

A black and white photograph of a man's torso, showing his chest, abdomen, and navel. He has a navel piercing. The image is used as a background for text.

Fang Shui

Lynn Warren

# FANG SHUI

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## CHAPTER ONE

Yep, they were going to be sorry. Sorry, sorry, sorry that they did not choose Jade Landry to do the décor for their fancy, schmancy wedding. Besides, it didn't matter anymore. She was a social outcast of Skull's Cove, the little witchy hamlet in the secluded woods of Washington. Peachy, just peachy it wasn't bad enough she wasn't magical enough for this joint. Now they had to make a point out of not including her in the wedding of the freakin' century.

She wished she was more like Trudy Manfree. That woman had a plan and she didn't care what body she stepped over to get there.

Yep, she had to hand it to Trudy. Jade surveyed the site of new Longdetothe Subdivision that Trudy developed and sold on the outskirts of Skull's Cove. It'd been Trudy's baby, capitalizing on the undeveloped dark forest that surrounded the hamlet. She surveyed the property on her own and subdivided it before setting up one hell of a marketing scheme.

When Jade saw it, she had to say it was one monster of a presentation. Of course, since Trudy's target audience was monsters – it fit. Jade never thought she'd pull it off. But damn, she did, and Longdetothe was spectacular.

A little magic, a bit of strategic planning and whoop, there it was thirteen glorious estates surrounded by exotic Transylvanian olive trees. The subdivision rose in the moonlight, carved of imported Italian and Transylvanian stone each floor plan more magnificent than the next. Jade rubbed her hands down her arms as she walked up the stone circular drive to meet Trudy.

"Girlfriend, have I got to hand it to you!" Jade tucked a strand of long black hair behind her ear and zipped her jacket up to her neckline. "This is phenomenal."

"You like?" Trudy gestured grandly toward what in Jade's mind resembled a castle with three turrets and one heck of moat going on in the front yard.

"Alligators?" Jade nodded toward the moat under construction. She didn't get how the construction workers could manage all the heavy equipment with only the light of the moon.

"Pomeranians." Trudy grinned.

"Those little fluffy dogs?"

"Yep."

"O...kay..." Distracted, Jade squinted into the silvery light while a backhoe glided soundlessly across the ground. She turned her head as a heavy loader placed a ton of stone on top another estate's rooftop. She waggled a finger at the backhoe. "Why aren't they making any noise?"

"It's the banshees."

That got Jade's attention. "'scuse me?"

"Well, their screeching sounds like dogs howling in town. So people just think that the forest wolves are in an uproar."

"What about the pookas?"

Trudy shrugged them off, easily and started up the walk to the turret house. "They're scared of the zombies so we haven't had any trouble." Trudy pushed open the eighteen foot carved wooden door. It had heavy, pounded gold door handles that made Jade drool. "Come on, I'll show you around."

"I'm sorry, did you say zombie?"

"No, I said *zombies*." Trudy pointed. "The construction workers. They're zombies. Shit Jade, how do you think we were able to get construction done at night and so cheap?" Trudy let her gaze run over a particularly large specimen. He was hot, Jade supposed. If you were into tall, dark and decrepit.

"I dunno. I guess I didn't think about it."

"Our clients are nightwalkers, sweetie. They like to see people working at dark." Trudy escorted Jade inside the huge foyer that rose so high that she thought she could see the glittering stars in the sky.

"Yeah, gotcha. This is amazing."

"All the houses are amazing and they are all closing in a week."

"Wow, congratulations, babe. You did an amazing job."

Trudy puffed her platinum blonde hair that looked like a silver cloud. "Thanks, sweetie. But it gets better."

"How's that?"

Trudy's *Eelectrically Injected* lips curved into a perfect smile. Her white teeth flashed. "Honey, all the buyers are letting you decorate their new homes!"

It was a well-known fact that Jade Landry didn't control stress well. She'd bought a gallon of *Sour Sal's Scale Shrinker* off an infomercial. She couldn't afford any more outbreaks. It was the bane of her existence to be a twenty-four year old dragoness and unable to fully shift. All she could do well was have nasty scales pop out at the most inopportune moments. Jade leaned her back against a tall rock column and scratched. Great, just great, she was just handed the job of a lifetime and she could feel those scratchy little scales multiplying beneath her dermis.

She coughed, choking on fear and joy. "You're kidding?"

"I *so* would *not* kid about something like this. I know what that witch did to you and your business." Trudy examined a nail and Jade hoped she didn't notice her back scratching frenzy.

"Great pole huh?"

"Eeeaaaaiiii!" Jade nearly leaped into Trudy's arms at the sound of the sexy, low timbre coming from behind her.

"Honey, take it easy." Trudy dug her long red-tipped nails into her friend's shoulders. Jade wondered what her pal would do if she wriggled against those long

nails for just a bit of scratch. "This is your new client, sugar." Trudy turned Jade to face the source of that voice.

Jade sucked air through lips pursed like she was sucking on a straw. Holy moley, she'd like to suck on that for a while. In the dictionary, the definition of sex had this man's picture – not that she ever looked up the word. Sex was practically a none existent entity in her life anyway. But the man, just made your mouth water.

Black hair the color of a raven's wing fell in long, glossy waves to the middle of his back. He had eyes the color of water in a tropical bay and they glimmered with something she couldn't quite recognize. His mouth was full and sensual and he had a small cleft in his chin that accentuated the chiseled jaw and high cheekbones.

