

C
O
B
B
L
E
S
T
O
N
E
P
R
E
S
S



MORTEZA

THE DEMON NEXT
DOOR

Josée Renard

Morteza by Josée Renard

The Demon Next Door:
MORTEZA

By

Josée Renard

Morteza by Josée Renard

This is a work of fiction. Names, characters, places, and incidents are products of the author's imagination or are used fictitiously and are not to be construed as real. Any resemblance to actual events, locales, organizations, or persons, living or dead, is entirely coincidental.

Morteza

Copyright© 2010 Josée Renard

ISBN: 978-1-60088-555-6

Cover Artist: Sable Grey

Editor: Stephanie Parent

All rights reserved. No part of this book may be used or reproduced electronically or in print without written permission, except in the case of brief quotations embodied in reviews.

Cobblestone Press, LLC

www.cobblestone-press.com

Dedication

Lisa. Thanks for—well, you know what. Everything.

Chapter One

Pretending to be human wasn't as simple as Morteza had anticipated.

The first few months had been relatively simple, so he'd expected the whole transition to go as smoothly. As an onlooker, he spent his time in coffee shops and Internet cafés, where he went unnoticed except for his exceptional height.

"Are you a basketball player?"

He'd heard the question dozens of times but had answered it with only with a smile, until he'd attained enough skill on the computers in his favorite hangout to research the sport. It took awhile because before he got to basketball he had to figure out sports in general. But once he'd done so, he answered the question with a smile and a, "No, I'm not, though I think I might have to take it up."

The trouble, of course, was that the more information he volunteered, the more the questioner wanted to know. So he learned to circumvent their next query by saying, "I grew up in a small town in northern Canada"—close enough to the truth—"and we played hockey." He picked hockey because here, in this small town deep in the South, hockey was as foreign as a demon. So it was a lie, but the type of lie he had learned to call a *white* one.

Those nuances, Morteza often thought, were what made his transition to human so difficult. Demons weren't much for nuances. It was mostly kill or be killed in the Underworld. And you were either at the top

Morteza by José Renard

of the pile or you weren't. And if you weren't—and Morteza definitely hadn't been—your life was hell.

Doing all the human things—buying groceries, getting a job, going out for beers with acquaintances (Morteza wasn't yet ready to call anyone a friend)—didn't make him human.

So he settled in and he studied. Hard.

He bought magazines—and read them, cover to cover—about everything from cooking to dressing to sports, though to begin with they were mostly about sports. He needed to become a sports fan. Quickly. All the men he knew from Big Dave's Internet Spot and the Bar None were sports fans.

He knew no women except the serving staff at the coffee shop where he had his breakfast, and for a long time he had no idea what they were interested in. He figured he couldn't go wrong with cooking and renovations and decorating, given the number of television channels dedicated to those pastimes.

Television—and all five hundred of the channels that came with his satellite purchase—was another of his teaching tools. But even though he started with reality shows, it didn't take long before he realized that the fake shows gave better advice. Didn't matter whether they were dramas or comedies, movies or made-for-TV shows. If they were fiction, they were gold.

If he wanted to learn how to interact with humans, how to dress, how to act as if he were a bouncer or a friend or even a lover, fiction had a lot more to offer than reality.

The instructions on those shows were clear and easy to follow. If they had nuances, Morteza didn't get them, and he didn't worry about them. Because now, eighteen months after he'd crossed over from the Underworld, Morteza figured he might finally be getting it.

Okay, almost getting it.

Because despite the hours at Big Dave's, the money and time he spent on magazines and how-to books, the long, noisy nights he worked keeping order at the Bar None, and the hours of television he watched, there were still a whole lot of things about humans that didn't make any

Morteza by Josée Renard

sense.

Still, he wasn't the only male who didn't get it. In fact, he got it more than most.

Big Dave spent a whole lot of his time worrying about what his wife wanted, about what he'd said to upset her, about how he could fix things. The other guys, all of whom seemed to be a lot like Big Dave, didn't get it either. They couldn't help Big Dave because they didn't know the answers.

The funny thing was that Morteza did.

He knew that when Big Dave didn't notice his wife's new haircut, the first part of the answer was to stop on the way home to buy some flowers and a bottle of wine. The second part was to say *I'm sorry* and then *you look beautiful* and *I'm sorry* one more time.

When Big Dave stayed late at work, Morteza reminded him to phone and tell Mrs. Dave he was going to be late and ask her if she wanted him to pick something up on his way home.

