

The Lamia

**An Adult
Tale**



By Miss Irene Clearmont.

Upon the bleak Scottish moors in winter a single wanderer seeks solace from the storm. What he stumbles upon looks to be simple good hearted assistance but there is more to this refuge than meets the eye.

An Adult Story by:

Miss Irene Clearmont

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IT IS IN THE BOSOM OF A WOMAN THAT THE RAY OF THE DIVINE SPLENDOR WILL RECEIVE HUMAN FORM. (*VEDANGAS*).

ISIS UNVEILED

WRITTEN BY,

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BORN 1831.

THE LAMIA.

Empty Moors.

The Scottish moors are bright with purple heather in the late autumn. Two months later the color is gone and the cold grips the huddled hawthorn and heather. The wind blows, cutting through to the bone over the lonely stretches of wasteland that seems to belong to no one. Occasional gusts carry snow that is too impatient to settle. It just wisps across the browning reeds and bare heather.

Sheep farms cling to the landscape like grey huddles of weathered stone. Some of them are just the shells of abandoned ruins whilst others still contain warmth and succor for the farmers that watch over this grim land. But sanctuary is few and far between. It is seldom that those cottages and bothies are inhabited now in this twenty first century.

Some-whiles, hill walkers from the lowlands and cities stride along the dogleg tracks and weaving roads, intent on their next halting place and wondering how it was that they left the well trodden heights to wander in the featureless morass of reeds and heather. Then all is quiet again, a place of buried secrets, furtive concealment and self sufficient society.

Under a heavy sky and whipped by knife-like wind, Brian stood by the grey stone monolith and wondered which direction to go. Basically there were three possibilities. Choose a direction and stick to it, put up his tent and wait for morning light or backtrack to find the road that he had left at the very least five miles behind.

To be frank, none of them were in the least bit enticing and he cursed the moment that he had decided to split from the rest of his party and take a short cut. Once again he pulled the map from his pack, and the compass and tried to fix his position with some degree of certitude. But it was already getting dark. The clouds blanketed the light and visibility was dropping to the point where the familiar peaks, hills and features of the bare landscape were merging into an umbra of uncertain dimensions.

Brian had stood only ten minutes but already it was almost too dark to see more than a hundred yards. He decided to seek out a dell; a shallow depression sheltered from the wind and pitch his tent. As he walked, stumbling over clumps of heather and splashing through brown seepings and mud, he felt the first drops of the coming rainstorm.

Then he found himself on a track. Not a sheep path cut into the heather but the slightly overgrown double track of vehicles. Hoisting his pack higher, Brian tried to decide which way was the best way. But his hands were too cold to root the compass back out of his pack and the wind would have torn the map from his grasp.

Mentally he tossed a coin and headed left. For a mile the track wandered, seeking out the contours as the rain became sheets of cold water that lashed Brian and ran in rivulets down his back as it penetrated his waterproof coat and brought cold to chill his flesh.

Suddenly he saw light through the grey rain. A sliver of steady electric light that beckoned him on into an overgrown farmyard. Several stone buildings stood roofless around an area overgrown with hawthorn and grass. With a stumble Brian went to the door of the lit cottage and knocked with his knuckles on the weathered wood. It seemed to him that the wind must have carried away the sound but the door opened and light flooded into the yard.

A middle aged woman waved him into the house and Brian stumbled in as he was beckoned.

Elspeth.

The cottage had seemed almost like a ruin in the dark of the moors but inside it showed a modern face. Snug and comfy the room was lit by a small chandelier and warmed by a fire in the hearth.

"Thank you so very much, the weather is getting nasty," said Brian as he turned to look at the woman who had opened the door.

She was as tall as him, in her late forties and might have had a generous figure but it was hidden under her tweed jacket and skirt.

"Not a good night to be on the Heatherstone Moor," she smiled. "Foolish in fact, very foolish."

"I know," he replied. "I lost my way..."

"Not the first, I'll warrant," she said. "I am Elspeth, Elspeth French, or at least that is the name that you can call me by."

"Hello, I am Brian. I hesitate to impose on you but I wonder if you could offer me a place to doss down for the night. I'm not sure that my tent will hold out in this weather."

As if to emphasize the point the wind whistled around the cottage and rattled the shutters in its grip.

"Of course, how very romantic! The lonely woman succors the stricken, lost traveler as the storm gathers in the northern sky," she said as she helped him lower his pack to the ground and strip off his coat.

Brian nodded his agreement and wondered what this woman was doing alone living in one of the most remote parts of the moors.

Elspeth proved to be a welcoming host. Whilst Brian slipped off his wet boots and changed his sopping trousers she disappeared into another room. He could hear the clatter of pans and plates as he finally managed to change. He peeped through the crack in the door to see her making a meal.

From behind he could appreciate her full figure. Wide hips and generous waist. the jacket that she had worn was draped over the back of a chair allowing him to see her starched blouse and occasionally the profile of large rounded breasts and slender neck.

As Elspeth worked, she whistled through her teeth, fully taken with the task in hand. Brian felt a little uncomfortable at his imposing on her so he retreated into the living room and had a little look around.

