

Battles of the Sidhe 2: Fountain of Pleasure

A woman with long, dark, flowing hair and light-colored eyes stands in front of a waterfall. She is nude, with her hands held out in front of her chest. The waterfall is set in a lush, green, mossy environment. The water is white and foamy as it falls into a pool below. The overall scene is ethereal and romantic.

Beth Kery

Changeling Press

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The Battle of Samhain, the feast of the dead, the darkest hour for the world of fairy and mortal alike when the ravaging Felorian host gains its greatest strength. Rival Sidhe warriors Cheveyo and Dristan have agreed to fight side by side to protect their mortal lover. But Donna's presence in the land of the Sidhe has awakened a powerful enemy.

Donna is amazed and enraptured by the beauty and sensual wonders of Halimar. Her secret observance of the Covenant of Conaran, the erotic rite whereby one of her Sidhe lovers is made to submit to the other while he resides in his kingdom, leaves her confused and desperate with longing.

But the land of the Sidhe holds even greater surprises of carnal pleasure and deadly secrets than Donna had ever dreamed possible.

Chapter One

The shriek of a goblin in its death throes made Dristan almost miss the much more chilling, whisper-soft sound of a raver's shifter cloak behind him. He yanked his sword from the now dead weight of the goblin and met the raver's filed claws in one fluid movement.

Two dozen troops from his personal guard had volunteered to engage the epitome of malignant Felorians -- a type of rare super-vampire -- while Dristan led his army into the densest part of the swarming horde. The fact that the raver had reached him meant every last one of the Sidhe warriors' soul-lights had been extinguished. The realization sent a spasm of grief and fury through the king of the Connaught Sidhe. He'd called many of those fine warriors soul-companions.

"You become dust tonight," Dristan informed the eight-foot nightmare as they dueled. Unlike many of the dark Sidhe called Felorians, the raver had no wings. Instead he was borne aloft by his flowing, black shifter cloak.

The raver needed no weapon either -- his body itself was one. Currently Dristan's crysallane sword parried swipes from the eleven-inch blades that protruded from each of the raver's fingertips.

The raver bared his teeth -- all three rows of them. Like his claws his fangs were made of iron filed to a razor-sharp point. Ravers were one of the few Sidhe -- dark or no -- that could touch iron without dying. Never mind that having it implanted into their body made a raver completely insane. They were insatiable, mutilating and eating whatever moved -- including their own kind.

"Tonight I drink your soul in your blood, *Exalted One*," the raver taunted in a voice that sounded like it rumbled through the bones of the Sidhe warriors it had just

devoured. "But I won't be satisfied until I rip into the woman's flesh that you hold most dear -- both with my cock and my *kiss*."

Dristan froze at the hissed threat and the sight of the raver's gaping maw encircled by dozens of protruding blood- and flesh-covered blades. Thoroughly untenable images of the raver's teeth ripping through Donna's throat leapt into Dristan's mind's eye. He resisted bending at the waist as a wave of nausea and pain crashed into him.

This was why only the most experienced troops were sent to battle these cancerous creatures.

Dristan growled in primitive rage as he focused his will and broke the creature's fear-induced telepathic spell. At the same moment, a pair of hands reached from behind the raver and held its massive head, stretching the neck upward in a ruthless grip. Dristan's sword arm flashed from left to right quicker than a thought. The raver's head sprung in the opposite direction of its body. Dristan watched as it disintegrated to dust and fell toward the earth.

"You almost hit me," the king of the Sliderear Sidhe accused darkly after glancing downward at the rent in the lightweight, yet durable alaeran-made armor covering his chest. There was no armor known in mortal or fairie world that could withstand a crysallane blade, with one rare exception.

Ravers wore a goblin-made collar around their neck that was nearly impenetrable to a blade, even the crysallane swords that Cheveyo and Dristan carried. Unfortunately, the only way to kill one of the bloodthirsty creatures was to behead it. Cheveyo's foolhardy, brave intervention had made it possible for Dristan's sharp eyes to find their narrow mark.

"You took long enough to get here," Dristan countered with a scowl.

Cheveyo and he had been brothers in battle until the banshees foretold of their rivalry for a mortal woman, Donna Macleary. Dristan would have never guessed it was possible to feel the depths of violent hatred he felt toward Cheveyo. He'd formerly

respected the king of the Slidereal's tactical and fighting skills above all others in addition to considering him his closest soul-companion.

But that was before Donna had entered the picture. For a few brief seconds he and Cheveyo stood at the silent eye of the storm of battle. "You heard what the raver said?" Dristan asked.

Cheveyo nodded once as he stared into the distance, his face as rugged and stark as the land which he ruled. "The raver's possible threat against Donna is only one of many worries we have. Something is very wrong."

Dristan followed Cheveyo's gaze. His jaw dropped. "The *Opalescent Ones*?" he muttered when he saw the luminescent giants in the distance. The two Sidhe warrior-kings were too young to have ever seen the strange, powerful creatures do battle, although their wrath was immortalized in Sidhe legend. Cheveyo's and Dristan's skilled troops were literally being flattened in their wake as the Opalescent Ones marched forward.

Cheveyo rolled back his shoulders, preparing for what could only be a losing battle... although it *must* not be. They fought not only for the Sidhe's soul-lights but for every mortal in existence.

They fought for Donna's life.

The Felorians would sweep down upon the *Tuatha De Danann* palaces as well as the mortal world like a plague of locusts, devouring until there was nothing left -- plant, animal, human or soul-light -- unless the Sidhe stopped them on this night. It was Samhain Eve, the feast of the dead, the night of the Felorians' greatest power.

Dristan sensed Cheveyo's icy determination and for the first time was glad that he and his rival shared the same resolve. Dristan had become strangely and completely convinced that Donna loved *him*, and him alone. He'd agreed to fight alongside Cheveyo during the Battle of Samhain. If it gave Donna pleasure to have another skilled Sidhe lover in their bed then he would allow it.

He would allow his soul-lights to be extinguished for Donna's happiness, after all. The Sidhe were a passionate, fierce people. Voluptuous pleasure was a necessity of

life but it didn't equate to love. It didn't begin to approximate the intense, unconditional love he and Donna felt for each other.

And now that rare union was being challenged.

"I'd give anything to know why a goddess who is usually neutral in the matters of the Sidhe sends her personal guard to fight alongside the Felorians," Dristan said as they rose above the battle, wingless but held aloft by their fey power and focused will.

"Whatever the reason, Saranel has declared herself the *Tuatha De Danann's* mortal enemy tonight," Cheveyo replied grimly.

Chapter Two

Donna stared at her reflection in a mirror suspended over an ornately carved oak dresser in Cheveyo's private quarters. The raven-haired woman who soberly regarded her in turn was Donna and yet... was not.

Coming to the world of the Sidhe with her two lovers Cheveyo and Dristan had altered her in some subtle manner. The tilt of her head was more regal, her skin more luminous than it had ever appeared in the mortal world. Something glistened in her dark blue eyes. Donna suspected it was nothing less than her soul made somehow visible... tangible here in the world of the Sidhe.

Her fingers trailed across the elaborate detailing of the oak dresser. She started in amazement, for the wood had not been carved as she'd imagined. The design appeared to have been formed by the wood itself, some interior expression of the tree's residing spirit.

Donna shook her head at the newest evidence of the wonders she'd discovered at Halimar, Cheveyo's fortress. Bizarrely, it nestled in the middle of Mt. Rose, a great Sierra Nevada mountain she'd skied and hiked on since she was a child.

But the world of the Sidhe was all-encompassing on her mind. For some time now, it had been her *other* life, the memories of her mortal existence that seemed strange and distant.

She glanced up. Her breath caught in her throat.

A dark-haired, dark-eyed woman stood nude in an incandescent pool of light, her arms upraised, beckoning. It took Donna a moment to realize that the light caressing the woman's hips was actually liquid, a rainbow trapped in every drop of shimmering water. The woman's eyes held the vast secret of newly awakened passion.

Donna blinked. The woman was *her*. She gave a soft cry of longing for Dristan and Cheveyo. The magical pool faded and the luxurious yet austere reflection of Cheveyo's suite returned.

Donna headed toward the door, determination stiffening her backbone. Surely Dristan and Cheveyo should have returned by now! They had been gone for what seemed like days -- although Donna couldn't be entirely sure. Sometimes it felt like only minutes had passed since both of her lovers had kissed her with barely restrained hunger before leaving to lead their armies into battle.

Time didn't seem to flow in the world of the Sidhe like it did in the mortal world.

She recalled that ghastly horde of dark creatures hanging in the western sky... waiting for their moment of power to reach its peak on Samhain Eve. What if one or both of her lovers had been harmed in the battles of Samhain? Did the Sidhe die? What if Dristan or Cheveyo were taken from her when she had only just found them?

Her thoughts caused a wild desperation to surge through her. For some reason the thought of loving *both* Dristan and Cheveyo with all of her soul didn't seem to bother her like it had back there... in the *normal* world. Instead, the stable balance of three seemed beautiful and right.

She flung open the door and tightened the robe a servant had given her. It consisted of some exquisitely soft white flowing material with no seams. She marched into the marbled domed hallway, determined to find Dristan and Cheveyo or news of their well-being immediately.

After she'd wandered for an indefinite period of time, Donna began to wonder if she was the only inhabitant left in the silent castle. Everywhere she looked she gazed upon beauty. Everything from the lush gardens she spied through wide archways and the harmonious architecture of the rooms spoke of a higher order and peace than she could express with words.

Then she heard the most wondrous sound... a singing in the distance, but not like any singing Donna had ever heard. As a professional singer herself Donna

recognized the singular quality of the female's voice. It filled her with a sense of great joy and longing at once.

She eventually entered a courtyard floored with sand-colored quartz tiles surrounded by fragrant pine and shimmering aspens. The air itself seemed to pulse with a golden light. Donna had already given up wondering how it was possible that a castle inside of a mountain looked onto the open skies and was surrounded by giant pines that made the lushness of Lake Tahoe's high sierra forest pale by comparison.

A nude Sidhe woman sat on the bench that encircled a startling white statue of a warrior upon his steed; arm flung back, muscles flexed hard in the action of thrusting a great spear.

The woman ceased her poignant singing at Donna's approach. Donna stared hungrily as she was at the life-size statue of the king of the Slidereal tribe.

Cheveyo.

"Please," Donna entreated the beautiful nymph. She noticed the woman was unclothed but she didn't seem naked in the way that humans did when they were nude. "Do you have any news of Cheveyo? Has he returned?"

"The king of the Slidereal has only just entered Halimar," the woman answered in a low voice that thrilled Donna's senses.

"And is he safe?"

The woman did not respond. Her strangeness suddenly struck Donna... her utter otherworldliness. Everything about the land of the Sidhe was unusual but something about this woman's gaze was frightening in its vastness. Looking into her pale blue eyes was like peering into eternity.

Donna turned to flee, frightened for a reason she couldn't formulate with words.

"Wait," the strange woman said from behind her. "He is safe and you will find him in his throne room."

"Thank you," Donna said uncertainly over her shoulder as she paused.

"I know who you are. Finnavaara has sired many of the golden-throats. It's strange he is not a singer himself. His mother sang us all into existence after all," the Sidhe woman said cryptically.

"Uh... I'm not sure what you mean," Donna replied. Hadn't her grandmothers mentioned *Finnavaara* before in their fairy tales? Donna had been brought up by her two ornery, loving grandmothers Cleo and Ainne in Tahoe Vista, Nevada, ever since her parents had died in a car accident when Donna was only a baby.

