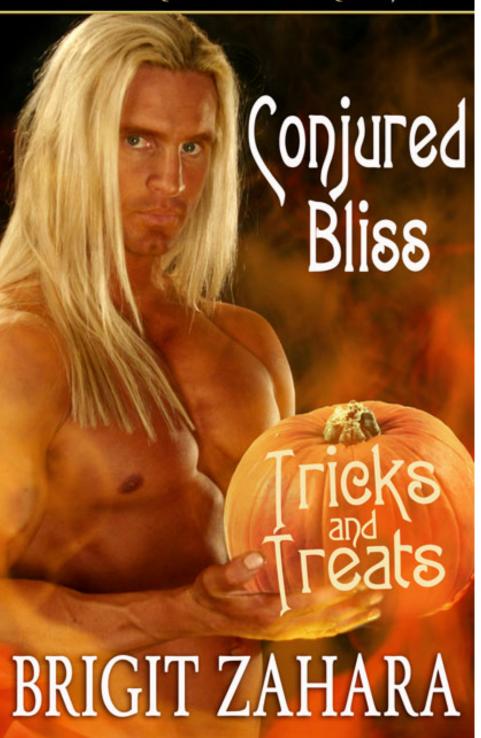
Ellora's Cave Presents



An Ellora's Cave Romantica Publication



Conjured Bliss

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CONJURED BLISS

Brigit Zahara

Dedication

For Simarone and Rio

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Chapter One

October 30, Las Vegas, NV

"Hey, where's my tuna melt on rye?"

Callie leaned forward against the red-and-white-checkered countertop that fronted the steamy kitchen of the diner and, peering in, called out to the short-order cook. Busy flipping burgers and attending to other assorted grill items, his back remained to her even as he answered.

"Don't get your pantyhose in a bunch. It's coming."

Yeah. So was Halloween. Tomorrow.

The realization sent a stab of pain through Callie and with a stifled huff, she whirled on her heel, her long dark hair flying as she collided for the third time that day with the other waitress on shift.

"Jesus Christ, girl! One of these days you're going to knock us both out cold."

At fifty-something, equipped with a gravelly low voice thanks to her two-pack-aday cigarette habit and wearing a ton of outdated makeup, Eleanor was the stereotypical greasy spoon server.

"Sorry," Callie mumbled. "I guess it's going to take me some time to remember the lay of the land."

At the tinkling sound of the bell hooked to the diner's door her eyes drifted over the older woman's shoulder to note the threesome who walked in. Bordered by two guys, the woman in the center had linked arms with one while she held the hand of the other. Laughing lightly and exchanging playful banter, the trio exuded all the indications of a very good and comfortable relationship. Callie's eyes quickly filled with tears.

"Hey, honey. Take it easy," Eleanor said, her voice softening as she laid a motherly hand on Callie's shoulder. "It's only a job. And you're doing fine, just fine. Give yourself a break. You've only been back a few weeks."

Yeah, back to her old job and her old residence that just so happened to be one in the same.

Quickly brushing an errant tear from her cheek, Callie sniffed loudly.

"It's not that."

"Then what?"

Callie's gaze moved over to the booth where the three newly entered customers now sat. The woman was still clasping the hand of the one guy across the table while mischievously nuzzling the neck of the other beside her. At the frisky, loving scene before her, a jab of reminiscence flooded through Callie, bringing with it the detailed and multifaceted memory of her first night at her former job.

She and the two magicians Vance and Hart who made up the then-brand-new act Abracadabra had just finished their opening night show at the Bellagio. Only weeks earlier she had been hired to be the guys' pretty, buxom assistant who would provide props, poses, participate in a number of the tricks and utter strategically placed *oohs* and *aahs* throughout the performance. In fact, Callie had jumped at the opportunity to quadruple her two-waitressing-job salary—the staggering sum the guys offered her all the more remarkable given the fact that she wouldn't have to take her clothes off. That was something Callie had vowed never to do, even though numerous others were cleaning up doing that very thing in Sin City—topless showgirls or out-and-out strippers able to generate some pretty good coin. But after her divorce, all Callie felt she had left was her pride and she was not about to sell that—or peeps at her bodacious bod—for any price. So while her costumes with Abracadabra were certainly sexy—the corseted bodices with plunging necklines beautifully exhibiting her naturally large full breasts and tiny waist, while the short-skirted chiffon dresses and high strappy sandals

were seemingly specially designed to show off her long, shapely legs—by Callie's standards, they were acceptable.

Of course, it also didn't hurt that she would be working day and night with two of the most beautiful, sexy and overwhelmingly hot guys Callie had ever seen, let alone met. Where Vance was irrepressibly charming with his boyish good looks, startling turquoise eyes, dimpled smile and ever-present comical flair, the more serious Hart was dangerously attractive with his cinnamon-colored hair, silver eyes and low, hypnotic voice.

Not that any of that mattered.

From day one, Callie was determined that things would *never* go beyond a professional relationship with her hunky coworkers, that hard-and-fast decision stemming from what she saw as three very good reasons.

For starters, even though her divorce was almost a year old when she took the job with Abracadabra, Callie was still tremendously gun-shy about the opposite sex. A nearly permanent mark had been left thanks to the split from her rich businessman husband of six years, who very calmly announced one day over Salmon Wellington that he was gay, had a lover and was leaving her. Just like that. No warning.

Well, almost none.

In retrospect, Callie remembered wondering why her ex wasn't into some of the more intimate acts of sex, why she practically had to force him to make love to her and then when they did, why it was only every couple of months, only in the missionary position and always with the lights off. As he was the only lover she'd ever known, Callie was left to blame her husband's apparent disinterest on herself, assuming she must be doing something wrong. Maybe she wasn't attractive or sexy enough, or maybe, he just didn't *want* her—love her, yes—but more and more Callie began to suspect that the man she had married just wasn't sexually excited by her. In the end she was right.

After his stunning declaration, Callie threatened to sue him for alimony, but in yet another unforeseen occurrence, her dearly-beloved-no-longer literally sold their home—registered only in his name—out from under her and moved out of the state, leaving her penniless, homeless and heartbroken. Unable to deal with the additional stress of a messy divorce and forced onto the street as a result, Callie quickly secured work and a place to live all in one location—the shabby little in-law suite located in the back of the diner serving as her new home. It was a shock to the system but she became grateful for what she had, all the while keeping her eye out for the arrival of something better.

And *poof*! like magic, it appeared. When she saw the ad for Abracadabra and learned of the job's excellent pay and promise of keeping her personal dress code intact, dropping her day job at the diner and night shift as a cocktail waitress at Caesar's was a no-brainer. But getting involved with one of the two super-hot hunks that headlined the show? No way. Even if she could choose between the two, she wasn't eager to rush into any new romantic relationship.

So that was reason number one.

Secondly, Callie assumed that single guys as uncommonly beautiful and built as Vance and Hart just had to be gay—a preference that twisted the knife in her heart and strengthened her resolve to keep the two handsome heartthrobs at bay.

And just in case they weren't homosexual, Callie had always been a firm believer in the crude but good advice, "you don't shit where you eat and you don't fuck where you work". Regardless of the fact that both Vance and Hart had an amazing knack for making her heart pound and her sadly neglected "private place" react with only a look or smile. Never mind what the sound of their voices or a stray touch could do! Callie ignored the incredible chemistry between the three of them and pushed the desire to create a little magic backstage with one or the other of the guys to the back of her mind. It was the act's opening night on Halloween and it was going to be spectacular.

As it turned out, spectacular was the word. The audience was alternately stunned silent and worked into a nearly orgasmic applauding frenzy at the threesome's mesmerizing blend of spooky effects and supernatural displays. But that was nothing compared to the mind-blowing sleight of hand Vance and Hart had in store for Callie later on that evening.

Arriving back at the guys' sprawling bungalow where they all had spent the past six weeks very platonically rehearsing for their big debut in the home's large basement studio, the three prepared to enjoy an official celebratory toast to their newfound success. This on the heels of two bottles of champagne consumed in the limo on the ride back.

