



Monster  
in the  
Closet  
Megan Hart

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**DEDICATION**

*To anyone who likes to go bump in the night...*

## MONSTER IN THE CLOSET

Tessa Hanson had a naked man in her closet. She peered downward. A very well-endowed naked man. She blinked, and then blinked again. He didn't disappear.

"Boo," he said.

She closed the door and stared at it for a moment. She heard the rattle of hangers and some muffled thumps. When she opened it again, he was still there.

"Boo," the naked man repeated.

Dreaming. She had to be dreaming. With a shake of her head, Tessa tried to close the closet door again. This time, the naked man put a large hand between the door and the jamb.

"Wait," he said. "I *know* I can scare you."

"Who the hell are you?"

"It doesn't matter who I am," he said. "Look, just go back to bed and let me try again, okay? Only this time, wait until I've opened the door the whole way before you wake up."

This was really too much. Tessa gave a narrow-eyed squint toward the faintly glowing clock on her bedside table. It was way, way too early in the morning for her to be awake. She put her hands on her hips and faced the intruder.

Hung like a horse or not, this guy was working her very last nerve. "What?"

With a backward glance, the man catapulted himself out of the closet and kicked the door shut behind him. The force of his flight knocked Tessa over, and they both fell onto the bed.

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Tessa found herself with a face full of fragrant male chest, complete with curling dark hair and rippling muscles.

She gave his skin an experimental lick. Yum. He tasted good, too. She reached around and gave his firm, muscled ass a squeeze.

"Hey!" The man rolled off her and jumped up. "Stop that!"

Tessa sat up and scrubbed at her face. She looked at the clock again. Two more minutes had passed, bringing her two minutes closer to the time her alarm would ring.

"If this is one of those sex dreams," she said pleasantly, "do you think we could get started? I have an early appointment tomorrow morning."

"Dream?" It appeared she'd stunned him. His eyes flashed, reflecting the green glow from her clock. "No! This—you don't understand."

Annoyed again, Tessa crossed her arms over her chest. "Then what the hell, exactly, is going on? I wake up because I hear something in my closet, and I find you. Naked. It's clear to me this can't be really happening, so of course I assume it's a sex dream, especially since you just threw me down on the bed."

"No, no, no." The man shook his head. "This isn't a dream."

His dark hair fell in silky-looking lengths to his broad shoulders. *The kind of hair a woman would like to feel drifting across her thighs*, Tessa thought. The last few men Tessa had dated wore business suits, kept their nails trimmed, used hair products, worked out.

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Metrosexuals, she thought the new term was, for men who required as much, if not more, personal care than the women they dated. This sleek, muscled hunk with the Samurai hair and burning gaze was just what she'd been missing.

"If it's not a dream," she said slowly, "then what were you doing in my closet?" *What a drool-worthy body.*

The intruder began to pace along the side of her bed. Nice pecs, to-die-for abs, an ass she'd already discovered was perfectly made for squeezing. Long, muscled legs, and yep, she peeked down toward the floor. Nice toes.

He'd said something, but she was so caught up in her appraisal of his body, Tessa hadn't heard it. "What?"

"I'm supposed to scare you," he said rather miserably.

"Scare me?" She looked him over again, taking the time to really check out his package. Damn. His kickstand could've held up a Harley. "Naked?"

He looked down, as if just noticing. "Oh. Crap."

"You didn't know you were naked?"

He looked up and his eyes met hers. They were green, she realized. Not emerald, or jade, not even grass green. Glowing green. Like the numbers on her clock.

"I forgot to put on the uniform."

"Uniform?" Tessa shook her head to clear away the cobwebs. She got to her feet to confront him. "What are you talking about?"

He sighed heavily. "I'm the monster in your closet."

Surely she hadn't heard correctly. "You're the what in my what-what?"



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He looked at her like he was defying her to contradict him. "I am the monster in your closet. I'm supposed to scare you. Only I forgot the uniform because I was running late. I figured you wouldn't know the difference—that I could just scare you and leave, collect my pay and be done with it. But you didn't get scared," he said accusingly. "And now I'm screwed. I'm going to have to go back to sprinkling fairy dust and painting rainbows, and let me tell you, lady, there's no fucking future in rainbows."

Taken aback, Tessa said the only thing she could think of. "Would it help if I screamed?"

