Alchemical Ink: Shattered Angel

By MorganHawke

Published on Lush Stories on 10 Feb 2011

Copyright Morgan Hawke (C) 2010 All Rights Reserved. All Wrongs Revenged.

A Tattoo sorcerer rescues a street kid from herself.

http://www.lushstories.com/stories/supernatural/alchemical-ink-shattered-angel.aspx

The Alchemist was getting ready to close his tattoo shop when the bells on his door chimed. He turned and there she was, a shattered angel.

She stood paused, frozen in his doorway, neither in nor out, motionless on the threshold, undecided. The setting sun bled over the rooftops from across the street, staining her hair and cheek with the illusion of mortal wounds. The empty hunger in the crushed blue of her eyes screamed of lethal injuries hemorrhaging but invisible on the surface of her skin. Her mane was a lank yellow and her dead-pale skin stretched tight over the finely carved cheekbones of her face. Her features betrayed a story of physical exquisiteness, brutalized to a mere shadow of their original loveliness.

His first thought was that she was too damn young to be so broken. She was what, nineteen? Maybe younger? His second thought was more practical; *he really did not have time for penniless, injured street kids*. He worked to viciously stamp out the twinges of sympathy oozing into his thoughts. "I'm getting ready to close shop," he growled. "Are you comin' in or are you gon'na hold my door open all night?"

She shook her hair, dispelling the impression of blood streaked across her face. Her glance was both fearful and feral as she hunched into her dirty jeans jacket. She flashed a nervous look about the brightly lit tattoo parlor then speared him with her feverish eyes.

"What?" His tone was without humor, clearly saying: *I really don't need this*. With frustrated movements, turned his shoulder to her. "Damn street-kids..." J*ust another wounded pup waiting to be kicked*. He locked away his tools and straightened the pages of flash art lying on the counter and tried to ignore the look in her eyes. *Just another victim begging to get killed*.

"Um…" The girl's voice was timid. She coughed. "I uh, want a tattoo."

Yeah, right, the Alchemist thought with annoyance. *As if, this kid has any money on her to buy a tattoo? She doesn't look like she's had enough to eat in a week.* He wiped his face with his palm then glared at her. "Do you even know what you want? I haven't got all night to wait for you to pick something out."

She cringed back from his glower then bravely took a deep breath. Her eyes lit up with a terrible hunger. "Yeah, I do know what I want." She moved closer to his counter, her steps silent on the tile floor. "I want one of those Japanese letter things."

His frown deepened. Her voice must have been lovely once. Living on the street had burned much of its original beauty to ash.

The bells jingled on the door, announcing that it had finally closed.

"They're called Kanji letters." *Why am I even talking to this obviously, penniless kid?* Inwardly he balked. Shame at the way he was treating her, warred with his practicality. *She's obviously had enough shit in her life and here I go, being rude to her*.

"Khan-jee letters?" she pronounced carefully. "Yeah," she breathed. "I want one of them." She was almost panting with an unidentifiable, hungry need.

"Sure. What do you want it to say?" He then flinched inwardly. *There I go again. I'm just a damned bleeding heart*. He swore at himself softly and bitterly.

She blinked in confusion. "What do I want...*what* to say?"

He rolled his eyes. "Kanji letters are whole words or phrases in Japanese. What do you want your Japanese word to say?"

"Do you have one for 'beautiful'?" She blushed furiously and turned sharply away from his gaze. "I want to be 'beautiful'." Catching her image in a mirror, she glanced quickly away from the reflection. Her eyes were suspiciously bright with unshed tears."Then maybe people will love me," she added in a whisper he could barely hear.

"Yeah." Pity stabbed through the Alchemist's heart. He pulled out the page of flash featuring the Japanese letters he'd collected. Sullenly he turned the page around for her to see, pointing out the simple but decorative, oriental glyphs.

