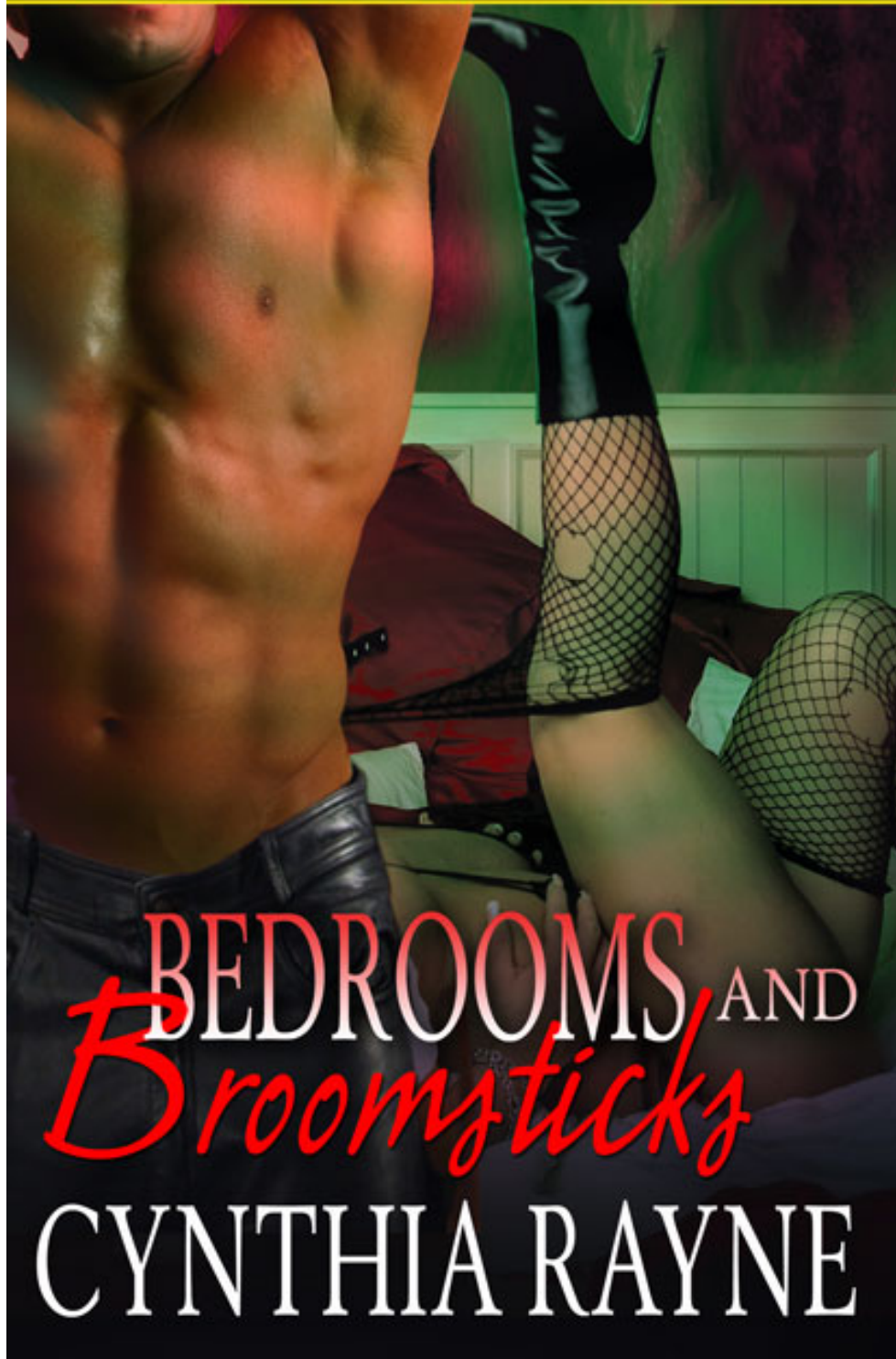


ELLORA'S CAVE PRESENTS



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Bedrooms and Broomsticks

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BEDROOMS AND BROOMSTICKS

Cynthia Rayne

Dedication

For my little sister, Sara. You are many important things to me. Sister. Friend. Confidante. Mini Me. Demon muse. One day very soon I hope to be reading a dedication from you to me. Keep reading, keep writing and never ever give up on your dreams. Hopefully our grimoire will show up one day. I love you, Snippy.

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Chapter One

"You bought me a pink vibrator?" Cayte Taylor asked incredulously, as she held the hot pink piece of rubber aloft with two fingers.

It bobbed up and down cheerfully in her hand as her brand-new kitten, Magic, who'd arrived via UPS earlier in the afternoon, swiped at the dildo with one of his paws. "Stop that!" she admonished, holding it away from the fuzzy animal.

"And a sex book," Carrie Taylor, her younger sister, said with raised eyebrows and a pleased smile.

"Great. Thanks for," Cayte said, pausing to read the book's title. "*The Nice Girl's Guide to Naughty Sex*," she finished, managing a weak smile. They both sat on the sofa in her two-bedroom apartment, holding her understated thirtieth-birthday celebration. Cayte sighed.

"What's wrong?" Carrie asked with a frown. "I thought you'd laugh. Hey, at least I didn't order the naked oily stripper that I wanted."

"It's not the dildo, it's me. I feel beige."

"What the hell are you talking about?"

"You heard me. I'm like the color beige." She pointed to the beige carpet. "Beige is perfectly acceptable, but that doesn't mean anyone really likes it. That's why they use it in apartment buildings. Beige blends in to the background and doesn't offend anyone. That's me. I'm beige."

"You are not beige."

"Yes, I am. Think about it. I'm turning thirty at midnight and I'm not doing all the things I wanted. I wanted to be a famous artist, instead I run a gallery. I live in Chicago

instead of somewhere exciting like Paris or New York. And now I'm a single cat owner." She paused, holding the pink rubber sex toy aloft. "With a dildo."

"Oh, that's what this is really about. You're turning thirty at midnight and you're clearly having some sort of psychological crisis."

Cayte raised an eyebrow. "Well, it looks like your psychology degree is starting to pay off."

"Trust me. In a couple of weeks, you'll be over the whole thirty thing. Now finish opening your presents."

Cayte sighed. "Fine." She gingerly picked up a gift from the table as though it contained a spider. "This is from Gran."

Their grandmother, Claire Taylor, couldn't make it to her birthday party. She lived in Cleveland and the trip to Chicago was a bit much for her. She'd taken them in when their parents died in a car accident.

Carrie's eyes widened. "Oh no. Didn't she get you a subscription to a bridal magazine last year?"

"Yes, even though I wasn't engaged," Cayte said with a shrug.

She ripped open the brown package to find an ancient leather book and a handwritten note. "She sent me an antique book?" Cayte asked before she placed it on the coffee table. "At least it doesn't say anything about babies or weddings."

"Read the note." Carrie said with a smile. "It's always the best part."

And by best, Carrie meant worst. Gran had a way of delivering a tongue-lashing, even in ink. Cayte opened the manila envelope. "Dear Cayte, I hope you enjoy your new kitten, Magic. He should be an excellent familiar for you and keep you safe from harm."

Carrie frowned. "Hold up, did she say familiar? As in a witch's familiar?"

Cayte shrugged. "Tonight is going to be one of the best days of your life, just like your wedding day, assuming you ever have one."

“Ah, now that sounds more like the Gran we all know and fear.”

Cayte read on. “Take special care with our family’s grimoire, it contains all of our magical knowledge and has been handed down from generation to generation. I have entrusted its care to you. I love you very much, Cayte, and I hope you have a very happy birthday. Enjoy all your gifts and call me soon. Love, Gran.”

“The grimoire must mean the book,” Carrie said.

“I’m not sure but I think a grimoire is a spell book.” Cayte pulled the antique, leather-bound book from the table. The pages were dog-eared and practically crumbling. On the cover was an ornate design burned into the leather, a full moon shape, with two half moons on either side.

Cayte gasped at the sudden surge of energy coming from the book. Touching it felt right somehow. She had the odd thought that the book recognized her. It seemed to mold itself against her hand and accept her. She hastily pulled her hand away. The note fluttered to the couch.

“Are you okay, Cayte? You look spooked.”

Cayte shook her head to clear it. “I’m just thinking. We should probably go visit Gran soon and check on her.”

Carrie nodded, but looked unconcerned. “You know she’s always been a bit eccentric. Do you remember that one spring when she insisted that leprechauns were real? She had us looking for them in her backyard.”

Carrie had a point. “True.”

“But we’ll check anyway and if she starts asking me to feed the Easter bunny, we’re going. Now let’s get more alcohol in you. You look way too serious.”

Cayte nodded, but she stared at the book where it lay innocuously on the card table. She had an odd feeling her life was about to change.

* * * * *

Five margaritas later, Cayte watched the world spin around her as she lay down on the living room floor. Somewhere in the back of her fuzzy mind, she knew she'd regret the drinking-fest when it was time to go to work, but she didn't care at the moment. For now Cayte felt peaceful. Maybe turning thirty wasn't so bad after all.

Carrie had gone to bed in the spare bedroom an hour ago, leaving Cayte with the remnants of her birthday party.

Magic yawned from his perch on the back couch and she scratched his chin absently.

Cayte's eyes strayed to the other side of the room where the grimoire rested in between two innocuous romance novels on her bookshelf. It seemed to call her, begging her to take advantage of its knowledge.

There seemed to be some sort of power in the book, but it was a moot point now. She'd just turned thirty and nothing had happened. She'd expected to be zapped at midnight by some cosmic force but time had passed by without incident. Her grandmother had just been telling a tall tale.

"Well, kitty, I think it's magic time." Surely, playing around with the big bad book of spells wouldn't hurt?

She tottered over and pulled it out of the shelf while Magic watched her with golden eyes. The book was heavier than she thought, but she managed to bring it over to the coffee table and set it down. Cayte sat down on the carpet next to the table and perused the contents.

There was a full range of spells. Luck incantations, potions to repel unwanted people and even a money spell. As she turned a page, she found a spell to conjure a love emissary. It was a little vague on the details, but supposedly she could conjure a being that would help her bring love into her life. "Hey, kinda like Cupid. I can make my wishes come true."

She could dimly hear her grandmother's voice in the back of her head making her promise to be careful with the book, but she disregarded it. She hadn't been given any supernatural powers. Did it really matter if she did a spell?

Cayte leaned close to the book and read aloud, slurring her words a little as she did so.

"Make sure your altar is cleansed and consecrated with salt." She swept off the table with her hands and then she sprinkled the margarita salt from their discarded glasses on the coffee table, which had just become her altar.

"That wasn't hard," she said, dusting off her hands. She read the next task. "You must place a symbol of what it is the emissary will be acquiring for you." With a wicked smile, Cayte placed the book Carrie had given her on the table. "This nice girl needs some naughty sex from Tristan."

Tristan Moore owned the art gallery she managed and she thought he was pretty much the hottest man she'd ever seen. He also came from a rich and well-heeled local family. Sort of like the Kennedys without all of the deaths and politics. Too bad he barely noticed her.

She removed her silver watch. "And this will be my offering to the emissary."

Cayte read from the book once more. "Channel your energy with your athame." She frowned. "What the hell is an athame?" She racked her brain, before it came to her. She'd seen it in a word teaser exercise before. "Athame is a knife." She thought a moment, and pulled a case knife from the pizza box. "Excellent." She hoisted the butter knife up in the air and read the rhyme on the page.

"From the Mortal Realm to the Divine

Help me seek love and make it mine

Send me your emissary, your light, your guide

I seek Tristan's body, heart and mind

I offer you this gift of mine

In the name of the Goddess, So Mote It Be!"

Cayte felt a rush of power go through her, something primal. The power surge enhanced her sensitivity, causing everything to be heightened. The colors in the room bloomed and merged, swirling before her eyes. She felt like she was a part of everything, connected to the entire world. The blood in her veins was roaring, rushing through her system.

Cayte realized that she was being stroked by some unseen force. It started in the tips of her fingers and tingled down the length her body, heating her flesh and inflaming her senses. Some unseen force was stroking her. First it tantalized her lips, then the line of her throat, and down to the sensitive peaks of her nipples, tweaking them until they stood erect.

Then, the touch heated her belly, causing a molten feeling that spread down between her legs. Cayte had never been more aroused. She realized that she was soaking wet and her pussy throbbed. She needed release. That's when the invisible hand fondled the sensitive folds of her sex—long, languid strokes that made her hips buck.

Her eyes slammed shut because she couldn't take any more. Cayte cried out as the waves of pleasure cascaded through her body, eventually leaving her insensate on the floor.

Cayte eventually opened her eyes, but when she did her head swam and her limbs felt leaden. She'd never had such an intense orgasm and Cayte was embarrassed to find she was still sopping wet. She propped herself up on her elbows, only to find that she wasn't alone in the room anymore.

She found a handsome, dark-haired man seated across from her, staring at her with a quizzical expression. She blinked several times, but he wasn't a product of her overheated imagination. Perhaps it was the margaritas, or the mind-blowing orgasm, but either way he didn't frighten her.

He lounged on the chair across from her as though it had become his throne. The man's narrow hips and lean legs were encased in a sinfully tight pair of black leather pants. He wore a white poet's shirt that was undone, leaving his sculpted chest exposed and a line of fine dark hair that bisected his stomach and disappeared beneath his waistband.

His full lips were deep red in color, as though they were kiss-bruised. He had amber eyes and a fall of long black hair that came down well past his shoulders. His angular cheekbones balanced out his square, stubbly jawline. There was something untamed about the man. He had a primal sexual energy that seemed to call to her, centering right between her legs. Her newly acquired black feline, Magic, was sprawled on his lap and he stroked the drowsy kitten.

"Well, look what you dragged in, little kitty. Who are you?" Cayte asked with wide eyes.

"My name is Beau, demon of desire," he said in a deep voice that sent shivers through her already sensitized body. "What is my task, witch?"

"Did you say demon?" Cayte gaped at him, still dazed. "I think this is the weirdest sex dream I've ever had." Not that she'd had many, but this rated as the strangest. She got to her feet, relieved to find that she wore clothes. Sweatpants and a ratty t-shirt were better than having a naked dream around the scary, sexy demon.

He smiled sinfully. "I assure you that I am no dream, madam. What are you called?"

"What am I called? Oh, you mean, my name. Catherine, I mean Cayte, actually." She shook her head but the demon was still there when she opened her eyes. He wasn't going away like a sex dream should.

"Catherine," he said, rolling the word around on his tongue. "I shall address you by your formal name. It suits you. What is my task, Catherine?"

She picked up a discarded margarita glass with two fingers, as though it suddenly contained plutonium and sniffed it. The scent caused a surge of nausea to ripple

through her. "I don't know what's in tequila, but it should probably be illegal." She gingerly set the offensive glass down on the coffee table and held her stomach.

"Answer me, Catherine. Tell me the name of the man you desire and I shall make him yours." His smile deepened. "Or say my name and I shall make you mine instead."

