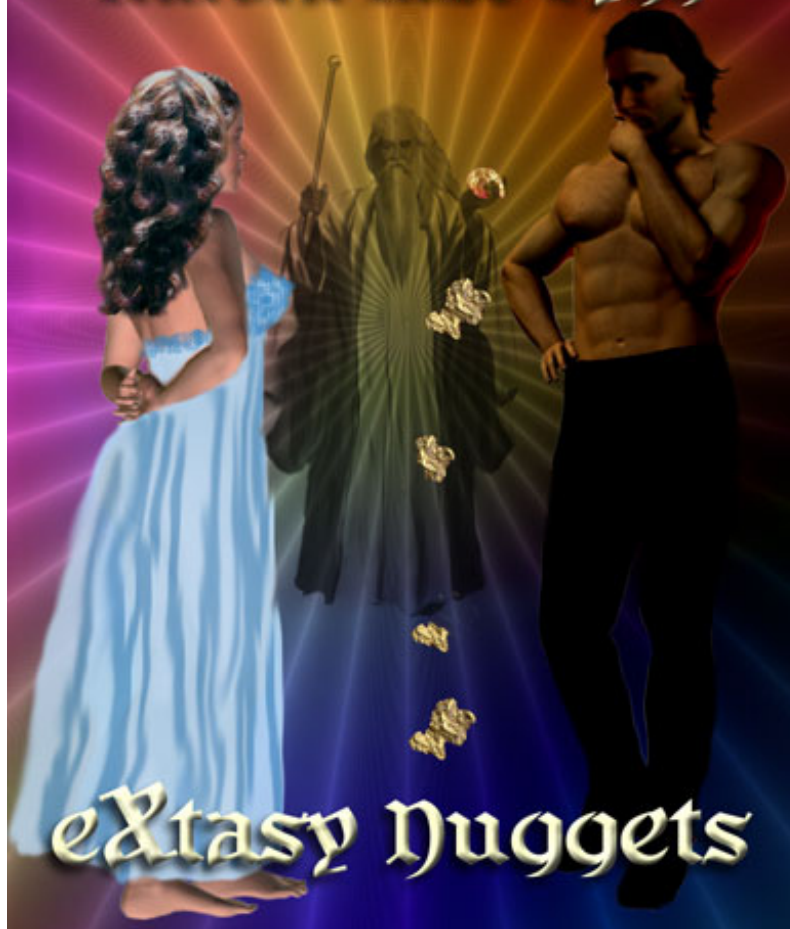


The Magician's Rod

Aurora Rose Lynn



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The Magician's Rod

The audience in the large auditorium waited with baited breath. Master Pierre the Magician, was about to throw open the lid to an antique chest. He looked magnificent in his dark cape, his hard, muscled body outlined in the tight black shirt and pants he had chosen to wear for that day's performance. The lights were dimmed, the audience held their breath in anticipation. This was Master Pierre's moment, when the culmination of all the work he had put into ensuring this feat succeeded, actually arrived. The hushed silence bore down on his nerves.

The seconds ticked by. He had time to think about how barren life was without a woman in his life, how going home to an empty house no longer had any appeal for him. He knew there were women in the audience who would dearly love to give him their bodies, even if it was only for an hour but they wouldn't do so because they loved him. Each would go home and brag to their female friends how they had slept with the Magician. He snorted. Women always wanted something more than he could give. Despite his famed status, he had little money -- money that women expected him to wine and dine them with.

A cough from somewhere in the crowd startled him out of his reverie. He snorted. Enough of these ridiculous thoughts! He was about to create the best illusion of his career. He had no time to think about women and their foibles. Why had he sidetracked himself with wishing for something he couldn't have? He raised his supposedly magic wand. It was nothing more than a piece of plastic that lit up at the touch of a finger to create a dazzling display. The moment had arrived. He took a deep breath, raised his wand high over his head and brought it down on the lock of the antique chest.

The stage exploded in bright lights -- vivid green, bright reds, and earth-shattering oranges. Fake fog swirled around him and into the audience. The spotlight hit the chest with its elaborately carved rune markings. Master Pierre was blinded by light for a fraction of a second. He heard the collective gasp from the audience. His magic act had worked!

His eyes readjusted to the dimness. The antique chest was no longer there. His mouth dropped open. In its place stood the loveliest, most naked woman he had ever seen.

"Mon Dieu," he muttered under his breath. She was definitely not part of this magic trick, nor of any other up his puffed sleeve.

Magnificent sandy-brown hair framed her face, and her eyes, a sea-blue, scanned the crowd before they finally came to rest on him.

"I have the feeling this isn't Halon's birthday party," she whispered.

