



Be a devil live for the day.

Excitement happiness and a fulfilment of desire are the finest offering in life

Should something make your heart beat faster why walk away?

A moment missed is a chance lost forever.

CHAPTER 1. A FIRST SPIN OF THE DICE.

The Victorian house was an example of a more prosperous bygone era. The avenue had been fashionable until the beginning of the Second World War by the latter parts of the 20th century most of its splendour had ebbed away. The upper story retained that configuration of servant quarters and nursery accommodation deemed so essential in times past. The grand salon overlooked a substantial garden at the rear. In London, even south of the river, the house was worth a small fortune. In Bristol, it was different.

The wisps of animal fat from the traditional candles and the smell of incense filled the salon with an aroma that matched the decor. The furniture, fittings, and the wallpaper were pure Art Nouveau. This reincarnation almost a century after the fashion ended had been a labour of love. Electra's romanticism with the Pre Raphaelites, coupled with hedonistic leanings, made her taste and predilections a heady mix of the avant-garde, and drug filled idealism so popular in the nineteen seventies.

Electra outstretched along her favoured chaise-longue was not the image often displayed to her only child. The taut black suit, a survivor of her time as an artist's model, clung to her figure. It was as if she had been born wearing it. A cheroot, in exquisite long fingers glowed in the subdued light of a smoke filled room. This seductive pose, coupled with the alluring attire, brought back cherished childhood memories.

Those echoes of excited voices in the drug-fuelled atmosphere of glamour and seduction provided a backdrop for the adults but for a child blessed with a vivid imagination it provided a psychedelic allusion of adult persuasion blurred by the sexual innocence of youth. The heady aroma had induced the lethargy of sleep after banishment to a bedroom, in the attic, on those soiree nights. Nick had resisted the weariness a single time. The descent through the heat haze of incense, smoke, and opium onto the lower levels should have sent a chill down a youthful spine. The scenes of debauchery enthralled the ten year old and those images excited him more as he recalled them as an adolescent of fourteen.

Nick attempted to dismiss impure thoughts of Electra at play as he stared at the female form designed at the dawn of history to tempt males into releasing their pent up reproductive fury.

The onset of puberty is a deep learning curve. The For Sale sign had been Nick's first indication that another change was in the air. Electra's provocative pose was a mind game that much was certain. It was a time for questions and this time he must demand better answers.

"You're late dear."

"I'd a project to finish. I went over to Geraldine's house."

"You like her don't you, Nick?"

"She's alright I suppose."

"Has she kissed you yet; or more to the point have you kissed her?"

Nick shrugged as though in denial. Electra believed otherwise. It had to be soon or the sect might not understand the delay. The others had every right to expect she would obey the directive from on high. The novice was ready to move on that much was obvious.

"There is a For Sale Sign outside?"

"We must move with the times Nick. Princely blood flows in your veins. Your horizons need to be broadened."

"You're saying dad was of the blood royal?"

"Not those earthly princes; I mean ours," Electra replied.

"Why the mystery?"

"It is not my place. When it is time for you to know you will be told."

Nick's confused stare held a hypnotic element so like. Electra's heartbeat increased as she remembered those earlier hedonistic times. Questions needed asking and the answers were not heaven sent.

"Why must you spoil things? We are fine as we are." This abrupt response did not receive the expression of disapproval he expected.

"So grown up, so independent; sometimes your determination frightens me."

"Rubbish, nothing frightens you mother."

Electra went pale and almost shed a tear. This in itself came as something of a shock. Mother never cried.

Electra reverted to type by seductively moving with the serene grace of a Praying Mantis. The stance if she was a male would have been confrontationally from a female it was the opposite. "Others would never understand if I did not prepare you properly for the future."

Nick stared astonished. Mother seemed downcast; no the real term was indecision. Was it possible dad was alive? "This place belongs to my dad?"

"Err, well possibly on the one hand. The change of subject was abrupt. It is not healthy for a teenager to be under a female's influence alone when he grows up. Things change; it is time to move on."

"So now you'll abandon me like a puppy too big for his basket."

“So intense so self-righteous, you don’t know shit lad. Judge me only when you know the facts.”

Nick tried to understand something of a single mother's dilemma when dealing with a boy’s emergence into puberty. “Be honest with me, if you do not know who my father was does not make you a whore.”

The look of exasperation at the cheeky retort ended any confessional. Electra waved a hand in recognition of defeat. The subdued whisper that followed as she ended the audience displayed something of her dilemma. The cold stare was half confusion, half exasperation. “I shall see this through to the bitter end.”

Change can be brutal for the old. The young adapt to the reality easier. It could not have been easy to see her prize possessions packed up for the auction. It could not have been easy to have prospective buyers viewing her hallowed hall. The turmoil turned Electra into something of a recluse though the arrangements went ahead. Someone miraculously agreed to sponsor his further education. A Land Agent and his wife would provide both the accommodation and supervise his welfare until he came of age. A large cheque built up his savings account. In later years, the man would be grateful. The teenager felt it was a mean pay off.

