly.

Nicolo stood before her, tall and proud. And, of course, he looked more luscious than any man ever should. He leaned against the door with his arms crossed. A very welcoming smile moved across his perfect lips.

"You were expecting me?" Adri asked, voice slightly shaken.

"Yes," he nodded as he spoke, "It's not everyday that the High Queen of the Fae asks a man to take her daughter's virginity."

Her mouth opened, but nothing came out. What could anyone say to that?

He moved aside, gesturing for her to enter the house. Carefully, she stepped in, avoiding brushing against him. There would be enough of that in time.

It was the first time she'd been inside his cottage. It looked more like an artist's studio than a home. There were several easels with unfinished, but already exceptionally beautiful paintings. She walked around the room, ignoring the bed on the far side of the space, to admire his work.

"These are so wonderful," she told him with a grin.

He placed a hand to his chest as he bowed slightly to her. His ponytail of braids spilled across his shoulders.

"Your praise means much to me, Lady."

He moved toward her until they stood toe-to-toe. She figured she'd have more time to stall, but Nicolo must have anticipated that move.

With trepidation, she decided to focus on the task at hand. Still, she stalled speaking with a lick of her lips.

"My mother's Ladies tell me that you're very gentle."

"I've seen many through the Awakening through my millennia of life. I have much in the way of patience."

"Well, if I'm anything like my father thinks I am, you'll need a lot of that."

"So I've been told," the laughter in his voice made her worried.

He took her hand in his, bringing it to his lips in a sensual kiss. She never knew such a common gesture could be so wickedly delicious.

"Come," he said as he beamed her to follow, "let us sit. It will put you at ease."

She could only hope! Adri moved with him to a chair in the sitting area of his home. He sat slowly as though putting on a show, then maneuvered her into his lap. He might have been thin, but he was pretty sturdy to sit on.

His eyes studied her body from the silver hairs on her head, to the sandals on her feet. He placed a hand on her exposed leg, sliding down it until he reached her shoes. He took them off with ease. The sensation caused goose bumps to rise on her skin. She wasn't sure wearing a dress was a good or a bad thing.

As if Nicolo had heard her thoughts, he spoke.

"I like your dress," he said while touching the material. "Someone must have told you that red is my favorite color."

In truth, someone had told her. She did not confess this to him.

“Oh? No, I hadn’t heard.”

“Mmm,” his tone was indifferent. “So tell me, Princess Adriana, how are things at the palace?”

She almost didn’t hear him. His fingers were tracing the spaghetti straps of her dress with the most delicate touch she’d ever felt. It took a good deal of concentration to think of an answer.

“It’s well. Mother is bringing the Courts closer together each passing day.”

The Seelie and Unseelie courts never saw eye-to-eye. No one had ever ruled over both. That is, until her mother.

“It must be interesting being the daughter of a living legend,” he whispered as his fingers danced along her shoulders. “Even I must admit that I didn’t believe that the one to walk in Light and Darkness would come to us.”

“Well, neither did my grandparents. Grandma didn’t think she could have more kids, then she had a practical goddess. Imagine her surprise!”

The pair grinned at each other. Quickly, his turned a little darker. The look made her tremble in fear, but also made her mouth water with anticipation.

“What brings you to your night of Awakening?”

Back to sex. She sighed heavily. This was harder than she’d bargained for.

“I…” She started with a slight frown. “I have a friend—an outsider. He’s a shapeshifter.”

“Ah,” he said, “a boyfriend?”

“No, just a friend. A very dear friend. One that I wouldn’t mind...er...having. He thinks that I’ll fall in love with the first person I’m with. I guess he doesn’t get that sex isn’t the same deal for the Fae.”

“I can understand his concerns. You’re barely eighteen. From what I’ve heard, you’ve never been in a relationship. And, to lose yourself to a were-man for your first time could be very dangerous.”

She was more concerned with his words than the fact that his fingers were moving towards her cleavage. By the time he finished his sentence, his fingers began dipping into her smooth crevice of skin. Adri sucked in a breath as her head threw back.

Startled by the sensations, she moved off of Nicolo’s lap. She began moving around the room, admiring his work again. She stopped in front of a piece with two goblin children fighting. Adri noted that all these paintings were of the Unseelie side of the Fae.

