

Pink

Stephanie Burke

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Chapter 1

"What the hell is going on? Is everybody in the world fucking besides me?" Cali demanded. This was the third suck scene she'd encountered today in the apartment that housed their small publishing house.

First had been their main artist, Fab, and his dark-haired lover Casmir, her health and fitness specialist, going at it in the kitchen/break room. Gathering her composure, she'd escaped to the bathroom. Only once she opened the unlocked door, she was shocked by a lavender-haired woman and a silver-haired man having a wild go at it against the sinks. Backing away before they noticed her -- or worse, invited her to join in -- Cali raced toward the safety hopefully contained in her brother's office.

But again, here was a fuck fest underway, and she apparently hadn't gotten the memo.

When had Casual Fridays become free-fuck-for-all days?

Calita's twin brother, Able, had his secretary sitting on top of his desk, a roll of saran wrap clutched in her hand. Able made grunting, whining noises as he ate her out. Calita knew the secretary had just broken up with her girlfriend a month before. When had Laslie gone straight, or at least bi? Or should she be called Lassie because of the howls that were erupting from her throat? And the woman had to be double jointed to have one leg up on Able's shoulder, the other around his head, while her back arched up to resemble the Gateway to the West.

Calita stepped out of the room and eased the door shut. Composing herself again, she called to Able, "Um, when you both let go of the golden ring, I'll be in the waiting room, waiting for some answers!"

Twin groans of pleasure sent her scurrying to the living room to collapse into their Ikea special couch. Once settled, she whimpered and resisted the urge to rub her

thighs together for some relief. The sexual tension in the small apartment was killing her! And she was afraid to make for her office. Who the hell knew what could be in there?

Feeling embarrassed, aroused and confused, Calita sat and waited -- and waited and waited, skin crawling and knees shaking as she contemplated her business... and wondered if that thick peppermint stick she got when playing Santa's Elf last year would act as a substitute dildo until she could go down to the toy shop on the corner to purchase a vibrator strictly for office use. If unending lust was going to explode on a regular basis, she wanted to be prepared.

* * *

"What the hell kind of name is Pink, anyway?"

"Pink?" Able grinned at his twin sister. "Pink. He's my kind of woman."

Calita stared at her brother and resisted the urge to slap him on top of his cornrowed head. "You mean 'she,' fool." Calita rolled her brown eyes. "And that doesn't explain why Interoffice Get Fucked Day replaced Denim Fridays in this office!"

Able actually managed to blush. "Pink," he said again, tossing a look at his grinning secretary, who squirmed in her chair, a freshly fucked look on her face.

Cali shot her the glare of death, a look that made Baltimore street thugs cry. It was a glare reserved for the lowest of the low, for people who achieved sexual gratification when she didn't, especially when her prospects for future orgasm seemed bleak and uncertain. But the look just rolled off the other woman. Laslie still had finger marks in her hair, and her shirt was on inside out.

Cali snapped out her next command. "Explain!"

"Well, you know we were searching for a columnist to appeal to the sensual side of life?"

"Talk faster." Cali snapped her fingers for emphasis. "Yapping with you isn't getting me any closer to buying my vibrator."

"What?" Able squeaked, looking horrified at the thought of his sister jacking off, then grinned as he realized why. "Oh, yeah. Pink came in, and this morning's interview

was... well... something else."

"Oh, was he giving out free Spanish Fly with every question asked?" Cali snapped. "Talk faster, Able. I got a magazine to run and strangers fucking in my bathroom. Cut to the chase!"

"Pink is an Urban Sprite, and his special power seems to be dealing with things of a sexual nature. Lust, if you will."

"Right," Cali groaned. "Who brought the weed in and what was it laced with? Was it Fab? You know how those artistic types are."

"I'm serious, Cali. You have to meet Pink! And the two in the bathroom were probably his bodyguards."

"Right. Urban Sprite, bodyguards, sexual powers. Does our insurance plan cover detox? Because I swear you and everyone else in this office is on something!"

"Just go to your office and meet him," Able urged.

"But I didn't even have my morning coffee yet, Able! If I have to meet sex spreading urban sprites, I need my cup of java. Oh wait! I can't get coffee because Fab and Cas are reenacting the blowjob scene from *Deep Throat*! They've probably moved on to *The Devil and Mrs. Smith* now, but who can say? All I know is that they're blocking the direct path to my morning caffeine!"

"Just go and meet him, Cali!" Able said. "Go meet Pink and see what happens."

"Able!"

"Go to your office!" Able stood up, ignoring the unfastened pants that were sliding off his ass. "Go! Believe me, it will all make sense then."

"Fine!" Cali shouted, also jumping to her feet. "I'll go!"

A deep, masculine "I'm coming!" and a gurgled "Good boy!" from the kitchen gave them all pause.

Cali snarled at the dual shouts of orgasm coming from the kitchen area, then turned to face her brother again. "This had better be good, Able, or you'll curse the day my egg split in two and spawned your horny ass."

With as much dignity as she could muster, Cali turned to walk away, but

paused. "And another thing. Make them disinfect my kitchen area, especially around the coffeepots. And use bleach! Lord knows how far Cas shot or if Fab swallows!"

She stalked off to her office. "Dammit," she hissed under her breath. "Why is everyone getting fucked except for me?"

Chapter 2

Not sure what she would find in her office, Cali eased the door open and slowly peered inside. What she saw made her explode into laughter. Leaning against the open door, she hooted until tears ran down her face and her sides were hurting.

Sitting prim and proper in the visitor's chair that faced her desk was the largest drag queen/cross-dresser she'd ever seen.

The man -- because he was obviously a man -- had a head full of shocking pink hair. It hung in a combination of loose waves and braids down the back of the chair to the carpet behind it. But that was not the cause for her amusement -- hell, she worked the urban beat, where men with odd colored hair were common -- but this shade of cotton candy pink was almost too much.

Then there were the six inch black heels. He had one leg primly crossed over his knee, showing off the spiked mary janes to their ultra-glamorous best.

But that still wasn't the reason for her amusement.

She was laughing hysterically because of the tiny set of wings that seemed to be attached somewhere under all that hair, and the star shaped wand that he swung casually around, sprinkling silver and pink dust all over the place.

The man was a confused Tinker Bell on crack!

But the laughter eased off as Pink slowly turned. His face was neither masculine nor feminine, more like a combination of both. Long silver eyelashes delicately framed almond shaped eyes. His eyes were a darker pink than his hair, with no black showing at all, like a Japanese anime character. His lips were tinted pastel pink, slightly pouty and enough to make a black woman jealous with their fullness. A tiny cleft in his chin added to his all-over cuteness.

With his hair pulled back from his face, showing off the high cheekbones that

would ensure he would grow old gracefully, Pink was an interesting character to be sure.

"So..." Cali sniffed, wiping at her eyes with her fingers, and her nose quickly with her shirtsleeve. "You..." *Sniff*. "You are Pink. And I mean, damn are you pink!"

"You find me humorous?" Pink's voice was mellow and pleasant. Again, it could belong to a man or a woman, but with its intriguing accent, it was worth paying attention to.

"I'm sorry," Cali exhaled on the last of her laughter. "But it has been an interesting morning, complete with my staff using my absence to start an orgy."

"I'm sorry." Pink slowly turned to view her more closely. "I'm afraid I'm responsible. I got a little excited at the prospect of writing an article about something that comes almost second nature to me."

"Making people fuck in odd places comes natural to you?" Cali snorted. She took a seat on the edge of her desk, eyeing up Pink good and proper.

The man was wearing a dress, but it was almost like a frigging tutu. It appeared to be split along one side, leaving one pale thigh bare as layers of tulle and fluffies fell to the floor around his heel-shod feet. The top was nothing more than a sparkly sleeveless scoop-neck tank, both skirt and bodice several varying shades of pale pink.

Hell, the freak had a nice body, Cali thought, well toned but not overdone. But she wondered what he was hiding beneath his skirt. He was cute, but that was not the face to launch a thousand orgies. Maybe he was packing a twelve-inch schlong, too!

"Making people fuck, finding the unwanted mates, uniting the un-dateable with sexual prospects. That is all second nature for me."

"Okay." Cali rolled her eyes. "If you say so."

"Oh, I know so," Pink stated. "The proof is in the outer offices, though I must apologize for that. I get a little happy and then everyone is -- well, you saw."

"Fucking like bunnies." Cali eyed the pink and silver dust that seemed to surround the man like a cloud. Were aphrodisiacs now coming in airborne formulas? If so, she wondered if the FDA knew what this little -- well, big -- freak was up to.

"Actually, bunnies fuck for all of ten seconds. Makes the were-bunnies disgustingly hard to place. But were-sheep are easier."

"Were-sheep?" Cali raised one eyebrow and looked inconspicuously toward her phone, wondering if she could get a 911 call off before he brained her with the wand. "There are were-sheep?"

"Yes, but they mostly went underground because of the Picts."

"The Picts?"

"Yeah, Celtic warriors with a taste for sheep. It's the other, other... other white meat."

"Ooookay. And this pertains to your job how, exactly?" Time to go for the phone. This man had to be some kind of criminal mastermind, secretly filming porn in offices after he doped up the employees with his powdered aphrodisiac crack.

"Oh, I read people."

"Um hum..." She slowly eased toward the phone. "So, do people have words printed on their foreheads or something? Ever-changing little flashing words that spell out names and things?" Her fingers gripped the handset... just a little more...

"No, I can just tell things. Like the peppermint stick you're considering would not make a good dildo because it's the melting kind."

Cali froze. How had he known her thoughts?

"And that the only cock you've seen in the past two years is the Kellogg's rooster on your breakfast cereal box."

Her arm dropped to the table.

"And if I do this..." Pink lifted Cali's arm and gently grazed her wrist with his thumb.

"Holy shit!" was all Cali could manage as electricity, fire, white-hot lava rolled down her arms. Her thighs clenched, her toes curled in their stylish ankle boots, her head flew back, and her nipples throbbed.

Her eyes opened wide as her labia seemed to jump up and scream, "Hallelujah, sweet daddy, you sure done treated me right!" Her clit provided back up whistles and

clapping as her inner walls spasmed, clenched, and generally wrung every drop of pleasure out of her neglected pussy, throbbing in release as this orgasm -- no, this celebration of all things carnal -- this sexual meltdown roared through her body.

She knew she was drooling, but she couldn't help it. She knew her eyes were wide open, but they refused to move. Hell, she knew her body was arched up into something resembling a stripper doing a pole trick trying to catch ten-dollar bills between her knees, but she just didn't give a flying fuck!

"You will come," Pink finished, continuing to rub her wrist and holding the explosive climax at its peak, "until I let go."

Finally, after what seemed like hours, but probably was less than a minute, Pink released her wrist. Her body sagged limply into the chair, then continued to slide down to the floor until only an arm on the desk held her upright.

Cali mumbled something that Pink had to lean over the desk to hear.

"Excuse me?" he asked, arching one eyebrow.

Between the sounds of heavy panting and reflexive moaning, Cali managed, "I said you're hired!"

Chapter 3

Pink bounced happily along surrounded by his seriously mussed bodyguards. "I have a job," he chanted as they walked down the busy Baltimore streets. "I have a respectable job! I'm a writer!"

As he hopped, skipped, and jumped his way down the street, puffs of silver and pink powder wafted up from his body, only to disappear a few seconds after touching the ground.

But what he didn't notice was the string of grunts and sexual howls that followed.

A businessman dressed in Armani grabbed an apprentice chef in formal whites and they both proceeded to rip their clothing off after one whiff of the powder. Now they were grinding against each other and performing acts of tongue acrobatics that were bound to get more serious as their friends looked on in aroused horror.

As they passed, Pink dusted a cop on horseback who suddenly felt the need to blow softly into his steed's ear. But the horse, after catching a whiff of Pink's magical powder, found a nearby motorcycle most intriguing.

Every place they passed, Pink and his bodyguards left some kind of sexual mayhem behind, be it the man walking with his wife, who suddenly turned and stuck her tongue down the throat of a passing tourist, or the woman who discovered her husband was into men in a big way as he dove into the center of a passing fleet of lusty sailors on shore leave.

Sexual joy and lust was spreading, and still the tall man in the pink skirt and black pumps danced and sang, "I'm a writer! I'm a writer! I can make it on my own! I did it all by myself!"

"You might want to cool your jets a little, ace," the lavender-haired female

warned, looking around them. Then, to the silver-haired male, "This is going to take some serious damage control."

Both bodyguards watched as a news crew roared into view and began to film, but then the winds blew the dust in their direction.

Who knew a microphone would double for a dildo in a pinch? Journalism had never before seemed so interesting, Silver thought as he watched the cameraman use the camera strap to spank his assistant while the actual camera filmed the discipline for posterity.

"I hope that isn't a live feed," Lavender sighed, before once again looking down at her charge. "Pink, you may want to calm down a bit, hon."

"Why, Lavender?" He spun around, grinning at her. "I'm finally going to prove to my family that I can make it on my own!"

Pink never noticed the disasters that seemed to follow him, and Lavender was loath to point it out to him, but... "Pink, what is your hand of power?"

"Lust. You know that, Lavender." Pink looked between his two bodyguards. "Is this about me accidentally dusting you and the office after Able read my piece and decided I was perfect for the job?"

"No." Silver decided to help his mate out a little. "It's more about you dusting this city, Pink. Look around you!"

Pink stopped and peered over the massive shoulders of his bodyguards and then gasped at what he saw.

There was a sexual riot going on!

Firefighters were attempting to give enemas with their hoses, and the sailors were acting like booty pirates. And the reporters -- he hoped that scene with the cameraman spanking some poor man and getting a rear assault from another wasn't a live feed.

"Um, what is the saying here?" he mused out loud, watching a horse hump a Harley, and a cop nearby crying and promising the horse anything as long as it turned away from that Hell's Angels street trash and came back to him. "My bad?"

Silver groaned and waved his hand in the air. An instant deluge of cold rain showered down, and the lust-filled haze began to fade.

"Don't worry," Lavender assured Pink as the young fairy looked on in horror. "They won't remember a thing. Silver's deluge is designed for these little incidents. But you have got to keep better control. It hasn't been this bad since you hit puberty!"

"I know, Lav." Pink made a decided effort to calm his emotions. "But I just escaped from the clutches of both my families and I feel like my own fairy."

"Don't let it go to your head," Silver chuckled, roughing Pink's hair. The cloudburst ended behind them, and the trio continued walking. "You still have to work with those humans and actually earn those paychecks."

"I know, Sil," Pink said, a smile growing on his face again. "But I'm finally free of both families. Isn't that great?"

"You are the illegitimate son of Love and Jealousy," Lavender felt the need to point out. They turned to the huge brownstone Pink had purchased with his allowance and began to unbind the magical locks that protected their home from intruders. "Neither tribe will ever let you live your life alone."

"I'm surprised Entropy hasn't come to visit." Silver chuckled, picturing Pink's neurotic and excitable older legitimate brother. "I know Jealousy encourages all your siblings to visit."

"Envy said he wanted to see the city." Pink spoke of his oldest brother. "But I don't expect him for weeks now."

"And your father's family?" Lavender asked. The bindings unwound, and they entered the spacious foyer, closing and warding the building and its foundation again behind them.

"Well, Dad's wife will be here after the others visit, I'm sure. Peace can never leave me alone. And I'm sure Tranquility, Joy, and Serenity will be here following their mother's orders. Those girls are persistent." Pink groaned, kicking off his heels and moving farther into the house.

With the heels removed, Pink stood at a whopping five feet ten inches, quite

short for both his family lines, but tall enough not to be mistaken for a midget by the humans.

"I'm going to go have a bath," he called, smiling as he raced through the house to the stairs that led to his upstairs rooms. "It's only ten in the morning, and I have a job!"

He paused at the bottom of the steps, thought, and turned to face his friends. "Cali was kind of... hot? Don't ya think?"

Then he was gone, no doubt running a hot bath and trying to decide which issue to tackle first, the plight of the unmated were-skunk or the passion of the excitable were-skunk in heat.

Lavender and Silver watched as the child they were charged to protect danced off to his rooms, leaving a new trail of pink and silver powder behind him.

"This is going to be bad, isn't it?" Lavender sighed.

"Unusually bad," Silver agreed, taking his mate into his arms and running his hands soothingly over her light purple hair. "But our baby is smiling, Lavender. He's actually smiling. I think that's worth a little trouble."

"You're right," Lav grinned as she placed a small kiss on her mate's nose and turned toward their own rooms on the first floor.