Unable to find the words to respond, Pierre, who had never been so shocked before in his life, gaped at her. She had the most decadently luscious breasts, her thighs were sculpted to perfection, and her skin like pure alabaster. She was perfect enough to lure any man into her bed.

The woman shaded her eyes with an elegant hand and peered out into the audience. "Probably not his birthday," she answered her question, just loud enough for Pierre to hear.

Indignant for being such an ass in a lady's presence, albeit she wasn't clothed, he tore his long cloak from his shoulders and whipped it around her nakedness. As he did so, he saw how her aureoles raised into dusky-pink buds.

By now, the audience had started to hiss and boo and shout obscenities. He even heard a few of the sharper voices demanding their money back. Not wanting to face the barrage of derisive name-calling, he steered the woman, now wrapped tightly in his cloak, off the stage.

Mon Dieu, but what had gone wrong? A woman was supposed to have jumped out from the antique chest but she should have been dressed in a skimpy princess outfit. A stately prince on a white horse should have followed her. He would never have dared to create a magic act where a naked woman appeared on stage. The world wasn't ready for such outright sexuality.

The stage manager, a lanky blonde-haired man, met him at the curtain. "Man, I gotta tell ya but that routine bombed but bad. I got your car ready if you

want to leave right away." All the time he spoke, he kept his eyes riveted on the woman.

Pierre shook his head. "I have to find out what's going on first. How this woman got in there."

The man shrugged halfheartedly. "If you say so."

The magician knew what the man was thinking. He'd like to dip his wick into this woman but that wouldn't happen if Pierre had his say. He led the shivering woman into his dressing room, admiring her gorgeous legs. What he'd seen of her was strikingly delectable, from her tits to her small waist to the triangle of dark curly hair between her legs. He shifted his hardening cock against his pants.

He had to find out what had happened, rather than think about how he'd love to jump into bed with this woman. "How did you get here?" he asked brusquely.

"Don't use that tone of voice with me." She clutched the cloak tighter around her with white-knuckled fingers.

Startled, he asked, "What tone of voice?"

"The kind where you think you're superior because I'm not wearing any clothes."

"I don't get it. How do you think you can get away with this? *You* take off your clothes, you ruin *my* act and now you're telling me not to take a certain tone of voice with you? Come off it, lady. What kind of idiot do you take me for?"

"I've never stood for that kind of thing, and I won't start now."

Mon Dieu! Not only was the woman naked but she had an attitude! He glared at her. Without

blinking, she stared back with mesmerizing eyes. If he wasn't careful, he would fall under her spell. He tried relaxing his tense shoulders. What a ludicrous thought that she could hypnotize him! "How did you get here?" he demanded again.

She relaxed her hold on the cloak a little, making him fear it would gape open just enough to show her soft ivory skin. This wasn't the time to think with his cock. He inhaled a deep, deep breath.

"If I knew the answer to that, I wouldn't be here," she snapped, brushing her long hair back from the sides of her oval face.

He could fall in love with a face like that, he thought grimly. "Come off it! You got here but you don't know how? Are you crazy?" Every magic act had a rational explanation behind it. Gorgeous women didn't just appear out of the void and drop in.

"I'm not crazy, and as I told you before, don't use that tone of voice with me."

"Why? Who do you think you are? A princess from some fairy tale?" he shouted.

She blushed. "That's nice of you to say, but I'm not. At least I wasn't when I left home this morning."

"And where exactly would 'home' be?" He better get her back to where she came from before her husband and her boyfriend found out and trounced him.

"Beloire Three. How far is it from here?"

What was Beloire Three? he wondered. "I've never heard of the place."

The cloak fell open a half-inch revealing a creamy thigh and just the hint of her mound. To his chagrin,

he was getting all worked up. His heart was beating a lot faster than normal.

She gave him a look of incredulity. "Everyone knows where Beloire Three is. Everyone who counts, that is."

"Well, I don't happen to be anyone *who counts*," he said irritably. "Who took it upon themselves to send you to destroy my magic act?" His career as a magician was quite possibly ruined by her shenanigans.

"Are you kidding? No one does magic any more. It's highly unfashionable." Her robe fell open a little more, almost uncovering her mound and revealing the beginnings of a pale breast.

"Maybe where you live," he muttered. Since when had magic acts become unfashionable?

She blew a breath that lifted the hair on her forehead up. "Now if you're casting spells, that's different. Then, people fear you."

"Now that is outdated," Pierre exclaimed. "Magic isn't real but casting spells is? That's preposterous."

Her cloak opened still more. He could almost see a nipple peeking out. His hard-on strained the fabric of his already too-tight pants.

She shook her head. "Do I have to explain everything to you?" To herself, she said, "Hey, but that might not be a bad idea."

"What on earth would you explain to me?"