He noted that though there were a couple of paintings on the walls there was not a single photograph. No ornaments, knick knacks, horse brasses or candlesticks adorned the walls or surfaces. The room was comfortable but devoid of personal touches. A writing desk brooded in the corner of the room and a closed laptop computer sat as the only item on its polished surface.

Brian relaxed a little and sat in front of the blazing fire. He could feel the heat warming his bones and felt a tiredness that came from within that overwhelmed him like a soft blanket.

Elspeth, once more wearing her jacket, entered the room and set a bowl of soup before the weary Brian.

"I think that this will warm you through," she said as she placed the tray on his lap. As she did so she planted a little kiss on his forehead.

Brian thanked her and started on the soup. It was a thick broth, salty and strong and was accompanied by thick wedges of crusty bread.

"Thanks," he mumbled as he finished it off.

Elspeth did not eat. She sat intently watching him, silently from another armchair. When he finished she took the plate from him and planted another kiss on his forehead.

"You must be so tired," she said. "Do you want your bed?"

Brian nodded. He felt weary and spent. He followed Elspeth into a small bedroom where she pulled back the covers on the old fashioned metal framed bed and said, "Sleep well, Brian."

'I think that she fancies me,' thought Brian as she brushed his lips with hers. *'Elspeth is not unattractive, in a sort of motherly way.'*

The tweed was a little too middle-aged and she was not so much attractive as striking. Her figure promised much but she was not trim or slender the way that Brian's girlfriend was. Elspeth was more solid and sexual.

'Firm and plentiful,' he thought as he drifted into the regions of dream.

As he did so, as his thoughts touched on Elspeth he felt a stirring. An awakening in his loins. An erection gathered strength and pushed the sheets into a tent. Brian could feel the strongest erection that he had ever had. His prick was like cast iron as his hands investigated the rod of his cock with startled hands. His heart was beating strongly and a pulse made itself felt in his head as he wondered at his loss of control.

His right hand massaged the stiff organ and pulled slightly at it. As his hand slid down his shaft he thought of Elspeth and wondered how he had become fixed on her so strongly.

Now fully awake he decided to rid himself of his feelings with a slow wank as one hand held the covers from the sensitive tip the other ran along the shaft, building up the pressure.

As he approached the peak he heard a sound and opened his eyes to see Elspeth standing in the doorway. The broad smile on her face showed her appreciation of his sexual activity as she entered the room to join Brian.

A Dark and Stormy Night.

Brian thought that he would lose his erection in shock at Elspeth's entrance but his prick just strained in his hand tenting the sheets over his naked form.

"I think that you are just what I need tonight and it looks like I am what you need..." she whispered as she reached down and lifted the sheets. "Rampant. Fucking gorgeous. I must have you..."

He lay in shock as she admired his naked body. One hand grasped his cock, the other moved as if to cover himself and then fell to the bed as if realising that

modesty was wasted.

Elspeth climbed onto the bed and sat astride his body. "You know that you need it," she said as her hand raised the hem of her skirt over her stocking tops and allowed him to see her push her panties to reveal the lips of her hungry slit for a brief moment.

Her sex hung over his as she waited for a moment. Brian was in too deep, but not deep enough. His hand guided the tip of his prick to touch her soft flesh. It was almost an involuntary action but Elspeth took it as the signal to begin. With a small movement she revealed the condom that she had concealed in her hand and rolled it over his straining flesh.

She sank her body to meet his; the lips of her sex pushed his hand down the shaft of his cock and pushed his straining erection into her body. Brian felt himself being sucked in. He tried to reach for her breasts as he moaned but her strong hands pushed his hands to the mattress.

Now she had swallowed him all. Every inch of his massive prick was rooted in her belly, her knees moved to settle and trap his hands as she allowed her full weight to rest on her young lover.

Brian moaned. He could feel the tight clasp and suction as she moved and quivered. Her hands played with his nipples for a moment, strumming them and then drifting to his mouth.

He wanted to speak, wanted to moan, wanted to express his passion but her fingers closed his lips whilst her hips started to move. Slightly side to side. Imperceptibly up and down. Her body found a rhythm that made Elspeth shudder. That just added to his tension.

She built up the movement slowly. Brian felt that he could not come. He was a rod, a dildo for her to pleasure herself on. He could feel a rushing in his ears that presaged orgasm but the peak just never came. The heights remained at a distance, allowing Elspeth to extract the pleasure he gave in full measure.

Now she was plunging on his prick. Every motion pulled him and pushed him into

her like a piston. She cried in pleasure as one of her hands found her pussy. She helped herself to his body while she reamed her own. She bent and bit him, she kissed his mouth when he tried to speak and she gripped him with her thighs.

Her other hand frantically guided him and twisted his straining prick but still he could not come. Still he was rigid and an impaling tool but the orgasm escaped him. Finally she slumped over him after a shuddering final orgasm. His nipples were marked with the imprints of her teeth. Long scratches scored his pale flesh and her lipstick was smeared over his face.

But despite the violence and the unrestrained passion he had not come. The release had escaped him and he was left, firm and unfulfilled, buried to the hilt in her warm embrace.

