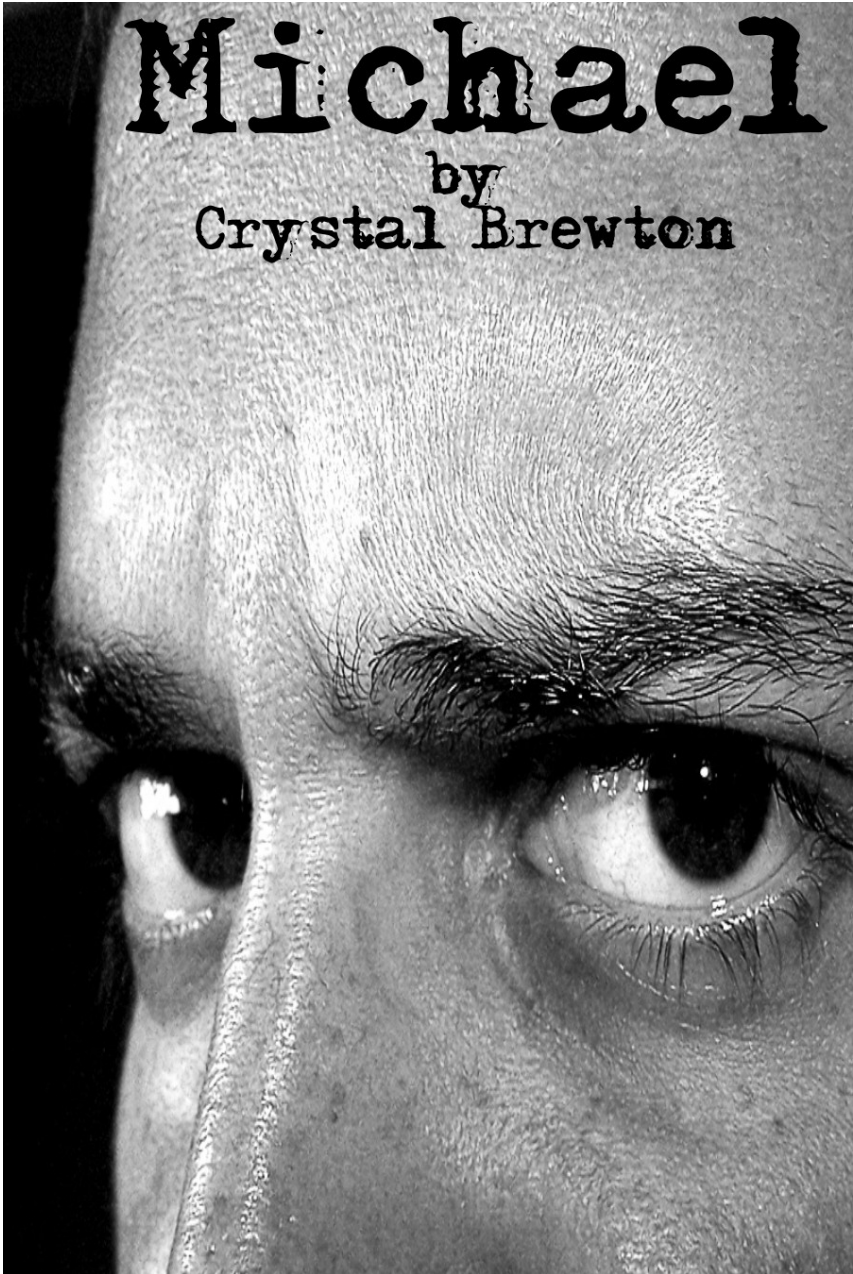


Michael



Michael

Michael
by
Crystal
Brewton

Michael

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Michael

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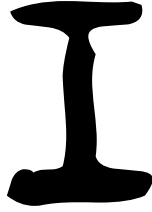
Michael

Acknowledgments and Disclaimer

I have to take a moment to thank Angela and Annie. If not for your positive feedback and reminders that shit does indeed happen, this book would never have been published.

This story deals with child molestation, but not in the usual way. Its point is not to glorify anything. This is the story the narrator told me to tell about he and Michael. Not everyone would deal with this situation as the narrator did. But some would and do, even when their molester isn't a dead man.

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My mother was a wonderful woman, before my life changed. Really, she was. I think. Okay, that's an out and out lie. Well, maybe she was before my life changed. Her problem was that she was incredibly practical. If she couldn't see it or touch it or smell it, it simply didn't exist, except as some sort of hallucination or wishful thinking.

Or denial...

So, suffice it to say that she didn't believe in ghosts. When people die, they die. They are gone and can't come back.

When I was seven, I believed the same thing she did. But then my life turned into something out of a bad, bad nightmare. Except I wasn't asleep and I couldn't wake up.

And no one believed me. Not *then*. Not *ever*..

My mother didn't believe any of my tales at first. Could be it was too horrible or her to even think about... She took me to a doctor and the doctor confirmed almost everything. Certainly that I had been molested, anyway. He and Mom decided both individually, and together, that my story was child induced, hysterical lying.

Because ghosts not only didn't exist, they didn't rape little boys if they *did*.

The logical answer was that my father had molested me. The woman who led the Witch Hunt against him looked and sounded

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nothing like my mother. And she was. My mother went after my father as if ... as if he'd molested her only child.

Which he hadn't.

My father lost his job first. They couldn't have a child molester in such a prestigious company. He lost his freedom next. As far as my mother was concerned the molestation stopped after I went to the doctor and she went to the police. It didn't, but I will get to that in a second.

The last thing my father lost was his life. Several dedicated fathers serving time in the Illinois penal system raped him more than a dozen times before they stabbed him more than a hundred. Prison guards were 'otherwise occupied' during the attack.

My mother celebrated my father's death as if it were the best thing that ever happened to her.

I was molested again that very night, after my mother passed out on the living room floor. She'd 'celebrated' until she was out cold.

Which brings me back to the fact that the molestation didn't stop just because my innocent father was removed from my home for my safety.

I cried and screamed that night, grabbing onto my father's muscular legs and holding on as if my life depended on it. As far as I was concerned, it did. It took my mother, two police officers and the neighbor to get me off of him and then I screamed at my mother. She was just as deaf to my claims that my father never touched me as the police were.

As she tried to calm me that night, I tried just as hard to tell her what happened to me. Again.

She sighed with exasperation. "Ghosts don't exist," she told me. "What you're doing, even if you don't *realize* it, is trying to protect that son-of-a-bitch by blaming a ghost. Like an imaginary friend that you want to take the fall for what your bastard of a father did to you." She pulled me close to her. "Thank goodness he only did it once." She pushed me away and searched my face. "He *did* only do it once, didn't he?"

I sighed and nodded. I knew then that I shouldn't have blamed a ghost for what my father had done to me.

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Even if it *was* the truth.

