



**Loving Fate**

Emma Sinclair

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Atlantic Bridge

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## **Dedication**

Thanks to Graeme for letting me live my dream.

## Prologue

Tanner Danner leaned back in the plush couch of his Mount Olympus palace. Life was good. He had an amazing wife, a baby on the way, and at the moment he had the palace to himself so he could watch football.

Soda in one hand and a heaping plate of nachos in the other, he put his feet up on the coffee table at the same time the front door banged against the wall.

He spilled his soda.

"What the..."

He turned around to see his sister-in-law, Lacy, dash through the room. It was hard to miss the tears in her eyes.

He adored his wife's sisters but still had trouble living with three women. It was a lot of emotion for one man to handle.

Atty came through the door next.

"Lacy, get over it already. You know that sometimes things like this happen."

Bringing up the rear, Tanner's wife Chloe, the third Fate, waddled through the door. Her stomach actually entered the room well before the rest of her.

His food and football forgotten, he dashed over to Chloe. Tears shone in her eyes also.

"What's wrong? Is it the baby?"

She shook her head and smiled at him. Her smile still managed to bring him to his knees.

"No," she said. "The baby's fine. We just ... we had a hard one this afternoon. Lacy took it really hard."

"So did you," he deduced.

She nodded before starting to cry again. He enfolded her in his arms.

"Will you tell me about it?"

The girls didn't like to talk about too much of their work. Tanner would never have imagined it, but being a Fate was hard work. In many ways they didn't have a lot of control over what they did, but the fact was, they still took some things really hard.

Marrying into the Moirae family was harder than he'd ever expected, though he wouldn't change it for the world.

"It was a little girl."

Tanner already knew that it was going to be bad. Chloe and her sisters always took a few days to recover after a child died. He held his wife tighter, their own unborn baby between them.

"She ... she was so scared, Tanner. She was all alone." Tanner continued hugging his wife until she pulled herself together and said, "I better go check on Lacy."

"She took it hard?"

"Really hard. It was ultimately she who had made the decision, you know. But it wasn't so much her death. It was what happened before that."

She pulled away and wiped her face with the back of her hand.

"What happened?"

"She'd been kidnapped."

He pulled her closer, his hand settling over her protruding stomach.

"She was kept in a small room. It was so dark." Chloe turned silent tugging on her tunic, until she pulled herself together. "I better go check on Lacy."

"Do you want me to come with you?"

Chloe thought about it so long that Tanner didn't think she would answer.

"Yeah. I think maybe she could use a hug from you, too."

"Okay," Tanner agreed.

His girls needed him. Football was going to have to wait.

## Chapter One

Noah Monroe lay back in his bed and closed his eyes. He desperately hoped that she was going to show up again tonight in his dreams. Hell, for the past five months, ever since he'd lost his little Sarah, she'd come to him. She made the heartache a little bit less.

He spent way too much time sleeping these past months. He knew the people that worked for him were worried, but he didn't care. Hell, most of them barely liked him any more anyway.

"Good evening."

Her calming voice slid over him like a warm blanket.

"You came."

She smiled at him and his stomach tightened.

"Have I missed a night yet?"

No. She hadn't. Every night for the past five months she'd shown up in his dreams. At first he thought he was going crazy, but after a few weeks he didn't care. This dream woman was giving him the only remaining connection he had to his daughter.

"How's Sarah?"

His dream woman crossed the room, her flowing dress trailing behind her as it hugged her curves at the same time. She perched at the foot of his bed, one leg curled up under the other.

"She's fine. She misses you but she asked me to tell you that she made some new friends."

If he had a heart any more it would have broken when he thought about his little girl. But his heart had died at the same time Sarah had.

"Why can't I see her?"

He didn't know why he had these dreams every night. He desperately wanted to see Sarah, but instead this angel appeared each night.

"I'm sorry," she said. "But I've told you. Even I shouldn't be coming here. Sarah can't leave."

"Don't you ... can't I at least see a picture of her?"

She shook her head.

"I'm sorry, Noah. Maybe I should stop coming to you."

She got up and started towards the door.

"No!"

She paused but didn't turn around. Moonlight streamed through the window, hitting her absolutely perfectly. Her long blond hair shone around her like a halo.

Well, that made sense. She was his angel.

"Please don't go," he said, calmer this time.

She walked over to the window and peered outside. Noah wondered what she saw out there. His property had once been his pride and joy.

He got up and joined her at the window, though neither of them spoke.

In the distance he could see the light shining from the barn. The corral was illuminated slightly where horses meandered around still waiting for the hands to put them in their stalls for the night.

"Sarah used to love the horses."

His angel smiled.

"Now it's unicorns."

*Unicorns.*

This was getting out of hand. He was getting way too far off the deep end.

"Tell her I love her."

Noah walked back to his bed and climbed in.

"I will," she replied.

He rolled over. He knew that when he woke up in the morning she'd be long gone. Only the faint hint of her perfume would remain.

And that scent would stay with him throughout the day, until he went to bed that night.

\* \* \* \*

The sound of a harsh cry slowly filtered through Lacy's consciousness. She opened her eyes, a smile on her lips. She was thrilled for her sister and her husband. The baby continued to cry. Behind the harsh sound was the voice of her brother-in-law, Tanner, trying to calm his crying daughter.

Lacy had to work to pull herself out of bed.

Visiting Noah every night was starting to take its toll on her sleep. She stretched, waking up her aching muscles.

After a quick shower, she headed downstairs to the palace kitchen. As she neared, she once again heard Tanner's voice trying to reason with his young daughter.

"Come on, baby, I know you miss your mommy, but you've gotta eat something."

When she entered the kitchen, she had to cover her mouth to keep from laughing. Tanner had more milk on the front of his shirt than in the bottle. And the way the baby was eyeing the bottle, she hadn't had much to drink.

"Having some problems?"

Tanner only glanced her way. He only had eyes for baby Cassie.

"This bottle thing just isn't doing it for her. She only likes Mommy."

Lacy walked over and ran her fingers over the baby's silky soft head. A pang of wistfulness washed over her.

*She'd never have a baby.*

She'd never have the amazing relationship like the one her sister had with Tanner.

"Where's Chloe?"

Before answering, he stood up and passed the baby over to Lacy.

"Zeus summoned her first thing this morning. I have no idea how long she'll be gone. Do you mind watching the baby for me while I take a quick shower?"

"Of course not."

She took the bottle from Tanner and held it up to Cassie's tiny mouth. She instantly grabbed on and began to suckle.

"Show-off," Tanner muttered as he walked out the door.

Lacy looked down at her tiny niece, now eating contentedly. Settling in, she let her thoughts drift towards Noah, as they had been almost constantly for the past five months.

She knew he didn't believe she was real. That was probably for the best. He thought she was a figment of his distraught imagination.

Cassie made a slight noise, not happy but not sad, just a pay attention to me noise. Lacy snuggled her closer, inhaling her baby smell.

What she wouldn't do to have a baby of her own...

"Hey. Tanner didn't bribe you to watch the baby, did he?"

Chloe came into the room, the same bounce in her step that'd been there since Tanner showed up on Mount Olympus. Since Zeus gave them his blessing to live happily ever after.

"No," Lacy handed Cassie over to her mother. She felt the loss instantly. "He needed to take a shower. Apparently getting her milk on her daddy was more fun than actually drinking it."

Chloe laughed, but turned serious all too quickly.

"Are you all right, Lacy?"

*Uh-oh.*

Her sisters didn't suspect that she'd been going out at night, did they? She'd been so careful to conceal her trips to Earth.

"You sound like Atty."

Unable to face her sister, Lacy turned and began puttering around the kitchen. She turned on the teapot and mixed up some of her own special herbs, tossing them in the pot to steep.



"I know you're lying, Lacy. You've been acting weird for months now. Ever since that little girl."

Chloe didn't have to specify which little girl. Every so often a case came around that haunted all three of them. Sarah Monroe was one of those cases.

"It ... she was ... it was just wrong."

Lacy felt Chloe cross the room to stand directly behind her.

"I know. I also know that you've been going to see her."

She couldn't have hidden her sharp intake of breath if her life depended on it.

*Chloe knew?*

If she knew, how many other people knew?

"Don't worry, I'm the only one that knows. Well, and Tanner. He's the one that told me."

"How does Tanner know?"

The teapot whistled and Lacy tried to make herself busy. She poured herself a cup and then went to sit at the table when Chloe refused one.

"He said he was out practicing his newly discovered powers one morning and saw you head off to the Elysian Fields. Of course I have no doubts he was really watching dragon polo."

"And you figured I was going to see Sarah?"

"You were so upset, Lacy. I mean, we all were, but you took it so hard. Why?"

Lacy shrugged her shoulders.

"I don't know." She took a sip from her tea, but it seemed bitter. "I know kids die every day and I know a lot of them are in worse circumstances than hers, but Sarah..."

She trailed off. Chloe was kind enough not to speak. She just put her hand on Lacy's. Comforting.

"I'm not going to tell Atty."

Atropos wouldn't handle this very well at all. There were fairly strict rules about being a Fate and Atty saw no wiggle room whatsoever. Lacy was completely violating them by visiting Sarah.

And even Chloe would freak if she knew Lacy had been visiting Sarah's father.

\* \* \* \*

Like he did every morning, Noah awoke to the sound of a rooster. Every morning for the past five months, he'd woken up and thought about what the day would bring, and then he'd remember.

He'd remember that some monster had taken his little Sarah away.

From then on, the day would be a struggle until he fell back into bed again.

And then his angel would show up.

While he wanted nothing more than to roll over and stay in bed, voices floating through his window reminded him of his responsibilities.

So he pulled himself up, took a shower, threw on what he thought were clean clothes and headed out to the barn.

"Morning Noah," Pat called.

"Morning."

At least he'd stopped saying "good morning." Nothing had been good in five months.

"How ya doing?"

Pat poured him a cup of coffee from the old barn stove and brought it over to Noah. He'd been doing the same thing for as long as Noah could remember. And he'd done it for Noah's father before that.

Noah didn't answer.

How could he?

*I'm fine as long as I'm asleep because a beautiful angel shows up and tells me about Sarah.*

But what made the angel even worse was that he was starting to ache for her company. To his dismay, it wasn't just the news of Sarah he ached for every night any more.

"Well," Pat said, "once you've finished your coffee, why don't you come on over and take a look at this mare. Her owner dropped her off this morning."

Noah nodded and then tossed the remainder of his coffee on the ground. Really it was nothing more than sludge anyway.

He strolled into the barn. He vaguely remembered when the rush of adrenaline would shoot through him every time he walked into the barn and smelled the mixture of hay and horses.

Now it made him sick to his stomach. The farm didn't hold the allure for him that it once did.

"You know, Pat. I've been thinking about that offer you made me, and I think it's a good one."

"I don't want to be taking advantage of you, in your," he cleared his throat, "you know, grief. Maybe you should just think about that offer a little bit longer."

Pat had made the offer to buy the farm shortly before Sarah had been kidnapped and then killed. Knowing how much Sarah loved the horses, Noah had absolutely refused.

But lately, he'd been feeling restless. What reason did he have to stay here any more? Pat's offer was a good one. A sound one. It'd give him enough money to go and start a new life somewhere else.

*As long as his angel continued to visit him.*

The sight of the mare nearly brought him to his knees. She was a glorious creature. Pure, snowy white with a matching white mane and tail.

"She looks like magic."

Pat harrumphed. Then he chuckled.

"I hope you don't mind me saying, son, but that sounds like something Sarah would have said."

*Yeah, it did.*

Unfortunately his chest was too tight for him to form any kind of response. But apparently Pat didn't expect one because he kept talking.

"Owner wants to board her here for a couple of weeks and then maybe look at breeding her with one of our stallions."

"Great. Whatever."

He couldn't get what his angel had said last night out of his mind.

*"She likes unicorns."*

If Noah believed in stuff like that he might almost think that Sarah and his angel had sent him this horse. But he didn't believe in miracles.

\* \* \* \*

That night Noah again went to bed much too early to be considered normal. Hell, it was barely dark out. But he didn't care. He desperately wanted to see his angel tonight. It was the only time he felt alive anymore. And as much as he wanted to believe that it was just because of her connection with Sarah, he knew it was more. She made him feel whole again.

He lay his head down on his pillow, squeezed his eyes closed tightly and wished for his angel to come. He had no idea how much time had passed, but soon her lilting laugh blew in on the wind.

"Eager to see me tonight?"

He opened his eyes to see her standing by the window. Like always she looked ... ephemeral. She was dressed in a light pink flowing skirt and matching blouse.

"I was," he admitted.

He didn't see much need in lying to a figment of his imagination.

"How are you feeling tonight?"

"Fine," he said.

It was his answer when anyone asked him that question.

She walked over to the bed and settled on the edge.

"I don't believe you, you know."

\* \* \* \*

No one who knew anything about pain would believe him for a second. He was obviously hurting.

Much to Lacy's surprise, he did something he'd never done before. He reached out and touched her.

He just touched his hand to hers, but the contact sent sparks shooting through her body.

"I didn't expect that," he said.

Did he feel the sparks, too?

"What ... what did you expect?"

"I don't know." He lay his hand on hers with more force now. "I guess part of me expected my hand to go right through you."

"I'm not a dream, Noah."

He didn't respond. She wasn't sure whether or not he knew that.

"What's your name?"

"What?"

"I ... if you told me your name, I'm sorry, I don't remember."

She wasn't sure that she ever had told him her name.

"Lacy," she said.

No way would she ever tell anyone that her real name was Lachesis and she was one of the Three Fates. The one responsible for measuring the thread of his daughter's life. There were just things better left unsaid.

"Lacy," he said. He began rubbing his fingers over her smooth palm. There went those tingles again. "It suits you."

She turned her hand over and their hands clasped together.

This was the first time they'd actually touched one another. Of course Lacy would be lying if she said that she hadn't imagined it.

But nothing could have prepared her for the warmth of his skin or the intoxicating way he smelled when she got this close to him.

"Noah."

It wasn't a question. She was too afraid to ask questions. It was simply his name.

Part of her wanted to start talking about Sarah, the things she'd done today. But if Noah was actually interested in her ... well, she didn't want to be the one to break this spell.

So she said nothing.

Noah leaned towards her. His breath was warm and smelled of the mint toothpaste he used.

Lacy found herself closing the rest of the gap.

Their lips met in a tentative kiss. The pressure of his lips on hers was light but felt oh-so-good. His tongue came out to probe gently at her mouth. She opened to him.

