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My Goliath

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expansive deck. The sunroom, the Devil corrects as the Dead Man begins to climb. Foot by foot, the distance closes until they peer through the open bedroom window.

And they hear a familiar gasp.

“There she is.”

What seems only one is actually two figures lying in the velvet gloom which surrounds the heavy wooden sleigh bed. A passing shaft of argent moonlight, an errant escapee from behind the wispy cloudcover, falls over the writhing forms.

“Drive the knife in, Raker.”

Her bare legs encircle his waist as he holds her wrists and nuzzles at her throat. Her back arches beneath him as he quests for her burning core.

“Twist it.”

She moans, low and sweet and perfect. It spurs him to greater effort and the pace quickens with the hitching of her breath.

“Why do you do this?”

They roll and she begins to ride him, all liquid grace and syncopation. Her hair falls in an ebony cascade as his hands move to explore every inch of alabaster flesh.

“Come on...”

She turns toward the window and the chill breeze which whips through the room. She has just enough time to register a familiar form just outside. The burn of familiar eyes. It's just long enough to make her blood freeze.

The Dead Man hits the ground with a heart-wrenching thud. He wants to kill. To die. To burn a work of art. To breathe smoke. He wants to break the world and lay waste to everything beautiful and terrible which has ever been or will be.

“It hurts. I know.”

The Devil doesn’t. The Dead Man is beyond hurt. Hurt is for the enemy.