Without making the conscious decision to move she began edging toward the domed hallway, made uncomfortable by the woman's disturbing gaze.

"I see that you are upset," the nymph said serenely. "Before you meet your Sidhe kings you should calm yourself in The Fountain of Gaya's Pleasure."

Since Donna had no idea what the enigmatic woman was talking about she merely nodded once and rushed out of the courtyard.

She wandered the labyrinth of still hallways of Halimar yet again. The castle seemed to be cast under an enchantment of watchful silence.

That spell shattered suddenly at the sound of many marching feet. Donna stared in wide-eyed wonderment as a battalion of Sidhe warriors exited a room that was one floor below her. She went to the railing to the left of her and studied them as they passed below.

Their muscular, perfectly proportioned bodies were uniformed in a type of sleeveless jerkin that reminded Donna of the material of the robe she wore but they were woven with threads of crystal. Her breath caught in awe at the sight of such perfect male specimens moving in precise unison, their faces cold and beautiful beneath their gold and blue battle helmets.

The cerulean color of their under-tunics reminded Donna of Lake Tahoe itself. Maybe they were Cheveyo's soldiers then... and perhaps he was close as well? She darted down the hallway, looking for stairs to the lower level.

A familiar voice coming from the opposite direction of the soldiers' fading footsteps made her go still. She hurried over to the railing on her right which

overlooked a large, circular room, the ceiling of which went up ten stories. Donna stood on the second level. She saw the magnificent upraised chair that stood as the focus point for the austere room decorated in the colors of gold, white and cerulean blue. It appeared to be formed from living wood. A few leaves still grew at the base of the ornate throne.

Several people stood in the room below her.

"But that cannot be," a female with a delicate tiara shining in her black hair said. "Saranel would never fight on the side of the Felorians."

"She sent her private guard against us, Princess. If it were not for the kings Cheveyo and Dristan's crysallane blades and vast courage we would all be dead. My soldiers' obsidian swords had no effect at all on the Opalescent Ones."

"I do not doubt your words, Archarith Varrack, it is just..."

The Sidhe female glanced expectantly at the two tall men who stood to either side of her. Donna's heartbeat began to run fast and furious in her breast, for the two men were none other than her lovers, Dristan and Cheveyo.

"I looked straight into their eyes as I fought them," the darker of the two men stated. Blood had dried on one of his full biceps. The magically spun, supple jerkin that fell to mid-thigh had been rent at the chest. His long jet-black hair shone like midnight silk where it hung around his shoulders and upper back.

Donna had never seen a more beautiful sight in her life than Cheveyo at that moment... unless it was Dristan standing several feet away. Her eyes detailed her other lover anxiously.

He appeared to be as healthy as Cheveyo although definitely showing the signs of battle -- a sheen of sweat glistening on the golden, flawless skin of his muscular arms, a rigid expression on his face and a stain of blood darkening the crystal-woven Sidhe armor on his back.

"But *why*? Why would Saranel fight alongside the Felorians? She has never been the Sidhe's friend but never our enemy either. What could have changed that would cause her to make such a rash decision?" the woman said. A frisson of anxiety went

through Donna when she saw the Sidhe woman go still as she met Cheveyo's gaze. The woman quickly looked at Dristan and then back to Cheveyo. Her raven-black hair, which fell several inches below her chin, swung sensually at the movement. "You *don't* think that Donna --"

"Archaroth Varrack, you may leave us now," Cheveyo said, interrupting the woman.

Although the man who gave a brisk, low bow to Cheveyo and then the black-haired beauty technically looked no older than thirty-five years of age, Donna got the impression of a seasoned, experienced warrior. From what she had seen so far, the Sidhe never aged past the full, glorious bloom of their early to mid-thirties.

"Your wisdom saved many of our soul-lights today, Varrack," Cheveyo said formally.

"As did your skill..." Varrack seemed to hesitate before he glanced at Dristan, "and your courage."

Dristan nodded once solemnly at the acknowledgement. The three remaining didn't speak as Varrack left the throne room.

"Cheveyo, do you really believe that Donna --" the woman began.

"All I know is that a raver alluded to her presence before he died and the Opalescent Ones are suddenly fighting the Sidhe. Do not ask me more, Princess. If you don't have the answers -- or refuse to reveal them -- then no answers lie among us at present."

"I'm not keeping anything from you! Why would I?"

"I won't speculate idly while my queen awaits me," Cheveyo replied coldly. "But before I can be with Donna we all know what must come first."

Dristan never so much as batted an eyelash but Donna sensed the sudden tension that leapt into his big, lean body.

"The Covenant of Conaran?" the Sidhe woman asked.

Something about her cool tone, the manner in which she raised her raven brows and studied first Cheveyo and then Dristan tickled the recesses of Donna's memory.

She almost expected her to make a droll remark to someone... someone who wasn't present. Somehow the woman's youthful face and sleek, Cleopatra-styled hair wasn't *right*.

"We cannot spend the night with Donna together under Halimar's roof until the covenant is complete. It must be done now," Cheveyo stated.

"It is my duty as the matriarch of the Slidereal tribe to witness the event. If two Sidhe kings are to stay under the same roof for an extended period of time, dominance must be clearly established. You and Dristan are both descended from royal stock and represent all that is finest in a Sidhe male. But only one may rule in Halimar."

Donna had been wondering if she should reveal herself but instead she shrunk back to peer around a marble column. Ever since the Covenant of Conaran had been mentioned, all three of them had gone rigid with tension.

The raven-haired beauty stepped up on the raised dais and stood beside the throne. The two men faced one another with a sense of grim purpose. Donna realized with rising anticipation that she was eavesdropping on some sort of solemn ritual when the woman began to chant in an ancient language.

When she finished no one spoke for a long moment as both men held the other's stare.

Suddenly Dristan bowed his golden head ever so slightly, casting his gaze down to the floor. Cheveyo mounted the dais and sat down in his throne, long, leather-clad thighs open and spread before him. "Disrobe," he said.

Dristan unfastened the thick leather belt at his waist and set his sword and sheath upon the floor gently. To Donna's surprise he merely touched the crystal-woven jerkin at both shoulders and it fell off him as though the fabric itself was sentient and read his thoughts. He removed his dark green tunic, boots, socks and brown leather breeches dispassionately.

When he finally stood before the throne nude he was the very picture of male beauty, strength and pride. Her heart ached for him when she saw that his wound had broken open while he undressed. Fresh blood spilled down his back.

Despite her anxiety, Donna couldn't help but be aroused by the sight of Dristan's nude body in profile. The sight of his glistening muscles and the long, flaccid penis that hung between his strong thighs left her breathless with longing.

She couldn't understand why Cheveyo made him strip in front of him and the Sidhe woman or why he inspected Dristan so coldly after he'd complied. It pained her to see one of her lovers treat the other so callously. Dristan didn't speak or move under Cheveyo's merciless inspection, however. He remained every inch the proud king.

"Turn around," Cheveyo finally said so softly that Donna almost didn't hear him. Dristan complied silently.

Cheveyo stood. He had already removed his sword earlier and Donna saw it had been laid carefully on a gilded table behind his throne. He touched his fingers to his shoulders and his clinging outer armor slithered to the floor sinuously. He removed the cerulean blue tunic beneath it with one graceful movement of flexing muscle. His dusky skin gleamed in the soft, golden light of the room. The dried blood on his upper arm only added to the aura of a fierce, uncompromising warrior.

Donna bit her lip to stifle a moan of longing. She knew she would never cease to be thrilled at the sight of Cheveyo's stark features and startling black-eyed gaze. She watched, mesmerized, as Cheveyo stepped down off the dais and began to circle the unmoving Dristan slowly. Something about his almost predatory stance and Dristan's tense silence made Donna so anxious that she drew blood on her lip with her front teeth.

Cheveyo moved with the speed of a striking panther, grabbing Dristan's waist and planting his head against his side, forcing him down to the floor with his weight. Donna gave a small cry of shock. The raven-haired woman's head started around at the sound and Donna flattened her back against the marble pillar.

After a moment, however, Donna couldn't stand the suspense. The sounds of a struggle made her desperate to know what was happening between Dristan and Cheveyo. She peered around the pillar, her eyes going wide.

They grappled on the floor in a fierce battle of flexing limbs and hard male flesh. How long the struggle went on, Donna could never say for sure, but it felt like an anxious eternity.

At first Cheveyo worked his opponent to the floor, but Dristan broke his hold after a supreme effort and pinned Cheveyo. The tension that seemed to roll off their bulging muscles in the static struggle that followed felt almost tangible to Donna it was so fierce.

The two men locked gazes.

With a blood-curdling shout Cheveyo pushed Dristan off him and rolled the golden-haired king beneath him. He caught Dristan's wrist as he attempted to position it to his advantage and pinned it to the floor over his head. Dristan's other hand rose, this time in a fist. But Cheveyo caught that as well and struck it back on the marble floor with a blow so hard that Donna flinched.

Cheveyo held Dristan immobilized, buttocks bunching tightly in his leather breeches, strong thighs spread, flexing and pressing his prey to the floor.

Her heart began thrumming loudly in her ears when she looked between both males' spread legs and saw Dristan's heavy testicles and the base of his cock before it disappeared beneath Cheveyo's pelvis. He was fully erect. Their penises must be pressing tightly together, separated only by Cheveyo's leather pants.

As she watched, Cheveyo ground down his hips. Donna jumped when Cheveyo spoke harshly. "Surrender to the Slidereal."

She was so caught up in the electricity of the moment and the mounting sexual tension between the two males that she hardly noticed that she understood Cheveyo although he spoke in a foreign tongue.

Dristan didn't reply but his muscles tightened again in struggle. He attempted to throw Cheveyo off him but Cheveyo restrained him again after a moment of instability. Donna glimpsed the scowl on Cheveyo's stark features as he pressed Dristan's hands to the floor with one forearm. He grabbed the other man's short blond hair and shook his

head fiercely. "Surrender. There is no shame in it," Cheveyo said, his tone so tender and at odds with his ruthless actions that it shocked and thrilled Donna to hear it.

"You will find how easy it is to surrender come the winter solstice," Dristan grated out through clenched teeth.

"So be it." Their mouths were parted by less than an inch. "But that is not now. *Now* you will surrender." Dristan just glared furiously as Cheveyo removed his forearm from Dristan's wrists. "Approach the throne."

Anxiety created a choking sensation in Donna's throat as she watched both men stand. Dristan walked to the throne, his muscles rippling in the ambient light. His cock jutted forward from his body, thick and swollen. Donna could easily recall how her lips needed to stretch to accommodate Dristan's girth, how heavy he felt against her tongue, and how heavenly it felt to have him filling her pussy.

Her clit throbbed. She pressed it against the stone pillar, desperate for friction. She was confused by what she watched and concerned for Dristan, but she couldn't help but be aroused by the palpable sexual tension between the two men.

Donna abruptly became aware once again of the Sidhe princess standing next to the throne as both males approached it. For the first time jealousy wriggled into her awareness. It distantly surprised her to learn that she didn't feel in the least bit threatened by the idea of Cheveyo and Dristan's obvious sexual hunger for each other. If anything it seemed natural and right.

But the other woman participating in the ritual... *that* was different.

She thought she would have shouted out in protest if the Sidhe woman attempted to touch her lovers but the black-haired beauty remained motionless. Donna couldn't help but notice, however, that the woman's fair cheeks were stained dark pink and her eyes were glassy with desire as she watched Dristan bend over the throne made of living wood in a gesture of submission.

