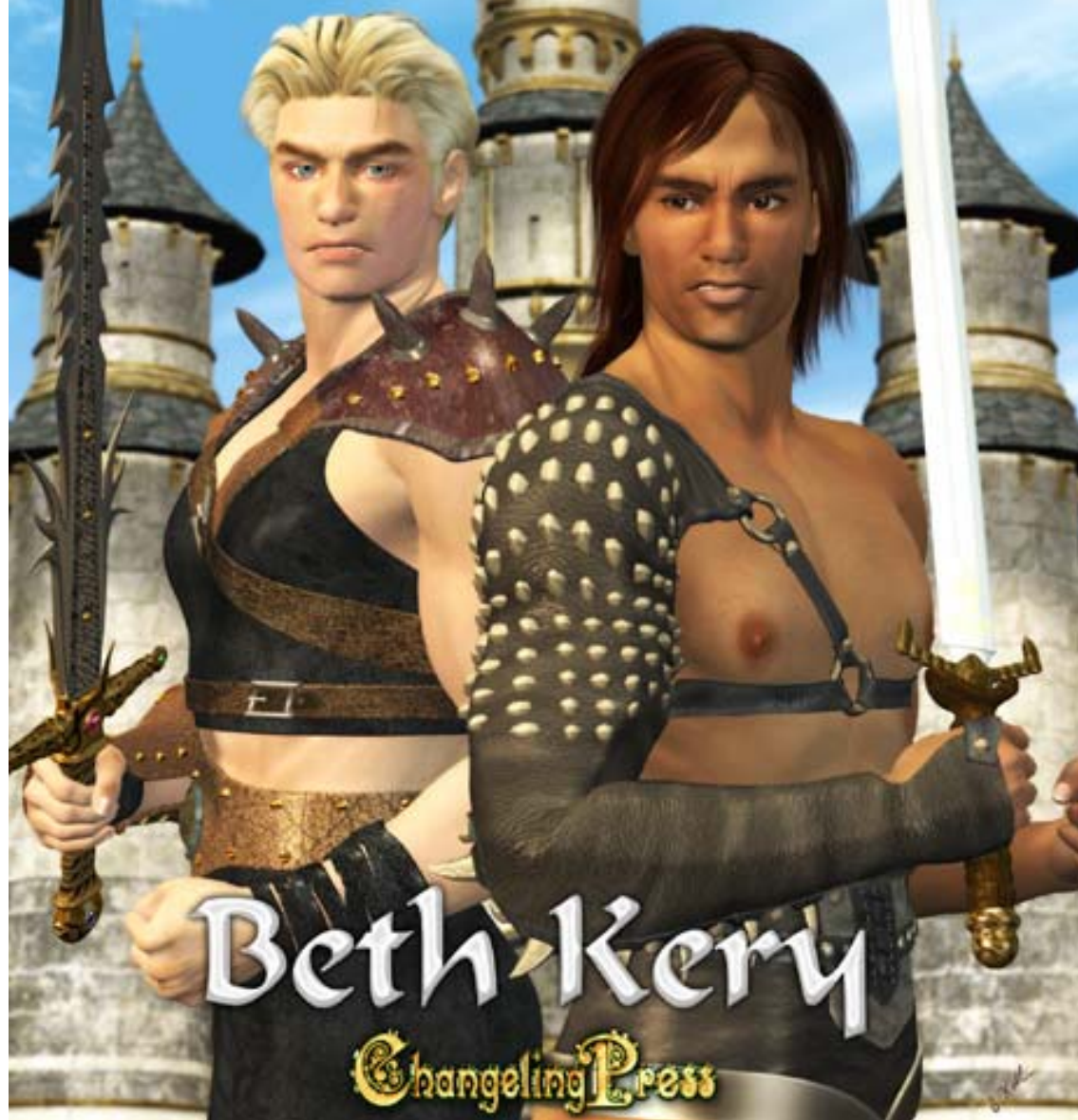


Battles of the Sidhe: Fairy Tails



The Battles of the Sidhe 1: Fairy Tails

Beth Kery

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Beth Kery

Donna Macleary grew up listening to her batty grandmothers' fairy tale about a mortal woman who was destined to be the source of a fierce rivalry between two powerful Sidhe warriors. But it isn't until she begins having strangely hyper-realistic dreams of being pleased oh-so-well by two gorgeous, ethereal males that Donna starts to suspect that her grandmothers' wild tales just might be true.

With the two mighty warrior kings Cheveyo and Dristan refusing to fight side by side because of their possessiveness over Donna, the Dark Sidhe have a good chance of winning the Battles of Samhain. The only chance of saving Sidhe and mortal worlds alike is for the two fierce rivals to not only wreak havoc in battle side by side, but also join forces to pleasure Donna, as well.

Chapter One

The Winter Solstice

Both women watched their “granddaughter” alight from the SUV. She paused with the door still open and turned her face up to the cornflower blue sky, inhaling deeply of the pure, cold high Sierra air. Unbeknownst to either woman their mouths pulled into identical fond smiles at their charge’s familiar gesture. Their eyes, however, narrowed speculatively as ancient wisdoms brewed in their heads, the resulting steam spinning the wheels of fate.

For neither of these two females was your typical grandmother.

“Her light grows strong,” Ainne stated.

“Do you swear that you’ve learned nothing more about her origins?” Cleopha asked suspiciously.

Ainne shook her head distractedly as she watched the young woman. “I know no more than I did when Finnava gave her to us to guard when she was a tiny babe. Her origins are still shrouded in mystery. The only thing we know is what the banshees have foretold. She is a full-grown woman now. Dristan will not be able to resist her for much longer.”

Cleopha speared her sister with her gaze. “He *will* do so, nonetheless. If Cheveyo can restrain himself then that hot-headed excuse for a king can do the same!”

“You call *Dristan* hot-headed?” Ainne fired back. “Who was it that picked a fight with Dristan at the last Sidhe council in Brittany and brought the noble race of the *Tuatha De Danann* to the brink of civil war?”

Cleopha sniffed dismissively and took another furtive glance through the curtained kitchen window. Ainne and she still hadn’t put their mortal faces on, and

they didn't care for Donna to catch sight of them at present. "If Dristan was a Sidhe of honor and fortitude he would have ignored Cheveyo's harmless teasing."

"*Harmless teasing,*" Ainne scoffed. "Dristan is the finest Sidhe warrior in existence. He would not just walk away when his enemy belittled his choice of battle tactics in that last demon fray in Los Angeles!"

Cleopha pursed her lips and raised her raven eyebrows in a superior manner. "He *would* if his treaty with Finnavaara meant anything to him at all. Besides, Dristan may be the finest of the Connaught tribe, but it is generally agreed upon that Cheveyo is the greatest Sidhe warrior that the wheel of time has ever woven."

Ainne laughed mirthlessly. "An old bitch's opinion."

"You are a half millennium older than me. What does that make you, dear sister?" Cleopha asked with unruffled calm.

"An old bitch's wise sister."

Cleopha grimaced. Ainne was wise, all right... absolutely brilliant in the ways of pricking Cleopha's temper. How had they ever managed to live in the same place for so long? Cleopha had been much happier since becoming matriarch to the Slidereal tribe in the Americas. Unfortunately for the past twenty-four years, she'd been forced to share her residence with her manipulative sister because of Donna, or more succinctly, because of Cheveyo and Dristan's out of control rivalry when it came to the unique female mortal. Twenty-four years should have equated to a blink of the eye considering the length of Cleopha's life, but being forced to share those years with Ainne made it seem like eons.

"We are foolish to bicker, as you well know. The fate of Earth lies in assuring Cheveyo and Dristan continue to do battle on the side of light. The Felorians grow stronger as the treaty between the kings of Connaught and Slidereal weakens. Cheveyo and Dristan *must* fight side by side or the ancient race of the *Tuatha De Danann* will fall."

"And Darkness will reign. Yes, I know," Ainne agreed grimly as they both watched Donna start up the stairwell with an energetic bounce in her step. She always

loved returning home for Christmas -- or Yule time, as the sisters called it in their private thoughts.

"Do you?" Cleopha scoured her sister's countenance. "You have been known to make foolish decisions in the past when it comes to love. I wouldn't put it past you to plot with the king of Connaught now that our Donna is ripe for bedding. Do you conspire against the Slidereal tribe and its king, sister, in order to feed your insatiable appetite for romance?"

"How *dare* you?" Ainne grated out. Her eyes flashed with emerald fire. "You are the one who sucked the cock of every comely mortal man who wandered into our father Finnavaara's elfmounds, frequently putting the sanctified secrets of the Sidhe world at risk so that your eternal lust could be quieted for an hour's time!"

Cleopha rose out of her chair in fury. "Better that than to put the fairy world at risk because one of your hundreds of idiot husbands whined that he *just had* to return to the mortal world for a few minutes and then completely ignored the simple instructions on how to get back to the land of the Sidhe! How hard can it be to just *stay on the damn horse* like they were instructed? Those dolt husbands of yours exposed thousands of more Sidhe secrets than my lovers once they got off their horses and aged half a millennium in one mortal second!"

Ainne's face crumpled. "My poor Dermot! And Finn, and poor, poor Padrig --"

"Oh, *don't* start about those dried up husbands of yours! Dust to dust, I always say. Look! Our Donna is here," Cleopha said out of necessity as much as to distract her sister from letting out an ear-piercing wail of grief. "Put your heavy on, old girl," she urged, using the familiar Sidhe phrase that meant to solidify the ethereal fairy body until it resembled mortal flesh.

