

Eden's Reprise

Mikala Ash

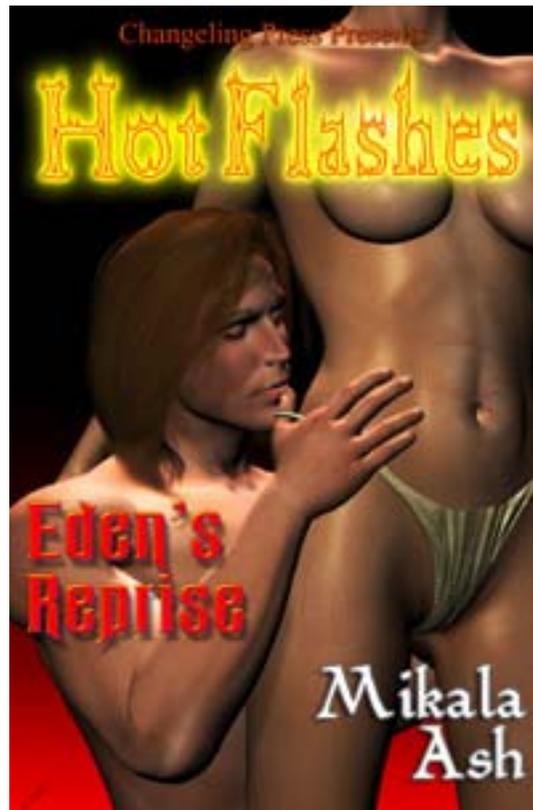
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Eden's Reprise

A werewolf lies dead at my feet.

I'm standing naked on the shores of Lotus Lake, sobbing, my Glock nine-millimeter still hot from the killing shot.

I have just killed my soul mate.

* * *

If you're wondering how I got myself into this sorry state, well, join the club.

The day started out like any other at Eden's Reprise, the select naturalist resort for the rich and famous. Hidden in the secluded hill country, straddling the borders of New South Wales and Queensland, Eden's Reprise is a Mecca for those wanting to drop out of the limelight for a bit of naked frolicking in the beautiful Aussie outdoors.

Every morning I'd shake my head at myself in the mirror. When I'd put on my uniform, such as it was, I'd wonder how the hell a nice girl like me ended up here.

Like our guests, resort staff perform their duties naked. It would be too uncomfortable for the paying elite, bare as they were, to be served by fully clothed waiters and pool attendants. It just wouldn't sit well.

So we wear bright blue baseball caps with ER patches emblazoned in red and a photo ID card hanging around our necks to differentiate us from the affluent guests.

Being a security officer, I also wear a utility belt on which I carry, together with phone, and handcuffs, my best friend -- my Glock nine-millimeter.

To say I'm big is an understatement. Maybe statuesque or voluptuous would suit. I've been described as big boned, but never by the same person twice. Let's leave it at that. I'm tall with a long auburn ponytail pushed through the back of my cap. My eyes are turquoise with saffron flecks and my skin is golden, the result of wandering around in the sun naked all day.

One more thing. I have tiny feet. I don't know why I always include that in my self-inventory. I guess I've always been sensitive about them. Maybe because they're out of proportion with the rest of me, which is in perfect proportion, except for my feet, which are, as I said, petite.

I guess I mention them because it was a nasty comment on my first day at school that set me on the path that ended in today's disaster. A snooty-nosed bitch poked fun at my dainty feet and I clocked her. I gained a reputation for being tough. It suited me fine, but I had to learn to fight to keep the image alive. So it was no surprise that I ended up in security, though it's ironic that my feet kept me out of the army, the police and, oddly, ASIO, the national spy agency.

I'm a crack shot and an expert in martial arts. People, men in particular, don't usually mess with me. I guess they feel threatened by my size, my obvious physical power and my no-nonsense attitude.

Which means my sex life is a big fat zero. It has been for years, but that's another story with no bearing on what happened this particular day.

None at all.

The office beeped me and I reported in before starting my rounds. The Chief, Bert Manglisis, sat at his desk with a worried expression on his moon shaped face.

"You wanted to see me, boss?"

His eyes flicked over my nakedness, lingering for a moment on my nipples. I didn't mind. He was only a man after all, and he never made a show of ogling me. He was a good guy, but a guy, if you know what I mean.

"Shut the door and grab a pew, Shaz," he said gruffly.

