

VIOLET STORM



TUESDAY MORRIGAN

Changeling Press

Violet Storm

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Storm Night has inherited the gifts of both her mother, a flower fairy, and her father, a Nightstalker cyclops. In celebration of her entrance to the OtherKin realm's most prestigious school of medicinal wizardry, Storm and her best friend Mira intend to party the night away at Yellow Brick, the hottest club in the realm.

Sipping her drink, minding her business, she overhears Isaias and his friends talking about her. To Storm's horror, Isaias bets five thousand cipros he can get her to kiss him by the end of the night. Storm has every intention of making sure that the beautiful, blond royal Elf realizes that it's not nice to play games with a woman's emotions. Especially when the woman is not opposed to doing every naughty, dirty, erotic trick in the book to make you scream.

Chapter One

Ease on Down the Road

The loud blaring sound of the car horn alerted me to the fact that I was late.
Again.

Anyone who knew anything about me knew I was always late. It was a pathetic habit that I had no desire to alter. I liked being on my own schedule and anyone who didn't like it could just bite me.

"Damn it, Storm," Mira screamed out of her car window.

I stuck my head out of my own window. From about fifty feet above her, I yelled, "Hold your horses, woman. I'm coming now."

"That is not funny," Mira yelled back. I could hear her muttered words as I pushed the window closed. I had hit a sore spot. As I knew I would. Mira was a centaur and she didn't appreciate jokes about horses, horsepower, or Italian stallions.

I grabbed the sparkly pair of blood red, platform heels peeking out from under my coverlet. I had been searching for them. They were the reason I was late... this time.

I ran down the stairs barefoot, shoes in hand, and nearly ran into my mom, which was hard to do because she was a very, very small woman. My mom was a flower fairy.

She hovered above me for a second, looking me up and down, before she smiled and nodded in the direction of the front door. "You look beautiful, sweetie."

She paused at the sound of my name being screamed. "And tell that little hellion that she sounds like a banshee. It's not attractive, you know. She'll never attract a prince acting like that."

I kissed my mother on her petal soft cheek and headed for the door. "Maybe she doesn't want to capture a prince, Mom," I threw over my shoulder before I slammed the front door.

I could hear her muffled scream as I ran down the stairs. For such a little thing, she had one hell of a voice. I snorted before opening the car door. My mother was the one who should worry about sounding like a banshee. Maybe that's why she had never gotten a prince.

Instead, she had my father, a cyclops.

I quickly entered Mira's car. I didn't dare look at her, not yet at least. I could feel the overwhelming waves of her anger rolling over me. Mira was livid. I figured I would give her a few seconds to cool off.

She pulled out of the driveway without a word. I put on my new shoes. I couldn't help turning my foot left and right when I was finished. My heels were absolutely breathtaking. I still couldn't believe the importer had the incredible pair of red sequined heels in my size.

It was almost impossible to get things from the human realm. Shoes were hard to come by. Beautiful shoes were impossible to come by. I smoothed down the pleats in my blue halter dress before turning to Mira. "You know I love you, right?"

She turned to me and glared. "Don't you dare look at me like that."

I blinked at her. "Like what?" I said in a high falsetto, knowing that with my perfectly crafted face of confusion Mira wouldn't be able to resist me.

"That's not fair," she murmured before turning back to the road. There was a smile tugging on her lips. The storm had blown over.

"So tell me a little more about this Yellow Brick Bar," I said as I dug in my purse for my red lipstick.

"First of all, it's just called Yellow Brick, and it's supposed to be the hottest club in the realm. Apparently it just opened a few weeks ago."

"Okay," I said slowly as I applied my lipstick. Once I was done, I turned to Mira. "You want to go to a club?"

She glanced at me before turning back to the road. "Put that damned eyebrow down. I happen to like clubs."

"When you're in the mood."

"And you don't think I would be in the mood to celebrate my best friend's graduation from academy and acceptance into the realm's best school of medicinal wizardry?"

I blinked my eyes furiously. Hell, I had just applied my eyeliner and my waterproof mascara wasn't quite dry. I sure as hell was not going to cry.

I turned away and pulled down the passenger side flap so I could check my eye makeup. Two large violet eyes stared back at me. Luckily, I hadn't shed a tear so the job I had painstakingly done was still intact. To go with my fun and flirty dress and shoes, I had fun and flirty makeup. That night I was wearing dark blue, almost black eye shadow, with a slick line of ebony eyeliner that strayed just a little past the contours of my eye. The whole effect was a very Cleopatra-like look.

I managed to pull it all off thanks to my unique combination of features. My mother, a fairy, had donated light eyes, hair, and wings. Both my hair and wings were a shade lighter than my plum eyes. The color bordered on violet with its lavender streaks. My father had donated the dark color of my skin and because of his dominant genes, my eyes were slightly larger than most OtherKin. They weren't huge, just more noticeable in a very attractive way; at least, that was what I had been told several times by the males.

The OtherKin affectionately called the family of cyclops my father belonged to the NightStalkers because of their midnight skin. Because my father was dark as night and my mother was white as snow, I came out a unique chocolate color. There weren't many OtherKin like me. Trust me. I checked. And when I stopped checking, people were happy to point it out.

I am a mixed breed.

"We're here. Put a smile on your face," Mira said before jumping out of the car and slamming her door. When I got out I was shocked to find we were in the club's

parking lot. I didn't remember much of the ride. Apparently, Yellow Brick was closer than I thought.

My mouth dropped open when I turned and saw exactly what Yellow Brick looked like. "Oh my gods," I gasped. The place was huge. The line was long. And I could understand why, because Yellow Brick was grand enough to accommodate the biggest of the giants. My thirty-foot father would have no problem getting inside. The nightclub had obviously been constructed with all the races of OtherKin in mind.

It was magnificent.

The line to get into the club was the longest twenty minutes of my life ever. I was so excited to see the inside, I could barely contain myself. But it was worth it. Yellow Brick was packed and it was clear that everyone had put their best stuff on for the night. There were brightly lit flower fairies flying above the crowd, around the heads of the many giants who had come out to party. On the floor there was every race from Elves, trolls, leprechauns, and even a few werewolves and vampires.

I was in heaven.

Mira and I immediately made our way to the bar. I ordered a Bloody Rose for myself and a Metropolitan for Mira. After paying for our drinks we found two empty bar stools and joined the ring of people around the dance floor. Neither of us was quite ready to dance.

I was sipping my Bloody Rose when I heard him. Nature had deemed that the cyclops race was gifted with incredible hearing to make up for their lack of 20/20 vision.

Thankfully I got perfect vision from my mother and perfect hearing from my father. I picked up on him and his friends because they were talking about me. It was like my ear had a homing device. Even though to everyone around me I was idly sipping my bright red, outrageously intoxicating drink, I was listening intently to every word he and his friends said.

