



Tragic
DAWN

YOLANDA SFETSOS

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TRAGIC DAWN by Yolanda Sfetsos
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Dear Reader,

Firstly, I'd like to thank you for downloading this little eBook I've put together.

I wrote this story in one sitting because it came to me out of nowhere, pretty much complete.

I submitted it to the [Cobblestone Press Wicked](#) line, but it was rejected because of the ending. I'm sure that you'll see why after you get to the end. It's not exactly an uplifting end to Dawn and Ken's ordeal, but it's how the story wanted to be told.

Not wanting to give up on it, I re-submitted it to Forbidden Publications and was actually offered a contract. But this year, the company closed before I even had the chance to complete the edit process. So, I decided to give it away for free on my website.

Oh, and speaking of edits... this little story hasn't been edited. Of course, I've done several rounds of revision on it, but it hasn't been professionally edited. So please, bear that in mind.

Before you start reading it, let me tell you that this story starts out like a romantic, erotic tale between two people in love but it turns into something a little darker and a lot nastier. So, if you're after a happy ending, maybe this one's not for you. ;)

If you do read it, I hope you enjoy this melancholy tale of mine.

Cheers,
Yolanda Sfetsos

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Chapter One

Dawn gulped a mouthful of air. The sudden breath filled her lungs with life. As if waking from a long slumber, like sleeping beauty, her torso lifted off the bed and fell back down again. She rubbed her eyes with the backs of her hands, trying to figure out when she'd fallen asleep.

She couldn't remember much of anything.

A soft breeze swept in from the open, sliding door to her left. It faced the gorgeous view of the lake she hadn't seen with her own eyes for years. Memory still served her well, and at least she could remember that much. The way the water shimmered with the last rays of the sun before it disappeared for the night. The way birds flew just above it before calling it a day. But mostly, she could recall all the times she'd gazed out while in the arms of her lover.

She lay back against the soft pillows, enjoying the way it cooled her heated skin. Her body ached for his touch, and the fever would remain until he made his appearance. She couldn't be sure, but was positive the sun had already disappeared to welcome the moon. The air had cooled the warm weather dramatically, and she welcomed it.

Pressing her head farther into the soft fabric, she prepared for his visit.

This was the one time of the year when she could really *see*. Of course, she'd once seen like everyone else. She wasn't born blind. An accident had robbed her sight five years ago and she

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mourned it every waking moment. It wasn't easy being blind. Sometimes she wished she'd been born without sight, at least then she wouldn't miss it.

She missed the way warm summer days looked the most. It was funny that she remembered everything had a certain glow. Summer days were bright. The blue sky vibrant, as the sun shone down on the world to make it look beautiful. The sparkles on the lake when she sat outside on the porch to watch the day dawn, and then set, had been her favorite. She could only feel the vibes now.

"Dawn, have you been waiting long?" His first caress to her cheek made the darkness turn to grey.

She jumped, only slightly. "I've been waiting all year. You know I crave this night like no other."

"I know the feeling." His lips pressed softly against her left cheek and then her right, before resting briefly on her mouth. When she made a move to kiss him back, he pulled away.

"Ken, don't do this to me," she pleaded. She would be willing to beg for the one thing she wanted from him the most. Dawn could never get enough of his body. Desire coiled inside her gut, tightening her insides.

A chuckle rumbled from him. "Ah, you know I never give you everything in a rush of sensation. It's better for us to draw it out slowly, don't you think?" Fingertips tentatively traced down her bare arms, leaving a trail of heat.

She couldn't remember the color of her lingerie teddy but loved the way the lace felt against her skin. Every sensation aroused her further, making her body breathe with so much life she had to release a shaky breath. How did he do this to her? No other man had ever managed to make her ache for him so much, roused such an intense physical reaction within her. She craved this man with her very soul. Dawn would sell it if it guaranteed feeling his touch upon her skin for all eternity.

"I wish you could come more often," she said without thinking over the implication of her words. Her cheeks warmed at the innuendo.

"So do I, my love, so do I... but you know I can't. You and I are cursed with just the one night. So why don't we make the most of it?"

