



# **Get Lucky Cat Marsters**

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**Editor: Sheri Ross Fogarty  
Cover Artist: Sahara Kelly**

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## **Get Lucky**

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Lucky Harris is a normal girl. Well, she never gets sick, can walk in four-inch heels and has an incubus stalking her dreams. But that doesn't mean anything... does it?

Sure, she's having the best sex of her life... in her dreams. But when the incubus starts appearing outside her dreams, sucking Lucky's energy and leaving her almost dead, she begins to admit there's something up.

But despite what her mad boss and his loopy friends at Sundown Investigations say, she's not ready to believe their tale of the paranormal. Even if she's now having the best sex of her life with the man of her dreams -- and there are two of him.

Is everyone out to get Lucky?

## Chapter One

Thursday night after my Perfect Date with the Perfect Man, he walked me back to my fourth-floor apartment, looked deep into my eyes and kissed me. It was a good kiss -- hell, it was a great kiss. His lips were soft, his mouth warm, and when his tongue touched mine my knees actually went weak. I had to cling to his broad, strong shoulders to keep myself from slithering to the floor.

He had me backed against my door, his body hot and hard where it touched mine, which was pretty much everywhere. His hand slid inside my jacket and cupped my breast, and I made a rather unattractive grunting sound in the back of my throat, which I swear was meant to be a moan but came out all wrong because it's hard to get things right when someone else's tongue is in your mouth.

"I'm sorry," he said, disengaging. "I didn't mean that to go so far."

I stared, and I'm pretty sure I looked like a dog faced with a big juicy steak. Big eyes, lolling tongue, and I was probably drooling too.

"And I know you have to get up early for work tomorrow," he said, stroking my face with his long fingers.

"Not that early," I said, fumbling for my keys to get the door open.

"Lucy," he said, an audible caress, and I nearly panted. My nipples were tight, my pussy wet, and I was about half a second away from grabbing him by his tie and towing him into my apartment to have my wicked way with him.

But then he said, "You have no idea how much I want to go inside your apartment and make love to you all night long."

I whimpered, and he moved in closer, his arm resting against the door by my face, his breath hot on my neck. His voice was low, vibrating through me.

"How much I want to strip you naked and stroke your beautiful skin, kiss and lick you all over, caress your glorious breasts and bury my head between your legs until you scream. How much I want to be inside you, to feel how tight and wet you are, to thrust deep into you over and over until you're soft and boneless with pleasure. And when you've orgasmed so hard you can hardly see, I want to start all over again."

My mouth was dry, but that's because all the moisture in my body was pooling between my legs. I should probably have been disgusted that he was dirty-talking me on the first date, but I wasn't, I was turned on. Really turned on.

"I could go along with that," I whispered hoarsely, and he smiled. He had a smile like the sins of angels, and it nearly made me come there and then.

"But I can't," he said, and pulled away from me, leaving me pressed against the door, quivering like blancmange. "I have to go."

"No," I cried, sounding desperate and needy and not really caring. "Stay. Really. Stay. I'll set my alarm early and --"

"Sweet Lucy," he said, taking my hand.

"It's Lucky," I told him for the third time. "Everyone calls me Lucky."

The Perfect Man kissed my fingers. "It's me who's lucky," he said, "because I've spent the evening with you."

And then he was gone, melting away down the stairs before I could tell him that if he thought spending an evening with me was getting lucky, he should spend the night.

Rats.

I dreamed of him, my Perfect Man. All right, he had a name, but until I discovered it that's what I called him. The Perfect Man. He had black hair and eyes like dark chocolate. His skin was smooth and tanned, his cheekbones high, his jaw strong. His lips were full and lush, perfect lips for kissing.

It got better when you looked past the face to the body. Broad shoulders, strong chest, nicely defined without excessive muscle. Flat stomach, a line of dark hair leading

south between narrow hips to what might have been the perfect size for a cock. Strong thighs. A dusting of hair on the calves. Nice feet.

Okay, and how did I know this? Well, I didn't, not really. Much as I desperately wanted to see him naked, The Perfect Man didn't seem willing to oblige. He wanted to, I knew he wanted to, which is what made it all the more frustrating that he'd just left me like that.

I took myself to bed, grumbling and obsessing about what I'd done wrong. Had I been too desperate? Too slutty? Or was I just not attractive enough? I always thought I was reasonably pretty in a gamine sort of way. Maybe it's my hair, too fine and flat, or my pointy chin. Maybe my flat chest. He said he liked my breasts but maybe he said that to everyone.

Oh, hell. He probably had another woman waiting for him, one with thick, lush hair and big bouncy breasts.

But that didn't stop me wanting him. His kiss, his caress, his words, they'd all fired me up to a point of near combustion, and as I lay in bed I slipped my hand between my legs to caress my clit and give myself the orgasm he hadn't. It wasn't nearly as satisfying as all those things he'd described to me, but it took the edge off, and let me sleep.

And that's where I discovered what he looked like naked. He came to me in my dreams, standing there like a god, his bare skin gleaming and his cock standing proud.

"Lucy," he said in that soft, husky voice of his, and moved toward me, all those beautiful muscles flexing as he walked, graceful like a big cat.

"Tomas," I breathed, because that's his name, not Thomas like we say it in America but Tomas, beautifully accented, sensual and exotic, just like him.

He smiled a truly wicked smile and drew me to my feet, pressing my body against his so I could feel the full impact of all that hot skin and the strength of his erection as he kissed me, bent me backwards and feasted upon my mouth with depraved abandon.

"God, I want you," he said, and ran his tongue over my lower lip. His eyes were dark, full of promise, and I shivered because I knew that going to bed with this man would be hot and dirty and twisted and more glorious than anything I'd even imagined before.

He laid me upon the bed and cupped my breast in his hand as he kissed me, rolling and pinching my nipple until I was gasping and arching toward him. He lay half over me, rubbing his cock against my thigh as he stroked me and moved to bite into my neck, making me shudder.

"You like that?" he asked in that exotic accent of his, so fluently accented that I honestly couldn't tell if he was French or Greek or Swedish. "You want me to bite you again?"

I nodded, and his eyes flashed as he moved down my body to bite my other breast. His teeth sank into my soft flesh, just below the nipple, and then he shifted and licked that tight bundle of nerve endings.

"Lucy," he said, his breath shimmering over my wet flesh.

"Call me Lucky," I told him, and he looked up and gave me a grin that would have made a saint get down and sin.

"And Lucky you shall be," he said, taking my nipple between his teeth and worrying it gently while his hand worked my other breast, pinching and stroking until I moaned with pleasure.

Then without warning he flipped me over and covered me with his hot, hard body, and my fingers curled into the sheets as I anticipated that big cock of his sliding into me from behind. He hadn't even touched me between my legs but I was wet, really slippery wet for him, had been ever since he pushed me against my apartment door and kissed the life out of me.

But he didn't enter me yet. With one hand still beneath me, still working my breast, he bit into the curve of my neck where it met my shoulder and nudged my legs apart with his strong thighs. For one wonderful moment I felt the burning heat of his cock press against me, and then it was gone and his thumb was pushing into my cunt.



His fingers curled round and found my clit, swollen and needy, and he rubbed it hard as he fucked me with his thumb. I wanted to tell him I needed something bigger in there, but then he hit something inside me that felt so good my hips came three inches off the bed.

He laughed, a dirty chuckle that vibrated through me, and shifted his weight so that his thick, pulsing cock lay between my buttocks.

"That's it, beautiful," he said, "come for me."

Pinned by his weight, pressed down into the bed, I could hardly move as he stroked and pinched, playing my body like a maestro. His lips were hot and wet on the back of my neck and he murmured things to me, dark and depraved things that made me squirm and gasp.

"You want me to fuck you?" he asked, and I writhed and nodded. "Good, because I'm going to, all night long. I'm going to pin you down like this and slide my cock into you from behind and thrust into you until you scream my name."

I reckoned that'd take about five seconds, the way I was feeling right now.

"I want to lick you, Lucky. Do you want to be licked? To feel my tongue here," he pressed on my clit, "and here?" he rubbed my labia between thumb and finger. "Or how about here?" he asked, moving his hand up to my ass and pushing his thumb against the opening there. He was soaked with my juices, and slipped in easily.

"Do you want me to lick you there, Lucky? I can make you come with just my tongue on your ass, you know."

I believed him. I believed he could make me come by just telling me to.

"Or I could fuck you there. Would you like that? After I pull out of your slick pussy I could turn you over and push my cock into your ass. Mmm, I think I'm going to. I think your ass will be tight and hot, and I'm going to fuck it, hard."

His cock throbbed against my butt and I felt a slick of moisture, a leak of pre-cum from the tip. While his thumb massaged my anus his other hand slid down my belly and cupped my pussy, pulling me back against him even tighter as he started stroking my clit.

"Yes," I choked out. "Oh God, yes, anything you want."

"Mmm," Tomas said, and his teeth closed on either side of my spine, biting into the top of my neck before he suddenly pulled back and flipped me over.

He knelt above me, straddling my stomach, his balls heavy against my ribcage. High above me, his eyes glittered, teeth bared in a wicked grin as he ran his hand across my lips, slipped his fingers into my mouth and watched me suck my own juices from him. I wanted to come, wanted it desperately, but I couldn't even reach past him to touch myself.

"You have gorgeous breasts," he said, pressing his palms flat against the sides and pushing them together.

"They're too small," I said, and a flash of annoyance crossed that beautiful face.

"No. They're perfect." As if to demonstrate, he slid his cock between them, his balls dragging against my sternum, and he pinched my nipples to make me gasp.

The second my mouth came open he pushed the head of his cock inside, and when I tasted him my body started to shake.

"Come for me," Tomas said, and I did.

I met Tomas at a Starbucks in Times Square, which is always choked with tourists but just around the corner from where I work. I'm a PA to Ell Seelie, the fashion designer, and therefore my order list is always horrendously complicated. Pick a combination, any combination, of caffeine and fat levels, soy or dairy, of flavors and non-sugar syrups, and then get fancy with the toppings, and you can betcha by golly wow it'll be on my list. The only constant is that they're all low fat, with the exception of Ell's, which is just bizarre. The guy is lean as a whippet, but he eats junk all day.

I gave the order, added my own double-shot Americano, and juggled it all into a couple of cardboard trays to carry back up to the office. When I turned around, I walked straight into a tall dark hunk of manhood and just -- only just -- kept my footing. I'm pretty good at this sort of thing, I have great balance. Used to do gymnastics before I started working a gazillion hours a day for Ell.

But then I looked up, an apology on my lips, and saw that face -- those melting chocolate eyes, those full, curved lips, that incredible bone structure -- and seven paper cups of hot coffee tumbled from my grasp and went all over his immaculate handmade suit.

Those incredible eyes widened and I cringed, because not only had I just ruined several thousand dollars of personalized tailoring, but I'd also managed to tip the eighth cup right into his crotch, and it was iced.

Whipped cream dripped off the front of his pants, and I wanted the ground to open up and swallow me.

And he laughed.

In between my terrified, babbled apologies, he reassured me that it was all fine, no harm done, that beautiful accent of his making each sentence sound like a sonnet.

"But you're covered in it," I gasped, close to tears because I was so embarrassed and I was pretty sure all this niceness was just a prelude to him suing me, and Ell was in a terrible mood and was definitely going to fire me if I didn't get back there in two minutes with his drink.

"It doesn't matter," said The Perfect Man, and as I watched, he brushed the whipped cream and sprinkles from his crotch and licked his fingers, one by one.

My breath left me in a whoosh and my nipples tightened.

"What's your name?" he asked me, moving to the front of the queue. No one complained.

"Lucy," I said, and wasn't sure whether to laugh or cry as I added, "but everyone calls me Lucky."

He smiled. "Why?"

"Because I haven't thrown coffee at them," I said, and he laughed that beautiful, musical laugh of his.

Okay, the real reason is that one of my foster parents had also adopted a kid from China who couldn't pronounce my name right. She said it "Lucky" and it kind of stuck. But that's not as funny as throwing coffee, is it?

He picked up each of the eight cups and read the orders from those scribbled instructions on the side. When he got to Ell's -- tangerine Frappuccino with a shot of espresso, topped with whipped cream and sprinkles and drizzled with chocolate syrup -- his eyebrows lifted.

"My boss," I said. "He's a little eccentric."

"So I see. Which one's yours?"

"The Americano."

"With extra caffeine, I see."

"I work hard."

"I've no doubt you do everything hard," he said, and my mouth went dry.

He helped me take the coffees back up to Ell's studio, where the assorted fashionistas fell upon them like the starved caffeine junkies they are. Ell was out of sight, which was probably just as well because he's as gay as can be and probably would have fallen madly and embarrassingly in love.

Just before The Perfect Man left, he said to me, "I'd really like to see you again, Lucy."

"Lucky," I replied, because right then I felt it.

"Will you come to dinner with me tonight?" he said, and I nodded automatically. He broke into a devastating smile, arranged to pick me up at eight, and turned to go.

"Wait!" I called, and he turned back. "What's your name?"

He gave a little old-fashioned courtly bow. "Tomas," he said, and left.

So we went to dinner, and it was perfect. The restaurant must have been perfect because I didn't notice anything wrong with it, but really I was paying attention solely to my gorgeous date, who in addition to being the most beautiful man I've ever seen -- and I see a lot of beautiful men, I work in fashion -- was also charming, funny, intelligent and thoughtful.

Then he walked me home and didn't fuck me.

He did call me the next day, but I was busy running around after Ell and didn't even get the message until several hours later.

"Lucky," he purred in that terribly expensive-sounding voice of his, "I would love to see you tonight. Perhaps we could go to the theatre?"

The theatre. You know, when I moved to New York City I got so excited about seeing all this fantastic cutting-edge theatre, but the thing is I work so many long hours I don't even get time to read the reviews. I used to dream of romantic dates with earnest young men who would discuss the great playwrights with me -- but the last time I brought up David Mamet, the response came back, "Did he do Chloe Sevigny's Oscar dress?"

So the prospect of a theatre date was mighty tempting. But I severely doubted that even someone as godlike as Tomas could manage to get decent seats this late in the day. And, anyway -- who did he think he was? Hadn't he read *The Rules*? You don't call on a Friday for a date that night!

Besides, I was pissed at him for teasing me like that. Telling me he wanted to fuck me and then *not*? Why not? Was he just bullshitting me? Or -- oh my God! What if he couldn't? What if he was physically unable? No, I'd felt how able he was.

Boy, had I felt it.

Maybe he had some shitty disease. Yeah, that was probably it. You don't get someone that gorgeous and rich and sweet and funny without some kind of flaw. He probably had herpes or something. Probably he had AIDS.

I called him back, told him I was busy, and when I got home at 9pm, I crawled into my sweats and watched *Will & Grace* until I fell asleep.

