



Reluctant Press presents:

The Incubus

Monica James



ILLUSTRATIONS BY C. PAGANI

A 'NEW WOMAN' E-BOOK

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Reluctant Press TG Publishers

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THE INCUBUS

By Monica James

BOOK ONE – Letos’ First Visit

A mysterious force, very near, cold in the humid air, woke Meg from a fitful slumber. When she opened her eyes, only the bedroom window framed in moonlight defined the shadows. The easy chair and armoire were a nebulous outline.

“Is someone there?” she asked, unable to quell a tremor in her voice. She waited, trying to decide if there was a threat. Then she felt more than saw a movement near the door.

“Your dream has summoned me,” a voice said.

Meg sat up and clutched the comforter to her chin. The voice was pitched low but not a man’s tone. In the breezy inflection of an escaping dream, she sensed another change; the visitor who had roused her from midnight slumber stood next to her bed.

A flash of terror, blanketed by goose bumps, creased her skull. With effort, she found her voice. “Who? What are you doing here? How did you get in?”

The visitor chuckled as if she was amused. “I do owe you an answer, *n’est pas*? My name is Letos; I come from a different reality plane. In your dream just now, since you don’t recall it I shall make it clear, you were searching, longing, for a lover you’ve yet to meet.”

Meg nodded. “Oh, yes; that might be true. But, why are you interested in my random dream and you a complete stranger at that?”

Again, Meg heard the deep, eerie laughter. Squinting to observe, she felt no threat. Her midnight visitor was a woman of stature, she surmised. Letos stood erect by the bed, her head wrapped in a gauze-like veil and her slender figure had a regal bearing. Meg believed she had nothing to fear. If Letos had meant some harm, it would have been done.

She spoke in a deeply serious tone. "You are disturbed because your boyfriend has confused you. Is that not so?"

The argument with Samuel the night before came to mind. It had ended in her breaking the embrace, jumping out of the car and running, tears flowing down her face, into the house. Samuel had not followed but, when Meg looked out the living room window, he was still parked in the street. The new tension between them had seemed ominous. Something was very wrong. Samuel had confessed his desire to change himself into a woman. He called it a gender re-assignment and, to Meg's further chagrin, claimed he had known since age twelve that he was really a girl trapped in a boy's body. Meg had gathered her senses and her breath, torn away from him and run to safety. The brief exchange had been with her when she had fallen into a half-sleep only to be awakened by the figment, she surmised, of her dream.

She sat up and in so doing, the coverlet fell away. "You are very lovely, Meg," the visitor said. "I foresee that your future will be growth into a charming, genteel, young lady. You will be sought after by many attractive people, men as well as women."

Regaining her sense of self, Meg lashed back. "So, Letos, you are the resident fortune teller? You haven't any idea in the world why Samuel upset me so much."

"But, I have. It is the very reason I am here, now. I can confidently predict it. You will not lose your fascination for Samuel. In time, still continuing his studies as he is very bright, you will meet again. But, like you've already feared; Samuel will be Samantha. Everyone will still call her Sam. Any questions?"

Meg swung her legs off the bed. "Plenty. Since you seem to have all the answers. Will Samuel be gone from my life? How can he possibly fear being a transsexual considering our open society? If we meet again at some future time, how could I possibly be attracted sexually to another woman?"

"So you admit it; how nice."

"Admit what?"

"That your relationship with Samuel is sexual, consummated or not. You want him to excite you further. You must garner all your courage to see this through but, it is easy to see, you are capable of it. We will meet again if you summon me. I must go; goodbye."

Meg was shocked. "Letos, don't. Wait! How can this be? Oh!" She closed her eyes.

In the fleeting moment, her eyes still closed, firm and feminine hands grasped her shoulders and dropped to finger her breasts. Going lower, the night visitor caressed Meg's hips and the naked legs. Just as quickly, Meg was alone and breathless.

#

--- three years later ---

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"Why so glum, chum?"

Meg looked at Viola and smiled. "Oh, an old dream keeps coming back to haunt me."

Viola sat next to the serious girl. They were roommates, juniors at Benhall College for Women, and comfortably accustomed to each other. But, even so, Meg hadn't divulged her concern about the disappearance of Samuel.

"Want to talk about it?"

Meg was immediately grateful. "You don't mind? It's rather silly, actually, but so very pressing; more so after all these years."