The look he gave her made shivers run up and down her spine like fingers plucking a harp's strings. "It might."

Tessa clamped her thighs shut tight on her perking-up pussy. Slickness teased her with every movement, and she became suddenly very aware of her clitoris, which previously had been contentedly nestled, asleep, and now apparently had decided to sit up and take a look around. She opened her mouth and let out a yelp. "Help! Eek! Oh, how frightening!" She lowered her voice to a confidential whisper. "How was that?"

"You didn't sound very scared," the man muttered. "Oh, just forget it."

He sat on Tessa's bed and put his head in his hands. Uncertain of what to do, Tessa sat beside him and put her hand on his shoulder. His skin was warm and smooth, like heated satin.

"You don't feel like a monster," she murmured.

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He looked up at her. "Closets normally aren't my gig. I told you—"

"Fairy dust and rainbows. I know." Tessa slid her fingers from his shoulder down his bare arm to rest them on his wrist. "That doesn't sound so bad."

"No?" The man got to his feet and stood in front of her, gesturing at his gorgeous body. "Do I look like I should be flitting around from flower to flower, sprinkling glitter on rosebuds?"

She let herself admire his luscious build for a moment before she answered. "No, but you don't look like you should be lurking in closets either."

"It's supposed to be a part-time job," he explained, like that somehow would make better sense. "Just a foot in the right department. You wouldn't believe how hard it is to get hired without experience."

She thought of her own corporate struggle. "Not much call for closet monsters any more?"

He sat down beside her again, his body warmth like a fire against her side. His eyes glowed brighter with excitement. "There's plenty of work for closet monsters. I'm in training to be an incubus."

Tessa burst out laughing. "You're kidding me."

The man shook his head. "No, really. The hours are great, the pay is excellent, and the benefits are amazing."

Tessa peeked down at his long, thick cock nestled between strong thighs. "I bet."

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His gaze followed hers. "But you have to complete a very intensive training program first. So far, I've managed to get to the closet monster level."

Tessa cleared her throat. "Ummm..."

"Magnus."

"Magnus. And what, exactly, do you need to do to finish the training?"

He grinned. She'd thought him handsome before, in a somewhat disturbing way, but he became devastating now. "I have to perform a seduction that changes someone's life."

"That's it?"

He frowned. "It's not as easy as it sounds. You'd be surprised how easy it is to get into a woman's bed these days."

Tessa looked again the chest, the abs, the thighs ... "I wouldn't be so surprised."

"It's the life change part that really matters, and that's the hard part." Magnus sighed again. "The corporate office is very strict about what constitutes a life change. I took the monster job as a way to get myself in front of the right people, maybe get offered an internship. But I blew it."

Tessa put her hand on his shoulder again. "What if I blew it instead?"

His head swiveled to stare at her. "What?"

Tessa licked her lips and looked pointedly down between his legs. "I haven't had sex in two years, Magnus. The closest I've been to a real penis was a perv who flashed me in the park last month. I'm horny as hell and looking at you is like

holding up a plate of pasta in front of someone on a low-carb diet."

He drew back, just a little. "I'm not licensed yet to perform seductions."

Tessa moved her hand on his thigh, her fingertips only inches away from that luscious, delicious, tantalizing cock. "It looks like you've got all the right equipment to me."

He laughed, low and breathy, like her suggestion had turned him on and embarrassed him. "You can't be serious."

"I'm completely serious, Magnus." Tessa slid her hand up to his belly, then higher, to rub his taut nipples.

He captured her hand with his and held it tightly. His glowing gaze bore into hers. His tongue swiped across his lips.

"I have to be the one doing the seducing," he said. "Or it doesn't count."

She relaxed her fingers in his grip. "Okay." She waited, but he didn't move. "Magnus?"

He cleared his throat, still staring deeply into her eyes. "You do know what you're getting yourself into, don't you? You know what an incubus is?"

"A demonic sexual predator who steals into women's dreams and fucks them senseless?" Her own tone had gone husky and hopeful.

Magnus dipped his head a little closer until, with each word he spoke, his lips brushed hers. "Common misconception. Incubi aren't always demons. Most of the time, they're fae folk like me."

Tessa's head fell back and her lips parted, waiting for his tongue to slide between them. "Fae?"

