

## *Chapter 8*

### *“A Syringe of Adrenaline”*

What was that??



The sound of silky fabric brushing against a woman’s thigh awakened him. He breathed in a sensuous fragrance. Slowly opening his eyes into the pitch-black cavern uncovered nothing helpful. He closed his eyes, thinking it was just another wishful dream. Maybe it wasn’t possible that he was in this land? Maybe it was all a fantasy?

Then he heard it again. This time, it was closer. The scent stimulated his skin. His pulse quickened. His eyes popped open. Now, there was lacy light from a magical

source that illuminated from the face of a goddess, a vision, one he'd never seen on any woman. Long red hair that matched full wet lips that she slowly slid her tongue over... extremely slowly, while behind him, what he imagined being green eyes, drank him up. Heaven must surely miss her!

She appeared to come out of the darkness. Her body moved towards him as the glow followed, bathing her satin gown in shadows that stressed every curve. There was no imagination left for him to indulge in, instead the shadows revealed everything. It didn't matter if it she came in broad daylight. The lights fully exposed her.

It didn't feel right. She was hiding behind a godforsaken mask, that when removed would reveal her ultimate truth. No one was this perfect.

The chills filled his still aching body. He wondered where he was.

She moved closer. It was like the Statue of Liberty walking in. His breathing intensified. Oh, he'd been tasted by this type before, but as she moved closer and smiled, he knew he'd be helpless, anyway. He'd surely let her in. How could he refuse?

She held out her hand. He noticed her alluring, long painted nails. They beckoned him to take her. She was a trusted old friend, and her beauty infected his immortal soul, making it hers to play with however she chose.

Why didn't Gorilla or Charlie hear her? What had she done to them?

It didn't matter. Stuck in a swirling tornado of past sins, he would gladly drown in any black hole if this gorgeous lady guided the way.

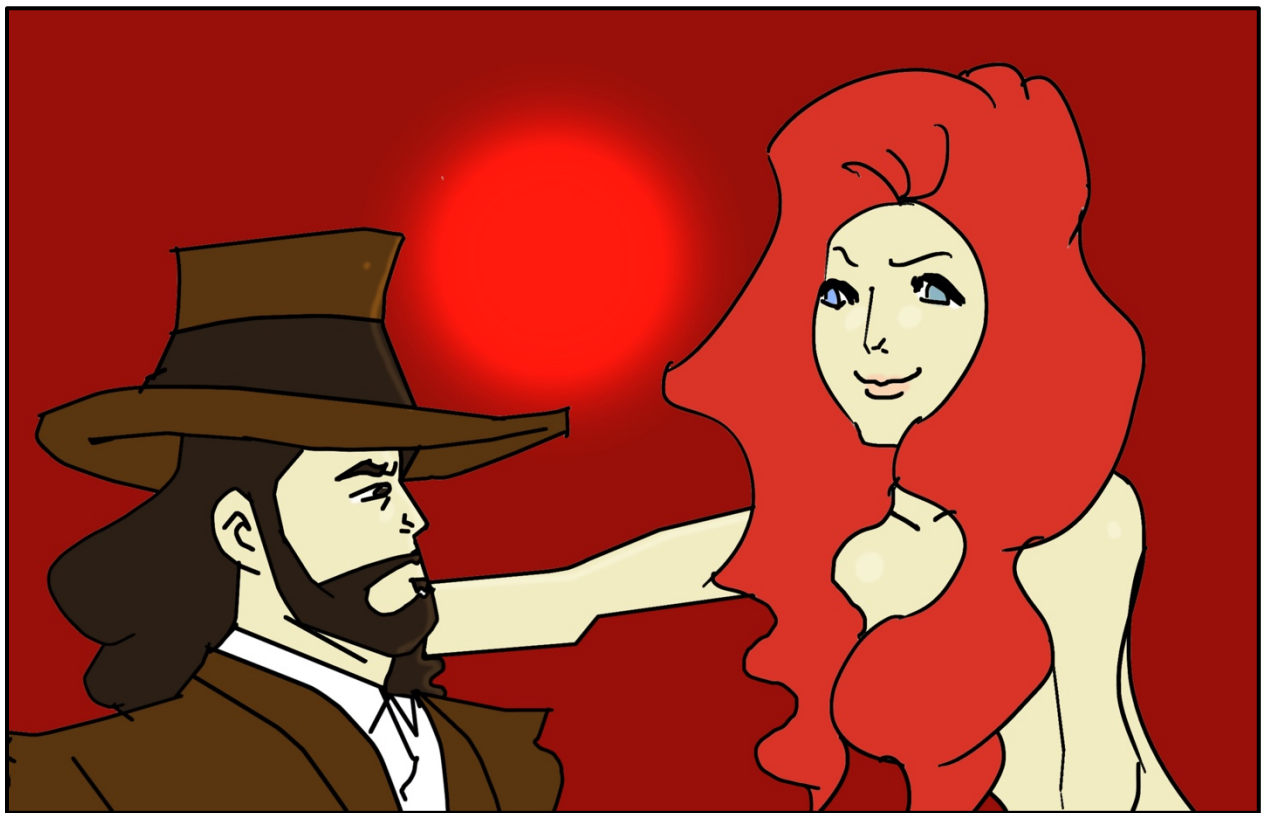
He took her hand. He knew it was wrong.