Once you got past the face, you realized how big the guy was. Six foot five, and all of it hard yumminess from his wide shoulders to his tapered waist and oh so cute butt, it was all she could do not to sink her teeth into him right then and there.

Trudy moved to stand next to the hunky man. She gestured dramatically at him with her long-nailed fingers. "Jade Landry, *this* is Drake duKlawz."

Drake smiled with teeth that flashed as bright as lightning. He stepped forward and extended his hand. "And you're my gorgeous decorator."

Jade tried to look casual as she wiped her damp palms against her jeans as she took his hand. "Nice meeting you." Did she croak? Oh God, the look on his face – politely ambivalent told her she had. Great, sexiest guy on the planet and she croaked like a toad in front of him.

Then she felt it. The sizzle. The pop of electricity traveled up her arm and raced through her blood. She was about to melt into a puddle of green ooze in front of this guy.

"I'm hoping we'll work closely together. I have some definite ideas on decorating."

Her hand slipped out of his. Oh no! He was gay. She was in some sort of funk when it came to men. She was always attracted to the wrong guy.

"Come on, I'll show you around. Then we can get started." He leaned closer, "And I'm not gay."

"I've gotta jet, girl!" Trudy waved her platinum fingernails in Jade's direction. "Gotta hot date with one of the boys from the crew."

"You're kidding right?" Jade couldn't believe anyone would want to date a zombie.

"Any idea how hard they are?"

Jade shuddered. "Don't even want to know. Ewww!"

"Let me tell you..."

Jade shoved at the air, pushing her away. "Go now, before you spoil my ideas about sex forever."

Trudy laughed and headed out of the foyer and to the front door. "I'll leave you with Drake then. Don't do anything I wouldn't do."

Jade could hear her friend laughing as she closed the door. The heavy wood and metal closed with a resounding thud and suddenly the entire house seemed just a little too quiet.

*"What wouldn't you do?"*

The words whispered along her mind and the first item that popped into it was: *fuck Drake while tied to that big pole in the foyer.*

A breeze ruffled against her and Jade wondered where the air came from. Then she felt someone touch the back of her hair. Fingers tangled in the long strands baring her ear, "It sounds like a good idea to me."

*"Oh God..."*

He laughed and Jade thought she was going to just faint. Or get swallowed up into a hole somewhere. Any place where she couldn't open her big damn mouth and insert both her big feet would work.

"Do you want it, Jade?" he whispered against her ear and shivers rolled down to her toes. "Do you want to feel my cock slide up between your ass cheeks and into your pussy?"

*"We don't—"*

*"I'm hard, Jade. Long, thick and hard and I want to fuck you. Now."*

*"But you don't—"*

Drake reached behind her and pulled a sample of the drapery tiebacks from a stack of boxes. Then he walked over to a box marked linens and dug through there producing what looked to Jade like a blindfold.

His smile was so wicked, it made her go all hot and wet within seconds. She could feel the heat bouncing between them and if she admitted it to herself, bounce was exactly what she wanted to do. Jade watched him walk back to her and the bulge in his black jeans made it obvious he wasn't lying about being long or hard.

*Damn, you could suck on that cock all night.*

*"Come on, Jade. Get naked and I'll let you see my cock."*

*How many opportunities did you get in life? Seriously?*

Her mouth fell open at the idea. This gorgeous slab of muscle – oh man, he sat the rope and blindfold down and peeled off his shirt. Eight pack! Hard muscle wrapped by smooth, sexy skin. She could just run her tongue all the way and all the down...she held her breath as he unsnapped the button on his jeans.

*Yeah she wanted to see his cock.*

She wanted it pounding inside her hole. And if he still had stamina, she'd want him to do it again, make her pussy scream with delicious agony.

*"I've got the stamina, Jade."* He stepped closer and licked his lips. *"Take off your clothes cause I'm going to tie you to that pole and make you scream."*

Later she'd be glad she'd forgotten about wearing a bra. She whipped her tee over her head and let him look his fill of her tits. She had good tits. High, perky, with dark nipples that loved to be sucked on.

"You have great tits. Makes me want to bite them." Drake ran his hands over her arms and held both of her wrists in one hand. He tied her wrists together and led her into the foyer. There was some cable wire left from construction on the floor and he scooped that up to secure Jade to the large pole. He tilted his head and ran his tongue over each nipple as he made sure Jade was attached well enough to the pole.

He unsnapped her jeans and pulled them down over her hips pausing long enough to dip his exceptionally long tongue into her folds. He lapped over her clit and around it before diving in deep enough to make Jade squirm and wiggle. Her pussy was hot, dripping with honey and just waiting for that cock he kept talkin' about.

Drake got to his feet and wiped her juices from his chin. He unzipped his jeans and worked the fabric down so he could pull out his hard cock. It was an easy ten inches of thick hot shaft and he used one hand to stroke himself while the other leaned against the pole. Drake groaned as his fingers came up around the base of the head and Jade had to twist her head around to get a good look at the action.

"Do you want it now, Jade? Now that you've seen it?"

If her pussy could talk it'd yell – for damn sure! As it was the walls clenched and unclenched in anticipation. She wanted it. All of it. "Gimme your cock, Drake. I want you to fuck me."

He laughed and pushed away from the pole. "The lady's wish..." He moved with an unnatural speed and picked up the blindfold.

He settled it over her eyes and Jade sighed, "I wanted to watch."

"Not this time."

He'd never met a woman that brought his hunger so quick. He wanted to fuck her until neither of them knew where they were or how they got there. He ran his tongue over his teeth feeling the edges of the fangs as they lengthened and grew. Oh yeah, he'd fuck her.