Strong arms latched onto her shoulders. Her breath stilled, but her heart beat furiously in her chest.

“Sorry,” she murmured, bowing her head. “this is all new to me.”

“I understand.”

His voice was so friendly that it warmed her. It was like being wrapped in a hug.

Adri swallowed her fears. Nicolo was a good choice for the Awakening to the Word. She stepped away from him just enough to be able to turn and face him. It was time.

Nicolo's violet eyes had a hint of humor in them as she watched him with a slightly fearful fascination. His long fingers moved behind his head. Teasingly, he untied his hair. Long, shimmering, lilac braids spilled down the back and sides of his head. It was so pretty.

Their proximity and her new focus let her take all of his face in. Oh, Nicolo was a pretty one, alright; the type of guy that would melt the hearts of most young women. He had an almost girlish face, with long dark eyelashes. He had perfect teeth that created an award winning smile. But she just stood her ground as she twittered her thumbs. He smiled at her. She blushed back at him.

"Are you sure that you are ready, my princess?" he asked, breaking their silence with his melodic voice.

She nervously nodded her head.

"Mhm. Yeah."

A slow sigh escaped him. Gracefully, he took another step closer to her. She held her breath. Those long fingers traced her cheek. They were warm and welcoming against her flushed skin. The touch had just the right amount of pressure and it went just the right speed. Damn, no one had any right being that perfect.

Her vision suddenly went hazy as she looked up at him. His tempting lips were a full head's distance from hers. With a certain eagerness, she wet her own with her tongue.

His dark chuckle filled the room. It sounded oh-so-dangerously male. She'd almost forgot how to breathe as it spread across her skin like a heated wind.

"Just breath, Lady. I do not bite," he said as his brow quirked slightly, "...unless asked."

She laughed at that nervously and a little too loud. Nicolo had a curious look on his face, but not judging. Instead, he simply tilted her face up with fingers underneath her chin. His thumb traced her lips. Adri's breath finally released.

You are beautiful, Princess Adriana."

She smirked.

"I'm sure you say that to all the girls."

His hands moved to her silvery curls, smoothing them slightly.

"The beautiful ones, yes. I know beauty. I am an artist. I live for the beauty of life."

She shrugged. Damn, he was watching her with those big, violet eyes. How was someone supposed to concentrate? She tried to think of something else.

"You're beautiful, too. Why aren't you on the Seelie side of the courts?"

His fingers traced down her neck causing her to gasp and shiver.

"The Seelie court is almost unnaturally beautiful. It had nothing to offer me when it came to my work. This place..the beauty is more than surface. Just like in you."

She didn't fight the amused expression creeping across her features. Adri batted her eyes up at him with a grin.

"Awww, darn, that was the right thing to say. That's dangerous."

He chuckled, again. That deep sound rumbled down Adri's body, though he wasn't pressed against her. He smiled at her body's reaction. She bit her lip.

"How far do you wish to go this night?" his tone was deathly serious now.

He was giving her an out. She had the option to take it slow and maybe just fool around a little.

That wasn't what she was there for, no matter how nervous she was.

"All the way."

He stared at her a long moment as though surprised. After that, he nodded in agreement.

Nicolo jerked her against his body. He smelled like the air dancing along the sea. The scent made her feel dizzy along with the sudden fear of being that close.

"There is much to learn," he seductively murmured.

She had to clear her throat a few times before speaking. Now was definitely the time to sound secure about her actions.

"I'm an apt student."

He nodded again and leaned in as though he was about to kiss her. He stopped short as though brushing her aura. Oddly, she felt it as clearly as the real thing.

"You smell of the earth, Adriana Storm. I am sure that will be your element. However, I can smell the underlying power--your true power." His eyes circled her face as he paused. "The power of your Word. I do not know what will awaken in you, but it will be powerful. I ask for the last time: are you sure?"

"Mhm..." She cleared her throat, again. "I will find a way to handle it."

