

Lust for Freedom

By

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Nathan waggles a finger at me that I'd like to snap off. "I said no. End of story."

I plead as I pace back and forth in swelling agitation, my blue-dyed bangs swaying across my eyes. "Please, Nathan, just this once. All the other girls in my class are going and I won't be late. I promise, okay?"

"You're wasting your breath, Jodie."

I shout, "It's just not *fair!*" And emphasize my every point with furious hand gestures. "How come everyone can go and I can't? I do *everything* you ask of me *all week*, and I *never* get to have any fun."

He punctuates his words with a finger jabbing toward the floor. "For the hundredth time, you are *not* like everyone else, and there are rules."

Like they aren't *his* shitty rules! "I didn't *ask* to be different! I just wanna go out," my rising anger causes me to stutter, "and and, have friends and be like other girls my age!"

"You'll never be like them. You need to get used to that." He pauses a beat as if to let the gravity of what he's saying sink in. "Good night."

As he marches out I growl at his back in exasperation. "Aaahhh!"

Crossing my arms, I plop in the closest accent chair and lean forward, staring at the blue carpet, my mind racing with thoughts of rebellion. I just wanna be free! To live my life as I please! Is that so much to ask?! I'm tired of this fucking prison cell!

Cole moves close and attempts to rest a comforting palm on my shoulder, but I snarl at his offer of solace, and he steps back. "I'll be next door. Let me know if you need anything." And he walks out.

I brood for only a moment before springing to my feet. "Fuck!" I circle the room in irritation, clenching and unclenching my fists. Then stare up at one of the cameras, from which I know Cole is watching me from the observation room, and shout. "It's Saturday night and I'm locked up in here! Come on, I just wanna go out and have some fun!"

Cole replies over the intercom with a tone of regret. "I can't do it, babe. Rules are rules."

"You better let me out." I pull in a breath, gathering my fury. "You better let me out, 'cause if you don't, I'm gonna stop working in class and you can say goodbye to ever working with Aiden ever again!"

He ignores my threat, probably thinking it's a bluff. "Knock it off Jodie, now you're just acting like a child."

I cross my arms, turning my back to the camera, then spin around and kick the wall in frustration, and flick him the finger. I grab my electric guitar, throwing the strap over my shoulder, switch on my amp and spin the dial to full volume. I shred the most gnarly riffs I know, stomping around as I do until I drop to my knees as I finish with a radical crescendo that ascends to a high-pitched squeal. And then I jump up, throw my guitar against the one-way mirror, and storm into my room.

I think to Aiden. "Some privacy, please." And one after the next, each of the mounted cameras is smacked by the invisible force of Aiden, pointing them at the walls. Then the lights in the lounge area fizzle and pop, rendering the one-way mirror useless.

Tugging off my sneaks, still laced, I hurl them against the wall. I rip off my knee-high socks, then my fishnet stockings, and pitch them across the room. Unhook my belt, and yank down my skirt. Pluck off my lace gloves, then my ankh necklace, and lob them at the floor. Untie the bottom of my blouse and fumble with the buttons, unclasping them. Then tear off my shirt and bra, and fling them away. Finally, I pull down my boy briefs and leap backward onto my

bed. I lay spread-eagle in the nude, my small peaks heaving as I catch my breath, the turbulent waters of my emotions calming.

Aiden whispers in my mind. *“There’s a way we can escape. We’ll never be forced to return. But it’s dangerous.”*

Any idea of Aiden’s will certainly result in the harming of an innocent. If I had let him have his way, he would’ve strangled Nathan a long time ago. Two years past, he nearly killed a bunch of kids at a birthday party when he terrorized them and lit the house on fire after I let my desire for revenge get the best of me.

I roll over and rise to my feet with a heavy sigh. “I’m taking a shower and going to bed.”

