

Laura's Timoria

by Cassadiva

*I stand amid the roar
Of a surf-tormented shore,
And I hold within my hand
Grains of the golden sand _____
How few! Yet how they creep
Through my fingers to the deep,
While I weep ____ while I weep!
O God! Can I not grasp
Them with a tighter clasp?
O God! Can I not save
One from the pitiless wave?
Is all that we see or seem
But a dream within a dream?*

From "A Dream within a Dream" by Edgar Allan Poe

"Stefan!" the blonde woman exclaimed in joy. "Thank G-d you're alive!"

"Yes, I am fine and quite extant as you can observe." Indeed, he was the picture of health and fitness with his wet bathing trunks glued to his hips, his thighs, his...

The blonde woman tore her eyes upwards to lightly caressed his bare, taut shoulders with her gaze. She admired the way his skin gleamed beneath the strong rays of the sun. "Well, don't scare me like that again," she finally said. "You swam so far out that I couldn't see you over the whitecaps! I should get you for that!" With those words, she kicked up water from the shore, effectively re-soaking him.

Never one to submit to an attack, Stefan returned fire with some well-aimed splashes and surprised himself by enjoying Chloe's childlike glee at his participation.

A strong glare of light flashed across his eyes. Blinded for a second, everything then quickly shaded back into vibrant color. "What was that? A mirror signal from his manservant?" Stefan wondered. He decided to handle the matter without making Chloe the wiser.

"Excuse me for a moment, I believe I left my towel and sandals up on the bluff."

"Certainly," Chloe almost purred. Life on the island with Stefan was beginning to please her. She almost allowed herself to wonder if Helena would leave them stranded together indefinitely. Would she even mind?

"This is too much," the blonde woman with the binoculars spat out.

Off in the distance, the couple was cavorting in the water's edge. The woman wore a turquoise bikini and a sheer orange sarong. "Nice color combo", Laura sneered. The man was suited in navy fitted trunks and nothing else. His bronzed and chiseled body reflected the sun's dazzle. Together they made a gorgeous pair.

Stefan. Unbelievably, Stefan Cassadine looked almost 'happy'. Happy or miserable, she supposed it shouldn't matter because HE WAS ALIVE.

Laura's line of sight dropped lower as she investigated his crotch-hugging bathing suit. My G-d, that suit was as

snug as a wet pair of boxer briefs would be. As she scanned over his entire frame, she found no other coverage except his medallion and several fortuitous water beads. Like an Adonis, he was magnificent in his lean, muscled body, rippling with the undercurrents of his strength and sexuality.

As for the woman, she seemed playful, like a wild colt. Splashing Stefan with clear waves, she was obviously at ease with teasing that forbidding figure. Suddenly, Stefan's head swung in the direction of Laura's hiding place on the bluff.

"Damn!" whispered Laura. "Had they spotted her?" She ducked deeper into the brush and peeked through the binoculars again. "No, the floozy's, er woman's, face still retained its clueless look."

Laura had to admit that she was a beauty. Blonde, THIN, almost too thin, with her ribs bared in her itty bitty bikini. "Who was she? Something about her looked familiar. From a brief crossing of paths perhaps? From a magazine photo?" She wasn't sure how she knew the woman. One thing Laura knew for certain, that woman wanted Stefan.

"Stefan, that snake! Of all the Cassadine stunts to pull, faking his death to go play castaway with a mistress was the lowest..."

Without warning, Laura felt a chill flutter over her body, one that had always intoxicated her with yearning in the past. She froze as she perceived the muted footsteps of a panther-like presence.

The bushes and tall grasses swayed to and fro, indicating the recent passage of someone. Stefan decided to check the house to see if he had been signaled for a pressing matter.

He was in front hall, when all of a sudden the wall opened up and swallowed him whole. A soft, but strong arm pulled him into the dusky narrow of a secret passage. "More games Chloe?"

"It's not Chloe."

Stefan spun around in the darkness, his large hands instinctively reaching out for her long hair.

"Laura."

"Stefan."

Stefan paused in shock but recovered smoothly, "How did you get here? Did Helena kidnap you too?" He quickly grabbed her by the elbow, "We need to go outside immediately. Mother may have wired the house with listening devices. I don't want her to overhear when I detail my plan of escape to you."