He put her hand to the side of his face. She circled her fingers on the soft lobe of his ear, then up a little higher to caress the pointed tip. Magnus flicked her lips with his tongue and when she gasped, slipped inside her mouth to tantalize without really kissing her.

"What are you? Elf?"

"Fae," he corrected and slid his tongue along her jaw, then nipped the tender spot below her ear. "But it's politically incorrect to differentiate between the species."

Tessa's nipples had perked into tight, hard buds at his touch. When he put his hands on her breasts, she cried out softly. Hot moisture pooled between her thighs. It had been a long, long time.

"What about the rest of it?" she managed to squeak. "The fucking senseless part?"

"Oh, that." His gentle sucking on her neck sent pulses of pleasure directly to her swollen clit. "That part's absolutely correct."

She groaned. His hand moved between her thighs, bare beneath the oversized T-shirt she'd worn to bed. He stroked her through her cotton panties, found the erect button of her clitoris, and pressed it gently as he continued to nibble and suck her neck and throat.

Her hips lifted and her arm curled around his neck. The soft material of her nightshirt pulled and dragged on her over-sensitized nipples, creating a delightful push-pull of

friction that drove her mindless with desire, but refused to sate it.

"You're supposed to resist me at first," Magnus reminded.

"No," Tessa said. "Stop. Don't. Oh. Oh. Oh!"

His chuckle sent bursts of heat flaming through her. He slid one finger beneath the elastic leg band of her panties and found her slick folds at the same time he left her neck and found her mouth.

He kissed her this time—really kissed her—and his tongue slid between her lips as his finger slid into her pussy.

Magnus swallowed her cry of passion. His finger moved inside her, joined quickly by another, and Tessa lifted herself upward to allow him as much access to her body as he could get. With the barrier of her nightshirt and panties still between them, her skin ached for his touch.

Magnus murmured some words she didn't understand, and all at once, she was as bare as he.

"Nice trick," Tessa gasped, still impaled on his fingers. He'd added his thumb to press on her button while he finger-fucked her, and she was surprised to find she could form coherent words.

"I've got dozens," Magnus whispered. "Want to see another one?"

He didn't wait for her answer, just did something with his hand that made her yelp with pleasure. His cock, hard as marble, pressed against her belly. He rubbed her with it and the head nudged the underside of her breasts. Her nipples scraped his chest.

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The slickness coating her thighs allowed him to slide a third finger into her pussy. His thumb tap-tapped on her clit. Bright sparks of light flashed in her vision.

"I'm going to come!"

Magnus shook his head. "No, you aren't."

She moaned and wriggled. "Oh, yes, yes, yes! I am!"

He withdrew his fingers. "No, you're not. Not until I let you."

"Not fair."

He leaned in, licked her lips, and teased her with his tongue. "It wouldn't be much of a seduction if you climaxed within the first five minutes."

That cooled her jets a little bit. "Are you saying I'm too easy?"

He slid a hand along her hip, then up to cup her breast. Her nipple pebbled against his palm, and she moaned, she groaned, her body shuddered.

"Yes."

"It's been a really long time," Tessa found the voice to say.

Magnus nodded solemnly. "All the more reason for this to take a bit longer, isn't it?"

The only longer she wanted to take was his rod all the way inside her. She reached down to grip it, only to find herself flat on her back, hands pinned above her head. His glowing green eyes burned into hers, and she licked her lips nervously. The man was fae, after all, and even though Tessa wasn't quite sure what that meant, she thought it sounded like it could be dangerous.

"Are you afraid of me?"

Tessa lied. "No."

He chuckled again. The sound rumbled through her tummy and centered in her still throbbing clitoris, which spasmed. She clenched her legs.

"It's perfectly normal to be afraid." Magnus dipped his head to lick and nibble her throat. "I can feel your heart beating."

Tessa felt it, too, hammering in her chest like a runaway freight train. She tried to shift, but Magnus' strong hands held her tightly in place. His body pinned hers. His cock rubbed against her belly when he moved to kiss her lips.

She opened her mouth to speak, maybe to protest again, and his tongue swept inside, silencing her. She arched beneath him, opening her legs, wanting him to slide inside her, impale her, fuck her senseless as he'd promised. Her pussy contracted again and again in pre-come spasms prompted by the delicious feel of his bare cock on her naked flesh. She writhed and moaned under him, and tilted her hips upward, but still, Magnus didn't slide inside her.

