

Shelby's Angels: Savage

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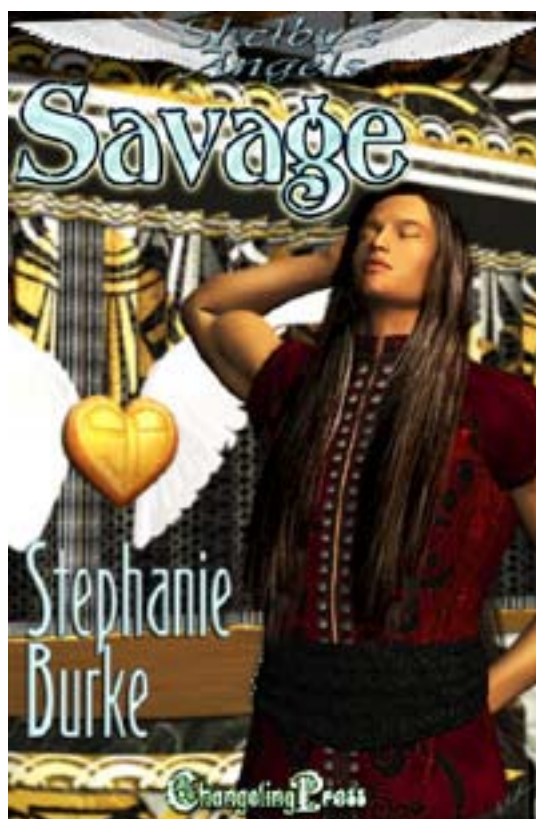
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Case #51545

Of all the things to waltz into Angels, I never expected to have to deal with a cult! Least of all a cult involving Delsin.

I mean, this is Delsin we are talking about!

Delsin, with the ankle-length hair and the bright purple eyes. Delsin, whose mind is pretty much filled with sex, and hair conditioners that won't give him split ends, and, well... sex!

The last thing I expected was to see a room filled with Delsin worshipers. And I shit you not, they were on their knees from the moment he appeared on the stage, and it wasn't for the usual blowjobs he was used to either!

It all began, as it usually does, with a strange phone call...

Chapter One

"Will!" Shelby screamed as she forced her hungry pussy down on Will's thick, quivering shaft. She leaned forward as his hands reached up to knead the soft skin of her full breasts, her bullet-hard nipples pressing into his palms.

"You're so hard, baby," he breathed, thrusting his hips upward, pounding into her, balls-deep.

"Mmm." She began to move faster, harder, slamming herself down, sending sharp stabs of ecstasy up her spine. "Will... so good... Oh, Will!"

"Phone!"

"Whatever, baby," she growled and felt her muscles stiffen as her climax built. Faster she moved, filling the room with a slapping sound, her juices running over the place where cock met cunt. "Unhh... Will!"

Her head flew back as her arms reached behind her, gripping his upraised knees and finding the leverage to pound him faster and harder. "So good... mmm..."

"Shelby," he growled, his voice growing lower as he felt his nuts slam up, preparing to deliver his load as deep inside her as possible. "God, Shelby! Phone!"

"Phone!" she gasped as the first convulsions began to shake her sweat-shined body. "Phone, Will! Phone!"

Then she was coming, spasming around his cock, strangling it with the strength of her inner muscles.

"Coming!" he shouted out a few seconds later. His hands dropped to her waist to hold her in place as he heaved his hips upwards, burying himself deep inside. "Uhh!" He felt his seed churn in his balls before it rocketed up through his shaft and exploded from the swollen head of his cock. "Uhh, phone!"

"Phone!" Her nails dug into his knees as her body shuddered over his. "Phone!" she screeched, her hair whipping from side to side, the pens that usually held it up shooting off into the walls like missiles. "Oh, God, phone!" Convulsions racked her body as she rode the wave of her release. "Phone... phone... phone... Will, phone!"

Her body gave out and she found herself sinking onto his hot damp chest, her strength lost as the intoxicating scent of sex and male flesh filled her nose. "Mmm, phone."

She ignored the hair that stuck to her damp skin as she buried her face in his neck, her hands coming around to caress his face.

Then she blinked.

"Phone?"

"Yeah," Will breathed. He wrapped his heavy arms around her and held her close. "Phone. The in-house phone is ringing. Mmm, love you, baby."

"Uh..." The afterglow began to fade as she lifted her body up enough to stare down into his beloved face. "In the middle of sex?"

"Making love, baby." Will reached up to brush a few locks of her salt-pepper hair behind her ear. "There is a difference."

"Okay. In the middle of making love --"

"Hot, earth-shattering love."

"Okay. In the middle of making hot, earth-shattering love, you scream out that the phone is ringing?"

"Not just any phone, Shelby. It was the in-house phone."

"I know." She narrowed her eyes and sat fully up. "I heard you."

"It was kind of hard to miss, Shelby."

"Kind of hard to miss?" Shelby's eyes widened as she stared down at her man. "When I'm riding you like a jockey on Secretariat, you manage to take note of the phone?"

"*In-house* phone, Shelby. And it was kind of hard to miss. It was sliding up my ass."

Shelby twisted her body and looked down. Sure enough, the base of the in-house phone was between his legs and jammed tightly against his ass. The handset itself was still in the cradle, but hanging by a wish and a prayer.

There were also several pens and pencils all over the desk surface they currently shared with a computer, a dangling keyboard, and a shocked-looking potted fern. Several Post-It notes were stuck to Will's ass and, even more shocking, four or five push pins were stuck into one tanned buttock.

"Oh, Will!" Shelby almost shrieked, quickly moving to pull out the offending pins and to peel off those sticky things. "Why didn't you say something?"

She winced, carefully picking the last of the thumbtacks out of his firm ass.

"It was kind of kinky," Will said, his face dead serious as usual. "And I really didn't notice."

"You didn't notice a few push pins stabbing you in your ass?" She paused in her extracting duties to stare once again at his face. "Yet you managed to notice the phone?"

"It vibrates, Shelby." Before he could continue, the phone began to ring again and a slow, sexy grin spread across his face. "Feels good." His cock pulsed once inside her, trying to grow stiff again for more adult play.

"Vibrations you note." They both ignored the buzzing vibration of the phone. "But not the pain of push pins stabbing you in your ass."

"Well, Shelby, we were making hot, earth-shattering love, which feels a lot like hot monkey sex. How am I supposed to feel pain when I am making love to you?"

"What?" One part of her melted at the romantic words and the meanings behind them. The other part was going, *duh!* "Uh, never mind, honey." Shelby sighed and abandoned her search and retrieval mission on his ass to reach for the still ringing phone.

"Shelby here," she snapped, then grinned as she felt Will grow harder inside her.

"Boss," Barika said, rather calmly for him, his British accent clipped and slightly stressed. "We have a problem."

"You can handle it!" She sighed again, dreamily, as she started to rock her hips on Will's growing stiffness. He started to thrust his hips shallowly, his hands again reaching for her hips and her breasts, caressing and teasing. "Call me back! Ohh! Later!"

"You!" Will gasped, beginning to get into the groove of things. "Put the phone back where you got it and let's skip the making love for some hot monkey sex!"

Shelby began to ride with Will, losing herself in the building pleasure, but was jerked out of her sexual haze by Rika's sharp voice.

"Boss Lady! You'd better get down here. This is way beyond me, love. Way beyond me." But it was his final plea that made her whimper in distress. "Please?"

* * *

Fifteen minutes later, a disgruntled and disheveled Shelby, hair roughly pulled into a sloppy bun and looking like something that had just crawled out of bed fully dressed, stormed through the back doors of the office area and onto the main floor.

"This had better be worth it, Rika!"

Then she froze.

Seven men, all dressed in robes, lay prostrate on the ground before a pissed-off looking Delsin, who was wearing nothing more than a tiny, white, feathery G-string and a set of fluffy white angel's wings. And a scowl serious enough to curdle milk on his usually placid face.

He looked up as Shelby skidded to a halt at the base of the stage and swiveled to face her. "I thought I left this god descendant stuff back home." Sounding aggrieved, he slammed his hands on his hips.

"God descendant..." Shelby stuttered to a halt. The men began to chant his name.

"Yes, Shelby. I guess they caught up with me." Then a huge grin spread across his face, showing off his perfect teeth. He waved his hands over the field of men and clapped his hands excitedly. "Shelby! Meet the family!"

Chapter Two

The robe-clad men now sat in Shelby's downstairs office sipping strong coffee and grinning up at Delsin. All seven sat on the floor around the Asian man's feet, basking in his presence like lizards baking in the sun.

"So... they are all from India?" Shelby raised one eyebrow in question.

"Duh!" Del rolled his eyes and concentrated on the robed man who seemed to be the leader. "So you're telling me Alita is dead?"

"Dead." The man shook his head sadly, crushing his right fist to his heart, carefully balancing the coffee mug with his left hand.

"And Ira?"

"Dead."

Del looked more and more distressed as he continued to rattle off a list of names. "Fatima, Crishna, Tiba?"

"Dead, dead, and dead. You are the only one." The man sighed deeply again, then took another sip of his coffee. "Excellent blend," he complimented Will.

"Thank you," the older model replied. "I boil an egg with the grounds."

Del looked on, incredulous, as the two men discussed, of all things, coffee! Coffee! There was a crime afoot! The women of his line were dying!

"An egg? Really?" The man looked into the cup, fascinated, and took another sip. "That is good to know. Maybe I can duplicate the recipe in my own home. Very delicious, yes."

The other robed men murmured in agreement.

"Hello!" Delsin had had enough! He planted his hands on his hips and glared at the men. "People are dying!"

"Yes, Delsin, and the Eyes of Shiva are missing, but this is coffee!" The robed man turned to Shelby and explained, "He was always a bit high strung."

"High strung?" Del wailed, leaping to his feet and glowering at everyone.

"Yes, high strung. Or do you not recall sleeping with the dance instructor's wife because you did not like his comments about your arm movements?"

"Well..."

"Or sleeping with his son to make sure he knew revenge was your purpose?"

"Not only that!" Del defended. "He had no gag reflex!"

Shen, Barika, Will, and Blain nodded in understanding.

"Or putting Nair in that houri's hair conditioner because she said that it appeared your hair had developed split ends?"

Shen winced and gripped the ends of his precious hair, staring in disbelief at his best friend.

"Impetuous youth!" Del defended, rolling his eyes.

"Or when you disguised yourself as a female and danced at Shiva's temple... after you rendered the chosen female unconscious, bound her hand and foot, and left her behind the elephant enclosures?"

"She was as graceful as a three-legged camel with a case of the runs! Things must be perfection for my ancestor!"

"Be that as it may, Delsin, we priests felt that your actions were of a... high strung nature."

"Um, Eyes of Shiva?" Shelby asked, finally breaking into the glaring contest Delsin was about to start with the robed man, who apparently was his head priest. "As delightful as it is hearing about Delsin's past fuc... um, impetuosity, you said something about Eyes and dead people?"

Delsin had a priest? What was the world coming to?

"Yes, the Eyes." The robed man sighed, shaking his head sadly. "The Eyes have gone missing and their protectors sent to retrieve them have all turned up dead."

"Wait!" Delsin gasped, falling back into his chair, finally dropping his indignation to listen to the head priest. "The Eyes of Shiva are missing? Do you know what that means?" His own eyes were wide with fear and shock, his hands pressed to his chest as he stared at the elder.

"No!" Shelby was losing patience. "And as fun as it is listening to embarrassing things about your youth, Del, this seems to be important."

"Shelby, it means that all of my female cousins are dead!"

"What?" Shock and disbelief ran through the room. Shelby sat up in her chair, and even Will raised an eyebrow.

"Either Shiva has reclaimed them," Delsin whispered, "or..."

"They were murdered, Delsin." The elder sadly closed his eyes. "Murdered when sent to retrieve the jewels. You are our last hope."

"But the eyes are only to be entrusted to a female, Eyago!" Del rose to his feet, gracefully pacing among the seated priests surrounding his chair. "I am not female."

The priest, Eyago, nodded. "Sure you are male, kind of, but you are... um... how do I say this diplomatically?" he asked the other robed men, who in return shrugged and found their coffee cups suddenly more than interesting.

"You are close enough," Shen piped in. "Though you're not as in touch with your feminine half as I."

"No one is as in touch with your feminine half as you are, Shen." Shelby rolled her eyes.

"Thank you, Shelby." Shen grinned. "It comes in handy when dealing with certain situations."

"Like this one," Eyago agreed.

"So it's time for me to take up my duty and defend the honor of the family name." Del sat back down, nodding as if some inner voice were speaking to him about things other than toe worship, oral sex, and moisturizer.

"Um, Del, people are dead," Shelby reminded him. "Who killed them and why? Is this dangerous? How are you going to get these Eyes back? What are the Eyes of Shiva, anyway?"

Shelby felt a shock of fear run through her body. One of her Angels was planning to walk into something life threatening, and that she could never have. It was like sending out lambs to slaughter! And Del was... well, Del was kind of... special. If by special you meant a few donuts shy of a baker's dozen.

"But, Shelby," Del gasped, his hand on his chest. "It is family duty. And if my duty is to die for my family, then die I shall." Then his words actually penetrated his brain. "Um, well not die exactly. I mean, I do not set out to seek a personal meeting with my worthy ancestors in the afterworld, but..."

"You are *so* not doing this!" Shelby snarled, glaring at the priest, who actually seemed to shrink into himself at her intense gaze.

"But I have to get the jewels back, Shelby. I must avenge these deaths!"

"It is a matter of -- and I can't believe I am saying this --" Eyago muttered, "saving the world!"

"He has to return the rubies!" one of the priests cried out, then ducked behind Eyago's robes as Shelby's eyes zeroed in on him.

"No other, uh, man can do it!" another cried out, a little braver, then sank in on himself as Shelby began to growl.

She held up her hand, and instantly silence descended. It was good to be the queen, she thought, before she turned back to Delsin. "As I was saying," she emphasized, "you can't do this alone. We will help you."

"Really?" Del clapped his hands as he rose to his feet again. "You will help me?"

"How big are the rubies in question?" Shen asked, cocking up one eyebrow. Rubies just looked so good on him! The red played up his golden complexion.

"Um..." Eyago looked over at the woman and the men who surrounded her and shook his head. "As big as a grown man's fist."

"What kind of man?" Del put in. "I mean, I have taken some fists that were frankly quite puny." Then, "What?" as everyone turned to stare at him. "I mean for hand modeling." He threw his hands up in the air. "I mean honestly, it takes a lot of trust to get into fisting, and I've only trusted a few men that much."

"Too much information!" Barika whimpered, covering his ears with his big hands.

"Really?" Blain asked. "Because I've done both the fisting and the hand modeling. But I got out of the hand modeling. Do you know how hard it is to follow all of those instructions, lad? Bend this, hold that, no, not the middle finger. And no one appreciated the rest of me. I mean, I got into one teensy little bar brawl and they were ready to cancel the contract! How nice do your hands have to look for showing off engagement rings? Daft, those people. Getting engaged is like a brawl anyway, swallowing your pride, facing the enemy females, getting knocked down on your knees, the pleading and begging for mercy... What were we talking about again?"

"I resent that," Will muttered, pouting just a bit so that he brought attention to his full bottom lip. "It's really hard sitting in that chair and getting the perfect manicure. And cuticle scissors..." He shuddered at the remembered horror. "You need endurance and lots of hand cream and paraffin wax to be a good hand model, Blain. Just because you can't do the job --"

"Eyes of Shiva!" Rika cut in before Shelby went ballistic, as she was staring at the men with a fire in her eyes that had nothing to do with lust and everything to do with fury. "I remember reading something about it. Rubies that have a curse and a blessing?"

"Yes," Eyago said. "Only the females of the line of descendants of Shiva may touch the stones. And as for the curse --"

"Wait?" Rika asked, getting confused a bit. "That is a blessing?"

"Blessing, curse, what matter which is which? No one truly knows the power of the Eyes because they have been hidden in the temple to Delsin's worthy ancestor. The females of the tribe placed them there centuries past, and since then the female

descendants have been sent to the temple to study and learn the ways of our god. There they --"

"But Delsin was sent there," Blain felt the need to point out.

Eyago's right eye began to twitch, but he took a deep breath and forged onward. "Look at the man! He is more female than any man I have yet to become acquainted with, except for maybe the Chinese boy!"

"Thank you." Shen grinned, happy that someone acknowledged his extreme communion with his feminine side.

"You people are insane!" Eyago gasped, clutching his heart. Beads of sweat formed on his forehead, and his breathing became rough and fast.

"You don't look so good," Will pointed out, while Shelby reached for her cell phone and hit 911.

"The female descendants placed it there," Del continued, turning away from Eyago... because he was turning such an unattractive shade of purple and blue. It clashed with his crimson and golden robes. "The male descendants protect it. But after I kind of seduced half the guard, it was decided that the goddess Bahuchara Mata may have had a conversation with Lord Krishna and Shiva and decided I could be dedicated to more than one temple."

Eyago gasped harder, and Shelby motioned to Will to go show the paramedics the back way in. No need to disturb business, though it might do business good for it to be known a man had suffered a heart attack while watching her strippers -- uh -- exotic dancers. But really, she wasn't that cold.

"What, Eyago?" Del glanced at the afflicted man, then looked away quickly. "The Hijra loved having a safe place to pilgrimage to."

"Hijra?" Shen perked up a bit, and Blain looked confused.

"Hijra," Shen explained, "are transsexuals, the third sex, very taboo. They usually perform at festivals, marriages, and births to make money. Most of them turn to prostitution, though." Shen sighed. "Very sad not to be accepted and have to be considered a race of your own."

"And they ran over the temple, you say?" Blain asked Del.

"Of course! If the goddess Bahuchara Mata was using me as an avatar, then the Hijra had to be there!"