"That's not funny, man," the white-haired male said. With the male's snow-colored hair and astounding features I knew he was a unicorn. The race was characterized with its pure, unadulterated beauty.

The tall, ebony-haired leprechaun beside the unicorn nudged him. "Seriously, man. She's kind of cute. Actually, she's kind of sexy," he whispered before sipping from his drink.

I smiled to myself. I was kind of sexy. Hell! I was damned sexy.

"For a mixture, you mean?" the unicorn said scornfully.

"I bet you a thousand cipros you can't get her to kiss you." I turned my head at that. I couldn't help it. The dark deep voice that had spoken had captured my attention with its first syllable. That and the fact that the man was willing to bet a thousand cipros on me.

Oh my gods! My eyes almost fell out of my head when I saw who had made the bet. He was an Elf, one of the former cherished races. And judging by his stance and the mark on his heavily muscled bicep, he came from the royal family of Elves. He could afford to pay a thousand cipros on a bet. He could afford to pay a million cipros on a bet. He was, after all, the best of the best.

I sighed and turned away. Any second now the unicorn would saunter up to me. Several hundred years ago, there had been an institutionalized class system for the OtherKin. Every race had been placed in the hierarchy. Those on top were cherished. Those on the bottom were not. And mixing between the races had not been allowed. Children deemed "breeds" or "mixtures" had been executed at birth.

Some felt that the old classist society was better than the new, liberated system. Obviously the unicorn felt that way. "I'll bet you five thousand cipros you can't get her to kiss you." Unicorn had said the words. I didn't dare turn to see whom he was speaking with. But somehow my body knew who was on the other end of the statement. I tightened up with fear.

"Please, don't take the bet. Please don't take the bet..." I muttered to myself a thousand times over.

Mira turned to me. "Are you okay? You don't look so good."

I shook my head furiously. *Please don't take the bet*, I screamed inside.

"Deal," the dark deep voice said.

Chapter Two

Wicked Game

"For the love of the gods, what the hell is wrong?" Mira whispered harshly to me. I was obviously scaring the shit out of her. "You're so pale," she murmured. "Come on, I'll take you home."

I shook my head no, downed the rest of my drink, and signaled for the bartender to get me another Bloody Rose. After swallowing the whole glass in one big gulp I turned to Mira. "The Elf over there, the *royal* Elf, don't look damn it, he just took a bet for five thousand cipros to kiss me."

"What?" Mira screamed.

I damned near had a heart attack at that moment. I was sure that everyone in the bar was watching us both freak out. Although I believe that I was much more entertaining than Mira, so everyone was probably watching me freak out.

"I said..." Mira cut me off with a jab to my side. "He's headed this way," she whispered into my ear.

She glanced over my shoulder and then turned back to me. "Don't let him kiss you."

"I know that. I'm not stupid or desperate." Okay, maybe I was a little of both because my belly kept doing back flips whenever I thought about him kissing me. Who was I kidding? I was a lot of both. Mira nudged me again. I turned to her with my third Bloody Rose in my hand.

"I was going to tell you this later, but this club is not like other clubs. There's a downstairs. It's for members only. I'm a member. Here," she said and shoved something slick and hard into my hand. When I looked down I saw it was a spell card that stated the club's name and a number.

"It lets you go downstairs. Take him downstairs."

"What the hell is downstairs?" I asked, irritated. I hated when Mira spoke in code, especially since I was a failure at code breaking.

Mira looked down at the floor. "Remember how I said there was something I wanted to explore before joining the Wizardly Academy of Intelligence? Well, I found out I could explore those... things here in a safe environment."

"Are you trying to tell me that Yellow Brick is... and that you..."

"Not physically. I've just watched, but... yes. I'm a watcher."

"I cannot believe... we will talk about this later. What do you expect me to do?"

"Anything and everything but kiss him."

An image immediately flashed in my mind that had nothing to do with kissing and everything to do with anything. I shivered and put it aside. I could not, would not do that with the Elf. He was a total stranger.

And a bastard!

I started to say something but the words died in my throat. Mira glanced behind me, cocked one eyebrow, and turned, heading straight to the dance floor. Something told me Prince Charming was standing behind me.

"Hello there, Dorothy," he whispered into my ear. I couldn't help the shudder that went through my body. Or the fact that my nipples pebbled and my panties moistened.

I considered pretending I hadn't heard him. It was obvious he was talking to me because of the Dorothy comment. I was after all the only female in the nightclub who had taken the establishment's name as a challenge and dressed in a blue dress and red glittery high heels.

I had just decided that pretending I hadn't heard him was working when he sat on the empty bar stool next to me. And turned the full weight of his heavenly gaze on me.

He was devastatingly handsome. He appeared to be anywhere from twenty-five to thirty summers. His wavy bright blond hair begged a girl to run her fingers through

it. The blue eyes shining down on me asked for my forgiveness at the same time that they promised me naughty, naughty things. And his lips made me dream of endless erotic kisses.

His deep blue eyes twinkled with mischief and his full lips turned up at the corner. He was trying hard not to smile. Or laugh. I turned away. I had no desire to be the butt of his joke.

"Hey," he called before jumping off the stool and coming to stand in front of me.

"I'm not interested," I said before turning to face the other side. Wet panties or not, I still had my pride.

He grabbed my stool and turned it around. I found myself facing his handsome beauty once again. He stepped between my legs. With his hands still on my stool, I was caged by his sinewy arms.

"I said I'm not interested," I growled. I kept my eyes on his chest. Something told me looking up was dangerous. He was just too damned good looking for *my* own good.

"Come on, sweetheart. Don't tease me."

At his words, I felt the anger I had tried to keep tamped down bubble out of control. *Tease him?* He was the one playing the games.

"I'm not teasing. I'm not interested," I said through clenched teeth.

"I just want a dance, just one dance." The smile that had been hiding came out in full view. He had a breathtaking smile, the kind that could really disarm a woman.

Damn! I knew I shouldn't have looked up. Pretty faces got me every time.

"One dance." I placed my empty glass on the bar behind me. He grabbed my other hand and pulled me onto the dance floor. I blinked at the surge of intense heat when he touched me. It was as if he had shoved me in an oven. I felt this desperate need to do something... dangerous.

I took a deep breath and blew it out. Any cooling effects it had were immediately dissipated when his long, muscular arm snaked around my waist. He pulled me so that my breasts were flattened against his hard chest. I tried to pull away. He pressed me closer.

I stared up at him and flattened my hands against his chest. I opened my mouth to say something. I was getting ready to give it to him when he spoke. "My name is Isaías."

I glared up at him. I was angry as hell that I was attracted to him. And to top it off he made me feel obligated to tell him my name. "Storm," I muttered and turned to glance at the couple beside us. I did not want to look at his face.

"Uniquely beautiful."