He came to me after she got drunk and passed out. I was standing in the hallway, looking at her with disgust. Maybe if she'd done something noble, I wouldn't have hated her as much as I did, but she hadn't done anything noble. She had allowed her practicality to poison her common sense, and the result was that my father was gone and no one believed me when I told them the truth.

"She will never believe you. *No one will ever believe you.*"

I turned around, startled to hear the voice behind me. I'd never heard the voice before. But I had seen the face. I had seen the expensive looking suit and the tight curls on that head.

"And that is perfect," he told me. "Perfect for *me.*"

I turned to run and was knocked down before I had taken three steps. With an 'off', I landed on my stomach on the floor beside the coffee table. I looked under it and could see my mother's hand and wrist and the bottle she'd dropped when she'd passed out. On her hand, I saw the wedding ring she couldn't get off of her finger because of the weight she'd put on over the years.

"Mom!" I screamed, reaching under the table to grab her.

I could see through the hand that slapped itself over my mouth.

"Don't run from me again," the voice growled. "Do what I say and I won't hurt you. *Always* do what I say."

I felt the pajamas rip from my body and then I felt the pain in my little ass when he entered me. He pushed into me over and over and over again. I screamed over and over again, but no one heard me, not even after he took his hand away from my mouth and grabbed my little cock while the other held my hips up so he could enter me more deeply.

He turned me over and he punched me, hard across the face with his closed fist. I screamed again and he hit me again. He pulled me to my feet and threw me over the couch. I hit the mantelpiece and landed just behind the couch. Moaning, I turned, trying to get up. Insanely, I thought I would climb up the fireplace chimney to escape.

His translucent legs appeared and for some reason I was

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shocked into silence to see him naked. He had to have been naked to do to me what he'd just done to me, but I was shocked anyway.

He kicked me in the ribs and I fell on my side. He picked me up and held me to his face by my shoulders.

"I have to teach you who's in charge, I see..." he growled.

He lowered me to my feet. He was tall. *Very* tall. His cock was in my face.

"Suck it, boy," he ordered. "And remember that if you use your teeth I will *kill* you."

I didn't want to. I didn't want to suck his cock. But I didn't want to *die*, either. The human instinct for self-preservation was very strong in me. It still is.

And so I brushed my lips against him and knew that wouldn't be enough, even before he told me.

"Suck it, you little *bitch*!"

So I sucked it into my mouth and left it there.

He tightened his grip on my neck. His hands were so huge. "Suck or *die*..." he ordered.

I didn't start sucking, but I did start sobbing. Maybe it's the same thing when there is a huge cock shoved in your mouth. It seemed to satisfy him, anyway. His cock started getting hard in my mouth. The harder it got, the harder I sobbed.

"Stop crying and *suck*!" he demanded again.

And I tried to calm myself. I couldn't make myself stop crying, but I *did* make myself start sucking. Because I knew he would kill me if I didn't.

My gag reflex triggered when he started pumping his cock in and out of my mouth. He was moaning worse than any ghost I had ever heard about until then. Then he stopped. He pulled me off of his cock and lifted me to his face again.

"Do you know how *painful* it can be to die, boy?" he demanded. "You *puke*, and you'll find out."

I swallowed the lump in my throat. Fortunately, I hadn't eaten so I had nothing to throw up, but I stifled a perfectly natural human reflex anyway. I was *that* scared.

He lowered me back to my feet and I felt his hands on either

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side of my head. I sucked him in again and I sucked as if my life depended on it.

He said “Fuck” a lot and then I almost gagged again when he suddenly arched his back and thrust his cock deep in my mouth.

My first taste of spunk was from a dead cock.

He seemed drained after that. He let me go and I sank to my knees, crying again.

“Look at me, boy!” he commanded.

I was too scared not to.

He was still naked and his cock was soft again. Waving his hands over his body, he was dressed in his expensive suit again. He looked down at me and adjusted his tie.

“You have a sweet mouth, kid.” His voice was almost soft, but it made me cry harder anyway. “I’m gonna fuck it a *lot*. Your ass, too.” He knelt down and I didn’t have to crane my neck to see him so much, but he still towered over me.

“Are you a ghost?” My voice shook, but I had to ask. Maybe he was a real person who was magic. Maybe my mother would believe *that*.

He looked at me and nodded. “I *am* a ghost.” He reached towards me and I flinched away. His arm was longer and it went straight through me. He withdrew it and smiled at my wide eyes and tear stained face. “And you’re my new fuck buddy.”

I didn’t like the sound of that, even if I didn’t know exactly what it meant.

“Who are you?” I didn’t want to know, but asked anyway.

He stood and I had to crane my neck to look up at him again. He started to fade away, like a bad dream. But before he vanished completely, he answered me.

“My name is Michael.”

2

My mother was shocked at my injuries when she saw them in the morning. Michael had beaten me pretty badly. I had bruises on my face and my back and sides. And my ass, of course.

“Who did this to you?” she demanded.

I thought back to Michael. Remembered the limp wrist on the floor under the table while he slammed his cock in and out of me. She had been drunk and passed out and never heard the first scream, before Michael silenced me.

My lip trembled, but I said nothing. I just pulled away from her. She wouldn't have believed me anyway.

She didn't take me to the doctor this time. Instead, she ignored my bruises and ignored *me*. When she called my school, she told them I was too traumatized to come into school for a while after my father's arrest for what he never did to me.

I was getting to be a pretty shrewd kid. School wouldn't resume for me until my facial bruises healed, at least. Then no one would blame my mother for causing them.

Practical bitch.

The night my mother announced that I would go to school the next day was a mixed blessing. I was bored, but I also liked being out of school. Finally, I was at a point where I slept better than I

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had in the week since my father was carted away and Michael raped me for the second time, heaping more insult onto injury.

At school, I was looked at as if there were something different about me. Parents believed that if they waited until they thought their kid was asleep and spoke in whispers that the kid would never know what was going on that the parent didn't *want* the kid to know. That was the denial that kept parents going.

But kids heard and kids *overheard*. Every kid in my class knew that my father had been jailed for molesting me. I didn't correct anyone. Because I didn't have to. While everyone walked on eggshells around me, no one came right out and asked me if it happened or not. No one wanted to know, or thought they knew already. Some people even went out of their way to ignore me, like I was some dirty bum on the street asking for spare change. I became invisible and found I *liked* it that way.

For everyone around me, life seemed to return to normal. For them and for me. Just the way they wanted it.

The school year was almost over. My mother made sure I missed as much as possible by dragging me to court every day of my father's trial. I wasn't called to testify. At seven years old, I was considered too young and the ghost story I was sticking to made me unreliable as a witness. But I was glad. I didn't want them to convict my innocent father with my help.

No one needed my help. Dad was convicted, sent to jail and killed less than a month later. When my mother got the news she pulled out another bottle of vodka and got drunk again. I was terrified that she would pass out and then Michael would come for me again.