"Earth? What's this earth business?" Those blue eyes bored into him. Her glossed lips were rich and sensuous.

Why was it getting so hot in here, especially if there were no spotlights or a packed audience to hike up the heat? "You know. The planet we live on."

She repeated his words. "You mean this isn't Eilon Four?"

"No. Never has been, never will be."

She started pacing back and forth across the small room. To the dressing table crowded with make-up and back to the door leading out into the hallway. Now a whole breast peeked out from under the black cloak lined with black satin. His heart started hammering in his chest in a way it never did, even during one of his more dangerous magic routines.

"I don't understand," she muttered to herself. "I'm supposed to travel to another galaxy as a birthday present to some rich snob and where do I end up?" She lifted her head. "Where did you say this place was?"

"Earth." Pierre couldn't believe his ears. He had a real nutcase on his hands. A pretty one, but a nutcase nevertheless.

"I've never heard of the place. Where is your Portation Center?"

He was getting more and more befuddled. Beloire, Eilon, and now a Portation Center. What was going on?

"Oh! I get it! This is some kind of joke to teach me my place. I'm telling you it won't work."

"Joke? I don't think so."

She stopped pacing, stood still and glowered at him. "Is it your birthday?"

"No." Although he wished it was. He'd go out to a bar somewhere, celebrate and take some chick home for an all-nighter.

Disbelief shone in her eyes. "Oh, you poor baby. You've forgotten it's your birthday!" She giggled. "I've done that a time or two. Comes with not having people around you who care." She pushed the cloak back over her shoulders. It rustled to the floor.

What harm would it do to tell her it was his birthday? Obviously she was in the mood. "Okay, so I forgot," he lied.

"I knew it. You're not anything at all like Reg said you would be like." She strolled up to him, her hungry gaze meeting his.

He pulled her into a fierce embrace and kissed the top of her forehead, taking in the fragrance of her female essence. His flesh goosebumped. "What did he say I was like?" he asked curiously, not having the faintest idea who she was talking about.

"Arrogant, insufferable, and a bully. You don't seem like that all. Although you seem a bit disoriented."

He saw the pulse beating rhythmically at the base of her throat and bent his head to kiss it. As he did so, he couldn't resist licking her smooth skin and rocking her back and forth in his arms. He made his way up her face, nibbling on her cheek, grazing her delicate earlobe before he nibbled on the crown of her ear. She moaned and squirmed against him, rubbing her taut nipples against the ruffles of his shirt. "You feel so good," he said softly while kissing her neck. He unzipped his pants and shucked them off.

"I'm glad it pleases you. The trip isn't as smooth as I thought it would be."

He pushed aside the thought of her craziness. Or was *he* crazy for believing the woman came from another planet? An hour earlier, his life had been a barren wasteland in which he would never have dreamed he'd be making love to such perfection. He pressed his palm against her ass, along the spot that met with her legs. He reveled in touching her soft silky skin.

Forcing her to move backwards, he carefully pushed her back on the loveseat. She bent her knees and opened her legs. "I thought you liked it slow. Or that's what I was told."

He angled his stiffened cock against the opening of her sheath. "I like it anyway I can get it," he muttered, burying his throbbing rod in her.

She chuckled, running her fingers through the fuzzy hairs on the back of his neck. That was all it took before he felt passion overwhelm him. Looking up at the ceiling, he cried out. His body trembled with ecstatic bliss. This woman fit around him flawlessly as if they'd been made for each other. Sweat dampened his forehead. He wanted to keep her, to immerse himself in her for the rest of his life.

Bantering, he said, "How are you going to get back home?" Soon enough, when the novelty of having slept with him had worn off, she'd admit she lived nearby. Then he'd take her home.

"Where is the Portation Center?"

"This isn't funny anymore. Didn't you get what you came looking for?"

She frowned. "I have no idea what you're talking about, Reg. You've had your fun. Now take me to the Portation Center."

He slid his now flaccid cock from her pussy, wishing he could have more of her. "I've told you. There's no such thing here."

Her lower lip edged out, giving her face a look of feminine distress. "Do you mean to tell me you aren't Reg? That I really can't get back to Beloris Three?"

He nodded, feeling sorry for her.

"I need to communicate with my family then. Tell them I won't be home for dinner tonight."

Pierre sighed. It looked like she wouldn't be home for dinner anytime soon in the future. Unless he could think up a magic act that would be quite as real as the woman in his arms. "I'll find you a way."

Her expression brightened. "I'm Quila. If you aren't Reg, then who are you?"

"Pierre, at your service," he said, giving her an elegant bow.

She giggled. "Well, seeing as I won't be home for dinner tonight, make love to me again?"

Pierre happily complied by seating her on his lap and fondling her breast.