But rather than deepening the kiss, he pulled away.

Reality came crashing down on Lacy.

"I'm sorry," she said as she jumped up from his bed and retreated to the other side of the room. "That was uncalled for. I shouldn't have done that."

Noah stood up from the bed.

He was dressed in nothing more than a pair of grey workout shorts and they weren't really helping to disguise the erection bursting to get out.

She had to work hard to keep her gaze above his waist.

But that didn't help much. He was tall and lean, not overly muscled, but there didn't appear to be an ounce of fat on him.

His brown eyes were heavy with lust and his dark hair ruffled where he'd run his hands through it.

"Please don't leave," he said.

She didn't think she could make her feet move so there wasn't any danger of that.

"I'm not going anywhere."

He walked towards her, but two steps before he reached her he turned around and walked back towards the bed again. He continued to pace for several minutes. The only sounds were the frustrated breaths he blew out and the sound of the crickets wafting in from outside.

"My wife, Sarah's mother, she left when Sarah was only six months old. For five years it was only the two of us. I mean, there are people working around here all the time but really it was just the two of us."

She wanted to say something to him, to comfort him, but she didn't know why he was telling her this. But then he continued.

"There were a few women over the years but not many of them. Do you understand what I'm saying?"

"Not exactly."

"I'm saying that it's been a really long time for me. I want you."

"But?"

"There's no but. I *want* you."

Could she do this?

Lacy wasn't a virgin, but she'd never slept around indiscriminately. It wasn't in her to do that. But would sex with Noah be indiscriminate?

*No.* The answer reverberated through her soul.

They'd known each other for months now, even though a little voice whispered in the back of her mind that he didn't really believe that she was real.

But still, after that little bit of hand-holding she was desperate to feel his hands roaming over her entire body.

"Okay," she said.

"Okay?"

She took two steps towards him until their bodies were almost touching. She could feel the heat radiating from his body warming her both on the outside, but deep down inside, too.

"Yes," she said. "I understand what you're saying and I want you, too."

## Chapter Two

She said yes.

That thought continued to echo through his brain, but it took him a second to make his body move.

Practically all he had to do was lean forward slightly and their bodies came into contact.

She was so damn soft.

Her breasts pressed into his chest. For the first time he noticed how sheer her shirt was. Her nipples pebbled against his skin.

Lowering his head to her neck, he inhaled her sweet scent. She smelled girly and sweet. Of all the things that were right in the world.

Unconsciously, his tongue came out to taste the skin on her neck. As he suspected, she tasted just as good as she smelled. He couldn't wait to taste more of her.

Nipping at the spot where her neck met her shoulders, Noah thought he may die a happy man. Her hands came up around him, her fingernails lightly digging into his skin and he didn't know if he'd be able to last very long.

She whimpered when he used his teeth on her delicate neck. Her skin was like silk and he couldn't wait to feel more of it under his hands.

Reaching between them, he started to undo the buttons of her shirt.

"So soft," he muttered when his knuckles brushed over the smooth mounds of her breasts.

When her shirt was completely unbuttoned, he pushed it off her shoulders and down her arms, but leaving her wrists trapped in the sheer fabric. He stepped back. She was a vision of rose and cream, hands bound in pink silk. His breath hitched in his throat, stunned by her beauty, his desire.

The pale pink silk of her bra almost perfectly matched her flushed skin. Her beaded nipples strained towards him.

As if of its own accord, his hand reached out to touch her. The silk of her bra was soft, but her skin was even softer. A moan escaped from her lips when his finger brushed over her distended nipple.

He did it again.

Her whole body shivered as she sighed deeply.

"Noah," she gasped.

He continued to rub his fingers back and forth over her silk-covered nipple.

"Yes?"

"Please."

"Please what?"

"Please more."

He was desperately afraid that she was going to say no, so when she begged for more, he could have dropped to his knees in thanks.

Instead, he dropped his head to her still-covered breasts. Using his tongue, he traced the line of her bra. Over one breast, down into the valley of her cleavage and then back up the other breast.

He held her closer when her knees gave out.

Pulling her shirt the rest of the way off, Noah gathered Lacy in his arms and carried her over to his bed. He lay her down gently, like she was made of glass.

He tried to move, but Lacy held him close.

"I'm not going anywhere, sweetheart," he said. "But I do want to see what you've got on underneath that skirt."

"Oh."

Her body flushed even pinker.

It was a struggle for him to move away. Reaching around her waist, he searched for a zipper.

"How in the hell does this thing come off?"

Her laugh was lyrical. He felt it all the way down to his cock.

She touched the band of her skirt and pulled the gathered fabric away slightly before letting it snap back into place.

"It's elastic."

He could feel a real smile spread across his face. He hadn't felt a genuine smile in longer than he could remember.

She eagerly lifted her hips as he skimmed the material down her long legs. Good Lord, did they ever end?

As his fingers slowly slid down her legs to her toes, he appreciated the fact that he was a leg man. When the skirt was free of her body, he slid his fingers back up those mile-long legs to her pink silk bikini panties.

"Yessss," she hissed when his finger brushed against her pussy.

And that was mostly an accident. Well, a little bit of an accident anyway. God, he wanted to do it again.

He lowered himself to the bed. He was looking his fill and his hands brushed up and down her body. He didn't know what he wanted to do first and he was afraid that he was going to wake up before he got to do any of it.

But mostly, he wanted to bury himself inside that hot pussy.

He settled for lowering his head to her breasts once again. He pulled the cups of her bra down, baring her completely to his gaze.



"Beautiful."

If she was going to respond it was lost in her moan when he bent his head to suckle her.

She tasted like cherry.

When she arched her back against him, he used the opportunity to reach around her and unclasp her bra. Without breaking contact, he slid the straps down her arms. The garment lay forgotten between them.

"More," she muttered when he removed his mouth from one breast to concentrate on the other.

She continued to writhe beneath him. The scent of her arousal filled the air.

And then he couldn't wait another second to taste her pussy. Forcing himself to go slowly, he kissed his way down her torso, pausing momentarily to delve his tongue into her belly button. She laughed, but it ended on a sigh as he continued his journey south.

"Lift up," he said.

She complied without question. He slid the silk panties down those ever-long legs once again. He couldn't wait to have them wrapped around him as he fucked her.

Then he went back to studying her.

He was shocked when he found her completely hairless down there. And she was smooth, completely smooth. Not a bump or a missed hair at all. He explored her thoroughly.

He hoped she tipped her waxer well.

She was soaking wet. Her pussy shone with her juices and he knew he'd have no trouble whatsoever gaining access to her pussy.

In an effort to prove himself right, he extended a finger and slid it inside of her.

Instantly her muscles clamped around his finger. Damn, she was tight!

"Noah."

In answer, he lowered his head to her bared pussy.

\* \* \* \*

When Noah's warm tongue touched her over-sensitive flesh, Lacy thought she might spontaneously combust. Then he settled into a nice steady rhythm and she was sure that it would only be a matter of seconds before she did.

Tingles skittered up and down her body, but all of them eventually landed in one place; that amazing place where Noah was settled between her legs, lapping furiously.

She wasn't sure she even had arms or legs anymore. All her sensations were focused on her deepest core where Noah was bringing her extreme pleasure.

"More," she heard herself demanding.

*Demanding?*

Lacy never demanded anything.

But thank the Gods he complied. Licking her faster, kissing every inch of her, he slowly slid another finger inside of her.

There was no way she could have resisted him, even if she tried.

His fingers began an in and out, in and out motion. She found herself rocking against him on the bed.

In and out.

In and out.

And then, all of a sudden, all of those tingles that had been centered right where Noah's tongue and fingers had been touching her exploded towards her brain.

She would swear that the room started spinning. Noises that she'd never even heard before erupted from her lips.

Her legs, which she'd completely forgotten she had, had come up to clench around Noah's body, pressing him harder into her.

"Oh, Gods."

She finally lowered her legs or, more accurately, they plopped down onto the bed. She'd been wound so tightly, they felt like overcooked spaghetti for all the control she had over them.

The next thing she knew was a vast emptiness as Noah slid his fingers from her body and moved away from her. He stared down at her from above.

His face was wet with her moisture and he wore a smile to rival that of the kid who just got the best Christmas present ever.

She laughed.

"You look pretty proud of yourself."

He settled himself on the bed next to her, though his smile remained.

"Hell, I don't think I've had that much fun in years. Even in my dreams."

Well, if she had anything to do with it, his fun wasn't over yet. She tried to roll towards him, but flopped back to her original spot.

His fun was going to have to wait a few seconds.

They both lay on their backs breathing heavily.

Lacy's mind reeled with should she's and shouldn't she's.

She shouldn't.

She knew that.

She should make sure Noah fell asleep and then hightail it back to her palace on Mount Olympus. But

she also knew she wasn't going to do that.

She couldn't.

She wanted more.

*Noah* wanted more.

Her mind made up, and unable to wait any longer, she flipped over and crushed her mouth to Noah's. Their teeth ground together, she pressed her lips to his so hard.

He eased back from her a bit.

"Slow down a little," he coaxed.

Then he brought her mouth back to his for the softest, most gentle kiss she'd ever experienced.

There went those tingles again.

She sighed when their lips parted.

"That's better, isn't it?"

"Much," she said before kissing him again.

This kiss was harder than his, but certainly not as punishing as her previous one. Their tongues tangled in an erotic dance.

Noah's arms came up around her once again. It felt so good to be in his arms.

But she couldn't let herself stay there for long.

He tried to maneuver her so that she'd straddle him, but she wiggled her way out of his grasp. Instead, she took the same journey he'd taken with her.

She kissed the rough stubble on his chin, and down the side of his neck. She loved the sounds he made when she nipped on his shoulders.

When she reached his chest, she flicked her tongue over his nipple until he shuddered. Then she moved to the other. She licked large circles on his chest, moving closer to his nipples with every swipe of her tongue.

"You're killing me, woman."

Just when she was about to reach the center of her circles, she left his chest and continued her journey south. Down that line of hair to his thick cock.

He was so beautiful. Thick and strong. As she stared at it a drop of moisture welled at the opening.

She gave a soft laugh.

"Like what I'm doing?" she asked, looking up the line of his body into his eyes.

The sight took her breath away. His eyes were heavy-lidded and his chest rose and fell with his arousal.

"I like it a lot," he said. "But I'd like it even more if you actually did something."

She laughed again, but did as he asked, taking him deep into her mouth. Well, as deep as she could manage, anyway. He was so big she couldn't fit all of him in.

He tasted good. Salty.

It was only a matter of moments before Noah's hips started pumping against her mouth. He was making love with her mouth as much as she was sucking him.

No. Not making love.

He needed this and she was giving it to him.

Nothing more.

When Noah moaned his pleasure, she couldn't think about anything else at all.

Her only focus was the way she was making Noah feel.

And judging from the way he was reacting, he was feeling really good.

The moaning continued and he started thrashing against the bed. Lacy used her hands to maximize the pressure she was putting on his cock.

"Oh God, Lacy," he moaned. "I'm going to..."

Before he finished the sentence Lacy felt his hot seed spurting into the back of her throat.

She eagerly swallowed each and every drop as she continued to suck on him.

"Oh God Lacy."

She stopped sucking but continued to hold his cock in her mouth. It pulsed slightly.

When she let him go and moved away, Noah was sound asleep.

She flashed herself back to her own bed on Mount Olympus.

\* \* \* \*

Chloe stood in the kitchen of Moirae Palace on Mount Olympus scrubbing down the mess that her infant daughter had made.

"How one little child can make such a huge mess, I'll never know."

But Cassie just stared at her mother, smiled her little toothless smile and smacked her hands into her applesauce once again, spattering it over Chloe's freshly scrubbed floor.

"I think she's taunting you," Lacy said, strolling into the room.

Chloe chose to ignore her sister. She was pretty sure Lacy was right.

But she did take away Cassie's applesauce. A frustrated scream was averted when Lacy picked her up.

"Attention and food. That's all she ever wants."

Both women laughed. But when Chloe got a good look at her sister's face, concern took over.

"What's wrong? You look exhausted."

"I'm fine," Lacy said, through Chloe could tell she was lying. "I just didn't sleep very well last night."

"Sit down. I'll make you tea."

Chloe wasn't much of a tea drinker herself, but she mixed up some herbs, fashioning Lacy a concoction that would perk her up.

"Thanks."

Lacy sat down with Cassie cuddled on her lap. At the same time Tanner strolled in the door.

"Hey, baby," Chloe called.

Tanner crossed the kitchen and kissed her passionately. Chloe's heart fluttered as it always did when her husband entered the room.

But there was also another feeling.

She could feel Lacy's disappointment as clearly as if it were her own.

*What was wrong with her sister?*

"How are you doing, Lacy?"

Tanner moved from Chloe to snuggle his daughter and give her a quick kiss on the head.

"Fine," she said, giving her standard answer. "What had you up and about so early this morning?"

"I'm working with my father."

Chloe snickered. It was interesting to have Poseidon as a father-in-law.

"What did you learn today?" she asked, pouring her sister the tea, then perching on Tanner's lap.

"He's trying to teach me how to flash things."

"That could be dangerous," Lacy laughed, but it sounded forced.

"I managed to flash a frog from the pond over by Zeus's house to my dad's house."

Chloe laughed.

"Great. That'll be helpful."

Tanner took his wife's teasing good-naturedly.

Lacy jumped up almost immediately. She'd barely had a few sips from her teacup.

"Thanks for the tea." She passed Cassie to Chloe and dashed out of the room.

Chloe was afraid she saw tears in her sister's eyes.

"What's wrong with Lacy?"

Chloe got up and paced the kitchen.

"I don't know but I wish there was something I could do for her."

Chloe cringed when she saw the look on her husband's face. She knew that look did not bode well.

"Maybe I can help. I'm getting good at this magic stuff, you know."

"Oh please," Chloe laughed again. "I'm sure Lacy needs a frog to make her feel better."

Unfortunately, Tanner wasn't easily dissuaded. He jumped up and began waving his arms around wildly.

Cassie squealed gleefully as her daddy made a fool of himself.

"I want to make Lacy happy," he sang as he waved his arms a few more times, spun around and took a bow. "Anything."

Chloe shook her head at his antics, then all jesting was forgotten as a deafening boom echoed through the palace, followed by sudden darkness. All the lights in the palace had gone out.

A knock sounded on the front door.

"Tanner, what in Hades did you do?"