At the same moment that Donna turned the knob on the front door and hallooed cheerfully into the hallway the two luminescent beings whose beauty would bedazzle the eyes and senses of mortal and fairy alike both shrank and dimmed until they disappeared, replaced by two wizened, gray-haired crones.

* * *

Donna Macleary shivered as she stared starry-eyed at her grandmothers' Christmas tree. The temperature had dropped outside, and the weather forecast called for snow. She pulled Grandma Ainne's knitted afghan tighter around her and moved closer to the fire, her gaze never leaving the magical sight before her. She doubted there would ever come a time when she didn't become as enthralled as a tiny child when she gazed at one of her grandmas' Christmas trees.

How did the two elderly women manage to not only erect the nine-foot pine in their living room every year, but also decorate it until it resembled a sparkling tree of pure enchantment? Its luminosity seemed to originate from the thick trunk as much as the tiny electrical fairy lights dispersed upon the branches. Grandmas Cleo and Ainne had always mumbled something about the "boy down the road" helping them put up the giant tree, but in all her years growing up in Tahoe Vista, Nevada, Donna had never seen this local paragon of virtue.

And shouldn't this neighborhood "boy" be a man by now, Donna wondered idly as the heat of the fire soaked into her, making her eyelids droop heavily. The question did not bother her overly much, as it was just one of the many puzzles that surrounded her grandmothers. Donna had long ago accepted that her guardians were more than a little odd. The knowledge bothered her about as much as the fact that she had never known her real mother and father -- which was to say, hardly at all.

Grandmas Cleo and Ainne had been wonderful parents to Donna. Her upbringing had been unique, to say the least. By the time Donna was eight she realized that most people in Tahoe Vista thought her grandmothers were completely batty. By the time she was twelve, Donna began to suspect that Cleo and Ainne more than half believed the fairy tales they told her at bedtime.

But what did that matter really? The important thing was that Donna had always basked in the two women's singular brand of fierce, uncompromising love.

"Tired, are you?" Ainne asked briskly from where she sat in a chair by the fire. A pair of knitting needles moved so rapidly in her gnarled hands that they were a blur.

Tethra, the big black dog that had resided with the three females since before Donna could remember, nuzzled her hand in a bid for attention.

"A little," Donna admitted drowsily as she petted the dog. "It's just so nice to be home."

"Your tiredness wouldn't have anything to do with this new contract you've signed for a record deal, would it?" Cleopha asked slyly from where she sat on the couch with Donna.

Donna shrugged. "The recording sessions *are* keeping me pretty busy. I still can't believe that Aster asked me to sign on for their label."

"Why wouldn't they?" Ainne gave Donna a sharp glare. "The fools in this country have never heard the likes of your voice. You sing like the golden-throated nymphs at our father's palace in --"

"Your precious Éire is not the sole bastion of the bard, Ainne," Cleo interrupted harshly, casting a repressive glance at her sister. Donna thought she heard Cleo mumble something under her breath about Ainne catching a dose of dementia from one of her many mortal husbands. "I'll wager that the Americas possess a hundred times more talented singers than the lands of our father," Cleo stated, referring to the fairy kingdoms of Ireland.

"You're daft! If that's true, it's only because this goddessforsaken country is so monstrous and houses a host of souls for every one of Éire's!" Ainne defended.

"Now, you two, don't bicker over it," Donna soothed, easily falling into her traditional role as peacekeeper between them. "There are amazing singers on both sides of the Atlantic."

"To be sure, but not a one with a silvery voice such as yours or a face so bonny."

"Thank you, Grandma Ainne," Donna murmured hoarsely.

Ainne sprung out of her chair. "I'll warrant you're catching a cold. Your blood's grown thin as water living in southern California. Come with me to the kitchen and I'll brew you some tea. Come on now, your precious Christmas tree will be here come morning," Ainne scolded when she saw Donna open her mouth in protest.

"All right, all right." Donna laughed good-naturedly as she rose. Her near-black hair fell into a lustrous curtain around her face as she leaned down to kiss Cleopha's withered cheek. "Good night, Grandma Cleo. I think I'll drink my tea and call it a night. I'm ready for bed."

"Oh, you're past due for it," Ainne agreed with a knowing smile. She stifled it immediately when Cleopha cast a vaguely suspicious glance her way. "Come drink your tea, young lady, and then off to bed with you."

* * *

Donna awoke by slow degrees in the middle of the night. She didn't know what had awakened her, but it wasn't the sound of snow gently batting at her windowpane.

She tried to open her eyelids but couldn't. If she hadn't been working so hard night and day for the past two weeks she'd suspect that Grandma Ainne had given her an herbal sedative. Donna had commented earlier that evening that the tea Ainne prepared for her had been especially bitter, but Ainne had attributed the herb's strength to the recent drought and told her to drink it in a no-nonsense manner. After Donna had brushed her teeth, slipped into a pair of sweatpants, and crawled beneath her deliciously soft sheets and down comforter, Grandma Ainne had knocked on the door.

"Would you like me to tell you a story?" Ainne teased, her eyes sparkling as she perched on the side of Donna's bed.

Donna had laughed. Even though she was an adult now and fully independent since she left college three years ago, she would never tire of returning to the cozy house of her youth and having her beloved grandmothers fuss over her. "Tell me the one about the two fairy kings that the prophecies foretold would both fall in love with the same mortal woman," Donna requested sleepily.

Ainne's grin was wolfish. "You like that one, do you?"

"I love all your and Cleo's stories. I can't remember what happened at the end, though. Just that the human female created all sorts of havoc in the fairy world."

"She never meant to," Ainne replied stoutly.

"Oh, come on. The little minx screwed up everything for fairy and mortal alike. The goblins thrived and raised holy hell, the demons made the entire land thirst --"

"The Felorians were intent on kidnapping the little girl, as well," Ainne added darkly. "The devils figured they'd be sitting pretty if they could dangle her as a taunt in front of the two most powerful Sidhe kings in existence. If it weren't for her amazing guardians, she'd be Felorian fodder to be sure."

"I can't remember what happened at the end, though. Which of the *fae* warriors did she choose?"

"Why, she picked Dristan, of course."

Donna brushed her cheek contentedly against her soft cotton pillow. She breathed in the familiar childhood fragrance of lavender and sunshine. Her eyelids fluttered closed. "Why'd she choose Dristan? Six-pack fairy abs and an electrifying Elven stare?"

"Of course, but so much more besides. Dristan is the master of seduction, his soft words and hot touch even turned the stony, ruthless hearts of the Amazon warrior queens to jelly. All he has to do is ask and a woman goes wild to please him. There isn't a female mortal or immortal in existence who wouldn't go wet in the drawers at the mere sight of Dristan."

Donna snorted in amusement but Ainne continued without interruption, shifting to her melodic, singsong voice. "His day is the winter solstice, and he's as golden as the sun that is re-born into the darkness at that time of year. No one can match Dristan in battle, for he's quicker than a thought. On Samhain the Felorians' evil power gains the most strength and the *Tuatha De Danann* battle them for supremacy on Earth. But the demons and goblins cringe in fear when they hear it is Dristan's army they face. He can bring mortal men and the lesser Sidhe to their knees with his fierce, blue-eyed gaze alone."

"Yum. I can just imagine what it does to the ladies," Donna mumbled groggily.

"Can you?" Ainne asked softly.

Donna opened one eyelid warily. "If I'd known that the offer of a story was just a ploy to get me to talk about my sex life, I wouldn't have asked."

Grandma Ainne just chuckled, unscathed by Donna's pert dismissal. She stood. "You *did* agree to a fairy tale and fairy tales in their true form -- not this watered down bilge they feed children -- are the most erotic tales in existence. But I see what you mean. Perhaps those stories are best revealed by a lover and not an old grandma.

"*Sweet dreams, Donna,*" Ainne had added, softly touching her fore and middle finger to Donna's closed eyelids before she left the room.

Presently Donna felt as if Grandma Ainne's fingers were still there pressing down, making it impossible for her to open her eyes. She started when she heard the same sound that had awoken her again -- a noise as elusive as a soft sigh.

"Who's there?" Donna called out in alarm.

The silence that followed possessed a full, gravid quality that made the hair on her arms stand up on end. She began to rise in the bed when the terrible realization hit her that her chest seemed to be weighed down, held immobile as her eyelids. She cried out in surprise.

"Shhhh," a male voice to the left of her whispered soothingly. Of course she hardly found the knowledge that there was an intruder in her bedroom reassuring. Donna opened her mouth to scream but nothing happened.

Had her vocal cords been frozen as well?

She trembled in fear when a golden light flashed in the room, brilliant enough to penetrate the thin skin covering her eyes. She felt her bed sag beneath someone's weight in the terrifying blackness that followed. Oh God, she was about to be raped... maybe killed, and she couldn't even lift her eyelids.

"I would never harm you. You are more precious to me than my crown, more beautiful than the goddess Danna herself."

Donna gaped. She was stunned by that accented voice, so deep and rich with harmonic complexities. It was as if she were an untouched harp and he'd just reached

out and stroked her until she quivered and thrummed with vibrant life. She somehow sensed his smile as he leaned over her.

"That's right. You are my beautiful harp," he murmured, reading her mind. "My touch will make you sing like never before. You see?" he asked gruffly as his fingertips skimmed the side of her neck and trailed over her collarbone. She shivered with excitement. By the time his fingers lowered to her breast her nipples had pulled into hard little darts that pressed against her tight T-shirt. She gasped when he grazed the sensitive flesh and then returned to pinch her lightly between thumb and forefinger.