"Seducing the guards," Eyago gasped, one hand clutching his chest while the other priests gathered around worriedly. "Dancing like prostitutes in the halls, terrifying the women, blessing everything that moved, un-holying the holy relics of the past."

"So they got off on a few of the marble dildos. We had many of them! Shiva is the god of happiness and giving!"

"You..." Eyago gasped, clutching his chest with both hands. "You let them in!"

"Of course! How else was I supposed to learn the dances of ultimate seduction? They were more successful than the temple dances, I assure you. And what are a few ivory and jade dicks between compatriots?"

"Aggh!"

"Eyago!" Del stared in surprise as the man collapsed. The priests were now on their feet, praying, chanting, and singing, while others loosened the man's already loose robes and patted his hands desperately.

"Was it something I said?" Del asked the shocked Angels as they watched the mayhem ensue. "Medic?"

Chapter Three

"Please," Eyago pleaded from beneath the clear plastic oxygen mask. "Delsin, you have to find them!"

"Be easy, Priest." Del patted the ailing man's arm as the gurney rolled past.

But Eyago pushed away the hands of the paramedics who were trying to take his vitals, hold him to the padded cushion of the gurney, and roll him out of the building.

"Here!" He managed to reach into his robes and produce a small diskette. He thrust his hands weakly out toward Del, a mute appeal in his eyes. "I-it explains everything."

Del took the diskette and the man eased back to the gurney, letting the medics take him out of the building.

It was an insane parade that exited the rear doors of Angels, the paramedics pushing a gurney that looked like it had sprouted wings as the priest's brightly colored robes flapped over the sides. Similarly clad priests followed like a flock of red and gold, chanting butterflies, a few confused Angels waving weakly after the colorful throng, and a resigned Del looked on holding a black diskette.

"Shelby?" he finally asked, turning to her as she watched the whole show from the safety of the red doorway. "I think I may need some help."

"You think?" Shelby rolled her eyes as she watched them load Eyago and two of his priests into the ambulance and slam the doors. "He'll be okay," she assured Del, leading her Angels back into the building. "The medics think it's a minor infarction, just a warning of a heart attack. If he learns to relax..."

"I have no idea why he's so stressed," Del said, making Shelby wonder what color the sky was in his little world.

"Maybe years of chasing after you... and the Hijra, and the temple dancers... Did you really seduce the guard?"

"Shelby! That is not important now."

"How many were there?" Shelby suddenly found herself very curious.

"Only about forty-two."

"In one night?" Her voice rose, as did her eyebrows, as she stared at the long-haired man.

"No, in a week. Not even the most experienced Hijra could pull off something like that in a day, Shelby! My knees, lips, and ass would just fall off! And I refuse to abuse this body like that. Especially since there was a penile length requirement that guaranteed that only the most fit filled the position."

"Um..."

"Murder, Shelby!" Del reminded her, waving the disk around.

"Oh, yeah." Shelby gave herself a shake and tried to get the picture of the audition process out of her mind. "Um, so you need to explain further."

By now they all -- Shelby, Del, Will, Blain, Shen, and Barika -- had gathered in the war room.

"Well, Priest Eyago handed me a disk," Del said, "but I have no idea what is on it."

Almost before he finished speaking, Barika took charge of the disk and popped it into his new notebook-sized laptop. "Go on," he waved. "I'm following along. I need to see what's on the disk."

"Well," Del continued, rolling his eyes at the techno-geek persona Rika could easily slip into, "I have to recover the Eyes, or my ancestor will not be happy. He will rain down misfortune and pain like his name was Vishnu. That is probably why Eyago is having heart problems." He continued in a stage whisper, "It always begins slowly, Shelby, these curses."

"And have you seen many?" Shelby decided to humor him. That way the whole story would get out quicker. So far, she had learned that his relatives were being killed

off, and now that there wasn't anyone left, Eyago thought the Angels could save the world, and that they were looking for some rare and precious rubies. They would probably be dealing with a cult or some jewel thieves.

"Oh, no! The Eyes have never gone missing before." Del grinned with pride. "Over seven centuries and never a pilfering."

"But the jewels are gone," Shen felt the need to point out. "And it is rather like virginity. Once the cherry is plucked, you can never reclaim the title."

"I guess this destroys the track record," Del agreed as Shen nodded sagely.

"So we have to recover the jewels," Shelby forged on, trying to ignore the developing tick in her right eye. Maybe she would be having the heart attack next. "And if we find them, we find the killers."

"One would assume so." Blain settled on the arm of Rika's chair. "What do ya have there, laddy?"

"Information that will get us into the hottest New York show being staged." Barika's deep voice pulsed with excitement as he stared at the small screen. Suddenly, murder and jewel thieves and ancient curses were pushed aside as the Angels rushed Barika en masse.

"Who?" Shen demanded, dropping to his knees in front of Barika and blinking excitedly up at him, one hand on his knee.

"You don't mean?" Del added, leaning on Shen's shoulders and looking excitedly up at Rika.

Blain leaned elegantly over the back of the chair, hoping to get a better view of the screen, and Will was torn between staying at Shelby's side or giving in to the excitement filling the younger models.

"How do they do that?" Shelby finally asked. Sure, the Angels had rushed across the room, but now they were gathered around Barika as if someone had posed them, their best sides showing and their limbs gracefully arrayed. And she would swear on a stack of Bibles that it was not done intentionally.

"Do what, Shelby?" Will asked. "Get into the hottest show in New York? I suppose you have to sleep with the right designer or investor. I had to do that to get my first modeling job. But then I decided I was too smart for that. I became a hand model and that meant I only had to sleep with the owners of the design firms. But that may not be the case here, Shelby. I didn't gather around Barika like the rest. Want me to?"

"Um, no."

"Because I can, if you want." He flashed her his most winning smile.

"That's okay, Will."

"Then why did you ask me?" The smile turned into a little pout.

"I didn't, Will."

"Sure you did," he corrected, shooting her a concerned look. "You must be confused with all the paramedics and curses and chanting." Will nodded slowly. "The chanting can confuse you."

"Listen to it much?" Shelby snapped, trying to remember why she was sleeping with the man when she knew his type of confusion just had to breed true, and no form of birth control she wanted to use was one hundred percent.

"Only on the weekend or when the bar is slow." Will walked over and hugged Shelby from behind, pressing her back to his chest, sliding the huge lump of his cock against her ass. "Sometimes the monks chant about screwing each other, or that is what it sounds like to me. It is very soothing, very arousing."

Oh yeah, she thought as he placed gentle kisses on her ear and buried his nose in her messy hair. *That's why*. Just to be on the safe side, she ground her ass into his cock again, a small, wicked grin spreading across her face.

Before she could get back to the hot monkey sex, the guys drew her attention again.

"No way!" Blain cried, squeezing Barika's shoulders in his joy. "Valintina Allure? This is information about her show?"

"This is a confirmation for a Lord Delsin Ab Magour, his blessed concubine, and their personal servant to attend her New York showing, and to venture backstage before the show, and..."

"Please, please, please," Shen pleaded, his eyes closed up tight -- though careful not to wrinkle his forehead -- and his elegant fingers crossed.

"Passes to the After Party at the Russian Tea Room."

"Yes!" Almost as if they'd practiced it, the Angels did a slow-motion jump for joy, hair tousling perfectly around beautiful faces, smiles showing glee but not too much teeth, their whole beings lit up with inner happiness.

"I need to stop hanging around models." Shelby leaned into her lover. "This is not good for my self esteem."

"But you're perfect, Shelby," Will pointed out. "You're sophisticated, beautiful, voluptuous, smart, and you make great hot monkey sex."

"Maybe all but one model," she amended. She tried to gather her thoughts to get this mission taken care of before her Delsin got hurt.

"Angels," she called, grinning as they turned those perfectly posed bodies in her direction, almost like someone was calling out instructions for movement. "Looks like we are going to New York."

Chapter Four

"I should be the one to choose my consort, Shelby."

Delsin pouted and elegantly slouched lower in his seat. It looked pouty and perfect at the same time. How he managed to pull that one off, Shelby would never know, especially since he was seated in one of her client chairs. Those chairs came with a secret. They were uncomfortable enough to make your client state their business and leave, but not so uncomfortable that anyone wouldn't sit and explain themselves properly.

And yet, Delsin slouched and made it look good.

Maybe it was time to start taking lessons from the guys, Shelby thought. Then -- Nah! They would have her tweezed, waxed, plucked, coifed, and perfumed before she could scream for help. And they would take that scream as a cry for more conditioner, moisturizer, and makeup.

"Del, be reasonable." Shelby shifted behind her desk, steepling her fingers under her chin as she gazed calmly at the perturbed man.

"I am being reasonable, Shelby! I have an image to maintain."

"You have no image, Del, not with these people," she hastily added as she saw his pout turn into a glare. "Eyago never set you up with one, other than you are an up-and-coming fashion designer from some obscure city in India, and that you're beginning a stellar rise to success."

"Then I should be able to pick my own lover, Shelby. You don't understand how this works. I have to have a lover that complements me perfectly."

"And Shen doesn't fit the bill? He's very observant, Del."

"And he has almost obtained my level of glory, Shelby. A designer will not have competition in his bedroom."

"So who would you pick?"

"Barika."

Shelby had to pause at that one. Barika and Delsin? It seemed like an unlikely couple to her. "You don't look like you'd fit."

"If you ever watched any of the videos we make at the Friday night orgies, Shelby, you would see how well we fit." He leered as he spoke, his mind going back to times of orgies past and some of the beautiful ladies and men who had shared a little time and a lot of hot, steamy sex with him and the others. There was Patricia, the short Latino nympho. And there was Bill, the eccentric professor who was training to be a sexual therapist, and needed all the help he could get when it came to practice. Oh! There was Irene, the lawyer with no gag reflex and no aversion to foursomes. And he would be remiss if he didn't mention Yvonne, with her "ghetto booty" and her innocent smile that held back an animal, insatiable lust.

"Are you with me?" Shelby asked as Del's eyes began to glaze and he unconsciously rubbed his hand along the growing bulge in his pants.

"Yes, Shelby." A leer crossed his face and his eyes looked downright devilish.

"Then why Barika? I know he's good for muscle and computer ops, but I figured you would have a more --" *Now, how do I say this diplomatically?* Shelby thought. "--flamboyant partner."

"Oh, gods, Shelby," Del huffed, halting in his mental count of the notches in his belt and focusing on his boss. "I'm choosing a concubine, not starting a drag show."

"And that means?"

"That means I would pick someone I find physically attractive without being threatening. Barika and I have completely different looks. Therefore, he's no competition to me on the style front. In face, he makes the perfect mate, one I can dominate and be dominated by at the same time."

"Oh." That cleared things up, Shelby thought, leaning back in her chair. "So you have Barika in your bed... who will be guarding your body?"

"Raidon."

"Because?"

"Because he's tough enough to do the job and pretty enough to look useless."

"Useless?"

"I need pretty muscle, Shelby. The people we are dealing with are high society in our world. Beauty is all. Blain is pretty enough, but he is too brash and untamed. Shen is competition, Nalu is... Nalu, and the others don't even come close to fitting the bill. It will have to be Raidon. He understands subtleties."

"Like inviting a bunch of transvestites to your temple to prove you like men and women?" She arched her eyebrow as Del floundered for a moment. "There are easier ways of coming out, Del."

"They were fashionable Hijra, Shelby. And I learned a lot. Eyago just doesn't understand how it feels to be... so... so different."

There was pain in that statement, and Shelby recalled how bisexual and gay men were treated in India. Most of them didn't have the courage to declare themselves part of the third sex or to show their orientation, outside of the entertainment field. And for Delsin, growing up in temples with priests and so much responsibility, life must have been intolerable.

Shelby looked at her Angel and tried to think of a way to take the darkness from his eyes, to bring back the sparkle that had first brought him to her attention.

"So... Barika for a bedmate and Raidon for a thug. Quite the little entourage you have there."

Delsin smiled. Possibilities for threesomes were endless. He liked these odds.

"Yes, and they fit perfectly with the image I am creating."

"And that would be?"

"Self-made man of fashion, too much talent to be straight, and way too much style to be taken lightly."

"And then?"

"I'll need my bed warmer to finish with the disk and tell me."

He grinned, and Shelby was hard-pressed not to join in. Barika the bed warmer indeed. Actually, she thought he was doing strange things with his laptop at night, but that was just supposition and one too many times catching him stroking off to some crap on his screen.

"How do you call your bed warmer?" Shelby had to ask. "You simply say, 'Oh, Bed Warmer'?"

"Easy!" Delsin grinned and turned to face the hall that led to the war room. "Oh, Rika? Pearl necklaces!"

There was a two-second delay, then Barika appeared at the door, a huge, panting, hulking shadow with lust on his mind and his hand on his zipper.

"See, Shelby? It works!"

"Someone said pearl necklaces." Barika nodded his head in encouragement, looking at Del, wondering why he wasn't on his knees with his mouth open for his swollen cock. Beads of pearlized cum running across the man's face was always a beautiful sight, especially when it was his cum.

"That was just to get you in here, Stud Muffin." Shelby chuckled. "I have to remember that one."

"But... but..." Rika looked like he wanted to cry, spit, and hiss at the same time. "That was just mean, Shelby."

"Delsin did it," she informed him, laughing as he turned the full force of his glare on the long-haired man. "And since you are here and ready for action, so to speak, how about telling us what's on that disk?"

"A whole lot of pictures of Val, as she likes to be called, surrounded by many, many satisfied looking men. I envy them."

"That's it?"

"That's it. Oh, and every time and place one of the relatives wound up dead, there was a Val show nearby, Boss Lady." Rika leaned up against the doorjamb, absently stroking his cock through his jeans. "I guess that kind of makes her a suspect."

"It's a lead." Del giggled, clapping his hands.

"It's more than that," Rika said with a sigh, giving up on the idea of getting a really good blowjob and blasting his wad in someone's face. "I think it's a clue, Boss Lady."

"So." Shelby watched the disappointment in Rika's face as well as the excitement in Del's. "Looks like we'll be investigating Miss Valintina Allure closely."

"Wonderful." Del bounced in his seat. "Have you seen the secret photos of her fall collection? They say she knows how to make a man look like a man. I want to see!"

"I like her new line of blazers and the original colors she uses," Rika continued, stepping farther into the room. "Even though I am not really sure why I like them. She uses a lot of warm colors, perfect for, as they say in the business, people of color."

"Everyone has color," Del snorted. "It's just that some people have no idea how to match seasons with skin tones. Take Shelby for example --"

"No!" Shelby gave it a valiant effort, but she was pinned by their gaze as surely as a bug pinned to an entomologist's board.

Before Shelby could back out of the room or divorce herself from the situation, the two were upon her, leaning over her desk and pointing out her flaws and her bad judgment.

"Her hair," Del commented, ripping out the precariously perched pens and watching as her salt and pepper hair tumbled around her shoulders. "Despite its many dry tendrils and split ends, it has an interesting color."

"Stop that," Shelby hissed, swatting at their hands, but they ignored her and pulled handfuls of her hair forward into a better place for viewing.

"A color --" Rika took up the line of reasoning. "-- that could be improved greatly if she used the proper rinses for graying hair. It is disgusting to see a perfectly good accent color yellowed by... buildup. It almost hides the rich undertones of her remaining blue-black strands."

Barika released her hair and wiped his fingers along the thighs of his jeans, as if wiping away any contamination he picked up by being in contact with her built-up hair.

"And a good trim without removing any length would be good as well." Shen shoveled her hair back, leaving Shelby sputtering as he exposed her red, glowering face.

"Her skin tones are even... surprisingly so," Barika pointed out, ignoring the look they were both receiving. "You can see that from her forehead to the large amount of cleavage that is showing above her cheap discount store bra." Then to Shelby, "If you buy underwear from anything that ends in Mart, you will feel like Second Class Joan. Victoria's Secret has a nice bargain bin."

"Bargain bin?" Shelby sputtered, then slapped both hands over the small amount of cleavage that showed from the top of her button-down collared shirt.

"We know how cheap you are," Del agreed. "And speaking of cheap, get a look at that makeup. I believe her lipstick has enough wax to make enough candles for Nalu's next meditation session."

"Not a lot of rich pigment there," Barika agreed. "Not that it's a bad thing, considering what color she is using."

"What's wrong with my color?" Shelby gasped, resisting the urge to climb beneath her desk and hide.

"Nothing, if you are a reject from *The Rocky Horror Picture Show*," Rika responded, clicking his tongue in his oh so proper British accent. Why did put downs and insults sound so correct when spoken in a British accent?

"Look, guys." Shelby tried to gain control of the situation. She was the thinker here, the planner, and the one with the brains. They were brawn and good looks! She could take them.

But then both of them once again zeroed in on her and she felt her bravery flee. Who could stand in the face of... of models using modeling knowledge? She was a goner!

"Look at what? Your off-the-rack clothing?" Del smiled as he delivered that remark.

Shelby blushed.

"Shen would have been proud to hear that." Barika raised one eyebrow as he stared at the smaller man. "That show of cattiness is worthy of someone named Versace."

"Thank you. I've been practicing. After all, I have to play clothing designer."

"I forgot," Barika said.

And apparently they'd forgotten about Shelby, who sat there fuming as they began to discuss this latest mission.

"I need a concubine -- I mean companion -- and a bodyguard."

"Raidon?" Barika asked.

"For bodyguard, yes. He understands the subtleties that go along with this positioning in society."

"Who's the lover?" Rika asked, whipping out a data pad and recording information.

"You."

Barika paused for a moment, then placed the digital pad on Shelby's desk, still ignoring her like the remains of a really good steak dinner. He walked over to Del and examined him from head to foot.

"Nalu would make a better companion, a better contrast, but you know that the New York vibes do something to his aura. Adan would be good, but he would go squirreling off playing with the stock market or get lost in Soho. Besides, he is more stuck up and bourgeoisie than you could ever hope to be."