Viola smiled again. "Can't be that many years. We're only twenty, after all."

Meg was thoughtful. "I so really need to tell someone. Vi, you're my best friend. Maybe you can tell me what I'm missing here."

Viola leaned back on the bed and put one arm around Meg's waist. "Now. We have all the time we need. Tell me what happened that made such an impression on you."

In telling the story, Meg dwelt on the impact the visitor had on her when the soft, gentle hands caressed her body. "I was turned on for a week," she confessed. "When I think of it; I'm still aroused."

Viola remained quiet during the story and, noting Meg was finished, she sighed heavily and slapped Meg on the knee. "Wonderful! It was a visit from some occult part of your past intent on preparing you for the life ahead. You are indeed the charming young woman she predicted. That is as seen from your high school photos. But, is this dream you had, real or not, any reason to keep you locked up inside yourself? You have lots of chances for dates and whatever but turn them all down. I'd conclude you are only turned on by girls but that isn't the case, is it?"

Meg shook her head. "No, I've no interest in either if that fits the scenario."

Viola stood up. "Do you really want to find out about this? Learn who visited you and why? I sometimes go to the other side of town to a club for just-us-girls. I've met a girl, twenty something, there who can focus on your story. That is, if you really want to know, not afraid."

"Who could possibly get below the surface of all this feeling?"

She took Meg's hand. "Come on; no time like the present. And you don't have to do or say anything you'd rather keep to yourself. OK?"

Meg looked up at her friend. "Yes; maybe a little exposure will help. This is really nice of you, Vi."

Viola smiled again and slipped on a light jacket with inside pockets for the contents of her purse. She zipped it up and pulled at the waistband. "*Andiamo*, pretty girl," she said heading for the door.

In Viola's VW Bug, Meg set the seatbelt and looked unseeing at the road ahead. Having agreed to the evening adventure, she was having doubts. "Vi, what did you mean when you said it was a girl's club?"

"I thought you missed that. Since we are both not yet twenty-one, there is a place we can go that is safe, mostly non-alcoholic and comfortable."

Meg nodded. She looked over at Viola and made note of the way she was dressed. Ankle boots, skirt just above the knee and the rugged jacket with lumps in it. She shook her head.

"You interested in something?" Viola said casually. She slid into second gear when they turned the corner. The quick action of her legs on the clutch and gearshift raised the hem of her skirt. "Maybe you like my legs."

Meg smiled and said nothing. Viola was attractive. She'd noticed it many times but it was her control in handling the little car that caught her attention. Control, she thought, was something to be admired in another person.

"Here we are," Viola said as he screeched to a halt.

At first Meg didn't want to get out. She sat immobile, staring out the window. It all looked innocuous but there was an overtone that bothered her. She waited until Viola came around to open her door. She looked up at her, half smiled, and with an obvious effort, pushed herself out of the little car and up. It was comforting somehow when Viola took her hand. "Sorry," she mumbled.

Viola tugged at her until they were inside and sitting on a leather sofa. Several tables had been set up for card games and some young girls, apparently college students, milled around chatting and friendly. Meg began to relax. Then the evening began to happen. "This is Noranda," Viola said introducing Meg.

Meg timidly reached her hand to the young woman so obviously in charge. She nodded. Wow, she thought, what a young person to be the matron, if that's what she is ...Long slender legs, thin waist, firm breast line, not overly large, and a handsome face that lights up when she smiles.

Noranda sat next to them and took Viola's hand. A serious discussion was in motion so Meg just sat silently waiting. Finally another girl came for Noranda and both she and Viola stood to express their courtesy.

"She is so groovy," Viola said to Meg. "Later, when she has time, we'll talk some more. Next time you get to answer the questions."

Meg was immediately nervous. "What questions?"

Viola laughed. "It seems I was right. From what Noranda was able to surmise, you have been visited by an occult vision. What she wants is more info about why it has such a meaning in your life. Lots of people have dreams but such nightly adventures don't usually linger more than a day or so, if that."

Meg felt better. "Then, maybe we are onto some answers. That's good."

Viola stood up. "Come on; there's a garden just outside. Real cozy. We can wait there until the fine lady has time for us. Any questions so far?"