"Ahhh," she moaned in confusion and rising arousal, her voice box unthawed by lust.

Her potent, uninhibited reaction was strange enough to make her believe she was dreaming despite the hyper-reality of the moment. Her fear receded only to be replaced by awe. "Who are you?" she whispered in amazement as his large hand skimmed from just beneath her armpit to her waist, where he palmed her tenderly before sliding lower.

"I am your king, Donna, and you are my queen. My wait for you has been far too long. It is past time that I claim you."

Donna's mind went blank for a moment because he'd just matter-of-factly pushed his hand into the waistband of her sweat pants. The feeling of him shaping her hip into his palm possessively and pressing his fingers into a butt cheek left her speechless.

"Don't... *don't* tell me... you're Dristan... that hottie from Grandma Ainne's fairy tale," Donna finally rasped as he shoved his other hand into her sweatpants and cradled both her hips in a warm embrace. This *must* be some kind of crazy dream --

"Ainne always did spice her tales richly," she heard him mutter with obvious amusement. "But you're right. I am Dristan. I can only hope I don't fall short of Ainne's tall tales." His right hand moved slowly between her thighs. She held her breath when he found his way beneath her panties, but she cried out shakily when he worked a long finger between her labia and stroked her surely.

"I... I can't imagine that you would disappoint *anyone*," Donna panted as her clit began to burn against his teasing finger.

"I care not for *anyone*. I live only to please you, fair Donna."

Oh, well if you must insist, Donna thought dazedly. Her hips shifted instinctively against the divine, sizzling pressure he created between her thighs. By the time he began to press light kisses along her neck and jaw she was caught fully in the silky restraint of his enchantment.

"*Dristan*," she moaned when he closed his lips over a fabric covered nipple and pressed a finger to her pussy, demanding entry.

Dristan closed his eyes for a moment so as to fully treasure the feeling of Donna's tight, warm vagina as he burrowed his finger into it. The banshees at Finnavara's court had collectively agreed upon their prophecy that this mortal woman would be his eternal love and queen but they hadn't specified how or why she so perfectly suited him.

Now he knew one of the reasons. What a delicious little pussy she possessed.

He'd seen her from a distance, of course -- as close as his treaty with his hellspawn rival Cheveyo and Cleopha's ever watchful eye would allow. He never doubted once he'd seen her luminous spirit or been transported into sheer ecstasy by her pure, sweet singing that Donna was meant for him. He didn't require the Sidhe prophetesses for that.

But as he slowly stroked her the reality of her perfection struck his spirit like a poignant, sharp chord.

His hand shook slightly with anticipation as he withdrew it, lifted his head, and slid his finger into his mouth. He sucked her juices greedily. "Forgive me, Donna, for being so forward with you," he murmured once he'd cleaned himself of her delicious musk. He leaned down to kiss her, plucking at her plump lips hungrily. "But the spell will not last long. I have so little time to make you mine."

"I have a strange feeling there is no *making* necessary," Donna panted as she craned up for his mouth, her sexual hunger clear for him to witness. "I am already yours."

Dristan hissed with emotion when he heard her words. He plunged his tongue between her lips and drank deeply of her honey. She made her reciprocal desire abundantly clear as she tangled her tongue with his, rubbing up against him like a sinuous cat. Her slender body writhed beneath him, her pointed nipples pressing into his chest maddening him. He realized he still restrained her arms and upper torso using his psychokinetic powers and he immediately released her. His ample reward was the feeling of her shapely, small breasts crushing against his chest and her soft hands caressing his naked shoulders and back.

She groaned lustily into his mouth. "You're *naked*, Dristan."

It gratified him deeply to hear the stunned lust in her voice. "As you will be very soon." He gritted his teeth at the agony of moving away from her warm, supple body as he whisked her T-shirt over her head and pulled her sweatpants and panties down her legs. When he'd finished, he stared down at her pale body for a suspended moment. He straddled her and kissed her ear once warmly, relishing her delicate shiver.

"I thought I understood the meaning of beauty before this moment," he whispered gruffly between kisses. Her trembling increased when he ran his hand over the silky skin along the side of her torso. "I was sorely mistaken."

Her fingers kneaded his back and lowered to his ass. She pressed his flesh to her own with a surprising strength. They both groaned at the divine impact of naked flesh sliding against naked flesh. Donna squeezed his buttocks lustily. He responded by pressing his aching erection between the juncture of her thighs and along her smooth belly. He clenched his eyes shut in agony. His cock felt heavy and stretched with need, as if it had a life of its own and sensed its true, perfect sheath in near proximity.

She built the fire of his desire like no female ever had. She would quench it like no other, as well. He grabbed her wrist, tilted onto his hip and put her hand on his throbbing penis.

He growled low and feral when she stroked him without hesitation. He loved her touch, sensitive and curious one moment, bold and lusty the next. It felt so good that for a moment he was blinded with the need to plunge his cock deep and hard into her pussy... where it belonged.

But no... as short as his time was with Donna he needed to make every second count. His boundless lust for her tormented his spirit and body however. It would not be denied, only temporarily quenched. "Your hand is eager," he murmured thickly. He pressed his thumb to her damp lower lip. "Would your warm little mouth be as hungry for my cock?"

"Yes," Donna responded quickly.

By this point Donna had gladly sacrificed the world of rational thought and plunged headlong into this divine, voluptuous alternate reality. Somewhere in the back of her mind she recalled how Grandma Ainne had said that all Dristan had to do was ask and a female begged to pleasure him. Perhaps this was only a dream but Grandma Ainne had been one hundred percent correct. Donna's pussy flooded with heat when she felt her dream lover's knees press into the mattress next to her shoulders.

She craned her neck up for him but Dristan restrained her attempts by cradling her head between his hands. He put several pillows beneath her head and gently but firmly pushed her back onto them. She opened her mouth hungrily, seeking him out desperately in the blackness.

"That's right, little bird," he said as he held her steady. "Hold still and suck what I give you."

Even though only a second or two passed as he came down over her, Donna thought she would break from the anticipation. Her other senses were pitched to almost unbearable sensitivity in the absence of her eyesight. She parted her lips wider and waited breathlessly.

She groaned in anguished arousal and longing when she felt the smooth head of Dristan's cock against her sensitive skin. Her lips stretched to accommodate his girth.

The weight of his cock on her tongue, his taste, and the sensation of his skin stretched tight as a drum over his desire all combined to make Donna wildly hungry. She licked and slapped her tongue against the bulbous head. Sucking strongly, she drew on him until she coaxed him to the back of her throat. When he began to fuck her mouth slowly and sensually Donna let him have his way with her. She loved his low guttural groans of intense arousal.

She strengthened her sucking, encouraging him to a frantic pace. Donna sensed that he leaned forward, bracing himself on the headboard, giving himself wholly to the experience. He groaned in misery a minute later and pulled his turgid erection from her suctioning warmth.

"By the light you're sweet, Donna. But I have so little time --" Dristan muttered desperately before he pressed his mouth to her perspiration-damp neck.

"*Dristan,*" Donna exclaimed in mounting excitement when he covered her naked body with his own. He plucked sensually at her lips before he took her in a consuming kiss. She caressed smooth skin and flexing, sleek muscles.

"Let me see you," she said when he finally released her mouth. Donna had never imagined that a man could confer such heavenly bliss with a kiss. She craned up after him in the darkness. A shaky cry rippled past her lips when she felt him slip a nipple between his lips and his wet, warm mouth enclosed her. Her clit throbbed so sharply in response that Donna cried out again.

"Shhhh," Dristan soothed before he lowered his head once again. He licked, nibbled, and then drew on her breast hungrily. His cock jerked in agony. Despite the fact that he'd loved countless women, both mortal and fae, in his long, long life, at this moment he felt like a callow human boy. All of his control abandoned him at the sensation of Donna's sleek body writhing in arousal beneath him. He nearly thrust his cock into her then and there but then she spoke, and his blinding lust abated slightly.

He had purposely kept her eyes sealed shut for a reason. He knew from experience that human vision, of all the senses, was the greatest tool of rationality. The

old saying “seeing is believing” carried weight. Dristan wore his heavy body at present, but he couldn’t wholly disguise from Donna’s eyes that he was not a typical-looking human. He didn’t *want* to. She was the love of his life. He wanted her first sight of him to be true.

But the sudden vision of him might startle her. Donna had not fully entered the Sidhe world yet. At the very least, he needed to wait until he was buried in her before he risked her panicking at the sight of him.

So he conveniently ignored her request and suckled at her sweet breasts until she whimpered in constant pleasure and twisted beneath him wildly. He restrained her wrists above her head to still his delicious targets. The satiny, warm skin along her sides pebbled beneath his lips when he lowered down over her. Her smooth belly leapt with excitement beneath his tongue.

How could anyone imagine that this woman was also made for Cheveyo when she responded to him completely, as if she were indeed the magical harp created for his plucking fingers?

“Donna,” he muttered when he dipped the tip of his tongue between her plump, juicy labia and the essence of her flavor permeated his mouth. “By all that’s light, you’re delicious.” He released her wrists and restrained her squirming hips with both hands and proceeded to drown himself in her.

She came almost immediately against his lashing tongue. He lapped up her abundant cream, his fairy body glowing and pulsing with life as she shivered in ecstasy and her juices flooded his mouth. She tasted so divine that he brought her to orgasm again, the second time working his first two fingers into her juicy, warm pussy as she came. He licked her clit fairy-quick with a stiffened tongue and she cried out in wonder as her vagina convulsed and squeezed around his fingers.