Cheveyo moved behind him and began to unfasten his breeches.

Chapter Three

Although Donna had suspected this was how the primitive, erotic rite for establishing dominance would culminate, she hadn't guessed how wet and achy it would make her pussy. She watched in profile as Cheveyo pushed his pants down to his thighs and his cock sprung free.

She drew up her robe and slid her fingers between her swollen, drenched labia.

Cheveyo took his heavy erection in hand and looked at the Sidhe woman expectantly. Donna's rapid strokes on her slippery clit stilled but the woman only withdrew a crystal bottle from her robes. She poured an emollient onto Cheveyo's outstretched hand.

Donna thought Cheveyo would use it to lubricate his cock but instead he reached around Dristan's hip and spread the liquid along his straining erection. "Don't bother," Donna heard Dristan growl.

Cheveyo didn't reply as he fisted Dristan's penis with his large hand. Dristan's lip curled into a furious snarl as Cheveyo stimulated him with knowing, sure strokes. Dristan's cock swelled and hardened even further.

Donna's hand moved furiously between her thighs. Her nipples and the bottom of her feet tingled in sympathy with her burning pussy. She pushed a finger into her slit and spread the abundant cream she found there onto her erect clit as Cheveyo milked Dristan's straining cock.

Finally Cheveyo released him and spread the remainder of the lubricant in his hand onto his own jutting erection. "Spread your legs some," Cheveyo directed.

Dristan did as Cheveyo ordered. Donna could see Dristan's handsome profile where he leaned over the seat of the throne. Her heart went out to him. His expression was tense, angry... aroused.

"I'm not going to go easy on you," Cheveyo said as he placed a hand on one of Dristan's muscular glutes and pushed it back.

"Just get it over with," was his terse response.

Cheveyo's mouth tightened into a grim line. He pressed the mushroom-shaped head of his penis between Dristan's buttocks and thrust hard. Dristan inhaled audibly but otherwise remained mute at the harsh invasion.

Cheveyo paused with his cock sunk halfway into Dristan's ass. "Don't resist me," Cheveyo commanded softly. He reached around and began to stroke Dristan's lubricated cock again even as he flexed his hips. His cock pulsed in and out of Dristan's ass a mere two inches, back and forth, back and forth...

Donna panted as she moved her hand frantically and an orgasm loomed.

"Stop fighting me," Cheveyo ordered in a hard voice. Donna muffled a cry when he let go of Dristan's cock and struck his right buttock hard enough to make Dristan pitch forward, his golden head almost hitting the back of the living wood throne.

Donna's fingers stilled. Anger dampened her arousal. How could Cheveyo strike Dristan in such a cruel manner when the king of the Connaught Sidhe had left himself so vulnerable to him?

Cheveyo spread his hand on the back of Dristan's skull, keeping him in the lowered position with his head only an inch from the seat of the throne. He thrust. Both males grunted gutturally when Cheveyo pressed his balls to Dristan's ass.

Dristan's left cheek dropped to the seat of the throne in a gesture of submission that was both heartbreaking and beautiful to Donna at once. Cheveyo growled in triumph.

The realization that she was observing something larger than she could comprehend stilled the shout of protest on Donna's tongue. Without understanding why she did it, she moved her hand again between her thighs even faster than before.

Cheveyo fucked Dristan with hard, sure strokes. Donna's fingers moved in perfect rhythm to the staccato slaps of Cheveyo's pelvis and thighs against Dristan's ass and both males' tense grunts. She thought that her own expression must have matched

theirs -- tight and pinched with ecstasy. But fury still shadowed Dristan's handsome face, as if his pride wouldn't allow him to fully participate in the raw, primitive passion of the moment.

Cheveyo sunk his cock fully with a brisk smack of flesh against flesh. He reached around and fisted Dristan's large, slick penis. "Surrender," he demanded.

His entire arm moved as he pumped Dristan's large cock. Dristan groaned in agonized pleasure, still fighting the inevitable. Cheveyo's buttocks tightened as he thrust shallow and hard. "Let go. You *must*... for Donna," Cheveyo muttered through a grimace as his own need for release became inevitable.

He held Dristan tightly at the hip and slammed into him one final time. Dristan's howl seemed to serrate his throat. His seed streamed onto the throne in a white arc. A harsh shout erupted from Cheveyo as well. His muscles convulsed beneath his smooth skin as his own orgasm slammed into him.

Donna cried out brokenly, utterly caught up in the ecstasy of the moment as if she'd shared in all of its bitter glory with her lovers firsthand. Pleasure flooded her awareness. Tears coursed down her cheeks.

Too late, Donna realized that her cry of release had been audible to the Sidhe woman. Brilliant blue eyes pinned her where she stood. A shock of recognition went through Donna when she looked directly into that gaze.

"Donna," the Sidhe princess said.

Dristan and Cheveyo's heads snapped around in unison to where the woman stared fixedly.

"*Grandma Cleo?*" Donna whispered in disbelief.

It made no sense that the stunning female who stood on the dais was her withered, gray-haired grandmother, one of the two women who had raised and loved her for her entire life.

But what about the Sidhe world made sense, really? Donna thought in rising disorientation. Her white robe fell down around her ankles as she stumbled down the

silent domed hallway, confusion and anxiety over what she had just witnessed dogging her footsteps.

She had no idea where she was going as she turned down one random corridor of Halimar after another. Unlike before, she occasionally saw a Sidhe man or woman moving gracefully down the domed hallways. They nodded to her solemnly, their expressions becoming quizzical when they saw the tears streaming down her face.

Why had Grandma Cleo been disguising the fact that she was Sidhe all these years? Did Grandma Ainne know Cleo's true identity?

Donna repressed a groan. She was such a fool -- *of course* both women must be Sidhe. Her entire life was a lie, an illusion cast into a mirror that had just been shattered into tiny fragments of glass.

And why was there so much charged emotion between Cheveyo and Dristan, the two Sidhe kings who had wrapped themselves so surely around her heart? Certainly Cheveyo had been furious when he first came to her bed in order to claim her when he discovered that Dristan had been there before him. But after being gloriously made love to by both Cheveyo and Dristan in the alpine meadow before they brought her to the land of the Sidhe, Donna had thought they'd resolved things between themselves -- at least nominally.

It pained her to think that she was the cause of Cheveyo and Dristan's strife.

When she saw something glittering ahead of her to the left of the corridor, Donna wiped at her eyes, thinking her tears were skewing her vision. She gasped in awe when she saw her tears had not been responsible for the shimmering, incandescent light.

A waterfall fell in a ten-foot wide span. Donna somehow knew that the only way to enter the incandescent pool behind it was directly through the waterfall. The pool and the fountain that bubbled soothingly in the middle of it glistened like a dark blue sapphire filled with billions of lights, each one of which seemed to have a life all of its own. Despite the light's vibrancy, the waters struck Donna as profoundly peaceful.

I see that you are upset. Before you meet your Sidhe kings you should calm yourself in The Fountain of Gaya's Pleasure.

So this was the fountain to which the otherworldly nymph had referred. She needed the calming waters exponentially more now than she had when she encountered the strange Sidhe singer earlier.

Donna drew her robe over her head and approached the waterfall. She set down the garment and penetrated the luminous veil.

Chapter Four

"We already looked down this corridor," Dristan said impatiently when he saw The Fountain of Gaya's Pleasure in the distance -- the sacred pool that was in place in every Sidhe castle as a tribute to the gods. "I'm going to try your suite again --"

"No... a moment," Cheveyo interrupted. He shared Dristan's anxiety to find Donna but something had just caught his attention down the hallway.

After they'd seen that brief glimpse of her pale, shocked face all three of them -- Cheveyo, Dristan and Cleopha -- had called out to Donna. But she'd turned and fled with a flutter of white alaeran cloth and the sleek curtain of her long, black hair swirling wildly.

Cheveyo could only imagine what she must be thinking. How much had she actually witnessed, he wondered uncomfortably. The enactment of the Covenant of Conaran was not an easy thing for a Sidhe to explain to a mortal.

He had never stayed in another king's castle long enough for it to be necessary to submit to his authority. The exception, of course, was Finnavaara. All twelve of the Sidhe kings that ruled on Earth had submitted to Finnavaara the high king in order to take the throne in their kingdom. It was a necessary fact of life. Finnavaara enacted the right with neither cruelty nor kindness.

Finnavaara had certainly never forced Cheveyo to submit completely like he'd demanded that Dristan do. Cheveyo couldn't say why he'd been satisfied with nothing less than the king of the Connaught Sidhe's utter surrender. It hadn't been sufficient to just know that Dristan allowed him to dominate his body.

No, he'd wanted nothing less than to conquer Dristan's mind and spirit, to bend his pride until Dristan experienced *pleasure* in the rite.

He glanced over at the imposing figure of the king of the Connaught Sidhe with uncanny uneasiness. Cheveyo had become suddenly sure that on Samhain Eve it was *he*, Cheveyo, who had utterly claimed Donna's heart. The intense hatred he felt for Dristan for having raided Donna's bed before him had suddenly faded. If Donna enjoyed having Dristan make love to her at the same time Cheveyo did, he would tolerate it. He lived to see Donna happy, after all.

But if he was truly no longer furious with Dristan, what had fueled his intense need... no, his *lust* to not only force his one-time friend to submit to his touch, but to experience pleasure in it?

The knowledge that Dristan would likely force the same treatment on Cheveyo when they went to the king of the Connaught tribe's fortress of Shalevara on the night of the winter solstice had not diminished Cheveyo's need to do what he had done... what Donna had witnessed before she fled in distress.

Cleopha had summoned Ainne and the two Sidhe princesses had gone to search for their beloved charge. Dristan and he had split up to search Halimar for his missing queen and had only just met up again a moment ago.

"What's he doing?" Dristan asked presently when he saw where Cheveyo stared fixedly down the corridor.

"I'm not sure."

Dristan and he approached the Sidhe man. He wore a cerulean robe that designated him as a crysallane craftsman. He lay fully prostrate upon the floor before the waterfall -- The Veil of the Gods. His chanting words were muffled as his face was pressed to the marble floor.

"What are you doing, Conn?" Cheveyo asked. He immediately recognized the man, just as he did every member of the Slidereal Sidhe whether they were a servant, craftsman, banshee or warrior.

Conn ceased his mumbling and looked up cautiously. Rapture lit his face. "I have seen a goddess, Exalted One."

Cheveyo glanced at Dristan. The king of the Connaught tribe's face remained impassive but Cheveyo read the droll expression in his blue eyes. "I'm going to find someone to take you to the arborarium, Conn," Cheveyo said, referring to the headquarters for the Sidhe healers set amidst a glen of powerful energizing trees.

The Sidhe did not commune with the gods any more than the typical human did the fairies. The parallel was not one hundred percent accurate, for there was more interaction between the Sidhe and the gods than there was between the Sidhe and mortals. But the gods and goddesses did not condescend to appear to crysallane craftsmen. They were wary and haughty enough about communing with Finnavaara, the Sidhe high king himself.

"I'm not addled, King Cheveyo," Conn insisted. His dark brown eyes possessed a manic gleam of excitement. He glanced significantly at The Veil of the Gods. "Look for yourself into the fountain. You'll see the face of glory, just as I have."