She *did* pass out, but Michael didn't come for me.

After a while, I thought maybe he had not been as interested in my sweet mouth and ass as he'd thought and decided he would leave me alone.

I cheered when my mother told me we were moving away from Chicago. The city stank of bad memories. Chicago had a ghost in it named Michael who liked my sweet ass and mouth.

New York would be like a paradise. A safe haven.

I'd never been so wrong about anything in my life.

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My mother started her new job and we settled into our new brownstone apartment. I started at my new school, which was close enough for me to walk to in the worst weather. I just left the building, turned left and walked six blocks straight ahead.

The church I found was out the building and right, then a two block walk, another right and another two blocks.

I was going to both every day. My father was Catholic and so was the church. Somehow it made me feel closer to my Dad.

New York was Serenity as far as I was concerned. I was finally at peace. My mother had stopped drinking and lost every ounce of fat she'd accumulated on her body since I had been born. She bought a lifetime membership at the local gym and spent the time after she got off of work until about half an hour before I went to bed there and most of the day on the weekends there. When she wasn't working out, she was hanging out with her newfound friends.

Which meant I didn't have to deal with the bitch.

I loved my alone time. I got time to study, play video games, read, watch television, eat whatever I wanted ... it was great. I even got to spend my eighth birthday alone. My mother had forgotten it. It was the first time I ever baked a cake – or anything else for that matter. It turned out perfectly.

Life was perfect.

Then Michael came back in my life.

I had just finished my favorite game on its hardest level. I was sitting on the couch with my feet on the coffee table and smiling like a fool.

Until the body materialized in front of me.

I dropped the controller and my jaw at the same time.

“Michael...” I breathed. I thought about running, but the last time I did that came rushing back to me with such force I could only slam myself back on the couch and stare.

He hadn't changed. He still had that suit on and he was smiling just like he had when he had dematerialized the last time I had seen him.

“Hey, kid...” he greeted me as if we'd seen each other only yesterday. He cocked his head to the side. “You're not running,”

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he observed. "Smart."

I found my voice. "I left you in Chicago..." I whispered.

Michael's smile remained fixed. "I'm dead, kid," he reminded me. "I can go wherever I want to go."

The lump in my throat was threatening to choke me, so I swallowed it. I stared at him, understanding that I couldn't get away from him. Ever.

I could see the erection in his pants and I shuddered when he waved his hands over himself and the erection popped out at me as his clothes vanished.

"I'm sorry I was gone so long," he told me as he walked through the coffee table to get to me. "It won't ever happen again."

I didn't cry when he made me suck him and I didn't fight him when he took me up the ass.

Fighting Michael was foolhardy. I was too little. He was too big.

Michael became a regular in my life. He appeared to me about once a month after he caught up with me in New York. I asked the priests at the church about ghosts and they gave me the royal runaround, so I didn't bother to ask about child molesting ghosts. My teachers at school didn't hear any of my questions. I knew they wouldn't help me.

But I *did* utilize the library a lot. My mother gave me a computer when I turned thirteen and I got myself Internet access. The library was of limited help. The Internet was only slightly more helpful.

Seems there weren't any confirmed cases of child molesting ghosts around.

I learned a lot about ghosts, though. I learned that my hopes of turning to my priest friends at the church to have him exorcised were stupid. He was a ghost, not a demon. Despite my first hand knowledge of ghost sightings, the ghost hunters refused to believe that I had seen one. Not when I was thirteen. Or fourteen. Even fifteen and sixteen.

My 'relationship' with Michael changed as I got older. He stopped molesting and running when I turned twelve. He would

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fuck me, then stick around for a while, trying to get me to talk to him. I ignored him until I entered high school. Then my life was getting even more confusing than it already was.

And my only friend was Michael.

I was anti-social when I entered high school. Because I was weird and different. I got top grades, but I didn't belong to any clubs. Didn't socialize. I studied, researched the supernatural, visited the church to talk about demons and evil things, and ... and let Michael fuck me whenever he wanted to.

Girls didn't interest me, and I wondered if Michael had somehow made me gay. For the first time, I researched child molestation and homosexuality and that's when I discovered that Michael wasn't fucking me because he was gay, or even because *I* was gay. He was fucking me because I was weak. A kid. Or I was when I was seven. Child molestation was about power, not sex.

I started fucking girls anyway, even though they didn't interest me. Guys didn't interest me either. I felt asexual. While I wasn't gay, but I wasn't straight either.

I was big, though. I hadn't thought about my size for a long time. Michael was still six inches taller than I was when I was sixteen. But I wondered if I couldn't take his ectoplasmic ass in a fair fight.

Not that I knew how to fight a ghost, fairly or unfairly.

It hardly mattered.

My relationship with Michael took a drastic and bloody turn when I was seventeen years old.

3

I've mentioned that my mother was a bitch. This wasn't just the usual childhood angst that all kids go through. My mother really *was* a bitch. She didn't listen to me. Not just about who *really* molested me when I was seven, but about anything. Didn't matter what the subject matter was.

The older I got, the more self-absorbed the bitch became. If it didn't effect her, she didn't care. And if it didn't effect her *positively*, it was disposed of post haste.

We fought a lot. Yelling and screaming and once or twice we even exchanged punches. Marks were never where anyone could ever see. Mom learned her lesson the night Michael beat me. Never leave marks where they might cause someone to ask questions.

But I had no idea my mother wanted me *dead*.

I knew she hated me. Because I was male and I looked just like my father. And I was always home when she tried bringing home boyfriends. Plus, I was a reminder to her of times she'd just as soon forget.

The night she almost killed me was unusual.

How she was stopped from killing me was even more unusual.

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My reaction to the whole thing was more unusual, still.

She had decided to stay home that night. Nobody to fuck was my guess. She had been a hot commodity since she dropped all that weight, and whenever she could she would spread her legs to be admired by someone. The bitch could have made us rich, but she didn't have the sense to take money to compensate us or her lack of self-esteem.

Not being able to stand her company, I retreated to my room and read a book about ghost hunting in the nineteenth century. Michael hadn't been to see me in about six weeks, which was unusual for him. He'd never gone longer than five weeks before.

As I read, I found that I almost missed him, which made me get up from my laying position on the bed and get on my computer. I researched Stockholm Syndrome and whatever related disorders I could think of. Missing Michael alarmed me.

"Where the fuck did you put the cinnamon?" my mother's melodious voice floated from the kitchen and down the hall towards my bedroom.

I never took my eyes from the screen. "In the two loaves of bread you ate last night, you fucking *cow*!" I replied.

"I didn't eat *all* of that, you little prick!" she responded.

With a sigh, I left the computer. I walked out of my room in my jeans and nothing else and into the kitchen where I found my mother covered in flour.

