



***A Night  
in Jasmyn's Garden***  
by Jasmyn

# Black

He gently grasped my hand and began to lead me through the dark night. My heart was racing as I quickly glanced at the sky. A few stars glimmered above us and I couldn't help but smile. It was an absolutely gorgeous night and I could hardly contain my excitement. Yet in the same instant, I was slightly terrified of the mystery of the dark form leading me onward.

He suddenly stopped and turned to pull me close to his body. I shivered though the slight breeze was not enough to induce a cold sensation. He seemed to radiate an almost overwhelming surge of desire. Looking into his dark eyes, I knew that tonight was going to be the night I had always been longing for. The soft glow from the moon overhead allowed me to see his heart-melting smile. He brought his face closer to mine and I instantly closed my eyes to await his kiss. When it didn't come, I opened my eyes and saw him grinning at me. Before I could say a word, we were off again. I couldn't help but notice that the night seemed to close in around us.

Many times I wanted to ask him where we were going. The words were never formed for fear of breaking whatever enchanting spell had captured us. It was just a brisk walk but it felt as if we had been flying, our feet barely grazing the ground. I finally saw a darkened building growing in the distance. I didn't understand why he had brought me here. I knew exactly what his intentions were and my heart began to pound harder. He stopped abruptly at the door before he turned to me, gave me a wonderfully devil-

ish grin, and then in one swift movement, took me up in his arms and carried me inside.

The interior of the building was strikingly different from its outside appearance. It seemed to dance - an illusion created by the flickering candles that permeated the darkness with their soft light. I wrapped my arms around his neck and sighed happily. I felt his jaw clench for a moment as if he was debating something. Still carrying me in his arms, he turned to a beautiful staircase and began to ascend. Laying my head against his cheek, I could feel his breath trickle across my cheek and neck.

More candles lined the corridor upstairs. Still not saying a word, he gently put me down and motioned for me to enter one of the rooms. The door was shut and I glanced at him over my shoulder. I was expecting him to follow me but he didn't. Pushing through the door I found a bare room with only a full-length mirror in the corner. I was amazed at how much thought he had put into this and I was anticipating a thrilling night. I heard the door click behind me and saw that he had closed it. Darting my eyes around the room, I noticed something hidden in the shadows in a corner. Walking over to it, I determined it to be a black leather outfit. I couldn't help but smile.

Taking the outfit down from where it was hung, I was pleasantly surprised to find a black leather collar with silver spikes and a somewhat large ring. Undressing quickly, I put on the leather outfit and collar. My passion for this mysterious man shot through the roof. At the moment, he was pinpointing my fantasy.

I walked over to the mirror to see what I looked like. It fit perfectly. The leather traced my body and I couldn't help but think I looked catlike. Wondering whether I should wait for him to come back or to venture out and find him, I heard a knock on the door. I made my way to it and peered out. He reached out his hand for mine. Opening the door, I saw his eyes scan down and then back up my body. I could tell he was pleased by the smile that spread over his face.

It took me a moment to notice that he had also changed into a costume. A wave of lust swept through my body. He had mor-

phed into one of my sinful delights - a vampire. As we walked farther down the corridor to yet another room, I could hear his cape brushing my leather-clad legs. Stopping outside this final door, he made almost no movement as he opened it and pulled me inside.

This was going to be an amazing night and I knew it. It was everything that my sweetest dreams had ever contained and I couldn't wait for more. My body was already crying out for him to take me right then and there. He seemed to know exactly what I wanted even more so than I did. This could have been a nightmarish encounter for most but I found it to be more stimulating than any previous sinful pleasure.

This room was darker than any of the others. I could hear soft piano music playing but couldn't discern where it was coming from. I gasped when I saw that the bed was covered in rose petals. Hearing me gasp, he breathed heavily before padding softly to the bed. Once there, he laid me gently in the middle of it and the rose petals. I wondered to myself if he was actually wearing fangs. I didn't have long to wait for an answer.

With a quickness I had never seen before, I found him on top of me. I was bewildered at how a man could move so quickly and suavely. The tips of our noses touching, we stared into each others' eyes. His were completely black and I decided that I was not dealing with an average being. His skin was cool to the touch and his breath had an icy tinge to it. My heartbeat pounded loudly but I failed to hear his.

Bringing his lips close enough to brush mine, he paused and tormented me with a pause. I whimpered and he pressed his lips against mine. My mind was whirling from it all and the evening was still very young. Our lips parted and I felt his tongue slowly brush mine. It wasn't long until I could feel his fangs with my tongue. They were real! Our kiss turned into a passionate dancing of our tongues until he pulled away. It was like nothing I had ever experienced. I felt like I was struggling for air and it excited me further.

By this time, he was straddled over my thighs. He reached

down and grabbed the ring attached to my collar and slowly pulled me up to him. Taking my chin in his right hand, he tilted my head back while his left traced slowly down my side. His lips parted and I could see his fangs glistening in the scant candlelight. I closed my eyes and then felt him tracing the tips of his fangs carefully down along my neck. Oh God, what had I gotten myself into? Whatever it is, I don't want it to stop!