“Finnavara, save me,” Dristan said as he rose up over her a moment later, instinctively sending up a divine plea for control to the high Sidhe king. His solid cock felt strangely heavy and dense when he took it into his hand, his desire for his true queen making him more present in the physical world than he’d ever been before.

He positioned the tip of his cock at her creamy entry. He thrust and grunted with animal-like lust. Despite his carnal fury he heard Donna cry out at his abrupt possession of her and bent his head to soothe her with gentle kisses and words. "Now you are mine. I stake my claim on you for eternity, sweet Donna," he said as he began to move in her, kindling their fires.

"I am yours, Dristan, never doubt it," Donna said against his lips. Her face scrunched tight with emotion and pleasure.

Sweat lubricated both of their bodies as they rocked against each other, building their combined flame into a roaring inferno. Their passion eventually engulfed them and Donna's bed began to lurch like a boat on a stormy sea. He thrust into her high and hard, their bodies slapping together in a fast, relentless rhythm.

"Dristan," she cried out wildly.

"Open your eyes now, my Donna. I must leave you in a moment and I would have you know me fully," Dristan ordered, his emotions a strange, boiling brew of misery and bliss.

Donna opened her eyes just as she tipped over the edge of orgasm and Dristan drove his cock into her to the hilt, his balls pressing tightly to her wet, sensitive tissues. "*Oh, my God,*" Donna screamed. Orgasm ripped through her flesh, and she opened her eyes wider in awe at the sight she beheld.

For she was being made love to by nothing less than a beautiful, golden god.

"You are my heart, Donna. Do not forget it," he demanded.

Donna was too overwhelmed with wonder and blinding pleasure to respond at first. The ephemeral light that surrounded Dristan's rippling, bronzed muscles seemed to pulsate and grow brighter. He roared and joined her in ecstatic release. The feeling of his cock jerking and convulsing inside of her as he came pitched her own climax up a notch in strength.

"*I will not forget!*" she cried.

But she wasn't sure if she thought the words or said them out loud because her consciousness darkened.

When Donna awoke the next morning the winter storm had abated. Her room glowed with brilliant winter sunlight.

And she was utterly, completely alone.

Chapter Two

The Summer Solstice

Ainne and Cleopha were once again sitting at the kitchen table when Donna pulled up the long driveway the following summer.

“Funny that you should invite Donna to Tahoe Vista on *Litha*,” Ainne said, referring to the Celtic name for the summer solstice.

Cleopha narrowed her eyes as she studied her sister who was trying to appear casual as she flipped her finger around a radiant strand of golden hair. “Why wouldn’t I ask Donna to be here on *Litha*? That’s when we scheduled the party for her record release in downtown Tahoe Vista, isn’t it?”

“That’s when *you* scheduled her party for her record release at Jack’s Boat Repair and DVD Rental. We watched Donna perform on television the other night, Cleopha. She’s a superstar. Do you really think she’ll be thrilled by a record signing at *Jack’s Boat Repair* in little Tahoe Vista?”

Cleopha shrugged in regal disregard. “She knows I arranged it as an excuse so that we could see her. What’s the big deal? Do you suppose she’ll badger us with all those questions about fairy tales like she did over the Yule holiday?”

“I hadn’t noticed that she *badgered* anyone.”

Cleopha flicked the curtain and caught sight of Donna leaning over in the rented SUV to toss some items into her purse. She wore her long, shining black hair in a ponytail like she had when she was a girl. But Donna was not the same creature she had been that afternoon she’d arrived last December. She was a full-grown woman now, succulent and ripe as summer fruit. She’d been transformed by a skilled Sidhe lover’s touch. Ainne was a moron for thinking Cleopha wouldn’t notice the change in her. She could only hope Cheveyo wasn’t as observant as Cleopha herself was.

"Well, you must be even dimmer than I'd suspected," Cleopha commented in an off-hand manner. "Donna questioned you about fairy tales, more specifically about a certain Sidhe warrior named *Dristan*, almost non-stop for her entire visit during Yule."

Ainne giggled girlishly. "I might have told her a tale or two. What female alive wouldn't be wild with curiosity to know more about the golden, glorious Dristan? When I heard about his fierce battles against the Felorians recently --"

"Cheveyo's victories have been just as great if not greater. Finnavara himself is saying that Cheveyo is responsible for the easing of the demon drought," Cleopha interrupted sourly, but to no avail. Ainne continued as if she'd never heard the interruption.

"I nearly melted. Why, if Dristan weren't young enough to be my son --"

"Your great-grandson twenty-five times removed is a more accurate estimate," Cleopha growled.

"I'd marry that hunk of a Sidhe warlord myself," Ainne finished with a dreamy smile.

Cleopha rolled her eyes in disgust. "You're so thick as to make it unnecessary for me to tell you to put on your heavy."

"What's that supposed to mean?" Ainne snapped as they both transformed their ethereal essences into solid flesh.

"Believe it or not, dear sister, most females don't want a paragon of virtue and perfection in their bed. They want a rebel."

"A rebel like that bad-ass Cheveyo I suppose, *the best elfshot in the west*," Ainne mimicked with a perfect western drawl. Sidhe-folk were all naturally talented actors but Ainne's sour grimace ruined her performance.

Cleopha grinned. "Yeah, now that you mention it, Cheveyo is one hell of a prime piece of gorgeous, bad-boy Sidhe ass --"

"Well his bad-boy Sidhe ass better stay far away from Donna!" Ainne challenged abruptly. An eerie light shone from her green eyes that would have likely sent every being on the planet but her father and Cleopha running in wild, primitive fear.

“Don’t be ridiculous, sister,” Cleopha said airily as she stood to greet Donna at the front door. “I respect Cheveyo and Dristan’s treaty as deeply as you do.”

* * *

Donna lingered in her grandmothers’ lush garden at twilight. The recent heavy precipitation that had fallen over half of the United States, and a good portion of Canada and Mexico as well, had done much to alleviate the worrisome drought. Concerns over the lack of rainfall during the past eight or nine years had spread to include everyday citizens instead of just environmentalists and farmers. If the out of control fires across the United States hadn’t forced people to admit the seriousness of the drought, skyrocketing prices on food certainly had. Heavy snow and rain had helped. It would take more than just half a year to remedy the years of dryness however.

Grandmas Cleopha and Ainne had managed to sport a magnificent garden even during the height of the drought, but this year they’d outdone themselves. One of Grandma Cleo’s lush violet hydrangeas beckoned her as she walked along the fragrant path. For some reason the contact of the soft petals on her fingers caused sharp longing to sweep through her. She transferred her fingers from the lush flower to her eyelids when she felt the increasingly familiar burn behind them.

“Dristan was a silly dream conjured by Grandma Ainne’s fairy tales,” she hissed under her breath harshly.

She would be mortified to reveal to anybody that her whole life had been turned upside-down by a wet dream about a fairy tale hottie.

But the fact of the matter was Donna wasn’t sure she would ever be the same after December twenty-first of last year. Her career was going exceptionally well. Her first record, a soulful fusion of blues, jazz, and folk music, had received excellent reviews. She still didn’t quite believe it, but hundreds of music stores across the country had sold out their copies by the end of the first day. Donna knew she should be thrilled. She should be sailing around with those wispy, magenta-colored clouds that currently decorated the western sky.

But instead she felt miserable and heartsick. Instead she was missing a golden-haired, bronze-skinned warrior with rippling muscles and a deep, sexy voice that could probably induce her to commit the most carnal of sins. Not to mention an electrifying touch that Donna wasn't sure she wouldn't trade her very soul for in order to feel again.

Just once.

God, she was lame. She was mooning over a man from a fairy tale and a dream. It was the equivalent of becoming clinically depressed because she couldn't carry on a love affair with Prince Charming.

When she opened her eyes again she gasped. Through a blur of tears she saw a man standing at the far side of the backyard next to an enormous lodgepole pine tree. Long, black hair framed an arresting face that reminded Donna of the stark, uncompromising beauty of the western American landscape.

She blinked several times, trying desperately to bring him into focus. Her heart drummed a rapid, erratic rhythm. Surely she was mistaken at all the emotion she thought she sensed in those mysterious black eyes.

She took a step forward and opened her mouth to speak.

"Aren't the hydrangeas yummy this year?"

Donna glanced over at the sound of Grandma Cleo's voice. When her gaze shot back to the black-haired man he was gone. "Where'd he go?" Donna asked sharply. She scanned the entire fenced in backyard, but there was no sign of him. Surely six and a half feet of hard muscle couldn't disappear so easily --

"Where'd *who* go?"

"That man -- *he was just there!*" Donna pointed toward the lodgepole pine and jogged down the path. She spent the next minute searching the small backyard. She finally gave up and headed back toward Grandma Cleo.

"I saw a man --" Donna began when she neared Cleo. She stopped abruptly and wiped at her cheeks. "Jeez, why are *tears* pouring out of my eyes?" she asked in amazement.

"Perhaps from touching the hydrangea?" Cleo prompted helpfully. "They cause terrible allergies."

Donna's confusion deepened. "They've never bothered me before."

"Oh yes, hydrangeas can cause some of the worst allergic reactions. Why I've even known people to hallucinate when some of the pollen gets in their eyes."

Donna opened her mouth to challenge that ridiculous assertion but Cleo continued. "Now, this man you think you saw, he wasn't on a black horse, was he?"

