

ESCAPE

Isle of Dreams

Alexis Fleming

Changeling Press

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What's a girl to do when offered a genie sandwich? Sit back and enjoy!

Dana's had it with cleaning up other people's mistakes, especially a paranormal who only got the job due to new laws. Needing a break, she heads to the Isle of Dreams with the Bureau of Fulfilled Fantasies. A weekend as a sex slave is just what she needs to unwind.

But when her master turns up as a paranormal djinn who can split into two sexy men?

There's only one thing for a smart girl to do. Grin and bare it. Oh yeah!

Chapter One

"I've had enough. Brainless idiot of a werewolf." Dana slammed the files down on her desk. "I'm sick of cleaning up his mistakes."

"You bitching about the boss again?" Janet, Dana's friend and co-worker, popped her head over the top of the work station. "What's he done?"

"Oh, just screwed up the annual reports. And he expects me to stay back and fix them for him. I'm supposed to catch my plane in an hour." She punched her computer back on. "If I don't get away from here for a few days I'm going to blow a gasket."

Janet wandered around the side of the cubicle and propped her hip against Dana's desk. "This latest government law about every firm having to hire a token paranormal is ridiculous. Not so bad if they know what they're doing, but this guy's a total idiot. Hell, I don't mind the paranormals coming out of the closet, but most of them have such chips on their shoulders."

"Thank God Richard will be gone before I get back. About time they sacked him."

"How about I fix the figures and you get your butt on that plane?" Janet held out her hand for the file. "Where did you decide to go?"

"I've booked in with the Bureau of Fulfilled Fantasies. They're sending me to the Isle of Dreams off Fiji to be a sex slave for the weekend." Dana gathered up her belongings and shoved them in her tote bag. "Least I won't need much luggage for that. I'm hoping to spend the weekend butt naked with a sexy hunk." She grimaced. "As long as I get away from paranormals for a while."

"Outta here, girl. I'll look after the resident werewolf," Janet said with a grin.

Dana wasn't about to look a gift horse in the mouth. She gave Janet a quick wave and beat a hasty retreat. A weekend of good hot sex. What more could a girl ask for?

Orgasm central. Yeah, baby!

Chapter Two

Dana rolled around on the bed, groaning at the sensual feel of satin sheets under her bare back. Well, almost bare. First thing on arrival, she'd been ordered to remove her clothes and dress in the outfit provided for her.

She grinned. The top consisted of a stiff gold bolero that didn't even fasten over her breasts. The diaphanous trousers, clipped in at the ankles, had given her pause. The scarlet fabric enhanced rather than hid the triangle of curls at the juncture of her thighs. The whole ensemble made Dana feel decidedly naughty.

Once dressed, she'd been whisked to the opposite side of the island and deposited on a scarlet-draped bed under an open-sided bure. She closed her eyes and stretched. The sound of the waves breaking on the shore and the rustle of the breeze through the palm trees made her smile. Hell of a way to start her vacation. Now, if only her master would turn up.

"On your knees and lower your head before your master, woman."

"What the --" Dana rolled over to face the owner of the voice.

"Silence. You will speak when spoken to, slave."

Dana did something totally contrary to her nature. She shut up and stared. Oh my! Swarthy-skinned, he towered over the bed. A gold circle glinted in one earlobe. His chest was bare, every muscle perfectly cut. Her gaze dropped further, eyes widening and mouth dropping open. Tiny black briefs hugged his hips and over that he wore flowing pantaloons that matched hers and did nothing to hide the impressive bulge outlined by the stretchy fabric of his hipster underwear.

Heat rushed through her, igniting pinpricks of raunchy lust as it passed. Hormones went on the rampage. She licked lips gone suddenly dry.

"Do you like what you see, woman?"

Dana shivered. His voice had that husky timbre that got right inside a girl. Hot damn, whoever had organized her fantasy had done good. He was a hottie.