Elspeth moaned and slid a little on him as though testing whether or not she could go again.

"You have to come for me lover," she moaned as she slowly got into motion, sliding on his pole with a smooth motion. "It is required."

Brian still felt like a rock. His prick was as stiff as glass as she pleased herself on him.

"I need to come," he gasped. "Please make me come!"

Elspeth smiled slyly and slid off his prick. With a twist she turned to face his feet, still astride his quivering body. Her ankles pinned his shoulders whilst her shoes framed his face. The hem of her skirt fell to cover her thighs as she slowly pulled off the condom and massaged his erection with the palms of her hands.

Now he finally felt as though he was moving towards orgasm. Brian groaned and bucked slightly as one of her hands gripped his balls as the other slowly fucked him with firm controlling strokes.

Deep within he could feel that first urgent movement that told of coming climax. Her hand had found that slow speed, but deep stroke, that promised a fast orgasm but Brian needed slow. The pleasure was too overwhelming and he was in

the grip of an expert.

"Am I going too fast for you darling?" whispered Elspeth knowing full well that he was in her power whilst the sex lasted. His breathing, his moans and the way that he tried to delay signaled that he was hers. There was no way that she was going to let him escape without binding him by cords of lust.

"God no, yes! Slow down, please, please," he said as he writhed under her.

Elspeth knew that the drug on the condom which had delayed him by making him less sensitive would be losing its potency but that the Viagra that she had administered with the soup was going to last a while longer yet so she had to decide how to proceed. Slow, slow, quick quick then slow.

She shuffled back, sliding the dark tent of her skirt over his face. Now he was in darkness, the tops of her bare thighs enveloped him and forced his face into the satin of her panties whilst one hand worked his prick and the other slid to his ass.

The squeal of his coming sounded from under her skirt as she pulled his cock back tightly. The fingers of her other hand pressed against the base of his cock and closed all possibility of him spilling his cum. He felt a strange surge as he ejaculated into his bladder, Elspeth was in control.

As he relaxed after the climax he found that he was smothered in the moist perfumed world of Elspeth's thighs. It was delicious, never before had he been allowed into that intimate area of a woman and allowed to soak in the warmth, the scent and the soft flesh. It felt right, it felt good and overwhelmingly he felt an affection for the woman that he had fucked but never seen *other* than fully clothed.

His prick was still rampant, a tower that promised Elspeth more joy as she turned again to settle on the erection with a slither of her hips and a lifting of the gusset of her panties.

Once again he was inside her, pressing against her clitoris with the root of his cock as she took her leisurely pleasure of his body. She knew full well that he would be able to fuck her for at least another hour before the Viagra faded and his cock lost

its rigidity.

Morning.

The night passed. Some of it in pleasure and some of it in sleep. Outside on the grey moors the wind whistled through the heather and the bare hawthorn trees and then found its way to the lonely cottage in the inner depths of Heatherstone Moor. Briefly it rattled the shutters and cut through the ruined sheds before the storm front struck.

Sheets of freezing water, untold gallons and tons of water splashed onto the moors from the open heavens. The water collected in pools of slimy mud and bristling reeds. It did not flow but soaked into the peat and mud making the moor a morass of slime.

Brian had got as far as putting on his still damp boots and donning his waterproof clothing but the view from the door was a clear signal that he would be floundering in the mire in minutes if he tried to escape from the moors.

He pulled out his mobile phone and waved it around to find a signal but it would not even start.

"Can I charge my phone here?" he asked Elspeth.

"Of course my dear Brian," she said as she pointed at the point where her laptop was plugged in. As he went to look at the power-point a few drips of brown water trickled from the casing of his phone and down his wrist.

"Shit," he swore as he shook the phone. "It's not the battery, the phone is full of water.

"There is probably no signal here anyway," said Elspeth. "I don't even bother with a phone when I am here, I come here for the quiet as it is. The last thing that I need is a mobile phone disturbing my work."

"Well at any rate," said Brian, "I cannot leave now so I'll just have to sit the storm out. I notice that you have a laptop, can I go on the Internet and send an E Mail to

my girlfriend, she'll be wondering where I have got to?"

Elspeth started to laugh. She clapped her hands and said, "I'm so sorry. The electricity for this place is from batteries, the gas is canisters, the water is filtered from the moor, the toilet is chemical and there are no telephone lines, Internet, television, wireless links, CB radios or any other stuff like that."

"And you live here? In the middle ages?"

Elspeth smiled again. "I am a thoroughly modern madam young man. I spend my winters here, finding inspiration on the moors and writing for fun and to make a living. It is here that I let imagination invade my research. Isolation helps me to concentrate and it is only for three months a year whilst the winter grips this deserted moor."

"Now shut the door and stop letting the cold north wind into my home. You are either going to struggle across the moors and die in a pool of brown water or you will stay a day or so and hope that no snow blows in from the north."

Reluctantly Brian closed the door and pulled off his boots. "Please understand, Elspeth I am not ungrateful, I had a great time last night and you have fed and watered me. I just have to get off the moors. By now they will be searching for me and they will all be worried."