## Chapter Two

Friday night he came into my dreams again, licking and biting me and making me come without even going for the obvious zones. Saturday I stayed in bed late, reliving the highlights with the help of my vibrator, took a dreamy shower, messed around on the internet and watched some TV, then went to bed shamefully early.

Tomas visited my dreams again, this time rubbing his cock all over my body but never entering me, teasing me -- he was such a tease! I wanted desperately to feel that perfect cock inside me but every time I asked, begged, or demanded it he just grinned, a sly glint in those wicked eyes of his, and did something with his hands or his fingers I'd never even have thought of.

He stroked me to such a fevered pitch that I only needed the slightest friction to get myself off. And when he stilled his hand between my legs I bucked against his wrist, writhing until I made my own friction and grabbed my own desperate orgasm.

"You're such a tease," I moaned, and he nuzzled my neck with something like contrition. "Why won't you fuck me?"

"Oh, I will," he said, eyes glittering darkly. "I will fuck you so hard you'll be spoiled for other men."

I believed him.

Sunday morning I woke up feeling shattered, and realized I'd been asleep for about fourteen hours. But I didn't feel like I'd slept at all. My body ached, my thighs sore, my breasts tender and pink with stubble burn. My cunt was sticky with my own come and my fingers smelled like sex. Clearly, I'd been acting out on my own dreams. And --

Wait. Stubble burn?

A cold feeling washed over me. All the rest I could put down to my own nocturnal activities (is there a word for masturbating in your sleep? Instead of somnambulism is it sexnambulism? Yeesh), but what the hell had I been doing to get fucking stubble burn on my breasts? And not just my breasts. In my dreams, Tomas had spent a lot of time with his face between my legs. My thighs were sore in more ways than one.

I took a really long shower, scrubbing at myself, suddenly scared. And when I was done I raced around the apartment, doing more housework in a few hours than I've probably done in the rest of my life. I needed to get clean, and I needed to get everything around me clean.

Who had been in bed with me? Had I left the apartment in my sleep? I don't have a history of sleepwalking, but then how would I know?

Oh God, maybe I'm a mad sleepwalking slut who goes out and fucks complete strangers in the middle of the night!

Before I went to bed, I set up traps around my bed. Flour on the floor, tape on the doors, bells and things to alert me if anyone was getting in. Or if I was getting out.

I ended up taking sleeping pills to get myself to drop off because I was so anxious, and they must have kicked me off the deep end because I didn't drift into the arms of Tomas immediately as I had done the last three nights.

But eventually, he turned up.

"Lucky," he said, his voice soft in my ear. "Where have you been?"

I shuddered. "Go away. You're not real."

"Of course I'm real." He was behind me, and I felt his hard cock nudge my butt. "Does this feel imaginary to you?"

"No, it feels real, but that probably just means I'm out fucking some stranger as we speak."

There was a pause, and then Tomas turned me over to face him. "What?" he said.

I looked up at his gorgeous face, his dark eyes confused and concerned, and said miserably, "I keep having these dreams about you."

"Yes," he smiled, stroking my face, "you do."

"But then I..."

"Then you what?"

I took in a deep breath and sighed it out. "Then I wake up and I can... feel... um..."

"It feels like you've been having sex all night?"

"Yes!"

Tomas smiled. "Well, you have."

"But I haven't! I'm dreaming it! Unless I'm really sleepwalking and going out and fucking a complete -- mmph!"

Tomas didn't let me finish. He slid his hand into my hair and kissed me, a long hot kiss, and I'm ashamed to say it completely obliterated my entire train of thought. Derailed it. Blew it up. It was a terrorist kiss.

"I'm not a stranger," he said, his hands in my hair, down my back, between my legs, everywhere. And as he nudged my thighs apart he murmured, "You're not fucking a stranger."

And finally, *finally*, he entered me. Slid right in and filled me up, and it was everything I'd been imagining. His hot length plunged right in, as deep as he could go, and he nudged me onto my back as he began thrusting with agonizing slowness.

He fucked me slow, and then he fucked me fast. He turned me on my side and lifted my leg over his shoulder to fuck me really deep that way, and then he pushed me onto my back and covered me, just like he had that first night.

He fucked me on my knees and he fucked me astride him. He fucked me with his mouth on my breasts, his fingers on my clit, and his thumb in my ass. Occasionally all at the same time.

He fucked me long and hard, all night long, every which way he could, and every way he tried gave me an intense orgasm.



By the time the sky started to get light, I was dizzy, exhausted, and intoxicated, and still he was hard as a rock inside me.

"How come you're not coming?" I asked, breathless, and Tomas licked the edge of my ear.

"Do you want me to?" he whispered, his hot breath making me shake.

"Yes," I moaned, and he slid out of my cunt, rolled onto his back and took my head in his hands. He guided my mouth to his cock, and I started to tell him that this wasn't what I'd meant, but then the head of his thick penis touched my lips and the heat of it, the thick meatiness, and the taste -- oh God, the taste! -- got the better of me and I sucked it greedily down.

"That's it," he coaxed as I licked the head, tasting myself all over his cock, my own come drenching him, and searching underneath for his own taste. Finding it, unexpectedly sweet, from the very tip, I licked and sucked eagerly.

"Oh, Lucky," he groaned, his fingers massaging my scalp. "Yes, oh, that's so good..."

Delighted with his praise, I sucked him down harder, and he pushed gently, right down the back of my throat, murmuring words of encouragement as I gagged and he kept on pushing. My throat closed over, rebelling, but then Tomas said, "Look at me, Lucky, you can do this," and as if by sudden magic I could.

I sucked him all down, the whole length of him, right to his balls, reveling in my new power and in the moans and cries Tomas made as I deep-throated him. He thrust into my mouth, fucking me there just as he had in my pussy, and I don't know how but it felt almost as good to me.

When he stiffened, thrust harder, and came, I swallowed it all, every drop, and as he eased out I licked him clean of his come and my saliva.

"You," Tomas patted my head as I looked up from his lap like an eager dog, "are very good at that."

I kissed his balls, and he laughed and pulled me into his arms, lying there with me wrapped close and safe.

"Sleep now, Lucky," he said, stroking my hair. "Sleep, sweetheart, and I'll see you tomorrow."

In the morning, all my traps were undisturbed.

I felt like hell, exhausted and aching, especially in my throat, and thoroughly confused to boot. Maybe I really had been dreaming all those erotic things, and all the while been coming down with flu. It would explain the aches, for sure. And hell, I'd probably been hallucinating into the bargain.

I dragged my sorry ass into the shower, and only just managed to make it through without falling asleep. I had to turn the water to cold to wake myself up, and then I couldn't seem to get warm.

Dressing in whatever seemed warmest, I wrapped a scarf around my neck and left my apartment. I stumbled on the subway steps but managed to stay awake long enough to get off at the right stop.

Maybe I'd just go in and see if Ell needed anything urgent, then go home. He'd understand. I really felt terrible.

My phone rang as I was leaving the subway, and it was Ell. "Darling! Good weekend?" Without waiting for me to answer, he plowed on. "Can you get us all some java on your way in?"

"Sure," I said, and tried to concentrate on his order. The rest of them I knew by heart, but Ell liked to vary things.

"Let's see. Do you think they'll do half Tazo, half cappuccino?"

"I don't think so."

"Well, piss on them. Get me a small one of each then, and a big cup. Oh, and one of those syrup waffles."

"You want me to warm it on top?"

"Hmm. No, just tear it up and let it soak into the coffee."

Like I said, he's really weird.

I got the order -- no Tomas this time, damn it -- and went out into the insane crowds of Times Square. Jesus, don't these people have anything better to do?

My double espresso was calling to me, but I was in a hurry. I spied Katrina, one of Ell's regular models, across the street, and scurried to catch up with her as fast as my tray of coffee and my fashionably high heels would allow me.

Clearly, I wasn't paying full attention, because a cab hit me halfway across the street, horn blaring, driver yelling, and I went thudding onto the cracked pavement, coffees and disgusting Tazo-cappuccino hybrid going flying.

Bam. My head smacked the hard road, and I lay winded for a second, my entire body aching, if possible, worse than before.

"Hey lady! Look where you're fucking going!"

My mouth opened to tell him he'd nearly just killed me, but then a shocked cry rang out.

"Oh my God, Lucky!"

Someone snickered. "Don't look very lucky to me."

Katrina swam into view, looking impeccable in Ralph Lauren cashmere. "Lucky! Are you okay? Can you move? Can you see how many fingers I'm holding up?"

I levered myself up on my hands, looking down in dismay at my coat, my lovely red coat that Ell had tailored specially for me.

"There's Tazo-cino on my coat," I said, and Katrina's beautiful face looked worried.

"I'm gonna call for a doctor," she said, taking a tiny slim phone from her tiny slim jeans.

"No," I said, pulling myself upright, "I don't need a doctor. I'm okay."

And I was. Well, I mean, I was as okay as I'd been all morning. Since I'd been swaddled in gloves, coat, and hat, I wasn't even bleeding.

Although my stockings were probably toast.

As Katrina took my right hand to pull me to my feet, my left wrist sort of lolled. I shook it a couple of times, and it snapped back into place. See? No problem.

Katrina held onto me and ignored my protests about the coffee. She steered me gently into Ell's building, patting my arm as if I was an invalid all the way up to his floor, and I only managed to distract her by asking her if she knew which dry cleaner Ell used.

"There's coffee crap all over my coat, and I just don't think my regular guy can do it," I said. "But Ell's always spilling stuff on leather and suede and it comes out immaculate."

"I have no idea," Katrina said, "I don't even own most of the things I wear. Don't you take Ell's clothes to the cleaners?"

"No," I said, and it only occurred to me then how odd that was. I was his assistant, and that was prime assistant stuff.

The elevator doors opened then, and Katrina steered me gingerly past all the usual chaos of silks and pins to where the man himself was standing, his hair dyed mauve and his t-shirt made of ripped satin, covered in hot pink handprints.

"Hey, puddin' pops," he cried, seeing us and bounding over. "Katrina, darling, did you lose weight?"

Katrina preened.

"And Lucky, sweetie, how was your weekend?"

"Some asshole just ran her down in the street," Katrina said.

"It's okay," I said, brushing at the coffee stain on my pashmina wool coat.

"Baby doll! Are you all right?"

"I'm fine. He was probably staring at Katrina anyway," I said, going for a smile, but it vanished when Ell took hold of my chin then dropped it as if he'd been burned.

"Lucky," he breathed, all silliness gone. "What's been eating you?"

I blushed, and giggled nervously. "That's a very personal question."

Ell looked impatient. "Katrina, will you go and try on the purple organza for me?" He shooed her away, then took hold of my arm, wincing slightly, and pulled me into his little office, away from the chaos.

Then he ran his hands over me. "Take off your coat."

"Ell, I'm fine. It barely even bruised me."

"Yes, but why did it hit you in the first place?" He started unfastening my buttons. "I know you, Lucky, you have the reflexes of an el -- of a cat," he corrected himself.

"Of a what? Were you going to say elephant?" I said, indignant. All right, so I'm not a bony coat-hanger like some of his models, but I thought I looked pretty good. People have even, on occasion, called me *skinny*.

And I have great reflexes!

"Of course not," Ell said soothingly. "I was going to say elf."

"Like in Lord of the Rings?"

"Sure, why not?" Ell draped my coat over a chair and took my hands. He frowned as he felt at my left wrist. "Sweetie, what happened here?"

"It's fine." I winced as he prodded at the bones, and gave me a sharp look.

"It's broken, is what it is. Or was. You re-set your own wrist."

He didn't seem surprised, exactly. I shook him off -- like I said, Ell is really weird.

"Don't be ridiculous. It's probably just a sprain."

"Hmm." He peered into my eyes. "Oh, baby doll."

He looked really concerned, and I figured this was my chance to get out. "I haven't been feeling great," I said. "I guess that's why I didn't see the cab."

"I'm not surprised," Ell said. "Lucky, you're... you're all drained inside. Who have you been seeing?"

"What?" Used as I was to Ell's non-sequiturs, this one still threw me.

"Who was the last person you slept with, honey?"

For a second I just stared at him. Then I answered, honestly, "Uh, remember Peter, I was seeing him back in the spring? The lawyer. Remember, because you were showcasing the fall line, and I went out with him wearing that pink parachute skirt that was so cute, and he said it made me look like something off of kids' TV, so I called it off?"

Ell nodded seriously. "He was a moron. That skirt looked great on you." He frowned. "Hmm. Well, I don't get it."

"He didn't understand fashion, Ell. Most straight men don't."

"No, not that. Although you're right. Sweetie, you've got incubus all over you. I can virtually see his teeth marks. But you haven't been with anyone since boring Peter?"

A sudden flash of Tomas backing me up against the door of my apartment that first night made me shiver.

"Aha!" Ell said.

"I didn't sleep with this one," I said, irritated. "And besides, what did you say? Incubus? Ell, what kind of late-night cable have you been watching?"

Ell sighed, and shook his head.

"Okay, angel-cake, what I'm going to do is send you home to rest. And no trysts with anyone, you hear me? And in the morning I want you to go see these people. Tell them I sent you. Tell them about the incubus."

He was writing down an address as he spoke, so didn't see me roll my eyes. Incubus. What the hell was he talking about? "Ell, have you been eating funny brownies again?"

"No, baby-doll, don't be ridiculous. What if my babies got to them?"

Yeah, Ell has kids. No, I don't understand how either. He hires flat-chested models because girly girls and their "squishy bits" freak him out.

He handed me the address. "Now. Promise me you'll go see these people."

I looked at the piece of paper. "Sundown Investigations. Ell, I don't need anything investigated."

"No, sure, sweetheart, but they'll help explain some things to you. And I'm gonna call them, tell them you're coming, so don't even think about backing out."

Right then Katrina tapped on the door, holding up a phone, "Uh, Ell, it's Anna Wintour."

"I'm busy."

There was a combined intake of breath from Katrina and me. "But it's *Anna Wintour*," Katrina said, practically whimpering.

Ell huffed, as if talking to the most important woman in fashion was so beneath him, and held his hand out for the phone. He said to Katrina, "Make sure she gets in a cab and goes straight home," then purred into the phone, "Anna, *darling!*"

Katrina offered to walk me back downstairs (how dare she be so nice and so pretty at the same time?), but I declined, and was digging in my pocket for my Metrocard when a guy in a peaked cap told me he'd been ordered by Ell to drive me home in a fancy Towncar. Ell might be nuts, but he is a sweetie.

I made it to my apartment, dragged off my clothes and replaced them with a tatty old bathrobe to curl up in front of the sofa. I was still freezing cold, even with thick hiking socks on my feet, so I turned the heating up and whacked some soup in the microwave.

"If this keeps up, I'll go to the doctor tomorrow," I told the TV, burbling away with truly terrible daytime TV, and then I hesitated, because actually, I'm not registered with a doctor. After I left my last foster home and whatever medical insurance they had for me, I never bothered to sort out my own. I've always been really healthy, never so much as a sniffle, and I don't even bruise easily.