"So," Callie grinned, feeling only slightly tipsy but thoroughly delighted that the show had gone so well and she had finally settled into a good-paying, respectable job, "what are we drinking now?"

"How 'bout something warm and creamy?" Hart said with a sexy grin that in a flash set her thighs trembling and turned her knees to jelly.

Standing sideways at the bar, Callie found herself suddenly sandwiched in between Vance's and Hart's hard bodies, the soft scent of their different aftershaves combining to assault her nose in a way that quickly translated into a wild fluttering in her stomach. Her voice, when she sputtered out a response, was raspy.

"Ah... You mean like hot chocolate?"

"Nah, too sweet and too much. Maybe a shooter," Vance whispered from behind her.

"A shooter, yes," Hart agreed, gently pressing the front of his body against the front of hers. The pressure of his long, stiff cock turned his ivory pants into a mighty impressive pup tent and jabbed into her pelvis as he lightly pulled her against him. "I like the idea of shooting."

Similarly, Vance brought up the rear, his steel-like cock pressing in against the crease of her soft ass. "Ah-huh," he said in a low voice laden with lust. "How 'bout you, Callie? Do you like to shoot?"

Stunned, Callie tried to slow her quickly increasing breathing but the more she fought against her body's response, the more it revved up. Unaccustomed to such blatant displays of sexuality, she was surprised at how quickly and completely she was responding. Despite her resolve and damn good reasons for not going there with her two coworkers, she just couldn't seem to convince her body that was, at that very moment, revealing its true state at every turn. Her face, usually pale, was now flushed red, her torso vibrated with a long-repressed need and, completely foreign to her, the crotch of her satin panties was now positively soaked with the slippery fluid that had dripped from the throbbing region between her legs.

Reaching down and under her short skirt, Hart nudged her thighs apart with his fingers, only to palm her fabric-covered mons, his face registering surprise at just how wet the material of her underwear already was.

"I think it's safe to say that Callie likes to shoot. So how 'bout it, Satin? Do you want an orgasm?"

Satin was Hart's nickname for her, a term he'd chosen the first day they met when he shook her hand and claimed her skin was as soft as the silky textile.

Callie knew Hart was referring to the frothy white shooter but at the suggestive question, her liquid-laden feminine folds, cupped and pressed by his warm hand, twitched in response. Hart felt it but only smiled as he gave the sopping package he held a little squeeze.

"Oh I think she does," Vance replied for her, wrapping his arms around her to delicately fondle her now-aching breasts, the large, globes starved for male attention. His fingers lightly brushed over her painfully erect nipples through the sheer fabric of her bodice, causing her to gasp. "But I don't think one is going to be enough."

Hart quickly agreed.

"Nah-ah. I think Callie could use a bunch of orgasms."

Breathless and near swooning, Callie tried one last time to keep their relationship professional.

"Fellas, I-I really don't know if we should do this."

Hart's silver eyes locked with hers, the look of desire within further inflaming her growing need to be fucked.

"Sure you do, Callie," he said, his satiny voice caressing her as his hand continued to palpate the region between her thighs. "We *definitely* should do this. We want it, you want it and more than that, you need it."

"Need it?" she breathed heavily.

"Hart and I know that you haven't been fucked long and hard with a long, hard cock since your husband hit the highway over a year ago. And even then, well, let's just say, it wasn't nearly as much as a beautiful woman like you should be fucked."

Vance's raw and direct choice of words bowled Callie over, the trembling excitement that shot through her body at the dirty talk astonishing her even more. Sensing her strong response, the guys then launched into an erotic two-way conversation.

"Worst of all, his heart wasn't in it," Hart said. "Can you believe that, Vance?"

"Unimaginable."

"But don't you worry, Callie, our hearts are going to be in it."

"Not to mention our fingers and hard-ons. In it and deep."

"Poor Satin. Never had a decent fuck in your whole life and didn't even resort to taking matters into your own hands."

"So to speak. And no toys either! Girl, how have you lived?"

"You must be just aching for it."

"The craziest part is your ex wasn't into tongue sports and we all know what that means."

"Yeah, that sweet pussy of yours has never been licked and sucked and tonguefucked like it deserves."

"Oh, but our gorgeous girl, it's going to be."

Callie could barely breathe. While Vance's and Hart's super-hot dialogue had left her more titillated than she had even knew was possible, she was also radically ill at ease with their obviously intimate knowledge of her love life.

"What are you guys talking about? Wha... How do you know all this? Have you been spying on me?"

"Easy, sweet," Hart said, his velvetlike voice soothing her. "It's nothing like that. We just are able to know many things. Call it a gift."

"We can smell it," Vance continued as he leaned into her further, the hard, rippled surface of his torso pressing against the smooth flesh of her back and threatening to distract her from the mounting force of his cock against her ass. "We can sense it. Feel it deep down. Everything we've said is the truth."

Shaken, Callie glanced down, bewildered, embarrassed and suddenly very overwhelmed. Additionally confused by the powerful sexual feelings she was experiencing for the very first time, she stared at the hardwood floor, not really seeing as tears welled up in her almond-shaped green eyes.

"I know but..."

Hart's voice once again was soft and reassuring.

"But it's not going to be your truth anymore, Satin. Vance and I are going to change all that. Now don't cry, pretty. You're one of a kind. A woman like no other."

He reached up and, placing a finger under her chin, lifted her eyes to meet his.

"You've made our show magic, just by being in it," Vance said.

"Made my *life* magic, just by coming into it."

"Mine too. And now we want to say thank you."

Leaning down, Hart locked his lips around one nipple and sucked softly through the partially translucent fabric of Callie's top and lacy bra. Startled, she drew in a ragged breath.

"I can't. I don't, I'm not ready. I didn't... I didn't see this coming."

"Yes you can and believe me, you're ready," Hart laughingly murmured as he moved to brush her ear with his lips. His tongue rimmed the curve of her earlobe for a quick moment before delving inside, the warm, moist sensation sending shivers down Callie's spine. She let out a heavy puff of air. "Good and ready. And as for not seeing this coming? Maybe you didn't. But I guarantee you're going to see a whole lot of coming from here on in."

"Better late than never," Vance murmured in her other ear as he began licking her neck.

With a feathery touch, Hart's hand shifted slightly to slip in under Callie's satin panties. Tilting his head so he could suck the sensitive skin on her neck, he gently inserted two fingers into her pussy and very slowly began to finger-fuck her. Moaning, Callie let her head fall back against Vance's shoulder, the frame of his strong arms about her waist the only thing holding her up.

While she had recalled that night many a time, Callie could never fully remember how the three of them got to a bedroom down the hall, only that they did. Once there, Vance and Hart both undressed her—deliberately and almost reverently—before laying her out on the king-size bed.

Then going at it from opposite directions, Vance at her head and Hart at her feet, they worked Callie over from head to toe, licking, nibbling and sucking every single inch of her writhing body. Extra-special attention was paid to her plump breasts with their large brown nipples that stuck out against the smooth velvet of her white skin. But the primary focus of their combined lapping loving was saved for her pussy. Engorged and pounding with the blood Vance and Hart had taken turns urging into it, Callie's dripping folds twitched, convulsed and endlessly poured out the creamiest of juices in

response to the guys' relentless and talented oral attacks, the likes of which—as they had accurately stated—she had never before experienced. Pushing her effortlessly from one fantastic orgasm to another—another new and earth-shattering experience for her—Callie's previously ignored crease was given a series of tongue lashings that made her weep with pleasure and release.

But that was only the appetizer.

From there, Hart and Vance turned to one other, their hands and mouths playing up and down each other's bodies in a sizzling erotic display that left Callie breathless and wanting more.

Once the guys worked them all up to a crazed sexual state, their bodies all glistening with a combination of perspiration, saliva and cum, Vance and Hart alternately rammed their combined nineteen inches of pounding, granite-like rods into different openings on Callie's body, often simultaneously, even managing from time to time to bring the three of them to climax at exactly the same moment.

At one point when Callie interpreted Vance's hands on her wrists from behind as restraining and the weight of Hart's body on hers as too heavy, she panicked, whimpering and fighting at the sensation of being outnumbered and in danger. Abruptly the guys stopped and Vance, releasing her wrists, leaned down and kissed her softly on the mouth while Hart pulled out of her and gently pressed her knees together so she wouldn't feel so exposed.

