



*Tryst*

WALKING  
with  
*Synn*

L. Shannon

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*Walking With Synn*

*By*

*L. Shannon*

## **Walking With Synn by L. Shannon**

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### **Walking with Synn**

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## **Dedication**

For Deanna and Sable.  
Thank you for creating a house where writers can feel at home.

## Prologue

Bright stars burst before Sayvor's eyes. The blinding white flashes and the agony crashing through his head were his first clues that he'd not only been attacked, but that he'd survived.

"Easy, Savy. I've got you," his commander's voice whispered into his mind. A pair of strong arms helped him to slowly sit up.

There was something he should tell Bryck...something important. It tugged at his mind, sending spears of pain through his skull. He lifted his hand to touch his damp forehead and knew the dampness was blood. Why was he bleeding?

Oh yeah, the attack.

His brother had been with him. Was he all right? Dear Creator! What if Flav had been hurt? He struggled to form the words, to ask his greatest fear aloud, "Flayvor? Where's Flayvor?"

The commander's arms tightened around him. "Was Flayvor with you? Can you tell me what happened?"

Sayvor straightened, blinking hard to clear his eyes and mind. He had to tell Bryck all he could. It might be Flav's only chance. "We had just returned from a tasc when someone jumped us from behind. Did they take him? We have to save him!" Couldn't Bryck understand? They had to be together.

"We'll find Flayvor. We'll get him back." Commander Bryck's voice dropped to a growl. "I won't lose you to the madness. I won't lose another." Those strong arms lifted him from the ground, more than half carrying him back to Niflheim.

The Commander settled him gently onto an unfamiliar bed. Minutes or maybe hours passed. Sayvor felt outside of the flow of time.

Sayvor couldn't help but reach out mentally for his missing brother. He reached and reached, but felt nothing. The emptiness echoed inside of him. He needed his twin, just as his twin needed him. Together they were strong, but apart, they would break under the strain. *He* would break.

"No, you will not," a feminine voice whispered into his hair. *Spyce*. "We won't let you."

How could she say that? She still had her mate. She didn't have to fear the madness. He curled into a ball, and another set of arms surrounded him. *Spyce's* mate, *Mayce*. They were both Synn demons like him. Maybe they would understand.

"Shhh...of course we understand. It will be all right," *Spyce* whispered while *Mayce* rocked him. Her voice dropped lower, almost too quiet for him to hear. "He's so fragile, *Mayce*. We have to do something."

"Bryck will find his twin. The attackers will pay." *Mayce's* low purr vibrated through Sayvor. "Did Wyk contact *Pahele*? Does the demon lord know what's happened?"

"I know." *Pahele's* voice was like a wind, filling Sayvor's body with a will of its own. "Stand up, Sayvor. I'm sending you to a safer place."

Sayvor rose, and *Pahele* grasped his shoulder. All at once, he felt whole and complete once more. Warmth and strength flooded through him, leaving him tingly with power. *Mayce's* arm stayed around him, and for that he was grateful, because his knees barely held him up even with the master's help.

"Where will we go?" *Mayce* asked.

"I'm sending you to *Nail's* home in Brooklyn. You will be safe there from our betrayers. However, you will be expected to continue your work. I will handle reassigning the tascing for other locations to allow your unit to regroup, and hunt for *Flayvor*." *Pahele's* hand tightened and the sensation of being pushed through the realms washed over Sayvor in a tide of dizzy motion. Even as his master's grip faded, his voice whispered into Sayvor's mind, "We will not abandon your brother. He will be returned to you."

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Master Pahele's strength disappeared, and with it, all of Sayvor's willpower. He sagged and would have fallen if not for the strength of his comrades.

## Chapter One

Bryck stared down at Sayvor and knew the Synn demon wasn't going to make it. Already his mind chased the shadows, searching for the lost connection to his twin.

*Damn the soul madness.*

Why did it have to be like this? Always the Anom'tan walked on the dangerous edge that all too often led to insanity and death. Only the bonds of a mate or twin held back the nightmare. Yet every one of them had volunteered for the duty, offering to walk under the sun and complete the tascs the night-working Tascryn would otherwise miss.

Each had ritualistically reclaimed their souls to allow them to walk under the sun without being burned alive. The blessing was also a great burden. The very act of tascing a mortal soul put the demon's soul in jeopardy. The balance wore heavily on each one of them, but it was bearable as long as they had an anchor.

With the twins separated, they were both without anchors and within days could be overcome by the madness. Tascing mortal souls was out of the question, yet Sayvor would still need to find strength through sex.

Not that it would matter if they couldn't find Flayvor. Bryck shook his head. The twins were his responsibility. It was his duty to protect them, and he'd failed.

Sayvor's eyes blinked open. His blurry gaze met Bryck's and cleared quickly with a frantic rush.

"I need to know more about the attack, so I can track the ones who took your brother." Bryck knelt beside Sayvor, pressing his body close to help the Synn focus. He'd led them long enough to know how important

touch was to the Synn. "Can you remember anything? A face. Maybe a name?"

Sayvor's expression crumbled. He moaned, "No, I don't remember." The Synn's voice barely rose above a whisper.

"Do you remember where the attack happened?" Sayvor shook his head mutely. Bryck hated to push but he needed to know the truth. "Do you remember where you'd come from or where you were going?"

Sayvor shook his head again. Then all at once, he was sobbing into his hands.

It was just as Mayce said. Sayvor had blocked out the entire attack. Even what he'd known before was gone.

Bryck stepped back to the doorway of their strange new home. He had an idea. It probably wouldn't work, but maybe when Sayvor was back to full strength the Synn could be helped to remember.

"Doctor Washington, are you ready to see him?" He spoke quietly to the woman sitting on one of their mismatched sofas. Her navy pants suit was proper and professional, yet it clung nicely to her body and showed off her pleasing, trim lines.

Sasha Washington stood, using all her self control to not reach up and fuss with her black hair. It was a nervous gesture, but she couldn't help her reaction to these people. They were entirely too beautiful to be human. They set off her radar like a nuclear waste dump.

She just didn't know what they were.

"Yes, I'm ready." She paused next to the huge man. "You never said what exactly is wrong with your friend." Nor had the man said how they were connected or why she was the one to whom he'd come for help.

Mr. Bryck shook his head and waved her into the room.

She entered what must have once been the former warehouse's office space but was now a combination bedroom and hospital ward. At first she didn't see her patient. The bed was rumpled and the room was sparse, at best. Someone had hung a poster of a sunrise on one wall.

Then she saw the window with its heavy iron bars and steel mesh, and she went still. Good Lord, was the man dangerous? What had she agreed to?

She stepped backward until her hip met the thick door. Fear crawled up her spine. Mr. Bryck had closed her in the room!

Her hand rose to bang on the door, but froze at the quiet whimper coming from the bed.

She had to at least speak with the man. Surely she wasn't so cowardly that she would run before she even met him. It wasn't as if Mr. Bryck could contact anyone else for help. She was the only practicing clinical Paranormal Psychologist in the whole region. She already knew these people were not human. She had to help them if she could.