I ignored his comment. At least I tried hard as hell to ignore what he said, tried to pretend he hadn't spoken, but the compliment washed over me, dispelling some of my righteous anger.

I was disconcerted to find I was close enough to feel the soft rumble that went through his chest when he spoke. I pulled back. His large, long fingered hand moved to my hips and pressed me against him.

I couldn't help the gasp that came from my lips. I was so close I could feel him. I blushed when I realized he was aroused.

"I like the way you move," he whispered against my neck. I shivered and broke out in goose bumps. His breath felt so good, so warm, and for just one second I dreamed he kissed me on my neck.

"Tell me about yourself. Tell me a little about the lovely woman named Storm."

I stilled in his arms, nearly causing a six-couple pile up as those around us stumbled. I glanced up at him. "Excuse me?"

"I want to get to know you."

"Why?" One midnight eyebrow cocked with disbelief. I had heard him and if there was one thing a cyclops trusted it was her hearing.

"For the same reason every heterosexual male wants to know a female."

I snorted and stepped out of his arms. As if I was going to believe that one of the charmed ones was attracted to a mixed breed? "Look, I know exactly why you want to get to know me and the answer is no."

He froze. "What are you talking about?"

The shock on his face made me want to scream. Then and there I decided not to show him my cards. It was his bet and if he wanted to pretend this game of seduction was for real, I would play along. But on my terms.

“Have you ever been downstairs?” I asked.

Chapter Three

Step Into My World

Isaias stared at me for long seconds. Then he gave me a slow, sensual smile that made my breath hitch and my palms sweat. I wiped my hands on my blue dress and continued to glare at him.

I was not falling for his sexy smile or his glittering blue eyes that shone with blatant sexual arousal. I stepped away from him and collected myself. I had a goal. I had to make him regret taking that damned bet and I wasn't going to accomplish that if I fell head over platform heels in lust with the bastard.

Focus, Storm. Focus!

Forget about the way your belly just jumped. Forget about the fact that you've never been more attracted to a male in your life. Forget about the fact that you are so wet that if he touched your pussy you'd shatter. Forget about the fact that you haven't had sex in three fucking years!

Forget and focus. Focus!

Isaias grabbed my arm and led the way across the dance floor. Females turned and glanced at Isaias then me, before their gazes locked on his lovely face. The wide-eyed looks in their eyes, the looks Isaias ignored, were full of wonder and desire.

I felt sorry for them. If only they knew what a coldhearted bastard lay beneath the alluring surface.

I pulled my hand out of his the moment we cleared the dance floor. A barely dressed couple stumbled in front of me, separating us. "Move," he growled to the intoxicated duo. The man darted a look at Isaias's face and grabbed his girlfriend.

"That wasn't very nice."

He watched me for a few seconds. I could feel my heart pounding in my chest. I suspected it was going to burst out of my ribcage at any moment. The look on his face

was not encouraging. Suddenly I had visions of all the things he could do to me, all the things that could be done that wouldn't even leave a body for my parents to find. There was a strong rumor that the charmed races still had all the absolute power they'd had when the hierarchy of races was still in place.

If that was true...

I gulped, swallowing my apprehension.

Then his pretty mouth spread into a seductive smile. "I never said anything about being nice, although... I'm more than willing to be nice to you if you play your cards right."

Damn, I thought to myself. He really had me there.

I placed one hand on my hip. "I'm keeping my cards close to my chest," I said before walking away.

"All the more reason for me to be nice."

I glanced over my shoulder, ready to lay into him. Isaias slowly lifted his gaze from my ass and looked at me. My mouth opened but no words came out. The heated look in his eyes caught me off guard.

"By the end of the night I plan to see that in all its glory."

My eyes widened. It was one thing to kiss a random, sexy Elf. It was another thing entirely to show him your goodies on the first night.

I told him the truth. "Sorry, but I am not a one-night-stand kind of girl."

He crossed his sinewy arms over his chest and gave me a wicked grin. "Who's talking about only one night?"

I snorted and kept walking, afraid that if I didn't turn quick enough he would see just how strongly his words had affected me. With each step, I kept trying to hold back the visions that ran through my mind of him doing delicious things to my body, hour after hour, day after day, night after night.

I smiled to myself. None of them involved kissing my lips. Interesting...

I might have to rethink the battle plan.

"A penny for your thoughts." I jerked at the sound of his rough, whispered voice. He was so close I could taste his breath, smell the sweet fruity flavor of his last drink, and feel the heat coming off his hard body.

I slowly turned to him, smile on my face. "A penny for your thoughts? Don't tell me you're infatuated with the human realm?"

He moved closer, brushing his body against mine. The smile he gave me was smoldering. "Lately, I've been finding out that there are a lot of things I'm infatuated with, but the human realm? No. I just find humans interesting. And they provide me with inspiration."

"Inspiration?"

"You'll see, sweetheart."

"Oh." I couldn't think of anything else to say. I was finding it difficult keeping my hands to myself. I suddenly had this unexplainable urge to strip and beg this male to do downright dirty things to me.

"What about you, Dorothy? What are your infatuations?"

I didn't dare answer the question. I tried for a smart-mouthed quip instead. "Don't worry, Elf. You're not one of them. You can rest assured."

I saw his full lips flatten into a grimace just as I turned away. I could feel his eyes on me, but I didn't dare turn and look at his face. The few steps it took to reach the back corner of the nightclub seemed endless. I almost sighed with relief when I spotted a burly giant standing in front of a red velvet rope. Behind the guard stood a blood-red door. I shivered at the sight of the door. It suddenly came crashing down on me that I had no idea what I was doing.

Isaias's long fingers clasped my hand at that moment. His fingers entwined with mine, feeding me warmth and strength. I smiled to myself. It was hard to hold it back. It occurred to me that he was giving me the strength to deal out my retribution.

A large grunt drew away my attention. I stared up into the giant's unblinking blue eyes. His dark gaze drifted over me to land on the Elf next to me.

The giant smiled, showing a row of surprisingly bright white teeth. "Good evening, sir," he murmured before stepping back and away from the large red door.

"Hello, Timber," Isaias replied. His fingers tightened around mine and pulled me forward as he stepped through the door. I clenched my back teeth when the bright door slammed behind us.

I darted a glance at him. "Come here often?"

He jerked and brought his gaze to mine. He gave me a shy smile and actually blushed. "You could say that," he murmured out the side of his mouth before turning away.

We stood on the other side of the door for several seconds. Finally, deciding that I could not stand the silence anymore I asked, "What is your... infatuation?"

A long, wide red tongue slid over his plump bottom lip. His bright blue eyes lifted to mine. They glittered with hard, pulsing arousal. "There are several rooms that entice me."

"I'm a watcher."

Isaias's mouth widened into a devastating smile. "And here I was hoping you were an exhibitionist."

I walked ahead, looked over my shoulder, and smirked at him. "The night's not over yet."