Nicolo backed away to remove his shirt. Adri's eyes followed the lines of his body. An intricate tattoo decorated the skin around his right nipple. A line of fine, pale hair started just below his sternum that grew wider only to disappear into his pants. Boldly, she reached out. Her fingers ran down the hair. Oh, it was so soft. Nicolo's

breath caught in his throat. She started to pull her hand away, but he rested his on top of hers.

"I enjoyed it."

"Oh, okay. That's better than what I was thinking. I thought I yanked out a hair or something."

She hesitated on touching him more. Her eyes focused on his, waiting for permission that she didn't need.

"You may touch me anywhere," Nicolo urged her on.

Her eyebrows went up. Holy crap. Well, she did just that. Nervous, delicate fingers sketched his skin. He had muscles everywhere. Wow, she would have just thought he was a skinny fellow. The tone of him completely caught her off guard. He smiled at her while she explored.

"What do I need to know, Nicolo? I know this is more to teach me how to be with outsiders."

He smiled as his hands trailed down her back, opened palm.

"First, please, m'lady, call me Col."

"Alright."

"As for others...You must learn not to allow your magic to reach out for them. You'll understand better when you experience that first release of magic. That first moment of truly letting go."

"Ok," she responded. She'd heard several stories from her older sisters.

He coaxed her next to his bed. Together, they stood so closely Adri thought she might begin to merge with him.

"The magic inside washes over the person you're with. It's a matter of degree. During foreplay or other sexual acts, it leaks out. You won't be able to help allowing a sample of your power through."

Her hand moved between them with effort. Col groaned as her fingers traced his right nipple until it grew taut.

"A little is not dangerous," he continued on a shaken breath. "Too much can lead to someone unlike us to become addicted to you. Or worse, injure them. Either way, they may pine after you for the rest of their lives. No one will ever be good enough. And they will stop at nothing to have you again. You become their entire world. You become their mistress. The lust they feel will be their love for you. The lines will blur."

She stopped touching him.

"That sounds horrible," she whispered, frightened.

"It is rare thanks to training. Knowing what can happen, you'll hold back. And, in time, you won't even realize that you are holding back. But you must experience it first, to understand."

She nodded. More determined than before, her face hardened with determination.

"I'm ready for you, then, Col. I want to learn."

Col nodded to her. His hand moved to the back of her head. Her head tilted upward. Her eyes fluttered closed. Seconds later, Col's lips were on hers. Adri mimicked his movements as best she could. It must have been good enough; Col gave an approving moan.

But then he did something weird. His mouth tried to open hers with his tongue. She stiffened, unsure of what to do.

"Relax. Part your mouth slightly, and relax. Remember, this is a learning experience. There is no wrong."

He whispered against her lips then pressed back on hers. This time, she parted her mouth for him as instructed. Col's tongue slipped inside the space, forcing her mouth open wider. It was odd, at first, but it turned incredible. Her tongue, though still unsure, danced with his. Col's hand pressed her head into his more and she welcomed it with a whimpering sound.

It took a few tries, but Col managed to separate his face from hers. Adri didn't stop herself in time to stifle the frustrated groan in her throat. Col chuckled at her.

"Good. Good. I see that you are an adventurous sort."

He grabbed her rear end, causing her to yelp. After a brief giggle, she composed herself.

"I always try everything at least once. And I'm told I'm a real go-getter."

"Many men will find that trait appealing."

His hands ran up to her shoulders until they reached the straps of her dress. Her breath hitched as the straps began moving off of her body. In just a moment, she would be completely nude in front of her companion. Normally, nudity didn't bother her. Under the current circumstance, she couldn't help feeling a little awkward.

The dress pooled to the floor at her bare feet. Nicolo stepped back so that he could admire. Lust filled his eyes instantly, though she couldn't figure out why. She was thin and slender. Not a whole lot up top, just enough for a handful. Not a lot of hips.

Well, shapely legs and a nice butt, from what she was told, but otherwise....Well, he seemed pleased if nothing else. That was all that mattered.

"You are tensing again, princess. I am not criticizing you in my mind. I am admiring your body."

There was a dark, manly look in his eyes that reached his lips in no time. It made Adri blush. His hand cupped her now reddened cheek, stroking it gently with his thumb. He brought her face back to his for another gentle kiss. She closed her eyes and enjoyed the taste of his mouth. She sighed as his arms wrapped around her body.