"Ssssh, Satin," Hart said, stroking the outside of her thighs. "It's okay. We just want to make you feel good. Any time you don't feel comfortable, you just say so and we'll stop."

The matter never came up again.

The scenarios and positions that went down that night—and for the next eleven months—were too numerous to name, each one even more pleasure-producing than the previous one. But one that was forever burned in Callie's consciousness came back to her as she stood staring at the three customers who waited for her to take their lunch

order. Swallowing hard, she shut her eyes as the long-remembered sensations coursed through her body.

Lying on her back with her legs extended in a wide V against Vance's torso, his hands clasping her ankles which rested on his ultra-broad shoulders, he seriously pummeled her cunt with long, hard, fast strokes. The speed and rhythm and force of his drives, coupled with the feel of his thick, long, hard cock stretching her slippery entry as far as it would go, easily made Callie come. All the while Hart's sexy dark voice spewed sexual encouragement and low appreciative chuckles from somewhere behind her, his warm breath and sharp canines brushing her ear, unexpectedly making her hotter than she'd ever been. Never was he more determined than when he sensed she was about to come. That's when he'd lay it on thick, lowering his voice to a husky whisper and choosing the dirtiest words possible, his vocabulary and voice working to push her to orgasm as surely as the hard, heavy thrusts of Vance's cock inside her while his hands lovingly caressed her hips.

"That's right, Satin. It feels soooo good, doesn't it?" he said breathlessly. "You fuck him, Callie. Fuck that hard cock. Fuck it real good. That's it. You're getting close, aren't you? Oh yeahhhhhhhh." It was as if his tongue and his mouth were on her swollen clit—a pleasure she now understood—and while she didn't understand the novel and surprising hold his voice had on her, she couldn't stop or even control her reaction to it. "Fuck it hard. That's it. Soooooo close. Push it good now. Oh yeah, Satin's gonna come, come on, sweet, juice that pole. Cream all over it."

And she would, moaning and groaning and countering every plunge of Vance's hard rod into her tight, clutching channel with a hard, frenzied thrust of her hips.

But one pleasurable peak wasn't enough for Vance and Hart. Call it making up for lost time but the more Callie came, the more Vance and Hart set out to make her come.

Kneeling at her head, Hart leaned forward from his waist, the move bringing Callie's mouth in perfect line with his massive, vein-ridged shaft. She desperately wanted to take his clearly aching pole into her mouth and suck the mushroomed head

hard while her tongue flicked in and around the ridge but he wasn't quite in the right position for that. Still, she could give his balls a good going-over.

As they bumped against her face, she eagerly opened her mouth as wide as possible, taking in the bulk of both solid orbs and sucking very lightly on his sac. Reaching up, she grabbed hold of his cock and, with a solid, steady stroke, began tugging on his cock, the incredible pulse within thumping hard and fast in her hands.

Hart moaned, dangerously close to letting go of the reins and depositing hot, milky fluid all over her stomach, but determined to ride on the pleasure-Callie train a little more first, he ignored the growing sensations in his throbbing cock and focused on the cavern between Callie's legs.

Reaching down, he used the index and fifth fingers of his right hand to hold the outer lips of Callie's upper pussy apart to better expose her glistening, swollen nub. From his upside-down vantage point, he watched the bud that, poking out invitingly, twitched with every thrust of Vance's pole into her cunt. Just opening her outer lips increased the intensity of the rhythmical yank on the ultra-sensitive flesh, compliments of Vance's thrusts. Looking up, his eyes locked with his partner in crime and they exchanged a knowing smile.

Working as the team they were, Vance then pulled Callie's legs even farther apart and leaned forward a bit to change the angle, which in turn gave her clit an even stronger wrench. Slightly increasing his tempo, Vance then thrust even harder into her as both he and Hart looked down at Callie's pussy. Their plan had worked. Her already twitching clit was now being jerked noticeably farther down with every forceful shove by Vance. The change in slant, speed and strength was acknowledged by a mumbling whimper from Callie as her spread-eagled thighs, trembling at a furious pace, telegraphed the imminent approach of yet another momentous orgasm. The addition of Hart's voice into the mix made Callie's almost painfully swollen slit beat even harder.

"Yeah, that feels sooooo good, doesn't it? You're gonna come, aren't you, Satin? Explode some more of that tasty Callie cream. Yes..."

But Hart wanted something else too. He wanted to drive Callie crazy.

With his outside two fingers still holding her lips open, Hart took his two middle fingers and pressed them down on Callie's shuddering clit. Then, in perfect sync with Vance's forceful thrusts, he joined in on the strong, steady downstroke on her swollen flesh, further heightening the tugging on the ready-to-explode skin. The combination sent Callie over the edge in a violent and agonizing release. Just barely managing to cover her teeth so she wouldn't bite down on Hart's sac, she came hard, her cry of unbelievable enjoyment and release muffled thanks to Hart's bulging balls that packed her mouth.

Riding the waves of ecstasy, she unconsciously continued to lightly suck on his bag and apply a persistent double-fisted tug on his throbbing cock. Losing all sense of time and space, Callie's body was reduced to a bucking frenzy, her pelvis humping wildly forward in strong, rhythmic jerks as her slippery pussy clutched hard around the cock that battered her inside and pulled unrelentingly on her throbbing clit. Even as she came, Hart's fingers continued to ride the distended nub heightening her orgasm even more as he pressed down further and vibrated his fingers at an inhuman speed over the inflamed ridge. With a strangled scream of rapture, her legs, still held by Vance's hands, quaked spasmodically and her toes curled under as one rapturous wave after another rocked her body. Only distantly was she aware of Vance's vibrato-like ramming into her pussy and the loud, sharp exhalation that spoke of his own orgasm, the sound arriving just as the blistering explosive spray from Hart's jerking shaft shot out hard against her and Vance's pelvises, the shiny white droplets of cum glistening on their skin and in their pubic hair.

It was then Hart lowered his head and began sucking her belly button. Hard. At least it felt like sucking. Just sucking. Of course, now she knew better but back then she didn't. How could she? Not once did she ever feel teeth break her skin, so skillful were both the guys in the ancient art of bloodletting. In fact, it would be months before Callie realized that her new partners—onstage and in bed—were vampires.

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"Hello? Callie?"
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"Huh?" Callie turned to look at the concerned face of Eleanor.

"Jesus, where were you just now?"

When Callie didn't answer, Eleanor picked up their conversation where it had left off.

"You were saying that it's not the diner."

"What is?"

Eleanor gave her a quizzical look.

"Whatever it was that has you so upset. You said it's not the diner. So what's the problem?"

Callie let out a long sigh.

"I guess I just miss my old job."

In a classic "I don't know" gesture with her palms up and shrugging her shoulders, Eleanor gave her a sweet smile.

"So go back."

"What?"

"Call them up and say you want to give it another go."

Eleanor didn't know all that had transpired and Callie wasn't about to start explaining it. At least, not all of it.

"It's not that easy."

"Nothing worthwhile is, hon."

"I left things badly. I left them at a bad time."

"There's rarely a good time to leave someone."

"You don't understand. Their biggest show of the year is tomorrow night and I just walked out a few weeks back, leaving them high and dry."

Eleanor enunciated every word.

"So go back."

Callie shot a glance at the clock over the cash register. It was almost six p.m. and the end of her shift. Eleanor's suggestion was terribly tempting and as of last night, she had more than one excuse to do it. The only question that remained was, should she?

Chapter Two

Vance awoke as he always did, ravenous and filled with a sort of youthful enthusiasm and excitement about the night that lay ahead. In the vast sea of humanity that existed just outside the door, pressing in and literally pulsating around him, there were so many experiences to be had, so many bodies to do in a dozen different ways. And, of course, there was so much blood to gulp down. Gallons upon gallons of the warm red elixir that in a perfect world filled his mouth and throat and soul while he simultaneously filled the squirming source beneath him with his hot cum. The thought of the endless opportunities made his head grow light and his cock hard but his sexladen supper would have to wait. There was something to attend to first.