"Thank the gods," I heard him whisper under his breath.

I leaned against the wall and waited for him. I had no idea where I was going and wasn't even sure about where I wanted to end up. "Come on, Blondie. Come show me a little piece of your world. Show me one of your fetishes," I taunted him. I couldn't help myself.

He walked past me, walking so close to me that his body brushed mine. I couldn't help the shiver that ran down my spine. A few feet away from me he stopped at a dark red door.

Erosvision, it read.

"You don't mind watching and I don't mind performing. How about we watch a performance... together?" One perfectly arched blond eyebrow lifted, daring me to join him as he opened the scarlet door.

Damn. I suddenly wondered if I'd put my foot in my mouth. Could I really ride this outrageousness through?

And then I glimpsed Isaias's tight ass as he stepped through the doorway. Oh yeah, I could ride that and more! I took a deep breath, stepped to the plate and closed the crimson door behind me, sealing my fate.

It took a moment for my eyes to adjust to the darkness. When they did, I saw that Isaias was seated in a simple wooden hardback chair in the middle of the room. Somehow the simplicity of his action made the room seem all the more erotic and exotic. Or maybe it was the man sitting in a seat that appeared to emphasize his sexuality, masculinity, and beauty.

On shaky legs I walked across the room and took the seat next to him. He turned and smiled at me. There was so much mischief in his sapphire eyes that I felt my belly muscles flutter with excitement.

And then he winked.

Shit! Isaias was potent. I immediately felt my pussy clench with desire, felt it weep thick cream, crying from the loneliness it had suffered for years. It had been an eternity since I'd last taken a lover.

I turned forward, trying to ignore the hunger between my thighs. For a moment I was too confused to register what I saw. And then it clicked.

It was a bed. Simple and devastating, it shocked my senses, leaving me totally open to everything. It was at that moment that a floodlight shined over the stage, the bed. A door opened, this a bright yellow color. A raven-haired woman walked out, quietly shutting the door behind her, but with my nerves and extraordinary hearing it seemed as though it thundered through my system.

On the other side of the room, another door opened, and this time a lovely blonde walked out. Two women! My mouth dropped open when I realized that I was about to watch two females have sex. I wasn't a prude but...

My head whipped around. "You sneaky bastard, choosing a room with two women."

Isaias gave me a wide, smug smile. "It's every male's fantasy, tops the list, well... except for the one where he's between the two beautiful girls."

Almost as if on cue a third door opened, this one in the center of the room, and out stepped a tall, muscular dark-haired man.

From beneath the fan of my onyx lashes I glanced at the newcomer. He was delicious, devastatingly handsome with chiseled features, full lips and a cleft in his chin. He reminded me of a darker, less attractive version of the man sitting beside me.

I blithely wondered if Isaias had not only requested the sex of our performers, but that they look a certain way. Thankfully neither of the women looked like me. That would have been too... uncomfortable.

My teeth scraped against my bottom lip as I watched the brunet male slowly prowl across the room. There was no other way to describe his slow, seductive movements. By the time he reached center stage I was digging my nails into the palms of my clenched fingers. He stopped when he was less than three feet away from the bed. His gaze raked over the two women sitting side by side. Although he never said anything, I knew he had conveyed a message. The females turned slowly to one another and pressed their lips together.

I found myself watching him as he took in the women's slow, devouring kiss. His fingers slowly lifted to tangle in the blonde's hair. His lightly tanned skin was a soft, alluring contrast to the bright strands of her hair. He ran his fingers down through the golden locks until the downward stroke reached her shoulders. The blonde murmured against the raven-haired female's lips the moment his fingers touched her shoulder. When his palm cupped her rose-tipped breast I felt his touch. Only it was Isaias's broad, long-fingered hand that I felt. His thumb moved across her small nipple,

coaxing the bud to bloom. My breath hitched and a fire burned across my nipple as I felt it further tighten with need.

The male dropped to his knees and I found myself bereft of breath. Air sawed in and out of my lungs in great, gasping strokes, yet I felt as though I could not breathe. Under the rhythm of my hectic breathing, I heard another and realized that Isaias was breathing just as hard as I was. He was just as aroused.

The females' legs seemed to move in slow motion. I watched, wide-eyed, as they both spread their thighs for the male kneeling before them. I felt shock deep in my soul when the male placed his mouth against the brunette's puffy sex lips as his fingers stroked the blonde's lightly covered cunt. The brunette moaned low and deep when the blonde's fingers traced the outline of her puckered areola. Her finger moved in slow, tantalizing circles that I could feel against my own sensitive tip. With aching care, it moved closer and closer to the engorged ruby tip that stood proudly in the middle of her full breast.

The brunette's head tipped back, raising her breasts so that her partner's finger finally made contact with her nipple. The moment the small fingertip reached the bud I felt it. It was Isaias's callused finger that glided along the sensitive top of my nipple, barely touching it, caressing it even as it tortured me with the ghostly touch.

The male groaned low and deep as he moved his head back and forth between the brunette's thighs. I found myself unable to tear my eyes away from his head, more specifically his mouth. I could feel his pleasure as he ate her out. It swam on the thick, pungent air that rasped in and out of my lungs, coated my skin, soaked me with his desire.

But it wasn't his pleasure alone that I felt. My own satisfaction seemed to be rising to the surface, floating just beneath his as I watched him tongue another woman. But the truth was it wasn't him that I really saw. No, when I looked up into his hungry face, I saw Isaias's fiery blue eyes colliding with mine as he slowly swiped his tongue over my clit, just hard enough for me to keen in pleasure, just light enough to keep my orgasm at bay.

My thighs slowly spread of their own volition, inch by inch they moved away from one another, allowing more and more of my own desire to settle between them, deep inside my cunt. But that wasn't enough, not when I saw the male's head move to the blonde's pussy. Not when his tongue surged deep between the spread lips of her cunt to caress the inner walls of her sex. It flickered just on the inside of her mound for a moment before thrusting into her until it was fully imbedded in her channel.

Ten nails dug into my thighs, slowly making their way up the tense muscle, lifting my skirt until the thick, pungent air that coalesced in my lungs could caress the scalding mound between my thighs. It wasn't until I heard myself groan when the male stood and plunged his cock into the blonde's cunt that I realized what I had done. My hands instinctively drifted to the swollen lips of my slick pussy to ease the burning ache. When I found that my only barrier was my thong, I glanced down in shock to see my dress around my waist, scratch marks on my thighs.

My fingers paused, seconds away from grazing my sex when the guttural scream of the blonde's release pierced the air. I jerked my gaze away from my own desire to stare at her climaxing face.

I had never seen another's sexual satisfaction before. Never seen another woman come before. And I had never dared to look at my own face when I masturbated. Her satisfaction had me riveted.

It was beautiful. Pure. Honest. It was intoxicating. I shivered and stifled the urge to fan myself. I was feeling hot and cold all at once. But most of all I was feeling drenched in my need.