He picked up a manila folder while I grabbed a tissue from the back of the visitor chair and dropped it on the seat. It was the simple things like seat tissues that separated Eden's Reprise from the run of the mill nudist colonies.

"What's up?" Bert was usually much friendlier, so I was a little curious. "It's not that Humber bitch is it?"

I wondered if yesterday's diamond ring incident had had repercussions. Old Mrs. Humber, one of the Perth Humber, had lost her twenty-four carat ring in the pool, accusing Marco, a pool attendant of purloining it.

"Where would he hide a gigantic ring like that?" I'd asked her.

Of course she'd insisted on a full body cavity search which Marco readily agreed to. He liked his job and desperately wanted to prove his innocence. After initiating a search of the pool, I'd escorted Marco and Mrs. Humber to one of the massage rooms and, with another security officer present, conducted the search.

Marco was very understanding and I didn't mind either, apart from the internal bit, because he had quite a nice body.

The ring turned up in the pool filter, of course. Mrs. Humber wasn't even embarrassed and mumbled something about a cover up. Nevertheless, she insisted we put the ring in the Resort's safe. She then gave Marco a five hundred dollar tip, not bad for getting a finger, *my finger*, up his ass.

I wondered if either Marco or Mrs. Humber had complained about my response to the incident. I'd been scrupulous, but you never know about people.

"Absolutely not! I'm putting you in for a commendation for handling it so discretely."

My day brightened up.

For about ten seconds.

"It's worse than Mrs. Humber's rock, Shaz. I'd only trust you with this."

I was intrigued. "What is it, boss?"

"Dex Laing is coming in about fifteen minutes."

"What's a Dexlaing when it's at home?"

Bert shot me a weary glance with his watery blue eyes. "He's an agent from ASIO. The spooks contacted the head office and told them we had to let him in."

"Why?"

"A matter of national security. Some secret squirrel shit."

"You think maybe we have a terrorist hiding amongst the guests?"

Bert dropped the folder atop a dozen other files which were arranged in artistic disarray and picked up his chipped coffee cup. He took a swig and screwed up his face.

"You want another cup?" I asked.

He smiled and handed it over. While I added the hot water, he pulled the rug out from under my feet and changed my life.

"Shaz, I've resigned and I want you to take over the joint."

I dropped his cup and scalding coffee splashed onto my stomach just above my gun belt. I squealed in surprise and pain.

Bert was beside me in a flash with a paper towel and was brushing the stinging brown drops from my belly when we were interrupted by a discrete cough from the door.

We looked up like startled rabbits. Myra, Bert's pocket-sized secretary, appeared even more diminutive in comparison to the man standing behind her. "Boss, this is..."

"Dex Laing, at your service."

I'll never forget the amused grin on that handsome face. My breath caught in my throat. He was gorgeous.

Most importantly, he was my size and obviously very powerful. Even from across the office, he exuded an aura of absolute strength.

He wore skin hugging tan slacks that molded themselves around the banded muscles of his legs. His light sports coat covered an expansive chest and no doubt a shoulder holster and weapon. His white silk shirt was open at the neck exposing a luxuriant thatch of dark curly hair. I had a lusty urge to run my fingers through it and play. Hairy chests have always been a big turn on for me, and though I'd been caught in a compromising position and was hurriedly pushing Bert's hands away from my waist, my pussy heated up at the very thought of twirling the thick strands about my fingers.

His jet black hair was long and tied back in a ponytail. His strong jaw, high cheekbones and straight nose were striking. He was easily the sexiest man I'd ever seen.

He was staring at me with what I took to be open lust, his dark eyes piercing me to my very soul.

"Agent Laing," Bert said after clearing his throat. "Welcome to Eden's Reprise."

Dex shook Bert's hand, but his eyes were fixed squarely on me.

"This is Shaz... Sharon Danzig, Acting Chief of Security, taking over for me upon my retirement."

"Acting Chief," he said silkily, taking my hand. His grip was firm and powerful.

I'm an expert in giving the crushing handshake, and I responded in kind. We stood there for some very long seconds, testing each other's resolve.

With our eyes and hands locked in a tight embrace, the energy that passed between us was electrifying. My heart was pounding and the blood inside my head rushed like a raging river. The warmth in my face told me I was blushing, and I knew the telltale redness would start at my throat and quickly progress down between my breasts.

My breasts. Oh, my God!

My nipples had come to attention and were straining as if trying to jump out of my skin and throw themselves at his feet. Moisture was gathering in my pussy. I had to stop this.