\* \* \* \*

Noah took a deep breath in, closed his eyes and then let it out slowly. He released his breath and ever so slowly opened his eyes once again.

The image hadn't changed.

He was no longer standing outside his own front door. Instead, he was in a fairy tale.

Mist swirled around his feet as he stood in front of a huge castle. It was ... pink.

He turned around on the stoop and surveyed his surroundings. At home he would have seen rolling hills, the horses in the corral and trees in the distance. Here, he saw the rolling hills, but in place of the horses he could have sworn those were dragons, and in the distance ornate palaces rose into the sky.

"What the hell?"

He rubbed his eyes, but the picture didn't change.

So he turned around and knocked on the door.

At first nothing happened. He reached down and pinched himself.

He was upset that he felt the pain.

"Damn it, I've gotta be asleep."

And he was going to have to see a doctor about the dreams he'd been having. Just thinking about last night's erotic dream had his temperature rising.

This wasn't the time.

He turned to walk away from this palace. God only knew where he'd go, but he figured his dream would guide him. He halted, though, when he heard a voice on the other side of the door.

Two voices.

"Tanner, what in Hades did you do?" said an exasperated female voice.

"I don't know," said the man, defending himself.

"I told you, and your father told you. Don't mess around with the magic."

"You're overreacting. It's probably just someone selling newspaper subscriptions."

"And the lights?"

"Coincidence."

The door swung open and an attractive woman with an adorable baby on her hip stood in the doorway.

There was a pang in his heart when he remembered Sarah at that age. God, he desperately missed his baby.

"May I help you?"

She was polite, but she did a really poor job of hiding her curiosity.

And she seemed somewhat familiar. He knew he'd never seen her before—those startling green eyes and jet black hair would be hard to forget—but he still had a sense that, somehow, they had met.

When in doubt, go for honesty.

"Well, I don't know," he said.

The man who'd been standing in the background came forward. He put his arm around the woman and child. Protective.

"So I didn't bring you here?"

"What?" Noah asked. "No, I don't know how I got here."

The woman shot what Noah assumed to be her husband a warning glare before stepping aside.

"You better come in while we figure this out."

He was somewhat reluctant to leave the crystal blue sky and the amazingly fresh, clean air. The interior of the palace looked dark, but he followed her anyway.

"What's going on?"

At the same time another woman entered the room from upstairs.

"A fuse must have blown or something," the man said, before the second woman could say anything.

"Fuse my ass, Tanner. What did you do?"

The woman with the baby on her hip laughed while the man tried to deflect the question.

"Come on, Atty, why do you have to blame me for everything?"

He couldn't see the second woman very well due to the lack of light, but she stuck out one hip, arms akimbo. Challenging.

"Was this your fault?" she asked in what he recognized as the no-nonsense tone only a woman could master.

The man hedged. "Well, possibly," he finally answered.

This was quickly getting out of hand and Noah certainly didn't want to be in the middle of a family squabble.

"Excuse me. Maybe one of you could tell me where I am?"

"I'm sorry," the woman with the baby said. She stuck out her hand and walked towards him. "I'm Chloe, this is my husband Tanner, and my sister Atty."

He shook her hand. The baby babbled at him. Tanner came forward and shook his hand as well.

"I'm Noah Monroe," he said. "And where is this?"

He didn't miss the glances that the other three exchanged.

"Where *were* you?" Atty countered.

He still couldn't see her clearly, as she stood back in the shadows.

"Home," he said.

"Where's home?" Tanner asked.

Noah was in the nut house. That must be what had happened. Someone had found out about his crazy dreams and they'd sent him to a nut house. He'd known it would only be a matter of time but still, he thought he'd at least know when someone decided to have him committed.

"Virginia."

"Virginia?" the women exclaimed.

"Virginia as in Virginia, Earth?" the man, Tanner, asked.

What? These people were aliens?

"Of *course*, Earth," Noah said.

At least he wasn't nearly as crazy as these people!

"Tanner, what in Hades did you do?"

Atty hollered at her brother-in-law, crossing the room to him. Once she was in the light, Noah finally got a good look at her. As with Chloe, she too was oddly familiar. Her hair was a rich auburn brown and she had deep brown eyes. She, too, was striking and he couldn't ever imagine forgetting her.

Why were these women so familiar?



"I don't know. All I said was that I wanted to make Lacy happy. I didn't expect the magic to actually work," Tanner said, his hands coming up as if to ward off an attack from the women.

Noah laughed.

He knew all of those words, but he couldn't imagine how they all went together. He supposed this was what it would be like living in an insane asylum for the rest of his life.

Then something that Tanner had said permeated his brain.

"Lacy? Did you say Lacy?"

"You know her?"

Oh, great.

Noah wasn't in an insane asylum—he was still asleep.

"Of course I know her. We were together last night."

"What?"

Atty's face turned a rather unattractive shade of red.

"I swear to Zeus that I had absolutely nothing to do with that," Tanner exclaimed.

Noah laughed again. Now that he was sure that it was a dream, he was feeling much more lighthearted. Of course, that didn't really explain how it hurt when he pinched himself, but was there really any evidence that actually worked? Maybe it was a fluke.

"Of course you didn't have anything to do with last night. I can assure you that it was just me and Lacy."

And just thinking about the things she'd done to him last night made his cock shoot to attention.

Before anyone had a chance to respond the lights flickered on. And a lilting voice that he recognized from other dreams flowed into the room.

Lacy.

"How'd the lights go out? And what took you guys so long to get them back on?"

Her voice filtered down from the enormous spiral staircase. And then, her legs came into view. Like last night, she was dressed in another one of those long flowing skirts. Just the barest hint of ankle and calf showed as she glided down the stairs.

But still, he couldn't take his eyes off of her. Or more specifically, her legs.

"Lacy, apparently a friend of yours is here," Chloe said.

"Oh, who?"

When she saw him, she stumbled to a halt.

"Oh no," she whispered. Then louder, "Noah?"

Noah couldn't keep still. He stalked towards her, pausing when he was less than half a step away.

"What are you doing here?" she asked.

In answer, he crushed his mouth to hers.

### Chapter Three

The kiss was amazing.

Lacy found herself melting into Noah's arms. His embrace was warm and his arms were so strong around her.

She opened her mouth to him and let his tongue inside to tangle with hers. The taste of him overwhelmed her senses.

But then, other things started to intrude on her senses.

Like Atty clearing her throat.

Like Cassie laughing her little baby laugh.

Like Tanner starting to chuckle.

Like Chloe shushing her husband.

Reluctantly, she pulled away. Well she tried to anyway.

Noah held her tightly to his chest.

"What are you doing here?" she asked, struggling to push away so she could look into his face, but he still held on.

"What do you mean what am I doing here? It's my dream."

"Dream?" Atty asked, the question and disappointment crystal clear in her voice.

"Noah, this isn't a dream," Lacy said choosing for the moment to ignore her sister.

He laughed, a warm rich sound.

"What do you mean this isn't a dream? Of course it is!"

He pulled her in close once again, his hands snaking up inside the back of her shirt. Despite her consternation, his hands *did* feel absolutely amazing.

"Can one of you help me here, please?" Lacy pleaded with her sisters and Tanner.

"I don't know. This is pretty interesting," Chloe said.

Atty turned on her heel and stomped out of the room.

"Tanner? Please?"

He looked reluctant, but Lacy was too busy trying to keep Noah's hands out of her pants, or skirt to be more precise, to plead her case any further.

"You probably should help her," Chloe said to her husband. "After all, it *is* your fault."

*Tanner's fault?*

"Fine," he said and stalked towards Noah and Lacy. He tapped Noah on the shoulder. "Excuse me.

Could you please stop molesting my sister-in-law for a second? She needs to talk to her sisters."

Much to everyone's surprise Noah whirled on him.

"Dude, could you leave my dream alone? I'm trying to get some here."

Tanner laughed and hooked an arm around Noah's shoulders, pulling him from Lacy.

"Man, we need to talk."

With Noah temporarily indisposed, Lacy jumped at the opportunity to retreat. She wanted nothing more than to be alone, but the clicking of Chloe's heels behind her told her that her wish was not going to be granted.

Lacy walked outside to the back balcony before pausing.

"Are you going to tell me who this guy is?" Chloe asked.

She didn't want to.

She remained silent, hoping that Chloe would realize that she wanted to be alone. But she should have remembered that Chloe was nothing if not stubborn.

"Remember the little girl. The one from a few months ago that died after she'd been kidnapped."

"Of course I remember her," Chloe answered.

When Lacy turned around, she saw her sister cuddling Cassie a little closer. She walked to Chloe, then ran her fingers over Cassie's downy hair.

Cassie grabbed onto her finger and instantly tried to chew on it.

The sisters laughed.

"He's Sarah's father."

"Sarah? You know the little girl's name?"

Lacy knew that what she'd done was forbidden. It was pretty much against every rule of the Fates.

"I've seen her. Several times."

The only sound was Chloe's gasp.

She knew she shouldn't have. But after Sarah's death she'd peeked in on the family, and seen how much they were suffering—especially Noah. Lacy knew how much pain the little girl had endured before she finally died. She'd had to go make sure the little girl was okay. She'd just had to.

"How is she?"

Lacy gave a small laugh. Leave it to Chloe not to yell at her.

"She's fine. She really misses her daddy."

"Noah."

"Yep."

The two lapsed into silence once again. Lacy put her arms around Chloe and Cassie. The three of them stood there for a long time staring out over the green grass and sparkling blue sky. The only commotion was the occasional sprite fluttering through the garden.

"So what was that kiss about?"

Lacy chuckled, but Chloe continued.

"I mean that wasn't just any 'Hey there, glad to see you' kiss. That was a 'I want to lay you down in bed and get it on' kiss."

Lacy could feel herself starting to blush.

"I don't know what you're talking about."

Chloe clucked her tongue.

"Yes you do."

Lacy tried to turn away before her sister could read her face.

"No I don't."

"Lacy, you slept with him didn't you?"

She would just continue to deny everything. It seemed like the best way to get her sister to shut up.

"I don't know what you're talking about."

Chloe smiled her damn knowing smile—the know-it-all smile she'd been using since they were kids.

"Fine, be that way. But why was he so adamant about this being a dream?"

Lacy kept on with her deny everything tactic.

"I don't know."

"Well, was he a good kisser?"

Leave it to Chloe to eventually get to the things that she actually wanted to know. And Lacy didn't mind answering this one.

"Oh yeah."

"And is he good at other things, too?"

Lacy laughed. It was just about impossible to keep things from her sisters.

"Oh yeah."

Before Chloe could quiz her any more, Cassie started to fuss.

"I've got to put her down for her nap, but don't for a second think that this conversation is over."

Lacy hugged her sister and watched her disappear into the palace. She walked across the balcony and plopped down on the soft chaise lounge.

What had she gotten herself into?

She was an idiot. She'd been so careful to keep her sisters from finding out what she'd been up to. She didn't like lectures, and she certainly didn't want to get them in any trouble.

And what *was* Noah doing here?

Now that the shock of seeing him had worn off a bit, she realized she hadn't figured that part out. Of course, he did seem to still think it was a dream.

She pulled her knees up under herself and thought back to last night. To all the nights she'd visited Noah in the past few months.

Sure, last night was the first time anything had turned physical, but she couldn't say she hadn't wanted it for months now. Noah touched something deep inside of her. And she was afraid that it had something to do with more than just Sarah.

And through it all he'd thought it was a dream.

She was completely aware of that. She had never bothered correcting him. After all, wasn't it better for him to believe that he was dreaming than to turn his whole world upside down with the fact that she was a Fate?

The Fate that had measured out the extra short thread of his daughter's life, no less.

"Hey."

His deep voice from the doorway startled her.

She sat up on her chaise, pushing her hair behind her ears, then folding her hands in her lap.

"Hey," she said.

Gods, could she sound more like a nervous teenager?

\* \* \* \*

Noah still wasn't really sure what was going on.

A few hours ago he'd thought that he was going crazy. Hell, it hadn't been the first time. He'd even considered killing himself after the death of his daughter.

But now. He *knew* he was going crazy.

But really, all he could think about was getting his mouth, and other parts, on Lacy once again.

"You don't believe me, do you?"

Tanner handed Noah a glass filled with some red liquid.

"This isn't blood, is it?"

"No. It's fruit juice."

Noah wasn't convinced. But he smelled it and it did smell fruity. He sipped. The fruity taste exploded on his tongue.

"Not bad. But don't you have something a little stronger?"

"It's not necessary when you live on Mount Olympus."

If Noah had taken another drink of juice, it would have decorated the kitchen wall.

"Excuse me?"

"I told you. This isn't a dream. You're on Mount Olympus. I'm not really quite sure why yet, but you're here nonetheless."

Noah bounced back to that nut house theory.

"Sure. And I assume you're Zeus, right?"

Tanner laughed.

"No. But my father is Poseidon."

Noah had made the mistake of taking a sip of his drink that time. It went down the wrong pipe and he sat at the kitchen table, choking.

"What?" he finally managed through a cough.

"Look," Tanner said, "whether you want to believe it or not, you're sitting in a palace on Mount Olympus."

"Am I dead?"

"Well ... I'm not exactly sure. It seems as if none of us really know what you're doing here."

Noah's head was pounding.

"Do you have any aspirin here in the clouds?"

Tanner jumped up to rummage through the kitchen cabinets.

"No, but we have something better."

Noah watched as he mixed some herbs and added water. Finished, Tanner handed him a glass of thick, murky liquid.

"Trust me," he said. "It works."

Noah considered. It didn't smell *completely* heinous.

He gulped it down. He didn't know why he trusted this Tanner guy not to poison him, but as soon as he'd swallowed the brew, his headache was gone.

"Wow. That is good stuff."

Unfortunately, he suddenly realized his libido started spiking through the roof.

He wanted Lacy and he wanted her *now*.

Tanner was looking at him with an odd expression. "Hey, are you all right?"

"What in the hell did you give me?"

"It was just a tea to get rid of your headache." Tanner went pale. "Maybe it's not so good for mortals, though."

A light sheen of sweat broke out on Noah's forehead. He didn't know if it was from the drink or the fact that he'd just been referred to as a mortal. He tingled from the inside out and visions of Lacy sucking him off, the soft sounds she made as she came, her delectable rack, filled his mind.

"Uh, actually I don't think it's killing me or anything, but it *is* having some ... interesting ... side effects."

"Huh? It's never given me any problems. I give it to Chloe when she's got a headache ... oh."

