

CHAPTER 10



ABENA SPREAD HER thighs wide beneath Ephraim. He was thick and long. The weight of his manhood caused it to sway between them. They both watched in wonder as his cock disappeared inside Abena's body.

Abena cried out. It hurt, like a red-hot blade splitting her asunder, but the pain was quickly replaced with a sensation she didn't have the words to describe. He withdrew his member with slow purpose. Ephraim hissed when a second later he seated himself from tip to balls inside her hot body. When he withdrew again, he was slick and wet from Abena's excitement and the blood of her lost innocence.

Ephraim's large body eclipsed Abena's womanly frame. Wild swamp birds with majestic wings soared above them and the night animals that made their home amongst the swamp's dense vegetation bore witness to their passionate lovemaking.

Ephraim grunted. She felt like heaven inside. Like a wet, hot glove rhythmically clamping around his cock to milk it dry. Abena's breath hitched in concert with the sounds of the swamp. The feeling got so good Ephraim could no longer control himself. His firm buttocks rose and fell in a steady relentless rhythm, plundering the grasping wet womanhood between Abena's widespread thighs, filling her with steel plated meat just short of madness. She took all he gave her and greedily sought even more.

Abena's fingernails scored crescent moons in the ropey muscles in Ephraim's broad back. She arched beneath him, her beautiful face

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contorted by the sensation overload while Ephraim gave her the ride of her life. Abena never knew being with a man could feel so damn good.

“Yes, baby. *Ab NAY!* Yesss!” She screamed to the heavens and beyond, switching between her mother’s native tongue Twi and English. “*Ab NAY!* Split me open with your long hard cock. *Ab NAY!*” Her voice echoed through the night sky, bouncing off the moon and the stars before returning to earth in a shower of love-infused sweat that made both of their young bodies glisten.

Ephraim felt his release building as their sweat-slick bodies pounded against one another. Like molten lava, his semen soared to the tip of his thick manhood, building and churning as he tightened his buttock muscles to drive even deeper inside Abena’s yielding body, striving to become one with her.

He was about to erupt. Abena’s slick inner walls began to convulse and clutch at his manhood, threatening to milk him of everything—his seed, his mind, his very soul.

The veins in Ephraim’s neck bulged as he threw his head back and opened his mouth wide to accommodate a pair of long, sharp fangs. He growled deep in his throat like a jungle animal and then plunged his fangs into Abena’s neck at the same time his steaming hot semen splashed against her pulsing feminine walls, flooding her insides and temporarily cooling the fires which burned deep within her.

Ephraim then began to suck—deep, slow and steady—savoring every swallow of her sweet blood. He was exceedingly gentle as he fed from her, making sure not to take enough to weaken her or compromise her health. He was strong, and he recognised her fragility. He would never do anything to hurt her.

Abena felt the beginning of yet another orgasm. It felt like Ephraim’s mouth was everywhere, sucking clear down to her centre. She came, and came, and couldn’t stop coming until both of them had their fill.

Now that the blazing hot fire of passion was temporarily abated, the enormity of the situation they found themselves in came crashing down on the lovers like a century-old wall.

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Their being together was wrong on so many levels, but Ephraim didn't care. He couldn't get enough of her lips, her smell, or the feel of her smooth dark skin. Her voice was like sweet music to his ears. Now that he'd had her, he knew that the sound of her sultry voice would stay in his head, haunting him and making it impossible for him to think straight. He had no idea he could feel like this.

Ephraim was aware that the Maroons warned their children to stay away from his kind, but the Nephilim were no better. Even though they were part human, their prejudices and disdain for humans ran deep.

Ephraim tenderly licked the side of Abena's neck to close the puncture wounds. He closed his eyes, savouring the taste of her blood on his tongue. To Ephraim, Abena's blood tasted like nectar from The Ancient of Days, sustenance fit for angels. He knew of nothing that could possibly be sweeter.

Using the lush forest grass as their bedding, he cradled her in his arms, inhaling the fragrance of her soft hair. She smelled like hot buttered honey and the fresh pine needles on the huge tree covering the entrance to his family abode. Indeed, with her in his arms, he felt as though he had come home.

But for now, all they had was this moment. They must treasure the precious little time they had together, as though it was their last. Before long, it would be morning and she would have to hasten back to her village and he would have to return to the large cavern that housed an underground city where he dwelled with his family. Neither of them was ready to part. Ephraim squeezed her tightly against his body and kissed her on the temple. He could feel the rapid beat of her heart against his lips.

"This is insane," he said. "I just met you and already I know that no matter how much time we spend together, it will never be enough."

He could not see her face clearly from the position they were in, but he felt her smile. She kissed his chest in that place directly above his heart where he was most vulnerable, where only she resided.

Abena's feelings for Ephraim were also strong. "I will think about you all the time, Ephraim, wondering what you are doing when we

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are apart and who you are with. When I go to sleep, I know that I will dream about you. You will be the first person I think about in the morning when I wake and my last thought before giving myself over to sleep at night.”

When Abena looked at him the way she was looking at him right now, it made all the risks they were taking worth it. “Would you think I was crazy if I told you that I love you, Abena, even though I am engaged to wed someone else? I do not want to hurt her any more than I want to hurt and disappoint my parents,” he said with a troubled look in his eyes.

I did not set out to fall in love with a human. It just happened, he thought to himself.

Abena raised her hand to caress his cheek. Ephraim kissed the centre of her palm. “I understand exactly how you feel, Ephraim. I, too, am promised to another. His name is Jubal. I feel nothing for him. Before I met you, I was resigned to do my duty for our people. But now that I have met you—loved you—I know that I cannot marry him under any circumstances.”

Ephraim loved to hear Abena speak. Her speech pattern was not like that of most slaves. “You do not speak like a slave, Abena. How did you come by such refined speech?” he asked.

“I do not speak like a slave, Ephraim, because I am not a slave. I am a Maroon, the daughter of escaped slaves. I am free. Before my father brought my mother here, she had been the personal maid of the plantation owner’s wife. She mimicked the mannerisms and speech pattern of her owners and passed them onto me. I also know how to read and write,” she added proudly.

Ephraim entwined his fingers with Abena’s. “I don’t know what the future holds for us, sweet Abena, but I do know this. As long as we are together we can overcome anything.”

The young lovers caressed and whispered tender words of love to one another under the canopy of the lush swamp trees. All the while, Moultrie hovered a foot above the ground in a semi-transparent form, concealed behind a copse of dense foliage.

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He could barely contain his excitement. He'd followed Ephraim as was his custom and had the privilege to witness his steamy exchange with the lowlife, stinking human. A huge smile split Moultrie's face. He knew someone who would pay dearly to get their hands on a young Nephilim aristocrat. He ghosted out of the swamp to set his diabolical plan into motion.