"I know," Del sighed. "If he had a greater interest in form and color, he could make a wonderful designer. But the part was left for me."

"Okay. I'll go and pack." Barika picked up his data pad and started typing again. But he paused before he made it out the door. "About those pearl necklaces..."

"Mile high club."

Barika nodded and exited, calling over his shoulder, "I am glad the monk made first class accommodations. A big guy like me needs leg room."

"Yes," Del called back. "I agree. Having your testicles and cock smashed for any length of time is harsh when you cannot spread your legs properly, which is why we have a private jet."

"I'll print up the itinerary and fax your copy to your room."

"Thank you, Barika," Delsin called back before turning to face Shelby, who still sat there, hair over her face, arms crossed in disgust.

"Who is the leader here?" she demanded.

"Mother Nature's crow's feet if you do not stop wrinkling your forehead so. I am against Botox, but if you keep this up, Shelby, I'll have to sign you up for a treatment out of petty cash funds. Crow's feet are not good for business."

With that, Del turned and exited the room, calling over his shoulder, "Off to pack."

Feeling demoralized, scandalized, picked-on, and... and... abused, Shelby did the only thing that made her feel better.

"Will!" she screamed, ripping at the buttons of her shirt. "I need you!"

Sex and orgasms with Will always made her feel complete, and after dealing with the dim-witted duo, she needed multiples!

Chapter Five

Shen pouted. Adan feigned indifference, arms crossed over his chest, nose high in the air. Blain commiserated about the pubs he would miss. Nalu just stared, lost in his own little world.

And Shelby -- Shelby was glad to send the whole lot of them off to the airport.

"Did you forget anything?" she called, remembering they were going up against jewel thieves and possibly murderers. Suddenly, she was not as happy to see three of her Angels off. She frowned.

"No, but apparently you forgot what wrinkling your forehead does to your permanent age marks!" Del grinned at Shelby's shocked look, then it smoothed out. "Don't wrinkle the canvas, Shelby," he reminded.

"Why was I worried?" she sighed to Will. They all stood outside of Angels watching the limo driver load up the luggage they would need -- and for a four-day show, it was a lot of luggage. "They will just critique the murders to death."

"Only if they lack style and grace, Shelby." She turned to glare at him and Will grinned. "Remember, forehead!" he reminded.

"I got the satellite phones, Boss Lady," Barika chuckled, breaking up the argument before it started. "I have the wireless Internet hook-ups for the laptop and the PDA, so you should receive regular updates. I have the bio information the monk gave us, as well as what I have dug up on my own. Quite a bit of stuff about Madam Val and her group, but most of it is conjecture and supposition. That she really likes men is clear. More info should be downloaded when I am on the plane and you can send that when I ask for it. The FBI kind of tried to keep me out of their systems, so I had to plot a new back door in. I should write and give them a bit of advice on how to set up security systems," Barika mused.

"Maybe you should just stay out?" Shelby raised one eyebrow as she spoke, visions of an FBI raid running through her head.

"Funny." Rika adjusted the full-length leather coat that covered his muscular form. "You have such a dry wit, Shelby. That and your sarcasm are natural talents."

Shelby growled, but it turned into a groan when Delsin emerged from the building.

Well, emerged was a weak statement for what he did. Delsin made an entrance.

The first thing that appeared was a huge scarlet wrap that he had draped over his body like a cloak. It flew around him in the chilly morning breeze, accenting the slim perfection of his body. His hair was loosely braided, starting at the base of his scalp so that there was a loose black silken rope of it lying over his shoulder. His robe was decorated with several beads and bells, and red and silk threads, the paisley design befitting his Indian heritage. The bells tinkled merrily as he stepped forward, announcing to the world that royalty had arrived.

His suit was too fancy to call a suit. It was the color of beaten gold and brass, watered silk material that just draped over his form.

The tunic jacket was Nehru by design and buttoned over his left shoulder, its stand-up collar encrusted with several semi-precious stones. The pants flowed loosely around his legs, but fell in a way that caressed his amazingly muscular calves and thighs. Delsin had the body of a dancer, and he was using it to its full glory.

In front of his eyes was a slim pair of designer lenses. He positioned them on his nose just far enough down so that his amazing amethyst eyes could peer over the tops. Several rings and bangles encircled his fingers and wrists, giving him an almost feminine look, especially with his slim hands and wrists, but when coupled with his overall look, he looked exotic, masculine, and self-confident.

Raidon trotted out beside him, dressed in a black Armani suit set off with a scarlet shirt and a pair of black Ray-Bans. His hands-free headset gleamed at his ear and he actually looked, well, kind of professional. But Shelby could see him scanning the

area, searching for danger. This was a side of the Japanese warrior she had never seen before.

"Damn!" was all Shelby could gasp.

"An insufficient word to describe our glory," Del purred as he walked over to the limo, turning his nose up at his boss. "Time is wasting and I have to meet my jet."

"Of all the insufferable..." Shelby muttered, but the other guys stood at attention and clapped.

"Oh, Shelby," Delsin giggled, his personality morphing back into that of amiable stripper and Shelby's friend. "This is going to be so much fun!"

"You need to learn to stare down your nose at people," Adan offered in his deeply accented voice, though he seemed proud of Del's snobby attitude. "You have taken my lessons to heart."

"I love the G-man look," Raidon added, his glasses slipping down his nose a bit. "I feel like that guy from the *Mission: Impossible* movies. Ethan Hunt, I believe."

Shen cleared his throat, and everyone turned to stare at him.

"You dated Ethan Hunt?" Blain rolled his eyes, cutting off the diminutive Chinese man before he could even begin.

"Of course not," Shen snorted, waving the back of his hand at Blain as if dismissing him from his notice. "He is a character and does not exist. I dated Tom Cruise's stunt double. Lovely body, talented ass that could milk a cock dry in three seconds, though I taught him to improve upon his technique. It didn't work out, though." Shen sighed sadly. "Too much brawn and not enough intellect. I like dating my intellectual equals. That way there can be no misunderstanding between us."

The others nodded, as they did hold Shen's intellect in high regard -- a scary thought.

Shelby fought to hold in her laughter. The last intellectual thing she had heard Shen say was... Um... Oh! It was something about a new lubricant made from silicone. It was super slippery and had no need for reapplication after you first, uh, lubed up,

and it tasted good. The fact that it didn't destroy latex was a bonus he remembered in a backward, offhanded way.

Her Angels! Gotta love them!

"Um, don't you have a plane to catch?" Shelby reminded them, and the three going on the mission clambered into the limo.

"Remember, I want a report at least three times a day. Call me if something untoward happens. I'm only an hour's flight away and will be there before you can whistle Dixie!"

"That is gauche, Shelby," Del called to her. "We will whistle the theme song from *Phantom of the Opera* instead."

"Whistling wrinkles the skin," Shen corrected.

"As I was saying," Shelby continued, ignoring them all, "I am only a short call away and I do have some connections in the Big Apple."

"So do I!" Shen said, almost as an afterthought. "Rika? Do you still have my list of Manhattan conquests backed up in your palm toy?"

"Of course," Rika told him. "I have lists of all of our contacts, their ratings on the BJ level, sexual prowess, age, height, color coordination..."

"Color coordination?" Shelby gasped. Was there a bit of prejudice in her guys? She refused to believe it! They were equal opportunity humpers!

"Yes," Shen explained as if speaking to a child. "It would not do to turn up at a function with a blond who just didn't coordinate with your wardrobe. Your date's hair color and skin tone can make or break your outfits. You have to match up hue with designer. I would never take Blain out with me if I was wearing scarlet or magenta."

They all shuddered at the mental image of that color clashing disaster.

"Oh." Shelby shrugged. "You know, if it generally fits and looks nice, I wear it."

Shen patted Will on the arm. "You still have a lot of work to do." He shook his head sadly. "But under brunettes," he continued, "look up Lance. He always knows things."

"Can we trust him?" Barika asked, pulling up the information as he spoke.

"Oh, yes!" Shen chuckled. "He started out as an underwear model and moved on to security."

From underwear to security?

Seeing the confusion on Shelby's face, Shen explained.

"He is good-looking in that muscular, kick ass kind of way, though not as developed as Nalu. He also models for *Martial Arts Monthly* and a few other violent, sport type magazines. He was Champion of the Extreme Fighting Ultimate a few years running. But then he started modeling when someone almost broke his nose."

The Angels gasped and shuddered, in several different levels of shock and dismay.

"So he stopped modeling and then went to security because Beautiful must have Beautiful to look after Beautiful."

"Wonderful, Shen!" Shelby rolled her eyes then grinned. A tough macho type would be extra-added protection for her men if they needed help. "And remember, at the first sign of murder or danger, or general bloodshed, go and grab the local police. I mean it! I can't stand to see any of you on the backs of milk cartons."

"Yes, Shelby," they chorused.

Then the limo doors were closed, and with the roar of the engine, her babies were gone.

Shelby sighed, then looked up as she felt five concentrated stares on her person. "What?"

"When are you going to take us to New York?" Shen demanded, pouting sweetly, huge eyes growing liquid with unshed tears.

"Yes, we deserve a shopping trip!" Adan insisted. "We have been very good boys."

Looking at Will and seeing a mutinous look on his face, Shelby threw her arms up in disgust and turned to stalk back inside despite Will's plaintive wails.

"They have the most interesting sex shops, Shelby! Sex shops!" he called, then shrugged when he received no answer. He would remind her later, he thought, a smile on his face.

* * *

Valentina Allure slowly stroked her pussy as she stared at the two men standing in front of her. "Exquisite, darling," she purred, one hand sliding through the bright red ringlets that managed to escape their confining twist. The curls framed her face -- an awkward face that was saved from being homely by the judicious application of makeup. "Turn for me."

Almost mindlessly, the pair spun around and presented from the rear, tight, melon globes quivering as they both settled into a practiced stance. "Very nice indeed, but there is something a little off. `Kota!" she called. "I can see a bulge from behind. Bring my shears."

The two men remained still as she directed a third man to snip off the unsightly pieces.

Snip.

One man shuddered, and she stroked her pussy a bit harder. "Oh, I get off on that sound, `Kota," she chuckled as the tall blond man quietly went about his business. "It brings about perfection."

The second man trembled as blood-red pieces drifted to the floor, and swallowed deeply. His turn was next, and there was nothing he could do about it.

"Not too much off the second, `Kota," Val sighed. "I want him trimmed, not disfigured." Her pussy spit, as if violently agreeing with her.

`Kota nodded and lifted the hem, and then snipped off the hanging bits of material. "Good boys," Val called, dropping her favorite cat to her chair. She rose to her feet and eyed the final outfits, deciding what changes needed to be made before her show.

"Val..." The second model dared to speak. "I thought the shirt tails were lovely long."

"Shh, poopsie," she purred, walking over and running one finger over his baby smooth cheek. "Who gave you permission to try and think, little one? You are not old enough yet."

Instantly, he fell silent, and Val chuckled, examining the 'free thinker' a bit more. "I know you like them long, darling. But it was merely lovely. I strive for perfection."

"Madam?" Before she could continue, her tall blond assistant interrupted.

"Yes, `Kota, and I do so hope it's important."

"Confirmation that the final designer has arrived at the airport. Your people were watching carefully for the jet."

"So, they are all coming? Excellent, `Kota. This is good news indeed. My plans are coming to fruition. Soon my takeover will be complete."

"Yes, Madam," he intoned, his ice blue eyes lingering on her face a moment before they dropped to the two huge oval rubies that dangled from her hair arrangement, in front of each ear.

"Yes, they are sort of a good luck charm, are they not?" she asked. Dakota, former designer to the stars and one-time rival, nodded slowly in deference to her.

"You do not need luck, Madam. You have skill, brains, beauty..."

"Yes," she impatiently interrupted, rolling her eyes as she dismissed the two models with a wave. "Escort the last two to my private tailor for the hemming and then get your iced blond butt back in here. Val feels a little needy."

`Kota nodded and was off in a flash, taking the two models with him.

"Now." She shooed her small red tabby cat away. "How to ensure my victory?" She tapped her fingers on her rather neat desk and contemplated the list that sat before her. "Every good designer knows that you must cut away at the bolt to get to the tightest weave."

She was still eyeing the list contemplatively when `Kota returned.

Without a word, he dropped to his knees and crawled beneath her desk. Without stopping her contemplation, Val spread her knees and allowed `Kota to carefully

arrange her dress around her hips. She sucked in a deep breath as he nuzzled her thighs, spreading her legs farther.

"This pleases you, Madam?" he whispered, before Val buried her hands in his hair and pulled his face close to her swollen pussy.

"Less talk, more eat," she breathed, then slumped in her seat as his tongue gave her slick lips a long lick.

"Mmm." Dakota moaned at the taste of his mistress. She was perfection, honey on his tongue and growing even wetter as he began to manipulate her swollen labia. Pursing his lips, he dropped a quick kiss to her clit, just starting to emerge from its cowl, and used his thumb to part her, to expose her light pink flesh.

He pulled back for a second, admiring her glistening folds in the dim light under the desk, her liquid heat almost glowing and leading him to her center like a moth to a flame. Then he dove down and buried his face in her.

"Mmm," he growled again, the vibrations from his tongue going straight to her clit, making her whole body tremble as she struggled to stay upright in her chair. Then his fingers delved lower while his mouth traveled high. As two of his fingers penetrated her, his mind screamed with emotions that he always felt when pleasuring his mistress.

Hot, wet, silk, clenching, soft, mine, mine, mine!

The words ran through his head as her moisture leaked down his thrusting fingers and slid down his wrists. His tongue went for the clit, worrying the swollen, milky white bud before he pulled it between his lips and gave a small tug.

"Oh, God, I want to fuck your face!" Val whimpered, one hand tightening in his hair, pulling him closer to her wet hunger. "Fuck me with your fingers and your tongue."

As commanded, he twisted his fingers inside her, searching for that spot that would heighten her desires. He knew he'd found it when she gave a gasping moan and tugged almost painfully at his hair.

He pulled back and began to rapidly lick at her clit, nibbling at the hood while his fingers caressed her from the inside.

"Gods, Dakota!" she screamed as her whole lower body seemed to swell, spirals of fire shooting up her body. "Do it! Do it, bitch! Make me come!"

Growling again, he added a third finger, forcing it in beside the other two and increasing the speed of his thrusts. His own sex was a hot, heavy torment between his legs, his balls painfully swollen, but he never gave a thought to his own needs. Val was important. Val was all.

His third finger stretched her almost painfully, but he knew she got off on the pain. One of her hands left his head and trailed upwards, pulling at her own nipples, he knew, adding more stimulation to get her off. He added a fourth finger and Val wailed her approval and pleasure.

"That's it, you pussy eating bitch! Fuck me with your fingers!"

Dakota paused to lick lower, lapping at her juices, before latching his lips again around her clit and sucking as hard as he could.

"Dakota!" she wailed. Her body convulsed in the chair, her hips rising off the padded seat, her juices flowing as she nearly ripped the hair from his head.

Moaning in pleasure, knowing he had brought her off, Dakota removed his fingers and released her clit, though he continued to lap at her wetness, cleaning her up and savoring the flavor of his Val.

"Gods, that was good," Valintina breathed, slumping in her chair, reaching for some tissue on her desk to mop up the beads of sweat that had formed on her forehead. "You're such a good boy," she praised. Tossing the tissue aside, she reached for a compact on her desktop to repair any damage to her makeup.

Dakota crawled from underneath the desk, whimpering as the ache in his balls turned to pain and his swollen cock leaked its pre-cum, showing his desire and creating a wet spot on his pants.

"Madame?"

"You did good." Val turned her gaze to her boy-toy. "But you look absolutely detestable, rather like a rent-a-boy used hard and not put up at all. Go and refresh

yourself, Dakota. We have plans. And take care of that unsightly bulge in your pants before someone decides to cut it off."

Then he was dismissed.

A little voice in the back of his head screamed at him for accepting such base treatment, but the blinding pain started and the voices receded under a wash of agony.

He was not to complain or argue.

Val was all.

Chapter Six

The private plane glided smoothly to the tarmac, a small red speck in a field of silver.

It glided to its designated place on the airfield and the doors opened.

A barely dressed attendant giggled as first the hunky Asian bodyguard exited the plane, his immaculate clothing not even rumpled despite the airborne acrobatics he had just engaged in. Once he was on the ground and the limo assigned to them pulled up, the huge black man with the incredibly huge cock and the staying power of a satyr emerged, straightening his jacket before he bowed to place a kiss on her blushing cheek.

Her thighs still ached, recalling the way he'd instructed her to ride him for his boyfriend's pleasure. Her pussy was raw and stinging, but she had no regrets in taking the huge guy in and making his travel time extremely pleasant.

And when the boyfriend reached the bottom of the extendable staircase of the small red Jetstream, he stood there waiting as the star of the hour emerged.

He stepped lightly onto the metal gangway, swirling his flowing cloak around him. It blossomed out like blood-red wings, then settled around his form, accenting the slim, lithe body.

He looked at her over his black shades, handed her a card, then blew her a kiss.

The attendant almost swooned as those sexy, full lips pursed, the memory of what he could do with them sending a shot of wetness from her aching pussy to dampen her already wet panties to the point they were leaking down her thighs.

The second attendant, knees shaking and eyes glazed with lust, stumbled to the door and waved weakly, her hair tumbling from her once neat bun, her small pillbox hat listing to the side.

"I'm working the return flight," she gasped, waving weakly as the man lightly stepped down the stairs and took his lover's hand in his.

The two women watched as the trio entered the limo, which quickly sped off.

"Um," the first asked, struggling to straighten her clothing as the airfield crew raced to refuel and restock the plane. "Did you get their names?"

"The long-haired one left his card."