"Don't fucking tell me that you gave me some kind of ancient Greek Spanish fly."

"Uh. Well, come to think of it she does get a little, uh, randy, after drinking it sometimes."

Noah pushed the glasses aside and stood up. His chair toppled to the ground but he barely noticed.

"I need Lacy. *Now*."

His cock continued to harden almost to the point of pain. It wasn't a reaction he was entirely comfortable with considering he was with another man.

"You're not going to hurt her, are you?"

"No," he said, trying for all he was worth to act nonchalant, but he wasn't sure if it was working.

"If you hurt her, I'll kick your ass. I'm part god you know."

Whatever. If this guy didn't point him towards Lacy in the next few minutes he was going to have to take matters into his own hands. Literally.

"I think she's on the back deck." Tanner pointed down a long hall to the back of the palace. "Straight back and out the door."

"Thanks, man," Noah said as he dashed out of the room.

\* \* \* \*

He had trouble not erupting in his pants when he walked out to the balcony.

Lacy sat on a chaise lounge, her legs pulled up underneath her. Her long blond hair blew out in waves around her. The scenery behind her was breathtaking, but not nearly as beautiful as Lacy.

"Hey," he said.

"Hey," she replied.



Nervousness radiated off of her in waves.

"How are you doing?"

He didn't know how he was remaining so calm when everything in his body was urging him to pounce on her and take her.

But he didn't.

"I'm fine," she said.

He watched as she stood up and walked to the edge of the balcony. Her dress was sheer and he could see the outline of her body through the gauzy material.

He hardened even more.

"How are you doing?" she asked.

*Horny.*

That was the only thing he could come up with. He'd been told some really crazy shit in the past hour or so but the only thing he could come up with was that he wanted Lacy more than he'd ever wanted anything in his life.

He made himself take calm, even steps across the deck until he reached her. His hands fisted at his sides, keeping him from pulling her into his arms. He wouldn't be surprised to learn that sweat was dripping down his face as he exercised more control than he thought possible.

"Fine," he managed to bite out eventually.

"This whole thing must be quite a shock for you, huh?"

*You could say that again.* Of course, he was pretty sure that she wasn't actually talking about the shock of wanting her so much.

"Yeah," he said, the understatement of the year.

He couldn't take it any more. He reached out and touched her. His hand rested on her waist for a moment before he started sliding it up.

"Noah," she gasped, but she didn't move away from him.

"I'm so sorry, but I just ... I want you so much."

\* \* \* \*

She closed her eyes slightly. When she looked up at him through her lowered lashes, he lowered his mouth to hers.

He didn't give her time to protest. His mouth demanded access to hers. She eagerly opened to him.

Lacy knew that they had so much to talk about, but there was no way she was about to stop. If Noah wanted her, he could have her.

Their tongues tangled. He tasted fruity. But he felt absolutely wonderful.

Her hands came up to rest on his chest. She reveled in the deep cording of his muscles under her hands. What she wouldn't give to feel his skin against hers.

Noah's hands came around her to pull her closer. Her arms were squished between their bodies but she couldn't bring herself to care.

Noah's kiss was punishing. But still, she wanted more. Her hands fisted in his shirt.

Noah pulled her still closer, almost squeezing the air out of her lungs. Then he released her slightly and slid down the zipper of her dress.

The air was cool on her back but Noah's hands caressing her skin were blazing. He rubbed the small of her back, caressed the muscles of her shoulders and then pushed the dress right off her shoulders.

With her arms still trapped between them, there wasn't anywhere for her dress to go. But Noah quickly took care of that.

He grabbed her hands and held them to her side. The bodice of her dress slid to her waist.

"Damn, you're beautiful," he said.

Then he lowered his mouth to her once again. Not to her mouth this time, but to her neck, her chin, her shoulders.

Again, she wondered how she didn't spontaneously combust.

"We should go inside."

Her last shred of sanity reminded her that they were still outside, in full view of any passersby.

"I can't wait that long."

"Fine."

During their brief exchange, he continued to deliver tiny pecks and little licks all over her.

Until finally, he moved away from her.

*More*, her mind screamed.

With Noah no longer holding her upright, her knees practically gave out. Her dress fell unfettered to the floor, forgotten.

She stood before him clad only in her light blue bra and bikini panties. She watched his chest rise and fall with the force of his desire.

"I can't wait anymore," he said.

Before she could reply, he picked her up and carried her over to the chaise lounge. Feral though he seemed, he still treated her as if she were made out of the finest hand-blown glass.

Slowly, with more care than she'd have imagined, he stripped her out of her bra and panties and stood before her.

She should have felt exposed outside, completely naked while he stood there fully clothed, but she

didn't. Really, she just wanted him to get naked, too.

And thank the Gods, he did.

Her mouth went dry as he unbuttoned his collared shirt, each button revealing more of his chest.

She hadn't had a chance to really study him the previous night.

She knew his chest was muscled, with a slight dusting of hair. She felt a pang of wistfulness that she'd never have the pleasure of running her fingers through it as they snuggled after making love. They couldn't have that kind of relationship. His abs weren't overly defined, but they were taut. She knew that was from working his farm.

When he shrugged out of his shirt, she got her first good look at his arms. They were thick and strong and she desperately wanted to feel them wrapped around her.

But then, he shucked his jeans, and she forgot everything else. He was big; really big. She wasn't sure how she'd managed to get her mouth around him last night.

But damn if her mouth wasn't watering for him again.

Once Noah was completely naked, he stretched out beside her on the chaise. Lacy maneuvered herself so that she was under him, his cock poised at her entrance.

Involuntarily, she bucked against him.

She had no idea when she'd become such a wanton slut, but she desperately wanted him.

"Now," she gasped.

He was so close to entering her. If he didn't do it soon, she was liable to go up in flames.

"Wait ... if this isn't a dream ... do I ... do we need protection?"

Lacy closed her eyes and searched her connection to Fate.

Was there a chance she could get pregnant? Why didn't the thought of that scare her at all? To be honest, she couldn't hide the thrill that coursed through her.

But no. They were safe.

"No, we're fine," she said.

No sooner than those words were out of her mouth, Noah surged into her.

"Oh Gods!"

He felt absolutely magnificent. He filled her to perfection and her innermost muscles fit over him like a glove.

Perfect was the only word she could think to describe what they were doing.

And when he started to move in and out of her, there were no words.

Grunts and moans filled the air but she had no idea which one of them was making the noises. She

wrapped her arms around Noah, her fingernails raking up and down his spine.

The sun beat down upon them, warming Lacy's skin as Noah warmed her from the inside out. His hands roamed over her body as he continued to thrust in and out of her.

It was too soon that she started to feel the tiny pulses of her orgasm begin to coalesce, then spread throughout her body.

"Fuck, Lacy. You're going to make me come."

The feeling was completely mutual.

"More," she begged. "Please more."

He complied. The chaise lounge shook as Noah continued to pound into her.

"Noah," she screamed when she could no longer hold back her orgasm.

She felt like she saw stars as Noah continued to drive into her.

"I'm coming, too."

And he did.

\* \* \* \*

Noah didn't know if he'd ever felt as amazing as he did when he was coming inside of Lacy. And he must have unloaded at least a gallon inside of her.

And she continued to scream out his name every time he thrust inside of her. Talk about a huge stroke to his ego. He could get used to that.

But eventually, all of his strength deserted him and he collapsed on top of her.

"You're kind of heavy."

Well, Lacy was nothing if not honest.

He laughed and mustered what meager strength he could to roll off of her. Well, partly anyway.

His arm remained draped over her shoulder and his leg pinned hers to the chaise.

"That better?"

"Mmmm."

The sun beat down on Noah's bare ass, keeping him warm while lulling him to sleep. In fact, it was getting really hard for him to keep his eyes open.

"Noah, are you all right?"

Lacy was leaning over him, her creamy skin glistening in the sunlight. Unfortunately her face wavered in and out of focus.

"Uh, I don't think so."

"What's wrong?"

He reached out for her, but was surprised when he encountered nothing but air. He reached again with the same result.

She jumped up from the chaise and then suddenly, she was dressed

"No," he said. "Don't cover up."

She dashed around the deck picking up his clothes and tossing them in his general direction, mostly hitting him in the head. He simply balled them up and put them under his head to use as a pillow.

"Noah, you have to get dressed."

"I don't want to."

He was pretty sure that Lacy might have rolled her eyes at him, or maybe that was just his head spinning.

He felt really weird now. Kind of like his entire world was spinning out of control. Literally.

Her hands were so soft when they were around his face, holding his cheeks in her hands and forcing him to look at her. But why was she shaking so much? "Noah, did you have anything to drink before you came out here?"

"Huh? Hey, look at that horse."

He jumped up from the chaise, and though he intended to run to the railing, he somehow ended up flat on the floor.

"Noah!"

"Ouch. How'd that happen?"

He picked himself up off of the floor, careful not to get any splinters in his naughty bits, and plopped back down on the chaise.

"Noah, you have to tell me what you had to drink."

He tried to shrug his shoulders, but much to his amazement, it didn't work. Or did it? He looked down at his shoulders and tried to shrug them. It worked this time and he ended up bonking himself in the face.

"God damn fucking shoulders."

"Noah?" Lacy sounded impatient. What was her problem? "I really need you to pay attention to me."

"Okaaaay," he drawled. Why was she talking to him like a child?

She spoke really slowly this time.

"What did you drink before you came outside?"

"Well, I had some fruity stuff."

"Was that all?"

"Yes," he said. "No. I had a headache so Tanner gave me some other stuff with herbs."

"Oh Gods," she said.

She grabbed his clothes from under his head, shoved them into his arms, and then dashed towards the doorway.

Why did she have to move so fast?

"Tanner," she called. She either called several times or there was an echo out here. "Get out here now."

She ran back over towards him, smoothing down the wrinkles in her dress.

"Noah, you need to get dressed now."

"No. It's too hot to wear clothes. Isn't the sun nice?"

He tossed his clothes on the floor and lay back, enjoying the warm rays of sun caressing his naked body.

"Lacy, did you need something? Whoa!" Tanner walked outside, but then walked right back in. "I'm sorry," his voice continued from inside the door. "I thought I heard you calling me."

Even in Noah's confused state he could hear the laughter in Tanner's voice.

"I did call you," Lacy insisted. "What in Hades did you give him to drink?"

"I told you," Noah hollered. "Headache tea."

"Is that what it was?"

"Yeah. The stuff with sea holly and poppy seeds."

Noah felt like he was watching a sitcom on television as Lacy rubbed her hands up and down her face.

"Damn it, Tanner. Sea holly is an aphrodisiac. It's especially potent in humans."

Tanner's head peeked out from beyond the door jamb.

"I can see that."

It was only a second before his head disappeared again.

"This is all your fault, you know."

Tanner apparently didn't speak. Smart man. It was obvious that Lacy was mad about something.

Noah wondered what it was.

## Chapter Four

Lacy sat in her bedroom enjoying the blissful quiet. For the first time since she'd walked downstairs this morning only to find Noah, the man whose daughter's life she'd taken, the man who no one was supposed to know about, she had a chance to sit and think.

And the primary thought in her mind was what in the hell was Noah doing here?

Well, that and her craving for him. Thinking of Noah, her body automatically tingled.

She shot a glance over to the man still sleeping in her bed. Finally. It had taken quite a while to convince him to get his clothes on and it had taken even longer for her and Tanner to get him up to her room.

She'd mixed him another cup of tea, this time one to knock him out, and he was finally asleep.

And Lacy had written off their earlier encounter outside as nothing more than a drug-induced mistake.

That worked for his excuse, but what was hers?

"You're an idiot, Lacy," she whispered to herself.

She needed to get Noah back to his farm. The problem was that she had no idea how to do that.

She had no idea what he was doing here, or how he'd gotten here. Tanner was off at his father's house asking for help. Chloe had searched their library, but as far as they could tell, no human mortal had ever been brought to Mount Olympus by accident.

They were dealing with completely uncharted territory.

What in the name of the Gods were they going to do?

She didn't expect an answer, but much to her surprise Noah moaned from her bed.

"Hey," she said, rising from her chair by the window and crossing to the bed. "How are you feeling?"

His eyes cracked open slightly before he closed them again.

"I've got that headache again."

She had no doubts. He'd been given herbs in amounts meant for gods and demi-gods. It could have killed a lesser man.

Lacy walked around the room and turned off the light on her desk. The room was lit only by the twilight shining through the windows. Living on the third floor of a palace, she didn't need curtains. The room was as dark as it was going to get.

She crossed back to the bed and picked up a glass of water. Supporting Noah's head in one hand and the glass in the other, she urged him to drink.

"If it's just the same to you, I don't think I want to drink anything else that you people give me."

*You people?*

"It's just water. I promise."

He took a sip.

She put the glass down on her side table and sat on the edge of the bed.

She felt like Noah's eyes were stripping her bare. Watching her from the inside out.

"You're not a dream, are you?"

"No."

"Will I ... can you ... can I see Sarah?"

*Oh my Gods.*

She hadn't even thought about that.

Of course he knew her as the woman who had stories of his daughter. This was about to get a whole lot more complicated.

"Well..." she hedged.

"Just see her. I don't need to talk to her. I mean, I'd like to, but if that's against the rules or whatever. I just want to see her; from a distance."

This might be the hardest thing she'd ever do in her life. Well, either this, or explaining it to her sisters afterwards.

*No.*

The answer should have been no. She couldn't take a mortal to the Elysian Fields. But looking in his eyes, replaying their time together over the past five months, she couldn't deny him this request.

"Okay," she said.

Noah's face lit up, so she quickly continued.

"But you can only see her from a distance and only for a few minutes."

He sat up in the bed, smiling. It was the first smile she'd seen from him that went all that way to his eyes. He was even sexier when he was happy

"That's fine. Anything. I just want to see my baby."

His voice crackled on the last word and Lacy's heart nearly broke.

There was a knock on her door and Tanner stuck his head in.

"You're awake," he said when he saw Noah, then entered Lacy's room.

"No thanks to you, apparently."

"Yeah. Sorry about that." Tanner put his hands in his pants pockets and rocked back and forth on his heels. "Chloe just sent me up to tell you that dinner's ready."

With that, he turned and walked out of the room.



"Come on," Lacy said, trying to lighten the mood though it still felt like someone was tying a knot around her heart. "I promise no one will try to poison you at dinner."

"But, I thought we were going to see Sarah."

"Not now," Lacy said. "Tomorrow morning we'll go."

"But..."