Dristan must have caught something in the man's tone just as Cheveyo had, for he came with him to peer around The Veil of the Gods into the sacred pool. A sensation like electricity buzzing beneath his skin went through Cheveyo at what he saw. "It's not possible," he heard Dristan mumble. "She's a mortal."

"Not if she penetrated The Veil of the Gods," Cheveyo said, but internally he was as shocked as Dristan obviously was. Only a god or goddess could go through that veil. Only one of the divine could bathe in that sacred pool.

Both of them stared, spellbound. Cheveyo had to resist an urge to fall on the floor prostrate just as Conn had when Donna reached into the fountain and incandescent liquid splattered onto her naked belly and breasts. She turned, laughing.

The look of innocent joy on her beautiful face made something pull inside Cheveyo like a string that led from his heart to his cock, as if she'd just strummed his soul as well as his physical body. "Donna," he said longingly. He was only vaguely aware that Dristan's voice had melded with his own.

Donna turned in the pool with a look of expectancy on her face, as though she'd heard him call out to her. Cheveyo knew it wasn't possible. She existed in a different world than where he stood at that moment -- the world of the gods.

But she'd heard him, nonetheless. His breath burned in his lungs when he saw her midnight-blue eyes reflect his own desire as she focused on him. She stepped forward in the pool, the water lapping around her smooth belly and hips. Her damp hair caressed the back and sides of her waist. Her nipples -- larger and more succulent than Cheveyo's memory did justice -- poked out teasingly through the sleek tendrils.

His cock lurched painfully. Dristan groaned beside him.

She put out both lithesome arms, beckoning.

"She wants me to join her. She doesn't understand."

The mournful sound of the king of the Connaught Sidhe's voice filled him with hopelessness. Was Donna separated from him for an eternity, then, just when he'd discovered her? He looked into Donna's sapphire eyes and felt her desire and love for him reaching across the boundaries of a universe.

Hadn't he vowed before that nothing would keep him from her? He and Dristan looked at each other at the same moment. "I'm going through."

Dristan just nodded as though he'd already come to the same conclusion. Confusion flickered across Cheveyo's awareness at the fact that Dristan was willing to sacrifice his life for Donna, just as he -- her mate -- was willing to do. His uneasiness vanished suddenly, however, as though it had been magically wiped clean from his brain. Instead, courage swelled within Cheveyo's chest at the knowledge that Dristan would be by his side for the frightening journey into the unknown.

Occasionally a Sidhe would choose to give him or herself to the gods but as a ruler, Cheveyo forbid it. It was the equivalent of committing suicide in the mortal world, for of course the Sidhe never returned. The Sidhe lived for millennia but they were not immortal. Their soul-lights could be dimmed until they were no more.

But Cheveyo didn't want to end his existence; he didn't want his soul-lights to be forever extinguished. It was just that his life was now on the other side of that veil. "Conn, arise," Cheveyo ordered.

The Sidhe craftsman pushed himself to his knees and rose. "You're not going to still order me to the arborarium, are you, Exalted One?"

Cheveyo shook his head. "I want you to forget what you saw here today, Conn. You will speak of it to no one."

Conn's lips fell open in amazement. He recognized that he'd just been given a royal command. "I will not, King Cheveyo."

Cheveyo nodded once, satisfied. For the most part the Sidhe were a peaceful, orderly people. Since he was a just leader he was used to having his word obeyed completely. "Listen to me, Conn. You and the rest of the crysallane craftsmen must undertake a great task. Every Sidhe warrior must be provided with a crysallane sword. You have heard what occurred at the end of the Battle of Samhain?"

Conn nodded, wide-eyed. "Saranel sent her personal guard against us. Since when does a goddess condescend to fight in our battles?"

Cheveyo glanced at Dristan uncomfortably. Now that they knew Donna had penetrated the Veil of the Gods, it seemed even more likely that Saranel's decision to send her personal guard in battle against the Sidhe somehow related to Donna. There was a mystery here, to be sure. But even more importantly, they must try and retrieve Donna from that divine pool.

"Who knows the motivations of a goddess?" Cheveyo answered neutrally. "You have your own task before you. Convey to the other crysallane craftsmen how crucial this is."

"But, Exalted One, crysallane is rare. There will not be enough --"

"I know." Cheveyo took a deep breath, trying to calm his frustration. He had much to do in order to ensure Donna's safety here in the world of the Sidhe, but first he must bring her *back* to it. Perhaps she wasn't safe here but she surely wasn't safe in

Saranel's world, either. But would he and Dristan ever be able to return to the Sidhe world once they penetrated a Veil that was meant only for immortals?

"Tell the other craftsmen that I gave you a royal decree making it a priority to locate more crysallane. Our warriors must be outfitted with weapons that will give them a chance against the Opalescent Ones. Saranel sent a small contingent to the Battle of Samhain. Who knows how many of the Opalescent Ones will march against us next time? I'm putting my trust in your hands, Conn."

Conn's expression of awe segued to one of stark determination. By the time Cheveyo dismissed him, he felt confident that the Sidhe craftsman would not rest until he'd inspired his brethren with the crucial mission of locating more crysallane, a mineral so rare it was reserved for use by Sidhe kings only.

Even as Conn departed, Finnava's daughters, the matriarchs of the Slidereal and Connaught tribes, approached. "Have you found her yet?" Ainne demanded. Her green eyes glittered like cut emeralds in her anxiety. Cheveyo knew how much the two princesses loved Donna. Their father, Finnava, had entrusted the tiny baby to their care twenty-four years ago. Ainne and Cleopha had been as vigilant as warriors in their duty.

"Yes," Dristan answered. "She is in The Fountain of Gaya's Pleasure."

Cheveyo didn't respond to Cleopha's incredulous look or Ainne's bark of disbelieving laughter. Instead, like Dristan, he began to remove his clothing. "If I do not return, my choice for the new king of the Slidereal tribe is Carramor."

"My successor shall be Fashael," Dristan told Ainne in a formal tone.

"What? Are you two addled?" Cleopha's alaeran gown flowed out behind her as she rushed to the side of The Veil of the Gods. She gasped when she saw Donna. Ainne was beside her in a moment.

"I cannot see who bid her to enter," Ainne muttered in clear frustration as she searched the pool.

"No one bid her enter, you fool," Cleopha said grimly.

"Are your soul-lights finally dimming, sister? That would mean that --"

"That's *precisely* what it means."

Shock glazed both of the princesses' fair faces, but Cheveyo didn't have time to discuss the bizarre turn of events. He and Dristan both approached the luminous falls, now completely nude.

"Wait!" Cleopha called out. "Did either of you suspect the truth before?" Both he and Dristan shook their heads. "And you... you *really* believe that you will never return to the land of the Sidhe if you enter that pool?" she asked, aghast.

"Donna is there," Dristan said simply, putting voice to Cheveyo's own thoughts.

"You love her so much, then? You would sacrifice all?" Ainne asked.

Neither of them answered.

Cleopha glanced at Ainne uneasily. Ainne nodded once, as though in agreement. "It is not known commonly among the Sidhe, but one who is not immortal may pierce the Veil of the Gods --"

"If they are beckoned there by a god or goddess," Ainne finished.

"You will stand guard for us, then?" Cheveyo asked. "In case we are able to return?"

"Of course we will watch for you, King," Ainne said.

They turned and approached the veil.

"Wait... *Cheveyo*," Cleopha called. He turned. Cleopha's forehead was creased with worry. "You must bring Donna back at all costs."

"I know that," Cheveyo said impatiently.

Ainne shook her head. "Once you are there you will forget. In the pool you will know pleasure unlike you have ever known. Only those with the sharpest focus, the greatest need, will have the ability to return."

Cheveyo met Dristan's gaze. The pact of warriors was exchanged silently.

The water felt like cool, flowing air on Cheveyo's hand instead of liquid. His body began to tingle, as though it were being sped up in some manner... vibrating at a higher frequency.

White light blinded him when he moved forward.

* * *

Joy filled Donna when she saw Dristan and Cheveyo walk through the waterfall. Since she'd entered the pool her worries had magically dropped away. Her spirit and body felt cleansed and rejuvenated.

The Sidhe singer had been right to recommend bathing in The Fountain of Gaya's Pleasure. Her confusion over discovering the truth about her grandmothers as well as her anxiety over Cheveyo's aggressive, erotic dominance over Dristan's mind and body seemed to dissolve as she'd submerged herself in the pool and splashed in the bubbling waters of the fountain.

She surged through the waist-deep pool and leapt up. Both males' hands rose to catch her, pressing her damp, naked flesh to their own. When Donna's head came up, Dristan's face was close to her lips. She kissed him with wild hunger. Tears burned against her eyelids at the sensation of his boldly thrusting tongue and delicious taste.

It seemed a lifetime ago since that golden afternoon in the meadow when her two Sidhe had made love to her... when they'd claimed her for their own.

Dristan released her mouth at the precise moment Cheveyo cradled her head in his palm. Donna turned and submersed herself in Cheveyo's kiss without pause, glorying in his scent and flavor... the erotic sensation of his wet, smooth pectoral muscle beneath her rubbing palm. The crashing waterfall muted the sound of the stifled cries of bliss vibrating her throat.

Her pussy burned, molten and hungry. The cool magic of the pool did nothing to soothe that particular unrest. If anything, her arousal was amplified to heretofore unknown heights.

As if Dristan read her thoughts he smoothed a big hand down her hip, cupping an ass cheek possessively before he reached under the water between her thighs. He dipped a finger into her slit, groaning in male satisfaction at the evidence of her desire. Cheveyo continued to possess her with his kiss while Dristan finger-fucked her pussy and nuzzled her neck with his warm lips.

Cheveyo broke their kiss only to move aside her hair so that he could plant hungry kisses along the other side of her neck and palm a breast firmly. Donna moaned in mounting ecstasy at the sensation of her erect nipple pressing against his molding hand.

"I've missed you," she muttered almost incoherently as she slid her lips along Cheveyo's shoulder, aroused beyond measure by the texture of wet, smooth skin covering dense muscle. "How long has it been since we saw one another?"

"That question is difficult to answer in the world of the Sidhe, even more difficult here. We do not register time in the way you do," Cheveyo replied. "Suffice it to say that the blink of an eye would feel like an eternity when we are apart, Donna, and it has been much, much longer than that."

Donna stared into his deep black eyes, moved by his words. She lowered her head, lightly licking at the drops of water on his lips before she slid her tongue between them, kissing him with even more desire and wonder than on that first night so long ago when he'd raided her bed and made her his.

She was vaguely aware of Cheveyo shifting her into his arms, of him lifting her legs to encircle his hips as he moved through the pool. He came down over her, never breaking their kiss as he set her down until she reclined on several of the wide, white marble steps that led into the water. When she felt the crown of his erection nudging her pussy, she strained up for him, desperate to get friction down deep where she most required it.

Cheveyo didn't disappoint her. He pushed the thick head of his cock into her slippery cunt and grabbed her hips. He stood in the pool and flexed his muscular arms, sheathing the entire length of his cock in one demanding stroke. "Ahhhh," Donna screamed at the sensation of her pussy stretching to accommodate him, of being filled near to bursting with so much throbbing, hard male flesh.

Her cry was absorbed by Dristan's mouth. He kissed her deeply, as though he tasted her ecstasy and craved to share its flavor. Cheveyo fucked her with slow, long

strokes -- the hard, defined knob of his cock massaging her nerve-packed flesh in such a way as to make Donna quiver helplessly on the constant brink of orgasm.

