

The Idol of the Forgotten God

The first of the Diaries of Leilani Hawkins, by We're All Mad Here

I strain as much as I can against the ropes holding me to the cross-beam, but they have no give at all. These cultists might be freaks with shaved heads and no fashion sense whatsoever, but they sure as hell knew how to tie knots.

I'd offer them a few choice words, but I think they were tired of my comments about their mothers and have gagged me with a strip of none-too-clean cloth.

Yuck!

The head guy's now pulling out a book and starting to chant in something that sounds suspiciously like Enochian.

Yeah, this day could have gone better.

How the hell did I get into this mess?

Oh yeah...

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My name is Leilani Jasmine Hawkins. I am, by profession, a librarian.

I'm Hawai'ian by birth. My mother was a local girl, a mix of Chinese, Japanese, and Polynesian in her background. My father a Yankee from old Boston money. Dad was a bit of a dilettante and liked to dabble in a lot of things. He and Mom traveled all over the world when I was young, and I think that probably helped shape some of the quirks that got me into my present situation.

My dark hair, I got from Mom. My green eyes, I got from Dad. Yes, I've seen *Big Trouble in Little China*. Shut it.

I was always good in school. Mom and Dad insisted on that. My grades were solid. I was also a bit of a tomboy and had a tendency to get into trouble a fair amount, which didn't do me any favors in school. Mom got me lined up in martial arts early to help me work some of that energy out. Jeet kune do, karate, tae kwon do, a bit of aikido, some judo, a smattering of krav maga, and a smidge of kickboxing all gave me a few handy tricks when I've found myself in a bad neighborhood and against a wall.

Also picked up a bit of parkour, 'cause it's good cardio. And I know how to surf. Hey, I *said* I'm from Hawai'i.

And I was always a bit of a bookworm. Yeah, I know, a bookworm tomboy. Sounds like a contradiction, but I *really* like books. The smell of old books, the feel of paper in my fingers, the quiet of a library. I love all of it.

Hell, my first time was in the stacking area of the library at... no wait, that's getting the story a bit off-track.

Ahem. Anyway, it was a surprise to no one in my family when I graduated college with a degree in library science. Okay, maybe it was a surprise to some, but not anyone who's really gotten to know a librarian. Most people consider librarians to be prudish introverts who shush people a lot.

Let me tell you, if you'd been to a party with librarians, your views would change forever.

After college, I got a job at my alma mater, Arcanum University. Never heard of it? I'm not surprised. It's private and a bit odd.

My story begins a few months into my job. I was working in the Closed Stacks of the university's library.

It was a dark and stormy day. I guess that's how these things go. I was thinking about what to nuke for dinner when he came in the library.

Professor Daniel Mattheson was a crush of mine (and many other students) when I was a student. He's got that whole Harrison Ford sexy-geek thing going on, down to the tweed jacket.

He was a favorite professor of mine and a semester after I had his anthropology class, we were dating. It was a fling, but a fun three months.

“Leilani Hawkins,” Mattheson smiled at me in a way that brought butterflies to my tummy. Okay, maybe it was an *intense* fling.

“Hello, Professor,” I replied, straightening. “A bit late in the day. The library is due to close shortly.”

“Yes, forgive me,” Mattheson looked a bit distracted. “I was delayed in getting here. I have to check out a few books for research.”

“Shouldn’t be a problem,” I replied.

“They are in the Closed Stacks.”

I blinked.

“Problem,” I replied sweetly. Academics always did this. “Books cannot be taken out of the Closed Stacks, Professor. You know this.”

For a moment, Mattheson stared at me as though he didn’t know who I was. He then blinked and shook himself.

“Yes,” he muttered. “Yes, of course. I know that.”

“Professor?” I asked, feeling a bit worried. “Are you okay?”

“Yes,” he said, turning away. “I’m just... I’ve been tired. Distracted.”

I vaguely recalled Mattheson had been called in to consult on something. Some finding from a dig. I wondered if this was related.

“Why don’t you have a seat?” I said soothingly. “It’s nearly closing time, but I can stay late if you want to look in the Closed Stacks and do your research here.”

Mattheson half-turned, eyeing me for a moment.

“Yes, that would be lovely. I don’t suppose the rules allow a bit of coffee?”

I frowned at him.

“Not in the Stacks, Professor, but I can make some and we can have a cup in the break room.”

“Yes, that would be lovely.”

I turned to put the pot on when the sickly-sweet cloth covered my face. I struggled, then...

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When I came to, I was bound hand-and-foot in a hogtie behind my desk. I’d been stripped out of my blouse and skirt, which had been used with my nylons to bind me as well as gag me.