They found a wrought iron table and ordered wine coolers. Viola looked carefully at Meg before beginning. "Noranda is a very open person. She has a way of getting to the truth without being intimidating. She can sense where you're coming from. She did me. First time I met her she took my breath away. We've since become quite friendly. She often kisses me when I leave to go back to the dorm."

Meg's mind went directly back to the night the visitor to her bedroom grasped her shoulders and fondled her breasts. The flashback was real because Noranda had reminded her of just that moment, that person, that feeling so long past. "She knows a lot, doesn't she? I mean, she seems so inside it all."

Viola sensed Meg's mood. She leaned over to be closer to Meg and let one hand rest on Meg's arm. "Would you be offended if I kiss you?"

Meg jerked her arm back like it was just burned by an open flame. "Uh, what? Do you want to?"

It wasn't the answer Viola had wanted but it was a start. "Sometimes, yes. Your reserve, if that's the right word, is an attraction. I wonder if I could persuade you to relax with me? Do you like my looks? You were looking at my legs in the car coming over here. Are you attracted? Curious? Maybe just a little turned on?"

Meg blinked and looked around the garden setting as if everyone coming and going there had heard about the kiss and could read her thoughts. "I try really hard, Vi. Honest. I'd like to be more open but something inside me is locked up."

"Like a tight spring, I'd say," Viola said. "How many times since that night you dreamed of being touched by that mysterious woman have you wished for, longed for, a girl to be with?"

"With?" Meg asked and was glad the light was dim there because she was blushing. "I'm not sure."

Viola pressed her arm again and this time let her fingers draw on the flesh. It was a caress. Meg could not miss the way Viola was staring at her lips. "Do you want to know why I ask?"

Meg stuttered. "I guess it is because you are interested in me. Is it because I confessed to being turned on by a woman in my dream visitation, whatever that was?"

"In a word, yes. But, here comes Noranda. We'll have to pick this up later. Are you OK with me?"

Meg smiled, relieved to be changing the subject. "Sure; I'm good."

Noranda sat next to them and set her drink down carefully as if that familiar gesture would help her break into a new discussion. "Well, I see you two are enjoying the club. I find that flattering."

Meg grinned. "You've no doubt earned a reputation as elegant hostess *numero uno*."

Noranda was gracious and turned to Viola. "Vi, be a darling and refresh our drinks, will you? Meg and I will be in the den. Come along, dear," she said to Meg and stood up.

Meg let Noranda take her hand and lead her to the privacy of a den paneled in knotty pine. Some modern prints of famous nudes were on one wall. They sat down to wait for Viola.

"Do you know what an incubus is?" Noranda asked. Meg shook her head. "Not sure," she answered weakly.

It is a night creature, some call it a sex demon, who visits young girls to have sex with them. I think the story is stronger than the myth as I've heard very little that touched on the reality."

Meg nodded. "The visit I had was very real to me."

Noranda raised an eyebrow in question. "Including sex?"

For some reason, perhaps the directness of Noranda's query, Meg was calm. "Sort of. That is, well, she held me by the shoulders and caressed my body a little. Then she disappeared."

"You are very pretty, Meg. Could it be that you wanted someone, or some thing, to recognize that. It could happen without consequence; no payback or lingering guilt. That is often a reasonable answer to such an experience. What do you think?"

She turned to face the woman who, at that moment, seemed more strong-willed than before. "All logical except the vision, if that be the case, discussed some concerns I had with my boyfriend. I was really bothered by it. There was no way another, uh vision, could know so much."

Noranda was quiet for a long moment. She welcomed Viola with the drinks. Then, "You have sex with your boyfriend and something went wrong some sort of way?"

"We kissed and fooled around a bit but Samuel, that's his name, didn't pressure me to do anything I didn't want to do."

"Were you oral with him? Sometimes young girls are asked to give the boy that special satisfaction. Sort of a token of affection."

"I would have, I think; I really liked him. But he didn't seem interested in that."

"So what was so upsetting?"

Meg looked at Viola for assurance. When Viola nodded she looked back at Noranda. "Samuel told me he was going to have a sex change. Transsexual."

"I can see how that would be a shock. What did you do?"

Meg laughed as if to herself. A private joke. "Escaped."

"You saw him again?"

"Never. He left town with his parent's blessing, I guess. His plan was to get a degree in bioengineering with a minor in business. Then an MBA."

Again Noranda raised her eyebrow. "You were proud of him?"