"No, he was just standing over -- Grandma Cleo, why in the world would you ask if he was on a *black horse*? A fence entirely surrounds our yard!" Donna exclaimed with rising exasperation. She loved the dickens out of her grandmothers but the line between quirkiness and lunacy certainly grew thin when it came to their behavior sometimes.

Cleo shrugged her thin, bony shoulders. "A fence is no barrier to a Sidhe warrior or his steed. No, I suspect you saw Cheveyo -- one of the Shining Ones. That's what Native Americans call the Sidhe race. *Litha* is Cheveyo's night of strength, after all. What more likely time for Cheveyo to appear than at twilight on the summer solstice?"

"What more likely time indeed, especially when you add in the potent hallucinogenic qualities of *hydrangeas*," Donna replied sarcastically.

Grandma Cleo just smiled sweetly.

Donna narrowed her eyes in suspicion. Her instincts told her that Cleo's strange behavior somehow related to her hallucination about Dristan. "Grandma Cleo, are you sure you can't remember anything about the Sidhe warrior *Dristan* in your fairy tales? I think he's Irish, not Native American, and --"

Cleopha waved her hand dismissively. "*That* washed-out caricature of Sidhe male perfection? Now if you really want to hear about a hunk, honey, let's talk about *Cheveyo*..."

Donna gritted her teeth to keep her silence and allowed her grandmother to lead her down the path. She assured herself it had nothing to do with being hungry to hear details about the gorgeous, mysterious man she'd just glimpsed.

Not that she actually *believed* in her grandmothers' fairy tales.
Did she?

* * *

Donna's uncertainty in regard to that question may have been the reason she didn't scream like a madwoman when she was awakened by a low, furious voice near her ear later that night.

"You let that Irish golden boy fuck you, didn't you?"

Donna started when she felt a hand half-encircle her neck. She struggled to open her eyes but they were sealed closed in the manner she recalled all too well from her night with Dristan. But this wasn't Dristan who hissed at her from the darkness. She knew precisely who it was, as illogical as it seemed.

It was the man from the garden, the man with the hard, chiseled face and penetrating ebony eyes.

Cheveyo.

His hot touch on her skin caused goose bumps to rise all over her body. Her reaction came not only from potent sensual awareness but from trepidation as well. She struggled to sit up in bed but like on the night of the winter solstice she was partially paralyzed.

"Stay still," Cheveyo ordered softly. "You're mine and you know it. I saw you recognize me for what I am out there in the garden -- your mate. If you fight me it will only piss me off exponentially more than I already am. You won't like the consequence any more than Dristan will when I confront him for breaking Finnavara's treaty," he muttered darkly.

Donna shivered with excitement despite her rising anger. How dare he threaten her *or* her dream lover Dristan? As she struggled to find speech he lowered his hand over her breast and cupped her from below. He grunted in male appreciation and quickly molded her other breast to his palm. Donna gasped in stunned arousal, her anger forgotten as he boldly played with her breasts and plucked at her stiffening nipples through her satin nightgown.

Her anger and uncertainty eventually re-surfaced however. "I don't even believe in you or Dristan! You're just some hot, hormonal dream. But if you two *were* real, you'd be wrong. I'm Dristan's -- heart and soul," she insisted. It would be difficult to deny the dusky-skinned Sidhe warrior who currently made her entire body throb with a need for release but she recalled her promise to Dristan on the winter solstice all too perfectly.

Cheveyo's hands paused in the action of plumping both her breasts so that her distended nipples poked out between his first and second finger. Despite her show of defiance, the thought of him leaning down and suckling the hyper-sensitive crests caused arousal to stab through her sex almost painfully. She sensed him lean down over her. "Is that right?" he asked in a low, ominous tone.

Donna's heartbeat escalated as she inhaled his fragrant breath and sensed the heat of his combined anger and lust on her lips and cheeks. Her desire to have him kiss her felt as sharp as a knife's blade. Still, she didn't lie when she spoke. "I'm sorry. I *am* Dristan's," she said shakily.

"You're *mine* and I'll not leave you until you say it," Cheveyo hissed furiously.

Donna's cry segued to a groan of lust when he plunged his tongue between her lips and ravaged her... conquered her. By the time he lifted his head a moment later she'd forgotten her own name she was so drunk on his singular taste. Her anxiety and anger returned when Cheveyo matter-of-factly gripped the bodice of her nightgown with both hands and ripped it off her.

"How... how dare you!" Donna seethed. Once again she struggled to sit up but her muscles wouldn't fully cooperate. "I deny you! I deny everything about you, *Cheveyo*. Isn't that enough to get rid of a hell-spawned incubus like you?"

"Dream on. It would only work for the dimmest of incubi and it certainly wouldn't work for a Sidhe warrior," Cheveyo replied levelly. He spread his hands along her sides, fixing her in place on the bed. He leaned down to suckle hotly on her left breast.

"*Oh!*" Donna exclaimed. She wiggled in an instinctive gesture to get friction on the erogenous zones of her ass and pussy. Her reaction had been just as strong when Dristan loved her breasts, but Cheveyo's caress was far different. He sucked good and hard and bit lightly at her nipple until Donna almost screamed in orgasm from his erotically harsh treatment.

Just when she was on the edge, however, he soothed her with his warm, laving tongue. When she'd calmed he went back to agitating the tender crests with his teeth and boldly suckling her nipple until Donna writhed in agonized lust. He pinched and plucked at the other tip with his fingertips until both nipples were hyper-sensitized and painfully aroused.

"Please. Oh, *please* make me come. Touch my pussy," Donna begged as her head thrashed from side to side on the pillow.

But instead of granting her desperate request, her unseen lover grasped her hips and effortlessly flipped her over on her belly. Air burst out of Donna's lungs as she plopped face down on the mattress. She opened her mouth to protest the rough treatment but her words died in her throat at the sensation of dry, warm lips brushing against the skin at the back of her knees. Shivers of pleasure and excitement rippled through her.

"Cheveyo," she moaned softly.

Cheveyo's nostrils flared at the sound of Donna speaking his name with so much longing. This beautiful, exquisite mortal was his. The banshees might have predicted it, but his own body and spirit's reaction to her touch, her scent, and her taste made prophecy superfluous. He wanted nothing more than to take her to his Sidhe kingdom of Halimar and make her his queen. He pressed his lips to the silky soft skin of her thigh, closing his eyes when he sensed her trembling.

His eyes burned with love and fury.

He would rip Dristan limb from limb when he found him. How dare that strutting rooster touch Donna! How dare he place his hands on what was clearly

Cheveyo's? The thought of his rival thrusting into Donna's pussy while she screamed in ecstasy made his vision go red.

There wasn't room in the Sidhe world for both Dristan and himself, Cheveyo decided grimly.

The sound of Donna calling his name once again, this time in query, made him blink. He realized that he'd paused in his worship of her luscious flesh. When the haze of his fury faded he stared at the bewitching sight of Donna's lithesome thighs and round bottom. He caressed a plump ass cheek. His hand looked dark next to her pale, moonlit flesh. His cock swelled tight at the sensation of her curving, firm buttock in his palm.

She sighed shakily when he leaned forward and placed a single hot kiss at the juncture of her closed thighs. Donna flooded his senses. Such tender, firm, fragrant flesh, he thought dazedly as he planted quick, hungry kisses along the taut undercurve of her bottom and nuzzled the sex-scented crevice of her thighs. He liked the idea of keeping her closed tight while her fires grew hot and molten inside of her.

When she tried to part her legs for him Cheveyo was tempted but he restrained himself, enjoying her soft, uneven sighs and whimpers too much to stop his teasing. He pushed her thighs together tightly and continued to torment and ravage the sensitive skin of her hips, ass, and legs, nibbling and scraping his teeth and licking until she squirmed in his hold.

Her low moans escalated when he pushed his tongue between her clasped thighs and slid it from her knees all the way up to just a scant half-inch from her pussy. Donna's groan mingled with his own as he caught his first concentrated taste of her cream on his tongue.

Her flavor maddened him. He lifted her slightly, parted her ass cheeks and slid his tongue along her perineum where her juices lay thick. The singular taste of his mate combined with the realization that Dristan had drowned himself in the sweet fount of her pussy before him almost sent Cheveyo berserk with a mixture of fury and desire. Instead of dipping his tongue in the waters where his rival had quenched himself,

Cheveyo quested upward to the cleft of Donna's firm flesh. When he encountered her tiny, muscular asshole she squirmed in his hold. Cheveyo matter-of-factly swatted her fanny.

"Oh, no!" she cried out, stunned by his action. He silenced her protest by rubbing his finger against her well-lubricated clit at the same time he breached the ring of her asshole with the tip of his tongue.

Cheveyo grunted in primal male satisfaction when she began to shudder in orgasm almost immediately. He enjoyed the sensation of her sleek body rippling as bliss blasted through her so much that he pressed his thumb into her pussy to feel her flesh quake from the inside as well. He waited until she quieted some before he began to agitate her slick clit again, laving and piercing the ring of her asshole with his tongue all the while. When she came again, chanting his name as fresh fire singed her flesh, Cheveyo cursed in the ancient Sidhe language. He bit at the plump, firm flesh of an ass cheek in primitive lust before he came down over her, pushing her long hair away from her face.

"Give me your mouth, Donna," he demanded almost angrily. She still shuddered from her orgasm but his sharp tone breached her ecstasy. She lifted her lips, seeking him out blindly, her eyes still sealed tightly shut by his magic. He swept down and claimed what she offered so freely, ravishing her honey-sweet mouth.