"How do you like it?" He grabbed her wrists and jerked her up taller against the pole then ran both his hands down to her hips. "I hope rough. Because I need it hard and fast. My cock is hot for you, babe."

"Fast is good. Fast is very, very good."

He took hold of her legs and pushed them wide. Then he brought up one of her thighs in one and used his other to guide his cock toward her heat. Her pussy was hot and tight and Drake groaned as she all but swallowed his cock in one hard stroke. "Yeah, you're going to be good." He withdrew and then rammed into her again letting his cock absorb all the heat and energy. She felt so goddamn good he wasn't sure how long he'd be able to last.

Drake leaned in and began pumping into his hot dragon virgin. He knew what she was the moment he'd laid eyes on her and he'd always wanted to fuck a half breed. She was hot and sexy and just frightened enough of him to do exactly what he wanted. It was a fuckin' turn on and he made sure he'd got his rocks off in the bargain.

Fire burned the back of his eyelids. It blazed through his entire body burning a trail straight into his fangs. He wanted to bite her. Now. As the heat blazed between them.

Drake twisted her leg around and then smacked her hard on the ass. Jade moaned and bit her lip. "Harder."

He smacked her again and his hand tingled. "Still like it, babe?"

"What's not to like?" She licked her lips. "Give me more cock."

His teeth grazed her tit and he sucked hard. His hips pumped, rocking back and forth in her wetness. It was hot, it was fantastic. He never wanted to leave. Just pump his cock into her for the next day or so – then maybe he'd have enough.

Then again, maybe not...

Sweat dripped off his forehead and down his face. He adjusted his footing to get his cock farther inside her. Her body shook and Jade began to scream. It was his cue to fuck her faster. Her pussy tightened, wrapping around his cock as their bodies slapped against each other.

He was going to cum.

Wrenching himself out of that hot warmth wasn't something he relished but they didn't need a little dragon/vampire running around the house at this moment. Drake pulled his cock out and turned away from the gasp that blew from Jade's lips. He bit the corner of his lip as he squeezed his cock and worked it hard. The electrical current that ran up his balls and through his cock was enough to make him shout. Hot cum squirted out onto the floor as Drake rocked back and forth on his heels.



## CHAPTER TWO

Hot water poured from the faucet into Jade's tub as she emptied the gallon bottle of Scale Shrinker watching as orange bubbles burst forth. It'd been a wild night, taking notes and doing impromptu sketches of all the rooms for Mr. duKlawz after he'd fucked her mindless. She sat the bottle on the counter and got a good look at her body in the mirror at vanity. She nearly fell over into the large tub when she saw the bright red rash. Jade managed to twist around, regain her balance, and jerk her long black hair out of the way to get a better look.

"What *in the* hell?"

She twisted around to examine the other side of her body. Her normally petite, voluptuous form with her smooth olive skin was now streaked with an inflamed rash. It ran from her neck down her collarbone before picking up speed and spreading across one breast and down her stomach. Jade shook her head and tried not to hyperventilate. Spinning on her heel, she nearly dove into the tub of orange bubbles.

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"I didn't think you owned a turtleneck."

Jade hoped the look she flashed at Trudy read: "Shut the hell up, would you?" She'd spent two hours looking for something to wear tonight. Finding a concealer that sort of matched her skin tone and packing it on her face and the portions of her neck and hands that were exposed to everyone was pretty much an act of futility. She wasn't sure how much of her rash was covered but on top of her irritated scales, she looked like a lizard in full molt. "I liked the look."

"Honey, I figured you'd so some cleavage."

"Excuse me?"

"For Drake." Trudy nibbled the corner of a cuticle. "I saw how you were looking at him last night."

"Then I guess you missed how he looked at me." Jade laid out a stack of invoices and order forms. At Trudy's blank stare, Jade sighed. "Like I was a frog or something."

"That isn't what I saw."

"Well I've been telling you need glasses for years." Pushing several stacks of paper forward, Jade opened up her laptop. The last thing Trudy needed to know was how she and her new client spent forty, exquisite minutes screwing each other. "I've got everything on order and a rush. Good thing I know where to order from. Vintage Villains has everything our evil hearts could desire to make a castle a home."

"You have a sick bone, Jade."

She tilted her head. "Yeah. What can I say?" Jade leaned against the table while Trudy examined the work. It gave her an opportunity to scratch her hip against the corner of the furniture.

Not only had the Scale Shrinker not helped, Jade was pretty damn sure it helped the rash spread. She'd had to put pieces of scrubbing sponges in her shoes to scratch her soles. In her back pocket, she had a slicker brush, the sharp tiny nails used to come animal fur gave a delicious prickle to her rash covered ass.

"This looks great. Let's hope Drake thinks so."

"That's my intent. If he digs it, the other clients should too and that means word will spread."

Trudy laughed, "Right back to Crystal Rivera and —"

"Her dumb bitch with no taste daughter."

"And you'll get the last laugh."

Jade smiled wistfully, "And more clients than I know what to do with."

"We should get started then I hate to interrupt a plot of revenge."

At least, Jade didn't scream this time. She jumped away from the table though and since Mr. duKlawz was right behind her — well, that slicker brush embedded its pointed bristles in her ass. Jade squeaked and wondered if blood would come out of her designer jeans.

"I seem to have a habit of startling you." He reached for the handle of the slicker brush and pulled it out of her pocket. "Why is that?"

Jade squinted trying to see if there was blood on the tips of the brush. It sure felt like her butt had been punctured. "Maybe because you have the amazing ability of walking without a sound."