"Yes, but, I know now he didn't want me. Sexually, I mean. Otherwise we were very compatible."

Viola adjusted the hem of her skirt and looked pleasantly at Meg and Noranda. Then she said, "Should Meg do a psycho-séance?"

"Precisely what I've been trying to examine," Noranda answered. "Unresolved sexual conflict is nothing of consequence in such a beautiful young girl. But, there seems to be something else that needs exploring. Fascinating. At this point I think our young friend is in a very fragile state. She desperately needs answers to the questions that are haunting her." Meg didn't like being discussed as a cold case in psych-101. "What's a psycho-séance?" she asked.

Noranda smiled and took Meg's hand. "It's a way to find out things locked in the subconscious that have been causing trouble. Most who participate find a large measure of relief. So much so that they are able to continue into a new dimension in life that is very satisfying. Once that new plane is defined, a course of action, guidance, opens to you."

Viola moved to the edge of her chair. "Meg. There can be no harm and it may help you. What do you think?"

"I need to think it over. What is the procedure?"

Noranda spoke up. "We three hold hands in a darkened enclosure. I moderate because I have some experience in these matters. Nothing traumatic is tried. No electric shocks or nonsense. The discussion usually starts simply and then goes deeper for as long as the subject, that's you Meg, is comfortable. Once in a while it is necessary to have more than one session. When do you want to start?"

Meg swallowed. "Any preparation?"

Noranda looked at Meg with such intensity that Meg felt the occult woman could see right through her into her very soul. "Before we begin with you, Meg, I think it would help to go over how it helped Vi when we did it for her. Then you'll have an idea what to expect. That is, if Vi agrees, of course."

Viola nodded. "Good idea. Anything to help Meg. I've no special secrets in my psyche I want to hide from Meg."

Noranda finished her drink and stood up. "Friday, then. Here. Ten o'clock." In a moment she was gone.

In the car, Meg snuggled into Viola's shoulder. "Do you mind? I'm a little shook."

Viola put her arm around Meg and hugged her. Her mood was light. "It's cool, Meg. Honest. Let's get on back. We can talk on the way."

Meg sat up and watched the road ahead. "We were talking about a kiss, remember?"

Viola smiled a brief indulgence. "Maybe tonight, maybe tomorrow, maybe never. How do you feel now that we've cracked your eggshell a little?"

"I guess I feel violated. You and Noranda seem to know more about me than I know myself."

Viola wheeled the VW into her parking space. "Whatever, Meg. I think we both have to trust each other. This may turn out to be something really important in your life. Kiss or no kiss."

"You are teasing me," Meg said and moved to open the door.

Before the dome light could come on, Viola grabbed at Meg's shoulder and spun the confused girl around facing her. Just as quickly, she found Meg's lips with her own.

They kissed until Meg allowed her lips to part just enough for Viola's tongue tip to explore secret places there.

"Let's go in now," Viola said as she relaxed away from Meg's trembling lips. "In a minute," Meg answered trying to catch her breath. She was thinking over what had happened, what she was feeling and where it was taking her. "Give a girl a chance. How many girls have you done that to?"

"None until Noranda unveiled my monumental need to have a sensual moment with someone I admire with acute affection. After that, I've been aware of you and other girls like you. Sometimes the need is intense, like, right now."

"Wow, cool. What am I to do?"

Viola took Meg's hand in her own and forced their fingers to entwine. "If I promise to let you off with just a kiss goodnight, will you do something important for me?"

"If I can," Meg answered with a doubtful glance. The distance to their dormitory room seemed far away. But, the promise of a goodnight kiss excited her.

"You can but you don't have to if you don't want to."

Meg was getting exasperated. Her relationship with Viola was moving far too fast for her comfort. But, still, she reasoned; she could do anything Viola asked if not too involved. "Whatever. I want to," she answered.

Viola's husky voice startled Meg. "I'm going to kiss you again. We'll hold it for a long moment, as long as it's OK with you."

"It's cool with me," Meg answered.

"While I'm doing that I'm going to reach inside your blouse and caress your breasts."

"Oh, OK, that's not complicated." "Then I want you to find my hem with your free hand and raise my skirt."

"And?"

"Keep going until you feel the silk panties and give me a gentle rub. Then, I'll stop the kiss and we'll know something about each other we didn't know before."

"I will, Vi, if that's what you want. Is this what Noranda did to you? Did it turn you on?"