What the hell was wrong with me?

## Chapter Three

I fell asleep to the tune of chat show guests yelling at each other, and woke in my dreams to find Tomas smiling at me.

“Hello, beautiful,” he said, and I smiled back, because when I was with Tomas I did feel beautiful. And you know what, I didn’t feel sick anymore. I didn’t feel exhausted. I felt fresh and alive, and faced with a very sexy man I wanted to do sinful things to.

I stretched, and he smiled appreciatively, running his eyes over my naked body.

And then he ran his hands over my naked body.

He pulled me to my feet and kissed me, hands roaming, stroking my back and cupping my butt, pressing me against the heat and strength of his erection, and then he slid me down, back onto the sofa, holding me against him the whole time so his cock dragged against my belly, my breasts, my neck. He rubbed it against my lips and I tasted, far too briefly, his pre-cum on my tongue, but then he was dropping to his knees, pressing me back against the sofa and kneeling between my legs.

I opened my thighs wide obediently, pussy wet with anticipation, but instead of sliding inside me he tongued my breasts, cupping my ass and rocking against me, his hard stomach a wonderful friction against my swollen pussy lips.

Wonderful, but not wonderful enough. I wanted more, like his hands or his mouth or his cock thrusting between my legs, but no matter how much I asked or hinted or begged, he just licked and sucked on my nipples, grinding against me until the heat was building, higher and higher and so hot I couldn’t stand it.

I broke, crying out and coming with no more than his mouth on my breasts.

When the room had stopped spinning, Tomas was turning me over, gently, propping me up on my knees so I was draped over the back of the sofa. A fresh rush of



moisture drenched me, but instead of entering me from behind and fucking me hard, he started laying a trail of kisses down my back, making me shiver with the pleasure.

His hands moved between my legs this time, parting me and delving inside where I was so slippery wet his fingers were sliding around. Gasping and writhing, I thrust back against him and felt him laugh softly against my back.

"You like it from behind," he murmured.

"I like it any way with you," I said.

"Any way at all?"

Memories of the previous night, when he'd fucked me in every conceivable position and made my brains explode, flooded through me. "Any way," I moaned.

"Mmm," he said, and slipped a slick fingertip into my ass.

All my breath left me in a whoosh and I felt Tomas's hot breath on the back of my neck.

"Relax, sweetheart," he said. "I won't hurt you."

"I know," I said, and pushed back experimentally. "It feels..."

"Good?"

"Yes," I said, and he laughed and pushed in deeper.

His other hand started playing around with my pussy, sliding one and two and three fingers inside and stroking me in such a way that I could feel both hands at once. I came like that, loudly, bucking against him and rubbing my hardened nipples against the sofa back.

But he wasn't done with me yet. He kissed his way down my back again and licked my ass, still thrusting his fingers inside me, until he'd wrung another orgasm from me, and when I thought I couldn't come any more he put his finger in my ass and his mouth on my pussy and licked and sucked and fucked me.

I lost count of my orgasms. He turned me over and licked me that way. He put me on my side with my leg draped over his shoulder. He knelt over me and rubbed his cock against my breasts while he ate me out.

"You still haven't come," I gasped, shocks still traveling through me as his balls rested against my sternum.

"Do you want me to? Like this? All over your breasts?"

"Yes," I moaned, and he moved back, balls brushing my lips for one tantalizing second.

Then someone hammered on my door, and he was gone.

Awake, I felt like hell. Maybe it was the contrast with all the orgasms, but I actually felt like death now. My head pounded, my entire body ached like I'd been sleeping under a drop hammer, my goddamn *hair* hurt. I could barely move.

"Lucky? Open the door!"

Weird, that sounded like Tomas.

"I know you're sick, Lucky, but please open the door. This is really important."

I reached out to the door, I don't know why. Unless the couch had suddenly moved six feet, I wasn't going to be able to open it. But I didn't think I could get up.

"Lucky?"

"I can't," I croaked, through a mouth that felt like the desert. Hot, dry, and full of dead things.

He pounded harder on the door, and I wondered if he'd been a cab driver in a previous life. You know, they way they beep the horn like it's going to make the traffic move?

I made a hard effort to get up, succeeded in rocking half upright, and caught sight of a corpse staring through the window at me.

Grey skin stretched over protruding bones, dull eyes, hair like straw, lips that were cracked and bleeding. A corpse three days dead, staring at me.

Then I realized I was looking in the mirror, *the corpse was me*, and the room tilted around me. The coffee table came up to meet me, and my knee thwacked against it with a sort of crunching sound as I toppled onto the floor.

*Ow.*

There was a tremendous crash -- my head, splitting open? -- and then Tomas was there, kneeling over me, looking horrified.

"Lucky!"

"Now I'm hallucinating," I said, but it came out just a mumble and he grabbed hold of me, his arms strong, his body warm, and his gorgeous caramel overcoat made of a wool so soft and fine it made my pashmina look like felt.

Okay, I can still sense fashion details. I'm sick, I'm not dead.

My knee was killing me, pain shooting through me, worse than anything I'd ever felt, and as I looked down at it I saw a corpse's limb, grey and bony, hanging at entirely the wrong angle, and I started to shake.

"It's all right," Tomas soothed, picking me up and carrying me into the bedroom. "I've got you. You'll be all right."

"But I never get sick," I mumbled. I never got sick, and I was rarely hurt. My wrist ached a little from this morning's collision, but then that was normal, right? You get hit by a car, you're going to be in pain.

But I'd never been in pain like this. My knee hurt so bad I was nearly in tears. I couldn't move my leg at all. My whole body felt like it'd been tenderized. Drained, left out in the cold, then beaten with a big stick.

Tomas laid me down in my bed and pulled the covers over me, his movements gentle, and then as I lay there trying to work through the pain enough to keep my eyes open, he kicked off his shoes and dropped his coat on the floor.

"What are you doing?" I asked, as he chucked his suit jacket on the carpet. It came out unintelligible, so I tried again. By which point he'd taken his tie off, too.

"You're freezing cold," Tomas explained, unbuttoning his shirt. "The best way to warm you up is with body heat."

"That's such a line," I slurred. Then I remembered I looked like I'd been dead for days, and frowned up at him. Great. I do the hair and makeup thing, he leaves me at the door. I look like a corpse, he starts taking his clothes off. "You're sick," I told him as he dropped his pants on the pile.

"No, you're sick," Tomas said with a smile, and for a moment I couldn't breathe, because he was naked and he was just as glorious as I'd dreamt.

But then he started to get into bed with me, and I held up one hand weakly.

"Lucky --" he began, but I headed him off.

"Don't leave your clothes in a pile like that," I rasped. "They're too beautiful."

It took a few tries for him to understand my bedraggled speech, but eventually he did, and draped his gorgeous clothes over a chair, smiling slightly. Then he slid into bed beside me and, carefully, as if I was made of fine china, gathered me into his arms. I protested, my knee hurting so bad I actually did cry a little, but Tomas held me close, stroking my hair and murmuring soothing things as if I was a child.

I drifted into sleep, and for the first time since I'd met Tomas, I didn't dream of him.

I woke alone, wrapped in delicious warmth, no longer in terrible pain.

In fact... I stretched experimentally. My knee ached a little, but it seemed to be working at the right sort of angle now, and the rest of me felt a whole lot better. Not perfect, but not dead any more.

I shuffled to the end of the bed and peered in my dresser mirror. I looked hideous, which is to say I looked like I did most mornings before I'd done the makeup and hair thing. But I didn't look like a corpse any more.

"Must have been some twenty-four hour bug," I said, frowning at the bedside clock which told me I'd been out all day and all night too. It was Tuesday morning. I crawled out of bed, in need of a shower. I was sticky all over, and the thing is it felt like... it smelled almost like... but I'd have noticed if Tomas was actually jerking off all over me, all night, right? It must have been just sweat. Yeah, I'd been sick, feverish, and sweating. That's all.

Ell called as I was getting out of the shower, asking how I was and telling me he'd made me an appointment for me at Sundown that morning.

"Oh, and Ell?" I said before he signed off. "You know your incubus theory?"

"Yes?"

"It's not the guy I'm dating. He came over last night and I actually feel a whole lot better now."

"Hmm," Ell said. "Did you sleep with him?"

"Sleep, yes. Sex, no."

"Hmm," Ell said.

"Hmm yourself," I replied, and went to find something appropriate for visiting a detective agency in.

I mean, a *detective agency*. What was Ell thinking? I hoped he was going to pay for it, because I sure as hell couldn't afford it. Not unless they were really seedy, and I just couldn't see Ell dealing with anyone low-rent. He might get his nails dirty.

When I got to the building where the Sundown office was housed, I actually got out my phone and called him.

"Ell, I cannot afford this." The doorman was wearing more gold than Tutankhamun.

"Don't worry, sweetie, I'll pay. They know me."

"What exactly have you sent me here for?"

"Just tell them about your incubus, darling."

"What incubus?" I said, but Ell was already gone. "Great," I said aloud, and summoned a smile for the doorman.

The inside of the building was just as plush as the outside, and when I stepped out of the elevator on Sundown's floor, I was faced with a glass wall etched with the words *Sundown Investigations. London, Rome, New York. Paranormal investigations.*

Paranormal. Yeesh. I always knew Ell was loopy, but right now I figured he was teetering on the edge of the deep end.

I made to go, but of course the damn wall was made of glass, and the girl behind the desk saw me and waved. Sighing, I went in, and she smiled and said, "How can I help you?"

She couldn't have been more than about fourteen or fifteen, which was weird. "I have an appointment," I said. "My name is Lucy Harris."

She clicked a few things on her computer, which had a screen bigger than my TV, and frowned. "Dad?" she called, and a door opened behind her. "This lady's here to see Dr. McCready, but he's not here yet."

I smiled; clearly the kid was here helping out her dad. Sweet, but not a hundred percent professional.

Then I registered what she'd said. "Doctor? I don't -- did he make an appointment with a doctor?" I looked around. "I thought this was an investigations agency."

"It is," the girl said, as a man came through the door at the back, scanning a handful of papers. "He's not a real doctor. I mean, he is, but not like a medical doctor. He's a... what is he, Dad?"

"I think his field is linguistics," said the guy, who was tall and gorgeous and had an Australian accent. If I wasn't so in lust with Tomas I'd have been having definite feelings about him. He smiled at me. "Lucy Harris? I'm Adam Connor. Dr. McCready is on his way. He's just held up at the airport."

Airport? Damn, if he was still there I'd have a hell of a wait.

"Should be about fifteen minutes," Adam Connor said. "If you'd like to take a seat..."

The waiting couch looked like it had come with a very high price tag. I sat down, gingerly, and accepted the offer of a coffee from the young receptionist.

"I don't really work here," she said, apropos of nothing, as she brought it over. "But I don't have school this week and I wanted to earn some extra cash, so..."

"How come you don't have school?" I asked, because it was a long way off the holidays.

"There was a misunderstanding," she said in a dignified manner.

"Last full moon she destroyed ten soccer balls, five basketballs and broke the coach's arm," said her father, not looking up from his papers.

"Well, she shouldn't have been blowing the whistle," the girl said complacently. "Werewolf," she explained, and I tried not to look like I thought she was crazy.

My eye fell upon the magazines spread out on the coffee table by the couch. They had titles like *Full Moon* and *Fang Monthly*. On the covers were girls in leather or boys with very hairy arms, and the lead stories seemed to be *How To Convince Your Boss To Give You Three Days Off Each Full Moon* and *Exorcism: A Beginner's Guide*.

Riiight.

I got out my phone and checked my emails, for something to do, but that damn kid kept staring at me. And sniffing. And frowning.

"I hope you don't think I'm being rude," she began, and Adam Connor rolled his eyes. "But, uh, what are you?"

"Emma," her father chastised.

I gave her my big, bright, glassy smile, the one I use on fashion editors and other people I think are crazy. "I'm a fashion PA," I said.

"No, I meant," she sniffed, "what spec -- what did you say? Fashion?"

Her eyes were gleaming, full of excitement, and I sighed in relief and started to tell her about Ell, whom she apparently worshipped. Anything to get her off the subject of werewolves and other species. With any luck, this Dr. McCready guy would be hours late -- traffic was hell, the airports were all nuts -- and I could go, and just not come back.

But unfortunately the elevator out in the hall pinged, and Emma looked up to see who was coming in. I glanced round as well, and drew in my breath.

There was a woman, tall and blonde and more beautiful than any of the models I've ever worked with. And beside her, chatting easily, was a man who on the surface wasn't drop-dead gorgeous but who, nevertheless, made me want to go and rip his clothes off and bite him all over.

Emma made a small panting noise and her father said quickly, "Em. Stop drooling. He's an elf, he has that effect. Now come over here and help me with this report."

She continued to stare.

"Emma!"

Reluctantly, she got up and went behind the desk, just as the irresistible pair came in.

"Sorry we're late," said the woman, in a European accent, Greek I think. "The security guard was gay and he wouldn't let me in."

"There's someone The Voice doesn't work on?" said Adam.

"I must be out of practice," she said, scowling. It somehow made her look more beautiful. "Finn had to do his..." she waved her fingers by her temple, "mind thingy on him."

"It helped that I haven't seen Sofie for nearly a day," said the guy -- Finn? -- grinning. "The effect gets a little ramped up."

"Marvelous," Adam said dryly. He reached out and closed his daughter's mouth, and I smiled to myself.

Finn glanced over at me then, and went very still for a second. "Look at *you*," he breathed, and that talking-to-crazy-people smile came back over my face.

"Yeah, look at me," I said, nervous.

"You're Lucy Harris?" I nodded. "I'm Fionnbar McCready. Everyone calls me Finn."

"Everyone calls me Lucky," I replied.

"So lucky," Emma muttered under her breath.

"The conference room is available," Adam said to Finn, a little pointedly. "Chloe, could you get them some drinks?"

"That's my job!" Em cried, leaping up far more eagerly than anyone asked to serve coffee ever has before, in the whole history of the world.

"Not when we have a celibate elf in the room, it's not," said Adam. "Chloe?"

The blonde goddess nodded, led us through to a conference room and took our orders for coffee. Then she left, and I was alone with this guy who kept staring at me.



He was odd-looking. Not, as I said, unattractive, but not exactly normal, either. His eyes were too big, his chin too pointed. I had to fight the urge to see if his slightly outgrown hair was hiding pointy ears.

"Nope, just the normal shape," he said, pushing back a few strands, and I jumped. He grinned. "Don't worry, I can't read minds. Well, not completely. Well, yes, completely, but only of very simple people. Or very direct thoughts. But I wasn't reading yours. You heard them call me an elf and you live in the Western world so you must have seen Lord of the Rings, so you're wondering if I have pointy ears." He cocked his head. "Or if I know Legolas."

"Do you?" I asked, wondering if he actually was as crazy as he seemed.

"Nope, sorry. Although I do know his third cousin." He grinned again, and it was kind of infectious.