"Hello." She edged closer to the bed. "Mr. Bryck didn't tell me your name." The bed covers shifted and a quiet moan emerged from beneath them. She made it to the side of the bed and looked down anxiously, searching for the man she was supposed to help. "My name is Doctor Sasha Washington. Your friend thinks I may be able to help you."

The man was completely covered. She couldn't even see his face. But by the sound of his panting breath, she could guess at his position.

With one hand, she carefully drew back the blankets to reveal thick, tangled, brown hair. When he didn't object to being uncovered, she pulled the blanket back further.

His face...he was so pale. The man's white skin glistened. It was almost bluish, with pale smudges of tan. He looked fragile and ill, but behind that terrifying exterior was a stark beauty so breathtaking she thought for a moment he must be an angel.

Then his shadowy eyes opened, and she saw the madness lurking in their dark brown depths, ready to claim him. He bit down on his lip and pinched his eyelids closed.

She couldn't help but stroke her hand down his smooth cheek. What could she do for this man? Most of her work was to analyze nonhumans just as regular shrinks worked with people. She didn't work with physical injuries or illnesses.

The door opened.

"His body is not badly hurt." A petite, young girl crossed to the bed, crawled up beside the ill man, and wrapped her arms around him. "He fails with fear and grief." Her high pitched voice matched a body that looked to be no more than ten years old, but her words and the expression in her eyes were so much older.

"I don't know if I can help him."

"You can." The girl nodded. "We just don't know how much."

As much as she was intrigued by the girl and curious about her origins, Sasha forced herself to focus on the man who was now her patient. "How was he hurt? What happened to him?"

"Sayvor and his brother were attacked. The betrayers took his twin. Sayvor is now without an anchor, which keeps him from tascing. Without the act of tascing, he weakens. Now he isn't strong enough to fight his own grief."

"What is tascing?"

"It is what we do. We tasc mortal souls, helping them find the path back to the Creator."

*What we do.* So the little girl was a demon. But what kind of demon looked like a child? She frowned. "And you're saying that if he did this work, he would become stronger?"

"Sayvor is a Synn demon. He grows strong through sexual pleasure. He tascs souls with seduction." The girl appeared too young to be talking about such things, but she continued, "He doesn't know how to love without a tasc. But that is what he needs if he is to survive long enough for Bryck to save his twin and return his anchor."

"I think I understand. Why is the anchor important besides the fact that this other demon is his brother?"

"Without an anchor, Sayvor will tasc his own soul. His twin, Flayvor, is who holds his soul and keeps him from being lost."

"How do you know so much?"

"I am the same as all the Anom'tan. My mate, Dyce, is my anchor, and I am his. As long as we have each other, we can dance through dreams and guide mortals without risk. Without an anchor, we become lost in those dreams and are put at risk by our own Tascryn skills."

"I take it that you are nowhere near as young as you look? I don't know your name but you must realize that you look like a human child."

The little demon sighed. "I am so sorry I skipped the introduction. We're all worried about Sayvor." She held out a petite hand to Sasha. "I am called Wyk. I am a Tascryn Dream demon, an Akyrn, and have been tascing mortal souls for over five thousand years." After a short handshake, Wyk released her hand and returned to Sayvor.

Sasha considered all she'd learned while the little demon hugged and caressed the patient. She'd heard of Tascryn demons before, but had

never met one until now. How could she help this one? "I want to help, but I don't even know where to start."

"You must have sex with him," the little girl said.

## Chapter Two

"Wait a minute." Sasha's imagination brought the thought to life within her body, and she gaped at the girl. "Did you say I have to have sex with him?"

"Yes, it's the only way. If Sayvor doesn't have sexual release soon, the madness will take him and he will have to be tased. If we lose him, then his twin will be impossible to save."

"Why me?"

"Because you are a doctor. Bryck says you will be able to help him recover his memories once he is stronger." A boy who appeared the same age as Wyk slipped in the door and leaned against the frame. "I'm Dyce. We chose you because Sayvor needs to be with someone he trusts. Nothing builds trust like saving his life with sex."

"Why can't one of you help him?"

"Because Akyrn don't have the same kind of energy." Dyce frowned. "Sayvor would not find relief with either me or Wyk. The Cyvampis would have to take his blood, and that would weaken him as much as the sex might help. The Synn cannot provide Sayvor with energy without feeding their own. And Bryck would kill him."

"Oh." She didn't understand all of what the boy...err, Akyrn, said, but she understood his deep belief that this was their only option. That left her having sex with a nonhuman, something she had never done. The thought of having sex with this stranger was more than a little odd, and yet...how could she walk away knowing she might have saved him? Knowing that her leaving might result in the death of such a beautiful man?

"You said that the Synn use sex to release mortal souls. How can anyone help him without being killed?" Sasha hated the thought of walking away from someone in need, but there was simply no way she'd offer herself as a sacrifice.

Wyk smiled sadly. "Bryck has bound his ability to tasc. We were afraid he would *Dae'nom*, suicide.

The gleam of tears in Wyk's eyes held an infinite sadness. Sasha couldn't help but feel for Sayvor's friends, who were all suffering with him. She was glad to know she wouldn't be at risk of losing her soul if she did help him, but she had trouble imagining she'd be able to do any good. She looked down at Sayvor, who lay curled on his side. They wanted her to have sex with him, but he was too ill for anything so physical.

"How can he?" she asked. "He's so weak."

The girl walked over to Dyce and fell into his embrace. How odd to see the two children act so adult, as if they were long time lovers. She shook her head. *No. They aren't children.* She had to remember they were demons, not human beings, no matter how much they seemed so. Wyk at least had been around since the Pyramids were built. Sasha struggled to wrap her mind around the concept.

Dyce wiped tears from the girl's eyes and then spoke quietly, "He will need you to lead at least for the first time. Spyce tells me it may be difficult for you to become aroused while Sayvor is so ill. She's offered to share her and Mayce's pheromones to help you begin."

"I don't understand."

He stroked his fingers over Wyk's short curly hair. "It doesn't matter. All you need is to be willing to help Sayvor recover. Once you agree, you must trust us to handle the rest."

Could she do that? Could she trust these complete strangers to control the situation and make it safe? Her body jumped in excitement at the idea of walking on the edge. Even if she wasn't sure, her body thought the idea was wonderful.

What about Sayvor? He shook all over beneath the blankets. A fine sheen of sweat made his skin glisten. How would he survive? She bit her lip and considered walking away. Yet if this would save his life, how could she refuse?

There was only one acceptable choice. She straightened her back. "I'll do it."

Almost before the words left her mouth, the tension broke—as if every occupant in the building let out a simultaneous sigh of relief. Dyce and Wyk clung together and sobbed. Several other people moved into the room.

“I’m Spyce,” a young Goth woman said, pulling Sasha into a hug. Her black leather halter top covered very little, just as her leather and fish net pants revealed more than they hid. “Thank you so much for agreeing to do this.”

Bryck stepped forward, and the others quieted. “When Sayvor is well enough, I need to question him about the attack. Sayvor is our only link, our only hope of ever finding his twin.” He turned to Spyce and the man to whom she now clung. “There is no time to waste.” Then Bryck, the children, and two other men left the room.