"We can't go now, Noah."

If they went now her sisters would follow her. Tomorrow at least they had a chance of sneaking out.

"Oh. Okay."

A tense silence descended.

"I'm going downstairs. Take your time and then join us for dinner."

Without giving him the opportunity to speak, Lacy left the room.

What in the hell was she doing?

She knew she couldn't let a mortal into the Elysian Fields. He'd never get out if she took him there.

But there was a small hill. She could take him to the hill and set Noah there. She could arrange with Tanner's mother to take Sarah to pick berries.

Noah should have a good view of his daughter.

It was just up to Lacy to make sure that he didn't do anything stupid.

*Stupid like allowing Noah to see his deceased daughter.*

Taking a deep breath and trying her hardest to hide her unsettled emotions, she headed downstairs to the dining room.

"How's it going?" Chloe asked as soon as Lacy entered the dining room.

Chloe was feeding Cassie some kind of green mush.

"Fine. Noah should be down in a few minutes."

"Great," Atty said. "I can't wait to talk to this guy."

And Lacy couldn't think of much that she wanted less in the world. Atty could be a pretty harsh critic. But there was nothing she could do about it.

She had a really bad feeling that this was going to be one train wreck of a dinner.

"Hi."

Noah actually looked nervous when he entered the dining room. Although she supposed her family did make a rather interesting group.

"Have a seat," Tanner offered.

Her brother-in-law was obviously just excited to have another man in the house. He came into the family outnumbered when he married Chloe, but when Cassie was born, he started feeling it even more.

"Thanks. Smells good."

"It's nothing fancy, just burgers and salads."

\* \* \* \*

Noah sat down next to Lacy.

She passed him a plate heaped with food.

All eyes were on him when he took his first bite of potato salad.

His eyes closed in ecstasy. He pulled the fork out from between his teeth slowly.

"This ... this is almost orgasmically good."

As soon as he said it, Noah thought maybe that wasn't the best thing to say to the family of a girl you fucked earlier in the day.

But God, was the food good.

He shoveled another bite into his mouth.

"You might want to slow down."

It was one of Lacy's sisters that spoke.

The three of them were absolutely amazing. They looked almost exactly alike except for their hair and eyes.

Noah was already used to Lacy's blue eyes and blond hair. She looked like an angel. Chloe was just about the complete opposite with raven black hair and bright green eyes. And then there was Atty with brown eyes and auburn brown hair.

Who were these girls anyway?

"So, have you figured out what I'm doing here yet?"

"Yeah, that's definitely my fault," Tanner said. "I still don't know exactly how I did it, but well, I brought you here."

"And where exactly is here?"

He thought maybe he'd talked about that with Tanner earlier, before the incident with the tea, but he'd been too overcome with lust for Lacy to remember if he ever actually got an answer.

"Mnt Olms," Tanner slurred.

Chloe laughed and Atty rolled her eyes.

"I'm sorry. What was that?"

"Mount Olympus," Atty answered, enunciating each syllable.

"Mount Olympus? Like I'm in ancient Greece?" Noah laughed, but trailed off when no one joined in with him.

"No," Atty corrected. "Like modern day Mount Olympus."

"What in the hell are you talking about?"

He looked around frantically, waiting for someone to start laughing, to tell him this was all a joke, but no one did.

It was Lacy's voice that soothed him when he was about to jump up from the table and run out of the room. She reached over and put her hand on his.

"Sorry, Noah, but it's the truth."

"But ... how?"

"Unfortunately, we don't know that."

"Are you like gods or something?"

"We're..." Atty started, but Lacy interrupted.

"Or something. I promise I'll explain it all in good time."

"But I don't believe in gods and goddesses."

Maybe if he said something like that he could get them to go away. And then what? End up alone back in his stupid farmhouse that he was looking to sell anyway?

"It doesn't really matter if you believe or not. We're here."

As delectable as the food looked, Noah suddenly found himself without an appetite.

"Hey. If we're really on Mount Olympus, shouldn't we be eating ambrosia or something?"

Tanner laughed as he took a big bite of his cheeseburger.

"Dude, we're on Mount Olympus. We can eat whatever the hell we want."

That did make a certain amount of sense.

"If you'll excuse me, I'm not feeling so hot," Noah said. That tea must have done more of a number on him than he'd thought. "I think I'll skip dinner and go get some air."

Lacy rose as if to accompany him.

"Alone," he added.

Damn it. He hadn't wanted to hurt her, but judging from the look on her face, the pain in her eyes, he had.

But he couldn't think about that now. He left the dining room and headed back out the long hall that led

to the balcony where he and Lacy had had their tryst earlier.

He didn't want to think about that either.

The night had grown cooler, though it was still very pleasant. The sun continued to set over the mountains in the distance turning the sky amazing hues of pinks, purples and golds.

It was by far the most stunning sunset he'd ever seen in his life. Of course, he never really remembered spending much time looking at sunsets before either.

Was he really on Mount Olympus? And what was this place doing to him?

He walked around the balcony and was about to sit down on the chaise lounge when he remembered what he and Lacy had done there earlier. Instead, he walked down the stairs and onto the green grass.

Not really knowing what possessed him, he slipped off his shoes and slid his feet into the cool grass. It wasn't as cool as he would have expected. He flexed his toes feeling the blades of grass slide around his feet.

He strolled forward leaving his shoes behind. He followed the slight rise and fall of the meadow until he came to a crystal blue bubbling brook.

He looked across the brook and almost fell in. Directly across from him were two ... pixies.

Pixies? Fairies? Some other kind of little flying creature?

What the hell were they?

He rubbed his hands over his eyes, hoping that when he removed them the little flying things would be gone.

But no such luck.

They were tiny little creatures with wings that shimmered in the twilight.

"What are you?"

They flitted across the stream and swirled around him.

"We're sprites."

"Sprites?"

One of them was dressed in purple, the other lime green. The purple one buzzed by his ears and then flew down, between his legs.

"You must be the mortal everyone's been talking about."

Everyone was talking about him?

"Uh, I guess."

"The other sprites want to meet you. Come with us. Follow us into the forest."

Why shouldn't he?

*Because you came out here to think*, a little voice inside of him said.

*But you don't want to think*, another voice reminded him.

"Let's go."

The sprites took off towards the woods, Noah following.

"Peri, Adhene, what are you doing?"

Noah's steps faltered when he heard Lacy's voice. He turned around and was shocked that he could no longer see the palace. How far into the forest had he followed these things?

The sprites giggled and flew back and forth between him and Lacy.

"We weren't going to do anything to him, Lacy. We promise."

Their giggles said they were lying. What had he almost gotten himself into?

"Go away, girls," Lacy ordered.

The sprites flew around a few more times before flittering away into the forest.

"When did it get so dark?"

Now that the light from the sprites was gone Noah realized just how dark it was.

"Come on," Lacy said. "We should get back to the palace. I saved dinner for you."

\* \* \* \*

Lacy was finally breathing easier.

When she walked out onto the balcony and Noah wasn't there, she could've had a heart attack.

Well, if she *could* have a heart attack.

She and her sisters searched the house for him, but to no avail. If she hadn't seen the twinkle of the sprites at the edge of the forest, she might have given up. She might have convinced herself that his whole appearance on Mount Olympus was a figment of her imagination.

But it wasn't.

Tomorrow morning she was really going to have to take him to the edge of the Elysian Fields to see his daughter.

She breathed easier once she'd seen Noah with the sprites. Neither Peri nor Adhene would have hurt him, but they certainly would have made him suffer.

As a child, she and her sisters used to love to follow the sprites and their unsuspecting victims. It was great fun to watch them tie men to a tree as they seduced him with their wiles.

When it was the guy you had a quasi-relationship with, it wasn't so funny.

\* \* \* \*

Lacy had a really bad feeling about this outing, but she'd promised. She had promised Noah that she'd take him to see his daughter.

There was absolutely no way this could ever turn out well.

Not to mention the fact that she was probably breaking rules she didn't even know existed. They'd never been written down because no one would ever be stupid enough to take a mortal to the Elysian Fields.

Until now.

If her sisters ever found out, they'd kill her.

Or worse.

Fates couldn't be killed but there were definitely things worse than death.

Noah's voice interrupted her dire thoughts. "Do I look all right?"

Noah had dressed for the occasion. He wore a pair of khaki pants and a light blue button-down shirt.

"I can't reiterate enough that you won't be able to talk to Sarah. Or interact with her in any way. She can't know you're there."

"I know," he said. "But I didn't bring any clothes with me when I showed up yesterday so Tanner found me some. I admit it's a bit weird talking clothes so specifically with another heterosexual man."

Lacy laughed.

"But you didn't tell him why you needed clothes, did you?"

Noah smiled, a slow smile that Lacy felt from the top of her head to the soles of her feet, and some extra tingly places in between.

"Well, I told him that I didn't like to walk around naked, if that's what you mean."

The thought of Noah walking around naked was almost too much for Lacy's already overworked brain.

"We better go."

She turned and left the room, a chuckling Noah on her heels.

"Whoa. Nice car."

She looked at the Mustang. It was her pride and joy, an original 1965 convertible in baby blue. It was in mint condition.

"Thanks. I like it."

"But I would have expected a goddess to drive a chariot pulled by unicorns or something."

"Goddesses drive whatever they want."

The whole way there, Noah was a lot like a small child. He must have asked "are we there yet?" at least a half dozen times. And it was only a fifteen minute trip.

She could have flashed them there, and she considered it, but decided against it.

For one reason, Noah was asking far fewer questions than he might have under the circumstances, though she suspected Tanner had something to do with that. Two, she needed that time to think. To prepare herself.

"What do you think she'll be doing?" Noah asked.

She should have realized that with Noah as excited as he was, she wouldn't get a moment to hear herself think.

"I told you already. I made arrangements for a friend to have her out playing in a field."

"The friend who's actually Chloe's mother-in-law?"

"Right."

While the Fates had easy access to the Elysian Fields, and Hades for that matter, they were the only ones with the ability to cross over.

Even Zeus didn't have that power.

But when Tanner found out he was half god, Chloe found his mother in the Elysian Fields. Anna Danner had since become a very good friend to all three of the sisters.

And today Anna was doing her one huge favor.

As they neared the Fields, the scenery started to change. Mount Olympus was breathtakingly beautiful but it looked like a garbage heap compared to the Elysian Fields.

There was a reason it was called paradise.

The grass wasn't just green, it was the color of the purest emeralds. The sky was the blue of precious sapphires.

"It's beautiful," Noah said, snapping Lacy out of her reverie.

"That's why they call it Paradise."

Just before entering the Gates to the Fields—under a rainbow, naturally—she made a hard right. Following a dirt path, she drove for about a mile until she reached the designated area.

Sarah and Anna were already in the field below.

Noah was out of the car before it stopped moving.

She put the car in park, put on the emergency brake, checked to make sure everything was off and finally got out of the car to join him.

The look on his face nearly broke her heart.

It was a mixture of awe and pain.

This had been such a bad idea.

"Noah, maybe we should go."

"No," he said holding up a hand to silence her. "Shhh. Maybe we'll be able to hear her."

For the first time, she looked down at the field where Sarah and Anna played.

Sarah was dressed up, Anna's doing no doubt, in a frilly pink dress. They were picking flowers and laughing with one another. Even from the distance, she could see Sarah's eyes light up when a wild unicorn dashed by not too far from where the little girl was playing.

If that wasn't how she imagined every parent who ever lost a child wanted their baby to spend their afterlife, she didn't know what was.

"Is this what she does every day?"

Lacy shrugged.

"Pretty much; Anna makes sure that most of the kids do some schoolwork, but a lot of the day is spent playing, having fun. Time passes differently in the Elysian Fields."

"She's ... happy." It was a statement, but Lacy recognized the question underneath the words.

How to answer that one?

Was she happy?

Sarah would surely be happy to be back on Earth with her family, but at the same time she'd experience pain and hurt there, which she never would in the Fields.

The Fields had a definite calming effect. The deceased may miss their loved ones but it wasn't the bone deep loss that a lot of those left behind felt.

"She's happy," Lacy finally decided.

\* \* \* \*

Noah slowly sat down on the hill to watch his daughter frolic.

Neither of them spoke for several hours.

Noah watched his daughter walk away with a mixture of pride and fear. He watched with fatherly pride as his little girl frolicked, but it absolutely terrified him that this was going to come to an end soon.

When Sarah and Anna started to walk away, to head into the mist that seemed to surround the field, it took everything inside of him not to call out, to run after her. So much so that it felt like his insides were being ripped out of him.

But true to his word to Lacy, he remained sitting out of sight. He remained sitting long after Sarah and Anna had left and long after Lacy got up.

Was it better for him now that he'd seen his daughter?

She was fine. Anna seemed to be taking good care of her.

Noah stood up and walked back to the car. He was thankful that Lacy had given him his space, but he



didn't want to be alone any longer.

"Are you ready to go?"

For some reason she wouldn't meet his eyes. And he could hear the apprehension in her voice. He was making her nervous.

He didn't care.

"How alone are we out here?"

Lacy leaned against the car. Noah walked forward towards her; much closer than was appropriate.

She tried to move, but he completely blocked her way.

"Pretty alone. Why?"

He stared at her. Her blue eyes went from questioning to understanding.

Would she let him do what he wanted to do? Would she give him what he needed?

Would she let him use her body for his comfort?

"We're not going to get caught?"

Not that he really cared that much, but he doubted that she'd be too happy if he stripped her naked and plunged into her without so much as a by-your-leave.

Not that it was necessarily a deal breaker.

The entire thing hinged on her answer.

Yes or no?

"We're completely alone."

His crushed his mouth to hers in a punishing kiss.

There was no gentleness whatsoever as his hands roamed all over her body.

"I can't be gentle," he warned.

"I don't care."

That was all the permission he needed. He pulled away from her only enough for his hands to slide between them. Grasping the opening of her shirt, he wrenched it apart, scattering buttons.

They were going to have to go back to the palace eventually but he couldn't be bothered to think of that now.

Now he needed to ease the emotions coursing through him. Now the only thing he wanted was to feel his cock buried in Lacy's pussy. Or even better, buried between those soft, ever so kissable lips.

He unsnapped the button of her pants and stuck his hand down the front of them. She was already damp for him.

Pulling her panties out of the way, difficult since she was still wearing her pants and she was standing up, he plunged two fingers deep inside her. His fingers met no resistance; her body easily opened to him.

"Noah," she gasped.

He laughed.

