

# **Careful What You Wish For**

## **Amy O'Connor**

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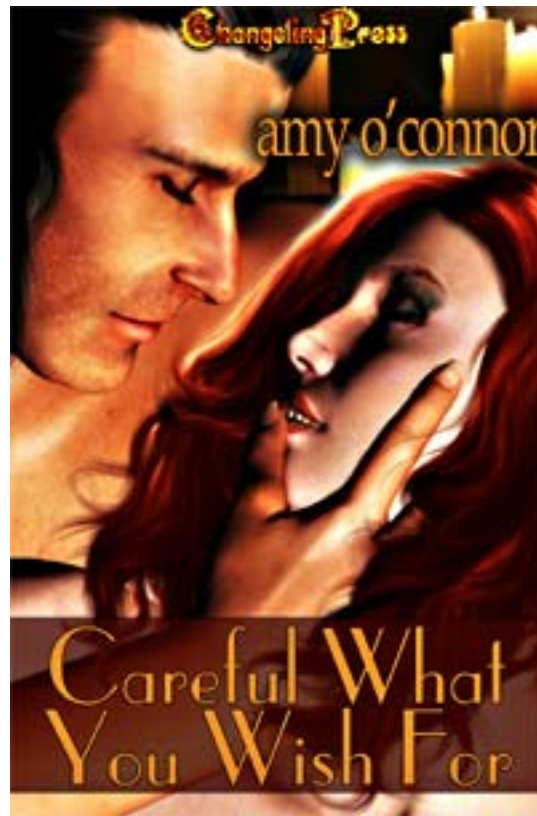
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## Chapter One

Georgie ducked. The keys on her belt jangled madly in protest. She was just in time -- yet another vase shattered in the exact spot her head had been two seconds previously. An antique candlestick had come flying across the room toward her before the vase, and a rug had tried its damndest to wrap itself around her just before that.

“Aaarrggghhh! Take that!” Georgie lashed out at the rug.

A cloud of tarnished silverware took advantage of her momentary lapse in concentration. Hovering and darting, the cake forks attacked from behind, landing stinging little blows as she swung her torch at the teaspoons attacking from the front. She swatted ineffectually at a prettily embroidered doily that was trying to drape itself over her face.

*This is just plain ridiculous...*

For a second, she wondered whether someone had slipped something hallucinogenic in her dinner. If this was the result, she wouldn't be eating in the staff dining room again any time soon.

“Shoo!” She tried waving her arms wildly about her head.

Nothing happened.

“I don't believe in ghosts,” she wailed.

Nothing happened.

She tried again. “I especially don't believe in poltergeists!”

If anything, the attacks increased. The room was overflowing with dainty side tables; every one of them had an abundance of knick-knacks, and every single one of those knick-knacks seemed to be converging on her head. She pressed herself farther back against the wall, hoping it would be safer than the middle of the room. Soft wallpaper tickled her back as it scraped gently over the stiffer cotton of her white

uniform shirt. She couldn't believe it -- even the wallpaper was intent on joining in the attack.

"You don't believe in ghosts? How droll." The voice echoed richly around the room, filling every nook and crevice. Or maybe it just echoed in her head -- the flying silverware certainly didn't seem to be paying it much attention. She wondered if perhaps she should ignore it too, then shrugged the thought away. Wasn't like things could get any worse than they already were...

"Nope." She shook her head. "Definitely don't believe in ghosts."

"Quite right." In her mind, she could see the mystery voice gathering shape, taking on a human form. The shadowy figure in her head even nodded briskly to emphasize his words.

"Ah."

She was absolutely losing it. Ornaments attacking her, strange people wandering around in her head. This was the last time she agreed to open up Bracken House at midnight. And giving the tourists a "Ghost Tour"? There was no way in hell that'd be happening again.

"Oh dear." The voice chuckled warmly. "And I so enjoyed your ghost stories. A little more practice and you'll be quite excellent."

She hadn't spoken out loud, and he'd answered!

*Or had she?*

"You broadcast your thoughts very loudly."

Damn! Now the voice was answering her questions too. Not only that, but he had that smug masculine amusement thing down pat! Georgie shook her head and reached for her cell phone, shaking off her belt as it came to life and tried to bind itself around her fingers.

"Running away, my sweet?" The voice was thick and rich, wrapping itself around her senses, holding her in place. "Stay with me," it crooned. "The imps and I want to play."

*The imps? Oh boy, seriously weird!*

In the middle of the room a grey cloud began to form. Wisps of color gathered from every corner, swirling sinuously toward the center. There, they blended together in an eddying mass that gradually darkened, thickened, took on the same human form as the voice had taken in her head. Entranced, Georgie couldn't help but watch as a tall man stepped from the cloud.

He waved a languid hand. The remaining wisps of grey evaporated to nothing. Dressed all in black, he was little more than a shadow in the poorly lit room and, unlike her, not a single flying ornament went anywhere near him.

She watched his legs move -- he'd taken only a single step -- yet he was almost on her. Lips suddenly dry, she could actually hear her heartbeat increasing as he glided closer again, a menacing shadow without features. She tried to move, to run. Despite her efforts, she stayed right where she was, pressed against the wall with the wallpaper swarming up her back. Red light flared where his eyes should have been.

"Blasted dull lighting!" he grumbled, ruining the demonic effect. One long arm waved impatiently. Hundreds of candles sprung to life throughout the high-ceilinged room.

She could breathe again. It was a man. Nothing else, nothing sinister. And she wasn't even going to *think* about his unusual entrance. Mind you, if it hadn't been for the wall holding her up, she doubted she'd have managed to remain standing.

He glanced across at her and a knowing smile creased his lips as he saw the way she was propped bonelessly upright. She glared back, refusing to be intimidated, then looked quickly away as his eyes gleamed red. She did *not* need to see that.

He chuckled with the same velvet-rich sound as before. It gathered in her tummy, warming her from the inside out. It shouldn't be allowed, she decided. It simply wasn't fair that he could sound like that and be so damned... scary. All right, she'd admit it. She was scared shitless.

A movement caught her attention, and she peered up from under her lashes. He was tugging his sleeves down in a perfectly ordinary way -- black sleeves, mind you, that matched the black leather trousers, shiny black boots, and slicked back black hair --

and squinting into the far corner of the room. Maybe she wasn't the only one who was seeing things?

"Aden, you brat. Come here!"

Georgie jumped. This was not the gently amused voice she'd heard a moment ago, but one that would beat a polar iceberg in the "cold" stakes.

"Now!" he added, snapping his fingers impatiently.

Fascinated, she watched as another cloud gathered, this one bright red and trembling. It filled the opposite corner, its edges shifting. Then the smoke evaporated with a pop. The man in black crooked a finger, and a small red thing skidded to a quivering halt at his feet.

"My apologies, Master." Its words were barely distinguishable between the shudders wracking its scrawny little body. A few tattered rags -- red to match its skin -- covered its body. Its arms and legs were skinny and bare. "I did not realize you had interest in the... human." The last word was a sneer.

"Master" shrugged. "Your mistake." He waved an elegant hand in the direction of the red thing. "We'll discuss disciplinary measures later." Another soft pop and it was gone, leaving her alone with the man in black.

Simultaneously, all the flying ornaments dropped from their orbits, plunging to the ground. A particularly valuable mantle clock, its hands permanently stuck at a few minutes to twelve, fell in front of her startled eyes. Georgie sprang forward to catch it, arms out.

"Oof." Air left her lungs in a thump as she tripped over the rug that had landed at her feet. She looked up triumphantly, the clock cradled carefully in her arms. Right now, she wasn't going to think about all the sharp tinkling sounds as various bits of china rained down on top of her. Or the fact that she was face down on a hard timber floor, alone with a strange man.

"Well done." A pair of shiny black boots filled her vision. Long white fingers reached down, plucked the clock from her grasp, and tossed it delicately to the side. Georgie winced, eyes closed, waiting for a crash that never came.

A slow ticking filled the silence.

She waited.

The boots never moved.

"Are you going to get up?" He sounded bored.

"I'm just thinking about it."

"Could you think a little faster? I don't have all night, you know."

"Um..."

"Oh, for goodness sake!" The boots were replaced with leather clad thighs, his muscles rippling as he hunkered down to where she was still sprawled across the parquet floor. If it was any other man, she'd have licked her lips in anticipation. "Get up! Do I look that scary?"

"What did you do to the imp?" Her voice sounded tiny, but all she could think of was the pathetic little creature sniveling at his feet. Kind of like what she was doing now, really...

"Sent it home."

*Sent it home?* "Where's home?"

"Where do you think?" He sounded impatient, and she figured that if he was what she was starting to think he was, it was probably time to stop pissing him off. She was almost sure she'd heard him muttering something about "nitwit" under his breath.

"Um --"

She was yanked unceremoniously up onto her bottom, his fingers twined immovably in her hair. Her head snapped back. His voice hissed in her ear. "Hell, of course. Where else would imps live?"

"Ow."

He shook his fingers free, pausing to carefully untangle a single coppery strand that had caught in his ring. The color seemed even more vivid than usual, contrasting against his white skin.

"Ow?" He moved back, sprawling across the floor beside her, and shook his head ruefully. "The Master of the Imps pulls your hair and all you can say is 'Ow'?"

As soon as she was free, she scooted backwards. "Master of the Imps?"

"Do you ever do anything other than ask questions?" He smiled. It was kind of cold, but she figured at least it was a smile. "Yes, my dear. Unfortunately, I must admit to responsibility for the children. I am the Master of the Imps. Please accept my most sincere apologies for the abominable way Aden behaved toward you this evening."

"And you're a...?" she prompted.

He raised a single eyebrow. "Would you believe I'm just a man?"

Georgie shook her head vigorously.

He sighed. "I'm a demon, of course."

Her eyes widened, and she scrambled farther back. A spindly chair stopped her retreat. "Of course. You're a demon."

"There are demons, and there are demons," he said, his voice taking on the tone of a teacher lecturing a bored schoolchild. He grinned boyishly. "And I'm not a *very* bad one. See!"

The broad sweep of his hands encompassed the whole room. It was hard to pull her eyes away from his graceful movements. They were the sort of movements that, on an ordinary man, would have left her wondering just what else he could do with such skillful fingers.

She wrenched her mind away from the thought -- if she kept thinking like that she'd end up paying way too much attention to the way the black leather pants molded so nicely over his ass, and the way the way his shirt clung so flatteringly to amazingly muscular shoulders.

*He's a demon. He can probably appear however he wants. And if he can read your mind he'll have figured out that you lean toward tall, dark, and handsome...*

Georgie totally ignored the voice of reason -- and the red glow that was pulsing somewhere deep behind his eyes -- and forced herself to look where he pointed. The room was perfect. No broken bric-a-brac, no overturned tables, no furry wallpaper crawling over the walls.