He shrugged, "Maybe." He moved away and Jade caught the scent of herbs and something rich and smoky. Dark and dangerous just like Mr. duKlawz. Woof! She thought a fast fuck would be the end of it but looking at him now, it was all she could do not to drag the guy off into a closet somewhere.

He turned his head suddenly and winked at her. Jade's mouth opened and she blinked slowly. Oh hell, she forgot. Trudy had said all the new owners at the Longdetothe subdivision were nightwalkers.

Vampires.

Or worse.

And all of them read minds.

Jade crossed her arms. Just dig a hole and bury me now. Ah forget the digging. She figured the earth would open up and swallow her at any moment. If there was a merciful God. Jade waited. No hole...

Only that damn sexy smile spreading across his face.

"I uh, we should go through the house and the photos. I've got the rugs coming tonight and a lot of the chandeliers and sconces should be here within the hour."

Moving around the table, Jade started for the kitchen. "I wasn't sure about the appliances so - what is that smell?"

"Oh the Transylvanian olives are in bloom." He and Trudy trailed two steps behind. "Lovely aren't they?"

It smelled like dirty gym socks. But she wasn't going to admit that to Drake. "Fantastic. I've never smelled anything like that."

Drake?

She just thought of him as Drake.

Not Mr. duKlawz. But Drake...

"I'm having my own oven and refrigerator being delivered shortly. They're specially designed. I enjoy cooking."

"I've never been good at it. I like to eat though." Jade skidded along a wall to scratch her back. "I guess that shows." Her hands went back to the huge dining room table and she wondered if she could get him to fuck on it.

He brushed back a lock of her hair with his long fingers. "What shows is that you're hot and totally fuckable." He walked over to where she stood and picked her up by the waistband of her jeans before setting her down onto the end of the heavy elm table.

Trudy snickered, "And on that note, I'll take my cue to leave." She grinned at Drake. "By the way, who's the big hunky foreman out there Drake?"

Drake's eyes never left Jade's. "You mean Zane?"

Trudy licked her lips. "That's the one." She slung her oversized beaded bag over her shoulder. "I'll see you later, sweetie. Have a nice night."

He nearly tore the jeans off her. His cock was already hard enough to pole vault with and hot enough to brand her. His fingers went to his zipper and he yanked his cock out. "Are you ready for me?"

Dipping his fingers deep inside her, he found her pussy, dripping with sweetness and just hot enough. He chuckled as he pulled her legs up. "Yeah, you're ready."

Jade twisted her head as he pushed her ankles up to her ears. "Drake! The windows are open!"

"Do you care?" His voice was low, harsh in her ears. "Cause I really don't."

It was too late.

His cock knew exactly where she wanted him to be and on the first stroke, Jade let go. The growl of excitement rumbled through her. She thought the sensation began in her pussy but it rippled through her with the same sensation as sandpaper scratching over a bug bite.

Damn, his cock was huge and he wielded it with the expertise of a master swordsman. The man could simply fuck you blind.

Jade arched her back at the first push and in an effort to get his cock deeper. It was wild and hot and she'd never in her life expected to fuck a man so damn gorgeous.

"Oh yeah, there it is!" Drake laughed as he held her legs back. "I was wondering how long you'd be able to hold it back."

Hold what back? Jade tried to push up but it was hard to do when your ankles were kissing your ears. You couldn't exactly get any traction or see very far.

And then she felt it. Slippery wet and just a bit scaly curling around her ass.

"Oh God, ohmigod! Let me up!"

"No, way babe! This is hot." Drake looked down as Jade's dragon tail curled around his waist and contracted. It brought them tighter together and anything that did that, his cock really appreciated it. "You have to cum for me, Jade. I want to feel it."

He stroked her with long, deep motions driving all thought of embarrassment away as the tightness began pulling at her. Her core squeezed around him urging him on as she tilted her head back and roared.

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Outside Trudy clucked her tongue at the scene on the dining room table. Too bad she wasn't into a threesome because those two were soul destroying hot in there. Her pussy was wet as she strolled over to where the hunky zombie directed the backhoe as it dug a section of moat. Yeah, he was one hot hunk of dead flesh. Trudy touched the tip of her tongue to the top of her lip, she could seriously take a chunk out of him.

The backhoe made a *thunk* and then shuddered to a stop, smoke rolling out the exhaust. Trudy watched with interest, getting a nice view of Zane's butt as he leaned over the moat. "What did you hit?" he yelled up to the backhoe operator.

The operator put the machine in gear and pulled the scoop back. Up with it came a green bubble of ooze that leaked down the sides. Zane signaled for the operator to stop. "Hang on a second!" Climbing up on the side of the scoop, Zane ignored the goop on his hands and peered inside. "What the hell?"

Trudy didn't get much closer. She saw no reason to ruin her new shoes on some unknown ooze. "What did you find, honey?"

Zane glanced back. "Not a what, but a who."

Spluttering ooze and water, a woman scrambled to her feet and tossed soaking wet hair away from her face that was streaked with mud. It took Trudy only a second to realize that this woman was both a *who* and a *what*. With eyes the color of seafoam and blonde hair tinged the same shade of green – it was obvious that Zane and his boys had uncovered a sea witch.

"You know, tell Jade that I'll catch her tomorrow." Trudy started down the drive to her automobile. This witch was a long way from the sea and bound to be a bit testy.

"I am Silké Marsh and someone owes me eight grand."

Trudy coughed and kept walking.