Then she was being lifted from the floor. Moments later there was something exceptionally soft underneath her. She opened her eyes to see Col above her, kissing her into his bed. Wow! She closed her eyes again, now that she knew what was going on around her.

Col wasn't completely on top of her. In fact, he was to the side of her with part of his torso hovering above hers. Her body wondered what the entire feel of him would be. It made warmth tingle from her chest to the place between her legs. That embarrassed her, too.

The man moved further to the side so that he could lie on his side next to her. He watched her closely with those violet eyes. Adri's face glowed redder by the moment.

"Why are you embarrassed?"

"Because you're watching me like that."

He smiled then traced her body with his fingertips.

"Do not be. Just enjoy. I am."

His fingers traced her very pink nipple. She gasped in surprise. It was like electricity spiked down her entire body, causing tingles. The nipple hardened at the continued contact. He gave the hard thing a little pinch. Adri's lower half jumped off the bed as though jolted.

"There is nothing wrong with allowing your body to move in the heat of excitement, little princess. In fact, it is welcomed. A man likes to see the rewards of his handy work."

She swallowed hard and tried to bury her embarrassments. Why was she feeling so darned self-conscious, anyway? Ugh. She needed to calm down.

His hand continued to move down her body, stopping at her belly button. He stared in some sort of fascination, as though deciding something about that spot. His face leaned down and kissed around the navel. Eventually, his tongue dipped inside. It was so weird! But it actually felt kind of nice. She shivered as his hot breath touched the spot while his tongue did its dance.

His hand hadn't stopped moving. It touched her inner thighs, a move which her breath catch. Her legs spread to give him better access. Part of her was hoping he'd move further up. Unfortunately, he moved further down. She let out a frustrated growl.

"Has anyone ever told you that you sound like a cat when frustrated?"

She shook her head. He laughed then continued on his leisurely and frustrating exploration. No corner of her leg was left untouched by his hand and eventually his mouth. Each touch was sinfully wonderful and had her body quaking. He took every bit of his time tasting but not where she wanted him to explore.

After what felt like an eternity, Col moved back up her leg. He parted her wide, opening her to him. When he examined the wet slit with his finger, a loud cry spilled from her mouth. The sound was rewarded with a crushing kiss.

He continued the touch while his mouth nibbled down her neck. She sucked in a long breath when his bite became harder, possessive. Surely that would leave a mark. Not that it mattered.

Col was gentler as he came to her breasts. The nipple slipped into his mouth. The feeling shot to the spot his finger teased. Her legs spread more for him, hoping that the ache the sensations caused. She whimpered at him as her womanhood twitched.

“Perfect,” his voice rumbled deeply. “Just perfect.”

His cooing voice caused her to open her eyes and lean up. She was just in time to see his face dip between her splayed legs. It was warm and wet. Pressure stayed at the hardened nub beneath his tongue. She didn’t feel much at first, then.....then....

She flopped back in the bed. Adri groaned and bucked as his tongue twisted, turned, stroked, and lapped up her heat. He didn’t stop. Overwhelming pleasure rocked through her over and over again, causing her breath to be lost and her heart to pound hard. Nothing had ever felt like that. Ever. It was the most wonderful thing she’d ever experienced.

His fingers dipped inside of her tightness. It hurt a little upon entry. But then....ohh, it felt so good. So nice and full. She could feel her body stretching in readiness for him. By the time he managed to work a second finger in, she could barely stand it. The sensation built and built and built until it reached a place where she could get some kind of conclusion.

"Ohh ohhh! Ohh, Col, please don't stop. Please. Please!"

But he did. He lifted his face from her body. His violet eyes were almost frightening now. There was a deep need in them. A delicious, heated desire. And there was something more. Not just from his eyes. But all of him. Like something calling to her. She felt something in her calling too. Like her soul reaching out for Nicolo.

"I feel your Awakening near."

He crawled up her body, kneeling between her still opened legs. There was a lump between his legs that hadn't been there before. Adri sat up as much as she was allowed and reached for it. Wow. It was hot and throbbing beneath her stroking hand. Col's head threw back in a hungry groan/growl that sent Adri in shivers.