Leaping from his coffin he landed silently on the cold floor and sprinted barefoot downstairs to the main floor. The fireplace had already been lit, the stereo turned on and the brooding figure of his business partner lounging lazily on the loveseat facing the flames told Vance the former was in no better mood this evening.

"Hey. How's it going?"

The being on the sofa turned his head, his shaggy cinnamon-colored hair startlingly contrasted by the silver shade of his eyes. He raised one dark eyebrow.

"How do you think?"

"Oh, come on, Hart. Enough already. So she's gone. Big fucking deal. We'll get someone else."

"Will we really? Just like that? Funny, but it seems to me that the past three weeks of interviews have turned up exactly how many potentials again? Oh yeah. Zero."

"So what?" Vance flopped down beside him, playfully slinging a leg across Hart's.

"We have another interview tonight, right? Maybe she's the one."

Determined to lighten the other's black state, Vance gave Hart one of his charming grins that never failed to make the slightly older vampire chuckle.

Only this time it didn't.

Instead Hart just regarded him, taking in the short fair hair, large turquoise eyes and smooth white skin, the latter sharply standing out against the black cotton shirt that was open to reveal his smooth chest. Vance's charm and sex appeal may not have made Hart laugh but it did manage to make a bulge shoot up in the front of his pants, the blood in his body racing to and stiffening his cock in record time.

Since things fell apart with Satin, Hart hadn't been in the mood for sex. At least not mentally. Choosing to use his incredible willpower to dam off the persistent and powerful tide of his supernatural sexual appetite, he had purposefully kept his distance from all potential lovers, including Vance. But the lack of physical stimulation and release would no longer be ignored, the sight of his hot prodigy so close to him rapidly giving him the mother of all hard-ons. Annoyed and frustrated, he looked back into the fire.

"We had the one and we let her slip away."

"You let her."

Hart's head snapped around but the look on his face was one of pain, not anger.

"Thanks a lot."

Vance raised his hands in mock self-defense.

"Hey, you had the argument with her, not me. I wasn't involved."

"You sure got that right. You *never* got involved. Just get in, get your rocks off and get out."

Surprised by the bitterness in Hart's voice, Vance nodded in urgent agreement.

"That's right. And I wouldn't have it any other way. Just look at the mess you're in now. You went and fucking fell in love with her. *In love* with an assistant and a mortal to boot. Hart, she was below us on so many levels."

Vance didn't see the lightning-speed punch coming, Hart's right fist cracking into his face with enough force to knock the fair-haired vampire onto the ground and split his lip. Licking the blood that sprang from the cut and dripped down his chin, Vance rose, his light eyes darkening in rage. And hurt.

"Don't ever talk about Callie like that again," Hart spat.

"I'd be happy never to talk about her at all. Now listen, I know you're torn up about this but you've got to get your shit together. We've got a show to do. Maybe the most important one of the year. In case you've forgotten, Halloween is tomorrow night."

"I haven't forgotten. I just..."

Hart rubbed his forehead, pressing his fingers in under each brow bone in an effort to get rid of the pounding headache that throbbed behind his eyes and in his temples.

Overcome with compassion, Vance crouched down on his haunches between Hart's knees and peered intently up into his face. His voice, when he spoke, was soft and kind.

"Look, man, if she means that much to you, go and get her."

Hart's hands dropped to his sides with a heavy sigh.

"I can't."

"Why not?"

"She left us, remember?"

"Yeah?"

Hart gave Vance a sad smile.

"If she really wanted to be here, she would be here."

Laying a gentle hand on Hart's leg, Vance asked quietly, "So what do you want to do?"

"I..." He stared at the floor, pushing past the pain to will himself into action. "I want to get ready for this interview and then get ready for the show."

Vance's gaze fell to Hart's bulky crotch where it lingered for a moment before lazily drifting back up to the other's face again.

"And maybe, get back to getting off?" He sounded hopeful. "After all, we have an eager applicant arriving in the not-too-distant future."

Hart couldn't help but laugh at Vance's insatiable lust.

"What if she doesn't want us?"

The stunned expression on Vance's face was comical. "Who has ever not wanted us?"

Hart opened his mouth to say "Callie" but closed it swiftly. There was no point in beating a dead horse. The three of them had a good thing going, a *great thing*, but now it was over. She was gone and he — *they* — had to move on without her. "Good point."

With a grin, Vance stretched up one pale slender hand and, pressing along the straining bulge in Hart's pants, began a leisurely torturous rub upon the immense lump.

"But ah, you'd better unload a bit first. One look at your too-big-to-believe package here and our potential new assistant will have a heart attack. Besides, if you don't, your precious jewels are going to blow to smithereens."

Vance was right.

Unlike their human counterparts, a vampire's semen production was always in constant overdrive, therein creating a very real and urgent physical need to eject the fluid, via orgasm, from the body. Failure to do so, at least every second day, resulted in an accumulation of liquid in the balls which, if not expressed, would bloat the guy's sac up to until it burst. Literally. It may take a month, maybe two until it happened but either way, it would not be a pleasant occurrence. The eruption, which like all other injuries to a vampire's body would heal, would not kill him, but it would sure make him wish he was dead. No, it would be best to go the infinitely more pleasurable route and get rid of the massive amount of fluid that had accrued over the past three weeks the old-fashioned way. His body designed to accomplish the formidable task, the backlogged male vampire could not only maintain an erection *ad infinitum*, he could and would experience multiple orgasms until the well was dry. But those first dozen or

so, occurring with a hair-trigger response to the slightest thing, would be dillies, nearly knocking him unconscious with the force and volume of each ejaculation and shocking, albeit it pleasurably, those on the receiving end.

Hart grimaced, his head falling back against the couch as he clenched his teeth, his body immediately responding to the feel of Vance's expert hand movements along the rigid length of his stiffening rod to palpate his knob. He wasn't going to last long. The relentless and escalating pressure in his groin throbbed, the weeks of abstinence weighing heavy on his body that, along with his still-lengthening shaft, silently cried out for a painfully overdue release. Mortal men often made similar complaints with a shred of truth behind their more-times-than-not pleasure-seeking pleas, but nothing could be compared with the driving force and need of the suppressed male vampire. Now only seconds away from orgasm, Hart's canines had ripped through his gums and elongated like two porcelain hard-ons, the points drawing blood on his lower lip as he bit down hard, his body trembling continuously in a combination of anticipation and pre-ignition.

With a low moan, he shuddered roughly, his hips jerking forward toward the firm pressure of Vance's hand. Vance continued rubbing him with strong, steady strokes, letting out a low whistle at the feel of Hart's cock powerfully jerking beneath the constrictive fabric. Within seconds, his skilled touch easily made Hart come in his pants, a dark blotch appearing on the light-colored material, slowly expanding out in between and beyond Vance's fingers to entirely saturate the front of Hart's khakis.

"Yeah," Vance said slowly, as he undid Hart's zipper and pulled out his rock-hard rod which was now slathered with his own cum. Using the still-warm fluid as lube, Vance resumed a solid tip-to-base stroking rhythm of Hart's cock, only now with the added benefit of flesh-on-flesh contact. "You're ready to explode."

Explode he did, in four short strokes, the force and volume of the cadenced spurts that shot from his pulsing tool nearly ripping the slit from where they came. Powerful, almost angry gushes of molten lava shot from Hart's shaft while he helplessly convulsed, the vigorous contractions extracting four times the normal amount of semen with each heavy forceful squirt to land in a series of hard splatters against Vance's chest.

"I think you could be setting some kind of record here," Vance said as he ignored the glistening tracks of cum that streamed down his chest and adjusted his position to kneeling. "I mean it. I think we should be videoing this. Who knows? There might be a place in the *Guinness Book of Records* for you."

Taking note of the oversized bulk still hidden in the base of Hart's shorts, Vance pulled the band of his Jockeys back and looked inside. Shaking his head slowly, he clucked his tongue as he gently fingered the painfully overstretched mass of Hart's sac, his balls having ballooned up almost to the size of grapefruit. His touch, while tentative, still caused Hart to draw in his breath sharply. It was as he figured. Full-out massage of the distended, deeply discolored spheres would hurt too much right now but after he liberated several cups of cum from the swollen orbs, the pressure would let up a bit and light force against the bag would feel good.