"Damn you," she muttered.

"Can't," he replied matter-of-factly. "I'm fae, not demon, remember?"

All at once, she'd had enough. If he wasn't going to fuck her, he was just wasting her time. Demon or faery, whatever the hell he was, he was no better than a tease. Tessa tensed her body, gathered her will and bucked him upward in a move she'd learned in self-defense class. As Magnus flew forward, she hooked her leg around his, grabbed his shoulder, and flipped him over. She ended up with her knee wedged against



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the base of his still-bare, now very tender balls and her hands pressing down on his biceps.

"Listen," she growled, putting her face close to his. "I'm tired and horny. Quit fooling around and do what you came here to do, or get the hell out!"

Magnus stared, his glowing eyes narrowed. "I could throw you off. If I wanted to."

"Yeah?" Tessa let go of his arms and slid upward, so her slick pussy rubbed along his thick, hard cock. "Why don't you?"

Before he could answer, she'd slid herself down onto him, engulfing him. The moan ripped from her throat, a sound of long-awaited satisfaction. Her entire body shuddered. Her clit came to rest against the muscled ridges of his belly, and she moved just enough to tease the small bead of flesh into further arousal.

"You..." His voice was hoarse. He blinked. "That's not..."

"Shut up," Tessa whispered, leaning forward to lick him from chin to forehead. "And fuck me."

At her command, Magnus' hands found her hips and he began to move. He pumped in and out of her, fiercely, just the way she wanted it. Tessa cried out, sat up, and took him all the way inside her. Her breasts bobbed as he slammed into her, over and over. One of his hands came around to thumb her clit, and she burst into flames, into shards of glass, into rose petals scattered on the wind. She separated and returned to herself in the span of a heartbeat, then another, and her body bucked and jerked from the force of her orgasm.

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After a minute, when she could think again, Tessa realized Magnus hadn't finished. He moved slower now, at a gentler pace that didn't rock her entire body. A small tilt of the hips, supplemented with a gentle roll of his pelvis, kept him sliding in and out without overwhelming her.

His gaze pinned hers. His thumb pressed on her button.

*Oh, my.* She was going to come again.

As soon as the thought crossed her mind, Magnus shifted the steady pressure, made it lighter, less direct. Less frequent. Teasing her again. Tessa bore down on him, clenching him with her inner muscles, trying to force him to give her what her body was now craving once more.

He wouldn't do it. His grin infuriated her and she reached down to stroke herself, but Magnus grabbed her hand.

"Seduction," he reminded her.

"Fuck your seduction," Tessa growled. "I want this. I need this!"

He held her wrist so tightly she couldn't pull away. "And I want to be an incubus. If you do this the right way, we can both benefit."

She stared him down, her chest heaving with the panting breaths she slowed only by force of will. He didn't even blink. That glowing green glare didn't waver. Tessa sighed, finally, her body still in an upheaval of lust and hormones.

She thought of the many times her boss, Norman Finkbein, had accused her of not being a team-player. Her last lover, Hank Fresca, had told her she was an "I" not a "we" person just before he left her. Now Magnus was offering her more amazing sex ... if only she bent a little. Gave in a little bit.

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"All right," she agreed. "What do you need me to do?"

"Haven't you ever let anyone seduce you before?"

Tessa almost scoffed, but then she thought about it. She'd always been the aggressor in every relationship she'd ever had, business or pleasure. Her string of lovers had included men in nearly every profession, from cowboy to stock broker, but they'd all had one thing in common. Once she'd set her sights on them, it had only been a matter of time until she had them in her bed. In the office, she made and broke more deals in one day than most of her colleagues did in a week, and if something fell through, she passed it off with a shrug and moved on to the next. The same way she dealt with her lovers.

"You haven't. I can tell." Magnus slid a hand along her belly, up to tweak her nipple. "This tells me."

Tessa sighed, but restrained herself from leaning into his touch. He nodded approvingly and tweaked her upright nipple. She shuddered. Her clit ached for him to touch and stroke it, but she kept from thrusting her hips. His cock swelled inside her and she moaned a little.

