

PENNY ASH



WISH
FULFILLMENT
INC

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Wish Fulfillment, Inc.

Penny Ash

Undercover DEA Agent Glenn Masterson moved toward the door of the ratty Las Vegas apartment, stealthily edging his way closer, gun drawn. He'd been after this particular dirt bag for nearly two years. It had gotten to be personal. He looked forward to finally getting this dealer off the street. He stopped at the edge of the doorframe and glanced at his partner.

Randy held up four fingers and silently counted down. He pumped his fist once and they rushed the door, kicking it in and storming the room. Inside Glenn heard the creak of a floorboard to his left and behind him. He turned and saw the woman.

Gunfire exploded around him but all Glenn could hear was the shriek of the crazed woman coming at him, wielding her inch long fingernails like claws. He instinctively raised his hands to protect himself, just a second too late.

Pain exploded in his head as he fought to keep the mad woman's teeth from his throat and her nails from his eyes. The others poured into the room then and someone pulled her off of him. Everything went black as she clawed at his eyes. Glenn wasn't aware of anything but the searing hard pain and the wetness on his cheeks as he fell to his knees, his hands covering his bloodied face.

Someone got him out of the filthy apartment. Vaguely he heard shouting and felt himself being shoved into a vehicle of some kind. He must have passed out then because his next memory was of the antiseptic smell of the hospital room and a doctor telling him that he was sorry but he hadn't been able to save his eyesight.

He lay there surrounded by whirring, clicking, beeping machines, finally left alone with his thoughts in a lonely and sterile hospital room. He kept coming back to one thing: "I was DEA. I loved my job. I was one of the best. Now I'm blind. What am I supposed to do now?" Glenn's throat felt tight and he fought the urge to cry.

It was late, activity in the hospital had slowed and quieted at last, but he still couldn't sleep. The air felt prickly, supercharged with electricity, like the air before a big thunderstorm. He rather thought he could smell ozone and heard a faint tinkling like the sound of glass wind chimes. *Glass wind chimes? What the hell?* he thought, the sound getting louder.

Suddenly there was a phoompf! And a gust of lime and tequila scented air followed by a feminine sounding giggle. “Whoa kids, flying and 3-D just don’t mix after twelve tequilas and sixteen limes... or was it sixteen tewuil-tequal-tklee... oh, whatever. Glu-Ghlel Mnas-snater-mnso?” Asked a very drunk female voice.

“Who the hell wants to know?” Glenn was so not in the mood for stupid pranks by his fellow agents just then.

“Dispatch?” The woman shouted, her voice sounding peeved.

“Yes?” Said a disembodied male voice from somewhere over Glenn’s feet.

“Who am I again?” Glenn heard the slurred female voice say.

Dispatch sighed heavily. “Florabell said you’d be difficult. Your name is Twinklebell.”

“Oh, right, and how is Miss Permanent PMS these days?” Glenn smirked, this woman sounded like a real smart ass.

“What the *hell* did they give me in that last injection?” Glenn wondered aloud.

“Ah, Dispatch, can I get a quick ‘hic’ sober-up? On account?”

“Overdrawn.”

“Poop.” Said the female voice. “Oh well, Ghlel... Glenn, I’m here... I’m here... here to... Oh yeah! I’m your fairy.”

Glenn lay there in shocked silence. This was either having some sort of weird hallucination or a complete breakdown.

“I’ve finally lost my mind,” Glenn said to himself.

He opened his mouth to call for a nurse and heard the sounds of someone being thoroughly sick. Whoever it was ran the water in the tiny sink, splashing around and finally walking over to the bed where he lay.

“Okay, let’s get this show on the road,” Twink said and hiccupped.

“Fine, I’ll go along, you’re just a hallucination... OW!” Glenn yelled as someone pinched him, hard.

“Well I like that! Wish for a fur... fuai... fairy and when I get here call me a hallucination!”

“When did I do that? I don’t even bel-” suddenly a hand slapped over his mouth.

“Don’t say that!” The woman sounded horrified.

“Okay, fine, I’m freaking out. Might as well go all the way. When did I wish for a fairy, baby doll?”

“When they brought you in here. Remember the little girl in the ER who wished for one? Remember ‘I wish I had a fairy right now too kid,’ huh?”

Damn, he did remember that. “So, you answered?”

“Give the boy a cookie,” Twinklebell said sarcastically. “Right first time.”

“So, what are you supposed to do? I mean I’m not exactly looking for prince charming. Or princess either but I could use a hand job.” Glenn smirked at the outraged gasp. Do this chica good to find out he was not the noble heroic nice guy type.

“I am here to give you what you want most,” she said in a solemn voice. But it will cost you. Accounting’s books have to balance, and you’re way in the red right now.”

“So that’s why I got you huh?”

“Just because I like to have a little fun,” she huffed. “So anyway, what is it you’d really like to have?”

“You can’t guess?” He asked sarcastically.

“Nope, you have to tell me. It’s in the rules.”

“This is bizaar. I want my eyesight back of course.”

“Huh. Not fantastic wealth? Not a wife and a family to live happily ever after with? You sure? Not even a little bit of the old wild thang with-”

“I want my sight back! You-”

“Ah ah now, temper, temper.” She chided. “Okay, you want your sight back, presumably to see again? Dispatch!”

“What now?” Dispatch’s weary voice sounded from over Glenn’s head

“He wants his sight back. What’s it gonna cost him?”

“Well his account is pretty far into the red. Sight will cost one job for the head office.” Dispatch sounded cautious.

“Ooo, you might want to think about that…” Twinkle said nervously.

“I do a job for the head office and I get my sight back? Fine, what’s the job?”

“Damn, I just knew you would say that.” Twinkle didn’t sound like she thought Glenn had chosen wisely.

Glenn felt a tingling warmth suddenly realizing he could see flashes of light. He reached up pulling the bandages off. Hands pulled his arm down and the IV was disconnected.

Twinklebell touched the needle mark. Static shock popped and Glenn jumped. He touched both hands to his eyes, the room slowly coming into focus. A movement caught his eye and he turned to see Twinklebell standing beside the bed.

“Whoa! Either you’re real or I am so stoned on drugs,” he said.

“Real schmeal, I’m more real than you are Glenn-o,” she sounded a bit more sober.

“The hell you are! You’re a fairy!”

“Yeah but I’m not scared of my own shadow.”

“You little...” he launched himself off the bed, making a grab for her.

“Yeek!” Twinkle shrieked and tried to run. He caught her around her waist and pushed her against the wall.

She smacked her head and slid down. Grabbing her shoulders he pushed her against the wall again. “Now, you want to repeat that crack about me being scared?” She planted her foot in his stomach and shoved for all she was worth, kicking him away from her.

“Fraidy cat!” Twinklebell bared her teeth and spat out at him. She climbed to her feet and straightened her hopelessly rumpled dress. “Dispatch!?”

“What now? Oh my...” Glenn heard the male voice of Dispatch just behind him.

“I *quit*! I’d rather be chained up in the Swamp than help this, this *rodent*!” She hissed. “Even to get my wings back.”

There was a loud pthunk! And everything went black. Glenn sat there on the cold tile floor in shock. “Hey!” He shouted.

An hour later he was back in bed with a new IV and new bandages over his eyes. Feeling more depressed than ever he turned over toward the wall and tried to go to sleep one more time.

“Ahem...” Dispatch said hesitantly from somewhere over the IV machine.

“Go. Away.”

“Ah. Well, you see-”

"I don't see, that's the problem!"

"Mmm. Well, to rephrase then, I want to apologize for Twinklebell. She's had a difficult, um, century, and it has made her a little... Uh, well, a lot more difficult. Poor Twinkle just hasn't been the same since that Barrie kid in Scotland pulled her wings off."