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“Of course.” His breath felt warm as it tickled her chest. She filled her nasal passage with his scent. He smelled of life and nature. Ken had loved the outdoors and she wished they’d had enough time to share it together. Sleeping underneath the moon was a fantasy which would be left unsatisfied. Now he smelled different, though. The underlining scent of man was still there, and another that was all his, but there was something else. A scent she couldn’t describe, but had grown to associate with his annual appearances.

He touched one of her closed eyelids, then the other, and an explosion of color ignited.

She blinked several times. The amount of color seemed brighter than she ever remembered the sun being. Things appeared fuzzy as tears slid down her cheeks. When she focused on his face for several minutes, it all took on perspective.

There he was, beautiful. His dark eyes were shiny with desire. The set of his jaw only highlighted his good looks. No point in holding back any longer.

She rose to her knees in front of him, forcing Ken to do the same. Her arms wrapped tight around his neck as she kept her eyes open and pressed her mouth against his. She opened his with the tip of her tongue, running it over his bottom lip before slipping inside. His tongue found hers, and connected in a rush of ecstasy that raced down her mouth and settled in her lower abdomen.

He moaned her name as he shifted his mouth to her cheeks, chin and jaw. He sucked and licked her skin, tickling her with the combination of his warm breath playing along her moist skin. He kissed her collarbone and paused there.

“Please, don’t stop.” A need like no other swelled up inside her. She needed release tonight. This was the one time of the year when she allowed herself any sort of orgasm. It was a pleasure exclusive to each other.

“Oh, don’t worry, I’ll never stop this,” he said with a low chuckle.

She laughed outwardly, but wanted to cry on the inside. Oh, how she missed him. Waking up beside this man had been one of the greatest joys in her life. She missed it so much she still cried herself to sleep. But tonight there would be no tears, just mutual pleasure. The new day would always come too quickly and they’d be pried apart again.

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Both of his hands were kneading her aching breasts. Her nipples puckered up inside his palm as he rubbed them so hard a hint of pain made her gasp. But he didn't stop. Instead, he hooked his fingers around the straps over her shoulders and pulled them down, all the way past her breasts. They tumbled out, free for him to gaze at while he licked his lips.

"You're as luscious now as the first time we met." Ken's tongue traced his bottom lip and then without warning, he dropped his head to rub his face against both breasts. His hands were tight around her as he eventually opened his mouth over her right nipple and sucked it in. He licked it as if he wanted to possess her.

She lifted her chest higher, encouraging him to continue as he switched his mouth to the other. He nipped the end and she nearly collapsed, there on the bed.

"Oh, Ken, I missed you so much." She gasped. Every one of her senses was on overdrive, but the intensity only made her hyperaware of what he was physically doing to her.

His hands dragged down her lingerie further, until it lay in a tangle at her knees.

Ken laughed and pulled it off in one clean swoop. The force of it pushed her back until she lay on her back, legs spread out for him. His eyes darkened as he gazed down at her, as if mesmerized.

"What are you waiting for?" She dared to open and close her knees, enticing him as moisture collected inside her.

He hesitated.

Dawn placed her right hand in between the curve of her breasts and ran it down along her flat stomach. Slow, deliberate strokes which made his eyebrows arch.

"Your clothes are still on," she whispered. Her fingers twirled around her pubic hair.

He jumped off the bed and stripped his shirt and jeans off within seconds. He never wore any shoes. Wherever he existed nowadays, he walked around barefoot.

Her eyes narrowed as she zeroed in on his erection. Ignoring every other beautiful and perfectly muscled part of him, she focused on the one thing she wanted the most right now. She

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thanked the gods and goddesses for giving her sight on this one glorious night. Without being able to see him in his naked brilliance, this night wouldn't hold as much pleasure as it did.

“Don't pause on my account.” Ken licked his lips, his voice husky.

She nodded and slid her index finger down a little. Excitement coursed through her system as she throbbed to be touched, but she wanted to prolong this. Besides, she had no intention of bringing herself to climax. That's what he was here for. She needed *him* to bring her to orgasm. It was how it always happened. But she could still tease him and ramp up the heat.