Chloe came back in with our coffees, and left without a single lusty glance at Finn.

"Wow," he said, watching her.

"She's very beautiful," I agreed.

"No -- well, yes, she is -- but I mean, she must really be in love. I haven't seen my girlfriend for nearly twenty-four hours, and I know I'm projecting like mad because the woman at Customs made me go behind a screen and take my clothes off. And she wasn't checking for drugs."

"Oh," I said, not sure what else to say.

"Elf pheromones," he said. "It can be a lot of fun, when you're single. And you don't care about lawsuits. You probably have guys coming onto you all the time, right?"

"Uh," I said, wondering if that itself was a come-on. "Actually, no. I work in fashion." When he didn't seem to understand that, I added, "Most of the men I know are gay."

A thought flashed into my head of Tomas, magnificently naked, and I bit my lip.

"Except for one." Finn winked. Then his expression sobered. "Your boss said you thought you had an incubus after you."

"No," I said. "I don't think that. He thinks that. He's a little wacky. He's a --"

"Faery," said Finn, nodding. "They are a little nuts."

I frowned. "Look, just because he's in fashion -- well, okay, he is gay, but it's not very nice to --"

"No, I don't mean it like that," Finn said, laughing. "I mean *faery*. You know, faeries with wings. Magic spells. Granting wishes, blah blah. Although we're talking more Midsummer Night's Dream than Tinkerbell, what with the politics and the infighting and the sex. Your boss is a prince, you know. Well, you probably don't. Nice he gets along with you so well, although I have heard he's pretty fair, for a High Court fae. Then again, you probably don't know all the history of the elves and the fae, do you? Which one of your parents is it?"

I stared at him.

"Which one of your parents is an elf?" Finn prompted, and I stared some more.

"Neither," I said, enunciating clearly. "Both of my parents were human. As am I. And before you ask, because I know you're going to, the reason I'm talking in the past tense is that they were killed when I was very small, in a car accident."

"*Ohh*," Finn said, as if this made everything clear. "Oh no, you're *not*, are you?" He peered at me. "You are. You bloody are! Ha! I heard about you! I heard -- and you were brought up as a human, weren't you? Children's homes and, what do they call them? Something to do with beer?"

I blinked at him. One or two of my foster parents had been drinkers, but I didn't see what that had to do with anything.

"Foster homes!" Finn shouted, triumphant.

I gave him my nervous smile.

"It's an Australian beer," Finn said, rolling his eyes. "Never mind. The point is, I heard about you. Your mother was an elf, and she fell in love with a human, and we all wanted to see how you turned out because it's pretty rare, you know, and then there

was that accident..." He shook his head. "I'm sorry, by the way. I didn't know your mother, but I am sorry."

I nodded, used to it. "Look, this is all really entertaining, but can we drop the elf thing?"

Finn frowned, but he nodded. "Okay. Tell me about your incubus."

I sighed.

## Chapter Four

I lay with my head on lumpy pillows that smelled of antiseptic, hoping like hell Ell was going to come good on his medical insurance. Yeah, I was at the hospital. And not, as the crazy people at Sundown had wanted, for a check-up.

After Finn had explained a whole load of crap about elves and incubi that I totally didn't believe, he'd made me promise to go to a hospital and get checked out.

"Why?" I said.

"Well, you said yourself you've been sick," he said. "And you were hit by a car yesterday."

"Yes, but I'm fine now."

"Elves heal really well," he said, nodding. "I'm really glad that got passed down to you. But -- can I just..."

He took my arm, felt my wrist where I'd hurt it when the cab hit me. "Huh," he said.

"It's fine," I said, wondering how he knew I'd even hurt it.

"And your knee, too? Is that fine?"

I froze. Okay, how did he know I'd hurt my knee? Had he been *watching* me? Was all this some kind of sick joke? I grabbed my coat and bag and stood up. "You know what, I think I have to go," I said.

"Where?" Finn looked crestfallen.

I opened my mouth, but couldn't think of anything, so I just said, "Away. I have to go and... be... away." I was backing toward the door all the time as I spoke.

"Lucky -- look, I'm sorry if I scared you, but you have to believe --"

"Yeah," I said. "Sure. I believe." *I believe you're a fruitcake.*

"No, you don't." He looked frustrated. "Damn it, what is it with me and women in denial? You should talk to Sophie. Turned into a bloody great wolf every full moon but never believed in the paranormal. I mean, she seemed to think it was some vicious form of PMS or -- don't go!"

I'd opened the door by then. "I really have to be somewhere else," I said.

"Right, then, okay -- look. Your knee hurts. Your wrist, too. And there's a reason. Let me take a guess and say you've never really been sick your whole life, except for this last couple of days? And you've never broken a bone or had any sort of serious injury?"

"Plenty of people never break bones," I said.

"Yes, well, you did, and you don't know it," Finn said. "You heal really well, don't you? If you ever cut yourself, or bruise yourself?"

"I don't bruise easily," I said, my voice coming from far away as my ears caught up with my brain.

You don't bruise. You rarely bleed. You're never sick.

You heal really easily.

*Elves heal really well.*

"There's no such thing as elves," I said, backing into the reception area, where Chloe and Emma were pretending not to be listening.

"Of course there is," Finn said. "I am one. Look --" he strode past me, and I flinched, but he just went to the reception desk and picked up a pair of scissors.

"Do *not* get blood on the carpet," Chloe said, as Finn raised the scissors, and I'd have run but there wasn't anywhere to go that wasn't past him, so I watched in horror as he rolled up his sleeve, eyes glinting madly, and plunged the scissors right in.

Emma screamed. Chloe flinched. Finn screwed up his face and yanked the scissors out of his arm, blood dripping off the blades. He placed them carefully on the desk, where Chloe picked them up with an expression of disgust, and held his arm out to me.

"Look," he said. "Look!"

Against my better wishes, I did.

There was hardly any blood coming from the wound. It looked no worse than a paper cut.

"That's not possible," I whispered.

"It is for an elf," he said, eyes on me. "I'm serious about this, Lucky."

"You're crazy," I said, and it sounded like a whimper. Before he could do anything else, I turned and bolted into one of the other doors behind the reception desk.

There was a man there, totally naked but for a pair of wings that were actually *growing from his back*, huge butterfly wings in iridescent shades of purple and green, fluttering madly as he flexed his hips. There was a pair of legs wrapped around his waist, and as I my eyes took in the full scene, I realized he was fucking a woman on the edge of his desk, I could see his balls swaying as he drove in and out of her, and then his wings shifted and I saw her face, buried in the curve of his neck.

Her eyes widened, her head lifted, and blood dripped from fangs.

She snapped something in Spanish, which I don't really speak, but the words arrived straight in my head as if she'd said them in English. "What are you doing in here? This is private!"

My own breath was choking me. I slammed back through the door, wheeled away from the reception area and tried another door, and another, until I came to one that led to a room with a fire escape.

I leapt out onto the metal balcony, dropped onto the ladder and started climbing, the cold wind blowing around me. The ladder creaked and groaned, but I knew I was safe, finally, I was out of that crazy place, and then there was a sort of snap, and suddenly I was falling, the broken ladder still in my hands.

*Traffic is hell this time of day*, I thought, and then I smacked into the pavement and for the second time in as many days, was hit by a cab.

So, yes, hospital. I'm not sure the paramedics quite believed it when I woke up in the ambulance and asked to be unwrapped from all the mummy-like crap that was

pinning me down and holding me in. Yes, I was in pain, and yes, I was having trouble moving, but surely they were overreacting?

Now I lay waiting for the doctor to come back with a new set of results. The whole team had been increasingly surprised with every single test they did on me. As they wheeled me in they were talking about massive trauma and broken ribs and shattered... somethings. I don't really do biology. But even so, shattered anything isn't good, right?

So how come I was feeling all right?

It had been a few hours now, and I was getting bored, lying there watching TV. They'd moved me from a high-intensity ward with lots of things that beeped, into a smaller room with a television, thank God. As each test they did revealed that there wasn't much wrong with me, the threat was downgraded. I reckoned in about half an hour I'd be down to a single Band-Aid.

The door opened, and I said without taking my attention from QVC, "So can I go now, doc?"

"I don't know," said a smooth voice, and I whipped my head around to see Tomas, lounging in the doorway in jeans and a t-shirt that showed off his perfectly sculpted muscles. "I'm not a doctor."

He moved in, swung the door shut behind him, and gave me a lethal smile. "But I do hope you're not going anywhere."

He didn't ask how I was or what had happened, but he came over and kissed me, long and deep, a wonderful drugging kiss that did more than any doctor to make me feel better.

"I can't help but notice," he said, sliding his hand over my shoulder, "that all you're wearing is this hospital gown."

"Yep," I said, happy to be back in his arms. It felt safe and sane, totally unlike the last few hours of my life. As Tomas's long fingers unfastened the tie behind my neck, I shifted toward him, wincing slightly. Maybe my ribs weren't broken, but they were

sore. However, last time I'd been feeling sick and Tomas had come around, I'd woken feeling significantly better.

He tugged the deeply unflattering apron off me -- how dare they call this tablecloth a gown? -- and smoothed his hands over my breasts.

"I've missed you," he breathed, bending to kiss my nipples, and I arched my aching back, burying my fingers in his hair. "You're so delicious."

I probably tasted like disinfectant -- everything else here sure did -- but I let that comment stay inside my head, where it belonged.

"I could feast on you for hours," he murmured dreamily, hands slipping down under the covers to my hips, and a very distant voice in my head said he was being pretty familiar for someone who'd only, in real life, ever kissed me. Once.

But my body remembered those dreams, those amazing, combustible dreams, remembered coming alive and bursting into flame at his touch, and my hips arched toward him as he dipped his fingers between my legs.

"Lucky," he breathed, his mouth hot on my breast, and I let out a small sound of pleasure -- which turned to a squeak of confusion when Tomas disappeared.

Disappeared. He disappeared. No -- he *disapparated*. One second he was there, lying on top of me, sucking my nipple and fingering my clit, and in between one heartbeat and the next he was just *gone*.

"I think I need some stronger drugs," I said weakly, as the doctor came in through the door, chart in hand, eyebrows raised at my comments. And my nudity. I yanked the covers over myself, blushing.

"Actually, if anything, we can turn your medication down," he said.

"Maybe you've been giving me too much." What else could account for the lover who suddenly wasn't there anymore? I was still naked, my nipples were still hard, and between my legs my clit throbbed.

"Yes," he said, picking up my discarded gown and handing it to me. He was young, and kind of cute, actually, and if it hadn't been for a) Tomas and b) my apparent



insanity, I might have taken advantage of that. "Now... Miss Harris... I'm hoping you can explain something to me."

"Explain what?" I said. "You're the doctor."

He turned on the lightbox on the wall and shoved a couple of x-rays in. "These are the x-rays we took when you first came in," he said. "They clearly show massive damage to pretty much every part of your body." He pointed to fractures, breaks and completely shattered bones, the sight of which made me wince. No wonder my ribs hurt; they'd been in pieces a few hours ago.

"And these are the x-rays we took twenty minutes ago," he said, shoving in a set that was identical, but for the lack of broken bones. "They actually show fractures that have healed -- but this kind of healing takes months, or at the very least weeks. Certainly not *hours*. Can you explain this?"

"Uh," I said. "Wrong file?"

He gave me a weary look. "We can take more if you really think so, but I *remember* you when you came in. You were like a rag doll. And the paramedics thought you were even worse when they found you. They didn't expect you to survive the journey, let alone be awake and mobile within a few hours."

"Well, miracles happen," I said weakly.

"Ye-es," he said, pinching the bridge of his nose. "Just not around here." He took down all the x-rays and flipped open my chart. "Your blood work shows there's nothing unusual in your system, no drugs apart from what we've given you. Your MRI came back clear. Every single test we've done on you shows that if you've suffered any trauma, it all happened months ago."

I gave him a shrug as if to say I was as clueless as him. Because I wanted to be, I really wanted to be. The alternative was believing all the elf stuff Finn had been telling me. "I don't have an explanation," I said. "I really don't."

"I do," said someone in the doorway, and I looked up to see Finn standing there, looking serious.

"Then please, I'm all ears," said the doctor.

"Oh," Finn said, noticing him and suddenly looking sheepish. "Uh... well, not really one I can tell you, I'm afraid. Sorry. You know how it is."

"Frankly," the doctor said, "I don't."

"Yes," Finn said, giving him a penetrating look, back to being serious again, "you do."

The young doctor blinked, looking slightly dazed. "Uh, right," he said. "Um... yes," and he walked out.

Finn shut the door firmly behind him and gave me a look.

"All right," I said. "Either you're right and I'm an elf, or I've just gone completely crazy."

"Could be both."

"Right, yeah, thanks."

He grinned. "So you're willing to accept that the reason you healed so well and so fast is that you're an elf?"

I shrugged. "What the hell."

"Well, strictly speaking, half-elf. You do look a lot more human than the rest of us. You know, you have cousins in the North Pole who have bright blue skin?"

"That's because it's cold at the North Pole," I said, accepting my insanity.

Finn sat down on the edge of the bed. "Elves don't have a lot of magic," he said. "We used to, thousands of years ago, but we lost it. But we can do low-level mind control -- really just making strong suggestions. Helps with getting your way."

"Can I learn that?"

"Sure. Looks like you won't need any help with the healing stuff though," Finn said, glancing at my chart. "That's pretty impressive. Wonder if you can heal other people?"

"I don't really want to try," I said quickly, before he started stabbing himself again.

"Right. The third thing you have is enormous sexual magnetism."

"Which explains the millions of men begging me for dates," I said with as much sarcasm as I could manage.

"Well, all right," he said with equal sarcasm, "maybe that's the human part of you. But it does explain why you're being stalked by an incubus. Once upon a time we used to have some trouble with them -- we're just tastier than your average human. Like a vampire feeding on faery blood."

My eyes must have widened -- the Spanish woman! The man with wings! -- because he smiled knowingly and said, "You met Maria and Ruarc, then? She doesn't feed from him often. It's a bit like taking hallucinogenic drugs for her, less harmful, but still makes her loopy. But we all do things in the heat of the moment, don't we?"

"She was really a vampire?" I said, wondering just how crazy I was going.

"Yep. And he's really a faery. And not, as you probably figured, in the gay sense."

I gave him a terse smile. "And that girl -- Emma, on reception, is she really..."

"Werewolf, yes. And her father, Adam. My girlfriend's a werewolf too," he added proudly. "Chloe, who brought me from the airport, is a siren. Great girl. Lots of charm. Just don't make her angry, especially if she's hungry." He thought for a minute. "I think that's it for the New York office. Oh -- no, Emma's mother is a shapeshifter. And your boss, Ell, Seelie."

"You said he was a faery too?"

"Yep. Seelie prince. When his mother dies he'll rule all the Seelie fae -- that's the summer court, by the way."

"Of course," I said, dazed.