Instead it had once again become the beautifully proportioned formal drawing room of Bracken House. Soft candlelight cast everything in a muted glow. It gleamed off the gilt highlights on the cornice. Even the polished floor appeared warm and alive. Amazingly, every single ornament was back where it belonged -- even the clock she'd dived to catch was ticking peacefully on the mantle, its hands still stuck in place.

She cast her mind back, gnawing thoughtfully on her lip as she did. His feet had been here, firmly settled on the timber floor right in front of her eyes when the room magically tidied itself. She glanced at him. He blinked lazily, appearing just as dangerous as a well-sated jungle cat.

Very.

"Do you approve of my decorating?" She jerked her head around just in time to see a sly smile hovering around his lips. He smiled more broadly as he caught her looking, and spread his hands wide. "Do you approve?"

Of what? Of his cleaning? Or of him? She was very afraid he meant the latter.

"Do you have a name?" she asked abruptly. "Because I don't call anyone 'Master'."

"Really?" He raised an infuriatingly languid eyebrow. "Hmmm. I may have to test that one day."

Georgie ignored the illicit little thrill of interest that raced under her skin at the thought. She was so not into that D and S stuff, particularly not with a demon. Still, the idea had her body leaping to attention.

She clicked her fingers impatiently. "Your name?"

"Trevor." The demon straightened, then rested his hands on his spread knees. He glared across at her, obviously challenging her not to laugh.

Which was a very, very difficult thing to do. "A demon called Trevor?" Georgie bit her lip, positive he'd see her muffled laughter anyway. "Trevor?"

Trevor scowled.

Then he smiled. "I did tell you I was a not-very-bad demon," he said. He waggled his eyebrows. "Except in some areas. I'm very, very bad in them."

"Or you're very, very good?" she queried. "Depending on your definition?" She could have kicked herself -- might have actually done so if she hadn't realized he was already laughing at her. She was trading sexual innuendos with a demon, for heaven's sake! Or was that for hell's sake?

He was much better at hiding his laughter than she was, but his lips quirked. They were fascinating lips too. Narrower than her own rather too lush mouth, but terribly expressive. Almost as expressive as his eyes. When he was annoyed, they glowed. She wondered whether they glowed when he was aroused as well?

Her eyes dropped. Skin tight leather pants didn't leave a great deal to the imagination. Yep, he was aroused. Warmth coursed through her veins, pooling pleasantly between her legs. She glanced back up to his face, only to be caught by the fire in his eyes. She couldn't drag her gaze away. Somewhere deep down, red embers were slowly being fanned into flames. Her womb clenched -- the pleasant warmth was becoming a raging fire.

*And he was looking at her? Men salivated over women with big boobs and mini-skirts. Didn't they?*

She was average height and average figure. If it wasn't for the bright copper in her hair, she'd blend in with any crowd. Yet he was looking at her like he actually wanted to strip her clothes off and find out just what was under the mannish uniform trousers and shirt. What he'd do with her then...

A cool breeze wended its way through the room, bringing with it the scents of damp earth and the wisteria that covered parts of the terrace. Tendrils of her hair brushed over her face as it passed. She sneezed, breaking the spell.

Georgie would have sworn he'd been touching her, caressing her skin. Yet he was sitting quite still, just looking at her. The flames had retreated. But the way he stared at her... If he was the jungle cat she'd imagined -- a panther all in black -- then that made her his prey. And she'd just discovered that like small furry mammals everywhere, she was very susceptible to the mesmerizing hunger in his eyes.

"So..." He unfolded his legs and stood gracefully, courteously reaching down to assist her to her feet. Old world manners. Demon. The incongruity of it was dazzling.

"So?"

"What are you going to give me for rescuing you from the brat?" He smiled slyly. "Some small token of your gratitude would be in order, I think."

Her stomach curled itself into an even tighter little knot. There was no mistaking what he meant. Did he really want... She shook her head and clenched her thighs together. No matter what her body thought about the idea, her mind insisted that it was in charge.

"Huh!" She snorted inelegantly. "You're supposed to be their master," she pointed out. "Therefore, it's your fault he escaped, so it's not at all fair to expect payment --" she shuddered, wondering if he could tell she was faking her disgust, "--from me."

His smile broadened. "True." He appeared to think about it for a moment. "But I'm a demon." He glided across the scant feet separating them and bent to whisper in her ear. "Demons don't play fair."

"But --"

His tongue flicked out, licked her ear. He bent further to nuzzle her neck. Long white fingers reached up to stroke her breast. She shuddered again, unable to hold her reaction in. She knew she should move, but he was way too tempting for sanity. Reluctantly, she started to lift a hand in a half-hearted attempt to push him away.

"You were saying?" His mouth was back at her ear, nibbling on the lobe this time. His fingers pinched her nipple, gently torturing. She felt his mouth move, felt the smug male satisfaction that radiated through him when her back arched helplessly into the hand cupping her breast.

She didn't *really* want to move away...

"You're a demon! I'm letting myself be seduced by a demon named..." She bit her lip as he squeezed her breast, kneading it through the heavy fabric. Her next deep

breath trembled. She had to fill her lungs before she could finish the sentence. "Trevor. A demon named Trevor."

"I'm not a very bad one though." He trailed his tongue around her ear, and down her neck, blowing warm air onto her skin as he went.

"And it's *willingly* seduced by a demon," he corrected, his tone mild. "Don't forget about 'willing.' It's very important."

His tongue dove into her ear. "Is it?" she gasped.

"Oh yes."

"Are you playing with my mind?" The words were almost lost in her moan as he tweaked a swollen nipple.

Through half-closed eyes, she saw him raise a bored eyebrow. "Why would I do that? Besides, even if I was..." his fingers brushed gently over the soft skin at her neck, "...I couldn't make your body react this delightfully."

She had to admit her body was very enthusiastic about what he was doing to her. His fingers trailed lower, his tongue close behind. She shuddered uncontrollably, and almost missed his next words.

"You know, I'm sure some poet suggested we were all just fallen angels anyway. That should make it all right," he added absently. His tongue continued lower, his deft fingers barely moved as he tugged her buttons open, revealing her cleavage. "Mmm. Nice." He breathed the words against the skin he'd just bared. Her heart skipped.

"Milton."

"Mmm?" His tongue delved lower, pushing aside the lacy fabric of her bra.

She tried again, her voice little more than a strangled squeak. "Milton. He wrote *Paradise Lost*."

"Did he?" He didn't sound much like he cared. He was too busy sucking on the nipple that had popped out of her bra.

He suckled more strongly. Her hips jerked. "Are you quite sure you wouldn't like to give me use of your body?" he queried. "One hour, and your slate's clear. Otherwise..." He paused to wrap his tongue more firmly around the hard bud, tugging

until she moaned. "Otherwise," he continued, his words slightly muffled, "I may just keep turning up uninvited."

The idea of this big gorgeous lunk of a demon appearing on her doorstep every few days had a certain appeal. It was hard to think with his arms wrapped around her, his head buried between her breasts.

"Well?" He nipped sharply. "Do you agree?"

*Agree to what?* Her wits were addled, her heart pounding so loudly she couldn't hear herself think, let alone work out what she wanted to say.

"Honestly, woman! Make up your mind!" He sounded no different than any other aggravated male -- human or otherwise. She couldn't help laughing. For a demon, he was quite charming -- in an overbearingly pushy kind of a way.

"Humpf!"

The room spun, and she gripped his shoulders as darkness whirled around her. His silk shirt slid under her hands. She scrabbled madly, her nails digging in. He was the only thing that wasn't moving in a sickening dance. She wasn't letting go for anything.

"Mind the fabric," he snapped in her ear. His voice was as cold as when he'd told the imp he'd discipline it later. *What did that mean anyway?* For an instant, her grip eased. Then she remembered the spinning room and clung on even more tightly.

Georgie toppled backwards, landing with a bone-jarring thump. Her shoulders hit a hard wooden surface. She didn't let go.

"Not one of my softer landings," he said conversationally, reaching up to uncurl her fingers from his collar. "Do you have any idea how much this shirt cost?"

She shook her head dumbly. The room might have stopped spinning but her stomach hadn't. She doubted he'd appreciate it if she vomited on him. Her eyes widened as candles sprang up around the walls of another cavernous room. Unlike the drawing room, this one wasn't at all luxurious. They were in the kitchen, and she was lying flat on her back on the massive old kitchen table.

She felt cautiously under her, flexing her muscles. Timber scraped roughly against her bottom; her shoulder blades were surprisingly cold...

"What did you do with my clothes?" She sprung upright, automatically wrapping her arms protectively around herself.

He chuckled. The bastard actually had the hide to chuckle. It was the same rich sound that had caught her interest when she was being attacked by cutlery. It was even sexier now that she was arranged on the table in front of him.

Stark naked.

She shivered. He was still fully dressed, lounging on the edge of the table like he owned the place -- and her.

"I do."

"Would you stop reading my thoughts! It isn't polite! And you don't own me!" She could hear her voice rising. Hysteria wasn't far behind. Georgie clamped down on the idea. Pleasant as it would be to escape into an old-fashioned fit of the vapors, there was a demon standing there in front of her, laughing at her. Now was simply not a good time for it.

"I do own you," he countered. He leaned over her. Instinctively, she leaned farther back. Before she'd realized what he was doing, she was flat on her back, her legs spread, and his hips stopping her from jamming them modestly back together again. He hadn't even touched her.

"One hour," he said. "That was the agreement."

"But I didn't agree!"

A window rattled behind her, the gust of wind forcing a cool breeze to swirl through the room. It ruffled through the damp curls between her legs, a shivery reminder of just how exposed she was. Again, she tried to draw her legs together. Trevor didn't budge. His hips held her legs splayed wide. A fresh spurt of warm liquid trickled down her thigh. Georgie closed her eyes, hoping he wouldn't notice.

*Of course he'd notice -- he was a demon!*

How could her brain be so vehemently telling her that nice girls *didn't*, yet her body be so actively joining in the fun? No matter what she tried to tell herself, she wasn't kidding anyone. She wanted him. Desperately. That didn't, however, mean she was going to make it easy for him. Even if she was planning on giving in to his "persuasions" in the end...

He reached out and brushed her hands away from her breasts. She fought to keep them in place. He didn't even notice her struggle. His fingers were cool as they caressed her naked skin, playing her body until she reacted just as he wanted. His fingers skimmed across her pussy. Her hips surged off the table. "Your body doesn't lie. Besides --" he shrugged carelessly, "-- I got bored arguing."

Georgie straightened, then squirmed when the table dug into her lower back. His eyes gleamed red, his gaze suddenly riveted on the movement of her hips and the patch of red curls between her legs. She could feel the heat racing straight to her cheeks.