Laura's jaw dropped at his audacity. Even when cornered, the lies flowed so easily from his tongue. She angrily yanked her arm out of his grasp. "Don't pull that crap on me Stefan! Helena did not kidnap you. In fact, she has kidnapped no one since Lucky."

Stefan was chagrined, but somehow proud, to find that she would not fall for the deceit that another had so easily. Laura was the one who knew him. "Let us walk down to the South shore where we can talk." He knew Chloe was on the North shore, waiting for him to return.

"Fine, but keep your hands off me."

As they slipped into the light, Stefan could see Laura's attire. A flowing white dress with lace trim and a gold chain her only adornment. Her raw, golden beauty never failed to awe him.

In a silence that screamed, they trailed down to the sands.

Stefan began, "So, you now acknowledge Helena's guilt in that despicable act?"

"Yes, I have known for a while, even before your disappearance, that you were blameless, except for keeping the secret from me for a short time."

"I see. You chose not to speak up, even though you finally realized I was innocent of any real crime. Laura, the rules were turned upside down the night that I peered through a Nova Scotia window and recognized your son. Why wait so long to admit that it was unfair to confine me to normal standards of truth at such a time?"

"Unfair?! I'll tell you what is unfair, that lives were shattered while you shackled up here in paradise with your bimbo!"

"I resent that slight to Chloe."

"Chloe? On a first name basis, are we? So, who is she."

"Ms. Chloe Morgan, the fashion designer and a cousin to Lila Quartermaine."

"Why is she here? Oh let me guess, your libido was lonely. Taking after your father now? Well, why did you need a flesh and blood woman when oil and canvas have sufficed in the past? Let me ask you: does she know of your deceptions or do you have her completely snowed? From the looks of her, she's not the sharpest tool in the shed."

Stefan looked baffled at the expression, but quickly interpreted it. He almost smiled.

"Hello, earth to Stefan? Apparently this 'Chloe's' vacant expression is rubbing off on you. Anyway, do you really think it's fair for you to be cavorting around with her while your family suffers at home?"

"What family? Nikolas? Alexis? You ? I have no family Laura, none that cares. After all, it was my own mother who killed me, and all of you who so easily laid me to rest. If Chloe has feelings for me, I have no reason to discourage her. She is young, beautiful and amiable. Besides, she displays a willful optimism that I find refreshing."

"Refreshing? Bahaha, somehow I doubt that! The Stefan Cassadine I know loves only to dwell in his own misery. Does this Chloe..."

Stefan sighed in loud annoyance to interrupt her. "Enough disdain for my new companion. Let us discuss what is important: What do you mean by coming here?"

"What do I mean?! Do you regard me as stupid? How long did you imagine I would go on believing your scam?"

"Considering I once fell for a similar scam perpetrated by you, I can hardly condemn your intelligence now. For the record, Helena did actually carry out my murder. What a wholly maternal thing to do, don't you think? How like Mother. In normal families, the idea would be inconceivable. Even in a family tree as gnarled as the Cassadine's, parricide is a rarity."

Stefan broke his reverie to re-assess her presence. "Tell me Laura. When did it start?"

"What?"

"Your skepticism regarding my demise."

"I questioned from the very beginning, believe me. I couldn't accept it...Luke poisoning you, I mean, of course. It was so unbelievable."

"Oh, was it?"

"Yes it was!"

"Still defending that felonious husband, I see. Still stuck in a seventies timewarp? Psst Laura, Chloe informed me of something, so I will pass it on to you," Stefan came very close and whispered silkily in her ear, "Disco is dead."

"Very cute," she said sarcastically. "Actually, I'm not defending him. Besides Luke is no longer my husband. If you must know, when I took my mother and Lulu to North Carolina, I spent a long time just thinking." She looked to Stefan waiting for him to inquire the nature of her thoughts, but he acted indifferent.

She decided to cut to the chase. "Anyway, my ultimate decision led me to fly to the Dominican Republic. I knew I wanted a simple divorce and Bobbie had once told me that the DR solved all her problems when she needed to divorce Tony quickly. Actually, she seemed quite fond of the country and the hotel she recommended."

Stefan coughed and then choked at the recollection of his time with Barbara, the red heifer.