"This is some kind of weird sex dream, isn't it? It can't be real. I'm just imagining you because I'm sexually deprived. The most action I've had in a year is holding that pink dildo and that's pretty pathetic when you think about it." She clapped her hands over her mouth. A few seconds talking to a handsome man and she turned into a gibbering idiot.

"I am familiar with sexual deprivation and I can see to your needs." Beau smiled at her in a very male way. "You wish to fulfill your promise? Where is your bedchamber?"

Cayte narrowed her eyes.

* * * * *

Beau had been surprised when the sweet little piece offered herself up to him in payment for his services. After all, most witches would never offer a personal token such as a watch and along with it the opportunity to sample their charms. He had a prodigious sexual appetite and he had only gotten a taste of her in his spirit form. He was more than eager for a full meal.

The witch's lush curves bespoke of pleasurable bed sport. She had long dark brown hair and wide brown eyes. Her breasts were large and her hips swayed as she walked.

She tilted her head, as though considering what he'd said. "What do you mean by promise?"

"You offered me your body, Catherine, when you offered me this." He pulled her silver watch from his pocket.

"I did not!"

"Yes, you did and you will honor your vow."

"No, I so did not." She threw her hands up in the air. "Why am I arguing with you? You're not even real. I'm obviously just as crazy as my grandmother."

"Come here," he commanded. Witches usually appreciated his talents more than this girl did. Perhaps, she regretted her bargain with him, but he would soon persuade her that it could be pleasurable. "I shall prove to you how very real I am."

Cayte slowly approached him, eyes narrowed. "You are just a figment of my imagination."

"That's it, come closer," Beau said softly. "I like my women to be obedient."

"Obedient? You came to the wrong place, then." Cayte poked him in the chest before placing her hands on her hips. "I'm nowhere near obedient, buddy."

"I have a feeling I'm in the right place."

"Hmmm, maybe you're right. Any second I'm going to wake up, so I'm going to enjoy it while it lasts." She reached over and tentatively ran his hand down his chest before pulling it away quickly as though she'd been burned. "I can't believe I did that."

Beau groaned at the small contact. He wanted much more from her. He grasped her wrist and ran her hand over his chest again, delighting in the feel of her delicate touch. "Touch me lower, Catherine. Grasp my cock in your hand. Take me in your mouth and swirl your tongue around my shaft."

"Stop it." Her big brown eyes grew impossibly larger. "Hey! Whose dream is this, buddy?" She quickly snatched her hand away. "I'll tell you whose, *mine*! So, why don't you shut your trap and kiss me?"

Beau had never been talked to like this by a witch. They were usually eager to see to his needs in order to claim their heart's desire. "You will disrobe and cease speaking unless I give you leave to."

"What?" She wagged a finger at him. "You have got to be kidding me. Stop the domination routine right this instant." She bit her lip. "Actually, I have a better idea. Since you're so pissy, you can leave and Tristan will take your place."

"Tristan? Who is this Tristan?" he demanded, enraged that she had even mentioned another male.

"My boss, but you probably know that already because you are a figment of my imagination."

Beau had never been so insulted in his very long life. He hauled the saucy witch up off her feet and pressed her against the length of his body, letting her feel his superior strength and power. He was gratified when her mouth formed the most delightful little "o" of astonishment.

"This is no fantasy, Catherine. I am Beau and I am a lust demon, an incubus. Make yourself ready to receive me. I will gift you with my seed this night."

She tilted her head to the side. "And when you say seed, you don't mean flower seeds, do you?"

He raised a silky black eyebrow. "What do you think I mean?"

"You can't be serious."

"Oh but I am." His grip on her tightened. "Deadly serious."

"But I don't want your seed." She shook her head. "No seeds!"

"You summoned me, witch. You made a bargain with me."

"You're a real demon?" she asked fearfully, trying to pry free of his hold. "Oh no, this can't be happening. You were supposed to be an emissary like Cupid. Look, I'm sure you're nice and all, but I have no intention of doing a *Rosemary's Baby* sequel, okay?"

Beau held her fast, enjoying her struggles, but she made very little sense to him. Catherine was a witch and she'd summoned him, it was high time she behaved properly. "Who is this Rosemary? Why are you upset that I am a demon? Most witches are grateful for my assistance."

"You can't be a demon. That spell didn't even say anything about summoning a demon."

"The spell spoke about an emissary. Lust demons are the standard representative for such a spell."

"B-but you don't even look like a demon," she sputtered. "You aren't even red and horny." Catherine winced.

Beau threw back his head and laughed. "As for the former, no. And as for the later..." He shifted her position, so she could feel how very horny he was. He growled as he rubbed his thick cock against her hips. He ached for another taste of her.

Beau wanted to kiss her into submission, before he spread her legs wide and slid deep inside that wet cunt of hers. He hadn't gotten nearly enough of her when he'd touched her in his spirit form.

"Stop right there" she screeched. "That isn't the kind of horn I was talking about. Let me go."

Reluctantly, Beau eased his hold, sliding her down his sinewy body slowly. He ached to have this witch and he'd barely touched her. "I will, but only because I wish to. I do not follow your commands, Catherine."

When he deposited her on the floor, she backed away from him on shaky legs. "Get out of my house, evil thing. I banish you...uh, in the name of God!" She held up her fingers in the shape of a cross.

"Cease this prattling, Catherine. I am no more evil than you."

Christians mistakenly assumed that every demon worked for the devil. When Lucifer fell, some demons had joined him, but most had not. Beau hadn't even been tempted to join the Dark One. He had no interest in harming humanity. However, toying with them proved to be interesting, especially this particular witch. He'd never met one like her.

"You don't work for Satan?" Catherine asked, with disbelief.

"No. Do you?"

"Of course not."

He smirked. "Your Christian Bible insists that witches cavort with the devil."

"We do not." She bit her lip. "At least I don't. There's nothing about devil worship in my family's spell book, at least I don't think there is."

"Ah, then perhaps not everything written in the Bible rings absolutely true?"

"Maybe." She appeared to be considering what he'd told her.

"Demons are merely spirits who watch over mortals. We inspire them, assist them. I am here at your behest. I have responded to your call and I'm here to find you the lover you seek."

"Are you sure that you are a demon?" she said desperately. "This is crazy. Maybe you are playing a really elaborate practical joke?" Her eyes narrowed. "With my sister, who likes to say happy birthday with dildos, for example?" She raced to the spare bedroom and pounded on it, but the only response she got was sonorous snoring. "Wake up, Carrie!" After a few moments, she gave up.

"Rest assured, this is no jest."

"Okay, then. I-I am sorry for bringing you here and I think you should leave. I-I give you license to depart." She clapped her hands together three times.

Beau met her stare evenly, but his breath hissed between her teeth as he watched her bounteous breasts jiggle with her movements. He longed to cup them in his hands, suck her nipples deep into his mouth. He shook his head. Blast! She drove him to madness.

"Okay." She picked up the dull knife. "I send you back to your realm." She gestured with it.

"Are you quite finished?"

"No. Go into the light?" she asked in a small voice.

"I am not a spirit to be banished, Catherine." He snatched the knife from her and flung it aside. "Do you accept the fact that I am a demon?"

"I-I think so...unless I've inherited some mental illness from my grandmother. Say, do you know if leprechauns are real?"

"You speak most strange, but I shall bring you what you seek. I shall bring this mortal man to his knees for you" Beau let his gaze wander over her lush curves. Frankly, he thought the human must be a fool. She had a delightful body and a feisty disposition. She would be a little hellcat in bed. "And, in return, you will give me your body."

"Yes, so you've said but I don't remember that part of the spell. There was no mention of sex."

"You offered me the gift of time, madam, and then you laid an item upon the altar that had daily contact with your soft skin." He pulled her watch from his pocket yet again. "Your body is part of the bargain," Beau patiently explained.

"Dammit. I didn't know I'd promised that – always read the fine print."

"Witchcraft can be very dangerous." Beau watched her carefully.

"I guess so," Cayte agreed. "If you are really a demon, it just made me into some magical prostitute. Hocus Poke-Us."

"You are slowly coming round to the situation. Good." He grew weary of her disbelief. "How can I convince you fully that I am what I say I am?"

"Do something demonic?" she suggested.

With a truly wicked grin, Beau seized her hand and pulled her closer to him. "Like this?"

Catherine leaned back away from him, but she was immobilized by his greater strength. "Whoa, there's nothing magical about that."

"Only because you haven't known the touch of a demon." Beau brushed her lips with his, ever-so lightly. He smiled as they parted, giving him entrance. "I could kiss you for hours. I would steal your breath and give it back just before you fell at my feet." Beau pulled her closer, so she could feel the barely leashed strength in his body. He

kissed her, teasing her lips and entreating them. He could sense her lust. She was wanting. "All mortal women are nervous at first, but they yield to me in the end."

She cleared her throat. "I'm not having sex with you."

"Yes, you will. In fact, you shall beg me for it but that isn't my intention at this very moment." Beau reluctantly released her. "I need to show you something demonic."

He snapped his fingers once more.

Chapter Two

Cayte stepped inside a bubble, an enormous, solid soap bubble that somehow sheltered her from the swirling mosaic of earth and sky that flew past her. Beau had attempted to explain to her how they were traveling through space but not time, but she hadn't understood much of the conversation. She looked down at the swirling blur at her feet, but it was hard to make out anything to use as a focal point. The longer she stared, the sicker she felt.

Cayte closed her eyes and held her stomach. After her mind-shattering orgasm and the aftereffects of the alcohol she'd consumed, she felt queasy. She was ready to toss her cookies and her birthday cake too.

"Where are we?" she groaned, looking up at Beau through slitted eyes.

He seemed perfectly comfortable. "Everywhere...and nowhere," Beau replied with a secretive smile.

"That isn't an answer!"

His lips curved. "I know." They traveled like that for what seemed like an hour, but was probably only a few minutes. "Ah, here we are." He snapped his fingers and the bubble finally popped. Suddenly, she was falling, plummeting to the earth at a breakneck speed. She screamed and Beau reached for her, pulling her close against him. He seemed to control their descent and they floated to the ground. Cayte clamped her eyes shut and clung to Beau for support.

"Shhh," he soothed, "Shut your eyes. Let yourself be calm while your body adjusts."

When she opened her eyes, they were standing in an outdoor café, beside a busy street. Scattered throughout the sidewalk were small tables, all covered in white linen, a grouping of red roses sat in charming vases and white taper candles were lit. Several

other people were seated around them but they seemed to be unaware of Cayte and Beau. In fact, the patrons paid no attention to them at all.

Beau held out a chair and Cayte sat down, staring at her surroundings in disorientated silence. In the distance, she saw the *Arc de Triomphe* on the distinctive skyline. Her jaw dropped. "Paris? We're in Paris." She felt like laughing and crying at the same time. She'd finally made it to Paris—sure, she'd been brought by a lust demon, but it was still her dream destination. She looked down at herself in dismay. She was in the city of love in an old t-shirt, slippers and sweatpants. She nervously crossed her arms over her chest.

Beau smirked. "*Mais oui, ma chère. Vous êtes à Paris.*"

She rolled her eyes. "Figures. Of course you speak French."

He shrugged. "I speak all mortal languages, but I must admit a certain fondness for French," Beau explained with casual arrogance. "It is the language of love, you know."

"Show off."

"Arrogance is one of my virtues."

"Pepé Le Pew could speak French too. Don't get too cocky," she said irritably. "How did you do this? Wait, I know exactly what you're going to say. You are a demon." Cayte leaned closer to him, shaking her head. "This is incredible! You're a real demon and I'm a witch. Are you sure you aren't evil? Not even the slightest bit?"

Beau snapped his fingers and a lit cigarette appeared in his mouth. He plucked it from his lips and blew out a long stream of smoke. The overall effect was both dangerous and sexy. "I could tell you, but I would only be repeating myself. Why don't you tell me what your thoughts on the matter are?"

"Maybe you're just a little evil." She nearly melted from the way he grinned.

"Why are you so insistent about this?" His voice lowered an octave. "Do you want me to be evil? Would that make it easier for you to succumb?"

She sucked in a breath. He was playing havoc with her senses. "No, of course not. I just wanted to be sure."

He blew out another stream of spicy smoke. "I'm an incubus and I have a purpose that is just as noble as an angel's. Lust is a useful and necessary human emotion. While it isn't as romantic a notion as love, without it, there wouldn't be any mortals, correct?"

"Well, yes."

"Then why is that evil?"

Give the demon his due. He had her on that score. "It isn't."

"Exactly. Sex is natural, pleasurable and nothing to be ashamed about."

"No, of course not." But Cayte imagined that sex with Beau could be very pleasurable indeed.

"Let me show you." He sank to his knees and was about to duck under the table, when she placed a hand on his shoulder. She watched as the banked fire in his eyes burned brighter.

"What are you doing?" she whispered furiously.

"Proving my point, Catherine. Do not fear. The other patrons cannot see us. I'm in my spirit form and I have cloaked you as well."

"Spirit form? Does that mean that earlier...you touched me?"

He flashed a wolfish smile. "Yes, I did. Let me pleasure you again." He studied her outfit and then Beau snapped his fingers. "I'd prefer to have you in something much more salacious." Her clothing suddenly melted away, literally liquefying and sliding from her body. Everything...including her panties! Cayte attempted to hold them to herself, but they disappeared into the ground beneath her feet, leaving only a wet stain on the ground below. "There is nothing more decadent than bare skin."

"Beau, I can't believe you did this. I'm naked in public!" she howled. Cayte wrapped her arms around herself and clamped her legs together tightly. She could feel

the breeze on her bare backside, but the people around her were oblivious to her nudity.

He growled low in his throat. "Say my name again, witch." Then he whispered something else very softly. While she couldn't make out the words, she felt the effect.

"Beau," she moaned, unbearably aroused. She realized that he had some sort of power over lust. It was all she could do not to lie down at his feet and offer herself to him.

His eyes raked over her form. "You are succulent, a feast for any lust demon." He ducked under the table once more and pried her thighs apart.

Cayte groaned as her legs gave way. She was still wet for him. He settled her legs over his shoulders and then bent to her sex with a single-minded determination. Beau lapped a hot path inside her, suckling her clit in his mouth. He teased her with tantalizing strokes of his tongue, mapping the folds and learning what touches she liked best.

With one of his thick fingers, he rubbed her clitoris in a circular motion, massaging it, causing her body to seize. He plunged his tongue deep inside her. She forgot to be angry, in fact she forgot everything.

She splayed her legs apart and held on to the back of her chair with both hands as she bucked against his mouth. He was incredibly talented and he wrought unbearable pleasure from her. When she was close, he jammed two fingers inside her pussy and pistoned them in and out, sending her over the edge.

Cayte thought she must have passed out. When she was lucid again, she noted that she was still naked. Beau sat across from her, watching her with smug smile on his handsome features.

As she watched, he licked her juices from one long lean finger. "I'm going to fuck you very soon, Catherine."

Cayte began to think that he was right. She didn't think she could resist him, but she had to try. This had all started with Tristan and she owed it to herself to give him a chance. After all, she'd pined for him for months. "So you say."

"So I know." He reached down and adjusted his cock in pants. She could see that it had reached monumental proportions beneath the tight leather pants. "I need to get you covered before I fuck you right here."