She heard Zane ask, "What are you talking about and what are you doing here?"  
"I paid the pooka eight grand for a mud bath and you," Trudy turned to see the witch point a finger at Zane, "you dug me up!"

### CHAPTER THREE

"Hey bub," a man and Jade used it loosely. Maybe the guy was once a man, now he looked more like Frankenstein's cousin. "Got your appliances here, you wanna sign for 'em?"

Drake tucked his still stiff cock back into his jeans and signed for the appliances. As the delivery zombies brought in the appliances, Jade took the opportunity to escape to the powder room and examine her rash and try to do something with the damned tail. What were the odds? Girl finally gets fucked in a way that just made you puddle and whoop – there's the dragon sprouting through.

She lifted her sweater at the hem and examined her tummy. Streaks of red rash made their way over her stomach before disappearing in the line of her jeans. Well, it didn't look any worse. She figured that was good for something. Maybe the Scale Shrinker bath did some good. Jade checked her concealer and pulled her compact out of her back pocket. She touched it up some and then left the powder room.

Her cell phone rang. She answered it – a lost delivery truck. She managed to give them directions out of Skull's Cove proper and out to Longdetoothe. The doorbell gonged reverberating through the entire castle and Jade scrambled to answer it. The carpets. Right behind them, the chandeliers and Drake's office furniture poured through into the castle.

Jade's head spun with all the activity while she tried to keep up with all the men and where they placed the furniture. She had a tail running down her leg and itch in her pussy for a certain sexy dark-haired man's cock. This was nutty. Trying to decorate a house this big in one night – nobody did that. And still had time to go for a quicky on the dining room table.

"I do."

Jade whirled and found herself face to face with Drake. "You know, it's bad enough you can read my thoughts. But sneaking up on people –"

"We aren't just people." His smile was terminally sexy. And for the eightieth time, Jade wondered where her head was when she took this job. He put his large hand on her arm and angled his head to study her. "You're very attractive, do you realize that? And I dig the tail, babe."

"Yeah, right."

The corner of his lip turned upward. "Do you like Italian?"

Heat from his hand traveled down her arm and over her skin. It gave her such a delicious shudder. Jade gazed into his pale blue eyes and imagined the sky over a white sandy beach and the two of them...

"I don't do beaches." He winked, "I'm allergic to the sun."

"Yeah, sure."

"Seriously." He grinned at her and tilted his head, "And from the looks of the tail twirling around your ankle, I'd say you're allergic too."

"Oh God..."

"Jade? Do you like Italian?"

"Oh," she murmured in a complete daze, "I'd love an Italian."

He laughed, "Too bad. Would you settle for a hungry Transylvanian and some fantastic spaghetti?"

"*Oh gawd*, spaghetti! Yes, I'd love some." And about a gallon of wine to numb my stupid tongue.

"Your tongue is adorable and how about a nice glass of Chianti?"

"You know," she waved a finger at him, "that could get really irritating."

He winked and headed back for the kitchen. "I guess I just won't let it then."

"Ms. Landry the drapes are here."

"Which ones?"

"All of them."

Jade sighed, that was easy. In the eleven thousand square foot home, there were only ten windows. Weird but whatever. At least the one in the living room was a nice size. Get some natural light in here instead of the dark and cavey look.

"Here's your wine." He reached around her. His chest brushed against her back as he passed her the Chianti.

"Oh, thanks." At least she didn't jump this time. She sipped the wine keeping an eye on the drapes as they came through the door.

"Absolutely exquisite."

"What? Oh the drapes? Yeah, they are gorgeous."

"Not the drapes. The decorator."

She swallowed, her tongue nearly going down her throat. "Oh...oh..."

"Dinner will be ready shortly. You hungry?"

She gulped, "Starving."

"Excellent." He ran his tongue over his sharp teeth. He was hungry too.

Candles. Wine. A big plate full of pasta and a handsome stud across the table who could ask for anything more? Who could ask for more? Jade scratched her side with her salad fork while Drake had his back to her grinding parmesan cheese for the pasta. Anxiety must be her middle name and she was a wreck. Her luck was exactly like this. A gorgeous rich guy appears in her life and she had a rash that would frighten the undead.

"Parmesan?"

"No thanks, I'm good. This looks amazing, Mr. du Klawz." She twirled her fork in and got a big bite of the spaghetti. Lots of spice, tang of tomatoes but no garlic. Weird but tasty.

He sat across from her and lifted his glass of wine. "Drake, please. We know each other too well to stand on ceremony."

"We do?"

His lip curled, "Oh yes, we do." He sipped his wine watching her over the rim of the wine glass. "I've waited a long time to meet a woman like you."

Jade stuffed the heaping spoonful of pasta and sucked the tomato sauce up in a healthy gulp. She chewed around the pasta and somehow swallowed before she opened her mouth. "Me?"

"Oh yeah. You."

Maybe she shouldn't eat so much. No sense making the guy think she was a pig. Was it getting hot in here? Jade ran her index finger around the collar of the turtleneck. Wow, she was hot. So hot, it felt like her body was swelling.

"You're a very beautiful woman."

This was a dream come true! An amazing man, an amazingly rich man shows up in Skull's Cove and he's interested in her. The odds were better for her to win the lottery than something like this happening.

Man it was *hot* in here! Jade smiled and reached for her glass of wine. She'd never had good luck with guys. She'd actually had a crush on the town werewolf but that whole strolling through town naked thing kind of got rid of that in a hurry. Hairry just didn't trip her trigger and that boy was in some need of manscaping. "Wow, I don't know what to say except I think I've been waiting my entire life to hear that." Jade glanced down at her hand as she sat the wine glass down.