I was about to escape by disengaging my hand from his warm grasp when he smiled slightly, as if he'd read my mind. He lowered his eyes, past my blushing bosom to his own body. I followed his gaze. The bulge inside his tight slacks had burgeoned into a massive lump that threatened to burst through the thin material and bridge the gap between us.

My pussy pulsed in an aching plea of lust.

"Agent Laing?" Bert prompted, motioning to a visitor's chair.

Dex released my hand and lowered his impressive frame into the chair. I dropped back onto mine.

"Coffee?" Bert asked.

"No, thank you," Dex said smoothly. "It looks too dangerous."

Bert took a deep breath. "Agent Laing, I've put in my resignation. Ill health, you understand. I appointed Shaz to the Acting Chief position just before you came in."

Appointed? Is that what that was called? Shanghaied is more like it.

"I haven't accepted yet," I said bluntly. I'd never coveted positions of authority. I'd seen too many managers and supervisors shafted by politics to ever want the grief.

"Oh," Dex said, disappointment in his voice. "I really need someone to work closely with me... someone of authority."

"Bert, I accept." It was out before I could stop myself.

"Decisive," Dex said, that devastating smile creasing his face. "I like that."

Bert cleared his throat again. "How can we be of assistance, Agent Laing?"

"It's an issue of national security. I have to caution you both that what I'm about to tell you is of the highest secrecy."

Bert and I nodded, our mouths hanging open in anticipation.

"Are either of you familiar with the preternatural?"

"What's that?" I asked, wanting those dark eyes back on mine. Every time he looked at Bert, I felt abandoned. His gaze was so addictive.

His eyes slid back to mine and I felt content. "Phenomena outside the rules of normal nature."

I laughed. "You mean ghosts and things?"

He tilted his head most attractively and my heart melted. "The things I talk about are flesh and blood."

"Things?"

"Living, sentient creatures," Dex replied simply.

"Creatures?" I repeated dumbly.

"With powers and natures beyond that of human beings."

Bert was getting antsy. "Are you serious?"

"Absolutely."

"And what do these preternatural creatures have to do with Eden's Reprise?"

I could tell Bert was fast losing patience with Dex. I, on the other hand, was completely fascinated by him.

"You have one amongst you."

"And what has that to do with national security?"

"The creature of interest will be meeting the Prime Minister in two days." Dex's eyes fixed on me and my heart thudded in my chest. "It's critical that I apprehend him."

"What 'preternatural' powers does this creature possess?"

"He's a shape-shifter. He can adopt the shape of any living creature. He has the strength of twenty athletes, the stamina of a dozen long distance runners and recuperative powers that make him virtually immortal. Shape-shifters can only be killed by silver blades or bullets."

Bert guffawed. "You mean werewolves and vampires?"

"They exist." Dex said and produced a handful of bullets from his coat pocket. He passed one to me. "It's silver."

I examined the nine-millimeter shell. The head was notched so that once it entered the body it would expand, causing the maximum amount of tissue damage as it passed through. It was a cruel thing.

"So," I said. "Who is our werewolf?"

"Shape-shifters can take on many basic forms. Some are werewolves, but they can also be dogs, tigers, kangaroos..."

I laughed out loud. "You're kidding me, right?"

"They're rare, though I met a *were*-dolphin once."

This was clearly too much for Bert. "Agent Laing, can I see your identification please?"

Dex complied. Bert satisfied himself and handed badge and ID over to me. Special Agent Dex Laing. Just like the FBI, I thought.

"While they have their basic animal forms," Dex continued, "Shape-shifters can imitate humans."

At this point I felt I should assert my new authority. "If what you say is true," I ventured, "How do we know you're not the Shape-shifter yourself, trying to infiltrate the PM's security?"

He nodded. "Smart, as well as beautiful. I'm going to enjoy working with a true professional for a change."

I was absolutely charmed by him. Well, how often do you meet a truly handsome, intelligent, macho man who openly lusts after you?

It wasn't until much later that I realized he hadn't answered my question.

"What do you want from us?" Bert asked.

"I'll pose as a guest. Let me handle the rest."

Bert's expression spoke volumes. He wanted me to take charge.

While physical authority was something I wore like an old glove, institutional authority was a totally unknown quantity. My first attempt at Dex hadn't been very productive. I decided to use a hammer.

"I'm sorry, I just can't give you carte blanche," I said. "If there's any danger to our guests..."

"I don't anticipate any."