"I will take you in a way that hell-spawn did not, for you are *mine*, Donna. Say it," Cheveyo muttered roughly a moment later as he guided his throbbing cock to Donna's asshole. One hand slid beneath her lower belly and raised her hips to better receive him. He used his Sidhe magic to supply a silky lubricant that would ease his entrance into her body. He hissed at the cruelty of the pleasure as he slowly breached her tight entry and felt her sublime heat. "Say it," he demanded again through clenched jaws and pushed farther into her ass.

"I'm yours," Donna agreed raggedly. He responded with a grunt of satisfaction and a firm pump of his hips.

Donna's mouth hung open in stunned lust. Being penetrated in such a private place felt so intimate... so good. Her body stretched to accommodate Cheveyo as he took her with slow deliberation. Her clit burned as nerve endings throbbed to life along her sacrum at this heretofore unknown form of sexual stimulation. She pushed her ass against him, eager to be penetrated by more of his considerable length... wild to be possessed by him.

Cheveyo swatted her bottom again and chuckled as though he was pleased by her lustful impulsivity. "Let me set the pace, little filly."

He slid a pillow beneath her to elevate her ass and brought his hands down next to her head. A loud gasp of repressed air left Donna's lungs when he flexed his hips and seated his cock in her to the balls. He rocked against her gently but firmly, putting pressure on her sizzling clit where it pressed against the pillow. She turned her head toward him, seeking him out as her pleasure crested. Cheveyo leaned down and covered her mouth with his own, stifling her scream as she came.

Donna dimly became aware of Cheveyo's hot kisses on her neck and cheek as the spasms of pleasure waned. He kissed one eyelid. "Open your eyes, Donna. I would have you see me," he demanded.

Donna could only stare in awe when she followed his command. An otherworldly aura of light surrounded his body. Within the rainbow incandescence, Cheveyo's dusky skin gleamed with perspiration. Every muscle in his sleek body strained tight with restraint as his desire demanded its due. His eyes burned with a dark fire as she met his gaze.

"You were right," Donna said. "*I am* yours. Always."

He smiled in supreme male satisfaction at her words and began to pump his hips. And Donna was submersed in the fires of her fierce Sidhe warrior once again.

* * *

The next morning when Donna awoke miserable and alone she wasn't as shocked as she had been last December when something similar had occurred. Either

she was becoming used to the ways of her fairy tale lovers or she had fully entered the realms of madness.

The deep well of grief swelled threateningly inside of her when she realized that not only was Dristan a dream, but Cheveyo was as well. For several frightening moments as she lay there in the sunny room of her childhood, Donna wondered if the longing for her ephemeral lovers would swallow her entirely.

Something caught her eye in her bed. She reached and held up a torn fragment of her yellow satin nightgown. Her hand trembled.

Had it been real? Hope flared in her breast.

But beyond the burning question of whether Dristan and Cheveyo really existed or not, Donna was plagued by another dilemma. She couldn't imagine how she had told *both* Dristan and Cheveyo that she was his and spoken the complete and utter truth each time.

Chapter Three

Samhain Eve

Cleopha and Ainne stood on a gleaming white balcony of their father's mighty fortress Tarrock in Éire. They watched grimly as the demon host darkened the western skies. It was as inevitable as the sunrise that the *Tuatha De Danann* and the Felorians battled on Samhain Eve. The forces of Earth and the stars made the Felorians most powerful on that accursed day. For as long as the two fairy sisters could recall, the warriors of the *Tuatha De Danann* had succeeded in vanquishing the lethal armies of goblin, demon, wraith and vampire on Samhain.

Their father, Finnvara, and his liege of Sidhe kings might struggle and falter at times against the dark host. Famines occurred, as did human wars, plagues and droughts -- all reflections of the conflicts that happened in the ephemeral, magic world of the Sidhe. The *Tuatha De Danann* always prevailed on Samhain and light prevailed over darkness for at least one more year. But never before had the Felorians dared to come so close and in such great numbers to a mighty *Tuatha De Danann* fortress on Samhain Eve.

"They taunt us," Cleopha said softly, fury vibrating in her voice.

"Vultures," Ainne hissed. "They sense our weakness. They smell the blood oozing from the rift between Cheveyo and Dristan. Our magic weakens."

"I fear the dark host will prevail," Cleopha said quietly.

Ainne blinked twice. "Sister?" She leaned on the sparkling white granite of the rampart of Tarrock and stared. "Have you given up hope? How can this be?" Ainne asked, clearly shaken.

"I see truly, that is all. Look at them." Cleopha nodded grimly toward the dark horde that began to obliterate the late afternoon sun. Humans couldn't see the

bloodthirsty host, although they might experience its influence as thoughts of death, fury and hopelessness. The incidences of suicide and homicide would reach alarming numbers in the coming night and day if the *Tuatha De Danann* failed to stop the Felorian onslaught. The more sensitive of humans might notice the darkness in the sky or suffer from hallucinations of creatures that looked like something from a nightmare.

Mortals would be shocked to know just how thin the boundaries were becoming between their mundane, secure reality and utter desolation.

If Cleopha squinted she could see the leathery wings of the demons beating the air in excitement. She sensed their jubilation... and their hunger. If the *Tuatha De Danann* fell, nothing would stand between the twisted, evil creatures and the mortals. Demon, goblin and vampire would sweep down upon them like a plague of locusts and feed. Their appetites were insatiable. They would devour human, beast and plant alike until the earth was nothing but a barren wasteland.

"Never before have they been so bold," Cleopha muttered. "Never before have they been so strong. We have wrought this evil, you and I."

Cleopha watched from the corner of her eye as Ainne stiffened at her words. When one Sidhe looked upon another they saw truly, not through the distorting eyes of mortals. Her sister was a singularly beautiful golden-haired woman with creamy skin and startling emerald eyes. She wore a white, shimmering gown of Elven-spun *alaeran* cloth and her lustrous hair cascaded down her back. Like Cleopha she wore a finely wrought, delicate diadem that signified her royal status. Her innate regal bearing only added weight to her obvious indignation.

"We? It is Cheveyo and Dristan who have broken the treaty! It is those two stubborn louts who refuse to allow their armies to fight unless our father agrees to give them Donna! What have you and I to do with that?"

"It is you and I who subverted the treaty, Ainne. It is you and I who conspired to get Cheveyo and Dristan into Donna's bed. It is you and I who fanned the flames of Dristan and Cheveyo's rivalry." Cleopha sighed softly with regret. "It is you and I who

have made our Donna so miserable and unhappy. She has known the touch of her true mate and now she withers in his absence."

"I suppose you refer to Cheveyo," Ainne said sourly, not even bothering to deny Cleopha's accusation.

"To Dristan."

Ainne's head turned sharply. "What's this? You admit that Dristan is Donna's true mate?"

Cleopha nodded grimly, her eyes staring at the Felorian horde on the horizon. "I do. But so is Cheveyo. And if we want the *Tuatha De Danann* and mortal world to survive the battles of Samhain for at least one more year, you and I have to find a way to convince Cheveyo, Dristan and Donna of that fact."

"I don't see how we can," Ainne said after a moment of reflection. "Dristan and Cheveyo are Sidhe warriors. They will fight each other for what they believe to be theirs until their soul-lights are darkened forever."

"Perhaps you are right. But they are fiercely loyal to their people and there is something else they would sacrifice anything to attain."

"What?"

"Donna's happiness."

Cleopha met her sister's gaze steadily. "Here is what we must do in order make up for getting involved with Donna and her lovers when we should not have, Ainne. This will be our pact. You will cast a spell over Dristan and I will enchant Cheveyo. All we must do is make each male believe that the other only serves to amplify Donna's happiness and ecstasy during their lovemaking. They will be made blind and deaf to all indications of her love for the other. Cheveyo will see Dristan only as a tool to increase Donna's pleasure in the bedroom, and Dristan will see Cheveyo in the same way. Each male will be blinded to all but her love for him, and him alone. Their rivalry will fade. They will once again fight side by side like brothers."

Ainne eyed her sister doubtfully. "Are you sure it will work?"

"Look at them!" Cleopha said fiercely as she cast her eyes on the dark horde that hung threateningly in the western sky. "Do you think Cheveyo and Dristan don't see something similar from their kingdoms of Halimar and Shalevara? They must be going mad witnessing the Felorians taunting them so boldly. Come tomorrow at nightfall that rotting pack of locusts will fall upon us. Both kings refuse to fight, waiting for the agreement from Finnavaara that Donna will be theirs. But you and I know that our father will never make that pact with either of them. The *Tuatha De Danann* are rendered helpless. The world hangs perilously over a jagged cliff, though mortals don't realize it. No one can remedy this situation but us, sister! Cheveyo and Dristan *must* fight together on Samhain or we're doomed. *Say you agree, Ainne.*"

Ainne stared at Cleopha silently for several long seconds. She nodded once.

"Good. I have already set a plan into place. Here is what we must do..."

* * *

Donna noticed the sun dipping in the west. She should gather up her book and blanket and rouse Tethra from her contented slumber in the warm sunshine. Grandmas Ainne and Cleopha would have returned to the house by now after their trip to the grocery store to pick up Halloween candy for the trick-or-treaters.

Donna had just finished a concert tour in San Francisco and driven to Tahoe Vista for a long weekend. Her life had become very hectic as of late and she longed for the crisp, crystalline fall days of her youth, the sparkling yellow and orange aspens, the sapphire-blue lake nestled in the snow-capped mountains...