I’m fine with a bit of bondage when the time is right (librarians have their kinks), but *this* was *not* one of those times!

I struggled and strained but the knots were too tight and well-tied.

*Mattheson!*

It didn’t make any sense! Why would Professor Mattheson attack me? Sure, I’ve had a few fantasies about being tied up by the sexy professor, but this wasn’t exactly part of my daydreams.

I must have struggled for about a half-hour, realizing that this was a Friday night. No one was going to find me in here until Monday morning, when I heard a voice call out.

“Leilani? Leilani, are you here?”

I mmped as loud as I could and was relieved to see the blonde hair and blue eyes of Annie McCoy looking down at me.

Once I was free, I rubbed feeling back into my wrists and looked at my friend. Annie handed me a cup of coffee and settled back on a stool.

“What happened?” Annie asked.

Annie was in the graduate program in anthropology with a specialization in ancient beliefs and all that.

And she had been a student of Mattheson’s at the same time as me.

“Mattheson!” My eyes went wide. “Where is he?”

I raced to the Closed Stacks and my heart sank. The cage door was open.

It took me several minutes of careful examination before I was able to confirm the damage to the collection.

“How bad is it?” Annie asked, leaning against a wall as I finished my tirade of profanity.

“He took off with the *Mallefactus Arcanus*,” I replied, pacing back and forth. “It’s a collection of incantations and invocations gathered by Alan Beale, a student of John Dee back in Elizabethan times.”

“I’ve never heard of him,” Annie frowned. “But I’ve heard of the *Mallefactus Arcanus*.”

“Well, Alan Beale’s name isn’t well known,” I replied. “He was the nephew of another minister of Queen Elizabeth’s court at the time. He was apparently found guilty of consorting with the devil and disappears from records. The belief is that his family had him quietly disposed of to protect them from scandal.”

I shook my head.

“But I don’t understand why Professor Mattheson went through all this trouble to steal the *Mallefactus Arcanus!*”

Annie grimaced.

“I think I might have an idea. I actually came to the library looking for the Professor. I wanted to talk to him about this.”

She fished through her bag and pulled out a manila folder and handed it to me. I opened the folder. Within were import papers and a glossy photograph of an idol.

“Oh no...!” I gasped.

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“Slow *down* Lelani!”

I drove us through the city streets like a madwoman. I didn’t bother to look away from the road as I snarled back at her.

“We do *not* have time for traffic niceties! GET OUT OF THE WAY, ASSHOLE!”

I tucked around a hybrid car and between a pair of minivans like a snake slithering between tree stumps.

Okay, that metaphor got away from me. I don’t do poetry very well when I drive.

I brought us off the freeway and up a sedate street in an upscale suburban neighborhood.

“Should I be worried that you know where Professor Mattheson’s house is?” Annie says.

“I didn’t say we were going to Professor Mattheson’s, stalker,” I replied with a smirk.

Annie stared at me with her jaw open for a moment, then clicked it audibly.

“Well-played, Hawkins. Well-played.”

I braked suddenly in front of the unassuming, two story house. I moved for the door handle, when Annie grabbed my shoulder.

“Wait,” she said intently. “Put this on.”

It was an old-time ring with a curio stone set in the middle. The stone was black and about the size of my thumbnail.

“Not really my style,” I replied. “Nor really the time, Annie.”

“Humor me,” Annie said.

I rolled my eyes and slid the ring on my finger.

“Happy?”

At Annie’s nod, I got out of the car with her behind. The rain had stopped and the early evening air had a clean feel to it as well as a sort of charge that hints of more storms to come.

I was in my workout clothes, which I’d retrieved from my desk at the library. Yoga pants and trainers with a sports bra under a leather jacket. In the pocket of my jacket was one of those extendable batons that security guards carry. In my boot (hell yeah, I was wearing boots!) I had a knife. *This* little Island girl wasn’t fucking around this time!

I slid out of the car, aware that Annie was a step behind me. She was dressed a bit less-practically in her skirt and heels, but she kept up as best she could as I made my way around the side of the house.

The lights were on in Mattheson’s house, so that held promise.

“Wait here,” I whispered to Annie.

In that outfit, she'd be as stealthy as... uh... a beautiful woman in high heels on wet spongy ground.

Yeah, okay. Metaphors are not my thing.

Anyway, I made my way to the rear door of the house. I gingerly tested the doorknob. Locked.

I called on lessons of a misspent youth and broke out my lockpicks. Moments later, I was inside his house. The kitchen was remarkably clean. Mattheson must've had a maid. I could hear sounds. Voices?