"You take what you want, don't you?" His voice caressed her. "Have you ever waited for someone to give it to you first?"

"I'm not good with waiting." Her voice was breathy and low as she sat still, impaled on his rod.

Magnus put both hands on her hips and rolled her over way more gently than she'd done to him. When she settled onto her back on the bed, he withdrew and she bit her lip to hold back the low cry of frustration. Magnus parted her legs.

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His hot breath slid along her thighs, drifted over her pussy, swirled around her clitoris. His hands kept her hips still. He licked her.

Tessa squealed.

The tip of Magnus' tongue stroked her swollen clitoris in one, two, three smooth strokes. One finger, then another, slid inside her slick tunnel. He put his other hand beneath her ass to lift her upward, toward his mouth. His lips, his tongue, even his teeth danced on her love-starved flesh, but did not send her into orgasm.

"Fuck me," Tessa gasped.

"Seduction," returned Magnus' whisper, hot on her pussy. His fingers moved inside her. "Seduction, Tessa."

She hadn't told him her name. It didn't matter. All that mattered was his tongue on her clit and his fingers pumping in and out of her.

"Fuck me!"

What did he want from her? She'd allowed him to call the shots, hadn't she? Wasn't that seduction enough? What more did he possibly ... oh...

Tessa arched her back as the beginnings of her orgasm flowed over her. Her thighs trembled and jerked. Her hips pumped, sending her upward against Magnus' mouth.

"Please, Magnus," she heard herself saying. "Make love to me."

She'd said the magic words. He left her pussy, but before she had time to protest, he'd seated himself inside her all the way to the base of his balls. She cried out again as his cock filled her so unexpectedly, but his kiss smothered her voice.

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Magnus rolled his pelvis. His cock thrust. His belly muscles scraped and rubbed at her clitoris, and Tessa tilted her hips to match his pace, his pattern ... oh, to match him. She took him in all the way and gave him all she had. Her body tensed.

She was coming.

Then, damn him, she wasn't.

She hovered on the brink for what seemed like an eternity. Everything around her faded away until all she saw was Magnus' eyes. The glowing green eyes.

They swept her away. She stood on a cliff, Magnus beside her, holding her hand. They both were naked. Below them, black waves crashed and roared on rocks as jagged and spiked as dinosaur teeth.

The water's movement echoed the ebb and surge of desire within her. Tessa shuddered and tried to pull her fingers away from Magnus, but his grip bore down on hers and she couldn't break free.

"Let me go!"

He shook his head, silently. He pointed at the waves. One rose up so high the spray splashed their bare toes. Tessa jumped back, held from running away by her fae lover.

"I don't want this!" The scream tore from her throat, burning. "Damn it, Magnus, I thought we were just supposed to fuck!"

"Life change," she thought she heard him whisper. The cliff disappeared. They stood in a forest, green and damp, fronds of fern hanging from prehistorically towering trees. The low grunt of an animal from the underbrush startled her into

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leaping forward. Magnus caught her. His skin was warm, hotter than the humid air around them.

"What's going on?"

"This is the fae realm." He nodded toward one huge tree, strung with cobwebs sparkling with dew. "This, and the other place, and thousands more."

Nudity had never bothered her before. Tessa worked hard to keep her body in good shape, and every line and scar, every wrinkle and freckle, was part of her. Her body wasn't perfect, but it was hers, and she had little patience for anyone who expected perfection.

Now, though, with Magnus' eyes assessing her, she crossed her arms over her breasts. He smiled. Heat shot through her and sent her still-tingling clit into a tiny spasm. She was still horny as hell, still on the cusp of climax. She'd never been aroused for so long without release.

"Why'd you bring me here?" she asked and forced her arms to her sides.

"I wanted to show you where I live." Magnus gestured.

They were no longer in a forest. Now a meadow stretched out all around them, with waving grass and masses of flowers for miles in all directions. Red, blue, purple, yellow, orange ... the blossoms waved and danced in a scented breeze that lifted her hair from her neck and teased her nipples into erect points. The wind crept between her legs, licked at her clit and pussy, stroked her inner thighs until Tessa trembled and went to her knees.

"Why are you torturing me like this?" The question trickled out of her attached to a low moan.