"Tell me what you feel?"

The soft rumble of Isaias's deep voice settled low in my abdomen as my belly muscles jumped and fluttered at his words. Tell him how I felt? Tell him what I was feeling as I watched a threesome?

He must have taken my silence as a reply because he spoke, answering his own question. "I feel hunger. I feel starved, as though I have not eaten in years. I feel as though my hunger will consume me if it is not appeased."

I slowly moved my tongue over my dry bottom lip. "What is it you crave?" I heard myself ask him.

A soft, rumbling masculine chuckle was my answer. For a moment I thought that was all I was going to receive. I turned my head to Isaías. He was smiling. Smiling at something only he could see. He was no longer focused on the threesome performing for us.

"I want something dark and just a little caustic. Something that will make me work for the sugary center. Something that I know will melt on my tongue and feed me like it has never fed another man. I want you, Storm." He turned and caught my shocked gaze.

Whatever little breaths I had been able to take seemed to stop altogether as I stared into the indigo fires of his gaze. My cunt was so wet I had long ago soaked through my panties, was probably drenching the back of my dress along with the seat.

The desire I felt had me confused and irrational. I wanted Isaías. I wanted him to take me as the male onstage had taken the two females. I wanted him to fuck me hard, deep, take me over and over again until my voice had gone hoarse from screaming out my satisfaction.

And I wanted to run away. Run and never look back at the man who had driven me to this all consuming need. I wanted to go back to what I knew, the safety and sanctity of my unassuming life.

He stretched out one lightly tanned, corded arm. His palm was up, beckoning to me. I stared at it, confused for a moment. I understood that if I went to him I would be crossing a threshold, one that I could not return from. What I did not know was if I wanted to go to that unknown place where passion and pleasure were promised.

"Storm," he called softly. I looked up and caught his gaze. The unrestrained yearning I saw there settled deep in my heart. Something more profound than pleasure, more substantial than passion was riding him. I answered that unknown element's call and stood.

Before I could process what was going to happen or not happen, I was standing in front of him, blocking his view of the riveting stage. He tilted his head back to look up at me. My eyes traced the corded lines of his strong throat. My mouth was parched with the desire to run my lips against the flesh, nibble it, lave my tongue down it. After long moments my gaze caught his.

The small smile on his softly curved mouth told me he knew what I was thinking. Maybe he was thinking the very same thoughts. Before I could wrap my brain around anything denser than that, I turned, backed up and sat in his lap.

I felt his heated gasp of surprise against the back of my neck, the top of my shoulder. My eyes closed of their own volition and I leaned against his torso. "Can I touch you?" he whispered against the already sensitized area where my neck met my shoulder.

"Please."

"Please what?"

For the ghost of a moment I paused at the unyielding tone in his voice. It had come out of nowhere. Isaias was obviously used to being in charge. Instinctively he was trying to win the upper hand in our sexual relay. But it was my game. I called the shots.

"Do you want to touch my pussy, Isaias?" I murmured softly.

We both stilled in surprise. His body tightened with shock and arousal. Mine froze in need and excitement. I had never said anything so dirty, so right to the point before in my life. But the words were honest. I wanted to know if he wanted me.

I needed to know if he wanted me as much as I wanted him. I needed to know if the desire I saw in his eyes was about more than a bet.

"Yes," he breathed out slowly, against my neck, down the front of my halter dress. I felt my nipples tingle as the air moved around them. I jerked when he nuzzled me, moving his nose back and forth just under my hairline. I quickly found that I was extremely sensitive there.

Goose bumps broke out across every inch of my exposed skin as his hand moved to the front of me. Or maybe it was simply a tingling awareness of imminent contact. I

knew that at any moment his palm, callused from the ancient sword training that every Elf undertook, was going to touch me. Run across some part of my flesh and ease the ache that had settled deep between my thighs, even as it fired the flame of my burning need.

I was so preoccupied trying to figure out where he was going to touch me first, breasts or sex, that I was totally taken by surprise by his actions.

Isaias touched neither.

My eyes slammed shut to relish the feel of his skin against my own when he placed his hand in mine and intertwined our fingers.

It was probably the most disarming thing he could have done. And for just one moment I allowed myself to sink into the dream that seemed to swim around us. I pictured us as something more than two individuals secretly fighting to see the end of a bet. In my mind's eye he was my male, the other half of my soul, a male that loved me unconditionally.

I opened my eyes and ruthlessly pushed aside those deceiving thoughts as I lifted our joined hands and placed them between my breasts. I immediately felt more comfortable. Sexual desire I could handle. Emotional need was something else entirely.

Isaias jerked in surprise at my actions and I felt the bulge of his erection bump against the full cheeks of my ass. I smiled to myself and shimmied against it. He growled low and said something in Elvin that sounded tantalizing before untangling our fingers and cupping one breast.

"You're dangerous, Storm. Very, very dangerous," he whispered against my neck. His thumb moved across the tip of my breast, caressing my already pebbled nipple. With each back and forth movement I felt my cunt clenching tighter and tighter with desire.

"Watch the show, pretty one." I turned and glanced at him, ignoring his words. Our gazes snagged. I gave him a slow smile. He leaned close, sensing the invitation in my face. Just as his lips were going to brush against mine I turned my head.

"Fine. No kissing, Storm."

I whipped and caught his gaze, staring at him for several moments trying to figure out why he had conceded no kissing.

Why he had conceded his bet.

"I want you, Storm. Any way I can have you." My eyes fluttered shut and I felt his warm lips against the back of my neck seconds before his tongue glided along my flesh. At the same time the fingers on my nipple tightened, pinching the turgid bud.

After a few deep breaths I turned to watch the show as Isaia had requested. My eyes widened when I realized that the male was now furiously fucking the dark-haired woman. Her screams were muffled by the blonde's cunt. The other female was sitting on the brunette's face, getting her pussy eaten.

I swallowed thickly and tried to turn my gaze away from the stage. There was too much sex, too much naked desire going on before me, but I found myself mesmerized, unable and truly unwilling to stop watching them take their pleasure.

"They are beautiful, aren't they? With their honesty."

"Yes."

"I wish I could be as forthcoming as they are." The hand sitting idly on my thighs dove between my slightly splayed legs. I widened my stance, moving my soft flesh over his molded thighs, to give Isaia's probing hand more room.

I felt his fingertips against my swollen flesh seconds before our skin made contact. A shuddering breath escaped my lips the moment his fingers touched me. I jerked a little, surprised by the wave of electrical heat that surged through me.

"If only we could be as honest as they are at this moment in our everyday lives." Fingers sifted through the midnight hair that guarded my most precious secrets.