Dawn bit down on her bottom lip as she watched him, her hand unmoving. Teasing him to make his next move.

She sucked in a breath and her eyes closed involuntarily. When she opened them again, Ken was on the bed again, kneeled in between her legs. Without a word, he lowered his face until he was directly above her pubic bone.

Her legs spread a little further as she removed her hand.

He blew a line along her exposed flesh and she shivered. His mouth clamped over her and Ken's tongue delved inside her. The first pull of an orgasm appeared on the horizon.

He sucked at her before lifting her ass higher. She writhed as his tongue flicked over her most sensitive and aroused spot.

“Oh, Ken, I want you so much.” Her arms were above her head. Hands clamped together as she stretched her spine and purred at the pleasure racing along her body.

His hands closed tighter around her ass cheeks, holding her up as if she were a cup he wanted to spend an eternity drinking from. And in a way, she supposed that's what they did. She tilted her pelvis and his chin added to the pleasure.

She bit down on her lip, trying to pull back a little so the orgasm wouldn't tear her apart just yet. As it began to whirl around her center, he withdrew his mouth and tongue.

“Ken, no... please, I need—”

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“I know what you need, and you will get it, but we have to take our time. I want your first release to be an explosion.” His lips curved into a smile. “I need to bury myself inside you.”

He’d moved slowly, but surely, and when he entered her, she cried out.

Pleasure oozed beneath her skin. She couldn’t move, felt as if her body was slowly melting into the mattress beneath her. Oh, this felt so good.

Ken pressed his palms against her knees as he plunged inside her. His eyes were closed, ecstasy written on his features, but he pulled out.

She missed the warmth of their connection instantly and wanted him back inside, but instead concentrated on his glistening erection.

“Come here,” she whispered.

He lifted his eyebrows as he crawled over her body without so much as touching any part of her skin.

“Dawn, oh, Dawn.” He kissed her, a wild and passionate kiss that curled her toes.

This is how it was meant to be.

Lust burned so bright inside her she was positive her skin glowed. Then again, everything around her seemed to glow at the moment. It was the residue of this magical event. Blind people weren’t supposed to see. Not even for one night a year, when carnal union was awarded to them.

“Is everything okay?” he asked shifting out of the kiss.

She nodded. Her eyes ventured over his sweat-gleamed body. He was so beautiful, the bronze color of his skin, a stark contrast to the white sheets. His brown hair long overdue for a haircut, but it suited him. Besides, Ken would never get a haircut again.

When his chocolate brown gaze met hers, something inside her broke.

Tears slid down her face, warm and cruel. She didn’t want this to end. As wonderful as it was to be blessed with one night a year, it just wasn’t enough.

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After this was over, she'd feel empty inside and the world would fade to black again. This time, she didn't want to face it, couldn't. Her heart thundered inside her chest, achy and wrung out.

"Hush, why are you crying?" Ken lay down beside her, his right hand casually on her abdomen.

"I don't want this to end."

"The cycle will never end," he said with a sad smile.

Her sobs caught inside her throat. She sucked in some of the fresh air coming in from the sliding door and allowed it to soothe her. Dawn turned to the glass door and watched the full moon light up the dark lake. It was as beautiful as she remembered it.

"But the night will."

He shrugged. "Nights always do." Ken kissed her lips. It was supposed to be a soft, soothing kiss to comfort and put her at ease, but once his hot mouth touched hers, it intensified.

She lay back as he crawled on top of her. His huge bulk covered hers, caught in between her legs as his mouth devoured hers and one of his hands continued down her stomach and past her navel. His fingers delved between them and sunk inside her.

All the worry and grief faded when his fingers touched her. He kissed her hard, filled with passion. The next time he plunged inside her, one finger was replaced by two. Her muscles clenched around him with every new thrust as his tongue ravaged hers until she was breathless.

She pressed her head back against the pillow. Excitement and the bubble of release sizzled again. She was so close. This time she wouldn't let him stop.

Dawn screamed out his name and clung to him as the orgasm tore through her. Her spine lifted off the bed as pleasure inundated her entire body. It sizzled just below her skin, a current out of control as it warmed and tingled every inch of her body.