"And this means what to me? She probably pissed him off too."

"Ah. Um, yes, well you've probably noticed that you are blind once again."

"No, you think?"

"About your contract... The gift received from the agent representing Wish Fulfillment Inc..."

"Forget it. I don't want anything you have to give."

"Well, the rules state that once a gift is accepted it must be paid for in full before said gift becomes permanent. In this case, you accepted a job and must finish said job before your sight is returned. Therefore you will only retain the ability to see in the presence of aforementioned agent of Wish Fulfillment Inc."

"Meaning I don't see as long as Twinkle-Butt isn't around."

"Exactly." Dispatch sounded pleased.

"Damn."

"So... It would be really nice if you could apologize and we could get this transaction completed. Just so Accounting's books balance you understand..."

"Okay, fine," Glenn said in a resigned voice. "I'm sorry."

"Heh, you don't think you could-"

"That's as good as it gets Dispatch. Don't push it."

A few seconds later he heard the wind chimes and felt a light breeze, scented this time with soap and something he didn't recognize. He sat up, pulling off the new bandages and ripping out the new IV. Looking over he saw Twinklebell hovering a few inches off the floor before she collapsed bonelessly onto the cold tile.

"Whoa," she slurred, "'m gonna throw up now." He watched her crawl over to the small sink on the opposite wall. She tried four times to reach up and pull herself up to the sink but each time she fell back, giggling.

Glenn went over to where she sat, leaning against the wall. He looked down at her, then lifted her up and held her over the sink. She puked her toenails up and after a few minutes he splashed cold water in her face.

Twinklebell giggled. "Put me down, you don't know where I've been."

Glenn chuckled in spite of himself. "Where have you been and what the hell are you on now?"

"Tses... Tlesa... said it was... Um, a hlect, er etri, tricity... Oh Nooo my fathe is gone!" She wailed. "Itht's gone! Where did it go?"

"This is just wonderful. Your face is right where it's always been, on the front of your head," he said, lightly slapping her cheek. She looked at him in wide-eyed shock and quietly passed out.

"Twink?" He'd been watching her for the past hour. He thought he saw a little movement.

"Shh! No shouting... Ooh hurts..." She held her head in her hands and tried to curl up in a little ball of misery.

"I want out of here. Right now. So sober up, and fast because I'm not carrying your sorry butt." He jerked her up to her feet, steadying her and forcing her to look at him.

"OW!" She slapped at his death grip on her arm. He caught her hand and bent it back painfully. "Ow," she whimpered.

"Sober?" Glenn glared at her.

She nodded.

"Good. Now how about you magic up some clothes? I'm not leaving here in a hospital gown and you are not walking within twenty feet of me dressed in that get up," he said eyeing her current state of disheveled hair and damp towel.

Twinklebell watched Glenn warily out of the corner of her eye, looking for her wand. Finding it lying abandoned in a corner she picked it up, unthinkingly bending over

and giving Glenn an excellent view of her backside and the ruffled panties that were a part of her uniform.

She waved her wand and a swirl of sparks floated around him, transforming the hospital gown to a Renaissance doublet and hose, in lavender and orange. Glenn looked down at himself, then back at Twinkle raising one eyebrow silently. She quickly waved the wand again and this time the results were more acceptable as jeans and shirt appeared along with a jacket and boots, all in black this time.

Glenn crossed his arms, staring at Twink without blinking, waiting. She swallowed, waving her wand, transforming her towel and hair to regulation green dress and bun.

“Twink,” Glenn was losing patience fast.

She waved again and was suddenly in a short red dress. Glenn just shook his head and waved her out the door. She scurried past him and he grabbed her arm, looking down at her feet.

“Forgetting something baby doll?”

“What?”

“Shoes. Get some. Now.”

A pair of shoes quickly materialized on her feet and he marched her down the hall to the elevators. Once inside he pushed the button for the ground floor and waited, not letting go of Twinkle’s arm. She glared at him and he ignored her.

“You are mean,” she said in a little girl voice.

“You noticed? Good. Just keep in mind I will have no problem killing you if it suits my purpose.” Enjoying the frightened look she gave him he smiled at her.

The elevator door opened onto the deserted lobby and he marched her outside to the street. He looked around and spotted a taxi, waving it over. He shoved Twinklebell into the back seat and got in, giving the driver his address.

“Um, I...” Twinklebell began.

“Shut up.” Glenn said.

“Whe-mph!” Twinkle tried again.

“Did I not just tell you to shut up?” He stared her straight in the eyes his hand over her mouth.

She glared right back at him. There was a loud pop, a flash of electric blue, and the smell of ozone. Glenn jerked his hand back. “Son of a bitch! That hurt!”

He balled up his fist and pulled back to hit her and paused. He wasn’t given to hitting women but damn she made it hard not to. She glared at him, buzzing like a hive of angry bees, a clear warning. He hit her anyway, knocking her cold. He told himself he’d feel guilty later.

The taxi pulled up to the small apartment building and Glenn got out, hoisting Twink over his shoulder and slamming the car door. The driver took off without asking to be paid. Glenn chuckled and carried the unconscious fairy up to his apartment.

Dumping her on the couch he went in search of his weapons. He finished adjusting his second shoulder holster and reached for his jacket, heading back into the living room where Twinklebell was still out. He gave her a look of mild concern, he hadn’t thought he’d hit her that hard.

Glenn went to the small kitchen and got a glass of water. Carrying it back to the living room he hesitated reaching down to run a finger along the neckline of the dress, adjusting it for a little better view. He raised his eyebrows, pleased with the sight. He threw the water in her face.

Twinklebell sputtered and flailed trying to get away from the water. She fell in the floor with thump. Glenn reached down pulling her to her feet again.

“Quit playing around its dinner time.” Glenn dragged her along toward the door.

After dinner Glenn started making phone calls, getting right back in the swing of his DEA activities, ignoring Twinklebell. She wandered around looking at things only to

find every time she reached out to touch something he snapped his fingers at her and pointed to one of the chairs.

She went into the kitchen to investigate and opened the refrigerator. There in all their cold glory were six bottles of beer. Happily she opened one and drank it straight down, keeping one eye on the door. She opened the second, and then the third and fourth. She had just opened the fifth and had half of it gone when he walked in.

"I thought it was too damn quiet in here," he said snatching the bottle from her

"You're *no fun*!" She flounced toward the living room, missing the door and walking into the wall with a loud smack. Bouncing back she staggered, adjusted her aim and flounced in, making it through the doorway this time. He looked at the remains of the beer and back at the door she'd just gone through then shrugged and drank the rest of it. He picked up the last beer and opened it, following her into the living room.

Twink sat cross-legged on the couch, a position which hiked her dress up nearly to her waist. She was intent on flipping through channels with the remote control. He walked over and snatched it out of her hand and dropped down onto the couch next to her, changing the channel to his favorite porn station.

Half way into his favorite soap opera, one of the few on the porn channels which actually had a plot, something hit his shoulder. He glanced over to find Twink had fallen against his shoulder sound asleep, her mouth open, snoring softly. There was an excellent view down her dress and a thin line of drool on her chin. He rolled his eyes and wondered if the rest of her was as human as what he was looking at.

Very slowly, trying not to wake her, he found a zipper on the left side of the dress and eased in down. She actually wasn't too bad to have around when she was unconscious, it was just when she was awake she annoyed the hell out of him. He peeled the dress back and smirked. "No, not bad at all," he thought, "and it had been a few weeks. Now if she would just stay asleep."