I pad into the bathroom, tiles cool under my feet, stick an arm in the shower stall and twist the faucet. Then sit on the toilet for a pee, while the water warms up. As steam fills the room, I listen to the tinkling of my urine while my thoughts drift to my usual daydream of release from this confinement. I envision a handsome man, the proverbial knight in shining armor, coming to my rescue. Sweeping me off my feet, like in the fairy tales Nathan used to read to me, and carrying me out of this dungeon to live happily ever after. I shake the frivolous reverie from my mind and wipe myself dry.

Stepping into the shower, I rest my palms on the wall, and let out a soft moan, as the hot water runs down the arch of my back, over the curves of my cheeks, down my slim legs and over my dainty feet. With my eyes closed, I tilt my head back, allowing the water to wash away my heavy eye makeup as it courses down my face, over the swell of my breasts, down the flat of my stomach, and over my shaved crotch.

I reach for my bodywash and loofah, but it floats out of my grasp into the air. *“Aiden, I’m not in the mood for games.”*

His voice in my head is more gentle than usual. *“No games. I’ll bathe you.”*

In my sixteen years, he’s never offered to bathe me before. When I was a child, he’d squeak my rubber duckie, playfully splash me, heap bubbles onto my head as I giggled, but not once did he pick up my washcloth. I huff. “I can wash myself.” And hold out my palms. “Hand them over.”

“I know you can wash yourself. You are upset. I want to soothe you. Let me bathe you.”

I’m too drained to argue with him. So instead I roll my eyes. “Fine, whatever.”

The loofah hovers under the water for a moment, then the bottle flips over, squeezes gel onto the pouf, turns right-side up and settles down on the shelf. The loofah scrunches, working up a lather before it floats over to me and begins to spin slowly against my skin, starting at my neck and working down my shoulders and arms, into my armpits, then over my small peaks, compressing them and mashing them gently until my tiny nipples grow rigid.

A half-rebuke half-moan utters from my lips. *“Aiden, they’re clean.”*

The pouf gingerly scrubs my stomach, skips over my groin to caress down my legs, and I lift each one so he can buff the soles of my feet, and then I turn around so he can work his way back up my legs. As he did with my breasts, he gives extra attention to my cheeks, firmly kneading and splaying them with the loofah. I find myself arching my lower back as he rubs the pouf into my crack, vigorously nuzzling my taut rosebud.

I catch myself enjoying the sensation, and growl, more at myself than at him. *“Aiden, my ass is plenty clean.”*

He massages his way up my back, working the tension from my muscles, and I can’t help but groan. *“Ooh, Aiden. That feels so good.”*

When I turn around to rinse my back, the pouf slithers between my bosoms and down to my crotch. It swirls softly against my womanhood, sending tingles throughout my body, and my legs quiver as I moan. *“Aiden, no. Stop.”*

“Why should I stop? I know that you like it.”

I thrust my pelvis and chew my lower lip as my hands defy me, groping at my soft peaks, pinching and rolling and tugging my nipples. *“Aiden, it’s weird. You’re like a brother to me.”*

“Why should a brother not pleasure his sister?”

I get a hold of myself and snatch the caressing loofah from between my legs and toss it to the shower floor. *“Because it’s gross!”*

“I’m not gross! You’re the one that poops!”

“Yeah, like everyone else with a physical body.” I turn around, pull the handheld showerhead down and rinse the suds from my crotch, revealing my swollen clit, yearning for attention. Not wanting Aiden to know how incredibly stimulating his bathing was, I ignore my longing to switch the showerhead to pulse mode, slip it back on the mount, turn off the water and step out.

As I grab for my towel it flies into the air. *“I can take a physical body when I want!”*

I stand there dripping onto the mat, shivering slightly, arguing with Aiden like a lonely kid with an imaginary friend. *“Aiden, that’s not the same and you know it. Now give me back my towel.”*

My floating towel twists up and then snaps against my bare thigh.

“Ouch!” I clutch my stinging leg and turn away from the suspended towel. *“Aiden, stop it this instant!”*

Aiden winds up the towel and lashes my bottom across both cheeks.