Her eyes came alive with an unholy hunger and a joy too defiant to be as simple as hope. "Oh, how

pretty," she sighed.

He raised his pierced eyebrow sardonically. "It'll be fifty dollars and take one hour."

"I want a tattoo, but I'm broke. Uh, can I, um… Can I pay you without cash?"

"Pay me how?" The Alchemist asked, crossed his arms on his broad chest. "I don't do drugs so I won't take drugs as payment." He was pretty sure that she was going to offer to blow him or fuck him in trade for the tattoo, but he wanted her to spit it out herself.

"Yeah, I heard you were clean." She looked down at the floor. "Um, I really want that tattoo." She glanced at him from under pale lashes and folded her arms across her narrow chest. "Will you do it for sex?"

"You want to fuck me for a tattoo?" His smile was thin-lipped and without humor. I *hate this kind of shit*. Despite his annoyance, pity crept through his heart. It wasn't as if she had much else to offer.

"Yes." She blinked, eyes wide, caught off guard by his deliberate rudeness. "Sex for a tattoo."

He cocked his head to one side in slight confusion. For someone who was trying to get something using sex, she wasn't even trying to work it. She didn't flirt and her jacket was closed to the throat. Not a speck of tittie was showing. If he didn't know better, he'd swear she'd never tried to use sex to get anything before. In fact, she was acting like she didn't even know how.

"You any good?" He wanted to see how far he could push her. If he was lucky, she would leave on her own and he wouldn't have to join the ranks of all the rest of the people who had obviously taken advantage of her.

Her gaze darkened with rebellion then faded to sullen hurt. She spoke through clenched teeth. "No, I'm not really that good."

Well the kid certainly has guts. The Alchemist nodded. "Alright, I'll do it for a fuck."

"Great." She smiled with a slight tightening of the lips. "But no weird shit, okay?" She took a step back from his counter, her gaze defiant. "No hitting or cutting."

He smiled ruefully."Got'cha. No weird shit. Just you, me, and my dick in your twat. Okay." *What the hell have I gotten myself into this time?*

"Good" She nibbled on her lip then her lips bowed into a dazzling smile of searing brilliance.

He was knocked flat. His heart pounded and his palms dampened in sympathetic anger -- and lust. His dick was hardening just looking at her smile alone.

Not that long ago, this little broken doll with her shattered eyes and scraggly form, had been a spectacular beauty. He could see from the smile alone that not all of her soul had been destroyed. Possibilities still gleamed within her, though dimly.

Unnerved, he looked away. "Right..." He flipped up the counter. "Come this way."

The Alchemist led her back to the stark white room he used, with its black, leather medical table. His counters gleamed pristine with sterile cleanliness. His chrome tools glittered coldly in the harsh overhead light. The walls were covered with immense framed paintings.

She gazed wide-eyed at the swirls of color and exotic, esoteric imagery on the massive canvasses. "Wow, these are incredible. Whose art is this? I've never seen anything like it before."

"It's mine." He knelt and opened the cabinets under the counter. "I did all of it." Efficiently he pulled trays of plastic coated, sterile needles and a couple of disposable wells for inks. *What the hell am I doing, tattooing this shattered angel for a fuck?*

"They're gorgeous." While looking at all the art covering his walls, she sighed in awe then spoke in barely a whisper. "I wish I had the cash to get some of your stuff." Her smile reappeared like magic and she was transformed, practically glowing with creative potential, a blinding inner beauty that blazed past her damaged body, a beauty of the soul that refused to die.

He blinked, nearly blinded by her inner radiance. *Oh yeah,* that's *why I'm doing this*. His dick sprang to attention in reaction to her untapped power. *I could bring all that a little closer to the surface. Make it easier for her to utilize-- Damn it! I am NOT a charity worker! I am gon'na get my dick wet then go home, eat a burger, drink a beer and watch TV and* not *feel guilty*! He dropped onto the small rolling stool by the table and rigged some needles together. "Thanks, I'm glad you like them, now take off your clothes."