Dristan eventually lifted his head and pinned her with his stare. "Do you like that?" he whispered lovingly.

Donna groaned as the rim beneath the head of Cheveyo's cock teased the sensitive entrance of her pussy before he plunged it back with slow deliberation until his balls pressed to her swollen outer tissues. Her pussy throbbed in a manner she'd never before experienced, making her wild... desperate for relief.

"God, *yes*," she whispered. She lifted her fingers to detail the lines of Dristan's handsome, beloved face. When she reached his lips, he smiled.

"Cheveyo utilizes the *shavaagen*. It is a Sidhe lovemaking technique that requires great restraint and strength of focus. Few can master it, but Cheveyo's power is such that he could keep you skating on the verge of climax until you would give anything... *do* anything for release."

His hand rose to her breast. Donna gasped when he lightly pinched a nipple between his thumb and forefinger. The added stimulation almost sent her over the edge into an explosive orgasm. As if Dristan knew that, his smile widened. His fingers stilled on her nipple but Donna didn't think he'd accounted for the effect his flashing smile always had on her.

She panted shallowly, tottering on the edge...

"What would you have me give you, Dristan?" Donna whispered after she'd gained a small measure of equilibrium. She ran her hands along the sides of his muscular torso, feeling his skin roughen with goose bumps beneath her fingertips.

"Your heart. For an eternity."

Donna smiled. She reached between his thighs and found his thick, heavy cock. He felt so taut... so stretched with need. Cheveyo paused in his fucking motions as if he'd known how greatly Dristan's cock in her hand would arouse her.

"You're a fool not to ask for more." She closed her eyes and clenched her teeth, momentarily overwhelmed as Cheveyo resumed fucking her, teaching her the meaning

of combined agony and ecstasy. "My heart was yours from the moment I first tasted your kiss, Dristan."

She opened her eyes to see Dristan's fierce, blue-eyed stare. Her gaze flickered to Cheveyo's, eager to include him in her love and curious as to how he would respond to her comment to Dristan. Cheveyo merely watched her with a fierce expression as he thrust his cock into her pussy. Donna's arousal swelled at the sight. She pumped Dristan's cock faster. "You see how cruel my desire is, Dristan? Let me suck you and perhaps it will help me bear the torture," she said.

She was gladdened to see how quickly Dristan moved to position himself over her mouth. He placed his hands in the lush green grass outside of the pool and lowered his hips. Donna held his cock steady and slapped at the broad, bulbous head with her tongue before closing her eyes and circling it more slowly, memorizing the exquisite sensation through touch alone.

Both of them groaned in sublime pleasure when she spread her lips and he slid his length along her tongue. Cheveyo reacted by tightening his hold on her and plunging his cock into her pussy at a slightly different angle, making Donna scream along Dristan's shaft.

Dristan held her head with one hand and thrust his cock deeper into her mouth. Donna accepted the invasion gladly, straining up for more of him. She became lost in a cyclone of almost unbearable desire and intense emotion for her two lovers. Her sucking became as bold as Cheveyo's thrusting cock. She tried to control her desperate hunger for Dristan by occasionally soothing his turgid length with her tongue, cooling the nerve endings she'd set on fire with her former demanding sucking.

But eventually he told her with words and a firm pump between her lips that he cared no more for cooling. He only wanted to burn.

When he thrust into her throat once, then twice, Donna felt herself cresting on a powerful orgasm. Cheveyo had not altered his deep, sensual stroking of her pussy but neither male could have guessed how greatly her arousal grew at the sensation of

sucking Dristan's cock. The sensation of giving herself over so completely to both of them overwhelmed her.

"Finnavara, save me," she heard Dristan say as if through a roaring wind as she crested in orgasm. "She's a golden-throat."

Chapter Five

Cheveyo's thrusting cock stilled at the words, but it was too late for Donna. She plunged headlong into a scalding, mind-numbing climax even as Dristan howled out his own release. At first his cock blocked her scream, his cum jetting directly down her throat.

He moved back almost immediately, however. Donna took a deep breath and ducked her head forward for more of Dristan's cock, her throat convulsing as his abundant emissions shot down her throat, her pussy squeezing rhythmically around Cheveyo's cock as she gushed in climax.

Donna came back to herself at the sound of Cheveyo's ragged voice. "You are sure?"

Dristan gasped madly for air above her, his muscular chest moving in and out like bellows. "Do I *look* like I'm sure?" he managed to get out sarcastically.

"Finnavara has much to explain," Donna heard Cheveyo say.

She wanted to ask what in the world they were talking about, but instead she moaned in protest when both males' cocks slid out of her body. "*No*," Donna pleaded once Dristan's semi-erect cock popped out of her tightly pursed lips. She didn't want to release him yet and she certainly wasn't prepared for the cruel deprivation of Cheveyo's hard cock in her pussy.

Dristan moved aside when Cheveyo came up next to her. Cheveyo took her mouth in a ravishing kiss as he stroked her body everywhere. She lowered her hand and found the evidence of his still raging arousal straining between his thighs. He lifted his head and groaned in agony before he rose up over her in the position that Dristan had taken before.

"The allure is too great," he whispered before he pushed the mushroom-shaped head of his cock between her lips. Donna took him eagerly but not before she glanced into Dristan's eyes.

His expression was rapt as he watched Cheveyo's cock slide between her lips. He must have noticed her glance because he spoke. "You are a golden-throat, Donna. I don't know why we didn't recognize it before, most likely because we were still in the mortal world. We had no reason to suspect... although there was always the evidence of your beautiful singing and your mouth was sweetness itself..."

Donna focused on the sound of Dristan's voice even as she closed her eyes and took Cheveyo's succulent cock in deeply.

"The golden-throats are the Sidhe nymphs who bless us with their divine singing. They are a rarity among us and highly revered. If they choose to do so -- and almost all do -- they withdraw from society into a sisterhood. They only commune with us through the gift of their divine singing," Dristan explained softly.

He paused as Cheveyo slid the root of his long cock into Donna's mouth and lightly pressed his firm balls to her lips. She clamped him tight and hummed a tune of pure bliss into his steely flesh. He gave a shout of mindless pleasure and pulled out of her throat. For some reason, she hadn't the slightest fear that either of her Sidhe lovers would ever deprive her of air.

Dristan groaned as he watched her take Cheveyo deep. Before he resumed speaking this time he reached between her thighs. His fingers burrowed between her swollen folds and rubbed her erect clit.

Donna hummed her pleasure around Cheveyo's cock.

"It is forbidden for a Sidhe male to touch a golden-throat with only one exception. On the night of the spring equinox a single male from each tribe is chosen by the nymphs -- he might be from any walk of life, servant or prince. No one but the golden-throats knows the criteria by which he is chosen. The heights of ecstasy the golden-throats give the blessed Sidhe male on that one night leave his spirit forever altered."

Dristan pushed a thick finger into her pussy while he continued to stroke her clit. Donna squirmed in excitement but he stilled her with a firm hand on her hip, forcing her to take the full brunt of his ministrations. The water from the pool made a sloshing noise as he finger-fucked her more forcefully.

Donna couldn't fully comprehend Dristan's words as her pussy burned in the cool water.

"To be buried in the throat of a Sidhe golden-throat is one of a male's most arousing fantasies but the least likely to ever be fulfilled," Dristan continued. Donna could feel his steady gaze on her as she lustily sucked Cheveyo's cock and that aroused her nearly as much as Dristan's talented fingers on her cunt. "A golden-throat is so exquisitely rare and they sexually commune with only one Sidhe male in a year's time. Nevertheless, the allure of the near mythical event arouses us all. To plunge his cock in the place where the gods speak is to know the greatest height of divine bliss."

Cheveyo growled and bucked his hips wildly, as if desperate to know the truth of Dristan's words. Donna relaxed her throat muscles and let him spear the narrow opening repeatedly. Dristan drove a second finger into her pussy and rocked her, his biceps flexing.

The vibrations of her stifled scream as she came induced Cheveyo to join her. Her throat expanded around him when he demanded entry.

At first Cheveyo's semen spurted straight down her throat, bypassing her need to swallow. His roar of anguished pleasure was ripped from his lungs. He moved back on her tongue. She gasped for air before she pushed on his ass and swallowed him deep again, loving the sensation of being the chalice in which he poured his very life essence. He still panted madly for air as Donna tongued and sucked his warm, sticky cock, eager for every last drop of him.

She groaned in awakened arousal when Dristan lifted up her hips and pressed the head of his cock into her pussy. God, how long could this constant ecstasy continue? Her pussy grew ravenous all over again as Dristan flexed his hips and seated his long, swollen cock inside of her.

Surely she and her lovers should pause. Surely they should discuss all the bewildering things that Dristan had just told her... not to mention the bizarreness of her grandmothers' true identities or Cheveyo's ruthless treatment of Dristan in his throne room. Donna had been overwhelmed by events, emotions and sensations since entering the world of the Sidhe.

But Dristan lifted her legs, spreading them wide over the sparkling pool. The surface of the water licked and tickled both his cock and her pussy, enlivening already unbearably sensitive flesh. He fucked her with short precise strokes, feeding her growing hunger and building it at once. Donna yelped helplessly each time he thrust deep, their wet flesh making a forceful whapping sound, incandescent water spurting and sloshing around their crashing bodies.

Cheveyo watched her face as Dristan fucked her without mercy. Donna could tell by the gleam in his black eyes he saw she loved being taken hard... and he loved that she did.

His cock stiffened in her mouth.

"Again," Cheveyo demanded. He flexed his hips, sliding his cock along her tongue. She held his stare and sucked lustily on the swelling penis. Her pussy tightened around Dristan's cock. It turned her on when Cheveyo used that hard tone with her and his eyes burned like black fire in his otherwise cold, beautiful face.

She dove joyfully into the depths of carnal pleasure with her Sidhe lovers once again, forgetting all her anxieties.

For *nothing* could be more important than this.

Dristan's guttural groan scored his throat as he came down Donna's throat yet again. The sensation was indescribable. His eyes crossed as her throat muscles convulsed around the head of his cock, creating a pulling, sucking sensation. He gasped raggedly and withdrew from the narrow opening, still spilling semen on her tongue.

How many times had he come now? Ten, eleven? Cheveyo had come just as many, and Donna likely two or three times as much. He watched as her beautiful face tightened and she squealed yet again in orgasmic release around his cock.

It was The Fountain of Gaya's Pleasure, Dristan thought dazedly as his chest heaved to get air to his lungs. He had a distant memory of someone once telling him he would know nothing but desire and pleasure in this sacred pool... or had that been a dream? Nothing seemed real to him but Donna's firm, soft flesh and her delicious taste on his tongue.

The Sidhe were fierce lovers, much heartier than the typical mortal in manners of sex, but even so... All three of them had been drunk on sensual pleasure for... how long? He couldn't say. The entire experience with Donna and Cheveyo in The Fountain of Gaya's Pleasure seemed to blur into a brilliant tapestry of sensation and voluptuous bliss.

He withdrew from the moist, warm heaven of Donna's mouth and settled by her side, catching his breath as he watched Cheveyo avidly eating her pussy. He stroked Donna's hip as she moaned in pleasure. Despite his former concerns, a need to join Cheveyo between her lithesome thighs overwhelmed him.

Nevertheless he steeled himself to speak as he leaned over Donna's pussy and watched Cheveyo's strong tongue sliding sensually in her juicy, swollen labia. His cock stiffened yet again. How was it possible? "It's the pool," Dristan said, as if answering himself.

