

Changeling Press

# Kira Stone



## Monster Mash



Rookery  
Cove  
aphrodisiacs

# Rookery Cove: Monster Mash

## Kira Stone

All rights reserved.  
Copyright ©2007 Kira Stone

**Warning: The unauthorized reproduction or distribution of this copyrighted work is illegal. Criminal copyright infringement, including infringement without monetary gain, is investigated by the FBI and is punishable by up to 5 years in federal prison and a fine of \$250,000.**

ISBN: 978-1-59596-595-0

Formats Available:  
HTML, Adobe PDF,  
MobiPocket, Microsoft Reader

Publisher:  
Changeling Press LLC  
PO Box 1046  
Martinsburg, WV 25402-1046  
[www.ChangelingPress.com](http://www.ChangelingPress.com)

Editor: Connie Alberts  
Cover Artist: Fabiano Fabris

**This e-book file contains sexually explicit scenes and adult language which some may find offensive and which is not appropriate for a young audience. Changeling Press E-Books are for sale to adults, only, as defined by the laws of the country in which you made your purchase. Please store your files wisely, where they cannot be accessed by under-aged readers.**

## **Rookery Cove: Monster Mash**

### **Kira Stone**

Rookery Cove Aphrodisiacs' newest brew is ready for its introduction to the public. The intoxicating beverage is guaranteed to raise the libido of any creature, undead or alive. Kyler is convinced it'll be a smash among their non-human clientele, if only they can find a way to market the stuff that doesn't reveal the method of production that gives the liquid its sexual magic.

Elwyn has little doubt the potent aphrodisiac will do exactly as the dark elf claims. But, as the senior ad man for the company, he needs more to build a campaign on than the tired maxim of "Try it, you'll like it." Prying the details about its production out of the close-mouthed brewer has proven impossible. He must take drastic measures if he's to launch this product on time.

Kyler doesn't react well to the incubus' surprise visit to his distillery on Rookery Cove Island, and an entire batch of Mash is ruined as a result. There is only one act that will pacify the dark elf's ire now, and Elwyn can't bring himself to do it. Can he?

## **Dedication**

For MaxPwr, a muse of the first water.

## Chapter 1 -- Tell Me More

"Monster Mash -- When it melts in her mouth, she'll melt in your hands."

"No, no, no. That's utter drek. How about... Monster Mash, it'll make a real monster out of your libido."

"Right, like any sane person would want to turn themselves into an FBI's Most Wanted Sexual Predator." Koral, wearing a sable-colored dress rather than the matching fur she donned under a full moon, ran a sharp fingernail over her full lips. "Monster Mash, serve it with dinner and you'll have her for breakfast."

A stony-faced gargoyle hunched over the conference table, making gagging motions with his hands. "And you think *my* suggestion sucked?"

"Well, you're not doing much better," Koral grouched.

"How about... once it goes down her hatch, she'll go down on you?"

"Just who do you think is going to buy this stuff, Abner? Sewer rats?"

Elwyn Dawning turned away from the window overlooking the south beach of the North Atlantic island and focused on his junior ad execs who were having a tough time inventing a solid marketing plan to launch Rookery Cove Aphrodisiacs' latest product. "This is ridiculous, guys. Home Office is pressuring us for the campaign, and the only thing that's going to be served around here is our walking papers if we don't give them one, fast."

Koral pouted at him, although she had to squint since Elwyn's glow was a bit bright that morning. "It's not our fault, Mr. Doom and Gloom. Kyler didn't give us much to work with."

Wasn't that the truth? But bitching about the lack of detail wasn't going to help the situation. He'd already tried, and the master brewer had refused to part with any more product information than he'd already given them. "The pity party has been

postponed indefinitely, Koral.” She stuck out her long, lupine tongue at him as he added, “Let’s go over what we do have again.”

Abner beat his short, leathery wings against the back of the conference room chair. “I can repeat Kyler’s message from memory. It read, ‘I have a new one for you. I’m calling it Monster Mash. Its taste is similar to Drambuie, only with the sexual kick of a tigress in heat. Give it all the usual warnings.’ Like we’d sell anything that didn’t need ‘em.”

Another bit of raw truth Elwyn had to agree with. Rookery Cove Aphrodisiacs catered to non-human consumers. Hard to please and incredibly bored after several dozen lifetimes of existence, their clientele expected sexual products that were out of this world. Their products had to be as unique and supernatural as the customers who bought them. And it was his responsibility to convince their target audience that Monster Mash would meet, if not exceed, their expectations.

Unfortunately, at the moment, he was out of good ideas. And so was the rest of his team.

“Should we try it? Maybe if we just had a taste...”

Elwyn smacked Abner’s hand before it touched the bottle. “I don’t think so. Remember what happened last time you sampled the merchandise?”

Koral blushed and found something absolutely fascinating to study on the far blank wall. Abner’s stony face went all gooey soft as he stared at Koral’s breasts. “Yeah... I remember.”

And on his conference table too. Geesh! Well, Elwyn wasn’t going to let that happen again. He needed his team to work together, and practicing their inter-species mating skills didn’t exactly count as brainstorming. “So you’ll understand if I insist that my sample stays in the bottle during office hours.”

“Then I say it’s quittin’ time,” Abner said, making a lunge for the small cobalt blue glass bottle cushioned in a silver gift box in the center of the table.

His leathery hide caused him to skate over the highly polished surface, and he ended up falling face first into Koral’s lap. She gasped then stood, dumping little Abner

onto the floor. By the time he got to his feet, her legs were spread, her skirt had been rucked up around her waist, and the smell of sex was in the air.

Elwyn sighed and grabbed the Monster Mash, protectively cradling the blue bottle against his chest as he walked out of the room where his assistants began to copulate. Vigorously.

It was a good thing Abner had a leathery hide, given Koral's sharp nails...

Well, it was his own fault. Thinking about the master brewer made Elwyn hot under the belt... and since he was an incubus that meant he radiated lust. He couldn't blame his assistants for being susceptible to his erotic aura. Damn inconvenient though.

He carried his precious cargo back to his office and put it in the solitary display case on his desk. The color wasn't bad but the shape of the container had to change. It looked like a tube of toothpaste that had been gripped a little too firmly around the middle. But that could be dealt with later. If they didn't have a slogan, this intoxicating item would never hit the shelves in any form.

*Monster Mash -- So good she'll beg you for it again and again...*

*Monster Mash -- One sip will unleash your inner beast.*

Not even close to being right for a Rookery Cove product. The scant info Kyler provided gave him no hook to hang a tag line on. What was this stuff made of anyway? *How* was it made? If he knew that, maybe he'd find the clue he needed to crack this thing. The knowledge sure as hell wouldn't hurt.

His hand was halfway to the phone before he thought better of it. Kyler wasn't exactly a people person. His voicemail greeting said it all: "I'm not taking calls now. Leave a message. If it doesn't annoy me too much, there's a hope in hell that I'll call ya back."

A hope in hell...

Elwyn had a lot of hope, but very little luck. The drow never returned his calls. Elwyn didn't take that personally. There were few people on Rookery Cove Island -- in the business or out of it -- that Kyler would talk to by choice. Which was a real shame. Kyler was one sexy dark elf, and the word around the water cooler was that his tastes



ran to men. Just thinking about him -- that long blue-black hair, the trim body honed by years of hard, sweaty work, that smoky voice -- caused a ball of warm heat to lodge deep in Elwyn's belly...

*Okay, enough of that,* Elwyn thought as his outwardly glow threatened to blind him.

He adjusted the crotch of his pants to accommodate the added bulge, then forced his mind back to the problem at hand. How did he get the information he needed to promote Monster Mash without rubbing the master brewer the wrong way?

Face-to-face, Elwyn decided after a few minutes of deep thought. It wasn't a great solution, but it was the only way to guarantee the drow wouldn't avoid him.

*Ready or not, Kyler, here I come.*

## Chapter 2 -- Mash Turns to Mush

Brewing Monster Mash was going to drive him to drink, Kyler decided. Not just the hard apricot cider his kind considered a special delicacy, but the corrosive, demon-made moonshine he kept in the bottom drawer of his desk. If that didn't wilt his raging hard-on, nothing would.

Then again, his current crop of shroomen seemed to respond better when he was pumping out pheromones, so at least his sexual frustration served a purpose.

He walked up and down the aisles, checking the progress of the unique fungi. He stroked their stems, brushed his fingers over their vibrant neon-blue caps and checked for signs of disease. So far, so good.

Even though the room was pitch black, their phosphorescent ichors provided all the light Kyler needed. The only light they could tolerate, actually. That was the tricky part about raising these special guys. Like him, they thrived in the dark. Light made them ill. Too much light could even be fatal.