"Yes, and more; come here."

Meg steeled herself for the kiss not knowing why she was suddenly afraid. Surely Viola was attractive enough to enjoy a physical moment but what frightened her was not knowing where this would lead. Her most intimate thoughts made her face it. She was going to enter into a lesbian lock with the gorgeous girl. What was that supposed to do? What if a lusty romp would allow her an orgasm, the one thing she'd never experienced? She looked at Viola and noted the quizzical look on her face. Her gaze lingered on Viola's

lips and a faint stirring in her sex grabbed at her senses. Without so much as a wandering touch, Viola's expressive lips were working on her imagination.

"Darling," Viola whispered, "think of me with every sensual thought you've ever had. Know that one day, soon I hope, we will explore each other, be lovers." She moved in for the kiss with warm lips and a busy tongue tip. She was pleased when Meg squared shoulders to allow her to capture one tingling breast. Next, as if she might forget, Viola changed hands to capture Meg's other breast and caught Meg's hand with her own to force the hapless girl to feel her legs, move to her thighs, to her hips and slide tantalizing beneath her silk panties to apply a gentle finger wave. Viola jerked from the sensation and moved away breaking the kiss. Meg continued to hold the bushy patch, allowing her fingers to caress the moist folds. Viola's hands, both breasts captive, angled to flick at the nipples with her thumbs. Meg nearly fainted with the sensations running rampant through her body; they sparkled in her eyes, snapped across her sex, weakened her knees and flushed love juice between her thighs. The moment was abandoned and they both relaxed back with their own thoughts.

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"No, doll. That won't do," Viola said as she appraised Meg's ensemble. It was Friday and the awaited witching hour was approaching. "Try that zipper blouse with the short sleeves. The mini-skirt looks neat."

Meg looked at herself in the full-length mirror and decided she looked more grown up than she ever had. After several soul-searching days she was ready to enter into any psychodrama that would uncover the innermost desires that were seemingly her undoing. She mused on the thought that she was about to receive answers to questions she did not know how to ask.

At the club, Viola and Meg headed straight for the den and looked for Noranda. In an eerie moment, Noranda stepped from behind a four-panel Japanese room divider. Her long gown in red and black print was slit on one side up to her mid-thigh. She said nothing but, with a smile, motioned the two girls into the antechamber that opened directly behind the divider.

Candles burned with a restless flicker that sent odd patterns on the wall. Noranda reached for the two girls and they all held hands. Viola knew enough to be silent as Noranda outlined, briefly, how Viola had benefited from the psycho-séance.

Viola squeezed Meg's hand and looked askance to be sure her partner was not feeling faint.

"...and Viola revealed, under intense psychic examination, that she had been adopted right after birth. Many inconsistencies in appearance and personality had been held from her by her parents who unfortunately had opted to keep Viola's origins a secret. Once this was made clear..."

Noranda paused then moved forward again. "Viola was enslaved by an almost crippling fear of the masculine mystique. Being attracted to boys sexually and also in mortal fear of what the boys call their nature, set up conflicts she was unable to resolve. Some place, deep inside, one answer was to meet girls on the same level and learn, by trial, by example and by experience, how to keep her personality flaws in check. Once this was

learned, Viola was able to progress to the well-adjusted young lady we love so much today."

Meg nodded and waited. Somewhere, she thought, in her past they might find a similar key to her inability to be the social person she wished for herself. Maybe they would find it for her, she considered, and perhaps it will be a foundation for bettering her lifestyle. She shook her head and listened. Noranda was chanting, like an incantation, which she thought might be designed to get them all in a searching mode. Then Noranda turned and looked directly at Meg. It was as if the intensity of her eyes bore holes in her flesh.

"Meg, think back to your childhood. Was it happy? What happened that confused or frightened you? Why was that particular event so important?"

Meg shook her head. "Nothing comes to mind," she said. "I've no brothers or sisters. My dad is several years younger than my mom. They might have had a problem with that, uh, with dad being at a loss about lack of sex. Of course I'd no knowledge of that when I was little."

Noranda's eyes lit up. "Were there times when you sat on your dad's lap while he read to you? Did anything happen then?"

Meg sighed. "Dad is a fine man; very sensitive, loving and supportive. He is proud of his family, station in life and so on. If you're asking if I ever felt him aroused, like a hard-on, when sitting in his lap, the answer is no."