She shrugged out of her filthy jacket then put it on the end of the medical table.

His gaze narrowed on her, watching closely.

Her chin lifted and she shot a sideway's glare his way. "Do you have to stare at me?"

"I'm going to be fucking you in a minute. I wan'na see what I'm getting."

She flinched at his apparent coldness then turned her back to him. She toed off her filthy shoes then peeled out of her ragged tee shirt exposing a loose and grayed bra. Neatly she folded her shirt and placed it on top of her jacket.

A twinge of guilt and compassion stabbed through him. *Jee-zuz, I'm being a real bastard tonight*. He bit his lip and sighed. "Actually I want to find a good place to put your tattoo, so I need to see your skin." He kept his voice gentle as an apology.

"Oh..." The word was barely more than a sigh. "Okay, sure." She shimmied out of her torn jeans then dropped her panties and worn-out bra on top of the pile. Carefully she collected her things then placed them on the end of the medical table. She was surprisingly clean. He hadn't expected that from a kid living on the streets. She turned and stared at him, silently, perfectly still; bird-delicate and fragile as blown glass. Clearly, she wanted this tattoo awfully bad.

The Alchemist stood up and appraised his canvas of human skin. There wasn't much to work with. She was thin, too thin and made up of sharp angles. Good thing she had chosen a small design. His sharp gaze caught the tracing of old needle marks in the bends of her elbows and knees from drug use. He felt anger beginning a slow rolling boil from his gut, helpless anger for the beauty that used to be there and had been wasted. He poked at the marks. "What the fuck is this shit?"

She flinched away from his fingers. "I'm trying to quit. Been off it for a week now." Desperation threaded into her wide, faded-blue gaze. "I'm tryin' to stay off the alcohol too."

I can fix that, his inner thoughts whispered. *I can make her new again. I can kill her need for drugs and booze, give her a little confidence*... The Alchemist's thoughts rambled with formula and incantation. *I can bring her creativity to the surface so she can get a real job*. Unconsciously, an Alchemical spell worked its way to the surface of his mind. *Change the symbol, use the special inks* …

He snarled at himself, snapping out of a half-trance awake and annoyed. *Damn it, I don't do charity work! I am not some Knight in Shining Armor out to save these kids from themselves*. He angrily approached her, fingers outstretched.

She shrunk back, away from his outstretched hands."Please...!" She crossed her arms over her naked breasts."You promised not to hurt me."

Guilt and sympathetic compassion crashed down on his head. His hands dropped to his sides. He couldn't do it. He couldn't just fuck and tattoo this shattered angel. He simply couldn't be one of the animals that ate chunks out of her then spat out the remains. She had nothing left to take and already teetered on the edge of the abyss. In fact, she'd probably be dead in a dumpster by this time next week.

An image of her flashed like neon before his eyes. She was lying with her eyes open and lifeless covered in refuse. Her tattoo wasn't even healed yet.

He wiped his hands down his face and sighed in submission to his conscience then glanced up to the ceiling toward the powers that be. *Alright, I give up damn it! I'll fix this one*. Resigned he turned around and left the room.

"Hey!" the girl shouted after him. "Where're you going?"

"I'm going to get the inks I need," he tossed over his shoulder. "I'll be right back." He went into the back room where he kept his special locker. He whispered three ancient words then tapped his fingers on the metal door over the handle. The magical lock disengaged and the door swung open.

The Alchemist pulled out a blue silk, velvet-lined bag where he stored the tools for his Magikal Artes then slung it over his shoulder. Roughly, he pulled out his Grimoire, the book he recorded all his incantations and his magical recipes in. He slammed the metal cabinet closed.