Perhaps that was another reason they got along so well. Shunning the light was Kyler's biggest hobby, outside of concocting different brews for his own pleasure. He hadn't seen the sun's rays in over a century. It was a streak he had no intention of breaking, Kyler thought as he fed lovebird dung to the tender young fungi. He wasn't fit company for any manner of man or beast who didn't revel in his dark side. And women were out entirely. They gave him the willies.

"Sir, you've got --" Burke, his assistant, broke the peaceful harmony of the shroomen warehouse by signaling him over the intercom at the same time the door to the sealed room opened. A man stepped inside but then froze after two steps.

"Company, yes, I see," Kyler replied.

Company in the form of a hauntingly gorgeous creature with a mane of hair like a lion in a hundred shades from platinum to pewter that fell about his shoulders in thick waves. His features were handsome, rugged but not overblown. When he moved, he had a grace that Kyler's elf blood could never match, and that was saying something.

So who was this man, and why the hell had he intruded on one of Kyler's most private domains?

"You're trespassing on brewery territory. Why?" Kyler watched his visitor turn toward the sound of his voice.

The man smoothed his hands over his thighs as if he were nervous. "I've come to see the master brewer, Kyler. Do you know where I might find him?"

"About ten feet in front of you," Kyler replied curtly. Couldn't the guy see what was plainly in front of his face?

Apparently not, for the visitor replied, "I can't see more than an inch past my nose. Could you turn on a light?"

"No." Kyler didn't feel he owed the sexy intruder an explanation. "What did you want to see me about?"

"I'm... uh..." He repeated his nervous gesture, then made a visible effort to compose himself. At least, his movements were visible to Kyler, and he wasn't about to look away. This creature -- for no mere mortal could look that good in a cable knit sweater and khakis -- made his cock sit up and take notice. It had been so long since that last happened...

"Let's start with your name."

"Elwyn. Elwyn Dawning."

Even his name was beautiful. And familiar. Fuck. "The ad guy?"

"Yes." He sounded pleased to be recognized.

"You don't belong here."

"I know my visit is a little unusual..." He looked around as if searching for something but darkness engulfed them. Without some kind of night vision or ESP, he'd be as blind as a bat. What manner of creature was he?

Kyler took a few steps toward him. He hadn't intended to do so, but his cock had turned into a bar of solid iron, and Elwyn drew him in like a magnet. He silently cursed his suddenly active libido and his reclusive nature. The combination was going to get him in trouble soon if he didn't find a way to rid himself of his handsome pest, or find a bed partner who didn't mind his dark side.

He was better at threats than compromise, so Kyler continued to advance as he spoke. "Whatever it is you want, you could have sent me a memo."

"I did."

"Then you have your answer."

Elwyn shook his head. "No, I need more."

So did Kyler. It seemed with every step he took, he needed more... more from Elwyn. He was so obviously not Kyler's type. He didn't go for office drones, ones who played by the rules, ones who wore their purity like a cloak. There was nothing dark or dangerous about Elwyn. And yet he was so strongly attracted to the handsome male that he couldn't override his body's command to get up close and personal with him. "More from me?" he whispered huskily.

There was a soft groan that would have been inaudible if he wasn't standing so close. Elwyn replied, "Yes."

"How about this?" It wasn't so much thought as instinct. Kyler moved in, and tilted his head up just a little bit to capture the ad exec's mouth in a soft kiss. "Is this enough?"

The response could have been almost anything. Kyler didn't know for sure if a sexual advance from another male would be welcome. He didn't often guess wrong, but that was because he didn't often play. This guess scored him a point in the win column.

Warm lips caressed his in return. He sank into Elwyn's heat, letting it wrap around him, soothe him. This wasn't the battle for sexual dominance that Kyler was more accustomed to, but it aroused him with a tender, aching quality he'd never experienced before.

When the kiss ended, his visitor said, "Uhm... wow."

Elwyn was shaking. Could it be he made Elwyn nervous?

Or maybe it was desire that caused him to tremble...

Kyler ran his hands over Elwyn's arms as he leaned in for another kiss. It was longer, deeper, and so beautiful it made Kyler's chest hurt. A hundred and seventy pounds of loveable flesh melted in his arms. His kisses were returned with escalating passion. His brain clicked off and his libido took over.

Kyler feasted on the warm acceptance he found between Elwyn's firm lips. He pulled up Elwyn's sweater in the back to burrow his hands underneath. All that warm skin... he roamed over the sculpted landscape, his fingers sending back detailed messages about the perfection they found.

Elwyn's hands hung at his sides, fluttering nervously. "Can I..." He paused for another kiss. "Can I touch you too?"

"No." While Kyler found the idea attractive -- *very* attractive -- his control would be shattered if Elwyn touched him. It was enough for now just to give, and have his attention so readily accepted.

But was he really pleasing the gorgeous male?

There was one good way to find out.

His hands slid around his waist to the front of Elwyn's khakis. The ad exec groaned and pushed into his caress. Kyler couldn't help but squeeze the firm bulge in response. His mouth watered with desire to taste the intimate flesh. "I'm gonna suck you dry. Is that a problem?"

"No, no problem." Elwyn's voice was breathy, surprised, eager.

Kyler sank to his knees, running his hands down Elwyn's lithe body. Since his mouth was at the right height, he used his teeth to pull the fabric flap back and free the button. The zipper was a little harder, but he managed to lower it with his mouth as well. Then he applied lips and tongue to where he really wanted them... on Elwyn's hard cock.

Elwyn choked and pitched forward. He caught himself on Kyler's broad shoulders. Strong fingers dug into the muscle, but Kyler didn't mind. Didn't even think to tell him to back off. It felt far too good.

Honey-sweet liquid pearled at the slit of Elwyn's erection. Kyler swirled his tongue over it then took him deeper to trace the prominent vein running underneath. Over and back, sometimes sucking hard, sometimes just letting his lips glide over the velvety, hot skin.

Elwyn soon began to rock his hips. His fingers twined through Kyler's long hair, guiding him. He resisted most of Elwyn's attempts to rush him, but Kyler had to admit he felt a certain desperation to reach climax, for the both of them.

Here in the warehouse Kyler didn't need much in the way of clothing. His thick dark skin kept him plenty warm. So all he had to do was push the front flap of the loin cloth out of his way and he could stroke his painfully full shaft with one hand while he massaged Elwyn's ass with the other. With his mouth full of delicious man meat, he closed his eyes and let the sensations carry him toward the climactic edge.

"So good. So --" Elwyn's breath hitched as Kyler swallowed around his plump cock head. "Gonna... come... if you... do that again."

"Bring it on." Kyler swallowed him again. And again.

The pair of hands cradling his skull gripped him tighter. There was a moment of silence as Elwyn's entire body tensed. Then the release came with a long, shuddering moan that echoed through the cavernous room.

Blazing white flashes of light beat against Kyler's eyelids. They pulsed in time with the thick drops of semen dripping down his throat. It tasted salty, yet sweet. That indefinable quality that made it unique to Elwyn. Kyler sucked harder, wanting every bit Elwyn surrendered to him.

Slowly his hands gentled and Kyler's need tightened in his gut. Another few seconds, and his own orgasm would take flight. Just one little push...

Elwyn's thumbs brushed the ridges of his ears then traced the outer curves before slipping down to tug on his lobes. *Oh, yeah.* His ears were extra sensitive, and the

sexy caress sent a bolt of lust straight to his balls. In his mind he saw stars as his orgasm started to overtake him. He bent backward as the spasms surged through his body. Thick ropes of cum spilled from his cock, and it was all he could do to keep breathing through the tight bands of pleasure squeezing his abdomen.

It took a few minutes to return to his senses, and a few more moments to realize that he should no longer be seeing stars. Well, not so much stars as flashes of light.

Bright white light.

Light that shouldn't be happening in this room.

*Fuck!*

He jerked away from Elwyn and climbed to his feet to survey the carnage. The destruction was complete. Every plant touched by the light emanating from his guest had perished. The entire crop of shroomen was gone. And given the drastic steps he'd gone through to get the fungus spores in the first place, there wasn't a chance in hell he could replace the lot in time to stick to the current production schedule. So his productivity bonus was dust too.

Anger poured through him, dousing the pleasure the ad exec had brought him. "Do you know what you've done?"

## Chapter 3 -- Damage Control

*Got an amazing blow job from a dark elf who is the personification of mind-blowing sex?*  
Somehow Elwyn was pretty sure that wasn't the answer the drow had in mind. Could it be the fact that blue fire burned in his eyes, or the way he trembled with rage that clued him in?

Elwyn was observant like that. Now that he could see, at any rate.

Wait a second. See?

Oh, yeah. Light. Coming from his hand... and other visible parts of him too.

He was glowing. Like a solar flare.

Oh, dear.

Burke had warned him against performing parlor tricks inside the warehouse. Elwyn hadn't grasped the full explanation, his mind on the confrontation ahead, but apparently light was bad. If he didn't know it before, he certainly did now by looking at Kyler's stormy expression.