"Did you want to? How often?"

"No memory there. I do think I transferred my affection from Dad to Samuel. But Samuel, I now realize, didn't want me for sex."

Noranda nodded. "Just like your dad didn't want you for sex. That make sense?"

"Yes, since you put it that way. But isn't that the normal upbringing of girls in the teenage set? It can't be all that important or every girl who has a dad would be on the couch."

"Just that one thing. When Samuel rejected your offer to satisfy him sexually, spoken or implied, it became a major issue. You felt yourself a failure."

Meg only nodded, being willing to accept the point of view. She said nothing further and the three stood holding hands while Noranda chanted. Meg began to sway back and forth along with Viola as the lamentations continued. "All fall down," Noranda said and dropped to kneel on the floor pads.

Viola tugged at Meg and they both dropped, still holding hands, until their small circle was tighter, knees inches apart. It was then that Meg was drawn to Noranda's sleek body. The knees glistened and the slit skirt presented a generous show of fleshy thigh. She raised her eyes to look directly at Noranda who had her eyes tightly closed. The older woman was breathing heavily, as if out of breath, and her firm breasts rose and fell. Meg was instantly ashamed of her reaction and looked away. But Viola had caught her staring at Noranda and acted promptly.

Still swaying slightly, Viola moved Meg's hand onto Noranda's elegant thigh. She pushed, though Meg resisted, so the smooth and firm legs were easily within Meg's grasp.

"No. Don't," Meg whispered and Noranda's eyes shot open as if from a sudden jarring from sleep. Noranda smiled. "I was in a trance searching your feelings for yourself, Meg. I'm happy you find me attractive. You both are so very enchanting."

Meg blushed. She wanted to explain that it was Viola who had pushed her hand but, if she opened that for discussion, she would have to confess she liked what Viola had insisted she do. An old conflict rose up and Meg felt slightly faint.

Noranda brushed the episode aside and continued. "We are going deeper, Meg, and I think a new window is open. It is control, or the lack of it. Consider this; your failure at getting Samuel to enter into some sex-oriented play with you added up to an unfulfilled need. You, Meg, were willing to control Samuel's behavior by making him want sex with you. When that failed, Samuel confessed his indifference, which is the reason you were so upset. Do you think it possible you were too hard on yourself?"

A tear escaped from Meg's eye and made a wet line down her cheek. She nodded assent. "Yes, but would that feeling, however brief, account for conjuring up a night visitor and the sexual feeling?"

Again, Noranda closed her eyes and began a new chant, like a Gregorian call, that stirred special thoughts. As the three of them swayed, still holding hands, Noranda released them and put her hands in her lap. Meg and Viola squirmed at the broken contact as if a sacred bond of some kind had been shattered. They watched Noranda for a sign that would tell them what to do.

After a tense moment, Noranda sighed and opened her eyes. She opened her arms wide and embraced them with her arms across their shoulders. Meg and Viola followed by laying their arms so they all intertwined. "So," Noranda whispered. "That spirit Meg has carried with her for so long is now back with us. I can feel the force and, at last I know what must be done for Meg to be free."

Meg swallowed hard. Her heart was pounding as she closed her eyes and, as she had done many times since that night of sexual awakening, strove to regain the feeling the wandering incubus had endowed. It was strong at first then, as Noranda relaxed the hold around their shoulders, the feeling was disappearing. Meg almost screamed. "Don't! No! Stay with me." But the incubus was a distant force just out of reach.

Meg began to feel faint and relaxed her arms to her side. She took a deep breath. Before passing out she felt Noranda's hands touch her forehead and brush her hair aside. Then she felt the gentle hands drop to her shoulders, caress the flesh there, and move gently lower tugging the zipper until the blouse was open. Meg gasped at Noranda's fondling, the thumbs on her nipples and, finally, the caressing of her legs and thighs. Then it was darkness as she slumped over, unconscious.

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The vibration of Viola's VW woke her. "What happened?" Meg asked.

"You fainted. Noranda and I guessed that something came to recall that you couldn't handle all at once. So, you passed out. Remember anything?"

Meg dug her fingers into the car seat. "No, nothing. I recall the rush of emotion when Noranda touched me. There was nothing to offend me; I was accepting whatever she wanted to do."

"I thought you'd say that. After talking it over, we came to one conclusion. It's what you have to concentrate on doing now."