"Ken..." Her breath was ragged as she struggled to breathe. Oxygen failed her, but it didn't matter because his mouth was now clamped over hers.

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His fingers were gone, replaced by his hard cock. The head teased her opening, slowly getting inside one bit at a time.

Her body shook all over. Every touch ignited another case of the shakes.

Ken pounded into her with so much passion and speed she knew another orgasm would result. But he suddenly stopped.

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Chapter Two

“What’s wrong?”

“I want to take you outside, under the moon.” Ken pulled out of her and stepped off the bed. He waited for her with one palm held out in front of him.

She smiled, ignoring his hand, and threw herself into his arms. He held her tight, carried her out through the open sliding door. He kissed her before putting her down on the wooden porch.

Dawn closed her eyes as she kissed him, enjoying the sound of the calm water below their feet. The porch was built above the water. It was one of the most calming places she’d ever been. She loved it out here.

When he gently turned her around and pressed her palms against the railing, she let him. The cool breeze played over her cheeks as she stared out at the rippling water. The breeze was a little stronger than she’d realized while inside.

Soft fingertips played against her spine and she lifted her face to the moon. She murmured because every one of his touches felt better than the other one. His fingers cupped her butt cheeks and lifted them, prompting her to take a step back to give him enough room to enter her from behind. She wanted this. She wanted him. Now.

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“Dawn, I’ve always wanted you,” he said, mirroring her thoughts.

“Me too.” She gasped when he plunged into her. From this angle he totally filled her, and every one of his rocking thrusts had her breasts bouncing. He wrapped his hands around them, keeping them steady and turning her on further with the movement.

“Deeper,” she whispered. “I want you deeper.”

He obliged, grinding his hips so hard against her she was positive she would collapse if not for his tight hold on her.

Ken kissed her hair, her ear and cheek. His breath was warm and sweet as she turned her head as far as she could to kiss him. It was easier to part her lips and stick her tongue out for him. The move made her explode with an orgasm that shook her to the very core. She was positive he was ready to come too but he pulled out, picked her up and headed back inside.

He dumped her on the bed and forced her legs open.

The breeze around them cooled her moist thighs and even that made her hotter for him.

“Did you hear that?” he asked as his hips halted a second before he entered her again.

“Hear what?” She couldn’t hear anything.

“Never mind.” He thrust into her, deeper, harder than before and hooked his leg around hers. In a skillful move, he switched their positions until she ended up on top of him. It was such a swift move that excitement rubbed at her overworked clitoris, but it wasn’t enough to stop the pleasure from mounting again.

She concentrated on the sound of flesh into flesh, their combined sweat.

Dawn ground her hips downward, against his, ready for his explosion at any second. Her eyes locked with his when he lifted his hips up. His hands wrapped tight around her waist as she came only seconds before he did.

Her chest collapsed on his. She kissed him. Open-mouthed kisses which kept her in a constant state of physical need, even as his seed flowed deep inside her. She could only hope that

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this time he would fill her with life. Dawn wanted to have a piece of him with her every day he wasn't near.

But after five years of this rendezvous, it still hadn't happened. So she didn't expect it. His ghostly apparitions, though always pleasurable, managed to leave Dawn feeling hollow afterwards.

She thought she heard a door open and close somewhere outside the bedroom, but didn't care. All she wanted was to kiss him some more before they lay down beside each other and waited a couple of beats to engage in further lovemaking.

Her entire body relaxed as she gazed out onto the beautiful lake. The moon wasn't visible anymore and the sky seemed to be lightening by the minute. *No*, she thought, *it can't be this close to being over yet.*

She opened her mouth to tell him, but the bedroom door smacked against the wall with so much ferocity it made him jump. Dawn climbed off him, was on her knees and staring at whoever had decided to invade their private night seconds before Ken.

"So, it's true!" A man she didn't recognize stood just inside the doorway. He had blond hair cut close to his scalp and angry blue eyes with too much white showing. A vein throbbed on his forehead and another along his jaw. His face was flushed red with anger, but she couldn't place him.

"What the hell?" It was Ken who spoke. He made a move to cover her body with his, but at this stage there was no room for modesty. She remained kneeled beside him.