“Now what?” Sasha stared in horror as Spyce, and the man morphed into demons. Although they were in no way human, they were still beautiful. Their beauty, love, and lust rolled outward in irresistible waves.

Arousal slapped Sasha hard and crawled over her skin with surprising intensity. In a single breath, she went from being an in control professional to a heaving mass of feminine need. She cupped her breasts in wonder. Had they ever peaked this hard and fast before? Her hard nipples poked outward as if they might tear through the fabric of her bra and blouse.

She wasn’t virginal by any stretch of the imagination, but she had never felt arousal race through her body in such a desperate wave.

With a crash, Mayce pushed Spyce against the wall and savagely covered her mouth with his. His transformation from stillness to a man burning with wild energy brought him into sharp focus and defined him as a harshly erotic man. His wings lifted behind him, revealing his long, mostly nude body and framing how it jumped against Spyce.

With his pants still on, she knew they were not actually making love, but the sight of him hard against Spyce was sexy as hell. With a rip of cloth, Mayce savagely tore off the woman’s top. His mouth never left hers.

Sasha wanted that. What was it like to be devoured by such a dominant man? She reached out, stroking her hand up Spyce’s leg, which was wrapped around Mayce, and sliding up and down.

Mayce turned on her, grabbing Sasha and lifting her against the wall as he devoured her lips. His thick thighs rammed his hips between her pants-covered legs.

Oh God. He was huge and hard. She wanted that thick cock inside of her. Nothing else mattered.

All at once, she was back on the floor. Her liquid knees refused to support her. But it didn't matter. Spyce was right behind her, pressed against her back, sliding long fingered hands down her body.

Mayce kissed and kissed her, licking and teasing her mouth, while Spyce's hands roamed Sasha's body, unfastening buttons and removing her clothes, until nothing but skin and air touched her flesh.

Warm breath blew at her neck...Spyce. Her lips brushed over the skin now laid bare. Mayce drew back, but only to tug Sasha's hair free of its demure bun. Once her black hair tumbled in loose curls around her face, he buried his face in her hair.

Then Mayce and Spyce kissed above Sasha. Their passion rose another notch, taking her with them. She was between them, yet as their bodies writhed it was as if Mayce could fuck them both at once, fuck Spyce right through Sasha.

One moment she was crushed between the two demons, then the next she was facing the bed. The blankets were gone and Sayvor lay exposed to her gaze. His molten eyes met hers, and she was lost in his amazing body, which was stretched out before her in long, lean, naked lines. Damn, he was pretty.

"Sayvor... is that more than a name?" She whispered. "I do plan to *savor* you tonight." She shivered as the wicked image crawled through her mind. It wasn't her own, but instilled a need deep within her.

One of Sayvor's hands was tucked under his head as a makeshift pillow, and the other stroked his thick erection. Sick or not, he was as turned on as she was.

The sight of his hand slowly riding up and down his cock drew her closer. She eased one knee up on the bed beside him, enjoying the moment when her focus was on him but her body was still touching and being touched by the other two demons. Then they broke apart from her, their bodies swaying together, while each one brushed a hand over Sasha's flesh.

Mayce's hand cupped her rear, urging her forward, while Spyce's lips ran down her shoulder. Neither of the demons touched Sayvor.

He was hers, and hers alone.

She ran her fingertips up his long calves, stroking over his thighs and enjoying the moment when his cock twitched for the first time because of her touch.

He looked so damn delicious, as if he'd been waiting just for her. She knelt between his thighs, finally sliding her hands up to stroke his engorged cock.

Sayvor wasn't so much sick as he was in need. He needed her, and she knew what he had to have.

The moment her lips came around him, pleasure washed over her. Was it his? Hers? Or did all that sensation belong to the two lovers kneeling beside her?

She dipped forward, devouring Sayvor one thick inch at a time, and felt Mayce move behind her. She didn't know where Spyce had gone, but Mayce cupped her breasts with both palms and pressed closer against her back. His naked erection slid through the furrow of her cheeks, then withdrew to rub between her wet folds.

Sayvor arched underneath her, as if begging for the focus of her attention to return to his body. She couldn't blame him. With her lips wrapped around him, she should remember what she was doing. She drew back enough to lick him, and gently nibbled her way down his length. Then she slid her hands up his silken cock to take over where her mouth had abandoned and let her lips, teeth, and tongue dance over his tightly drawn balls, nipping at his skin and licking them all over.

Sayvor's fingers sank into her hair and encouraged her to take his cock in her mouth once more. So he liked her to suck? She could suck. She drew him deep into her throat, sucking him down as far as she could, and at the moment she could take no more...that was the exact heartbeat when Mayce thrust deep into her pussy.

His cock drove her over Sayvor so deeply that she gagged until she found a rhythm that worked for them all. Each thrust of Mayce's cock was countered by Sayvor's motion underneath her.

Mayce gripped her hips, while Sayvor controlled her head. Together, they took all her choices away – and yet, in that moment, she knew this was what she wanted. Both of them.

Sayvor's motion grew more uneven as she dipped and rose over him, devouring him like a last meal. She savored his taste. Every motion and reaction he made rocketed through her, driving her past pleasure to that beaconing place, which would soon turn to pain if it didn't break. Mayce rode her hard, so deep and full, but she reached a plateau where the pleasure rolled back and forth, but not forward.

She needed something more, something that would throw them past pleasure. She cupped Sayvor's balls and caressed his heavy flesh, scraping him with her fingernails until he writhed under her. His fingers tightened in her hair, gripping her painfully.

Then all at once, another pair of hands joined them. Spyce stroked where Mayce fucked Sasha, her fingers caressing both his cock and her pussy, dipping between them to rub Sasha's clit with a precision that shattered them all.

Sasha exploded in an orgasm that was no gentle tumble of pleasure, but TNT by the busload. She broke under Mayce while he plunged deep and erupted into her. She spasmed over Sayvor, bringing him with her into oblivion.

Still quaking, she swallowed Sayvor's pleasure, and her eyes rolled upward. He glowed with an awesome inner light. He was beyond beautiful. She had yet to hear his voice or kiss his lips, and already he was the most beautiful creature she'd ever seen.

### Chapter Three

She fell over Sayvor, relishing their shared feeling of satisfaction. His chest rose and fell under her cheek and his hands smoothed down her back.

"How do you feel?" She tilted her head up to meet his contented gaze.

He widened his lips in a lazy smile. "Better. Thank you." Sayvor had a beautiful voice. Not too deep, not too soft, just filled with masculine energy. His palm cupped her jaw and his thumb rubbed over her lower lip.

For just a second, they were alone in the world.

Then Mayce reached over and caught Sayvor's free hand. "Sayvor, do you remember the attack?"

A tremor vibrated through Sayvor's body.