"Not exactly," Elwyn admitted, restoring his clothes to some semblance of order in an attempt to dampen the effects of his afterglow. "What did I do?"

"How does killing the entire crop of shroomen sound to you?" Kyler bit out sarcastically.

"Slightly implausible since I have no clue who, or what, shroomen is."

"This." Kyler grabbed a handful of blue-grey dirt and shoved it under Elwyn's nose. "Before you destroyed it, this was my nearly mature crop of shroomen, the key ingredient to Monster Mash. You've blown my entire production schedule to hell!"

"Ooops." Elwyn fought the heat rising in his face. Any warmth he generated now would flow out of him in a vibrant wave of light, and he didn't want to further enflame Kyler.



Okay, maybe he did want to enflame the master brewer... but certainly not with anger.

"Ooops? Is that all you have to say?" Kyler demanded incredulously.

Elwyn rubbed the back of his neck. "Uhm... sorry. I'm very, very sorry."

"Bet your ass, you're sorry. You're also unemployed, 'cause I'm sure corporate headquarters isn't going to be very happy with the creature who set back the launch of their newest product by more than a month."

"A month?" *Gulp.* That was definitely a problem. He had a stack of email in his inbox reminding him daily how Rookery Cove Aphrodisiacs planned to make Monster Mash the focal point of their spring line. "Are you sure they're dead? Maybe they're just..." Hell, he had no idea what a dead shroomen was supposed to look like, let alone a healthy one. But he didn't want to believe that all was lost.

Kyler sifted a bit of the dry material through his fingers to fall to the floor. "Does this look like a healthy blue mushroom to you?"

"Errrr... no."

"Then I'd say they're toast, and I'm fucked." He cast the rest of the disintegrated shroomen back into the growing box and stormed out.

Elwyn shoved his hands in his pockets, but stayed put rather than racing after the angry brewer. His mind spun with ideas. Was there some way to incorporate fungus into the ad campaign? Mushrooms weren't generally considered sexy, but surely there was some twist he could use...

Too bad he couldn't just slap Kyler's face on the label and call it done. That drow could surely sell sin to a saint. That blue-black hair that hung in waves down his back, long enough to be braided, but Kyler didn't seem the type to restrain himself in any way. And then there were those lips, thin but wide with just the faintest hint of blue. Elwyn couldn't forget the way his dark blue eyes had blazed with lust, or the texture of his midnight black skin under his hands as he thrust in and out of the drow's mouth...

Until, of course, Elwyn had a power surge brought on by his climax and killed a bunch of fungi. *Sigh.*

He couldn't leave things as they were. In addition to saving his own hide, Elwyn wanted to patch things up with Kyler. Make things right. The sweet spot he had for the brew master had only deepened after the unplanned sexual encounter. He wasn't giving up on his career, and he wasn't going to give up hope for a repeat performance with Kyler. Maybe next time he wouldn't be practically paralyzed by fear so he could show the drow what other talents he possessed besides glowing in the dark.

However, he didn't have enough information to accomplish either feat at the moment, which meant he had to find Kyler and get the man to talk.

Realizing that his face wouldn't exactly be welcome, Elwyn quietly poked his head into the various chambers in the catacombs that made up the brewery. Because he had no night vision to see by, he let a bit of light escape from the palm of his hand, just enough so he could see where he was going.

Not that it mattered. As he rounded a corner, he slammed into the drow's back. Kyler had great reflexes and caught himself before he pitched into his assistant, Burke.

Burke was a strange one, even among the paranormals that made up the Rookery Cove staff. His eyes were a little too big for his triangular face, and his mouth was quite small. And he had feathers growing around his neck, but the rest of him was completely bald. Elwyn had never seen a creature like him before on Rookery Cove, or anywhere else for that matter. Since it was bad manners to inquire about one's origins as though they were a genetic modern art project, Elwyn hadn't pried into Burke's family background. Besides, Burke had a sharp brain and was one of the few people who didn't seem flustered by Kyler's rather dark moods and conversational brevity.

"Why are you still here?" Kyler asked, his fiery blue gaze sending new shivers down Elwyn's back.

The drow was gorgeous when he was angry, but Elwyn thought he'd like the guy better without a scowl. "I need information. You need a new crop of shroomen. I was wondering if there was some way we could work out a trade."

“No.” Kyler turned his back and resumed his conversation with Burke. “The whole batch has to be trashed. Hire a few extra hands to help out. I want new beds ready for the seedlings the second they arrive.”

“I had an idea about dried shroomen powder, but we didn’t have any left from your old experiments. Would you mind if I took a few samples before it all goes into the trash?”

“Take what you want, I don’t care. Burn the rest though. Don’t let anyone get into the fumes. I’m not entirely sure what effect breathing them in might have.”

“Gotcha.”

Burke sort of hopped around Kyler and winked at Elwyn in passing. The brew master continued forward, and Elwyn decided to fall in line behind him. For one thing, the view bordered on divine. The short loin cloth twitched with every flexing of his gluts. Mesmerizing stuff. But also because he wasn’t ready to give up on getting a few answers out of him.

Kyler turned into another dark passage, then stepped out of sight. Elwyn had been fine until then, but once he no longer had the sexy brewer to distract him he started to feel the walls of the tunnel closing in. He forced himself to keep an eye on the spot Kyler had disappeared and was rewarded when a thin strip of light beamed out of a doorway to show him where the drow had gone.

The office actually looked more like a one-room apartment with filing cabinets, a kitchen sink and a narrow cot. Kyler groaned as he lay down on the bed and rested his arms over his head. Elwyn drank him in... that long, lean, muscled body. The cock he’d seen but not yet touched rested beneath the patterned loin cloth that still hugged his waist.

He thought his presence had gone unnoticed until Kyler said, “Whatever it is you plan to offer, I’m not interested.”

Elwyn skirted the desk holding the lamp that was the source of dim light. Kyler obviously didn’t need it to see so what else could it be but a peace offering? That meant

there *was* room to negotiate. Elwyn just had to come up with something the master brewer wanted badly enough.

He pulled out Kyler's office chair and sat in it, facing the drow. "You seemed plenty interested in some of what I have back in that cave."

"I was horny," Kyler replied, sounding more defensive than usual. "I'm over it now."

"Are you?" As an incubus, Elwyn knew when someone was interested in him. Kyler was sending all the "come hither" vibes a gay man could ask for. Except he didn't seem to want to admit it, which was a different problem entirely.

"Yeah. Totally." A twitch of the fabric below his waist belied his words.

"If you don't want me, then what do you want?" Elwyn asked, keeping his voice casual, curious.

"You, gone."

"Is that all?"

Kyler sat up so fast that Elwyn never saw him move. "No, you great big over-sexed ape. If someone wanted to grant me a few wishes, I'd ask for six hundred crates of shroomen, a few days shy of their full maturity. Or a watch that could take me back in time so I could kick your ass out of my warehouse before you flash-fried my entire stock. But since I'm all out of miracles today, I'll have to settle for wishing you'd get the hell out of my brewery and leave me alone to deal with the mess you created."

A glimmer of an idea started to form in Elwyn's lusty brain as he departed. It was harder to focus than usual. His mind naturally gravitated toward sexual topics, not logistics. But it shouldn't be too hard to accomplish, with a little help from his friends...

## Chapter 4 -- Righting Wrongs

"Un-fucking-believable," Kyler said as he watched a host of bats fly through his distillery.

Burke squawked at the creatures, directing them to deposit their precious cargo in the shroomen beds he and Kyler had just finished preparing. Once the instructions were carried out, he hopped over to his boss's side. "Pretty amazing, I agree. Bats don't often hire out their services."

Kyler had more on his mind than the bats. It was the colossal culmination of logistics they represented. Someone had found a nursery with a supply of adolescent shroomen then negotiated for their purchase and transportation to Rookery Cove. Tasks that had taken him months of research to get right, but somehow someone else had accomplished the same in days. Without his consent or input.

It was the last notion that should have set his teeth on edge, but Kyler shoved that fact aside when faced with a crop of half-grown shroomen that would nearly put his production schedule back on track. "We'll have to give them a few hours to root themselves before we water them down with unicorn urine. I don't imagine they've had a steady diet of it, like the ones we raised here, so take it slow. I can't afford to have this lot burn up like the last one did."

"Speaking of those ashes..." Burke trailed off, the feathers on his neck ruffling as though he was unable to get them to lie properly.

"Yes?"

"I'd like to show you something, if you have a minute."

Kyler had several, now that this weight had been lifted from his shoulders. "Help me post warnings in the corridor so that no one else accidentally lights up in here, and then you can have my full attention."

The warnings should have been posted the first time around, but Kyler never anticipated that any outsiders would want to visit. Making Monster Mash wasn't exactly a riveting process, nor did he make a habit of welcoming visitors into his domain. Elwyn, however, seemed to feel that Kyler was hiding something from him and had come to investigate.