What the hell?

Her fingers looked...swollen. She bent them at the knuckles and they felt a little stiff.

"Forgot the salad. I made the Caesar dressing fresh. Hope you like anchovies."

"Love 'em. I'll have to have you over for one of my special pizzas. We could do a movie and a pizza with the works."

"Sounds great," Drake turned with two salad plates full and froze. His mouth fell open and nearly clattered to the floor. "You're a blue aren't you?"

"What? A blue what? You don't like pizza? I make a mean linguini if you don't."

"Dragon. Blue dragon." Slowly, Drake sat the plates on the table. It looked like he tried to close his mouth but it kind of swung back and forth like it was on a hinge. A weird noise came out like little squeaky huffs of air.

"Drake, what's the matter?"

"Mmmm...mmir."

"Are you okay?" Jade pushed back the chair and rushed over to him. Or tried to, she was so hot and kind of bloated that it made rushing difficult.

He gripped her by the shoulders and gently turned her to face a mirror near the kitchen entrance. "Mirror."

She expected to see her reflection. She sure as hell didn't see his. What she saw made her own jaw hit the floor. "I'm a—I'm a—I'm a balloon!" She touched her face, her neck her hands, "I'm a big, fat, blue balloon."



And with that, Jade Landry passed out and fell into Drake du Klawz open arms.

She woke up in an examination room of Skull's Cove SGA (Spell Gone Awry) Emergency Unit. It took thirty seconds to realize that she still resembled an overstuffed blue sausage. She sat up on the examination table and shouted at the doctor and nurse attending her. "What is happening to me?"

The nurse smiled and wiggled her fingers. A chart appeared in her hands. "Well dear, we drew some blood and apparently –"

"Apparently I'm as big as a house! Did you see that guy who brought me in?" At the nurse's appreciative nod, Jade gripped the edge of the examination table, "He's the guy of my dreams and I've got some freaked out flubber attack!"

"Settle down now dear," the doctor appeared at her side with a long needle in hand. "You're allergic to Transylvanian olives. Had any of those recently?"

"Olives? No."

"How about olive oil?"

"Ohmigod!"

The doctor grinned. "Not to worry. A little shot and no more swelling."

"What about the rash?"

He clicked his tongue. "Should work." He administered the injection and grinned. "Might even help those scales."

"Yeah, whatever..." Jade inhaled. Suddenly, she didn't itch any more. The fire in her blood wasn't so feverish. "Wow, you weren't kidding." Jade wiggled, "I'm feeling better."

He held a mirror out. "And getting smaller."

"Oh doctor, I could just kiss you."

He laughed, "Better off kissing that handsome fella out there not some old man."

Jade hopped off the table, grabbed the doctor and kissed him hard on the cheek. "Thank you!" She rushed out the door.

"Nice girl, eh?"

"Mmm," the nurse murmured indulgently.

The doctor scratched the top of his head and then as an after thought shouted out the door, "Hey girl, you weren't using any of that Scale Shrinker stuff?" He leaned back in the doorway and shrugged. "Hope not."

"You know, we could try this another night." Drake sat on the long sofa and looked into Jade's eyes. "When you're into it."

Jade sighed, "Yeah maybe another day or night."

He caressed her jaw, "I'll see you tomorrow then." He got to his feet and glanced back, "You want to walk me to the door?"

Carefully, Jade folded the throw on the back of her sofa around her hips. "Sure."

"Chilly?"

"Yeah a little."

"I could always stay and keep you warm."

"I've got an early day tomorrow."

At the door, he turned and kissed the corner of her mouth. Jade thought she'd turn into mush. It was so hot and sweet. And damn it, she wanted more. "I'll call you tomorrow evening."

"Right after sundown."

"Yeah, goodnight."

Jade closed the door and twisted the lock. She whipped off the throw and stalked back into the living room. Trailing after her was a five and a half foot barbed dragon tail.

She could just kill that Scale Shrinker manufacturer!

## CHAPTER FOUR

The swelling went down over the night and during the day she slept. Whatever weird half breed occurrence that was, it was gone by dark and that meant she could go have some fun with Drake when the moon came up.

She loved the drive into the dark forest that surrounded the skull shaped cove. It was a design carved out over decades. The relentless sea pounded against the sharp edges of stone creating a unique shape. Jade always thought the cove had been the secret hideout of pirates. Why not? Everything else lived here. Pirates could certainly make their home in the secluded cove.

She maneuvered her SUV through the heavy gate and up the long tree lined path to the parking spot in between a backhoe and some construction material.

Jade had to admit she was a little nervous. Drake was tall, well built like a star athlete with all that flowing black hair and she was short a bit on the chunky side and had the nasty habit of sprouting tails during sex.

Was he just getting his rocks off with her while he waited for some supermodel to cross his path?

Jade climbed out of her car and smirked. Who cared? She had him right now and she was going to ride that man as long as the party lasted.

Walking up the steps, Jade rang the bell and remembered it hadn't been connected yet. Picking up the heavy doorknocker, Jade let it slam into the wood.

The door opened and Drake stood in the doorway his big frame backlit by the candles glowing in the foyer. He wore black slacks and a silky ivory colored shirt open to reveal the start of his sculpted abs.

"You're early."

Jade's mouth went dry. Damn he was just slurpable. She inhaled and tried to swallow but her tongue seemed caught in her throat.

Drake stepped forward and wrapped an arm around her waist. "I just realized something."