He froze when she made a little grumbling sound. When it was clear she was still asleep he continued easing off the dress, very carefully pushing her down on the couch. Tossing the dress to the floor, he stopped to look at her a few minutes. He was straightening out her legs when she suddenly mumbled something and stretched. He

waited and when she didn't do anything else inconvenient, like open her eyes, he carefully slid the black silky panties down her legs, noticing the ruffles on the back.

He was hard, he was ready - he couldn't care less if she was willing or not, he certainly was. Moving over her he was pleased to find she was nice and wet. He got ready to slide into her with a sigh. He began to move toward her, intent on his own pleasure. Suddenly there was a bright blue flash, a loud zzzap - and he was knocked back on his butt, falling to the floor. He lay on his back, legs still over the couch arm, clutching his privates and swearing, afraid to look. It felt like he'd plugged into an electrical socket, worse than the time with the vacuum cleaner when he was sixteen.

Glenn looked up to see Twink looking down at him over the arm of the couch, a huge grin on her face. She wagged her finger at him, chuckling, "Ah ah ah."

"Gah! Ahhh! I'm definitely going to kill you for that! Oh damn, that hurt!"

Twinklebell just grinned wider and faded into sparkles. He lay there and thought of painful ways to kill her, blind again.

When the pain faded some, he crawled into his bedroom and climbed into bed. His last comforting thought was of doing more than just pulling her wings off.

It was late afternoon when Glenn woke to the sound of the TV and horrendous singing. He opened his eyes and seeing again, grinned in unholy glee. It would be worth being blind forever to beat the crap out of Twinklebell, and then kill her. He pulled on a pair of jeans and crept into the living room to find her sitting cross legged on the floor about three feet from the blaring TV. And what the hell was she watching?

"Ten, ten, ten sing a song about ten," Twinklebell sang, bouncing along with the music.

"You're watching Sesame Street? You are seriously screwed up."

"Oh like you're Mr. Normal?"

"Compared to you..."

"Hey, I'm not the one who tried to shag a sleeping fairy, Glennie-boo." She was suddenly standing two inches from his face.

“Hah! You were... What the hell did you just call me?”

“You heard me Scooter Buns.”

“Aaahhgggh! I’m going to kill you! Getting your wings pulled off will be a picnic compared to what I’m going to do to you!

“Promises, promises.”

“Nnnngggg! You fu-mmph!” His arms were suddenly full of fairy and she pushed her tongue into his mouth, forcing his lips apart, running her tongue across the back of his teeth and over the roof of his mouth. He felt his knees weaken and returned the kiss, forcing his tongue into her mouth. She tasted like cinnamon, hot and spicy.

He ran his hands over her back and down over her hips, catching one leg and raising it, lifting her up on her toes. She slid her hands down inside the back of his jeans and climbed onto him, wrapping her legs around his waist. He searched for the zipper to her dress as he stumbled toward his bedroom. She kissed a white-hot trail down his throat to the crook of his neck and bit him. He nearly dropped her when her teeth sent little runnels of searing pain down his shoulder with an electric crackle.

His knees connected with the bed and he fell, landing with her underneath him. He rose up only to find she was still holding onto him like she was drowning. He caught her arms and unwrapped them, then put his hands on her hips and pushed her away. He leaned down then and kissed her throat. She buzzed faintly.

“You shock me now and I’ll jerk a knot in those frilly little panties so hard it’ll take you three weeks to untie it,” he said his mouth against her throat. “Understand me?” She nodded and he moved down to the neckline of the little green dress.

Frustrated and unable to find a zipper or any other means of removing the dress he caught hold of the neckline where it dipped to show her cleavage ripping it open. He covered her breasts with his hands and kissed first one and then the other, teasing and nipping until he heard her moan.

“No,” he growled, feeling her hands starting to unfasten his jeans and pushing them away. She tried again and he rose up, looking her in the eye, “Stop it. Do you need a slap?”

He pulled the dress out from under her and threw it on the floor. The panties followed and he laid his hand against her, listening to her breathing and the faint electric

crackling. She moved against his hand and moaned. He got up and unfastened his jeans, watching her watch him, slowly taking them off. “Going to repeat last night?” He asked softly, his voice deadly. She shook her head and he got back on the bed, kneeling between her legs. He started to move over her, but stopped when she raised her hand. He raised an eyebrow and her hand dropped.

He was inside her then, moving, lost in what he was feeling, so intent on the sensations he didn’t notice the buzzing of the static charge building until she moaned and made a whimpering noise. He gasped and rose up on his elbows, unable to stop himself. “Don’t you dare,” he moaned. Twinklebell reached out, the static charge almost unbearable, and found the small electric alarm clock on the nightstand. She grabbed it and there was a tremendous bang, her wailing moan, and the stench of burning plastic as all the lights in that quarter of the city blinked out.

She went limp under him and the realization that he’d almost got himself fried sent him over the edge and he came with a groan. He rolled off of her and looked at the smoking lump of plastic that used to be his alarm clock. He fell back chuckling, “Whoa, Twink.” He reached over and gave her a poke in the ribs.

Twinklebell turned over with a huff and curled up into a little ball. Glenn reached down and pulled the covers up over himself, throwing them over her as well, before drifting off to sleep, still chuckling.

Twinklebell woke up and listened carefully to Glenn’s breathing. Satisfied he was still asleep she got up and went to find her wand. She waved it, and went digging through the closet that appeared in the middle of the room. She searched through the bottom of the closet until she found what she was looking for. Padding quietly back to the bedroom she moved around to his side of the bed where he was lying on his stomach. Very carefully she folded the covers back and tied him to the headboard.

She leaned over him and kissed the back of his neck. He shivered and mumbled something in his sleep. “Glennie-boo, wake up,” she smiled.

“Mmm... don’t call me that,” he said, not opening his eyes.

“Okay scooter buns.”

“Twink, you are close to death.”

“Whatever you say, sugarbuns,” she kissed his neck again.

“Twink what are you... Oooh, do that again.” he sighed as she trailed her fingers down his spine.

“Are you going to wake up?”

“No. I’m too comfortable like this... you stopped.”

“Uh huh, no fun if you aren’t awake.”

“Too bad,” he snorted.

“I know something that will wake you up,” she said softly in his ear.

“I already said no.”

“Uh huh.”

Suddenly heard a lighter and his eyes flew open. “Twink, what are you doing?”

She didn’t answer him and he tried to turn over, only to discover he was tied down quite thoroughly.

“Twink,” he said trying to sound stern. She straddled the back of his thighs and he strained to see what she was doing. “What are you... Ahhh!” He groaned, his whole body jerking, as she let a drop of the hot wax fall onto middle of his back. “What the hell was that?” He asked breathlessly.

“Wax.” She let another drop fall a little lower.

“Ohh, man.” He jerked again.

“Awake now?”

“Awake. Do it again...”

She let little drops of hot wax fall onto his spine, a tiny trail of quickly cooling heat down to the base of his spine. He jerked with each sudden flare of burning, groaning through clenched teeth and gasping for breath in between each drip of wax.

“No, come on Twink,” he protested. She ignored him and ran her hands up over his ribs, then down his back, grazing his skin with her nails. She scraped the cooled wax off his skin and kissed each spot. He tried again to get loose and she reached down to untie his feet. She slipped her hand over him and he tried to get up on his knees. She carefully began to explore him and he whimpered, collapsing back onto the bed in a boneless heap. She brought him close to the edge and backed off.

“No,” he moaned, disappointed.

She reached up and untied his hands. He just lay there, sweat soaked and limp, unable to move. She turned him over and raised him up “Oh Twink, why did you stop?”

“Shhh, I’m not finished with you.”

He moaned and squeezed his eyes shut, tears leaking from them. He resented her, hated her for making him cry, at the same time he loved what she was doing to him. She finally moved over him kneeling above him.