*I'm hiding nothing but my persistent, inexplicable craving for you...*

Memories of sucking off the ad exec had become a nightly prelude to a wet dream. No other vision brought him the same satisfaction, and Kyler seriously doubted he would feel completely satisfied until he sated his lust for Elwyn in person. And soon.

*Elwyn...* Kyler sighed as he drilled holes in the tunnel wall for the screws to hang the sign on. The incubus had to be responsible for pulling off something Kyler had thought impossible. He'd tried to arrange for paranormal transport in the first place, but hadn't had the connections in the vampire community to pull it off. Maybe Dominic Ford, Rookery Cove's dominant vampire, had proven more susceptible to the incubus' charms than to a simple brew master's.

Regardless, he owed Elwyn a thank you. If that included giving the guy a tour of the Monster Mash facilities, so be it. If that involved getting Elwyn naked and fucking him within an inch of his immortal life, all the better as far as Kyler was concerned.

He'd done a little homework on the incubus. The guy had a lot of friends on the island, although few were willing to speak with Kyler about him. He'd been informed that Elwyn was an incubus. That came as little surprise to Kyler since he'd been under the guy's spell since the moment they first met.

It also explained the wild attraction he had for the ad exec. Being drow, Kyler wasn't often susceptible to the charms of other paranormal species, but there was definitely something about Elwyn that made his cock sit up and take notice. Knowing Elwyn had the blood of a demon in him meant Kyler didn't have to treat him with kid gloves. In fact, Elwyn could turn out to be one of the few men who could handle Kyler as he was, dark streak and all...

"Sir?"

Kyler's attention snapped back into present focus. His assistant was looking at him strangely. "Yeah, we're done here. What do you have to show me?"

If that wasn't the topic Burke had in mind, he didn't mention it. "It's in the lab."

After the tools were put away, they went to the room that to outsiders would resemble the kitchen of a messy cook. Bottles crusted with some rusty substance sat next to pots that looked like they should be burned or tossed out instead of cleaned. The refrigerator was filled with varieties of fungi unknown to most humans. The walls... well, it had been awhile since they were last disinfected, but Kyler found dirt was sometimes more useful in his creations than a clean surface.

Monster Mash had proved that yet again.

"I think I've found a way to enhance the hallucinogenic properties of the shroomen," Burke said, his round yellow eyes blinking rapidly in his excitement.

"How?"

"I removed a portion of the burnt material, remember?"

"From the growing room, yes."

"I concentrated it."

Kyler had tried that method and knew that such a process didn't do much for the fungi except to make it stink more. "And when that failed, what was your next step?"

"It didn't fail, sir," Burke squawked quietly. "I re-hydrated it, then pressed it into flat flakes. I doubled the flakes, wetted them down and pressed again. I kept repeating the process until I had a sample that was forty-two layers thick."

"Forty-two? The mysterious number when everything is supposed to be made clear?" Kyler thought about it. It was an interesting theory. Invention was often based more on guesswork than fact... and mysticism was often a strong component of any item sold by Rookery Cove.

"Yes, that's right. But it didn't do much. Gave me a headache, really. So I mixed it with a few things."

"Like what?"

Burke hesitated, then spit it out. "I'm not really sure, sir. See, I was feeling a bit depressed over the lack of results at the time and thought a few drops of your demon brew would help me restore my confidence."

Oh, shit. Well, Burke surely paid for that mistake. The hangover alone should have been enough to give him serious regrets about breathing. Since he was still alive, Kyler decided not to take him to task for stealing the bewitched moonshine from his desk drawer. "Okay, but you think whatever you added enhanced its hallucinogenic properties?"

"Yes, I'm sure of it."

"Convince me." Kyler folded his arms over his chest and waited for the next piece of evidence.

Instead, Burke handed him a little blue thing. It looked like a blueberry that had been squashed into the shape of a standard aspirin. "Try it, sir. I promise it won't hurt you."

Not much could, which was why Kyler often tested his experiments on himself instead of borrowing an immortal from the QA department. He popped the pill into his mouth and swallowed it without so much as a sip of water to wash it down. That seemed to be a mistake as it started to swell in his throat.

"I forgot, you need to take it with this!"

Burke shoved a vial of amber liquid into his hand, and Kyler tipped the glass tube back. Something warm and slippery went down his throat, and then, blessedly, the obstruction passed. He sagged against the wall in relief. That feeling lasted only seconds before the room in front of him blurred and shifted. He blinked against the radical change and found he was staring at Elwyn. In an office. With Elwyn's gorgeous, erect cock in his hand, stroking rhythmically. From his vantage point, looking down over Elwyn's shoulder, Kyler could see his own face staring back from the computer screen.

Elwyn was jerking off to a picture of him? Now that was surely a hallucination!



The vision lasted only a few seconds, but it was enough to get Kyler's eager cock to rise.

"Did you see something, sir?" Burke asked anxiously.

"See what?"

"See... something. Someone. Someone, maybe, that you care about?"

Kyler couldn't agree with that. He liked the incubus, wanted to fuck him silly, but that was hardly the same as caring about him. "I saw... never mind. Let's just say you might be on to something here. I assume you have a few samples left?"

"Yes, I do."

"Then I think you have some detective work to do. See if you can find a seer from the finance department. Looking into the past to see what you did while you were zonked out on demon moonshine should be easier than predicting the company's future cash flow. Then you can repeat your steps and work on refining the process." He started for the door, but turned back to see his assistant still blinking owlishly. "You did good, Burke. It has potential."

Then Kyler returned to his office. He had unfinished business to attend to.

\* \* \*

Okay, so maybe jerking off in his office wasn't such a good idea, Elwyn decided after watching his uncontrolled release drip across his keyboard. However, it was necessary. He planned on seeing the drow again, and his inner light would definitely shine through his flesh if he were aroused. And around Kyler, that was a dead certainty without completely draining himself first.

Still, he was in a bit of a sticky situation when his phone rang. He reached for it and answered with an irritated, "Yes?"

"You did good."

*Kyler.* Elwyn's gaze jerked up to the monitor where the dark elf's gaze burned with midnight blue fire. It was a company picture, the only one Elwyn could find on file. Did Kyler know he'd been thinking of him? Could drows invade the minds of others?

"Elwyn, did you hear me?"

The drow's rumbly voice sent shivers down his spine. He gave himself a mental kick to knock words past the lump in his throat. "Yes, Kyler."

"The shroomen arrived safely. I thought you should know."

Oh. He was talking about those troublesome fungus things rather than his sexual performance. Elwyn wasn't sure if he should be disappointed or relieved. "Good. Great. Glad to hear it."

"Uhm... are you okay? Did I interrupt you or something?"

The uncertainty in Kyler's voice was so out of character that Elwyn had to smile. "I'm fine. No problems at all."

"Good, then you can come to my office later today. Say around 6:30 PM?"

"Sure, but --"

"See you then."

The click reverberated in his ear and Elwyn dropped the phone into its cradle. So Kyler was ready to talk? About business, no doubt. While that had been Elwyn's goal all along, he couldn't help but wish that the dark elf had more on his mind than business. Maybe a little persuasion was in order. Elwyn knew the master brewer found him attractive. He'd rather be wanted for his personality than his talent, but if it took using one to get the other he'd be a fool not to do so.

Just as long as they stayed away from the darkest places, everything would be fine.

## Chapter 5 -- Going to the Dark Side

A trio of spelled candles floated in front of Elwyn, guiding him through the tunnels that made up the brew master's domain. Elwyn would have preferred Burke's company with a lantern, or the drow himself. He found, however, that he could hurry the flames along by walking as close to them as possible.

Eventually they led him into a stone room that seemed vaguely familiar. Their comforting light extinguished, and a dim desk light came on.

"Greetings, Elwyn."

Elwyn's head snapped toward the sound. Kyler rested at the edge of the shadows, only visible because of the light highlighting the contours of his skin. "Hi, Kyler."

"Now that the shroomen have been restored, I can take you through the process that creates Monster Mash. That is, if you're still interested."

He'd have to be deaf, dumb and blind not to be interested in anything Kyler wanted to show him. Since he was none of those things, he nodded eagerly. "I'd love to see it."

"Good. We can start this way."

Kyler stood, the light cascading over his muscles in a way that made Elwyn's mouth water. The drow still wore nothing but a flap of cloth at his waist. A traditional dark elf would have emblems describing the history of his tribe embroidered into the dark fabric. Kyler's design looked more like an old fashioned heraldry badge. Elwyn could make out the symbols for a brewer and another for grain. The rest mystified him. He wondered why the reclusive drow would choose this kind of pattern over the clan marks that were so important to the dark elves.

He tried to concentrate on that puzzling question as he followed Kyler through the corridors. They entered a small chamber where, thankfully, there was a tiny bit of indirect light that cast an amber glow across the ceiling. The stone must have contained some quartz for it reflected back a portion of that dim light. It was enough for Elwyn to make out the shapes of benches and cabinets and all kinds of equipment he didn't have names for.