Why did Mayce have to ask that so suddenly? Why couldn't he have allowed Sayvor to forget for a few minutes longer? Sasha didn't like Mayce's interference, but she knew why he'd done it. Sayvor's life depended on those buried memories. They had to reveal some clue to help them find his brother, or he and his twin would both be lost. She'd seen the agony and burden of responsibility of it on Bryck's face. This group would never be the same if they lost either brother. They would be completely destroyed if they lost both.

"It's going to be all right, Sayvor. Just tell me what you remember." Mayce sank onto the bed beside them. He was still in his demonic form, but had redressed in a pair of worn blue jeans. The clothing looked out of place against his marbled red skin, especially since

he'd left the jeans unbuttoned and hanging low on his hips to allow for his long, whip-like tail.

How had she let him make love to her? He wasn't human. With his long leathery, wings and short coiled horns, he looked like the kind of creature which haunted the nightmares of normal people. But she wasn't normal. She'd known about the monsters all her life. Ever since her uncle had come home as a vampire. Mayce's appearance might be strange, but she was able to see past his inhuman looks to the man fighting hard to save a friend.

Sayvor continued to tremble. He bit down on his lower lip. Then he seemed to shake free of the fear, licking at his lip and sucking off the bead of blood. "I don't remember anything."

"You and Flayvor were walking back to base, and there was an attack. Do you remember that?"

"No, I see shadows, and then there is nothing but pain. I think someone hit me in the head, but how could anyone hit me that hard? Who would do this?" Sayvor's hand tightened on Sasha's shoulder.

His fingers bit into her flesh hard enough that she was sure she would be bruised, but she swallowed the complaint. The tiny pain was nothing compared to what he had suffered.

Sayvor's voice dropped to a whisper of raw emotion. "I don't remember...why don't I?"

Sasha couldn't take any more. "He doesn't know yet, but it may take some time. I'll talk with him. Maybe his memories will return as he gets stronger." Sasha squeezed Sayvor's arm in reassurance. If there were memories of the attack trapped inside the demon's ravaged mind, they would find them together.

"Come on, Mayce," Spyce said. "The doctor needs more time." She touched Mayce's shoulder, then retreated to the doorway.

Mayce gave Sasha a look filled with desperation. "You know how to help him grow strong." His voice was quiet, as if he worried what Sayvor might think of his words.

Sasha met his eyes. Didn't he know that Sayvor was trapped in his own hell? He wouldn't hear anything right now. "I know," she said. "I will take care of him."

"Of course you will." Mayce rose and strode from the room, closing the door behind him and Spyce.

The room shrank. Or rather, the importance of Sasha being alone with Sayvor increased. She was naked with a sex demon. A glance at her watch told her that only two hours had passed since she'd arrived for her private consultation with Bryck. It was ridiculous that so little time had gone by when so much had changed.

Sayvor threw one arm over his face and drew up the blanket, but it only covered one thigh. The rest of him was naked to her gaze. Damn, the man's beauty took her breath away.

No, he wasn't a man. Sayvor was a demon, and more importantly, he was her patient. Yet how was she going to help him...besides having sex with him?

She was, as far as she knew, the only clinical Paranormal Psychologist in the United States, maybe even the world. Her profession had started off as a joke between her and Uncle Jordan, but not long after she received her doctorate in psychology, she realized that the "others" of the world really did need her.

The strangest part of her job was the need to see her clients the way she saw everyone else, and yet also in a very different way. In her eyes, they had the right to lead happy, healthy, productive lives, with the ability to get help whenever it was needed – without being judged by human standards. Many times, they couldn't be treated the same way as the average human.

Sayvor wasn't human and for him, therapy would involve sex as well as talking about his problems.

His arm fell back to the bed. "Thank you for trying to help."

"Not just trying." She moved closer to him, petting his chest to offer him comfort. "Together, we'll get through this and find the key that unlocks your memories."

"How will we do this?"

"That depends on how you feel." So...he wanted to see her professional side. Maybe she should put on some clothes. Actually, it seemed silly to put her suit back on when they'd likely be having more sex. Sayvor was still pale, nowhere near as filled with health as the others had seemed. She settled for pulling on a long satin robe hanging beside the bed.

He watched her with serious eyes and finally answered her question. "I feel like shit that's been flushed about eight times."

Any other day she would have smiled at his metaphor, but this time she let it go and focused on the method she hoped would help him. "I'd like to hypnotize you. Except to break through to reach those memories, you will have to be strong enough to work with me and not fight my suggestions."

"I'm a lover, not a fighter."

"Really?" This time, she did smile. Of all the things she sensed deep within Sayvor, violence was not one of them. "Can you tell me about what you do?"

"Do you mean, as a Synn demon?" His eyebrow rose in question. She nodded, and he continued, "I seduce people. I use sex to convince them that death, which is coming fast on my heels, will be a joyous thing. I leave my tascos so satisfied, they don't struggle against destiny." He reached out, catching one of her black curls between his fingers. "Never mind going quietly. After a Synn visit, they run willingly into that dark night."

"I see." She swallowed. "Who was the last tasc you were assigned?"

"Nobody unusual. Just a woman destined to die soon. Since she's on night shift, I was assigned."

"Why does night shift matter?"

"Because those in the Anom'tan units are day walkers. Unlike other Tascryn demons, we carry our souls and are able to walk in sunlight."

"I'm not sure I understand." She was beginning to get it, but wanted to keep him talking.

He met her eyes. "Tascryn demons don't usually carry their souls. The act of tascing a mortal would release our own soul as well, so the Master keeps our souls safe in the Hall of Souls."

"But not yours?"

"Those of us with an anchor can carry our souls and still do our jobs. My twin, Flayvor, is my anchor."

"So all the demons in your unit have anchors?"

"Everyone but Bryck. Dyce and Wyk are mated Akryn, dream demons. Spyce and Mayce are mated Synn demons. Rayce and Chayse are twin Cyvampis, blood demons."

"How does Bryck complete tascos without an anchor?"

Sayvor's gaze dipped. "He is strong, even for a Cyvampis."

What wasn't he saying? Something about Bryck was different and more powerful than the others. Being strong might be why he was in charge, but she'd learned a long time ago that anyone who wasn't living by the same rules as his or her peers had problems, either because of their differences or their secrets.

"Can we attempt the hypnosis now?" Sayvor asked with an edge of desperation.

Sasha wanted to say no, that he wasn't strong enough, yet she understood his need to do something even if it failed. She felt the same way. "Okay, we can start."

She moved to sit cross legged in front of him on the bed. They were not in a professional setting, which was good because most professionals frowned on the use of hypnosis during this kind of therapy.

"Hypnosis is one of the least reliable means of recovering or sharpening memories," she said. "I will do all I can to minimize my affect on your responses, but there is still a high probability of transference."

She guided him to sit facing her, shocked at how much his body had cooled since they'd had sex. Was he already weakening?

He nodded. "I will try anything to save my brother."

"I want you to relax and listen to my voice." Sasha unclasped the blood-red teardrop pendant her uncle had given her. It would work as well as anything as a visual target. She dangled the pendant at the end of its chain, setting it in motion with a dip of her wrist. "Watch the motion of the Blood Tear. Watch it swing back and forth, back and forth." She began with the usual focal point hypnosis method of regression, letting her voice carry the pattern, smooth out the resistance, and lull Sayvor into a trance.

