

POSSESSED

THE EXTENDED STORY OF ZONIMA

STICKS & STONES

BOOK ONE

JOONIE P.

TRIGGER WARNINGS

The content of this novel is intended for adults only. This book contains scenes of violence, infidelity, and erotic content that may be sensitive for some readers. Violent scenes include: gun violence, suicide, and murder. Please read at your own risk

PREFACE

After pausing for a brief moment to evaluate the wishes in my prayers, I found myself asking: Are we really led into temptation and evil? Does fate choose who it falls upon or is it something we seek out of curiosity? I don't believe curiosity is negative, but I do think untamed curiosity can lead some of us far from grace. You will see that unfold between these pages. In the end, we may retain a little bit of glory and power, but the grace is long gone.

With that, I apologize if you find yourself reading this and the scene feels a little too familiar. Still, I welcome you to my twisted mind and I thank you a million times for inviting me to yours. I already love it here.



PROLOGUE

The only moment I ever longed for captivity was when I imagined being trapped between you and the closest dimension. I've never been so connected to another person that I knew I could serve my skin and bones on a platter and be confident that they would be returned to me in a better condition. Honestly, I'd rather they be your bones and you let me do conjugal visits. I get the sense that you need them much more than I do. I can tell that we are meant to be, except not you and me, but you and my skin.

I get jealous sometimes when I think about how you fit better inside of my body than I do. It's as if my body chooses you over me; it's the ultimate form of betrayal.

I recall a time when the world made fun of a man for expressing that he experienced transcendental interactions. I didn't laugh because I understood too well: after you've tran-

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scended, it's hard to come back down, and I find myself aimlessly chasing that high. The way my blood pumps when I think about you – is a reminder that I am still alive. When I think of you, I can hear my heartbeat over the roar of a thunderstorm and feel my skin raised with goosebumps – even amid the Texas heat.

In these moments, memories flash before my eyes; and my mind pulsates to the rhythm of you inside of me. My toes remember. My neck remembers. My left ear jealously remembers the scar you left on the right one. My lips will never forget. And my fingers...my lucky fingers had to document the memories just so that my body could start using energy for tasks other than reminiscing about you.

You make me crave being stuck and stone-ground between your skin and bones. I learned from you that sometimes, the things that hurt us can please us, too.

During our exchanges, you would fill me up in more ways than one. Your energy would wrap around and inside of me. Above and below me. There was nothing my body couldn't do, with you.

What I wouldn't do to feel the tingling sensation of your breath against my face while your lips gently graze my ear. "I told you, I'll always be right here," you'd soulfully whisper. And we both knew you didn't mean there and then or with me. Not my place or your house or their couch or that backseat. But deep into the skin that summoned you: mine.

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While you would create a spectacle out of my insides, the only thing I could somewhat control was my breaths in between your thrusts. With the little bit of air that I could keep, I managed to muster up a greeting as my final act as the ambassador of this skin and these bones: “Welcome home Papi.”