"This is the lab. We're right under the QA department. Did you know that?"

Elwyn shook his head.

"Neither did I until some moron crossed the waste pipe from their laundry service with the fresh water pipe for this room."

"That must have been a nasty surprise."

"I wasn't too happy when I found out, I admit. But it did have one important benefit. You see, that's how I discovered Monster Mash."

"In the QA department's dirty laundry?"

Kyler nodded. "I'd just cut a fresh batch of shroomen. Stupidly I'd thought to enhance their hallucinogenic properties by drying them. Washing them off was the first step. It didn't take long for me to notice something wasn't quite right."

"I bet." The QA department tested a wide range of products. Some passed inspection. Some were ruled out for public consumption. There could have been almost anything in that water, including things that couldn't even be classified under animal, vegetable or mineral.

"We had to go through the logs to find out what had been through QA that day, and then add the species of the staff who'd been working there. It took quite a bit of research, but we finally narrowed down the key components that enhance the shroomen's aphrodisiac qualities."

"What are they?"

"Let's go down to the growing chamber, and I'll show you."

The growing chamber, the room where no light was permitted. None at all. Fear dampened Elwyn's arousal so he wasn't likely to glow by accident, but that was hardly a comfort.

"How much do you know about the growing of ordinary mushrooms?" Kyler asked him as he again led the way through the maze of underground caverns.

"Almost nothing, except they do sometimes grow on trees."

Kyler laughed, and the dark, sexy sound sent erotic tremors down Elwyn's spine. Heat unfurled in the pit of his belly, warming away the cold pit of fear. But it wasn't enough to get him beyond his terror of the dark.

"They also grow on the ground, in dirt. Often feeding on the dregs of what other creatures have left behind. Shroomen aren't all that different, except they thrive when dining on sexual residue."

"So you're saying these shroomen were affected by things in the wastewater?"

Kyler nodded, causing his blue-tinted tresses to flow down his bare back. "Pheromones, semen, and a mixture of other things."

"Ick." Sex was often messy, but being reminded of that fact wasn't exactly erotic. He could see why Kyler wasn't eager to share that information.

"Yeah, but the end result is... orgasmic." Kyler stepped inside the growing chamber and tickled the caps of the almost mature shroomen. "You've tried a bit of the sample I sent over, yes?"

"No."

Kyler crowded against him, his voice low. "Why not?"

*Don't glow, don't glow*, Kyler reminded himself. "Because Rookery Cove products don't usually affect me."

"You didn't even try it?" Kyler sounded offended.

"My assistants wanted to," Elwyn admitted. He tried to remember the way out of the labyrinth of caverns, how many steps they had taken inside. "I wouldn't let them."

Kyler spun around. "How can you sell a product you haven't tried?"

Elwyn started backing away, feeling his way by running his hands over the sides of the planters. "You find something unique about it, something with a sexy spin."

Kyler matched him step for step. "What's your problem?"

"Uhm... nothing."

"Then why are you trying to run away from me?"

Elwyn froze, but he had trouble standing still. "Can we have this discussion in your office?" He wanted his voice to sound calm and steady, but to his ears it was far too desperate.

"No."

"Please." The walls were closing in. Elwyn was sure of it. Panic made his heart hammer in his chest. He hated letting his fear get the best of him, but he could no longer withstand the endless oppression of the darkness surrounding him, even with Kyler beside him.

"What is it with you?" Kyler demanded. "I thought you wanted to see my operation."

"I do." That, and much, much more. He just wanted to do it in a place where he could actually *see*.

"Then what's the problem? You're acting like a kid who's afraid of the dark!"

Elwyn winced, but couldn't deny the accusation. "True."

"That's ridiculous. You're an incubus. You should be perfectly at home in the dark."

The explanation sounded equally childish, but Elwyn decided he had to expose his deepest secret. "Being in total darkness makes me feel... alone, suffocated, terrified. As an incubus, I was a complete failure. After all, how can you approach slumbering customers when you need a floodlight to stay in the room long enough to get a good seduction going?"

"That would be a problem, yes," Kyler admitted. "But why does it scare you in the first place? I mean, even if you can't see what's out there, there's no reason to be afraid."

Elwyn shrugged. "Why is anyone afraid of black cats, or breaking mirrors, or any other silly thing? It's just the way I was made, I guess."

Silence was the only response, and Elwyn started to worry that maybe Kyler had left him alone.

In the dark.

"Kyler?" He scrambled forward, desperately reaching for anything that would help him figure out how to escape the dark room. He hit the wooden sides of the shroomen beds, brushed his hands over the fragile caps as he stumbled a few steps down the dirt path.

"Hey, watch it." Strong arms wrapped around him and pulled him tight against a bare chest. "You'll break something if you aren't careful."

Elwyn clung to a pair of broad shoulders. He buried his face against the drow's neck. Relief that he hadn't been abandoned poured through his legs, making them weak.

"Easy, now." Warm hands stroked his back. "You're shaking."

"I'm sorry." No one found desperation attractive, not even Elwyn who was predisposed to see just about everything in a sexual light. He knew he was ruining his chances at finding a way into Kyler's heart, but he just couldn't help himself. The darkness was too overpowering.

"I assume you've tried all the mundane methods of dealing with this fear," Kyler said. Though his voice sounded cold, dispassionate, his arms were very comforting. He made no effort to distance himself from Elwyn, so Elwyn didn't feel the need to draw back.

"The mundane and the exotic and everything in between."

"Will you let me give it a try?"

"I'm not here for therapy, Kyler."

"No, but we're not going to get very far on our tour if you freak out every time we walk through a dark corridor. Why not give me a chance to change your opinion of the dark?"

Elwyn had tried and failed so often he wasn't sure he had any hope left.

"Or don't you trust me?"

Though Kyler had made no attempt to withdraw, Elwyn clutched him tighter.

"No, no, I *do* trust you. I just don't know if I *can* be cured."

"Then you have nothing to lose by letting me try."

He didn't know what Kyler could offer that hadn't been tried before. However, he very much wanted to stay with the man who made him feel like a whole person rather than a sex toy. Even if he had to confront his deepest fears to do it. "What do you have in mind?" Elwyn asked.



## Chapter 6 -- Curing What Ails Him

Kyler could only think of one place that had everything he'd need. "Trust me," he said, backing out of Elwyn's embrace. He kept a firm grip on the incubus' hand though as he started to pull him toward the exit.

"Really, I'll be fine, if we could just go someplace with a bit of light..."

Kyler stopped, turned, and unerringly fit his lips to Elwyn's. He kissed the incubus hard, and kept kissing him until he started to respond. After a thoroughly arousing interlude, Kyler took off again. This time Elwyn followed more willingly.

The QA department was also dark and deserted, as he'd hoped. Kyler's darksight allowed him to move through the multi-purpose chambers with complete ease. He led Elwyn into a room that was filled with a variety of BDSM gear. "Ah, here we are."

"I still can't see a thing," Elwyn reminded him.

"It would be rather difficult to cure you of your fear if we weren't in the dark." Kyler led him over to a special version of the St. Andrew's Cross. He leaned toward the incubus and whispered, "I'm going to show you how seductive the darkness can be."

"Please... I don't think I can..."

"When you kiss me, you forget to be afraid. I promise, once I get my hands on you the fear won't last long. Now, undress."

Elwyn made a soft sound that could have been a whimper or a lusty groan as he followed orders and removed all his clothes. He wasn't shy about being naked, another thing his incubus nature was good for. Kyler wasted no time in finding the supplies he needed from the cabinet at the far end of the room. When he came back to the incubus, he ran his hand through Elwyn's platinum hair. "I'm going to blindfold you now."

"Is that... really... necessary?"

“Yes,” Kyler replied softly. He ran his hands over Elwyn’s body, soothing as well as learning him. Blood thundered through his veins at the thought of having Elwyn totally at his mercy. He knew he had a dark streak in his soul, but he’d never before had a male like the incubus to indulge it with. One who was so responsive to his every touch. “Take three steps back until you feel your heels knock against a wooden plank.”

Kyler matched him step for step, seeing to it that no other obstruction blocked his path.

“Here?” Elwyn asked as he reached the platform.

“That’s it.” He settled his hands on Elwyn’s slim hips. “Now I’m going to lift you up.”

It wasn’t hard to do despite Elwyn’s solid weight, given his drow strength. The restraints were made from kraken seaweed, and so once he was in place the instinctive plant instantly wrapped around Elwyn’s waist and tightened, holding him securely.

“Kyler, I’m scared. I don’t think I can do this.”

Kyler joined him on the platform and licked the incubus from neck to ear before he whispered, “I think you can. I think what scares you about the darkness is the passion it holds for you. And I think once you surrender to it, you’ll never run from it again.”

“Please...”