"You bastard, you're supposed to be my best friend. How could you do this to me?" the man continued as he took a step inside the room. His wrath was aimed at Ken, and she couldn't stop herself from partially covering his body with hers.

"Please, if you want money, we'll give it—"

"Money?" he screamed. "Money! What the fuck do I want money for, you stupid bitch? Didn't our wedding vows mean anything to you?" He lifted his left hand and flashed a wedding band in front of his face, which caught the candlelight around the room.

She looked down at her left hand. She wore a slim gold band on her ring finger too. When she fingered Ken's left hand, she noted he didn't.

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What the hell was going on here?

The flash of a smiling couple cut through her mind. They walked out of a church, down the stairs as people threw rice and confetti around them and cheered. The groom was blond and attractive, dressed immaculately in a black tux. She caught the madman's gaze and thought it could've been him on a better day. The bride wore a gorgeous ivory strapless dress. She looked beautiful with her long dark hair swept up on top of her head as she held her new husband's hand tight in one of hers and a bouquet of roses in the other. She also laughed with joy.

Her heart stopped for a brief second when she realized the bride was her and beside the blond man, on the other side, stood Ken. He looked gorgeous in his tux as he laughed along with the others before he met her gaze and winked.

At that moment, the truth struck her.

No, this couldn't be right. She couldn't be married to this crazy man who'd charged in on her one perfect night. This was the only night of the year when true happiness engulfed her. Passion and love was only shared between her and Ken. Not this stranger she couldn't even name.

Her eyes turned to the man. His name slipped out of her mouth, "Hugh?"

His eyes widened even further. "You told me you needed to get away for a few days to get your story finished. What a fucking liar you turned out to be."

"Hugh," Ken called with a raised hand, "calm down, man."

"I trusted you, Dawn. I trusted both of you!" He pulled out a gun from his jacket pocket. His hand shook, but the barrel still pointed at their naked bodies.

Dawn's heart sped up. *This can't be happening.* How could she not have known any of this? How could this have happened? The love of her life was Ken. She knew that deep inside her heart. She couldn't be married to someone else and be having an affair with him. No, they'd had an accident...

She placed cold fingers to her temples and rubbed vigorously. Suddenly nothing made sense. The room around her, the one which had seemed so familiar only minutes ago, appeared foreign.

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Her eyesight faltered, curling black at the edges. The cool predawn air roused goose bumps which seeped into her very soul.

All heat slid from her body. Once a year, she would meet Ken's ghost inside this room and they would connect, as they had in life. This stranger had to be wrong, surely he'd never figured into this before.

No, this can't be.

Her mind took a few seconds to recover, but she did. Her naked body was cold and seemed to creak with every movement, but she managed to place herself between the two men.

"Dawn," Ken whispered as he wrapped a warm hand around her shoulder. "Don't move. He's got a gun."

"I can see that." She rolled her eyes, glad he couldn't see her. Glad that if they died together, at least they'd never part. Surely dying in the same spot would keep their souls united. Or entrap them forever.

Her stomach sank.

"Don't touch her anymore than you already have." Hugh took another step forward. The barrel of the gun was long and pointed past her, above her head to aim at Ken. It was steadier now, as if he'd gained some sense of control.

Ken's hand dropped from her skin and she missed it instantly.

"Hugh, please, I don't know what's going on here."

"Did you have a memory lapse or something?" His lips curled back in a leer. "I suppose you would. You conveniently forgot all about me so you could engage in an affair with my best friend. Don't either of you have a heart? Did you think I was so stupid I wouldn't find out? Looks like I was just the last one to work it out, that's all."

"Put the gun down," Ken said as he moved forward. The front of his body touched her spine and she shivered with delight.

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When she caught Hugh's eye, she knew she'd made a fatal mistake. Their lovemaking might have already been consummated a thousand times over, but Ken's touch still affected her. Maybe her mind was gripped with terror and confusion at what was going on inside this bedroom, but her body was still enraptured by what had happened between her and Ken.

She wanted more. She wanted to make love to this man kneeling behind her forever.

The man who claimed to be her husband peered at her chest, no doubt focused on her hard nipples. It was the last straw.