"See what you've done to yourself? You do realize it's going to take you a lot of coming to get these babies back to normal."

With that, he returned his attention to Hart's gigantic cock, laying another good series of tight-fisted strokes on it only to end with one especially solid tug. Squeezing all the way up to finish with a pulsing fisted grip and twist on the purplish knob, Vance then used his thumb to make small circular presses on a small area just under the ridge of Hart's angry-looking head. Dizzy and panting, Hart let out a distinctly pleasurable groan, his eyes fluttering shut. His whole body was racked with the tempoed convulsions of his orgasm as he bombarded Vance's chest with another large and violent expulsion of steaming cum.

When his eyes next opened, Hart stared down the length of his torso, his cock jerking hard as he noted the glint of lust in Vance's eyes. With his mouth teasingly dancing around the tip of Hart's penis, Vance flicked his tongue only once against the

distended taut skin, preparing to, with his legendary and masterful oral skills, continue on his mission to put an end to Hart's self-imposed sexual drought. As if knowing its own fate, Hart's thick, long shaft, a rigid blue vein coursing up its center, now twitched with the desperate painful need to be sucked good and hard until blazing jets of cum burst from it. Not that, in his present state, it would take a lot of sucking to achieve that goal. Quivering, he closed his eyes and waited.

Opening his mouth slightly to accommodate the tip of Hart's pulsing head, Vance guided the engorged cap very slowly into the wet, hot chasm of his mouth. Pursing his lips to surround Hart's tool with the soft inside of his lips, he sucked hard and lowered himself all the way, making a tight, moist cocoon around Hart's now-jerking rod as he swallowed hard, his throat muscles closing around it.

Sucking his cheeks in even more and tightening every muscle in his mouth, Vance pulled back to the tip of Hart's cock, which had now become granite. With each orgasm, Hart's cock grew only harder and longer, almost as if it knew the floodgates had been opened and it was damn determined to force every last drop of his pent-up semen from it as hard and as fast as possible.

Completing not even a dozen tight and wet top-to-bottom plunges on Hart's pole, Vance once again heard the sexiest sound in the world, the series of soft muffled thuds as Hart's semen was rhythmically pumped from his engorged sac and loaded into his cannon, ready to be fired.

"Ahhhhhh."

Hart groaned loudly, his body quaking violently as his hands suddenly clasped Vance's head, unconsciously trying to drive the hot, tight vacuum that surrounded him harder and faster upon his ready-to-pop cock. Making sure his own distended canines were covered with his lips, Vance squeezed his eyes shut and continued to suck Hart's now-jolting rod, bracing himself for the onslaught of cum that would blast into his mouth.

And it did blast. Harder and faster and hotter than he'd ever known. Vance swallowed repeatedly, trying to keep up with the massive amount of fluid that hit his tonsils and filled his mouth time and time again, but he just couldn't. Soon, a couple of milky streams oozed down other side of his face even as his mouth remained clamped tightly around Hart's twitching penis, his head dipping up and down in a fast steady pace.

As the spasms in Hart's body subsided to infrequent and minute tremors, Vance sucked all the way up Hart's still-erect cock and, pulling his mouth from the ever-ready-to-party cock that had lengthened to a vein-ridged ten inches, he smiled as he rubbed his own hard-on that, suffering from a week-long abstinence, was similarly raring to go. Or come, as it were. Prior to that, Vance had been taking matters into his own hands to facilitate his body's insistent need but anticipating the upcoming meeting, he had held off to give the woman a real treat.

"That's better. Now we're both ready for that interview."

Taking in the large wet stain on the front of Hart's pants and using his shirt to dry his glistening cum-splattered chest, he added with a grin, "Better shower and change first though."

Chapter Three

Callie's hand trembled as she raised it and rapped lightly on the door. A long moment passed in which she stood quaking in her boots, her stomach feeling like it was filled with a mass of angry butterflies on speed. When her knock remained unanswered, with a degree of relief, she very quickly took the lack of response as fate and readied to go.

"Callie?"

Her back to the door, she winced at the sound of the voice she had so come to love over the past year. Sucking in a deep breath, she squared her shoulders and turned.

"Hi, Hart."

He smiled, that sexy grin, as always, making her feminine folds react hard and fast. "Hi."

A long moment passed in which they just stared at each other. Then stepping back, Hart motioned to the space behind him.

"Did you want to come in?"

Reluctantly Callie did, her gaze quickly scanning the room for Vance. He wasn't there. What was, though, were the countless locations around the comfortable living room where the trio had repeatedly fucked and sucked their way to carnal bliss. The sofa, the love seat, the low wide coffee table, both of the high-backed armchairs, on practically every inch of the floor, the kitchen table barely visible around the corner just beyond and of course, smack-dab in front of the fireplace. Every spot held a vivid memory of the guys pounding her vagina, her sucking their cocks and swallowing their hot, salty ejaculate or getting her pussy flamboyantly French-kissed in a multitude of ways and positions. Blinking, Callie cleared her throat and, turning to face Hart, regarded him in silence. As always, his fabulous form looked hard and hot and ready to

Conjured Bliss

fuck, this time covered in a dark maroon shirt and tight gray pants—the crotch of which was conspicuously bulkier than she had remembered. Callie knew that his remarkably packed package, very clearly straining the zipper of his pants, meant Hart had not being having sex since she left—and the knowledge gave Callie a little encouraging thrill.

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Another weird silence.
   "So?" she began.
    "So?"
    "Where's Vance?"
   "Upstairs."
   Just then, the mantel clock on the fireplace's marble façade chimed loudly seven
times.
   "Was there something you wanted, Callie?"
   "Wanted?"
    "It's just that Vance and I have an interview at seven."
   "An interview?"
   "Yeah, for the new assistant."
    Callie stared at Hart for a lengthy moment, then, with a soft chuckle, shook her
head.
   "What's so funny?"
    "I think I'm it."
   "What?"
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Hart looked confused, a completely endearing expression on his usually serious face.

"Hart, Vance called me last night and asked if I would come over."

"The interview."

The expression of surprise on Hart's face revealed he was clearly out of the loop.

"He did?"

"Yes."

"What else did he say?"

"That you were miserable, unwilling to work on the show and being 'ridiculous'."

Callie's gaze dropped once more to the bulge in Hart's pants. When she next looked up at him, he was blushing.

"Is that all?"

"No. He also said that I was to blame."

"I never said that," Vance's voice from the overhead landing floated down as he sauntered down the stairs. "I said we all were partially to blame."

"Even you?" Hart posed a little sharply.

Vance nodded.

"Even me. I knew about your feelings for Callie and yet I didn't do anything to discourage them. In fact, I may have even pushed your buttons a little bit to play upon your jealousy."

"Jealousy?" Callie asked, clearly surprised. "You were jealous?"

Hart rolled his eyes and, with a deep breath, walked over to the fireplace and stared into it. Vance took the opportunity to answer for him.

"Hart had mentioned to me a few times about his concern that you and I were getting too chummy."

"Chummy?"

"That we were becoming more of a duo instead of a trio. In bed," he clarified. "You know, you and me instead of you, me and him. I knew it wasn't the case, I knew that it stemmed from the fact that he'd fallen madly in love with you."

Conjured Bliss

Callie sucked in a quick breath. All along she had been fighting and hiding similar emotions for both Vance and Hart, never once suspecting that the feeling was mutual. She directed her next question to Hart.

"Is this true?"

He turned but didn't speak, his expression alone confirming Vance's assertion.

"Why didn't you say something?"

"Like what? You like him better than me, so I don't want to play anymore?"

"I don't know. But did you really think ignoring me and focusing more on Vance was the way?"

"That's just it. I wasn't thinking. I was reacting."

Vance jumped in.

"Just like you reacted, Callie, when you though Hart and I were edging you out."

"That's different."

"How, Satin?"

The endearment on Hart's lips shot through Callie like an arrow but she wasn't going to be sweet-talked out of her feelings.