Cheveyo looked up at him with desire-glazed eyes. Something arced between them... a dream-memory of a solemn pact between warriors.

Dristan caught the intoxicating scent of Donna's pussy. His head dipped, rose and then lowered again, unable to resist her allure.

"One more time. Let me hear her cry out and see her tremble once more. Then we will take her through the veil," Cheveyo promised. Dristan met his gaze and nodded, not requiring any encouragement to experience Donna's sweet passion yet again. "Join me," Cheveyo whispered.

His tongue tangled intimately with the king of the Slidereal Sidhe's in the swollen folds of Donna's cunt. He'd never known a female to be so delicious... or so creamy. Her repeated orgasms made her exquisitely sensitive. Her body shivered subtly beneath them, without cessation, like a fluttering leaf in a gentle, steady wind. The combined flavor of the three of them overwhelmed Dristan with renewed desire.

Donna groaned in agonized pleasure when Dristan pushed a finger into her ass at the same moment Cheveyo slid one into her pussy, their tongues continuing to agitate her clit.

Tears stung Dristan's eyes when she cried out in climax a moment later. Thoughts of pushing his cock slowly into the hot, narrow channel where she currently squeezed his finger, of eventually riding her fierce and hard before exploding into her ass, swamped his awareness, making it nearly impossible to do what he knew was necessary.

Dristan saw that Cheveyo's cock was just as swollen and ready as his own when they both stood and lifted Donna to stand in the pool. She reached for both of their erections at once, but they stopped her in unison by gripping her wrists.

It was the hardest thing Dristan had ever done in his life. He mustered his dwindling strength when he saw equal measures of wild, desperate lust and stark determination on Cheveyo's face.

"W-what are you doing?" Donna asked in confusion.

"Taking you home," Cheveyo said, his jaw rigid as he stared fixedly at the shimmering veil.

They pushed a reluctant Donna toward it.

Chapter Six

Cheveyo and Dristan found Finnavaara on the white marble balcony outside of his bedroom suite at his fortress Tarrock, in Eire.

The high king sat motionless in a chair as he listened, mesmerized, while three Sidhe nymphs sang in spine-tingling harmony. Even Cheveyo and Dristan, who were on a mission of the greatest importance, paused for the length of the song, unable to resist the sheer bliss conferred by the nymphs' combined voices.

The three males only regained the ability to move when the last note died in the females' throats. The three nymphs immediately lowered their golden heads and silently left the balcony.

"All three are your daughters, are they not?" Cheveyo asked Finnavaara.

The high king smiled as he rose from his chair. He wore only a pair of black alaeran breeches, most likely having just risen from his bed after a night of pleasure. As high king, Finnavaara was not only the mightiest of Sidhe warriors but also reputedly the most fierce and potent of Sidhe lovers. Although he wore none of the accoutrements of a king at present, his royalty was proclaimed loud and clear by his powerful, sleek muscles and regal bearing.

"Cheveyo... Dristan. Welcome to Tarrock. It brightens my soul-lights to see the two of you standing side by side again. You were like brothers before the banshee foretold of your rivalry over the mortal woman. I understand you fought side by side once again and that if you had not, the Sidhe may have experienced their first defeat ever during the Battles of Samhain. I owe you both my thanks."

He greeted both males solemnly by placing his right hand on their shoulder and lowering his head, a gesture that was returned by both kings in turn. He cuffed the back of Dristan's head fondly before he dropped his hand. Dristan and Finnavaara were

distant kinsmen, the clans of Connaught and Conaran being closely knit Sidhe tribes. "Sit, please," Finnavaara encouraged heartily.

He waved his hand toward the arched entry that the nymphs had just passed under as the three males settled in chairs. "Yes, they are all my daughters. I have been blessed to father so many golden-throats. I do not demand them to come sing for me nor could I, of course. Not even the high king can decree a golden-throat's actions. They are loyal to their sisterhood, even taking an oath to speak only to each other. But my daughters choose to come and sing to me."

Finnavaara nodded at the table between them, which was covered with succulent fruits and iced juices in cut crystal decanters. "But enough of that. May I pour you some *tisinale* or pomegranate juice?"

Cheveyo frowned impatiently in the face of Finnavaara's impeccable manners. Dristan possessed the same effortless grace as Finnavaara. Cheveyo's own manners were far more direct than those of the courtly Gaelic kings.

"You must have heard that Saranel sent her personal guard against us during the battles of Samhain. We are not here to socialize with you. We are here because we want the truth. We want the truth about Donna."

Finnavaara froze. Cheveyo sensed Dristan's muscles tighten at his bluntness but the king of the Connaught Sidhe's gaze held steady on Finnavaara in unspoken agreement with Cheveyo. For a few tense moments, Finnavaara looked offended. He was used to Cheveyo's brusqueness, but usually the king of the Slidereal softened his address out of respect for the high king's position.

Eventually Finnavaara exhaled slowly. "I suppose you are right. Haste is of the utmost importance in this instance."

"What do you mean, Exalted One?" Dristan asked as he sat forward in his chair.

Finnavaara swallowed heavily. "It is required because Donna is not safe."

"She is your daughter, isn't she?" Dristan demanded. Finnavaara merely nodded. "You gave her to your daughters Cleopha and Ainne to guard when she was an infant. The females that Donna believed were her grandmothers were in reality her half-

sisters,” Dristan mused aloud. “And who is her mother? Is it Saranel? Saranel has always been jealous, even of her progeny.”

Finnavara glanced out over the balconies of his white marble fortress with a faraway expression. The sun glinted in his burnished brown hair, surrounding his head with a crown of golden light. “Yes, Saranel has always been envious of anything that casts the slightest shadow on her glory. But no, Donna is not Saranel’s daughter -- thank Moriel for that,” Finnavara muttered with a mirthless laugh, referring to the father of the gods. “Saranel tempted me into her bed once and I went. A Sidhe does not refuse a goddess. But Saranel was not the goddess who utterly captured my heart.”

He sighed after a moment, as if he were gathering himself in the face of difficult memories. “No, the evil that drives Saranel in this instance is the same jealousy that has always fueled her dark heart.”

“Her hatred for her sister, Linneri?” Cheveyo muttered. Every Sidhe knew the legends involving Saranel’s envy of her sister Linneri’s beauty and kindness, and how she continually plotted against her.

“Donna cannot be *Linneri*,” Dristan exclaimed in disbelief. “She is mortal! I sensed her humanity clearly while she was still in the world of mortals.”

“Donna is not Linneri,” Finnavara said sadly. “She is Dannaë, Linneri’s and my only child. And she is mortal, although her soul is that of a goddess. Donna *can* die, which is why I say she is currently in great danger from Saranel.”

The high king’s magnificent amber-colored eyes were moist when he met first Dristan’s and then Cheveyo’s gaze. “Saranel took Linneri from me almost a quarter of a century ago. She contrived with her sorcery to trap Linneri’s soul-lights into a stone and then buried the stone in the deepest part of the ocean. Linneri has been lost to me since soon after she gave birth to our daughter Dannaë -- Donna.”

Silence hung heavy between the Sidhe kings as they sensed the void of Finnavara’s grief for Linneri and absorbed the news. Eventually Finnavara went on to explain.

While he was in his own castle of Tarrock he spied Linneri, the goddess of love and desire, bathing in The Fountain of Gaya's Pleasure -- much in the manner that Cheveyo and Dristan had spied Donna. Her beauty bewitched him and when she beckoned him into the holy fountain he took the death-defying plunge, journeying into the world of the immortals so he could lie with her.

Linneri and he were able to eventually cease their rapturous lovemaking in order to return together to the world of the Sidhe, having made a vow to never part for as long as the Sidhe high king lived. But in doing so they discovered that both of them had earned the wrath of Saranel, Linneri's sister who had once tempted Finnavaara to her bed and vowed to make him her own.

Saranel was enraged at the fact that Finnavaara fell in love with her most despised rival and plotted to keep them apart.

Before she was imprisoned, however, Linneri became aware that her womb had quickened with life. She and Finnavaara combined their magic to incarnate their daughter's spirit into mortal flesh which disguised and protected her true identity from Saranel, who was sure to take out her vengeance on the innocent child.

Finnavaara entrusted his daughters Ainne and Cleopha to serve as his daughter's guardians in the mortal world. Ainne and Cleopha had always possessed the gift among the Sidhe of being able to hold the "heavy" body of a human for extended periods of time. Many human legends told of his daughters Ainne and Cleopha's clothing themselves in human flesh and seducing mortal men.

Linneri planned to liberate Donna's spirit from flesh at some point when she and Finnavaara had managed the threat of Saranel. But Saranel struck too quickly, imprisoning Linneri who was the only one with the power to liberate Donna from the ruthless certainty of death.

"We endangered Donna by bringing her into the world of the Sidhe, didn't we?" Cheveyo asked, dread lacing his tone. Dristan was tense as a coiled spring beside him.

"Don't you see?" Finnavaara said. "You two endangered her from the first time you touched her. It was the same for Linneri and me. Love is strong but fate is the strongest of all."

Dristan sprang out of his chair. "It's not too late. We can return her to the mortal world where her flesh will once again disguise her spirit from Saranel."

Finnavaara shook his regal head sadly. "Donna has learned your touch. She will wither in its absence. And both of you are leaders of the Sidhe people. You cannot live in the mortal world indefinitely. My daughters Ainne and Cleopha are strong in the ways of mortals. That is why I chose them. They can remain human in appearance for an extended period of time. Flesh weighs heavily on most Sidhe, however, especially for two such as you are -- two such powerful warrior spirits."

"We will find a way to make it work," Cheveyo stated with determination.

Finnavaara looked at him. Cheveyo felt like weeping at what he saw in the high king's eyes. "You will haunt Donna day and night if she cannot have you wholly... completely. Do you think I don't know? I would have given my crown and kingdom to find a common ground where I could love Linneri... where I could keep her safe. But I failed. I failed because she is a goddess and I am Sidhe. We are from two different worlds. My daughter is even further from the two of you. She is a goddess within mortal form --"

"She is part Sidhe, as well!" Cheveyo shouted as he stood beside Dristan.

"And she is our queen," Dristan growled.

"Ours," Cheveyo hissed.

Finnavaara slumped in his chair. "Then you doom her to sure misery and death."

Cheveyo glanced at Dristan briefly. The message that passed between them was quick and potent as lightning. A sense of helplessness he'd never experienced in his long, long life almost weighed Cheveyo down to his knees.

Finnavaara was right.

They endangered Donna even as they bickered impotently with her father who was as powerless as they to keep her safe in the land of the Sidhe. For Donna's sake

they would not only have to send her back to the mortal world, they would have to make her forget the world of the Sidhe.

They would have to make her forget them.

* * *

Ainne stared at the round, dark green fruit that Cleopha set on the table. A glittering obsidian knife and a crystal platter lay to the side of it, but it was the fruit that held their total attention. Ainne quickly dried a tear rolling down her flawless cheek.

"You have fed it to one of your husbands before?" Cleopha asked, intuiting the reason behind Ainne's tears. She rarely shed them for anything else.

Her sister had taken countless mortal husbands over the millennia, every one of which -- in Cleopha's opinion -- was as much of a dolt as the previous one. Unlike Cleopha herself, Ainne had never learned the subtle art of fucking the brains out of the occasional comely human who wandered onto Finnava's elfmounds, only to fade away mysteriously right after the mortal reached the most intense rapture of his life.