"Touch me, my little princess, as much as you desire."

She gasped. She wanted to see that stiffness for herself. Her hands moved to the sides of his pants. Dipping two fingers on either side, she lowered the article of clothing until he was exposed. Long and thick. The top of it was wet. All of it was ready, pointing at her steadily. She took that stiffness into her hand. So hot. So deliciously hot. She held it, stroked it, and watched in wonderment while Nicolo's breath hitched then quickened. How his body began thrusting into her hand eagerly. How those beautiful eyes rolled beneath their lids.

"Stop. I won't last you," his voice pleaded to her.

She almost didn't care. She wanted to see what would happen when he finished. The look in his eye, however, stopped her. Nicolo pulled himself out of Adri's hold, then moved off the bed. She frowned.

"Shh, I am not leaving you. These pants must go."

He slid completely out of his pants then moved back to bed with her. He climbed above her, wrapping his arms underneath her shoulders. His forearms were long enough that he could touch the sides of her face, ears in particular. His fingers touched her earlobes gently. It made desire rise in her even more, causing her to open her legs up to him. But he didn't join with her quite yet.

"This may hurt you."

"What?" She whispered from the haze of her desire.

"When I enter your body for the first time, it may hurt."

"Oh, that, I know." She mumbled while arching her body against his eagerly.

"Please, don't make me wait, Col," she whimpered.

He stroked her ears even more. His mouth touched hers in a rough kiss that made her head spin.

"As my lady wishes."

And then he plunged in.

There was a distinct, sharp pain between her legs as the hard member entered her body. She screamed out in his mouth as the sensation ran through her. Damn, that hurt. He held himself inside of her while her body adapted to the length and width of him. In the meantime, he didn't let up on the drowning kisses. His thumbs continued to play at her sensitive ears. In no time, her body was eager for him all over again. She hesitantly moved her hips to ask for more.

Col moved in and out of her in deep, leisurely strokes. The more he moved, the looser and wetter she felt--wonderfully slick and smooth. She could hear her body's eagerness with his movements. All of it caused soft mewling moans to spill from her mouth. His

forehead pressed hers. His hot breath puffed across her face. He smelled like clothes fresh from the laundry lines. And it was somehow warm, sunkissed. It made her feel lost in him and the feelings of him.

Waves of pleasure filled her body, starting from the space his length filled, through to her hands and toes. She felt herself spasm around him, pulling him deeper inside.

She was rising to that point again. Heaven help her if Col stopped this time.

"You must let it go, princess," he told her in a strained voice. "Let it go."

She didn't realize until then that she was holding onto her power like a protective shield. Just as her body was on the cusp of the final pleasure, her power was on the cusp of a violent release. She was frightened to let it go.

Then she felt the spring wind over her, again. Not just at her face, but everywhere her body met Col's. It was warm and wonderful and welcoming. The power washed over her, forcing her power to rise to meet him, as her hips rose to meet his body. It was all so involuntary. All so natural.

"Show me your magic," he whispered into her mouth before taking it in his.

His skin began to glow a soft lilac color against her skin. The color bounced off the sweat on his skin. Each bead gave off a darker hue of the color. Adri watched one on his face with fascination. Col gave her a weak smile, but he was too busy concentrating on her body to worry with much else.

And her own skin answered in response, lighting her own body in an ivory touched with a green shimmer. The lilac and ivory mingled together, joining and separating just as their bodies did. His color forced her own passed him and through the

room. Forced the power to unleash just as her body was thrown into pleasure beyond imagining.

As her body went tumbling over the edge, she screamed out, wrapping her legs around his. Above her, Nicolo roared with his completion.

Before she could come down from the act, time had stopped and Adri separated from the flesh. Her body and Nicolo's were distant, though she knew both were below. What had happened? Why was she floating, floating, floating...? Everything felt so light. It was like things were real and unreal. Like this was natural and unnatural. Something else was there, watching. Waiting. Waiting for her to open up and let it in. A hand reached for her. A hand of leafy green. The hand looked familiar. In fact, all of it felt familiar.