“Twink, please.”

“Please what?”

“Please,” he fought against saying it.

“Just please?”

He shook his head swallowing his pride, “Please take me now.”

She bent down kissing him softly and settled herself on him, moving slowly until he couldn’t stand it anymore and cried out, shuddering and bucking his hips under her.

When it was over he lay there limp and exhausted. “Twink, the next time you tie me up without my consent, I’ll kill you. Got it?” He glanced over to find her glaring at him. “And that’s the first and last time I beg.” He rolled back over and was just dozing off when he heard a zzzap and felt the sharp sting of a static shock on his backside. “OW! Dammit Twink!” He turned over and reached out to smack her one.

“Yeek!” She shrieked and rolled off the bed, cautiously peering over the edge at him.

Early the next morning Glenn woke with a start and the unfamiliar sensation of someone curled up against him. “What the hell,” he thought, and carefully reached over to his nightstand. He rummaged around a bit and found what he was looking for, a plastic toothpick from his last take out. He grinned and gave Twink a hard jab in the butt. She shrieked and he winced, the tones she hit going up into the ultrasonic.

“What did I do?” She rubbed her backside looking puzzled.

“Let’s get something straight. I do *not* cuddle. I don’t like women who cling. I have sex, I do *not* ‘make love’ so get used to it. And I wake up like this again and I’ll do something that will leave a permanent mark. Now why don’t you do something useful

and find us something for breakfast.” He rolled over and shut his eyes, fully intending to go back to sleep.

Twink glared at him and huffed into the kitchen. She stood in the middle of the room, blinking back tears for a few minutes, then suddenly frowned and disappeared in a flash of blue.

Glenn woke, opening his eyes on complete darkness. “Damn! Twink! Dispatch!”

“All our operators are busy, please stay on the line as your call will be answered in the order it was received...Current estimated time on hold is...two centuries.”

“Two centuries! Dispatch! You answer me now or this whole deal is off and you can stick your books sideways!”

“Ahem, ah, yes. What seems to be the problem?” Dispatch answered in a harried voice.

“Send Twink back. Now.”

“I, ah, can’t do that... She’s, well, it’s bad, she’s ignoring me and... well...”

“Fine, then send me to her so I can kill her.”

“That may be possible... unprecedented but... possible. Let me put you on hold while I consult.” With a click some of the worst music he’d ever heard surrounded him. Glenn felt like beating his head against the wall. In the back of his mind he heard his mother’s voice and moaned in frustration. “Glenn, dear, be careful what you wish for, you may get it.”

After several minutes he was about to give up when Dispatch returned. “Ahem, yes, well, it can be done through temporal displacement. Please prepare for departure in one hour.”

“One hour? To where exactly? And who is she with?”

“Colorado Springs. A small temporal time fold has formed bringing Twinklebell together with her primary downfall, Nicola Tesla.

“Nicola... Oh hell. The one with the electricity.”

“Yes.”

“Damn. She’s out of her tiny little mind.” Glenn began to pull on his clothes while Dispatch explained temporal displacement to him.

“You will be moving sideways through time and space. There will be a feeling of weightlessness and some nausea. Prepare yourself.”

“I’m ready. Let’s get this show on the road so I can beat the hell out of Twink for putting me through this crap.”

Glenn felt like he was sliding sideways in both directions at once. Just about the time he thought it wasn’t so bad his stomach flipped and his inner ear screamed that he was falling up. He clenched his teeth against the nausea and staggered as a floor materialized under his feet.

He opened his eyes on the most incredible sight he’d seen in a long time. Twink was reclining in a bathtub, her hair curling from the steam and her skin glistening with soapy water. He felt a strong pang of lust followed quickly by a burning anger. She was absolutely naked, in a bath with a man, and stoned out of her stupid mind.

He walked over to the tub and stuck his hand down into the water, grasping her arm. He jerked her up out of the bath. She was slippery and totally boneless. He reached for a towel and managed to get it around her enough to get a grip on her.

“Dammit, Twink, help me out here! Stand the hell up!”

Twink opened her eyes and tried to focus on Glenn. “Oh, hello, Glennie-boo,” she giggled, “What are you doing here?”

“I’m here to take you home so I can sober you up and kill you. Slowly. Painfully. And I told you not to call me that.”

“Okay, scooter buns.”

“Twink-”

She rubbed herself against him like a cat, cutting him off.

“Give up. She’ll do that every time.” Tesla chuckled walking into the room and raised his wine glass in a toast.

“I’ve already found that out. It doesn’t work with me.” He grabbed her and slung her over his shoulder. “Dispatch!”

“Ah! I see you have her. My congratulations. Please prepare for displacement.”

Glenn walked hurriedly into the bathroom and dumped Twink into the bathtub, turning on the cold water, just before she was wretchedly sick. He held the back of her neck tightly, keeping her under the icy water. She coughed and spluttered and gave a half-hearted buzz. He smacked her butt every time she gave a threatening buzz, until it was bright red and she'd finally got the idea to stop buzzing.

When she was a bit more sober he pulled her into the bedroom and stood looking at her. "Dry off and get dressed. Dispatch? I want to know what this job is I'm supposed to do."

"Ah, the job... well... the job would be the capture and return to its proper department one dragon which has gone missing on Twinklebell's watch," Dispatch said.

"You've got to be kidding me."

"Um, no, actually, and since it escaped due to her negligence in the first place she has to be sober when she catches and returns the dragon."

"Why don't I just catch the stupid thing for you and you can lock Twink up in a dungeon somewhere. That would be much easier."

"It's in the rules. And anyway, Dragons spit, nasty creatures. Keeping Twinklebell off any mind-altering substances will be much easier. Dragon catching is much like your human sport of greased pig catching."

Glenn thought about it, the idea of Twink trying to catch a greased pig dressed in one of her short little dresses appealed to him quite a bit. He looked at her standing there wet and bedraggled and sat down on the bed, laughing so hard his ribs hurt. "I better get to watch!"

Twink gave him a dirty look and snapped her fingers for her wand. She waved it, materializing yet another short strapless dress with matching slippers. She walked to the door, pausing just long enough to flip Glenn off with a nicely aimed zap. She ran for all she was worth, an outraged yell and booted feet pounding down the hall after her.

"Dammit Twink, you just don't learn, do you?" He pinned her to the wall and she buzzed. He caught hold of her chin and held her head still. "You go right ahead, baby doll, it won't stop me, that little zap gave me the boner from hell and you're going to do something about it," he whispered, his lips brushing hers.

He traced over her lips with the tip of his tongue and forced her lips apart in a rough demanding kiss, slipping it deep into her mouth as he kissed her. Moving his lips down over her throat he left a trail of wet kisses over her shoulder and down over the tops of her breasts, tracing the edge of her dress with his tongue, sliding it underneath, his hands moving over her body roughly.

He caught the fabric, his teeth barely grazing her skin, pulling it off her breasts and moving up over her shoulder to the crook of her neck, his mouth never leaving her skin. Drunk on the smell and taste of her, his breathing coming faster, he moved his hands to her waist and forced his knee between her legs, pushing up her dress and getting ready to enter her. The corner of his lip curled upward in a slight smirk, listening to her breathing as he kissed his way over her body.

Reaching down, he unfastened his jeans, shifting the fabric until he was free. He bent his knees slightly and in one quick, hard movement he was inside her. Wrapping one arm around her waist he began to move in a hard, fast rhythm. Bracing them both with his free arm he heard her moan and smiled. He could feel the buzzing getting stronger, and growled softly in her ear, his tongue exploring its curves and hollows. She gasped and he felt her arch her body into his. There was a loud sizzle and pop. The jolt from the static discharge sent tingling shivers up his spine. He groaned with a final hard thrust felt his release. When it was over he stepped back, his knees weak, and zipped up his jeans.