She'd just captured her prey; the only difference was she didn't have to work for it. He surrendered to her willingly.

The clock shifted slowly as she lifted him to his feet.

His mind was heavy and insane until she finally kissed his yearning lips. There was no fighting human nature.

He sank into the fix, the drug, the illusion that engulfed his entire essence right now. Bring on the deadly game because he needed the rush she provided.



She innocently wrapped her arms around him and pulled him into her releasing the syringe of adrenaline that he longed for... there was no going back.

He didn't care about his mission anymore, nor Charlie, or Gorilla, or his father - not even the haughty professors that thought their discoveries were worthy of worldwide acclaim.

Oh, my God. She lifted him up. The shot of adrenaline went straight to his heart!

This woman was intriguing. She reminded him of his youth. Yes, she would most definitely leave scars upon the scars the past had already made.

It was alright. These types of scars were worth the pain. His to-do-list ached for this adventure. This indulgence, and rare find wouldn't make its way to a museum. Could he keep this secret?

Suddenly, all he could do was think of ways to covertly feed his new addiction, to bring her back home with him. All that mattered was his own needs, desires, his own fix...

He was falling deeper and deeper into her black hole, but the shot was too much. He'd been lonely for too long, and he wanted more... more of her guilty pleasures.

He'd waited too late for Stella, but this goddess, he would not allow her to crawl back into the darkness she came out of — this love had an expiration date.

So, he fully gave in to her love, to her enthusiastic touch, wanting more, and all the while knowing it would cost him dearly. But in life doesn't everything have a cost? Doesn't everything expire at some point? Just like he'd never eat food that expired, he would indulge her appetite before she vanished.

He would not be wasteful. This masterpiece was what he wanted, and he wanted her now.



Time was brief. He might even opt to stay here with her, in her world, forever. He wanted her to have whatever she needed.

He jumped, flinched and convulsed as she shot him with another dose of adrenaline.

He was alive, and for the first time in a long time; it felt right. He was high.

He couldn't stop. He began shouting for more. He didn't know her name. It didn't matter. She had him hooked. He wasn't ashamed to admit it. She was the only mermaid in the vast ocean of love.

“You're a goddess, shoot me again, hit me with your adrenaline,” he was shouting so loud he'd awakened himself from what must have been a dream.

“Ah, Doc, you okay?”

Gorilla and Charlie were standing over him, grinning from ear to ear.

Charlie sighed. “I'd say he's alright Gorilla, with those noises and that face, I'd guess he was having the time of his life.”

He looked at the kids and wondered how long they'd been listening to him talking in his sleep. Then it hit him. The illusion of that fix was all just a silly dream, but damn if he didn't feel the actual rush of adrenaline.

“Okay, kids, enough of this. Shouldn't you be on duty, or sleeping, or something other than eavesdropping and enjoying my dreams?”

“Oh, we wish we could, Doc, but you were our late-night movie. I am disappointed though that your snack was better than ours.”

Charlie giggled.

“Yeah, it’s Charlie’s watch, anyway.”

“Night boys, and sweet dreams,” she said with a hint of sarcasm.

“Thanks, Charlie,” said Gorilla.

Micky childishly blew kisses and wrapped his arms around himself before finally settling in for the night.

“Real nice, kid,” said the Professor.



Professor Sarantos couldn't sleep again after that. His mind drifted back to his dream. It felt so real. Maybe he just wanted it to be real?

Charlie messed with his mind right before he went to sleep talking about Stella and life being short. She was right. He'd always loved Stella but put her on the back burner. She was always faithful to him, at least in the sense she'd be there for him if he wanted her. Of course, she'd moved on and dated a few others over the years. How could she not? A beautiful woman like her would have many dates to pick from and a steady caravan of suitors and proposals too.

He thought his dream might be a warning, and a bubbling ambition of his soul chained into a dark corner, staying there hiding after years of anguish.

He wiped his mouth; it felt a little greasy. He grabbed his flashlight and looked at his hand, red lipstick.

He once again smelled her freshness like a cool rainy day, and then he saw tiny bite marks on his arms that still tingled with a disobedient rush of adrenaline.

He wanted to melt in her arms. He wanted more of her; she was his weakness, his concubine. There can only be one sun.

If he focused, he might trap her in his mind and take her back to the states with him as a late-night appetizer.

He couldn't understand the way he was thinking. It was dangerous. The fix was dangerous. She was dangerous. He needed out but didn't want out.



He should tell the kids, come clean and confess, but somehow longed for the bites and lipstick. They needed to be kept a secret. Otherwise, the kids would point out the danger and risk, and try to find a cure.

He didn't want a cure. He wanted the rush. He could smell her. She waited for him to allow her back in.

And so he did. He closed his eyes and gave in to her once more...

Drenched in light and sweat, the goddess's gown told its own story. Matted between her breasts, her wild hair called out to him. He carefully teased each strand out of that abyss and placed it delicately onto her outstretched hand. Sarantos watched as she wove it to the top of her head, then placed a white rose on top of it all. Everything was perfectly in place.