Chapter 4

"What was I thinking?" Cali mused.

Currently, she was hiding out in her office, the same office where the day before she'd had the most outstanding, amazing, toe curling, shrieking orgasm of her life. Even that time she took the Horny Goat Weed and played with her vibrating egg couldn't compare to what Pink had done to her, and by just caressing her wrist. It had taken her a whole hour to get herself together.

After crawling to the en-suite bathroom to clean up, she'd raced home, ignoring the inquiring looks from her brother. Once free of the apartment and breathing the fresh smoggy air of the city, what she'd done hit her like a ton of bricks.

She'd let sex cloud her judgment, destroy her morals, and hired a pink-haired freak! And she hadn't even gotten penetrative, real sex out of the deal.

"I suck as a sleaze ball," she had moaned before she raced home after only one short stop at the sex toy shop where, instead of a dildo, she got a mega 500 vibrating jackhammer and what amounted to a year's worth of batteries.

Once home, she spent the night alternately fucking herself raw, playing a game of mental masturbation about what she'd hired as a columnist, and wondering what the hell she was going to do about it.

So here she was, the next day, sitting in her office and feeling sorry for herself.

"I had to have been drugged," she finally reasoned to herself. "That pink-haired menace wants to get me and my staff addicted to this new type of drug and sexual stimulant combined. When he shows his pink ass in here for the day, I'll prove it!"

Now Cali had a mission. She was going to nail his pink hide to the wall! It would be worth her having to crawl past the kitchen where Fab and Cas were still cooing like a pair of love doves. Pink was going to pay, and pay good!

While she was conjuring images of a pink fluffy marshmallow slowly roasting over an open fire, the very same cross-dressing delinquent she was mentally poking with a roasting fork burst into the office.

"Good morning, Chief!" he sang as he danced into the room, his little trail of pink powder noticeably decreased since yesterday's incidents. "The birds are singing, the sun is shining, and I have were-skunks on my mind!"

The idiot flounced over to her desk and perched on the edge, swinging one leg. He absently pulled all that pink hair up into a bun and skewered the knot with his silver star-tipped wand.

Today's fashion consisted of tight leather pants in a pale shade of pink that matched his hair. His midriff fishnet shirt was also pale pink. Underneath that, his nipples were hidden by a white tummy baring tank top and a belt hung low at his hips.

His feet were bare, except for a pair of silver and pink soleless sandals and several toe rings. A row of tiny little hoop earrings ran from the tops of both ears to the lobes. Several sparkly silver necklaces hung low around his neck, while the neck in question was encased in a thick pink collar.

"Don't call me chief." Cali tried to hold in a shudder. "And where are your wings? You had wings yesterday -- tiny little silver wings."

Pink blushed, well, pink. "It's not nice to talk about wing size," he said. "Unless you plan on sleeping with something not battery powered for a change."

Now Cali was blushing. How had he known she hadn't had the pleasure of a good fuck last night? "I... That's none of your business!" she stuttered, glaring at Pink.

"Neither is my wing size, but I'll be nice and tell you my wings are here." He hopped off the desk and turned his back toward her, pulling his shirt up. There, pressed flat against his back, lay two iridescent sparkling wings.

Cali leaned close, looking for where they attached. He fluttered them a bit before turning and tugging his clothing into place. "It's not the most comfortable thing, but I figured you didn't want others knowing about my personal life and all. It might take attention away from sales."

"Sales?"

"Yeah, then everyone would want to stare at me for being a fairy instead of reading my insightful and informative articles."

Cali blinked at him, then went through a mental inventory of her desk and its supplies. There had to be a jar of some kind to get this drug dust to a lab. That would prove beyond a shadow of a doubt that she didn't just see wings attached by biological means to his back.

"By the way, Fab and Cas are at it again," Pink added, chewing on his pink painted pinky nail. "They're hiding out in the bathroom, and Lavender and Silver, my bodyguards, are waiting outside the door, per stipulation on my contract. Is there coffee? I'm not usually this hyper, but I'm excited about gainful employment. I mean, the rest of my family never had to have jobs, and this is the way of the baby boy breaking free. And Silver and Lavender wouldn't let me have coffee this morning. Isn't coffee the key nutritional group of all writers, Chief?"

"Don't call me Chief," Cali snarled, trying to assimilate everything the Great Pink One had spit out at her.

He was obviously from a well-to-do family. That was why he had such easy access to pink leather and colorful aphrodisiac hallucinogenic powders.

"You're the spoiled baby?" she asked, arching an eyebrow as she tried to reason out the rest of his words. He signed a contract... "Um, Pink? When did you sign a contract?" she asked quietly, so as to not draw suspicion to her plan to have him dragged out of her office kicking and screaming.

"I am not spoiled." His hands slammed indignantly on his waist, then he paused, rolling those pink eyes up toward the ceiling. "Okay, maybe I'm spoiled a little, but I'm not rotten. And I signed a contract after I left you in an orgasmic state of bliss yesterday. Remember, you were under your desk and waved me out? Able typed up my contract, and I signed it on the spot. I get an office, my bodyguards, and artistic control of my materials. I think that, for a beginner columnist, I did pretty good."

Pink could have saved himself some breath, because after the word "office," Cali

stopped paying attention. In fact, she had to force herself not to explode, implode, or just plain shut down.

What the hell was Able thinking?

She'd kill him.

"Excuse me," she growled from between clenched teeth. "I must go and deal with my brother now."

Stiffly, she rose from her seat and stalked across the room. She took great pains not to slam the door after she exited, but no force on this earth could stop her from hanging her foot up her brother's ass. "Able!" she sang out. "I need to talk to you!"

But Able was a smart man, and had apparently abandoned ship with the secretary at the first sign of sisterly fall out. Turning, she saw the two oddly haired statues standing at attention, flanking her office door. What? Did they have a dye sale at the Freak Boutique?

Turning back toward Able's office, she gave a Bruce Lee holla and kicked the door open in a stunning display of knowledge and skill gained from Kung Fu Theater. Entering the room, she scanned the office for anything that could help her remove the pastel plague that had invaded her office.

But all she found was a neatly typed contract sitting in the middle of Able's desk, print facing her. She jerked up the copy of the contract, noting it was signed in triplicate, and stalked off toward her office, nose buried in the sheaf of papers.

She paused to snarl, "You look better with your clothes on," at the bodyguards, before storming into her office.

"Wheee! I'm spinning!"

Cali stared in disbelief. Pink spun in her faux leather executive chair, feet kicked over the sides. Pink and silver dust covered her desk -- the desk she'd saved for over two years to buy.

"What the hell are you doing?" she squealed, making the bodyguards rush into the room, arms at the ready.

"Spinning!" Pink giggled. "Can I have a chair like this in my office?"

Cali's eyes sped down the printed words, her lips moving slightly as she tried to read each and every detail on the ironclad contract. "Yeah, I guess. Says you get an office chair in your own private office." Sighing, she dropped her head and again wondered why God had turned on her so.

"You look tense."

The voice made her jump.

Pink was now standing before her, his pink eyes concerned as he waved his bodyguards away. "You are still filled with sexual tension. Plastic, I am given to understand, is no match for the real thing."

Before she could respond, he placed his fingers at her temples and the most amazing thing happened. The tension headache she was developing decided to change course and drop low. Tension now filled her lower body, tightening her thighs and making her back tingle in the most arousing way.

"This may help," Pink murmured, his voice dropping dark and deep. Suddenly the tingling became a burn and dropped even lower to settle in her groin.

Cali moaned as her pussy tightened and spasmed. Her breath flew from her body and her nipples tightened painfully beneath the cotton and lace of her bra. Her teeth clenched as a knot formed in her clit. Wetness fell like rain, soaking her panties in an instant. She forced herself to inhale and winced at the moaning groan that accompanied the fresh air into her system, but she couldn't help it! Her whole body was tingling, burning, tightening in sensual delight.

Just as the heat between her thighs became unbearable, the tension snapped and her inner walls clenched, spasmed, and an extreme orgasm went screaming through her body. "God, yes!" she hissed, her hands reaching out to grip Pink's forearms as her knees gave way.

But instead of releasing her, Pink followed her down, his hands never losing contact with her temples as spasms wracked her body and she flopped around on the carpet in total ecstasy. Finally, after an eternity in a three-minute period, Pink released her, and she sagged bonelessly to the floor.

“Better?” he asked, reaching out to gently pat her hair back into place.

“Yes,” she sighed, unable to move. Even the tip of her nose tingled in delight. Her pussy was happy again.

“Then about my office...”

“I have just the office for you,” she breathed, deciding that even if it was drugs, she didn’t give a damn! In fact, she just might start marketing it. Fab and Cas could work out the details later.

“Whee!” Pink sang as he rose to his feet and began to do a victory dance around the office. “I get my own space! I get my own space!”

Chapter 5

"This isn't exactly what I had in mind when I said office," Pink groused, looking around the small area that was to be his.

"At least it's a walk-in." Cali smirked, getting a little payback for the underhanded way he got her to stop arguing about the contract, though she would take it up again later, after she had time to regroup and get some fresh panties.

"It's a walk-in closet." Pink pouted, looking around the empty shelves and the single pull string that operated the overhead light.

"Yes, but it's your own space. Aren't you happy? You're a beginner in the publishing world, after all," she pointed out in sinful glee. "And this way, I can keep an eye on you."

"But my brothers are going to want to visit --"

"Keep it to a minimum during office hours." She snickered, noticing the dust production had slacked off. Where the hell was it coming from?

"Okay, that may be good when it comes to my sisters. I try to keep them out of my hair because they think I was raised wrong and want to influence me toward good. Sheesh! What do Serenity and Tranquility know about good and evil? Far as I can tell, they only plague people, destroy happiness, and get their nails done every Tuesday."

"Sibling irritation," Cali snorted, thinking about her brother, who was probably screwing the secretary with plastic wrap again. "That I can understand."

"Okay." Pink grinned suddenly, turning to face his boss. "Since this is my office now, I need a desk and a computer and a potted plant!"

Rolling her eyes, Cali pointed to a small stack of used furniture she'd been meaning to toss out. "Pick a desk and get busy, Pink, if that is indeed your real name and not a statement about your sexual orientation. I have a magazine to run, and you've

taken up enough of my time!”

She would try for the magic dust a bit later. But for now she had to organize the next issue.

She ignored the bodyguards who helped move the furniture into the walk-in and tried to come up with an idea for the next feature article. Fashion was not her scene, and she already had a few interviews set up with minor bands, so entertainment was done.

She caught sight of Pink bending over and testing an odd chair that was with the cast off furniture. Nice ass, she snickered, then turned her attention back to her job.

Orgasming... organizing things shouldn't be that hard! Was it because of the pink-haired menace that was now making her stare at him as he effortlessly hefted the chair up by one leg with his dainty looking hand?

Damn. Mr. Thing was strong if he could lift a chair like that without any strain. Where did he work out? Come to think of it, his frame wasn't all that skinny. He had some very well toned muscles there.

Without even realizing it, Cali turned fully to observe the Pink Fairy with a leering grin.

Yup, he had a nice face, if you could get past that shocking pastel color. He had a healthy bulge at the groin too, she decided, wondering if it was a case of overly large balls, a jock strap and a cock ring, or if it was the real thing. Slim hips, she noted, good for sliding up between spread thighs and maneuvering himself into the hard to reach but oh, so worth the effort of getting there erogenous zones.

Cali didn't even realize she'd dropped her hand below her waist and was busily rubbing her crotch, massaging her hungry pussy through layers of denim and lace.

But she realized it soon enough when the first minor orgasm spiked.

“Damn it!” she all but bellowed, face flushed as Pink turned to look at her in curiosity, shifting his weight and making the prominent bulge in his pants stand out even more.

“Is there a problem, Chief?” he asked, innocently licking his lips with a very flexible tongue and placing his hands on his hips.

It was a stripper move she'd seen in the best of male strip clubs and porn flicks, and he did it without a trace of guile. This fool was dangerous. "Problem?" she snarled, rising to her feet. "*You* are a problem!"

"Me?" Pink asked, eyes widening in amazement. His boss looked ready to spit fire and brimstone. "What did I do?"

"You're kind of sexy!"

"Huh?" His eyebrows wrinkled, and he stared at Cali in shock.

"You, with your sexy ass and... and... and... and your erotic tongue gestures... and... and that package, that lurid package that should be hidden away so decent folks can get some work done!"

"Package?" He was confused for a moment, then realized she was speaking in human slang. Package meant... Wow! He bent over, staring at his crotch. "Aren't human males thirteen inches, too?"

"Thirteen..." Cali drooled. "Get back, tempter!" she snapped, shaking her head to knock out the pleasantly dirty thoughts that had filled her head.

"Back?"

"Get back in your closet, Pink! Get your ass back in that closet and don't come out until I say you can!"

"But I wanted to look for a plant!" Pink argued.

"Get your pink ass back in the closet this minute, or I will make you cover... I'll make you cover... dirty jobs that you need hazard pay to do! Like sewage inspector!"

"No!" Pink shouted, all the color blanching from his face.

"Yes!" Cali crowed in glee, glad to have the upper hand and the power once more. "Dirty stinking underground grime and sludge with rats for interviewees and some beer-gutted loser named Bubba for a guide!"

"No!" Pink wailed. "My hair! My shoes! My clothes! My wings!"

"Back in the closet, you... you tempter!"

Turning, Pink fled, slamming the accordion door for good measure.

Cali settled back in her desk, once again mistress of all she surveyed, until a tiny

voice called out. "How do I get the door open, Chief?"

Cali rolled her eyes. "I'll open it."

"Um... Can I come out now? Can I come out of the closet now?"

"When the time is right." Cali laughed to herself. "And the time would be right just about quitting time."

Chapter 6

Dear Pink,

This is hard for me to write, but it's even harder for me to find a date. Okay, I just want to get laid! It's been so long!

I mean, in a day and age where tattoos and body piercing are the norm, why can't a girl with a blue tongue get laid?

Where is an attractive blue-tongued woman, who can tie a double hinge knot in a cherry stem I might add, supposed to go and catch a date with a man of similar interests? I am a sun baby. I love rock climbing, spelunking, and getting in touch with nature. I want companionship... and sex, dammit, but who wants to be with a blue-tongued woman? Please help! It's been so long I forgot what cock looks like! The local adult toy shop sends me get-well cards when I don't purchase my weekly dildo! Help me, Pink! You're my only hope!

Sincerely,

Were-skink with orgasmic issues

My lovely blue-tongued Were-Skink with Orgasmic Issues,

Whoever said falling in love, or into bed with a great lover, was an easy thing to do... lied. But you can't get discouraged.

True, you have a blue tongue, and that is a turn-on for a lot of guys, especially in this age of tattoos and piercing. Not to mention that knot thing you do. I've tried it, and all I can get is a quarter-half hitch! You just have to go where your type of fellow will appreciate your attributes, including the love of nature, the sun worshipping, and a versatile blue tongue with skills.

That, and be honest about what you are feeling and what you want.

You are not the only were-skink out there! Confidence, my little skink! I have seen sloths get dates, and we all know how slow they are to make commitments.

So shore up your confidence, go where the male skinks are, and let your attitude, not your blue tongue, speak for you!

Good Hunting! And let me know how you make out!

Luv,

Pink, Your Little Fairy of Lust

"And this baby-back bullshit sells?" Cali stared at the magazine in fascinated horror, her eyes reading numbers that couldn't possibly be true. "Magazine sales have gone through the roof since you sneaked Pink's little column into my magazine." She looked up at her brother, disbelief plain in her eyes.

"Take a look at his fan mail." Grinning, Able pointed to a small cardboard box overflowing with letters. "Pink is hot."

"Pink is certifiable!" Cali retorted.

Suddenly, *Urban Beat* had gone from a fringe mag to a popular magazine with clients clamoring for advertising space. Calita was being asked to speak at Black Businessmen's luncheons about using extreme methods to gain readership and success.

And it was all because her brother put a few of Pink's columns in for filler. *Ask Pink* was becoming all the rage.

Cali wasn't sure if she liked it or not.

"And worth his weight in gold." Able's brown eyes bored into his twin's. "We would have done this eventually, Cali. We run an awesome magazine with wonderful layouts, and we're in touch with the common reader. But Pink... Pink adds a bit of -- if you'll excuse me for saying so -- color to our magazine. He's like a breath of fresh air, and he comes across as so guileless but experienced, if you know what I mean. And some of the characters he gets... Look at this one!"

Able ruffled through a small pile of letters on his desk until he found the appropriate one. Then he handed the purple parchment over to his sister.