He heard her start to slide down the wall and watched, amused. Taking a deep breath he reached down and jerked her to her feet. "Fix your dress," he began, then changed his mind. "Oh, why not?" he said and unzipped his jeans again, bending her over the back of the couch and wrapping one arm around her waist as he entered her again. He moved hard and fast, pouring himself into her with a moan, and resting against her back for a moment while he caught his breath.

He picked her up and carried her back into the bedroom. Setting her on her feet he managed to get her dress off and pushed her down onto the bed. He stripped off his now sweaty clothes and got into bed with her.

"It just doesn't get any better," he thought, lying on his back sometime later, Twink straddling his hips and doing unspeakably wonderful things to his willing body.

He held her hips tightly, digging into the silky, soft flesh with his fingers, leaving little half-moon nail marks. She moved a little faster and he gasped, the smell of sex and ozone making him dizzy.

He slid his arms around her, groaning and rolling them over, grinding himself into her. He found her mouth and covered it in a deep kiss as she cried out and tightened around him. He shuddered and his hips jerked, as he came with her. Spent finally he lay against her, catching his breath, just listening to her breathe and feeling her heartbeat against his chest.

In the living room he picked up the phone to call a place he knew delivered. "Dispatch," he said, suddenly hanging up the phone without dialing.

"Yes? More trouble?" Dispatch sighed heavily.

"No, a question. How far do I have to be from Twink before my sight goes?"

"Well, we aren't quite sure. This is a unique case. Most of our clients wish for simpler things, wealth, happiness, sex, world domination," Dispatch chuckled, "That Bill Gates was an inventive one..."

"Well, how far would you expect it to go?"

"Oh not more than ten miles or so I should think. Twinklebell isn't one of our more powerful agents."

"Well, that's just peachy." Glenn went into the kitchen to see what he could find to eat.

He found someone had stocked the refrigerator and happily made himself a sandwich. He sat there and watched TV, ate, and finally dozed off.

It was quiet again. His eyes opened suddenly. Too damn quiet. Glenn pushed himself up off the couch and looked around for Twink. She wasn't in bed where she'd fallen asleep. He stopped to listen and heard a faint noise from the kitchen.

He walked in, thinking he was going to knock her silly head off if she was into the tequila, or the beer. Stepping around the corner, he froze. Twink was sitting on the dining table in her usual cross legged fashion, surrounded by a tub of half melted ice

cream, holding a can of whipped cream wrapped in a kitchen towel, chocolate all over her face. It had dripped all over her legs, her chest, down her cleavage; it was even in her hair. This was just too good. He smirked, watching her shake the whipped cream can, trying to figure out how to make it work.

“Yeek!” She shrieked, finally hitting the button on the side of the nozzle and covering her face and front with flecks of white fluff

He laughed and walked over to the table. “What the hell are you trying to do, baby doll?”

She glared at him and buzzed. He just raised one eyebrow and snatched the can out of her hands, still chuckling.

“You are a jerk Glennie-bo-pmph!” She poked her bottom lip out, pouting. He sprayed her in the face with the whipped cream. He was still laughing when she suddenly grabbed his shirt and dumped the melting ice cream down the front. He yelled, the cold mess sliding down his chest, and sprayed her again. Their food fight began in earnest as she flung a handful of ice cream and chocolate syrup at him.

Glenn, nearly as covered in goo as Twink, wrestled her down on the table. He stopped for a moment when his eyes met hers. He’d never noticed before how green they were. Suddenly she raised her head up and licked the whipped cream off the end of his nose. He kissed her, licking chocolate and ice cream off her face.

“You’re a mess, baby doll. Hell, I’m a mess. We need a shower,” he said standing up. He picked her up and hefted her over his shoulder, turning to head into the bathroom. She reached out and grabbed a bowl still filled with liquefied sundae, then caught the waistband of his jeans and poured it down the back of his pants. He jumped and ran a few steps.

“Gahhh! Ooo, you’re going to pay for that Twink!”

He dumped her into the bathtub and turned on the water, then stripped off his sticky clothes and got in with her. She was buzzing steadily, but he ignored it, opening the shampoo and dumping half over her head. She glared and raised her finger to zap him. “Wash.” He thumped her forehead, right between the eyes, and she staggered back into the wall, hitting the metal shower fixture.

She yelped and jumped, bumping into him and knocking him into the wall. “Ow ow ow...” she tried to look over her shoulder at her back, turning around. His eyes widened when he saw the red welt on her back and caught hold of her shoulder.

“Damn Twink, what the hell is this?” He felt that odd feeling again. If he didn’t know better he’d think he was beginning to care about this annoying woman.

“Metal burns,” she moaned.

“Damn.” He slid his hand down her back, close to the welt, and she shivered. Stepping closer he wrapped an arm around her waist and lifted her, turning so he was between her and the fixtures and pushing her up against the wall. He entered her with a hard thrust.

She yeeked and he slipped his soapy free hand between her legs, moving with hard jerks of his hips. Bracing herself with her hands on the wall, she arched herself back toward him and moaned.

He leaned into her, his mouth close to her ear. “Move baby doll,” he whispered breathlessly. “Don’t talk... move!”

Twinklebell was bored. She lay on the floor, on her stomach, feet in the air and several empty beer bottles strewn around her. She flipped the channels on the remote and the pictures on the TV screen changed in rapid succession. A bright picture caught her eye and she froze, enthralled, the half empty bottle of beer forgotten halfway to her mouth. She hiccupped suddenly and squinted, a grin blooming on her face.

Glenn walked up to his apartment door and put his key in the lock, unlocking and opening the door. Looking through his mail as he stepped inside, he was unaware at first of the changes to his comfortable living room. His only warning was a squeal just before he was knocked backward onto his butt, mail flying, and Twink wrapped around him.

“Dammit Twink! Get off me!” He tried to shove her away. “Get ofmmph!” She covered his mouth and pushed her tongue between his lips, effectively silencing him. His arms waved wildly for a moment then he found a good grip on her shoulders and pushed violently.

“You’re back! I saw this show and there was this red, and the thing was, it went, and whoosh! And it was so, and I did,” she babbled excitedly.

He spit, disgusted. “You taste like a brewery.”

He shoved her onto the floor and climbed to his feet, retrieving his mail. He reached down to pick up the last letter and froze. The floor was purple. Not a nice dark plum or even a soothing violet, but an eye shocking Easter egg purple. Slowly he raised his eyes to find the room had been transformed from a comfortable bachelor apartment furnished in early thrift shop to an explosion in a paint factory furnished in retro nightmare harem as designed by Liberace on speed. Or a drunk fairy.

“Twink...” he said dangerously. “What the hell did you do to my apartment?”

“I...”

“Never mind. Change it back. Now.”

“But...”

“**Now!**”

“You have no taste! And I live here too.” She crossed her arms, buzzing faintly. “No.”

“Change it before I tie your wings in a knot.”

“But Glennie-boo!” She whined. “You haven’t seen the bedroom or the bathroom or the kitchen or...”

“I don’t want to see them! Change it the hell back the way it was!”

She waved her wand, grumbling under her breath. Mostly. “...worse than Cinderella...”

“What did you say?” He caught her chin and forced her to look at him.

“Nwussing...”

“Good.” He smacked her cheek looking around at the restored decor.

He put the mail down on his computer desk and his eyes fell on the gap in his videotapes. His *Hello Dolly* tape was missing. Quickly scanning the room his gaze went to the small trashcan next to the desk. He raised his eyes and met Twink’s wide-eyed look of terror.

“Twink,” he said softly, conversationally.

“Um, yes?”