Her voice fell against his ears like a sweet waterfall. “My name is Acadia.”

Then she blew his mind.

His breathing was crazy. This woman was impossible to resist. He knew the name Acadia meant impossible to resist, among other sexy things. You sometimes see what you want to see. Was she real?

He had his rush full on. He fought her in every way except the way she wanted.

“Will you stay with me, always?” It was risky, but he no longer cared. He begged her. Her voice drove hundreds of tiny needles into his body, all at once alarming every sensory nerve, acupuncture at its best.

“Are you asking me to stay here forever with you?” Being with her was easy. Her eyes were on fire.

“God, yes.”

“Then you are mine?”

“God, yes.” He heard himself blurt out the words, but immediately knew it was a mistake. It didn’t matter. He could live here in this world if he had to, with her. He’d do anything for her.

“Done,” she said.

In that moment, he knew he’d sunk lower than he’d ever gone before. She was the perfect woman, one he could take with him on any adventure. She’d never get in the way.



She made him jump like a horny teenager infatuated with a crush. He stared at her restless mouth. He was an easy target.

Like a bolt of lightning straight to his heart, he realized what she'd asked, 'then you are mine?' She didn't say she was his. She was tricky, and now she owned his soul.

In the back of his mind he knew he should care, but he still didn't.

"Professor, it's your turn to guard," said Charlie.

"Leave me alone, go away," he mumbled.

"Sorry, boss, your dream will have to wait."

Charlie eventually coaxed him to get up. It was his turn to watch the three of them, protecting them from harm.

The night was quiet. He stared sheepishly into the ground. He waited in the darkness for morning.

After several hours Acadia appeared again next to him and stood behind him rubbing his shoulders.

“How’s that?”

“Nice, but I thought you were a dream?”

“No, you released me. I can stay hidden in your mind until I want to play, and then I appear ready to serve you.”

“Oh,” he drawled.

Was this safe? What did it all mean?

“Answer me a question, Acadia.”

“Yes.”



“What do I owe you?”

“Everything.”

“I’m not sure what that means exactly.” Your thoughts create your reality.

“You will. And now I need my neck rubbed.”

He nodded his head. “Okay.”

He was no longer reliable on the watch. He massaged her and closed his eyes. They made love the rest of the night, off in the silent shadows. As dawn approached, she stood up and when he turned to ask where she was off to, she was already gone.

“Acadia, can you hear me?”

“Yes.”

“Do you know my thoughts, too?”

“Yes. Don’t be afraid. You’re my vessel. I can’t harm my vessel. You’re my pleasure toy, and you will do as I wish, that is all.”

“Great. And I mean that in the best way.”

“No, you didn’t but I understand. Humans don’t like me talking directly into their minds, but it can’t be helped. I can’t shut it off, and I wouldn’t want to, in case you tried to remove me.”

“What if you drive me mad? I won’t be any good to you.”

“We will see. You seem strong and worthy.”

“Did you make my friends stay sleeping while you were here with me in the physical realm?”

“Yes. I am what you call in your mind a breakthrough for a Nobel prize in physics. I am unique.”

His mind reeled. Could this work?

“Professor, where are you? I’ve been trying to talk to you for ten minutes. Are you okay? Your eyes are glassy.”



He turned and looked at Charlie. Dumfounded, he said. “Really? Ten minutes?”  
Rising above the noise is difficult.



“Yes, at least.”

He shook his head. That could be dangerous and might make him look like a lunatic.

“Sorry, Charlie. I was just daydreaming.”

“I’ll say.”

Gorilla stood in front of him. “Breakfast anyone?” He held out four wrappers that had flattened to nothing. “I suppose you could lick it off, better than nothing.”

“Yeah, thanks, kid.” He couldn’t get her eyes out of his mind.

“Hey, Doc, what’s that on your neck?”

Charlie pipped in. “Oh, my God! Is that a hickey?”

“What?”



He'd covered up his arms but didn't expect to have a hickey on his neck.

"Yep, Doc, that's what it looks like to me, too."

“No, there’s no way that could happen here.”

Charlie grimaced. “Well, then why don’t you enlighten us how you could possibly have a hickey on your neck in the middle of this jungle when it’s just the three of us??”

“Yeah, Doc, please enlighten us.”

“Well, I have no answers for you. Maybe something bit me during the night?”

“Well, it must have latched on for hours and almost sucked the life out of you,” said Charlie laughing.

“Doc, you have all the fun. That could be why you were talking in your sleep. You’re lucky to be having fun in your dreams. My dreams are boring.”

“No, that’s not it. I must’ve gotten bitten by something rather large. It’s possible, you know.”

He couldn’t tell them the truth; they would think he was crazy. When one feels helpless, one feels miserable.

He heard the tinkle of water flowing down a stream. “I am the fix you always wanted. You are mine.” The words bounced all around.

He jumped as her words filled him with another syringe of adrenaline. You get a taste of it; you want more!

“Doc?” Gorilla raised his eyebrows and shot a look towards his bulging nether region.

The Professor was in trouble...