Meg looked at Viola and half smiled. "I'll bet it is sexual."

"Perhaps, in a way. We think you should find Samuel."

"Makes sense; go to the source and all that. If Samuel is the source."

Viola chose her words carefully. "Everything else in your life seems quite plain; natural. It's just that Samuel and the night vision seem related. Ergo, find Samuel."

"Is there something you and Noranda shared that you're not telling me?"

"Yes. It's complicated, really. We are both aware of your bright intelligence. In some people this works to advantage, other people it does not."

"So I get good grades without much effort. There's a connection?"

"Might be. You seem to have the ability to cycle your emotions. One moment you may be level and agreeable. Another time you react with overwhelming force. That's what I mean when I say I find you so attractive sexually."

Meg laughed. "So, is this a confession? Are you turned on by my personality quirks? Kind of so far out, isn't it?"

"Who can say? I'm agreeing with Noranda that, at that particular point in time, when you and Samuel connected psyches, so to speak, you were in a reactive mode. So, that's what happened. Anyhow, it's an explanation you should be able to live with."

"And when you kissed me and felt my breasts. How did I react?"

"You all but dove down on my pussy. You loved every minute of it; yet, when the feeling came around again you were disinterested."

Meg looked out the window and did not answer. Is this the way I'm supposed to act? she asked herself. I get a little playful once in a second Tuesday and all of a sudden I'm on the psychologist's couch. That's far out.

"What turns you on about me, then? Action or disinterest?"

Viola grinned and reached over to touch Meg's knee. "Both, darling. I love playing your game because the prize is so elusive."

When Viola wheeled the VW into her parking place, Meg jumped out and headed for the door. That, by itself, hinted to Viola that Meg was reacting again. In the dorm room, Viola found a note under the door.

"Mom and dad are leaving for France tomorrow morning. They want me to come home to close the house, empty the pool, like that."

Meg was laconic. "When do we go back to see Noranda?"

"Noranda thinks we've done what we can for now. She says to let the dust settle. My thought is that if you go to her now she will perceive it as a request for sex."

"Sex!" Meg exclaimed. "Maybe she'll hypnotize me again." Viola laughed. "Relax, love. As a partner, you could hardly do better. That's the story between Noranda and me. She took me to heights I never thought possible."

Meg considered that and opted to stay quiet. "When do you leave to do family house-keeping?"

"First thing in the morning. Want to go to the club now?"

"How did you know what I was thinking?"

"By the way you look when you answer questions. Not so tough."

"Who is going to take me to those sexual highs you've been talking about?"

"You'll find a way when the need arises. I don't want to push a first-time affair into a disaster. Not my style."

Meg stretched out on the bunk and fluffed up her pillow. "I think any adventure, sexual or not, is likely to define in some indefinable way my memory of Samuel. And, that action, pretty girl roommate, will add a new dimension."

Viola tugged to pull on her pajama tops and slipped between the sheets of her bed. "Just call me," she said to Meg, "if that midnight visitor shows up. I'd welcome some attention in this cozy room."

"Go to sleep, Vi. Maybe tomorrow."

"Yea, and maybe never."

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It seemed only a moment since she had dozed off. Looking out of drowsy eyes at the moonlight streaming in, Meg realized dawn was soon. She looked for her digital clock but it wasn't there. In its place was her old alarm clock with the bell on the top, an antique gift from her mom and dad as a reminder to get to school on time. But, she considered, that was the second year of high school. What, she asked herself, was that old clock doing here now in the third year of college? The idle thought exploded in her mind. She was back in her room in the quiet house on Elm Street, four years earlier. Samuel was on her mind when she was asleep. The phrase 'time warp' whisked the last cobwebs of sleep from her mind. Then she made an effort to find the peace and security of those earlier times. What a strange dream, she whispered and closed her eyes.

"Margaret," the voice resonated in the shadows. It was Letos.

Meg was instantly awake and, as so many years earlier, grasped her sheet to hold against her. But, this time she was alert. "Wait, don't go. I know you are my private incubus and we need to talk."

Her tone hinted at amusement. "Then relax and listen. I see you are a grown woman now, ready to take on the cares and concerns of your world. Your friend of the occult would reap the bounty of your young body. She can teach you many things that will help you resolve your innermost flaws. Sexual completion is a famous healer."