“I seem to remember telling you what would happen if you ever messed with my tapes. Do I remember correctly?”

“Uh...”

“Come here.”

“Um...Uh-uh.”

“Come. Here.”

“Uh-uh.”

“Twink...”

“Uhh-uhh.”

He lunged for her, grabbing her arm and twisting it back behind her, wrenching it upward painfully. “You really are bad you know. You get drunk, stoned out of your pretty little head,” he moved his free hand to her hair, giving the band holding it up a jerk. “And it is a pretty head too.”

He looked her over, the fear on her face getting him hard. She gave a halfhearted buzz and he tightened his hold. “Let’s not start that again Twinkle Butt. You know I’ll bust your ass.”

Some minutes later Glenn lay back against the pile of pillows against the brass headboard, head back, eyes closed, knees up, lips parted, breathing heavily, a fine sheen of sweat on his pale skin. “Mmmnnuuuhhh,” he moaned softly. “Damn she was good,” he thought, slowly shaking his head. He opened his eyes lazily and smiled softly, his breath hitching, watching Twinkle’s head bobbing rhythmically. He licked his lips and swallowed, closing his eyes again and moaning. Suddenly she made little nibbling bites all the way up and he clenched his hands, grabbing hold of sheet and blanket. He cried out, coming.

“Damn Twink, that thing with the teeth,” he said breathlessly, “that’s... that’s the world.”

She sat up and sighed then crawled over to her side of the bed. “My turn?”

“Too sleepy Twinkle Butt, later. Maybe.” He snuggled down under the covers and was almost asleep a few minutes later.

Twink pouted and huffed, turning over onto her side, her back to him, muttering to herself. “Unfair, selfish, arrogant, shi-OW!”

“I heard that.” He said, reaching over and thumping the back of her head with a loud pop.

She buzzed faintly and sighed heavily. Glenn began to snore softly. “Poop,” Twink said and turned over.

That next morning he went into the little bathroom. He was in a foul mood after the eggs Twinklebell had tried to boil for breakfast had exploded. The place smelled awful and Twink had wisely made herself scarce for once.

Be afraid, Glenn thought sourly. *Be very afraid*. He surveyed the blue and white bathroom that had once seemed so spacious. Now it was a cramped little hellhole where he had been reduced to one little shelf in the medicine cabinet. Well, time to fix that little turn of events.

He picked up the trashcan and opened the door to the medicine cabinet. Picking up a garish eye shocking purple bottle he read the label out loud. “For the cessation of unwanted propagation of Elves, Fairies, Gnomes, and other woodland creatures due to unplanned mitosis. Suppresses the spore cycle and removes the mycotic response. What the hell is this crap?” He tossed it in the trashcan then took a moment to gaze at the collection of jars and bottles in an array of garish colors that made his eyes hurt.

Suddenly he swept all of Twinkle’s cosmetics off the shelves into the can. Walking to the small bathroom closet he continued his cleaning, throwing away everything that wasn’t his.

He moved to the bathtub and reached for the bottles there. He left the nuclear green bottle and the yellow one with the black stripes, he liked those two scents. The rest went into the trash with the other things. Oblivious to the tiny curl of hot pink smoke coming from the can, he walked out of the apartment to dump the can into the large dumpster that served the building.

Walking down the hall to the stairs, he glared at Señora Martinez as she poked her head out the door. She made a sign to ward off the evil eye and spit. He flipped her off and headed down the stairs trailing bright pink smoke and the occasional green spark. “Crazy old bat,” he thought to himself. Stepping outside and around the side of the building he raised the can finally seeing the smoke and sparks, which were now accompanied by an odd hissing.

“Damn!” He heaved the can up and into the dumpster and ran for the door. He had made it two steps when the various chemicals and bottled otherworldly stuff spontaneously ignited like a roman candle, spewing green sparks and shocking pink smoke everywhere. He turned to watch in amazement and the mixture reached the rancid habanera sauce someone had thrown away that morning. There was an ominous rumble followed by a sharp bang deep in the dumpster and Glenn began backing away. Three point five steps away the dumpster reached critical mass and exploded, sending multicolored day glow sparks and smoke a good three hundred feet into the air and spreading a stench like burning rubber with heavy overtones of skunk for a hundred yards in every direction.

Glenn gagged and held his sleeve over his nose, staggering into the building and stumbling up the stairs, his eyes streaming. *Good lord, what was in that junk she used?* he thought, slamming the front door.

Twinklebell arrived back an hour later, bleary eyed, and promptly puked her shoes up. Glenn, who had been breathing through a wet washcloth for the past hour, sympathized. He walked over and picked her up, turning to carry her into the bathroom.

“Ahem-**whoa!** What died? Or has Twinklebell been trying to cook again?” came the sudden voice of Dispatch. Glenn thought he could hear faint gagging noises in the background.

“Don’t mention foo - “ Glenn began.

“The last time she made spaghetti...”

Twinklebell heaved. All over Glenn.

“Thank you **so much** Dispatch,” Glenn grit his teeth. “Since this appears to be getting stronger rather than dissipating, I think a trip somewhere would be very prudent. Any idea how long this will last?”

“Analyzing... Ah, from the content of the-”

“Dispatch,” Glenn warned.

“Er, three days.”

“Good.”

“Unless it rains.”

“Shi-oot.” He amended quickly. He really didn’t want Twink puking all over him again.

Glenn carried Twink out to the car and put her in. He went around and got in the driver’s side and reached for the ignition.

“Mr. Masterson...” Dispatch said hesitantly.

“Yes?”

“Starting the car... would be bad.”

“How bad?”

“Very bad. Taking out the surrounding three blocks bad.”

“Riiight. So, how about popping us over to a nice room somewhere on the strip?”

“The displacement will make Twinklebell...”

“Puke. Yes I know. Thank you. Just send us.”

Two hours later Glenn was comfortably reclined against the headboard of a king sized bed in the Las Vegas Hilton, a rather miserable and somewhat bedraggled Twinklebell curled up in a ball under the covers on the far side of the bed. He casually flipped the channels on the room’s TV and waited for room service to bring dinner.

“Twink,” he said casually rolling over and swatting her butt. She buzzed at him and he smacked her again. “Get up, dinner is here.” He walked to the door and a waiter brought a large tray inside, setting it down on the low dresser.

Following the waiter to the door he pulled several large bills out of his pocket. “Listen, I would like you to run a little errand for me.”

“What kind of errand sir?” The waiter said warily, eyeing the money.

“Tequila, a bottle of the best you can find,” Glenn handed the man a fifty-dollar bill. “And another when you return with the goods.”

“Yes sir, ten, maybe fifteen minutes,” the waiter scurried off.

Glenn sat down beside Twink and jerked the covers back. “Up. Now.” he said shortly. He watched Twink get up and look over the food, her nose twitching like a rabbit testing the air for enemies.

“I want to go home,” she said stubbornly.

“You want to sit the hell down and stop annoying me. Now eat.”

She buzzed and he raised an eyebrow at her. She sat and nibbled at a piece of lettuce, glaring at him.

“I have a little business here,” he said and watched her brighten. “You are going home,” her face fell and he sighed. *Damn, I actually feel sorry for her, when did that happen?* he thought, disgusted with himself. “I don’t care what you do as long as you don’t show up back here. Do that and I will shoot you.”

She pouted, poking her bottom lip out the way she knew made him crazy. He got up to answer the knock at the door and thumped the back of her head as he walked by. Peeking out the peephole in the door he smiled and opened it pulling another fifty dollar bill out of his pocket.

Walking back to the small table he opened the bottle and took a swig, grimaced, and then smiled. Twinklebell was still pouting when he reached her and he set the bottle down, dragging her up out of her chair. He kissed her roughly and she squeaked, startled. She responded very nicely and they were soon in bed, not a coherent thought between them.