It took longer than usual for her to put him under, but then...she'd never worked with a demon before. He might be naturally resistant. Once she had Sayvor relaxed and responsive, she began to regress him to the point of the attack.

"Sayvor, you and your brother were attacked three days ago. Do you remember that day?"

"We were attacked." His voice rose with every word.

She took a moment to deepen his trance. Once he had again relaxed, she moved forward. "Do you remember who was with you?"

"Flayvor was with me." This time his voice remained even, but his hands came together in his lap and clasped each other lightly.

"Where were you and Flayvor?"

"On a tasc, in Mitgard."

By Mitgard, Sasha knew he meant Mortal Earth. Norse mythology used the term that way. "Where was your tasc, specifically? Do you remember the location?"

"New York City. That is our primary territory."

"Before the attack, you were going somewhere. Where were you going?"

"We were going to the Anom'tan compound in Niflheim." Sayvor stopped for a moment, then continued in more detail without prompting. "We stopped at the Red Dragon restaurant, Flayvor's favorite place to eat in New York."

"On your way back, you were attacked. Did the assault take place in front of the restaurant?" She wished there were another way to confirm the information without leading him, but Sayvor just didn't have that kind of time.

"Yes." Sayvor's face tightened. "We had just eaten."

"I want you to think back to that time. Did you see any of your attackers?"

"No...maybe. I don't know."

"Maybe you saw the attackers. I want you to think about what happened. Do you remember what species they were?" Pushing him was wrong. Her instincts cried that he wasn't ready to face his memories.

"No, I—" Sayvor began to shake. "I couldn't see. They attacked us from behind."

"That must have been very confusing. Did you hear or smell anything?" Sasha's throat tightened with the need to stop the questions and just comfort the man who was hurting so badly.

"Feet. I heard running feet. And voices—but I couldn't make them out."

"What about smells?" If she could get him to identify a particular scent from the assault, she might be able to help him sharpen his memories.

He drew in his breath, as if to draw in the same odors he'd noticed during the attack. Even under hypnosis, his head tilted with a puzzled expression. "I smell the scents of both demon and human."

"Could you tell how many demons? How many humans?"

"No, maybe more than one demon."

"You said you heard voices. Could you tell if they were demonic? Or were they human?"

"I don't remember."

"That's okay." She soothed him, then pushed a little more. "Were they male or female?"

"I don't know."

He was done, at least for this round. She knew it from the sag of his shoulders and the quiver in his voice that she would get no more out of him. So she used reverse regression to draw him out of the hypnosis.

Within minutes, Sayvor stared at her with awareness. "We didn't find out anything, did we?" Before she could answer his gaze jumped over her shoulder toward the doorway.

Bryck stood there, but Sasha didn't know how much he'd heard. He strode into the room. "You gave us a few more clues to work with, Sayvor, and I will examine those leads immediately."

"All right." Sayvor's lips shifted upward, but never quite curved into the smile he must have been trying to form. "Just don't get hurt when you shake up the other demons."

"You know me. I'm hard to hurt." Bryck shrugged. "But if anyone can get the bastards to talk, you know I can."

Before Sasha or Sayvor could respond, Bryck faded away, disappearing before their eyes.

"Where did he go?" she asked.

Sayvor's hand found hers. "He returned to Niflheim. He intends to beat answers out of some of the less honorable demons."

"Oh." She met his eyes. "What did he mean by saying that you know he can get answers? Isn't he a demon like you?"

"Yes, but Bryck is different. You've met the dream demons, Wyk and Dyce. I'm a Synn demon. The next level up in the power hierarchy is Cyvampis demons, like Rayce and Chayse."

"They're blood demons right? Isn't that the highest level?"

"Yes, they're blood demons. But it isn't the highest level—it's the highest one that usually works with humans." Sayvor moved closer to Sasha and began stroking his hands over her arms. "There are two higher levels, Daelyn, who are death demons, and Royal demons, who rule over all of us."

"What is Bryck?"

"His father is a death demon, but they don't elevate demons to that level. Bryck is considered Cyvampis, but is much more dangerous."

"What are you doing?" Sasha drew in her breath as Sayvor's hands slowed and took on a more urgent need than just random roaming. She knew what he was doing and what he wanted.

His fingers skimmed up her ribs, caressing the tender sides of her breasts. "You know what I am doing," he said. "And you know why. Unless you object, I intend to fuck you wildly until you are too weak to move," His voice dropped to a whisper, "and I am strong enough to remember."

## Chapter Four

Sasha forgot to breathe.

Damn the man. His voice tickled through her, arousing places he had yet to touch. With voice alone, Sayvor made her hot and wet. His hands wandering lightly over her body seemed almost excessive. And this was when he was ill with grief. When he was at full strength, would he make her come with just his voice? She wouldn't doubt it.

"So...do you object?" His hands stilled as if he were giving her a chance to choose.

How could she object to amazing sex that would just happen to maybe save his life? She didn't bother to answer him with words. Instead, she leaned forward and claimed his mouth in a deep, searing kiss. After the first plunge of her tongue, Sayvor returned her kiss just as fiercely.

On and on they sparred. Without breaking the kiss, he dragged her body against his hard chest. She wrapped her legs around his waist and settled into his lap, framed by his powerful thighs.

He devoured her, taking turns plunging his tongue into her mouth in a tantalizing imitation of sex and sucking her tongue into his. The satin robe tore under his demanding fingers. He ripped it down the back and peeled it off her body.

The fabric caught on her hands and he twisted it, holding her captive. She moaned at the restraint. Like when he'd controlled her mouth as she'd blown him, binding her hands just did it for her. She ground her hips against his thick hard-on and used her body to beg for more.

He freed her lips and in a single motion, flipped her body over so she lay on her back with him above her. His heavy weight pinned her, and she was helpless with her hands bound beneath her. The position lifted

her hips, holding them together with nothing between them but one corner of the blanket.

It melted away.

Sayvor rolled his hips, spread her legs, and thrust into her wet sex, going full and deep in one swift motion. He slammed forward until their hips met. She had no time to adjust or build toward the moment. His cock filled her to the brink and the orgasm hit her like an earthquake. One moment she was aroused, and the next she was shattering into a million pieces.

Never before had she come so hard or so fast.

Finally she remembered how to breathe, and she had a sneaking suspicion that Sayvor was nowhere near done with her. The first clue was that his cock was still rock hard and buried deep inside her. The second was the power tumbling around him like he was the center of a tornado. No, not a tornado. As wet as she was, he would be a category five hurricane.

He leaned forward until his words blew over her tingling earlobe. "I want to shift."

She had no idea what he meant, but he clearly wanted permission for something. So she gave it. "Then shift," she said, her body trembling. "I don't care what you do, so long as you keep fucking me."

His hips rolled, drawing out his cock, but only so he could slam back into her body.

Then he shifted.