Part of her wished that he would, but wasn't quite sure about the situation yet.

Once again, with a snap of his fingers, she was clothed...only her sweatpants and t-shirt were nowhere in sight. She was dressed in a pair of jeans that molded to her body and a tight t-shirt. She also noted that he hadn't given her a bra or panties. "You really are a lust demon, aren't you?"

He laughed. "Yes, and now that we've established my identity, do you believe me when I say that I can get this man for you?"

It was an impossible thing to believe but, then again the entire evening was impossible. "You seem like you can do anything, so why not that?"

Beau asked her again. "Then do you wish my services or no?" She got the feeling that he needed her to be specific about that statement.

She thought about it for a moment. Perhaps this was a chance to change her fate. She thought about Tristan and the prospect of spending the rest of her life as a single cat owner. Beside, she had other goals that she hadn't accomplished yet, like holding a gallery opening of her very own. Her attic was littered with oil canvases she'd painted for years and never showed to anyone.

She needed to paint over the beige in her life.

"Yes, I would like your help." She blew out a breath after she said it. Cayte sincerely hoped she wouldn't come to regret the decision.

"Do you agree to the terms?" Beau's gaze was heavy-lidded.

That part of their arrangement made her uneasy. She was wary of him and getting sexually involved with Beau would only lead to trouble. Besides, there was Tristan to think of. "Can't we come up with an alternate price?"

"I am afraid not. We have a bargain."

"What if we forget the bargain?"

Beau smirked. "I am still owed my gift for appearing."

"Fine, keep the watch. It's not like it's a Rolex," she said flippantly. "But it's going to clash with everything you own."

"You have a rather quaint sense of humor."

"And you could be making this whole gift thing up," Cayte whispered furiously.

"I assure you that I'm not."

"I can't believe this. I'd have to sleep with you whether or not you help me with Tristan."

"Such is the way of magic. We both know you desire my attentions. I can taste the proof of your lust on my tongue at this very moment. So, I will ask you once more. Will you honor our arrangement?"

Her hormones clamored for her to take a chance and explore his body. But if she were in a relationship with Tristan, it would be cheating. Quite a moral dilemma. Cayte wondered if he was truly being honest with her. After all, Beau didn't strike her as being extremely trustworthy. Maybe there was some magical way out of it in the spell book. "I agree to honor the arrangement." *Until I find a way out of it*, she mentally added.

Beau knew the little minx was searching for a way to break her oath to him. Soon, she would learn that magical contracts were binding. He would overcome her reticence soon enough. Mortal women all came to crave him. She would be no different. He'd only sampled her charms and he hungered for another taste. Her hot little cunt was

tight and welcoming. His cock throbbed at the thought of possessing her fully, but now was not the time.

"Very well. We have an accord. Who is the man I will be-spell?"

"I don't want to trick someone into loving me."

"Did you think I would speak with this man? Buy him ale and discuss your attributes perhaps?"

She rolled her eyes. "Yes, and then maybe you can kill a hearty beast and roast it over on a spit."

"Are you mocking me?"

"Nope."

"Of course, magic is involved, but not even God can sway human love. I cannot create attraction from where there is no spark. Not even the most powerful of magic can create bounty from a barren field."

"Then how...?"

"I merely inspire lust. I pull away the blinders mortal men and women wear that keep them from allowing lust and then love into their lives. I shall cast a small spell on him."

"Yeah, and I just laid down a watch and look what happened? I want someone to love me, because he fell for me on his own," Cayte said, raising her chin a notch. "Using hocus-pocus to get a date is sort of humiliating."

"Being so prideful is foolish," Beau snapped.

"No, it isn't. Can't you help me seduce him?"

"I am a master of seduction," Beau said gruffly. "I do not need magic to bring a mortal man to his knees." His full lips curved. "My skill is legendary. I shall mold you into a seductress."

She looked a little frightened. "A seductress? Um, great. Then, you'll help me?"

"Fear not, Catherine. This mortal fool shall be yours. We will start in Paris. There's something we can purchase here that will be essential to our plan." He sat back in his chair, getting comfortable. "We need to toast our future success. Would you like some wine?"

"Yes, please."

He gestured to the waiter. "A bottle of your best Beaujolais and two glasses, please."

"I take it we're visible now?"

Beau nodded. "But if you wish us to be cloaked, I will do so once more. Of course, there would be no reason why you would need your clothing, so—"

"No thanks," she said quickly.

When their wine arrived, he lifted his glass. "To seduction," Beau said, with a smirk.

"To seducing Tristan," she countered.

Soon, they were drinking the sweet red wine and sharing a crusty baguette. Cayte could hardly believe it. She was a witch, seated with a lust demon in a Parisian café. She kept surreptitiously pinching herself to make sure that she was awake.

"How long have you practiced the craft?"

"Oh, er, uh, two, no, three whole...minutes."

"And you managed to summon me? That is quite a feat for a novice." Beau looked at her thoughtfully. "You must be powerful."

"I guess I must be. Only witches can summon you?"

"Yes, we heed the call of magic, but at times we assist mortals," Beau remarked. "Some witches fear calling a demon, but we are quite harmless."

"What do you do?" Cayte asked, wondering why she was making small talk with a lust demon.

"Inspire lust, of course. Sometimes when asked, and other times for my own amusement."

"And when you aren't working?" she inquired politely.

"I do whatever I please. Infinite power, immortality and few guidelines make for a very pleasant existence, but I prefer to spend my time in the company of women."

"Yeah, I bet you do." She bit her lower lip. "So you said something earlier about needing something in Paris. What is it?" Cayte asked. "A spell book? Magical herbs?"

"No, something far more important than that." He blew a lazy smoke circle and poked his finger through it. "Lingerie."

* * * * *

Once again, they did the nerve-racking swirling bubble routine. When Cayte recovered, she found herself in a very expensive Parisian boutique, *Chat Parfait*. It was full of lacy lingerie confections and dresses meant to inspire lust in men. Of course Beau would know about this place. It was his Mecca.

Since she'd eaten something and countered her hangover with a little hair of the dog, so to speak, she felt much better. She didn't feel as sick this time, but she still sat down on a leather chaise until she could gain her equilibrium. While she recovered, Beau perused the many racks of clothing. Thankfully, he'd made them both visible.

Cayte could see that one of the thin saleswomen was eyeing her. She felt like the woman was taking her mental measurements and decided she was too large to even be in the store.

The woman approached Cayte. "*Madame? Excusez-moi, madame? Je m'appelle Brigitte. Et vous?*"

"*Je parle très peu français,*" Cayte murmured apologetically. She was suddenly grateful for the foreign language requirement in college, at least she knew enough to inform a person she spoke very little French.

“Oh, *oui*. I speak English, *madame*. My name is Brigitte. I’m afraid,” the woman said, pausing to look at Cayte with a somewhat superior smile, “that we don’t have anything in your, eh, how do you say? *Très grande* size?”

Cayte turned crimson, torn between anger and humiliation. She was a solid size sixteen, which didn’t make her a featherweight, but not exactly grounds to make her the fat lady at the freak show either. Before, she could think of something appropriate or, better yet, inappropriate to say, Beau appeared at her side.

“Is something wrong?”

“Well—”

The saleswoman cut Cayte off. She placed her hand on Beau’s arm, an eager smile pasted on her lovely face. “*Malheureusement*, we don’t have anything in your sister’s very large size.”

“She’s not my sister, she’s my lover.”

Cayte nearly laughed at the stricken look on the saleswoman’s face. Not that she felt sorry for the woman—she deserved to be put in her place.

Unfortunately, the saleswoman gaped at both of them as if Beau had completely lost his mind to date someone so large. “But she is so—”

“Leave us!” Beau commanded imperiously and the saleswoman marched off without another word, as though she were a puppet. “Was she unkind to you?” he asked Cayte.

“No, I’m fine. Believe me, people feel it’s their place to tell me I need to lose weight all the time.” It was true. Perfect strangers had no qualms about telling her what she should and shouldn’t eat or wear. “I really hate to admit it, but she’s right about this store. Nothing here will fit me.”

“I will take care of that.” Beau’s predatory eyes narrowed as he watched the woman from across the room. “Would you like me to take care of this woman?”

Cayte shivered. That sounded a little too ominous for her taste. She would really hate to get on his bad side. "Did you really make her obey you?"

"Yes, I did. I have the ability to direct a person's mind," Beau explained, eyes still on Brigitte. "I cannot suppress free will, but I can strongly suggest an idea."

"That's incredible," she whispered, awed by his power. Her eyes drifted to Brigitte. Women like her had always picked on Cayte. "Can you make her do something?"

Beau smiled at the mischievous glint in her eyes. "What did you have in mind, Catherine?"

"Hmmm, you can't suppress free will, but you can you unleash it?"

Beau chuckled. "You wish me to allow her inner desires free? Her passions?"

Cayte was ashamed of herself, but a tiny part of her was thrilled with the opportunity that had been presented to her. "No, that would be horrible of me, wouldn't it?"

Beau's lips curved. "I rather like this newly discovered wicked side of yours. I shall exploit it later." He bent down to whisper in her ear. "While witches cannot inspire lust as I do, you do have the power to remove inhibitions."

She shivered for an altogether different reason. There was an aura of sensuality surrounding Beau, a hunger that called to her. Cayte sucked in a breath and shook her head to clear it. He made it very difficult to think straight.

"Are you unwell?" Beau asked knowingly.

"Nope, I'm fine. So, I have the power to do this as well? Hmmm."

In all the excitement, she'd nearly forgotten the fact that she had the ability to do magic.

Brigitte watched them both with a scowl. Just to spite the bitchy saleswomen, Cayte stood on her tiptoes and pressed her mouth against Beau's, kissing him softly.

As kisses go, it was chaste but the fire between them was not. It flared to life as soon as their lips met. She moaned into his mouth. Cayte wondered at her audacious

behavior around him. It had be a combination of his sexual aura and the deprivation. Either that or she was becoming more naughty by the minute. She reluctantly broke the kiss and pulled away from him.

“Let me help you discover your true nature,” Beau whispered. His eyes seemed to fill with fire, red mixing with the amber color. He turned his head, bringing the hapless Brigitte into his sights. “Think of a rhyme. I shall enhance your power with my own.” At that moment, she longed to paint him. His face was a study in symmetry, his beauty almost painful to behold.

Cayte could smell the faintest hint of smoke. There was a rhyme in her head now. “Bring the flame, dance for the fire. May you devour all you desire.” The words left her mouth and she felt a pulling from her body, as though energy had been drawn from her but she wasn’t tired. On the contrary, she felt elated.

Beau smiled down at her as he squeezed her hand. “You did very well. I could feel your power.”

“Thanks.” Now that it was over, Cayte felt slightly guilty. “Is it reversible?”

“At any time,” Beau informed her. “All you need to do is say the word.”

She felt slightly better about what she’d done. “Excellent. Then there won’t be any permanent damage.”

Beau shrugged, as though unconcerned. “If that is your aim.”

“I don’t want to hurt her. I only want to teach her a lesson.”

“Your compassion is commendable, but unwarranted, there are consequences to cruelty. We’ll check on this woman soon to make sure no harm comes to her. Is that acceptable?”

She nodded. Cayte wrapped her arms around her, looking around the shop with wary eyes. “So, we should probably go to another place,” she said trying to hide her embarrassment. “They don’t have anything for me here.”

"Of course they do, Catherine," Beau said confidently. He picked up a flowing red dress from a nearby rack that was far too small. Cayte thought she might be able to get one leg in it. Before her eyes, it expanded, reforming to be flattering on a larger figure.

Cayte beamed at him. "That's amazing!"

"This? A mere parlor trick." But his eyes danced with pleasure at her words.

"Wait a second. This isn't a Cinderella deal, is it? It won't melt at midnight, right?"

"Are you accusing me of slipshod magic?"

"Of course not, fairy godfather."

"You do speak most strange and you have a fairly odd sense of humor, yet I find it charming."

Cayte smiled. "I grow on people."

"Come. I have something else for you to try on." He sorted through a frothy pile of garments from a nearby table.

Cayte had admired the boutique's selection of lingerie. It rivaled any she'd seen before and she was thrilled to try some on. He ended up choosing a strapless black bra and a pair of lacy black panties.

She gasped, as a flush of red appeared on her cheeks. "You picked out sex clothes for me?"

"Of course, because I am a man and I know what appeals to this Tristan. There is no surer way to pique a man's interest than lingerie. You have to be confident in yourself, tempt him with your body. Dare him to take what he wants from you."

"Well, I know it's nice to—"

"No, I am not speaking about 'nice', it is essential." He pulled her into a nearby dressing room and hung the dress on a small gilded hook, then tossed the lingerie down on the small settee in the room.

With a muttered epithet, he waved his hand and the room expanded slightly. The walls shimmered and then reformed a few feet farther out. The settee stretched into a roomy love seat. "This is more to my liking."

"How did you do that? What if they saw?" She felt nervous, jumpy inside.

"They didn't. Most mortals don't have the capacity to see magic, even if it's done right in front of their faces. It will go back to normal when we leave." He held out the black bra to her with an air of anticipation. "Well?"

She snatched it from his hand. "I'll try these on and then I'll be right out."

"Nonsense, I am your tutor. I will observe the process." He settled back into the seat and crossed his arms over his chest.

"That isn't what you intend to observe. We've already had naked time today." Beau had exquisite taste, but there was no way in hell she would be putting this on in front of him. They'd already come too close to having sex at the café. "I can't try these on. Not with you here."

"Don't argue with me, Cayte. I have already tasted your tempting sex and I am staying, but I promise that I won't touch you, unless you'd like me to?"

Cayte was astonished how much she did want him to touch her—everywhere, endlessly. She kept having these little fantasies, wanting him to push her against the wall, plunder her mouth with his. Then, without preliminaries, he'd sink into her, to the hilt. Stretch her with his cock and then slide in and out of her, pushing her.

Madness.

As though he were responsible for her wayward thoughts, she crossed her arms over her chest and gave him a reproving look. "You need to go. This isn't the appropriate time or place."

"Save your breath, Catherine. I want to observe your body, see how it moves so I know what we have to work with."

“No, that’s not it! Don’t lie and say you’re doing this to help me. There’s another reason you want to see me naked.”

He caressed her with his eyes once more, raking them over her in a way that turned her knees to jelly. “I confess that I need to see you bare.” His voice roughened, growing deeper with wicked desire. “I want you naked at my feet, arms and legs splayed, every single inch on display. Only for me.”

Cayte didn’t quite know what to say, but the rush of pleasure she felt at his words was intense. Suddenly, she couldn’t think of a reason why he shouldn’t see her naked. She idly wondered if her libido had taken over the driver’s seat. “What if someone comes in?” she asked breathlessly.

“I shall make them very sorry.”

Finally, she managed to whisper, “Okay.”

Cayte turned to face the mirror. Her eyes glittered with desire. She had to admit that she looked sexy. Her cheeks were flushed and her long hair was loose around her shoulders. Her nipples were visible through her t-shirt. In short, she looked beautiful – or as beautiful as she got.