"How? Have you both forgotten that my husband left me for another man? You think I want to be rejected by another man—in this case, two men—end up being a third wheel again?"

"Callie, Callie," Vance said, touching her tenderly on the shoulder. "Girl, you could never be a third wheel, not with us. This is just a crazy situation that got out of hand but never needed to."

"You can say that again," Hart said, his voice rising in volume. "None of this would have happened, Vance, if you hadn't pretended to feel for Callie in the first place."

"I never pretended."

"Bullshit! What was all that talk earlier of not getting involved?"

"It was just that. Bullshit."

Brigit Zahara

Callie and Hart answered at the exact same time.

"What?"

Vance shrugged.

"Yeah, I know. It was an Oscar-winning performance but the truth is I love her too, man. As much as you do. As much as I love you."

Hart gave him a warm smile.

"Same."

Callie breathed heavily and glanced down, waiting for the next surprise to burst forth in this conversation of revelations. But it never came and when she next looked up, she saw both Vance and Hart regarding her expectantly. After their admissions of love for her and each other, the ball was in her court.

As much as she wanted to blurt out that yes, she loved both of them with all her heart and wanted nothing more than to pick up where they had left off, doubt and fear kept her from doing it. Instead, she backtracked and decided to tackle the supposed reason she had returned.

"Look, I think it's best if we put all that on the back burner for right now. Need I remind you that we have a Halloween show to prepare for?"

Vance and Hart swapped excited looks.

"So, you'll continue on with the show?"

"Yes. Just the show. And just until..." $\,$

"Until what?" Hart asked.

"Until you find my replacement."

Chapter Four

October 31

A constant buzz rippled through the tiered auditorium of the Bellagio as the ten p.m. show crowd filed in and took their seats. Unlike other nights, Abracadabra held one show only on Halloween and unique to the night, the theme of the undead reigned supreme. Given the day, the crowd was ripe for spooky stuff of the supernatural nature so it was easy to play upon the masses' already psyched state right from the get-go. The ticket takers outside the auditorium were dressed in particularly ghoulish attire, one donning the unmistakable costume of a very realistic skeleton; the other wrapped in dirty tattered rags in an amazingly lifelike display of mummification.

Inside, a series of gasps and appreciative murmurs could be heard throughout the two-thousand-seat venue as people took in the magnificent layered set that sprawled out before and around them, the uncanny sight of wispy ghostlike apparitions flitting from time to time overhead or materializing in an empty seat, hovering strangely for a time before vanishing from sight. At the front of the massive multi-tiered circular stage, and looking every bit the medieval forest, a barrage of enormous leafless trees extended down either side of the space, making the crowd feel as though they were right in the woods. Looking positively gothic in their own right, the trees' gnarled branches were nearly black against the misty fog that drifted about the space. This despite the soft glow that, shining from the cloud-covered moon overhead, barely illuminated the entire area in an eerie blue light.

A not-so-babbling black-watered brook, flanked by a spotting of cragged, menacing-looking boulders, snaked down the center of the platform, fronting the gorgeous gothic castle that served as the focal point of the entire auditorium. Complete with a crumbling gray mortar façade, an authentic moat, a very unstable-looking drawbridge and a rugged octagonal tower, the castle's outer wall had been partially

removed to reveal what would normally be the structure's inner courtyard on the other side. But in this theatrically altered depiction, the interior of the castle was exposed. Housing an ornately laid-out sitting room richly decorated in red, black and mahogany with a winding staircase near the rear that rose to a balconied second level some one hundred feet in the air, the entire enchanted area was lit by umpteen dozen candles strategically situated in candelabras about the room, their flickering flames working to heighten the hall's spooky atmosphere.

As the house lights slowly went down and the erotic pulse of the ambient music came up, a dreamlike mist bubbled and crept from the moat, extending forward into the forest and back into the castle, just as the hair-raising howl of wolves pierced the sudden stillness of the place.

Out of the fog from the right side of the stage came a lone figure, its full-length black cape and large circular hood hiding its identity. Clutching an oil lamp in its hand, the individual walked tentatively to the center of the stage, turning from time to time to look over each shoulder, even completing half a rotation at one point to face the rear of the stage, its movements insinuating that it was lost.

Or looking for something.

Another peculiar canine bay sliced the air and the figure whipped about to face the audience, the motion dropping the hood from its head.

It was Callie. With her long dark hair loosely caught up in a tousled bun, from which lazy tendrils fell to frame her narrow face, her striking emerald eyes outlined in black and her lips colored blood red, she was an absolute vision.

Just then a large black wolf entered the scene from the left, skulking toward his prey with a horrifyingly languorous but steady stride. Gasping, Callie took a couple of cautious steps back, but when she caught the edge of her full, long cape with one heel, the latch at her throat came loose and tore the garment from her shoulders. Underneath she wore her usual costume, a feminine flimsy shift, the bodice pushing her curvaceous breasts up, while the chiffon hem floated around her upper thighs. Stumbling, she fell

to her knees and in a flash, the huge black wolf was on her, his large paws resting on either side of her shoulders as he pushed her flat.

As she let out a shrill scream, a blast of smoke shot up to surround them and seconds later Vance stood upright, holding Callie in his arms. The transformation left the audience baffled and thrilled as they erupted into a deafening applause.

Looking every bit the young hot hunk he was, Vance was clad in red and black, the latter constant in his pants and shirt, the color of blood blazing in the knee-length brocade overcoat that, in its brilliance, stood out against his fair complexion and platinum hair.

Glancing down at Callie, he gave her a quick wink before grabbing her cape and carrying her into the castle. As he did, a blue spotlight appeared high up on the terrace, the light shining on the mesmerizing figure of Hart. Looking more wonderful than ever, he was wearing tight ivory britches and matching leather boots, a billowing ivory shirt and a crushed velvet waistcoat that, brushing his knees and hiding the enormous bulk of his still-oversized cock and balls, was exactly the silver shade of his eyes. Raising his arms, he levitated forward, his body floating up and over the wrought iron balcony to very slowly glide the hundred or so feet down the ground. The crowd went wild, screaming, clapping and whistling, the supernatural display unlike anything they'd ever seen.

By now, Vance had set Callie on her feet and, sauntering over to them, Hart wrapped her in his arms, his eyes warmly locking with hers as he bent her backward and made as if he was sucking her blood. Normally he would mimic the motion but this time he gave Callie a tiny little love bite, again the suction of his mouth shielding her nerves from the prick of his teeth much the way squeezing flesh before inserting the tip of a needle practically eliminates the pain of the prick. While he took very little blood from her, the work of his lips and tongue on her flesh managed to raise the hair on the back of her neck and fill her pussy with cream.

As Hart nuzzled her, Vance lightly clasped Callie's ankles and stretched them out so she was completely horizontal while her upper body was still held in Hart's embrace. With one hand holding up her ankles in a freakish display of strength, Vance then used the other hand to place her cape over her body, extending it up and around where Hart held her. Adjusting the fabric to ensure she was well covered, Vance then released the hand that had been holding her ankles, slipping it under the material and up between her thighs, his fingers pressing firmly against her clit before trailing up and giving one breast a little squeeze—the undercover fondling completely undetected by the audience. As Hart released her and pulled away, Vance did too.

This brought on another gasp from the crowd who were astounded at the sight of Callie lying perfectly horizontal with nothing and no one holding her there.

Hart then covered her face with the cloth so now she was completely covered and continued to hover at eye level without any aid from either Hart or Vance. With one hard, fast movement, he pulled the cape from her body to reveal empty space. She had vanished.

Or had she?

A light fired up in the middle of the stairwell and there she stood, her arms raised high overhead.

More frenzied applause and cheers.

For the next two and a half hours, the night continued on with similarly astounding and inexplicable displays. In addition to a handful of "traditional" tricks like sawing Callie in half and Hart escaping from Houdini's water torture, there were more vanishings and reappearances, more transformations and more levitations and flying stunts, with Callie's favorite part of the show saved for the grand finale. With arms intertwined and ne'er a line or lead in sight, the three rose up and, flying over the heads of the flabbergasted crowd, soared to the ceiling and then to the back of the auditorium before touching down. In a flash of smoke, they disappeared.