She'd thought Sayvor was in his demonic form. After all, how many humans had golden brown marbling over their flesh? Yet now his body danced with the coloration, which came alive with a motion of its own. The pattern moved over his chest and shoulders and wings. At least, she assumed they were wings. They looked more like chocolate silk, delicate membranes that rose behind him, blocking out the room.

"Hmm...I like you at my mercy." His hips rolled again, this time for a series of more shallow thrusts, although even the more moderate motion rocked her body with wave after wave of pleasure.

His hands moved to her bound wrists and he tore the robe away, far enough for him to untie her hands and move them above her head, where he bound them to the bed's old iron rails.

He certainly knew how to multitask. His hips never broke their rhythm, and she was too absorbed in the next rising orgasm to do more than notice her new position until he had her rebound.

The moment she was tied, he rolled back and pulled free of her body. His sudden absence left her gasping and writhing in need.

"Please..."

"Please what?"

"Fuck me, dammit!" she screamed.

He lifted her legs, pinning them together by the ankles against his right shoulder. Then his cock was back, shoving deep into her body, forcing its way so far in, she screamed again at the pleasure-pain of his invasion. With her bent in half and completely at his mercy, he did as she asked.

He fucked her.

*Hard.*

Sayvior rode her until she cried out with release, then took even more. After her second orgasm he leaned forward, taking her legs with him while he licked and sucked at her breasts. His attention was paired with more languid sex, and the reprieve gave her time to catch her breath and avoid passing out.

No sooner had she adjusted to the new pace, than he changed the speed again. This time to a peculiar three beat motion that took her back to the brink in moments.

Two short thrusts, then a long deep one. Over and over again, until she felt him trembling with the effort to hold to the beat.

"I want you to come with me," she cried. Not that she minded his restraint. Dear God, the man had skill. No, not man. He was a sex demon. Of course he was talented in the bedroom. She shouldn't have been surprised, and maybe she wasn't. It was more because he gave and gave and didn't seem worried about his own pleasure.

"This time, fuck me for you," she said.

His rhythm faltered. Then he slammed home again and picked it up once more, only now the pace was deeper. What had been fast and shallow was now fast and deep, and what had been slow and deep was now driving and overwhelming enough to border on painful.

The motion hadn't changed. He had.

A glance down at where they were joined showed her the difference. He had grown huge. His cock was now longer, thicker, and carved with ridges.

The change was so abrupt she should have been scared, but she wasn't. His new size was uncomfortable, but it was also so perfect she knew she'd never ask him to stop. Each thrust stretched and filled her. Every inch left her begging for more.

On and on they slammed together until with a roar of satisfaction, Sayvor threw them both headlong into an earth-shattering orgasm. Hers was so bright and hot that she was left with white light explosions while her body clenched around his buried cock.

"Damn." Sayvor muttered as he sagged over her. He drew back enough to roll to her side. "You're amazing." He reached up and untied the remains of the robe, releasing her hands and massaging her reddened wrists.

"Me?" She gaped at him. He was nuts. Who on earth wouldn't be happy to have him as a lover? He was amazing. She ran her hand up his side, reaching for his long brown hair, which had grown more luxurious as the night progressed. "How does your hair get prettier when I know you've done no more than run your fingers through it?"

"Sex makes everything better, and good sex is better still."

## Chapter Five

"Do we have good sex?" Sasha asked with a laugh. "I would say so, but —"

"Did you not just hear me gasping for breath?" Sayvor sat upright and tugged her up to sit in front of him. "Any girl who can leave a Synn demon panting to keep up has no need to doubt her abilities."

"You say the nicest things."

"Only so I can use your body to fulfill my sexual needs." His hands slid slowly down her arms, sending tingles of pleasure dancing over her skin. When he reached her hands, he tangled his fingers with hers. "We need to try again."

"Are you up to it?" she asked.

"I have to be. Just asking questions isn't going to help. Can we try hypnosis again? Will it work more than once?"

"Yes, we can. It should work at least as well as it did before, maybe even better. Sometimes, a history of hypnosis helps a person go deeper in subsequent sessions."

"Should I shift back?"

"No." Strange, she'd forgotten about his demonic form. He was just Sayvor, and for him the marbled skin and delicate wings were natural.

"You don't have to shift for my benefit. It shouldn't affect the hypnosis."

His fingers tightened over hers.

"I shouldn't need the pendant this time. Just close your eyes and listen to my voice." She walked him back into the relaxation of the hypnotic trance. His regression was normal and Sayvor seemed more receptive to the treatment.

Once he had reached the right depth, she began to question him.

"Sayvor, can you tell me about the day of the attack?"

"Yes." This time the question didn't raise his anxiety level at all.

She was glad. Better to begin with what they already knew.

"Where were you when you were attacked?"

"On the street in front of the Red Dragon restaurant."

"What does that place look like?"

"It has tables outside. The street is for walking, not driving. The Red Dragon is one of Flayvor's favorite places to eat because of their egg rolls and the setting."

"Who was with you?"

"Flayvor."

*So far, so good.* She pushed deeper into the memories. "Think about that day, and picture yourself standing in front of the restaurant. Were there any other people on the street?"

"A couple was walking at the end of the block, and a waitress outside, cleaning tables."

"Did you know the couple or the waitress?"

"The man and woman I saw were strangers, but Flayvor knows the waitress."

Sasha nearly jumped with excitement. This was a new memory and proof that they were having at least some success. The importance of Sasha's current questions made her hesitate and take a second to be sure her voice was level before continuing. "Do you remember the name of the waitress?"

"It was..." His lips pulled down in a frown. "Flayvor told me, but I don't remember."

*Damn.* A name would have been too easy. Still, if he could remember enough details to enable Bryck or the others to track down the woman, then it would help. "Can you describe her to me? What color was her hair? How old is she?"

"I don't know her age. She was pretty. Flayvor said she was pretty, but I can't see her face now. Is she with him?" His final words trembled out as Sayvor began wringing his hands nervously.

Sasha paused, locking her body in place to keep from reaching out to Sayvor. Much as she wanted to comfort him, to do so might break him from the trance. "Can you tell me about the tables in the restaurant? Was she cleaning them when you saw her?"

"Yes... no, I don't remember." He shook his head as if the memory caused him pain, and she figured that in a way it did.

Should she keep questioning him, or was he done for this session? If she continued, which direction should she push for information?

Sayvor took the choice from her, by pulling free of his trance without her help. His eyes cleared but were covered with the sheen of tears. "It wasn't enough, was it?"

"We'll keep trying." She caught one of his hands in hers. "We learned more information this time."

"What if we don't get enough?"

"We will." But first she needed to share the results she'd gotten with Bryck, and take a quick bathroom break. "I need to go speak with Bryck, but I'll be right back."

"I'll go with you. For the first time in three days, I think I could go for some food." Sayvor stood, and with a wave of his hand shifted and clothed himself in jeans and a chocolate colored T-shirt. "Do you want me to bring some back for you?"

"Food would be good." It took her longer to dress than it did him, and by the time she made it to the door, one of the men she'd seen earlier stopped her. His dark blond hair and icy blue eyes drilled into her.

"I'm Rayce. Sayvor said you have some information for us," he spoke in a smooth drawl that covered a low growl.