Her hand flattened against his chest. The shirt was so soft and her palms rubbed against the hard muscle beneath. "What's that?" she croaked and tried clearing her throat. God, she wasn't coming down with some other mystical symptom was she?

"I haven't done this yet." He spread his hand out over her cheek and tilted her face up. His blue eyes blazed with a magical flame and Jade figured it was some sort of nightwalking hypnosis trick.

Drake bent his head and touched his mouth against hers. His lips were cool, firm and delectable. Jade parted her lips as he brushed his mouth over hers with a definite insistence. He nibbled across her lower lip and she wasn't sure if she heard him right when he whispered against her mouth.

"What?" she managed to get out before he began to suck slowly on her lower lip.

His tongue snaked out and licked over her lip. "I said I want to have that dragon tongue of yours suck on my cock."

Jade coughed, "That's what I thought you said."

"Then I want to feel your claws go down my back when I start fucking you."

She gripped the material of his shirt as he began to fuck her mouth with his tongue. Intense was a good word. His tongue tasted like red wine and smoke. And what he was doing to her mouth she really wanted in her suddenly slick pussy.

She wiggled closer against him and bit down on his tongue. He growled and thrust his hips against hers. She felt his hard shaft between them through the fabric of his slacks and knew there was no way they were getting to dinner tonight.

Jade's hand fell to that ridge in his slacks and rubbed against the fabric enjoying his growls as he pushed his shaft harder against her.

"You like to bite?" Drake drew his tongue out of her mouth and Jade noted the odd glitter in his eyes. "Come on, baby. Let's go upstairs, I want to feel your teeth on me."

His voice was a deep baritone. Husky rich with that come fuck me attitude. His fingers tangled with hers and he led her to the stairs. "You did a great job on the bedroom. It'll be nice having you in it."

The foyer shadows cast a unique glow along the walls. Jade blinked as she past by certain she saw an outline of a dragon. "Are you just into me because of my heritage?"

Drake paused at the foot of the stairwell. "I've never had a dragon bitch before. It's exciting." He led her up the stairs and down the dark hall to his bedroom door.

She didn't see him twist the handle but the door opened anyway. The room was filled with lit candelabras that accented the dark elm of the walls and the even deeper tones of the wood floors. She'd personally selected the jewel-toned rugs spread over the floor. She'd forgotten how huge the room was.

As soon as they entered the door closed behind them. Drake released her hand and motioned for her to come over to the balcony. The glass door opened allowing access to the night and the pinpoints of stars in the darkness. "Don't you love it?"

"Oh it's gorgeous! Both at night and in the day. You can see the gardens and the pool."

"And you can go for a flight if you want. Privately." He walked to the edge of the balcony and wiggled a thick section of twisted wrought iron. "I had this put up for you to land on. Until you get your footing and all that."

Huh?

Jade looked around the room. Decorated in gorgeous furnishings that she'd chosen, candles burning, soft music playing and it was everything you needed for a seduction. What was he talking about private flights? She didn't know how to fly.

"I can get you some instruction. I want you to enjoy who you are - embrace it."

"I wish you'd quit reading my mind."

He shrugged and put a hand on her shoulder. "Can't be helped. You wear your thoughts on your sleeve."

"What makes you think I want to fly?"

"Dragons live for the thrill." He winked as he closed the balcony door. "That and they adore pretty, shiny things."

"Oh they do, do they?"

"Yeah," his teeth flashed, "They do." He reached into his pocket and pulled out a grey velvet box. He held it out for her. "Tell me what you think."

Jade opened the box to find a dazzling treasure. Her heart rate kicked up several notches and she thought she was going to hurl. Her fingers itched to touch it. Set in platinum was an emerald the size of her fist. Its shape was oval and surrounded by small diamond that winked at her like the stars outside.

Air whooshed out of her lungs and she licked her suddenly dry lips. "Okay, you're right. It's amazing." She snapped the lid closed reluctantly and handed it back to Drake.

He shook his head. "It's yours. I know you like pretty things. I can give them."

Her eyes narrowed. She wasn't suspicious but this was just too much of a good thing. "Why?"

"It's fun. And it's the season."

She quirked her head at him. "It's almost Halloween."

"Our season."

"Ah, okay. I think." Jade didn't trust herself to hold the box and not put on the ring so she sat in on top of antique dresser.

"You wear it when you want, okay?" Drake began unbuttoning his shirt. "Now, I seem to remember someone saying they were going to bite me."

Jade reached for the hem of her blouse. "I remember that." She pulled it over her head allowing her long hair to cascade down over her breasts. "You nightwalker dudes like to bite?"

"Definitely."

Her hands went to her jeans. She hadn't bothered with a bra or underwear tonight. It wasn't necessary and she'd thought her tits and pussy rubbing against the rough material would turn her on. She hadn't been disappointed there. Her tits were puckered and sensitized and her pussy was ready, willing and wet.

She walked over to him barefooted as he shucked off his slacks and stood in the moonlight a naked, hungry god of darkness.

Jade nearly groaned at the immense perfection. He stroked his thick cock absently with one hand while the other cupped and rotated his large balls. "You want me to use my tongue?"

"Show me that wicked dragon tongue, babe. I want you to suck me hard."

His cock was thick and heavy in her hand as she took over the stroking. Moving to her knees, she inhaled the dark, musky scent of him. This was the first time she'd ever allowed her tongue to extend and she was a bit worried she might lose control.

His hand stroked down the top of her head in a tender motion. "You'll do fine. Just save the teeth for later."