"But, there is no helping it!" she replied as she threw another log on the fire. "If you cannot escape my moor then why beat yourself up about it. We will see..."

Brian spread the map on the table and got Elspeth to show him the location of her cottage. There was no mark for the buildings but the track that Brian had found was marked as the faintest dotted line.

"Here, this is the site of this cottage, Bruin Tarn is just here, follow it for fifteen miles and you come to the main road," she said, almost reluctantly.

"How did I get so far from the trail? I am a days hike from the nearest road, even more from a village. What the hell made you come to this godforsaken cottage?" he said.

A rather angry look came over her face. "Just as well that I did or you might be lying face down in a pool of filth or floating in the tarn with grey blue skin. Right now your corpse would be cooling and going rigid. I am not to blame for you're being lost! Do not take it out on me or I will throw you out like the ungrateful whelp that you are and you can wander until you freeze to death."

At this diatribe Brian pulled a contrite face and apologised. "Of course you are not to blame, it is just that I am frustrated."

Elspeth's face softened a little. She still looked sternly at her young lodger but she was determined to sort out his temper tantrum before life could move on. "If you ever speak to me like that again I shall throw you out of my house. You are a guest and don't forget it. Now apologise properly and I will forget your loss of self control."

"I apologize. I am sorry that I upset you, Elspeth. You are not to blame for my stupidity. Please do not throw me into the moors."

"There, you see," said Elspeth with a slightly schoolmarm look, "A proper apology makes both of us feel better. I accept your apology on the condition that you are polite in future. If we are to spend a little time together then we must get on with each other!"

With this rather old fashioned statement she turned and left for the small kitchen leaving Brian to wonder at Elspeth.

'She is like a mother, a school teacher and a lover all wrapped into one package,' he thought to himself. 'She is certainly a new experience for me. Tweed, sex, lacy stockings but fully dressed. I wonder if last night was a one off? Maybe there will be more?'

He went to the window and stared out at the view. It was midday but the scene was almost like early evening grays. Snow swirled across the bare farmyard outside. It piled a little on the frames of the windows and then gathered as he watched.

The snow poured from the grey heavens like a dense blanket of grey goose feathers settling on the moors to muffle them of texture. It covered the ruins in soft layers where it was dry and melted in the water that gathered amongst the reeds. It swirled in the north wind and then settled. It smothered his hopes of leaving the cottage.

More Soup.

"More soup?" she asked as he finished the last of his plate and sat back.

It was early evening and it had snowed all day now. The snow was still falling but in the dark it fell silently, unwatched. It drifted in the wind, seemingly a meter of snow had fallen but it was deceptive. It had just piled up in the dell.

"No thanks," he replied. "It sure is filling."

"Well it certainly ends up filling me!" she said with a little laugh.

The soup was another portion of Viagra for her reluctant guest. Another night of being Elspeth's means of satisfaction was about to start. Just half an hour or so and then he would be ready for her attention.

Elspeth carried the dishes out and chuckled to herself. If last year was anything to go by the snow would isolate the cottage for two or three months. With a small peek over her shoulder to make sure that she was not being watched she checked the bottle of the blue pills. There were thirty of them left.

Brian went to bed. He felt a little drowsy but he was consumed by worry. It had been a day since he had arrived in the cottage and no one knew that he was here. They would be combing the moors for him. After a day or two they would call off the search and he would be listed as 'missing'.

Once again he felt the stirrings of an erection.

'How was this happening?' he thought to himself. 'He was consumed by worry and experiencing the strongest erection since the tower of Babel.'

Soon it was pressing against the covers in pent up inactivity as he contemplated its meaning. His thoughts turned to Elspeth as he moved his hands to relieve himself.

Once again he saw the apparition at the end of the bed. Elspeth had arrived to take advantage of him; she was ready to use him again for her amusement.

Fully clothed, she joined him on the bed. Elspeth lay alongside her young victim and stroked his body with her hand.

"Are you ready for more pleasure? Are you ready to be consumed?" she asked as her hand cupped his balls and her lips closed on his.

Brain could feel her lips softly cover his and then press to part his lips as her tongue entered his mouth. The rough weave of her clothes on his smooth naked body excites him as he felt her skirt ride up and the lace of her stocking tops rasped across his prick.

He tried to speak. He wanted to express his passion and his fears but Elspeth silenced him with her lips. When he tried to find her breasts with his hands she caught his wrists one by one and pressed his arms under his body, trapping them and allowing her free access to his body.

Never had Brain been so overwhelmed by a woman in bed. He had read all the contemporary advice in magazines. *'Foreplay and a slow build up to sex are so vital to build the female partner's excitement...'* but Elspeth was like a sexual black hole. All of his advances, all of his technique, all of his modern caring stimulation were sucked into the gravity well of her need and lust.

Her hands probed him and guided him as she placed him on the edge of the event horizon of her sex. For a moment there was a still moment when he realized that she was about to suck him into herself, and then her hips flexed and she slid smoothly down the length of his cock until the root of his erection struck the flesh of her clitoris and he was swallowed whole.