Beyond her will, her hand touched the one offered. A door opened in her very soul. But the Leafy Green didn't walk inside. Not yet. Something else had to walk that road first.

There were smells. Smells of woods. Smells of creatures. She could feel The Cats. She could feel The Wolves. The Bears. The Snakes. The Sharks. The Birds. Everything. The Woods itself.

"Lady of the Wood," a surreal voice filled her head. "Not a name. A persona. Who you are. What you are. Take the Wood's gift."

All at once The Wood joined her spirit. This was her power. What that meant, she wasn't sure. All she knew was that she could touch the creatures in her. Not all at once, but one by one. She knew them just as they knew themselves. Her inner creatures. Not

a shifting beast, but something else entirely, yet similar. Something else just as wild and free.

"Lady of the Wood. Sister to the Earth Element. We welcome you Home."

The Leafy Green joined her now, closing the door but not sealing it tight. The Inner Creatures could rise and waken. The Leafy Green could join her magic and feed her energies. Yes. She was home. Home.

When she came back to her body, the room was filled with energy and the scent of a spring wind and of fresh toiled earth. She felt energized yet completely exhausted. At least for right now. Col was still over her, touching foreheads with her. A giggle rose through her. She felt fantastic!

"Wow!"

Nicolo grinned at her.

"Indeed. That was wonderful."

"Uh huh!" She giggled then groaned. Col was still in her, keeping her on the edge of excitement. Maybe he wasn't done?

"I felt the call of all things wild."

"I think it did. I think my element came to me, too. Not just my Word."

He looked down at her surprised.

"Your element came to you? That is odd. Normally a special ritual is performed to tribute the elements." The look of awe in his eyes was almost as tantalizing as his looks of lust. "You must be something truly special, Princess Adriana."

"I'm just Adri," she said with a blush

He placed gentle kisses on her cheeks.

“We'll have to explore your new powers further, ‘just Adri.’”

"Oh...okay, Um, should I start making regular appointments with you?"

The dark manly look took hold of his features, again. With a lick of her bottom lip, he answered.

“Yes.”

He continued playing with her until she began to arch her back and call out. He pressed his hips against her so she could feel his body begin to tighten.

”But we are not done tonight.”

He pressed his lips together with hers hard enough to bruise. Soon she was back in that blissful, wonderful place that she had so recently discovered.

The End

ABOUT E.D. BEALE

From somewhere far away, down to paper or .doc file, E.D. Beale loves to create worlds of science-fiction and fantasy with a twist of erotica. Despite her demanding job in the health care industry, she finds time to close her eyes and bring her darkest fantasies to life as the written word. The Baltimore born and raised author still resides in Charm City with her loving hubby, who he inspires her to keep following her dreams as a writer.

When her head is not in the clouds and she isn't busy at the office, E.D. works on enhancing her blogging skills at www.edbeale.info.

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DECONTAMINATION

By E.D. Beale

Lt. Margaret “Mags” Riley knows nothing but a world of war and pain. When it comes to emotional closeness she holds everyone at arms length. However, as she is stuck in 48-hour D-Com with her alien-busting partner, Pryce, she discovers that perhaps a life alone is no longer an option for her. With the truth on the table, can she accept Pryce or will she continue to run from the possibility of heart-ache?

Warning: This title contains

Excerpt From DECONTAMINATION:

“Pryce, I leave everyone on the outside of my world, especially you. We’re partners and companions. We can’t have more than that, now can we? We’re in a field where people can’t be best friends. It’s dangerous,” I said with a shaking voice as I turned away from him.

I heard him moving behind me. Hands grabbed my shoulders. Roughly, Pryce turned me to meet his eyes. I don't think I'd ever seen him so emotional. Worse yet, I couldn't read him. I've never had that problem before.

"I accept that, Mags," he said, voice rough, "I accept that we're together each day. That there is no one more important in my entire existence than you. I leave my life in your hands day after day. And yet, I stand on the edge of your world, peering in, waiting for acceptance. Just like in every other aspect of my life. Always on the outside, and never welcome within."

"Pryce . . ." I whispered confused.

"You're the world to me, Margaret. My world. Don't you understand that there's nothing else for me, but you."

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