They both looked down at the slick, red card. It had some words printed in Arabic script, and, bold as brass in the middle, his name printed in gold leaf.

"New York," the first dazed attendant grinned, "Delsin has arrived."

* * *

"I cannot believe we are here, and we have to work," Delsin complained as he adjusted the fit of his tunic again.

"There are so many electronics stores," Rika whined. The limo turned toward the crowded streets of Manhattan. "And I can't shop for new toys."

"As if the toys you got to play with on the plane were not enough." Raidon ran his hands through his spiky white hair. He chuckled as he recalled the sight of the long-haired attendant riding Rika like a broncobuster.

* * *

"Deeper," Rika growled, his accent more pronounced as he slumped backwards in his chair, his hands gripping the attendant's breasts. She was wearing only thigh-high white boots and a little pillbox hat with the logo of the flight company emblazoned across the front.

Her back was to Rika's chest and her hands gripped the padded armrests, her bottom lip caught between her teeth, a snarl of pleasure spread across her face.

"Lovely," Del purred, watching the way her pussy lips flared around the thickness of Rika's thick cock. He sat in a chair facing them, his pants low around his knees as he slowly pumped his own monster erection, spreading the leaking pre-cum around the plum-shaped head while he watched the action being played out before him.

In another chair across the aisle, Raidon had his face buried between the legs of the other screaming attendant. Her hands fisted in his hair, tugging and pulling as he brought her to orgasm after orgasm.

But his woman, the one riding Barika, she was special.

"Wider," Barika grunted at her, bucking his hips to meet her downward thrusts. The sweat and the heat of their endeavors covered them both, but Barika maintained a steady rhythm of slow thrusts. "Spread your legs wider," he added, pinching her reddened, love-hard nipples. "Spread your legs and show Delsin where you want to be touched the most."

Whimpering, the attendant threw back her head to rest on Barika's large shoulder and allowed her thighs to fall open even more, exposing her swollen, throbbing clit, framed neatly by well-clipped pubic hair.

"So pretty," Del purred as he dropped to his knees. Like a hunting cat, he crawled across the small space separating them, his eyes on the pussy split open by Rika's huge meat, the throbbing clit, and the whole, dew-slicked mass of moving, heaving flesh.

Softly, he placed his hands on her thighs, pushing them farther apart, exposing more to his gaze.

"You are so beautiful like this," Del whispered, licking his lips, his eyes on the swollen sexes before him. Then, almost tentatively, he leaned forward, his tongue easing out to slowly lap at her clit, sending a shriek of pleasure ringing from her throat. Then he was on her, one hand leaving the softness of the thighs above her boots to grasp his own swollen cock.

He began to pump in time to Barika's thrusts, keeping pace even as he feasted on the pussy he hungrily buried his face in.

Then that was not enough for him. His tongue licked and lapped lower, touching the inch or so of condom-covered cock that hadn't penetrated the hungry female.

Barika cursed and tightened his grip on the young lady who now was reduced to mumbling and drooling, the pleasure swamping her body too perfect, too complete, and so very overwhelming.

And Barika, bless his soul, kept the slow, torturous pace, making the attendant writhe and squirm in ecstasy. Only once did her hand venture forth to tangle in Delsin's hair. She pulled back as that hand was soundly smacked.

"You don't have the right," Del pulled off long enough to growl, his hand delivering a sharp slap to her thigh.

That was more than enough to gain her total cooperation. She leaned back and let the men drive, let them take her to heaven.

He was sure she didn't recall much after that, only that her climax had been so explosive she almost passed out from the pleasure.

He recalled Barika's grunts as he unloaded in the condom that separated her flesh from his, and that Barika immediately rose to his feet, pushed the attendant into his vacated chair and pounced on the long-haired one.

The attendant had watched in awe as the talented and butch black man dropped to his knees, pushed his boyfriend back, and swallowed his cock whole.

A few pumps, a swallow, and Delsin was screaming his release.

"He's beautiful," she whispered as she watched Delsin slump to the carpet, his hair in wild disarray around him, being lovingly pulled back into place by Barika.

Delsin had vaguely heard the other attendant reach climax with the handsome bodyguard, but all his attention was on the long-haired attendant. He watched as the full brunt of his presence, the intriguing mix of feminine and masculine he represented, affected her deeply. And all the while he stared at her, he felt his own eyes glow. He watched her as her gaze was trapped by his... by those deep purple eyes.

* * *

Grinning, Delsin tapped his friends on their knees.

"Remember, it is like Vegas. What happens on the plane stays on the plane for the return trip home."

"Agreed," the Angels chimed.

But there was no more time for pleasant conversation as the limo pulled in front of a huge hotel in the heart of Manhattan.

"The Waldorf Astoria," Delsin breathed. "I knew that Eyago had influence, but if I had known he had this much influence, I would have made him my agent."

The others nodded.

"Is Shen's extreme fighting piece of fluff going to meet us?" Raidon asked, looking at the other two as the limo eased to a stop.

"Yes," Rika answered. He pulled out his data pad and began checking his information. "He should be meeting up with us tonight and will act as a second, Raidon."

"I get a second?" Raidon grinned. "Cool. This is nothing like the time I spent back home. With the... family, I had a handler but never a partner or a second. Can I sleep with him? You know? Old Samurai stuff?"

Rika and Delsin shrugged.

"Can we watch?" Del asked, delighted at being a voyeur. "I like to watch. I try to learn new techniques and it shows me how much better I am at sex."

"Well, Shen has that tongue thing," Rika reminded him. "And Natalie can make her ass quiver on the inside, and Joy has that whole deep throating thing..."

But he trailed off as Delsin shot him an evil glare. "Are we not supposed to be entering?" he mumbled, running one hand around his collar. He had to be nice to Delsin because he was supposed to be Del's lover. And because he was Del's supposed consort, he could make things very difficult for him.

Raidon chuckled at the two of them, noting the displeasure on Del's face and the weary caution on Rika's.

"Well," he snickered, "if we are going, we had better go."

The pair turned their gaze to him.

"What? Are my glasses smudged?" he asked, eyes widening in shock as he rooted around the back of the limo for a mirror. "Is a hair out of place? Damn it! Shen

told me long hair was better in windy weather, but I just wanted to show my cheekbones off in New York. Maybe I should have listened! I need a comb, I need a mirror! I need --"

"To get out and open the damn door!" Rika growled, not liking the amused chuckles Del made no effort to hide.

"Huh?"

"That is your job, dear," Del reminded him. "You have to get out, look professional like Clint Eastwood in that shoot the president movie."

"Eww!" Raidon shuddered. "Have you seen him recently? I mean, there is plastic surgery for those crow's feet, and those bags under his eyes are not Gucci!"

"Oh, yeah," Rika sighed. "And to think I have Internet pictures of him and Jessica Simpson having anal sex!"

Now all attention turned to Rika.

"What? It was free porn, guys. And the body double they had to use for Clint was outstanding. It is easy to tell that the pictures were spliced because ruddy complected Clint had an olive-toned body."

"Hmm." Del tapped his finger on his chin thoughtfully. "I wonder if there is money in body doubles. I mean, our bodies are close to perfect, so..."

Anything else he would have said was cut off as a doorman dressed in the livery of the hotel tapped on the window.

"I will handle this," Raidon announced. He depressed a button on the side of the door and lowered the window an inch as he reached under his jacket.

A huge gun appeared in his hand, the muzzle fitting neatly over the doorman's nose as Raidon forced the suddenly deathly still man back two steps.

"Step away from the car!" he growled, sounding menacing. "You do not have permission to be this close to the Master!"

"Do you have a gun carry permit?" Rika hissed at Raidon as he competently handled the Desert Eagle.

"A what?" Raidon asked, a bit confused, but jabbed the barrel of the gun harder against the whimpering man's nose.

"Never mind that," Del broke in. "We have to go. Besides, the gun matches his outfit. Does Shelby know you have that?"

"If I pull the trigger --" Raidon smiled. "-- a cute little rainbow flag will pop out. Once it just said 'bang,' but I like the rainbow better. It has all the pretty colors and it amused Shen. When Shen is amused, he is eager to do that tongue thing."

The doorman jumped back as if scalded and waited to see what would happen next.

The window wound back up and the doorman actually jumped as the seal on the door cracked open. A short Asian man stepped out, replacing the gun in his holster.

The maniac Asian scanned the area from behind dark sunshades, then his gaze centered on the doorman.

"Do not ever approach the Master without his consent. Do you understand?" Raidon hissed the words.

Numbly the doorman nodded, and Raidon gave him a hard nod in return.

Sniffing, Raidon pressed the com unit in his ear and muttered, "The... the eagle has roosted." He looked over at the doorman and nodded again.

While the doorman stared in shock and awe -- well, maybe confusion -- the limo door popped open and Rika stood up... and up... and up... and up! By this time, a small crowd had gathered, wondering what was going on.

Barika, looking menacing and hard, stepped aside and offered his hand. Almost daintily, Delsin placed his palm in Rika's and allowed himself to be drawn from the car. He took one step away and paused to pose.

As if it had been ordered, a gust of wind blew his loose tunic against his body, lovingly exposing his muscular build, as if teasing the gathered watchers, making his hair billow out behind him in a dark silky cloud the likes of which had only been seen in the movies or shampoo commercials.

Clicking his tongue at the gasping passersby, Delsin raised one manicured hand to his dark sunglasses, pulled them slightly down on his narrow nose, and peered over the tops, examining the people and the buildings.

"Sir?" the doorman whispered, awe -- or was that disgust? -- in his voice, as he gestured toward the front door. "Welcome to the Waldorf Astoria."

As he spoke, bellhops descended like a flock of dark moths and began to unload the baggage onto gold-plated trolleys.

"I suppose it will do," Del purred, sliding his glasses back up and gently resting his hand on Rika's waiting arm. "Shall we be off?"

Barika nodded, smiling like some besotted fool, and guided his lover into the opulence of one of New York's most distinguished hotels. The bellhops and the doorman followed, while Raidon contemplated the circus, walking ahead and looking menacing.

Chapter Seven

As they entered the spacious lobby, they were met by a tall, iced-blond individual dressed in impeccable brown. His eyes were a piercing, cerulean blue, his nose keen, his lips full and pouty.

He was unmistakably a model, and therefore the enemy in their eyes.

Instantly, Del was on the defensive, looking the man up and down. Raidon again took point, standing in front of Del, crossing his arms over his chest and glaring. Barika stood tall and solid beside Del, trying to place the man's face.

Del went on the attack first.

"I assume you are here to carry our luggage and show us where we are supposed to be, little errand boy?" Which in itself was a ridiculous comment, because he topped Del's height by about a foot.

"Mr. Delsin..."

"Just Delsin," Barika interrupted.

The man rolled his eyes in irritation. "I am your host for this show, Mr. Dakota --"

"Oh, now I remember you," Rika chuckled. "Dakota Fine Fashions. You were displaced --"

"I retired," Dakota snapped, not wanting to be reminded of his spectacular fall from grace.

"And you are now the desk flunky of Valintina Allure."

"Assistant!" `Kota snapped, not liking this new designer or his entourage. And what was up with the short Asian dude glowering and posing like he was Vin Diesel about to kick bad guy ass?

"Glorified measurement taker," Barika sang back, chuckling as a flush flowed over the man's sculpted cheekbones. Barika wondered if the same flush went over his body during orgasm.

"Assistant!" Dakota snapped again, slamming his hands on his hips in his indignation.

"Yes, well, washed up, has-been gofer boy," Delsin sneered, not liking the way this peon was staring at him and his entourage.

"Assistant!" Dakota was by now fairly screaming in anger, his lips in a full out pout as tears filled his eyes. "Assistant, assistant, assistant! I am a person assistant! A-S-S --"

"Yes, ass," Del purred, much to the delight of the two Angels with him. "And a nice one it very well may be, not that I can tell in all that unflattering brown you are wearing. You are really too pale to pull off the new bohemian look. You need to stick with shades of blue and pale greens."

Dakota sputtered, but Delsin continued, as if the tantrum the man was throwing was not at all unusual.

"Now that we are clear, you will assist me to my room so that my lover and my bodyguard may partake of refreshment and worship me as I so rightly deserve. And if you are a good little A-S-S... whatever, I may allow you to watch."

"You... you... you beast!" Dakota finally wailed, after his lips flapped open and closed a few times. "You are... you are... just plain mean!"

"No, darling." Del removed his glasses and looked down his nose at Dakota. "I am a clothing designer. You better recognize!"

With a sniff, he turned to the elevators, his lover at his side, his bodyguard now bringing up the rear, and a whimpering A-S-Sistant trailing in their wake.

Unknown to them, the whole scene was being observed by an important and influential redhead.

"Recognize, indeed," Val whispered to herself as she observed the entrance from a huge Queen Anne chair in a place of privacy in the lobby, the place where she always observed the competition. "Delsin has entered the building. This one may be trouble."

* * *

Dakota was not a happy A-S-Sistant.

He had delivered the long-haired, braying idiot to his room, along with his bumbling boyfriend and his insipid bodyguard, and now all he wanted was a break. But there were other designers to meet and greet, models to be babied, designs to be protected, plans to be brought into fruition.

Damn, he was tired!

He trudged back to the suite Val reserved for their makeshift offices and prepared to make a report to his Mistress.

For the life of him, he could not remember why he gave up his business -- or retired as he'd told the arrogant ones -- but he knew he had to make Valentina happy. For some strange reason, he lived to make that red-haired woman happy.

As his mind filled with thoughts like this, a subtle ache began in the back of his head, a tingling reminder to place his thoughts where they needed to be. But something the mean designer and his people had taunted him with kept circling around in the back of his mind.

Why had he retired?

He hissed as a blinding pain seemed to pierce the backs of his eyes. His hand flew up to rub at his forehead as the hall began to spin. He stumbled toward a wall, desperate for some kind of support as agony swept through his head. A trickle of warmth formed at his upper lip. He tasted the coppery trail and knew that his nose was bleeding.

Whimpering, he managed to turn so that his back was braced as the arm that had supported him began to give way.

Why? Why was he doing this? Why had he given up his own business? Why was he now following the dictates of that red-haired shrew?

This was nothing like him! He was the best in his field! He was a master! And now he was panting after some broad, lapping up her words as if he were some mongrel pup desperate for her attention.

Why?

He whimpered as the pain became overwhelming and he found himself curled into a fetal ball on the richly carpeted floor, whimpering and rocking back and forth.

Why? Why? Why?

Tears flooded his eyes again, and a sob tore from his throat. The sound seemed to echo in the empty hall, drawing his attention away from his agony and on his somewhat tenacious position on the ground.

"What?" he managed. As the questions fled his mind, he found himself more concerned with his appearance and behavior. Looking around, he realized he was on the ground, rolling around like an infant throwing a tantrum, and the strangest thing was that he couldn't remember why.

It had to be that mongrel Delsin and his uncouth people.

Sniffing, he realized his nose was running bright red blood. "Probably stress from putting up with those asses," he muttered. He straightened and pulled a pristine white hanky from his pants pocket. "Imagine, making negative comments about my brown! It's the new pink, and everyone will be wearing it!"

He rose stiffly to his feet, wondering at the small headache he seemed to have developed and couldn't shake as he momentarily lost control in his anger at dealing with that man and his people.

He wiped the blood away quickly and cursed. Looking down to check out his appearance, he found a few dark burgundy splotches on his once pristine shirt. "Damn foreign commoners," he hissed, then ran a hand through his white-blond hair, straightening it and controlling any flyaways.

For a second, his mind screamed at him to remember who had done this to him, that he had become less than his previous, glorious self, but those thoughts quickly skittered away as images of his red mistress took the forefront in his mind.

He shrugged off those thoughts, as thinking about anything but his precious Val seemed to pull the creativity right out of him, leaving him listless and needy.

He must please Val. These new thoughts took over his mind, and his confusion swiftly disappeared.

Val was all. Val was perfect. Val was his.

Straightening his shoulders, he turned and made his way to the office, once again the quick and efficient assistant he knew he was meant to be.

He had no idea why his eyes kept watering, but dismissed the reaction as an allergy... even though there were no plants in the room. Val hated fresh flowers, said they absorbed the beauty that was supposed to be reserved for her work. And if he felt any heaviness in his heart, well, that was from having to put up with asses like Delsin and his people.

He could try, but Delsin would never be as perfect as his Val. No one would ever be as perfect as Val.

How did he know?

Because she told him so! And Valintina was always right.

Chapter Eight

"What are you doing?" Delsin asked petulantly as Barika pulled his handheld out of his case and began plugging in code. He had just finished handing Raidon some papers, but turned away after a murmured conversation and didn't see the man leave the room as soon as he started tugging... things... out of his leather case.

"Here we are, huge suite, Jacuzzi hot tub, satin sheets, ultra king-sized bed, and of course... me! And you are playing with your thingie." Delsin glared at Barika, a small pout on his lips, not too much, mind you. Too much pout caused wrinkles.

"Look!" Del cried out, racing across the room. "Wheeeee! I'm naked!"

"I am sending a message to Boss Lady. You know she worries about us, Del and -" Barika's words were cut off as there came a great sound of sexual cries and orgasmic moans from his handheld.

Delsin blinked, then raced over to stare over Barika's shoulder at the small screen.

"Sex!" he cried out. "You have sex on that thing!"

"It's a screen saver, Del."

"It's sex and I want to see!"

"It's our last orgy," Barika chuckled. "Only about thirty seconds of it, but it does have Teresa swallowing Nalu while Willa gives it to Shen with her strap-on."

"Ohh!" Del exclaimed. "I remember that one!"

"Was there any particular reason you came over here?" Barika asked, rolling his eyes at Del's antics.

"Yes," Del informed him, standing up straight as Rika continued to plug away at the computer. "Remember? Whee! I'm naked!"