Her fingers circled his head and she let her tongue slip out to taste the salty tip. The skin was velvety soft and she snaked her tongue out further running it up and down his shaft. Drake moaned and clutched at her hair and she let her tongue twirl around his head and the ridges at the base. Drake's cock surged forward and she knew what he wanted but at the moment, she wanted to tease.

Angling her head, she dragged her tongue up and around his balls while the tips of her fingers played around his asshole. Drake shouted something incoherent when she sucked on one of his balls.

Oral sex had never been her thing, but damn, it was a good thing she was nude. Otherwise, she'd have soaked through her panties by now. It was fun and he tasted so good. So dark and dangerous and that made her feel naughty.

"Suck my cock, Jade. Quit teasing or I'm going to have to whack off and we'll have to start over."

Jade laughed cupping his cock and sucking on it hard like a straw in a milkshake. She could practically feel his balls tightening. She licked around his head and worked his length with one hand while she took as much of him into her mouth as she could. She wanted to swallow him. Curling her fingers into his muscled ass, she pushed him farther in and then drew him out with enough suction that Drake shuddered.

"I'm going to cum, Jade. If you don't want to swallow, you need to get out of the way."

She didn't move but sucked hard and pumped faster. His body tensed and he shuddered. A low moan rumbled through him as hot, salty cum flooded her mouth.

When Drake could think coherently, he walked over to the bar and poured a glass of Chardonnay for Jade and a Bordeaux for himself. He held the two crystal balloons out and offered the white to Jade. "I think you'll like this."

Jade wiped her chin with a damp towel that he'd given her and then tossed it aside reaching for the wine. "Sounds good." She took hold of the stem and raised the wine to her lips. "Oh it is good. Kind of a pear taste."

"I'm glad you like it."

"We're only taking a breather right? I always thought you nightwalkers had stamina."

"We do. I thought you might like a glass of wine." Drake sipped his burgundy colored wine. He enjoyed the complex flavors playing across his tongue as he watched Jade. She had no idea what kind of stamina he had. In fact, he was pretty sure she didn't know the kind of longevity she had.

"I want you to stay in my home, Jade. As long as you like."

She coughed in her glass. "Excuse me."

"We're compatible. I think we'd enjoy a great many activities together over the years."

"The years? Drake, I thought you just wanted a fuck buddy."

"That and a companion." He swirled his wine, marveling at how much like blood it was.

"I have a cat."

His lips curled in a wry smile.

"And dogs. I love my dogs."

"Good they can play with moat dogs."

"I don't know if this will work." Jade sat her wine aside and a worried look crossed her dark eyes.

Drake drained his glass and motioned for her. "Come over here and tell me how I should make you cum. Do you want to be on top?"

Jade's eyes went to his rock hard cock. Okay, it was true what they said about those guys. She shook her head and bent over the back of the small sofa. "From behind." She angled her body so she had good footing and he had real good access to her pussy. If he did this right...

Oh hell, who was she kidding. Of course he'd do it right.

Guiding his long shaft deep inside her, Drake put one hand on her hip and the other between her shoulder blades. "Good?" He used his weight and rocked in and out in a slow, deliberate motion.

He managed to find every single trigger inside her. His head seeking deep inside her while his balls slapped against her ass. It felt so damn good she never wanted to stop but the ridge of pressure building inside her wasn't going to stop.

Jade screamed as the first wave caught hold. Drake pumped harder. It was so good. The heat, the tingling sensation clutched her entire body in its grip. She closed her eyes as a myriad of stars streaked past.

"Roll over."

He pulled his cock out of her wet warmth and picked Jade up before bringing her down to the floor and one of the antique rugs of soft wool. He laid her body sideways and created a scissor effect when he slid his cock back into her pussy. "Ahh, that's better. Not so cold now." He rocked back and forth holding one of her ankles in his hand and absently stroking it while he fucked her. "You have sexy ankles."

"You're sexy all over." Jade gasped and it was evident she hadn't recovered yet from her first orgasm. He was about to give her another.

His hips rocked faster, pushing her into the carpet and Jade moaned her approval. Drake's tongue slid out over her ankle. Too bad he couldn't suck her toes. Maybe next time. He was so fucking hard, he couldn't believe it. She could satisfy and

make you want again all in one breath. He doubted he could ever get enough of the sweet pussy.

His canines scrapped against his lips and as he wrapped his arms around her leg and pounded into her. She shouted and shook, her pussy walls tightening around him.

The dark scents of sex filled the air. It made his cock surge harder. The next layer of scent that hit him was of her essence. It traveled through him a white hot current and he couldn't help himself. His balls tightened and his teeth pierced the sensitive part of her ankle.

A kaleidoscope of color burst through his eyes and shook through his body with the force of a quake. He tasted her and let go as his own orgasm ripped through him. He knew what happened to the women at this point.

Searing blue flame burst through Jade while multiple orgasms shook and shuddered her body. The faster he pumped the more she let him have as two powerful beings clashed and blew together like a super nova.

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Jade collapsed in a melted heap against the feather pillows gasping, "Hell, I hooked up with an ankle biter!" She laughed, sucking air into her lungs as Drake rolled over and pulled himself up next to her.

A sheen of fresh sweat glistened along his skin and he rubbed a hand down her arm. "Yeah, what can I say? I have a foot fetish. Ankles too. Maybe next time, I'll get to your toes."

She wiped a strand of damp hair from her eyes. "Yeah, and I'll use my tail to bind you with. Then I can fuck you mindless and you won't be able to do a thing about it."

"You already did that."

Jade sniffed. "Oh. Right."

"But I'm game if you are."