"After the DR, I flew back to North Carolina and had a heart-to-heart with Lulu." Laura omitted mentioning her tears that day over Stefan and the way Lulu had patted her back and murmured, 'Shhh, hush Mommy. Don't cry. Stefan isn't really in heaven. I'll show you!' "All of a sudden, she went to her latest secret hiding place and brought out a treasured doll. She confessed that it was a birthday present, from you! According to the world, you were still supposed to be dead in August! Suddenly, nothing about your murder made sense. Especially that phony letter from the grave. I realized how skillfully you had manipulated me. That's when I called some old acquaintances in the WSB to help me locate you. Voila, here you are, as alive as Lulu had claimed!" she uttered bitterly.

Laura whipped around suddenly. "Using children to play your war games? Isn't that something you swore you would never do?"

"Laura, please. I would never 'use' Lesley Lu and you know it. I merely acknowledged the child's sixth birthday. It was the least I could do for the only Spencer who has ever shown me true kindness and acceptance."

"Send her a doll and risk your master plan? I don't know how Lulu figured out the gift was from you, since the card was not signed and the return address was missing, but still not your smartest action. Why, Stefan, why? My G-d, you kept your death from your own son, but yet you did not deceive my daughter?"

"I simply could not. Lesley Lu is so trusting. She has never doubted me." The unspoken words, unlike her mother', hung in the air like an oppressive fog.

"All right, but what about Nikolas? How could you do this to him? I seem to remember you judging me very harshly, especially concerning my supposed lack of parental concern for Nikolas, when Luke faked my own death."

"Just Luke was responsible? Still avoiding blame for that betrayal, Laura? Regardless, do you imagine that I enjoyed causing distress to Nikolas? Unfortunately, that drawback of this scheme was unavoidable. In order for Helena to conclude that she had truly killed me, I needed those closest to me to act in accordance with my death."

"Hardly a valid excuse, Stefan. For his sake, I hope that Nikolas will accept it. It would ease his pain to have you back in his life IF he never realizes you purposefully exited it. But somehow I think he's more perceptive about you and your motives than you realize."

"It will not help that you have maligned my very person to him. You painted me as the abductor of his beloved brother and an unholy ally of the devil herself. How am I ever to undo the damage you have wrought Laura? His entire life, I was his closest relation, even his father, in all ways that mattered to us. Yet, you destroyed it all. Playing G-d, Laura? You giveth and then you taketh away?!"

"I did no such thing. Your web of lies ruined Nikolas' faith in you. He would never take the words of mine, his mere mother by biology, over yours, his father by longstanding devotion. I never told you, but I envied you Stefan. You had every admiration and the staunchest affection from one of the finest young men. I still cannot understand why, with all that you proclaim to love Nikolas, you abandoned him, leaving him vulnerable to Helena's influence?"

"Surely you jest? I've had Nikolas, and Helena, monitored closely every second. I promised long ago to protect your son, to put his life before mine and I always have. This whole deception was for his benefit. After my resurrec-

tion, I hope in time he will understand. However it matters not, because if I had to sacrifice my relationship with him for his safety, I would do it again thousandfold."

"But what about me?"

"What about you?"

"Dammit, didn't you feel for me, grieving and suffering another loss only one year after my breakdown over Lucky?"

"Grieving? Funny, my men didn't report any such behavior to me. Oh wait, pardon my memory, I do recall them mentioning one rose left on the stone bench at Wyndemere. A flower is a lovely gesture Laura, but as the only token for a man who xdied' devoting his life to you and your child?! Hardly sufficient evidence of a broken heart."

"Having me followed by your henchmen again? Can you never end your obsession with knowing my every move? You are like a sick stalker sometimes!"

"And you, my dear, are even more unwell for reveling in the attention. We all know that the former Miss Star Eyes needs her string of admirers to puff up her self-importance. Really Laura, your narcissism is your least-becoming quality."

"You bastard! To think I almost married you!"

"How presumptuous of you! I never even formally proposed. Honestly Laura, is your recollection of the past so distorted that you now claim you would have accepted my overtures? Even if you had, you would have never seen the nuptials through. My G-d, you forgave and married your violator, why the cold feet for a coupling with your 'stalker'?"

"Spare me the semantics Stefan, but I do recall you bringing me to the site of our new home. You did want to marry me. Admit it!"

"A foolish gesture on my part. Fortunately, your slap came well before the foundation was ever laid. The architects were willing to scrap the plans, as was I."