Cleopha knew how to make an impression on a mortal, not to mention exits that were the basis of human legend and song. Ainne, on the other hand, knew how to make trouble with her romantic notions.

"Callum... don't you recall?" Ainne asked tremulously, more tears spilling down her cheek. "He was the one and only love of my life."

Cleopha rolled her eyes in disgust. "That idiot who said he had to return to the mortal world because his horse acquired a bad case of worms?"

Ainne's acid glare at her sister was highly at odds with her wispy weeping for one of her many lost true loves. "You never understood the deep bond that can occur between a warrior and his steed."

Cleopha snorted. "You never understood that you were being thrown over for a wormy nag."

Ainne straightened proudly, clearly hurt by her sister's words but determined to bear her wounds like the princess she was. "The fruit of forgetfulness is bitter, never

mind its sweet taste. Our beloved Donna has just found her true mates and now she must forsake them... even in her memory."

Tears burned in Cleopha's eyes despite Ainne's dramatics. They both loved Donna as if she were their own daughter. The fact that Cheveyo and Dristan had just told them that Donna was their half-sister only strengthened the bond.

"Are you going to cut or am I?" Ainne asked.

The sisters regarded each other narrowly in the silence that followed.

"Cheveyo and Dristan should cut the fruit for Donna --"

"For if even one seed of the fruit is lost and Donna does not consume it, her memory might be reconstituted at a later time by eating the fruit born of the seed," Ainne finished, emerald eyes gleaming.

Cleopha chewed her lip indecisively. The obsidian knife felt cool in her palm. "The kings of the Slidereal and Connaught tribe have much to deal with in their final hour with Donna. I will cut the fruit for them and you will take it to Cheveyo's chambers."

"For once in your life your wisdom exceeds your wit, sister," Ainne complimented.

Chapter Seven

Donna jumped when she heard the door to Cheveyo's suite open.

Uncertainty had blossomed in her breast from the moment Cheveyo and Dristan had pushed her through the fountain's waterfall. The first thing she'd laid eyes on was her grandmother Cleo's bizarrely youthful face creased with worry. Her shock had made her tremble when she realized that the stunning, golden-haired woman by Cleo's side was none other than her ancient, ornery grandmother Ainne.

Every anxiety she'd felt before entering The Fountain of Gaya's Pleasure multiplied a hundred-fold when she noticed how carefully Dristan and Cheveyo avoided her gaze when they'd handed her over to her grandmothers. The next thing she knew, both of her lovers were dressed and walking away.

"Where are they going?" Donna asked first Cleo and then Ainne when Dristan and Cheveyo refused to turn around after she'd called out to them.

Ainne grabbed her wrist, restraining her when she tried to run after her retreating lovers. "They will return, Donna. There is something they must do to ensure your safety," she'd comforted.

Donna had blinked in confusion. Those kind, green eyes were definitely familiar even if the smooth, beautiful face was not. Emotion bubbled up from Donna's chest into her throat, creating a choking sensation. "I don't understand, Grandma Ainne," she'd sobbed. "I don't understand any of this!"

Her grandmothers' lithesome arms had surrounded her protectively. "Hush, child. Come with us and we will try and explain," Ainne soothed.

"We will explain what we know for certain," Cleo had added.

Donna was very used to her grandmothers' bickering and had recognized the steely hint of warning in Cleo's voice. So although Donna presently understood why

Ainne and Cleo had disguised themselves in order to guard her in the mortal world, Donna still didn't comprehend why the high king Finnavara had requested it of them. Nor did she know why Dristan and Cheveyo had departed so abruptly after their rapturous lovemaking in the magical pool.

She had been calmed somewhat by her grandmothers' presence, but when they eventually left her so she could rest, her uncertainties magnified all over again. By the time Cheveyo entered the suite that evening, every muscle in her body stretched tight with anxiety.

She felt as if she existed in a fortress of secrets.

"Where have you been?" Donna asked Cheveyo angrily. She rose from where she'd been reclining on Cheveyo's enormous bed.

He merely inspected her for a moment as he leaned against the closed oak door. Donna's gaze instinctively dropped over his long, beautiful body. He was still dressed in the leather breeches and cerulean under-tunic that he'd worn to battle.

She blinked in surprise. The Battle of Samhain seemed as if it had occurred months ago. She saw the shadow of weariness in his starkly handsome face, however, and knew for certain that Cheveyo had fought hours ago, perhaps days, but *not* months ago, impossible though that seemed. "Where have you been?" she repeated, this time with entreaty instead of anger.

Cheveyo straightened and came toward her. "To Tarrock, Finnavara's fortress."

"Why?"

"In order to discover why Finnavara gave you as an infant to Cleopha and Ainne to guard."

Donna searched his rugged features as her heart escalated until it was a hammer striking rhythmically in her ears. "And what did you discover?"

"That you are Finnavara's daughter. He gave you to Ainne and Cleopha so they could guard you in the mortal world."

Donna forced her numb lips to move. "Why couldn't they look after me here?"

Cheveyo's eyelids narrowed. Suddenly he was beside her, his arms around her. Donna sagged appreciatively against the solid comfort of his hard body. For a moment it had been as though she looked through a tunnel, until all was blackness except for Cheveyo's beloved face. "Finnavara wanted to protect you from an enemy," Cheveyo said. Donna instinctively pressed her cheek against his chest in order to take comfort from the feeling of his low, vibrating voice.

"I am Sidhe?" she whispered shakily. He paused for a moment but then he nodded once. "*Tell me*," she entreated. "Tell me everything you know."

His nostrils flared slightly. Donna's eyes burned with emotion when she felt his hand palm the back of her head and his fingers furrow through her hair. "I have told you enough for now. You are in shock. Is it such terrible knowledge, Donna? To be Sidhe?" he asked softly.

A tear trickled down her cheek. "No. I am glad... proud to be like you and grandmas Ainne and Cleo... and Dristan." She swallowed when she saw his handsome visage tighten at the mention of the other Sidhe male who possessed her heart.

As if her saying his name had called him, the door opened and Dristan entered the room carrying a crystal platter with green and pink fruit on it. Donna started toward him but Cheveyo held her fast in his embrace.

Dristan looked furious as he came toward them. "We discussed that we would do this together."

Cheveyo didn't reply but Donna felt the tension leap into his muscles. His arms tightened, as though he protected her from Dristan. The fierce glares they exchanged reminded Donna all too potently of what had occurred in the throne room earlier. Her chaotic emotions seemed to froth and boil in her chest. She struggled to get free of Cheveyo's embrace but his arms were like bands of steel. "Let go of me! I saw how you treated Dristan in the throne room, Cheveyo. Why are you two so angry with each other?"

"You don't understand what you saw in my throne room, Donna."

Cheveyo's level voice infuriated her even further. "Don't speak to me like I'm a child!"

"You are like a child in the ways of the Sidhe. You are innocent, Donna, not ignorant."

She sputtered in the face of Dristan's calm statement. "Surely you're not defending Cheveyo... not after what he did to you."

Dristan set down the platter of lush fruit on the bedside table and slowly came toward them. A shadow of fury flickered across Dristan's face before it vanished. "Cheveyo was following the dictates of the Covenant of Conaran, Donna. Nothing more. I agreed to it so I could be with you."

Donna's mouth hung open in confusion. "*No*," she whispered. "You two desire one another. You love one another. I *saw* it." She desperately searched first Dristan's marble-like countenance and then Cheveyo's stark features. "Why do you deny it? For *my* sake? Do you think that my love for you isn't deep enough to allow for you to love one another as well as me? You're wrong. My love for both of you reaches far past the dimmest star in the night sky."

Cheveyo's expression gave slightly at her words. She felt Dristan's hand join Cheveyo's in her hair. His body brushed against hers as he came close. "We do not doubt that, Donna," Dristan said in a voice roughened by emotion.

She turned until her lips were only inches apart from his. "You *do* doubt me. You keep secrets from me, Dristan. You, as well," she said to Cheveyo.

She saw some indefinable emotion shimmer in Cheveyo's midnight eyes before a look of stark determination came over his face. "We will not discuss it now, Donna. We *cannot*. We have so little time and there is something more crucial that must be done."

"What could be more important than the truth?"

"My love for you," Cheveyo said quietly. He held her gaze as he released her and untied the sash of her alaeran robe.

"And mine," Dristan said as he began to gather the cloth in his hand, raising the robe over her legs.

Donna gasped. "You refer to making love?" she asked incredulously. Despite her disbelief at her lovers' audacity, she shivered with excitement at the sensation of Cheveyo burying his face in her neck and Dristan stroking the back of her thighs and bare ass as he lifted her robe. She steeled her will with effort and struggled in Cheveyo's hold. "No, I want the truth!"

"There is no greater truth than this, Donna," Dristan murmured huskily. He grasped her hair in his fist and turned her head. His fiery kiss effectively stole her protest. Dristan's taste was a potent intoxicant, his tongue supple, demanding and masterful. Her pussy automatically flooded with heat as though her body had been programmed to ready itself at his slightest touch.

Donna found herself responding wholly to Dristan's kiss despite her anger at being treated so callously by her lovers. They treated her as though she were a fool... a child whose tears and protests weren't even significant enough to respond to. The thought gave her the strength she required to twist free of Dristan's consuming kiss. He looked vaguely surprised at her ability to resist him.

"That's right," Donna seethed. "I *deny* you, Dristan, King of the Connaught Sidhe. You might have been able to kiss the queen of the Amazon warriors silly enough to make her spread her legs and forget her beef with you in Grandma Ainne's fairy tales, but *I* deny you!"

"Donna, you don't understand," Cheveyo said.

"I understand that you two are keeping secrets from me. Just because you're a king, Cheveyo, that doesn't give you the right to lord it over me. It doesn't give you rights to my body." Cheveyo's nostrils flared and his black eyes glittered. Donna paused in her tirade at the intimidating sight. "You had no right to treat Dristan as you did," she challenged.

"I had a right."

"*What* right?"

"The same one that gives me a right to do this now," Cheveyo said coldly.

Donna's lips fell open in confusion. "Do... do what?"

He pushed her down over the bed and pinned her there with his hard body. Dristan had raised her robe to her waist and she was naked beneath it. The feeling of Cheveyo's erect cock pressing against her cunt and belly through his breeches left her momentarily speechless.

If that hadn't, however, Cheveyo's ravaging kiss certainly would have. Donna moaned desperately. His tongue swept everywhere, pillaging and probing, establishing her mouth as his sovereign territory. When she realized she was pressing her body up against his steely length, wild to quench the hunger in her throbbing flesh, she turned her face away from Cheveyo's kiss.

She couldn't think straight when Cheveyo and Dristan touched her. She couldn't hold onto her anger. She couldn't hold onto *herself*. "Leave me," she begged. "*Both* of you leave me."

Cheveyo shook his head as he looked down at her. "Not now, Donna. I would not leave you at this moment for anything... not even for your pleas."

Donna gasped in shock. How could he be so cold? She twisted beneath him, trying to get away, but Dristan had crawled onto the bed behind her. He caught her wrists above her head in one fist and drew her robe up over her head. Cheveyo pressed her struggling body into the bed until Dristan grabbed her from behind, restraining her. Cheveyo stood.

Donna squawked in disbelieving protest when Dristan pulled her back onto his big, warm body. "Let go of me!" she shouted in rising panic.

"Not now, Donna. Right now you will remember to whom you belong," Dristan said.