Glenn walked up the stairs to his apartment wondering if he’d lost his touch for dealing with the bad guys. He was tired after the latest disastrous mission in north Las Vegas and more than a little in need of a roll in the sheets, a shower, and dinner, in that order. Señora Martinez poked her head out her door and smirked at him.

“What the hell do you want?” he shouted at her.

“Mulo,” she hissed back and shut the door, making the evil eye at him again.

“She has to be certifiable, maybe I can get her committed,” he muttered, shaking his head and reaching for the doorknob. He froze in his tracks. The most horrendous wailing and crashing noise was coming from somewhere in the small apartment. It sounded like a cross between a catfight and a ten car pileup. He drew his gun and kicked open the door and froze again for a heartbeat. Twink, pinned against the wall, was buzzing like a hive of bees, her eyes crossed, and her legs wrapped around the waist of a man who appeared to be doing his best to climb into her skin with her. Glenn

aimed just a hair to the right and fired, hitting the wall next to Twinkle's head. She shrieked, hitting the ultrasonic, and her athletic lover dropped her.

"Shit!" Robin yelled and dumped Twink in the floor. "Damn, I hate it when you do that!"

"Ow! Glennie-boo! You're home!" Twink jumped up and scampered over toward Glenn. He shifted his aim and she was suddenly looking down the barrel of a nine millimeter Glock semi-automatic.

"Give me one good reason not to shoot both of you right now."

"Um... It would make a mess?" Twink stared at the gun cross-eyed.

"Try again."

"Ahem, please don't do that, it mucks up the time stream and the reality - fantasy interface. We would be forced to retract all favors and demand the return of any, ah, modifications to the original requester..." The voice of Dispatch sounded behind Glenn.

"Meaning you'd rip my eyes out again." Glenn said tiredly.

"Um, ah, well... Yes." Dispatch replied.

"Fine, get him the hell out of here. I can deal with Twinkleslut myself."

Robin dissolved into green sparkles and Glenn glared at Twinklebell. She gave him a lopsided smile and he shook his head, making a disgusted noise. He walked into the kitchen and opened the cabinet where he kept his supply of tequila, taking down a bottle. He started to reach for a glass and hesitated.

"Hell with it," he said tiredly and began drinking straight out of the bottle, going back into the living room and heading down the hall to the bathroom. Looking at Twink standing in the middle of the room with a terrified look on her face, he stopped and thought for a moment.

"I am going to take a shower," she brightened. "You are going to clean up in here," her face fell. He walked on into the bathroom, grinning at her muttering.

Glenn took another swig of tequila and turned the water on in the shower. He sighed and put the bottle down on the vanity and began to undress, throwing his clothes

into a pile in the corner. The heat of the water relaxed him, melting away the tension and the stress. *Hell of a way to come home*, he thought sourly, *a man nearly gets his ass shot off, all he wants is to come home to a quiet house, a good dinner, and a willing woman. And what do I get? A crazy old bat spying on me, enough noise to wake the dead, no dinner, and my willing woman in bed, well, up against the wall, with someone else. Crap!*

He climbed out of the shower and reached for a towel. Another swig of tequila and an idea began to form. Like a nebulous fog suddenly made solid his black thoughts and the irritation with Twink landed with a thud in the pit of his stomach. One more swallow of alcohol and he felt the slow burn of lust flare up into a blazing bonfire. Slowly he grinned.

Twink heard Glenn coming out of the bathroom and stopped what she was doing. She warily looked up from mixing catnip into her diet coke. Seeing the coast was clear she hurriedly drank the concoction down, sitting the empty can down on the coffee table just as Glenn walked in clad only in a towel. He looked her over and then jerked his head toward the bedroom. Pouting, she opened her mouth to argue and a tremendous burp bubbled up from somewhere in the vicinity of her toes and made a dash for freedom. The windows rattled. Glenn shut his eyes, a pained look on his face. He walked over and grabbed her by the back of the neck, marching her down the hall to the bedroom.

“You have to be the most disgusting, crude, unladylike creature on this planet. Maybe even on the rest of the universe too,” he said, dropping the towel. “Good thing I’m hard to offend, now get your clothes off.”

She hurriedly stripped and the boner he was already sporting got even harder. He shoved her down onto the bed and climbed over her, pinning her hands over her head with one hand and forced her lips apart, plundering and almost reaching her tonsils as his tongue swept over the roof of her mouth. She arched herself toward him and he pulled back, sucking her bottom lip. He got off the bed and rummaged quickly through the nightstand drawer. Coming up with what he wanted he tied her hands to the headboard rails then slowly kissed and nipped his way down her arm.

He moved his mouth over the side of her breast and down to her waist and hip, traveling all the way down to her ankle, leaving a trail of teeth marks. Wrapping another scarf around her ankle he tied first one foot then the other to the footboard rails and began kissing and biting his way back up to her wrist. She whimpered and fought the bindings as he sat up, kneeling between her legs, just looking at her with burning lust in his eyes. He leaned over her, carefully not touching her with anything but his lips and tongue, kissing and licking her throat and shoulders and finally each breast and nipple.

He was breathing like he'd run up ten flights of stairs, just barely able to keep control. He knew what he was going for and he wasn't there yet. A smile threatened when he heard her start buzzing. She moaned when he pushed his tongue into her navel and strained against the ties, trying to reach him. He grit his teeth and moved to enter her, if he waited any longer he'd lose the moment. With one swift, hard thrust he was in and then he couldn't have stopped moving even if he wanted to.

Twink made a panicked, wailing noise and her buzzing was suddenly punctuated with a sharp crackle of static build-up. "Nnnghh... Ohh yeah... zap the hell out of me," he moaned breathlessly, trying to push through her to the bed. He wrapped his arms around her, vaguely aware she had managed to magic off the ties holding her down.

Franticly Twink shook off the scarves and wrapped her legs around him then her arms, holding as tight as she could, the vibration from the buzzing making her teeth hurt. Suddenly she cried out, calling his name, and there was a brilliant blue flash. Every hair he had stood straight out and he muffled his scream in the crook of her neck, his body jerking and shuddering as he came.

He woke a few hours later and gingerly crawled out of bed, his legs wobbling a bit as he headed for the bathroom. "Damn!" he thought, "And *that* folks is why I put up with the most annoying woman in the universe, thank you very much."

Settled comfortably in front of the TV Glenn glanced up when Twink walked in. He was feeling magnanimous and pretty damn mellow at the moment so he held out his arm and motioned her over to him. She winced a little but still scampered over to sit on

the couch next to him. She snuggled close and he pulled her closer, planting a kiss on the top of her disheveled head.

The scene of domestic bliss lasted all of two minutes before Twink moaned and hopped up, running to the bathroom and interrupting his show. He scowled at her and when she came back and tried to cuddle again he gave her a nudge that dumped her off the couch.

“The moment’s gone Twink, go sit down somewhere and watch the show.”

She pouted and went to sit at the computer. Glenn snapped his fingers and pointed away from the PC.

“Was just gonna look.” She glared at him.

“No eBay, you don’t know when to quit.”

“Glennie-poop, party pooper... OW!” She rubbed the spot on her forehead where the pencil he’d thrown at her had hit her. Picking it up she looked it over and began to nibble at it. She’d already gone through four pencils, three notebooks, a CD, and a ballpoint pen by the time he noticed her munching on a piece of something white.

“That’s nine, and what in the world are you eating?”

“Nine what?” Twink asked, confused, a piece of toilet paper stuck to her bottom lip.

“Nine trips to the bathroom, sit the hell down,” he’d been counting her trips to the bathroom.