Finn patted my hand. "You'll get used to it," he said. "But listen, there's something I need to tell you."

"You switched my morphine for LSD?" It might explain a few things.

"No."

"In that case, can you?"

Finn laughed. "And what could it possibly conjure that's weirder than this? Listen, Lucy."

"Lucky."

"Yes, sorry. Lucky. A chap came into the office after you'd left. Name of Tomas."

"Tomas?" I admit I perked up. "He came to your office? What did he want?"

"He was looking for you. And," Finn hesitated a fraction of a second, "for himself."

I put my palms up. "You've lost me. I mean, more than I already was."

Finn sighed and ran his hands through his hair, which stuck up at all angles. "The thing with incubi is that no one's ever totally agreed on a definition. Well, they suck sexual energy out of you, but for what purpose? And are they demons, or parasites, or a fully developed species? The old stories used to suggest they reproduced by impregnating their victims, but then there are reports that they kill them, too."

"After they've had the child?" I asked.

"Or possibly if they don't get pregnant. Who knows? Like I said, we didn't know much. And elves, obviously, being such a prime target, well, we've been interested. But also being a prime target, we've been well defended. Until you."

"I'm only half elf," I said, as if this conversation was making sense to me.

"Well, yes, but clearly there's enough to make you very interesting to an incubus. And, wouldn't you know, one walked straight into the Sundown office this afternoon."

"Yay," I said, then I realized what he meant. "Tomas?"

"Tomas. Only, none of us picked up on it. Tomas, according to all my senses, and those of a vampire, faery, siren and two werewolves, is totally human."

There was a pause, during which I tried to work out what mad leaps his brain had taken to connect an ordinary human man with an energy-sucking demon-thingy. "Um," I said.

"The thing is," Finn looked more and more animated, "right now, from a strictly biological point of view, he is human. Because the incubus is a sort of demonic, parasitic, metaphysical leech... type... thing."

"Leech type thing?" I echoed, in what I might have ordinarily called disbelief, had I not already been strongly disbelieving of pretty much everything he said.

"Yes. It's basically a demon that lives inside him and has no form of its own. It invades women's dreams, steals their sexual energy and uses it to grow stronger. Theoretically, if it consumes enough energy it can become a separate being, fully corporeal and independent from its host."

I thought of the Tomas who'd walked into my hospital room, dressed casually, and ripped my clothes off without asking how I was. "And it's consumed enough energy now," I said.

"Yes, it has. Unlike a human woman you have a very high capacity for sexual excitement. You can, if you're anything like the elves I know, go all night, orgasm after orgasm. Just your ground state of arousal is meat and drink to him, but when you orgasm it gives him a huge burst of power. And from what Tomas said, his demon has been feeding on you solidly for days. Depleting all your energy. Making you, for the first time in your life, sick, and vulnerable to broken bones." Finn picked up my wrist again. "How did you hurt your arm?"

"I was hit by a cab. Yesterday, not today," I clarified, which made him smile faintly.

"And I'm guessing you usually have great reflexes, sense of balance, that sort of thing? You're not used to being clumsy?" I shook my head mutely. "He's been draining you. Every orgasm you gave him was like a nuclear blast of power. He's strong enough now to walk around on his own, completely independent of Tomas, who's basically fully human now."

I blinked, rubbed my face. "So... what you're saying is that the guy who's been coming to me in my dreams is not just something from my subconscious, but the symbiotic demon living inside the guy I've been dating, and it's been deliberately driving me to orgasm after orgasm so it can feed off me, which is why I'm so weak and he's so strong?"

"Yep."

"Right. Makes perfect sense. And now he's strong enough that about twenty minutes ago he walked in here while I was fully awake, and tried to get me to... er... and then went poof when the doctor came in --"

"He was here?" Finn's eyes got wide. "And he can teleport?"

I shrugged. "Apparently."

Finn shook his head, got out his phone, and made a quick call. When he ended it, he said, "Right. Tomas can protect you --"

"From *himself*?"

"From his demon, yes. And he also knows how to get your energy levels back up."

"I have to feed on someone else's orgasms?" I said sarcastically, but Finn was nodding. "I have to feed on -- okay, this is just *insane*."

"Make perfect sense to me," Finn said, hustling me out of bed.

## Chapter Five

So that was how I came to be in my apartment, lying naked while Tomas straddled my chest, working his cock between my breasts.

"Are you all right?" he asked, breathing hard. "I'm not hurting you?"

"No," I said, playing with my nipples, "I think the last couple of times healed my ribs up just fine."

He smiled, his beautiful eyes hooded, and nudged his cock head between my lips. He'd already come once in my mouth, and once on my breasts, and despite my skepticism I have to say I felt a whole lot better with each burst of come.

"Last night," Tomas was saying, panting as he rocked his hips, "I was afraid you'd wake up and find me jerking off and throw me out. But you were so fragile, and it was the only thing that would heal you."

I couldn't reply, my mouth full of cock, but what I was thinking was that Tomas must have been really concerned to have been forcing himself to orgasm over me last night. I mean, I looked like a corpse. I was not sexy, I was not attractive, and he was right, if I'd woken up I'd probably have smashed something heavy over his head.

Had I been able to lift something heavy, of course.

I reached around his perfect peachy buttocks with the intention of seeing whether I could reach his balls, but when my hands brushed his asshole he shuddered.

I raised my eyebrows at him. "Again," he said, and I stroked him more deliberately. "Yes," Tomas moaned, so I started touching him there in earnest, massaging his perineum and ass while he thrust faster and harder into my mouth.

My last thought before he exploded in my mouth was that I really had to actually get him inside me and have actual, proper sex with him at some point. As I swallowed

down his thick jets of come, he slid out of my mouth, collapsing at my side and sliding one arm over my waist.

"Do you mind," he said breathlessly, "if we take a little break?"

I licked my lips clean and turned to face him. "Sure," I said. "One question though."

"Absolutely."

"Can you feed off my orgasms?"

He shook his beautiful head. "No. Without Hyde, I'm really just a human host. I'll live longer than a human, of course, but without my demon I'm just ordinary."

The hell he was. "Hyde?" I said.

"You've heard of Dr. Jekyll? My demon doesn't really have a name -- he doesn't really have a form or a consciousness of his own, most of the time, but I think of him as Hyde."

"Has he ever done this before? Become totally separate from you?"

Another head-shake. "Very few women have enough sexual energy to sustain him. And since he usually feeds from human women, he's never consumed enough. I've heard of it happening with other incubi, but they've had to drain several women totally."

"Totally?"

His eyes were sad. "To the point of death. Hyde has never gone that far, although he's so addicted to you that I was worried."

"I wouldn't kill her," said a voice from the doorway, and there was Hyde, as I guess I'd better call him, leaning there naked and beautiful. He was completely identical to Tomas, except for the slightly wicked glint in his eye. A glint that promised all sorts of depraved things.

"You didn't see her yesterday," Tomas growled.

"No, but you did, and didn't you have fun jerking off all over her? Looks like you've been donating more energy, too," Hyde said, coming over and wiping his finger through the sticky come all over my breasts. "How generous. But I'm still hungry."



"Don't you touch her," Tomas said.

"Wait, guys," I said, holding up my hands. "Before you get into a fight with... yourselves... tell me something. Tomas, I'm taking energy from you, but is it depleting you, like when Hyde feeds from me?"

"Hyde, am I?" Hyde said, and we both ignored him.

"Not really," Tomas said. "Too much would exhaust me, but it's not draining my life energy."

"So... you can just go on, uh, donating, and Hyde can go on feeding, and we'll all be well?"

Hyde started to smile.

"I... well, yes," Tomas said. "I suppose so." He narrowed his eyes at Hyde. "You could give her some as well, you know. Stop making her come and holding back yourself. It's very selfish."

"That's possibly the first time that's ever been said to a man," I said. I regarded the gorgeous naked man standing before me and the gorgeous naked man lying next to me. "But you know what? I still need some healing."

"You do?" Tomas said.

"I think we should help out," Hyde said.

"I think I need lots of help," I said, eyeing Hyde's thick, juicy cock. "And I also think you're looking a little..." I ran my eyes up his perfect body, "under the weather. Hungry."

"Oh, I am," Hyde said. "I think you should fuck me before I collapse."

"You won't collapse, you'll just merge with me," Tomas said, but I noticed his cock was getting harder.

"You never allow me any autonomy," Hyde said. He smoothed his fingers over my breast, circling my sticky nipple, and I drew in my breath. "Besides, you'll be right here, making sure I don't take too much, giving her your own," his lips quirked, "energy... and incidentally, improving the yield."

"What am I, a milk cow?" I said, but it was hard to get mad when Hyde was making such a nice job of stroking my breasts.

"Promise you won't hurt her," Tomas said, and Hyde rolled his eyes.

"Only if she wants me to," he said wickedly, and bent to kiss me. As I wrapped my arms around his neck he came down to the bed with me, so I was sandwiched between two hot naked men. Or one hot naked man, I guess, with two bodies. Whatever. I had Hyde in front of me, his cock burning against my thigh, his tongue doing sinful things to my mouth, while behind me Tomas pressed his semi-erect penis against my ass and cupped my breasts, stroking and tweaking.

And I started thinking about all the things a girl would do with two cocks and two mouths and four hands at her disposal. In my experience, men tend to mostly love the penetration part, and view everything else as just talking you into it. But Hyde had demonstrated unrivalled skills at getting me off without putting his cock anywhere near me.

When I thought about it, this was really the perfect situation.

"I want you inside me," I gasped.

"Who?" Tomas asked, his breath hot against my neck as he nibbled my throat.

"Whoever's hardest."

"That'll be me, then," Hyde said, a touch smugly.

"And I want the other one to lick me," I said, and they both shuddered. "Problem?" I asked, crestfallen, because I really do love oral sex, and I've always wanted to know what it's like to be penetrated and licked at the same time. Once I suggested to a lover that he use a vibrator on me while he was down there, but he was horribly offended that I thought he couldn't manage it all by himself, since he figured he was doing me a massive favor just by going down on me anyway.

"No," Tomas said, his voice thick. "No problem. I -- how do you -- which way --"

He was so flustered, it was adorable. Hyde laughed softly and told me to get up on my hands and knees. Tomas, apparently reacting to some sort of unspoken

communication, slid on his back beneath me, his head between my legs and his cock bobbing about, pretty hard now, just in front of me.

I gave it a friendly little lick and was rewarded with a moan. Then Tomas palmed my buttocks, pulled me down to him, and started licking me.

Dear heaven, he was as good as I'd dreamt. Well, as good as Hyde had been in my dreams. Within seconds I was moaning and gasping, and Hyde was chuckling as he knelt behind me and started pushing that gorgeous thick cock inside me.

Had I wondered idly what this was going to be like? Glorious was the answer. Don't get me wrong about penetration, I absolutely love it. I adore being filled with a hot, hard cock, I love the friction, the heat and the slide, I love to feel balls slapping against my ass. Or against my clit, if I'm being taken from behind. I love the animal feeling of being stuffed full.

But there's also nothing like a mouth on your pussy. It's hard to come by -- like I said, I know plenty of guys who just want to get inside and thrust, but not that many who are happy to spend hours eating pussy. But if it's done right, sweet Jesus it's good.

And here I was, getting the best of both worlds. Hyde's cock was thick, just the right size, filling me and stretching me as he thrust, deep and hard. His balls must have been right up against Tomas's face as he licked me, swirling his tongue around my clit, my labia -- and I swear at one point he slid his tongue into my cunt right next to Hyde's cock.

It was at that point I came. Loudly.

"Delicious," Hyde whispered, leaning over me and biting into the top of my spine. "I could fuck you all night, Lucky."

"Do," I choked out. "Do."

He laughed softly and straightened, never breaking his rhythm, and I felt his fingertips caressing my ass, parting my buttocks, probing my tight hole.

"Here's a thought," he said, sliding in one finger wet with my own copious juices, "have you ever been taken in the ass, Lucky?"

"No," I said, although I had experimented with my vibrator and been not displeased with the results.

"Then you'll never have been taken in the ass and cunt at the same time, will you?"

He pushed another finger into my ass, still thrusting into my pussy, while Tomas continued to lick and nibble at me. I panted hard, my head resting on Tomas's groin right next to his cock. It stood up ramrod straight, throbbing with heat, and I rubbed my cheek against it.

Tomas groaned, which sent a wonderful vibration through me. I wanted another one of those vibrations, so I started licking his cock.

"That's it," Hyde coaxed. "Do you want both of us, Lucky? Both of us inside you?"

"Like this?" I said, taking Tomas's whole erection into my mouth, letting the back of my throat relax as Hyde had taught me in my dreams and deep-throating him. His growl of pleasure made my whole body shake.

"Like this," Hyde said, thrusting harder, "or like this."

Something probed my ass, and it was only when it started buzzing that I realized he'd somehow magicked a vibrator out of the drawer by my bed. He pushed gently, the vibrator slick and sliding in easily. It was one of my smaller ones -- okay, I have a little collection. The smaller one I use in my ass, the big one that mimics thrusting, and of course the one with the bunny ears that gets my clit buzzing. I'd been thinking about getting one of those double thingies -- you know, that can go back and front at the same time, but right now I guess... well, I'm going to get it for real.

"Is that good?" Hyde asked, pushing the vibrator in all the way and working it so it pressed against his cock inside me.

I couldn't answer, my mouth too full and my senses on overload, but I moaned, which Tomas seemed to appreciate, and Hyde laughed and started working the vibrator in and out.

"I did notice," he said, almost conversationally, "that you have one of those with the clit attachment. Do you ever use that in your ass?"

I managed to shake my head.

"Try it," Hyde purred. "Try it in your cunt, turned around so the bunny ears penetrate your ass. Or in your ass with the bunny ears in your cunt."

I started to shake.

"We could do that now," he said silkily. "Slide it into your ass, let the ears press against my cock, we could thrust in time, it'd be glorious."

My orgasm was building, higher and higher. When this one burst Hyde was going to gorge himself on it.

"Or we could do it the really fun way," Hyde said. "Get each of us inside you then slide the vibrator in too. Triple penetration, and all the vibrations too -- whoa!"

That was because I was coming, my whole body shaking, convulsing, going mad. I ripped my head away from Tomas's cock and let out a scream as the waves of pleasure crashed over me. And they kept it going, Tomas licking me frantically, Hyde thrusting his cock and the vibrator into me, over and over, pushing the crest higher until I couldn't breathe any more, and blacked out.

When I opened my eyes I was lying there between them, and Tomas was saying, "You took too much."

"We'll have to give some back, then," Hyde said.

I opened my eyes, and Tomas kissed me softly. "Hello," he said.

"Hi."

"That looked like a good one."

"It *was* a good one," Hyde and I said at the same time.

"Do you need something from us?" Tomas asked, and I nodded, because what with the intense orgasm and the incubus feeding, I was a little wrung out.