She bit her bottom lip to keep from screaming at him or laughing. Or saying something she’d regret later, like begging him to kiss her and touch her anywhere he wanted. She met her own gaze in the mirror and took a deep breath to steady herself. She calmly decided to bring this proud demon to his knees.

She undid the button on the top of her jeans and slid the metal zipper down before shimmying them down her hips. Cayte made sure to wiggle her ass as she did. The jeans fell to the ground at her feet in a pool of denim. She kicked them away from her feet. Next she turned to face him, giving him a view of her shapely legs and womanly hips as she pressed back against the cool glass surface of the mirror.

Beau made a strangled noise low in his throat.

Cayte tugged her t-shirt over her head and let it drop beside him, before covering her breasts with her hands.

“Drop your hands,” Beau ordered breathlessly.
She did, letting her big breasts bounce free.

Chapter Three

Beau's mouth watered. Her succulent breasts were large and round, each capped with a rosy red nipple. Catherine reminded him of an ancient fertility goddess, ripe and ready to be taken. His hands clenched as the urge to fuck her gripped him. He longed to push her down on the love seat, feed his cock deep inside that tight, wet cunt and make her beg for more. He wanted to hear her cry out with pleasure as he brought them both over the edge. Again and again.

"Come here," he ordered gruffly.

She walked to him on shaking legs, eyes firmly on the ground and her hands fisted at her sides.

Beau took her in his arms and spun her around. They both faced the mirror. He was fully clothed and she was naked as the day she was born. "Look at your body, Catherine. Do not be ashamed. You are beautiful."

"No, I'm not," she whispered.

"Yes, you are. Let me show you." Beau turned her head until she did look at herself. He had to make her see what he saw. Without confidence, she would never feel that she deserved a man's attention. She didn't just deserve their attention, she should command it. "See how lovely you are. Any man would want you."

For far too long she'd been told that she was unattractive, when in reality she was exquisite. He willed her to see herself through his eyes.

"I want you, Catherine." Beau took her breasts in his large hands, squeezing them slightly. "I can't wait to kiss them, suck them." He reluctantly released them to slide his hands along the pale silk of her belly. "Open your thighs for me. Let me see what is mine to take."

Cayte opened them, quivering all the while.

Beau snapped his fingers and a small gilded stool appeared. "Prop your foot up. I want you to see all of yourself."

Cayte placed her foot on the stool, which allowed them both to see deep inside her. The folds of her sex were pink, and plump and lush like a flower ready to be plucked.

He made a harsh sound in her ear. "What a pretty pink pussy," he rasped. He leaned around her, gently prying open the lips of her sex. "You're wet for me, sweet Catherine." He played with her, causing her to groan as she ground against his hand. "Come for me. Give it to me."

Her hips rolled in time with his questing fingers. Beau fucked her strongly with his fingers, like he longed to with his cock. He sucked in a deep breath as he struggled for control. He wanted nothing more than to slide deep inside her and ram her.

Finally, she climaxed yet again, hanging limply in his arms. Beau smiled in satisfaction. He had sated her lust three times. She was starting to become addicted to his loving. Soon she would be able to refuse him nothing.

While he longed to take her, he could not. For some reason, he was forestalled by the thought of her and this mortal. He normally only cared about his own pleasures, caring not whom the witch or mortal in question cavorted with, but he wanted Catherine all to himself, at least for a while. He hoped that she would explore her sexuality with him and forget all about the hapless Tristan.

She started to re-dress, but his voice forestalled her. "Know this, Catherine. I will have all of you, very soon. Do you understand me?"

Cayte nodded.

"Good girl. Now let's dress you."

Cayte put on her flimsy undergarments and the rich, red dress without any interference from Beau, although, she could feel his hot eyes sliding over her. She

wondered why he hadn't taken her. She wouldn't have protested. In fact, she still wasn't satisfied. Cayte wanted him inside her, wanted him moving on top, claiming her with his cock, until she thought about Tristan. She was more confused than ever.

At least the dress was perfect for her. It had a low neckline and her bountiful breasts were in danger of slipping away from their silken prison. Her shapely legs were shown to their advantage, peeking out from the fabric. The deep red color only accentuated her pale skin. She looked stunning.

Cayte spun around, nervously clutching the neckline with one hand. "What do you think?"

"I approve." His voice broke. "You look like an angel." *Or a woman fit for a demon.* "He will not be able to resist you. I know I cannot," he muttered.

"What?" There was strange light in his eyes. If she didn't know better, she'd swear that Beau was jealous.

"We should be getting back."

"Yes, I'm supposed to open the gallery this evening," she agreed.

His eyes narrowed. "Will this Tristan be there?"

"No, but he'll be there in an hour or two."

"I shall accompany you, anyway. I wish to know more about you."

"Okay, we just need to pay for this," Cayte said.

Beau chuckled. "Demons don't pay, we take what we want, dear Catherine."

* * * * *

While Beau was a demon, Cayte was on the road to being Satan's houseguest. She'd essentially shoplifted from *Chat Parfait*, but she fully intended to send them some anonymous money in the mail. Then there was the fact that she'd been nude in public, but she wondered if that was mitigated because she'd been invisible at the time. Could one get in trouble for public nudity if no one saw it? Not to mention the fact that she

had summoned a demon in the first place. She felt a lot like the fish in *The Cat in the Hat*, if the Cat was a hunky demon instead of a creepy cat.

Beau transported them to the gallery in the same way he had taken them to Paris and the shop. After she'd recovered from yet another wave of dizziness, Cayte busied herself getting ready to open the gallery.

All the while, Beau walked around like a king scrutinizing his new castle. He examined every painting, every sculpture with critical eyes. Occasionally, he asked a question about a painting, but he mostly observed her.

Carrie appeared from the storeroom with a bottle of champagne in hand. She managed all of the special events for the gallery. It was a part-time gig but it fit well with her school schedule. "I think we're all ready for the opening tonight." She took a look at her sister's outfit. "Whoa, sis. You look...amazing." She gave a little whistle. "Where'd you get the dress?"

"Oh, um, thanks. I got it on sale at the mall." Her gaze kept straying to Beau.

"Still, it must have been pricey."

"I got a really big discount."

"I almost forgot!" She set the bottle down and gave Cayte a big hug. "Happy Birthday! I fell asleep before you officially turned thirty."

"Thanks." She hugged her sister closer. "I love you, kid. You know that, right?"

"Same here," Carrie whispered. "Good, now that you're here, I can give you your real birthday present."

"You mean the dildo and the book were a fake one?"

"I just like seeing your face turn thirteen shades of red." She pulled two tickets from her pocket.

"What's this?" she asked, taking the tickets.

"Two tickets to Band of Boys next month. They're touring for a new greatest hits album coming out soon. We're sitting in the second row."

"Oh my God!" She did a little happy dance and hugged her sister fiercely. "I can't wait. I haven't seen them since I was in high school. Thank you so much!" Over Carrie's shoulder, she could see Beau watching her intently.

"What are you staring at?" Carrie asked. She turned around, but didn't see Beau standing across the room.

"Uh, it's —" Cayte faltered.

"Remember no one can see me if I do not wish it," Beau explained airily as he came closer. "Do not alert her to my presence."

"Oh, uh, one of the woodland scenes is crooked," Cayte said hastily.

Carrie frowned as she surveyed the paintings. "None of them look crooked to me."

"Oh well, never mind. What were you up to?"

"Nothing much." Carrie turned around again with a shrug. "I was just chilling some champagne for tonight. How many bottles? Fifteen?"

"That should do it. Good work."

"Thanks, but you can't fool me, you know," Carrie said with a crafty smile.

"I can't?"

"I know why you're wearing that dress. Tristan's here. In fact, he's looking for you."

"What? Who said anything about him?"

Beau stopped beside them both "This is your sibling?"

Surreptitiously, Cayte nodded.

He looked between the two women, comparing them. "I can see the resemblance. Although, you are far more fair of face."

"Oh please!" Carrie said. "I know you, Cayte. Something's up. You are finally going to make a move on him."

"Ah, so you've been too shy to approach this man properly. I can assist you with this," Beau said sagely.

She ignored Beau. "And you don't think he's hot?" Cayte countered.

"Of course, but I have a boyfriend," Carrie said. She turned to look in Beau's general direction. "Do you feel something warm?" She held out her hands, but they passed right through him. "I can feel something warm right here. Like a draft, only hot."

Gran said that Carrie would be sensitive to magic as well. Perhaps she couldn't sense Beau because she wasn't a full-blown witch. "Oh, I think there's something wrong with the heat."

"Whatever," Carrie said with a shrug. "Work calls. By the way, Tristan's looking for you. Apparently, he has some canvasses in that he wants you to look at. I'm off to look at the caviar!"

"I should go speak with Tristan."

He smiled. "Don't let me keep you. In fact, I will go along. Observe the two of you."

Cayte's smile faltered. "Great."

* * * * *

"You don't want me?" Cayte Taylor asked. As soon as the words left her mouth, she could feel a blush creep up her cheeks.

Tristan Moore turned his attention away from the oil paintings of Amish countrysides he'd been examining and fixed her with a quizzical look. "What did you just say?"

"I mean them," she said quickly, gesturing to the paintings. "You don't want them?"

Beau shook his head. "Honestly, Catherine, there is no need to be nervous around this man. He is only that. Simply a man. There is nothing impressive about him."

"Hmm. No, I'm not interested," Tristan said, turning back to the paintings and tapping his chin. "I think they're very well done, but not right for our gallery."

"Oh, that's too bad," Cayte said sadly.

Truthfully, Cayte wasn't that surprised by his decision. He was infamous for growing bored quickly. With cars, art and especially women. Tristan had reportedly never had a relationship that lasted longer than a month. "I'll give the artist our regrets."

"You always let them down easy." He gave her a smile that turned her knees to jelly. "I must say that you look...incredible tonight."

"That is hardly a compliment considering your appearance," Beau said, crossing his arms over his massive chest.

But Cayte couldn't think at the moment. Months of sexual deprivation had sharpened her libido and Cayte's body reacted to the slightest provocation. Her nostrils flared as she inhaled his spicy scent, a beguiling mixture of sandalwood and musk. He was temptation on two legs and she was powerless to resist the pull of his body.

Tristan owned Moore Gallery, but Cayte managed it, and that meant that he took on all of the creative responsibilities and she was stuck with most of the business aspects of the job.

Her obsession with Tristan had grown exponentially over the past few months and now she was at a fever pitch. With his squared jaw, Roman nose and wide-spaced cobalt-blue eyes, Tristan reminded her of one of those perfect marble statues she'd always been tempted to touch in museums. She wanted to run her fingers along the lean lines of his body, before learning the sharp planes of his abdomen and the powerful length of his thighs. Before she took his cock in her hand and did the most exquisite things to...

Tristan licked his lips and she suppressed a small moan. "Cayte?"

Beau's hands were clenched into fists. "I said to entice him. You are practically begging him to bed you."

Tristan's full and sensual mouth held the slightest hint of a pout. She'd often wondered about his kiss. Would he take her mouth roughly? Or would he tease her mouth with his own, take the time to sample her lips and coax them into a response?

She felt a rush of moisture between her legs and Cayte unconsciously swayed closer to Tristan. She barely managed to steady herself against the door before he noticed. It was all she could do to keep her hands at her sides.

"Cayte? Did you hear me?" Tristan asked.

"He clearly isn't worth your effort, Catherine," Beau interjected. "Perhaps you should find a more worthy quarry?"

"Yes, of course, Tristan." She looked up to see him waiting expectantly. "Um, thank you."

"You're welcome. Tell me, are you free this evening?"

"Am I free? Of course I'm, um, free."

Tristan's cell phone rang at that moment. "I'm sorry. I'm expecting a call from that artist we met last month. Scott was his name, I think."

"Do not give in so easily," Beau said, narrowing his eyes. "You are making it far too easy. Make him chase you, let his desire for you grow."

She ignored Beau, focusing on Tristan instead as he snapped his phone shut. "Is something wrong?"

"No, I have to make another phone call though." He smiled at her in a way that made her knees knock. "We'll talk later."

"Sure," Cayte said eagerly. But she sighed as he shut the door behind him. She'd made a fool of herself in front of Tristan. Again.

It was hopeless. She was hopeless.

At this rate, Cayte would never get his notice, especially not when she continually behaved like an awkward teenager around him.

But maybe it was for the best. Rich successful men like Tristan were more suited to models and debutantes than overweight gallery managers.

She turned to see Beau watching her angrily. "What's wrong with you?"

His jaw clenched. "I do not like being ignored, Catherine."

"I wasn't ignoring you," she said quickly. "I was distracted. I promise, it won't happen again."

His grin made her heartbeat pick up. "No, it won't because I intend to teach you a lesson."

"W-what kind of lesson?" Cayte asked, moving away from him.

Even though she liked to play the shy little coquette, he knew she harbored the same desires. Even now her nipples showed through the thin material of her dress. Her nostrils had flared and her movements slowed, as though she bowed to the demands of his body.

With a wicked smile, he pulled her dildo from his back pocket. When he'd arrived at her apartment, he'd been charmed by it. Over the centuries, he'd seen them made of all of sorts of materials. Wood. Glass. Even leather, but never hot pink rubber.

"Tell me, Catherine, would you like to feel this inside you? Filling you up as you'd like me to fill you up."

She moaned, her eyes falling closed as though she could feel it pushing inside her.

"Take off your dress and spread yourself for me on the desk."

"But I-I'm at work and I—"

Beau smiled, sensing her inevitable capitulation. "I assure you that you will remain invisible. Besides, we are sequestered in this tiny room. No one will know."

With shaking hands, she slipped the dress off and lay on the desk in her silky black undergarments. With a growl, he pushed aside one scrap of lace and revealed one breast. Exquisitely plump and the nipple already hardened for him. He played with the tip, pinching it between his fingers, rolling the nipple until it stood at stiff attention.

Beau pushed the dildo into her mouth. "Suck this. Get it wet."

She moaned around the cock, but did as he asked, as he played with her breast.

With a growl, he played with her sex, stroking the dildo over the soft folds, rubbing. Teasing.

She moved her hips, trying to take him deeper within herself. "No, not yet."

He stroked her for a few more minutes, until her hips arched and tears gathered in her eyes. Finally, he impaled her with the dildo, sinking in to the hilt.

"Beau, please!" Cayte moaned, arching up to meet his thrusts. It was all he could do not to lower his pants and put his cock within her. She was so responsive. Deliciously hot and wet. Perfect.

He loved watching it slide into her, hearing the slight sucking sound. He could only imagine how she would feel wrapped around his cock.

"Do you want more?" he asked.

"Yes! Yes!" she cried, bucking her hips.

Beau fucked her harder, setting a rapid pace, sending her over the edge. Finally, she came with a wail, gasping and clawing at his arm.

* * * * *

An hour later, the gallery was open. Cayte found it difficult to strategize on the Tristan situation, because Beau was clouding her thoughts. She kept picturing the two of them in the office and every time she did, Cayte grew wetter.

What was wrong with her? She shouldn't be mooning over Beau. He was in her life for a finite amount of time and he was helping her gain the attention of another man, for pity's sake. There was no way she could sleep with him, if she did she would be lost. There was no way Cayte could be objective about him. What she really wanted was Tristan. Right?