I was the family chef. From the cake I baked myself on my eighth birthday until now, I did all the cooking. Before then, my father did the cooking, because my mother was a menace in the kitchen. The bitch couldn't make a cup of coffee. So seeing my mother in the kitchen infuriated me immediately.

"What the *fuck* are you doing in my kitchen?" I demanded.

She looked at me with wild and hate filled eyes and suddenly it hit me. I would have slapped myself on the forehead for being so blind, if I wasn't so mad and getting madder every second.

"You're fucking *high*!" I marveled at my new insight. My mother's weight loss and perkiness couldn't have come from anywhere else but drugs. Cocaine. Maybe heroin. I didn't know much about drugs, which suddenly struck me as extremely ironic

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considering I'd been fucked by a ghost for the last ten years. Escaping reality had *never* been my style.

"No, I'm not," she denied and sniffed.

She was so thin. I couldn't believe it. But at the same time, I hadn't really had a good look at her since we moved to New York from Chicago. I didn't like her, so I didn't deal with her and I sure enough didn't *look* at her if I could avoid it. All I knew was she wasn't three hundred plus pounds like she had been in Chicago.

I laughed at her and allowed my thoughts to come out of my mouth. "You *are*!" I guffawed. "What the fuck do *you* have to hide from?"

She was already angry and being high didn't help. She stiffened in her anger and opened her own mouth. "*Me*?" she sounded like she couldn't believe I asked. "*You* try living down a child molesting husband. The fucker died before I could get a fucking *divorce*. Do you know how *shameful* that is?" She shook her head. "And then you grow up and you look just *like* the ass hole." She reared back like a snake to strike. "You fucking little boys like your daddy did yet?"

My eyes got big and my jaw dropped. "You're high *and* fucking delusional!" I took a step closer to her. I was a half a head taller than she was now. "First of all, Dad never molested me. And second..."

She didn't let me continue. She scoffed at me. "If he didn't then who did?"

It came from me before I could stop it. "*Michael!*" I screamed at the top of my lungs. "Michael molested me and he *hasn't ever stopped!*"

My mother rolled her eyes. "That imaginary ghost friend you made up ten *years* ago?" she laughed. "You really *have* been in denial all these years, haven't you?" She shook her head. "I guess I *should* have sent you to a shrink."

I bit my lip. Controlling my temper had come easier and easier throughout the years of my helpless situation under Michael. "You need the shrink, Mom," I told her as calmly as I could. "Who do you think it was that beat and molested me the night Dad was arrested? When..." and my voice rose to another

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scream, "When Dad wasn't even there *to* molest me. *When the only person in the whole fucking apartment was you!*"

That got her attention. She stiffened and stared at me. I know she was thinking about it. "Johnny had a key," she finally fished out of the haze of her mind. "*He* must have done it."

I shook my head. "Clean up my kitchen and get out," I commanded. "Go find your crack dealer or whoever he is. Fuck him for a five dollar bag and leave me *alone*."

My mistake was turning my back to her.

She *had* eaten both loaves of cinnamon bread I'd baked the night before. The only reason the knife was still out was because, when I realized she was staying home, I retreated to my room and hadn't cleaned the kitchen. Usually, I was very clean in the kitchen. I hoped against hope she would clean up her mess after she ate my food.

The bread knife was still on the counter, covered in bread crumbs and flour. I don't know if that made it hurt more when she plunged it into my collarbone or not. But it hurt like hell and I dropped to my knees screaming.

I threw my head back and screamed again when she pulled it out. I collapsed on my belly on the kitchen floor and tried to roll over. Maybe I could stop her. If I could get to my feet, I was already planning on stomping her face into the linoleum of the kitchen floor.

I collapsed the first time I tried to put weight on my right arm. The pain was just too great. I tried the left arm and was rolling over when I heard my mother's voice cry out in surprise.

"Who are *you*?" she demanded.

I collapsed again in shock when I heard the voice answer her.

"My name is Michael."

I ignored the pain as I flipped myself over. Sure enough, Michael was standing in my kitchen. He was turning his head to look at me. And he wasn't smiling.

"You okay, kid?" he asked me in a voice suddenly so full of concern that I almost didn't recognize it.

My mother took the knife, still covered in my blood and struck out towards Michael's back.

Michael

I heard my voice as if it were far away scream. “Michael! *Look out!*”

How I had forgotten that Michael was a ghost was beyond my comprehension. The knife sliced through him as if he weren't even there. My mother narrowly avoided stabbing herself in the leg, as the momentum she used to try and stab Michael was so great.

She stared up at him with her mouth open in disbelief.

Michael turned his back to me to face her. “Did you just try to *kill* me?” he barked a laugh and was on her in less than a second. He had a fist full of the hair at the back of her head and he pulled her head back as far as it could go, forcing her to look up his formidable height. “Someone beat you to it, bitch,” he told her, calmly.

My mother stared up at him with abject terror in her eyes. She moved her eyes, as her head was a captive of Michael's strong grip. She looked through him at me. “Michael?” her voice was trembling with terror and disbelief.

I heard myself laugh crazily. “Do you believe me *now*, you stupid *cunt*?” I asked, my voice unnaturally calm to my ears.

Michael did to her what he used to do to me when I was a little kid. He lifted her by the hair up to his face. “Well?” he asked her mildly. “Do you believe him *now*, you *cunt*?”

She responded by striking out at him with the knife again. Michael and I both stared at her until she stopped, seemingly out of steam.

“I don't believe in ghosts,” she growled.

Michael chuckled. “Well, I'll have to change that, won't I?”

I pulled myself up using the stove as Michael began his conversion of my mother into a believer. He threw her to the floor and put his foot on her chest. She struggled, but she could not move. I could also see her mouth moving, but I couldn't hear anything she was screaming. He'd done the same thing to her that he had done to me the night he raped me on the living room floor of the apartment in Chicago.

My eyes didn't seem to close as I watched. It came to me that Michael had always been gentle with me. *Very* gentle...

Michael

Because what he did to my mother was barbaric.

He ripped off her clothes, as he had done with me. As he raped her vaginally, he also took bites out of her face. She had no cheeks when he came, and he pulled out of her, opting to come all over her face.

Forcing her mouth open was easy, considering how wide open it was in her scream. But he put the bread knife in her mouth, giving her incentive not to close it. Being a ghost, he didn't worry about the knife slicking off his cock as he fucked her mouth. When he came, the spunk spilled out of those holes that used to be her cheeks.

And she continued to live. She tried to pass out, I think, but Michael wouldn't let her. He wanted her alive.

Her chest was large. I guess that's what made men flock to her. One was a handful, even for Michael. He titty-fucked her, didn't climax and ripped both tits off with his bare hands. Then he pulled the knife out of her mouth and chopped them both up in front of her, making her eat some as he did. I could see her screaming, choking, and swallowing.

Finally Michael pulled her up and bent her over the kitchen sink. He spread her legs with his and slammed himself into her ass with such force I could see her pelvis break. She arched her back and screamed over and over again.