And when Mrs. Dave was crying when Big Dave came home, Morteza told him not to ask what was wrong but to gather her up in his arms and hold her until she stopped.

Because it was obvious that women often cried for no reason at all. And the only way to make it better was a hug.

Morteza hadn't had a hug in a long time.

It had been over a year since he'd foolishly believed he'd needed only one more experience to make him fully human. He'd found The Pleasure Club online and had met Ellie and Eli.

He still dreamed almost nightly about that experience.

He still woke up, his cock stiff and weeping from its tip, his lips tingling and his heart pounding. And those were the good nights. Because he could take a deep breath and pretend that Eli's mouth was wrapped around his cock, his big hands cupping his balls so tightly the sensation bordered on pain. He could pretend that his fingers, instead of stroking his own cock, were tugging at Ellie's nipples; that his mouth, instead of tasting his own fingers stroking his lips, feasted on Ellie's juices as she lowered her cunt to his face.

Morteza by Josée Renard

Those nights, when he came with a shout that made him glad he lived in a concrete building, were when he allowed himself to relive the best night of both of his lives.

The bad nights were the ones when he woke, his duvet soaked with cum and his cock limp, loneliness filling him. Those nights were the ones he took another lesson from television and swallowed a couple of sleeping pills so when he fell back asleep, he would have no further wet dreams that he couldn't remember.

He hated those nights.

Because more than anything else, he wanted to remember them. He wanted to remember Ellie's eyes and Eli's callused hands. He wanted to remember Eli's hard, hot cock against his back and Ellie's beautiful breasts in his mouth. He wanted to remember what it felt like to be surrounded by them, their bodies tight against his, their lips on his face, on his belly, on his thighs.

He wanted to remember the first time he came, his cock in Eli's mouth and his tongue in Ellie's pussy. He wanted to remember how it felt to be sandwiched between the two of them—her body soft and scented, his hard and taut with unreleased tension.

He wanted to remember the first time he felt Ellie's orgasm with his fingers inside of her, those fingers gently guided to the exact right place deep in her vagina by Eli. And the first time Eli kissed him, his mouth still tasting of Ellie's juices, transferring that taste into Morteza's mouth so he, too, began to crave the taste of her.

He *had* to remember how he felt falling asleep in their arms, their legs draped over his, their three pairs of hands entwined on his chest.

He *had* to remember how they had awakened him. Eli had rolled him over, Morteza barely awake, and tucked his hands underneath Morteza's butt so his cock was raised up. The first thing he was conscious of was the sharp nip of Eli's teeth on his scrotum, then the lush, almost unbearable feeling of his cock in Eli's mouth.

But it got even better. Ellie's breasts rubbed his back as she kissed and licked and bit him from his shoulders down his spine. When she reached his ass, she separated his cheeks, and then he felt a soft, warm

Morteza by Josée Renard

dampness drizzled in between.

Ellie's fingers spread the warmth around his anus, each time pressing a little harder. When Morteza moaned, Eli stopping sucking his cock and held tight around its base, the smallest pressure all Morteza could bear. Eli kept hold of the base of his cock and nuzzled at Morteza's belly, taking long licks from his thighs to his belly button.

The fingers at his ass grew bolder, pressing into him, a tiny bit at first, then deeper, spreading the warm liquid inside, making the progress of her fingers easier, quicker, deeper until Morteza could feel a scream rising inside his throat.

"Ellie," he heard, "slow down. He's right on the edge."

"Good," she said. "That's right where he needs to be."

She slowed for a moment. Then he heard her hum and Eli's fist released his cock, enveloping it again with his mouth. Ellie jammed her fingers in as far as they would go and Morteza *did* scream, for the first and only time in his life so far. He felt as if his whole body was spasming, his cock pushing harder and harder into Eli's mouth until he worried that he might choke him.

But Eli simply sucked him in while Ellie pushed her fingers in and out and Morteza continued to spasm until he collapsed. That was what he wanted to remember.

He wondered, sometimes, why he didn't just get in touch with them again, why he didn't use the number scrawled on the card he'd found next to the bed the morning after.

But he didn't wonder for long. He *knew* why he didn't get in touch with them. His experiment with sex had been possible because, in those first few months, he'd believed, *honestly* believed, that he had become human.

Now he knew his humanity was only a façade—paint and mirrors and a whole lot of stolen information—and he cared for them too much to expose them to the demon self that lingered beneath that façade.

But Morteza was working on it.

He had a single name.

Ali.