Barika froze, turning to stare at Delsin and yes, indeed! The man was in all of his golden-skinned, long-haired glory.

"I can see that," he sighed, but before things could go any further, there was a collective orgasm as the people on the screen really let loose, and then Shelby's frowning face suddenly appeared on the screen.

"It's about time! I was worried!" she started off, trying to mask her concern with her usual façade of disapproval.

"Well, we had to get here, Boss," Barika chuckled. "And there was an interesting welcoming committee."

"Valintina?" Shelby asked. "Did she have the jewels? Is it time for you guys to come home?"

"Miss us?" Barika purred, winking at his boss, whose hair was coming loose from its ink-pen bun.

"Hard-pressed to find replacements for your acts," she returned smartly. "And the zoo refuses to let us use apes until we get an exotic pet license. I pointed out you guys and was told that you animals were a special case. If they kept you in the zoo, you would have everything wrapped in watered silk and smelling like Giorgio Red... demanding Perrier water, too."

"Escape for Men, Shelby!" Del called, finally stepping around Barika's bulk to get his fair share of screen time. "It is the only scent that is appropriate for ones with our refined tastes."

Shelby took one look, then blinked, peered closer at the screen, and wiped her eyes. "Um, Del, you do know that you are, well, kind of in the raw?"

"I'm naked, Shelby!" Del laughed. "Isn't it great! Naked Delsin in a suite at the Waldorf!"

"Bitch!" came a faint cry from behind Shelby, then Shen peered over her shoulder, pouting at Delsin. "Being naked in the Astoria was on my list of things to do before I die, Delsin, and you know it! Right up there with giving George Bush Junior a dye job and an appointment with Betty Ford." He ticked the items off on his fingers,

looking suitably thoughtful. "And getting Britney Spears an image consultant and singing lessons. And maybe even that probably won't work."

"And I am doing it before you!" Del crowed, jumping in delight, which gave a bounce to a few lower hanging appendages that caught Shelby's attention and made her face explode into color. "But I refuse the Bush and the Spears things. Together, it sounds quite sexual, bushes and spears. But the reality is likely to make a eunuch out of any sane man."

"Delsin, put some clothing on!" Shelby interrupted, covering her eyes with one hand and resisting the urge to peek. Hey, bouncing was attention grabbing! Especially when Delsin's cock was bouncing enticingly against his thigh.

"No! It's naked time, Shelby! And you are in Baltimore where you can't touch me!" He laughed and gave his hips a little thrust, all signs of the mature designer giving way to the child Delsin could so easily emulate.

"But," Shelby reminded him, "you have to come home sometime. And guess who has access to your skin creams and conditioners?"

"They can be bought again, Shelby!" Del chuckled, blowing kisses at his irate boss.

"But what about your flavored lubes?"

"I can get more!" Delsin tossed his hair, not unlike a prize pony showing off at a show.

"And your... Friday Night Orgy contact book!"

"NOOOO!" Del wailed, his eyes growing wide and his mouth dropping open in amazement. "You wouldn't!"

"Try me," Shelby growled. "Rika may have the general list on his computers, but I have your special list here in my sweaty little unmanicured palms."

Delsin whimpered.

"Now, go and put on a robe, like the good little Angel I know you can be, or I turn this little gem over to Shen. And he has been dying to get at your bondage and blowjob database."

"I'll be good," Delsin whined, still pouting as he turned and walked away from the screen. "And if you steal anything, it should be the conditioner. It would do wonders for those split ends."

Shelby called out, "Will likes them!"

"Because he doesn't want to get cut off!" Delsin called from across the room where he was digging in his luggage for a robe. "But it is more likely that he will get his hands cut up if he continues to play in that haystack!"

"He's right, Shelby." Barika nodded in agreement. "You could use a hot oil treatment or a moisturizing crème rinse."

"Did you call," Shelby gritted out, her right eye twitching, "to do more than aggravate me, Barika? Because if you did, remember I still have Shen, Blain, and the others here with me."

"Dakota Blue." Barika's voice was serious now.

"Sounds like some kind of drink, Barika. Am I supposed to know the name? Should I get Will? Who is he, or is it a she?"

"More like a neutered dog," Barika returned. "And I don't expect you to know a thing about Dakota unless you are into the scene like the rest of us."

"He's a model?" Shelby looked contemplative, awaiting her answers.

"No, he is more like a designer. One who retired under mysterious circumstances, Shelby. The world was shocked when he quit. I mean, he was the best thing since Versace, Shelby! He was at the top of his game and all of a sudden, he disappeared. He had shops that carried exclusively his label, he was on all the hottest runways, he was on the red carpet constantly. He even designed robes for the royal family. Then, all of a sudden, he gave it up."

"The curse of the ruby?" Shelby asked, rolling her eyes to show her sarcasm.

"I have no idea, Shelby. All I know is that he has surfaced here."

"Does he have a record or something?" Shelby asked. This was too odd not to be a clue for them.

"I have no idea, Shelby, but he has a new job. He is Valintina Allure's personal assistant."

"Too much of a coincidence." Shelby shook her head. "This just keeps getting more and more complicated."

"I know, Boss Lady," Barika said. "This may be bigger than a simple case of cat burglary. I am going to run a search here, but my most powerful computer is at home. So I am sending an order to begin a search from there as I search for what I can find here. I'll get back with you in a day or so, and when I do, can you please send me the results?"

"Barika, your computer looks like something out of *Star Trek*! I'm not sure I can even handle that!"

"You just need the password," Barika assured her. "It's easy! If you type the password, the hard drive will not explode, the sprinklers will not go off, the lights will not explode, and all of our assets won't get bounced around for a few weeks until I can find them again."

Shelby blinked at Barika, then tried to hold in her sudden fright. "You have my livelihood connected up with your computer defense systems, Barika?"

"Just liquid assets," Barika assured her. "Your personal bank account would just go on lockdown until you gave them your pass code."

"Barika, I don't know the pass code."

"Oh! Yours is easy to figure out, Shelby! It's Split Ends."

Shelby's growl was almost audible, despite the technology Barika had installed on all of their videophones.

"And the password for your computer?"

"Simple! Multiple Orgasm."

By this time, Shelby's eyes were definitely twitching, and her eyebrow, too.

Maybe she needed a drink, Barika thought, watching his boss grit her teeth. Maybe this was the wrong job for her. It seemed that high fashion and crime did things, unflattering things, to her.

"Well." He decided to end the call and hopefully let Shelby have a good rest. "I'll contact you tomorrow, Boss Lady. And you may want to see a doctor about that twitch. It may cause premature wrinkling. Botox may help."

"Fuc..."

Before she could finish the statement, Barika signed off and disconnected the call.

He quickly typed in a search for Dakota Blue and all articles relating to his disappearance, and turned to look for Delsin, only to find the man dressed in scarlet robes and silk slippers, brushing his hair and applying scented oils.

"Going somewhere?" Rika asked. "And where is Raidon?"

"Gone to meet Shen's boy-toy. And to answer your other question, yes." Del sniffed. "I am going where my nakedness will be appreciated."

"I don't think the Black Rose is having a paddling party here, Delsin," Barika mused. "Although I may be wrong. And this is the wrong time of year for the Oral Olympics."

"I am going to find Valintina." Delsin rolled his eyes. "I am going to see if I can find out where she has hidden my family's legacy."

"You know there is a meet and greet in about three hours."

"Trifles. I want to see where she has hidden the jewels, Barika! Family honor is at stake!" He leaned forward and peered intently at his fellow Angel. "Honor, Barika. Honor!"

"And the curse?"

"I am the descendant of gods, Rika." He decided he was fine enough for the likes of Val and flounced for the front door. "Nothing can hurt me! Trust me!"

Chapter Nine

Raidon whistled softly as he made his way to the address on the paper. He followed the written directions Rika so thoughtfully included with his printout on Lance and happened upon a huge building in Lower Manhattan with a tiny basement dojo.

"Hmm," he mumbled to himself. "It doesn't look like the studios back at home."

But, shrugging, he ventured forth, a grin on his face, his sunglasses in place. Running one hand through his platinum blond spikes, he pushed open the dingy glass door. Instead of the usual smell of sweat and humidity, he was hit by a wave of Gray Flannel and the clean masculine smell of man.

Raidon inhaled those long forgotten scents, the smell bringing him back to his days in Japan and the dojo he'd practiced in daily... well, after he'd instituted the new clean up and appearance plan.

He looked damn good in his gi, even if he had to say so himself. He was the only child in the class to sport the ice-blond locks that so matched his fighting uniform. He recalled painting his toenails to match the color of each of his belts as he advanced, how his forms were the most perfectly executed, how... just damn gorgeous he was!

Too bad his father and the rest of the family didn't get his brilliance... at the time.

He must have slept with everyone in the class, granting them the favor of playing with his divine body, including the age appropriate white belts and his masters.

And all that sex helped with his flexibility!

Sighing, he bowed deeply and pulled off his shoes, showing respect to the mat and the dojo.

"Who are you?" an oddly accented voice questioned, rather rudely, Raidon thought.

Rising out of his bow, he faced a tall brunet with green-gold eyes and a remarkably pretty face. He almost looked like a girl, with his pouty lips and his high cheekbones. This had to be the one Shen had told them about.

And checking out his tightly-muscled, bare-chested body, Raidon could see what Shen saw in the man.

"If you are Lance, then I have come for you."

Instead of agreeing and moving to gather his things, the man actually took a fighting stance, knees bent and arms held before him upright in a blocking position.

Without a moment lost, Raidon took up a similar stance, and began eyeing his opponent for weaknesses.

Warily, the two combatants circled each other, sizing each other up.

With a cry of, "Not the face!" Lance attacked.

He led off with a drop kick that Raidon easily sidestepped with a quick spin. Then as Lance flew past him, he lashed out, striking the man in his lower back.

"Not the back, either," the man complained. "I am getting a tattoo there next week, and I don't want to be bruised."

"Ohh!" Raidon spun to face the man again as Lance neatly rolled to his feet, using the momentum of the blow that Raidon delivered. "Dragons? I like dragons!"

"It's an Asian stereotype you are perfectationing." Lance launched himself at Raidon, not quite sure if he had the word right but using it anyway, as he delivered a series of kicks and punches that Raidon easily sidestepped or blocked.

"I am not adding to any stereotype, perfectationing or otherwise," Raidon snorted, stumbling over the big word, but jumping over a sweeping kick and doing a neat backwards flip to avoid a thrusting punch that would have hit him in the stomach. Lance threw himself backwards, punching out with both fists. "Besides, I suck at math." He was pretty sure perfectationing had to do with algebra.

"Well, in that case --" Lance ducked a high kick. "-- I am not exactly getting a dragon, just the eyes low on my spine. My agent said it would increase my usability for the Goth crowd between the ages of fifteen and thirty-five."

"Really?" Raidon asked, catching the fist that Lance threw in his face, and pulling the man close. "I may have to consider getting one."

"And mar this perfect body?" Lance asked, allowing himself to be pulled right up into this strange but excellent fighter's personal space. "Your skin tones must be so beautiful."

"And I look good in black," Raidon agreed, drawing Lance's attention to the fact that he was bare-chested and currently plastered up against this man's front. "My name is Raidon, and Shen said I could ask you a few questions."

"Raidon?" Lance asked, then grinned. "If Shen sent you, you must be okay. He gave me a lot during our brief affair, including the desire to try out for hand modeling. Although I am not as intelligent as Shen, he said I was more intelligent than the average model, and for me not to let my talents go to waste."

"Shen is so intelligent," Raidon said with a sigh, looking at the man who was taller than him by only a few inches, but it was a few inches that left him pressed against the man's muscular, sweaty chest. "So, can I ask you something?"

"Sure," Lance purred, feeling a growing heat between his legs and wondering at the growing bulge pressed to his thigh. "I am five-eleven, weigh one sixty-nine, hung with nine and a quarter inches. Will that get me laid?"

"Um, yeah, but I wanted to talk to you about Valentina Allure."

"Way to kill the mood," Lance sighed, backing away and shooting Raidon a baleful glare. "If you didn't want sex, all you had to do was say so."

"Oh, I want sex," Raidon assured him. "But two things. First, we must respect the mat, and second, I kind of need to know about her. After that, we can go back to my room and screw like bunnies."

"Fair enough," Lance answered, smiling as he led Raidon to some chairs set up in the far corner of the dojo. "Valintina is bad news. That assistant of hers is an ass and is kind of whacko, you know?"

Raidon nodded, trying to keep his eyes off the man's bunching muscles as he gestured while speaking.

"I have been to a few of her shows, you know, guarding bodies and dresses, and I never saw anything special about them. But when she came into the room, you know, it was like they were the most beautiful things I had ever seen. She didn't bother much with me -- I am the hired help -- but my client drooled over her after he was calling her stuff shit on the way over. It was strange, but she had every man eating out of her palms. The ladies were still standoffish and not impressed, but the bulk of the investors in the industry are male, so I guess that's all that mattered to Valintina. She is one strange red lady. I would steer clear. There were even rumors of her men doing some red work for her, if you know the slang I am speaking to you."

"Really?" Raidon perked up more. "Red work?" She was advocating murder?

"When I was there in India with a patron to guard her back, one of her men came running in, all wild-eyed and crazy looking, telling that assistant of hers that he had done as Val told him. Was speaking about some chick named Alita, that he had taken out the lady trying to steal back the eyes or something. I didn't want to hear any more so I kind of left and reported it to some people there, but no one believed me. Can you imagine getting all worked up over contact lenses and killing someone? How stupid can some people be?"

"Very," Raidon sighed, knowing that he had to take Lance back to the hotel to tell Delsin what he had learned. "And they say models lack intelligence."

Chapter Ten

“Goldfinger,” Del sang under his breath as he tossed his hair and strode down the hall, looking for the A-S-Sistant. “He’s the man with the goooolden touch!”

He strutted down the hall as if he owned it, his hair flowing in a never-ending caress down his back. His red silk robes made him appear more exotic than usual, lending a bit of savagery to his overall look. He was a silk-covered barbarian overlord, seeking information from his peons.

He was not to be denied.

People moved out of his way, staring amazed at the purple-eyed male who moved aggressively down the halls, stalking something. His graceful strut could only be compared to a wild animal on the prowl, and several patrons of the hotel, and indeed several of the designers and models, wished that they were the prey of choice this evening.

“Goldfinger,” he sang, giving his hips a little shimmy that caused a housekeeper to run her cart into a wall. “Something... something... something you can look but you better not touch!”

He paused at the elevators, speaking to himself softly. The doors opened for him as if he commanded them. “Now if I was an uptight designer with delusions of glory, where would I be?”

“Back in your suite,” a voice sneered.

Del turned around and grinned as the elevator doors closed and he discovered he was not alone. There in the back of the small space stood just the ice-blond idiot he needed.

“It’s the A-S-Sistant!” Del crowed, clapping his hands as he eyed the man from the top of his blond hair and his now cream blouse, to the bottom of the same brown

pants. "The shirt is a bit better, but you really should avoid tones that warm. It makes you look sallow like... hmmm." He placed one finger to his lips and contemplated Dakota's new look. "Um... Oh, I know! Like a three-day-old corpse that has been left to rot in the sun!"

He clapped his hands and bounced a little, making his hair take up a merry dance behind him, as he watched Dakota's blue eyes ice over.

"Bitch!" Dakota hissed, his eyes narrowing as he stared at the man who he just knew was going to be a major problem in his ordered life.

"And don't you forget it, you braying A-S-Sistant." Suddenly, he didn't look cute and cuddly. Dakota took a step back as past years of regal training raced to the forefront of Del's mind. His body automatically took on a defiant royal stance, as if daring anyone unworthy to enter into his presence. His eyes flashed purple, lids lowering to half-mast. His hands fisted at his sides and his presence seemed to grow and fill the elevator car. "Take me to your master, lap dog. My business is not for the likes of you."

Dakota was instantly cowed under that voice, those tones. Something inside him demanded that he respond, that he drop to his knees in obedience. Something internal ordered him to respect this man, and he hadn't the faintest idea why!

"Penthouse," Dakota managed, as Delsin's aura seemed to fill the room with undeniable pressure. Even his ears began to pop as Del stared silently at the man who now cowered before him.

"Very good," Del muttered, then, "Well?"

After all the hotels Del had stayed in, he knew that it took a special key card to get into the penthouses.

Instantly understanding, Dakota stumbled over to the control panel and ran his key card down the appropriate slot, causing the elevator to lurch forward and disregard any other orders it was given.

Within seconds, the smooth-riding car's doors slid open to reveal a large marble foyer complete with crystal chandelier and glass accent table.

"Yes," Del purred. "This looks comfortable."

Before he could say anything else, a rather brash voice called out, “`Kota? Is that you? Pet? Did you bring the whipping cream?”

“Kinky,” Del purred, turning to Dakota, noting the embarrassed flush on the man’s face.

“Dakota?” Valintina Allure strode from the back bedroom in all her nearly naked glory.

She paused in the doorway, her long red hair cascading down her back as the dimming light of a New York day cast a prism of magentas and purples over her form.

“Eww!” Delsin shuddered as he observed this phenomenon of nature. “The beautiful colors of the sunset should never touch skin as pale as yours and hair such an odd shade of red.”

“What?” Val gasped, staring at the designer who had caused `Kota such trouble earlier.

“Close the window,” he sighed, rolling his eyes. “You are letting the light caress your body and that is just so wrong on so many levels.”

“And just who are you?” Val glared through narrowed eyes.

“I am just Delsin.”

“So, just Delsin.” Val chose to ignore his comments. “You think my body would look better in the dark?”

“Yes, your body would look better in the dark. Especially with your coloring.”

“And what would you suggest with my coloring?” Val strolled over to Delsin, admiring the cut of his red robe and the authoritative way he stood. Her finger ran along his arm as she moved closer, invading his personal body space.