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She was eye-level to his erection. His cock looked absolutely good enough to eat, and even though he'd been a real bastard to her so far, Tessa wanted to take him inside her mouth, all the way down her throat, all the way until she could kiss his balls while she sucked him. In fact, she didn't think she'd ever wanted anything more in her entire life.

"You want me to wait for you to give," she told him. "But you don't give!"

"Demanding to be given is the same as taking it without waiting."

Tessa growled low in her throat. The sensual haze had overtaken her entire body, so that each limb felt infused with erotic hunger. Her hands ached to caress warm and willing flesh, her tongue longed to stroke and lick, her lips curved with the desire to suck and kiss.

The soft earth cradled her knees, while the flowers crushed under them gave off a strong, heady scent that made her head swim. She reached for him, expecting him to move out of her grasp and startled when she caught him.

Magnus seemed startled, too, but before he could step back, Tessa had moved forward and given in to her longing. His thick, ridged cock slid down the back of her throat and she loosened the muscles there to keep from choking. The taste of him filled her senses. The curly dark hair at the base of his penis tickled her lips and nose as she took him all the way. She let him slide back out and gave a bit of extra suction at the tip.

Magnus groaned. His strong thighs twitched against her shoulders. Her breasts rubbed against his shins. The grass

and flowers sprang up between her legs and tickled and caressed her all over. Tessa tilted her hips to allow the petals rub against her own rosebud, back and forth.

She put her hands up to cup his ass. The muscles clenched and relaxed under her palms as he thrust in and out of her mouth. She was winning.

*I'm going to make you come.*

The thought filled her head, but Magnus answered her with his own.

*No. This seduction is mine.*

Tessa added a tongue flick and a nibble to her sucking and was triumphant when she forced another groan from his throat. His cock pulsed in her mouth. His balls tightened when she cupped them. She ran a finger down the soft sack and his hips jerked in response.

*Is this a contest?* she thought and gave another long suckle that had him groaning. *To see who comes first?*

*You're not supposed—*

*Fuck your I'm not supposed to,* she thought. *Your world or mine, it doesn't matter. The easiest way to get me to do something is to tell me not to!*

She'd been called selfish before, and Tessa could admit to thinking of herself first in many areas of her life, but sex was not one of them. She gave as much as she took, and not one of her lovers had ever walked away from her unsatisfied.

The meadow disappeared and they were on a beach while a calm blue sea lapped around her knees. Then a mountaintop, where snow made her shiver; then to a desert with sand as warm as Magnus' cock in her mouth.



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He was close, she could tell, and her own climax could no longer be ignored. Tessa slipped a hand between her thighs and rocked against her palm. One stroke, then another, and she'd come.

*But not before Magnus does.*

The mountain disappeared. A jungle surrounded them, while a waterfall crashed into a clear, deep pool only a hand's breadth away. The ground was slick with water. Though she hadn't moved from her knees, she slipped anyway, just a little, but it was enough for Magnus to pull away.

As quick as that he grabbed her, flipped her, and plunged inside her. Tessa screamed, not in anger or even in fear. Pure ecstasy burst through her at the feeling of Magnus' cock filling her. She wrapped her legs around his waist and urged him closer.

He kissed her, mouth open, tongue plundering her with no tenderness. It drove her wild. Her fingernails raked down the smooth, hot skin of his back, and his eyes flared into a green inferno. His mouth found her throat and she tensed, arching her back, waiting for the sting of teeth. He nipped, then laved the spot with his tongue and sent ecstatic shudders racing through her.

She had never been so close to coming for so long, and now her body faltered. Stuck. She crested, reached for it, strained toward release, but still it didn't happen.

Magnus lifted his head to stare into her eyes again. This close she could see beneath the glow to the thick, dark lashes, the pale jade iris, and the ebony pupils dilated with passion.

"This doesn't have to be a contest," he breathed against her mouth. "You give ... I'll take. You take ... I'll give. We both win."

His cock slid in, then out again. His forearms, wiry with muscle, were propped on either side of her. With every thrust, his body rubbed her clit and his chest teased the points of her nipples. Sweat beaded on his forehead, and she sensed the tension inside him, the same as within herself.

"I don't know what you want," she gasped, frustrated.

He moved again, slower this time. Orgasm rippled through her, the first small spasms that would lead to a torrent of sensation, if only he'd move just ... the right ... way...