I was starting to find my ground now. This was fun. "That's not good enough. I need to know what you intend to do so I can maintain the safety of our guests."

Bert was paged outside, and I've never seen him move so fast. Suddenly, undeniably, I was alone -- and naked -- with the hunkiest man I'd ever seen.

"If I include you in the operation," Dex began, "can I trust you to take my lead?"

I guessed the term national security actually did give him carte blanche, so he was doing me a favor by offering. The best I could do, I figured, was to agree. "As long as my guests aren't endangered."

"They won't be."

The next few minutes are a confused blur of images and sensations. I remember glancing from his eyes to his luscious lips, imagining what they'd be like to kiss. My eyes, though, were inexorably drawn to his crotch. The outline of his cock was even larger than before, and I wondered what that impressive girth would feel like between my legs. It was as if my body took control and I was just a passenger on what would become the ride of my life.

Without a word, I stood up and walked to the door, aware that his lustful eyes followed my progress. I clicked the lock and leaned back against the door in a wantonly provocative manner.

"Are you thinking what I'm thinking?" I asked.

He'd already removed his coat and was unbuttoning his shirt.

My stomach was alive with butterflies the size of eagles as I hastened back to him. I knelt and unclasped his belt and drew down the zipper. I pulled open his trousers and, lo and behold, he was going commando! His massive cock sprang out and the engorged head brushed my lips. It was hot and pulsing and, looking up into his gorgeous eyes, I drew the head into my mouth.

It was so soft. The velvety skin of the shaft slid easily between my lips as if it were made for me. He groaned and placed his hands on the sides of my head.

Dex raised me to my feet, kissed my lips and, with an economy of effort, swept the desk clear of Bert's papers. He lifted me up as if I were as light as a feather and sat me on the desk. He'd maintained the kiss throughout, and the pressure of his lips sent a multitude of electrical impulses all the way down to my pulsating pussy.

His hands had found my rock hard nipples, and his fingers strummed them with a delicate touch till they sang with scintillating, carnal energy. I wanted more. I thrust out my chest, wanting him to squeeze my breasts harder. He obliged while our insistent tongues wrestled and writhed.

Abruptly, Dex pushed me back and parted my legs. I was so exposed, and resisted the urge to pull his face back to mine and continue kissing those beautiful lips.

He surprised me and dropped to his knees. His hot breath on my pussy lips made my clit tingle in anticipation. I shuddered at the first touch of his tongue at the base of my pussy, and the long slow stroke that took it to the hood of my clit almost sent me over the top.

I moaned, loudly. He glanced up at me from the juncture of my thighs. I could tell, by the way his lips moved against my flesh, he was smiling.

He tongued inside my pussy, and I raised my hips toward him, urging him deeper. My head was swimming in the wave of sensations rolling inexorably from my cunt. My clit was pulsing, and when his tongue lightly brushed it an intense electric shock swept through me.

"Oh, fuck me!" I gasped.

He stood between my thighs. His cock was impatient and poked its head against the moist lips of my pussy. I gasped as he pushed the thick shaft determinedly into me. He filled me completely. I couldn't breathe, and I raised my hands to his hairy chest.

He withdrew and then plunged back again, burying himself to the hilt.

I took a ragged breath. My brain was awash in a flood of sensations I'd never experienced before. The fullness wasn't restricted to my pussy but extended to the emptiness deep inside my chest where he stroked the loneliness I hadn't suspected lived there.

Suddenly, he stopped. The strain on his face as he held in his orgasm was exquisite to watch. He noticed me and grasped my left foot, examining it closely.

"I love your toes," he whispered and started kissing them, one by sensitive one.

He loved my feet! I couldn't believe it. He had me in paroxysms of delight, squirming on the desk. He reached the little toe and the delicate brush of his lips set my leg shaking uncontrollably. I cried out to stop the delightful torture.

He resumed sliding his cock into me with such delicate power. I closed my eyes and lost myself to the waves of sensation that cascaded over my soul.

Dex suddenly, unmistakably, growled and the strangeness of the sound startled me. His dark eyes had a peculiar, feral look about them. His face was straining as if he were controlling more than just his orgasm.

"What's wrong?"

"Sorry. I almost lost control."

"Isn't that the idea?"

"Not when you're a werewolf," he said simply as he bent his head to nuzzle my neck. "I didn't transform completely. I didn't think you'd want to make love to an animal..."