* * * * *

With Abracadabra's Halloween extravaganza behind them, Callie retreated to her spacious luxury dressing room in the Bellagio. More a suite than a change room, in addition to an extensive closet and makeup area, it came equipped with a fireplace, bar, futon and conversational seating space centered by a quartet of overstuffed modern chairs and a massive polar bear rug. As she undid her hair and brushed it out, Callie wondered how long she would need to fill in until the guys found someone else. Maybe this was it, their very last show together.

Peeling off her costume, she headed for the shower, glancing en route at the connecting door to Vance and Hart's dressing room. How many times had they slipped in after a show and well, *slipped in*, the three enjoying a hard and fast fuck on the floor, Hart lightly closing his hand over her mouth when Callie's rapturous cries became a little too loud? Too many times to count. But not tonight. Not ever again. With a frown, she retraced her steps and silently flipped the deadbolt on the door, effectively preventing them from entering.

By now, it was well after midnight and the hot streams of water did wonders in relaxing her. Washing her hair and face after she had thoroughly soaped and rinsed her body, Callie emerged fresh-faced and damp, only to wrap one of the hotel's cozy terrycloth robes about her. Padding out into the room, she halted abruptly, shocked to see Vance and Hart lounging lazily in her suite. She didn't want to know how they got in there but would wager it was through their supernatural abilities. While both were freshly showered and barefoot, they had changed back into their street clothes. Where Vance was slumped seductively in one of the chairs, his legs spread invitingly apart, Hart was standing with his toned, muscular butt leaning against the futon, one hand resting casually on either side.

"All clean?"

"Ah...yeah."

Vance stood up.

"Wanna get dirty?"

Callie looked down and shook her head, a light smile begrudgingly spreading her lips. The moment was so bittersweet, she couldn't speak.

"We can make this work, Callie," Vance said soothingly as he sauntered toward her. "I know we can. There's lots of loving to be had for us all."

"I do love you. *Both.*"

"We know that. That's why we want to give it to you. And we know you want to give it to us."

Callie misunderstood his words.

"So that's what this is all about? We're just going to be fuck buddies. Is that it?"

Vance looked shocked.

"Oh no! Is that what you think? Oh no, Callie. We want you back all the way—in the act, in our beds, in our hearts. The three of us, from here on in."

Callie looked at Hart, who wordlessly stood perfectly still, watching her closely.

"And what do you say about all this?"

"I agree."

"Mind elaborating a little?"

Hart knew she was trying to get him to confess his feelings for her, say those three little words that, while he had admitted to feeling them, he had yet to declare them directly to her. But given his serious, reserved nature, he wasn't about to do that. Not just yet.

"I want it the way it was before. The three of us. Just like Vance said."

"Why?"

"Because I..."

His beseeching gaze bore into her eyes, his own now dancing with looks of lust and love.

"You what?" she whispered.

Pushing himself away from the futon, Hart walked over to her and, taking her face in his hands, leaned down and kissed her, a slow, wet erotic kiss that said everything he couldn't. From behind she could feel Vance's hands on her back and hips, his palms moving and down in slow, soothing caresses.

Pulling back from Hart's mouth, Callie tilted her head back and, turning her face to Vance, kissed his lips, a long, lazy soothing set of kisses that both comforted her and fanned her passion as Hart's hands dropped down and undid the belt of her robe. Back and forth she kissed one after the other, each kiss deeper, longer and more intense than the last. The guys' fangs, having grown long and hard like little ceramic erections, nipped sexily at her lips and tongue.

As Hart pushed her robe off, Callie unbuttoned his shirt and then, turning around so she had her back to him, pulled at the waist of Vance's tee and yanked it over his head. Kissing him full frontal, their tongues swirling wildly about each other, Callie became aware of Hart's lips on her neck and ear. With a slight move of her head to the left, she reached up and back, guiding Hart's face forward. She then pulled back from Vance's lips and with her hand, directed Hart's chin on toward Vance. When he realized her intent, Hart stopped and both he and Vance looked at her imploringly. Placing a soft warm kiss on both of their lips, she smiled and nodded. Turning to each other, Vance and Hart kissed, the sight of their increasingly hot and heavy exchange making her pussy pound like never before.

Reaching out, she unzipped Vance's pants, lowering them and his shorts to his ankles before guiding one foot and then the other up and out. His balls, looking like puffy flesh-colored oranges pushing against the constraints of his sac and stiff ten-inch cock, made her mouth immediately water. Kneeling before him, she stuffed his cock between her parted lips and, sucking in her cheeks, fell into a steady solid rhythm bobbing up and down on his cock. Wrapping her arms about his hips, she clutched the globes of his ass and wedging her fingers in along his crease, lightly dug in her nails on

either side of his anus. He groaned, his hips jerked forward and a powerful surge of hot creamy semen hit the back of her throat again and again. Spluttering, Callie worked hard to gulp down the forceful sprays, immediately aware that the volume was more than it had been in the past and more than she could swallow. With Vance's hands now on either side of her head, holding her still as he pumped his shaft into the sweet vacuum of her mouth, Callie did her best to drink all of Vance's searing cum but the little stream that had started at the corner of her mouth very quickly turned into a river, the milky white liquid snaking down her chin and along her neck.

When Vance stopped coming, Callie quickly turned her attention to Hart's enormous cock. Easily two inches longer and one inch thicker than it had been only weeks earlier, the only thing more incredible than its twelve-inch length was what lay underneath. Still ballooned up, Hart's massive balls had stretched the skin of his sac so tight it was practically translucent and she could see the mass of veins on the freakishly large purplish globes contained within.

"Oh my God. Doesn't this hurt?"

When he didn't answer, she looked up. He was smiling that dead-sexy grin.

"Yeah. But it won't for long."

Leaning forward, Callie pressed a number of delicate kisses on his puffed-up sac before laying a bunch of end-to-end licks on his throbbing cock, breathing in the musky distinctive scent of his genitals as she did. With a heavy sigh, Hart slowly dropped to his knees and Callie shifted to all fours, allowing Vance the opportunity to walk around and fuck her from behind. But first he knelt down and tongue-fucked her, slurping hungrily from his anterior position at her dripping slit until her ass jiggled and jerked with the need to come. Gripping her hips, he then repositioned himself and rammed his hard cock into her pussy just as she took the bulb of Hart's delicious cock into her mouth.

Sucking slowly and strongly, Callie swhirled her tongue around the sensitive tip, flicking against the ridge in that special area as he had taught her. At that, the sound of Hart's inner pump, forcing an incredible amount of cum up out of his balls and very soon out of his twitching cock, thudded loudly, the strange sound perplexing Callie. Only when Hart steadied the back of her head with one hand and began thrusting his pole into the hot, wet cavern of her mouth did she recognize the noise for what it was, a warning. He was going to come and all things considered, it wasn't going to be like any orgasm before it.

Callie's jaw was starting to ache, so wide was her mouth stretched to accommodate Hart's still-growing shaft but she continued to suck heartily at his distended length as it plunged in and out. When the first violent blast hit her tonsils, she gagged, not even having time to attempt to swallow before a second and third and fourth spray battered the roof of her mouth, her tongue and the inside of her cheeks. This time, there was no containing the massive quantity of ejaculate that was flooding into her mouth every couple of seconds, the cum spilling readily from between her lips to drench her chin, neck and chest even as she tried to continue sucking his shuddering shaft. Hart groaned loudly, oblivious to the fact he was nearly drowning Callie and Vance crammed his explode-ready cock into her with increased force until he too came, the two simultaneously filling Callie's pussy and mouth with frenzied jets of their sizzling cum. Just as Hart finished and pulled himself from between her saturated lips, the intense pounding of Callie's pussy compliments of Vance's doggy-style fucking sent her over the edge. As she rode the wave, Callie heard Hart's voice softly in her ear.

"Mmmm. That's it, Satin. It's your turn to come. Now shoot it real good."

Having finished his orgasm, Vance worked to maximize Callie's by spreading the domes of her ass apart and using his supernatural strength to pump inhumanly hard and fast into her pussy. With a scream she exploded, unaware of Hart who had leaned down, biting into her shoulder and sucking the blood that bubbled up under his lips.

