Soullesss

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The year was 1406, and Trenian was in the throes of making love to the beautiful Esmerelda. Trenian never thought he, the second son of a poor farmer, would have such a beautiful, rich woman as a lover and potential wife. He had instantly been attracted to her, he loved the way her brown-gold curls cascaded down her head and the way her green eyes pierced his soul. The way her slender body looked in her extravagant dress was enough to send Trenian back to the barn to jerk off in the company of the horses. It hugged her body tightly and moved fluidly when she did.

What Trenian didn't know though, was that Esmerelda was one of the original six, known as the elders. So in the midst of fury and passion, a cloud of doom hung over them. Trenian was leaning back in a sitting position in the barn. Esmerelda had lifted her dress and was on top him.

“I love you Esme.” Trenian said as she lowered herself onto his virgin dick.

She paused with his prick buried deep inside her wet cunt. She began to flick her tongue over his ear lobe, whispering words into it which to the untrained ear sounded like Celtic, but they weren't. As Esmerelda put her hand on Trenian's chest, those words did their job.

He immediately collapsed as his soul began to leave him. All humans have two pores on either side of their heart, which allows a soul to leave or enter a body when unplugged. Trenian's soul left his body in a green gaseous ball which floated in the air for several moments before Esmerelda was able to reign it into her own soulless chest.

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The year was 1997, five hundred ninety-one years, thirty days, six hours and fourteen minutes since Trenian had his soul taken from him. At this precise time he saw a woman who resembled Esme. Trenian had long since given up looking for Esmerelda. He was no longer seeking his soul for he knew it no longer existed. A soul can only survive on Earth for so long before it becomes tainted, and parishes. That's why humans are mortal; the bodies expire without the soul. But without souls as a sort of biological clock, the body becomes immortal.

The elders figured out how to be immortal. They rid themselves of their souls long ago. Once they

steal another's soul, they gain control of it and temporarily put it into their bodies until they create a being to install it in. These Frankenstein type creations leave a lot to be desired and are still very experimental. They often die when they are young or are destroyed by the hunters, a group Trenian once travelled with. The hunters sought these creations with the one aim of destroying them in order to prevent the elders from controlling all of human kind.

As for those left soulless, they live on Earth among us as immortals. Very few are ever able to learn how to steal a new soul for themselves, but Trenian was committed to getting his life back and he learnt how to get his soul back. The hunters found him and it was through them he learnt how to do so. He wanted to be mortal. He was miserable; he could not stay places long because he was unable to age. He had seen the world and all the atrocities that went along with it.

He no longer wanted revenge on the woman who ruined his life; he just wanted a soul and the pretty girl in the black honda accord had the perfect soul for him. She had the same brown-gold curls and piercing green eyes that Esme had.

This town in Alabama had been a resting place for Trenian for a few months. It really was a dire place, but when you've been alive for almost six hundred years, a couple of months is just like a short holiday. Trenian had noticed this girl around town yet had not seen her alone.

He followed her to the local bar, aptly named the creek due to it's proximity to a small creek that ran through the town. Trenian entered the dimly lit bar several minutes after the girl. She was seated at the bar with a beer in her hand. He sat close to her, with a seat in between them. The bar was fairly empty. He didn't want it to seem too obvious that he went in with the intention of picking her up.

He was about to get himself a beer, but noticing that hers was almost done, he ordered two shots of tequila.

“Rough day?” He asked.

“You have no idea.” She said, ordering another shot. It was going to be a lot easier than he thought. She was doing a good enough job getting herself drunk, it wasn't going to be too much of an effort for Trenian. “You're not from around here, are you?”

“Nope. I'm from Chicago. Moved down here with my fiancée a few months ago. It's where her family is from. Engagement didn't work out, and I've never left.” Maybe he'd get some sympathy points.

“Aw that's sad.” she said. Trenian took a sip of the beer he was drinking. He couldn't get drunk and didn't like the taste of hard liquor, but the girl kept downing alcohol and was already a little past tipsy.

They got to talking some more. Mostly about why she was in the bar drinking. Which meant Trenian had to sit through what seemed like hours of her talking about the man she was in love with and how he wouldn't give her the time of day. It was boring, but at least Trenian would get something out of it; a good fuck and a soul.