"Don't pretend you're shocked, baby. Your pussy was completely wet and ready for me."

His fingers maintained a steady rhythm that he knew she wouldn't be able to take for long before she started coming. He had no intention of letting up until he was good and ready.

"I want..." but she didn't finish her sentence because he inserted another finger.

"What do you want?"

He had her on the verge and he knew it. And he used it to his advantage.

"Tell me, Lacy. What is it that you want?"

"You," she said.

He had to admit that he wasn't really expecting that answer.

"What do you want me to do to you?"

"Nothing."

Nothing?

She wanted him to stop?

Well that wasn't about to happen. He just continued to drill his fingers in and out of her pussy.

"No," she said. "I want to suck your cock."

As she was speaking, Noah cricked his fingers and thumbed her clit.

She came, collapsing into his arms.

But Noah still didn't stop. He didn't stop until she was whimpering and begging him to stop.

"No more. I want ... it's your turn now."

Only then did he remove his fingers, pull her shirt the rest of the way off, unbuckle his own pants and push Lacy to her knees.

"You're going to get your wish," he said.

There was no tentative exploration like the other night in his bedroom. The night he now knew was not a dream. Well at least not as much of a dream as anything else that had happened since he met Lacy.

She took almost his entire length into her mouth. He felt the back of her throat against his sensitive head.

"Fuck, Lacy. That's amazing."

As she worked him so God damn amazingly with her mouth, she managed to get him the rest of the way out of his pants. He didn't know how. He had no idea how he stayed upright when she removed his shoes.

But once he was naked from the waist down, she reached up to play with his balls. The added sensation thrust him over the edge. With no warning whatsoever he shot his load deep into her mouth.

"Oh God, Lacy."

He collapsed backwards, happy when he bumped into her car because otherwise he would have fallen on his ass.

"Gods," she said calmly as she wiped a small drop of his semen from the corner of her mouth.

"Huh?"

He had apparently lost the power of speech. But how was he supposed to think when Lacy was topless, her creamy tits staring him directly in the face, and she'd just given him the best head of his life?

"You should know by now that there's more than one God. The correct phrase would be 'Oh my Gods.'"

Noah tried to pull himself back together but decided that standing was still too much work. Instead, he flopped back against the car again.

"Yeah. I'll remember that the next time I unload what seems like everything inside of me into a woman's mouth."

Lacy laughed with that amazing tinkling sound.

"Ready to head home?"

"Sure."

The only problem was that he didn't know where home was any more.

\* \* \* \*

"So what was that trick you did where all of a sudden we were dressed?"

Lacy was driving them back to the palace. She hadn't really been thinking when she flashed them both dressed, it was just something she did.

But to hear Noah talk about it, it was the craziest thing ever.

"I don't get it. One second I was naked. And then I was dressed. Just like that. I didn't even feel it. Have you always been able to flash things?"

As jumbled as her emotions were, Lacy had to laugh.

"I've been doing it for as long as I can remember," she said.

"Wow. Just ... wow."

Noah had talked about unloading everything inside of himself, but she could only wish.

Lacy knew that he was talking about the physical, but she really wished that he'd share his emotional baggage, too.

It absolutely terrified her that she was starting to feel a lot more for Noah than she should. She was desperately afraid that she was falling in love with him.

"Cat got your tongue? Or do you even have such mundane things as cats around here? Is it all unicorns and fairies?"

"We do have cats, plenty of them. But I'm allergic."

"Oh. Okay. We don't want a cat to get close enough to get your tongue. How about a penny for your thoughts? Or wait, do you use money here?"

She laughed again.

She knew he was trying to lighten the mood for both of them, but well, she also kind of wanted to bash him over the head and make him talk about his feelings.

Instead, she answered his question.

"We don't have much need for money on Mount Olympus. What we need, we just have. Occasionally we barter favors with one another."

"For example?"

"Well, like when we were kids, Chloe had the biggest crush on Mercury. So she traded a month's worth of homework for Aphrodite to work a little love spell."

"You can do that?"

"What? Trade homework? Don't tell me that never happens on Earth."

"No, love spells."

"Oh, well, I can't, but Aphrodite can. She is the Goddess of Love after all."

"Goddess of Love. Yeah."

Uh-oh.

Judging from the ice that practically formed in the car, she'd said something wrong.

"So," Noah started. "I didn't pay much attention to Greek mythology when I was in school, but I don't remember a Lacy. What exactly are you the Goddess of?"

## Chapter Five

Here it was. The moment of truth.

And she had no idea what in Hades she was going to tell him.

Her first instinct was to lie.

Of course that scared her even more because she'd never had the instinct to lie. Her motto had always been to leave the lying to Chloe, since her younger sister was *much* better at that kind of thing.

So what now?

Did she tell the truth and risk alienating Noah—not that she had any idea how long he was going to remain on Mount Olympus—or did she lie, keeping everyone but herself happy? If she told the truth, Noah would be hurt, even more than he already was. If she lied, the only thing to suffer would be her conscience.

But hadn't her conscience already suffered enough where Noah was concerned?

"We're here," she said, avoiding the question when they pulled up outside the palace.

"Don't for a second think that I don't know you're avoiding things."

She got out of the car pretending that she didn't hear Noah's comment. Maybe if she could force herself to ignore the question long enough the whole thing would just go away.

Yeah, right.

"Well, what did you guys do today?"

Tanner and Chloe came out of the palace as soon as they'd pulled up. They were both smiling mischievously, which made Lacy very nervous.

Then she looked down at herself and realized what they saw. When she'd flashed herself dressed she hadn't quite fixed the buttons of her shirt. And looking over at Noah, she realized that she hadn't zipped up his zipper.

She quickly waved her hand, making sure they were both properly put together this time. But it was too late. Chloe and Tanner already knew what they were up to. How could they not?

"Well," she said, grabbing Noah's arm and steering him inside, "we better be going."

"Right. Unfinished business," Tanner said. "We understand."

They laughed and went on their merry way before she could correct them.

Great.

Now her sister thinks she's off to have more sex.

But the more she thought about it, she realized that maybe that wasn't such a bad idea after all.

The having sex part, especially with Noah. That was a great idea. She couldn't think of many ideas in the world that were better than having sex with Noah.

But maybe that'd be a good way to get his mind off of trying to figure out what she was the Goddess of. It most certainly wasn't wisdom.

Athena would never have gotten herself in this kind of situation.

Noah continued to prod her for details as they made their way through the palace.

"How about the Goddess of ... kitchenry," she suggested as they dashed by the kitchen. Lacy's mind reeled with ways to get this ridiculous conversation to end and at the top of her list was to get Noah to her bedroom and naked.

"Well, one, I don't think kitchenry is a word. Hestia is the goddess of home and hearth," he said.

He stopped outside of her room.

"So you're not going to tell me, are you?"

It was the last straw and Lacy did the only thing that she could think of. She launched herself into his arms.

He was obviously surprised but it was only a brief moment before his arms came around her. He held her tight and hauled her towards his chest.

She could already feel his rock hard cock through his pants.

"I know," he said, pulling away from her for just a moment. "You must be the Goddess of Sex because I just can't seem to get enough of you."

She liked that one. She'd just let him go on thinking that for awhile.

Reaching down, she cupped him through his pants. He groaned as he pulsed against her.

She started in the role of aggressor and she was going to finish it that way.

It was almost amusing. Lacy, the notoriously shy Fate, being the sexual aggressor. But she was too turned on to care about the humor in the situation.

Reaching behind him she wrenched open the door and pushed him inside. Twirling them, she pushed him back against the door and thrust her pelvis against his.

He was getting even harder.

"I was right, wasn't I?"

At the moment she thought he could have been right. Maybe she was secretly the Goddess of Sex.

She couldn't find an argument for not being what he thought at the moment.

Her only answer though was to stick her tongue in his mouth once again.

Gods, he tasted amazing and she wasn't sure that she'd ever get over the taste of him.

"More," she moaned.

But there was nothing Noah could do. She had him pinned to the door.

She stepped back and with a wave of her hand their clothes disappeared.

\* \* \* \*

Noah had never really pictured himself as the more submissive type before. Of course, he'd never been in a relationship with a woman quite like Lacy before either.

And he had absolutely no doubts that she was acting very out of character at the moment.

But he also had no intention of stopping her. He'd be her sexual play toy for as long as she wanted him.

"Damn, you're beautiful."

She blushed and it just made her more so. Her blond hair hung down her back. Was there any light at all in which it didn't glow? No wonder he'd mistaken her for an angel.

Her blue eyes glistened and were heavy-lidded with lust. He knew with a bone deep certainty that he would let this woman do whatever she wanted to him.

He held his arms out, palms up, in a position of surrender.

"Baby, I'm all yours."

As if those were the words that every woman in the world, and other worlds, longed to hear, a smile blossomed across her face.

"Then go lie on the bed."

And weren't those the words that every man wanted to hear?

He eagerly complied, crossing the room in less than two steps. He lay down in the middle of the bed and spread his arms wide.

*Please don't let her leave me here like a fool,* he mentally prayed.

"Close your eyes."

This was going to be a lot harder than he'd originally thought. He did it, but it wasn't easy.

But when he felt something wrapping around his wrists and ankles, his eyes flew open.

"What the—?"

"Just a little extra incentive on my part. You know, so you don't have the urge to take over."

He tried to move both his arms and legs but found himself stuck, spread-eagled and naked.

Looking for his bindings, he saw nothing. She had him held hostage with some kind of spell. He shrugged his shoulders, or would have if he could have moved.

"Okay," he said, giving his permission for her to do anything she wanted to him.

Not that he had any choice.

Even from across the room he could see her visibly release the breath she was holding.

"But I don't know what you think you're going to be doing from all the way over there," he said.

She approached the bed cautiously. Once she reached the side of the bed, she stood there, like she didn't know what to do.

"If you release me, I think there are probably a lot of things that I could think of to do."

She laughed. He knew it had been a lame attempt to get her to release him.

"Don't worry," she said. "I've got plenty of ideas. I'm just working out logistics."

Logistics?

That could either be very good or very bad.

A few seconds later he realized that it was actually *very* good.

She kneeled on the bed and gave him one hard smacking kiss, then she turned so that she was facing his feet and lowered her hot mouth to his aching cock.

He thanked all of the Gods that he could think of to thank.

Her mouth felt absolutely amazing on him. She'd paid attention the previous times that she'd done this and she knew exactly what he liked best.

Ever so lightly, she scraped her teeth over the underside of his cock, sending shivers coursing through his body. Then she rimmed the head of his cock with her tongue.

It felt wonderful and he knew it was only going to be a matter of seconds before he came.

Then she stopped.

"Dear God, or Gods, or whatever, why are you stopping?"

She just laughed.

"What's the fun in having all the power if I'm not going to get something myself?"

That was a good question and one for which he certainly didn't mind providing the answer.

"What are you going to do?"

"I don't know," she admitted. "If I let you go will you try to take over?"

He stared her directly in the eyes so that she knew he was sincere.

"If by take over you mean will I make you come, then the answer is absolutely yes. But if the question is will I do something that you don't want, the answer is no."

Apparently she decided that was a good enough answer because the invisible ties binding him to the bed disappeared.

He was free.



He wanted nothing more than to lunge towards her, but he didn't. He simply moved his hand to her waist.

"Now what do you want?"

"I want all that big talk."

He laughed.

It may have been big talk, but he also knew that he could walk the walk. He knew exactly what to do to make her come. He too had been paying attention.

"And I will gladly oblige," he said. His fingers were tightening on her waist and he had to force himself to relax, to let her remain in control. "But you're still in charge so you have to tell me how you want it."

"Oh."

Her cheeks started to turn pink. He could give her options, he supposed, but he really wanted to know what she'd come up with on her own.

"Scared?"

Perhaps taunting her wasn't the smartest idea he'd ever had, but nobody ever said he was a nice guy.

She shoved him.

Sure, he was bigger than she was but he was taken off guard. Plus, she was a goddess. At least that's what he told himself as he picked himself up from the floor.

When he stood, she'd taken his place, spread-eagled on the bed.

She smiled at him.

"I want you to lick my pussy."

\* \* \* \*

It took a hell of a lot of courage for her to say what she just said. Words like that didn't come out of her mouth naturally.

But if the smile on Noah's face was any indication of things to come, she'd force herself to say stuff like that all the time.

He slowly positioned himself between her legs.

He studied her lazily.

"You know, with you lying like this and me where I am, there are a lot of ways I could maybe take advantage of the situation."

He toyed with her clit as he spoke and she could see that what he was saying was true. And she could see the flaw in her plan every time he touched her.

"Do you ... ahhh ... have any suggestions?"

He smiled his lazy smile.

"As a matter of fact, I do."

He maneuvered her around the bed so that he was once again in the middle on his back. Though, unlike her, he was nice enough not to dump her off the bed.

"Turn around," he instructed once he was situated.

She did so, starting to see where he was going with this.

"Now kneel over my face."

She did so and it put them in a perfect sixty-nine position.

"You just wanted some more, didn't you?"

He laughed and buried his face in her pussy. She felt tingles all the way up and down her spine.

"Remember," he said as he touched her, spread her, caressed her. "You have all the power."

He delivered one long lick from her clit all the way back to her ass.

If she had all the power, then this was one powerless situation.

"So good," she moaned.

She knew that she was the one that was supposed to be in control; she'd asked for it. And even more importantly, he'd acceded to her. But right now he could tell her to go jump off a cliff and she'd eagerly comply.

"You taste like ambrosia."

She realized that he probably had no idea what ambrosia tasted like. It was much better than the human dish of fruit and marshmallows.

He continued to lick and suck at her with the occasional nip.

"Does this make you feel good?"

Like she could even answer, he was so good at what he was doing to her.

"Because if you don't, you have all the power so you can just tell me to do something else."

If he did, she might kill him.

Unfortunately, Noah had her so worked up that she could barely speak. So she did the only thing she could think to do.

She grabbed his cock and squeezed. She used just the right amount of pressure. Hard, but certainly nowhere near enough to bruise.

"Oh yeah."

How in Hades was he managing to speak *and* bring her to unbelievable heights of pleasure at the same

time?

The man had talent.

"More," she moaned.

His tongue had to be practically falling out of his head, he was using it so wonderfully and skillfully. And she just continued to demand more.

But she could, she reminded herself. She was the one in charge.

Somehow, he found more to give her, though. But it most certainly wasn't in the way she'd expected.

One of his thick fingers probed at the tight fissure of her anus.