Rolling her eyes, Cali sighed and plucked the paper from her brother's hand.

My dearest Little Lust Fairy Pink,

How can I ever thank you! I took your advice and stopped with the moss green highlights, used that conditioner you recommended, got my moustache waxed, plucked that unibrow and pulled myself out of my downward spiral of poor me, and I sat under that damn tree.

Sure enough, My Gavin found me! Funny thing is that he has been seeing me pass this tree for weeks, and decided to wait for me to make up my mind to sit there before he made his move.

And I wasn't embarrassed about who and what I am!

Thank you, Pink! You helped change my life!

And you were right! The prosthetic breasts look and feel like the real thing! And the slimmer you recommended came with built in penis hiding panels. Gavin likes to play Whose Package Is Bigger, but I'm waiting to show him until the fifth date.

The Formerly Lonely Transgendered Were-Sloth,

Marteeka

"And this means what?" She arched her eyebrow, awaiting her answer.

"It means, sister dear, that we have a gold mine all dressed in pink sitting in your closet!"

"So you want me to..."

"To give the kid a break, Cali!"

"Give him a *break*?" Cali glared at her brother before walking over to his office door. "Give him a *break*, Able?"

She swung the door open to let in the sounds of riotous sex happening all over the apartment.

"God, Fab! Your ass is so tight!"

"Shut the fuck up, Cas!" the breathy voice of their magazine layout designer growled. "Use your mouth! Oh, baby, more tongue! Mmm... take it deeper! Deeper, lover! God, I love fucking your mouth! Oh, shit! I'm gonna... Aughhhhh!"

Cali slammed the door closed and glared at her brother.

"So... He was a bit excited about the were-sloth, Cali. Give the kid a break."

"Give the kid a break, Able? He is probably sprinkling around some pink PCP and getting everyone to fuck, and you think I should give him a break? Have you lost what little bit of cotton-picking mind you haven't screwed out?"

Able rolled his eyes at his twin's stubbornness.

"And he claims to be a fairy, Able! A friggin' lust fairy!"

"Urban Sprite, and have you given any thought to the notion that he just may be the real thing?"

"I don't believe in fairies, Able. My mind don't work that way."

"Maybe you should open up that little straight-laced brain of yours, Calita, and see what's right in front of your eyes. It's high time you saw Pink for what he really is."

"A lust fairy." Sarcasm rolled off Cali's words as she turned to glare at her brother.

"No, as a gift, sister mine. As an answer to some of your prayers. As a valuable member of this magazine's team. As the magic that seems to be missing from your life."

"Whatever." Cali opened the door to see Casmir's muscular frame walk into the bathroom, a smile on his face, swiping his hand across his mouth as a giggling Fab trailed behind, fixing his pants and stroking his lover's back.

"I can't believe you swallowed the whole thing," Fab gushed, making Cali roll her eyes again.

"He may be magic, Able, but I stopped believing in magic a long time ago." The door closed on her final pronouncement, and she made her way back to her desk.

There was no such thing as magic, and happiness didn't come from fairies or sprites and magical lust dust. Happiness came after hard work and dedication, and the knowledge that you've taken care of all your responsibilities. Happiness came from doing for others.

There were no such things as fairies. This lust dust was probably an illegal contraband. The joy and pleasure filling her office was an illusion.

And when the bubble popped, it would be up to her, as usual, to see to their happiness by picking up the pieces of their shattered dreams.

Chapter 7

“Chief?”

The quiet voice broke Calita’s concentration. She looked up at the closet framed by the two oddly colored bodyguards, Lavender and Silver. The door was open, and Cali could just make out the pink-clad back of her columnist, the Little Fairy of Lust.

“Chief?” the quiet voice called again. “Is it time? Can I come out of the closet?”

“No.” Cali tossed a pen on the ink blotter. “You just stay in there and make nice with your little were friends who write with their problems.”

“But... I think I need to be out of the closet,” Pink insisted, sitting up fully and giving Cali a glimpse of today’s outfit.

Pink wore a tight pink leather vest, sleeveless, zippered up the front, and high enough to expose his pierced belly button.

He rose to his feet. He was wearing another skirt today. This one was long and full and seemed to be made of lace and leather strips. A pair of pale pink leggings encased his long, muscular legs and ended at his trim ankles high enough to expose several pink and white pearl anklets that jingled when he moved. As usual, his feet were bare, toes painted the most delicate shell pink Cali had ever seen.

She looked up into his face, noting that his hair was a wild mass of waves today, with several leather strings entangled in the pink mass. His wings were free -- she still didn’t know how he managed that connection to his back, but she had several mechanical specialists and theatrical artists looking into it.

He nibbled on his bottom lip, his pink eyes looking a bit concerned.

This caused Cali to sit up, as she’d never seen that expression on his face before. If the pink ball of fluff was concerned... “Why exactly do you want out, Pink?”

“Well, I can feel my father approaching. I haven’t seen him since I left home and

I think he's a bit... concerned."

"You running away from home, Pink?" Or a mental ward, she silently added. Then ceased all thought as the man started to look downright frightened.

"He's in the building," he said, his voice growing small and timid, his earlier self-confidence vanishing like so much smoke.

Immediately, Calita thought of all the screwed up kids out there, on the run from overbearing abusive parents. She didn't know why, but it was a gift for her to always jump to the worst-case scenario, and from what she knew about Pink, she might have good reason to think that.

He obviously came from money, with his cultured voice and his expensive, albeit weird, choices in clothing. He came equipped with two bodyguards, and he had expensive taste in jewelry. Not to mention easy access to drugs, if he was really getting her staff addicted to that lust dust crap.

Maybe, just maybe, Pink needed protecting.

She looked over at the pair of pastel bodyguards and noted that they, too, had stiffened up, as if ready to repel an attack of some kind.

Calita's eyes narrowed. Oh, no, that man wouldn't come up here to her offices and start some crap! Pink may be a weirded out pothead or something, but he was a weirded out pothead employed by her! She had a contract that stated she owned his pink ass for the duration, and no one was going to abuse her property!

"What does your father want?" Calita gritted out the words between clenched teeth.

"He wants to take me home with him, Chief," came the soft-spoken words. "But I really don't want to go!"

Pink was looking more distressed as he began to wring his hands, his eyes widening. Cali smiled her barracuda smile and crossed her arms defiantly. "If you don't want to go, he can't make you. I'll see to that."

His bodyguards looked oddly at each other, then turned to stare at her.

Pink let out a small, tremulous smile before taking his seat once more. "You'll

protect me?" Pink asked, eyes growing liquid in wonder. "You, Chief?"

But before Cali could respond, the door swung open and a tall, imposing figure made his way into the room. The man was huge, at least seven feet of pure muscle, draped in the whitest leather Cali had ever seen. His platinum blond hair fell in pale waves across his back and down past his ass. His skin was deeply tanned, his eyes a silver so light they almost appeared to be mother of pearl.

His lips were full and pouty, softening the sharp planes of his face, and would have been perfect if it weren't for the scowl. He was almost too pretty to be male... almost. Cali decided Pink only had a few of his father's features because her columnist could never in a hundred years reach the level of machismo this man radiated without even trying.

"Pink." His booming voice filled the office. "Don't you think it's time you came home?"

"And you are...?" Calita interrupted his tirade before it even began. "Because you had sure as hell be someone important if your pale ass is going to barge into my office and start some shit with my employees."

Those pale eyes swung in her direction, then narrowed in anger.

Cali matched his angry look and added annoyance and disdain to boot.

"Young lady, I'll have you know..."

"Old man," Cali interrupted again. "I'll have you know that I am the owner of this fine business, whose day you are halting with your loud speech and your attitude. If you have something to say to my columnist, then make it quick and get the hell out! You're taking up my valuable time with your --" She looked him up and down, her nose wrinkling in distaste. "-- trite nonsense."

She glanced over at Pink. He'd paled to a color somewhat resembling his father's hair.

"Oh, my! Oh, my! Ohmy oh, my ohmyohmy," he babbled, his eyes wide in shock.

"Look at what you did!" the man bellowed, pointing to the stuttering Pink.

"You're scaring my son! He's too delicate for this type of outburst!" He completely ignored the fact that he himself was yelling his silver head off.

"If anyone is scaring him --" Cali jumped to her feet and stalked around her desk, facing the man head to chest -- he was too damn tall! "-- it's you! Who do you think you are, barging in here and disrupting his life?"

"I am someone you will live to regret defying!" the man snarled. "I am Love!"

"Love?" Cali snorted, rolling her eyes. "Pull the other one." Wasn't love supposed to be a girl?

"I am Love!" he fairly screamed, his face mottling with bright red patches. Cali remained unimpressed. "I am the total embodiment of love!"

She rolled her eyes at his dramatic delivery. "And I am your mother's uncle's fifth cousin twice removed's neighbor! And you know what that makes me?"

"The May-Fair Fairy?" the man asked, a confused look on his face. "On my mother's side?"

"No!" she snapped. "It makes us absolutely nothing, buster! Which is about how much I give a shit about who you say you are and claim to be!"

The confused look on the man's face turned into one of shock, and then anger as he glared daggers at the small woman who openly stood against him. "You will live to regret this, female!" he intoned. "I curse you! You will never know love!"

"Then you need to divorce yourself from my presence, drama queen!" Cali growled. "As for this love shit, I ain't never known it, never had it, and I certainly won't miss it if it makes me act like you! The way I see it, you are a pitiful bully trying to order your son around and making yourself out to be an ass in the process. And you're supposed to be love? Love! Ha! I suggest you come up with a threat that's going to actually scare me before you try to threaten me, Love, if that is your real name. Now... goodbye!"

"What?" The man stared at her as if she were a nut job to turn down love.

"Goodbye!" Cali snapped again, then turned her attention to the shocked bodyguards, who were staring at her as if she'd grown another head.

"Well? Go do your job! Guard the body of my pink fairy by getting that pale ass out of my office!"

"You... You..." Love stuttered as the two bodyguards shrugged and jumped to action, escorting the confused Fae of Love out of the office.

"And your wings look small to me. Small and limp!" Cali shot as Love was escorted from her office. "Your son's are bigger!"

The door slammed on any reply he could have offered. Cali turned to her pink-haired columnist and grinned. "That takes care of that! Now, go answer letters. I have a magazine to run."

But Pink stood there horrified, tears filling his eyes. "Chief! I am so sorry!" he began as the silvery tears tracked down his face. "What you have given up for me..."

"I gathered that the wing bit was like saying he had a small dick." Cali chuckled, then stopped at the horrified look on Pink's face. "Hey, it's okay, Pink," she soothed. "It's not like he can do anything to me."

"He can take away any hope of you ever falling in love, Chief," he sobbed, wringing his hands. "He probably will, but I will make it up to you!" A pale light seemed to suffuse his body, giving him a pinkish white aura. Cali looked around for the sight effect he was using, but his words interrupted her search. "I swear as soon as the right man comes along, he will fall in lust so hard that he will never leave your side. It's not love, but it damn sure is a whole lot less fickle."

"Whatever." Cali turned back to her work. "Just get my columns finished. We have a deadline, you know."

"Yes, Chief," Pink declared, the aura fading as he took his seat. "For what you did... for everything you sacrificed... I'll do anything."

Chapter 8

"She gave up so much for me," a subdued Pink sighed as he walked home with his two bodyguards trailing behind. "Why would she give up a chance at love, Lav?"

"Maybe she thinks you're worth it?" Lavender asked, kind of depressed because Pink hadn't achieved his normal buoyancy, and kind of happy because he didn't have to expend energy trying to wash away any unexpected incidents of lust.

"But... but she hardly knows me. Though sacrifice seems to be part of her make-up."

"What do you know, Pink?" Silver asked, moving up to get a good look at his young charge's face.

"Well, I know it's been a while since she's had sex. And I know there isn't any male presence or essence around her to show that a man is interested. There isn't even a female interest, Sil. She's just so isolated. The only people ever around her are her brother and her employees. It's lonely; she's lonely."

"So... find her a man." Silver winced as Lav slapped him across the back of his neck. "Ouch! What, woman? What did I say?"

"No matchmaking!" Lav reminded him, but it was already too late.

A manic smile spread across Pink's face. "Find Calita a man! Perfect! Who do we know who's single?" he asked, delight filling his whole form as a light coating of pink dust seemed to explode from his body. Which in turn caused a bunch of squirrels to leap on a passing cat and try to make a beast with several humps.

Pink ignored the squealing of the startled cat as he mentally went over his checklist of eligible men. "Donald Trump... But he's too far away and far too busy. Besides, he's just as stubborn as the Chief. And he seems to be addicted to marriage and money. A man like that sends all of his male sex drive into getting ahead... and not

getting head!"

More dust was spread and Silver was frantically trying to bring up a wind of some kind while Lav chased after a pair of mice who were eyeing a dog up hungrily.

"Do you think race would be an issue?" Pink wondered, chewing on his bottom lip as he cocked his head to the side. "I mean, really different cultures? I hear Jet Li is single. No... he's too busy making movies to spend time with her. But he looks damn good doing splits."

Silver and Lavender both paused and nodded in agreement before continuing their chase of the wayward animals.

Pink skipped along, crossing a busy intersection, making both Silver and Lavender abandon their animal control efforts to chase after the happily dusting fairy.

"Calm down!" Lavender screamed, tossing up a windstorm to blow the dust away from the crowd of people rushing along Charles Street. Unfortunately, the wind blew the dust right back at the bodyguards.

"Sorry," Pink giggled, concentrating on pulling his dust back into himself. But he was so excited, and this was going to be so much fun! "Lav, Sil, what say we eat out tonight?"

He turned, only to find Silver slamming Lav against a building, ripping her short skirt from her body and preparing to give "eat out" a whole new meaning.

"Oh, I see." Pink sighed. "You guys need to control this thing. It's getting out of hand! And you say *I* need discipline!" He threw up a barrier to hide himself and his cohorts from view. Turning his back on them, he took a seat on a nearby mailbox, waiting for the scene to end so he could get back home and make some plans. "I wonder if... No! I've got it! I'll invite my brothers. Maybe they can help me out."

Grinning, Pink closed his eyes and began to mentally prepare a letter inviting his brothers to the big city. Ignoring the erotic sounds going on behind him, he tried to picture his boss in the promised haze of lust.

Funny -- the thought of her being intimately entwined with anyone dimmed his happiness. Why was that?

Shaking his head, he decided it was because she'd sacrificed so much for him. His father was one to keep his word, and Pink knew Cali would suffer for it. That was it. He was feeling guilty about what had happened.

Cali was so beautiful. With her tantalizing beauty and her fiery temperament, she was a delight to his Fae senses. And her body... Her breasts were firm and high. He grinned as he recalled how hard they had gotten the day he relieved her tension in her office. The hardened nubs definitely looked suckable. Her hips were broad and rounded, just the thing to grip as she rode a man's face for her pleasure. And then there was that ass.

Cali bent over in an animal position had to be the stuff of fantasies! Her cheeks were plump, tempting handfuls that anyone would love slamming his hips into as she was taken from behind. How a man's balls would slap against that perfection, cushioning the force of his thrusts... watching as that flesh rippled with each movement...

Pink ignored the pang in his chest and the erection growing between his legs as he decided to find the perfect man for his chief.

Funny, it was taking him longer than usual to come up with a match. And he could follow through with this as long as he ignored the pang in his heart.

Chapter 9

Peace was outraged.

How dare that human female treat her beloved like that?

Of course, she wasn't really speaking to the overgrown lout, but still, he was a member of the ruling Fae council. He was Love! He should be treated with the utmost respect.

And as the wife of Love, no matter how rocky their relationship, her respect came directly from her mate. And Peace demanded respect. Because she was the wife of Love and because of all the great things she had accomplished over the years. She was Peace. Everyone wanted Peace. People killed for Peace, died for Peace, schemed and plotted for Peace!

Though there were always her bad patches, like World War I, and World War II, and the Korean War, and The War Between the States, and the Crusades... But anyone could have an off year or two.

Fuming, she stormed into the apartment that housed the offices where her husband's illegitimate son resided at the moment. The first thing she saw was a cute pair of men snuggling around a drafting table.

"Of course you get to bend me over this table and fuck the living daylights out of me," the one with short hair purred. "I love playing these little games with you, Cas."

"Of course you do," Cas purred, leaning over his lover, surrounding him with his well-muscled flesh. "You always win."

The larger of the two, apparently Cas, leaned in to press a kiss to his smaller lover.