*You can't give in order to get. You just have to give.*

Tessa arched under him again. *You're already inside me, Magnus! What more can I give?*

"Yourself," came his whispered reply. His eyes flashed, twin green bolts of lightning. "I want you to give me yourself."

And all at once, Tessa understood. She had never held back her body, her sexual skills, or her business acumen. She'd never cheated her lovers or associates out of what she knew or what she could do.

But she had never, ever given anyone herself.

Her body still writhed and shuddered with desire, but now Tessa stopped straining toward the final peak. She looked into Magnus' eyes, really looked at him, the monster from her closet. Instead of digging her heels into his ass, she lifted her knees to pull him gently closer. She took his head, nestled into her shoulder, so he no longer had to support his entire

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weight on his hands. She stroked her palms down his back, lifted her hips, urged him toward the climax she felt building inside him ... and she helped him find it instead of demanding he give it to her.

Magnus muttered her name in the curve of her shoulder, but she didn't know if he spoke it aloud or only thought it. It no longer mattered. She gave herself up to him. Everything she had.

He shuddered. His cock throbbed within her. He cried her name again, and her heart surged. Tessa opened her eyes to see his face, the green eyes shining and the blue sky becoming shadowed with night over his shoulder. The stars, like diamonds on black velvet, filled the expanse behind him.

They were floating.

And she was, too, Tessa realized. The long-awaited orgasm flowed through her, surging like the ocean, whispering like the wind, sliding like the sand, crashing like the waterfall, shivering like the snow. Then, finally, when she thought she could stand no more, when she must surely die from the ecstasy, the pleasure exploded and burst within her like the stars all around them.

Together, they drifted in space. Cradled in Magnus' arms, Tessa didn't worry about falling. After-shocks of pleasure rippled through her as he gave a few final, gentle thrusts, then lay still.

The softness of her own bed surrounded her, and Tessa blinked at the sight of her ceiling. She looked toward the window. Daylight streamed through the curtains. She looked

at the clock, and muttered a curse, but couldn't muster the energy to get out of bed.

"I told you before," Magnus said mildly. "I can't *be* damned."

"Not you. The time. I missed my meeting. I'm late for work. My boss—" Tessa stopped when Magnus rolled off her and propped his head on one hand to stare at her. "My boss is going to be really mad."

"And?"

Tessa began to laugh. "And I don't care."

Magnus returned her smile and the sexy curve of his lips made her stomach flutter with erotic anticipation. "Ah."

"In fact," Tessa said as she rolled over to straddle him, "I've been thinking about a career change."

His hands came up to hold her hips. His cock, still unspent, twitched against her. "Really?"

Tessa leaned down to flick her tongue across his lips. "All I have to do is perform a seduction that creates a life change, right?"

He nodded and captured her head so she couldn't pull away. His tongue stroked hers before he murmured, "That's right. There are always plenty of openings for a good succubus."

Tessa wriggled her bare bottom against him and giggled when his penis lengthened. "Female version of an incubus, I'm guessing."

"Yes." Magnus slipped his hips a little higher, until his cock nudged her opening.

She sighed. "How soon will you know if you got the job?"

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"I already know." He eased inside her. "I start immediately."

"And what about me?" Tessa breathed against his face. "When will I know?"

"That depends," Magnus replied. "On how long it takes for you to seduce me."

Then Tessa lost herself in his glowing green eyes, covered with his laughter, filled with his passion and cradled by the promise of a new life ahead of her.

## **Megan Hart**

Megan Hart began her writing career in grammar school when she plagiarized a short story by Ray Bradbury. She soon realized that making up her own stories was better than copying other people's, and she's been writing ever since.

Megan began writing short fantasy, horror and science fiction before graduating to novel-length romances. She's published in almost every genre of romantic fiction, including historical, contemporary, romantic suspense, romantic comedy, futuristic, fantasy and perhaps most notably, erotic. She also writes non-erotic fantasy and science fiction, as well as continuing to occasionally dabble in horror.

Megan's goal is to continue writing spicy, thrilling love stories with a twist. Her dream is to have a movie made of every one of her novels, starring herself as the heroine and Keanu Reeves as the hero. Megan lives in the deep, dark woods with her husband and two monsters ... er ... children.

Learn more about Megan by visiting her website:  
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