True guilt flushed Laura's cheeks, as her stance and tone softened. "Stefan, if there is anything I truly regret, it's striking you. I-I hope it didn't cause a mark."

"Only on my heart. You know, right next to your footprint."

"Oh G-d, I'm sorry!" Tears puddled in the rims of her baby blues.

Laura's remorse was short-lived as all of Stefan's 'crimes' against her resurfaced in her memory. "But what of your 'slap, Stefan? It may not have been physical, but it was just as palpable! You likened me to your MOTHER, for G-d's sakes!"

"Oh, did you not appreciate the comparison? When you really ponder it, it's quite apparent and here I thought I explained it so clearly to you on the docks last Spring. Again Laura, the ultimate motivation for me to throw my life away on a chilly blonde enchantress was my basic need for the maternal love that Helena had always withheld. That is my self-psychoanalysis, the condensed version. Whatever the Freudians may make of it."

"How dare you liken me to that evil pit viper! She has maimed and KILLED."

"Yes?"

"She's the worst mother in history: She blatantly ignored one son in favor of the other."

"Yes?"

"SHUT UP! I am not nor will I ever be anything like Helena! G-d, how I hate you!"

"More is the pity, as I feel nothing but indifference, and perhaps a tinge of contempt for you. It is time for our long, sick chronicle to end Laura. There's no need for us to continue to interact, especially since Nikolas is no longer mine. Oh, by the way, this would be a good time for you to return your Cassadine medallion to me. I never said anything, but I've known you hoarded it all these years. You are no longer a member of the family Laura, and you never will be."

Stefan had hedged a bet in guessing that it was at the bottom of the thin gold chain she wore tucked into the neckline of her dress. He wasn't even sure why it gave him pleasure to find he was correct.

"You know you only wore it and that white dress to complete the picture of Laura the captive, the victim, from so long ago. Why appear so Laura? Why conjure up those memories now?"

Stefan was met with only silence.

"Let me guess then: you wanted me to fall in love with you again. To drop down on one knee and swear my undying devotion at a mere glimpse of you in that, that get-up. Then what Laura? Oh, I see, once I was vulnerable, you would throw my love back into my face and seal your revenge. You wanted to punish me for feigning my death, but we all know a lowly Spencer hardly has the power to banish a Cassadine."

Laura glowered like a firebreathing dragon as she tore off the necklace and flung it into the sea. "Go drown!"

"Again, so like Mother. I'm sorry I ruined your Timoria, Laura."

"Fuck you, you cold bastard. "

She ran.

He didn't hesitate to chase.

She was so blinded by the tears welling in her eyes, that she didn't notice what was in front of her. It was a cave.

So similar to their cave, oh so long ago.

Laura made a guttural noise, one that formed from her loins and the dropped pit of her stomach as the waves of nostalgia rose up.

The sight of the cave's dark invitation before her, conjured up every clandestine meeting that Stefan and she had ever stolen while in-laws. She hated herself for physically responding to the memories, but an audible moaned escaped her.

Unthinking, she moved toward the mouth of the cave.

Stefan had caught up with her and he followed her inside the cavern walls.

She turned to face him. Her lower lip was quivering with emotion. "Stefan...do you remember?" She stretched her hand out to touch him, to make a connection where one no longer existed.

"Do not touch me."

Laura hesitated, then continued.

"I said not to touch me!" He pushed her away. Touch was dangerous for them.

Laura braved his anger and embraced him, then moved far away as his arms stiffened. She turned her back to him in her humiliation.

Seeing her so hurt, he began to approach her.

There was no hiding now. Surely he would hear the pounding of her heart. Surely he would mock her. But she had to say it. Her lips and throat were already betraying her, forming the words and giving them breath...

"I want you."

Without hesitation, Stefan strode up behind her, bending to scoop up water from the clear tidepool in his large hands. He brought his hands under her arms and curved them up to splash the water against her chest. His chin found her soft scent between shoulder and neck and nuzzled there, as his big hands stroked down over her curves beneath the lightweight shift. Her nipples burned at his nearness, peaking into throbbing rosy nubs that almost steamed in contact with the clinging coolness of her drenched dress.

"Oh G-d," she thought, " he hadn't forgotten. The cave had always turned her into a creature of lust and of need."