“A dye job.”

Dakota gasped, and Val chuckled a bit.

“Very opinionated, this one, `Kota.” Her laugh was low and deep. “So, if not to partake of my beauty, why exactly are you here, Delsin?”

“I am here to speak to you about...”

Quick, Delsin's mind screamed. *Think of something! You cannot tell her you are a spy!* He blinked at Val as his mind raced fifty miles a second, which was fast for Delsin.

Okay! He was here to...

Spray for insects? No, check for moths? Not quite right either. Searching for uneven silicone breast implants, bad dye jobs, botched pedicures, and lack of personal lubricant?

"I came here to speak to you about Dakota." *Stall for time*, Delsin told himself, as he struggled to keep that polite façade on his face.

"My assistant?"

"Yes, um, the uh, colors that he is wearing. They are offensive to my eye so I insist he remove them at once."

Val froze, staring at the long-haired man who stood before her in all her nearly naked glory and dared to make demands of her assistant! "Dakota? You came all this way to talk about Dakota?"

"I am flattered," the person of interest in this little melodrama snorted. "And I suppose you want to talk about my hair color next? I assure you this is all natural."

"Oh, I know," Del agreed, breathing a little easier now that he had a reason to be here. "I doubt any colorist worth his or her tint brush would place that gaudy a color on someone so unworthy and pallid in the complexion." Now, what would James Bond do? What would Ethan Hunt do?

Why, sleep with the girl!

But Delsin took one look at the girl -- bright red hair, hungry leer, murder of his relatives and insults to his ancestors, with the poor fashion taste to dress an ice blond in dark brown -- and decided maybe he would rather sleep with the boy.

"So you came all this way to insult my assistant."

"I came all this way to undress your assistant," Del leered. There was something endearing about the lap-dog type. Del wondered if he could get Dakota to suck his toes.

Then he looked at the female designer and decided maybe he was pushing things a bit hard. "With your help, of course."

"You want to help me dress Dakota?" Val was incredulous. There she was! Ready and hungry for action! The hottest designer since... well since! And he wanted to dress her pet?

"I am a designer," he assured her. "I figure if I can dress him and make him at least marginally presentable to the public, then maybe we can meet to discuss other things."

That piqued her interest.

"I'm listening." She took a step back and waited.

"Later. Now I wish to see what you can do. Your designs have been very mysterious, Valintina, and that intrigues me."

"Funny, that I have never really heard of you before," Val mused out loud, one brightly and predictably red manicured finger pressing against her bottom lip.

"That is because you are not international or royal enough," Del sniffed. "If you play with plebian designers, you will never get to the important ones."

Chuckling, Val made a mental note to believe the press she had received about Delsin. Only a real designer would be so arrogant, so brash, such a defiant jackass!

"So let us begin."

* * *

"Isn't he beautiful like this?" Del asked, tapping Val on her head to draw her attention to her A-S-Sistant.

Dakota was bound in the most garish strips of red ribbon Del had ever seen, that the woman seemed to have in abundance. A gurgling moan was his answer as the plain-faced female pulled slowly off his cock to observe her boy-toy.

"He is so very pretty," Val muttered, then greedily dropped her head back into Del's lap.

Del rolled his eyes and snorted at the woman's gauche, unskilled, and unsophisticated attempts to give head. He looked over at Dakota and saw jealousy and confusion, with a large dose of fear, flood the man's eyes.

It had started off simply enough, the disgusting seduction Del had to force himself to endure. He had gotten into Val's inner sanctum, her bedroom, but there was no sign of the Eyes. He could feel their power, feel it pulsing through his mind, calling to his blood, but he had no idea where the woman had secreted them. And before he could start a good search, she and that ass of an assistant joined him, and then he spent all his time finding a way to distract the red-haired monster and her lap dog.

Tying Dakota up in red ribbon was a stroke of genius. Hell, Del almost felt sorry for the poor sap. There were times when he was bound and gagged that Del read absolute hatred in his eyes for Valintina, but that was quickly dissolved in a wash of pain. Pain, Del realized, that was being influenced by the abilities of the Eyes on a mortal male.

Valintina was not only using the power to enslave men she found desirable, she was keeping them at a level of devotion that would have caused death in those with a weaker will.

Still, he watched and forced an interest when Val proceeded to whip the bound Dakota and force him to perform lewd oral sex acts -- well, any sex act with that woman could be considered lewd. He even called out suggestions.

When Val turned her eyes to him, he informed her that he was here for oral only, that she had not earned the right for him to screw her. "I am royalty, after all," he reminded her, and he could have sworn she drooled, and it had nothing to do with his magnificent naked body or his huge erection.

So, Miss Val was after power, he reasoned, and then allowed some tales from his days with the Hijra slip, along with stories of the magnificent wealth at his palace. Val had all but thrown herself at his feet and sucked down his cock before he could say, "Crown Jewels."

Now he watched as she gave it her best seductive attempt. She even tried to look up the line of his body and give him the sex eyes. Del shuddered, and Val took that to mean excitement. She redoubled her efforts to bring him off.

He knew the jewels would not work on him, but she probably thought she had to be wearing the Eyes in order for them to have an effect. And from the way she was carrying on, fingering herself as she blew him, he realized she was trying to set him up for another fuck where she could flex the full power of the jewels.

It was almost genius of her, but she never counted on one who was a master of deception, one dedicated to the goddess Bahuchara Mata and born of Shiva's line. She was disgustingly easy to read.

He looked up at Dakota again, and could have sworn the man was begging for help with his eyes, just before that haze fell over them again and he sneered at Del.

Deciding to bring this pointless exercise to an end, he closed his eyes and recalled his latest bout of sex with Eve, and how she did that enticing stripper booty-clap for him, making the round globes of her ass shake and dance.

That was such an enjoyable night too, all lube and sex and oral play. And then she brought out that dildo and stuck it to him while he was sticking it to her and... And...

"Yes," he hissed, as he tossed his head back and let the memories wash over him, the feel of sinking his hot flesh into warm, tight heat, forcing muscle to part and creating a space for his cock to consider a temporary home. He whimpered as he remembered how it felt to be so close to someone you could feel the faint heartbeat from inside, how each quiver of the tight muscles that surround his rock-hard erection translated into pure pleasure.

Within seconds, he was blasting his load down Val's throat, making her choke and pull off to stare at him, anger on her face.

"Was I supposed to warn you?" he asked, snorting. "I thought you had experience in this thing. I should not have to tell you to prepare to take the royal seed."

Actually, he thought, she looked rather interesting with his spooge running down her chin, making tracks in the heavy makeup that covered her face.

He hoped she took his actions for the insults they were meant to be. Sighing, he recovered himself from his less than spectacular orgasm and straightened his robe.

"You had better let your toy down, Val. Next time, have some blue ribbon for him, as his flush clashes with the red of the ribbons."

That done, he strolled out of the room, not bothering to look back over his shoulder to the angry woman and the bound, pitiful man, and made his way to the showers.

"Dakota," Val muttered when she was sure Delsin had finished washing and had exited the suite. "I am going to make him pay. Not kill him like the others, not make him into one of my treasured pets. I want him to suffer a bit, to break his pride, and then I will take his Royal Highness for everything he is worth."

Chapter Eleven

"Now I know why Dakota's last name is Blue," Delsin called as he waltzed into the suite. "But I believe they spelled it wrong."

Raidon, walking from the kitchen, paused, a glass of ice in his hands. "Should have been spelled B-L-E-W?"

"You have no idea," Del sighed. "And Val, for a murdering, wrong-colored psycho bitch, is a pretty awful lay."

"Del!" Raidon gasped, his eyes going wide. "You did not!"

"Oh, Rai, I did!" Del chuckled. "And I would still be doing it if I had not almost fallen asleep." Del shook his head. "No skill, these pseudo-designers."

"You're a riot, Del." Raidon giggled, turning and heading toward the bedroom.

"And where are you going, young thunder god?" Del inquired, following Raidon into the master bedroom.

"Oh, Lance needs some recovery time and Judy, the non-Latino housekeeper who gave us floor plans for getting behind the stage after the show, wanted to try active sex with an ice cube. Can you imagine, never having sex with ice?"

"Um..." Delsin looked down at his still-bloated cock, barely hidden in his silky robes. "Need a fourth?"

"So long as you wash murdering, psycho designer's juice off your body."

"Who do you think I am?" Del snorted. "I wash as soon as I am done playing with my toys, especially those of a dollar store variety."

They both shuddered, their teeth chattering.

"My bad," Raidon chuckled. "Don't be mad. I had to ask. I had no idea if you had gone... native or not."

"As if."

Raidon led Del into the room, where Judy languished, legs spread in the air. A grinning Barika was buried knuckles deep inside her.

"Oh!" the sweating Judy moaned. "More men! Get over here and make me come!"

"She's not shy," Raidon chuckled.

"So I see." Del grinned. "Good quality pussy and ass! Just the thing I need to get that cloying feeling, that not even a shower can remove, off of my skin."

"Shut up and fuck me!" Judy bellowed, her hands locked into Barika's hair as she urged him onward. "And you, suck that clit harder!"

"The people are so demanding here," Del commented as he dropped his robe and approached the bed.

"Of course," Raidon returned. He climbed onto the bed behind Barika, running his hands over the dark, sweating flesh. "This is New York."

Before further comment could be made, Judy gave a bellow, her thighs clamping around Barika's head as her body lifted off the bed. "God, yes! Coming!"

Pulling back and licking his lips, Barika turned to growl at Raidon, "On your back!"

Instantly, Raidon complied, and the grateful Judy was handed off to a Del who was busily watching the proceedings and stroking a burgeoning erection.

As Delsin settled with the informant, Barika crawled up Rai's body until his knees rested under his arms, his ass on his chest, his dick straight in the blond's face.

With an eager grin, Rai opened his mouth and swallowed down as much of the large cock as he could.

"You are so damn good at that," Barika groaned as the other two looked on, their desire spiraling upwards.

Raidon grunted acknowledgement through a mouthful of dick, then gripped Barika's ass in his hands, urging him upwards so he could take more.

Judy and Delsin were not content to just sit and watch. Judy crawled over toward Delsin, her short hair shining as she felt more moisture gush from between her

legs, her swollen sex steaming at the sight of the individual she had been promised to for play. "Hello, pretty, pretty, pretty. Come to play with me?"

She rose up on her knees, her knees spread, and she slowly ran one hand down, past her shaven pussy and onto her swollen clit. She shuddered as she ran her fingers in small circles, pressing in on her lips to increase her pleasure. "I am so very needy."

"Barika just serviced you wonderfully," Del pointed out as he crawled toward her, matching her move for move. Except, in addition, he picked up two handfuls of his silky hair and ran that over his body, wrapping the strands around his cock and stroking softly. "What can I offer you, little old me?"

"Just skip the preliminaries and fuck her," Barika called out, hissing as Rai moved one hand to roll his balls around in their sac. "For God's sake, Delsin, I want to watch!"

Chuckling, Delsin released his hair lock on his cock and reached for the panting Judy.

First, he caressed her with his hair, running its strands over the nipples he wanted to suck, then down toward her stomach, causing shivers to break out over her body. He looked down and saw that her thighs were glinting with the dew of her arousal.

Yes, she was panting and hungry, and oh, so very needy.

"Fuck me," she purred. "You know you want..."

She never got to finish her statement, because with a growl worthy of his godly ancestor, Delsin launched himself at her willing body, making her a sacrifice on the altar of the gods.

"You want fucked, you little bitch?" he hissed. "Then so be it!"

Without warning, Judy was tossed on her back beside the happily munching Raidon, who was moaning around Barika's thick meat to let the vibrations from his throat add to the sensations swamping his hulking lover.

Judy found her legs hefted high as a slim body worked its way to her torso, the long hair that surrounded him acting like silken tentacles, wrapping around her body, caressing her skin, finding all the sensitive spots she never knew she had.

"You are good, you long-haired fuck. And don't call me a bitch. You don't have the right!" With that, she reached up and gripped his shoulders, pulling him up so that her nipple brushed against his lips. "Suck, you long-haired freak! Make me come by sucking on my nipples!"

"Play time," Del giggled, his visage lightening a bit as he stared down at the tender fruit that was being offered to him.

Then he dropped his face, and like a hungry infant, attached himself to her nipple.

"Oh, sweet Jesus!" Judy bellowed as Del once again took control.

He nipped and bit at her nipple, soothing the sting with a soft lap of his tongue. He traveled from one breast to the other, using his hair to stimulate the abandoned nipple further.

His nails ran down her sides, igniting a fierce fire within her as his hair caressed her like silken ribbons. His mouth and his hands seemed to be everywhere, caressing, touching, teasing. Then he leaned back and gripped her thighs in his slim, delicate-looking hands, pressed them backwards, opening her wide for his pleasure.

"Barika has already approved of your taste," he murmured. "Now it is time I sample, do you not think?"

Then his face was between her legs, his lips wrapped around her clit.

She gyrated, made the bed bounce, knocking the other shuddering couple into them as the actions increased in pace. Still, Del held her legs up higher and let his tongue drag over her swollen lips, dipping into her feminine fount to sample her from the source.

"Sweet," he whispered his approval. "I wonder if everything is as sweet..." He reached under a pillow where he knew Barika and Raidon had stashed supplies.

One hand holding her open, his other reached over to retrieve the dental dam wrapped in its plastic wrapper. Within seconds, the small plastic dam was in place and his tongue was protected.

"Raspberry flavored," he purred, dropping his face again. His tongue made another foray into her clenching pussy, before he dipped even lower, his tongue gently circling the star-shaped pink opening of her ass.

"Ah, shit!" Judy screamed, bucking in his embrace, but Del held her fast.

He circled her rosebud over and over, using concentric circles that targeted in on the small opening, relaxing muscles and preparing her for more pleasure.

After Del felt sufficient time had been spent there, he reached for a tube of lube, also stashed under the pillow, and liberally coated two fingers.

"New sensation, Judy," he purred.

Then his fingers slid deep, stretching the muscles, sending a feeling of burning pleasure through her.

"I've never done anal," Judy gasped, "but I am willing to learn."

"Excellent." Del sank his fingers deep, carefully avoiding hurting her but stimulating every nerve she possessed.

Judy felt her empty pussy clench as she released one wringing cry after another. His hold prevented her from moving, from thrusting back on his fingers, and it was making her desperate and frustrated at the same time.

"Please!" she pleaded. "I am so empty!"

Still manipulating her with his fingers, Del grinned and dropped his head to suck at her clit and dripping pussy lips.

"My name is Delsin," he informed her, rapidly licking at her clit. "You will remember it."

Before she could react, Del tapped Barika on the shoulder. "If you are through with Rai, I need a little assistance over here. As sweet as my name would sound on her lips, her foul mouth is making me a bit more aggressive than I want to be. Will you please plug it?"

"With pleasure," Barika chuckled, already familiar with how raunchy Judy could be when aroused to fever pitch.

Tapping Rai on the head, he pulled his cock back from one of the most enjoyable face-fucks he had experienced since leaving Baltimore and quickly straddled Judy's head, facing Del.

"I don't want to miss a thing," he informed them as he lowered his dick over her lips, her eager mouth sucking him in deeply. Barika decided to be of further assistance by gripping her thighs and using his leverage to hold her legs open and wide, rolling her up on her shoulders.

Delsin continued his work, stretched her anal sphincter as Raidon, seeking a new target, zeroed in on Del's swinging ass. Reaching for the lube, he soon had two fingers slicked up and thrusting into Del's back passage.

"Gods," Del breathed. "To be filled and to fill at the same time! How I love honoring my ancestors in this fashion!"

He increased the number of fingers in Judy from two to three and began to scissor them out. Judy grunted her approval and her hands reached up to clutch at Barika's corded thighs.

Feeling she was more than ready, Delsin reached for the condom packet and quickly sheathed his aching member.

Within seconds, he had the slender head of his cock pressed against her ass.

"Do you really want this?" he asked. "Because you know I can stop."

Judy pulled off Barika long enough to gasp, "Take me, you flaming idiot!"

Then he pressed in, feeling her tight muscles part, feeling them spasm around his cock head. Del gritted his teeth and fought against the urge to thrust madly into her tight heat. But he was better trained than that. He knew how to exhaust her muscles so that they would accept his length in her rear temple.

As he pressed inward, he felt the broad spade of a cock against his own ass. Raidon, having run three fingers without difficulty into Del's ass, had now moved into position, pressing the large head against the very tiny sphincter.

"You want?" he asked, nipping at Del's shoulder through the fall of black hair.
"Yes?"

"Oh, yes," Del rasped, then gasped as Raidon slowly and steadily drove himself home.

Del shuddered, his head falling back and his body growing weak as the dual sensations exploded in his head.

The tight heat of Judy's slowly accepting body, the thick, full feeling in his ass, the visual pleasure of Barika as he got off on Judy's talented tongue... It all combined to make one very happy Delsin.

"Fuck us," he finally managed, hissing as Raidon slowly pulled out and struck his prostate as he stroked back inwards.

Judy, feeling the weight of Raidon telegraphed through Del's cock, screamed around the meaty cock in her mouth. Full, she was full with cock to overflowing. One in her mouth, one pleurably splitting her ass and setting off fireworks down there. The only thing that would make it better was...

And then her thoughts fragmented as Barika leaned forward and began to nip and lick at her clit and swollen lips.

They moved together, one huge, sweating, rutting mass of sex and limbs, faltering at times, but managing to keep a decent pace as they pleased each other.

Delsin shuddered under Raidon's rapidly increasing thrusts. Barika was slowly fucking Judy's face, careful not to give her more than she could take as he rubbed his face in her juices, thoroughly coating himself in her essence. And Delsin alternately thrust deeply into Judy and slammed himself backward on Raidon, sending his brain into overdrive with the mindless ecstasy he was receiving.