She sat. After a short moment she began to fidget, bouncing and making a faint buzzing. She couldn’t sit there any longer and leapt up, practically flying down the hall to the bathroom.

“Twink-” Glenn began angrily, trailing off on fascination when he saw her partly flying down the hall. He had never seen her actually use her wings before and it was an amazing sight, rather like watching a hummingbird fly.

When Twink smacked into the wall, missing the bathroom door, Glenn thought it might be a good idea to go and see what she'd gotten herself stoned on this time. He glanced back at the TV and sighed.

Later, he thought as the music came up and the title credits began. *Seven Brides for Seven Brothers* was one of his favorites, especially the scene where each girl claims the baby is hers. He snickered to himself and was soon oblivious to the noises of a very ill fairy in the bathroom.

Some time later a bedraggled and very miserable Twinklebell crept into the living room. She curled up in a little ball on the end of the couch and watched Glenn watching his movie. Suddenly her eyes got wide and she whimpered. "Oh nooo! They're crawling up the walls!" Twinklebell wailed miserably, pointing at the wall.

"There's nothing there Twink, what is wrong with you?"

She burst into tears and he looked at her coldly. "You don't love me," she wailed in a tone that he just knew had to bend metal.

"So? You don't love me either."

She went off in a fresh gale of tears and he shrugged, walking over and slinging her over his shoulder. He carried her into the bedroom and dumped her onto the bed. "Sleep it off. I'm going out."

Twink sniveled and flipped him off with a zap to the butt as he turned to go. He turned back and made a lunging grab for her, barely missing his hold on her. He grabbed again and caught her foot before she could slide off the other side of the bed.

"Twink you just don't learn, do you." Glenn looked down at her and smacked her cheek, almost affectionately.

Suddenly Twink sat up and twined her arms around him, "Even the crafty Luis could not keep me from you, my perfect little carrot!" She said in her most sultry voice as she rubbed herself against him.

“Luis? Who the hell is Luis? What the hell is going on with you Twink?” Glenn eyed her warily.

“I’ve thought of you every minute I’ve been away, Adored One!”

“You haven’t been anywhere Twink.”

“Only because you never take me anywhere,” she whined, clinging to him.

“You’re ashamed of me.”

“**Damn!** Let go of me!” He managed to push her away and headed for the door.

“You’re crazy! I’m getting out of here right now!” He stormed out the door, slamming it behind him. “Dispatch!”

“Yes?”

“What the hell is wrong with her? She’s acting like she’s lost her mind or something.”

“Oh dear. I was afraid of this when you threw everything out.”

“Afraid of what!?”

“Um, ahem, apparently in your cleaning zeal you also threw out Twinklebell’s birth control...”

Glenn stopped mid stride and nearly fell down the stairs. “Tell me you didn’t just tell me what you just told me,” his voice full of dread.

“Ahem, well, um, sorry, but, um, well, there it is.”

“Twink is going to have a baby...” Glenn felt ill.

“Well, not precisely...”

“No baby?”

“Ah, I’ve rarely seen a litter of less than ten.”

“**Litter?! Ten?!**” Glenn squeaked, suddenly unable to breathe.

“Oh at least. Of course the record is ninety-two.”

“Damn,” Glenn said weakly. “Tell me it’s not her family.”

“I believe Twinklebell was number eighty-three.”

Glenn sat down hard on the stairs, his head in his hands, squeezing his eyes shut and moaning. He was oblivious to the flash of green light and the whine of the UFO engines.

“Okay, okay, breathe Glenn calm down, it may not be yours. She’s been sleeping with who knows how many others...”

“Mmm, it doesn’t work that way, it’s much more like... spawning, or a mushroom releasing spores at the proper time. Yes, that’s a good way to describe it, rather like a large fungus...”

Glenn whimpered. Dispatch left him to his troubled thoughts.

“Ahem. If you’re not busy, the dragon has been spotted near Mazatlan. Just thought you should be alerted,” Dispatch said.

Glenn stood and ran back up the stairs. “Let’s go,” he said to Twink, “Dispatch? Where exactly?”

“Ah, the Henderson area, heading east toward Laughlin.”

Glenn motioned for Twinkle to whip up some clothes.

Twinkle waved her wand. Arrayed in green and red plaid, with a striped pink shirt and white patent leather platform shoes, he reached over and smacked the back of her head, hard. The clothes changed to more acceptable black jeans and a shirt.

Two hours later they were driving around the countryside looking for the dragon. Twinkle sat in the passenger seat hugging herself, biting her bottom lip.

“See it yet?” Glenn asked, annoyed.

“No.”

“You don’t want to catch it do you? You want to stay here and make my life hell don’t you?”

“I wouldn’t stay with you, you’re mean to me. Why are you so mean to me?”

“Because it’s fun. Now shut up and look for that dragon.”

She sat there and pouted, and he drove in silence. Suddenly Twinkle shrieked and pointed. “There! There, there, there, there!”

“Whe-” a loud thump cut him off and he slammed on the breaks.

“You hit it!”

“What the hell are you...” he trailed off as something that looked like an armadillo on steroids clawed its way up over the hood of the car, hissing.

“Oh no...” Twinkle said in a small voice. “Now it’s mad.”

“It’s mad?! Well so am I! It’s scratching the paint! Get out there and get it!” He leaned over and opened the door, shoving her out onto the asphalt.

She got out and gingerly edged around the door, cooing at the creature perched in the center of the hood of his car. “Niiice baby, come to mama,” she crooned nervously.

It made a little hop toward her and she froze. It hopped again and she backed up a step. There was a low growl. It crouched, its butt in the air, then wiggled and pounced. Twinkle shrieked and ran, the dragon pursuing her into the brush. Glenn snickered and got out to watch.

Twinkle ran behind some bushes and the dragon followed. Suddenly the bushes exploded into activity and the dragon came out, followed by an angry Twinkle, a large purple spot on her little green dress. He got on the hood of the car and leaned back against the windshield to watch the show.

“Dispatch!”

“Ah, yes? Oh! I see you’ve found it. Wonderful!”

“So what happens when she catches it?”

“Your sight will become permanent, and Twinkle will be returned forthwith to the main office.”

“Really? And suppose I requested another fairy. Would I get Twinkle again?”

“Ah, I doubt it, returning fairies are put back into rotation. Should you request another fairy, it would be one of the other girls.”

“But if I...”

“Ahhh, I see, in that case...” Glenn listened as Dispatch’s voice got very low, a huge grin slowly spreading across his face.

Twinklebell ran by, covered in dirt, purple spots, and debris from the bushes. He snickered and got off the car to go after her and the dragon. He heard hissing and buzzing followed finally by an earsplitting shriek and a snarl. Twinklebell walked out of the bushes carrying the dragon, a thin curl of purple smoke rising up behind her. Her hair was full of twigs and she was sporting at least three layers of dirt and several scratches. He watched her walk past and began to snicker. Her butt was smoking where the dragon had obviously scored a direct hit.

She glared at him over her shoulder and buzzed faintly. He followed her to the car and leaned on the door, waiting. Twinklebell was surrounded by sparks and disappeared back into the halls of Wish Fulfillment Inc.

Glenn walked around to the back of the car and opened the trunk. He pulled out the old blanket he kept there and slammed the trunk closed. Walking back around to the front of the car he spread the blanket over the hood of the car and leaned back.

A faint buzzing and the sound of glass wind chimes could be heard in the sleepy afternoon, coming closer. There was a soft phoomph! And then a swirl of dust. Twinkle stood there looking nonplussed. He walked over and pulled her into a rough kiss. “You didn’t really think I would let go that easily did you?”

He picked her up and laid her back on the hood of the car.