"So do I actually have a choice?"

He glanced up, briefly meeting her eyes. "There's always a choice."

"But you said demons didn't play fair," she pointed out, trying not to wriggle under the intensity of his stare.

Trevor quirked an eyebrow. Then he shook his head, a secretive smile creasing his mouth. "That's true," he said softly. "Demons don't play fair." He looked up, his eyes once again clear. "Yes or no?"

"Uh..."

His eyes narrowed, the prelude to a scowl. She considered for a bare millisecond. "Why me?"

His eyes rolled heavenwards. "You should be careful what you wish for."

"What I...?"

Georgie thought back over the day. She never wished for anything. Ever. Then she remembered. Lunchtime in the staff dining room. One of the other girls, Pamela, a willowy blonde with more hair than intelligence, had been whining about how hard it was to choose between boyfriends. She just couldn't decide which one of her muscle-

headed Adonis types she should let take her to the movies this evening. Of course, a lot of the decision hinged on which one she wanted to take home with her afterwards.

Georgie's heart lurched into her mouth as she realized what came next. She'd flippantly told Pamela, "I wish I had just one gorgeous guy to fuck me senseless." She shuddered at the memory. Not only did she never use language like that, she'd been so annoyed with the woman's snide jabs that she'd actually let herself have a nice little daydream as she'd ambled through the afternoon tour with a group from the local historical society. They knew the place as well as she did, so it hadn't taken much concentration.

As they'd passed through the gracious old master suite, she'd imagined losing herself in the froth of feather pillows and lace-covered comforters. In her daydream had been tangled limbs and heavy breathing, the faded velvet canopy shielding her dream lover from the last weak rays of sunshine. His face had been in shadow but his body looked suspiciously like she imagined Trevor's to be under all the black clothing.

She struggled upright, uncaring that the ungainly position spread her legs even wider. Trevor's hips were still firmly -- and immovably -- placed between her legs.

"What happened to the bedroom?" she demanded. "I wanted a bedroom, not, not..." She gestured wildly around them, her swinging arm encompassing the blackened stoves and hanging pans. There was even a small meat safe in the corner. Her voice rose to an aggrieved wail. "I didn't want this!"

His lips quirked. "But I did."

He ran loving hands over the ancient scarred wood beside her bottom. She could feel the electricity flowing between her overheated skin and his cooler flesh. "I've always wanted to fuck on this particular table."

"You wanted the kitchen bench? Sheesh!"

Georgie flinched as Trevor's hand landed solidly on her breastbone. The power was subtle but she wasn't strong enough to hold herself upright against the insistent pressure. She toppled backwards. He leaned forward until his face was only inches from hers.



"Look at me."

Unthinking, she let her eyes meet his. In an instant, she was drowning in the red glow, its heat spreading through her veins until she was writhing under him. Anywhere her body touched there was warmth. Longing. *Need*.

She couldn't tear her gaze away from the images reflected in his eyes. Her naked body chained to the table, heavy metal manacles holding her in place while he licked and suckled. The image changed. Now she was leaning over the table, he was taking her from behind. Once again the image shifted, his large form blanketing hers, fucking her, teasing her until she pleaded for release.

His eyes clouded, and the red flames receded. She squeezed her eyes closed. She'd never seen herself that way before, and wasn't sure if she was comfortable with it now. Actually, she just couldn't imagine the sort of lust he was projecting. Her skin still sizzled. Unconsciously, she lifted her hips, pressing her pussy into his leather-clad groin. It was cool and slippery. Her thighs slid easily over the soft material, her own juices smoothing her way. If anything, there wasn't enough friction. She opened her eyes again in sheer frustration. Her lips parted as she started to speak.

Georgie clamped her mouth closed, mortified when she saw the laughter in his eyes. He'd known what she was about to ask for, exactly what thoughts his own erotic images had implanted in her head.

"So," he murmured, "you understand now why I thought the kitchen would be nice." He lowered himself further until his mouth hovered just above her own.

Elbows to either side of her, he settled his weight, trapping her even more securely as he caged her under him. Silk brushed tantalizingly over her nipples. His scent surrounded her. Not ashes and brimstone or whatever other totally clichéd smell she'd automatically associated with him, but something softer, subtler. She inhaled. He smelt like cedar.

Before she could question the incongruity, his mouth swooped, catching her lips under his. For a demon, he kissed like an angel. His mouth was gentle, coaxing her

response, his tongue flicking her lips, moistening them until she groaned at the effort it was taking to keep her mouth closed. She still wasn't sure how she'd agreed to this.

*Had she agreed? She couldn't quite remember...*

His mouth was warm, tempting. He tasted like sin and dark chocolate -- rich and addictive. Every fluttering brush of his lips against hers was agony. A closed mouth kiss shouldn't have vibrated through her bloodstream. It most decidedly shouldn't have had her shifting restlessly under his confining weight, yet she could feel herself moving on the table, the wood pressing into her bottom as she tried to pull her legs together. Heat was pooling between her legs. She could feel moisture trickling down her pussy. She wanted nothing other than to open her mouth, to accept whatever he was offering. Resisting him was hell.

Georgie drew a deep breath, steeling herself to push him away. No one dominated her like this, and no one took away her willpower. That was the only explanation she could possibly think of for the way her body was reacting so mindlessly. Her hands lifted from her sides, hovering for a second as he deepened the kiss. His tongue pushed against the seam of her lips, teasing and probing. Tempting.

Too tempting.

Her resolve firmed. She splayed her hands across his chest and started to push. A jolt of electricity seared through her skin, seemingly welding her hands in place. She tried to tug them away, to escape the power flowing between them. She couldn't move.

Trevor chuckled softly, his lips vibrating against her mouth. He took his time straightening, lifting his chest off hers with agonizing slowness. Every rasp of his silk shirt across her over-sensitized nipples sent another jolt of arousal flowing directly to her core. She closed her eyes, unable to watch the way his eyes gleamed as he watched her writhe, desperate to escape the power of his touch. No man had ever affected her like this. His fingers closed around her wrists, another source of the heat that raced insanely through her body.

"Look at me." His voice was a deep rasp, hoarse with desire.

*There was absolutely no way she wanted to see him. She was not going to open her eyes...*

Georgia blinked. She was staring directly into his soul, and all she could see was need. His desire was overwhelming. Her eyelashes fluttered. It was the only way she could escape.

"Open them!" It was impossible to disobey the order. Her eyes were trapped wide, immovably locked on his.

She didn't want to see the way he was looking at her. She especially didn't want to see the centuries of loneliness staring back at her, the certainty in his eyes that she was the one to save him. Her heart lurched, and she glared up at him. She did not want to feel like this. Sex was one thing, but emotions?

Something in his eyes lightened, almost as if he sensed her discomfort. His own face was a mask; lines of strain etched around his features, but she couldn't see his thoughts. She struggled against the compulsion to keep her eyes open, fought the bands that seeped insidiously around her heart.

He blinked, as sensuous as a cat, and the thrall was broken.

Her eyelids were heavy. They drifted closed, eyelashes fluttering softly against her cheeks. She felt him lift her arms, pin them high above her head. Then his weight was on her and she was trapped even more thoroughly than before. This time, his groin had settled on hers, his leather-clad thighs gliding slowly back and forth between her spread legs. She lifted her hips, blindly seeking the friction that would bring relief from the storm surging through her body. He simply settled more firmly, retaining control.

Pressed between his body and the table, unable to move, unable to open her eyes, she was totally helpless. A fresh burst of heat gathered between her legs at the thought. She shook her head, confused. This was not how she was supposed to feel. Owned.

*And cherished...*

"Please..." She was unable to finish. Her hips bucked upwards as he pressed more heavily, his erection rubbing on her clit.

"Please what, *mon amour*?" he murmured, his mouth a hair's breadth from her own.

She shook her head again, the tiny tug as her hair caught on a sliver of rough wood enough to make her eyes fly open. He was staring at her, his eyes dark with need.

A knowing smile hovered across his lips. "Relax, *petit amour*. Let me love you."

Her body was on fire, the worst of the heat gathering between her wide open legs. He rubbed sinuously against her, fanning the flames. Before she could nod acquiescence, his mouth had claimed hers. This time, he simply took what he wanted. His tongue thrust its way into her mouth, exploring and tasting.

Tentatively, she kissed him back. She felt the way he smiled against her lips, sensed his irritating male satisfaction. But she couldn't help herself. She wanted to taste him, wanted to explore his body for herself.

She struggled against his restraining hands, fought for the freedom to run her fingers through his hair. She needed to touch him, wanted to see if the muscles hidden under his shirt were as firm as they'd felt in that one scalding touch. She wound her legs around his, forcing his hips to hers and arched her back from the table in an effort to fling him off. *She wanted to touch him, dammit!*

Trevor's mouth left hers, trailing a line of moist kisses up her cheek and across her neck. His tongue edged into her ear, his breath tickling. The throbbing pleasure between her legs was almost unbearable. "I thought you'd already learned," he whispered, "to be careful what you wished for."

In an instant he was naked. Her legs were still wrapped around his waist, holding his erection tightly against her aching cunt. This time it was his hips that jerked against hers. His cock slid through her juices, probing at her entrance. His bare chest was warm against her breasts, his coarser hair teasing her nipples to even harder buds. The sensation of heat, the way it wrapped enticingly around her, surged through her veins. It was overwhelming.

Georgie tried to loosen her legs, to push him away. Nice girls did *not* act like this, practically begging strange men to fuck them senseless. She licked her lips nervously

when her legs wouldn't move. Her thighs remained firmly apart, her legs holding his cock hard against her.

"I, ah, had kinda thought maybe I could just touch you," she ventured. "You know, using my hands."

"But this is so much nicer, don't you think?" His voice rumbled into her ear. He leaned a little closer. The tip of his cock pushed inside her. "Don't you think so? And you still get to touch," he crooned. "Sort of."

Breath left her as he pushed a little deeper, then withdrew. Georgie nodded dumbly. It wasn't exactly what she'd wanted, but he'd twisted every thought she'd had so far -- why should she have thought this one would be any different?

A flood of moisture gushed from her as he continued to rock gently. Each push sent him just a little deeper. His fingers still banded her wrists, pouring heat into her arms. Where his chest rested on hers, electricity arced between them. Even the inside of her thighs, locked around his waist, added to the building heat. Her skin was alight with need. Her womb throbbed, desperate for his entry.

And he just kept rocking gently, teasing her as his mouth showered tiny hot kisses against her neck and face. "Did you want something?" he asked conversationally, apparently unaware of the way her pussy was clenching and unclenching with every tiny -- unsatisfying -- invasion.

He nipped the soft skin at the base of her neck. "If you want something, you need to ask me."