Releasing the ring, I drifted back down onto the bed. Like a mirror-image, he followed me. Quiet whimpering escaped from my throat as I felt his body against mine. A touch of his fingertips gliding down my cheek and over my barely parted lips made me quiver for more. Down my neck, teasingly over my right breast and then my left, his hand traveled to find the zipper that laid near my throat. Pulling it ever so quickly, I felt the coolness from his skin and breath rush in.

I pushed my shoulders slightly off the bed and allowed him to slip the leather from my shoulders. Before I knew it, my body was revealed to my waist. Not hesitating, he slipped his hands down my hips and eased off the pants. Being fully exposed brought on a new burst of fiery lust for him. I suddenly reached up and untied his cape and let it fall to the floor. With a frenzy, I tore off the button-up shirt and threw it to the floor with the cape. During this time, he said not one word but stared into my eyes and smiled ... a smile barely recognizable in the dark expect for the glistening fangs.

With trembling fingers, I unfastened his pants and didn't stop until he was just as exposed as myself. Taking a chance, I ran my fingers through his pitch black hair and captured him with an intense kiss that ended with me running my tongue over his smooth lips. It was then that I wrapped my arms around his neck and pulled him down on top of me. I felt his manliness against my leg and I smiled.

Bringing his face close to mine as if to capture me in a trance with the fire in his eyes, I felt his hands sliding up my abs and stomach before coming to rest on both breasts. He held them for a moment and then began to massage them. I groaned deep

in my throat with pleasure. Lowering his face to them, he started to suck on my already taut nipples. He seemed to read my mind. His tongue thrashed over them violently and I started to pant. As suddenly as he started, he stopped. Confused at this change in events, I looked at him with questioning eyes.

His left hand passed once again over my right breast and tickled its way down my side and hip and across my thigh. Once finding the sensitive area on my inner thigh, his hand stroked up and down; it was enough to make me tingle all over. Continuing with his confident air, his hands worked in unison and pushed my legs apart. While he traced my neck with those unimaginably sexy fangs, his left hand occupied my breasts while his right found its home between my legs.

His fingers slid into my groove and worked their way back and forth ... back and forth. Keeping a steady rhythm while increasing the pressure. I caressed his shoulders and run my hands up and down his back. Suddenly, I felt the penetration of one finger, then two, and then finally three. In and out carefully while I began to grip his shoulders for what I knew was to come. On the verge of coming, he stopped and gave me that same teasing smile from earlier in the evening. He was going to get me as close to the edge as possible but not send me over it. I was slightly disappointed but knew he probably had something even better in mind. And so he did.

I gasped when I felt him thrust into me. I felt like he was going to rip me apart. it was a pleasurable pain which melted into pure pleasure the harder he pushed into me. Speeding his pace, I gasped wildly for the sheets under me. Another thrust followed by another that was more powerful than the one before it. How much of this could I handle? Actually, I found myself wishing it would never stop. Clenching the sheets with my fists until I knew my knuckles were turning white, I felt the telltale tensing of every muscle. The sound of my pounding heart seemed to echo from all directions and my panting grew faster. My body began jolting and my back arched with intensity. I couldn't control my hips and they thrashed of their own will. My scream reverberated

throughout the room and my eyes were pressed shut.

Taking advantage of my blindness, I found myself flipped onto my stomach and pulled into a crawling position. Reaching under me to fondle my breasts, again he powerfully thrust into me. This time, I resisted coming so easily. It was so damn hard to have that much control over my mind. With him pumping like that and touching in all the right places, I just didn't stand a chance. I felt his fingernails grazing down my back and I couldn't hang on any longer. This orgasm was even more charged than the first as I felt him come into me. I was grateful that this place was so secluded.

By this time, we were both panting. I was covered in a fine sweat while he appeared to be completely cool. He sat back on his knees and pulled me, in the same position, against him. I reached behind me and was pleased to find that he had an awesome physique. His toned abs felt like marble - so smooth and hard. His thighs were strong and muscular. Rubbing up and down his right one, I tried to be coy and sly as I began to stroke his shaft. There was no wearing out this man. I turned to face him and pushed him onto his back. Straddling his left leg, I stroked up and down ... harder ... faster. I heard him suck in a deep breath. It was like he was cheering me on and I was determined to not let him down. Trying to mimic him, I increased my pace. It wasn't long until he came. And still, he made no sound except for his raspy breath.

Curling next to his side, I draped my arm across his muscular chest and entwined my legs with his. His arms wrapped themselves around me and I sighed with happiness. My eyes began to drift dreamily shut when I felt a slight stirring from him. Without warning, I felt his cold breath draping itself around my throat. His eyes paralyzed me and seemed to burn a dull red. A pause as his fangs came to rest on my neck and then I felt them pierce my flesh. I grimaced but was soothed by the soft sucking noises he emitted. I felt weak and my eyes became clouded in an overwhelming darkness ...

Upon waking up, I was startled to find myself alone and in my own room at home. Was it all my imagination? Did I really experi-

ence the best night of my life or was it just a dream? I sat on the edge of my bed and debated the truth. Shrugging my shoulders, I padded across my room, barely glancing into the mirror on my dresser. My complexion became drained as I noticed two faint punctures along my throat ...



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