Peace decided to make her move. "Excuse me," she snapped, rolling her eyes at the display the two were putting on. "I obviously have the right place -- people delving

into disgusting displays of carnal passion. Now I need to find the woman who is employing the waste of sperm my husband sought to infect onto the world with his dalliances."

"Um, and you are?" Cas asked, stepping back from his lover.

"Besides bitter and cold?" Fab added, glaring at the woman.

"I am Peace!" Peace snapped, narrowing her eyes even more at the duo.

"You mean you need a piece," Cas snickered to Fab.

The tall golden-haired woman gasped indignantly at their open guffaws and stomped her foot in anger. "I am Peace, and I will not be treated in this shameful manner!"

"Peace, huh?" Fab snickered. "Then where were you yesterday when that blowhard was escorted out of here? He could have used a little peace in his life, especially after the boss showed him what for."

"This boss..." Peace fumed. "Bring her to me!"

Fab turned back to his table and the well-muscled arms of his lover. "You were saying something about bending me over this table and fucking my brains out?" he purred, completely ignoring the golden-haired female who looked so hot one could conceivably fry eggs on her forehead.

"I will not be ignored!" Peace shrieked, losing the last of her composure. "I will make you all suffer! You will never know pea... Omph!"

"Who the hell is yelling in my office?" Cali stormed into the offices, racing toward the sound of screaming. She ran straight into a red-faced screaming blonde, halting her words at their impact.

"You!" the woman stuttered. "You watch where you step, peasant! You are in the presence of royalty!"

Cali tugged her shirt down. She rolled up her sleeves, regarding the woman with a jaundiced eye. "Royal pain in the ass?" Cali asked, turning away from the irate blonde and looking at her art director.

"Of the most royal kind." Fab rolled his eyes and reached for Cas, disappearing

into the kitchen area with his boyfriend in tow.

"Hey!" Cali called out, eyes narrowing in agitation. "Don't block the coffee pot! I need my morning fix!" All she got was giggles in response. Sighing dejectedly, she turned to face the fuming blonde.

"Do you know who I am?"

There was enough venom in that voice to take out a moose, but Cali did her deep breathing exercises to prevent herself from crushing the woman's trachea. "Well," Cali stated calmly. "Since you haven't introduced yourself properly as good manners dictate, I will have to guess."

Cali ignored the sputtering and continued as if the woman were not standing in her offices about to have a nuclear meltdown. "Let me see... No! Don't help me!" She held up a hand to halt anything the woman had to say as she examined the irate creature from the floor up. "Extremely long hair in a true gold color, silvery pale eyes with a hint of green, dressed like something out of a period novel, small wings... You must be related to Pink. Joy," she deadpanned. "Now tell me what you want and get out. I have a business to run."

"Of all the... You have some nerve you... you... you..."

"Stepmother."

The quiet voice caused both women to turn, just in time to see Pink enter the apartment, flanked by his two bodyguards.

"Oh," Cali snickered. "An evil stepmother, just like in Cinderella!" She clapped her hands twice, her sarcastic actions making it clear how she felt about the whole situation. "And look, the little cinder boy is cuter than his stepmom, so I guess some things in the fairy realm never change, huh, Pink? Do you instantly become uglier when you gain a step-child?"

"Ugly!" the woman screamed. "Ugly? Me?"

"From where I'm standing --" Cali rolled her eyes again at the drama, "-- I would say yup. I mean, look at Pink. He glows!"

And at this moment, he was glowing a bright pink that complemented his pink

leather body suit. The color of the leather bordered on deep rose with hints of blood red and covered him from neck to ankle, lovingly caressing his body. Today, his wings were exposed through strategically placed slits in the back of the sleeveless leather garment. Running up his arms were a pair of iridescent fingerless leather arm warmers. They matched the leather pattern of dragons that adorned the front of the body suit. Again, he was barefoot, and his hair flowed free and wild around his shoulders, looking very much alive and electric.

Next to the pale woman in the blue overdress and full skirt, he really did glow.

"Thank you, Chief." Pink grinned, his heart beating faster as his brain registered the fact that Cali thought he was cute. "I dressed down today."

"Um, I can see that." Cali turned to stare longingly at the kitchen door. There was nothing but silence from that front, and that could mean almost anything. And she wanted her coffee, dammit!

Pink giggled, a burst of dust exploding from somewhere around his body and filling the air with silvery-pink glitter. His rapidly flapping wings sent the cloud directly into the kitchen behind him, where it was met with an outpouring of glee from the two hiding out there.

"Control yourself, Pink!" the lady in blue hissed. "Your lack of control is just another reason your father wants you to come back home, where my daughters can see to you properly. Your mother obviously is a horrid influence, and I must correct you, lest you become even more of an embarrassment to your father."

The glow of happiness that surrounded Pink fizzled and died, and quicker than it took to blink, Pink had turned into a shy, broken creature.

"Oh, yeah," Cali growled, not liking how this was going. "I can see you are related to the big silver blowhard."

"Silver... You!" Peace growled. "You are the one who disgraced Love!"

"Love disgraced himself." Cali stepped closer to the woman. "He barged into my office like he owned the place and tried to order my employee around!"

"It's his son!"

"He's my columnist! Besides, what kind of a loving father barges into a grown child's place of business and causes a scene... much like the one you're creating now!"

"He is Love! Love can do whatever he pleases..."

"And all love has brought me is one huge headache, and apparently that's all he's good for!"

"How dare you!" Peace took a step forward and faced off with the shorter Cali, but Cali refused to be intimidated.

"I dare because it has to be said. Did you get a good look at the man before you used your words to slice him to shreds? He was happy! Isn't that what any parent wants for their child?"

"No! We want obedience!"

"Then you are one seriously fucked up notion of what makes a mother!"

"You... You... I am Peace!"

"Pleased to meet you, for the first time," Cali sniffed. "Is that Peace with a p-i-e-c-e or p-e-a-c-e, cause, hon, there ain't nothing peaceful about you!"

Peace squeaked. Her eyes widened, and her mouth dropped open.

"It has to be Piece at least once or twice because Pink said he has sisters. Was Love that rotten in the sack? Did you close your eyes and dream of flowers? Is that why you're coming off as such a cold bitch, not getting any piece from Love?"

"You will never know peace!" Peace bellowed, recovering from the unexpected verbal onslaught. How dare that woman cast aspersions on her marriage? She knew nothing of them! "Peace will elude you for all your days!"

"Like you made my day *soo* peaceful by being here?" Cali made her move toward the kitchen.

She would have to risk toxic Cas and Fab sex to get her coffee, but she needed a hit right now. "Like I've ever known peace? What in my life has been peaceful? Peace," she sneered. "Wouldn't know what to do with ya. Never had it, never wanted it, don't need it now!"

She pointed to the two stunned bodyguards. "What? You need an engraved

invitation? Get Miss Peaceful's ass out of here! I need my coffee, and I need to start my day!" When they stood there in awe, she snapped her fingers twice. "Chop-chop! I don't have all day!"

Then she turned to Pink. "Get your ass back in the closet! You have deadlines, and I don't want to have to hold up production for your pink ass."

She took a deep breath and headed toward the kitchen. "I'm going in! If you don't hear from me, send a search party to the coffee shop on the corner for enough java to revive me! The horror of the Cas and Fab show..." She shook her head and kicked the swinging kitchen doors open.

As Lav and Sil escorted a stuttering Peace toward the door, Cali wailed, "Fab? You take Cas out of you and move your depraved asses over! You're blocking the coffee machine! And you're going to replace that container of cherry cream cheese too! That's probably the only fucking cherry thing around here, and I wanted it on my bagels! Fucking take some lube with you next time!"

By the time she emerged from the kitchen, Peace was nowhere to be seen, Pink was back in his closet diligently working away, and Cas and Fab were picking up where they'd left off.

Just another normal day in the office since Pink blew into town.

Chapter 10

It had been at least three weeks since the last familial visit, and Cali was starting to get a bit nervous. She found herself looking over her shoulders, watching the doors, and peering into hallways before she walked through.

It was irritating!

Pink was still pink as ever, sporting an assortment of oddly colored clothing and his wings on display, but now he kept peeking out of his closet. Sometimes she could feel his beady little pink eyes staring at her. It was enough to make her skin crawl -- with what, she had no idea, but his gaze certainly had an effect on her.

She felt something brewing inside her that made her anxious and jumpy. She hadn't felt this way since she first got her cherry popped, and she still didn't know if it was a good thing or a bad thing.

Now she sat at her desk and eyed the closed closet door. She knew he was in there, watching her. She didn't know how she knew, but oh, she knew. And it was driving her mad!

"What, Pink?" she finally called out, slouching down in her seat, a pout on her lips. "What do you want now?"

"Um, can I come out of the closet?"

"Not before your time," Cali grouched. "Now why are you staring at me?"

The door slung open and a pair of surprised magenta eyes met hers. "You could feel that?"

"Yes," Cali snapped, sitting up in her chair. "Along with a butt-full of annoyance, Pink. What do you want?"

"Um, I was just wondering what kind of man you liked, that is all."

"What kind of... Pink, what are you playing at?"

Pink walked to the closet door, resplendent in today's outfit of deep pink drawstring pants and oversized ice pink belly blouse. The sleeves on the shirt covered all but the tips of his fingers, and it hung off one shoulder.

"No games. I just noticed you feeling a bit... um, restless?"

"Define restless," Cali said. "And it had better not have anything to do with that dust you keep sending out. You're not having withdrawal symptoms, are you?"

"Um, restlessness as in a decided lack of peace."

"Piece or Peace?"

"Both," Pink snorted, looking down to hide the amusement on his face.

"Hmph." Cali had no real answer for that, so she settled on a glare.

"So I was wondering... What kind of man do you like? Just making idle conversation, really," he quickly added. "Easing some curiosity and all that..."

"Well." Cali stood and walked to the closet, each step measured as if she contemplated every move. "For starters, I want a tall man. Someone I can wear six-inch heels with and still feel feminine."

Pink looked down at his boss from his elevated height and swallowed hard.

"And I want a man with muscles. Not bulging out all over like Cas -- too high maintenance -- but someone with muscles in all the right places."

Numbly, Pink swallowed as Cali reached out and ran one finger over the exposed sliver of skin at his waist. "And I want a man with a huge... wing span, Pink, if you get my meaning."

Pink's wings fluttered, and a blush filled his cheeks. "Yeah, I understand."

"And most of all..."

"Yes?" he breathed, his eyes wide, his chest thumping in a way it had never done before. Suddenly a pool of heat settled in his lower stomach, and he didn't know what to make of it all.

"Most of all --" Cali rose up on her tiptoes, her questing fingers forming a fist in his waistband as she leaned close to his ear. "Most of all... He will not be wearing pink!"

Pink deflated with a thump. "Oh." Why did her words hurt so damn much? "What's wrong with pink?" he asked, as Cali stepped back and crossed her arms over her chest.

"Well, for one, it's a color usually associated with little girls."

"But it's a nice color," Pink defended.

"And it's girly! It makes me think about unicorns and rainbows and all the things that make little girls think they have to be soft and weak."

"A color has that much power?" Pink asked, amazed.

"It's people's perception of the color that counts."

"So we should let other people's perceptions make the major decisions in our lives?"

Cali froze at that, suddenly at a loss as to what to say.

"If that is true, then humans really are silly creatures who need someone to guide them. I prefer to make my own decisions based on what and how I feel, Chief, based on what makes me feel good in here." He tapped his rather well muscled chest and grinned at Cali, who frowned at him. "After all, I have to live with my decisions. Those other people and their perceptions don't mean much in the long run."

"Oh... Oh, get back in your closet and stop making sense," Cali growled and slammed the closet door.

"Yes, Chief," Pink happily called through the door as Cali stomped back to her desk.

"Why does the insane one start to make sense at this late date?" she grouched, then rubbed a spot precisely above where her heart was.

He did have a nice body, though, she conceded, then slouched in her chair once more, curling her nose at the anxious feeling that just wouldn't go away.

* * *

Later in the day, disaster struck.

First, the copier exploded for no good reason. No one was around it and no one had even touched the blasted thing, but there was an explosion that sounded

suspiciously like halogen bulbs cracking and the smell of acrid smoke.

While the others ran to see what had created that awful noise, Pink sat up at his desk and began to smile.

"Dammit!" Cali hissed, storming back into the office, eyes spitting fire as she looked for someone to abuse. "I just got that damn copier serviced!"

Spotting no one to yell at in the immediate area besides Pink -- and abusing him would be like kicking puppies or kittens -- she instead looked for the service number for the copier company.

But the smile on Pink's face caught her attention. "Just what the hell are you smiling about?"

"Entropy is coming." His grin widened as Cali got a confused look on her face.

"Pink, entropy is a part of my daily life." She slammed her body into her chair and punched her fingers down on the phone buttons. "We are intimately acquainted."

"I doubt that, but would you like to be?" he asked, a hopeful look on his face.

"What?" Cali's words were cut off as a recorded message began to play. The service company's computer was down, and they were urging people to call back at a later date. "If that don't beat all." Cali turned to Pink. "Who would want to fuck entropy, Pink? That would be asking for it!"

"I understand he's good in the sexual department, wild energy and all..." Pink mused, a frown on his face as if the idea was distasteful, but then he forced that expression away and smiled. "And he is coming today," he added, looking hopefully at Cali.

"Whatever." She slammed the phone down, only to have the handset fall apart in her hands. "What the hell?" Cali sank back into her chair, defeat written all over her face.

"Well, I kind of asked Entropy to come over and give a report to my mother. He wanted to visit, and I knew having him here would not be entirely a bad thing."

"And your mother?" Cali asked, not believing that she was actually pursuing this line of questioning. "Having her here would be a bad thing?"

"Maybe." Pink tilted his head to the side as if in deep thought. "Mother has definite ideas about some things, but she is not as... compared to Father and Stepmother, she is not as..."

"Pompous? Egotistical? Maniacal? Ass-holish?"

"Regal," Pink answered, rolling his eyes at his boss. "Mother is not as regal as Father's side and his people. Mother is Jealousy, so she can read people easily and is not one to sit in judgment."

"Sounds like... Eek!"

Cali leaned back as she was speaking, and the back of her chair suddenly gave way, toppling her backwards and landing her on her head with her legs straight up in the air, the skirt to her power suit fluttering gently over her face, leaving her ass exposed for the world to see.

"Oh! You like thongs, too?" Pink clapped his hands and bounced twice after he raced out of his closet to offer assistance to his boss. "You have an ass for it, Chief! You need to have a particular type of ass to make a thong work -- full plump cheeks and a strong supporting musculature to hold the weight. Kind of like mine! Wanna see?"

As Cali struggled to right herself, she pulled her skirt off her face and rolled to her knees, just in time to see Pink drop trou and bend over, showing one of the palest, fullest, most muscular asses she had seen in a long time.

The sight left her speechless. Pink wiggled his ass and grinned at her from between his legs, his long hair dragging the floor. It was a stripper's delight... and it had been so very long since Cali had seen any decent male flesh up close and personal... She drooled.

"See how the thong itself enhances what's already there?" He reached one hand around his back and gave one of those firm globes a whack, leaving a distinct pink handprint on his pale flesh.

"I... uh... you were hiding a lot under those, uh hum, clothing... dress things." Cali stuttered, eyes wide as she watched his ass jiggle. She clenched her thighs and felt a low ache in the pit of her stomach. She was drooling below as well.

Before she could pull herself together, her door slammed open and Fab entered, escorting a young man with long flowing black hair and devilish green eyes.

"This guy said he had an appoint... Oh, dear." Fab's words ran out as he took in the scene before him, Pink bent over, ass bare to the world, his naughty bits barely contained within the confines of a tiny pink thong. And there was Calita, sitting on her butt on the floor, staring wide-eyed as she apparently enjoyed a free show. "And you keep him in the closet," Fab hissed. "If you get free shows and entertainment during lunch, we all should get the same treatment!"

His words snapped Cali out of her stupor and she blinked rapidly. Thoughts of her tossing Pink over a desk and feasting on his pale ass as she spanked him drifted away. She must be hanging around Fab and Cas too much, she decided as she struggled to find her vocal cords. "You get to fuck your boyfriend in front of my coffee pot, Fab! What more entertainment do you want? Maybe we should pipe in a soundtrack for your enjoyment? How about a nice assortment of sexual devices in a closet dungeon of your very own?" Sarcasm poured off her as she narrowed her eyes at her art director. "Or maybe just a leather bondage sling in the hall bathroom?"