Georgie ground her teeth together, then gasped as his tongue swirled over the tender spot. Another set of flames raced under her skin and toward her belly. "Please."

"Please what?"

"Please..." He pressed a little deeper inside her, rocking his hips into her clit. She moaned, her whole body shivering in response. "Please fuck me."

He rocked again. "Please." She couldn't believe she was actually begging a man - a demon -- to fuck her. Whatever had happened to Little-Miss-Couldn't-Get-Laid?

Thought left her as he suddenly surged deep, impaling her in a single thrust. Her legs fell away from his waist, dropping limply to the table. He released her wrists and she sprang upright to meet him. Her hands clung to his shoulders. He was a solid base in a world swiftly spiraling out of control.

Trevor was no longer holding her in place, but she wouldn't have moved if she could. His cock stretched her, filled her. She was vaguely aware of a tinge of regret at the unexpected freedom, then he rocked forward and the thought was gone. He dragged her hips across the table to meet his, and pushed impossibly deeper.

"Mine," he growled. The single word echoed through her head. It didn't matter whether he'd said it aloud or in her thoughts -- his meaning was clear. He slammed his hips into hers. She screamed in pleasure, the sound echoing through the empty kitchen. The heat suffusing her body grew, the flames in his eyes fanning the flames that licked under her skin. A million tiny tongues of fire suddenly erupted, sending her flying. The world shattered, and she was pitched into darkness.

## Chapter Two

Georgie woke to a hand stroking through her hair. It was dark, only the orange glow of flames reflecting off the ceiling enabling her to see anything at all. Her heart caught. *Surely not?*

A deep chuckle surrounded her, soothing and musical. Trevor was still here. She relaxed back into the softness surrounding her. Somehow, it was difficult to imagine Trevor leaving her in hell.

"You have the most amazing imagination." His fingers drifted downwards, tracing the lines of her face. "As if I could take you to hell."

She tried to speak, found his fingers smoothing her lips closed. "Do you know," he said conversationally, "that I think I should chain you down next time? I felt your disappointment when I let you up."

*Ah.*

"You were reading my thoughts again." Her voice was a whisper of sound. She could feel the heat rising through her skin as she realized why. Her screams had been pretty damn loud.

"Of course." His fingers continued lower.

Gradually, her eyes were adjusting to the light, revealing the room surrounding her. It still wasn't the bedroom of her fantasy, but it wasn't far off. The only source of light was from the fireplace in the corner. A single large log blazed merrily, no draughts disturbing its even burn. "Where are we?" She flinched as his hand drifted between her legs.

"Home." His weight shifted on the bed as he re-settled himself between her legs.

"Nope." Home was a dingy bed-sit a block from work. It was all she could afford. This was not "home."

"Mmm, hmm." He didn't sound terribly interested. His hands were fluttering at her thighs, pushing them apart, his breath warm on her still-damp curls.

"Um." She shifted restlessly, all too aware she was still stark naked. "What are you doing?"

He chuckled, the sound echoing through her skin. "What do you think I'm doing?"

His tongue ran a firm line up the lips of her pussy. Georgie screeched, and lunged upright. Her fingers twined in his hair. He licked again, a long wet line that had her shuddering in need. All thoughts of pushing him away disappeared.

Even in the dim light she could see his head buried between her legs, his dark hair in stark contrast with her pale skin. Long fingers dug into her thighs, holding them apart as his tongue ran leisurely circles around her clit. She forced herself to watch as he slurped and licked, every tiny movement reigniting the flames all over her body.

"Relax." He murmured the word, barely lifting his head. The single word vibrated through her. Obediently, she loosened her fingers from his hair and collapsed back into the pillows behind her.

Georgie stared up at the canopy, trying to concentrate. Every flick of his tongue made her hips buck deeper into his mouth. Her fingers curled into the sheets to either side of her. Her eyes drifted closed. The black explosion was edging its way closer, tempting her to give in to his ministrations.

*And why not?*

Her body melted bonelessly into the covers, drifting in the twin sensations of heat and electricity. His teeth scraped erotically. His mouth latched, suckling and slurping as her womb contracted. A final burst of heat and she was falling apart, soaring upwards. Once again, the darkness overtook her.

\* \* \*

"Mrs. White? Mrs. White?"

Georgie reached for the feather pillow, folding it over her head to try and block out the insistent voice.



"Mrs. White." Even without opening her eyes, she could imagine the speaker tapping an impatient foot. "Mrs. White. I know you're awake."

She sighed. Who on earth was waking her up, anyway? And how the hell had they gotten into her flat? She stretched lazily, childishly refusing to open her eyes. Her dreams had been too good. She really didn't want to wake up.

*Mrs. White? Who the hell was Mrs. White?*

Georgie forced her eyes open, blinking as the room swam slowly into view. Come to think of it, she didn't recognize the voice at all. And she certainly didn't own a scarlet and gold canopy like the one above her head.

A pointed nose appeared in her vision. She blinked groggily, waiting for her eyes to focus. *Had she been drinking?*

"Ah, there you are." The voice radiated chirpy satisfaction.

She blinked again. And she'd thought her dreams about Trevor the demon had been weird. The short balding man standing beside the bed wore a floor-length white robe.

"Have you seen Trevor, ma'am? I can't find him this morning and the boss wants to see him straight away."

"Trevor?" She stared up at him stupidly.

"Your husband," he clarified, darting across the room to straighten a chair. He shook his head sorrowfully as he tried to smooth the creases from her trousers. "You really should have hung these up when you took them off."

Georgie felt her jaw sag. They were her horrible grey trousers. The same ones Trevor had so effortlessly disposed of last night. But that had been a dream.

*Hadn't it?*

"Ma'am?" He was looking at her like she was the one who'd lost her mind.

"Trevor?" she managed. "Guy dressed all in black?"

"Black? No. No." His forehead creased. "He should have been dressed just like me. Standard uniform for angels."

It was Georgie's turn to look confused. Angels? She scrambled upright and pushed a lock of hair out of her eyes. The muscles in her thighs protested the movement. It felt suspiciously like she'd had a busy night between the sheets.

A gleeful little voice whispered in her head. *Or perhaps you let yourself get fucked by a demon?* Nah. Rubbing her temples didn't seem to make it go away.

"Oh dear." The little man sat down abruptly on the edge of the bed. He looked toward her, then as quickly glanced away. His head bobbed up and down as he looked toward the window, then the empty fireplace. "Oh dear."

"Oh dear?" Georgie narrowed her eyebrows in confusion.

"Perhaps you could pull up the sheet, ma'am?"

She glanced downwards. Instantly heat spread across her chest and over her face. Burning heat that was all too similar to the flames that consumed her whenever Trevor touched her. She tugged the sheet modestly upwards.

Georgie tried to speak, coughed in embarrassment, then tried again. How could she possibly have been sitting here stark naked and not have noticed? "You were saying?"

He darted a glance in her direction. Apparently satisfied she'd covered herself, he turned to face her. "What -- exactly -- did Trevor tell you he was?"

"Master of the Imps?" She replayed the evening through her head. As much as she wanted it to have been a dream, she was starting to wonder. If nothing else, how did she explain the luscious bed, the little man wandering unconcernedly through her bedroom, and the highly suspicious stickiness between her thighs? "A demon," she added, wriggling uncomfortably as a fresh spurt of moisture dampened the sheets.

He nodded sagely. "Ah."

"'Ah' is not telling me much," she pointed out acidly. "And who are you anyway?"

"Dante," he said simply. The way he looked at her, she was sure it was supposed to mean something to her. She hesitated. *An angel called Dante?*

"And?" she prompted. It was hard not to grin about his name.

He sighed. "I'm an angel -- second class. That means I look after the upper angels."

Reality thudded into the pit of her stomach. She felt physically ill. "Like Trevor."

"Yup."

"So I got fucked by an angel?"

"First class," he added helpfully. She was almost sure she saw him smiling at that. Considering the circumstances, it was very scary to see a self-proclaimed angel smirking like a starved cat who'd just stumbled into a dairy. *Especially* when they were discussing the one-night stand she'd just had with Trevor. Where was the man -- angel - - anyway?

Georgie slumped backwards, her eyes firmly closed. Perhaps if she refused to look, then it would all go away. *She'd slept with an angel?* The sheet slid from her fingers, a waft of cool air alerting her to the fact she'd bared her breasts. Dante thoughtfully refrained from pointing it out this time.

*Little pervert...*

"Why did you call me Mrs. White?" she asked suddenly.

"Because you're Trevor's wife." His voice sounded distant, almost faded. Curiosity got the better of her and she opened her eyes. He was hovering near the ceiling, flicking a cloth around the crystal chandelier. He was also only about one third his "regular" size. "Dusting," he told her apologetically as her eyes widened.

*Trevor's wife?*

"I am *not* his wife." That was something she could be certain of. She'd only just met the man, for goodness sake!

Dante coughed apologetically. "When an angel --"

He broke off with a squeak. A roiling grey cloud gathered in the center of the room, almost under the chandelier Dante was flitting around. Fronds of smoke coiled upwards, wrapping themselves around his legs. Invisible hands jerked hard, and he tumbled down to land in a heap on the floor.

"Did I ask you to explain anything to my wife?" The cloud slowly took shape, the wisps reforming into Trevor's tall frame. The first thing she saw were his eyes -- a feral, glowing red that had her diving back under the covers and drawing the sheet safely back up over her head. Only her whitened knuckles peeked over the edge.

"No, sir. Sorry, sir." Dante's voice barely trembled. "But she did ask," he pointed out more firmly.

"And I will explain." Trevor's voice coiled its way under the sheet, finding its way into her bloodstream and thrumming through her bones. Half hysterically, she wondered if he could make her orgasm using his voice alone?

*Yes.*

His hot whisper echoed through her head. Her fingers tightened convulsively on the sheet as her womb clenched. Her nipples had already beaded, the previously-soft sheet suddenly coarse and uncomfortable against her too-sensitive skin.

*No!*

She sent the thought back, wondering if he could hear. His husky chuckle was all the answer she needed. She flinched. His laughter was turning her skin inside out, drawing her to him. Cautiously, she peered over the sheet. If she didn't know where he was, it was going to be difficult keeping him at a safe distance.

"Good bye, Dante." Trevor's voice was even, interrupting her fevered thoughts.

"Sir." The reply was as insignificant as Dante was himself. He disappeared with a faint pop. It was as gentle as the pop of a bubble in a bath.

Georgie couldn't help herself. She giggled. The short dweeb with ginger hair was called "Dante," and she'd apparently managed to marry Trevor, the demon.

*Or angel? Goodness only knew!*

"Well, yes. Goodness does know which I am." Trevor's arms settled around her waist. Of its own accord the sheet she still held clutched to her neck fell elegantly away, folding itself neatly at the foot of the bed.