She decided to sneak into her office and call her grandmother quickly. Cayte didn't want to bring the topic up, but she had a feeling that she was in over her head. She had to ask her grandmother's advice on making a pact with a demon.

Claire picked up the phone on the second ring. "Hello, honey."

"How did you know it was me? Some kind of mind-reading spell?" she asked fearfully.

"No, Catherine, I have caller identification."

"Oh." That was sort of a letdown.

"So, how was your birthday?" Claire asked airily.

"You can drop the act, Gran. When I read the note, I thought—"

"I'd gone around the bend?"

"No," Cayte said quickly. "But you are eccentric. Like that time you made Carrie and I search for leprechauns."

"Those little buggers are worse than gophers, stashing little pots of gold all over my property. Why, the fairy fortune hunters dug up my petunias and even—"

"Sorry, Gran, but I'm kind of limited on time. I believe that I'm a witch."

"It's rude to interrupt your elders, dear."

"Sorry, Gran."

"So, how did you find out you were really a witch? What convinced you?"

"Um, well, I was expecting some kind of cosmic zap but it was just like the magic was inside me all the time. There was no change."

"Everyone does, but it is usually a smooth transition. And what kind of spell did you try?"

"Spell? Who said anything about doing a spell?" Cayte asked nervously, with a forced little laugh.

"Catherine, everyone does a spell the first night. I did a love spell and went down to the local pub...and I'll finish the end of that story when you're older."

Cayte was suddenly interested. "I just turned thirty. You can tell me now."

"It's rude to pry, dear. What spell did you try?" she repeated.

"Yes, it really is rude to pry. I, uh, accidentally summoned something." Conversations like this made her feel like a child again.

"You tried a summoning as your first spell? What were you thinking?! That's dangerous, Catherine! You could have brought anything to you, a malevolent spirit, one of those reckless pixies, or worse yet...a demon!"

"A what? A demon, you say? I wouldn't do that," Cayte said. She took in a deep breath. "But just for the heck of it, what would have happened if I had summoned a demon?" She mentally prepared herself for a tongue-lashing.

"You were never a good liar, dear. What demon did you summon?" Gran demanded.

"Um, he's an incubus, not really a bad demon at all. His name is Beau."

"I cannot believe you did something so reckless. That creature could demand anything from you. Your blood. Your life! What does he want for his services?"

"Er, he just wants to spend some time with me," Cayte said, putting it as delicately as possible.

"Sure, dear. He came all the way up from hell to play chess with you." Unfortunately, Gran could read between the lines. "You've agreed to give this...this monster access to your body?"

"Actually he's not from hell. He's —"

"And now you're believing the word of a demon. Did you give him access to your body?" Claire demanded.

"Sort of." That isn't the way Cayte would put it. "So, there's no way to break it?"

"Magical pacts are binding. Your familiar didn't try to stop you?"

"No, he seemed to like Beau, but he's not dangerous. Beau doesn't work for Satan or anything."

"You're referring to it by name too? You shouldn't ever call a creature by its name, it increases the bond you have with it." Gran asked, appalled. "What in the name of all that's holy is it procuring for you?"

"Do you remember the guy I mentioned to you? Tristan?"

"You asked it to help you bend another's will?! I should never have given that book to you without giving you magical instruction, but I foolishly assumed that you were mature enough to learn at your own pace."

Cayte had had enough. "Okay, Gran, I've listened to your tirade. Beau is a demon, but he isn't evil."

"I'm sure he's one of the nice, polite sorts of demons."

"Gran!"

"What, sarcasm is just for the under-forty crowd?" Gran argued.

"He's going to help me seduce Tristan. I haven't been doing such a great job on my own. So what if I have to get a little friendly with a demon?"

"So what? You assume this is all some game, don't you? Magic has consequences, Catherine."

"Gran, why can't you let me do things my way?"

"Because, apparently your way is to summon a demon."

"No, that was an accident. I didn't mean to summon him," Cayte explained. "But you have always said that there are no such things as accidents. Everything happens for a reason. And so what if I'm getting a little hot and bothered over a demon? I guess you will have to trust me and trust fate." With that, she hung up on her gran.

Cayte stared at the phone with wide eyes, shocked at her own behavior. "Oh God! I just yelled at my grandmother."

Chapter Four

Cayte nervously watched as Tristan mingled with artists, gallery owners and other local celebrities. He seemed so at ease with the situation, but then again Tristan grew up in the public eye. He was probably used to posing for pictures, shaking hands and flirting. He was congenial and engaging with everyone he met. Cayte envied that ability. She usually felt awkward with people she didn't know in social situation.

Cayte was much more comfortable with the business relationship she had with people. Nights like this brought very large sums of money into the gallery and she was busy answering people's questions about pieces of art and managing purchases.

However, she did notice that Tristan had noticed her! Every once in a while, Tristan casually glanced her way with a slightly dazed expression on his face and she did her best to be nonchalant.

Cayte couldn't believe Beau's tutelage was paying off. Who knew a little dress could have this much impact? Although, she suspected it was the way he'd made her feel today. She couldn't remember ever feeling so confident.

Beau seemed to be at home in the situation as well. He was still invisible and had spent most of the evening at Tristan's side. He followed the man from room to room, listening to his conversations.

When Tristan finally deigned to speak with her, she was tense. Beau stood at his arm, still at attention. "Hello there. You look beautiful tonight," he said, a little surprised. He looked her up and down as though he'd never seen her before. "But I think I already told you that."

"Oh well, thank you, again," she murmured.

"So much for subtlety, the man is practically bedding you with his eyes."

"You're welcome," Tristan said softly. He took her hand in his own. "As always, you've outdone yourself. The food was top shelf and the wait-staff were attentive."

"Thank you, Tristan," Cayte said pointedly. "This has been a very successful evening for the gallery."

"Yes, but it occurs to me that you and I haven't had much of an opportunity to get to know one another. Don't you think we should rectify that?"

Cayte's breath caught in her throat. "I-I think we should."

"Excellent. How about a late supper?" Tristan stroked her hand softly as he spoke with her.

"I'd love to!"

"You shouldn't make yourself so easily persuaded, Catherine," Beau instructed. "Make him work for you, yearn for you."

Cayte couldn't play games with Tristan. She'd been waiting forever for him to make a move and she wasn't about to pass up the opportunity to go out with him.

She ignored Beau and focused on Tristan instead "I have to finish up a few things at the gallery, but then I'm free."

"Excellent. I must say my goodbyes and then I need to take the artist home. Can I pick you up here in an hour?"

"Um, sure," Cayte agreed, she hoped she didn't sound too eager. He released her hand and backed away. It was odd, but she saw a trace of relief on his face as soon as he put distance between them.

"What are you in the mood for? Do you like Italian?" Tristan asked.

As far as she was concerned, he could take her to a place that served paste and she'd be fine. "Yes, I love it."

"It's settled then. I know a quiet little place where we can get to know each other better. I'll see you very soon, Cayte." With that, he turned and walked away, presumably to find the artist.

"Did you see that?" she said, suppressing a girly shriek.

"Yes, I witnessed all of it," Beau gritted out.

She motioned him back into the storeroom and shut the door behind them. Cayte leaned back against it. She closed her eyes in a dreamy way. "He's taking me out on a date. He wants to date me!" She couldn't stand it. She had an honest-to-God date with him. "What should I do? What should I say?"

"You have only inspired his lust, Catherine, not his love or his regard. I know desire when I see it."

"Of course you do," Cayte agreed. "I'm a realist. Some men go out with women at first because they want them, but this is a prelude to something more. He's going to find out that he likes me."

"And are you going to sleep with him tonight?" Beau asked harshly.

"Honestly? I don't know. I hadn't thought that far ahead." She would come to that question when or if it came up.

"You had best make your decision now," Beau growled. "You do not want to be swayed into something that you will come to regret later."

Cayte blinked. "Why aren't you happy for me? This was what we agreed to?"

"I do not wish to see you get hurt."

"I won't get hurt," she replied stiffly. "I'm a big girl and I can handle myself."

"Yes, that is why you have reached your advanced age without being married."

Cayte gasped. "Why are you acting like this?" If she didn't know better, she'd say that he was jealous.

"I didn't mean to offend you." He looked away. "I don't want you to ruin your chances with him. You must proceed with caution."

"Don't worry. I'll be fine. I can take care of myself." She smoothed her dress and tried to behave like an adult once more. "You should be happy for me and for you. You made all of this happen."

"I only helped you unleash the woman within, Catherine. You did this, not me," he said softly.

"Well, I think we both deserve credit. Go us!" She raised her hand for a high five.

Beau stared at her, seemingly bewildered by the gesture. "I will accompany you on your date."

"Oh, don't be silly," Cayte said quickly, lowering her hand. "You've done enough already, Beau. It's up to me to reel him in."

"Fine," Beau said, his jaw tightening. "If you don't want my services, you won't receive them. I'll see you later." With that, he disappeared.

Cayte found herself standing in the empty storeroom. "Was it something I said?"

* * * * *

Beau decided to bide his time by going through Catherine's apartment while she wasn't home. It was better to keep his mind occupied, so that he wouldn't wonder what she was doing with that imbecile Tristan. Or maybe he just wanted to feel close to her by touching her things. At least her familiar, Magic, seemed quite taken with him. The small creature followed in his wake, stopping occasionally to rub up against his leg. He just wished that his mistress was so easily persuaded.

He yearned to find out more about Catherine. Mortals were defined by their spaces. Simple things such as what kind of perfume they owned or the contents of their cupboards revealed all sorts of things about what kind of person he was dealing with and Catherine proved to be fascinating.

While searching her kitchen, Beau discovered she had a decadent side. Catherine enjoyed expensive dark chocolate, real whipped cream and rich ice cream. He tried not to think of the things he could do to her with those items. He admired the fact that she took delight in food and didn't mind the excess weight at all. While she was curvy, she was still healthy. He couldn't abide modern man's taste for women who resembled waifs.

Her bathroom revealed that she liked roses. She had rose candles, body lotion, bath gel, shampoo, conditioner and even rose soap in the dish by the sink. It was a deep and heady fragrance that suited her personality. Beau imagined sprinkling rose petals on her sheets, just before he took her body with his own. The image made him groan.

His cock was still hard from earlier. She drove him to madness. If he didn't have her soon, he fancied he would burn into a cinder.

Seeking relief from his pain, he investigated her bedroom, only to discover several naughty novels tucked away in her nightstand drawer.

All of this only fed his desire for her. Catherine was made for him, made to be his consort. Unable to help himself, he lay on her bed. The smell of her caused him to harden instantly.

He unzipped his trousers and freed his cock from the confines of the tight leather. He was hard as stone just imagining sinking into her. He slid his hand up and down, enjoying the slight roughness of the touch.

Beau imagined that he stroked in and out of her sleek heat. He'd suck her nipples as he fucked her, seeking more stimulation. He'd make her beg for him.

The head wept for want of her and he squeezed his cock. He could feel the orgasm roll over him, making his movements speed and his brain fog. And then...

Bliss.

A few undeniable moments of pure pleasure and when he came back to himself, Beau promised himself that soon. Very soon, he would have her for real.

Catherine belonged to him.

She was a captivating mixture of virgin and wanton and she was far too special to belong to a mere mortal. He had to make her see this simple truth.

Beau didn't like this Tristan one little bit. He had stared at Catherine as if she were something he was interested in purchasing. Seeing the two of them flirt with one another was enough to make his blood boil.

Odd, considering he'd helped countless witches achieve their physical desires over the centuries, but none of them were like Catherine. He'd never felt possessive over any human lovers he'd had over the millennia. Somehow she had gotten to him and he was unwilling to share her with this Tristan.

He was about to go to the spare bedroom when something caught his attention in the shadows of the room. There was something darker against the shadows, blacker than night. "Who dares to intrude?"

A nebulous shape stepped into the light, slowly forming into one of his brethren, a demon Beau knew very well. Royse.

The blue-eyed demon gave him a mocking bow. He was taller and slightly thinner. "Beau."

"Royse, what are you doing here?"

"Watching you," Royse replied with a grin. "My, you do have it bad. I've been hearing all sorts of rumors about you and a certain mortal girl and decided to investigate myself."

"Glad I could teach you something." Beau watched the other demon carefully. "Rumors already? I have not been gone very long."

"Oh, how quickly you disregard time. Did you forget that time passes more rapidly in the demonic plane? Here, time slowly inches by. You've been gone for weeks."

"I have been...assisting this mortal." Beau didn't want to attract undue attention to Catherine. Demons were a notoriously inquisitive group. He didn't want her to be overrun with an invasion of curious demons who would no doubt attempt to seduce her. Beau had enough competition with Tristan.

"So I've seen," Royse said smoothly. "You've become soft over this little witch, haven't you?" He laughed. "You, the notorious seducer!"

Beau turned baleful eyes on the younger demon. He had no choice but to lie. "No, far from it. I am merely helping her acquire the object of her affections."

"Why not simply use magic and be done with it?" Royse asked, cocking his head to one side.

Beau could tell Royse didn't believe him but then again, no one had ever accused the other demon of being stupid. "She wishes to win his affections on her own."

"If that is the case, why summon you?"

"She's a neophyte witch, she hasn't had much training, or any at all that I can discern. I believe she did not know she was summoning me."

Royse nodded. "Be that as it may, the Aged Ones have bid me to tell you to be cautious. I am certain this is not news to you, but there is no room for a mortal and demon romance. Bedding them is fine, but forging a bond of love is unnatural."

The Aged Ones, a council of five, were the oldest demons and therefore rulers of their group. The elder demons determined supernatural laws and kept peace between demons and humanity.

"I know all of this." It was one of the strictest rules demon-kind had. There were cautionary stories passed down of demons that had fallen in love with mortal mates and lost them to the ravages of time. It had caused the demon lovers to go insane, the pain of existing forever with the grief of true love lost.

"The Aged Ones sent me to warn you that you are getting too close to this witch. They wish you to match her with a mortal lover and be done with her."

"I appreciate their concern," Beau said dryly. "But I know their tiresome rules as well as my purpose here."

Royse bowed formally. "It isn't my concern. I have done my duty and delivered my message as promised. Now I must bid you farewell." With that, he melted back into the shadows.

Beau knew this must be a serious situation. The Aged Ones rarely interfered in the romantic pursuits of other demons. Most relationships between demons and humans were short-lived and one-sided.

Demons were attracted to the passion mortals had for life, the heightened sense of wonder brought on by a short life span. Usually, the novelty of a mortal lover wore off soon. Usually when the human eventually professed love for their demonic suitor, thereby ending the liaison. Demons were nearly immune to human emotion. Deep feelings discomfited them, thereby hastening the demon's disinterest in the human.

Beau was far too intrigued with Catherine to end their relationship just now. He wasn't in love with her, at least not yet but he was quite taken with her. Beau wanted to see where their relationship would go.

He put the matter aside and continued his search of the apartment and in the attic he found what he had been looking for. She kept her heart there.