No sooner had she plummeted back to earth than Callie felt Hart wriggle his body underneath hers. Sliding down between her legs so that she was straddling his face, he stretched up and locked his lips around her inflamed clit even as Vance continued driving into her glistening cunt from the rear. Still close to her sexual summit, it wasn't long before the feel of Hart's mouth on the distended nub at the top of her pussy and the pressure of Vance's hard, thick rod inside her made her come again, her back end twitching and bucking with the force of her contractions. Feeling it grasping hard along his ready-to-burst shaft, Vance growled, his lips drawing back to reveal his long, hard fangs as he shot another steaming load of cum into Callie's increasingly tight, sopping pussy, lunging forward to bite and suck the side of her neck as he did.

Panting and lightheaded, Callie could only watch through eyes dazed with desire as the guys next rearranged themselves and lightly flipped her so she was on her back in a tried-and-true scenario with Vance at her head and Hart at her feet. Loving them was always an intense experience but on Halloween when the guys revealed their true natures to an unwitting show crowd, their stealthily veiled "coming out" heightened the fervor of their post-show celebration.

Reaching around to knead her now cum-slathered breasts, Vance pushed the voluptuous globes together to create a slippery tight valley. Straddling her torso, Hart then inserted his pole into the slick valley Vance had created of Callie's boobs and slid his cock back and forth, back and forth. From her perspective, Callie could see the bulky purplish knob of Hart's cock push through the tight crevice of her breasts every few seconds as he rhythmically stroked into the makeshift vagina, the telltale siphoning sound of his cum in transit once more announcing the onslaught that was about to take place. As Vance bent over and began suckling one of Callie's large tawny nipples, Hart quickly tilted her head back a little so she wouldn't be sprayed in the face. Then thrusting faster, his full-to-bursting balls swaying heavily with their weight, Hart threw his head back, his fangs glinting in the light, as the first spurt of cum struck Callie under the chin. Groaning over and over again, he spewed one painful blast after the other of his blistering semen against her neck, chest and breasts.

Moving down, Hart then took his place between Callie's legs. Vance released her now-dripping boobs and, hooking one hand behind each one of her knees, pulled Callie's legs up and apart, holding her in place while Hart fastened his lips around her clit once more. Callie moaned, her eyes rolling back in her head, as Vance softly encouraged them both.

"Eat that pretty pussy, eat it good. That's the way. Oh yeah, Suck that clit. She is loving that large."

Sucking hard and fast on the bump, Hart pulsed his fingers in and out of Callie's drenched cunt, mumbling against her nub as she came, the walls of her vagina clutching tightly around his fingers as they continued to drive into her. The feel of her tight flesh grasping all around him in a hot, wet circle of contraction just about made Hart come on its own and he knew right there and then, he had to bury his burning cock inside that sweet, snug sheath.

Rising swiftly to his knees, Hart sunk into her pussy in one fast movement, delving himself in all the way up to his balls, the girth of his throbbing hard-on taking Callie's breath away. Clasping her ankles and extending them skyward, Hart pumped mercilessly, the thump-thump of his heavy sac landing with a cadenced thud against Callie's anus. While Vance turned around and, kneeling with one leg on either side of Callie's face, eased his still-jerking rod into her mouth, Hart crammed his footlong cock into the snuggest, wettest pussy he'd ever felt, ruthlessly driving them both to four back-to-back orgasms in just under a couple of minutes. Vance wasn't far behind, a couple of quick expulsions of semen filling Callie's mouth and sliding easily down her throat, thankfully now in much smaller, more manageable quantities. His soft caveat of "Don't bite me, babe" reminded her of the tender tool in her mouth even as multiple orgasms ricocheted through her body. Gasping with each one, Callie could actually feel the force and heat of the voluminous violent spurts that blasted from Hart's cock inside her, a steady stream of blistering cum now dripping from her pussy to snake down and pool on the floor beneath them. She was so caught up in the magnificence and power of the moment, she almost missed the soft whispered declaration that fell from Hart's lips as he hammered her hard.

"I love you, Callie. I love you, I love you," his murmured, words giving way to a loud groan as another powerful gush of cum hit her cervix with incredible force, his orgasm instantaneously triggering hers, just as the hot, pungent liquid spilled from Vance's cock into her mouth while he quaked and came atop her too.

Rising, Vance then got up and moved around to take a new position behind Hart. Now with Vance out of the way, Hart could press his torso more fully flat against Callie and come face-to-face with her. With her legs still over his shoulders, this brought her feet up to dangle on either side of her head and for a long moment, they were still, staring into each other's eyes and softly kissing each other's lips, as Vance lubed up Hart's puckered hole. Then inserting his still-hard cock into Hart's anus, his hands clasped Hart's shoulders for traction and slowly he began the cycle of withdrawing and thrusting. Rocking in opposite directions—Hart pushing forward into Callie as Vance pulled out of Hart and vice versa—the three slowly increased their speed and force until they had bucked and clutched and fucked their way to a seemingly endless string of orgasms that left them all cum-soaked, gasping and pretty much void of all bodily fluids.

When it was finally over and the trio lay in a crumpled heap, drenched and sticky, exhausted but happy, hands lightly caressing skin and soft kisses being given and received in total silence, Vance's quiet voice broke the hushed serenity that enveloped them.

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"Callie, there's something else we didn't mention."
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Callie's heart skipped a beat.

"Oh? What?"

"It may change things between us."

Another skipped beat and real fear now had a death grip on the muscles in her chest. Rising up on both elbows, she looked at Vance who lay on her right.

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"Go on."
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"Well..."

Conjured Bliss

Vance exchanged looks with Hart who, on her left, had now rolled onto his side and, smiling, propped his head up in one hand.

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"What?" she nearly cried. "What is it?"
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"We would like you to...move in with us."

Callie beamed.

"You would?"

"More than anything, Satin," Hart murmured into her ear.

"Never wanted anything more," Vance said, planting a light kiss on her shoulder.

"But what if..."

"What?"

Callie could barely bring herself to say the words.

"What if you get tired of me?"

A hush stretched out for what felt like forever before Vance and Hart started to laugh.

"Callie, sweet, that's never going to happen."

"Never."

"But when I get older..."

"Sssshhh," Hart said, silencing her with his index finger pressed lightly against her lips. "If you're really worried about it, we'll talk about that later. There are always options."

He grinned his sexy smile, the movement revealing his fangs that were still erect and as he ran his tongue over the tip of one, Callie knew he was hinting at the possibility of turning her into what they were.

"But as far as we're concerned, we'll never tire of you. In fact, I'm not tired now. Are you, Hart?"

Hart's eyes sparkled.

"Nope."

Looking from one to the other in amazement, Callie's gaze moved from Vance's massive hard-on over to Hart's. Their erect tools and full sacs, while basically back to normal size after the night spent expelling every bit of bottled-up semen from their immortal bodies, were nevertheless still ready to party. She laughed.

"Don't you guys ever get enough?"

"Of you?" Hart asked, to which he and Vance both answered at the same time.

"Never."

Then easing her back down on the rug, Vance and Hart and Callie christened the beginning of the rest of their lives together in another pulse-pounding time of love on the magical day that started it all—Halloween.

About the Author

A former operator for the CIA, Brigit Zahara unleashed her passion for excitement and adventure through her work, spending a good deal of her early adulthood traveling throughout the United States and Europe, with lengthy spells in New York, Los Angeles, Louisiana, Venice, London, Florence and Malta.

In her early thirties Brigit retired, looking then to her closet habit of writing fiction as a means of indulging her need for pulse-pounding action. From there, her taste very quickly turned to the tantalizing arena of erotica.

These days, Brigit lives in a seaside villa in Majorca, spending the steamy days penning even steamier stories and the cool, ocean-breeze-kissed evenings researching love scenes with her heart's destiny and husband of nearly eight years. She welcomes hearing from fans.

Brigit welcomes comments from readers. You can find her website and email address on her author bio page at www.ellorascave.com.

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Front Page Fate



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