She shrieked and reached for the sheet. The warm arms holding her never moved. Behind her, Trevor's shape solidified, her pillows replaced with his fully-

clothed body. "What is it about you being dressed and wanting me naked?" she demanded.

His chin scraped through her hair as he bent to nuzzle her neck. Georgie shuddered as his morning stubble scraped against her soft skin. "I like you naked."

"Obviously!"

She tried to squirm away from under his arms. He simply tightened his hold. For all she was able to budge them, his arms might as well have been bands of steel.

"Be careful, *petit amour*," he hissed. His breath was moist, tempting. The hardness under her bottom was unmistakable. She froze.

"I think..." she shifted carefully so his cock wasn't quite so suggestively positioned between her legs, "...that you have some explaining to do."

"Do I?" he murmured, apparently not paying her the slightest attention. She snatched her ear away from his mouth. It was impossible to concentrate when his tongue was delving deep in her ear canal.

"You do!" She tried to sound firm. It was difficult when he'd twisted so one leg lay over hers, his knee holding her legs apart. The cooler air tickled her damp curls and it was a fight to remain still.

He sighed softly. "All right."

Behind her, his body relaxed. She could feel his tension escaping as it seeped from each individual muscle. He drew her closer, arranging her so her head fit snugly under his chin. In this position, she could feel his chest rising and falling as he breathed. His heart thumped steadily between her shoulder blades.

"So." His hands loosened on her tummy. His fingers rubbed soothing circles on her skin. "Ask away."

It was hard to think, but oh-so-comfortable curled up on his lap. She screwed her eyes closed trying to escape the sensation as his hands drifted lower. She knew asking him to stop would be a waste of precious breath. Besides, she liked it. He made her feel cherished.

"Your questions?" His voice was a seductive murmur in her ear. He chuckled. "Perhaps I should just guess?"

Georgie nodded. Thinking took too much effort. Encased in his warmth, it felt like she was floating in the clouds.

*Was it possible?*

She decided not to open her eyes -- just in case.

"Well," he started, "you're probably wondering what I am." His lips creased at her neck. "I'm afraid I lied. I'm an angel."

"Aren't angels supposed to be good?" She fought to open her eyes against the lethargy, then gave up, nestling back into his body. "I'd have thought telling lies was against the rules."

"Hmmm." He sounded distracted, and she roused herself enough to pinch his wrist. "Ow! Okay, well, yes, lying is bad, but it wasn't totally a lie. There really isn't much difference between angels and demons. It's how we choose. Some of us are more... marginal... than others." She felt the breeze as his hand swept expansively over her head. "How could a thoroughly good angel ever find it in himself to discipline an imp? Without discipline now, they'll *all* grow up into demons. With it, some will become angels."

"So you are the Master of the Imps?" she asked drowsily.

"Oh yes." His lips settled in her hair. She tried to flick him away, but his arms at her waist just tightened. He nipped her ear lobe, a tiny punishment for her attempted movement.

Her brain ticked over. "What will you do with Aden?" It was idle curiosity, but she didn't want to think too hard about the possessive way he was holding her. She could grow to like it.

He shrugged, the movement making his muscles ripple against her back. Her blood heated in response. "I'll probably just hang him up by the ears for a week or so."

"Oh." *What would he do to her if she displeased him, then?*

Trevor nuzzled her neck, his breath adding to the flames under her skin. "I'm sure I can think of a suitable punishment." An image of her naked and in chains appeared in her mind.

She shook her head violently. "*No one* attempts to dominate me."

"So what was last night then?" His shoulders shook in silent laughter.

"An aberration."

"Really?" he purred. His hands slid down her body. "Then what's this?"

Georgie moaned, her back arching into his chest as a single long finger probed her entrance. The flames under her skin raced to pool in her belly, licking assiduously lower. Ruthlessly, he held her down as he plunged a second finger inside her.

She could smell herself on his fingers as he lifted them past her face. His cock had swollen impossibly harder under her bottom and she heard his groan as she rubbed herself against him. It wasn't fair how he could arouse her nearly to exploding, then stop at that point. His free arm clamped on her tummy, one finger resting firmly on her tender clit.

Trevor leaned over her, bending her forward. She shuddered as his finger moved. How on earth could he be doing this to her with barely a touch of his skin on hers? Electricity began to arc between them as he slid his fingers into his mouth, tasting her.

*Normality! She had to get some reality happening here before she went totally insane...*

"So you're an angel having an identity crisis?" she ground out, horrified at the way she had to force the words out between gasps and pants.

His hips rolled upwards. She screamed as his finger pressed down. "You could say that."

"Right, well..." Her hips bucked as he inserted a finger inside her. "Marriage!"

"Marriage?"

She could smell her own arousal, her scent rising warmly between them. A constant stream of fluid trailed down her leg. He was controlling her reactions so effortlessly...

"Marriage!" she gasped. "Why did --" She moaned, unable to continue.

"Why did Dante call you Mrs. White? Because White is my family name."

His unconcern was infuriating her. If he could send her into a sensual frenzy, then surely she could do the same thing to him. She struggled for a moment to free her arms. Trevor simply laughed and bent his head over hers. His breath feathered over her lips. Then his tongue flicked out, tracing a wet line around them. Helplessly, she opened her mouth to his invasion, blushing as she realized he tasted like her.

*And you tasted good too.* The thought filled her head.

*Get out of my head,* she flung back.

He laughed again, his fingers between her legs pushing deeper in retaliation to her attempted rebellion.

Well, if that was how it worked...

Georgie allowed her mind to go blank, allowed the sensations he was sending through her body to gather and multiply. She was vaguely aware of the way her hips jerked. Her hands were trembling. She persisted, letting her head drop back to give him better access to her mouth. His tongue ravaged and plundered, his fingers gliding wetly between her legs, rubbing and teasing. Everywhere he touched he left behind the now-familiar flames. She was burning up, desperate for release. There was nothing in her mind, nothing other than the explosion of heat and fire hovering just beyond her reach.

Just before the orgasm could overtake her, she focused her concentration, certain she could take him by surprise. She filled her mind with erotic images, let herself listen to her gasping, panting breaths, felt the way her body writhed in his arms. Abruptly, she changed the picture.

Now it was him gasping and begging, pleading with her for release. She could smell his masculine scent, could feel the beads of sweat that covered every inch of his naked body. He was hot, so hot, and jerking against her. Finally, she concentrated on an image of him, ruthlessly channeling it straight down the same path she'd sent her thoughts.



It was this room, this bed. He was naked. Spread-eagled. His wrists and ankles were bound to the bedposts, thick coir ropes digging into his skin as he strained to escape his bonds. And she was the one leaning over him. She was fully dressed, a long black evening gown trailing over the floor as she glided around the bed, tormenting him.

Abruptly, the world shifted. Georgie found herself standing at the foot of the bed, clinging to a post. Dark fabric stuck to her skin, rustling with every gasping breath.

And in front of her...

In front of her was Trevor. Tied to the bed exactly how she'd imagined. It was the first time she'd really seen him naked and she paused to examine him, rejoicing in the way his body quivered everywhere her eyes touched him. It seemed she could control the fires when she chose. She laughed softly, the sound rippling out and filling the room. The sheer power flowing through her was heady.

Slowly, almost purring, she reached out to him and scraped a single red-tipped fingernail up his side. His entire body bucked upwards as she veered across his chest. Her fingers curled, and she tugged at the scattering of dark hair. His rumbling groan egged her onwards, and she bent lower until her hair tickled his nipples.

Trevor's eyes were screwed closed, his face a mask of ecstasy she'd never imagined. Before Trevor, men had always seemed to find her boring. She'd simply assumed they preferred the more obvious charms of women like the idiot blonde she was forced to work with.

*And wouldn't she be jealous now!*

It was almost a pity she couldn't bring him along to work, just to prove that she was capable of getting herself laid. And wow, what a lay! No one -- *no one* -- would ever believe her even if she told them -- which she wouldn't. Georgie figured she'd better make the most of what little time she had. No matter what the little dude had said, she knew it couldn't last. Damn shame that!

Georgie stared down at Trevor, focusing her thoughts. It wasn't easy. He was writhing on the bed, his hips surging helplessly upwards, the tendons in his wrists

standing out against his skin. Her gaze swept lower and his movements became more frantic. Her lips curved.

Being dressed was nice. Having him naked and helpless was especially nice. But no one had said anything about underwear being compulsory. Her tongue darted out, swiping a soothing line along her too-dry lips. With a single thought, she whisked away her own already-minimal underwear. Immediately, her nipples rubbed against the fine black fabric, hardening with every tiny movement. She pressed herself closer against the bed, her legs slightly spread, and bent to suck his nipple into her mouth.

Trevor's body arched into her, his naked flesh hot against her tummy despite the fabric still separating them. A tiny breeze swirled under her skirt at the movement. The fabric shifted, then suddenly billowed up around her knees. Cool air ruffled through the curls between her legs. The sensation of tiny fingers burning erotically against her was impossible to ignore. She shuddered uncontrollably, her legs half-buckling as the hot little fingers probed deeper between her thighs.

Her eyes flicked open. Despite the way she'd snatched control of his body, he still had enough spare brain cells available to send some of his own mental stimulation her way. Obviously she just wasn't trying hard enough...

What did it matter if he'd had so much more experience than she had at this mind power stuff? Come to think of it, how old was he anyway? She shook off the thought. So, the old-fashioned way it would have to be. Georgie grinned and took a single step back from the bed. This was going to be so much more her style.

She forgot about touching him, tried her best to ignore the way his erection was pointing straight up at the ceiling, an enticing bead of moisture balanced at its tip. She let her mind drift, idly watching as his struggles lessened. The one thing she didn't take her mind off was the ropes. She wanted him exactly where he was, panting and desperate -- and utterly helpless.

She waited until his eyes opened. They were little more than two narrow slits, just wide enough to see the way he was glaring up at her. A fluttering movement caught her eye. So slowly it was almost impossible to see, the ropes around his wrists

were uncurling. Georgie focused her mind, ruthlessly drawing them tight. For a moment his eyes glinted red. She smirked down on him.

"I do hope you haven't finished playing," he drawled.

It was probably supposed to sound lazy, bored even. Georgie's smile widened impossibly. He actually sounded exactly how she'd hoped he would -- totally frustrated.

"Oh no." She licked her lips and stared down at his cock. "I just wanted to be sure I had your attention."

His cock twitched. "You have it."

She leaned over him, holding her hair back so it wouldn't obstruct his view of her face. She planted a single moist kiss on the tip of his shaft. "Have I?"

Trevor's attempt to answer was swallowed by a groan as she did it again. This time her mouth remained on his flesh, delicately licking off the bead of come that had reappeared.