Michael spoke into her ear as he slammed himself into her again and again. She looked like she was in excruciating pain. The first times Michael had taken me up the ass had hurt. I had bled. But it looked like I had been treated gently compared to what Michael was doing to my mother.

I leaned on the stove and watched. I had no desire whatsoever to stop it, even if I had been able to.

Michael fucked my mother to death and dropped her limp head into the sink. She slid to the kitchen floor in a heap.

Then he turned and looked at me. "Do you know what she said at the end?" His expression was mild.

I shook my head, clueless.

"I *do* believe in spooks. I *do* believe in spooks. I *do* believe in spooks..." he told me with a rare smile, pumping his hips

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forward every time he said 'do'.

The words were so unexpected I started laughing my head off. I also began screaming in pain. The guffaws racked my shoulder in pain.

Michael got serious immediately. "Let me look at that," he demanded, calmly.

He lifted me in his arms and carried me into my bedroom, dripping blood the whole way. He lay me on my bed and turned, leaving the bedroom. The room was spinning before he came back. He'd found the first aid kit I kept in the hall closet by the bathroom door.

The care he took to clean the stab wound shocked me. He was thorough. He put his hand in my body and when he pulled it out, he had bread crumbs in his palm. He cleaned the blood away with a washcloth, then left me alone again. When he returned, he had a small sewing kit in his hands.

It is inadvisable to suture a wound with sewing thread, but that was all I had in the house. Michael sewed my stab wound closed like a professional seamstress.

When I spoke for the first time since asking my mother if she believed me now, I only had the energy for one word.

"Why?"

Michael looked down at me. He was kneeling beside my bed. Almost gently, he brushed a stray hair out of my face.

"Because you're *mine*."

4

When I woke up, my shoulder hurt like hell, but there was a bottle of painkillers beside my bed. I ignored it and sat up. That's when I noticed that my computer was off as I stood. I turned and looked at my bed, expecting to see a bloody mess.

The sheets were pristine.

I frowned, wondering if perhaps I had just had a dream. My shoulder tinged then and I glanced down at the bandages, which had obviously been added after I fell asleep or passed out or whatever I had done the night before after Michael had stitched me up.

Slowly, I left my bedroom and noticed several things long before I made it to the kitchen. One was that there were no blood stains. Anywhere. I knew I was dripping blood when Michael carried me from the kitchen to my bedroom. The hardwood floors shone clean.

Also, as I passed my mother's bedroom, I noticed that it was a wreck. The bed was unmade, the dressers were open and empty. Her closet door stood open and empty.

The last thing was in the living room. A large pile of cash sat on the coffee table, as if waiting for me.

All of that prepared me for the kitchen when I finally reached it. It was as clean as if I had been up all night cleaning it myself. Not a single trace of blood met my eyes. And of course, there

Michael

was no body laying on the kitchen floor.

The only thing that was different about the kitchen was that Michael was pouring me a cup of coffee. He was dressed in his usual suit and he was smiling.

“Um...” I stammered, as I watched him stir in the creamer and the sugar. “I...” I shrugged and hissed in pain. Then I spoke the words I never imagined I would say to Michael. “Thanks.”

He nodded at me, then turned and walked through the kitchen wall and disappeared.

I took the coffee and sipped it. Just the way I liked it. Strange, considering I didn't ever remember telling Michael how I liked my coffee.

Taking my perfect cup of coffee, I returned to the living room and sat on the couch. I took another sip, put the cup down and picked up the pile of money. I counted the twenties and fifties quickly. Just as I realized that I was holding almost two thousand dollars in cash, I also realized I wasn't alone in the room.

Michael stood with the bottle of pills in his hand. I knew he must have walked or floated down the hallway. He probably couldn't go through walls with something solid in his hands.

“You didn't take any of the pills.” He looked at me with raised eyebrows, as if he were impressed with me.

I shrugged and regretted the automatic reaction immediately. “I don't do drugs. That's my mother's thing, as it turns out.” I sighed and tossed the money on the table. “What did you do with her, by the way?”

“She'll be found in a couple of days in a crack house on the other side of town. If they identify the body, which is possible, just tell them that she was a drug user and a prostitute.” He shrugged, painlessly. “If the cops show up, they'll probably already know it, but tell them you suspected it anyway. Cry if you think it will help.”

I snorted a laugh. “Yeah, right. Everyone knows I wasn't close to that bitch.”

Michael nodded. “True. But don't jump up and down for joy. Act surprised. Act like you didn't see her killed. You'll get in trouble.”

Michael

I scoffed. "I learned a long time ago that no one believes my ghost stories."

Michael looked at me for a long time. "Most people don't believe in ghosts," he explained, quietly. "And those who do..." he rolled his eyes, "are quacks."

I considered the ghost hunters I had turned to when I was younger. They weren't interested in the child molesting ghost. It seemed to offend them. A ghost who didn't just scare people or appear and vanish, but raped kids. Or a kid.

I had to ask again. "Why, Michael?"

For a minute, I thought he wasn't going to answer me. But finally he sat beside me on the couch. "Because you're *mine*." He gave me the same answer he'd given me before. "And I take *care* of what is mine."

I blew out a deep breath. "How many others are there?" I asked. "How many more kids like me?"

"There *are* no others," he announced. "Only you."

This knocked me on my ass, so to speak. "Then why *me*? What the *fuck*, Michael?" I turned sideways to face him. "You've been molesting me since I was *seven years old*. Now all of a sudden you show up and save my fucking *life*? And kill the one person I hate more than *you*? Why?"

Again, Michael was a long time replying. "I don't know..." he finally told me, lamely. "All I know is one night I was wandering around. I passed through your apartment and saw you. And I *had* to have you. I had to claim you as *mine*. And I *did*." He sighed. "I know you hate me. I guess it comes with the territory. You can't fight me. Not and expect to *win*. I'm stronger than you are on every conceivable level. But you're *mine*." He shrugged. "No one causes you pain. *No one*."

It was my turn to sigh. "No one except *you*," I whispered.

He nodded and shrugged, conceding the point to me. "You've read about living people like me," he told me. "You know what it is all about."

I nodded and picked up my coffee. "Power," I whispered and sipped.

"Why were you looking at Stockholm Syndrome websites

Michael

last night?" he suddenly asked.

I almost spit my coffee back into my cup, the question caught me so off guard. Instead, I gulped and drank more coffee as I considered my answer. "Because I thought I missed you," I whispered. "Because you had been gone for like six weeks and I *missed* you."

Michael said nothing, he simply stared at me. I killed my coffee and considered my own words. Had I really missed him?

"And when you showed up, you killed that cunt of a mother of mine." I heard the awe in my voice. "*God*, Michael. I wanted to cheer you on. I wanted to hear her *screams*." I looked at him. "I *sure as hell* didn't want to *stop* you." I swallowed, hard. "You killed her for *me*. Because I'm *yours*." I leaned into him slightly, unsure what I had planned to do. "Because I have *always* been *yours*."