The Alchemist stalked back into his workroom towing a rolling table. He dropped his Magikal Artes bag down on the counter then dropped his Grimoire on the rolling table. He flipped open the huge silver buckled and leather-bound book. Thumbing painstakingly through the parchment pages he stopped on a particular page and peered at his list of alchemical sigils. Carefully he chose the magical symbol he intended to use on her.

She leaned against the padded bench, waiting.

Critically he eyed her. He could make out every rib. Her hipbones obscenely jutted out beyond her belly. "Turn around."

She turned obediently.

Every vertebra down her curved spine was clearly defined. There at the top of her ass, where the swell of her buttocks began was the perfect place. However, he needed to check her chakras, the individual energy centers of her body, to see what type of repairs she needed most and what would

heal itself with only a little prodding.

He spoke softly to keep her from panicking. "I'm going to touch your skin, so don't freak out on me,"

"Oh, okay." Her back was to him so he couldn't see her expression, but her shoulders visibly tensed. He could just picture her with her eyes closed, biting her lip, ready to endure his touch.

He stepped behind her and lifted his palms. His fingertips brushed the top of her head then skated down, barely disturbing her hair.

The energy of her mind curled like warm mist under his probe.

Hmm, intelligent. His fingers traveled lower to her throat.

Strong currents curled under his fingers spiking with unused talent and true power, informing him of her past training and shadows of former glory.

"Did you sing?"

"Yeah, I sang in school. I was, um..." Her voice broke and shattered. She hitched a breath. "I had a scholarship to the School of the Arts for mezzo soprano." Her voice dropped to a whisper. "Um, opera singing, you know?"

His fingers traced the ridges of her spine. "What happened?" He stopped at a point between her shoulder blades over where her heart was located.

The energy around her heart was thin and very weak. There was a jagged hole in her heart energy that looked like someone had ripped a piece of it out.

Ah, a broken heart. He felt a flash of returning anger. *Some ass ruined her.* His own heart began pounding with a stuttered and almost broken rhythm, as though a portion were missing from his own heart.

"There was this guy I met. He told me; he loved me." She sniffed, but didn't weep.

"Lem'me guess; this asshole told you everything you wanted to hear then left you high and dry after a couple of months." The Alchemist slid his hand around in a circle and noted that she had actually been in love. Anger pulsed through him in ever increasing waves. The asshole had used that love as a tool to hold her long enough to feed off of her like a psychic vampire.

"I moved in with him and everything." Under his fingers, she was shaking. "One day, I came home and he told me to get out." A single silver tear escaped her eye. "He'd moved this other girl in with him." A hand fluttered up and wiped at her eye.

"I see." And he did. There was heavy scarring in the power center of her heart where the asshole had been emotionally abusing her for months. He could tell that she had tried to heal it.

"He told me he didn't know what he ever saw in me." She squeezed both eyes shut and took a deep breath. "He told me he never wanted to see me again."

"And you didn't have any place to go," he supplied. His fingers slid down to the cradle of her hips where her personal shields and spirit normally sat. Screaming spiritual pain lanced up his fingers. He flinched back. *What in hell...?* He reached out again to explore the area.

There it was... The wound that was killing her; a gaping, festering hole where all her confidence and self-worth; her soul, was supposed to be. He could practically make out the individual bite marks where she had been spiritually eaten alive.

It sat right under the area where he wanted to mark the tattoo. Apparently, his instincts had known where to look before he did.

He explored the area gently but thoroughly, looking for the full extent of her wounds. The Alchemist could see several fresh bites out of her soul, some as new as the past day or so, but some of the bite marks were much older and gray with scarring. Some of the nastier, heavier scars were *years* old. It looked as though someone had been feeding on her soul for decades. The boyfriend had nearly finished the job, but the boyfriend couldn't have been around long enough to cause *this* much damage. There was barely enough of her soul left to keep her from slitting her own wrists.

"I was in school at the time. I didn't have a job." She sighed and took a deep breath, getting a grip on herself. "And I couldn't go home."