All the while she raped his mouth with her probing tongue and pushed him into the bed. Then the fury of her need was loosened and the fucking began. It was

Elspeth fucking Brian. He lay, trapped under her weight, supine and static. She sucked him in and spat him out as she reamed the length of his prick and then engulfing it again, stretching and pushing.

At last she released his mouth as she sat up to push him that final inch into her flesh. Her hand clawed at him as her knees moved to pin his arms.

"This time you will come inside me. This time I will have all your come washing my cunt," she said as she found the rhythm that suited her.

"Fuck me!" he cried as Elspeth piled on the pleasure and the agony.

Her claws scratched him from neck to waist as she let her passion have full reign. He felt her nails gouge his flesh but her control of his body overwhelmed him and all his focus was the grip that her flesh had on his shuddering prick. He looked up at her breasts, enclosed in starched cotton but swinging with her body as she fucked him. Her eyes were closed and her mouth slightly open but her face was drawn with the heat of her coming orgasm.

Finally he felt that clutching that signaled the inevitability of his coming. He bucked against her and for a moment it seemed that he was too strong for her to to ride him. But Elspeth stayed in the saddle and allowed her weight to hold him to the bed.

"Come now!" she ordered.

Brian could not do otherwise. He did not come at her command, but inside his head he felt as though she had pulled the trigger that allowed orgasm. He could feel her hand as she brought herself to a peak and then a shuddering as her thighs clenched his body with an iron grip.

Brian had come and the juice of his body ran from her like water but Elspeth had not finished with him yet. She was in the throes of her own passion and it had not yet run its course.

Under the influence of the drug that she had slipped him he did not lose his erection. It remained stiff and potent, deep inside her. Now he was just an object.

His passion was spent but hers was in full fury.

Now he could feel the sore lines that she had placed in his flesh. The ache of his spent loins and the tiredness that assailed him. But Elspeth was still riding her mount over field and dale. That intrusion into her loins was all that she wanted from him as she used him to come again and again.

"Please.." he cried.

Brian was not sure. Was he crying out for her to stop? Was he at the beginning of another round? What was he begging for?

But it did not make any difference. He had to give when she demanded and she demanded more from his tortured body. He gave and she rode him to another peak, another shuddering climax.

'Was he a willing partner? was she raping him?' he wondered as he drifted into slumber.

Sex for Elspeth was beyond consensual and forced. It was *her* need against *his* will.

Words, but not of comfort.

Brian woke from his deep sleep to find himself alone in the dark room. Shutters had been pulled over the small window of his room. He sat on the bed and felt the sheets stick to his chest where the wounds of last night's sex had left trails of blood and semen to dry during the night.

His naked feet touched the slate floor, Brian recoiled at the cold of floor and the air but had to leave the bed that had been his bastinado. The rack where the heretic is dismembered under torsion of twisted rope.

He could smell the tempting aroma of cooking and struggled to dress. His clothes felt stiff and cold, his boots were hard and uncomfortable but he battled them on and opened the door into the main room of the cottage.

A warm fire filled the room with the smell of peat. There was no crackling and popping just a steady heat. At the desk was his nemesis, the woman who took what she wanted.

She turned to him and smiled. "Fucking is obviously making you tired and, dare I say it, shagged out?"

Brian was lost for a reply so she continued, "If you are hungry there is something in the pan, if not then there is a little job that you could do for me before breakfast."

"What time is it?" he asked as he peered through the panes of the window.

"About four in the afternoon," she replied.

He could see the swirl of movement outside. White on white the giant flakes settled over every feature outside. No color, just shades of white.

Brian felt a gathering gloom. It was more than snowing, it was total white-out and impossible to leave the cottage for civilization.

"Snow and more snow," he mumbled in a depressed groan.

"Absolutely," she said, watching his shoulders drop. "It usually snows for several days here before letting up at all. Perhaps you could chop some wood for me out the back. It will give you something to do and allow you to gauge conditions outside. Just looking through the windows does not give a very good impression of the amount of snowfall."

Brain looked at her, all prim and warmly dressed in the glow of the computer screen and wondered at the contrast between day and night, sex and school teacher.

"If you go round the back of the cottage you will find the wood under the lean-to. Break up a couple of logs for firewood and bring them in with about this much," she signaled with her hands, "peat for the fire as well."

Opening the door against the piled up snow was not easy. Struggling through the thigh deep drift around the walls of the cottage was a chore. The snow was not so very cold. It melted and soaked through his clothes so that he was dripping with melt and sweat by the time that he found the pile of wooden logs and the axe.

The work was hard. The axe was heavy. The logs were dry under the lean-to roof but they were fresh and did not split like seasoned wood. It took an hour of hard work to break them up and bring the wood into the cottage.

As he went back for the peat he noticed a small door at the back of the cottage and peeked in to see a small generator and a stack of car batteries. The sight of this modern adjunct to the medieval cottage made him curious and he wandered around the rest of the tightly grouped farm buildings to see what else there was.

One of the ruins was another cottage. The walls stood but the roof was now a mass of slates that had been stacked into the corner of the room. Everything was covered with snow but it was plain that the cottage had been a ruin for many years.