Which was he? Not a Synn. He was Cyvampis, a blood demon. She blinked. "Sayvor remembered a little more, but I think the next session will be the most successful." She shared what she'd learned about the waitress and the restaurant. "Do you think that will help?"

"Yes. Chayse and I will head over there right away."

"I thought Bryck was the one who would go." She hoped he would, anyway. Bryck seemed so capable, as if nothing could stop him from finding the answers Sayvor needed. "Isn't that his job?"

"Bryck is busy. We don't have time to waste, so my brother and I will go." Rayce's lips raised in what might have been mistaken for a smile if not for his menacing show of fang. "We will not risk making any mistakes."

She swallowed past a lump of fear. Fangs...thank goodness Sayvor didn't have any. She might be into a nibble here and a nibble there, but being the main course just didn't have any sexual appeal. Even if Rayce

was hot in his shit-kickers, black jeans, and leather jacket. He was the wrong kind of sexy for her.

"Trust us. We'll take care of it." Rayce turned away and paused next to a staircase Sasha hadn't noticed before. "Chayse, get your ass down here. We have work to do."

Even before the words were out of his mouth, another demon materialized at his left shoulder. "I'm ready." He shifted from demonic form into that of a handsome blond man in tennis shoes, blue jeans, and a green silk button-down shirt. His blond hair hit him mid-back, and his demeanor was that of an easy going college student.

The contrast between the two emphasized how dark Rayce was.

But of course they were dark. They were both blood demons – and by definition, they killed mortals.

If she'd been called to save one of them, would she be willing to do so? Maybe. Maybe not. But then, they wouldn't be saved by hot monkey love, like Sayvor. No, blood demons would need an infusion of blood to recover their strength, and they wouldn't be taking it by IV. She might have the word "donor" listed on her driver's license, but it wouldn't be the same kind of donation.

Shaken, Sasha hurried off to use their little powder room. She nearly ran into Sayvor when she came out.

"I got us some food. Want to eat in bed?" The quirk of his lips offered her much more than food.

## Chapter Six

How could Sasha turn down an offer like that? Quite simply, she couldn't. So she followed Sayvor's denim covered ass back to their little haven, into a room now softly lit with flickering candles.

The romantic glow revealed that the whole room was different. Where before it had been somewhat barren, now it resembled Casanova's favorite play area. The simple iron bed had been replaced with a huge, king-sized monster, complete with brown satin sheets and at least a dozen decadent pillows.

"What happened in here?" She's stopped at the door too shocked to enter. "Or did we change rooms?"

"Same room. Spyce was in the kitchen. She and Mayce did this while I hunted through the fridge."

"They did all this, in just what...ten minutes?" She blinked at him. "How is that possible? Why did they do it?"

"They wanted to do something nice for us." Sayvor set the tray of food onto the nightstand beside the bed. "We are creatures of magic, and the changes they made are not so very difficult."

She didn't say anything.

He crossed the room and gently brushed the hair back from her face. "Is it all right? I'm sure if you want it back the other way, it can be done. I can probably do it without asking Spyce to help."

She shook her head. "Why would anyone want to get rid of these lovely things?"

"You seem upset by the changes." He met her gaze from his two inch height advantage. His fingers continued to caress her body, slowly

moving down from her hair to massage her neck and shoulders. "Are you?"

"Of course not. The room is beautiful. The difference just took me by surprise." She let him claim her hand and tug her toward the bed.

It wasn't turning the empty room into this lavish place that bothered her. No, she was definitely fond of the new look. What bothered her was the fact that it now in no way resembled a treatment room. The earlier starkness had been a buffer allowing her to remember that sex was therapy for Sayvor. Now that the room was so cozy, she had to face that he was almost through needing her.

"Sasha?" Sayvor released her hand and sat on the bed. "What's wrong?"

"Nothing." She felt silly even thinking what she had, and actually admitting her discomfiture to Sayvor was just plain unfair. Deep inside, where she knew it couldn't hurt him, would be the only place she dared admit the truth.

She didn't want to leave Sayvor. She wanted him to get well. Of course she did. She just didn't want to walk away.

How could that be? Was she mesmerized by the fantastic sex, or drawn by something more? How could she be sure of anything when she barely knew Sayvor as a person? What she knew was all positive. Strictly speaking, by her usual dating material grading system, Sayvor looked pretty damn good. He had a job, loyal friends, and family. And of course, together he and Sasha had great sex.

She liked him. Even the negatives she knew about seemed well justified. Okay, so there only seemed to be one negative so far – the fact that he was promiscuous, which more than likely wasn't going to change, seeing as sex was a large part of his job.

Would that be like falling in love with a prostitute? Not like the one in the movie *Pretty Woman*, but the kind of pro who wasn't looking to be saved. She imagined there were such people, weren't there?

Sayvor was a Synn demon. She was human. She'd already burst the mental bubble on the "L" word, which was throwing the cart before the horse. Was a relationship even possible between them?

Sayvor watched her with his wonderful honey brown eyes and nibbled on a piece of sliced ham he had piled on one side of the plate.

When Sasha met his gaze, he held out a small slice. Rather than take the meat, she wrapped her fingers around his hand and drew the morsel to her mouth that way. She nibbled at the ham, taking her time and licking his fingers between each bite.

"Something is still bothering you," he said.

She bit down lightly on his fingers before pulling away enough to speak. "It has been an unusual day."

"That it has." He offered her a piece of fruit, again with his fingers, which might have been strange but was without a doubt sexy. "Do you want to talk about it? You didn't know much about the Tascryn before falling into this, did you?"

"No, I'd barely heard of you, and I work with paranormal people all over." Now that he'd opened up the topic, she did have questions. The biggest of which had been nagging at her since their last bout of love making. "Can Synn demons carry communicable diseases?"

"Nope. I can't catch a thing from humans, nor can I pass anything on. I can't make you sick, Sasha."

"What about pregnant?"

His mouth fell open. "Ah, yeah. That could happen, although it is rare. I thought the others would have made sure you were on some type of preventative before letting you in here."

"Bryck did ask me about it, and I'm on birth control. So it isn't an issue. But I was curious." Why did she want to cry at his reaction? Had she hoped he would like the idea of their bringing a little half-breed into the world? Was that something she wanted?

He set the plate of food back onto the stand. "I'm glad. You've already done much more than anyone expected. I wouldn't have wanted your future to be ruined that way."

"Would it really have been so bad?"

"Not in my opinion. I would welcome a child, if we were so blessed. However, I realize that few human women would see bearing a half-demon child as a blessing of any kind." One of Sayvor's chocolate eyebrows crept upward. "I'm beginning to think you might be among those few."

"Perhaps I would, but considering a future so far off might not be wise." She took his hand. "We have other needs we must see to first."

"What do you propose?"

"I'll do that after we find your brother." She stood up and began undressing. "For now, I want to return the ravishing you did to me so well earlier." Once she was naked again, she sat back down beside him.