She flinched slightly and he retreated. Not away, but the pressure turned to a gentle teasing.

She continued to grasp onto his cock as if it were a lifeline. She hoped she wasn't hurting him.

"Lacy?"

"Yes?"

"Are you doing all right?"

"Yes," she gasped.

"Then could you maybe lighten the pressure a little bit?"

She wasn't sure what he was talking about at first, but then she realized.

She let go of his cock and watched as the blood began to rush back in.

"Sorry."

"It's okay," he said. "If I thought you were into pain, I'd have let you keep going. But I know that you don't like hurting people so I wanted to stop you before you started to feel bad."

Well, it was too late for that.

Did he really know her that well? Was she that transparent or did he just pay that much attention?

And what kind of awful person was she that she continued lying to him?

"Sweetheart, I must be doing something wrong because I know you're not paying attention."

She climbed off of him.

"Sorry," she said again. "My mind was somewhere else."

"What happened?"

He pulled her back against him so that she was sitting perched between his legs.

"Nothing," she lied.

"They why did you all of a sudden stop responding?"

She couldn't answer the question truthfully.

"Maybe I didn't like what you were doing?"

He laughed hard at that one.

"Now I'm positive that's a lie."

Against her will, she smiled.

\* \* \* \*

He had no reason not to be completely sure of himself.

Noah was going to have to bite the bullet. He hated relationship talks—his ex-wife used to want to have them all the time. Of course, she was also the crazy bitch who ran out on him and Sarah when Sarah was only six months old.

If someone would have told him that someday he'd be the one initiating a relationship conversation he would have said they were crazy.

Of course, he would have called a lot of the things that happened in the past few days crazy.

"This thing is kind of intense, isn't it?"

"Thing?"

"Yeah. This relationship, affair, whatever you want to call it."

"Oh ... intense ... yeah."

That wasn't exactly the reaction he was expecting.

So he kept going.

"You know, with me not knowing how long I'm gong to be here and stuff."

"Yeah, and stuff."

All right, so apparently Lacy wasn't much of a talker. That should make him happy. Really happy. Instead he couldn't seem to make himself shut up.

"It's good. I mean, it's better than anything I've had in a really long time. Maybe ever. And I'm not just talking about the sex."

"Oh, it's definitely the best sex I've ever had," she said.

But what about all the other stuff, he wanted to yell.

He wrapped his arms around her, pulling her close. As rock hard as his cock was, he was perfectly happy just to hold her.

That was another first for him.

"So are you saying that you don't want to talk about it?"

Just say something, he mentally begged, and put him out of his misery.

"That's just it," she said. "If I tell you what I have to tell you then it's not going to make you feel any better."

"Uh-oh," he said. "It must be bad."

But secretly he couldn't believe that anything she had to say could really be that bad.

"I'm not exactly a goddess."

"Oh. Okay then, what are you?"

He racked his brain trying to remember anything and everything he'd ever learned about mythology.

There were Gods, Goddesses, Muses, Nymphs, the Fates.

The Fates.

She must have been able to tell something from the way his body tensed because she turned around to face him.

"Noah," she said.

"What's your real name?"

"Lachesis, but I've always gone by just Lacy."

"And your sisters are Clotho and Atropos."

"Yes."

Noah didn't know what to think. Stunned didn't begin to describe what he was feeling.

"Are you mad?" she asked quietly.

He didn't know.

Maybe this was something he was going to need to think about. He could tell it wasn't the reaction she'd been hoping for.

She got up and flashed herself dressed. He was surprised to notice that she'd also flashed him a pair of shorts.

"I'll just let you think for a little while then," she said before flashing herself right out of the room.

Lacy was one of the Fates. A controller of destiny.

That was pretty darn cool.

But why was she so afraid to tell him? Why did she think he'd be upset about it?

Did she not want to be a Fate? Was she tired of being a Fate?

She probably had to undertake some pretty distasteful tasks. Then it hit him like a ton of bricks. She had a hand in Sarah's death.

Did she hold herself responsible for that?

Did she think that he'd hold her responsible for Sarah's death?

She did.

He knew it.

He jumped up from the bed. He had to find her. He had to try to absolve her from some of the guilt she was carrying on those beautiful shoulders.

Cursing the fact that he had to take time to put some clothes on, he rushed out the door. Running down the hall, he threw open the door to her room.

She wasn't there.

He dashed through the palace calling her name but coming up short every time.

The kitchen was his last hope.

"Tanner, have you seen Lacy?"

Once again Tanner had more food on himself than anywhere near the baby.

"She's gone. All three of them are gone."

The worry was clear on Tanner's face.

"This is unusual?"

"Very. Only all three of them leave in the middle of the night like this when it's something really bad. It upsets the whole palace."

It was on the tip of his tongue to ask if he meant like with Sarah, but one look at the other man's face and he knew it was true.

All three women had been present when Sarah had died.

"You're worried."

"Yeah."

"Why?"

"Because before they left Lacy told me to try to figure out a way to send you home."

## Chapter Six

Children dying were always the worst.

After spending several millennia measuring the threads of life, she still got all choked up when a child died, even if she did know for a fact that they were going to a better place.

When she got back to the palace that night, she had a major headache.

Part of her wanted to make some headache tea but with the memory of what it had done to Noah, and the fact that he was probably back in his own bed right now, she decided to skip the tea and go straight to bed.

The trip from the front door of the palace to her bedroom had never taken so long.

She was shocked when she opened her bedroom door. She even stepped back into the hallway to make sure this was her room.

Third door to the right.

Yep, it was hers.

But how?

The lights were off but hundreds of tiny candles littered every available surface. Soothing music played softly and a pot of headache tea sat steeping on the table.

"What the..."

"Oh, you're back."

Nothing had ever looked so good to her as the sight of Noah walking out of her attached bathroom.

"Good," he continued, "your bath is just about ready."

He crossed the room and kissed her on the cheek.

"What are you doing here?" she asked.

"We'll get to that in good time," he said, "but why don't you go get in the tub and I'll bring you your tea in a second."

She was too exhausted to ask why.

When she simply continued to stand there mute, he patted her on the rear and commanded her to go.

She did.

And she tried not to think too hard again until she was submerged in her warm soothing bath. The scent of orchids filled the air as she slid into the frothing bubbles.

"I brought you some tea."

Noah didn't bother to knock. Lacy couldn't bring herself to care.

He set the tea down on the side of the Jacuzzi tub and then plopped down himself.

"How'd it go?"

Concern colored all of his words.

"Tanner told you?"

Damn him. Why did Tanner have to tell him? Now Noah was endearing himself to her even more.

"He told me that you were going to need some TLC when you got home."

"He was right."

"Do you need anything else? Food or something?"

"No," she said after thinking for a moment. "I have everything I need right here."

And whether Noah knew it or not, he was included in that statement.

"Do you want to talk about it?"

And he really would listen if she wanted to talk. She had no doubts about that.

"Not really."

"Okay. Well, just let me know if you need to talk, all right?"

"Thank you."

Then he did the sweetest thing. He leaned down and kissed her on the forehead.

"I have a few more things to get ready, so I'll just leave you to soak. I'll be back before you turn into a prune."

Lacy was still pretty shocked. Plus, she was afraid that she was way too keyed up to relax.

\* \* \* \*

"You didn't fall asleep, did you?"

The next thing she knew, she was being startled awake. She must have fallen asleep.

"Damn it, Lacy, you could have drowned."

No, she couldn't have. She was immortal, but she didn't think this was the best time to point that out.

"If you were too tired to soak, you should have told me."

Noah picked up one of the fluffy towels and held it out to her.

"I'll help you dry off."

As he spoke he sent her another one of those killer grins.

"Oh really?"



Who did he think he was fooling? He just wanted to see her naked.

"I just want to help you," he said.

And he looked so earnest that she almost considered believing him. Almost.

But she got up anyway, letting the water sluice off of her.

Like a complete gentleman, he wrapped the towel around her and rubbed. To her surprise, he didn't spend any more time rubbing the sensitive parts of her body than he did anywhere else.

When she was dry, he discarded the wet towel, wrapped her in a dry one and picked her up.

"What are you doing?" she asked.

"Taking care of you if you'd shut up and let me."

"Oh."

Well how was she supposed to know that? It wasn't like anyone had ever done that before.

He carried her into the bedroom, still softly lit, and lay her down on the bed. He maneuvered her onto her stomach and shifted the towel so that it was just covering her behind.

"Relax and just fall asleep, okay?"

Bone deep exhaustion washed over her the second her head hit the pillow. But then the scent of jasmine once again filled the air.

Noah's hands were warm and slick with lubricant when they touched her skin. And they helped to relax each and every place they touched. Her neck, shoulders, back.

"How did you know this was my favorite oil?"

She loved the way the jasmine both invigorated and relaxed her at the same time.

He chuckled.

"You have three bottles."

"Oh."

That's what she'd meant to say, but she had a feeling that it came out as more of a moan.

His hands were truly magical as they moved from her torso, down her legs, rubbing her feet.

Oh, she loved foot massages.

And then, once again, she was being shocked awake.

"What's happening?"

Why couldn't she move?

"Shhh," a voice said from next to her. "It's only a dream."

"Noah?"

Soothing hands rubbed up and down her back.

"Who else would it be?"

His voice was like a balm to her frazzled nerves.

"No one," she admitted.

Her pulse began to slow and her breathing returned to normal.

"Do you want to talk about it?"

How should she know? She'd never talked about it before.

He got her started when she hesitated.

"Tanner said it was a child?"

She couldn't speak so she just nodded.

"How old?"

"Four."

\* \* \* \*

Much younger than Sarah had been.

No wonder it affected her so much. Lacy was obviously a nurturer. Despite being a Fate, having to cut lives short went against everything she was.

"Was it really bad?"

She was quiet so long that he began to doubt that she'd answer at all.

"It was all right at the end. She was with people who cared about her. But before that ... it was bad."

"How did she die?"

Once again there was a long silence.

"The coroner will rule her death as a homicide. Official cause of death will be blunt force trauma. She was beaten to death."

"She was abused?"

"By her own father. And trust me when I say that what didn't kill her was even worse."

They were both quiet for a long time. She was still naked under the covers but he barely gave that fact a passing thought as he held her tightly.

His only thought was to comfort.

"Isn't she in a better place now?"

He wasn't asking just for the little girl. He was asking for everyone she had to send there, including his daughter.

"She's in a much better place now. She'll make friends, there will be people that care about her. She'll be happy."

He flipped her over so she was on her back. He still lay next to her but now he was able to look down at her beautiful face.

"So, what was so bad about what you did?"

He wasn't trying to be difficult. He was genuinely curious.

He saw her start to close down and it killed him that he didn't have a way to make it better.

"I don't want to talk about it right now."

He wanted to beg, plead, anything. But then he saw the way she was looking at him. The way her foot was rubbing against his leg through the sheet. The way her hand was rubbing circles on his lower back.

"Fine," he said. "But this time I get to be in charge."

He leaned over her and kissed her, slowly and with no tongue at first. She tried to change that, but he overpowered her.

"I'm in charge, remember."

"But you're not going fast enough."

He laughed.

"Well, I'm going as fast as I'm going to," was his only answer.

After a few more kisses and well-placed strokes up and down her arms, she turned to putty in his arms.

"Good girl," he whispered in her ear, just before delivering a little nibble.

She shivered.

"If you're cold, I'm sure I can think of a way to warm you up."

As he spoke, his hands continued to roam over her still covered body.

"I'm going to flash us both naked if you don't get on with it."

He laughed at his impatient little minx.

"I'll have to remind you that you're already naked."

He lifted up the corner of the blanket and peeked underneath as if he were making sure.

What he found out is that she was incredibly aroused. Her nipples had hardened into hard peaks and her chest rose and fell in deep breaths.

"You want me."

"Of course I want you."

But what did she want him for? Just sex or something more? Thinking about being the one who had to comfort Lacy forever, he wasn't really as dissatisfied as he would have expected.

He stood from the bed and quickly shed his clothes.

"I think I like that much better than flashing," she said of his impromptu strip tease.

"I think flashing can be overrated. Sometimes the journey can be just as much fun as the destination."

Then he reached down and yanked the covers off the bed, completely baring Lacy.

"And sometimes it's not."

She laughed as any traces left over from her nightmare disappeared.

He crawled up along her body until they were perfectly aligned.

"Inside me now," she begged. "Make all of the bad stuff go away."

He wasn't sure that he could make that last wish come true, but he'd die trying.

Moving only slightly, he slid a tiny bit inside of her wet heat.

"Gods, that's good."

"I don't really think the gods have anything to do with it."

They giggled slightly, but when he thrust the whole way in, neither of them laughed any more. He pulled out slightly before thrusting back in again; buried to the hilt.

This was it.

Noah was home.

As he slowly made love to Lacy, thrusting in and pulling out as she tightened around him, he realized that he would never want any other woman again as long as he lived.

If he got sent back to Earth tomorrow his life would be even bleaker than it was before because he'd no longer have Lacy.

How in the hell was he going to deal with that?

But what were the alternatives?

Stay here and let her watch him age and die?

She saw enough death in her day job if that's what being a Fate could be considered. She didn't need any more in her home life.

"Where did you go?" she asked.

He looked down and in that very second, looking into Lacy's eyes, he was completely in love; the forever kind of love.

*Uh-oh.*

"I didn't go anywhere. I'm right here."

And to prove it, he lowered his mouth and kissed her.

Who cares what tomorrow would bring? He had tonight in the arms—and body—of the beautiful woman he loved. He'd be a fool not to take advantage of that.

He continued to thrust into her and kiss her until both of their climaxes washed over them.

Gathering her close in his arms, he whispered the words that his heart was screaming.

"I love you, Lacy."

He was rewarded with a soft snore.

Pulling the blankets up over them he prayed to the Gods that when he woke up tomorrow it wouldn't be back in his sad, lonely existence on Earth.

\* \* \* \*

Noah awoke the next morning absolutely terrified to open his eyes.

Please let me be with Lacy, he chanted over and over to himself as he worked up the courage to pry his eyes open. Eventually, he did so.

He let out a huge sigh of relief when he saw the familiar soothing blue of her walls.

"Thank Gods," he whispered

Unfortunately, he was alone, so that wasn't so great.

He quickly showered and got dressed. But it was only a matter of minutes before he was standing by the door to the kitchen.

"You need to get rid of him, Tanner."

Lacy's voice was like a knife straight through his heart.

"I don't know how," he heard Tanner say, "and even if I did, I'm not sure it's such a good idea."