Michael was going to say something, but my kissing him sealed the words inside of his mouth.

I had *never* been the one to kiss Michael before. *He* kissed *me*. A million times. And I had never welcomed the kisses. It was *never* the other way around.

But I found that kissing him was nice. I had never allowed myself to enjoy him. His lips were cool, but soft. I reached for his pants and the cock I knew awaited me there.

His hand around my wrist stopped me.

"This time we do it differently," his voice was rough, but somehow eager.

He kissed me and this time I welcomed it. For the first time I *wanted* him to kiss me. I wanted to feel his tongue on my mouth and he obliged me. His tongue working its way around mine made me moan.

And made my cock hard...

I know ghosts cannot read minds. Michael probably would have killed me for some of the thoughts I had harbored over the last ten years. But he somehow sensed what I wanted, and he obliged me again.

His hand on my jeans, rubbing my cock, was pure, unadulterated heaven.

Michael

Michael slipped from the couch onto his knees. I stood and looked down at him for the first time in ten years. He was so tall that even on his knees he was barely half a head shorter than I was standing in my bare feet. But I looked down at him anyway and found myself looking into eyes that were a tortoiseshell brown. In ten years, I had never noticed his eye color. It had never been important.

I felt him unsnap and unzip my jeans. Because I never knew when he was going to show up and because he didn't like them, I never wore underwear. I hadn't owned a pair since I was seven. I felt my cock spring free and bounce off of his chest. He lowered his head as he lowered the jeans and I stepped out of them feeling in a sort of a daze.

"Oh, *fuck...*" I moaned as his cool lips surrounded the head of my cock. The few girls at school who had done this hadn't felt anywhere near as good. I began to rock my hips and he took me completely into his mouth, something none of the girls had ever done. They didn't like it when I grabbed their heads and fucked their mouths. But Michael didn't seem to mind. And I hated myself for loving it.

I fucked Michael's mouth. Eagerly, I fucked the mouth of the ghost who had been fucking *my* mouth for ten years. And it felt *so fucking good*. I threw my head back and moaned.

"Fuck, yeah..." I tightened my grip on his curly hair and my torn shoulder protested. But I didn't care. It felt too damn good for me to care about a lousy stab wound. "Suck me. Suck me *hard*, Michael." My hips slammed into his mouth and he deep throat me.

I experienced my first orgasm in the mouth of the dead man I hated more than any live one. Another thing none of the girls I'd ever been with had ever managed to do. No one had ever made me cum before.

He gripped my ass and helped me to my knees as they gave way. I looked up at him again, now that I was on my knees, but he leaned down and kissed me. I could taste my spunk on his ethereal tongue. His hands were on my cock again, massaging it. After a while, he had me as hard as steel again.

Michael

After an eternity, he broke the kiss. "I have been fucking you for ten years," he growled softly as he pulled himself onto the couch. He lay back. "Maybe it's time for *you* to fuck *me*."

My cock twitched. Suddenly, I wanted him with more than I had *ever* wanted to get rid of him. I launched myself at him, grabbing his balls hard as I passed. Greedily, I grabbed his head and pulled him into a kiss.

I stroked his cock and found it wet with ghostly pre-cum. I pulled myself further up and rubbed my cock against his. He was bigger than I was, but oddly enough, not by much. And I had grown over the years. My hands, which once could barely handle his cock, were now just barely big enough for me to grab both of our cocks. I jacked both of us off in the name of lubricating myself for him.

I stopped before I came again. I wanted to fuck him for as long as I could. I fingered his ass, putting my semen-covered finger in to the hilt. Then I lined my cock up with his hole and pushed firmly.

"Shit!" we both yelled at the same time.

I withdrew almost completely, and then plunged in again. And again we yelled as one.

"Fuck..."

I pumped in and out of him as hard as I could. It felt so good to be surrounded by his tight hole. He jacked himself off as I fucked him and he looked at me – his eyes all but begged me to fuck him as hard as I could.

And so, I did.

I roared when I came, not unlike he did when I made him cum.

"Michael!"

He shot his load about ten seconds later and I was able to catch most of it in my mouth. I licked him clean before I withdrew from his ass. He pulled me up his body, careful of my bad shoulder and we kissed ... we kissed ...

Passionately.

"You like fucking me, little one?" he asked, laughing while he panted with exertion.

Michael

Michael was probably six foot ten inches tall. I was only six foot even, but I was only seventeen years old. I might grow some more before I stopped. He could still hold me like I was a doll.

I couldn't help but laugh, myself. "Yeah," I replied. "It's a nice change of pace."

He got serious. "Then we will have to do it more often."

But first he had me suck his cock and lick his balls and the hole I'd experienced. He came in my mouth again. He put me on my back and fucked me as if I were a woman, watching my face and my left hand as I jacked myself off. It was awkward, with the bad shoulder and all, not using my right hand. It was hurting and using my hand to jack myself off would only have made it worse.

But this time I enjoyed it. I loved being fucked by Michael.

Finally, I *enjoyed* being fucked by Michael.

Just like I had, he caught my spunk when I came and sucked me back to hardness with barely a pause.

And then I fucked him.

The morning was full of fucking and sucking and poking and licking. By afternoon, every muscle in my body hurt, my right shoulder with its stab wound worse of all.

Michael lay me on the couch, covered me with a blanket, stood and vanished while staring at me with an expression I could not identify on his face.

5

The police didn't show up for almost a week. In that time, my wound had healed nicely, although I had one hell of a scar on my right clavicle. The day before the police came, Michael reappeared and removed the stitches. Then we fucked like crazy. I fucked him as many times as he fucked me.

When the doorbell rang, I was sitting in the living room playing a video game and drinking coffee. I knew it was the police. No one ever visited us, so it was the only logical answer.

Playing shocked was a no-brainer for me. I had been pretending with the living for ten years. I was an old pro. The cops looked very uncomfortable when I told them that I was the only living relative. It meant they had to take me to the morgue to make a positive identification of my mother's body.

As instructed by Michael, I pretended to just barely hold it together for the cops and the coroner. They were very sympathetic to my loss.

I was seventeen years old. Putting me in foster care was a waste of time and precious taxpayer dollars. Instead, I applied for emancipation. The problem was that I didn't have a job and I hadn't finished high school yet.

Michael appeared to me the night before my emancipation hearing. Between fucking sessions, he told me not to worry about anything.

Michael

I was his, and he took care of what belonged to him.

For appearances sake, I wore a suit to the hearing. My court appointed attorney hadn't shown up by the time I arrived, half an hour early. I paced, my perfect school record under my arm. I didn't start to get nervous until fifteen minutes before the hearing was scheduled to begin.