"You were making a good impression of one," I chuckled, amazed at how easily I'd accepted his confession. I guess in my heart I already knew.

"In our feral form we can forget what we're doing and accidentally hurt our partners."

"I'm glad you told me."

"My darling," he said into the quivering flesh of my neck. "Believe me, you are my soul mate. I knew the moment I saw you. Shape-shifters search our lifetimes, eternity sometimes, to find our soul mate. The one who will make us complete. I have found you, after all this time."

"How old are you exactly?"

"What does age matter to those in love?"

It was a good answer, but not really an answer. But what did I care? I still had the most gorgeous cock inside me, and while he was still human my delicate moral compass hadn't dipped into the red.

I was silent for quite awhile. He lifted his head away from my neck and considered me carefully. "My love?"

I raised my face to his. "I want to come," I whispered into his mouth.

Dex clamped his lips passionately to mine. He lifted me up off the desk in one powerful movement and my body dissolved into his. I wrapped my legs tightly about his waist and drew myself onto his rampant shaft. With a subtle tilt of his hips he changed the angle of his cock. It touched that glorious spot within and launched me on a roller-coaster of passion. Rising, ever rising, until I exploded in a starburst of emotion.

I clung to him, shuddering as my ride subsided. I needed time to think.

"So, what department of the security services do you work for?" I asked when my breathing returned to normal.

"An ultra-secret division."

"I bet it is. And they really sent you to stop an assassination attempt on the Prime Minister by a werewolf?"

"How else are we going to detect a shape-shifter?"

"Send a thief to catch a thief?" I quoted.

"Precisely, my darling."

I was coping with this far better than I would have expected. But why wouldn't I? I'd been starved of male attention for years, and here was a man worthy of me. He was big and strong, and he had a job. What else could a girl want?

"I'm relying on you to keep my secret."

"Of course," I said and then added mischievously, "You'll have to give me a reminder every night or two."

I wondered if I pushed it a tad too far. Soul mate or not, I know how men are, and I guessed werewolves were no different. They don't exactly run toward commitment. He just smiled and said the words I never thought I'd ever hear from a man, let alone a hunk. "Just try and keep me away."

"Shaz?" It was Bert trying to open the door.

Dex kissed me on the mouth and when his cock left my pussy I gave a little whimper. Parting is such sweet sorrow.

"Just a minute," I said as I shoveled up the papers from the floor and replaced them in familiar disarray on the desk.

I didn't have to put any clothes on, but I gave Dex a minute to make himself respectable. I handed him his coat, straightened my hair, and opened the door.

Bert strode in and looked from me to Dex and back again. "Is everything okay?"

"I'm taking Dex... I mean Agent Laing, on a tour."

Bert raised an eyebrow.

"It's agreed. I'll assist Agent Laing as long as he keeps me informed. He's agreed that our guests are not to be put at risk and that I take an active role in any apprehension."

I glanced at Dex, who remained expressionless. He hadn't exactly agreed to the last bit -- it probably wasn't legal -- but I couldn't see him rejecting me. Not after what we'd just done.

"There won't be any gun play," Dex warned.

"Then why give me silver bullets?" I'd picked his coat pocket when he hadn't been looking.

"Shaz," Bert said, a note of warning in his voice.

"I won't let anything go wrong." I took Dex by the arm. "Let me show you to the changing rooms where you can disrobe," I said with a smirk.

* * *

I took him to the shore of Lotus Lake and we found ourselves alone in a grove of eucalypts. Before I knew it, we were at each other again. The best thing about fucking in a nudist colony is that there are no clothes to muck about with.

I couldn't help it. Being near him raised my lust quotient to the breaking point. I just turned and kissed him. Seconds later I was on all fours with his glorious cock thrusting into my pussy from behind.

And he was amazing. His cock never seemed to go down. Its shaft slid easily into my incredibly wet pussy until his balls slapped noisily against my clit. I clenched my fists into the grass as I came, and only after my second orgasm did he release his passion inside of me.

My body had been on a lust high ever since my first glimpse of him, and the all over hot tingle just wouldn't subside. I turned around and, on my knees, embraced him, melding my body, my very soul, to his. For the first time in my life, I felt truly at one with another.

Eventually awareness of my surroundings returned, and feeling a little embarrassed, I suggested we continue our mission.

We didn't get far before Dex gripped my arm. He pointed across to the far side of the lake. "It's him."

"You're kidding," I said. "How do you know?"

"I can smell him."

"But that's Mrs. Humber," I said incredulously.

