

ENFOLDED



JIM MALACHI

Enfolded

*-A Story of Redemption, Interconnectedness,
and the Reawakening of one's own Innocence-*

-by Jim Malachi



the sequel to IN ALL WAYS

<http://inallwayspress.blogspot.com>

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ISBN: 978-1-63491-606-6

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COVER DESIGN Jim Malachi

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5.

Calvin slumped awkwardly in his chair, unable to rid his mind of the young student. *What was her name... Millie...Molly?*

Rather than reviewing his notes for the address he'd agreed to deliver that evening before the local symposium on the subject of *The Effect of Conscious Observation on Cosmic Microwave Background Radiation*, he instead chose to close his eyes and tap the eraser end of his pencil absentmindedly against the sleek surface of his formidable desk.

As he thought of her shapely legs, her flawless skin, the innocence behind her eyes, and the way her breasts rose and fell beneath her blouse, he could almost smell her scent...taste her sex. Her very image seemed to imbue his office with an intoxicating aroma upon which he felt himself being transported to another place...another time. "*Place and Time,*" he mused, as the pencil drummed, *what if these were merely mental constructs we employ to provide a convenient framework in which to house all that we observe?*

The mere thought of the young woman sent a sea of blood rushing toward his withered loins, as his feeble erection again swelled and throbbed for release.

Thump...thump...thump...the pencil drummed. The flickering of distant torches and wafts of exotic incense wove their way into his imagination like hungry serpents, and before he knew what was happening, he found himself pitched suddenly out of his sterile, familiar environment across space and time into some distant far off world...

He felt small and helpless in the cavernous, stone enclosure. The monotonous rhythm of drums beat steadily against his ears as the odor and heat of the multitude assembled around him swept over him in waves. All females, perspiration glistening on their naked bodies, they undulated and chanted in a language that was unfamiliar to him.

It was then that he realized he too was naked, and the firm young body he now possessed was that of a youth in his late teens. He was standing before the most beautiful female he had ever laid eyes upon. She was seated like some sort of goddess on an ornately carved throne directly in front of him. Upon her supple belly was etched a cryptic ornament, that of an ancient tree whose roots expanded in all directions like serpents reaching out from behind an oval shaped disc.

He trembled as soft, smooth fingers tenderly caressed and anointed every inch of him with exotic oils—as moistened lips expertly found their way into his most private crevices.

Calvin stared directly into the dark eyes of the goddess. She returned his gaze with a look that did little to conceal another, more innocent presence, that also peered curiously back at him from behind a thin, murky veil of warped space/ time.

Calvin quickly surmised that he was a participant in some sort of ancient rite, one that involved sexuality and female dominance. He was also aware that he was barely able

to hold back the orgasm that was raging like a volcano in his tender young loins. His eyes glazed over. Sweat erupted from his brow. He threw back his head and was about to release...

Suddenly, the voice on his office intercom shattered his fragile reality: "a miss Manson to see you Doctor Bennett," it announced dryly "...a miss Molly Manson."

Calvin opened his eyes wide as the pencil he was holding abruptly snapped in two.