"If only we could be as honest with each other." His thumb found the swollen bud at the apex of my sex. All thoughts of a retort were knocked from my mind. He stroked his finger over my clitoris twice. That was all it took and I erupted. The hand on my breast tightened and pulled me closer to him as my whole body shook with the force of my orgasm. I had never come so hard, so quickly.

My chest burned when I opened my eyes. Belatedly, I realized I had stopped breathing when I came. I took a deep gasping breath only to force it out in a strangled cough. Isaias's two fingers circled my clit and pinched the sensitive head. I stiffened in his arms, even as I tried desperately to close my thighs.

I could not come again.

Not like the last orgasm.

Not so soon.

But he was ruthless with his touch. The pressure against my clitoris got tighter and tighter, more unrelenting. Isaias was slowly forcing my clit into the smaller and smaller vise that his fingers were becoming. I dropped my head back, laying it against his shoulder, and closed my eyes as my legs jerked.

My eyes popped open in shocked surprise when his fingers sprung from my sex. For a moment I could do no more than take in the fact that he wasn't touching me at all. No hand on my breast, no fingers torturing my clit. I started to lay into him when I felt his lips on my neck, just under my right earlobe. My spot.

My legs started shaking all over again.

"You're going to make me work for it. I figured I should make sure that you do too."

I could feel every whispered word as though it was tattooed on my skin by the soft brush of lips against my neck.

"Watch, Storm. Watch how deeply he fucks her."

My eyes slowly opened. When had they even closed? And I watched the male. He was now taking the blonde. Hard. Deep.

"I want to fuck you just as hard."

Cream leaked from my hungry cunt. I barely managed a moan as I pictured Isaias fucking me just as deep. My pussy hurt with the need to feel him inside of me.

"Tell me what you feel, Storm."

I shook my head wildly. I could not tell him of the burning inside me. It would make the fire inside all the more real and I already could not ignore it.

His fingers slipped into my bright blue halter top. Isaias cupped both mounds in the palms of his wide hands and rolled the nipples. "Tell me what you feel, pretty one," he whispered seductively against the area he had just finished kissing. I shivered and admitted the truth.

"I feel like I'm losing a little bit of myself as I watch you touch me. I feel like the need that burns inside of me will take over and make me its prisoner, a female unable to do anything more than seek satisfaction."

His fingers tightened on my nipples. I groaned and rolled my hips against the bulge that sat enticingly between my legs. One hand drifted from my breasts to wrap around my thigh. Isaias forcefully lifted my thigh, bringing it higher on his. His palm moved across my bared flesh, gliding along highly sensitive skin until it reached my innermost thigh, the junction where my sex met my legs. His fingers danced on the edge of my panties for a moment, not quite touching the cotton fabric, not quite touching my skin. I instinctively fought his hold, trying to move away from his fingers, even though I wanted him to touch me. Higher. And just to the left. At some moment I had started gripping his shirt. I was shaking so badly it was the only thing keeping me anchored to the chair.

To him.

We groaned in unison when his fingers slipped beneath the drenched cloth that covered my cunt. He pulled it to the side. The thong slid along my cheeks with the act, turning me on, making me more aware of just how revealing my pose was. His finger delved between the fleshy lips of my pussy to rim the entrance to my sex. Round and round he circled without probing me.

"Isaias." The voice that growled his name was entirely alien to me. Something dark and just a little sinister.

I felt his laughter seconds before his chuckle rippled through the tense, pungent air that surrounded us. It was shocking. Just as I started to get my bearings two fingers slipped into my sex, filling me until I gasped with the overwhelming feeling of being

stretched. It had been so long since I had anything inside me my eyes widened in surprise, colliding with the show going on onstage.

This time the male was on his back and both females were over him. The brunette was riding the thick length of his cock. The blonde was sitting on his face, getting her pussy eaten. Judging by the flush on their faces he was satisfying them both thoroughly.

"Jealous?" The crooned word echoed through the air a moment before Isaias withdrew his fingers. He thrust them back into my cunt with a twist that robbed me of breath.

"Still jealous?" he purred and curled his fingers so that they pressed against my moist inner walls. I shivered as fire snaked through every one of my limbs.

"Oh my gods." He started a steady thrust and withdraw rhythm that left me teetering on the edge of a magnificent release. "Shit."

"That's it, Storm. Come for me. Come hard for me. Right here. Right now. Don't you dare close your eyes." He growled the last words just as I had started to tip my head and fall under the allure of his thrusts. My dark lashes slowly fluttered open. I gazed at the figures before me, seeing but not seeing. I took in their sexual energy. Their muffled cries as they sought release, but I was too focused on my coming satisfaction to be anything more than a casual observer. The orgasm that was breaking hard and fast through me had me riveted.

My fingers wrapped around the hand that held my breast, nails scraping against the thick, furred wrist. I tipped my head back. I felt and saw lights dance before my eyes seconds before my orgasm slammed through me, breaking over me, drowning me in the relentless pleasure. Isaias's softly murmured words were a sweet undertone to my ringing cry of release as I felt my cunt clamp around his long, hard fingers.

He never stopped pleasuring me, not until the last tendrils of my orgasm had died away. With a final groan I slumped against him.

When I opened my eyes I saw that the show was over. The trio was gone. Isaias and I were alone.

Chapter Four

Spoken Desires

"Are you sure about this?"

It was the third time Isaias had asked me the question in ten minutes. I stared into his vivid blue eyes and felt more than the uncertainty in his tone. Isaias needed to make sure I was going to go through with it so he didn't get his hopes up.

He wanted it. He needed it.

Perfect.

I felt a lick of fire deep in my belly. "I'm sure," I murmured softly as I settled myself in my seat. His eyes followed the slow movement of my limbs. Everywhere his gaze lingered a trail of passion burned in its wake. I was sated and hungry at the same time. My last orgasm had been powerful, but it had only increased my need for sexual satisfaction.

After several moments his gaze lifted to catch mine. "What are we waiting for?" He stood and held out his arm.

I remained in my seat and tilted my head to the side to look up at his face. "Will you do all that I ask... unless of course it makes you uncomfortable."

He watched me for a moment, trying to decipher the meaning behind my words. His eyes darkened to indigo and he slowly nodded his head in agreement.

"We need a word, something to let me know that you are uncomfortable. Something that will tell us both to stop."

He gave me a slow, smoldering smile that made my stomach plummet and my heart jump. "Toto."

"Toto it is." I stood and walked past him, ignoring his outstretched hand. I reached the door and started to turn, only to find him right behind me. So close, I was

forced to press against the door. Sandwiched between the unyielding plane of his chest and the hard door.

His fingers sifted through the lavender strands of my hair and held my head immobile. I watched the slow descent of his face with fear permeating every inch of my being.

I was afraid he was going to kiss me, win his bet, and walk away like the last two hours of my life had meant nothing. And I was too scared to tell him not to kiss me.

I was caught by my own needs. Fears. Desires.

He paused inches away from my face and stared into my eyes. "Trust me, Storm. Please."