Tomas rolled me onto my back and stretched over me, his golden skin slick with sweat. Between my thighs his cock throbbed, hot and hard, and then he was sliding it into me, kissing my face and neck, stroking my breasts, and while I was too exhausted

to come, I definitely appreciated it. For the first time, one of them came in my cunt, and I was glad it was Tomas, stiffening in my arms as his cock jerked inside me.

“Better?” he asked, giving me a soft kiss, and I nodded. I curled my arms around both of them, and drifted into sleep.

## Chapter Six

In the morning Hyde was gone, and when I enquired of Tomas if he'd done the demon thing and popped back inside, I was told, "No. Well, not inside me."

I blinked, then realized what he meant. "He's gone trolling for women?"

"Pretty much." Tomas looked apologetic. "He's never been corporeal before. He's been trapped inside me, just watching and listening but never taking part in anything. He only gets out when I'm asleep."

We were sitting at the small table by the window which I'd cleared for breakfast. Tomas, further cementing his position as the Perfect Man, had gone out and bought bagels and muffins and proper hot coffee. With extra shots of espresso.

It was weird, sitting there having breakfast with him like we were normal people, when in fact I'd recently fallen from a high building and been hit by a car -- twice -- and he was symbiont to a demon who sucked out sexual energy.

But it was also nice. I mean, really nice. Tomas was a good guy... apart from the demon thing. Yet, seeing as how that demon had made my brains leak out of my ears from the force of my orgasms last night, I wasn't sure that was bad, either. "For all you know," I said, pulling off a piece of blueberry muffin, "he could be out experiencing all the stuff he hasn't been able to do. Like going to museums and stuff."

Tomas gave me a doubtful look.

"All right, like driving fast cars, watching sports, drinking beer. I dunno. If I'd been trapped inside someone for -- how long?"

"Three thousand, four hundred and twenty-seven years," Tomas said, pouring more coffee, apparently unaware I'd completely frozen. He looked up. "Lucky?"

"You're three thousand, four hundred and --"

"Twenty-seven years old. Yes."

He watched me steadily. I was taking deep breaths, trying to make the room stop spinning. I'd just been to bed with a guy who was over three thousand years old? No, two guys! That was nearly seven thousand years in total!

I put my mutilated muffin back down on the table and let out a breath. "You're really old," I said, and he laughed.

"Yes, I am. By human standards, anyway."

I nodded. "How long do elves live?"

"I don't know. Pretty long. Maybe you should ask the elf at Sundown."

I nodded again, starting to feel like a bobble-head doll. "You're thirty-four hundred years older than I am."

"Lucky, are you all right?"

"I'm fine," I said, attempting a smile. "I'm just... this is all new to me, you know?"

He nodded sympathetically. Then he shrugged. "Actually, I don't know. I always knew about this paranormal world. I was born like this."

"So was I," I said shakily. "I just didn't know about it."

I wondered if my parents would have told me about it all. I wondered if my father even knew his wife was an elf. After all, it seemed we could pass for human, blue-skinned Santa's Little Helpers aside. Maybe my dad never knew my mother was an elf. And he never knew about me. Maybe I could have reached adulthood never knowing I was different, even if my parents had survived.

I frowned.

I generally tried not to think about my parents' death. I'd been far too young to remember it, or them, but sometimes when I saw a car crash on TV, or heard about one in the news, I wondered if my parents had died like that. Had it been instant, a snap of the neck or a ball of fire, or had they been badly hurt, driven to hospital and hooked up to beeping machines? Had the doctors done all they could, or had my parents been dead on arrival? Or had they been trapped there, hurt and slowly dying, in that weird



age before everyone carried cell phones, unable to get help, their last moments lonely and painful...

See, that's why I don't think about it much. It can't do any good and it isn't pleasant. But now... now I was wondering. What kind of hurt would an elf have to suffer to die? My dad, clearly, could have been killed just like anyone else in a bad car accident, in any one of the scenarios my vivid imagination had cooked up. But my mother? She was a full elf, and I was only half, and I'd survived injuries yesterday that ought to have put some serious hurt on me.

"Lucky?" Tomas said again, and I found another smile for him as I reached for the phone.

It was answered by a woman with a husky voice and a Latina accent, and with a flush I recalled the vampire biting into the faery's neck as they fucked vigorously on that desk yesterday.

She told me Finn was at his hotel, but she wouldn't tell me which one. I guess that was fair: if he had half the sexual pull I'd felt from him yesterday, he probably had women crawling all over him. And he had a girlfriend back home in... wherever. It'd be nice to think he was faithful to her.

I put the phone down, frowning.

"What's the matter?" Tomas asked, taking my hand and stroking my wrist. His beautiful eyes were full of concern, and I felt bad, because it wasn't his fault I was really wigged out.

"It's nothing," I said. "I just wanted to know some more elf stuff."

"Perhaps I can help you find him," Tomas said, taking out some cell phone so new and expensive even Ell didn't have one yet. He hit a few buttons, tapped at something on the screen, and set it down on the table. A voice came out: "Yes, boss?"

"Can you check for a Dr. Finn McCready in our hotels, please?"

"His first name is Fionnbar," I said, and the voice said, "Sure."

I heard the tapping of computer keys, and then she said, "Okay, I got one in the Manhattan East. Do you want the room number?"

"Sure."

She gave it out, I wrote it down, Tomas thanked her and rang off, and I stared at him.

"What?"

"You work for a hotel chain?"

He gave a smile. "I own a hotel chain. Amongst other things. Three and a half thousand years gives you plenty of time to build up a decent portfolio."

I shook my head in disbelief. "You're a three and a half thousand year old incubus with a business portfolio?"

He spread his hands. "Hotels are useful. Hyde can go hunting in them, and I can keep an eye on him." He picked up his phone/email/computer thingy and tapped at the screen again a few times. "Okay. I have a meeting in the Financial District in an hour, but I have a suite in all my hotels, so I could meet you at the Manhattan East for lunch?"

A suite. My insides went all girly. "Sure," I said, and he smiled that heartbreaking smile and handed me another muffin.

The Manhattan East was one of a chain of very expensive hotels across the country, and indeed the world. Tomas explained to me that he owned several hotel chains in various price brackets, and that when he wanted to visit somewhere he didn't have a hotel, he often just bought one so he'd have somewhere to stay.

Just like a Monopoly board.

"You buy hotels and I stay in the cheap rooms," I said, thinking of the time I went to London Fashion Week with Ell and ended up swapping rooms with one of the models because hers had bad feng shui or something, so that instead of the room next to Ell's suite, I was down in the basement or something. Yeah, real bad feng shui.

"No more cheap rooms for you," Tomas said, sliding his hand down my back and kissing me softly. He was wearing that wonderfully soft coat again, probably spun

from the hair of angels or something, and I clutched the lapels as his goodbye kiss turned into something a lot more torrid.

His lips brushed mine, soft and hot, his tongue stroking my lower lip in a way that made me pant. When he opened my mouth and swept inside, my knees went a little weak and I had to cling to him so I didn't slither down and drown in a puddle of lust on the floor.

His hand slid into my hair, cupping my head, holding me there, his other hand pressing my body into his so I could feel the heat of his skin, feel how hard and tight his body was, feel the thick length of his erection pulsing against my hip.

Somehow, my leg crept up his so my thigh was propped over his hip, and I found myself backed against the door, my back arched so my nipples rubbed against his shirt. I was wearing an adorable little silk dress with stockings and my favorite purple suede Mary Janes, and as I wrapped one leg around his waist and tucked my shoe against his hip, I opened myself to him completely.

I was wearing underwear, but it wasn't particularly substantial, since I hoped he'd be taking it off me later. Although sooner, rather than later, seemed to be the order of the day, and I sure as hell wasn't complaining.

I was wet, and as I rubbed my crotch against his I only got wetter. It was that which made me pull away, gasping, "I don't want to ruin that beautiful suit."

Tomas just laughed. "You and clothes," he said. "I have dozens of suits."

"Yes, but --"

He reached between us and unfastened his fly so what I was rubbing against was his cock, and I moaned as that wonderful rod of hard flesh pressed against my sodden underwear. Just a tiny bit of silk separated him from me, and I entertained a brief fantasy of him ripping it off me and shoving inside, hard and brutal.

"You're not going to walk away this time, are you?" I panted, undulating against his cock.

"I don't think I could," Tomas purred, dropping his face to my neck and biting into me as he pushed aside the flimsy barrier of silk and let his thick cock caress my wet folds.

My fingers dug into his shoulders, my clit throbbing, my nipples tight and aching, and I moaned, "Don't tease me!"

With a slight chuckle, Tomas pushed inside me, filled me up in that wonderful way. He fit absolutely perfectly, thick and strong and straight, pushing right in to the balls and resting for a second, throbbing inside me.

Then I moved, and he pulled back and started thrusting, faster and harder, kissing my mouth and pinching my nipples through my dress, slamming into me until the thin walls of my apartment shook and I'm sure everyone in my building knew what we were doing.

"Oh God," I moaned. "Oh yes!"

It was fast and furious and I loved it, every minute of it, and when I came I yelled Tomas's name and felt him spurt inside me, his fingers digging into my breasts so hard they'd have bruised a human woman.

But I wasn't human, and I loved it.

He nestled his face into my shoulder, breathing hard for a minute, and then listed his head and said, "Okay, now I really have to go."

I watched him straighten his clothes, kissed his lips, and let him go, slightly dazed.

But no sooner had I closed the door and leaned against it, than he popped back in front of me.

I blinked. "Hyde?"

He grinned. "You hide, I'll seek." He licked his lips. "You look delicious like that. All flushed and glowing, and you smell of sex..."

I swallowed as he dropped to his knees and moved my legs apart, pushing up my skirt. I'd taken off my soaking underwear and had been intending to go and clean

myself up, but clearly Hyde had different ideas. He swiped his tongue over my pussy from back to front, and my knees went weak again.

"You guys are really good at that," I said, as he proceeded to lick all of Tomas's come from me and bring me to another earth-shattering orgasm. And when I'd come my brains out, he kept licking, murmuring, "You taste so good, Lucky."

"I bet I do," I said. "And I bet you're not talking about the kind of tasting you do with your tongue."

He dipped said tongue inside me. "Mmm. No, that tastes pretty good, too." He straightened up, smoothing my dress back over my hips. "You're going to see Tomas later?" I nodded, and he gave me a wolfish grin. "Then I shall see you later, too." He looked me over, my flushed cheeks and tousled hair and my nipples poking through the thin silk of my dress. "I shall see a lot of you later."

\* \* \*

The lobby of the Manhattan East was large, airy, and expensive. Beautiful people dressed in beautiful clothes wafted about, like something from a photo shoot. I bypassed Reception, where all the staff looked like models, and got in the ornate elevator to Finn's floor.

From outside his room, I could hear him talking, and I suddenly wondered if it was normal to be able to hear that well. I mean, I could hear every word. If you were staying in a super swanky hotel, wouldn't you prefer the walls to at least be thick enough to hide your conversations?

And, boy howdy, what a conversation. There was plenty of "where's your hand" and "does that feel good" and I realized he was talking on the phone. Well. Fucking on the phone. With someone called Sofie, and I had a vague recollection of him mentioning a girlfriend.

I waited politely, trying not to get turned on as I listened to what ought to have been a private orgasm, then gave him a couple of minutes and knocked.

He answered, bright-eyed and grinning. "Lucky! What brings you here?"

I figured I might as well get straight to the point. "How did my parents die?"

His smile faded a little. "Ah. Right." He ushered me inside, where the room smelled of sex, and sheepishly opened a window. "Your parents."

"I was told it was a car crash, but I've been in two of those in the last couple of days, plus I fell from a high building, and I'm still alive. And I'm only half elf. So how did my mother die in a car crash?"

Finn looked uncomfortable. He gestured for me to sit down, waved a bottle of wine at me. I declined.

"The car crash," he said, clearing his throat. "Well. I mean, that's what went on the official reports. Back then we didn't have an office here -- Sundown, I mean -- just a couple of field agents, and by the time anyone got around to investigating it was all done and dusted. No access to the bodies. The official report was simply a car accident."

"I know what the official report was," I said. "I looked it up a few years ago. But it doesn't make sense. If she was an elf."

"Then that shouldn't have killed her, and she should have been able to heal your father. Yes. I know. The only thing that stood out on the autopsy -- which we did get a look at, by the way -- was a couple of puncture marks on the neck, thought to have been from flying debris."

I felt myself go very still. Two puncture wounds -- come on, even if you don't believe in paranormal beasties that only says one thing to you. And yesterday I'd clearly seen that woman biting into her lover's neck. "Vampire?"

Finn nodded and sat down opposite me, on the bed. "You won't know all this, of course, but back in the dark ages -- ours, not the human one -- vampires and elves were locked in a sort of eternal battle. Well, not eternal, clearly, since it's over now. Well, mostly over. We signed treaties and things. But basically, elf blood, like the blood of pretty much all paranormals, is much more potent than human blood."

"The vampire yesterday..." I said.

"Yep. Her lover's fae, so when she feeds from him it makes her loopy. Of course, with them it's entirely consensual. As I understand it, it's a pretty erotic thing. If a vampire went after a faery with the intention to hurt, that faery could kill him easily.

Ditto a werewolf. Or -- well, anything. But an elf? We used to have a lot of magic, back in the day. And I'm talking thousands, millions of years ago. It's all gone now, apart from a bit of extrasensory perception and the healing magic. And the sex stuff, too." He grinned. "Come to think of it, that's not such a bad deal is it?"

I waved a hand for him to shut up. "So what you're saying is that elves have no natural defense against predators?"

He nodded. "And we're not of much interest to anyone except vampires. Hence all the treaties. But someone must have broken it with regards to your parents."

"A vampire killed them?"

Finn nodded. "My best guess is that either the car accident was genuine, and the vampire came upon it and took the opportunity, or that he actually caused the crash in order to get a good meal." I flinched, and he said, "Sorry."

"And you don't know who it was?"

He shook his head apologetically. "We've signed treaties, but I can't say dealing with vampires is exactly easy now. There are massive hierarchies and the politics are absolutely labyrinthine. There's a vampire here on staff, but she's only a fledgling, really, and has no affiliations. Her sire was a bit of an outcast." He scratched his head. "I could ask around with the head honcho at home, if you like, but I'm not sure we'll ever turn anything up."

"Where is home?" I asked, wondering if it was anywhere near where my parents had died.

"Rome."

I blinked. "You mean, like, Rome upstate?"

He smiled. "No, I mean like Rome, Italy. Sundown has an office there, plus the original in London. There's some talk of one south of the equator, maybe Sydney or Johannesburg."

I closed my eyes, leaned my head back on the chair. A vampire had killed my parents. Leeches out their blood for some supernatural high, and left me orphaned. I

grew up in foster homes and orphanages, frequently ignored, occasionally abused, and always treated as if I was some kind of freak.

It's easy to abuse a little girl who doesn't bruise.