"Sling would be nice," Fab mused, looking up as if contemplating a mental list. "But we already have the sex toys and the dungeon. You know those huge hooks in our den..."

"You said they were for hanging plants," Cali grumbled, rising to her feet.

"Hanging plants, hanging pants, hanging upside down in suspension boots..."

"Fab!" Cali wailed, but was drowned out by the sound of another squeal.

"Entropy!" Pink exclaimed, ignoring the pants around his ankles and waddling across the room to his brother. "You made it!"

Cali turned to attempt to right what was left of her chair. She could hear Fab chuckling as he retreated, and Pink clapped his hands in delight.

"My office is over here," he told his big brother.

Cali positioned the usable half of her chair correctly and plopped down on it, using as much time as she could to mask her embarrassment.

"It's a closet," a deep rumbling voice responded.

"Cali won't let me out of the closet yet," Pink sighed. "So I stay here, wishing I was out like everybody else."

At that, Cali jerked her head up, eyes narrowed as she glared at her pastel employee. "I'll let you out when you've earned it, Pink, and not a second before. And furthermore..." She slapped her palm across her eyes. "Furthermore, pull up your pants, man!"

Pink's pants were still around his ankles, but now he faced Cali. A long, thin trail of soft pink hair started just below his navel and feathered into the front placket of the hot pink thong that barely held the sizable package that bounced with his every move.

Cali held in a whimper and closed her eyes tight. Who knew his wingspan would be that telling?

"But it's just my brother." Pink reached down to pull his pants up, carefully tucking his bulge in before zipping the leather up tight, barely containing the monster in his pants.

Shaking her head, Cali turned to face the brother. "Hey, what's up, man?" she asked, a grin spreading across her face.

"Nothing too much," he replied, walking toward Pink's tiny closet office. "Just hanging, you know?"

"I hear ya." Cali slouched in her chair. Then she shook off her lethargy and picked up a pen. "Catch ya later." She had work to do, orders to fulfill, an office supply company to sue, and...

Her head jerked up as she watched the tail end of that familiar man disappear into Pink's office. Did she know him? How did she know him?

This was... odd.

Chapter 11

"So you know Cali?" Pink asked Entropy as his brother settled on the edge of his desk, a small grin on his face.

"Calita and I go way back, little brother," Entropy said. "She is one feisty woman. I can feel her from miles away. I don't even have to lift a finger to get sufficient amounts of chaos in her life. It just seems to follow her around, and it tends to linger... Um, why do you want to know?"

"Well..." Pink wrinkled up his nose and tried not to glare at his brother. "She kind of caused my father and stepmother..."

"Wait." Entropy held up one large palm, his green eyes glittering in amusement. "She got cursed by both Love and Peace? What'd she do? Cover them in cow's blood or something?"

"Well..." Pink's shoulders slumped. "You know this is my first time out in the human world."

"And let me guess," En chuckled. "Love got it into his head to come racing in here and protect his precious little baby boy from all the big bad humans."

"Kind of." Pink snorted, rolling his eyes at his brother's teasing.

"And knowing Calita like I do, she probably told him off."

"And kicked him out," Pink added.

"She kicked him out? For real?"

"Yeah, she had Lav and Sil throw him out on his ass, I think." He leaned forward, motioning for his dark-haired brother to get closer. "Then she said his wings were small."

When Entropy exploded into laughter, the overhead light bulb exploded, a Senate tax cut was approved, and an actor-turned-rapper decided to go back to school

and get his accounting degree.

"God, that woman is fabulous," Entropy whimpered, wiping tears from his eyes. "Magnificent."

"Then Peace came in --"

"No doubt riding to the rescue of her precious, but still womanizing hubby..." En let the sentence hang.

"And she called her an ugly stepmother before she kicked her out."

This time, Entropy roared.

As he did, tsunamis were unleashed in a child's goldfish bowl, a white supremacist decided he would rather watch Oprah than burn crosses and left the rally, and an alien race bent on total world domination turned around and went home because they saw a ninety-year-old man get an erection and screw his twenty-year-old day nurse until she passed out from her orgasms, thus proving man's superiority over the Belvingish invaders.

"That's my girl," En snickered as he calmed down enough to control his laughter. "Cali is one special piece of work."

"Then you like her?" Pink asked, wondering where the anger in his voice was coming from. "You'd take her out?"

"Woah, small fry," En interrupted. "I said she was special, but what makes you think I want to date her, as the humans say?"

"What's wrong with her?" Pink hissed as he rose to his feet, glaring at his handsome older brother.

"Oh." En chuckled, running his fingers through his silky black hair. "That's the way it is."

"What way?" Pink crossed his arms over his chest, looking indignant and defensive at the same time.

"Pink, you can't fool me. Our mother is Jealousy. We all contain a bit of her. You like this woman."

"I... I do not!"

"You do, too! You can't hide it from me, little brother. I can read you better than anyone else. You have feelings for this human!"

"I will admit," Pink said, cheeks flushing with embarrassment, "She is attractive."

"Really," En drawled, reclining back a bit on Pink's desk. This was getting good.

"You'd have to be blind not to see that she looks like she was descended from at least five fertility goddesses. Her form is perfect. And her attitude. It does transfer over rather well into her sensuality. I know that much, En. She would be hot in bed."

"So go and fuck her."

"No!" Pink snapped. "You don't understand anything! You don't use a woman like Calita for sex. You want to be around her for her heart... her spirit."

Pink sighed, uncrossed his arms and settled back onto his chair. "She is so giving. She gives until she hurts herself, and then she finds the strength to give a little more. She is such a powerful spirit, has such a powerful soul. It's amazing to be around her. I feel like a moth being drawn into the flames when I'm around her... And I know she is going to suffer because of me and my family."

"That's not true," Entropy interrupted, but Pink sighed dejectedly and shook his head.

"My father and his legal mate and their children are going to put her through the void. She has already lost love and peace. Soon she will lose everything else that humans need to keep them sane. That is why I thought you... I mean, you would be perfect..." He paused again and rubbed his chest as if he were in pain. "You would make a fine match for Cali."

Again, Entropy exploded into laughter.

And when he did, dogs and cats starting cohabiting peacefully, and all the soufflés in the world suddenly fell flat.

"What's so funny?" Pink demanded, looking cross. Entropy was his most levelheaded relative. If he started exhibiting signs of dementia like the rest of his kin, he knew there was no hope for him in the future. His whole family was comprised of

lunatics!

"You like her!"

"Of course! She is my boss! She stands up for me."

"You like her far more than that." En patted his brother's hand. "You just have to let yourself believe that she will like you, too."

"But... but she thinks I am a complete waste of space, En. And she's right," Pink added almost silently as his head dropped and his shoulders slumped.

"Pink, you are one of the strongest Fae I know."

"I'm not even a real Fae." Pink raised his hands and fisted long strands of his own hair. "I'm merely a sprite."

"Only for the next hundred years or so, Pink. You are young, and it's normal to feel insecure. Especially since your father and his mate won't leave you be for a moment. Love treats you like you're still suckling at Mom's teat, and Peace just wants you dead. I feel their jealous buzz, and I'm sure you can too. Sometimes I think Mom gave in to Love's advances just for the buzz of power she knew she was going to get in the future."

That brought a small smile to Pink's lips as he pictured his beautiful and conservative mother giving into a sordid sex affair with Love for the sheer purpose of future power. He could actually see her marking off the dates for future power surges as soon as he was conceived.

"But sooner or later, Pink, you're going to have to stop trying to please everyone and just do something to make yourself happy."

"That's what I think the boss should do," Pink admitted, looking up at his brother.

"Then you need to take your own advice." En untangled Pink's fists from his hair and gave both hands a squeeze. "And maybe you both have more in common than you think."

"Maybe..."

For the first time in a long time, Pink felt something he thought he would never

feel again. He hadn't felt this emotion since the day a strange man came into his life and claimed to be his father... right before his blonde mate called him a bit of trash and a regrettable and unforgivable mistake behind his father's back.

For the first time in a long time, Pink felt a bit of soul-deep hope.

The feeling was better than the sense of relief he got from getting his job or meeting his fellow employees, or even helping the assorted were-creatures who wrote to the Little Fairy of Lust with their problems.

Hope felt good.

Chapter 12

Pink stood in his shower and closed his eyes as he unfurled his wings and let the hot water run over his body.

He didn't want a bath tonight. A bath was something he used for comfort, and tonight, the only comfort he desired came in a small package of dynamite named Calita.

His hair rolled down his back in sodden waves as his tense muscles began to loosen in the water.

Cali was as close to perfection as he had ever seen, he reasoned. From the moment she'd stalked into her office, looking skeptical and annoyed, he'd felt his lust dust escape his tight control to show the world his attraction.

He moaned as he ran his hands over his nipples, one hand tugging at the tiny gold bar En had dared him to get years ago, and shuddered as he imagined Cali's lips there. The thought of his dark fantasy pulling and licking at his chest...

"Mmmm." His moan was loud and unapologetic, filling the bathroom with an erotic soundtrack that made his cock sit up and take notice.

He closed his eyes, reached out for his body wash and squeezed a generous portion of the slippery stuff into his hands. Rubbing them together, he worked up a thick lather as he imagined his hands cupping those small, perfect breasts.

He wondered what she would do if he nipped a nipple. Would they be rose red or chocolate brown? Would she tremble in his arms, hissing her pleasure, or would she fold around him, leaning over his head, nurturing as she encouraged him to suck harder?

With his hands filled with foam, Pink again tugged at his nipples, biting his lips as pleasure began to spread through his chest. God, he loved it when his nipples were played with. The spiraling, tingling pleasure ran straight to his cock, making the thick

flesh swell with hot blood and need.

His Cali would pull and bite at the barbell, he decided as he pulled, stretching his nipple out, giving himself some painful pleasure, making his cock jump as he hissed in ecstasy, eyes still closed to better enjoy the sensations.

Cali would lick and bite at his chest, he thought, his breathing becoming heavy as his heart began to race. She would want the taste of him in her mouth as her hands grazed his sides, finding erotic zones that made his breath hitch gently.

This was foreplay at its finest, he decided as he reached for more foam to lather up his body.

"Go down on me," he breathed, his head dropping as he stared at his still growing dick. He fanned his fingers through his trimmed thatch of pink pubic hair, prolonging the anticipation, before he let his fingers tickle over his base.

His Calita would love oral, giving and receiving. She would run her fingers through his pubic thatch, then run her fingers under her nose to capture his scent. Cali would like him like this. She would love the feel of a growing erection in her mouth, to know it was her doing that was driving a male to steel hardness.

He growled as he fisted his erection, shuddering as sweat beaded up on his body, only to be washed away under the stinging spray of hot water.

"Swallow," he gasped. "Take me in deep, Cali!"

His hand began to slowly pump his cock, tears coming to his eyes, and he felt the final rush of blood that signaled a full erection. He imagined his Cali would love that, that she would choke a little on his length and girth before pulling back and licking at his thick shaft like it was a popsicle. He closed his eyes again as he felt her roll back his foreskin and expose his sensitive head.

I want to taste you, he heard in his head as his dream Cali licked her full lips before lowering her head to his cock. She would look up at him through long lashes, then her tongue would gently circle his glistening head, tasting him, then grinning when she found him to her liking.

"Pull me in, beautiful," he hissed, rolling back his own foreskin and letting his

fingers tease over the head, feeling the difference between the soapy water and the slick precum. "Pull me all the way in. Please," he would purr as those lips parted and that hot mouth pulled him in. "Cali," Pink hissed. He cupped his palm over his sensitive head and began to rub.

His free hand left off teasing his nipples, trailed down his chest, before it gently squeezed the shaft.

"Cali!" he hissed, his knees going weak. New shards of pleasure exploded in his cock and balls. "Take it, Calita," he moaned, gritting his teeth as he felt his balls tingle and dance in their silken pouch. He got a good hard grip on his cock and began to pump.

"Play with my balls," he growled. He allowed his free hand to reach under and cup the rolling orbs, giving them a gentle tug. "Mmm, Cali." His breath hitched as his fist began to move faster.

Soon that was not enough. He needed more. His hand slid further back to tease his rosebud, stimulating the nerves that were so rich in feelings there. Faster and faster his fist pumped as the water pounded his trembling body and his finger delved into his ass, striking his sweet spot and making him throw his head back in rapture.

"Cali! Yes!" he screamed. "Take me all in! Take it all!"

The fire in his loins spread to his lower back, ran up his spine to his brain, before it flashed down to his balls, drawing them up tightly as his whole body tensed.

"More!" he moaned. "Take more!"

His fist was flying over his flesh now, rolling and unrolling his foreskin as his finger worked his ass.

"Almost there," he breathed. "Please, Cali!" And then his whole body froze as waves of white-hot electricity shot through him.

His back arched as his cock swelled to its fullest before it began to pulse and shoot. Pink streaks of cum exploded from him, coating the tiles before they were washed down the drain by the pounding water.

"Cali," his breath sobbed as he pulled his finger from the clenching muscles of

his ass and his body collapsed in on itself. "I will have you," he breathed, running a hand over his face, slicking his sodden hair back. "Nothing will keep me from you. It's time for me to grow up."

Outside the master bath, waiting to speak to their charge, Lav and Sil shared a concerned look. This thing was getting out of hand. If Pink took this moment to stand up to his parents... If he defied them over this human...

"She cares for him," Lav sighed, running her hands over her face. "She sacrifices for him."

"She will never be able to return his feelings. Unless..." Sil added.

Coming to instant silent agreement, Sil and Lav sprang into action. Sil pulled out a sheet of Pink's pink paper and scribbled a note as Lav exited the room to her seeking mirror. She needed to find the one person who would help.

When Pink finally emerged from his bath, he saw that Silver and Lavender had left him a note.

Invisible golem will protect you as you travel to the office, he read and grinned at the thought of more freedom. Maybe he could take advantage of Sil and Lav's absence to move forward in his seduction. Have to retrieve important package. Be back tomorrow afternoon. Please stay in control and out of trouble.

Pink grinned and looked around his room. He was alone in the house, his senses told him. And since he was all alone...

He looked down at his slightly thick cock, still tingling from the workout he'd given it in the shower.

"Cali in bondage gear," he purred, then went to find some lube. He didn't want his dick to chafe.

It was going to be a long night -- a long, hard night.

Chapter 13

This was going to be the start of a perfect day.

The birds were singing, Fab and Cas were actually working, Pink was dressed in white leather with no feminine jewelry in sight, the coffee pot was gurgling, sending up plumes of aromatic java-scented --

Was that Pink in white jeans and white biker boots?

Cali dropped the biscotti she was munching on, along with her pocketbook, her electronic notebook, and the files she had edited at home. In fact, her mouth hung open and a bit of chewed cookie got stuck as she attempted to inhale and exhale at the same time.

Pink was looking... rather hot today!

His hair was tied back with a white ribbon, exposing his whole face in all of its masculine beauty. Without the fringe of hair framing his face and making it look fragile and feminine, the strength of his jaw was apparent as were the masculine planes of his cheeks and forehead. His bright pink eyes gazed out at Cali with an intensity and maturity they had previously lacked.

It looked like time spent with his older brother was doing her boy a lot of good.

His tight tank top was still pink, but it was a deep salmon that made his skin look soft. It also showed off the full width of his broad chest and shoulders, the muscles she knew were there suddenly caressed in loving detail by the material of his shirt.

"Um..." Cali managed as soon as she got her breath back. "Have a nice night?"

"I masturbated to thoughts of you naked," Pink said in a matter of fact manner, never even blinking or showing the slightest hint of embarrassment.

"What?" Cali stared at Pink like he had grown another head.

"I said --" Pink walked out of his closet, stalking Cali like he was hungry and she

was the only game around for miles, "-- I jerked off in my shower with a picture of you, naked, in my mind. And then I jerked off again in my bed thinking about you blowing me. And then I jerked off a third time, on my knees, thinking about you screaming my name while I tried to pound you through the mattress."

"Oh," Cali whimpered, trying to regain her composure. "That's what I thought you said."

"And --" Pink walked around her, inhaling her precious scent as he snapped his wings to their fullest, "-- this morning, I jerked off again thinking about you spanking my ass red and pink while you made me beg for your touch."

"I, uh-hum, see." Cali tried to clear her throat, tried to speak normally and put the usual disdain on her face, but found it impossible as the vision of a naked Pink, tied down for her pleasure, swam before her eyes.

"I don't think you do," Pink whispered from behind her, making her jump as she began to feel his body heat and take in his male scent that was being directed to her by his slowly flapping wings. "I don't think you see me, Calita."