Pushing herself up on her knees, she posed on the edge of the bed, running her finger across his chest from one nipple to the other. "So where do we start, big boy? I gotta say your idea of wearing a genie costume is a real turn-on."

One eyebrow lifted, his dark eyes smoldered. "My name is Kalon. Kalon Al-Djinn. And I assure you, this is no costume. I am a powerful djinn, capable of controlling all the aspects of this world and the next. Fire, earth, wind and water. It is mine to command."

"Yeah right." Dana giggled, loving his performance.

"I assure you, I am a djinn, or a genie as you humans called us." He flicked his fingers and the scarlet drapes around the bed dropped, enclosing them in a bower of color.

"Bloody hell, you're real, aren't you?" Dana rolled her eyes and groaned. "Ah crap, a paranormal. I came here to get away from you guys for a bit."

"How very rude, Ms. Lewis. It appears we'll have to teach you a lesson in manners." He waved one hand and Dana found herself face down on the bed, her hands tied to the brass rails of the bed-head. She twisted her head to stare at him, wondering what was coming next.

Fire scorched her as his dark gaze swept down her body. He trailed one finger from her neck, down the center of her back to the rounded cheeks of her ass. Excitement buzzed through her veins. Her pussy grew damp. An insistent ache set up a clamor deep inside her. God, she was turned on by a simple touch.

Suddenly, she frowned. "We? Hey, I didn't sign on for any threesome so you can get that idea out of your mind."

Instantly, a flash of light enveloped them. A sonic boom shook the palm trees. Darkness swirled through Dana's mind. She closed her eyes as a wave of dizziness assaulted her.

“Do you take your punishment well, Dana?” a husky voice whispered near her ear.

She snapped her eyes open and stared into Kalon’s mysterious gaze. Hang on, what the heck was going on here? “Your eyes. I could have sworn they were dark brown.”

“They are. His are brown. Two halves of the whole.” He pointed toward the end of the bed.

Someone sat down on the side of the bed, his weight depressing the mattress. Dana twisted to see who it was. “Holy shit, there are two of you. Twins.”

Chapter Three

Kalon -- the first Kalon she'd met -- ran his hand across her bottom. "The djinn has the power to shape-shift. I, however, have a further talent. I am a doppelganger. I can split myself into two separate entities. Be in two places at once. Nolak is the dark half of my soul."

"Well, bully for you, but I'm still not taking two of you at once."

"You are our slave," Kalon said. "You will do whatsoever we please. Haven't you ever wondered what it would be like to have two men at the same time?"

Dana had to admit the idea intrigued her, but she wasn't given much time to dwell on the surge of excitement flooding her system. Kalon brought his open palm down on Dana's backside with enough force to make her squeal. "You bastard. That hurt."

"I suggest you watch your mouth or the punishment will last longer."

He slapped her again, making her bite her lip. Heat flowed into her tender ass. Before she could adjust to the flash of pain, his twin disappeared from her line of sight and she felt her legs being spread. Another open-handed slap, followed by the lick of fire as he withdrew.

Dana gasped as the heat from the spanking spread downward. Blood surged, engorging her vulva. With each slap on her ass, a burst of fire exploded deep inside until she squirmed on the bed, the pain forgotten. Now all she was conscious of was the sexual energy charging her blood, sweeping all inhibitions away.

"Kalon, enough," she panted. "I can't take any more."

"Oh, I'm sure you can," he whispered, but he stopped the punishment, leaning in to trail his tongue over her heated skin.

A totally separate pair of hands swept up her legs and slid underneath her to tease the curls covering her pussy. Nolak!

He cupped her mons and squeezed. Dana whimpered and ground her hips against his hand. He settled his weight between her legs and probed at her swollen lips. His fingers parted her, running the length of her before pushing back the hood of her clit and flicking at the bundle of nerves.

Then he buried his face between her thighs and licked. Dana screamed, the sensation so erotic it was almost more than she could handle. Another long, slow lick and she started to pant.