The relationship deteriorated with a successful sale and countdown to eviction. The sudden silences, those disturbing glances, and the chanting after dark increased. These late night vigils brought back vivid memories of those weekends long ago when Electra consorted with her weird friends. It was a cult of some sort. Some whispered that the behaviour was more perverted communal than religious fervour. Nick had never pried until now. “I must know something of my forebears, your life, and our shared history.”

The demand struck a raw nerve. Nick expected a vicious retort none came. Electra fiddled with a bra strap beneath her housecoat and then gave a nervous sigh. “It’s difficult for me. I’m bound by sacred oaths.”

“You speak of oaths, truth, and honour. What can be more important than a duty to me?”

The emotion card had an effect. “I’m not much into the man thing, but you my darling draw me as close as I’ll ever get.” Electra touched Nick’s mouth with the tip of a long slender finger. The nails glistened from the effect of the shiny dark varnish in the subdued light. “Boys live for the moment; females must accept that reality yet live with an uncertain future.”

“So you prefer girls?”

“That's not what I mean and you know it.” The insinuation galvanised Electra into making the commitment. “Settle into your new school. Spend Halloween weekend back here. Make a list of your queries. I shall try to give you some answers before we part.”

Nick spent a few days with his new guardians; followed by an introduction to the life of a boarding school. The Public School surroundings, the sheer grandeur and five star luxuries, were seduction enough. He determined to grasp the chance with both hands. Where the money came from to pay the fees became another question on a lengthening list.

The taxi dropped Nick off on the corner to allow a last jog through the park. A flurry of dying leaves frightened a hungry blackbird from his meal of a sodden crust as the weaker autumnal sunlight cast eerie shadows over the damp grass and flowerbeds. A violent clap of thunder echoed in the distance as a flash of lightning illuminated the rear of the house. A second vivid fork struck the top of the Copper Beech tree with a power greater than any laser

beam. The burning branch dropped onto a wooden garden seat to fuel more billowing flames before the heavens opened to drench what remained of the stricken tree.

The echo of his footsteps on the stone floor brought a pang of sadness. A microwave on a slate slab looked out of place in a kitchen designed years earlier to hold a cook and a gaggle of scullery maids.

Nick discarded his wet clothes and then grasped a warm towel from the rail on the Rayburn cooker. It was as if the Gods of heaven and earth were airing their displeasure. The wind echoed like the howl of a lost bloodhound. The rain spattered onto the windows making a sound similar to a machine gun releasing a pent up fury. The house felt stifling, as though the fires of Hades were beneath. A mad desire to shed the towel and run naked into the rain became difficult to resist.

Electra's voice echoing down from the landing overruled a vivid imagination. "Nicholas so you're here at last."

"The train was delayed; lightning has struck the Copper Beech." He shouted up from the hall.

"We can see to all that in the morning. Come up here this minute."

It was as much a desperate plea as an order. Her nerves sounded stretched to breaking point. This was not the time for awkward questions. Nick secured the towel around his waist and then ran up the stairs. A familiar loose floorboard creaked its warning.

"Come in here if you must."

The bedroom had been a no go area for years. Her space Electra called it. The room was almost devoid of furniture. Two suitcases stood by the doorway. A night lamp on a rickety wicker side table provided an element of light and as many shadows. A mattress lay on the ragged, red, carpet. The reflection from the large Victorian mirror looked out of place in the emptiness.

Electra's voluptuous figure silhouetted by the glow from the bulb, on the one side, and by the reflection of the full moon on the other was as he imagined. The three quarter-length housecoat that she often wore about the house was missing replaced by another far more sensual piece of covering, black naturally; mother favoured black when in the zone. The gossamer silk ended a few inches below her slim waist. Painted blackened nipples were clearly visible beneath the sheer fabric. A mass of dark pubic hairs below the hemline was a perfect match to those dark locks that tonight flowed freely down to her lower backbone.

Electra had always been beautiful. Standing there almost naked made the lonely adolescent gasp. The local youths were all infatuated if from a distance for Nick it was no different.

"Come closer there is nothing to fear but fear itself. It is time to cross the threshold into the brave new world order of an adult."

The teenager dared to take a hold as the towel came loose from the force of his erection. The male roar was more shock than hurt, as long fingernails drew blood on his lithe athletic torso. Nick's excitement reached fever pitch and beyond as a flashing tongue hungrily staunched the trickles of blood on his rib cage. It was a moment frozen in the mists of time, an ancient ritual from the dark ages, the bloodletting of a novice when joining with adults.

They came together as animals might after the heat of a long held passion. His orgasm ended almost before it began then rekindled again with the first pressure from those blackened lips onto his own.