“Youch!” I clench and cup my cheeks as I shoot up onto my tippy-toes. *“Damn it, Aiden! I didn’t mean that you were gross. I meant brothers and sisters pleasuring each other are gross. Okay?”*

He mimics me. *“Fine, whatever.”*

The towel drops and I snatch it before it hits the tile. I dry myself thoroughly, hang it on the rack, flush the toilet, and switch off the light as I return to my bedroom, where I turn off the fluorescent and then my bedside lamp, leaving only the dangling red x-mas lights on. I still can’t sleep in complete darkness. The smoke entities are a fear that never leaves the fringe of my consciousness.

Emotionally exhausted, I climb into bed without slipping on a pair of shorts and a T-shirt as I normally would. I pull the sheets over my naked body and stare up at the ceiling, feeling defeated, depressed, and without hope.

There’s only one thing that will make me feel better, and it’s sure to put me to sleep fast too.

I slide a palm up my thigh and circle my sensitive button with a gentle fingertip. With my other hand, I fondle my small peaks. I’m amazed by how fiercely aroused that shower left me. My eyes flutter closed and I imagine my favorite singer tonguing my nub while fondling my tits with eager hands.

Aiden whispers, *“You were not strong enough before. Not motivated enough before. It’s still dangerous, but it can be done.”*

I sigh with frustration, dropping my hands to my sides, and give in to his tease of liberation. *“I don’t wanna hurt anyone, and I don’t want you to hurt anyone for me.”* He almost

murdered my foster father, only stopping after I begged and pleaded profusely. He's like a devil on my shoulder with no angel on the other.

I detect deception in his tone. *"No one gets hurt."*

"Then why is it dangerous?"

"The smoke monsters may come. I will be busy. Unable to fight."

"Then forget it." I roll over onto my stomach, draw up one knee, and glide a hand between the mattress and my groin. "Goodnight." I plunge two fingers into my creamy depths and stroke my g-spot while using my thumb to polish my tiny nub. I bite my pillow to muffle my moans of satisfaction, as I envision my heartthrob musician pounding me from behind.

The sheets ripple like ocean waves. *"Why don't you trust me?! I've never hurt you!"*

I pluck my fingers from inside me, and grumble, "You never hurt me, but you hurt other people."

The sheets soar across the room. *"Only when they hurt you first!"*

I roll out of bed and scoop the sheets off the floor. "I appreciate you defending me, but you go too far." Wrapping the sheets tightly around me, I plop back into bed. "Goodnight, again."

The bed shakes. *"No goodnight!"*

"Ugh!" I pound my fists down on the mattress and it ceases trembling. *"Aiden, why are you being this way?"*

He sounds as if he's weeping. I've never heard him cry before. *"You don't love me like I love you."*

I'm startled by his words and the potent emotion behind them. I whisper, "Why do you say that?"

"I do whatever you say, but you never do what I say."

It dawns on me that Aiden is even more a prisoner than I am. *"I'm sorry. I didn't realize. How can I make it up to you? What can I do to earn your forgiveness?"*

He makes the spiritual equivalent to a sniffle. *"Let me show you how much I feel for you."*

I roll onto my back. *"How will you do that?"*

"I don't know how to explain. Can I show you?"

He's being so tender I can't refuse. *"Okay, but it better not be like what you did in the shower."*

"It's not." And then a sensation like a warm hand presses between my breasts over my heart. It grows warmer and begins to slowly spread outward. It's not just a warmth, but also a blissful feeling of affection. It extends over my entire body, puckering my skin with goose bumps, enveloping me in tepid rapture. I gasp at the overwhelming sense of abundant love, and joyful tears trickle down my temples to moisten my pillow.

Aiden's voice is stronger, more distinct. *"Do you understand how I feel for you now?"*

I wanna scream, but I don't want Cole to hear me. *"Yes! I do! Please, kill the microphones!"*

The affectionate thrill evaporates and I feel an instant withdraw so powerful it's almost painful. I cry out, "Hurry back!"