There was a partially open door with a stairwell leading down to the cellar.

Of course there were voices from the cellar.

I pulled out my baton and quietly made my way down the steps. The cellar was filled with a bunch of shaven-headed fellows in robes that looked like high school gowns. Mattheson stood before them, standing before a makeshift stage that held a scary-looking altar set before a three-foot tall idol of the ugliest thing I've seen.

It looked like one of those figures my cousin Kelo used to melt using a magnifying glass. Eyes were set in its body in seemingly random places. Its arms were mismatched and gruesome. It was decidedly male, with an obscenely-huge member between its bow-legs.

I recognized it from some of the references in the Closed Stacks. It was one of the Nameless Old Ones.

Mattheson set the *Mallefactus Arcanus* on a podium and opened it. I weighed the odds and decided this was a good time to call the police.

So of *course* that went wrong.

Behind me, I heard Annie's voice crying out: "Get your lousy hands off!"

Someone was trying to get her down the stairs behind me. I was a bit distracted by the twenty or so ugly guys with shaved heads staring at me.



“Leilani Hawkins,” Mattheson said in a dead-sounding voice. “How good of you to join us. Get her!”

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And that’s how I wound up naked and gagged, tied down to a makeshift altar, and ready to be sacrifice to a really disturbing looking Elder God/Demon thing.

Annie struggled in the grasp of two of the knuckle-draggers. Her own clothes were torn and she was a bit bedraggled.

I was under the impression she was lined up to be next, but I really had bigger things on my mind.

Literally.

Mattheson read from the *Mallefactus Arcanus* and the Enochian words seemed to crystalize the air. There was that sort of feeling one gets just before a thunderstorm.

And then the statue started to grow. And move.

“He awakes!” Mattheson sounded overjoyed. “Yes! Awake, dread Gol-Gorgoth! Accept this, the first of many sacrifices to your name and pleasure!”

Yeah, okay. So maybe not a *Nameless* Old One...

The eyes of the Elder God looked down at me with levels of lust I honestly didn’t think was possible. I like to consider myself a lusty girl and, truthfully, this wasn’t the first time this week I’d found myself tied down for something similar (albeit with a more mortal partner under far more consensual circumstances) but the gaze of the thing was like filth over my skin.

I shuddered.

Then Annie called out.

“*Ave! Ave! Paravi vas hanc bestiam in tenebris! Eram concludens in carcerem eam! Eko eko azarak!*”

The ring that was still on my finger started to heat up and glow. The dread Gol-Gorgoth approached me with the most disturbing erection I've ever seen, then recoiled from the glow. It screamed and then everything went black.

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I came to with the feeling of someone calling my name. I opened my eyes and Annie was looking down at me still tied to the altar. She had pulled the gag from my mouth.

"What happened?" I asked.

"Gol-Goroth is imprisoned in the ring on your finger," she explained. "The resulting energies disintegrated about half the cultists in the room. The rest ran away. I don't know what happened to Mattheson. When I came to my senses, he was gone."

"Well... shit," I said. "The book?"

"He left it behind," she assured me.

"Well great," I replied "And what the hell do you mean there's a demon imprisoned in the ring you gave me? What the *hell*, Annie?"

"I've never really been honest with you," Annie said stepping back. "I'm not just a student of ancient religions. I'm a practicing witch. My coven has known that Mattheson has been in thrall of the Old Ones. I was sent to try to stop him when we got wind that he was going to attempt something. In the event that either of us were taken, I had rings prepared."

She held up her hand to reveal a similar ring on her finger.

"Well great," I said, shifting uncomfortably. "If you could just untie me now..."

"In a moment," she said, removing the rest of her tattered outfit.

"Uh... Annie? What are you doing?"

Annie moved around and positioned herself between my legs. She smiled at me.

“I have to complete the ritual, and it’s best done with certain... tantric... tricks. And, honestly, I’ve always wanted to do this to you.”

I opened my mouth to protest, then she set to work on me with her tongue. The sounds that came out of my mouth were... um... not really words.

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*Within a prison set within a material object, an Old One rages against adamantine walls. Among the short-lived mortals, a name used is Gol-Gorgoth.*

*Gol-Gorgoth’s fury could shatter worlds and ignite suns. The impudence of these mortals to attempt to...*

*... whoa.*

*I can see right out of this thing. Hot Damn! That blonde’s going down on the brunette. That’s...*

*Wow.*

*<sound of popcorn>*

*Okay, maybe this isn’t so bad...*

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Leilani Hawkins will return in **The Temple of the Dead Mall.**