It was a veritable treasure trove. Beau found countless canvases painted by Catherine. The ones that were completed were propped against the brick walls and covered by sheets. There were a half dozen in various stages of completion. Her oil paintings were painstakingly textured—all of them portraits. Some of them were of Tristan, but Beau couldn't even bring himself to be angry about them, because they were simply too striking. He thought it was a travesty that they gathered dust in the attic. They were better than most of what was on display in Catherine's gallery.

Beau vowed to keep Catherine. He also promised himself that he would help give her the courage to show her work. He wanted the world to see the works of art she had created.

"I cast you out, demon!"

Beau cocked his head. The voice belonged to an old woman and she was in the foyer of the apartment. He snapped his fingers and appeared in front of her. "You rang?"

Claire held up a silver cross. "Back, demon! I command you in the name of Hecate to depart. Flee to the underworld and safety of your Master!"

Beau crossed his arms over his chest. "Are you finished? I grow weary of telling humans I do not worship Satan. Who are you, madam?"

"You know the young woman you intend to violate with your unholy lusts? I'm her grandmother and I'm here to cast your demonic hide out of her apartment."

He chuckled. "I have not violated your granddaughter." *Not yet, at least.* "I assure you she's quite safe."

"I'm not some schoolroom spell caster, demon. I know what kind of tricks you play on humans. Leave Catherine alone," Claire said, eyes narrowed.

"Enough of this." Beau held up his hand and she lifted off her feet, just slightly. She hovered there, captured by his power. "I'm going to send you home now. I'm not here to harm Catherine or you, but I will not tolerate your insolence." He waved his hand and she was gone from the house, transported back to her home.

Beau turned to Magic, who meowed and rubbed against his leg. "Let's investigate the bedroom a little more."

Magic winked at him.

* * * * *

The date was going very well. The restaurant, Omerta, was charming, although it was hardly the sort of place she thought he would frequent. It wasn't quite as expensive and wasn't full of influential people and paparazzi like his normal establishments. In fact, they were in the corner of a private dining room, closed off from the rest of restaurant.

The restaurant had a mob theme. There were fake bullet holes in the walls and all of the dishes on the menu had mob family names. An added touch was the background music, which consisted of a lot of Italian singers like Frank Sinatra and Dean Martin.

However, it was quiet and that gave her a chance to get to know him better.

Tristan did most of the talking, but she was nervous so she didn't mind.

He seemed to be taken by how different she looked. "What happened to you? You seem different."

Cayte's mouth curved in a catlike smile. "You wouldn't believe me if I told you."

"Try me."

"Well, I have a coach of sorts. He's been helping me with a situation in my life and, let's just say, that he helped me to actualize myself."

"I approve," Tristan said, pulling her hand into his. "You are amazing! You were a caterpillar who has become a lovely butterfly. I can't get over your transformation."

Cayte didn't think she'd been transformed that much. She had a nice dress and a healthy dose of sexual confidence, but that was far from a big transformation. When she took off the dress, she would still be herself. She had never been an ugly caterpillar. She'd been a less self-assured butterfly, but she shrugged it off. Tristan didn't know much about her anyway.

"So, tell me about yourself," he invited. "What do you want to be?"

"Well, I do work at a gallery."

Tristan's tone held a trace of snobbery. "That's all well and good, but what about your future?"

"I want to be an artist," Cayte replied, surprising herself. She'd finally said it aloud to someone other than Carrie. "I think I have talent."

"You paint?" he asked in disbelief. "Can I see them?"

"Oh, sometime," she said airily. She wasn't ready to show them to anyone just yet, let alone Tristan. She would be mortified if he ever discovered the portraits of himself.

"I'll hold you to that."

"I, um, consider myself held then. So, would you like to dance?" she asked, gesturing to the small dance floor in the other room. There were a few couples that were slow dancing to the crooning voice of Sinatra. She'd never been very good at dancing, but she wanted to be held by him.

"Oh, uh, sure." He looked uncomfortable by the suggestion, but he went along with it. He led her to the other room. On the dance floor, Tristan pulled her into his arms. "You're soft," he murmured.

She closed her eyes, enjoying the sensation of being held close. Tristan's hands slid down over her back to grip her waist. He was playing with the back of her dress, every now and then slipping his hand down in between the dress and her skin.

"I want you," Tristan whispered in her ear. He looked around them, appearing a little nervous.

"What's wrong?"

"It's nothing," he said, eyes darting around them. "Are you ready to go? I thought we might have a drink at your place."

She knew what he was really asking her. It wasn't a drink he was after. Cayte nodded. "Okay, I'm ready."

He paid the bill and called his driver on the cell phone. Within minutes, they were ensconced in his limousine once more, bound for her apartment.

As soon as they were on the road, Tristan pushed a button and the partition glass went up. He patted the seat. "Come a little closer."

Cayte bit her bottom lip. "Okay." Cayte slid over a little. Her eyes darted to the window and she watched the cars speed past them. She became more and more nervous.

"It's all right. We both want this, don't we?" Tristan asked. He cupped her cheek, turning her head to face him. "Don't we?"

"Y-yes," she said shakily. Cayte wondered why she was so nervous. With Beau, it just seemed natural. She had built Tristan up in her mind so much that she was intimidated by him, instead of letting the emotion wash through her.

"Kiss me," Tristan insisted, fitting his mouth over hers. Tristan cupped her face in his hands, holding her still before he kissed her impatiently.

Cayte backed away from his overeager tongue. It reminded her a little of being kissed by an octopus.

Her reticence only seemed to intensify his fervor. Tristan clutched her to him and again nearly gagged her with his tongue. His hand slid into her hair, gripping it, so he could plunder her mouth.

Cayte shoved a hand between them, pushing at his chest until he backed away. They were both panting. "What are you doing?"

"I'm just getting started."

He tried to advance on her again, but she quickly retreated to the other side of the seat. "I'm sorry, Tristan, but I don't think I can do this tonight."

"Why not? You aren't worried about protection, are you? Before I picked you up, I stopped at the drugstore."

That was a little presumptuous.

He was preparing to sleep with her, after only one date? "Oh, really?"

"I always take care of things," he murmured, before he tried to pull her into his arms again.

"Tristan!" she shouted, shoving at him again.

"Say no more," he said, reverting to the polite, gentleman he usually was. "It's too soon. May I see you tomorrow night?"

Cayte hadn't felt the hint of awareness she received when kissed Beau, but she owed it to herself to at least try one more time with Tristan. Maybe they were both

having an off night. It probably didn't help that she still felt satisfied from her encounter with Beau.

"Sure."

"Good. I'll pick you up at seven? We'll have cocktails at my house and then we'll go to a little bistro on the east side of town." Tristan kissed her hand once more and tucked it in his pocket.

Cayte was touched by the gesture and by his apparent concern for her. "I'll be ready." She squeezed his hand and settled down next to him in the car as they drove home.

* * * * *

When Cayte arrived at her apartment, she didn't see Beau, but she felt him. "Beau? Are you here?"

He reappeared on the couch, arms crossed over his chest and a scowl on his handsome face. "How was your evening out?" he asked, without preamble.

"Oh, um, fine." She couldn't tell him that Tristan was a bad kisser. He would inevitably take that as a good sign, a sign that she was interested in him and not Tristan. She owed it to herself to give Tristan another chance.

"Congratulations. And did you consummate the relationship?" She noticed that that his jaw was clenched.

Cayte debated whether or not she should tell him the truth. After all, it was none of his business, but decided to satisfy his curiosity anyway. "As a matter of fact, no."

He blew out a breath and the tension left his body. "Will you see him again?"

"Tomorrow."

"I see."

"That's what we both wanted. Right? For me to get Tristan?"

"Yes, that is the bargain we made." He looked distracted. "I need to...run an errand. I shall be back shortly." He quickly disappeared once more.

"That is so rude!"

Later, when Beau returned, Cayte had already showered and was in bed with a book. She had been paging through her family's book, but she hadn't been able to find anything on breaking her agreement with Beau. Not that she was in any hurry to do so.

While on the hunt, she had found something that had her mesmerized. In fact, she didn't even notice Beau as he walked into her bedroom because she was so taken with the scenes depicted in the book.

Chapter Five

Beau stopped and watched her, transfixed by her casual beauty. Her long dark hair cascaded over her pale shoulders. In the lamplight, he could just make out the shape of her pretty pink nipples through the white cotton t-shirt she wore.

When she saw him, she gasped in surprise, her lips forming an "o" shape. "Hi."

"Hello there," Beau said, flashing her a wicked smile. "What naughty thing are you reading?"

"Um, nothing."

"You have never been a good liar."

"Well, just this one entry about, um, sex magic?" Cayte whispered. She was about to set it aside, when he came over to where she was sitting and peered at the book.

"Do you know anything about it?" Beau inquired, watching her carefully.

"No," Cayte answered, looking up at him with wide eyes.

"So, you've never completed the Five-Fold Kiss?" Beau asked as he settled himself next to her on the bed. "Ah, yes, I had forgotten that you are new to witchcraft."

Cayte swallowed. "What's that? The Five-Fold Kiss?"

"I could explain the process. But I believe that you would benefit more from a demonstration."

"And you'd be willing to show me?"

Beau's eyes filled with heat. "My pleasure. In fact, why don't I demonstrate now?" He pulled the book from her suddenly numb hand and settled it on both their laps. She was demurely hidden beneath her covers, but Beau was only dressed in his customary black leather pants. He turned the page and she saw a male and female witch locked in an intimate embrace.

Beau drank in her reaction to the drawing. The sudden dilation of her eyes, the blush blooming in her cheeks and the way her rosebud mouth parted. The look of shocked desire. Tantalizing.

"That is the Five-Fold Kiss," Beau answered, stepping into the role of teacher for the evening. "It is done to bless the body and celebrate its natural beauty. The man and the woman kiss each other on the feet, the knees, the breasts, the mouth and the genitals."

"Oh."

"Sex magic is rooted in the old ways and certain rituals need to be followed." Beau watched her carefully. "Do you see the ring of candles?"

"Yes," Cayte answered with a dazed expression on her beautiful face. "I see them."

"They're marking a sacred circle. Sex magic is elemental and calls up primal forces, both evil and good so practitioners must protect themselves. Are you willing to try it?"

"We don't have any candles," Cayte answered inanely.

"Not the circle, Catherine, the kiss," he said with exasperation. "Besides, we won't be completing the ritual," he smirked, "so we don't need any protection." He didn't want to push for too much too fast. "Do you want me to teach you?"

Cayte looked at the picture once more and then back at Beau. In her eyes burned a healthy amount of lust, enough to overcome her reticence. "Yes."

"Excellent." She didn't stand a chance against his seduction skills. "We need to stand then." He got to his feet and pulled her from the bed so that they both faced each other. Cayte was closest to the bed, the back of her knees brushed it and Beau knelt in front of her.

"Nervous?" Beau inquired.

"Yes," she admitted. "A lot, actually."

"Good." His gaze glittered as it drifted from her parted mouth to her breasts, to the secret place between her thighs. "I promise that you'll be even more nervous before I'm through and you will enjoy every single glorious moment of it."

Cayte felt a thrill go through her at his words. Beau was so wrong for her, but that only made him that much more appealing.

She silently thanked her gran for her genetics and the naughty book in her lap.

He was still contemplating her body and he slid his gaze down her lovely long legs to her feet. "We need to take off your socks." Cayte obediently lifted her left foot and Beau pulled off the white athletic sock and tucked it in her slipper. He repeated the process with the other foot, also putting her sock away. It was a caring gesture that wasn't lost on her.

Beau took her right foot in his hand, his fingers deftly massaging the arch. "Have you ever had your feet massaged before?"

It felt wonderful. She arched her foot as he rubbed it. "Um, no."

"It's a pity," he said huskily as he gazed down at her dainty feet.

Cayte laughed nervously.

He bent over and pressed his mouth to the top of her right foot. "Blessed be thy feet that have brought thee in these ways." Beau switched feet, treating the left to a rub.

It relaxed her and she gripped the cool iron bedpost for support, all the while relishing his compelling touch. He kissed her left foot as well and she stifled a smile. If a week ago, someone had told her that a demon would kiss her feet, she would have declared him or her insane.

Beau rose to his knees then and tugged at the waistband of her plaid pajama bottoms. "I need to remove these. Nothing must come between your body and my mouth."

Cayte gulped. "Okay."

Ever so gently, he peeled the fabric from her body, sliding it down with aching slowness until it pooled into a soft pile of cotton at her feet. He placed his hand between her thighs and pushed gently. "Spread your legs a bit."

Cayte took in a trembling breath and bit her lip, but obligingly opened her legs. "Okay."

He stroked her right knee, admiring her soft skin. "Wider."

She did so, pressing her feet a foot apart, leaning back against the bed ever-so slightly.

Beau pressed his mouth to her right knee first and she inhaled sharply. "Blessed be thy knees which kneel at the sacred altar." He shifted his attention to the left knee then and pressed a small kiss there.

Beau's hands then slid up her smooth thighs. Cayte gasped as his hand traveled inexorably closer to the place that craved his touch the most. His clever fingers slid up her body and his mouth traveled in their wake, pressing small reverent kisses to her flesh. "You know," he said hoarsely against her skin, "most witches do this sky-clad."

"Sky-clad?"

"In the nude."

Cayte thought she would explode if he did this to her when she was naked. He trailed his fingers from her thigh to the apex of her thighs. He cupped her sex in his palm and they both moaned.

"Catherine, let me do this."

But she didn't hear him. Cayte was ensnared by the sensuous web he was weaving. All she could do was feel. Her body was a violin and Beau was playing her with all of the expertise of a virtuoso.

Taking her silence for assent, he touched her between her thighs. Her white cotton panties were damp with excitement. He traced the edge of her panties, his clever fingers slipping beneath the fabric now and then. When she could stand it no longer, he replaced his hand with his mouth.

Cayte stifled a cry as he pressed a kiss to her trembling sex. "Blessed be thy womb, without which we would not be." Beau's tongue snaked out to taste her sweetness

through the cotton and she couldn't contain her cries anymore. "You're delicious, Catherine," he murmured against her.

She whimpered as he nudged the fabric aside and one of his seeking fingers delved into her. Cayte groaned, wishing he would touch her a bit higher, just there but he merely teased her, tormenting her with his talented fingers. When he removed his finger he placed it in his mouth to savor one more taste of her. Cayte's knees threatened to give out but he placed a hand on her stomach to keep her upright.

"Easy," he crooned. He kissed his way from her tempting sex across her quaking stomach. He stopped briefly at her bellybutton to circle it before heading to the edge of her shirt. Beau expertly lifted it up and over her head.

Cayte was beyond speech, even beyond thought. Beau had complete control of her body and she didn't give a damn.

His mouth watered at the sight of her quivering breasts. They were delicious, suckable breasts. Lush, well formed and rose-tipped. He had never been given such bounty before.

"So beautiful," he crooned, looking up from the pale perfection of her breasts to her face. There was that look again. Dazed desire.

His hot eyes once more settled on her chest. Beau stroked her with the back of his hand and she moaned low in her throat, an aching sound.

Beau couldn't stop himself, he squeezed the perfect globe, delighted with the way it filled his hand. "Blessed be thy breasts, formed in beauty." He bent his head to her nipple and kissed it.