He plunged his tongue deep inside her pussy, grabbing her hips and lifting her to his mouth. The muscles in the pit of Dana's stomach tightened. Tension spiraled through her. She heard her own desperate whimpers. Pulling her knees underneath her, she managed to prop herself up, allowing Nolak to penetrate deeper.

Kalon was doing his own investigating. The heated dampness of his tongue swept up her back. She turned her head toward him as he lay down beside her. With one flick of his fingers, the silken ties restraining her hands disappeared. She reached for him, needing to touch.

God, he was so hot. Her palm felt scorched as she trailed her hand across his jaw and down his chest to his hip. It was only then she realized his pantaloons had gone, as had his underwear.

Without moving her hips, she rolled her upper body enough to offer him one breast. He swooped, his lips settling over her hard nipple. His teeth abraded the sensitive crest before he sucked it deep into his mouth.

Fire streaked from Dana's breast, down her body to where Nolak pleased her with the thrust of his tongue. Sensation overwhelmed her, making her moan out her acquiescence at this new adventure. Two men loving her at the same time, even if they were two halves of the same man.

Without removing his mouth from her breast, Kalon slid his hand down her back and trailed one finger between the cheeks of her ass. Dana squirmed as something cold

and wet slithered down between her cheeks. Before she could ask what it was, Kalon pressed against the puckered ring with his thumb. With each jerk of Dana's hips in response to the thrust of Nolak's tongue, he applied more pressure until the muscle relaxed and let him in.

Dana had never played any backdoor games before, but the sensation was so intense, she cried out. As if that were the signal Kalon had waited for, he withdrew his thumb and inserted one finger, then two, thrusting in time with Dana's movements.

"Oh God, if one of you doesn't fuck me soon, I'm going to die," she moaned.

"Is this what the little sex slave desires?" Nolak asked.

Chapter Four

Before Dana could respond, Nolak altered his position and thrust deep inside her. She was suddenly filled with a hard cock, the delicate flesh stretching to accommodate him. She gasped and wrapped her hands around the brass rail of the bed-head.

Nolak withdrew and rammed home again. He set up a rhythm designed to drive her over the edge. And with each new thrust, Kalon pushed his fingers deeper into her ass.

The sensation was mind-boggling. Dana had never experienced anything like it. The breath caught in her throat. Sweat beaded her body. Tremors raced up and down her spine as fire licked along her veins. She felt like a spring coiled tight, ready to snap.

She whimpered when Kalon withdrew his fingers from her ass and moved to the top of the bed. He positioned himself at her head, resting on his knees. "Up on your arms, slave. I wish to be serviced."

Entering into the fantasy, Dana pushed herself up, bracing her elbows to take her weight. "What does my master desire?" she gasped as Nolak thrust into her again.

In answer, Kalon wrapped his hand around his rock-hard erection and ran the bulbous head across her lips. Flicking her tongue out, she swirled it around the head of his cock, probing at the tiny slit. Then she took him in her mouth, closing her lips around his thickness. Teeth scraping lightly, she slid her mouth down before reversing the procedure.

Kalon groaned, the sound lodging inside Dana and driving her to be more adventurous. Balancing on one hand, she cupped his balls, exerting a slight pressure as she moved up and down on his hard erection.

He started to pump his hips, hands buried in Dana's hair to hold her head steady. Drawing him deep, she sucked hard. She felt the tension in his body. Heard the rasp of his breathing. When she felt his balls pull up tight, close to his body, she knew he wasn't far off coming.

Dana felt full up, her body a quivering mess. Her concentration was blown. All she could do was feel. Kalon at her head, pumping into her mouth. Nolak ramming into her wet pussy as if he couldn't get enough of her.

Hands tightening on her hips, Nolak pulled her closer, his movements hard and fast. The thud of his body slapping against her sweat-slicked ass rivaled the loud thud of Dana's heartbeat. In the background, the crash of the waves on the beach sounded like the rush of molten blood through her body.

Kalon slid one hand down to burrow through the curls covering her mons. He grasped her clit between thumb and forefinger and squeezed. Dana bucked in response, gasping as the first of a series of spasms hit her, radiating from her pussy.