Boredom overtook Trenian and his eyes began to wander. The girl was wearing a fairly short orange dress that rode up her thighs when she had sat down. It rode up even further the more she crossed and uncrossed her legs. Every time she made a joke or laughed she would touch him on his arm or leg. Due to the distance between them, this meant that she had to lean over, giving Trenian a view of her cleavage.

Trenian's look had never aged since his soul was stolen from him at the age of seventeen. Of course his looks had changed, making him look older. He had an unshaven look, but his brown hair was short and neatly trimmed.

“What's your name?” He asked the girl.

She put a finger to his lips. “Shhhhhh, doesn't matter. Lets go to my place.”

Trenian couldn't get out of their fast enough, he was anxious to get her soul. It had taken much longer than he had expected to get her to suggest going to her place. She was in no state to drive, so they got into his car and she tried to give directions to her house, while reaching over the arm rest to fumble with his zip. After realising she wasn't going to give him clear directions to her house, he decided to drive to his. She continued to unzip his jeans and grabbed his cock with her hand.

Trenian gripped the steering wheel, trying to concentrate and the girl gripped his cock tightly in her hand. She began to rub it, feeling it grow hard in her hand before licking the tip with her tongue. Trenian grabbed her hair with one of his hands and pushed her head further down, so her mouth enveloped his cock before placing it back on the steering wheel. She began sucking on his cock and flicking her tongue over it while it was in her mouth. She was continuing to do this as he pulled into his dimly lit driveway. He began to push his cock further into her mouth. Although he enjoyed being pleasured by this woman, he was too anxious to get things going. He grabbed her hair even tighter and puller her from his dick.

He pulled the keys from his pocket and grabbed her hand, leading her into the house. He placed his leather jacket on the back of a chair in his bedroom. She pushed him against the wall and began kissing him; her tongue probing his mouth, running against his teeth. She placed a hand inside his jeans and began rubbing his hard cock. She pushed the down so they were around his knees. He

grabbed the hem of her dress in his hands and lifted it above her head, revealing a braless chest. He grabbed one of her big breasts in one hand as he kissed her back.

He pushed her to the floor so she was lying on her back. He began to tweak her nipple between his thumb and index finger as he removed her thong with his free hand. She began to squirm the harder he pinched her nipple. He moved his mouth to her other breast and began tracing his tongue around the erect nipple causing goose bumps to appear on her skin. He began to bite it gently..

He continued to bite and suck as he mounted her and placed a finger into her pussy. It was tight but wet enough to take his bulging cock. In one movement, he impaled her with his cock. She raised her legs and wrapped them around his waist. As he plunged his cock into her again, her legs tightened and she moaned in ecstasy, wanting him to ravage her. Trenian began to bite her other nipple, harder than the previous one.

The girl squirmed trying to get away from the clenched teeth but at the same time she tilted her pelvis up, meeting Trenian's, wanting his cock deeper inside her. She tried to pull his head away from her nipple by grabbing him by the hair. This made him bite harder. Her other hand reached her clit, which she rubbed furiously.

Trenian reached down and replaced her hand with his. He began to rub it faster than she was and he began to fuck her faster, feeling himself get close to cumming. She gripped his shirt tightly as she cam. With one gasp all her muscles tightened around him. This was enough to give Trenian the release he needed. He pulled out and cam on her stomach. He collapsed on top of her, feeling his sticky cum on himself.

Once he had regained himself, he looked over to the beautiful sleeping girl that resembled the woman who had stolen is soul. He began muttering the words which sounded like Celtic. Her soul peacefully left her chest. The green gaseous ball hovered over her chest as Trenian tried to guide it towards his body. It wouldn't budge, however and within seconds it disappeared altogether. What Trenian didn't realise was that it took practice to reign in an untamed soul. Esme had tried for years before she was able to.

He looked at the slumbering woman on his floor and began to feel guilty. He had not achieved his goal and had left another being without a soul. He realised he would need to start at square one; this time needing to find a soul for himself and the nameless girl next to him.