Georgie straightened, her eyes never leaving his straining cock. "Hmmm. I wonder..." Hoping to catch him unaware, she swooped on his cock, drawing it into her mouth in one swift movement.

Hot and hard, his skin was still unbelievably soft. She grinned around her mouthful of cock. Actually, she was having a little difficulty believing that she was actually doing this. She gasped as his hips surged upwards, ramming his cock deeper into her throat. Georgie suckled gently, teasing him with her teeth. No matter what he thought, she was determined to remain in charge.

Her mouth still covering his cock, she raised her skirt and swung a leg onto the bed. From there it was no effort at all to settle herself astride him, her bottom swaying in the direction of his head. Just to be sure he realized exactly what he was missing, she scooped her skirt up and settled it so it draped over her hips. Her naked pussy was an inch away from his face. Her legs were spread wide across his chest, leaving her to his view -- and his cock still filled her mouth.

There was one very definite benefit of this position she mused as she ran her tongue around the base of his cock. He couldn't see just how red her face was! Behind her, she felt him flinch. His breath was warm on her naked ass but she remained just beyond his reach no matter how hard he strained against the ropes.

"Let me lick you." His voice was ragged, pleading.

In answer, she sucked. Hard.

Trevor's hips jerked. For an instant she felt those same hot, imaginary fingers caressing her damp skin, probing her entrance. A trickle of moisture gathered between her legs, trickled down her inner thigh.

She sucked again, leaning forward to rest her elbows to either side of his hips. She was safely out of reach of his mouth but her bottom still swayed with every tiny movement of her mouth. The fingers disappeared but the heat they'd started shimmied its way under her skin and curled its way toward her stomach. From there it grew and spread.

Georgie flinched. It was taking more and more effort to concentrate on the ropes at his wrists, let alone driving him mad with frustration. It was a shame but...

Sighing, she straightened up, scooting around until she was again facing him. Her skirt was again draped modestly over her legs, covering his view of her bottom resting lightly on his hard cock. She squirmed, pretending to get comfortable. He groaned and screwed his eyes closed.

"Rotten tease," he muttered.

"Really?" Georgie smiled, and shifted position slightly. His cock twitched. "And I thought I was doing rather a good job of it."

"Not bad," he agreed.

She pinched his nipple in retaliation. "Well... I think that if you want me to do something about this --" her hands waved around her head, encompassing the entire room, "-- then you'd better get talking. Exactly what did Dante mean when he called me Mrs. White?"

Underneath her Trevor tensed. She could feel the effort he made to relax again, one muscle at a time. He looked up at her, eyes suddenly serious. "You're mine. My wife. It's automatic."

*Automatic?*

"Can we get back to it now?" he added hopefully.

"No! You can damn well tell me what you mean. We had sex, we didn't get married. There is a difference. Don't they teach you anything in demon school?"

It was Trevor's turn to sigh. "Yes. But..." He shrugged awkwardly, the ropes at his wrists restricting him. "I made a mistake."

"A mistake?"

She knew she sounded dumb, simply parroting everything he said, but how the hell was she supposed to come up with something sensible when he'd not only just announced that they were married -- which was news to her! -- but that she was a mistake?

"Yeah." He closed his eyes. "I got carried away in the kitchen and claimed you."

"You claimed me? You can't claim me," she added, desperately trying to sound reasonable. Hysteria, on the other hand, would have come naturally.

"I'm afraid I can." His eyes remained closed. "They ordered me to find a partner a few months ago. He thought I was skating too close to my dark side and that a wife would give me balance. I didn't realize just how deep the compulsion to claim a partner ran."

"So you picked *me*?" Georgie could hear her own incredulity echoing around the room. "A whole world full of people and you picked *me*?"

He looked up at her. For once his eyes were a plain deep brown with not a hint of the red glow. "Not on purpose. I saw you for the first time when Aden ran away." His lips curved. "Would you believe it was love at first sight?"

"No, I would not!"

"No," he agreed. "It was certainly lust, but love...? I guess I don't know what it is."

Georgie's heart somersaulted. *He didn't know what love was?* She stared down at him, trying to see past the hot body and gorgeous face. *Didn't know what love was?*

"I, um, I need to apologize," he continued, apparently oblivious to her scrutiny. "I shouldn't have claimed you without your permission."

She shook herself back to the present. "No, you shouldn't." *But so long as he could undo whatever he'd done, did it really matter?*

"I'd... ah... appreciate it if you didn't tell the boss what I did." His eyes twinkled. "Saying he'd want my guts for garters is putting it mildly."

"And he doesn't look overly worried by that fact," she commented to the room at large.

"Please?" Trevor's eyes caught hers. Held them.

"Oh all right." She grinned. "Mind you, it would serve you right if you did get in trouble."

"Well, now I've got your agreement..." he murmured.

Her eyes widened. Even as she watched, the ropes around Trevor's wrists were sliding away. She glared at them, willing them to hold. Trevor smiled, and shook the ropes off. He stretched sinuously and pulled her down onto his chest.

"I'll tell you a secret," he whispered in her ear, his tongue flicking out to tickle her earlobe.

Georgie's head fell limply onto the pillow. A single touch of his tongue and her whole body was engulfed in flames. She was vaguely aware of his fingers tugging at the bodice of her dress. Somewhere at the back of her mind, a tiny voice was yelling at her, demanding she not fall for the blatant seduction.

"Your power isn't very strong yet," he murmured. "Give it time."

Her breasts spilled from her dress and into his hands. Wicked fingers rolled and pinched her nipples until she arched into him. "So?"

"So... you were borrowing my power."

He bent to suck a nipple into his mouth. Stars shot from there to her pussy. The now-familiar trickle of moisture dampened the inside of her leg and she was quite sure

her eyes had glazed over. He could have been speaking a foreign language for all she understood.

“After you’ve been here a while your own power will grow. Maybe one day you’ll even manage to have me truly helpless.”

“You mean...” Georgie lost the power of thought as his fingers pushed the skirt aside and slid deep inside her. The orgasm that had been hovering nearby exploded in a surge of color and heat. Who cared what he was going to say anyway?

## Chapter Three

Georgie awoke to find herself pinned to the bed. It was nothing so exotic as chains or ropes, just a large -- naked -- male leg flung over hers and two warm arms holding her close against his chest. She wriggled experimentally. The sheet underneath her moved. She didn't.

"Trevor?"

He grumbled, and tucked her more securely under his arm.

"Trevor." She tried to poke him in the chest, but he didn't even flinch. Did this man have muscles of steel, or what?

"Trevor!"

"What?" One eye opened, and he stared balefully across at her.

She stared right back. "I have to go to work."

"No." He closed his eyes and snuggled back down.

*What the hell did he mean, "No"?*

"Let me up." She kicked him in the shin. "Right now."

"Ow."

She kicked him again.

"You don't have to go to work, *mon petit*," he mumbled sleepily. "You're married to an angel. We have everything we could possibly need."

Georgie froze. "I am *not* married to you." She enunciated every word carefully. "Whatever you did, undo it."

"Can't."

Trevor's weight settled on her as he relaxed back to sleep. Obviously, he wasn't a morning person...

*Can't?*



"What do you mean, you *can't*? You did it, you can undo it!" She kicked him in the shin, then followed it up with a vicious jab to his chest.

"Can't," he muttered.

*She was not going to get hysterical. And if she repeated it regularly enough, maybe she'd even believe it!*

"Can! I'm going to work, and you can bloody well undo whatever damn-fool thing it was you did last night!" She batted at his ear and struggled upright. Trevor released her -- reluctantly -- and pushed himself into a sitting position.

"Truly. I can't. It's permanent. You're mine forever."

Deep inside, Georgie started to scream hysterically. Her life may not have been perfect but it was *hers*. She was not about to give it up on the say so of an angel who thought he was a demon. Or maybe it was a demon who thought he was an angel? Who cared?

He winced, probably hearing her silent screams loud and clear inside his own head. "That does, of course, mean that I'm yours too," he ventured.

"No!" Georgie flung herself out of bed. "Where are my clothes? I'm going right now!"

Trevor pointed silently to a straight-backed chair in the corner. Her uniform trousers were pressed and folded, her white shirt starched to within an inch of its life. It looked like it would stand up by itself if she took it off the hanger. A lacy white brassiere she'd never seen before was draped over the back of the chair. The panties, however, were missing.

Unwilling to ask the demon for anything, she snarled and put on what was there. The grey fabric of the trousers scratched horribly. She fidgeted, wondering how she'd manage an entire day without underwear. Every movement rubbed the coarse material against her pussy, sending a flush of heat rushing through her bloodstream. Two quick steps and she was at the dresser, dragging a brush through her hair.

"I have to go."

Trevor was still watching her, still sprawled naked across the bed, exactly where he'd been when she leapt out. She refused to look at his face. If she did, she knew she'd hesitate.

"I have to go," she repeated softly, cursing herself for her uncertainty.

"I know." Georgie looked up to see Trevor attempt a smile. It didn't reach his eyes. "You have to find out for yourself. Call me when you want me."

"I won't."

From the corner of her eye, she saw his fingers move. A white cloud grew from the floor, enveloping her and hiding him from view. "Remember, call me." His voice was distant, but clear.

The fog cleared.

She was standing in the middle of the kitchen. Sunlight streamed through the high windows, each tiny pane of glass leaving its own distinct pattern on the old stone floor. Beside her, the table she'd lain on last night was clean and... ordinary.

Everything seemed so totally ordinary -- totally boring.

Georgie ran her fingers along the edge of the table, tracing the pattern of a single whorl in the wood. She wasn't quite sure what she'd expected, but it wasn't *nothing*. The only reminder of last night was her lack of panties. She moved away from the table, heading to the staff room, and the hard grey fabric between her legs rubbed on her clit. A flash of lightning rocked the world. For an instant she was again sprawled naked on the table. Trevor was looking down on her, his eyes alight with hunger. The image changed. It was Trevor, alone in his bed. Lonely.

"Geor-gie!"

A piercing voice rang out, and the picture disappeared. Once again, she was alone in the kitchen.

"Geor-gie!"

"I'm in here," she called back.

"What on earth are you doing in the kitchen?" It was Pamela, possibly the last person on earth she wanted to see right now. She really didn't want to hear the details

of Pamela's latest date, and she certainly wasn't willing to share her own recent experiences. "There's a staff meeting in Bob's office," she continued blithely.

"Sure."

Even a staff meeting had to be better than moping here alone -- or discussing which particular shade of blonde Pamela should choose next. She felt her lips twitch at the thought. Things were definitely getting back toward normal if she was already annoyed with Pamela. She'd hardly said anything either.