"Why not?" Truthfully, he couldn't care less what her answer was. The twisted and nasty feeling drifting from her very last and bottom chakra was of far more interest. He dropped his hand lower to investigate. There appeared to be major blackened areas that looked like burn-marks on her lowest chakra, where the body'slife forcewas generated. *These burnswere caused by someone she trusted. Shit...!*

"I had stuff at home and I wanted out. That's why I went with this guy in the first place."

"Got'cha." He nodded to himself. The answer was obvious. She couldn't go home because an abusivefamily member was waiting there. I *can still fix her. She isn't completely gone yet, but she's close*. Too close. *This job is going to be a bitch, but I can do it*. The Alchemist placed his hands on her naked shoulders.

She tensed under his palms, but of more interest was that her aura and energy was so low, there was a chill to her skin.

Softly, gently, he rubbed while projecting calm and safety from his thoughts directly through his palms into her body.

Gradually she relaxed under his hands.

"I got a deal for you." The Alchemist took a breath -- and lied. "There's this design I've been working on, one of my pieces of art like what's on the walls. I wan'na put it on you."

"Wow, really?" She looked around at his exotic and brilliant paintings. "Sure! That'd be way cool."

He leaned down and whispered against the cup of her ear. "I wan'na put it right here." He placed his palm on the base of her spine then leaned forward and pressed his chest lightly against her spine sharing skin, sharing body heat.

Their spirits touched and entwined, sharing energy and desire.

He felt the sexual energy stirring in her and shoved a bit more of his power into her, feeding her essence, her soul, directly from his.

Her head came up and she shuddered under his touch, but not with fear. A soft breathy moan escaped her lips.

He took his other hand and reached around to place it on her stomach then slid his fingers up between her breasts, over her heart. He watched her nipples harden at the tips of the soft undernourished, mounds. Through their spiritual link, he felt excitement coil low in her belly sparking an answering fire in him. His cock hardened. The Alchemist took his hands away.

She dropped her head with an expelled breath as though released from a spell. Timidly, she looked back at him.

He locked eyes with her then peeled out of his shirt, exposing his flat stomach, muscular shoulders and the titanium rings that pierced both of his nipples. Swirls of brilliant color and splashes of stark black marked his skin from his throat down. Esoteric sigils and glyphs, mythical beasts, flowers and flames in every shade swirled and twisted around his muscular torso and banded his arms. He toed out of his boots, then his hands went to the button of his jeans.

Her eyes dropped to where his urgency was manifestly evident and pressing against the imprisoning denim.

Watching her reactions, he unzipped and peeled out of his snug jeans. His erection lunged out and up, full and brooding. It was tattooed with a dark red serpent.

She hissed in surprise then her pink tongue darted out to lick her lips. She took a deep breath, her breasts lifting. A delicate flush pinked her skin and her eyes dilated.

He smiled just a little smugly. *Apparently, she likes what she's seeing*. "Turn around and lay on your belly across the bench." His voice was husky with growing passion. "Put your hands over the edge and hold on to the leather strap there."

She took a last look at him then silently obeyed.

The Alchemist went to his Magikal Artes bag and spread the necessary tools out on the small rolling table along with some temporary inkwells. He laid the huge 'Grimoire', spell book in the middle. Sealed and sterile needles were placed next to the shining chrome of a filigreed tattoo gun.

Over on the counter he lit a red pillar candle and scattered incense over a hot coal sitting in an ornate silver chafing dish. Thick white smoke filled the room with the scent of exotic resins. He set a CD in the CD-player and hit 'repeat all' then 'scramble'. The entire shop vibrated with brooding instrumental music.

He pulled the rolling table with his equipment over to where she lay across the bench. Carefully he pulled from his Magikal Artes bag several ornate glass bottles with the special inks from his personal collection. The recipes for his inks were hard won and the ingredients very difficult to come by. Some of the inks glowed through the smoked glass. With steady hands he set to filling his temporary wells with brilliants.