He could have been asking for almost anything, but Kyler chose to reassure him with another kiss. This one ended with a stinging bite and the incubus gasped in surprise. “I am drow. I *am* darkness. Let me bring you pleasure.”

“Yes,” Elwyn replied on a soft sigh.

Kyler slid down his body, running his hands over every curve of muscle along the way. Elwyn was slender but not without his own strengths. Aside from being damn good at his job, he commanded respect throughout the island for being so friendly with all kinds of personalities. Besides, it took a great deal of courage to walk away from the vocation you were genetically predisposed to do. Elwyn had done that, defied his incubus nature and come to Rookery Cove, using his unique talents in new yet

productive ways. He might be afraid of the dark, but he hadn't let himself be beaten by it. Kyler couldn't help but admire that.

"You're very special, you know," Kyler told him after pressing his lips to Kyler's hip.

"You are too."

Kyler brushed off the compliment. He had no illusions about who and what he was. "Don't say another word. Just lie there and feel my touch," Kyler ordered.

He moaned in fear. "I can't see. Please, just let me have a little bit of light."

Kyler's hot breath ghosted over his ear. "How can I cure you of your fear if you don't confront it? How else can I show you how seductive darkness can be?"

"Please," Elwyn gasped. "I don't think..."

Kyler chuckled softly, "You will soon forget to be afraid."

He licked his way up the shallow channel that bisected Elwyn's chest. His skin tasted of fruit and spice everywhere his tongue traveled over his hairless and sleek body. He briefly wondered if the incubus habitually shaved or if this was a special occasion. It pleased him to think that he might have gone through the trouble just for him.

Touching Elwyn with nothing but the tip of his tongue, he laved one flat disk until the nipple pebbled. He then subjected its twin to the same treatment. Elwyn's ragged breathing gentled. Sex was familiar territory for the incubus. Combining the familiar with the unknown would be the best way to cure him of his fears.

Kyler nudged Elwyn's legs apart. He directed a breath of air over his sac, watching with satisfaction as his semi-aroused cock lengthened and stretched. He flicked the tip of Elwyn's cock with his tongue and savored the joy of tasting him again. Except now he had the leisure to more thoroughly explore, and so he did. Long licks over the swollen orbs that hung low between his legs. Soft kisses against the velvety head of his cock. Deep massaging of the perfectly shaped gluts. And, of course, long licks along the swollen shaft that now bobbed before his mouth. Under his

ministrations, Elwyn began to flex his hips, trying to fuck Kyler's mouth with only the shallow movements his restraints would allow.

"Patience, pet. We have a long way to go before I'm through with you."

"Please, I want to come," Elwyn panted. "I want to..."

Light. He wasn't racing toward release. He was running for the bright flash of orgasm. Elwyn had not yet accepted his circumstances. He had not yet surrendered to the darkness. Kyler growled, "Not until I give you permission."

Enough playing round, Kyler decided. It was time to get serious.

There was a second set of braces that extended out from the center support of the cross. Kyler drew them down then waited for the kraken seaweed to bind Elwyn at the ankles. With his legs secured, Kyler only had to flip the release lever to tilt the cross to a horizontal axis so that Elwyn lay on his back rather than standing upright.

Lube was easy to find, and it only took a second to apply it to Elwyn's puckered hole that quivered in anticipation. He speared the incubus with his finger, thrusting in to the last joint. He waited for Elwyn's body to adjust to the intrusion, then began to work the digit in and out.

Elwyn's lusty groan hardened Kyler's cock to the point of pain. The thought of silencing him by filling his throat with his erection leapt to mind and couldn't be banished. He withdrew his finger from Elwyn's hole and circled the cross to stand at Elwyn's head.

"The support under your head is about to drop. Do not be afraid," Kyler warned him. Even with the warning, Elwyn let out a tiny gasp as Kyler released the extension. He laced his fingers through Elwyn's long, silvery hair and positioned his head to accept him. "Open your mouth and receive me."

The tip of his cock slipped between Elwyn's thin lips. Like a pro, he swallowed and swallowed and swallowed, taking Kyler's entire length into his wet mouth. The plump head was squeezed by the contractions of Elwyn's throat. It felt... incredible.

"That's it, my pet. Suck me."

Elwyn's answer was a happy hum that vibrated up the length of his shaft. Kyler let go of the incubus's head, trusting that he'd stay in place. His free hands now roamed over Elwyn's bare chest to tweak his nipples. He tugged and pinched, watching how the incubus' pleasure increased under the attention. His cock jerked against his flat belly, leaving a trail of clear fluid on his skin.

"Fuck me. Please."

This time Kyler could tell the plea didn't come from fear, but rather from desire. "Yes, I think it is time."

Kyler didn't delay in repositioning himself, nor did he claim the incubus roughly. Slowly, inch by sweet inch, he drove himself into Elwyn's lithe body.

"Oh, merciful gods," the incubus moaned. "Deeper, more."

"Every bit of it, my pet, I promise," Kyler replied. He wouldn't cheat either of them by pretending that they weren't a perfect fit.

When he was fully seated, he leaned forward and put his hands on Elwyn's chest. His lover's heart beat fast, but from lust now, not fear. His fingernails pricked the tender flesh, marking him. *Mine*, he thought as he began to move his hips back, then slowly forward in a smooth glide. *But for how long?*

It was best, he decided, to act as if this was both their first and last time. He had nothing to hold an incubus, nothing but gratitude. And he didn't want that from Elwyn. Not *just* that.

If only there could be something more between them...

But he lived in darkness and Elwyn was saturated with light. There could be a brief meeting between the two worlds, but they couldn't ever merge completely. Except for times like these when their two worlds collided... Maybe just this once, he could be what Elwyn needed.

"Embrace darkness, Elwyn. Embrace *me*."

Though Kyler hadn't meant it so literally, Elwyn slipped his arms free from the kraken seaweed and clung to him with every ounce of strength in his body. "Yes. Oh hell, yes."

Kyler surged into him. Their bodies fit snugly together, only to break apart and join again. Elwyn glowed brighter than the sun at noon on a cloudless day, and Kyler basked in the warm glow, knowing it was generated by the feelings he'd sparked in him.

Climax wasn't far away for him now. He used the razor-like tips of his blue nails to cut through the remaining restraints. He stood up, taking Elwyn with him in his arms. Still joined, he dropped to his knees and rested Elwyn's ass on his thighs to get the deepest possible penetration. Over and over he surged up into the incubus, who only cried out for more.

"I can't hold it any longer," Elwyn panted out.

"Then surrender to me. Share the pleasure I've brought you in the darkest of desires."

Elwyn's body froze, tightened, and then contracted. He ground down on Kyler's cock, squeezing him until the pressure bordered on pain. Kyler started to think something was wrong, for it seemed like the incubus was no longer breathing, but then Elwyn pitched forward and latched onto him with a kiss that couldn't be broken.

Warm liquid splattered against his abdomen and chest. He wanted to run his fingers through it, taste it, absorb it... He brought a taste of it to his mouth. It burned going down, as if it were a rare aged whiskey. When it hit the pit of his belly, it exploded into a white-hot heat that seared every nerve in his body. Far from being painful, it was the most pleasurable experience of his life. He catapulted into orgasm, sending his seed deep into Elwyn's body.

The intense sensations slowly ebbed, and the kiss didn't end until the last tingle of pleasure had passed. Elwyn nuzzled against him, kissing his throat, his cheek, and even his nose. Finally, his eyes opened and he shyly met Kyler's gaze, the bright glow from his skin illuminating his face. "That was..."

"Special." *Incredible. Wonderful. Incomparable.* Nothing sounded quite right. The experience had been beyond the realm of words.

"Special," Elwyn repeated slowly.

“Yeah, really great.” It was hard to push the words out past his tongue, but Kyler had to do it. Give Elwyn the “just fuck buddies” speech and end it before he got in too far over his head. No way could he risk repeating this experience. He’d never have the courage to let Elwyn go a second time, and to hold him would mean endless suffering for both of them.

The happy look slid from Elwyn’s face and concern took over. Then it too drained away only to be replaced by complete misery. “*Great*. Oh, fuck. Next you’ll give me ‘but I think we work better as friends’ speech. I’m outta here.”

Before Kyler could decide what to do next, the incubus vanished through the door in a heartbeat. Kyler was again alone, completely in the dark.

For some reason, he no longer found it so comforting.

## Interdepartmental Communication

DATE: May 5, 2007, 8:03 AM

TO: Elwyn Dawning, Director of Advertising; Kyler, Master Brewer

FROM: Zwiffle Yeats, QA Department

It has come to our attention that you participated in some sexual activity in the QA labs after hours. While we are pleased to provide a safe environment for BDSM play, company rules stipulate that employees are required to clean the premises after use. Please make arrangement to attend to this as soon as possible, since that chamber is needed for testing today.