Then a man approached me. He was shorter than my mother had been and had a nose that screamed his Jewish heritage to the heavens. I knew he was a lawyer before he stopped in front of me and asked me if I was, in fact, me.

"I'm Joshua Goldbloom," the walking, talking stereotype explained. "I'm your new lawyer. Keep your mouth *shut* and don't speak unless I *tell* you to."

All I knew was this had to be what Michael had been talking about. Why I shouldn't worry about being denied emancipation because I had no job and no education, as far as the state of New York was concerned.

Goldbloom was a smooth talking attorney. He announced to the judge that I may only be seventeen years old, but my grades were perfect (they were) and they were not expected to slip any in my new job as delivery boy at the Bittetto grocery, a small family store in Little Italy.

It took everything I had not to register my shock at the news of my new job. Delivery boy? How in the bloody blue fuck was I supposed to live on that pittance of a salary? But I kept my face deadpan. Goldbloom hadn't spoken to me and I had nothing to say.

My emancipation was approved in less than five minutes.

Goldbloom insisted on taking me out to lunch once we left the courthouse. I wasn't too surprised to see that we wound up in Little Italy. The fat little lawyer pulled up to a rustic little restaurant three doors down from the Bittetto grocery. I noticed that it was called the Medici.

We walked inside and headed straight for a long table in the back. There, I was greeted by half a dozen dark, swank Italian men. There was one who sat against the back wall, where he could see everything... who caught my attention and kept it.

Michael

He looked exactly like Michael.

All right, not *exactly* like Michael. He was alive, for one. And when he stood to shake my hand, I saw he was a couple of inches shorter than Michael was. He was also old. I guessed Michael was no older than thirty. This man was sixty, easy.

“You come to us *highly* recommended, young man,” the old man, who had been introduced to me as Vincent Bittetto, told me. “I know you won’t let us down.”

I resisted my shrug. “I’ll do my best, sir.” I remembered my manners.

This seemed to please Mr. Bittetto and he nodded for me to join them. Fortunately, I loved Italian food and was pleased to find the food up to my exacting standards. I liked any place that had a chef that cooked better than I did.

It was getting late when I mentioned I had a long way to go to get home. Bittetto dismissed the fact that I had to travel across miles to get home with a wave of his hand.

“You only live two doors down, boy,” he snorted.

I stared at him, confused. He looked at me and laughed richly. He stood and walked over to me, clapped a hand on my shoulder, and I could feel him feeling the scar.

“Come with me, boy,” he commanded with the same tone Michael used when he told me to suck his cock.

I responded as I did with Michael and went with him.

The Bittetto grocery was on the ground floor of a three story brick building. Mr. Bittetto took me in the side door, which led up to the second and third floors. He opened the single door on the third floor and we entered a furnished apartment.

He gave me the short tour from the door. To the left of the door and down the wide hallway were three bedrooms, one and a half bathrooms and the kitchen. To the right of the door, was the living room. And it was the largest living room I had ever seen in my life. It even had integrated bookshelves.

On which I recognized some of the books from my own bedroom...

“You live *here* now, boy,” Mr. Bittetto told me, motioning around the apartment. “And you work for *me*.”

Michael

I stared around. "As a *delivery boy*?" I knew my voice held a lot of incredulity.

Mr. Bittetto laughed. "Sure. When I don't have *other* jobs for you."

Understanding dawned. I didn't watch much news on television, but even *I* had heard of the Bittetto Crime Family. I worked for the mafia now.

"Yes, sir," I replied, still a little shell shocked.

Mr. Bittetto nodded. "He's a good boy, Michael,"

I turned and there was Michael, standing in the middle of the living room. My living room.

"I told you he was, Pop," Michael agreed with a nod.

Mr. Bittetto looked at me again. "You start in the grocery after school tomorrow," he told me. He turned and walked to the door, opened it then turned back to me and leveled a finger at me.

"You belong to *me* now, boy," he told me with a rough paternal air. "And I take care of what belongs to me."

And he left, closing the door behind him.

I turned and looked at Michael. "So, you're Michael Bittetto..." I spoke slowly, like I was just meeting him. "I've heard your name, but I can't place it. Except for the Mafia ties."

Michael walked up to me, took me in his arms and kissed me hard.

"My father," he nodded over my head at the now closed door, "is Vincent Bittetto. The Don of the New York Mafia. He sent me to Chicago fifteen years ago to negotiate a hostile takeover," he shrugged. "I did my job and I did it *well*," he chuckled dryly. "But once it was complete, the last of the family we destroyed put two bullets in my chest and one in my eye. I was thirty years old."

I nodded slowly. "I was two..." I whispered.

Michael nodded. "You were," he remembered. "Anyway. I don't know how or why I became a ghost, but I found out pretty damn quick that I could still serve my father and my family. Hell, I could serve them better as a *ghost* than I could as a mortal man. By the time I stumbled across you, I had secured my family's position as the top Crime family in Chicago."

Michael

"You didn't come to me for months after my father was arrested..." I found myself murmuring.

"I had business elsewhere," he shrugged. "But I found you again. You can't hide from me."

I shrugged in my turn. "I wasn't hiding. I was seven years old. My mother moved and I moved with her."

He nodded. "True." He looked around the apartment. "You like the new digs?"

I looked around also. "Very rich," I observed.

"You are a very rich man," he told me and I knew he wasn't lying.

"What do I *do*?" I asked.

"You'll *start* as a grocery clerk," Michael told me, going and sitting on a very comfortable looking overstuffed couch. "Then you'll probably wind up in cooking school once you graduate high school. Then *maybe* you can be a chef at the Medici."

I raised my eyebrows and looked at him on the couch with his arms across its back. I joined him, taking off my tie, shirt, shoes and socks as I did. I kissed his chest and ran a hand from his knee to his thigh. "Maybe I *can*..." I whispered. As my hand got close to his groin, his clothes suddenly vanished, as I knew they would. "So tell me what I'm *really* doing for the Bittetto Crime Family," I demanded as I sucked his cock into my mouth.

Now, I didn't often get to taste Michael's cock when it was still somewhat soft. I didn't suck hard. I wanted to enjoy the softness before the ghost came to life in my mouth.

Michael moaned and caressed my head with rare tenderness. "You and that *sweet fucking mouth*..." he hissed. But he didn't ignore my query. "You're going to be an assassin. Just like *I* was."

I paused only a moment before I resumed my sucking. He tasted too good for me to stop, and I didn't really care what I was doing for the Bittetto Crime Family any more than I cared that my mother had been murdered by a ghost that had been fucking me over half of my life.

He got harder and harder in my mouth and soon I couldn't take in all of him. I sucked his tip, slurped some succulent semen

Michael

and freed my mouth long enough to speak again. "Will I work alone?"

I looked up to find that Michael was looking at me with a deadly serious expression on his face. "You'll have a partner," he told me. "Best fucking assassin in the business. Unstoppable. If you *want* him."