Once again that single word sealed my fate, allowing Isaias to sink beneath my skin more effectively than a splinter. "Thank you," he whispered just as lips pressed against the tip of my nose. His lips were petal soft, more alluring than anything that had ever touched me. I found myself wishing they were pressed against my mouth, moving over the soft contours and curves of my lips.

I waited breathless for the moment when Isaias would kiss me. His lips moved over my cheeks, my forehead. He placed delicate kisses against my closed eyelids, my jaw, every inch of my face.

After a moment I realized he had stopped kissing me. And not a single kiss had been on my lips. Despite the fact that my actions had been damn near begging for them. I slowly opened my eyes to catch him watching me with uncertainty blazing in his sapphire gaze. "I meant what I said. You can trust me." He turned before I could gain back the breath he had knocked out of my lungs with his declaration.

"I would like to request something new. I want a bisexual male, a very handsome one."

Isaias stopped in his tracks and slowly turned to me. I shivered when my gaze caught his and the unholy fire in his gaze burned through me. Still, I stood my ground and lifted one eyebrow, silently questioning his unspoken denial.

He turned and strode across the room. His fingers lightly touched the wall and out popped a console. A few strokes across the sensitive keyboard and he glided back to me. He stopped in front of me and gave me a smile that didn't quite bank the cold flames in his eyes. "Okay," he said and stretched out one golden palm. I slid my fingers into his hand and walked with him. He led me to the console and asked me to place my hand across the screen. "It's a palm reader," he murmured softly. "It will read you and pick the most compatible male for your needs."

When I placed my hand to the screen I found that it was warm and as tactile as skin. It was the most unnerving feeling, but before I could comment on it, the console beeped.

Isaias confidently led me out of the room. Too quickly we reached our destination and I found myself staring at a bright red door that simply read "Simon Says."

I couldn't help the smile that lit my face when I saw the room's title.

His fingers wrapped around the door handle. Isaias looked over his broad shoulder and snagged my gaze. "Ready, Simon?" he said in a silky voice that settled deep in my abdomen and stirred the fire he had recently appeased.

"Does that mean that whatever I say goes?"

Isaias looked into my eyes and replied slowly, "Yes, that is exactly what it means. Is this not what you requested?"

It was, but until that moment I had not understood that I was in charge of his pleasure, my pleasure, our pleasure. I was in control of our satisfaction. "Yes, that's exactly what I requested, what I want."

He gave me a slow smile that told me he knew exactly what I was saying. I reached down, opened the door, and stepped inside. Isaias followed in my wake. I jerked to a stop about five feet into the room. It was dark, slightly lit by the array of candles strewn across the room. The coloring was deep, lush, with shades of indigo, blood reds, and gold. It was an intoxicating combination that automatically brought to mind the slow revealing of one's deepest desires.

The room itself was erotic.

Sitting right in the middle of it, in the midst of a bed covered with an endless array of pillows, sat the most handsome man I had ever seen. I was more attracted to Isaias. There was something dark and earthy about the Elf that called to me, but the male watching me with hooded eyes was magnificently, classically beautiful.

His face was a study of masculine beauty, with sharp lines, full curves, and intoxicating features. The eyes that watched me with naked curiosity were a swirling silver color with long, dark lashes. They skirted over each inch of my body, touching upon my breasts, my hips, before finally settling upon my face. Lips that were plump, sensually so, kicked up at the edges into the hint of a satisfied smile. I felt pride burn in me at the sight. I was surprised to find that I cared that he wanted me, was attracted to me. If anything it added to the need to touch him.

And his body was absolute perfection. Long limbs. Carved features. Defined muscles. I could tell even from the way he lounged that he was several inches taller than Isaias, at least six-feet-six.

My mouth and sex watered, imagining what I could do with all that male. But his most interesting feature was the deep mass of waist long hair. It was a dark, but bright blue color that seemed to absorb the candlelight and distribute it in a seeming halo around him. The unique shade was incredibly striking in the midst of the erotic room. It was as though he were a part of the décor, the most important centerpiece.

The male was a dragon, one of the most beautiful I had ever come across.

“Do I meet your requirements, Mistress?”

His voice was dark and just as alluring as every inch of his hard frame. Deep, the bass was tinted with just the slightest rolling lisp. It was the most intoxicating sound I had ever heard.

I couldn't help wondering how he would sound over the phone. With space between us would the sound of his voice sear me more? He had the kind of voice that demanded phone sex.

Suddenly his words permeated my thoughts. I stopped in my tracks. “Mistress?”

Isaias moved up behind me. His breath whispered over my nape. "Yes, Mistress. Tonight, in this room, you are our Mistress. Everything you say goes. Simon Says is a BDSM room." He paused and I could hear my heart waiting for his next word. "What would you like me to do, Mistress?"

A battering number of images assailed me at his words. I wasn't into subjugation, but control... I could handle being in control. I clung to the image that hit me the hardest. "On your knees. Both of you. Side by side," I said as I indicated exactly where I wanted them.

I sat on the lushly padded, high back chair to my left as they did my bidding. I simply watched them for a moment, reading their faces. Isaias's eyes were defiant. The dragon's were simply mischievous. I addressed him first. "And what will I call you, Dragon?"

His lips hitched into a slow smile. The kind that made any woman's blood pump and I found myself blinking at him. "D," he said slowly.

I returned his smile. Out of the corner of my vision I saw Isaias stiffen. "D, kiss Isaias."

There was a pregnant pause as both males digested my words. D then turned slowly to Isaias. Isaias cut me a glare before turning to the dragon beside him.

With my heart beating erratically in my throat I watched the slow reach of D's hand as he speared his long, creamy white fingers through Isaias's blond hair. Isaias paused and slid me another glare. D took notice of his silent accusation. His fingers tightened at Isaias's nape, pulling Isaias toward him. "I will be kind, little one," he whispered softly just as he brushed his lips across Isaias's mouth.

Something close to jealousy sparked in me the minute their lips touched. I had been prepared for Isaias to tell us both to go to hell. I had not been prepared for the slow slide of lips against one another, the sweet glide of a male's mouth against Isaias's when I was the one who wanted to feel his mouth against mine.

D kept his eyes open, watching Isaias's hard gaze as he swept his mouth over his. He gave Isaias a slight smile, tightened his grip, tilted Isaias's head back and flicked

his tongue against the seam of the other man's lips. Isaias instinctively gasped in outrage and tried to pull away, but before he could D swept in, thrusting his tongue between Isaias's parted lips to taste him, tangle their tongues, indulge in the man before him.

And indulge he did.

He growled against the smaller man and forced his way past Isaias's reservations, smashing his lips against his mouth as he kissed Isaias deeply. When D broke off the kiss all three of us were sucking in hard, gasping breaths. I felt like I was the one being kissed, by both men.