\* \* \*

DATE: May 5, 2007, 8:54 AM

TO: Zwiffle Yeats, QA Department

CC: Kyler, Master Brewer

FROM: Elwyn Dawning, Director of Advertising

Please accept my apologies for any inconvenience. We were working on the ad campaign for Monster Mash, and I guess we got carried away. My staff will be down shortly to restore order to the room, and I'll replenish the supplies we used. If there's anything else I can do to make up for this, please do not hesitate to let me know.

\* \* \*

DATE: May 5, 2007, 12:02 PM

TO: Zwiffle Yeats, QA Department

CC: Elwyn Dawning, Director of Advertising



FROM: Kyler, Master Brewer

Sorry. You'll have fresh kraken seaweed this afternoon. If you want a bottle of Monster Mash for your personal use, let me know.

## Chapter 7 -- Illumination

*Carried away...* As if their time together had been a one-night stand rather than a bonding experience, Kyler fumed. Good thing he wasn't counting on a repeat. A guy could get his heart broken if he wasn't careful.

But Kyler was always careful. That's why he didn't let anyone get close to him. Sooner or later they would learn what a true bastard he was, and that would be the end of it. Better to keep it short and simple.

Except he didn't want short and simple when it came to Elwyn. He couldn't explain why, especially given the way the incubus ran out on him before he even said thank you. There was just a lightness inside him whenever he thought of the ad exec, and it was really starting to piss him off.

"Is the boiler ready?"

"Yes, as ready as it was the last time you asked me," Burke replied, looking at him with concern in his owlsh eyes.

Fuck, he was really losing it. Maybe once he was done brewing this batch of Monster Mash he'd no longer be distracted by thoughts of the sexy incubus. "Then drop the shroomen extract from the holding tanks into the boiler."

"I did that, five minutes ago."

Kyler growled in frustration. "Then why the hell are you still standing there?"

Burke's golden neck feathers ruffled. "I have something to discuss with you."

Kyler had the feeling it wasn't the first time he'd mentioned that point either.

"Well, go on. What is it?"

"This." He held out his hand and in it was a small blue disk.

"Which is?"

"The new product you told me to work on. I call it *Illumination*."

“What does it do?” He turned it over in his hand. Aside from a little white “I” in the center, it looked just as plain and boring as the other side.

“Try it and see.”

“I’m not in the mood for games, Burke.”

“I know what happened when I tried it. I would like to see if your... reaction is the same.”

Kyler didn’t like the idea of being used as a lab rat for someone else’s experiments. However, in fairness, he owed Burke the favor since his assistant had been the first to take a sip of Monster Mash once he thought he had the mix right. No one wanted to submit a prototype to the QA department before they’d worked the bugs out. “Okay, what do I do with it?”

“Just put it on your tongue and let it melt.”

The hard candy shell disappeared in seconds. Mint flavor spread across his tongue. The taste was overpowering, so cold that he shivered. It sent tingles through his neck, up into his brain. It was almost like the brain freeze one gets from eating ice cream too fast. Pale blue fog rolled across his vision. When it cleared, he found he was looking at Elwyn, naked. On his bed. His lips curved in an inviting smile. He positively glowed with warmth. The image was mesmerizing.

“So, do you see?” Burke asked him.

“See what?”

“The face of your soul mate.”

“Soul mate?” Oh, hell no. No way. He didn’t have a soul mate. Didn’t want one. He was just fine on his own, thank you very much. “I saw someone, yes, but I would hardly call him my perfect match.”

“Who?” Burke pressed.

“Elwyn. The ad exec.” He waited for his assistant to agree with him, but the odd creature gazed back at him unblinkingly. “What?”

“You don’t think Elwyn is the right man for you?”

"Are you kidding? He's everything I'm not." Funny, outgoing... loveable. Hell, he glowed. Kyler wanted nothing more than to be left alone. Okay, so sometimes his need for sex drove him out to find another for a brief interlude, but that was pure biology. He'd had Elwyn, and now the incubus was out of his system.

*Yeah, right.*

"Haven't you ever heard that opposites attract?" Burke asked him.

"I don't deny being attracted to him. But who wouldn't be? He's an incubus."

"I'm not. I mean, he's cute and all, but when I look at him I don't think about sex. Not with him, at any rate."

Kyler couldn't believe what he was hearing. "Are you sure you're not straight? I mean, how can anyone look at that gorgeous male and *not* want to bed him? He's perfect."

Burke's golden eyes sparkled with amusement. "You seem very keen on him for someone who doesn't think he's dating material."

Kyler sensed he was being baited for a trap, but that didn't prevent him from responding. "Any man would be damn lucky to have him for a lover."

"Then why not you?"

"I'm darkness. He's light."

"So?"

"Even if it worked for a while, sooner or later I'd consume him." *Or he'd consume me.* Darkness was just as vulnerable to light. Kyler didn't want any part of it. He'd been burned badly by it in the past, bad enough to make him leave his tribe and come here to Rookery Cove to pursue the only thing he knew he was good at. Brewing intoxicating beverages for creatures of all kinds.

"You speak of love as if it were a battleground, with a winner and a loser," Burke observed.

"Isn't it?"

"Only when the participants are not well matched. Between true soul mates, there is no way to lose. Soul mates can only be stronger together than they are apart."

Burke's expression grew wistful. "That's why I pursued *Illumination*. The ability to recognize one's soul mate is the greatest gift there is."

Kyler felt the walls surrounding his heart start to crumble and Burke's words sank in. Fear rushed in to fill the gap. What if Burke was right? What if *Illumination* really worked, and Elwyn was meant to be his? What might he lose by refusing to accept his love? What if he'd already done so much damage that Elwyn was no longer interested in him? He'd spent most of his adult life rejecting any hint of commitment to others. Could he even change his ways at this point? Could he be the equal that Elwyn needed?

"How does it work? How can I be sure that this little mint knows who's best for me?"

"When Manx tried one, he raced home to see Mayleen," Burke offered.

"That's hardly conclusive proof. Everyone knows the security chief is crazy about his lovely submissive."

"I don't know what other assurances I can offer you then."

"Who did you see when you tried the mint?" Kyler asked, suddenly curious.

His neck feathers ruffled, and for a moment Kyler thought he might refuse to answer. "My needs are... complicated. However, *Illumination* has offered me an alternative that had never occurred to me before. If I'm brave enough to pursue it."

Brave enough? That was a question he had to ask himself as well. Kyler never considered himself a coward, but choosing to pursue Elwyn instead of letting him go was likely to take a great deal of courage. Soul mates or not, the possibility of disaster loomed over them. Maybe it would just be better to walk away now...

Realization slammed into him as though he'd been struck by lightning. His whole body jolted with the knowledge that his problem was no different from Elwyn's fear of the dark. He'd spent so long shunning contact with others that he'd become afraid of the unknown. He needed someone to show him the joys that could be found in embracing the light. In short, he needed Elwyn.

But did Elwyn really need him?

“Do you have a few more samples?”

Burke opened his fist. “You think someone else might benefit from a little *Illumination*?”

“If I’m lucky, yes.” Kyler grabbed a few of the blue mints from Burke’s hand. “Thank you, Burke. For everything.”

Before he could second guess himself, Kyler started up the dusty corridor that would take him over to the administrative offices. One way or another, he was going to get his man.

## Chapter 8 -- Spreading the Knowledge

Elwyn couldn't focus on the conversation around the table. Once again he and the rest of his team were discussing the ad campaign for Monster Mash, and making absolutely no headway. He could admit part of the problem was his tendency to drift off into erotic daydreams about the master brewer.

Juggling nettles couldn't be more painful.

It hadn't taken much for him to fall for the drow, and fall hard. Too bad all Kyler wanted was easy sex. Elwyn couldn't get too angry about that since Kyler hadn't promised him anything more than a one-night stand and a cure for what ailed him. Still, it didn't keep his heart from longing for the guy who chased his nastiest personal demon away.

*Embrace darkness, embrace me.*

Elwyn had, and now -- like it or not -- his life was forever changed. Darkness now symbolized a place where he found love, the other half of himself.

And where he'd lost it.

*Damn you, Kyler. Why can't you love me back?*

Without so much as a warning knock, the door to the conference room opened and Kyler strode in. His long blue hair seemed to glow with an inner light, as did his equally blueberry-blue eyes. Elwyn couldn't fathom what the gorgeous, difficult male was doing here, in his domain.

"Can I help you?" Elwyn asked doubtfully. He was pretty sure there was nothing he could do to please Kyler, except maybe leave the island.

Kyler opened his palm, offering what appeared to be blue, candy-coated disks. "I have a new product for you. It's called *Illumination*."

"You didn't send a memo." His voice was carefully neutral.

"I hope it's more marketable than the last product. We still haven't come up with a decent slogan for that swill," Abner grouched. "Rev up your intimate birthday bash with a little Monster Mash." He shook his head. "See, it's just not sexy."