"Lucky?" Finn said, watching me closely.

"I need to think about this," I whispered, and got to my feet.

"You look white as a sheet --"

"I'm fine," I said, and whether it was the low-level mind control he'd mentioned earlier, or just my tone of voice, Finn didn't argue. He let me go, and I stumbled back down to the lobby.

"Excuse me," I enquired of the gorgeous creature behind the desk. "Can you tell me where the penthouse is?"

She looked at me using her nostrils. "I'm afraid we don't have a penthouse, ma'am."

"The best suite then. The owner's suite. His name is Tomas."

She gave me a withering look. "And his surname?"

"He's your boss," I said.

"I'm afraid I can't give out details like that," she said, not looking at all apologetic. "For security."

I hate that catch-all "security."

"Look," I said, leaning over the desk, and again I couldn't say if it was my tone or whether I was really mind-controlling her. "Just tell me where his frickin' suite is."

She blinked, gave me a keycard and said, "Top floor, use this in the elevator."

"Thank you," I said, and walked away.

A vampire killed my parents. *A vampire killed my parents.* I was shaking, and I didn't know if it was with fear or anger or just plain insanity. A vampire killed my parents!

In the elevator, I jabbed at the buttons and stabbed the keycard into the slot, all to no avail, until eventually a kindly bellboy did it for me. When the doors opened onto a marble lobby, a huge window with a view over the Park, and a set of double doors of



carved oak, I stepped out, tried my keycard which didn't work there, knocked, and waited.

And waited.

And eventually sank down to the floor, head on knees, and felt hot tears sting my eyes.

Last week I was an ordinary person. I got up in the mornings, I ate food, I went to work, I saw my friends, I occasionally dated. Last week there were no such things as elves and vampires and incubuses -- incubi -- whatever!

Grinding the heels of my hands into my eyes, I ordered myself not to cry, and then went ahead and did it anyway.

Which was how Tomas found me, about twenty minutes later, standing there looking immaculate while I was red and blotchy with mascara all over my face.

## Chapter Seven

"Lucky!" He swept down on me, just like he had two days ago when I'd been so sick. "What's the matter? Are you all right? Did Hyde take too much again?"

"No," I sniffed, hating that I was crying like a silly little girl. I wasn't silly, damn it, I was a full grown woman. Elf. Whatever. "I'm fine. I just... had something in my eye."

He raised his eyebrows. "You can heal a dozen fatal injuries, but something in your eye makes you cry?" When I started to snarl, he raised his hands placatingly. "Sorry, Lucky." He stroked my hair. "Come inside and tell me. How did you get up here?"

"I got a key from Reception," I said, as he pulled me to my feet and opened the door. "Where, by the way, the girl was really mean to me."

"She's fired," Tomas said, leading me inside, wrapping his arms around me, and kissing me gently. Well, at least it started off gentle, but then I remembered the last time he'd kissed me by a doorway, and apparently so did he, because his hands moved down my back, pressing my body against his so I could feel how hard he already was.

"God damn it, Lucky, I've been thinking about you all morning," he breathed. "Make me stop now, tell me why you're sad, before I get carried away and fuck you where you stand."

Okay, I creamed my panties at that. And I forgot why I was sad. "I think the fucking sounds good," I said, my voice slightly cracked.

"Are you sure?" His beautiful eyes were concerned. "You look so sad..."

"Then cheer me up," I said, looking up, and he smiled and kissed me again, shrugging off his coat, walking me backwards as his tongue tangled with mine, pulling at my clothes.

"I love this dress," he said, shoving my jacket to the floor and smoothing his palms over my silk-covered shoulders. "I love how it clings and glides." He slid his hands down over my breasts and hips and started pulling the skirt up. "And -- dear God, you're wearing stockings."

"Well," I said pertly, "it's cold out."

He slid one finger under the edge of my stockings, ran it up under the garter and fingered the lace of my panties. I hit the back of a sofa, grateful for the support as he teased my sensitive skin, and parted my legs to encourage him to go higher.

Tomas grabbed the hem of my pretty dress and pulled it over my head in one movement, leaving me standing there in my bra and panties, stockings and garter belt, and of course my high-heeled purple Mary Janes.

I actually saw his cock leap inside his pants.

"Sweet merciful God," he said, with a look of such adoration that if I hadn't already been half in love with him, I'd have fallen head over heels at that. He dropped to his knees, licked up the edge of one garter and then down the lace of my panties to the damp crotch. But instead of moving the fabric aside he tongued me through it, the silk and lace abrading folds that were already swollen and wet for him.

"Tomas," I moaned, my own hands cupping my breasts, pinching my nipples through my bra, "lick me. Properly. *Please*."

He didn't seem to need much encouragement. He ripped off my best Victoria's Secret underwear, and I didn't care. I just opened my legs wider and tilted my hips to give him better access to my pussy.

And boy, did he have full access. Where his tongue missed, his fingers delved, and he moved constantly, licking my clit one minute and stabbing his tongue inside me the next. He rubbed my labia between thumb and finger while he wrapped his tongue around my clit and sucked, then he lapped delicately at my folds while his fingers curved inside me.

I'd never found my G-spot before, but Tomas sure did, and after a couple more minutes of that, he had me screaming.

I was coming hard, mashing my pussy into Tomas's face, gripping his silky dark hair in both hands, so maybe it was understandable that I didn't entirely notice the second pair of hands on my breasts. It wasn't until I was coming back down again that I felt Hyde's naked body pressed against my back, his fingers pulling down my bra cups to fondle my nipples. His mouth was hot on the back of my neck, licking and nibbling and murmuring, "God, you look so hot like that. I could fuck you raw all day long."

"Wait your turn," said Tomas from between my legs. He draped one thigh over his shoulder and continued licking, using one finger wet with my juices to stimulate my ass.

"Waiting," Hyde declared, pulling me up by my hips, "is overrated." And with that, he slid his cock between my legs. He was kneeling on the sofa, his chest flush against my back, and he thrust once or twice without entering.

"That's getting right in my way," Tomas grumbled.

"No problem," Hyde said, and moved that huge member of his somewhere more appropriate. Like inside me.

Once more being fucked and licked at the same time, I leaned back against Hyde, wrapped my legs around Tomas's neck and just held on. While Tomas was busy sucking my clit and fingering my ass, Hyde gripped my hips so he could pull me down onto his cock with each thrust. His voice was insistent in my ear, telling me all the things he was going to do to me, things with his cock and his mouth, things involving both him and Tomas, things that included props and sets.

"And I really, really love those heels," he whispered, which of course made me come again, because really -- a man appreciating my shoes? That's almost as good as a good fuck.

Well, not really, but it is pretty nice.

Hyde was still hard inside me, but he stopped moving, and Tomas stood up.

"I think a change of scenery," he said, and I nodded. He was still fully dressed, the seam of his pants straining over his enormous erection.

"Take your clothes off," I said. "Now."

He quickly obliged, and with each new bit of skin revealed, I lost my breath. Someone started fingering my clit and I was surprised to realize it was me.

"Now, bed," I said, hopping off Hyde and launching myself into Tomas's arms, just wanting to feel all that hot, smooth skin and those hard muscles pressed against me. I kissed him, writhing against his body because I couldn't touch enough of it all at once, and then behind me there was Hyde again, taking my hand, tugging me toward a short staircase with an ornate railing. Inside the door at the top I could see a gigantic bed, enough for ten -- oh God, imagine ten of Tomas! -- and I faltered on the stairs, legs weak from lust.

I fell back against the railing, pulling Tomas with me more by accident than design. But when his cock thudded against me, large and proud, I lifted one leg and draped it sideways over the banister, rubbing my open pussy against his throbbing erection.

He needed no further invitation and plunged right inside me, there and then, a quick hard fuck to take the edge off for both of us.

"Don't be selfish, man, I want to taste that pussy," Hyde called from the bedroom, and I glanced to the side to see him lying there, fisting his cock. My cunt clenched around Tomas's cock, and for a dizzying moment I couldn't decide how I wanted both of them -- but want both, I did.

Before Tomas could come and ruin that splendid erection, I pushed him out of me and led him up the stairs into the bedroom, threw myself on the bed and bounced.

"I want you," I said, looking up at them both, two manifestations of the same man, one naughty and one nice. Two big, throbbing cocks, both shiny from being inside me. From fucking me. From plunging into my hot, wet cunt. "I want both of you. I both -- you want -- I --"

Hyde laughed, but Tomas pulled me into his arms. "Shh," he soothed, "you're babbling."

*"I want you to fuck me,"* I said, and he grinned.

"Okay, that's sounding more coherent," he said. He glanced up at Hyde. "But she's come pretty hard a couple of times. I think she needs to get something in return."

Hyde looked martyred, but when I suggested I could suck his cock, he agreed pretty rapidly. Tomas stripped the rest of my underwear off, licking the soles of my feet as he removed my shoes, while Hyde looked around for inspiration, a wicked glint in his eye.

There was a big mirror standing free by the window, and Hyde pulled it over by the bed. Tomas stretched out on his back, and I couldn't resist a fond stroke of the penis that had given me so much pleasure already.

"Here," he said, draping his legs over the edge of the bed, knees wide so the mirror reflected everything he had. "Face the mirror and watch yourself take me."

I did, so turned on by the sight of his cock sliding, inch by inch, between my glistening folds to disappear inside me, that I barely noticed Hyde moving to stand beside me. Turning my head so I could still see my reflection, he nudged his cock into my mouth.

I didn't suck him deep this time. Instead I tongued him, licking and kissing, using my hands to fondle his balls. Hyde thrust gently, his hands in my hair, and I watched the whole amazing spectacle. Tomas moved his hips just off the bed, enough to thrust, and I was so taken with the view that Hyde had to keep reminding me to use my mouth on him.

"Touch me," I moaned to Tomas, needing a hand on my breasts, my clit -- but he said, "No, you need to make him come first."

So I abandoned my reflection, my wet pink labia and my jiggling nipples, and turned my head to suck Hyde's cock deep into my mouth. Deep-throating wasn't hard - - maybe it was an elf thing -- and his grunts of pleasure somehow made me hotter. I fondled his balls, and then I grasped his hips and pushed him deeper into my mouth so I could lick his sac.

"Fuck, fuck," Hyde gasped, and then he was shooting hot come down my throat.

As I relaxed, letting him pull out slowly, licking him clean, I felt one of Tomas's hands on my breast, tweaking my nipple, and the other between my legs, I turned my head to get the full view of him stroking my clit as he fucked me.

"God, that's hot," I said, squirming as intense pleasure shot through me.

"It sure is," Hyde agreed, rubbing his soft cock against my other breast. Then he straddled my thigh and kissed me, and he had to be tasting himself on my lips. I felt his cock jerk against my hip, and reached down to stroke it.

"Mmm, not yet," he said, and slid down to kneel between my legs, where he proceeded to take over the clitoral attention with his tongue.

Damn it, I can't believe that before yesterday I'd never experienced a mouth on my pussy and a cock thrusting inside. This, to me, was sex. My entire body was on fire. I was writhing, bucking, moaning, and Hyde was spurring me on with wild fantasies of how he was going to fuck me next, and beneath me Tomas pulled me down to lie against his chest, turned my head to kiss me, and murmured, "I could do this forever."

"Maybe you could," Hyde said, "but I want to fuck this sweet ass. Come on, sweetheart, I have an idea."

He lifted me, protesting, off Tomas's cock, and laid me down on my back. My pussy throbbed with the need to come -- okay, so I'd already had a couple of pretty intense orgasms, but I was primed, ready for more. When the two of them leaned over me and started kissing and licking my breasts, it was nice, but it wasn't what I needed.

"I thought you were going to fuck me," I said, and Hyde gave me an evil grin.

"Oh, we are," he said, then bit on my nipple, making me yelp. It hurt, but it was a really good hurt.

Tomas slid down my body to take up the pussy licking again, and I relaxed into the pleasure, but then he moved me onto my side, still licking, and Hyde bit a trail down my spine, and I started shaking because I knew where this was going.

Hyde lifted my leg high in the air, separating my butt cheeks, and as Tomas swirled his long tongue inside my pussy, his demon started licking my ass in earnest.

I started to come right then, and I didn't stop as Hyde stuck his tongue inside me, then his fingers, one by one until there were three in there, by which point my entire body was convulsing and my fingers were ripping the sheets into shreds. If there had been anyone else on the top floor of the hotel they'd probably have thought someone was being murdered from the way I was screaming.

Hyde stuck a fourth finger in, but Tomas made him stop, and I lay there like a limp rag for a little while, barely able to breathe.

Hyde stretched out next to me, looking immeasurably smug. Tomas rolled me to my back, stroking me gently, and laid a couple of soft kisses against my jaw. "Are you okay?" he said, and I managed a weak nod. My body was shaking, too weak to move. "I think we need to give some back."

"Hmm," Hyde said. He lifted one of my legs and fingered my ass, which was wide open from his attentions. "I think we could do something about that."

He moved me back onto my side, lifting my leg higher, and I felt the hot, thick weight of his penis against my ass.

"If you don't want him to, say so," Tomas said to me, stroking my cheek, but I shook my head.

"No, I want it." I cupped his face, his beautiful face, and said, "I want you both."

Tomas smiled, and behind me I felt Hyde start to push inside. He did it slowly, carefully, but I was so lubed up from all the come all over me that he slid in easily. And when he had, and thrust a few times to get me used to it, he held still while Tomas slipped into my pussy.

It was... well, it was wonderful. I was completely filled up, and I swear I could feel them against each other.

"Is that good?" Hyde whispered against my neck, cupping one breast while Tomas took the other.

"Yes," I moaned. "Yes!"

He laughed softly, and began to move.



Clearly they had some sort of telepathic connection, what with being part of the same person and all, and they moved in perfect harmony, thrusting into me until I moaned and writhed.

“Don’t come,” Tomas breathed into my mouth. “Don’t come yet.”

“But I want to,” I sobbed.

“Shh. Not just yet,” he said, and I realized from the strain in his voice that he wasn’t far off. I squeezed him tight and he groaned, thrust faster.

When he came inside me I held him close, kissed his mouth, and let him slide out of me to go below and lick my pussy while Hyde finished up. He came a minute or so after I did, and the three of us lay in a sweaty, sticky heap in the middle of the gigantic bed.

## Chapter Eight

Tomas promised a hot bath filled with bubbles, followed by a gargantuan lunch, and as he went off to fill the tub, Hyde cuddled me against him and tucked his face into my neck.

"I'm not sure I thanked you," he mumbled, and looked up at me.

"My pleasure," I said drowsily.

"No," he smiled, "I mean for all this."

I stared, too happily exhausted to comprehend.

"Lucky, before this I only existed in dreams. I never ate, I never breathed, I never watched TV or rode in a car. I only ever piggybacked while Tomas did those things. It's like..." he searched for a metaphor, and smiled when he found one. "You know how TV used to be in black and white? It's like everything I ever saw and did was in black and white, and now it's all in color. I can feel and smell and hear -- everything is so amazing."