Chapter Eight

"Calm down, Donna. You act as though you are not loved... not cherished above all else," Dristan murmured in a low, sexy voice that might have been specifically designed to soothe as well as arouse. He leaned against the pillows at the head of the bed and squeezed the underside of her breasts, lightly pinching her erect nipples. His kisses on her ear and his roughly whispered words made Donna stop squirming. "Such perfect breasts. Such pretty nipples. Remember in the pool... how I sucked on them until you screamed, Donna?"

She groaned. Her eyelids fluttered closed as the erotic memories blended with the heat of the moment. She ground her ass down on Dristan's enormous erection. In the incandescent pool, things had been so different. Nothing but her desire and love for Dristan and Cheveyo had mattered --

"That's right," Dristan encouraged seductively. "Let yourself go."

But this was not the pool and Donna's anxieties loomed.

She began to struggle again, but sluggishly, as though her body fought her mind's dictates. Her eyelids sprang open when she felt another pair of hands on her hips, stilling her. Cheveyo knelt between her legs, completely nude. She gawked. It was as if she'd never before seen his beautiful body -- the lean muscles rippling beneath smooth, dark skin, the glory of his long, stiff cock jutting from between his thighs.

"No, Cheveyo," she whispered raggedly, but her heart wasn't in her plea. Instead it was in her eyes when she looked into his black-eyed gaze.

"Yes," he replied as he spread her thighs wide. Dristan tightened his hold on her when she made one last ditch effort to move.

"There is no escape, Donna," Dristan whispered tenderly in her ear.

"No matter what your mind may tell you, your heart knows the truth, Donna. Your pussy knows it. Your blood sings it," Cheveyo said. He slid his cock along her slippery, sensitive cunt, making her shiver uncontrollably. He worked the thick head into her pussy and thrust hard.

Donna screamed. She struggled in the next few minutes as Cheveyo fucked her... but not to escape his complete possession of her body. No, she struggled because her two fierce Sidhe lovers demanded more than her body. They demanded her very soul.

"Give in, Donna," Dristan rumbled in her ear even as he held her immobile for Cheveyo's pounding cock. She knew nothing but hot, blinding pleasure at that moment, her frothing emotions only adding to her need to end the unbearable torment, to detonate in climax.

She lifted her head and shouted in agony when Cheveyo rolled her hips and pushed her spread legs back until her toes touched the bed on either side of her head, smacking their flesh together again and again. Dristan kissed the tears off her cheek tenderly as her body shuddered in climax and Cheveyo grunted gutturally as he came deep inside of her.

Her tears continued to flow ceaselessly when Cheveyo came to take Dristan's place beneath her. Dristan shed his clothes hastily. In a matter of seconds it was Cheveyo holding her tightly while Dristan took possession of her senses... her very self. His thick cock stretched her pussy so tightly, making her burn all over again. Like Cheveyo, he took her forcefully, as though he were attempting to hammer his very essence into every cell of her body.

It wasn't long before Donna ignited again. Cheveyo held her steady as she convulsed around Dristan's thrusting cock. Her senses were so overloaded with pleasure in the moments that followed that she was only distantly aware of Dristan speaking harshly to Cheveyo. Her body still shuddered in the throes of climax when Dristan withdrew his steely hard cock from her pussy.

She cried out in protest. But when she saw that he was spreading an emollient on his taut erection her eyes popped wide in anxiety. Both Dristan and Cheveyo had

fucked her before in the ass, but Dristan's cock looked ominous at that moment... enormous and stretched with need.

"Hold her tightly until I get it in," Dristan said grimly to Cheveyo, but his fierce, blue-eyed gaze pinned Donna. He rolled her hips back, positioning her to be ass-fucked. He penetrated her with his finger down to the knuckle. Donna moaned as she watched his big cock lurch up in excitement. While he slid his finger in and out of that intimate place he used his other hand to stimulate her erect clit. She moaned uncontrollably. Her hips shifted as her body instinctively tried to increase the pressure.

After a moment of this delicious torture Dristan withdrew his finger and pressed the blunt, smooth head of his cock against the tiny hole. Cheveyo responded by shifting his hold to her waist, keeping her immobile. Donna had no choice but to accept the invasion as Dristan pushed his rigid erection into her ass, forcing the narrow channel to expand around his thick girth.

Dristan growled, deep and feral. "Hold her ankles down," he said as he pushed his cock farther into her ass.

"No, please," Donna yelped in panic. Her nerve endings already fired madly in mixed pain and pleasure. She didn't think she could take the intense pressure of Dristan's cock in her ass if Cheveyo held her ankles down next to her head.

But they ignored her desperate plea for mercy. Cheveyo reached for her ankles and pressed her toes down into the bed. Donna screamed as Dristan pried his cock into her ass at the altered angle. He thrust, pressing his balls tightly to her butt cheeks.

Donna didn't stop screaming except to catch her breath as Dristan slowly withdrew his cock until only the head was immersed and then drove it deep again. He began to fuck her with long, rapid strokes, smacking his pelvis against her bottom time and again. He took her ass just as demandingly as he'd taken her pussy minutes ago.

Donna exploded in orgasm, her entire body shaking with the strength of her release.

"I will have you as well," Cheveyo said into her ear a moment later. But Donna barely comprehended as pleasure shot through her body. Her orgasm only amplified

when Dristan stilled his fucking motions and rubbed her clit. Cheveyo let go of her ankles and shifted from beneath her when her cries of mindless pleasure slowed.

"I want her so that her head hangs over the bed," Cheveyo said. Donna's eyes blinked open in disorientation. Her entire body seemed to throb with heat when she saw how rigid Cheveyo's face was with desire. She whimpered in confusion and protest when Dristan withdrew from her ass and Cheveyo grabbed her shoulders, sliding her naked body along the silk spread until her head and shoulders were at the edge, her neck stretched back, her long hair brushing the thick carpet on the floor.

Dristan pushed back her thighs and penetrated her rectum once again with his cock. She inhaled raggedly as he thrust into her ass with a firm pump. Cheveyo stood at the side of the bed so that he and Dristan faced one another. He straddled the top of her head and lifted her gently. Donna's eyes widened when he took his jutting penis into his hand and arched it downward, toward her mouth.

Her lips opened instinctively but tears leaked from her eyelids. "Why? Why are you two doing this?" she whispered as Cheveyo pressed the tip of his cock against her lips.

"We want to leave our stamp on you, Donna. We don't want you to forget," Cheveyo said.

"I would never forget you. *Never.*" Her heart seemed to collapse in her chest when she saw his usually rigid expression spasm ever so briefly. Without thinking, she craned her head up, stretching her lips over the girth of his cock. She couldn't understand the source of their desperation, but Donna immediately recognized Cheveyo's pain.

She sucked him deep and strong, anxious to comfort even if it was in this primitive fashion.

Both males groaned in unison as Dristan smacked against her ass at a faster rate and Donna pistoned her lips over Cheveyo's cock. Without anything behind her head she was free to bob her head up and down over him, her lips holding him in a tight

clamp. Her hunger mounted as Dristan filled her repeatedly and rubbed her slick clit, making her movements forceful.

Eventually, however, Cheveyo stilled her head. He held her spread jaw in both hands and fucked her mouth and throat deeply, bending his knees up and down and flexing his hips to power his demanding strokes.

Tears poured out of her eyes as both males made free with her body. Their forceful lovemaking scored her very spirit. Dristan held her hips and drove into her ass, his stroking thumb on her clit making her burn. Cheveyo fucked her face at a downward angle, pressing his balls firmly to her lips every other stroke as he entered her throat.

It was more than she could bear. Donna was surprised the bed didn't catch on fire a moment later when all three of them tensed simultaneously and shook in orgasm.

"Donna!" Cheveyo and Dristan both roared as orgasm ripped through them.

She screamed around Cheveyo's cock when he unplugged her throat. Eventually he backed out of her mouth altogether so she could gasp for much needed oxygen as her body recovered from her powerful climax.

She wasn't sure how long all three of them panted wildly for air. She went willingly into Dristan's arms, however, as he withdrew and reached for her. Her throat tightened when she saw his blue eyes were damp with emotion. She kissed him softly on the lips when his arms surrounded her.

"What is it? What's wrong?" she asked him between kisses. She sensed her lovers' restrained emotion. Not knowing the source of it was killing her. She felt Cheveyo's stroking hand on her back and turned to him. They shared a slow kiss but even Cheveyo's masterful mouth couldn't diminish her concern. She looked first into Cheveyo's enigmatic gaze and then Dristan's fierce one.

"There is nothing wrong, Donna. I just... we just wanted you to know how much we love you," Dristan said.

"I love you both too," Donna whispered earnestly.

Cheveyo turned toward the table at the side of the bed. He pressed a piece of juicy, pink fruit to her lips. Despite her confusion Donna slurped instinctively on the sweet fruit. It melted on her tongue, quenching the thirst she'd built up during their frantic lovemaking.

"You... you give her the rest," Cheveyo said unevenly. He handed Dristan the other half of the fruit. Donna wondered why Dristan's hand shook when he held the succulent morsel to her lips. She consumed it quickly, licking the sweetness from Dristan's fingers when she'd finished.

A heavy, warm feeling overcame her, weighting down her eyelids. "Hold me," she entreated. But sleepiness must have slowed her senses because she realized contentedly that both her lovers already pressed tightly against her, surrounding her with their solid male warmth.

For some reason tears welled into her eyes and spilled down her cheek. "We will talk when I awaken? I will not have you two at odds with one another," she insisted groggily. "I would have you cherish each other as much as I do. Say that you will at least try." Her tears must have spread because the sides of her face and ears grew damp where Dristan and Cheveyo nuzzled her. "Say it," she whispered.

"Yes, Donna," she heard them say as if from a great distance.

As she fell into the deep, dreamless void of sleep she noticed that the residue of the fruit's juice had turned bitter on her tongue.

Chapter Nine

Donna awoke to the sensation of someone nuzzling her neck and hot breath misting her skin. She groaned groggily and opened her eyes. Bright golden light momentarily blinded her.

She jumped when she saw the large shadow looming over her. "Tethra!" she called out in alarm and simultaneous relief when she recognized her dog. She sat up partially and blinked, grimacing at the awful taste in her mouth. The meadow spread out around her, seeming both familiar and utterly alien at once.

"Donna!" someone called.

She waved when she recognized Grandma Cleo walking toward her.

"Ainne and I wondered where you were. It's going to be dark soon," Cleo exclaimed as she waded through a field of long grass and waving daisies. The bright orange down vest she wore along with jeans that were tucked into a pair of rubber boots made her diminutive, ancient grandmother look like she was ready for a duck hunting expedition. Donna chuckled at the thought as she stood and drew up her blanket.

"I'm sorry, I didn't mean to worry you. I must have fallen asleep," Donna explained as Grandma Cleo approached.

"Well, come on, let's go," Cleo encouraged as she reached for the blanket Donna held. "The trick-or-treaters will be along soon."

"Trick-or-treaters?" A feeling of disorientation struck Donna when she straightened from picking up her bag.

"Yes, trick-or-treaters! Ainne and I bought loads of candy for the little monsters." Cleo's wrinkles deepened when she noticed Donna's expression. "Are you still half-asleep? Did you forget it was Halloween?"

She stared fixedly at Mt. Rose where it loomed beside the alpine meadow.
“Halloween -- *Samhain Eve*,” Donna said under her breath.

“Come, Donna,” Cleo said firmly as she placed a hand on her shoulder. “It’s time for you to come home now.”

Beth Kery

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

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