Faster and faster they moved, gasping and grunting and screaming until Delsin began a particular chant, calling on his ancestors to witness his new understanding of life as his body stiffened.

"Lord Shiva, I am coming!" he finally bellowed, his head going back, his hair flying around them, his whole body shaking with spasms.

His seed exploded from his body in white-hot bursts, coating the inside of the condom and bathing his thrusting erection in his molten heat. He felt his ass muscles clench around Raidon, halting the Japanese man's movements as he, too, fell in ecstasy.

Hearing his lovers go off flipped the switch for Barika. He pulled back and gasped to Judy, "Get ready!" Moaning and groaning, he felt his cock swell even larger, then it was exploding, blasting his hot wad right down Judy's throat.

Judy choked a bit, but managed to swallow every drop. Then, before she could even think to complain, Barika thrust three fingers deep into her gasping pussy and her world melted down.

"Fuck, yes!" she bellowed as her ass grasped onto the still hard cock embedded there, as her pussy strangled the fingers pressed against her G-spot, as she felt the mound of masculine flesh come crashing down around her, burying her in a pyramid of hot, sweaty bodies. "Oh, fuck, life is good!"

Rather weakly, the men untangled their limbs and pulled themselves from her body, Judy protesting all movement with her whimpers of displeasure and glowering looks. There was a pleasant afterburn in her ass, and her pussy was sore and wrung out. Her throat hurt from deep-throating King Dong, and her whole body shook with exhaustion.

There was only one thing she could do.

"Can we do that again in thirty?" she asked, wondering why the men sat up and began high-fiving each other.

It was going to be a long night.

* * *

"Okay." Barika languished in the huge hot tub. "That was fun, but it won't solve the case."

"What do we know?" Raidon asked, checking the temperature of the tub, not wanting it to get hot enough to drain the moisture from their skin.

"We know that Val can't dress her help, and the more I look at her, the more gaudy she seems." Delsin looked about as serious as he was capable of. "She killed my

family, guys. I know she did. Any man in her grasp seems to be in danger. And I have no idea why." He sank deeper into the water. With his hair braided and pinned on top of his head to keep it dry, he looked like some exotic doll. The few long tendrils that escaped their confinement trailed in the water, giving him an almost ethereal look.

"Maybe it is a perfume," Raidon whispered, feeling Delsin's pain but not knowing how to handle it. "Maybe it is one with those aphrodisiacs in it."

"Mass drug attacks?" Rika offered, wrapping one meaty arm around Del. "Maybe subliminal messages and computer transmitted brainwashing? There are a lot of reasons, Del. We just have to find out how and stop her."

"Yes." Del laid his head on Barika's shoulder, drawing comfort and warmth from his large friend. "Maybe."

Never before had Delsin felt the weight of his responsibilities settle so deeply on his shoulders.

Yes, he knew who he was -- the descendant of a god -- but what had he ever had to do in that capacity? Never had his family or his ancestors called to him, relied so heavily on him. And here he was, after mind numbing sex... It had been great mind numbing sex and surely a tribute to his godly ancestors, but what had it accomplished?

What was he going to do now?

All through his life he had known who he was. He knew what he was doing. He knew what direction his life was taking. He knew how far to push, who to push, and when. He knew of his own self worth and his abilities. He was never disturbed by anything or questioned his motives. Now, with this, he was cast adrift. This was new territory, and it left him feeling -- well, apprehensive was too strong a word, but uncertain seemed to fit. He had not felt this level of uncertainty since he did those shampoo and conditioner shoots dolled up like a mermaid swimming through an Amazonian rainforest being hauled along by computer-generated sea horses. And sea urchins. Okay, that was kind of fun, and it paid off, but still, it was such a un-Delsin-like thing to do.

And now, he was soaking in the tub in the aftermath of good sex, and he was confused.

"So." Barika, noting the depression settling on his friend, tried to get back to the matter at hand and avoid painful self-reflection. If they all looked too deeply into themselves, they might become disgusted at what they found. And that was a bad thing. "Let us put our facts together." He gave Del a brief hug and looked to Raidon, who nodded in agreement.

"Val has the jewels, and I could not find them." Del perked up now that he was being given a definite road to follow.

"Cause they were not in her mouth or his ass," Raidon offered, shrugging when the other Angels shot him quelling stares.

"Val has the jewels," Barika stated, "and from what I read, she appears to like wearing them at her shows."

"So we strike at the fashion show," Raidon piped up, eager for some action.

"Well," Barika cautioned, "that could be dangerous. Val is sure to have some bodyguards."

"Other than the entirely too fuckable Dakota." Del giggled, ignoring the looks the other two shot him.

"Other than him, yes." Barika chuckled. "And I really don't count him as a threat anymore. If he tries something, we can have Del fuck him to death. That would fix him."

There were several minutes of unbridled hilarity and sexual innuendo, before Barika brought things back to the matter at hand.

"So how do we confront her without her guards and wearing the jewels?"

"Wrap-up party," Raidon said. "Lance says they always have a wrap-up party, and only the most special designers get invited."

"Are we special enough?" Barika asked.

"After tonight, I will be surprised if we don't get gold engraved invitations." Delsin sat up a bit and feigned rubbing his hands over his bare chest.

"So long as it is not printed on that tacky red color she likes so much." Barika shuddered. "I have never seen red look so wrong on someone. Blain would have a heart attack."

"Blain would cut it," Raidon added sagely. "Or dye it, depending on which one was the fastest way to his goal."

"Which brings us back to Dakota Blue." Barika placed a small kiss on Del's nose before he climbed out of the tub, the clear water cascading off his body and flowing down each rippled muscle.

"And you are off to?" Del asked, sighing as the water seemed to make Barika's big, muscular body glow.

"To check my emails. Shelby was supposed to send me some information regarding Dakota Blue and it is time I checked that out."

It only took Barika a few moments to turn on his handheld and pull up the information he needed. After a few minutes of reading, he called to the others. "Guys, come here. I think you all should hear this."

Soon, Barika was surrounded by naked, damp men peering over his shoulder as they all struggled to read the small LCD screen.

"It says that Dakota Blue, of Dakota's Fine Fashions, entered a board meeting with incumbent members..."

"Does that mean she likes anal?" Raidon asked. "In-cum-bunt?"

"No, that means she is new and tacky and has poor taste," Delsin happily corrected.

"Well, she walked in with Dakota Blue, established designer to the stars, and walked out with his business. And look at the photo."

Barika scrolled down to the accompanying photo with the detailed business articles showing Val decked out in her signature red, with a set of huge rubies dangling from her upswept hairdo. Dakota and several of his investors trailed after her, looking like dazed lemmings. Valentina Allure's smile was blinding, almost as blinding as the sheen on those rubies.

"She is perverting the Eyes!" Del gasped, one hand going to his chest in a pretty good imitation of Eyago. "How dare she?"

"Well, it seems the legends on mind control may be true," Barika said. "And if she can influence this, she can influence world leaders and politicians. Her goal would be --"

"Fashion industry supremacy!" Raidon and Delsin gasped, looking almost frightened.

"The world papered in tacky reds and oranges," Raidon wailed.

"The world filled with drooping ethnic material on people who would be better off in a muumuu or a tent!" Del whimpered.

"All the men fawning at her feet!" Barika shuddered.

"No good sex for the rest of us!" Delsin wailed, standing up, his eyes flashing purple fire. "This injustice will not stand! We will stop her!"

"So, as a descendant, you can touch the jewels?" Barika asked. "And not wind up a mindless slave wearing dull browns and muddy earth tones?"

"If I ever do that," Del said in his most sincere of tones, "kill me."

"May not have to," Barika continued, pulling up the information Eyago had given them on the Eyes of Shiva. "According to this, you will eventually go mad, anyway."

"But I want to look good in death," Del sighed. "I want to be glorious and beautiful, and have my worshipers cry at my feet, cast themselves on my funeral pyre, to... to... to name a hairstyle after me!"

"Lofty goals," Barika added in all seriousness. "But first, we must stop Valentina."

"Agreed," Del stated, visions of a court funeral running through his head.

"So, we get invitations to meet with her." Raidon spoke softly, running his hand through his hair and resettling the damp spikes into their proper place. "We get her alone, then we kick her ass?"

"Delsin kicks her ass." Barika gave a decisive nod. "He is the only one who can touch her. We get to kick the asses of her cronies."

"And kicking her ass should be easy," Raidon added, grinning at a suddenly determined Del. "After all, her people admitted to killing to protect the jewels, like Lance told us. That and other factors."

Delsin was positively glowing now that he had a plan of action. His world was righting. He could almost feel the approval of his ancestors.

"How so?" Barika asked. "She is almost as big as he is, and we are still uncertain about the effects of the stones on his person."

"Well, after fucking her ass through a bed, kicking her ass through a wall should be easy," Raidon helpfully added.

And in some strange sort of model speak that sentiment made perfect sense. Del and Barika couldn't agree more.

Chapter Twelve

Delsin crawled out from beneath the bundle of bodies that surrounded him and grinned in pleasure. His rather bedraggled braid gave mute testament to the fact that Delsin was a vehement snuggler. That and the fact that his favorite sleeping position was beneath a pile of warm bodies.

“Wakey-wakey!” he sang, tossing back covers and leaping from the bed in a sudden burst of energy. “All that sex yesterday made me hungry.”

Raidon was the next to emerge, and, as was his wont, said nothing to anyone. He just bent down and began to do his morning stretches.

Barika climbed out of bed next, his stomach grumbling and complaining at its empty state, but he paused to watch Raidon drop into a full split, both legs extended farther than any human’s should.

“That hurts just looking at it.” Barika shuddered, running a hand through his tangled dreads, pushing the soft red-brown mass out of his face.

“It’s easy!” Del giggled, dropping into a split before Raidon, whose amusement showed only in his eyes. For once, he was silent as he watched Delsin repeat his maneuver.

“Ouch times two,” Barika complained, but his eyes never left the two naked forms facing each other on the thick carpet beside the bed.

In fact, he decided as they both turned to watch him, it reminded him of a film he’d downloaded from FlexibleFucks.com. There was a man and a woman... and a pound of Jell-O and self fellatio and sex while the woman was bent like a pretzel, and...

GURGLE! His stomach protested its empty state. Sighing, Barika put those thoughts to the side for later, or for their next orgy. “Feed me,” he insisted, staring down at his flat-as-hell stomach, a scowl on his face.

"I tried." Delsin rose to his feet and bounced over to his larger friend. "But you said you were a confirmed top and the only thing going up your ass had better not be bigger than my index finger."

There was a moment of complete silence, broken only by the gurgling of Rika's stomach.

"I meant actual food, Del." Rika stalked over toward the bathroom and its shower. "Is sex all that occupies your mind?"

"What else is there?" Del asked in all seriousness.

Raidon said nothing, but moved from his split and began to do a series of fingertip pushups.

"Like you were not thinking of sex just now," Del called as the shower started. "When something as big as your cock starts to bloat with interest, we notice!"

Finished with his set of pushups, Raidon moved on to katas, gracefully moving across the floor, his mind focused on his inner self, balancing his movements with the fluidity that only years of martial arts training can give.

"Like I am the only one who masturbates in the morning," Del complained, staring down at his growing and oh-so-lonely cock. "Maybe Rika needs help washing his back."

As Delsin exited the room, Raidon seemed to come out of his trance. He looked around, as if expecting Delsin or Barika to be in the room. But seeing no one, he settled back on the bed for a leisurely wank.

Sex in the morning, even self-pleasuring, was so good! Sex was the best! It should be the first and last thing on anyone's mind.

And since no one wanted to join him...

* * *

As agreed, Lance met them in the lobby at nine-thirty on the dot, looking fresh and clean and ready for action.

Like Raidon, Lance sported an Italian cut silk suit in the deepest of black, his sunglasses mirrored, his hair slicked back to expose his high cheekbones.

"We take the point," Raidon whispered, trying to look menacing.

"Isn't that the crest?" Lance whispered back, leaning toward Raidon.

"It's the peak," Delsin corrected. "You are the most inept bodyguards who have ever guarded my body!"

"It's point," Barika sighed, rolling his eyes at the trio of men he was standing with. "And do not become snippy because you didn't have morning sex."

Del pouted prettily for a second, then motioned for them all to move forward and make their entrance.

"The café in the lobby is our target?" Barika asked.

"They said luncheon or brunch, or one of those ridiculous sounding names that is supposed to represent food and drink."

"Fair enough." Rika nodded. "Logical."

"On three," Delsin said as Barika held out his arm for him to grasp. "And... pose."

All four men broke into the café, eyes blazing as they each took up their particular pose.

Lance and Raidon immediately walked in and parted, not unlike the Red Sea, moving to either side of the doorway. After taking a moment to glare at the room at large, the two nodded theatrically to each other and reached out simultaneously to pull open the doors.

Once the way was clear, Delsin and Barika entered, moving slowly and regally, heads high and chests out. Almost as if choreographed, a gust of air-conditioned wind, no doubt from the force of the two bodyguards swinging the door open, flowed through Barika's loose hair, creating a black silky cloak that flowed and shimmered behind him.

Taking a step forward, Delsin took the limelight as he stood, one leg slightly behind the other, leaning back to emphasize the golden color of his tunic, sash, and loose pant ensemble. Only a braided gold chain encircling his forehead gave any notion

of control, and the large amethyst that dangled from that tiara and onto his forehead gave him the look of some exotic, seductively savage god.

The room went silent.

Well, the room was silent.

Mainly because there was no one there.

"Where did everybody go?" Lance asked, scratching his head with his well-manicured hands as he looked around at the empty seats and tables.

"This is the right place?" Delsin broke pose to ask, his voice rising in dismay.

"The perfect place for an ass whipping."

All four men turned to face the gentlemen who seemed to be entering from the kitchen.

"Goody!" Delsin clapped. "Entertainment! Have you ever seen such muscular waiters? I didn't know this was a theme brunch! They are dressed like cheap hired goons, Barika! I could have come as Al Capone. You could have been my moll."

"I take offense that the little fairy called us cheap," the shorter of the two snarled to his partner. "So, I tell you what, I get the long-haired one after I take out his rump ranger boyfriend. You handle the spick and the chink."

"Oh, no, he did not!" Instantly, one hand was on Del's waist as he swung the other up dismayingly at the duo of thugs. "Did he just call me little?" With a howl built of frustration and anger, not to mention having his perfect entrance ruined, Delsin forgot all about being the perfect designer and leapt at the two men, the perfect street fighter -- only to be brought up short as Barika wrapped one meaty arm around his waist and pulled him back.

Before he could complain, both Lance and Raidon threw themselves into the fight with gleeful frenzy. "Remember the face!" Lance called to Raidon as he engaged the smaller of the two men.

With feet flying, he delivered a devastating blow to the man's stomach, then another to his head, knocking him out cold. That fast and this man was defeated. Lance

turned to face Raidon to see if assistance was required, just in time to see Raidon dodge a powerful punch delivered by a large goon.

Raidon was having fun, toying with the larger man.

When the man threw a right, Rai dodged that and grinned at the man. The left hook was easily dodged as well and Rai blew him a kiss.

Howling, Raidon's opponent began a series of punches and kicks that were either dodged, jumped over, or deflected.

"Will you stop playing and finish this?" Del called, growing peeved that he was not allowed to join in. "Hunger makes me pale, and I am known for my rich and healthy skin tones."

"I thought it was the hair." Rika leaned down and tugged a lock of the black, silky stuff.

"Healthy sheen on the hair as well, Raidon. You must pay attention to these things."

Groaning, tired of the boring non-fight, and of course, his stomach complaining, Raidon finally joined the fray. After dodging a particular nasty uppercut, Raidon took a step forward and was in the man's personal space before he could gather himself. Then with a howl worthy of Bruce Lee -- in fact, he'd learned it by watching old Lee movies when he was younger -- Raidon delivered a swift, back-handed punch to the big man's temple, even though he had to leap to reach it, and the man went down without a whimper.

"Next time, don't take so long," Delsin complained. "We have to find my public so we can do that wonderful entrance all over again."

* * *

By the time Delsin and his entourage showed up, the light brunch was over and Valentina was addressing the gathered models, designers, and other hangers-on.

"This is the year!" She spoke in a bright, authoritative voice. There was no sign of the woman who only hours before had been mewling under Delsin. "This is the year we will take this country -- no, the world -- by storm!"

Rolling his eyes, Delsin motioned for his people to proceed, and proceed they did, right to the front of the staging area and into some seats that were reserved in the center.

Silence fell as Lance and Raidon stalked in, looking as menacing as possible, daring anyone to speak.

As soon as they cleared the path, Delsin, being escorted in on the arm of his hungry lover, Barika, regally made his way to the front seats.

"Well, so good of you to join us," Val purred from the podium, looking a bit miffed that her most recent lay was late to her speech.

"It is good of you to be able to stand after all that went on last night," he cooed in return, but made sure his voice was loud enough to carry. "I was sure your knees were going to be sore."

Val's blush matched the red of the pantsuit that was currently wearing her, the colors looked so unfortunate. "Going over contracts," she was quick to assure the watching crowd, smiling as they giggled.

"Is that what they are calling it now?" Del asked, his accent more pronounced as he glared at the murderer he'd slept with. "I thought they called it a blowjob."

Silence fell and all eyes turned to Val, the gossips eating up this delicious bit of drama. "I... A lady never kisses and tells," she managed, eyes narrowing in anger as she stared at Del. In that instant, she decided to use the rubies to make him her personal lap dog. She might even parade him around on the runway in a cute little collar and leash.

"You kiss like a whore," Del snorted as he took his seat. "Not like that is a bad thing, Val. And you moan my name so divinely."

At that, Dakota leapt to his feet and started across the stage, intent on punishing the interloper who had taken Val's attention away from him and was now embarrassing his sweet protector.