"You know her?"

I described the ring incident.

"Of course," he exclaimed. "That's how they'll do it."

"Do what?"

"Kill the PM. It's an old, old trick."

"It is?"

"The ring contains poison. As she shakes hands with the PM at the reception, she'll scratch him."

"It's that easy?"

His face had set into a grim, thousand yard glare. "Stay here. I'm going after him."

I pulled my Glock and started to follow but he motioned me back. "Please, my darling. You can't handle a werewolf. Leave this to me. He's one of my kind."

Then, in barely a moment, he transformed completely into a magnificent gray wolf.

Breathless, I watched in awe as he stealthily padded away. With fear building in my breast, I loaded my weapon with the silver bullets I'd pilfered from his coat and followed.

I watched Dex stalk Mrs. Humber as she entered a grove of gum trees. Dex disappeared and I couldn't help myself; I crept closer. There was the most awful silence. Even the usually chattering parrots were hushed in expectation. The suspense was killing me.

Angry growls, low rumblings of raw savage power filled the air and quickly intensified into brutal roars. I peered into a clearing. Two wolves were locked in a titanic struggle. They were the same size and shape, their gray coats flecked with blood. I couldn't tell which one was Dex.

Finally, one gained the better of the other and with a roar, flung his opponent into a tree trunk. Stunned senseless the wounded beast struggled in vain to regain its feet.

"Dex!" I called.

The victor turned and loped toward me. I raised my Glock and it slowed, the face transforming into Dex.

I lowered my gun.

The wolf on the ground growled and, somehow, regained its legs. It charged us both. I couldn't fire because Dex was between us and, as good a shot as I was, I couldn't risk hitting him.

"Dex! Look out!" I called.

Dex turned and the other wolf thudded into him. They wrestled each other savagely in flashes of tooth and claw. As they tumbled toward the lake, I followed, my gun ready, but I couldn't tell one werewolf from the other.

Finally, one savagely tore the breast of the other which fell limp and defeated to the ground. With blood dripping from its fangs, the victor turned to me and advanced.

Its face morphed back into Dex's and I relaxed. I took a step forward, but the hair at the back of my neck stood on end. There was something not quite right about the way he approached me. Then I realized he was stalking me, his forelegs tensed, preparing to pounce.

"Dex!" I screamed. "No!"

He leapt.

I squeezed the trigger twice, and I knew I'd centered them on that broad, firm chest. The silver bullets would crash through fur, flesh and bone, expanding and shattering, sending the silver poison throughout his system.

He dropped out of the air, his bestial form morphing back into the shape of Dex. He lay on the sand disintegrating before my eyes. He looked up at me, pleading.

My heart broke. I'd shot the wrong one.

* * *

"Nice shot."

I looked beyond the body at my feet and raised my Glock, ready to pump a full load into the bastard beast's head.

"Whoa there," he purred, morphing into human form again. Dex raised his hands in surrender. "It's me."

I aimed the Glock at his chest. "How do I know?"

He smiled weakly. "Ah, my love, I do long to kiss your little feet and make you shiver."

It was Dex! My Dex, and I hadn't killed him. He was tattered and torn, but he was alive.

"But..." I looked down at the wreckage at my feet. "How?"

"He recognized me and thought to get close to you by pretending to be me. He hadn't planned on you being smarter."

I knelt at Dex's bloodied side. "You'll have to promise me one thing," I said.

"Yes, my darling?"

"From now on you'll never, never ever, tell me to stay behind."

He scooped me up in his strong arms and kissed my face. "Of that you can be assured."

The End

Mikala Ash

Mikala Ash wakes up every morning to the sound of the crashing surf and has her first coffee of the day on her verandah overlooking the wide Pacific Ocean. It's a double-edged blessing, she says.

"I have to drag myself away to do anything at all -- like work. I'm a Management Consultant and I don't think Ricky (my beautiful Border Collie) fully understands the economic necessity of me working to keep him in the lifestyle he's become accustomed to (typical male). He just wants me to run with him along the beach all day chasing those pesky sea gulls. He's good company though and, if there are shape shifters in the world, I think I'd like him to be one -- loyal, trustworthy, obedient and protective. A voracious reader, I've been writing in one form or another since I was little. I'm so lucky that I've found a way of sharing my passion for spicy romance and the more fantastical realms that hover just beyond our grasp."

Mikala loves to hear from readers. Drop her a note at mikalaash@yahoo.com.au