"I liked it better when you called me Chief," she breathed, her chest feeling tight and that old familiar wet feeling making the crotch of her panties damp. "And I see you just fine, Pink."

"No," he snapped, walking around to face her, leaning down to get in her face. "I don't think you do."

That said, he turned away, then swung around to stare at her again.

The usually bright pink dust that flowed around him when he was happy was now a deep, dark, more intense shade of fuchsia.

"You are my columnist," Cali said, backing away and blindly reaching for the edge of her desk for support. This sudden sensuality all being directed at her was disconcerting, to say the least.

"I am a male, Calita. I am a male Fae who finds you most desirable."

"This from the man who can't even stand up to his daddy." Calita fumbled around the desk to her seat -- anything to put some distance between her and this

sexual powerhouse Pink had become.

He eyed her up and down hungrily, and damned if his lips didn't turn up into a smirk. "I am a male who has decided what he wants, a man who decided to stand up for what he believes is right."

"And what is that, Pink?" Calita asked, leaning back in her chair, hoping to direct the conversation to smoother ground.

"Giving back what my family has taken away."

"Love and peace," Cali snorted. "That's the crap high school girls believe before the brick of reality slaps them in the face."

"Those are things that I am not good with or even recognize," Pink agreed. "And they seem a bit farfetched, but I want to give you something I understand, something I know intimately."

"Were-skinks on ice?" Cali snorted.

"Lust and desire, Calita." Pink stepped over to her desk, walking on a cloud of perfumed dark pink dust. "Lust, desire, and a need to possess you forever, to know that whenever you want me, I'll never stray and that I will always be true."

Calita's mouth went dry. Was this man serious? Like she would believe...

"Oh, my God!" Cali breathed as two small silver antennas began to emerge from Pink's forehead. She watched, awed, as they rose and their tips began to curl around themselves. She stared in shock as a set of very tiny horns grew to the outside of those silver antennas, their pale pink color a perfect match for his eyes.

Then his wings seemed to grow even larger. The pale appendages she'd grown used to were just the core of the wings. As she watched, a starburst of silver and pink and every pastel shade in between exploded from their edges, growing until they resembled a set of six feet tall, glittering butterfly wings.

Only the aurora borealis held such beauty for the human eye.

They fluttered as he rolled his shoulders, as if the gossamer fibers that made up the wings had more weight than he was used to carrying on his back. Still staring at her, he spread his wings again to their fullest, and the surreal aura that surrounded him

took what was left of her breath.

He held his hand before him and, as if by magic, the same wand she had seen when she first met him shimmered into existence, falling gently to rest in his hand.

And all the while, his eyes bored into hers.

"You're... you're real!"

"I am real," Pink told her, climbing up on her desk to kneel before her.

This move distracted her a bit because it put his crotch at eye level, and she was more than taken with the meaty bulge that moved as he adjusted his stance.

"I am real, and I have decided it is you that I want."

"What?" Was he wearing underwear under those pants? She doubted it because his impressive package seemed to move as he inhaled and exhaled. Either he was naked under that get up, or he had on some extremely loose and baggy boxers.

"I want you."

"Could be thongs," she reasoned, part of her mind still gaga over the fantasy picture he was portraying on top of her desk while the hungry, horny side of her wanted nothing more than for him to strip so she could prove her theory.

"Cali!" Pink wailed, rolling his eyes and letting his wings droop a bit. "Are you paying attention?"

"You have wings," Cali managed, bringing her full attention to Pink and his amazing transformation once again.

"I think the lust dust is finally getting to you," Pink grouched. Maybe he had overdone it a bit.

"You're a fairy," she finally said, watching as he nodded.

"Sprite, actually. With my parents' approval, I can become a full-fledged Fae and come into my full powers."

"I... I..." Cali swallowed what remained of her skepticism and reached up to touch the hand holding the wand. "I think I'm beginning to believe," she breathed. Then her eyes widened in shock. "Shit! I really got cursed by Love and Peace!" She paused and scrunched her face up in a look of consideration. "Well, like I told them,

you can't miss what you've never had." Sighing deeply, she settled back in her chair and waited to see what would happen next. She really needed a cup of coffee.

"True," Pink sighed himself, and then leaned over the table to get into her face again. "But in talking with my brother, I decided to grow up a little, and let my heart guide my actions and not give into my fears."

"You're a sprite, Pink," Cali pointed out. "What do you have to fear?"

"Not being good enough."

Cali didn't know what to say to that, so she said nothing.

"All my life I have been told I was not good enough, that I was too weak and that I was just plain wrong, that my existence was a mistake. And I guess I started believing it."

"You're good at what you do, Pink." Cali realized she might have added to his grief by locking him in a closet and always casting doubt on what he did, even though it was bringing in new business and giving her little magazine new status. "You shouldn't let others dictate to you what's right or wrong."

"I know that, Cali." Pink smiled at her. "I knew that in my mind, but I had to learn it in my head. Head and heart work well together, but when they each act independently, all kinds of trouble follow. At least, that is what I got out of speaking with Entropy."

"Are you sure I never met your brother before?" Cali interrupted. "It seems like I know him."

"Chaos follows you everywhere you go, Calita. Of course my brother is familiar with you. But that is not the point. You are finally believing."

"How can I not?" Cali decided after a moment of silence. She shook her head. "The evidence is right before me, Pink. And even I am not so far into denial that I can't acknowledge what my eyes are telling me. I guess all of your idiosyncrasies make sense now."

Nodding happily, Pink laid his wand on the table and schooled his features to seriousness again. "And now that you are beginning to believe, I have to tell you that I

intend to make you mine.”

“I don’t have a say in it?” Cali snorted, rolling her eyes at the silly sprite. What was the man... fairy... sprite thinking?

“I am thinking that we are perfect for each other.”

“How do you figure? I mean, you are a magical being... You are magic, right? Not some alien or a monster or something?”

“You are taking this rather well,” he had to point out.

“Well, you told me what you were.” Cali closed her eyes for a moment, reliving all her Pink moments. “I just chose not to believe you, despite what you said or did. I guess I’m stubborn like that,” she added.

“Practical.” Pink smiled. “I need to learn to be more practical.”

“Then you’re going to go and find some nice sprite of practicality and forget this thing with me?” She might not be physically scared, but personally... Well, it wasn’t fear, just some major concern about how her life would be with Pink in it. Not that she would consider it or anything... Damn, she was considering it!

“I don’t want a sprite, Calita. I want you! I have always found you attractive, and when you stood up for me, without even knowing me... You sacrificed yourself, you took curses to protect me. You’re a special person, Calita.”

“I am not,” Cali shot back. “And that proves it’s only gratitude you feel.”

“Gratitude, my fine ass!” he snapped back. “I’ll show you gratitude, Calita!”

Then before she could move, both his hands cupped her face. Then her eyes closed and his lips... God, they were as soft as rose petals!

But before the kiss could progress further than a gentle pressing of the lips, the door exploded open.

Pink and Cali jerked to face the door just as three women stormed in, their wands raised for action, menacing looks on their faces.

Chapter 14

"Unhand him, you depraved female!"

Cali threw herself back from Pink so fast and so hard she tumbled back in her chair and once again it tilted over backwards, spilling her to the ground.

"Serenity, Tranquility, Joy! What are you doing here?" Pink blushed, looking confused and disgruntled.

"Mother told us what kind of place this is," said Serenity, the eldest of the triplets. "We've come to free you from this house of debauchery!"

"House of debauchery?" Calita roared as she made it to her feet and turned to confront the three women who had barged into her office. "What drugs are you on?"

"Quiet, you," the second female snapped, then waved her wand at Calita. A bright flash of white light exploded from the tip and struck Calita in the chest.

"No!" Pink bellowed, leaping toward his would-be lover, only to arrive too late.

Calita was giggling. "Oh," she breathed. "Pretty colors."

"What did you do?" Pink roared, his face red with anger as he snatched up his wand and faced his half-sisters.

"It's a calming enchantment," Tran snapped. She glared at her younger half-brother. "She will be fine in an hour or two."

"Pretty blondes." Cali looked very much like she was under the influence of some drug. "Pretty hair color, even if they look like the Wicked Bitch of Peace." She snickered at the shocked looks on the women's faces.

"You exposed yourself fully!" This from the third blonde, the quiet one who had made her wand disappear and was now calmly taking in the situation.

"Of course I did!" Pink snapped, trying to climb off the table without falling while preventing Cali from chasing after imaginary rainbows and colorful birds. "I plan

to make her mine!"

"She has bewitched you!" Serenity gasped, appalled, her hands going to her face. "She is using some sort of human trickery!"

"You need to leave this place now, Pink. Come along. Be a good boy," Tran added.

"Who died and made you my mother?" Pink growled, finally managing to stop Calita from wandering around the space behind the desk and getting her to sit.

"Pretty birdie wings," was her chuckling response to Pink's practically sitting on her to get her to remain seated.

"How dare you speak to your sister like that?" Tran gasped as Joy hid a small chuckle by coughing into her palm.

"Half sister!" Pink reminded her. "And I dare because you came in here and drugged the woman I want! What were you thinking?"

"That this environment is not suitable for a young Urban Sprite!" Tran growled, eyeing Pink with a narrowed gaze. "Father and Mother were correct to try to get you to leave this place and the negative influences of this woman."

"Your mother and our father don't have the right!"

Cali, distracted by the waving length of Pink's hair, reached out and began to bat the strands around like a curious kitten.

"They have every right! They raised you!" Serenity wailed. "What's become of you? You used to be such a good boy! I remember when I used to rock..."

"Rock around the clock," Cali added, blinking blindly at the screaming blondes. That pale shade of blonde was really a pretty color. "Rock of ages," she helpfully added. "Rock of Gibraltar, Rock-a-bye baby on the tree tops..."

"I used to rock you to sleep." Serenity ignored Cali, though her right eye began to twitch. "I used to change your diapers!"

"The one time a year your mother allowed this mongrel into your house!" Pink snapped back, losing patience with his older half-sisters.

"Mother always did right by you! You had better give our parents more respect!"

Tran bellowed.

“R-e-s-p-e-c-t!” Cali shouted, trying to stand up, but hitting Pink’s back instead and bouncing back into her seat.

“Oh, put a sock in it!” Serenity screamed at Calita. “Before I sock you a good one!”

“That tears it!” Pink rose to his full height, extended his wings to their fullest and let his antennas twitch as his wand began to glow.

Able took that moment to walk into the offices. “What the hell is going on here?” Almost as soon as he spoke, a thick beam of intense pink light exploded from the wand Pink was aiming at Serenity. The beam hit her right between the eyes, encasing her in a glowing pink aura that quickly faded.

The expression on her face as the light disappeared was one of intense longing. And in that moment, she turned her head toward the masculine voice and fell hard... literally.

“Don’t touch her!” Pink yelled out, but it was too late. Able reached out to catch her and jumped as if shocked.

“Oh, dear,” Pink groaned, closing his eyes as Serenity opened hers and stared into the face of her savior.

She blinked up at Able, her blue eyes filled with innocence and beauty. “I’m gonna fuck the taste buds out of your mouth.”

Able yelped and pushed her away, but it was too late. Serenity tried to grope him through his khaki pants. He dodged her quick hand and looked toward his sister for help. “Calita!”

She slowly started her chair spinning in circles, giggling like a loon. Seeing no help for him in that quarter, Able took the only option he had left. He turned tail and ran. The chase was on.

“Look what you did!” Tran shrieked.

“Oh, shut the hell up!” Pink snapped. “I am sick and tired of you all trying to run my life!”

"That is no way to talk to me, the Fae of Tranquility!" Tran snapped.

A pale pink light shot toward her and slapped her dead in the stomach, sending her reeling backward into Joy. Tran looked up at her third sister and a dopey grin spread across her face. "You are perfection," Tran breathed, blinking her eyes up at her sister.

"Oh, hell, no!" Joy cringed. "Ewww! Pink?"

But before Joy could smack some sense into Tran, the affected Fae looked over Joy's shoulder at someone and grinned even harder.

Joy turned around and saw... A huge mirror that Cali had mounted on the wall to make the room look bigger.

Her own reflection had Tranquility transfixed.

"Hello, gorgeous. I think you are the most perfect thing I have ever beheld." The stunned woman wandered over to her reflection and leaned in close for a kiss. "So responsive," she giggled, tonguing the cold face that stared back at her.

"What?" Pink snapped. "She has always been narcissistic."

"I ain't saying a thing." Joy giggled as she watched Calita spin in her chair and Pink growl in frustration. "In fact, I kind of like this place."

"No, for the love of my masculine image, don't stick your finger up my ass!" Able's faint voice could be heard wailing in the background.

"It has atmosphere," she added, looking around the office.

"So why are you and your sisters here?" Pink asked, sitting on the desk and smiling a little.

"I wanted to see what the parents were talking about. And Entropy called and said he liked it here."

"And you have decided?" Pink raised one eyebrow as he awaited the answer.

"I think you and Calita both need a little Joy in your lives."

With that, she blew a kiss at her brother, a magical kiss that manifested itself in a puff of silver dust that covered both Pink and Calita. "Be good to each other," Joy smiled. "And live your life the way you want."

That said, she turned toward Tran, who was really getting off on her own reflection, rubbing her breasts against the glass and trying to caress her image's hair. "Time to go, Tran."

"No!" Tran wailed, gripping the mirror. "I can't leave her! I'm in love."

"Talk about outing yourself." Joy walked over and ripped the mirror down from the wall. "Here, take her with you. Talk about loving yourself too much." Joy rolled her eyes and guided her besotted sister out of the room, leading her with the mirrored reflection of herself.

"Sweet Georgia Brown!" Able yelled as Tran and Joy left the room.

Chapter 15

"Cali?" Pink called, staring at the stupid grin on her face. "Are you in there?"

"Cali not home," she giggled. "Cali on vacation."

"Fine." Pink pouted for a moment, then remembered he had a bottle of Sil's memory rain. "I'll be right back. You just... Just stay there and play."

"Play with me," Cali murmured, a hungry look suddenly filling her eyes.

"What?" Pink stammered as Cali changed from a giggling girl to a wanton seductress.

"Play," she enunciated carefully. "With me." She rose from her seat and began to stalk the winged man.

Pink took a step back, trying to think of what to do. He was the Fae of Lust, dammit! He should be able to handle one seductive human female. "We'll play in a moment..."

"Your lips are soft."

"I moisturize." Pink backed away from the desk, looking over his shoulder to judge how far he was from his closet.

"Touch me, Pink." Her hands went to her shirt, hefting its softness from her body. "Touch me like before. Make me come screaming your name. Make me come until I pass out. Just make me come!"

"Eep!" Pink backed away from her, but didn't move fast enough.

As Cali's shirt hit the floor, she pounced on the surprised Fae. Within seconds, her nearly bare body was pressed against his. Pink groaned at the feel of her soft, firm breasts pressing against his chest through the thin lace of her pink bra. He closed his eyes, trembling, feeling the sweat break out on his body as she began licking and kissing around his neck.

"I'll touch you instead," Cali muttered as her hands went to the top of his tank and gripped the neck. With strength he didn't know she possessed, she jerked her hands down, tearing the silk shirt and exposing his tiny, pink, button hard nipples.

"Like candy," Cali giggled, moaning at the small golden bar that pierced his left nipple. She nibbled at the bar, warm from his body heat. She tugged at it gently, smiling as he gasped in pleasure, his eyes dropping to half-mast as his hands began to tug through her short hair.

"Yes," he breathed, relaxing into her rough caress, momentarily forgetting about retrieving the memory rain. "Oh, yeah."

A deep pink dust exploded all around him, and his wings fluttered rapidly, making Cali inhale deeply on a moan.

His voice was reedy and thin as a tingling filled his whole chest, starting from that small point on his nipple where she tugged and pulled at the bar. When she began licking at the small, abused nubbin, his knees began to shake and his body to tremble, beads of sweat forming on his lips and forehead. Behind them, his wings fluttered as his breath turned to moans.

"You taste sweet," Cali whispered, her fingers crawling across his chest to rub at his other nipple, first pinching it roughly, making his breath hiss, then rubbing the small pain away.

Then she began to drop to her knees, her tongue lapping at all the pale flesh she could find, her fingers tickling behind the wet trail. She paused once as she reached his navel to press a palm against his flat stomach. Leaning back, she contemplated the contrast between her medium brown skin and his pale, pink-tinted flesh.