"That's enough, Abner," Elwyn admonished softly. "There's nothing wrong with the product. It's up to us to sell it. If we're having trouble with marketing ideas, that's not Kyler's problem."

"So what's the new stuff?" Koral got up from her chair and walked around the table to delicately sniff at the contents Kyler still held out. "Doesn't seem to raise my fur factor any."

"It's not species specific," Kyler said. His blue eyes remained on Elwyn, steady and warm. It was becoming unnerving and Elwyn had a hard time looking anywhere else but back at him.

"I'll try one," Abner offered.

"Like it takes more than a stiff breeze to make you as hard as stone," Koral quipped.

"Don't envy me just because I'm in my sexual prime," he replied genially, popping the blue candy into his mouth. The results were almost immediate and somewhat startling. The gargoyle canted forward as his cock became engorged. Only the steady beating of his wings kept him upright. "Oh. Oh, my. That's very... exciting."

"My turn." Koral reached for one of the pieces which Kyler offered and quickly stuck it in her mouth. She chewed vigorously then swallowed. "Nothing. I got nothing," she promptly declared. "Why is it that the prime stuff never works on --" She gasped. Her hand fumbled blindly for a chair as she gaped at something only she could see. "Oh, shit."

Elwyn pulled out the chair just as she fell backwards, catching her. "What is it? Are you okay? Do I need to send for Airk?"

"No, I don't need the bird doctor. I need..." She covered her mouth with her hand. "I think I'm going to be sick." She darted out of the room.

Abner chuckled, but Elwyn looked concerned. "Maybe I should go after her."



"No, no. I'll go. If she saw the same thing I did, then it's time I start courting her anyway."

"Courting? Koral? In the *bathroom*?"

Abner couldn't answer. He was already gone.

Kyler cleared his throat. "So, uh, you gonna try one?"

"What's it going to do to me?" Anything that could make Abner think Koral wanted to date him wasn't an aphrodisiac to be taken lightly.

"It clears your mind so you can see the face of your one true love."

Elwyn certainly didn't need any help with that. The man was standing two feet in front of him. However, testing this latest brainchild seemed to be important to the drow, so he relented.

The sweet coating lasted only a second on his tongue before the powerful minty flavor burst through. An arctic wind swept through his body, causing him to tremble. Seconds later heat exploded from his belly in a mentholated wave that seemed to burn through every nerve. By the time it reached his head, he felt almost too weak to withstand whatever might come next.

"What do you see?" Kyler asked intently.

"Nothing but --" The blazing white slate of his mind suddenly snapped into full color showing a photographer's studio. Navy blue satin covered a plain box. On it sat Kyler. Gloriously naked and sexy as hell. His legs were spread, the weight of his torso rested on his elbows. His head hung back to let his blue hair cascade down over the edge of the box to the floor. A soft spotlight caressed the peaks of his sculpted body from neck to knee, including Kyler's long, thick cock that arched up like an offering to a pagan sex god. Slowly, the Kyler figure sat up and reached out for him...

"Nothing but..." Kyler prompted him.

"Nothing but you," Elwyn whispered.

"And when I tried it, I saw only you. In my bed."

The implications of their revelations required a moment of silence to absorb. Elwyn still wasn't sure what to say when another voice shattered their tranquility.

"Boss! Boss, we got it. We've got a slogan for you!"

His two assistants rushed back into the room. Other than to register the noise, Elwyn barely noticed. His brain was consumed by the knowledge that Kyler loved him. *Kyler loved him. Kyler loved him.* It made him giddy and nervous and dizzy, all at the same time. He didn't give a damn about slogans or aphrodisiacs or anything else but making love to the one man he loved more than anything else on earth. The man who *was* his light.

"Love-life in a fog? Let us provide you with a little *Illumination*," Koral said in a husky drawl.

Abner flapped his wings in joyous abandon. "See, that's perfect! Don't you think that's perfect?"

No, perfect was what happened when Elwyn slid into Kyler's arms. He raised his head to kiss his true love's lips. Firm and warm, they parted under his. His tongue darted inside, desperate for a taste that had been too long denied to him.

"Uh-oh. Looks like the boss ate one of those magic matchmaker pills too," Abner announced.

"Him and Kyler? Who would have thought it?" Koral giggled. "I think this one needs a little more testing before we let the public have it. Damn thing would probably pair a bird and a fish if they looked at each other twice."

"Faulty or not, you can't argue with the results. You and me, that was obviously a sure thing. I was just waiting for the right time to make my move. But those two? Well, time will tell. I say we give them a bit of privacy. Maybe the effects will wear off in a few."

They left as noisily as they'd entered, but Elwyn pulled back anyway. "I knew. Even before the pill, I knew I loved you."

"Shhh," Kyler soothed. "I know. The candy can't put thoughts in your head. It only helps you to illuminate what's important."

"So, that means..."

Kyler nodded and captured Elwyn's hand, drawing him closer. "I love you too."

Elwyn bit his lip. "And the light? I can't really do anything about it, you know."

"I shunned it -- shunned you -- because I was afraid. I've lived my whole life in the shadows. I never wanted to let others see the real me. But you have, and you still love me. I have nothing to hide from you now." He let go so he could use both hands to cup Elwyn's face. "There's still a lot of darkness in me though. I can't change overnight."

His fingers climbed Kyler's chest, then fanned out over his pecs. "You don't have to change at all. Not for me. You taught me that the darkness isn't all bad. I won't be afraid, as long as I'm with you."

## Epilogue -- An Orgy in Every Bottle

Elwyn sprawled over his chest and covered him like a living blanket. "So, what do you think?"

Kyler kissed him soundly. "I think you're brilliant. And sexy. And --" He broke off when Elwyn gave him a stinging slap against his arm.

"Kyler! Not about me. I'm talking about the poster."

"I think it's brilliant. And sexy. And --"

This time it was Elwyn's chuckle that cut him off. "You're nuts."

"Yeah, about you, my pet."

Elwyn's golden eyes glowed with love. "Ditto."

Kyler ran his hands down Elwyn's back. When he reached the incubus's ass he squeezed the muscled flesh. "I want this," he growled.

"Want you," Elwyn said with a husky groan.

His head dipped down to nip at Kyler's lips. Kyler hugged him tightly and rolled over, assuming command of their sex play. Maybe in time he'd explore with Elwyn the pleasures of being a bottom, but their relationship was still young and he had not yet worn down his desire to conquer his amazing lover in every way imaginable.

"Hurry," Elwyn begged him. His fingers hooked through Kyler's long blue-black hair, tugging him closer. "Please."

"On your knees." Kyler backed off to give him room to do it, making a grab for the lube at the same time.

"Like this?" Elwyn scrambled around so that his ass was in the air, his head buried in the pillows.

He was, indeed, a beautiful sight. But Kyler's dark streak wanted to play, to prolong the pleasure for both of them. "Spread. Show me how much you want me."

His knees shifted further apart so that his hard cock was visible between his legs. He reached back with one hand to separate his cheeks and expose his anus to Kyler's hungry gaze. His other hand wrapped around his cock and stroked it with a desperate intensity. "This much, baby. I need you. Now."

Kyler made rather a mess as he generously applied the greasy lubrication. It coated not only Elwyn's puckered hole, but also his balls and his inner thighs. No matter how often he shared his body, Kyler remained fascinated by the almost electric sensations that coursed through him when he touched Elwyn's intimate places.

By the time he was done, his patience was gone. He tossed the tube onto the stand beside his bed, then grabbed onto Elwyn's hips. With one forceful tug, he impaled his lover on his cock and burrowed in deep.

Elwyn's body accepted him easily, but held onto him tight. In unison, they began to rock, creating that friction that best pleased both of them. Light and dark blended in a harmony that two bodies can rarely achieve. And then with each powerful thrust, they merged, mind, body and soul... again and again... lost in the beauty they created together.

The rest of the night, neither one of them glanced at the poster propped up on an easel in the corner of their bedroom. Mainly because neither one had a need for the product being advertised. "Monster Mash -- an orgy of affection in every bottle." They both had all the love they desired, enough to last them an immortal lifetime.

## **Kira Stone**

Kira Stone lives in a warm, many-chambered cave tucked away in the Scottish Highlands. A small band of ever-changing heroes keeps her company. As they relax in front of a roaring fire, devils dance and angels sing her bawdy songs. Faerie folk often stop in for a cup of mulled wine and to listen to her spin a yarn or two. And when daylight turns to dusk, together they somehow find a way to keep the cold, uncaring world at bay for another night...

Okay, maybe not. LOL. When Kira isn't living in a fantasy world, she's writing about one from her ordinary house in Ohio with a few feline companions (who don't sing nearly as well as the angels do). Is it any wonder she prefers the cave? You can check out Kira's website at [www.kirastonebooks.com](http://www.kirastonebooks.com), or join her yahoogroup at <http://groups.yahoo.com/group/kirastonebooks>.