"I would stop if I were you," Barika snarled, rising to his full height and stopping Dakota where he stood. "Unless you want to join those hired goons you left for us in the café."

There was a shocked inhalation from the crowd, and all eyes whipped from Barika to Dakota.

"I... I did no such thing!" he stuttered.

"That is not the song that they sing," Del returned. "What is the matter, little A-S-Sistant? Jealous because your keeper was looking elsewhere for her nightly delights?"

"That's enough!" Val finally rallied enough to say. "Dakota, did you do this thing?"

"I... I... It's a publicity stunt," he shouted, sweating under the collar of his dark brown button-down as he turned desperately to his keeper. "They were supposed to... to... break in and... and speak nasty of foreigners. To which we would reply by stopping their filthy mouths by a defiant show of our ethnic line!"

"Oh!" seemed to be the general sentiment, and the audience ate it up. They smiled and grinned, many stating that Val always put on the most exciting shows.

Barika was about to stop that line of reasoning, when Del tapped him on the arm. "She is not wearing the jewels," he whispered as Barika bent low and pretended to kiss his lover's cheek. "We cannot take her down yet."

Nodding, Barika stood down and Delsin smiled up at the murderous bitch. "Oh, now I understand, Val. But I am not amused. Someone could have gotten hurt. As it stands, someone did get hurt. My bodyguards are not to be trifled with. After all, I am royalty, and they live to protect me."

At the pronouncement of royalty, the crowd began to mutter again, all asking who or what Delsin was.

"I understand, Your Highness." Val smiled. "It is a great pleasure to do business with royalty."

Del snorted and took his seat, Barika following only after he saw to Delsin's comforts. Raidon and Lance stood at the ready, looking fierce and dangerous. "Carry on," he called, focusing on Val as he spoke.

But in his mind he was calling her everything but a child of God, any god... except for maybe those child-eating, virgin-sacrificing, snake-headed, black-hearted, stinky, inept ones.

Soon, the brunch reached its conclusion and all the players were escorted from the hall and into the auditorium that had been set up while Val was giving her speech.

"Here it is, Angels," Delsin whispered as they took their places center stage. "Show time."

Chapter Thirteen

"How tacky can one become?" Barika hissed loud enough for the audience to hear as the next set of fashions was paraded across the stage by male and female models who looked like they had missed a few meals.

"And how skinny?" Del returned. "I know we're at war, but the refugee look ended along with bad punk in the early eighties."

The small group surrounding them giggled at his comment. To them, the catty remarks were better than the parade of clothing they were being forced to watch.

"And that use of earth tones." Del shook his head sadly. "Looks like the earth after a herd of elephants has paraded by."

Ever since Val began her great unveiling of the ethnic line, the nasty comments hadn't stopped. And the sad thing was that Del and Barika were correct in each sentiment. The designs were poor, the colors didn't meld at all, and the choice of model showed that Val thought anything that could shimmy into a size two had model potential.

So far, they'd suffered through daywear that should never see the daylight, business wear that looked like it needed a permanent vacation, and casuals that would look great casually buried in a ditch.

But the male supporters, designers, and buyers were eating it up.

As the show went on, more and more women gravitated toward Delsin and his group, silently agreeing with what the prince, or whatever royal personage Delsin was, said.

Now they were halfway through swimwear and Del, Barika, and Raidon were about to either explode into laughter or leave in a huff. Only the rigorous training

Raidon had been through kept him in character, but those close to him could hear him mutter, "Think of Ethan Hunt! Think of Ethan Hunt!"

When a swimsuit that looked like a flamingo shredded with a lawnmower in a dismal shade of what could only be described as red-dirt red flounced across the stage, Delsin had had enough. "Not even for my ancestor can I stand more of this indignation! Barika, I'm ready to go! I will ambush the bitch by her car or I will pray and light candles and sacrifice a lock of hair to my ancestor Shiva to rain down destruction upon her and her whole line!" He was almost in tears, he was so offended.

But before he could make good on his escape, the lights dimmed and Val herself waltzed down the stage, wearing something very similar to Delsin's signature tunic and pants.

"Ack!" he hissed. "She is perverting my culture with her face and body!"

"Now," she purred, exposing the two large red rubies that dangled from some odd type of braided topknot her hair was twisted and tangled into. "The family."

Lights exploded, flash bulbs flashed, and a screaming sitar sounded through the overly large speakers.

Delsin sat, mouth dropping open in shock, yet still tastefully correct, as several models dressed up like the divine gods of his religion's pantheon strolled across the stage. There was even a six-armed Shiva that had him clutching his heart like Eyago before the ambulance took him away.

"What..." he gasped, tears filling his eyes. "Why? How could she?"

The pseudo-gods were dressed in what appeared to be red, yellow, gold, and almond draperies. Their makeup was gaudy, the pants too tight, the tunics too short, and the jewelry too... too... too much!

Del sat stunned as his beliefs and the traditions of his people were bastardized and exploited for one woman's idea of high fashion. It was sacrilegious, it was trifling, and it was done in such poor taste that several of the women who had gravitated around Del stared on, horrified.

And in the center of that circus stood Valintina Allure, grinning as she exerted the forces of the Eyes of Shiva and made the male members not in contact with Delsin scream and applaud like mad.

It was a sad and disgusting display of stupidity and greed. And all Delsin could do was sit there and cry. But as Val took her last bow and the last fake wannabe god disappeared behind the curtains to a standing ovation, Del was filled with a great anger. "Her office. Now!" he hissed. Feeling his offense, the Angels, plus one, made their way to the nearest exit and then backstage.

* * *

"I have seen the enemy," Delsin roared as he made his way into the hectic maze that was backstage at a modeling show, "and she is a tasteless, honorless bitch!"

Smart people moved out of his way, while the rest of the Angels plus Lance traveled in his wake.

"Valintina!" he roared, pausing to look around.

One of the waif-like models shyly pointed toward a huge red door just beyond a gaggle of hairstylists, gofers, dressers, and emergency tailors.

"Thank you so much." He gave a slight nod and a sunny smile to the model. That was thanks enough.

Then his face was once again the picture of beautiful masculine rage. "I will say this in English so there will be no mistaking it. *You insane murderous bitch!*"

Reaching her door, he didn't bother with the handle; he just lifted his right foot and delivered a devastating blow. The door flew open, slammed against its supporting wall, and the handle buried itself in the drywall, so great was the force used.

And there, behind her desk and surrounded by three men, plus Dakota, sat the red-haired menace. "Delsin," she purred. "How so very unexpected to see you."

"I know what you are, I know what you did, and you are now looking at retribution!"

Val quirked one eyebrow, but before she could make another comment, Dakota gave a shrill squeal and raced around Val's desk. "It's all your fault!" he screamed, his

hands tearing at his hair as he moved, his face a grimace of pain, blood beginning to trickle down from his nose. "It was perfect until you showed up! Now the voices *won't leave me alone!*"

That the man was in agony was obvious and one more nail in the coffin that Valintina had built for herself. Delsin spared the man nary a glance. Instead, as Dakota rushed him, he swung the flat of his right hand, in knife position, and delivered a chop to the man's head.

Dakota dropped like a stone.

"Tisk-tisk, Delsin," Val purred. "This just won't do."

That was the signal for the other so-called guards to make their move.

The three raced around the desk toward the still seething Delsin, but this time they were met with a wall of unmovable flesh.

With a scream that might have been a rebel yell if he had been born in the south, Raidon leapt into the fray... literally. With feet swinging, Raidon engaged the enemy while Lance moved quickly beside him, kicking and swinging his feet, careful not to let any damage happen to his hands or his feet. Barika, on the other hand, approached the brawl in pure Barika fashion, with fists swinging and an eager smile on his face.

It was over almost before it began, but Val sat behind her desk, confident she would succeed.

Delsin stalked toward the woman, eyes blazing purple fire. "*App bay-waqoof kutiya!*" The words rolled off his tongue, sounding exotic and dangerous.

"Oh, did somebody get their feelings hurt?" Val chuckled, rubbing the rubies between her fingers.

"*App qaatil!*"

"If I could actually understand what you are saying, I may be offended." Val sniffled and rolled her eyes, narrowing her eyes at the designer.

"Allow me to translate," he returned, politely. "I called you a stupid murderous bitch. Properly offended?"

"Catty." Val chuckled, rising slowly to her feet. "I can almost admire that. It will be one of the things I beat out of you when I take your fortune to use as my own. Tut, tut, tut," she called as Raidon, Lance, and Barika began to rush her. "Stop where you are."

With a thought, she flexed the power of the jewels, and the three men froze in their tracks. "As for you, my fine royal, I think I want you on your knees, crawling toward me like the dog you will shortly become."

"Please hold your breath," Del implored her. "Hold it until I do make a move, you insult to femininity, designers, and human beings!"

Val's eyes widened, then narrowed as she took a step back.

"Why is this not working?"

"Because I am a descendant of Shiva, you stupid bitch," Del snapped. "Nothing you do to me will hurt me. You come from behind that desk, I kick your ass. You try to use the Eyes of Shiva on me, I laugh myself silly and then I kick your ass. Either way you have an ass kicking coming."

Val stopped her retreat and made her way back to her desk, composing herself as she sat, trying to reclaim control of this situation.

"Why?" she asked. "Why do you have it in for me?"

"Do these names ring a bell? Alita, Fatima, Crishna, Tiba... All murdered in your lust for the jewels. All members of my family, all with their souls crying out for revenge."

"So you are going to kill me to avenge them?" She snorted. "And that is justice? Fact of the matter is, I never told my men to kill them, I only told them to protect the jewels. How they interpreted it is their own affair."

"But they are under direct influence of the Eyes of Shiva, and you are now controlling the Eyes with your nasty, infidel hands. And I would kick your ass for that idiotic show you just put on, parading the gods, the beliefs of my people, pandering them like players in a fourth-hand side show! For that you will pay."

Rolling her eyes, Val jerked open her desk drawer and pulled out a small jeweler's box. "How? You gonna kill me, sink to my level? I already told you I never told them to kill anyone, and the men who did it are already dead, Delsin. They kind of went mad or had brain hemorrhages, or just turned into vegetables. So I had to find an even better power source for me. The Eyes were fun while they lasted, but now that I have found something better, I don't need the gaudy things anyway. Rubies are so passé, Delsin. Those things are nothing to me! After today's show, I own the world!"

"And you will paint the world red with either blood or your horrible cloth choices?" he asked, stepping close to the desk and glaring at Val. "And red is a terrible color for you. It makes you look like a baboon's ass."

"Fuck you," Val snarled.

"And maybe a plastic surgeon can help with your face. Now that you are queen of the world, as you seem to be billing yourself, maybe you can afford some corrective surgery so that your face will not cause some accident that will leave most of mankind sterile or insane."

Growling, Valintina ripped the jewels out of her hair and threw them at Delsin, who casually reached out and caught the two shining rubies, breathing a sigh of relief as they connected with his palm, the plaintive call of the jewels in his blood transforming and dampening to a welcoming hum.

"Take them and get out," Val hissed. "They will do you no good, because you are male and can't control them. I have what I want, my plans are set into action. And to ensure that my plans come to fruition, I have these."

Val opened the box and pulled out a set of the gaudiest diamonds Del had ever seen.

There was one long, four-inch oblique stone, hanging dead center on a silver chain. On either side of the long spear of that diamond were two golf ball sized, round diamonds.

"The Balls of Zeus," she chortled. "With this, I can control any man's sexuality. I can entice them to want me and control their arousal. So if I missed a few investors, Delsin dear, I will just fuck them into submission."

Del snorted, clutching the jewels in his fists, and turned to face his frozen friends.

"What, no fight?" Val asked, sarcasm running high. "No righting the wrongs, satisfying the ancestors, bringing the wrath of the gods down on my head?"

Del said nothing, but silently touched all three of his bodyguards and watched as they blinked back into awareness. He motioned for the door and they all quietly began to exit.

"What the hell is wrong with you, you pathetic loser?" Val called, laughter strong in her voice. "Know when you are beaten?"

"No," Del paused long enough to say, without turning back to her. "There are more ways than the obvious to rain destruction down upon a person, Valintina Allure. The minute you stole these jewels, you were cursed. The murder of my relatives just cinched it and ensured that you will suffer a long life before you make peace with your creator."

Then Del quietly exited behind his friends, ignoring the laughter that exploded from Val's mouth.

"You are just letting her go?" Barika asked, shaking off the compulsion of the Eyes and looking on in concern at his friend.

"She will be punished in the fullness of time, Barika. I will see to it. This is only the beginning," Del informed him, before he clutched the crystals and sent out a silent command, freeing all who had been touched by the sacred Eyes, giving them back their minds.

Then, grinning, he happily motioned to his friends. "Let's go shopping before we take the jet back home. I want to go to Soho and the garment district."

It was a grinning, laughing Del that led his friends out and on a shopping spree, but Barika and Raidon noticed the calculating look in his eyes, and wondered what the man had done.

Epilogue

"And in other news, Valentina Allure's stock has plummeted. In the biggest mass exodus since the Jewish people left Egypt, the investors and supporters of this once incredibly sought after designer are jumping ship."

Delsin chuckled as he began to open the boxes of things that had been delivered to Angels. In fact, all the Angels had gathered in the War Room to see what someone had sent to Del.

"No word on Val's whereabouts yet, but the people who worked for her have a lot to say."

Then there were about five minutes of testimonial and comments from people who had dealings with Val. Most of them were, "what were we thinking?" and, "I am glad that the veil was pulled from over my eyes!" But the most colorful was from one investor who quickly pulled out millions when he realized what he was doing. "Her work is a collection of *bleep-bleep-bleep* that I wouldn't wear to a *bleep* fight. You can say *bleep* on TV?"

Of course, Delsin exploded into laughter, but there was a smug look in his eyes.

"Did you do that, Del?" Raidon asked, sitting beside the long-haired man.

"I just released the compulsion, Rai. The rest was bound to happen. Val brought it on herself, and who am I to play with fate? Revenge is the work of those who were wronged. I would say that my ancestors are pretty satisfied."

"So, what is in these pretty blue boxes?" Shen asked, sitting on Del's other side and peering in curiosity at the packages.

"These are for Shelby."

"Me?" Shelby asked, fear in her eyes.

"In other fashion news, Dakota Blue, once-famed fashion designer, came out of retirement last week, and already stock in his new company Dakota Blues is going off the scale! Dakota is

once again a name to watch out for, and there are rumors that people as well placed as the Princess of Monaco and the jetsetters of Milan are lining up to be fitted."

"You," Del chuckled, peeling the first one open. "They're from Dakota Blue. He thanks me for helping him in his hour of need. He's smarter than we thought, guys. He knew I was the one who released the compulsion because after I got the jewels, the voices left his head. He took his brilliance and started all over again. He offered me anything I wanted, and I sent him a picture of Shelby. Instantly, he got this whole refugee from style care package together and is sending out his personal assistant to fit her for some real clothing, not that flea market swap meet stuff she wears around here."

"Hey!" Shelby protested, but the others were gathered around, excitedly talking about how to get her into the bathroom to start something called a body peel and a Brazilian wax. "Will?"

But Will was in the thick of things, pulling out facial scrub and pore shrink.

"Trust them, Shelby," Will called out encouragingly. "They are the pros. They know what they're doing."

Shelby tried to make a break for it, but a giggling Barika headed her off at the pass. "To the master bedroom," Shen directed. "This job is going to take some time, and we need a lot of space!"

Shelby's wail echoed down the hall as she was carted off for her very first spa day, compliments of the Angels.

"And don't worry about us seeing you naked, Shelby. You are like, well, not a sister," Adan explained as her clothing was literally ripped from her body. "You're more like a mother or a maiden aunt."

That gave Shelby pause. Maiden aunt? As in spinster with a million pets? Did the Angels count as pets? "Give me the damn works," Shelby grumbled, ignoring the delighted laughter coming from her guys. "But my face had better be as smooth as a baby's ass and I had better get carded when I walk into a bar."

"Done!" the Angels cried, and Shelby allowed herself to be given the works. Hell, there was a first time for everything, right?

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Off somewhere in Bangkok, in a seedy side of town, Valintina Allure whimpered as the investor for the clothing line she was trying to start overseas thrust repeatedly inside her with his small cock and his garlic breath wafting over her face.

Things were not going as she'd planned. She should have maintained her hold on the rubies, she thought. But now they were hidden away and that damn Delsin had disappeared as if he were a guardian brought forth by the ancestors she had so thoroughly pissed off.

She could control men's sex with the Balls of Zeus, but she couldn't do it consistently. Sure, a man thought with his cock and balls, but that had to do with the blood rushing down below. It was a fact; horny men didn't think. But after a good fuck, the blood went back to their brains where it was supposed to be, and all thoughts of supporting her line vanished as the mind reclaimed control over the body.

This had to be the hundredth guy she'd fucked, and still she was getting nowhere. "Damn you, Delsin," she gasped as the man roared and pulled out, leaving her unfulfilled and agitated.

"We'll talk about that start up cash," the man called as he quickly gathered together his clothing and beat a hasty retreat. "I'll call." And then he was gone.

"Delsin," Val roared, "you have not seen the last of me! You will pay for my downfall, you bastard! You will pay!"

Case #51545 The Cult of Delsin, or Savage... closed?

Stephanie Burke

Stephanie Burke, known to friends and readers as Flash, has a warped, twisted sense of humor, and she isn't afraid to let it show. From pregnant men to six-foot cockroaches, she's covered the gamut of the weird, the unusual, and the just plain strange. She has more than twenty books currently in publication, all under the name of Stephanie Burke. Flash says she won't use a pen name -- she'd have to learn how to spell it. Too much like work. Be sure to join Flash's "Flame Keeper" loop at Yahoo Groups -- <http://groups.yahoo.com/group/FlameKeeper/join> or visit her website at www.theflashcat.net