He set everything in place on the table then raised his head, closed his eyes and cleared his thoughts. Latin words rolled from his lips in a guttural whisper. He opened his eyes and stepped directly behind her.

She turned her head to look. She seemed to be panting in fright.

"Look at the wall in front of you, not at me, Angel."

She turned away.

He placed his hands on her shoulders.

She jumped.

He moved his palms in slow, relaxing circles down her back, petting her. He caressed her soft surprisingly delicate skin, as he would stroke a cat to calm it.

Her breathing slowed and deepened as she relaxed under his touch.

"I need to shave the area I'm going to be working, so don't freak, and don't jump, okay?"

She nodded, but her fingers tightened on the table.

He reached for an antique, ivory handled, straight razor that sat next to his book. He brushed the base of her spine with the palm of his hand then lightly used the razor with quick deft strokes to clean her skin. He wiped the fine hairs from the blade on a clean rag then closed the blade and put it back on the table. Moving carefully so he wouldn't alarm her, he leaned over and into her, pressing his thighs and his fierce erection against the softness of her buttocks.

She widened her stance, opening her thighs and her soft vulnerable flesh to the coming invasion.

"Now comes the fun part," he murmured to her. "I need you to hold very, very still. Don't move no matter what. Got it?" He shifted his cock under her and against the soft curls of her mound.

"Uh, huh." Her voice was barely a sigh, but her body tensed under him.

He pressed his palm to her lower back then gently slid the fingers of his other hand down her spine to the seam of her buttocks then in and further down. Deeper his fingers slithered, past and over the tight rose of her anus until he touched intimate curls then damp pouting flesh. He moved his fingertips, nestling between the damp folds to dip gently into the opening of her well, touching moisture.

She stiffened and a hiss escaped her lips.

He whispered, "Just breathe, Angel. Breathe deep."

She took a deep breath.

He speared her slowly with his fingers.

She took another breath.

He moved his fingers rhythmically within her.

The muscles of her body relaxed around his fingers. She sighed then moaned and a warm wetness slicked his palm, but held her body still. "That feels good."

"Good girl." He pulled his fingers from her and raised them to his lips. Sucking them into his mouth he tasted her honey. The bitterness that normally marked drug use was only barely there. She hadn't been lying when she'd said she was trying to quit. The urge to help her, to save her surged fresh and hot through him.

Generously using his tongue, he wet his fingers then wiped the saliva on his hand over the crown of his cock then down his shaft. He angled his serpent cock up, nosing himself closer to his fingers and her waiting pussy. With the blunt head of his red tattooed snake, he nudged her entrance. He rubbed against her, easing between her folds. Then he stopped and waited. "Are you ready, Angel?"

She took a deep steadying breath then another. Her body relaxed around him. She nodded.

He shoved, burrowing into her damp and very snug heat. She gripped him like a fist. He winced. *Oh, God, she's so damn tight!* He pushed further into her, filling and stretching her slick, hot flesh.

She whimpered then moaned and suddenly undulated, voluptuously rolling her spine with open pleasure, working him deeper into her body.

He groaned and instinctively pulled back only to slide in deeper, pressing his hips against the soft fullness of her ass. Hissing he stopped. *Control, damn it, control!* He wanted nothing more than to take her hard and fast then spill into her, but that would defeat the purpose. This spell required restraint.

To do this right, he had to hold his passion right on the edge of cumming until he was done with the

tattoo. Once the art was finished, he had to bring her to orgasm and climax with her to trigger and bind the spell. If either of them came before he was done, the spell would break before manifesting.

He sucked in a deep breath and held still, fighting his instincts." Close your legs, Angel. I need you to hold me in, while I work."

She pulled her thighs together, clamping down even tighter on his lodged flesh.