The other main building that lay in ruins was some sort of barn or sheep pen. The walls were rough-built with no mortar and had tumbled to ruin many years before.

These buildings encompassed the farm yard that he had seen when he arrived. The third side was a low ruined wall with a number of large stones standing at lonely intervals in regimented order. Brian looked out, past the buildings and realized that the falling snow blocked all view of the moor, the stark vista of ponds and fen. As for the distant hills, there was nothing to be seen, just white, grey and the tracks that Brian had left that were, even now, filling with snow.

Brian trudged back to the cottage and entered to find Elspeth busy laying the table for a meal.

"Eating is one of my main activities here," she said as she turned to him. "Writing, masturbation, sleep and thinking amount for pretty much all of the rest. Actually, now I can add fucking you, Brian, to the list! It is the first time that I have had company here in a few years and I must say that it is somewhat inspirational."

Brian just nodded as an answer. He was depressed. He was trapped, exhausted and tired. He peeled off his clothes and hung them over the chairs whilst Elspeth went to the kitchen to fetch the meal that she had prepared.

"In a couple of weeks you will be OK to get out of here," she called out to him as she filled the plates in the kitchen. "There is no point in being depressed, though I do appreciate that you are not a gabbler of nonsense and gossip. I prefer quiet men!

The noise in the kitchen carried on as Elspeth ground another Viagra in the pestle and mortar ready for the night that lay ahead. Meanwhile Brian looked at the screen of her laptop. The screen was filled with writing in the word processor that Elspeth had been using.

He glanced over the text but none of it made much sense to him. There was some Latin. '*Probably medieval church Latin*,' he thought as tried to remember his two years of optional Latin at high school. Then there was a list of what he took to be names, but they meant nothing to him. Underneath it all were notes in English that just made no sense. Like they were a recipe or a set of instructions.

He heard her finish up and moved hastily away from the screen to look out of the window to cover his interest in her work or study.

The soup steamed in the deep bowls that she set on the table.

"Do you only eat soup then?" he asked as she sat at the table and closed the lid of the computer.

"I eat mostly dried food," she said as they tucked in.

They ate in silence for a while before Brian essayed a question.

"What are you writing?" he asked.

"Historical analysis, at the moment. It is a passion of mine. Ancient history and modern."

Elspeth looked at him piercingly for an instant before continuing to eat. It was a few moments before she elaborated. "At the moment it is an analysis of ritual in the early Christian period. From Essene to Cathar is the working title."

Brian just nodded. It sort of fitted what he had seen on the screen. He had studied history and Latin but the degree that he was working on in Glasgow was chemical engineering, the study of history was in his past.

The Ritual.

That night was another test of Brian's stamina in bed. He tried to refuse, he tried to brush her off with an excuse but she found his erection and used it for her own satisfaction. Brian gave in to her blandishments. Elspeth sucked at his willpower and his semen with a terrible urgency that gave him no option but to give in and give her his body to use.

He was no longer certain that he could refuse her advances. They were not couched in words they were couched in the sliding of her cunt over his straining prick. They were in the busy hands that gouged his naked flesh and reopened the wounds that bled rivulets of crimson.

Then the lips that invaded his, before sucking at his cock to make it come a second time. This time the sex was even wilder. Three times he came. Three times she mandated an orgasm and three times she took his body and made it bend to her lascivious and dominant will.

He learned to pleasure the lips and fleshy matrix of her cunt with tongue and lips. She forced him into the darkness under her skirt and made him service her as she pumped him for the third time. Her closed fist pulled him to breaking point before he finally splashed his last emission over her lips and face. By force and speed she had pushed him to a third orgasm.

But he did not see her lap at his juice because he was drowning in the flood of her liquid pleasure and the draining of his previous pleasure that gushed from her over his face and down his throat.

Finally she left him. Drained, exhausted and smeared with the blood and ejaculate of the last three hours he slipped into a terrible world of fear and black dreams that allowed him no respite. The real relief that came with sleep escaped him; Elspeth was invading his dreams, his thoughts and his waking hours.

In the next room, whilst her unwilling guest tossed in torment, Elspeth sat at her desk playing with the silver blade that she was about to use to prick a single drop of her blood. Her legs opened to reveal that ravenous slit as the skirt pulled back. For a moment she sat eyeing the blade as if unsure about a decision.

Then she started the ritual.

A few words muttered. That was all it took. A slight prick with the knife and the drop of blood fell onto the lips of her sex that were still glistening with Brian's blood, his semen and the oil of her own excitement.

A warmth spread across her flesh and that flesh began to change. It rippled with its own life before the oily sheen of reptile scales spread over the soft white flesh of her thighs and then faded to leave her skin smoother and firmer.

Elspeth felt a pulse of vigor spread through her body, it was the first of many. This time just a slight swell compared to her the tide of youth that would engulf her she reveled in, the feeling of health and youth that blushed and then faded to leave Elspeth panting with lust and triumph.

Her hand moved lightly over the skin of her face. Were the crows feet that spidered from her eyes lessened? Was her soft, older, skin firmer? Were her lips firmer?

Elspeth smiled.