Not that that lasted long. Before they'd gone ten feet, Pamela was prattling on about last night's date. She'd gone out with a man she'd met at the wine bar just down the street. Tall, dark and handsome, "of course," and the most delightful conversationalist. Georgie had to choke back a gurgle of laughter at that point -- she couldn't imagine Pamela instigating any kind of conversation unless it had herself as the central feature.

"And you know what?" Pamela asked, glancing over her shoulder, and ducking into a curtained alcove just off the entry. Resigned, Georgie followed. Pamela's eyes were impossibly wide. "He was a vampire! Just think -- *fabulous* in bed, lives forever, and rides a Harley Davidson!"

*Yeah, right.*

"And this, um, vampire," Georgie asked, "did he ask to suck your blood?"

The skin between Pamela's eyes wrinkled as she thought. "No. I don't have a hickey, do I?" She pulled her collar aside so Georgie could see. "I didn't think to look this morning. Ooohhh. Maybe he hypnotized me first!"

*How do you spell gullible?*

Georgie glanced at Pamela's neck, then tugged the shirt briskly upwards. "Nope. No hickey."

It wasn't like she'd really thought there would be a mark, but if she'd managed to get laid by an angel last night then who was she to quibble about Pamela believing she'd slept with a vampire?

"We'd better get moving or we'll be late for the meeting."

Pamela looked at her, her eyes radiating saccharine pity. "I'm sorry, honey, I didn't mean to make you jealous."

Georgie found her hand grasped between Pamela's soft fingers. There was no easy way to escape her grip. Not without struggling anyway, and that would have utterly convinced Pamela that her bitchy little comments were all reaching their target.

Georgie strove for a light-hearted grin. "Oh, I'm not jealous, hon. A vampire?" She mock-grimaced and added a shudder for good measure. "I think you can keep him all for yourself."

Pamela's answering smile was tight. "I wasn't offering to share. He may, however, have a cousin or something."

*Oh great, now she was being set up on pity dates. Ugh!*

"Thanks anyway." Georgie tugged her hand free. "We'd really better get moving."

She brushed the curtain aside and turned into the entry. The parquet flooring squeaked underfoot. Each steady pace toward the offices -- away from the kitchen -- was accompanied by a tortured squeal of her rubber soles on polished wood. She'd never really noticed it before.

There was no sound behind her. She glanced back. Pamela was there, her footsteps near-silent.

*Squeak, squeak, squeak.* Georgie's footsteps took on a rhythm of their own. By the time she reached the front door each step was accompanied by a word. *Squeak, squeak, squeak. Gone, gone, gone.*

Her heart lurched. It was a trick. Nothing else.

*Call me.* Trevor's words echoed in her mind.

She shook her head, ignoring the uncomfortable feeling of strings wrapping themselves ever more tightly around her chest. It was getting hard to breathe. Her heart thudded out a staccato beat. Surely Pamela could see it pounding even through her shirt?

*Gone, gone, gone.*

Her hand settled on the door handle. A few more seconds and she'd be out in the open, away from the hideously squealing wooden floor. She really had to do something about her boots...

The door wouldn't budge. Actually, she realized, it was her hand that wouldn't budge. Try as she might, she couldn't turn the handle. A trickle of sweat ran across her palm, dripped to her fingers. Her heartbeat was thudding in her head now. Even her hand throbbed in time as the blood raced away. She dropped the handle and reached up to wipe her brow, barely surprised to find a sheen of sweat there as well.

*Gone, gone, gone.*

Pamela stepped around her, her hand resting on the door handle for a second. A flick of her wrist and the door was swinging wide, a pleasantly cool breeze drying the heat in Georgie's face.

Better. Much better.

She took a single step under the lintel. The strings around her chest drew tight. Her heart stopped. For an instant, she wasn't sure if it was going to start again. She couldn't move.

*Couldn't.*

*Possibly.*

*Move.*

Panting, she clung to the doorframe. Crazy it may have been, but every step away from her connection with Trevor was pure agony. If she hadn't hurt so much, she would have scowled.

*Call me.*

Was this hurting him as much as it was hurting her? She hoped so!

Sunlight glinted off Pamela's hair. Shadows danced over her face. Oblivious to Georgie's pain, she was still chattering about her latest "absolutely divine" conquest. Pamela glanced back, a tiny frown marring her otherwise perfect face. Geez, Georgie hated working with an airhead!

Apparently, Georgie hadn't made suitable noises of interest at the correct time because Pamela turned back, her face suddenly expressionless as she stepped into the darker shadows of the porch. She threaded her arm through Georgie's and tugged. "Come on."

Unable to resist, Georgie fell into step. Blinding pain speared through her. Her vision went blank. Even Pamela's annoyingly sweet voice was drowned in the roar of white noise as every single cell protested against her leaving the historic house.

She stumbled on the shallow steps, barely aware of the pain as her ankle wrenched. If anything, it was a welcome relief from the endless pressure in her head. The scent of fresh-mown grass rose up to meet her. She stared vaguely at an ant beside her nose. The marble edged step was cool on her forehead.

"Georgie? Are you okay? I couldn't hold you! I'll go and get help!" It seemed that Pamela was still prattling on.

Georgie forced her eyes open. Above her was a bright blue sky and fluffy white clouds. Whichever poet had first decided that clouds "scudded" had needed his head examined, she decided blurrily. And to compare them to cotton? Huh!

*Call me.*

Her skin tightened as she tried to remember. Call who?

*Trevor. Call me.*

A fresh wave of pain thundered through her head and her thoughts scattered. As the pain cleared, all she could see was the sky. That and the clouds that were scudding - she giggled -- across the sky. Did angels live in the clouds? she wondered. Was that where Trevor lived?

On that thought, the pain retreated. Even the hard step softened. No, she realized, it was just that she was lying in Trevor's lap. She didn't really care how he'd got here, she was just glad that he was.

"Thank goodness, you little numb-skull! It's about time you said my name! Why didn't you call me?"

"Because I didn't want you," she murmured.

"I tried to save you this." Trevor's fingers were tracing circles in her hair, soothing back the taut skin on her brow. He hugged her close. "I am so, so sorry. I didn't know it would be this bad for you."

"You knew it would happen?" Georgie started to struggle upright. "And you didn't stop me?"

He scowled. "I thought you'd give in sooner."

*He did, did he?*

"So you thought I'd come crawling back to you as soon as you hurt me." She could hear the outrage quivering in her voice. "How dare you --"

"Shhh, *mon petit*." He ran a finger across her lips, effectively stopping her mouth. "People are coming."

Georgie slumped back against him. "Could things get any worse?"

"Well..." He pretended to think for a moment. "My boss could show up too."

"Could your boss make my ankle stop hurting?"

"Baby."

"I'll give you baby," she threatened quietly, summoning up a weak smile for the small crowd that had appeared out of nowhere.

"Pamela said you slipped on the steps." A tall, greying man, Marcus, was the first to speak. "Are you badly hurt?" He glared across at Trevor. "Did this... man... have anything to do with your fall, dear?"

For the first time, Georgie realized the incongruity of her position. She was curled up in the lap of a man who hadn't been there only minutes earlier. And a very scary-looking man she had to concede. Trevor wore the same black pants as last night, this time with a black T-shirt and an open black leather jacket. His hair was tied back with a piece of leather thong, also black. All he needed was the motorbike to complete the picture.

"Cool bike, man!" She glanced up at the latest arrival. Young and impressionable, the carrot-haired janitor was practically salivating over the Triumph

resting on its stand on the gravel drive only a few feet away. It was, of course, black. Georgie closed her eyes. Trevor could look after himself.

"Thank you." Trevor was polite, but hardly sounded encouraging.

"And you are?" Marcus again. She silently applauded him for refusing to accept a non-answer.

"Trevor White. Georgie forgot her lunch. I'm afraid I arrived just after she fell." The patently untrue statement was emphasized by the rustle of a paper sack. She was irritated to find that when it came to scene-setting, the damned angel thought of everything. She kept her eyes determinedly closed.

"I suppose you'd better take her home for the day." Marcus sounded worried. "I can lend you my car if you like."

"Thanks. If it's all right with you, I'll drop it back in an hour or so and collect the bike then."

"That will be fine. I'm sure Georgie can show you my car." There was a jingle of keys.

Gradually, the sounds of Marcus shoosing the rest of the staff back toward the outbuilding that held the offices retreated. They were alone. The pain in her head and chest were a distant memory. Unfortunately the pain in her ankle was very real.

"Now, what were we up to?" Trevor queried. Her eyes flew open as she found herself scooped into his arms and carried toward the car park. Unerringly, he headed toward Marcus' car.

"I suppose you were reading his thoughts too?"

"Of course." Trevor sounded surprised. "Weren't you?"

Georgie groaned, all thoughts of patience out the window. No matter how careful he was being, each step jarred her ankle. "I'm human," she reminded him. "How the hell could I listen to Marcus' thoughts?"

For a moment he looked uncertain. "Do you know, I can't actually remember how I learned? I think you just listen with your mind instead of your ears."



She whacked him on the side of the head. "Did you listen to a word I just said? I'm *human*. Humans don't do that!"

"Ow." He dropped her on the front seat of the car, otherwise ignoring her interruption. "Let me see your ankle."

His fingers were gentle but it still hurt. Annoyed, she hit him again. "I said, 'I'm human'."

"No. You're not." He seemed completely unperturbed, still concentrating on the leather of her boot.

Dazed, Georgie glanced down at her boot. A fine red line of light was tracing its way across the leather. When it reached the edge, it blinked out. Her boot fell off, neatly cut into two perfect halves.

"That was my boot!" she wailed.

"I'd have thought you'd be more worried about being told that, actually, you're *not* human anymore."

She'd been trying very hard to pretend she hadn't heard him the first time. She really had not needed him to remind her. "I --"

"Hold still while I fix your leg," he commanded, one hand pushing her firmly into the seat.

He wrapped his other hand around her sore ankle. Warmth flared through her skin, wending its way deeper into her flesh. It wasn't precisely *un-comfortable* but she wouldn't have said it was all that pleasant either. She flinched as a final burst of heat burned her. Surely he was branding himself into her skin?

He straightened, removing the hand that had anchored her. "All fixed." He stared deep into her eyes. "Next time, please listen to me. I don't think I can go through that again."

*He couldn't go through it again? What about her?*

Georgie snorted. "You're the one who did the stupid joining thing. It's not my problem! And why should you care if I get hurt anyway?"

"Because it's my fault. I should have warned you what happens when we get separated."

"So, you seriously expect me to give up my life and come hang around you, whatever you happen to be doing. Bah!"

Trevor smiled. "It's not quite that bad. So long as the intention is there, the recognition of the union, then you shouldn't suffer like that."

"I hope it hurt you too!"