He hissed with the sensation then took a deep calming breath. "Good girl." He took another deep breath. His hardness throbbed in her hot grip. "Okay, I'm gon'na coat the area where the tattoo's gon'na be, with some petroleum jelly to lube the needles." Dipping two fingers in the slick jelly, he slathered the base of her spine with a light coating.

Replacing the jar, he readied his inkwells then reached for his tattoo gun. Buzzing from the gun hummed under the throbbing music pouring from the speakers. "Okay, Angel, here we go." The Alchemist placed the palm of his other hand on her back, over her heart. He began to chant softly, but clearly in an antique language. His voice rose and fell rhythmically, hypnotically in time with the instrumental music. He concentrated, forcing calm through his spell, directly into her heart.

She relaxed under his hand, taking deeper and deeper breaths, slipping into a light trance.

Still chanting, he touched the needles to her naked and vulnerable skin. They pierced her fragile flesh, leaving lines of color in their wake. Agonizingly slow, he pulled his heavy cock out of her moist sheath then slid back in.

She breathed steadily, right on the edge of true sleep. A light sweat formed on her skin even as her honey drooled down his shaft to dribble down his balls. Her semi-conscious body's reaction to the droning pain of the needles and the slow fuck.

He slid in and then out of her still body while his instrument moved steadily and calmly in elegant curves along her skin. A soft rag swiped excess ink and blood droplets from her skin. The sigil on the small of her back took shape then color...

It was time.

His voice droned into a new chant, the mantra shifting in intent and purpose. Focused and relentless he worked, seeking to repair the damage and put her soul back together. With each change of needles and inks, he wove subtleties and variations into the spell he drew in permanent ink on the canvas of her skin.

Sweat formed on his brow. His heart pounded in his ears in time with the music and his chanting. His calves and ass muscles began to ache from pushing. His balls felt knotted and tight from keeping control of his thrusts, fucking consistently enough to stay hard but not enough to cum.

The sigil took form in a riotous blaze of color and purpose under his hands. Layer upon layer, color upon color, lines and shapes that wove together in wild harmony...

An almost bell tone rang deep in his heart. The drawing was complete.

He snapped off the gun and placed it on the open book. His chant shifted in tone and purpose.

The girl's breathing began to change signaling that she was rising from her sleepy trance. She awakened fully with a breathless groan of rising passion. She pushed up from the bench and back onto his cock.

He slid his hands around her to cup her breasts. He squeezed gently, then tightened his grip. He tugged lightly on her hard nipples.

She undulated, rocking her hips, fucking him back. Her body shuddered around him under the waves of pleasure that pushed her toward climax.

He slid a hand down to cup her heat. His fingers delved to where their bodies joined. He moistened them in her flowing honey then touched her clit with delicacy. Lightly he stroked.

A moan escaped from her lips.

He smiled grimly. She was very, very close. He pushed into her body harder and faster, increasing the tempo. His breath panted the words of the spell.

The tightening in his balls and the warm roll in his depths warned of imminent climax. He needed to get her to the breaking point – timing was everything. He wet his fingers in his mouth, tasting her passion, her excitement. He then slid his hand back under her and delicately fluttered his wet fingers against her tender, swollen bud.

She stiffened, her breath stopping, then suddenly she shuddered and cried out. Her body hungrily clenched around his flesh lodged within her, pulling, sucking.

He stiffened impossibly hard in her slick, pulsing sheath. He finished the chant with a shout.

Magical power snaked up her body then roared to life.

His soul alchemically and intimately locked with hers. He was seized by her brutal pleasure and imprisoned, forced to share her ecstasy. Release ripped through him while wave after wave of frenzied rapture slammed back and forth between them and through them. Together they screamed.

***

Still naked and sweating from his labors, the Alchemist sat on the rolling stool and leaned on the counter heavily while scribbling on a piece of fine parchment. "Angel, I want you to deliver this letter to a friend of mine." He peeked at her from below his lashes.