The howling screech of audio feedback pierces my ears for a moment, and then I sigh a quivering moan as Aiden's euphoric presence touches my throat like sensual kisses, spreading over my body until I'm fully engulfed by his exaltation. It's akin to the soft weight of a heated quilt, sewn with threads of fondness.

“Do you trust me now?”

“Yes! Yes, I trust you!”

“Do you want to escape this place forever?”

The thought both excites me and scares me. “I don’t want this feeling of closeness to you to ever go away. Where would we go?”

“What you’re feeling now is only the beginning of something much more. We will go wherever you want.”

I swallow my fear in a heavy gulp. “Yes. I wanna get out of her.”

“Will you let me try the dangerous thing?”

I nod. “Okay, do it.”

The wondrous sensation intensifies, enrapturing my heart in passion, and enthralling my mind in a narcotic delirium. My eyes roll back as a tingling pressure, like the angelic touch of a Deva, tickles every inch of my flesh at once.

Within my mind’s eye, I see Aiden. Strangely, he appears as a male version of me, only he’s glowing with a radiant white brilliance. He’s nude with two colossal erections, one over the other. He embraces me and kisses me ardently. His tongue becomes a third member that lunges down my throat as he drives into both my nether cavities.

My nipples tighten as jolts of joy surge back and forth between them. My back arches as a rush of rhapsody arcs up and down my spine. My toes and fingers curl as an electrifying elation forces open my mouth, cleft, and rosebud at once, and I throw my head back and pull my knees to my chest in reflex. It feels as though Aiden is pumping all of my orifices, hard and deep and fast. Cramming his spiritual phalluses into my tight virgin holes, harder and harder. Stuffing himself into my throat, pussy, and ass simultaneously, deeper and deeper. Ramming his intoxicating energy into my stretched openings, faster and faster. It’s pure ecstasy to feel him filling me up. I moan and mewl and tremble and thrash and claw at the sheets as he wracks my body with pleasure unlike anything I’ve ever imagined.

His heart is fusing with mine. I feel his profound love beating within my veins. His mind is merging with mine. I perceive his deep affection pondering within my psyche. His spirit is melding with mine. I sense his absolute devotion vibrating through my aura.

Flashes of memories from Aiden’s point of view imbued with his emotions play across the movie screen of my mind. I see my own birth and feel his heartfelt joy. I see myself as an infant being stolen away from my birth mother and feel his frustrated anger at being too weak to do anything. I see myself as a toddler tumbling down the stairs and feel his zealous strain as he slows my descend and cushions my fall. I see myself at age five crying in a sandbox after a bully stomped on my castle, and feel Aiden’s vehement vengeance as he knocks the boy off his feet into a muddy puddle. I see a janitor in the observation room masturbating while watching me at age ten, and feel Aiden’s furious wrath as he beats him with a chair.

My sheets are torn away but a sudden gust of etheric wind that builds into a violent whirlwind, tearing posters and pictures off the walls, knocking the books off my shelves, slamming the bathroom door shut, sucking the clothes out of my closet and drawers.

My bedroom TV clicks on, gives a loud pop and wafts smoke into the windstorm. My laptop does the same. The red x-mas light burst along with all the cameras, and then the TV in the lounge area does the same as the other, followed by my amp. Dishes crash and shatter in the kitchenette.

Cole bangs on the door and shouts my name repeatedly.

Static crackles in the air, the bed shakes like it's at the epicenter of a massive earthquake, all the furniture explodes, fissures spread through the walls, smoke entities flood the room, and Cole's shouts vanish as my pleasure ascends to a new level of jubilation.

As I reach a heart-pounding mind-blowing physical climax, Aiden achieves a spiritual orgasm, and our hearts and minds, our spirits and souls, are joined as one. Aiden is no longer tethered to me. He is a part of me, as I am a part of him. We are now a united being of immense power. A living gateway between worlds.

The storm ceases and everything falls to the floor, including my bed that we were unaware was hovering.