A loud boom echoed inside the room.

The walls seemed to close in around her.

First there was no pain. She fell to her knees, staring at the man with the pointed gun. Heat seared her skin, right through to her heart. Pain seeped into her body so slowly she collapsed forward, her face against the mattress.

The smell of burned flesh filled the air.

"No, Dawn!"

Another thunderous boom ignited, hurting her ears so much they buzzed.

She felt Ken's body collapse behind her.

Tears squeezed out of her eyes as she realized Hugh had shot Ken too. She could deal with being shot, but not with the love of her life lying beside her.

Memories flooded her mind. Thoughts which intermingled together so fast she could only grasp bits and pieces at a time. They moved in quick succession... A little girl with long brown hair, who became a teenager and eventually a woman filled with the ambition to pen stories. She'd hoped to one day become a published writer, had always believed she would.

There she was, sitting behind a computer and a laptop, and another computer. She didn't care where it was, as long as her muse was allowed to unleash the seductive words.

The images slowed a little.

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There was the blond man with the gun, during happier days. He kissed the top of her head as she typed, rolled his eyes when she refused to come to bed because she wanted to finish a chapter. Then he refused to read her *smut*. But the other man, the dark-haired one, read every single story. He encouraged her to write more and listened to her crazy talk of characters and situations.

Then she was getting married to the blond man, but her heart realized afterward that she'd married the wrong man. She wanted to be with Ken. And one night, while Hugh was away on business, they gave into temptation and fell into each other's arms. That's when the lake house became their one special place. Her inspiration and the will to live combined with Ken and the lake.

He was her everything, not the man who'd shot her. She'd intended to tell him, but had waited too long...

She lifted her head slightly. Blood filled her mouth and dribbled out the side as she watched Hugh point the gun towards his temple. She closed her eyes when the last boom echoed. He collapsed but still she refused to look at him, didn't want to see his blood all over the wall. Instead, she used every bit of will power left inside her to turn to the other side and look at Ken.

He met her gaze, a small smile on his full lips. He hadn't died yet. They would die together.

At that moment, she knew what was about to happen.

She remembered she'd been working on a ghost story. One which Ken helped her brainstorm, and together they'd researched types of ghosts on the Internet. A tear slid down her face. She'd chosen to write about trauma ghosts — ghosts who were murdered or died so abruptly they continually replayed the night of their death in an unending cycle.

That's what this was.

This was what they'd been cursed to do forever.

Ken's hand found hers and she squeezed it.

"I... I love... you." Blood gurgled in her throat. She had to tell him before sight was completely stripped away from her again. Darkness already threatened to cover her like a shroud. It

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hung there, in the corners. And it was then that she realized why she'd believed herself to be blind after the accident.

The accident turned out to be a calculated murder suicide. Hugh had come here with a gun, and only one intention.

Dread gripped her. She wasn't alive, hadn't been for the past five years.

"I love you, Dawn." Ken's words hung in the air when his dark eyes closed. He was gone, and it would only be a matter of time before she slipped away too. Before life left her body and she became blind.

The first rays of the sun glistened on the lake in an orange glow and she sighed. It was so beautiful. No wonder she loved it here.

Her eyes closed involuntarily and oxygen stopped filling her lungs, but it didn't matter. Dawn was a ghost and so was Ken. She understood now that he wasn't the only apparition who visited the lake house once a year. And as much as it pained her to realize the horror of what had happened and would continue to happen inside this house, her heart warmed.

Next year, on this one night, Ken would come to her again. His touch would help her see, and they would indulge in each other's bodies again.

She couldn't wait.

At least that was one good thing about this vicious cycle.

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Epilogue

Dawn gulped a mouthful of air. The sudden breath filled her lungs with life. As if waking from a long slumber, like sleeping beauty, her torso lifted off the bed and fell back down again. She rubbed her eyes with the backs of her hands, trying to figure out when she'd fallen asleep.

She couldn't remember much of anything...

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Thank you for reading my story.

I hope you enjoyed it. If you did, you might be interested in checking out some of my other eBooks.

You can visit my website to find out more about me and my books.

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