Pulling her dress up and turning her around, he claimed her breasts with his hot, open mouth. Bending to suckle at her sweet tastes, he curved his hands around her to knead the soft globes of her ass. Despite herself, Laura began grinding her bottom against his wicked fingers. Trailing down her belly, he licked the salty seawater from her sexy indent of her naval.

Stefan moved over her, claiming the V between her thighs as he delved his tongue into the secret wetness. He had turned his body to pursue her heat from a different angle and now his hard member was jutting so close to her face as he hovered over her. She pressed it against her cheek, feeling it pulse with a sticky heat. She nibbled on the silky pale skin of his hips and pelvis, leaving flushed marks that reddened into love bites. His intimate smell drugged her. Unthinking she nuzzled her lips against his golden brown curls, then drew his cock into her open mouth.

Stefan's penis jerked at the astonishing heat as her caressing tongue surrounded it and lapped it in swirls like an ice cream cone. Laura always felt so naughty when doing this to Stefan. The intensity of Laura's ministrations forced Stefan to abandon her clit temporarily, but soon he lashed out his tongue once again and joined Laura's rhythm. They were working up a tonguing frenzy that was leading them to the edge, when suddenly Stefan climbed off of Laura.

"Before we go any further, I want you to say it Laura."

"I won't say that I love you!"

"No, the other..."

"Make love to me, Stefan."

His green eyes lit and glowed like a "Go" traffic light. He nodded as if in a trance. Yes, this is how it would be between them. Bending to her ear, he commanded, "Punish me Laura and I will do the same for you."

The wicked flash in her eyes told him that was her intent.

He moved behind her, slowly stroking his arms up her waist, lifting her dress off her body. He rubbed his chest and his hardness against her bared back. He drove her wild by dragging his wet lips up and down her body, from the nape of her neck to the cleft in her smooth, round buttocks.

"G-d, how I've missed your sweet ass. I will take you from behind first," he rasped.

Laura shivered in anticipation. She turned her head to kiss him, but he stepped away.

"No, do not look at me."

She whimpered. "I can't wait any longer. Put it in me." She grabbed behind her, blindly grasping for his body.

Together, they grunted at the brute force of his entry. Laura closed her eyes, reveling in the feel of being entirely filled by his cock. Stefan began to move and she with him. The sounds of their lovemaking echoed through the cave. Every moan, every cry was amplified and then repeated over and over. Hearing their own private concert in such wanton abandonment impelled them to thrust harder, deeper and faster. Like wild bucking stallions, their bare bodies gleaming with perspiration, Laura and Stefan rode closer to oblivion than ever before. Stefan gripped her curvy hips and urged her into a full gallop on his lap. Laura screamed his name and dug into his flesh as her climax rang in her ears, deafening Stefan's ears to the roar of the surf nearing them. Her chest heaving and her breath ragged, Laura pushed Stefan down onto the sand and impaled herself on his rampant length. She was in charge of the punishment now and screwing Stefan was a heady task.

The cool October waters surrounded them, washing over their bodies. The tide was coming in. Recklessly, they continued their lovemaking just as forcefully. Sex between them often robbed them of proper oxygen, so the waves that sought to drown them caused no alarm. For Stefan and Laura, joining as one had always been a baser need than air. Stefan was in ecstasy, with Laura's warm lips and moist inner heat contrasting the gliding cool of her ample breasts against his chest. He felt his climax building and reached to draw her even closer so that they could stroke their way to bliss together. But no! She arrived to heaven again, as the combination of tangy salt water and his semen tingled her clit, drawing her second orgasm out in long, delicious waves.

In a sudden rush, Laura's body heat was gone! Oh G-d, his need to come was so powerful. Where was she? Frantically, he searched for her beneath the water's surface. Swimming to the shallow end of the cave, he ran right into her. Her legs.

Lifting his head, she towered above him in all of her naked beauty with her hands on her lovely hips.

"No power, you say? Ruined my Timoria, did you? I think not Stefan. You may have won the verbal debate, but this round belongs to me. I'll be leaving the island shortly. You can resurrect yourself in Port Charles, if you ever wish to finish this. I suggest you do Stefan, because blue was never your best color."

Despite his disappointment and almost physical ache, Stefan's eyes could not hide his admiration. This was a new Laura and she impressed him immensely.

Rising out of the water, Stefan's erection still jut forward proudly. He met her gaze and replied, "I am always 'up' for the challenge, Laura. Let the sweet torture begin."

THE END