I raised my eyebrows and began jacking him off with one hand. "I have a *choice*?" I asked, reaching up and tweaking a nipple.

Michael's eyes closed in pleasure. "Yes. This time you *do*. You can still get killed, even with me as a partner. And you *might* not become a ghost, like *I* did." He took a deep breath as he parted his thighs and I cupped his balls. "As a matter of *fact*, you have more say now than you ever did before. If you *want*, I can set you *free*."

I stopped all movement in my shock. "*What*?"

Michael opened his eyes and looked at me. "I love fucking you," he told me. "And now *you* love fucking me, too. So maybe you don't belong to me anymore. Maybe things are more equal than they have ever been."

I stared at him. "You'd *leave* me?" I knew I heard panic in my own voice.

Michael looked at me carefully. "You *want* me to leave you, kid?"

"No," I answered, so fast I didn't even know what I would have said if my mouth had given me a chance to speak. Ten years ago, I would have screamed 'Yes!' so loud that not even his ghostly curtain of silence would have contained the word. But now... I squeezed his balls, hard and he hissed. He liked to get as good as he gave, I found out. "*I belong to you.*" I looked down at his hard cock. "And you *better* take care of what *belongs to you.*"

I took him in my mouth as deep as I could and sucked as hard as I could.

"Fuck!" Michael moaned, loudly. He arched his hips and I took him a little bit deeper without gagging. "Oh, *fuck*!"

He hadn't come so fast in a long time and he filled me up with his sweet, cool spunk. He pulled me up by the hair and

Michael

kissed me so hard that my live teeth clinked against his dead ones. I was already working my way out of my suit pants. Michael helped me and soon I was naked and half under him.

He threw my legs over his shoulders and used my own pre-cum to lubricate his cock. He positioned and pushed, forcing a gasp out of my mouth.

I looked up at him, defiantly. "Fuck me!" I demanded. "This ass is *yours*!" He grabbed my cock and pumped it to the same rhythm he was fucking my ass. I didn't break eye contact. "That cock is *yours*." I tightened my anal muscles and he called out. "That hole is *yours*." He tightened and loosened his grip on my throbbing cock. "Fuck yes! That feels so *good*!" I cried out. "Fuck what's *yours*. Fuck *me*! God, yes! *Fuck*!"

I came all over my chest and face at the same time I felt Michael cum in my ass. He roared my name for the first time ever and collapsed on my sticky chest, panting as hard as I'd ever known him to.

"You are *mine*," he growled, claiming my mouth in another bruising kiss. "But god *damn* if I'm not yours, too."

6

I worked for the Bittetto Crime Family for thirteen years. My partner and I killed men and women in all fifty states, Canada, Mexico, South America, and overseas countries on all continents, including Australia.

We were ruthless assassins. We never used guns. That was too fucking easy and we were too good to use that cop-out. We got creative, for the most part. Sometimes, when we had time, we used slow and painful poisons I learned about in college.

But when I wasn't killing people, I was putting the Bittetto Crime Family on the map in another way. My cooking won awards all over the world. Yet, for all my fame, no one ever connected me with the mafia. I wasn't *stupid*.

I never took a lover. If I fucked a woman or a man, I did it because they were going to die anyway. I was never caught. For some reason I never understood, only one man could make me cum. Only one man ever captured my semen. And he was already dead. Not that I wanted to kill him. Not anymore. I got over that when I was seventeen.

I got shot once. Almost died. When that happened, I saw Michael more clearly than I ever had before. He was more solid. He saved my life by cold cocking my spirit right the fuck back into my body. When I came to in the hospital, he told me it wasn't my time and that if I *ever* tried to die on him before he

Michael

gave me permission, he would personally rip my testicles from my body and feed them to me.

Then he took those same testicles and sucked them so hard I set off the alarm on the heart monitor the doctors had attached me to. Michael stood unseen in a corner as a platoon of doctors and nurses rushed in to find me laughing like a mad man with an erection that stood tall and proud. One of the nurses could not help but lick her lips looking at it. That only made me laugh harder.

Michael was my master and I was his slave. At the same time, Michael was my slave and I was his master. We went back and forth so much that sometimes it was hard to tell which was which. Which of us was master and which of us was slave.

Ironically enough, Michael and I went rogue a few times. Despite how we had initially come together, we went on our own to investigate a couple of child molestation cases. When we had proof that the molestation had taken place, we took care of the molester. Usually there wasn't enough body left for the coroner to examine.

These cases were *always* cases where a father was accused of molesting his son. Accused wrongly, of course. Like *my* father had been.

I don't know if there is anything to the stories of the molested falling in love with a long time molester. I don't know if I fell in love with Michael. I don't know if Michael fell in love with me. And, to be honest about it, I don't really care one way or another. By the time I had grown up, I had learned to like what had once brought me to tears.

When I turned thirty, I was sent to Los Angeles to take care of a small crime family that looked like it wanted to challenge the Bittetto's for their position as the most powerful crime family in the world. Michael and I put that down quick enough.

But we missed one. And he put two bullets in my chest and one in my eye.

I got up almost immediately after I hit the ground. I saw Michael across the courtyard of the swank desert mansion we had come to. He was ripping the head off of the shoulders of the little

Michael

Mexican who had shot me. He dropped the head on the ground beside the body and turned to me.

And stared.

“What?” I asked, looking down at myself. Out of the corner of my eye, I caught sight of my own foot. I followed the foot to the knee and up to my ruined face.

“Oh shit!” I exclaimed. “I’m dead!”

“No shit, Sherlock,” Michael scoffed. Then he smiled, suddenly. “And you’re a *ghost*. Just like me!”

We laughed together. It was no shock for me to find out that I had turned into a ghost. As Michael and I cleaned up the mess that was my corpse, we talked about the ironies of life. Or death. Whichever irony this fell under.

I had been killed *exactly* the same way Michael had been. In a Mafia retaliation. With two bullets to the chest and one in the eye.

Like him, I was thirty years old when it happened.

Just like he had, I rose as a ghost.

We returned to New York as ghosts and reported to Angelo Bittetto, who had taken over when Vincent died of natural causes years before.

He wasn’t in the least bit broken up over my death.

Because he now had two ghost assassins on his payroll.

Michael Bittetto...

And me.

Michael Cimino.

Michael

About the Author

Crystal Brewton – also known as the Indie Author Extraordinaire – has crafted rich novels and stories on nearly every subject line, spanning from erotic romance to horror to sheer revenge. Some of her best-known tales include her popular *Cassandra's Cops* series, her science fiction piece *Caeli's Daniachew*, and the erotic short story collection *Rainy Day Confessions*. Brewton, who grew up in Chicago, currently lives in sunny California with her three children. *Caeli's Daniachew* was nominated for the 2006 CBS Parallax Award. View all of Ms. Brewton's works and much more online at www.crystalbrewton.biz
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