I was touched, and kissed his cheek softly. "What did you do today?" I asked.

"Oh," he looked offhand, "cruised the red light districts and had as much sex as I could."

I must have looked disappointed, because he grinned, leaned in and whispered, "Okay, I did cruise the streets, but all the hookers were so revolting and I, uh, don't actually know how to pick up a girl normally. I just, um, mostly walked around breathing and stuff."

"Breathing? In Manhattan?"

He smiled. "I took the ferry out to Staten Island and saw Lady Liberty. I took taxi rides. I ate hot dogs."

"Off the street?" I was horrified. "And you've been touching me?"

Hyde laughed at that, as Tomas came back into the room and scooped me up into his arms. "Bath," he said, and Hyde followed after us.

The boys took their time soaping me up and seeing how long they could hold their breath while they went down on me underwater. We swapped orgasms until the water went cold, then they hauled me out, wrapped me in a robe so soft I swear the terrycloth was made from silk, and led me out to the large sitting room of the suite. In front of the sofa where they'd fucked me silly earlier was a huge spread of food, which Hyde fell upon like a man starving. Every mouthful put a look of bliss on his face, which made me giggle.

"Is that what I look like when I'm having sex?" Tomas asked.

"No, you don't look that happy."

"Hmm. I think we should compare."

He tugged open my robe and did me right there on the couch while Hyde called encouragement through mouthfuls of food.

"Okay," I panted, as Tomas licked up his come from me, "you do look that happy."

My phone rang, and Hyde tossed it over from my bag on the floor. "Y'ello?" I slurred, cheerfully worn out.

"Lucky! Are you all right?"

It took me a second to recognize Finn's voice. "I'm fine. I'm with Tomas."

My elf mentor chuckled. "Ah, been cheering you up, has he?"

I looked at them both, identical in their perfect beauty, and let a silly smile come over my face. "Very much so," I said.

"I just wanted to make sure. You seemed so upset earlier."

My smile faltered as I remembered why. "Yeah," I said. "I -- I guess so."

Tomas looked up at that, his gaze questioning.

"I was upset. It's not every day you hear your parents were murdered," I said, smile fading completely. Even Hyde noticed, and came over to sit on my other side, his

hand taking mine. Tomas propped my robe back around me and laid a comforting arm on my shoulders. My two gorgeous boys. Well, one gorgeous boy and his demon.

"Listen, do you want me to investigate? If you give me the date I should be able to ask around and see if anyone knows anything. I'll find out who the vampire Master in -- where was it?"

"Massachusetts," I said. "February 6th 1983."

"Right," Finn said. "I don't know who the big Masters are in America, but I can ask around. I'll get back to you. You take care, you hear me?"

"Yes," I said, touched by his concern. Maybe it was an elfish thing. Maybe they were all some big happy family.

I handed the phone to Tomas, who put it back in my bag and turned to me expectantly.

"Your parents?"

I frowned, staring blindly at the table, trying to recall their images from photos I'd been given. "They died when I was very small," I said. "You'd probably only just turned thirty-four hundred."

Hyde smiled at that, but Tomas didn't.

"How did they die?"

"I was told it was a car accident."

"Both your parents?" Hyde queried, frowning.

"A car accident might kill a human," Tomas said, "but one of them was an elf."

I nodded, and related Finn's vampire theory to them. As one, their expressions darkened.

"Dirty bastard," Hyde said.

"Coming from someone who sucks out people's souls, that means a lot," I said.

"I don't suck their souls, just their energy," he said. "And I hardly ever kill people."

"Really reassuring," I said, but just knowing he was on my side made me feel better.

After lunch was cleared up (by someone else -- I could really get used to this rich thing), Hyde disappeared to go and experience more of the world. "I want to try a roller coaster," he said, his eyes shining. "Doesn't that just sound like the most fun ever?"

"You've just fucked me in the ass," I told him, "and you have the gall to say a roller coaster is more fun?"

He chuckled me under the chin. "More fun which you can have in public." He left, whistling.

"He's like a child," I said. "A really big, sex-obsessed child."

Tomas smiled and cuddled me closer. We were lolling about on one of the huge sofas by the fireplace, and while Tomas had dressed in another of his beautiful suits, I was lounging around in that gorgeous soft bathrobe, feeling marvelously decadent.

"I guess I oughta call Ell," I said. "He's probably wondering if I've expired. Death by orgasm."

"Don't joke," Tomas said. "I've seen it happen."

"I thought you said Hyde had never killed anyone," I said, looking up at him.

"He hasn't, although it's gone close to the bone once or twice." Tomas kissed the top of my head. "I've seen it happen with other incubi."

"Are there lots of you?"

"Probably a few dozen. Maybe more."

"Are you, like, friends? I mean, do you socialize?" I tried to picture a bunch of incubi getting together to brag about how many women they'd killed with sex. What I got was something like a frat party.

"No," Tomas was laughing, "we don't. But we do occasionally cross paths. I'm surprised none of them have encountered you before."

"Well, I guess there's a reason they call me Lucky," I said.

"Mmm." He nuzzled the back of my neck. "But you know, if we left you right now --" my heart clutched "-- then probably another incubus would swoop in on our territory."

"I'm your territory now, am I?"

"Yes, you are," he said, as if he was stating a fact everybody should know. "And I don't intend to let anyone have you."

I twisted round to look at him properly. "Gee, Tomas," I said, channeling my inner high school vixen, "are you asking me to go steady?"

Tomas looked confused.

"I mean," I laughed, "is that a declaration of intent? You want me in your life?"

"I do," he said, dark eyes serious.

"I guess I am good food for your pet demon," I teased, but inside my heart was fluttering. Did he really want me?

"You're delicious food for him," Tomas said, "but I'd starve him tomorrow if it meant keeping you."

That made me lose my breath.

"To be honest, he's less trouble inside me. Why would I want him running around causing havoc by himself?"

Before I could think of a reply, Tomas's phone rang. He answered with words in a foreign language, glanced at his watch, and rang off.

"I have to go," he said. "I have a very important meeting." He turned my face to his and kissed me gently, a lingering kiss that half had me wishing for more and half had me hoping he didn't want to fuck me again, because elf or not, my body needed time to recover.

He stood up, reached for his jacket and shrugged it on. "If you need anything, call the front desk," he said. "Anything at all. Or," his eyes gleamed, "call me. I could use some entertainment in a dull meeting."

I grinned, already planning my dirty phone call, and watched Tomas gather up his coat and briefcase.

"The concierge desk has a personal shopper," he said as he headed to the door. "Make use of her if you want. Or maybe give her some pointers."

"You know, I should probably get back to work at some point," I said, making no effort to even move off the sofa.

"Call your boss and quit," Tomas said.

"I don't want to quit." I loved my job and I loved Ell. Most of the time.

Tomas shrugged. "Then don't. But you don't need to work. I promise to take care of you."

"Talk like that could turn a girl's head," I said.

"You can have access to all my bank accounts," he said, picking up a pair of leather gloves that looked absolutely divine. "I'll call my accountant and have it set up."

"With my taste in fashion?" I said. "You don't know what you're letting yourself in for."

He smiled. "I have limitless supplies of money, Lucky," he said. "You couldn't possibly spend it all."

"That sounds like a challenge to me," I replied, dreamily spending it in my head.

"You're welcome to try," he grinned, kissed me goodbye, and was gone.

I looked around the suite and smiled like Julia Roberts in *Pretty Woman*. Only, hell, I had way more money than her at my disposal. And Tomas made Richard Gere look like an old woman.

I watched a movie on the huge TV, took another luxurious bath and slathered myself with luscious body cream, ordered a pizza and ate it all, and then, feeling mischievous, called the concierge desk. "I'm told you have a personal shopper," I said.

"Yes, ma'am, we do."

"I'm in the mood to do some serious damage," I said, and I could almost hear her smile.

\* \* \*

It was dark when I returned to the suite, having done more damage than a rhino in a glass factory. It was my intention to change into some of the gloriously sinful lingerie I'd bought, light some candles, and wait for Tomas to come home. Whereupon I'd ask him about his day, he'd congratulate me on my purchases, and then we'd fuck like rabbits.

But when I got in, Tomas was already there, sprawled on the huge bed, naked and asleep.

He was so beautiful that I stood and just watched him a while. His skin gleamed in the soft light spilling in from the sitting room, highlighting the muscles in his back. Did I say this man was perfect? That was before I found out he had more money than God and a demon twin who could get an orgasm from a stone.

"Hey you," I said softly, and he stirred but didn't wake. Wow. Must have been a really long, boring meeting.

My phone started ringing in the bag I'd left out on the sofa, and I hurried to answer it before it woke Tomas. It was Finn. "I have some rather strange news for you," he said.

"It can take a number," I said. "I've been having a pretty strange few days."

"I talked to a vampire Master up in Massachusetts," he said. "She said she'd get together her Childer and her drones and --"

"I'm sorry, her what?"

"Basically her subjects," Finn said. "A Master has a certain degree of control over all the vampires he or she creates. Margolotta should be able to extract the truth from them."

"Oh," I said, some of my happy shopping glow receding. "Well, good."

"Yes, that's what I said," Finn said. "And then she called me back, and said she'd just been to see a drone of hers who was around the area you mentioned in the early eighties, and guess what?"

"He wasn't there?"

"No, he was there. With a stake in his heart and his head cut off. There was garlic in his mouth and he was covered in holy water burns. The whole room was trashed. Must have been a hell of a fight."

"Whoa," I said. "So someone else didn't like him, huh?"

"Apparently not. And he was an old vampire, too, not a weakling. Preyed on big scary nasties."



"That a technical term?" I asked.

"Used to boast about draining werewolves and gaining super strength from them."

"What an asshole," I said, trying not to compare him to Hyde, feeding on me. It was nothing like that -- Hyde gave me wonderful orgasms, and he never killed. Plus, the orgasms.

"So we both reckoned he was your man. Trouble is, now he's dead."

"So I guess I'll never know," I said.

"Well, it's funny," Finn said, in a tone that told me I probably wouldn't be laughing. "Margolotta went to clear out his accounts and take all his things for herself -- she's the Master, it's her prerogative -- and she found out that all the money in his various accounts, some of them offshore, adding up to a fairly considerable sum, had been transferred this afternoon."

"Really?" I asked, glancing in to see if Tomas was still asleep. He was. He'd rolled onto his back and I could see that gorgeous cock of his lying against his thigh. Hmm. Perhaps I'd have to wake him up with --

"Yes. To you," Finn said.

-- a little blow-job, and then -- "What?" I said.

"All his money is now in your name. Of course, Margolotta is spitting mad," Finn said, with not a small touch of glee.

"His -- but -- how?"

"Maybe an attack of conscience. But anyway, I'd say that makes it clear."

I peered closer at Tomas through the doorway. Letting my gaze drift from his cock, I noticed a fair few bruises on his upper body. A cut or two. "Yes," I said distantly, "it does."

I ended the call by dropping the phone back in my bag, and made my way in a slight daze up the steps and into the bedroom. Tomas lay there looking like a god, a god with bruises and cuts from avenging my parents, and my heart swelled with love.

"Tomas," I said, and he stirred again but didn't open his eyes. "I know about the vampire," I said softly. "I know you killed him."

Tomas didn't respond.

"And you transferred all his money to me," I said. "I don't think I want it, but thank you." Dirty money, amassed by an evil man. No, I didn't want it. But I figured a few anonymous donations wouldn't go amiss. "Tomas," I said, watching him sleep. "I love you."

Still he didn't respond, so I shed my clothes, climbed on the bed, and ran my tongue along the dormant length of his penis. It didn't stay dormant for long. It jerked and swelled even as I ran my tongue around the head. I wrapped my lips around it, feeling it grow and thicken inside my mouth.

Tomas came awake with a sharp hiss, his whole body jolting, and I looked up to smile at him, my mouth full. "Lucky?" he said, his voice thick with sleep.

I let his cock go with a pop and wrapped my hands around it instead. "Hi," I said.

"That's a very nice way to wake up."

"I thought you might like it." I started moving up his body, remembering what Finn had said about elves being able to heal other people. "You're hurt."

"Yes," he said, eyeing me warily.

I nuzzled a graze on his stomach, licked it, and was dismayed to see it hadn't changed in the slightest. *Come on, heal*, I thought -- and then it did.

Wow. Okay. Great talent I have here!

"Did you, by any chance," I licked a bruise on his ribs -- okay, I just liked the excuse to lick him -- "take a trip to Massachusetts this afternoon?"

"Maybe," Tomas said.

"Maybe, or not, Tomas, because I need to know if I'm thanking you here or not," I said severely.

"Demons are good at tracking down other nasties," Tomas said, sitting up and wincing. I ran my hands over his ribs and was amazed to find that I could *feel* the break

in one of them. I concentrated on healing it as he went on. "We tracked the bastard down. I was going to bring him here to apologize, but he didn't seem the apologetic sort."

"So you killed him?"

"You can thank me for that," Hyde said, materializing behind me. "I kind of enjoyed ripping the bastard to pieces."

"Then hiding in me to recover," Tomas said, as I healed a cut on his arm. "Thus transferring all your injuries to me."

"Well, slaughter takes it out of a demon," Hyde said. "I figured I did pretty well considering I've only been corporeal a couple of days."

"You did," I said, turning to kiss his cheek. "You both did. I -- I love you guys."

Hyde smiled, but Tomas pulled me down to him and kissed me. "I love you," he whispered, and I smiled and ran my hands over him and healed all the hurts that had come from defending me, while behind me Hyde started kissing his way up and down my spine.

"You know," he said, "I really am exhausted. I can hardly hold this form."

I exchanged a look with Tomas. "You think I should help him out?" I said.

"It might stop him whining," Tomas agreed, and I grinned and turned over.

"Okay, demon, how do you want me?"

"Oh God," Hyde groaned, and I couldn't help but notice how his cock was throbbing. "I want you every way, you know that."

"That goes double for me," Tomas said.

I smiled, ran my hands over a pair of identical cocks, and sighed happily. "Well good," I said. "You guys are going to get very, very lucky indeed..."

## **Cat Marsters**

Cat lives in a village in south east England, which, while not quite a fairytale setting, is nonetheless very pretty and was mentioned in the Domesday Book of AD 1087. She shares a house with only slightly batty parents who hardly ever tell her to get a real job, and a musician brother who knows there's no chance she'll ever get one if he doesn't. Cat doesn't have children but she does have cats, who are her babies in every sense except the biological one.

Cat has been writing all her life, but in order to keep herself rich in shoes and chocolate, she's also worked as an airline check-in agent, video rental clerk, stationery shop assistant, and laboratory technician. She's aiming for a fairytale cottage, and asks all potential Prince Charmings to apply in writing with pictures of themselves and their Aston Martins.

Visit Cat's web site at <http://www.catmarsters.com>.