Kalon cried out, releasing a jet of cum down her throat. Dana swallowed, loving the taste of him. At the other end of the bed, Nolak plunged deep and hard, filling her to the point she could feel his balls against her ass. She clenched her internal muscles around Nolak's cock, pushing him into his own climax.

He groaned and the sound mixed with Dana's scream as the convulsions swept through her, made her orgasm longer, harder, more cataclysmic, than any she'd ever known.

She collapsed face down on the bed, almost at the point of unconsciousness. Her emotions were shattered, her body a limp mass of melted nerve. She couldn't even move when the two men crawled up the bed and cuddled in beside her.

Without opening her eyes, she grinned. "Holy fuck, two for the price of one. I may never survive the next twenty-four hours. Yee-haw!"

Chapter Five

Dana crawled into work on Monday a little the worse for wear. Every muscle in her body ached. She was suffering sunburn from running around naked under the hot Fijian sun. And she was dog-tired.

"Hey, welcome back." Janet hung over the top of the division between their work stations, an expectant look on her face. "You're late."

"I know." Dana grimaced. "I couldn't drag myself out of bed this morning."

"So how was the weekend?"

"I'm worn out, but satiated." She grinned. "You want to try it sometime. It's mind-blowing."

"Get your rocks off, kid?" Janet started to laugh.

Dana held up her hand. "I wouldn't laugh if I were you. I have been fucked every which way there is, and some never invented before this weekend. I didn't want to come home."

Janet sidled into Dana's cubicle and perched on the edge of the desk. "Come on, girlfriend, spill. Tell me the juicy details."

She let her mind slide back to her time with Kalon -- and his alter ego, Nolak -- and sighed. She couldn't believe how hard it had been to board that seaplane and leave them behind. Never before had she been interested in furthering any sexual liaison she'd been a part of.

This time it was different, and not just because of the fantastic sex. This time she wanted more. More time. More loving. Not that all their time had been spent making love. Kalon had proved a delightful guide, showing her around the island. They'd sat for ages watching the sun go down, talking and sharing their lives. If only he didn't live so far away in Fiji.

Another sigh slipped out. Dana knew she had to get herself together. Mooning around after Kalon wasn't going to help the state of her emotions.

"I'll tell you one thing. I'll never put the paranormals down again. Well, certainly not the two I met this weekend."

Janet jumped to her feet. "Two! You had two men? At the same time? Freakin' hell, tell me!"

Dana grinned. "Maybe later. Now, is the new boss in yet?"

"Oh cripes, I was supposed to tell you he wants to see you as soon as you come in."

Dana spun on her heel and marched across to the head of the finance department's office. Trust her to be late. She tapped on the door and when a deep male voice called for her to come in, she turned the handle and stepped inside, pausing at the entrance.

"Close the door behind you," he said.

Dana did so, glancing around the office. Where the hell was he?

"How do you feel about having a djinn for a boss?"

She turned and faced him as he stepped out from behind a large filing cabinet. A grin tilted her lips and she held her arms out to him. He moved close enough to enfold her in a tight hug.

"Wanna run away for the weekend?" she whispered. "I know this great island that is known for making your dreams come true."

"Your wish is my command, my lady."

"Yee-haw!"

Alexis Fleming

Alexis Fleming's first book was a bedtime story for her children called Sammy the Snail, written and illustrated totally in crayon. She hooked her children in and created a new career for herself, a career that gives her immense satisfaction and a lot of fun. She now writes her own bedtime stories, but be warned, these are strictly adults only!

A voracious reader, Alexis' first love has always been romance, whether on this world or the next. Now she turns her hand to erotic romance, giving her readers a taste of the steamy side of love, along with a dash of comedy.

When she isn't tied to her computer creating sizzling stories, Alexis runs a motel situated on the edge of a National Marine Park in Jervis Bay, New South Wales, Australia. You can visit with Alexis at www.alexisfleming.net