At least someone was on his side.

Of course it wasn't the one person he actually wanted on his side.

"Why do you want him gone so badly?"

That was Chloe's voice.

"I ... he has a life to get back to."

But he didn't want to go back to his life on Earth. There was nothing there for him anymore. How could she not know that?

"I'll keep trying," Tanner said, "But just remember that if I do eventually find something that works, it

might not be reversible."

"Meaning once he's gone, he'll be gone for good," Chloe warned as if Tanner's point wasn't clear enough.

Noah wasn't expecting anyone to leave the room so he was shocked when Tanner came around the corner and ran smack dab into him.

"Did you hear all that?"

Noah decided that playing dumb was his best option.

"Hear what?"

"You're a lousy liar."

Tanner grabbed his arm and steered Noah into what the sisters called the man room. It had two big screen TVs and just about every electronic device in existence. And they all had remote controls.

"I don't want to go home. I mean, my farm on Earth doesn't feel like home anymore. It hasn't for a long time."

"Home is where your heart is."

Tanner spoke with the understanding that came from almost losing the woman he loved.

"Then this is home for me.

There was absolutely no doubt in his mind.

"Does this have anything to do with your daughter?" Tanner walked to one of the plush recliners and plopped down. "We know that you went to see her yesterday.

"Of course it doesn't have anything to do with Sarah. I mean, even if I were here, I still couldn't see her. Lacy told me."

Tanner just smiled.

"Well then, I'll help you in whatever way I can."

He sat back and crossed his arms over her chest. Noah had a feeling that Tanner could be especially tough as an adversary. He was very glad that Tanner was on his side.

\* \* \* \*

Two days later Lacy sat in her room more miserable than she'd ever remembered being in her whole life. Noah was gone.

It was for the best, she kept trying to remind herself. Maybe in a few years she might actually start believing.

She hadn't bothered getting out of bed today. She hadn't eaten in two days. She was miserable.

Doing what was best sucked.

And the worst thing was, everything she did reminded her of Noah. She tried to take a relaxing bubble bath, but she thought of him. Tea made her think of him. Hades, even walking through the forest made

her think of him.

A knock sounded at her door but she ignored it.

Her sisters barged in anyway.

"You have to get up Lacy."

But she didn't want to. So what if she was acting like a petulant child.

"No I don't."

She thought Chloe may have laughed but figured she was mistaken when Atty started in on her.

"Yes, you big baby. So Noah left. Big deal. You have to get up because we've got work to do."

'Bite me' probably wasn't the most appropriate response to her sisters.

"What can't you handle without me?"

Chloe sat down on the side of the bed and put her hand on Lacy's knee.

"It's going to be another bad one. Something that all three of us are going to need to be there for."

Not another one.

Not another child, another death that would remind her of Sarah and Noah and how, as much as she wanted, she'd never be able to be a part of their lives.

"Fine," she muttered, flashing herself dressed and downstairs to the front door in one quick motion. "I'm waiting," she called to her sisters.

"Well," Chloe said, though she wouldn't quite meet Lacy's eyes when she appeared next to her. "We don't exactly have to go anywhere."

"What in Hades is that supposed to mean?"

She was beginning to think she'd been had when the most incredibly amazing thing happened.

Sarah, blond hair in pigtails, blue eyes sparkling, ran out of the kitchen, followed directly by Noah.

"Sarah? Noah? What? How?"

"Hey Lacy," Sarah said.

She could hardly believe her eyes. Father and daughter reunited; and in her foyer.

Tanner walked out of the kitchen next.

"Hey Lacy, as you can see I had some problems with that whole send Noah home now thing."

"I can see that," she said, though she had to swallow over the lump in her throat first.

And it was the most wonderful thing she'd ever seen in her life.

"It seems as if that spell that I wished for you had a little bit of a loophole."

"Loophole?"

Why was Noah still standing on the other side of the room? Why hadn't she rushed across the room into his arms?

Because she was absolutely terrified that this was all a dream, that's why.

Noah looked down at his daughter. Lacy could see the love shining in his face from across the room. It felt like someone had reached into her chest and squeezed.

"Why don't you go with Chloe, sweetheart," Noah said as he touched Sarah's face ever so gently, with great awe.

Chloe stuck out her hand and Sarah eagerly latched onto it.

"Come on. We'll go get Cassie and then go outside to play, all right?"

"Can I play with the fairies?"

Tanner laughed as he took the small girl's other hand.

"Sure, but you have to stay close."

"Okay."

Lacy's sisters and Tanner left the room with Sarah. Only she and Noah were left.

"Loophole," she said again.

"Yeah, who would have guessed?"

"What's going on, Noah?"

He took a step towards her, but she moved away. She didn't want to get too close until she knew what in the world was going on.

"I asked Tanner to not send me back."

"Why?"

He took a deep breath and then repeated the words she thought she'd heard their last night together.

"Because I love you."

"I ... I don't understand."

That obviously wasn't the reaction he'd expected. He rubbed his hands up and down over his face.

And then he turned on her.

"What don't you understand? I love you. My life was in a funk where I didn't know if I wanted to live anymore after Sarah died. I was just too damn scared to do anything about it. I wasn't living anymore. Not until you started visiting me in my dreams. Except it wasn't really in my dreams; you were really visiting me."

She was about to interrupt, to tell him that really she was visiting for Sarah's sake, but he held his hand



up and stopped her from speaking.

"Don't tell me that you were there for Sarah's sake. Even if it's true, you helped me, and when I thought you were a dream, I wanted to spend every minute of the day dreaming.

"I started to fall in love with you then, and once I met you, for real, I fell instantly."

She was shocked. She didn't know what to say, especially since she had no idea whether or not he'd be able to stay.

"I don't know what to say."

He stepped closer to her now and she didn't move away this time.

"I hope you'll say that you love me, too."

"I ... I can't. You can't stay."

She turned away, even though it broke her heart.

"Do you know what Tanner's spell was?"

"What?"

"Tanner's spell; the one that brought me here in the first place."

Wasn't it something about getting her laid? "No."

"Tanner wished for you to be happy. Not just for a day or two, but forever."

"And ... and you came here?"

"You really need to stop stuttering," he said, as once again he neared her. She didn't have the strength to move away this time.

His arms felt so amazing when he wrapped them around her. She never wanted to leave the comfort of them again. But she had to be sure.

"What about Sarah?"

He shrugged his shoulders.

"What the hell do I know? You're the Fate, but apparently she was part of you being happy. Zeus brought her here the other day when you were out."

"Zeus? My father?"

"Yeah." His arms tightened around her. "He, uh, is quite a man. Remind me to never get him mad at me."

She laughed. And when she started to laugh, she couldn't stop. This couldn't really be happening to her, could it?

"Are you really here? To stay? For real?"

Her fingers roamed over him, his face, the hard planes of his body that she never thought she'd see again,

feel again.

"That's what I hear."

They were already standing close together, but she pressed herself even closer, standing on her tiptoes and pressing her mouth to his.

"Gods, I missed you Lacy."

His mouth moved from her lips to her cheeks, her chin.

He felt so good as he touched her, and she wanted him. She wanted all of him.

"Let's go upstairs, Noah."

## Chapter Seven

He didn't have to be asked twice.

He picked her up and carried her up the stairs to her bedroom. The bedroom that he had every intention of making theirs. He'd spent a lot of time talking to Tanner over the past few days, about what to expect from living with a Fate. Frankly, he didn't think it was anything he couldn't handle, especially if it meant waking up with Lacy every morning.

Unfortunately, he still wasn't convinced that she believed that he was staying for good.

He reached her room, and bent slightly so that she could open the door. She did, they entered the room, and he kicked the door closed behind him.

He walked to the bed and dropped her there.

"You know, I think that was more fun than flashing places."

He laughed, but it died when he knelt next to her on the bed and once again lowered his mouth to hers.

*Tell me you love me*, he mentally pleaded with her.

But she couldn't really, because he had her mouth otherwise occupied.

Or at least that's what he was hoping.

"More," she moaned.

He wasn't going to disappoint.

He reached between them and slid his hands under her shirt, pushing it up, baring the smooth skin of her stomach. She was so soft.

He pulled her shirt up over her head, baring her.

She had a simple white cotton bra on, but Noah wasn't sure he'd ever seen anything more beautiful. He lowered his head to suckle through the soft cotton.

"Noah," she moaned. "Yes. More."

He chuckled.

His Lacy, on the outside so prim and proper, but on the inside, behind closed doors with him, she was an animal.

He kissed his way south, down her silky smooth stomach. His hands brushed her sides and she flinched when he tickled her.

"I didn't know you were ticklish."

His hands slid lightly over the same spot. He laughed when she flinched again.

"That's something I'll have to remember."

Lacy was tense now, but when he resumed his kisses, she lightened up a bit. When he reached her belly

button, he dipped his tongue inside.

She shivered.

Before he knew what was happening, Noah noticed that Lacy's pants had disappeared.

"What the..." and then he realized. He looked up at her.

"You were taking too long. I wanted to rush things a bit."

So she had flashed herself naked.

He didn't really mind. Life was always going to be interesting with Lacy.

He continued to kiss lower until he was settled between her legs.

He reached out and touched her.

"How do you keep so soft?" he asked.

But he didn't really give her a chance to answer. Instead, he lowered his head to lap at her naked clit.

"Oh Gods, Noah, yes," she moaned.

And Noah didn't let up. He had every intention of making her come. Fast.

Her cries increased as he continued to lick and suck. She was just about to come when she pulled away.

"What in the hell are you doing?"

Okay, she'd had a rough few days what with thinking he was gone and all so maybe he should have been a bit more polite. But damn it, he loved eating her hot pussy.

"No," she said. "I want to come with you inside of me."

Well, he couldn't argue with that. Before he could move his hand to the top button of his shirt, she'd flashed him naked.

There were some definite advantages to making love with a magical being.

Without another word, he thrust himself inside of her.

At that very second he had no doubts whatsoever that what he'd done had been the right thing.

He wanted Lacy. He loved her and he wasn't going to leave her side, or her bed, without putting up a fight.

"So good Lacy."

"Yes," she said.

He settled into a rhythm that they both really liked. Before too long, he knew he was reaching the point of no return. And he knew Lacy was as well.

"No," she yelled. "Stop."

"What the..."

It was damn near impossible, but after seeing the look on her face, he stopped. It was possibly the hardest thing he'd ever done in his life.

Tears shone in Lacy's eyes.

"What's wrong, baby?"

Still snug in her body, he adjusted them so that they were lying comfortably, his arms around her.

"We have to stop."

He kissed her tears away, soothing her. If only she could see that he wasn't leaving. He had no idea how in the hell things happened, but he was here and it was right, and he knew without a doubt that this was where he was meant to be for the rest of his life.

"Why? I promise I won't hurt you, Lacy. I promise."

"I know," she said.

Somehow she was still the most beautiful woman he'd ever seen, even with her runny nose and red-rimmed eyes.

"Then what?"

"It's just that..." she paused, obviously reluctant to say whatever was on her mind.

"Spit it out. I promise it won't change the way I feel about you."

Except if she were to say that she didn't love him, it might kill him.

She took a deep breath and spit it out.

"If you come inside me now then I'll get pregnant."

She'd get pregnant?

That first time on the balcony, she did seem to know things. Well, she was a Fate. Of course she knew things.

A baby.

His baby.

Lacy's baby.

With soft blond hair and big blue eyes and a smile just like her big sister, Sarah.

"Is that a problem for you?" he asked.

She was quiet for a few moments. Noah's heart pounded in his throat as he waited for her answer.

"No," she said finally, smiling brightly, "that's not a problem for me at all."

"Well, why the hell didn't you say so?"

Noah pushed her back and once again started the rhythm that was so close to pushing them both over the edge.

\* \* \* \*

That most certainly wasn't the reaction she was expecting, but she couldn't have wanted anything more.

And then she couldn't think again because Noah was pounding into her. Gods, the man knew exactly how to work her body.

Before too long, she knew that she couldn't last any longer.

Her muscles tensed, but she wrapped her arms around Noah, pulling him close.

"Yes Noah," she cried as her orgasm washed over her and he began to spurt his seed inside of her.

When he collapsed on top of her, she gave him her heart. No, he'd had her heart since the first time she laid eyes on him. But she gave it to him out loud.

"I love you, Noah."

He looked at her and the love shining in his eyes nearly broke her heart. It was the most magnificent thing she'd ever seen in her life.

And it humbled her to know that she'd see it every single day for eternity. Because she knew now, though she didn't know how, Noah was going to be with her forever.

"Are you pregnant yet?"

She laughed. He looked like a kid who just scored the touchdown at the championship game.

He closed her eyes, and already she could feel the microscopic fluttering deep in her womb.

"Yes."

"For real?"

His eyes were full of wonder as his hand came to rest on her stomach.

"Yep."

"Is it a boy or a girl?"

She jumped up from the bed and began picking up their clothes from around the room.

"I don't think I want to tell you yet."

His smile never wavered. Well, until she started putting her clothes back on.

"What are you doing?"

"Getting dressed. I want to go see Sarah."

"I know you're getting dressed. What I mean is why aren't you flashing yourself dressed."

She laughed at how quickly he'd adapted to the magical ways of the Fates. She should have known from

the first day he showed up that he was there to stay.

"Wasn't it you who said sometimes the journey is more fun than the destination?"

He smiled his lady killer smile and her knees went weak. But that was okay; he jumped from the bed in time to steady her.

"It was me, in fact, and baby, you and I are going to have one hell of a journey in front of us."

She thought about Sarah waiting downstairs and the new baby they'd welcome in nine months.

"We are," she agreed before she kissed him with all the love in her heart. "And I'm going to enjoy every last minute of it."

### **The End**

#### **About the Author:**

While she'd like to confess to settling before her computer to write every day in silk and lace while half-naked boy-toys bring her champagne and truffles, the truth is she writes in her jammies and has to get her own Diet Coke.

Like many writers, Emma was bitten by the writing bug early in life. To date, her most memorable work has been *The Blue Bowl Bunch* which she both wrote and illustrated in sixth grade. It was a story about a bunch of grapes (yes, the fruit) that formed a club. It was mostly a series of puns and one-liners that unfortunately started a life-long love of puns.

Emma lives in Maryland with her physicist husband, though they haven't quite yet managed to work the travel bugs out of their systems.

You can keep up with Emma and all of her books at [www.emmasinclair.com](http://www.emmasinclair.com).

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