Just as naked, the delicate girl gazed at her new tattoo while peering at a hand mirror with her back to the wall mirror. "It's so beautiful." Her aura was much brighter. Her smile was blinding.

He folded the paper then heated the stick of violet sealing wax in the candle flame. He pressed the melted end of the wax stick on the folds of the delicate paper leaving a blot of colored wax behind. He picked up a silver stamp and pressed his shop logo, which just happened to be his Alchemical seal, into the soft wax. Scribbling some more, he addressed it. "She'll give you a job and can probably find you a place to crash too."

She took the folded parchment from his fingers and frowned at the address. "This is the stripper joint down the block. I'm getting a job as a stripper?"

"Hell, no." He gave her a weary smile. "You're too damned skinny." He pulled a pack of cigarettes from a drawer in the counter and lit one on the scarlet candle. "You're getting a job as a cocktail waitress." He sucked in some smoke. "This way you get paid regularly and get to keep your tips too."

She nodded and walked over to the table and her clothes. The tee shirt she lifted and began struggling into had more holes than fabric. He couldn't begin to tell what color it was supposed to be.

With a tired groan, he dug into a lower drawer and yanked out one of the XL black tee shirts imprinted with his shop logo. "That shirt's nasty. Put this on." He tossed it at her. "It's clean."

She looked up from tugging on her dirty sneakers. "But…?

He gave her a level and steady stare.

She folded under the weight of his gaze. "Okay." She tugged the dirty shirt back off then pulled the new one on.

The Alchemist yanked her old shirt from her fingers and threw it over his shoulder. The shirt flopped half-in and half-out of the small trashcan in the corner.

She looked over at it.

"The shirt's free, or you can pay me back later." He rose from the stool and wearily dragged on his jeans, zipping them but leaving them unbuttoned. "As to the job, she's a friend of mine. She helped me once so I'm sending you to her, so she can help you too."

She nodded then stepped back over to the wall mirror to peek again at her new tattoo.

The Alchemist led her by the hand to the front door. Night had long since fallen and the moon was up and full, sailing through a clear starry sky.

Angel gazed at the lights on the buildings across the street then up at the moon. "I guess I better be going."

The Alchemist tapped the parchment letter in her hand. "My friend should be at the club right now, and its right around the corner, so why don't you go straight there? She usually has food too; she likes her girls well fed. I'll call her and tell her you're coming." He opened the door for her. The bells on it jingled.

Hurt crept into her eyes. "I guess this is good-bye and I won't see you again."

"Shit no, Angel. I expect you to come back in a few weeks so I can check on that tattoo." He smiled then rolled his eyes. "Then you're going to tell me all about the new place you're staying in and how crappy your job is and …"

She grabbed him in a bear hug that practically knocked him over.

He grunted from the force. "Take it easy! That's a brand new tattoo you've got there."

She pulled back with a sniff and damp eyes. "I'll be careful."

"Oh, yes you will." The Alchemist smiled grimly. "Whether you like it or not." Her new tattoo would forcibly keep her out of harm's way. It would also compulsively keep her from touching drugs or

drinking.

Her head tilted to the side. "Huh?"

He waved a hand. "It's nothing."

She came up on her toes to press a kiss to his cheek. "Thank you." With a quick blinding smile, Angel dashed from the parlor. At the corner, she suddenly turned to look back at him.

He stood there framed in the light pouring from the open door.

She waved.

He waved back then closed his door, locking it; letting her go.

Hopefully, the tattoo would encourage her to begin a new life. He wanted her to be able to keep a job then go back to school and use those incredible creative talents he had felt simmering in her soul; the artistic abilities that had burned brightly enough to draw the predators to her in the first place, such as her ex-boyfriend. This time, with a little Alchemical help, she'd be able to protect herself from the soul-devouring animals of the street.

He sighed softly to the empty parlor. "Been there, done that. I was living and starving on the streets myself, not all that long ago."

~ MH ~