A swarm of entities swoops down at us. We shout with mental exertion and throw up our hands. They instantly dissolve as they are transported back from where they came.

We roll out of bed and rummage through the ruins, picking out clothing from the mess to dress. We're pulling on our sneaks as Cole and Nathan enter the lounge in a rush, looking frazzled.

Nathan glances around with wide eyes. "My God! Jodie, are you okay?!"

I march over the debris into the lounge. "We're fine."

Nathan and Cole give each other a puzzled look, and Cole asks, "What happened? We've been trying to breach your room for almost twenty-four hours."

"What? We talked to you both like an hour ago?"

Nathan combs his fingers through his hair as realization dawns on his face. "Whatever happened in here... It must have caused a time dilation event."

Cole steps close and rests his hands on our shoulders. "Did you blackout? Are you sure you're okay?"

"We didn't blackout. We're fine."

Nathan takes a cautious step forward. "Why do you keep referring to yourself as *we*?"

"Because now we are both Jodie and Aiden. And you both are going to step aside so *we* may leave."

Nathan furrows his brow. "*Jodie*, you know you can't leave. Especially after *this*." He gestures at the devastation.

"*Nathan*, we'll give you one last chance to move aside."

Cole cuts in. "Jodie, listen. We're on high alert. The building is on lockdown. And there are heavily-armed men outside."

"If you wish to save their lives, Nathan, you will order them to stand down."

Nathan sighs. "You know I can't do that."

With a slight jerk of our head, Nathan is flung across the room, bashing his skull against the wall and falling to the floor unconscious.

Cole steps back with a look of shock. "Jodie, please."

"We don't wanna hurt you, Cole. Go into the bathroom, close the door, and lay on the floor."

He holds up his hands. "O—O—Okay, I'm going." He hurries into the bathroom, stumbling over the wreckage, and slams the door behind him.

With a flick of our wrist, the door to the observation room and the door beyond it, tear off their hinges. Four guards with assault rifles raise their weapons towards me as I walk out.

The lead guard barks. "Halt! Miss Holmes, we've orders to detain you."

We cock our head with an air of disbelief. "Are you gonna shoot us dead?"

"No, little miss. We're armed with shocker rounds only. But they hurt like a bitch."

“Don’t call us *little*.” We wave two fingers and their rifles tear from their grasp and fly down the hall, clattering across the glossy floor.

The lead guard raises his fists. “We don’t need our weapons to wrestle you do the ground. I don’t wanna do it, but I will. So why don’t you be a good girl and surrender.”

“Last warning *boys*. Move aside.”

“That’s not gonna fucking happen.”

I huff. “Fine.” And slowly clench my fist.

The guards clutch their heads and fall to their knees, screaming in agony as their skulls gradually cave in, until they collapse, blood and brains oozing from their crushed craniums.

We trek down the hall, and with a palm thrust, blast the reinforced security door to the lobby from its steel frame. And another four guards race down the stairs to meet us, rifles raised.

The lead guard shouts, “Take another step and we’ll put you down!”

“Move aside, or you’ll be dead like your buddies back there.” We point our thumb over our shoulder.

He looks past us and his eyes flare with anger. “Get on your fucking knees!”

We roll our eyes. “Oh, please. Do you see where you’re standing.”

He glances right and left at the vending machines, his eyes going wide with terror, and I clap my hands together. The heavy machines whoosh across the floor, smashing all four of them between them, with horrific screams, splatters of blood, and shattering of bones.

I walk around the machines and up the stairs. The guard behind the registration desk places his gun on the counter and steps back with his hands in the air.

“Finally, someone takes us seriously.” We wave with a sarcastic grin. “Have a goodnight. We’re going out for a bit.”

Another palm thrust and the main doors soar into the parking lot and slide over the blacktop. The guard ducks behind the counter, whimpering at our display of psychokinetic power.

As we step across the threshold and inhale a breath of the night air, we realize we can go anywhere. We can do anything. And no one can stop us.