Though youthful, and not into full manhood, nature has created the male the stronger beast; and so it proved over the passage of the night. It was never lovemaking more a frenzied rut as Electra acquiesced to all his quirks and fascinations when exploring the female form. Her reward was a multi orgasmic interlude that only compared with those precious highs experienced during a Satanic merry a go round. Her sigh was as much exhaustion as satisfaction, the giggle impish as the female admired her young stallion now defeated into sleep.

The mirror reflected a diamond implanted on her navel, and glistened even more as the reflection from the sun's rays at dawn doubled the intensity of that clearer bright light. The dominatrix manoeuvred her body to allow that powerful pinprick of sunlight to point at the boy's limp manhood. The ravishing smile was as much devil may care as the power of the beam revived the sleeping stud.

The smell of incense, mingling with the stench of sweating torsos alerted the senses before a burning sensation heightened Nick's awareness. The regalia designed centuries earlier to create a hedonistic effect among male adherents enticed again.

The golden necklace, with a large violet amethyst mounted inside a golden triangle swung seductively between Electra's twin-peaks adorned with the black dye that highlighted the firm nipples to majestic effect. A copper belt, clasped by a finger of a swastika, gripped her waistline in a firm embrace. Another finger of the dark swastika hovered around her femininity.

The teenager basked in this aurora of female sexuality, and understood by the passionate embrace why Electra had thought it prudent to keep her distance these last few years as he emerged into puberty. She had been as much in lust for him as he had been for her.

"Oh my goodness." Electra whispered throatily, as the sign of male revival became all too apparent.

"I don't think goodness has much to do with this." Nick whispered as he grasped hold of her slim waist and with a less than gentle pull guided his manhood into her hidden core.

A beautiful adherent of the old Religion had paid due homage and taken the initiate's virginity so a novice might understand the true meanings of the sins of the flesh. This education had been everything a young stud could ever wish until reality reared its ugly head and she was gone out of his life maybe forever.

Electra had laid some ghosts but introduced more questions. Answers had been sadly lacking. Who was his father? Why had he abandoned them? Was it possible Electra was not his mother?

In those early months alone, the youth determined to achieve the finer offerings of life no matter how great the sacrifice. A latent talent, a sixth sense, would keep Nick a jump ahead of his contemporaries. The hint of steel in his makeup would make all things possible.

Strong intelligent, and sporty, Nick fitted into the ordered life of the Public School. Within a few months, the refined education chiselled away those rough edges. His destiny was on track. He would become a leader never a follower.

Two years came and went. Another student mentioned erotic pages in a book that specialised in the occult. The earlier images displayed the large genitalia of Roman gods, and sexual unions with willing females designed to titillate. Delve deeper into the detail and secrets abounded.

Among weird lines of medieval script, the hand painted sketch of a female attired not unlike Electra on that special night came to the fore. A golden necklace and an Amethyst dangling between this devotee's breasts had to be status symbols. The navel contained a sliver of carbon as dark as any pitch. This implant highlighted the essence of all living beings; carbon the staff of life.

A finger of a Swastika clasped, not a bronze but a golden chain around this maiden's waist. These metallic elements supported a purple pinafore. The lips, nails, and nipples matched the colour code. The torso was a matt blue sheen, supposedly woad. A headdress of the flowers of the field adorned the devotee's long auburn hair to complete the explicit image.

A coloured image of an unclad maiden, surrounded by formal medieval script, was so unusual it posed the question. The ancient church would have frowned at lewd connotations of an older, more primitive religious belief. This iconography was definitely not early Christian. The parchment must have been important to an early sect or how had the document survived papal wrath during the inquisition. Purple was the colour of Roman Emperors. Ordinary mortals, in bygone eras, that wore the colour purple risked death. It was unlikely such a colour was personal preference. In medieval times, superstition ruled everyone's lives. The colour purple was a token of divine status.

The female wore no crown so was not of the blood royal. Nick had heard about warlocks and witches, but thought Electra's persuasions were down to lewd morals, and the drug culture of the sixties and seventies. Now he suspected there was more to it. She had admitted that his seduction was part of an ancient rite of passage if not heaven sent. That confession held a ring of truth.

A day later, more research confirmed some of Nick's suspicions. Black witches were debased and the most damned. Electra certainly fitted into that category.

Females that wore the purple were on a higher plane. These Purples devotees underwent the hardships and degradation, of those multiple degrees so essential to bring the sect closer to the deities. Purples performed those orgasmic ceremonial acts, for the congregation to watch and emulate. As to what the opposition referred to as Lucifer, the Devil incarnate was harder to classify. Nick understood every cleric, since prehistory, gave the bloke a raw deal. He determined to make a clearer judgement after he learnt all the facts. The future might bring exciting revelations. It was an alluring prospect.