Trevor stepped away. Out of easy reach, she realized a few seconds later. "No." He shook his head. "My intention was -- is -- to keep you a part of my life. Nothing's changed."

"So if I leave, I get punished?"

He winced. "Effectively, yes."

"And if you leave?"

"I won't ever leave you. You're mine."

"Enough with the possessive he-man crap," she snapped. "Get it through your thick skull that I'm *me*. If I choose to stay," *and avoid the pain*, "then it'll be my choice. Not yours. You don't own me."

"All right."

She looked up at him from under her brows. *All right?* She may have been a beginner when it came to manipulation, but she could recognize when it was happening to her. He'd just agreed way too easily.

"So I can come and go as I want?" she ventured.

"So long as you always plan to come home to me." He shrugged. "It'll be pretty obvious if you're planning something different. I guess the serious pain was the big guy's way of making sure his angels stay monogamous."

Angels? Or demons? The way he was making light of such a life-changing decision, apparently not overly concerned about how he'd just upended her life, was making her appreciate the fine line he walked. She could see why there'd been a need

for him to get some stability in his life. She just couldn't see why she had to be the one to provide it.

While she'd been thinking, Trevor had settled into the driver's seat and adjusted the seatbelt. She wouldn't have thought that angels could get killed by a car crash.

*We can't. But it's important not to stand out.*

"Get out of my head!"

Trevor chuckled and turned the key in the ignition. The engine came to life. No powerful roar for Marcus' car, but a more subtle purr as the car pulled out into the traffic. As soon as they were around the corner, he pulled to the side.

"I'll only be a few minutes behind you," he promised. "As soon as I've returned the car..." His words were lost as he leaned into her, his mouth fastening on hers. His lips were cool and soft, his tongue gentle as it probed along the seam of her mouth. Then the kiss disappeared into the swirling white fog, his lips a lingering memory on hers.

## Chapter Four

*You scared me.* His voice was a whisper of sound that disappeared as she landed on the edge of his bed.

She'd expected to find a rumpled mess. Assuming he really had been worried about her, the last thing she'd have thought was that he'd have made the bed. It was perfect, a symphony of scarlet and gold she'd never really taken the time to appreciate last night.

Georgie jumped as a voice came out of nowhere. "Could I get you some breakfast? Draw you a bath, perhaps?"

She blushed as a vivid image of an immense bathtub filled her mind. She was naked, her nudity hidden under a mountain of scented bubbles, and Trevor was slowly skimming the soap up and down her leg. Each stroke slid a fraction higher...

"Ma'am?"

"Ah." She jumped. "Dante?"

"Yes, ma'am?"

"Do you think you could appear in the room? It's a little disconcerting talking to you when I don't know where you are."

"Of course, ma'am." There was a nearly inaudible swish of sound somewhere up near the ceiling and Dante appeared. Once again he was hovering, his white robe drifting gently in the tiny breeze that wafted through the room.

Her brow furrowed. "There's a window?"

"Of course." He pointed toward one of the curtains. Last night she'd assumed it was simply some kind of wall covering. Now it slowly pulled itself back to reveal a window-seat set deeply into a solid stone wall. Outside was the same cerulean blue sky and clean white clouds she'd been staring up at only an hour earlier.

"Where are we exactly?"

Dante hesitated. "Didn't Trevor tell you?"

"There's a lot of stuff Trevor forgot to tell me."

"Perhaps you should wait until he returns."

Trevor's voice slid into the room. "An excellent idea, Dante," he approved. "You may draw that bath then leave us until lunchtime."

"Sir." Dante disappeared with a soft pop.

"Did you like my bathroom?" Trevor materialized in his usual cloud of grey.

"I haven't seen your... Oh!" Realization hit home. "That was your vision."

"Of course." He clicked his fingers once. The room disappeared as did her clothing, leaving her standing naked in front of him. He smiled apologetically. "I really detest those trousers."

"Me too."

Georgie glanced around. They seemed to be standing in the middle of one of the clouds she'd been admiring. The occasional glimpse of blue came and went at the edge of her vision, cool air swirling around them. She hardly noticed. The cool air had a mind of its own, stroking and caressing her. "Relax," he whispered. "They'll take away the last of the pain."

*They?*

He didn't have to be any great mind reader to sense her unease. Uninhibited sex with one guy was bad enough, but a whole group of...

"Who are --"

Trevor stepped forward, a single finger resting on her lips. "Trust me."

Yeah, right. Trust the guy who'd flung her into this nightmare in the first place, the same one who was nonchalantly leaning back against a non-existent wall of fluff, grinning at her.

"Easy enough for you to say -- you're fully dressed."

Any further grumbling was cut off as the invisible hands started to dig into her muscles. Unlike the heat Trevor's touch set off, the cloud's hands were sending cool

darts through her body, miraculously soothing away the aches and pains of her fall. Trevor may have mended the damage to her ankle but it was the hands in the cloud that were making her feel half-way human again.

"Not human," he corrected, settling himself more comfortably into the cloud.

"What then?" Once again, it was hard to put together two cohesive thoughts. The invisible hands pushed and tugged until she was lying on her stomach, her face buried in the cold white mist. Chilly fingers were shooting through her now, and with every touch another pain vanished. Vaguely, she wondered just how they were staying up here in the air, supported by nothing, but quickly let the thought go. If angels and demons existed, and possibly even vampires, then why not invisible cloud spirits too?

"What am I?" she repeated drowsily. The cold was insidious, and somehow pleasantly numbing. Darkness was starting to edge into her vision.

Warm lips breathed fire into her ear. "An angel."

Georgie giggled at the sheer stupidity of the idea. Her? An angel? Never!

A wave of warm water surged over her head. She surfaced, spluttering, and rubbed the droplets from her eyes. Obviously, it was going to take some time to get used to the idea of instantly changing venues like that. One moment she was drifting in a lethargic daydream, the next she was half-drowned in a bathtub roughly the same size as an average bathroom.

"Did you have to do that?" she demanded, glaring across the tub.

Trevor was lounging against the side, only his head and shoulders visible above the water line. His hair was slicked back and, as he moved, the water swirled in interesting patterns. A fine layer of cedar-scented bath oil coated the surface. His naked body was impossible to see but she knew now what he looked like, and her imagination could easily fill in the finer details. She repeated the question, trying to divert his attention from the retaliatory splash she was sending in his direction. "Did you?"

Trevor's lips quirked and he held up a hand, effortlessly diverting the wall of water. "Well, no. I didn't have to dump you in the bath. But it was fun."

"Fun?" Georgie shook her head in mock disgust. Thank goodness her angel had a sense of humor. She didn't think she'd have managed if it was someone as mind-numbingly dull as Dante who'd accidentally claimed her.

*Dante?* Trevor's voice rumbled into her mind. *Puh-leeze.*

"Are you avoiding the issue?" he asked suddenly. "I expected more questions about being an angel."

"Not at all. It's just that I'm still at the stage of refusing to accept you actually said that in the first place."

"Oh." An understanding smile creased his mouth. "Let me know when you're ready for the details."

Maybe one day, she'd ask, but right now she was a lot more interested in the cute little dimple she'd just seen appear at the corner of his mouth. She couldn't help herself. She scooted across the tub and leaned forward to touch it.

She sighed as he backed away. "We really have to get a few things sorted," he told her apologetically. "I'm expected to present you to the boss tomorrow and all the guys are dying to meet you."

"And?"

"Can you accept that it's happened, that there's no way to undo what's been done?"

"Do I have a choice?"

Trevor's face hardened. "No."

Georgie flinched at his tone, and turned away. So much for the playful angel of a few minutes ago. She definitely liked that one better.

"I know, hon." He was beside her in a flash, his arms wrapped around her tummy, holding her tight against him. "I don't know what I have to offer you. We're physically compatible. And I like you."

*Oh goody.*

"I can't offer you love," he said. "Not yet. In time --" He shrugged. "Who knows?"

"I've known you all of twenty-four hours." She burrowed her face into his chest. She felt secure with him. Safe.

*Cherished.*

"I can't explain to you how important you are to me," he said woodenly. "I could have died of shock when you left the house this morning. While you stayed indoors, you still had a slim connection to me. If you hadn't fallen when you did..." He shuddered. "Why did you leave the house?"

Trevor's own masculine scent filled her head. The hair on his chest tickled her nose. She nuzzled him, cuddling deeper into his embrace. She was so comfortable here, it was hard to think. "Pamela pulled me out the door."

"Pamela? That's the blonde girl who was with you?"

Georgie nodded.

"I wonder why?" His concentration was straying from where she wanted it to be.

"Pamela said she dated a vampire last night," she volunteered. Anything to get his mind back to where she wanted it. Squished up against him as she was, his heat was spreading through her. She rubbed herself gently against his erection, hoping to catch his attention.

"That probably explains it then." He saw her startled glance and continued. "Vampires tend to be destructive. The one she went out with probably took her blood. That'd allow him to control her for a few days. He would have enjoyed seeing you suffer." He shrugged. "I'll get one of the vampire squads to track him down and have a little heart-to-heart."

He smiled and smoothed her hair back from her forehead. "I can't offer you much in the way of guarantees," he said, "But successful marriages have been forged out of less. Will you give us a chance?"

Georgie snuggled closer, inhaling the combined scents of aroused male and cedar. What choice did she have? She could make the best of it, take the positive things they did have and see if they could make it into something special, or she could walk away -- and probably die in agony within minutes. Choice? She had none.



She wondered just how adept at reading her mind he was.

*Very.* The word whispered in her mind.

*So you'd know if I was playing hard to get?*

*Absolutely.*

What a *shame*.

"On the other hand..." Trevor threaded an arm under her hips and flipped her so she was face down over the edge of the tub, her legs spread wide across his thighs. "I could always pretend ignorance and make love to you until you see things my way."

Her breasts were squashed flat against the hard tiles, her pussy wide open. A fresh set of flames vied with the last of the chills that had streamed through her veins, then gathered in her pussy. The anticipation was delicious.

"This doesn't feel like 'making love'," she complained, half serious.

"Oh?"

The bathroom disappeared in another of the disconcerting flashes. They were back in his bed, tangled in the crisp white linen. Trevor levered himself up, holding his weight off her until she met his eyes.

"Better?" he queried, as his cock slid deep inside her.

Georgie closed her eyes and let herself slump back onto the pillows.

"Much better."

~ The End ~

## **Amy O'Connor**

Amy O'Connor lives in the Australian outback. When she's not writing (which isn't very often) she can usually be found attempting to round up her sons, cats, and poultry, or trying to restore her 100-year-old garden. Occasionally, she even manages to sneak in a few hours reading a good book. Unfortunately, since that tends to involve running away and hiding on the side verandah, it doesn't happen as regularly as she'd like!