Cayte inhaled sharply. He pulled her nipple into the heat of his mouth and suckled.

Beau released her right nipple and kissed his way to the left one. He pressed a kiss to the other nipple before sucking it into the heated cavern of his mouth. Her head fell back and her back arched as if she were offering her breasts up as a sacrifice.

He finally freed her breast with a smothered sigh. Beau dragged in a ragged breath. He had to shut his eyes at the sight of her swollen nipples that were just begging him for more. Instead, he took her arms by the wrist and pinned them behind her.

She was naked and helpless, bound by his hands. Beau's mouth settled over hers and her lips parted eagerly for him. "Blessed be thy lips, that shall utter the sacred names," he groaned against her mouth before claiming her lips. It was both a benediction and a blasphemy. His kiss was ravenous and possessive. He finally wrenched his lips from hers and flung himself away. Beau crouched against the wall as he strived to regain his control.

He wanted her so much it physically hurt not to take her. Beau hadn't counted on this. He'd merely wanted to get close to her. He wanted to strip off and join her skin to skin. Right now, Beau longed to pry open her legs and lick her until she begged him to stop. He wanted to suckle at her breasts. He desperately needed to sink into her. Again. And again. He couldn't remember his cock ever being this swollen or hard.

Cayte started to re-dress when Beau's voice forestalled her.

"Don't," he managed. "I want to see you." His hand sought hers, encircling her wrist and bringing her to the floor beside him. "Besides, we haven't finished."

"Finished?" she echoed dazedly.

"The kiss." He turned the page in the discarded book to another picture of the same man and woman. Only this time, she knelt before him. Her mouth was on his swollen sex and his hands were fisted in her long hair.

Cayte couldn't help but look at Beau's lap and his tented pants. She wondered what he would look like. Her gaze settled on his eyes, which glittered in the muted light. His face was a study in both pleasure and pain.

"Catherine?" he asked hoarsely.

Screwing up her courage, she murmured, "Stand up."

Beau moaned in response. He got to his feet and pressed himself against the wall for support.

He allowed her to place one of his booted feet on her lap. She deftly undid the laces and slid it off. His feet were large and pale, nearly twice the size of hers. She switched feet and made sure to tuck his socks into his boots.

She was about to bend over and kiss his feet when she looked up to meet his amused eyes. She bent over and pressed a kiss to the right foot. "Blessed be thy feet that have brought thee in the ways." Then she kissed the left foot. His feet were like the rest of him. Large and strong. When she finished with his foot, her gaze traveled up his legs to the apex of his thighs.

"Skip the knees," Beau ordered. He flicked open the button on his leather trousers. "Undo these."

Cayte sucked in a breath. She sat up on her knees and brought her hands to the cool metal of his zipper. Beau groaned at the slight contact. She awkwardly tugged it down. He sighed in relief at finally being released from the fabric that had encased him. When the trousers were gone, Cayte gaped at the tower of flesh that was revealed.

"Touch me, Catherine," he groaned. She wasn't sure if it was a plea or an order. Either way, she tentatively touched a finger to his aching shaft. It was hard and hot against her slender finger, yet the skin was soft and supple. At the base lay a halo of dark hair and a swollen heavy sac underneath.

Cayte encircled him then, to see if her fingers would fit around him. They did, but just barely. He moaned her name again, his hips thrusting against her reflexively. A small pearl appeared on the purple tip of his rod. Instinctively, she pressed her mouth there, licking it away. Beau's hips moved again, obviously wanting to thrust fully into her welcoming mouth. She gave him more access and tasted him, licking him, astonished at the mixture of salt and sweetness on her tongue. "Blessed be thy phallus, without which we would not be," she whispered.

She was about to kiss him again when his hands hooked her under the armpits and hauled her up against his chest. Her breasts were flattened against him and his sex prodded her belly. "Finish it," he begged.

She obediently lowered her head to his breastbone and kissed him. "Blessed be thy breasts, formed in strength." And then he captured her mouth, thrusting into her with his tongue as he needed to thrust into her with his cock. She pulled her mouth from his and gasped out, "Blessed be thy lips, that shall utter the sacred names." Beau released her arms and shut his eyes, trying to reign in his lust.

"I want you," she murmured. Cayte was mesmerized by the effect she had on him. She had caused this demon to want her. It made her feel beautiful, powerful...fearful.

Beau murmured a prayer of thanks to several deities. With a flourish, he snapped his fingers and produced a dozen red roses in his arms. He grasped the crown of each flower, pulling the petals from their place before spreading them on the bed like so much confetti.

"Beau!" she cried, delighted by the gesture.

When he'd sprinkled all of them on the bed, he threw himself down on it. "Then you shall have me and I shall have you on a bed of roses." His cock was pulsing with need and his face was a study in harsh beauty. "Ride me, Catherine."

Catherine bit her lower lip, overcome by the control he was granting her. She'd never been on top before. With a sinful smile, she pushed her panties down and kicked them away. She climbed aboard and straddled his thighs.

Catherine parted her sex as she positioned herself over his straining cock. With a wicked look in her eye she rubbed herself against him, pleasuring herself with his penis. It felt so good, sliding between the swollen folds, causing a delicious friction.

"Catherine," he warned, eyes closed.

"What?" she asked.

"Don't tease me." Beau smacked her ass. "Or I'll punish you."

"Have it your way." With agonizing slowness, she sank down on him, inch by gratifying inch. His cock was thick, stretching her body to accommodate his girth. When she was fully seated, she locked eyes with him. "So, this is the sex part of sex magic?"

Beau thrust up into her. "Yes, now rock against me." Beau grabbed her hips, controlling her movements to maximize both their pleasure.

Cayte cupped her breasts in her hands as she rode him, freed by the lusty image of herself in his eyes and the way he made her feel. She bucked on him, causing them both to groan.

"Catherine, come!" he groaned. A clever little finger stroked her clit and coaxed her into orgasm.

It hit her like a live wire. She'd climaxed before, but never like this. It was like being hit by lightning. She could feel it in every part of her body, from the roots of her hair to her toes.

Beau reached his climax soon after. It was explosive, tearing through his preternatural body in a way that nearly unmanned him.

When they were both sated, he held her close as she drifted off. She had fallen asleep quickly, overwhelmed by what she'd experienced. In his very long life, countless women had touched him in a variety of different ways, but Catherine was the first to touch his heart. He wasn't even aware that he could feel this much for another being.

Beau held her to him, stretched along the length of his body. He fisted one hand in her hair and the other he nestled between her sweet thighs. And there, among the bruised roses, with the woman he was beginning to love, he fell asleep.

* * * * *

Cayte relished the delicious sensation of waking up next to a man she cared about. She'd never experienced such pleasure before and she had the distressing suspicion that she never would again, at least not without Beau.

Beau held her close. His arms wrapped around her and his face nestled in her hair. She felt warm and safe, reassured by his presence. It felt so right to be in his arms, while being held by Tristan made her uncomfortable. Cayte was worried that she could get used to this kind of treatment. She had to accept that Beau wanted a physical relationship with her and that was all. Cayte wanted to wake him and ask if last night had just been about fulfilling his bargain with her. As soon as he helped her seduce Tristan, he'd be on his way.

Reluctantly, she slipped out of his arms. He made a distressed noise in his sleep, his empty arms still seeking her. Beau seemed to make do with her pillow, which he buried his face in, seeming to find comfort in her scent. Cayte was struck by his beauty.

He was perfection, lying naked amidst their rumpled bedcovers. Cayte thought he resembled the Greek god Eros come to life, only Beau inspired lust, not love. But she felt a mixture of both for him. Cayte realized she was falling in love with him.

She pressed her hand to her mouth as tears began to leak from her eyes. This was at once one of the most wonderful and awful moments of her life. She'd finally fallen in love...with a man she had no hope of getting.

Cayte had to paint him. She needed to have that much of him, a small piece of him that she could treasure forever.

Two hours later, Cayte had drawn in the outlines of his body and painted the bed around him. Of course, she needed to do some fine work, like adding shading and tracing in the more important details. She had to admit that it was already her favorite painting, maybe because it was so important to her. Cayte knew she'd never sell it.

"You didn't tell me you were a painter," Beau said, throat still gravelly from sleep. He'd been awake most of the time she'd been painting him, but played along to see what she'd do.

"Oh." Cayte bit her lower lip. "I couldn't resist, you looked so..." She realized she didn't have a word for how he looked. Handsome? Tempting? Beyond her reach? "I just had to paint you," she finished.

“May I see it?”

She nodded and Beau climbed out of bed and stalked over to where she stood. He was completely comfortable with his nudity.

Cayte wished she was undressed. She had pulled on her robe, but seeing him in the buff made her wish she was naked too. The sensation of his skin against her own was indescribably addictive. She saw the look in his eyes that meant only one thing. He wanted her again and she would gladly give in to him.

She was his for the taking.

Beau nearly howled with triumph. He stripped the robe from her lush body and bared the delicious globes of her ass to his gaze. They were pale and perfectly rounded. With a groan, he cupped her ass in his hands and squeezed her cheeks.

“I want to fuck you here,” he growled.

“Oh yes!” she moaned, in agreement.

He unceremoniously dropped her, then rolled her over and shoved pillows under her thighs, readying her for his invasion.

He waved his hand and produced a small jar of lube. Once again, he thanked the heavens for making him a lust demon. There was no greater joy than possessing her body.

He liberally coated her anus, taking care to coat her tender ass carefully as he put his fingers up inside. Beau wanted to make sure she was ready.

Cayte panted and raised her luscious ass up for his inspection. “Fuck me!” she cried, lost to the pleasure of it all.

Beau slid his cock in her gingerly, taking care not to hurt her. She was tight and hot inside, like a silken glove that squeezed his captive cock. It was an incredible sensation and he nearly passed out from it.

He then fucked her slowly, letting her get the rhythm of it. She was soaking the pillows beneath her. Her cunt was so wet. She wanted this. Wanted him.

It was enough to make him come hard and she came along with him.

Some time later, he wrapped his arms around her and gazed at the painting from over her shoulder from their vantage point of the bed. "I saw your paintings in the attic," Beau confessed, bracing for the onslaught of her anger for going through her things.

It never came.

"And what did you think?" His opinion meant a lot to her.

"That you are very talented and I think you are wasting your valuable time in that little gallery, Catherine," Beau answered honestly.

"I do too," Cayte said. "As a matter of fact, I think I need to do something about that."

"And what of this Tristan?" He buried his face in her neck, relishing her scent. He hoped she wouldn't go out with that dolt again. "Will you continue seeing him?"

Cayte tensed. The idea of going out with him again was distasteful after sleeping with Beau. She didn't crave him the way she did her own personal demon. Like it or not, she was falling in love with Beau. Hell, she might even be in love with him. She realized that he would leave if she didn't continue going out with Tristan. It was too soon. She couldn't say goodbye to Beau yet.

Cayte pulled away from him. "Yes, I have a date with Tristan tonight." She could barely get the words out.

"I see."

She could sense his anger. Cayte dared to hope that his jealousy meant he was interested in her for more than sex.

Chapter Six

Half an hour later, Cayte impatiently waited for the coffee to brew. Beau was indulging in a hot shower. She'd been a little disappointed when he didn't offer to take one with her, but he was still upset that she was seeing Tristan. She was so intent on her own thoughts, she shrieked when the phone rang. "Hello?" she answered. "Gran?"

Beau had confessed that her gran tried to banish him. Cayte had to hand it to Gran for having the guts to confront a dangerous situation, armed with only her wits and a spell. Cayte hoped she could smooth things over between the two of them.

"No, it's me," Carrie answered. Where have you been? It's like you fell off the planet!"

"I'm sorry I haven't called, but you haven't either."

"Point taken. So, what have you been up to?"

How to answer that question? "Um, well, I had a date with Tristan."

"Girl, look at you, using that book I bought you. So, how was the infamous Tristan? As good as you'd hoped?"

The coffee was ready and Cayte poured a cup, stirring in both cream and sugar. "Actually, I didn't sleep with him. He turned out to be kind of grabby but I did sleep with someone else."

"What? You don't waste any time, do you?" There was a pause. "Do you think it's one of those crazy midlife crisis things?"

"Hush, Carrie."

"Shutting up now. Well, I can see you got your birthday wish already."

She took a sip of hot coffee. "Actually, I wished for Tristan, but now that I've been out with him, I'm not so sure anymore."

"I'm feeling a big chorus of the *I Told You So* Symphony coming on. He's a manwhore and can't be trusted."

Cayte laughed. "Don't make me come over there."

"So, has anything else happened? You haven't moved into a house and gotten engaged, have you?"

"Actually, do you remember what Gran told me about becoming a witch? Turns out, she was right."

"We already talked about this, Cayte. We agreed she was crazy."

"I think she was telling the truth." She paused, gathering her courage. "I actually summoned an incubus. You know, a lust demon? And, well, I slept with him."

There was a big, yawning silence on the other end of the phone.

"Carrie?"

"I'm going to be right over, Cayte. I think we should visit the doctor."

"You don't believe me?" Cayte asked. "Have I ever lied to you?"

"Um, yes. How about the time when you cut my Barbie's hair and then said that the next-door neighbor boy did it."

"We were kids! Do you trust me now?"

"I hate to say it, but no, I don't. Not about this at least."

"Then I'll have to prove it to you." Cayte had to say that being a witch was far more fun than she thought. She once more drew on her powers and murmured a little spell into the phone.

"What did you say?" Carrie asked.

She waited for it.

"Um, Cayte, there's a naked man in my kitchen."

"Hmm, you don't say. And is he doing a sexy dance?"

"How did you do this? *What* did you do? How is this possible?" Carrie blurted. "Dear God, he's gorgeous."

Cayte laughed at her sister's reaction. "Don't worry, Carrie, he's an illusion. Sort of like a big, magic hologram. Only, he's a *touchable* hologram." She paused to let it all sink in. "Now do you believe I'm a witch?"

"Yes."

"Good. Oh, and I believe this is what you wanted for my birthday, so, er, happy early birthday to you!"

Carrie cleared her throat. "Oh yeah, happy early birthday to me. Um, Cayte, did you know he's oiled up too?"

"How about that? Enjoy!" With a wicked laugh, Cayte hung up the phone.

* * * * *

That night, Cayte dressed herself in a little black dress she'd picked up on sale a couple of years ago. It was flattering, but not nearly as much as the red dress had been.

Beau watched her get ready, he was pouting. "You are making this far too easy on the man. He needs to work to earn your love."

"Let me worry about that."

Beau clenched his jaw. His hands were fisted on the bedspread. "I'm worrying enough for both of us."

Cayte didn't really care about Tristan. She hoped to date him for just a little while longer, while she worked on Beau. Hopefully, she could keep this situation light. She didn't want to hurt him, though she strongly suspected that the only person Tristan loved was himself.

The limo arrived and took her to his tastefully expensive waterfront apartment. Tristan greeted her at the door. He bent to kiss her mouth but she turned her head, so he only got her cheek. "You look lovely."

"Thank you," Cayte murmured.