"Ohh," she purred. "You make me look prettier." Then her fingers popped open the buttons that held his pants closed and spread the material wide. She licked her lips, staring at his pale cock, its wide, heart-shaped head leaking in his desire, surrounded by a small thatch of pink cotton candy.

Pink blushed as he heard her words, then paled as he realized what he was doing, what he was allowing her to do.

"No, Cali." He pulled back from her caressing hand. "We can't!"

"But you're warm and soft and hard and big." Cali swayed on her knees as she faced her Fae. "Anyone ever tell you that you're large?"

"I am average," Pink whimpered, trying to pull away from her, but her fingers were now teasing the slit in the head of his cock, urging more precum to flow and making him wish he had less moral fiber. "And we can't, Calita. Not until I get Tran's spell off you."

"We can," Cali argued, pouting a bit and making Pink groan at the thought of those lush full lips wrapped around his aching prick. "See? You're hard and wet." She grinned up at him seductively. "I'm wet, too! You're hard on my panties, Pink."

"Cali!" Pink backed away, but Cali followed, tugging more insistently on his cock.

"I wanna taste you wet, Pink. You wanna taste me?"

"It's a spell," Pink muttered to himself as he reached down to pull her hands away from his dick. He made the mistake of looking down as he tried to get away, looking straight down at her full breasts bobbing in their pink lace.

He wanted to cry! How much could one man take?

She drew away one hand, fingers shining with his precum, and brought it to her lips. Staring up at him through her long eyelashes, she bent her head a little to lap and lick at her fingers, pulling his essence deep into her mouth and moaning in pleasure.

"It's a spell!" Pink wailed, backing up rapidly. His wings began to flutter madly and his antennas twitched. "I have to get the spell off!"

"You have me under a spell." Cali rose to her feet, pulling her wet fingers from her mouth to trail them down her chest. Once she reached the barrier of her bra, she cupped her own breasts, thumb and forefinger plucking at her hard nipples through the lace of her bra. "Wanna cure me?"

She leered, looking him up and down before her hands trailed lower, over her waist and down her thighs. Pink watched transfixed as she spread her legs, cupped herself with both hands and pressed hard.

"Play with me here!" Her voice was high and full of lust. Her head dropped back as she began to rub her crotch through her jeans. "I like to play rough!"

"Sweet Creator!" Pink gasped, mouth hanging open in shock for one moment before he turned and raced to the closet, knocking over his plant and sending his papers tumbling as he searched for the vial of memory rain.

"God, I'll play you like a violin!" he shouted, digging and tossing things to and fro. "I'll play with you so rough and hard that you will never look at another man!"

Finally, he found the vial of memory rain, but when he rushed back to apply it to Cali, she was gone.

* * *

Cali stood in her bathroom and stared at her naked reflection.

This was good enough to get the pink man, she decided.

She turned to the side and smiled at her well-rounded hips, hips a man could grip and hold while she rode him like a jockey at the Preakness. Her breasts were not overly large, but they were high and firm, the nipples large and perfect for sucking and gentle biting.

She was a damn good-looking package!

Now, she wondered. Can a pink bra or a pair of pink thongs be used as a butterfly net?

She was going to net her a horny horned pink butterfly and then she was going to fuck him into hibernation...

Did butterflies hibernate or cocoon?

Well, she didn't want him to cocoon! She wanted him to cocoon her in those wings while he fucked her through the sink.

Yes, her confused mind decided. He was going to fuck her through something.

"Now what call is used to lure butterflies?" she asked herself, pouting a bit in the mirror, deciding she liked the effect and adding it to her list of things to do while blowing the butterfly. "Here, pinky, pinky, pinky!" she tried. No, that wasn't quite right. "Good sex! Get it while it's hot!" she roared. No, that wasn't it, either.

"Damn, I'm wet," she muttered, looking down at her shiny thighs coated with the heat of her desire.

As she looked up, the door exploded open and there was her butterfly, in all his winged glory.

"Pink!" she giggled, spreading her arms wide and giving a spin, making sure to put a jiggle in her ass. Everyone liked a full round ass. Her magazine said so. "I'm wet!" she called again, turning to face him, then gasped.

She really was wet!

Her butterfly was sprinkling something on her body and...

"Damn, what a rush," she sighed as the fog that had obscured her thoughts faded. Then she looked down at her naked body and groaned. "I really did try to rape you, didn't I?" she asked, recalling everything she had done.

"Rape, no." Pink closed the door. "I... I wanted you, Cali. If you remember, before my sisters busted in, I was about to lay my lips on you."

"And now I'm naked." She looked around for her clothing, wondering why she thought looking at herself naked was a good thing... in the middle of the day... in her place of business.

"You are beautiful," Pink breathed, leaning against the door, dark pink dust rolling from his wings.

It was then that Cali realized the lust dust was indeed coming from his wings. All the times there was dust about, he must have been flapping his wings in excitement.

And he had been making dust... since the first time he met her.

"This dust thing...?"

"Happens when I get excited or I really want something." He wished some of the desire she had unleashed would return now that her mind was clear. He wanted her to want him like he wanted her.

"Like a job," she mumbled, a small pout of disappointment clouding her features.

"No. I may send out lust waves when I get excited about a job, but the dust...

that is sexual."

"Sexual?"

"Like from the first time I met you."

Cali's eyes widened. "Like from when we first met..."

"From the second I sensed you, smelled your desire, laid my eyes on you."

"Then it's not gratitude." She smiled as shyly as a woman who was buck naked standing in front of a man she desired could smile.

"No." Pink smiled in return. "That is why I couldn't take you with Tran's botched spell on you, Calita. I want you and I to come together because of mutual... mutual lust."

"Oh, yeah." Cali looked down at her naked body and blushed even harder. "And I'm still horny."

"One question," Pink said as Cali began walking toward him, a predatory look on her face.

"Yes, and make it quick. I'm wet, Pink."

"Um, before my sisters came in... would you have done me on the desk?"

"With abandon," was her answer, then she pounced.

"I can't reproduce with you."

"Who wants children now, anyway?"

"I am immune to any diseases."

"Good, no condom."

"My cum has pink sparkles in it."

"Do they tingle?"

"Creator, I love the magazine business," Pink growled, then his lips were on her nipples.

And then Cali screamed her pleasure as the first of many orgasms tore through her body.

"I'll take care of you." Pink tossed his pants aside. "I'll make it so good for you."

But Cali was whimpering, still reeling from the first orgasm that had ripped

through her body so hard, she was barely coherent. The feel of Pink suckling at her nipples made her hungry pussy clench.

She needed more.

She looked up at her soon-to-be lover and the sight of him in all his aroused glory hit her like a fist. He stood tall before her, his skin lightly sheened with sweat, a light pink dust surrounding him like some special effect designed to enhance what God gave him. His butterfly wings were spread, fanning lightly as he ran one hand over his chest to tug at his nipple. His cock was large and pink, thick and damn pretty as it throbbed and bobbed with the movements of his wings. His antennas were dropped down to a rakish level and his horns glowed whitely, hinting at the power contained inside his compact muscular frame.

"You are a fucking god," Cali breathed, her hand going over her chest, trying to keep her racing heart where it belonged.

"I am a fucking sprite," Pink purred and took one step toward her, his heavy cock leading the way.

Then their bodies pressed together. Cali felt her eyes close in ecstasy and a small moan of pleasure left her lips.

"I've got to taste you," she breathed. "You're so unreal! I have to taste you to make this real!"

She started at his shoulders, her hand caressing them as she eased him back a half step. From there, she nuzzled her face into his neck, breathing in his sweet masculine scent and taking in some of the dust that surrounded him.

She shuddered as her senses went haywire. He was lust and sex, and all dark, hot, sinful things. Slowly, she dropped to her knees, like before, taking her time to tease and bite at his nipples.

"Yes, like that. Just a little bit rough," Pink praised as her fingers tugged and her teeth nipped.

He shuddered as her tongue lashed out to ease the small hurt, his eyes dropping half-mast as he watched her feast at his body.

"Mmm, like cotton candy," she purred as her teeth nipped at his stomach and she ran her nails lightly over his sides. "You taste so sweet..."

"I will taste like whatever will tease your senses," Pink breathed, running his hands through her hair as he gently urged her head down.

Cali willingly lowered her head, burying her nose in his pubic thatch, breathing in the essence of him. Her pussy rolled and clenched with the need to be filled. But that could wait -- she was exploring more territory first. She had to touch and taste every inch of him before her senses would be satisfied.

She felt him bumping her chin. She looked down and saw the deep rose head, shiny with his arousal, just waiting for her to touch and to taste. One hand came up to gently cup his stiff prick, while the other dropped low to finger the large balls that bobbed in their soft fuzzy pouch.

The scent of him exploded over her senses, as she handled his most intimate bits and pieces. His low moan was music to her ears. His fingers tightened in her hair, tugging at it lightly. "All for you, my Calita."

Calita pulled back a bit and licked her lips.

She loved giving head. It made her feel powerful to make a strong man's knees weak, but there was more to it than that. An elusive feeling had been building in her chest, but now it was more like a distant memory. Whatever that feeling was, its lingering presence told her there was more to this act, that there was something special about Pink.

"Spread your legs for me." She ran her nails along his inner thighs as he complied. "All this for me?" she asked demurely, staring up at him through her long lashes.

"For you," he panted, his voice rough and needy. He gasped as her tongue slowly emerged to run along the tip of his head that peeked out from his foreskin.

"Uncut," she purred. "I've never had one uncut before."

"More... sensitive," Pink panted as he felt her fingers tease at his loose skin.

"More to play with," Cali agreed. She gently retracted the skin with her fingers,

fully exposing the glistening, heart-shaped head. "So pretty."

Then she lowered her head, her hot breath making him shiver and moan before the wet, slick caress of her tongue took over his senses.

"Even better than my fantasies." He shuddered, closing his eyes as he fought for control. He could feel his balls lift in their sac and gasped as he felt her hands catch them and tug at them softly. "Calita!"

"Mmm, you taste sweet, Pink," she purred before closing her lips over him and sucking... hard.

"Calita," he gasped as she rolled her tongue around his cockhead. Her hand began to fist his shaft, squeezing it just hard enough to wring more pleasure out of him, but never hard enough to bring true pain. Her other hand rolled his nuts around her palm, playing with them, tugging and pulling, stretching his sac. There was fire in his groin and he felt like the whole area between his legs had turned to one hard, throbbing mass.

"Stop fucking with me and suck!" he growled, the lust making it hard for him to be polite.

Cali grinned at the change in him, smiled at his loss of control and opened her mouth wide. She slid him deep into the slick heat of her mouth, pausing as he bumped against the back of her throat and she gagged a little.

"Creator, yes!" he whimpered, knees nearly buckling as he reached out with one hand to brace himself against the sink.

Cali pulled back a bit, exhaled, relaxed her throat and inhaled as much of him as she could. She moaned as he slid down her throat, then swallowed around his buried length.

Pink's wings fanned rapidly, releasing more dust, this time a dark pink, as his hands tightened in her hair. "Suck it all down, Calita!" he growled. "Take me!"

"Mmm," she purred, the vibrations making him call out her name.

"Calita! More, baby! Give me more!"

Cali pulled her head back, letting him slide slowly out of her throat, and began to

bob her head up and down the first few inches, her tongue lashing at the sensitive head, licking away the precum that now flowed freely.

Faster and faster she moved, one hand leaving his balls to tease her own clit as she spread her thighs wide. He was so damn good, and he tasted so damn fine and...

"Enough!" Pink roared. He pulled out of her mouth, hissing at the slight brush of teeth as he pulled away from her suckling heat. "My turn!"

Cali gasped as Pink dropped to his knees before her and tipped her backwards. His strong arms caught her and lowered her to the pile of clothing that littered the bathroom floor. Then the light seemed to be blotted out as he extended his wings out behind him.

"I am going to eat your pussy, suck you until you scream my name," he growled.

She spread her legs eagerly for him as he made a place for himself between them, the dark pink dust coating her skin, leaving a burning tingle where it landed, almost like hot wax.

"Pink!" she called out, her eyes rolling back as his mouth latched onto her nipples. "God, please!"

Pink suckled her hard and deep, teasing one nipple with his tongue and nibbling with delicate teeth as his fingers tugged at the other. The taste of her flesh in his mouth satisfied a craving that had begun to build the moment he met her.

Tearing his mouth away, he smirked at her scream and engulfed the other nipple, treating it to the same teasing, stinging touches.

"So good," he pulled off long enough to say, and gave the nipple one last lick before his teeth and tongue began licking over her body.

He raised one of her arms and licked at the sensitive skin of her biceps, nipping slightly just to feel her arch up against him. His cock throbbed where it pressed into her stomach, smearing shiny drops of his essence over her skin.

He had to have her, and soon. But first he had to taste more of her.

With a moan, he pressed his hand to her thighs, spreading them wider, and he sank lower, licking at her stomach and navel. Then he was at the inverted triangle that

made up her bush, noting how it was neatly trimmed. He leaned low and breathed in her feminine scent.

"Roses and musk," he told her as her hands tangled in his hair. His thumbs parted her labia and he carefully examined her clit.

Cali hissed, arching up as he applied gentle pressure to her swollen pussy lips. He opened her in just the right way, sending little shocks, mini orgasms, through her hungry inner walls. Her head swam, and she could feel her body tensing up as it began to tip over the precipice into delight once again.

"You clit is beautifully formed," he said, letting his warm breath race over her, watching her milky white clit swell beyond its cowl. "I want to lick it." He leaned in closer, the dust from his wings coating her slit a moment before his tongue languidly lapped at her, taking away the slight burn of the dust and giving her nothing but pleasure in return.

"Pink!" she wailed. "Oh, God, that's it! Touch me! Lick it harder!"

Moaning, Pink hungrily leaned in closer, lapping up her essence and smearing her hot juices around his face. His wings fanned rapidly and his antennae rubbed across her hard, swollen nipples. His horns teased her stomach, pressing and pricking, sending out vibrations that shot right to the very heart of her.

His whole damn body was made for pleasure!

And he played her, made her scream and cry as he greedily licked and suckled at her clit. Then his fingers traveled over her swollen labia once more. They gathered the moisture that poured profusely from her body and pressed against her opening.

"I want to stretch you for me." He lapped again at her clit. "There will be no pain. Only pleasure," he promised as two fingers sank deeply into her pussy.

"Pink!" Calita wailed, her whole body arching off the floor. A lightning bolt of sensation shot straight from her pussy, hit her brain and sifted through her body. The tension snapped and a second hard orgasm tore through her body.

"So good, coming on my hand," Pink whimpered, feeling his hard prick press against her calf, slowly humping any part of her he could reach. "Will feel so good on

my dick.”

Then there were three fingers inside her, fucking her, working her muscles open, making her ready to receive.

And the orgasms just kept rolling in.

Calita was screaming Pink’s name, tears running down her face as her whole being was swamped by desire.

“You are ready,” Pink growled after a small eternity. He pulled his mouth away from her clit, giving it one last, loving lick before he rose on his knees above her.

And, Creator, there he was! Hard and throbbing, flushed in his passion. He fisted his cock, his wings fanning out behind him, his face shiny with her juices.

“Are you ready?” he asked. His eyes glittered and glowed in his lust.

“Pink,” Cali whimpered, lifting her arms up to him. “Come to me.”

His body dwarfed hers, and he leaned over her, lifting her thighs on top of his. His hands went to her back, easily lifting her weight as he held her above his quivering cock.

“Hold my prick, Calita.” He licked at her nipples and bit at her neck. “Hold me steady so I can fuck you.”

Her small hand encircled his length at the base, holding him still. Closing her eyes and breathing deeply, she felt his broad head press against her opening.

“Go slow, Calita. Make it feel good for both of us,” he instructed as he gripped her by the waist and began to lower her onto his cock.

Her eyes were closed, her lips swollen from sucking on his cock, and sweat beaded her brow. Her hair was a wild tangle around her head and her breath raced from her body. She was the most beautiful thing he had ever seen.

She relaxed, accepting him deeply into her body.

“Calita!” he mumbled, tears running down his cheeks, his face twisting in ecstasy.

Then she was swallowing him whole, her body accepting him into the moist, hot heat of the very core of her being. She was scalding hot and tight around him.

"Cali!" He released a little of his control and sent another orgasm racing through her, this one easing and aiding his deep slide into her until he was seated to the hilt. She could feel his soft pubic hair pressed against her clit.

"Pink," Cali gasped, no longer having the voice to scream. His every move sent pleasure screaming inside her, and she felt her body tensing as if all the other orgasms were practice for this huge climax that would swallow her whole.