Donna sighed heavily as she fell back on the blanket she'd spread in the meadow. She closed her eyes and let her book fall from her fingers. The autumn sunshine bathed her in its golden, warm light. The soothing sounds of water burbling against the rocks and a bee buzzing in the loosestrife reached her ears.

The melancholy that overwhelmed her caught her unaware. Was that why she'd agreed to such a hectic, non-stop pace for her concert tour and guest appearances on television? So she could run from thoughts of Cheveyo and Dristan -- lovers from a world of dreams and fairy tales? If that were the case, bringing Tethra out to their

favorite haunt in the isolated meadow at the base of Mt. Rose had been a mistake, Donna realized gloomily. Her longing for both her golden and dusky-skinned lovers surged to the surface of her awareness, no longer successfully repressed by her determination and busy schedule.

How could she banish the memory of her two masterful lovers? How could she erase the feeling of being so cherished and loved and obliterate once and for all the erotic memories of their touch?

Donna shivered with excitement as images flooded her awareness; combined recollections of her two Sidhe warriors moving inside of her, fusing their flesh seemingly for eternity. Her nipples pulled tight as if she'd just been caressed by a lover's whisper-soft caress.

"You don't really want to forget that night, do you, Donna?"

A strange shock went through Donna's flesh at the sound of the familiar, Irish-accented voice resounding so near to her cheek. She stilled her overwhelming urge to open her eyes, afraid that the re-appearance of her long awaited dream would prove to be false.

She didn't think she could bear the disappointment.

A warm fingertip traced her brow tenderly. "Don't be afraid. Open your eyes and look upon me. I will never willingly leave your side again."

"Dristan," Donna murmured with awe. Sunlight streamed behind him as he leaned down over her. Unlike the night of her dream she saw him as a flesh and blood man, not a god. He was as wondrous to her enthralled vision, however, as if he had appeared to her as a mighty Sidhe warrior-king dressed for battle. Instead he wore jeans and a casual cream-colored button-down shirt that looked delicious against his smooth, bronzed skin.

Donna would have been lying if she said that he would have blended into any crowd, for this man would stand out brilliantly even among the most beautiful, supremely fit males on the planet. But he looked human nonetheless and Donna found

she could look on him fully without being blinded by the radiance of his ethereal Sidhe image.

Donna reached up and touched his lean cheek. "Am I dreaming?"

Dristan shook his head as he pinned her with his stare. Sunlight glinted in his short, dark gold hair. Donna ran her fingers through the close-cropped, silken strands and pressed her fingertips to his scalp.

He felt so real.

Dristan laughed, a delicious low rumble that caused Donna's skin to tingle. He cradled the side of her head in his hand tenderly, using his thumb to wipe a tear that fell down her cheek. "This is no dream. I *am* real, Donna. This is my appearance in the Sidhe world. I have brought you home at last."

Donna craned her neck up in confusion but she saw that she still lay in the familiar sunlit meadow. Before she had time to question Dristan, however, a hand pressed her shoulder back down to the blanket and a shadow blocked the sunlight. Warm, firm lips covered her own. Donna moaned in recognition and longing, craning up hungrily to participate in a kiss that was both ravishment and cherishment at once.

Donna knew that taste. She knew that manner.

"Cheveyo," she said on a sigh when he finally released her mouth. She blinked as sunlight struck her eyes in order to make out his stark, handsome face. Like Dristan, she saw him as a flesh and blood man... but *what* a man. A simple white T-shirt stretched across a lean, muscular chest. Succulent, meaty biceps curved from beneath the tautly stretched sleeve. His hair -- as black as her own -- hung to one side several inches past his shoulder. She touched the thick, soft strands. For some reason tears flooded her eyes.

Cheveyo's mysterious black eyes glittered with unexpressed emotion. "Don't be sad, Donna. I have come for you. If you choose it, you will stay here with me always."

"I choose it," Donna said without hesitation. While she stared at Cheveyo in enthrallment, Dristan lifted her shirt and rapidly unfastened her bra. Donna gasped when he lowered his golden head and laved a nipple with his warm, abrasive tongue.

Cheveyo watched her, his eyes turning to dark, glowing embers as he witnessed her obvious pleasure when Dristan began to draw on a crest with a sweet suction.

"I only want your happiness," Cheveyo said.

Donna answered him with her eyes and her touch. She reached for him and brought him down to her other breast. Tears blurred her eyes as she stared up at the perfect, cornflower-blue sky while her Sidhe lovers suckled at her breasts and their hands explored her body. Emotion filled her until she feared she would burst with it. Love and ecstasy eventually swept over her in a great wave and she shuddered in a climax unlike anything she had ever known.

"Shhh," Dristan whispered soothingly as she panted in the aftermath of her sensual storm. He rained gentle, golden kisses on her cheeks, eyelids and lips. Donna lifted her hips at the sensation of Cheveyo's hands pushing down her jeans. Dristan bent to kiss her possessively at the same moment. When Donna felt Cheveyo spread her thighs and then his warm, wet tongue sliding between her labia she groaned in agonized pleasure into Dristan's mouth. Dristan lifted his head and inspected her while Cheveyo tormented her clit with his stiffened tongue.

"Do you like that, Donna?" Dristan whispered hoarsely.

Heat flooded Donna's cheeks even as it pooled hotly at her sex. She looked into Dristan's piercing blue-eyed stare and nodded, too overwhelmed with sheer bliss from the sensation of Cheveyo eating her pussy to speak.

"They say that Cheveyo is one of the finest Sidhe lovers," Dristan mused as he continued to watch her with what Donna could only label fascination. "And I only want your happiness," Dristan said, as though he were talking to himself. He started as if he'd awakened from a dream. "And if one Sidhe lover can bring that look to your face, Donna, then I'm only too glad to discover what two can do."

Donna began to shake in uncontrollable excitement when he moved to the opposite side of her hips from Cheveyo and lowered his head next to the dark one already between her thighs. Without hesitation Cheveyo moved to make room for him, spreading Donna's legs wider and kneeling between them. Donna cried out in

anguished longing when Cheveyo lifted her hips and sank his tongue deep into her pussy. Dristan flicked his tongue over her clit and then drew on her with a firm suck. Unbearably strong sensations of sizzling heat, pressure and sheer bliss flooded Donna's consciousness.

How could she withstand so much pleasure and survive?

When another climax crashed into her she wasn't entirely sure that she *could* survive the intensity. But Donna surrendered gladly nonetheless, trusting her lovers to always see her safely through the storm of passion.

"She gives herself so completely."

Donna blinked dazedly at the sound of Dristan's voice so near her right ear. A hand slid between her thighs and rubbed her slick clit, coaxing a post-orgasmic shudder of pleasure from her, the gesture doubly erotic in its naturalness... its sureness.

"Yes," Cheveyo agreed from the other side of her. "She is the rarest of treasures."

Donna hardly knew what she was doing, she was so drunk on love and lust for these two beautiful males. She reached up behind both of their necks and brought them down to her, kissing first Cheveyo and then Dristan and then Cheveyo until all three of their tongues plunged and tangled hotly, their mouths melding into a honey-sweet mutual bliss.

"Tell me what you want, Donna," Dristan muttered after a while, when their breathing turned to hot pants of arousal against one another's lips.

"I want both of your cocks where your tongues are right now," Donna answered quickly.

They undressed and complied so quickly with her request that she didn't have time to be embarrassed by the boldness of her request in the interim. Besides, how could she be anything but stunned by pure lust at the sight of Dristan and Cheveyo kneeling next to her completely nude?

She sat up slowly, her eyes feasting first on Cheveyo's long, lean torso and delineated muscles gloved tautly in smooth, dusky skin. Dristan was broader through the shoulders than Cheveyo, though both males were of a similar height. Donna licked

at her lower lip hungrily as her gaze caressed Dristan's succulent, well-defined pectoral muscles capped by small, copper-colored nipples.

She lowered her eyelids and inhaled sharply, her breath seeming to sear her lungs. She knew the feeling of Dristan's cock in her hand and on her tongue, but to look upon that long, golden spear of flesh was another matter entirely. She moaned softly when she felt Cheveyo's hand at the back of her neck, fisting her hair.

"If you want that cock so much, Donna, then take it," she heard him whisper in thick arousal. Donna closed her eyes in sublime lust as Cheveyo guided her head down to Dristan's cock. She licked at the bulbous head until it bobbed eagerly in the air for her. Donna stilled its wagging by sinking it between her lips. His girth stretched her mouth wide, but his taste and texture enthralled her.

All three of them groaned in tandem as Cheveyo pushed her head down farther on Dristan's length. He pulled back on her hair. Donna slapped her tongue lustily against the fat head before she allowed Cheveyo to thrust her down along the shaft again. It excited her to give over control of her actions, pleasuring one of her lovers through the actions of the other.

"If you're so hungry there's plenty to go around, beautiful Donna," Cheveyo said gruffly. He pulled her head off Dristan's glistening, jutting cock and brought her to his own. With hardly a pause Donna slid Cheveyo's cock between her lips. She moaned in longing as his taste pervaded her. His length was similar to Dristan's but his girth was slightly narrower. His cock reminded Donna of his body -- long, lean, and hard as stone.

She felt Dristan's hand on the back of her head next to Cheveyo's as she vacuumed the delicious penis as deep as she could take it. When she felt the head tickle the back of her throat, stimulating her gag reflex, Dristan caressed her back soothingly. Soon Donna's lips slid hungrily back and forth on Cheveyo's shaft as she accustomed herself to taking him deeply.