An Exhausted Interlude.

Brian struggled out of his bed with the slow movements of a man who has slept but without any respite. His head span until he had sat on the edge of the bed for a minute whilst he regained his composure. Exhausted from his sleep he could not remember his dreams but their shadows haunted his aching mind. His body felt

wracked with aching pain as he wearily stood and headed for the door.

The room he entered was lit by the slow burning embers of the fire. He saw Elspeth curled naked and asleep on the sofa. The blanket that had covered her ripe form lay in a heap on the cold floor.

To Brian she seemed exquisite, rich with sexual promise, mature but smooth and rounded. For a moment he stood and regarded her with admiration, this was the woman who was fucking his brains out, this was the woman who was making him suffer and giving such exquisite agony as she rode his prick.

He tore his eyes from his nemesis and looked around the room for inspiration. The clock showed four and the shutters were closed but he could hear the wind bellow and whistle around the cottage. With no let up in the weather he was trapped but he could not find the energy to escape. Flight was no longer an option, he was spellbound and drained in every way.

Her laptop sat open on the table, a single green flicker showed that it was sleeping and ready for use at the touch of a key. He stroked the touch pad, bringing the display to life and stared at the login screen. Just one name showed its icon of a snake's head, 'Eisheth'.

'Eisheth?' he thought. 'I thought she was Elspeth?'

Now he was in, there was no password to guess, just a screen full of documents ready to be opened. The document files had strange names like 'Abyzou' and 'Empusa'.

Carefully he sat on the edge of the chair and scrutinized the screen. The background was a fantasy picture of a winged female angel and all the documents were sorted into two groups. Those on the right had what appeared to be female names but apart from 'Eisheth' all of them were new to him.

The left hand side was full of files with names that seemed to be Latin. 'Ars Goetia', 'Trithemius' and 'Karezza'. What were these files?

Brian tried to decide which file to open first when he heard a slight sound from

Elspeth. Like the hissing of her breath over her lips, possibly it presaged her waking. He gazed at the names of the files and clicked on one at random.

It opened to reveal a mass of diagrams and shapes that he could make neither head nor tail of. Names were scrawled over the patterns but they were Latin or some other archaic language. Idly he scrolled down to find blocks of text that were also indecipherable to him.

Brian closed the file and clicked on another to open it. This time it was what seemed to be personal diary. The date at the top of the page was the seventeenth of January and the year was nineteen hundred and three. Puzzled and curious he started to read.

He was about half way down the page when he felt a hand close on each shoulder. Brian had been so engrossed in reading that he had not noticed Elspeth come up behind him.

"I see that you are not above reading my diary," said Elspeth in a disappointed tone. "Don't you know that a diary is that most sacred of personal records?"

Brian started out of his reverie to feel her hands briefly, softly, close around his throat and then course down his chest before Elspeth's fingers closed over his nipples and tweaked them.

"I'm sorry, Elspeth, he gasped, "I was just so curious."

"Curiosity, you know what it killed?"

Her fingers tweaked him for a moment and then slid away to rest lightly on his shoulders again.

He turned to face her. Her skin was smooth. A few lines scored the corners of her eyes and her hair was in disarray from her repose. But she was naked. He could not stop his eyes wandering over her flesh and marveled that her large breasts stood so proud despite their size.

"When you have finished admiring me we can fuck. If you like?"

Brian nodded dumbly and allowed Elspeth to pull him to the sofa. He felt a strength in her hands and arms that brooked no disobedience as she pushed him lightly to fall into a sitting position.

"If you don't want me then just say so!" she taunted. "It is cock that I need and yours is not looking so willing."

"I am so tired," he mumbled, tired and spent."

"You are a little young to be so exhausted after just a little sex," laughed Elspeth. Perhaps you should eat to recover some energy, and then you can serve me properly."

With that she turned and left for the kitchen.

Brian had always thought that sex would be something that he would never refuse but Elspeth was draining him of every drop of his eagerness.

Elisabeth Van Hahn

He woke to find Elspeth sitting at his side on the sofa. A blanket had been pulled over him and the fire had been piled high with the logs that he had chopped so that the roaring flames filled the room with their noise and the room smelt of smoke and burning pine.

Elspeth put a hand on his forehead and nodded.

"You seem to be well; I mean that I cannot feel any fever."

Brian looked into her face and could see only kind concern there, but he felt a sort of repulsion that he could not explain. It was an untidy feeling that left him in a conflict between fondness and fear.

"I dream of terrible things," he said. "A sucking blackness and hateful swirls of grey that I am swimming through like a swimmer caught in a nightmare vortex."

“You are upset at not being able to escape,” she said in a soothing voice.

Now Brian was fully awake. He saw Elspeth leaning over him and tried to sit up but a firm hand held him, pinning his shoulder to the sofa.

“You should not move, I will bring you something,” she said.

Her body turned for a moment but her hand remained on him, holding him down.

“Since you are so tired I shall spoon feed you myself,” she said as she turned back with a bowl in the other hand.