"Move, beautiful," he panted. "Roll that pussy for me."

Her hands tangled in his hair as she tentatively arched her back, pressing down hard onto him.

"Oh, fuck!" she managed as lightning flashed throughout her body. He lifted his hips to get deeper inside her. The thick shaft of his cock pressed relentlessly against her clit, maintaining a high level of arousal as he stroked her insides with his prick.

"So beautiful," he breathed. "So delicious and perfect. So mine, Calita. This pussy is mine!"

"Yours!" she whimpered, her head falling back as shudders began to wrack her body.

"All mine," he growled, and lowered his head to bite at her neck and shoulder.

Faster he moved, sliding her body up and down his pole as if she were weightless, spreading more of his deep rose lust dust over her body, wringing screams and squeals from her parted lips.

"Yours, Pink!" she moaned. "This cock is mine!"

"Yours," he agreed, his breath catching, his words breaking up as he began to slam her down onto him. "All yours, baby! For as long as you want it! Oh, Calita! Oh, Creator, Chief!" he bellowed as his body began to stiffen.

The burning heat of her was too much. He was going to explode.

With his last coherent thoughts he sent a stinging wave of lust through her body, making her shriek her pleasure, bringing her off with him as he felt his prick swell to its fullest before he gasped and emptied into her body.

"Pink!" Calita screamed one final time as her inner walls slammed down around

him, rippling and massaging him internally.

Then she was falling, falling through space and time as her body rode the waves of passion he produced. But she was not falling alone. Strong arms protected her on her descent, and a warm softness covered her.

It was his wings, she realized before they both tumbled to the floor, Pink hanging over her, one arm braced by her head to protect her from taking his full weight. He had wrapped her up in a cocoon of lust and joy. As the descent ended in a warm tingling afterglow, she felt for the first time in a long time that she wasn't alone.

Chapter 16

Cali and Pink lay on the cool bathroom floor, his arms and wings gently wrapped around her.

"This is afterglow," Cali managed through her sore throat. "This is afterglow from the best sex I've ever had, and it's not even Get Fucked Friday."

"Every day is Get Fucked Friday," Pink purred, nuzzling his face into the soft fragrant skin on the back of her neck. "You smell like sex."

"Because you just fucked me through my sink," Cali giggled.

"But I am not complaining," Pink was quick to assure her, hoping it wouldn't be the last time they visited porcelain heaven. "It smells so good on you."

"Mmmm." Cali pulled his arms a bit tighter around her body. "You smell good on me."

"Want a double dose?" Pink asked, feeling his cock begin to harden against the soft skin of her ass. They were already a sticky mess, so...

As pink dust exploded around them, the door burst open.

"What the fuck?" was all that Cali could manage. The haze of lust was quickly washed away and the doorway was filled by none other than Love and Peace.

"Where the hell are your two bodyguards when we need them?" Cali moaned, wanting to cry as she wrapped Pink tighter around her, and not out of desire. She had dual intentions in mind. His holding her would hide more of her body from view and at the same time prevent her from rising to her feet and knocking the pair of Fae creatures on their preternatural asses.

"Pink!" Peace screamed. "Stop that! You don't know where it's been!"

At first Pink began to shy away, then the anger he held for his father and his stepmother began to rise.

How dare they come into this bathroom and stare at him and Cali? Who the fuck did his stepmother think she was to cast aspersions on Cali when she couldn't even keep her own husband satisfied enough to prevent him from roaming?

"Oh, I know where Calita's been, Stepmother. Maybe you should try questioning Father as to where he spent his afternoon!"

"Hey!" the huge blond man stammered, holding up both hands and taking a step backwards. "I am not the issue here! We are here to discuss Pink!"

Pouting and shooting her husband a look that spelled retribution, Peace turned again to her stepson. "How dare you fuck her after what she's done to your father and I?"

"How dare you fuck Father when he has been fucking no less than seven other Fae on a regular basis?" Pink was getting pissed, and it was not a good thing to piss off a sprite of lust, one who could learn all about your carnal excess with just a look. Especially when one had so much wanton carnality to hide.

"Seven?" Peace wailed, paling, then flushing with anger.

"Honey..." Love began, but Peace turned once again to her original target.

"You... you ungrateful sprite! How dare you bespell your sister!"

"How dare she barge into my place of business and tell me how to live my life?"

"She is worried about you in this wanton bordello! Do you know there is a naked man running around the halls and two gay men fucking in the bathroom?" Peace was beginning to lose her veneer of civility.

"Did you notice that your daughter is the one chasing him around and has taken his clothing? Ohh!" Pink gasped. "Serenity got him again. Good thing he likes the chase so much. And the secretary just arrived. Threesome!" he crowed.

"You did it to her!" Peace bellowed. "You fix it! And Tran! My Creator, Pink! She is fucking a mirror!"

"First off, I only can amplify what someone is actually feeling, and I am nothing but a sprite," he sneered, rising up and pulling Cali behind him. "If Serenity is out fucking anything that has pants on it, it's because she gets serene by fucking the shit out

of anything that moves. As for Tranquility, she is a hell of a lot more tranquil fucking herself than making trouble for the rest of the world! That narcissist finally found the only partner in the world that would put up with her conceited shit. Herself! Now, how about you both get the fuck out of my office! I know what I am doing! Let me live my own life!"

"How dare you speak to me like that?" Peace snarled, reaching out for Love's arm and tugging him forward. "You had better correct your bastard love child, Love, or so help me Creator, I will hex your balls off!"

"Pink," Love began, trying to create an image of authority. "You need to apologize to your mother and fix your sisters."

"Stepmother," Pink snarled, planting his naked body before his father. "Wicked stepmother, as she will never let me forget. And I do not acknowledge those harpies as my sisters. Well, maybe Joy because she leaves me alone and acted out of concern, but those other two bitches can burn and fry."

"Go, Pink!" Cali cheered him on, drawing the attention of Peace and Love to her.

"It's that human!" Love snapped, getting into his son's face. "She has turned you against us."

"Have you ever stopped to think that maybe you have turned me against you?" Pink snapped back, spreading his wings to their fullest, protecting Cali from view and making himself look and feel larger. "Have you ever thought that the reason I don't like being around you is that you don't know how to be a father? You let that witch you married speak to me as if I were shit underneath her precious glittering shoes. And you let her daughters treat me like I was some disappointing pet. You are Love, yet you have no idea how to instill that emotion in your own son."

Love paled at Pink's words and took a step back, as if struck.

But Peace stepped forward again, paying him no attention. "How dare you speak to your father like that?"

"I dare because that is all he has earned from me!" Pink yelled, not backing down an inch.

“You ungrateful bastard! It’s because of your mother, your dark breeding, that you behave this way. And it’s your behavior that will cause your father and I to never allow you to become a full Fae!”

“Don’t talk about my mother!” Pink all but screamed.

“As if you could stop him from blooming,” a dark laconic voice drawled from behind them.

They all turned to face the intruder in this unfolding drama, Cali peeking around Pink’s wings. The new arrival stepped forward, flanked by Silver and Lavender.

“Jealousy!” Peace screamed. “You bitch!”

Chapter 17

"You're attacking a young naked sprite in the throes of afterglow, and you have the nerve to call me a bitch?" Jealousy chuckled as she strode forward, motioning for Sil and Lav to stay back. "I guess you haven't looked into your warped mirror lately."

"Who is she?" Cali asked Pink, tugging gently on his wing.

"That is my mother," Pink said with a smile, nodding his head in respect to the woman who exuded confidence and power.

Jealousy was a dark-skinned woman, her complexion bordering on onyx, with emerald green eyes and full pouting red lips. Her hair was streaked with natural green highlights, and her heart shaped face was the stuff of dark dreams and fantasies. Large catlike eyes looked over the pale Fae of Love and the fuming Fae of Peace, and her lips quirked into a smirk.

She was dressed in a black leather catsuit that showed off a killer figure, and on her feet were a pair of six-inch black leather boots. It was obvious that Pink got his height and his wavy hair from his mother, as well as his deep voice and beautifully shaped eyes.

She shifted her weight, swinging her wide hips, and Love's mouth dropped open as he began to drool.

Jealousy snorted. "Love is so easy. Anything, male or female, in leather, and he's poking a hole through his own leather with his cock."

Dismissing the irate female and the obviously horny male, Jealousy turned her attention to her son. "Pink, baby," she purred. "Why didn't you call me sooner, honey? And do you know that there are two men going at it like jackhammers in the kitchen?"

"Fab and Cas." Pink chuckled. "They're good for my energy levels."

"And you're going to need that if you're going to keep that one happy," Jealousy

giggled, grinning at Calita, who blushed red with embarrassment.

"Does everyone know we made love?" she whimpered.

"Of course," Jealousy informed her. "I am the Fae of Jealousy. I know these things."

"I am not jealous," Cali said softly, wondering what this woman was going to do to her for corrupting her baby boy.

"I never said you were. Pink has this thing about multiple orgasms. He can give them, but bless his masculine little heart, he's only allowed one at a time."

Pink rolled his eyes at his mother, before turning back to his father and stepmother. "You can leave now," Pink snapped. "I think we are done here."

"Oh, and now that that bitch you call a mother is here to protect you..."

Peace never got further than that. "I told you not to call my mother a bitch!" Pink bellowed at the same time Jealousy growled, "Fuck you, too, whore!"

They both shot off beams of energy, Pink's a pale silvery pink and Jealousy's a rich hunter green. Both beams hit Peace, and almost immediately, she was overtaken by a wall of glittering pink and green sparkles.

"Oh, shit!" Calita gasped.

Pink looked shocked, and Jealousy looked satisfied.

"What have you done?" Love bellowed, looking from his furious son to his smirking ex-lover, then back again. "What have you done?"

"I took away her lust to please you," Pink growled. "She would not be so nasty if she saw someone besides you as worthy."

"I took away her jealousy," Jealousy giggled. "I don't think she cares that you cheat on her now."

"Put her back!" Love screamed. "You both fix her or I swear... I swear that... that *female* you are protecting will feel my wrath!"

Cali gasped and paled, eyes going wide in shock as she stared at the overly large, enraged Fae of love.

"I don't think so," Jealousy snapped, stepping in front of both Pink and Cali.

Before Love could even gather up some energy to attack, Jealousy hit him with an emerald green bolt. It struck him in the crotch and knocked him against his still dazed wife.

"I just made you the most jealous male Fae in creation," Jealousy giggled. "Now you will sniff after your mate's skirts like they were hiding all the treasures of the Creator. You will no longer roam about looking for partners, as the only one you will ever see is Peace. And if Peace isn't giving it up, then baby, you ain't getting any. I think you and your right hand will become rather good acquaintances."

Turning her back to them, Jealousy winked at her stunned son. "I should have done this years ago." She dusted her hands off and grinned at her youngest.

"What did you ever see in him?" Pink asked. Calita relaxed behind him, feeling safe now that both Love and Peace were looking dazed and confused.

"It was a solstice celebration, I had too much ambrosia... that sort of thing, Pink. But I will never regret it because it brought me you."

Looking at the two confused Fae -- Peace, who was beginning to look rather indifferent, and Love, who was staring at his mate as if he saw all the sunsets of the future in her eyes -- Jealousy snorted and with a wave of her hand sent them both home with their besotted daughter.

"What are you doing here, Mother?" Pink asked. "How did you know?"

"Lav and Silver are incredibly intuitive. They knew something was building, so they left last night to fetch me. If you were having problems with your father and his family, you should have come to me for help, Pink," she gently scolded.

"I can't keep running to you with my problems, Mom. I am two hundred, you know."

"And you're still my baby," Jealousy reminded him. "Though you are growing up fast."

"I will always be a sprite." Pink sighed sadly. "I will never be what my father is."

"And why would you want to?" Jealousy asked. "Love is conceited, stuck up, self serving, and he has a small wing span." She pointed to her son's rather large spread

and giggled as he blushed. "Besides, you know there are more important things in life than cursing an innocent human whose only crime was to see past the glamour."

"Cali's curse!" Pink gasped, reaching around him and pulling his naked lover forward.

"Pink!" Cali wailed. She was naked! Naked before his mother!

With a wave from Jealousy, Cali found herself clean and clothed in a toga of sorts.

"Men can be insensitive, even one as in touch with his feminine side as Pink." Jealousy winked. "Now, let me see..."

She waved her hands over Cali's still flushed face and sucked her teeth. "Standard curse -- like that pair could come up with something original. It's a general no peace and no love curse, therefore it is easily breakable."

"You can break a Fae curse?" Cali gasped, looking at the woman with wide, shocked eyes.

"Haven't you read any fairy tales?" Jealousy giggled. "How do they end?"

"Happily ever after?" Cali asked, making the dark Fae hoot with laughter.

"Honey, there ain't no such thing!" She clapped her hands as if amused by what Cali said. "You'll figure it out."

"Um... the giant is killed?" Cali tried, not that she really cared about being cursed, but she didn't like anyone or anything having control over her body.

"No wonder En speaks so highly of you." Jealousy smiled. "Third time's the charm," she added.

"Um... a kiss from a prince?"

"Bingo!" Jealousy clapped her hands in delight. "You figured it out. Now go and do something about it. And Pink, have no worries about becoming a full Fae. Baby, you're already on the road to full Faedom. Look how much you learned here."

Jealousy turned and strode away. "And call your mother some time, will ya?" She disappeared in a clap of thunder and a puff of dark green smoke.

Sil and Lav peeked in the bathroom before righting the door with a wave of their

hands. They then turned to take guard positions outside, firmly closing the repaired door.

"Um, does this mean you're a prince?" Cali asked, still kind of shocked about all that had happened.

"My father definitely is a drama queen," Pink said. "And my mother certainly is a Queen B, but in a good way."

"Prince, huh?" Cali giggled. In her mind, she would take it one day at a time. Hell, how much more surreal could her life get? If this was a fairy tale, it was a damn odd one.

"Well, we have an evil stepmother, a besotted and obviously wrong king, a couple of bodyguards, a few curses, a little jealousy and a lot of sex. Sounds like a fairy tale to me."

"And the were creatures. There really are weres out there?"

"All over. I help them with their problems. Weres need love, too."

"And you need your parents to become a full-fledged Fae."

"I have at least a hundred years to prove maturity. I have time."

"And you can break this curse?"

"Try me."

Cali looked up into his eyes, watched those pink orbs become dark with lust as he leaned in close. "We never kissed," Cali pointed out.

"Well, there is a first time for everything." Then he lowered his lips to hers, a gentle pressing of lips to lips.

He inhaled her scent as he pulled her body close with one hand, the other reaching up to caress her face. Then there was a light suction at her lips, a firmer press before he pulled back to let his tongue run along the seam of her mouth, asking to be let inside. Cali moaned as he parted her lips, her whole body trembling as his tongue invaded. She gently sucked at his tongue.

His hand slid from her face to cup the back of her head, gently massaging her scalp. His mouth began to parry and thrust, a hot, wet mimic of his hip movements

between her thighs. He fucked her mouth with his, ate at her tongue, feasted on her lips, sucked and nibbled until all he could taste, could feel, was Cali.

As Cali became lost in the passionate kiss, she began to feel as if a dark cloud had been lifted from her shoulders. Suddenly, all her doubts were erased, and she began to feel, to truly feel. "Pink," Cali gasped, breaking the kiss for a moment, "I think I could maybe fall in love with you."

"Does this mean I get to leave the closet?" he asked, eyes shining bright with new confidence and vitality. He'd stood up to his father and his sisters, as well as standing up for himself and his dreams. And then his dreams had the audacity to come true. Hope was such a damned good thing.

"No," Cali said. "There's no other place to put a pink-assed fairy, Pink, but I'll tell you what."

"What?"

"I'll lock myself in with you any time."

Pink smiled before he dropped his head again to give her another searching, delicate kiss. "May we live happily ever after," he broke off long enough to say, and then he plundered her mouth once more.

It was a good day to be Pink.

Stephanie Burke

Stephanie Burke, known to friends and readers as Flash, has a warped, twisted sense of humor, and she isn't afraid to let it show. From pregnant men to six-foot cockroaches, she's covered the gamut of the weird, the unusual, and the just plain strange. (Now she finally made it to were-sheep.) She has about five million books currently in publication with one house or another, all under the name of Stephanie Burke. She says she won't use a pen name -- she'd have to learn how to spell it. Too much like work.

Visit her website at www.theflashcat.net and be sure to join Flash's "Flame Keeper" loop at Yahoo Groups -- <http://groups.yahoo.com/group/FlameKeeper/join>.