Dristan hissed something in a language Donna couldn't understand. He moved in closer to Cheveyo, pressing his hips tightly to the other man. His jutting cock bumped against Donna's stretched lips.

Donna gladly gave Dristan's cock a healthy suck and stroked his long shaft with her hand before she returned to do the same for Cheveyo. She gorged herself like this for the next minute, first on one delicious, stiff pillar of flesh, then on the other.

"Enough," Cheveyo said suddenly in a hard voice. His black eyes glinted with lust as he lay down on the blanket and reached for Donna possessively. He pulled her into his arms and kissed her roughly once on the mouth before he lowered her onto his stiff cock.

Donna screamed in pleasure at the impact. Cheveyo watched her, his chiseled features rigid with emotion as he rocked her up and down on his cock. "You have the sweetest little pussy," he muttered in what appeared to be genuine amazement.

Donna whimpered helplessly as he fucked her. She was glad that Dristan came beside her and encircled her in his arms, steadying her riotous, rocking universe as Cheveyo moved her up and down on his cock as though her body were as light as a feather. Pleasure inundated her, filling every cell of her being until Donna thought she would burst. When Dristan plucked at her sensitive, distended nipples the dam broke. Dristan hugged her tightly as she came around Cheveyo's cock, muttering endearments into her ear. She gasped in the midst of her post-orgasmic pants for oxygen when she felt Dristan's finger burrow through the crevice of her ass and press into the sensitive opening.

"There. You like that, don't you?" Dristan whispered hotly into her ear, making her shiver. Donna's answer was to groan in fresh arousal and fall forward, her hands on Cheveyo's hard chest, presenting her ass to receive Dristan's caress more fully. He accepted her invitation eagerly and moved behind her, his knees straddling Cheveyo's thighs.

She cried out sharply when Dristan pressed the hard, smooth knob of his cock against her asshole. She felt a cool, slippery substance on the tip that eased his entry.

Cheveyo shoved his fingers through her hair with one hand and with the other grasped her shoulders, bringing her down next to him so that her tender nipples rubbed against his chest.

"Steady," he said gruffly as he watched her face with fascination. His hands shifted to her hips, holding her firmly as Dristan's cock slowly penetrated her.

Donna stared at Cheveyo, wide-eyed, seeing nothing... only feeling. It hurt a little as Dristan moved deeper, her already small channel made even narrower by the fact that Cheveyo filled her vagina.

But the pleasure of embracing both her lovers at once far outweighed any initial discomfort.

Donna blinked when she realized that Cheveyo gently wiped tears from her cheeks. A look of concern shadowed his rugged features, but it was Dristan who spoke from behind her. "Is she all right?" he asked between shallow pants.

"Yes," Donna moaned ecstatically. "My tears are from joy. To hold you both is... just... too..."

She gritted her teeth, grimacing in primitive pleasure as both males' cocks lurched and throbbed in her body. She teetered on the edge of orgasm. Dristan stilled his thrusts and spread his hands on her hips. He lifted her, rocking her in a subtle, erotic circular motion on Cheveyo's cock. Donna stared at Cheveyo, moved by the emotion she saw in his dark eyes as his own orgasm loomed.

Cheveyo reached out blindly and held her down in his lap as he shouted in release. The feeling of his semen jetting hotly into her vagina caused Donna to tumble headlong into a glorious climax as well. Her cries mingled with Cheveyo's howl of pleasure. Dristan began to fuck her ass in short, fierce thrusts, his pelvis slapping against her buttocks. Donna squealed in ecstasy at the harsh treatment.

A moment later Dristan roared in orgasm as well. Donna pressed her cheek to Cheveyo's chest and clamped her eyelids tightly shut, overwhelmed with raw sensation as Dristan continued to fuck her even as warm seed spurted from his cock.

She still shook in the aftermath of the incredible experience minutes later. Just as they had since she first saw her lovers lying next to her in the sunny meadow, tears flowed from her eyes. Dristan leaned down and touched his lips gently to her cheek. "Don't cry, Donna," he whispered. "You are in the world of Sidhe now. I will fight the Felorians all the more fiercely because I do it to protect you."

"As will I," Cheveyo promised solemnly.

"I don't understand," Donna murmured as she glanced around dazedly. The sun was setting, casting the meadow into otherworldly shades of orange and dark pink. But it was still the familiar meadow where she'd always brought Tethra to run free without a leash.

She gasped when Dristan withdrew from her. A moment later he helped her to her feet. Donna was only too glad for his assistance since her bones seemed to have been replaced by jelly.

Cheveyo rose from the blanket with the graceful, sure movements of an athlete. He stood and leaned down to plant a hot, all-too-quick kiss on Donna's mouth. "You are sealed to us now, lovely. Your eyes have been opened. Look around you," he whispered next to her lips. "Welcome to my kingdom of Halimar. You will live here with us from the summer to the winter solstice. On the shortest day of the year, we will go to Dristan's kingdom in Ireland until the days stretch to their longest once again."

Donna crinkled her brow in concern when she saw how grim Cheveyo's face became when he mentioned Dristan's kingdom. But then Dristan stepped back, granting her a view up the mountainside and Donna gaped in wonder, her worry forgotten for the moment.

She stared up the side of a mountain that was Mt. Rose, but was *not* it at all. An immense structure was built into the side of the mountain... or not built, exactly, Donna realized as she took a step closer. More like *carved*. The exposed stone of the palace -- for Donna could think of no better word to describe the magical house -- sparkled like polished white granite in the sun's dying light.

"Oh, my God," Donna murmured in stark disbelief. "This is your home, Cheveyo? It's the most beautiful place I've ever imagined."

"Halimar is thought to be one of the finest Sidhe palaces," Dristan said. Donna turned to him when she registered the stiffness of his tone. "It cannot compare to the graceful lines of Shalevara however."

Cheveyo merely grunted in obvious irritation and bent to retrieve the blanket from the ground. He placed it around Donna's shoulders, covering her nakedness. He must have sensed Donna's disorientation and amazement by the expression on her face. He caressed her cheek tenderly. "The world of the Sidhe interpenetrates your world. We share the same space, but a mortal cannot see it -- they cannot see *us* -- unless a Sidhe purposely opens their eyes."

"Or brings her fully into it," Dristan added softly.

"Is that... is that what you've done?" Donna asked. "Brought me into your world?"

"Yes," Dristan replied. "The magic of our lovemaking opened the gates for you."

"Can I go back?"

Dristan's nostrils flared slightly. "Is that what you want, Donna?"

Donna's gaze swung from Dristan to Cheveyo and back to Dristan again. "No," she answered surely. The circumstances were strange enough to make her fear she was in the midst of a bizarre psychotic episode, but her lovers' solid presence grounded and comforted her.

Or at least it did until Cheveyo and Dristan dressed and each took one of her hands.

"What is that dark cloud that hangs in the west," Donna asked as they headed toward Halimar.

"A Felorian horde," Cheveyo answered without glancing to where she stared.

"It's Samhain Eve," Dristan explained. "You call it Halloween. But the Sidhe know it as the Feast of the Dead, the night when the dark creatures -- the ghouls,

vampires, demons and goblins -- are at their greatest strength for influencing both the mortal and Sidhe world."

Donna stopped, making both males turn sharply. "Do you mean to tell me that Grandma Ainne and Cleo's fairy tales *were* true?"

Dristan and Cheveyo nodded.

"And those are... are... *creatures* hanging there in the sky?" Her mouth went dry as she spoke, for she could indeed make out a slight movement in the dark shadow, as if the whole mass of it were a living, monstrous organism that undulated subtly as it breathed. A shiver of horror went through her. "That's... that's *foul*," she sputtered.

"You got that right," Cheveyo stated matter-of-factly as he pulled on her hand again.

Donna stumbled up the mountain after them. "But... but what will happen? When they come?"

Cheveyo glanced back at her and stopped abruptly when he registered the expression on her face. "They will never reach you, Donna. Never." He glanced over at Dristan, his dark eyes depthless and mysterious. Donna sensed profound emotion emanating from both males but she couldn't put a name to it. "The Felorians will never touch you because we will fight them."

Dristan nodded grimly. "Together."

A tense silence ensued.

"You mean *right now*?" Donna squawked.

Cheveyo and Dristan glanced back at her in surprise. At the same moment both of them broke into grins.

She blinked. *Oh, unfair*, Donna thought dazedly. One of those smiles would have left her lust-stunned, but two at once nearly brought her to her knees.

"We should be finished by dawn," Dristan promised with a steamy stare.

"Before," Cheveyo gritted out as he once again hauled Donna up the mountain. "There isn't a demon horde thick enough to withstand my sword if I know that my queen awaits me in my bed."

Dristan's face darkened at those words. "Nor mine if *my* queen awaits me," he stated succinctly.

Donna's lips opened to demand more answers, but then the dark, lethal swarm obliterating the sunset caught her eye. The realization that she was in a whole new world, a place where she knew not the simplest, most basic realities of life struck her consciousness with a resonating blow.

But Cheveyo and Dristan were here, their hands solid and warm in her own. And Donna knew that her questions would have to wait until after her beautiful Sidhe warriors battled against the Felorians on Samhain Eve.

Beth Kery

Beth Kery grew up in a huge house built in the nineteenth century where she cultivated her love of mystery and the paranormal. When she wasn't hunting for secret passageways and ghosts with her friends, she was gobbling up fantasy novels and any other books she could get her hands on. As an adult she learned about the vast mysteries of romance and sex and started to investigate that phenomenon thoroughly, as well. Her writing today reflects her passion for all of the above.

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