Elspeth took the spoon and offered it to Brian. He pursed his lips and the soup filled his mouth with the rich taste of lentils and salty bacon. Spoonful after spoonful of the soup was fed to him as though a mother was feeding a baby. Finally, Elspeth had scraped the last soup and served it to her patient and put the bowl to one side.

“You wonder why I am here all alone in the Scottish highlands. You wonder who I am and why I am so prepared to fuck a stranger? You would like to know if you dare refuse me and whether you should head out into the storm to escape me.”

Elspeth smiled and slowly pulled the cover from Brian. She was dressed in her tweed and he was naked. The effect was to unman him, to leave him powerless against her advances as one of her hands closed on his thigh with a grip that Brian felt was like a vice.

Brian tried a light hearted answer to her question. “You are a writer who is looking for solitude. You have discovered that you are lonely here. I would never refuse you but I must get back and report my survival of the storm.”

“Very good. Very good answer! But you are wrong on all counts! We are going to fuck again because you can feel your prick rising and your powerlessness turns both of us on. As you service my unlimited lust I may feel the need to reveal some answers.”

As she spoke her face came towards his. He saw a tongue flick over her white

teeth and then her lips closed over his. One of her hands strayed to his rising cock and gripped it firmly. Her other hand closed around his throat, softly.

Brian felt the implied threat but he was powerless in her grip. His lips forced apart as her tongue made its way into his mouth, her grip that slid down to close on his balls. He lay, placid and yielding as Elspeth climbed onto his body.

This time she was not going to fuck him, she had determined to drink from his cup and allow him to enjoy the taste of hers.

“Please,” wailed Brian. “Please, Elspeth! Don’t rape me.”

“How can a woman rape a man?” she laughed. “I just want you to do as you are told and I will not hurt you.”

Hitching her skirt up she planted her knees on his arms and shoulders trapping him under her as she prepared to take her satisfaction. Brian saw her loom over him, those strong thighs and the rounded, smooth cheeks of her ass as Elspeth took what he would not give willingly.

As she shuffled forward, to allow access, she bent forward to swallow him whole in one easy motion.

Brian felt her lips on the tip for a moment, and then he was deep in her mouth, her lips touching the root of his cock whilst a hand massaged his balls with a sure grip. It was like fucking her, a wet, smooth hold as she slid her lips up and down his prick with a deliberate intensity. All the while he arched his back as though it would relieve the pressure of her hand. But she ignored his discomfort and took her own time.

Then she moved and Brian was engulfed by her behind. The flow of her excitement smeared his face with slick juice as she finally settled to force his face into her hungry cunt.

As the rhythm of her thighs synchronized with her taking him with her throat he found that he could breathe for just a moment as she slid back to expose her ass to his tongue.

Elspeth did not wait for subtle service. She slid back and forth, using his face, tongue and chin as the pestle for her mortar. Regardless of Brian's actions she took what she needed, the furrow ploughing the blade.

Then he climaxed. His body arched with a spasm, forcing him into her sex with the whole strength of his body. Elspeth gulped at every drop that spewed from him, swallowing and licking like a wild animal as she used her hand to crush every last drip from his raw prick.

Then at last she allowed herself to come. She orgasmed, not from his attentions but because he was so helpless beneath her, unable to resist her, too weak to do anything but capitulate.

It was over, Elspeth's oral rape. But she stayed on top shifting a little to allow his gasping mouth to breathe through her hungry slit. He could not see her towering above him but Brian knew that she smiled.

Finally he was frightened.

All was still but it was just a pause. A moment to re-gather forces and pull together energies for the long night ahead.

He heard her voice. She spoke calmly and clearly as he listened with a horror born of terror. "I am Elisabeth Van Hahn. Born in eighteen thirty one in what is now the Ukraine, but was then the Russian Empire. I seek solitude because I am hunted, but my enemies seek in the crowded places because they know that I need the company of men to fill my lusts and hungers. I fuck you because *you* are my life. Your essence fills *me* with new energy as it leaves you stricken and weak."

For a moment she paused as if she was gathering her thoughts. As she did so Brian felt a warmth; a hot flush, course her thighs and then the heat was gone. Sucked into the flesh of the Lamia who was draining him of the very essence of his being.

"Call me a vampire," she said and then chuckled as though that were a joke. "But I am not, because I do not seek or feed on blood. I drain other juices from men! Those that they often give so willingly but at last yield to me in any case. As I grow

strong you grow weak. I could tear you limb from shuddering limb but I prefer to suck the life from you in an orgy of lust.”

What he heard was the terrible recital of a nightmare. It could not be, this fairy tale recited by a female ogre who forced him. But in his heart of hearts he knew that it was true. He was *weak*, he could not resist and she was so strong.

“When you are just a trembling husk I will dispose of you on the moor as I have disposed of so many others who have given me more than they were willing to give. You will have given me, Elisabeth Van Hahn, new life, youth and vigor to pass a few more years before I have to hunt again.”

The muscles in the thighs that enclosed his world of darkness relaxed to sink her gaping sex onto his gasping mouth. In the muffled distance he heard her last words, “If you service me well than I may just *not make* you spill your seed. The length of your days on this earth depends on you pleasing my ravenous cunt!”

THE END

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