"Well, have a seat and I'll bring us something to drink." When he returned from the kitchen, he was carrying a black lacquer tray with two flutes of champagne and a tray of caviar on toast points.

Tristan sat very close to her on the couch, laying his arm along the back and crowding her on the end. There was no spot to move to. "Have you had caviar before?"

"No, I haven't." Cayte took a toast point with a very small amount of caviar to be polite. They looked like small black beads crowded on the end of her toast.

Tristan chuckled. "I thought as much." He took the toast point from her numb hand and brought to her mouth. "Open up, I want you to taste how delicious this is."

It didn't look particularly appetizing but she reluctantly took a bite. It tasted dark and smoky. Awful. She somehow managed to chew and swallow.

"Good, huh?"

Cayte managed to keep it down and offered him a sickly smile. "Yummy."

"Would you like another?"

"No!" she said a little too quickly. She took a sip of champagne. "I'm not very hungry. I think I'll stick with the champagne."

"I'm very hungry." The way his eyes slid over her, she had no doubt that he was referring to sexual hunger. "Are you wearing silk stockings?" Tristan asked. He set a hand on her calf and started to work his way up her thigh.

"No!" she gasped out, frantically trying to slow the progress of his hand before it disappeared up her dress.

"Why are you so nervous?" Tristan murmured, moving relentlessly closer to her.

"I'm a little tired."

"Me too. I was up all night, just thinking about you." He grasped her thigh. "I think I might love you, Cayte."

He didn't even know her and he was already professing his love? "What?"

That's when Cayte realized that Tristan was a creep.

All of his womanizing wasn't a search for the perfect woman or even a series of harmless flings with women who understood his intentions. Tristan simply used women to satisfy his sexual urges.

"You can't possibly love me. You don't even know me!"

"Yes, I do, Cayte. I've been thinking about asking you out for ages." Tristan tried to kiss her again.

She frantically got to her feet. "You've got to be kidding. You didn't notice me until you saw me in that dress."

"Don't be silly, Cayte. I did notice you," Tristan snapped. He was getting angry. "You've got this *quality* about you."

She crossed her arms over her chest. "And what quality is that?"

His face fell, all pretenses wiped away. "You have a pretty face and big breasts. That's what I noticed. Satisfied?"

"Then why didn't you ask me out?"

"I don't date fat women."

Cayte nearly slapped him. "Then why did you ask me out?"

"Listen, this was a mistake. We should just—"

"Why?"

He let out a tired sigh. "Because you looked presentable. I was hoping to take you out a couple times, screw you and move on." He stalked to the door and threw it open. "It's obvious that I'm not getting laid tonight. This is a big mistake, I'm obviously way out of your league and I want you to leave now."

Cayte took in his perfect white teeth and his artfully mussed blond hair. Everything about him was phony. She felt sick just looking at him.

She paused at the doorway. "You've got it wrong, Tristan. *I'm* the one who's too good for *you*." With that, Cayte tossed her champagne in his face and threw the delicate

flute on the floor, delighting in the sound of smashing glass. "Oh, and by the way? I quit! Consider this my notice."

Ten minutes later, Cayte stood in the lobby of his building. She felt pretty good about herself. She had needed to stand up to Tristan and teach him he couldn't treat women like objects. Although, this did leave a real problem for her relationship with Beau.

"Did you sleep with him?"

"Speak of the demon," Cayte whispered, turning to see Beau barreling down on her. "What are you doing here?"

"I couldn't stay in that apartment any longer. I started walking and found myself here." Beau's fists were balled at his sides and he stepped around her.

She put herself in his path again and placed her hands on his chest. "Whoa! What are you doing?"

"I'm going to make him a eunuch."

Cayte laughed at that. "That's not a bad idea."

"Why are you down here, Catherine, instead of upstairs with him?"

There was no point in lying. "Because I don't love him, you idiot. I think I'm in love with you."

Beau's eyes filled with warmth. He pulled her into his arms. "Do you mean it?"

"Yes, I love you." She scowled at him. "And what about you? Do you care about me or would you like a little champagne in the face too?"

Beau threw back his head and laughed before he lifted her up and spun her around. "I love you too, you foolish woman."

Before they could kiss, a shadow appeared at their side. It lengthened, filling the lobby with an eerie blackness. The humans at the front desk and waiting for the elevators froze in place, stopped in time. In fact, it was as if the world stilled. Waiting.

From the blackness emerged five large demons. Each equipped with long, gnarly horns and scaly blood-red skin. They stood in a row, their faces showing neither anger nor kindness.

They were terrifyingly neutral.

Cayte clung to Beau. "What's going on?"

"It's The Aged Ones. They govern demon-kind." He put her behind him and turned to face the council.

"You stand accused of forming feelings for a human being. What say you?" they all asked together, like a chorus. Each voice was distinct, but they spoke in unison.

"Guilty," Beau said proudly. "I love this woman."

Cayte wrapped her arms around him. "I love him too."

Five sets of eyes flicked to her. "We are aware. We have no quarrel with you, human, you are meant to be governed by emotion and sentiment. Our only concern is this wayward demon. Your actions have been noted by our servant."

"Royse? I think you mean spy, not servant."

"He carried out his orders, but you have violated our laws and have been deemed a disgrace to the name of demon."

Beau raised his chin. "I think I honor the name of demon. There is nothing disgraceful in the act of loving."

They narrowed their eyes. "So say you. We will give you two options."

Beau took a deep breath. "And those are?"

"We hope for your sake, that you take the first. We will devour the days. Vanish the time since you met this human. The mortal will not suffer torment, not know of you or the love you harbored her. She shall be at peace, with no memory of you."

Beau was grateful that she wouldn't be harmed. "And what about me?"

"You will be restored to your former self, before you lost reason. This will erase time itself. Your deplorable actions will be negated. We will restore order to the demon realm. Will you accept our offer?"

"No," Cayte wailed, tears forming in her eyes. She clung tighter to Beau, as though they would rip him from her arms. "I just found you. I can't lose you now!"

"Think on this carefully, demon. Once denied this offer will not come again."

"Shhh," Beau soothed Cayte. "I cannot accept this offer. She means too much to me."

"The record will show that the offer was denied," they said harshly.

"And what is the second option?" Beau asked.

"The second option is a death sentence," the demons intoned.

Beau moved back, muscles tensed for a fight. "Death?"

"Yes, you will live out a mortal life and die as they die."

"You mean that he'll die by growing old?" Cayte asked for clarification. "You won't kill him?"

"The council will not lower ourselves to commit murder," they answered.

Beau pulled her close and kissed the top of her head. "Make me human."

"But you'll lose all your powers, are you okay with that?" Cayte asked carefully. "It doesn't matter to me at all, but that is a big change for you."

Beau looked her in the eye. "I will have to adjust."

"And what about your immortality? You'll be as mortal as the rest of us."

He shook his head. "That doesn't matter to me. I may be immortal but I haven't really lived until I met you. You've made me feel things that I couldn't even begin to describe. I want to live with you, grow old with you. Die with you," he murmured.

She wrapped her arms around him, hugging him as hard as she could. "I love you!"

"I love you too." He turned to the council. "I accept your offer. Make me human."

"So it is said. The death sentence has been *Granted*. You are hereby allotted a human life and human death. So mote it be."

With that, the demonic council disappeared and time began to flow once more.

Everyone around them was going about their business, oblivious to the supernatural occurrence that had happened right in front of them.

Beau pulled her into his arms and placed her head on his chest. "Do you feel my heart beating?"

She could feel it beating rapidly in his chest.

"It beats *for* you, because of you." Beau kissed her lips softly, sensually, putting all the love he felt for her into it. "I owe you a great debt, Catherine."

She smiled. "Actually, I owe you for helping me change my colors. Before you, I was as beige as you can get."

Beau frowned. "I do not like beige. It doesn't suit you at all. It is such a dull hue."

Cayte laughed.

Epilogue

On their first anniversary, they flew to Paris to celebrate so they could visit the small café where they had their first date. In honor of the occasion, they ordered Beaujolais once more.

Beau put his hands behind his head as he surveyed the view “I believe that being human has grown on me.”

“What did you say?” She sighed. “I guess I’m just distracted. My life feels really full now.” She winked at him. “Now if only my family would settle down, but at least Carrie likes you. Gran still think you’re evil.”

“She will come around,” Beau reassured. “After all, I charmed women for centuries. Your gran is no different.” He winked at her.

She blew out a breath. “This is our anniversary trip. We should be talking about us. Not them.”

He kissed her hand. “Are you disappointed it took longer to get to Paris this time, Catherine?” Beau asked, cocking his head to the side. “Do you miss my powers?”

“No. Do you?”

He paused. “Every now and then, but the benefits of being human far outweigh the drawbacks. Do you miss traveling that way?”

She made a face. “Not quite. I hated traveling in your big, bubble of doom. Do you know how close I came to tossing my cookies that night?”

Beau was still grasping idioms. “Tossing cookies? What do desserts have to do with that?”

“I’ll tell you later,” she said with a sultry smile. “Besides, we found ways to pass the time, didn’t we?”

"I know I found it quite pleasurable." Beau tasted her lips, marveling at the fact that his desire for her only increased. Catherine was quite like the excellent wine they were drinking. The more he had, the more he wanted. Mixed in amongst the more harsh lustful feelings were tender ones. She was the first and the last woman he would ever love. Life without her would hold no meaning.

Cayte touched her glass to his. "To us."

He clinked his glass against hers. "Speaking of us, I have other, very romantic plans."

"Like what?" Cayte asked.

"I was thinking we should go to the top of the Eiffel Tower. I plan on spending a lot of time kissing you up there."

Her eyes looked dreamy. "We should take pictures while we're up there. What a beautiful painting the two of us would make. How passionate."

"Must you always think of work?" he teased. Cayte had made quite a name for herself in the art world for her passionate portraits of couples. She called the series of paintings the Love Spells. "Don't spoil the magic of the moment."

"All right. But I still think it would make a great painting."

"Speaking of magic, I think we should also go to our favorite little boutique."

"Magic," Cayte repeated slowly. "Boutique. What am I forgetting? Brigitte!" She clapped her hands over her mouth.

A half hour later, Cayte and Beau were at the scene of the crime, so to speak. *Chat Parfait* was crowded with shoppers, only instead of the skinny, model types there were woman of size happily perusing the racks.

Cayte picked up a sweater from a nearby rack. It was a size 3X. "Oh my God, they started carrying plus-sized clothing."

Beau grinned as he surveyed the plump women around them. "This is much better. These women actually look like women."

But that wasn't the best change of all. There, behind the counter was Brigitte. Only she wasn't tiny and angry like she had been before. Her frame had filled out considerably and she was slightly larger than Cayte. She had swaying hips and big breasts that would make any man drool.

Her head turned. A flicker of recognition showed in her eyes as they locked onto Cayte's face. "Madame? Is it you?" She hurried over to Cayte and put her arms around her. "I have been hoping I would see you once more. I owe you such an apology. Please, *pardonnez- moi, madame*. I was wretched to you!"

She shrugged. "Oh, of course I forgive you. You've changed for the better."

Brigitte smiled. "*Oui, c'est vrai!* I am no longer so competitive or so starved. I think I have been freed, *chérie*." She patted Cayte's hand. "Please, feel free to shop 'til you, how do they say? Drop. Anything you buy today is on me. I owe you a great debt."

Cayte was stunned as Brigitte flitted back behind the corner. She was still as beautiful, perhaps more so than before and, even more importantly, she actually seemed happy.

Cayte had come to *Chat Parfait* with the intention of reversing the spell and restoring Brigitte to her thinner size, but the woman seemed so much happier than she had before. She wouldn't dream of returning Brigitte to that angry skinny woman anymore.

"So, I did a good thing?" Cayte asked, turning to Beau whose eyes had strayed to the impressive lingerie collection.

He gave her a wicked smile. "I told you that you are not a bad witch. You helped that woman and now, I think we should help ourselves."

Cayte shook her head, laughing helplessly. "You and your sex clothes."

Beau selected a red lace teddy from a nearby counter. "This is coming home with us, but first, we need to try it on."

"The teddy isn't what you want to try on, is it?" she whispered, moving closer.

"I think the most romantic thing we could do is make love here once more, to celebrate our union."

Cayte couldn't have agreed more. "All right, I'll give the demon his due."

With a growl, he hauled her off into the dressing room. Only this time, Cayte changed the room to his liking with *her* powers.

Beau sat back on the love seat and placed his hands behind his head. "Strip for me, Catherine. Show me your lovely body."

Cayte had outgrown her shyness long ago, at least when it came to a little impromptu striptease for her husband.

Grinding to imaginary music, she rotated her hips and shimmied close to him, teasing him with her body. While he watched, she undid her skirt and let it pool at her ankles, before kicking it away with flourish, leaving her in panties and stockings. At his request, she always pulled the panties over the stockings, so she could be stripped bare at any time.

As Beau watched, his hands tensed, running up and down his legs, scrambling for purchase. It was clear that he wanted to put his hands on her. In the time they'd been together, his hunger for her hadn't diminished, if anything it had grown.

Cayte undid the buttons on her red silk shirt and showed him little flashes of skin, teasing him with glimpses. She finally pulled the shirt from her shoulders, leaving her clad in only a black, lacy bra.

"Enough teasing," he growled. "You're killing me."

Cayte schooled her features into a mock pout. "I thought you wanted a striptease. You haven't even seen the best part."

She undid her bra, catching it before it fell past her breasts and turned to him with a mock look of surprise. "Do you want to see?"

"Oh God, yes," Beau growled.

She peeled off her panties and placed her foot beside him, showing him her pussy. Already, she was heated, wet and wanting him. No matter how many times they made love, she always wanted more. She started to move away, when he grabbed her and pulled her down.

With a quick zip of his fly, he freed himself and she slid down the thick length of his eager cock, taking every inch of him inside.

Enjoined.

It felt good to be a part of her. They were two halves of the same whole.

She set a slow, delicious rhythm, rubbing her clitoris against his pelvic bone as she thrust against him.

Beau grabbed her ass and guided her hips. He governed the urge to hold her even more tightly. When she let him inside her, he felt possessive. Needful.

"God, I love this part," she whispered. "Those last few hazy moments before her orgasm." Her eyes fluttered, a look of dazed desire.

"I need you to say it," he murmured, kissing her mouth. "Tell me!"

Cayte wrapped her arms around him as her orgasm rolled over her. He could feel it ripple around his cock. "I love you, Beau. I love you!"

Beau followed her over the edge. "I love you too. Forever."

About the Author

Cynthia's first erotic book was written when she was thirteen. Of course, the most risqué thing that happened in the book was a chaste kiss, but it was the talk of her middle school!

She is now a multi-published author. Cynthia is convinced that her muse is a wanton woman who is shameless in her desires but is forced to live them out through the written word.

Cynthia is happily single and currently lives in Ohio with her black cat, Magic. She works for a state university full-time and writes whenever she can. In her spare time, she enjoys dating, shopping with her gay boyfriend, reading trashy romance novels, drinking an obscene amount of coffee, and going to movies.

Cynthia welcomes comments from readers. You can find her website and email address on her author bio page at www.ellorascave.com.

Tell Us What You Think

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