Sayvor didn't waste any time. His T-shirt and jeans melted away, and his wings folded smoothly against his back, blending into his flesh, until the long line of his bare skin looked human except for the delicate brown and tan shadows. He eased down onto his side next to her so that his face was almost in her lap. "Ravish away, Milady. I am yours for the taking." He slid his hand up the inside of her thigh, while his lips caressed the skin at her hip.

She leaned over and caught his hands, restraining him just enough to roll him onto his back and straddle his hips. This time she was in control, even though he could have taken that gift from her at any time. Instead, to her delight, Sayvor accepted everything she offered.

At first she only nibbled and licked at his lips, while letting her fingers roam lazily over his body. His cock swelled between the cradle of her thighs. Then she increased the tempo, deepening her kisses and sliding her wet pussy folds over the length of his hard shaft.

"Love it when you do that." Sayvor gasped into her mouth.

She rocked her hips over his once more, grinding the head of his cock against her clit. Pleasure rocketed through her. "Is that what you like?"

"Mmm..." He released the blankets from his white-knuckled grip and caught her head in both hands, claiming her mouth fiercely.

With each lunge of his tongue, she slid over his cock, riding him in that shallow furrow which he seemed to appreciate so much.

Sayvor ended the kiss and buried his face in her hair where it fell around her head in an unruly mop. "You know what I like. You can feel it as clearly as I can." His voice was ragged against her neck.

He was right. She could feel what he wanted, what he needed. She swiveled her hips until the head of his cock pushed at her entrance. She held that position, waiting for his reaction. She wanted him to beg for it.

She didn't have to wait long.

"Sasha, my Sasha – you're killing me with temptation."

She thrust downward, sheathing him completely in one long stroke and grinding her hips against him until he groaned, until she couldn't

take anymore. Then she picked up a quicker rhythm, riding him with deep fast strokes.

His hips rose to meet her every motion. The arching of his back brought them closer together than she'd thought possible. Waves of pleasure blew through her body, and her focus shrank to just their flesh, where they came together.

Then in a single flash, she rushed into an orgasm.

"Yes!" Sayvor cried out under her, thrusting through her clenched muscles.

Only he didn't join her in satisfaction. Instead, he slowed his motion until she collapsed over him.

With a smooth flip, he rolled her onto her back, withdrawing only long enough to turn her legs and hips to the left. At first she was sure the new position would be impossible or at least uncomfortable, but then he thrust back into her, and all thoughts were forgotten.

He knelt above her, holding her left leg wrapped around his left hip. Her right leg was turned under him, between his knees. The position left her feeling exposed, but her body was strung tight around his cock.

Sayvor drove into her again and again, their flesh slapping hard together.

As easy as that, three thrusts later, she came again, clenching over his cock and gasping at the overload of pleasure.

This time, Sayvor joined her. His roar of completion was accompanied by one final deep thrust. Then he fell behind her, cradling her in his arms and pressing kisses to her shoulder between panting breaths.

She was wishing for a ceiling fan when she felt him freeze behind her. She rolled over to face him. "What's wrong?"

"I remember." Sayvor opened his eyes slowly and met her gaze. "The woman calls herself Clarice. The waitress who was a friend of Flayvor. I remember her yelling at two male demons, telling them to take me instead, to leave Flayvor alone." He closed his eyes. "She betrayed us."

## Chapter Seven

Sasha hugged him tightly. She was so glad to have finally unraveled the memories. Now Bryck could find Flayvor, and the brothers would be reunited.

Her hug turned into a flurry of kisses. "We need to give this information to the others right away." She stood and tugged Sayvor to his feet. "Go tell them while I grab some clothes."

Sasha pushed him toward the door before gathering up her wrinkled suit. She dragged on her slacks and white blouse, forgoing everything else to race after Sayvor. She needed to be with him when he told them the good news. She caught up to him in the open living area where he was speaking with Bryck and Rayce.

Bryck glared at Rayce. "Are you saying you've already found this Clarice?"

"Yes. She has no memories of the attack."

"You asked her about that day?" Bryck asked.

Rayce nodded, but now there was a hesitant look to his eyes. "Chayse and I spoke with her, but we did not take her blood."

Bryck growled, an animalistic sound that made even Rayce flinch. "You will go back and strip her mind of the information. Use any means necessary, but avoid causing her permanent harm if you can."

"Yes, Commander." Rayce spun on his heel. Two steps later, Chayse faded into position at his side. The two men left the building immediately.

Bryck patted Sayvor's shoulder, then disappeared.

Was that all there was to it? They had the information, and now she was left feeling like there should be more she could do.

Sayvor sank onto the sofa and let his head fall back against the cushion. "I've remembered all there was to the attack. I can't thank you enough, Sasha."

"Believe me, it was my pleasure."

"What you have given me is more than I ever expected." He closed his eyes. "I will understand if you want to go back to your life."

Didn't he understand that she couldn't walk away? Not now. Maybe not ever. What had started off as a moment of compassion had become so much more. The desires that Sayvor had awakened in her were all consuming. And deep down, she knew no mortal man would ever be able to offer her this addictive form of love. No, she was here with Sayvor and happy to be the one to help him.

She sat down beside him and considered how to ask the questions which jumped through her mind.

"Sayvor?"

His eyes opened, and he met her gaze. A small spark of light brightened his expression. He didn't speak, but lifted a hand to touch her cheek.

"What if I'm not in a big hurry to leave...to leave you?"

"Are you saying you want to stay?" He smiled with a slight lift of his lips, which was more hint than humor. "Do you understand what it will mean when we find Flayvor?"

"That you won't need me any more," she whispered.

He laughed and crushed her against his chest. "No, I will need you more than ever. We will *both* need you."

"We?" What was he saying? Suddenly her mind was flooded with images, which she was sure came from Flayvor's mind. The pictures and thoughts were so erotic, her own arousal jumped back into the game.

His smile widened. "Flayvor and I do everything together. We do *everyone* together."

"Oh." She ducked her head against his chest, breathing in his musky scent, the smell she would forever associate with mind blowing sex. She wasn't positive she could handle the kind of relationship he was suggesting. The thought of being with two men...demons who were both just as skilled and built as Sayvor, was both a temptation and a terror. She'd never before considered having two lovers at the same time.

Then again, she'd never been in a four way before either – and she'd certainly enjoyed that.

“Did you hear me?”

“I heard.” She kissed him, long and deep. Oh boy, had she heard. She was about to take a dive into the deep end of the pool. “I want to stay. There may come a time when I have to walk away, but for now I can't think of anything I would like more than to be with you and your brother.”

THE END...for now

### **Author Bio**

L. Shannon, the author, came into existence in June of 2004. Shannon has always been a reader and lover of books, but never considered writing until one night when she ran out of books to read. She began writing that very night as the first line of defense in a battle against insomnia. Her writing has steadily grown into a full-out war against reality. Her friends kindly say reality never stood a chance. L. Shannon's novels have expanded to fill an entire world with paranormal wonders including Valàfrn werewolves, Tascryn demons, blood-sucking vampires, sexy selkies, and many, many more. Be careful if you choose to enter Shannon's hunk-filled world found at [www.lshannon.net](http://www.lshannon.net). You may never wish to leave....