"Good boys, good slaves." I leaned back in my chair and eyed the two men as they turned back to me. Isaias looked just a little shell shocked, as though he had just discovered that the sun was in fact ice cold. "Stand and take off your clothes; undress each other."

Just how easily the role of Mistress came to me unnerved me a little. But as I sat there watching the two males, knowing that they were under my command, the role was as natural as breathing.

I felt caged and released at the same time. I knew I was in charge, but I could only push Isaias so far before he said the safe word. Then there was the fact that he would choose our next interaction.

I knew he would get me back for inviting a bisexual male into our power struggle, and I couldn't wait to find out what he would do.

Deep inside I felt a little flutter that I could not quite name when Isaias took the initiative and grasped D's shirt at the hem. He pulled it over the taller male's head. When D turned to the front and I got a glimpse of his hard, brawny chest desire pooled between my legs. His chest was wide and hairless, with deep indentations down the middle, defining his pectoral muscles, and his stomach was six-pack flat.

He turned to remove Isaias's shirt. It was then that I noticed his lovely hair was bound around the nape. "Release your hair, D." I desperately wanted to see the

beautiful strands free, flowing over Isaias's golden skin, moving over the deeper tones of my flesh.

D lifted his right arm and reached behind him to grab the thin leather string holding his hair. Around the under part of his arm was a bright blue tattoo that matched his hair color. For a moment I stared at it, trying to decipher what it was, but too quickly he dropped his arm and shook out his hair.

He turned to Isaias, stepping so close to his body that I could barely see the dark wall behind the duo. Whereas Isaias had done his best to quickly do my bidding, D took his time, drawing out the moment, until I could count his every action with my frantically racing heart rate.

He pressed his palms against Isaias's lower belly and slowly slipped them under his shirt. And for just a moment he held them there, doing nothing more than counting Isaias's every breath. He slowly moved his hands over the hard ridges of Isaias's abdomen, caressing every indentation on his rippled stomach, over the full planes of his pecs. Isaias lifted his hands slowly, allowing D to peel his shirt off of him. When the fabric fell to the ground, Isaias's eyes were closed, dark blond lashes forming a beautiful crescent against his cheekbones.

D darted a quick glance at me, silently asking if he should continue. I nodded my head. He dropped to his knees, landing amongst the lush pile of pillows and comforters in front of the bed. My eyes followed his movements and widened when I saw that Isaias was noticeably hard. Incredibly hard. The bulge of his cock was prominent, a promise of the night to come.

D's tongue, a deep, pink color, swept over his plump lower lip as he eyed the bulge. Long fingers curled over the waistband of Isaias's dark pants. The sound of the top button unsnapping sparked through the painfully quiet pungent atmosphere. When the slow descent of Isaias's zipper cut through the air a masculine moan followed in its wake. I glanced at both males' faces, unsure of the source, but both appeared caught in the sensual web I was weaving.

I looked back down at the sound of a distinct groan that I knew only a draconian could make. Isaias's bottoms had dropped to the ground. The Elf had opted to go commando. His hard cock brushed against his stomach. Ruddy and swollen, it was magnificent, long and thick, just wide enough to promise a painful stretch as it entered me. Just long enough to fill me till I felt like I would burst.

Isaias's eyes opened and his burning indigo gaze fell on me. I glanced at D, specifically at the black leather pants he was still wearing. Isaias stepped out of his pants and threw them against the back wall. The two males changed position, D springing to his feet as Isaias knelt before him.

This time Isaias took his time, slowly peeling off the leather layer of clothing the dragon wore. Several times his sapphire gaze strayed to mine as he pulled the pants down the male's slim hips. With every flickering glance I felt my heartbeat pick up speed. The intense eroticism of watching two men undress was a little unnerving. Knowing that one of the males was picturing himself undressing me as he touched another male was almost too much for me.

I slowly widened my legs, baring my heated cunt to the sticky air. Both males darted glances at the area between my thighs. I could taste their hunger.

I spread my legs further and pulled my thong to the side. "Want a taste?" I caught each man's gaze, one after another. D's silver eyes had darkened to the color of an overcast summer morning. Isaias's gaze had deepened until they were black with desire.

D's hand drifted to his cock and wrapped around the thick base. He slowly moved his tight fist to the tip. Out of the single eye that stared at me came a clear tear of desire.

"On the floor, D, on your back." I tapped my heel. "Right here."

Isaias's gaze caught mine. There was a question in his eyes. I ignored it and watched the slow descent of D's body as he lay before me. I looked down at him from his supine position. From where I sat his cock looked like a swinging beacon.

"Come here, Isaias. Kneel."

Both males' eyes widened at my words. And then as if his limbs were moving through quicksand Isaias did as I asked, positioning himself above D. I leaned forward to watch the slow slide of Isaias's cock into D's mouth.

Just as the long length was going to breach D's full lips, Isaias sprung up, mouth parted. His gaze caught mine. There was a fire burning in his gaze. An unholy one.

I lunged from my seat. "Don't say it. Don't."

"Why not?" Isaias thundered. "Why should I stay for this humiliation? Why, Storm? Give me one gods be damned reason why."

"Isaias!" I moved toward him.

He took several steps back, toward the door. "Give me one reason why I should stay."

"I'll give you two requests. In exchange for staying with us I will give you two requests."

He paused several steps away from the door and looked over his shoulder. "Anything I want? Any room I request?"

"Anything," I said emphatically, knowing it was the truth. With him I was willing to push myself past barriers I did not even know existed, just as I wanted to push him past barriers he had never considered.

Like sexual interactions with another male.

"Anything, Isaias. And we both know I mean that."

He darted a glance at D. "I hope you're damned good at this," he growled in a dark voice.

D's beautiful mouth spread into a roguish grin. "Feel free to pretend our Mistress is the one loving you."

I made my way across the room and crawled onto the bed. Slowly, spreading my body upon the largest of the pillows. My skirt was hiked around my waist at this point. I glanced pointedly at the semi-sheer fabric covering me. "Take it off, D." My eyes bore into his smoky gaze. "Slowly... and with your teeth."

He grinned down at me. It was very clichéd but I had always fantasized about a man removing my underwear that way and tonight I was going to make my dreams come true.

D walked the few steps to me and dropped to his knees. Bobbing, proud and beautiful, between his splayed knees was the long ruddy length of his cock. It stared at me or more specifically the wet heat between my own thighs.

I glanced up, just as D leaned toward me. "Touch him, Isaias. Make him feel good."

The slow glide of Isaias's long limbs as he made his way to D was highly intoxicating. Like a panther moving toward a shark. A giggle slipped past my lips. A dragon.

Masculine golden fingers threaded through bright blue silky hair. Those fingers were my fingers; at least they felt as though they were. Isaias stood above D, legs spread across each side of D's broad back. His blunt nails scraped against D's scalp. The dragon growled just as his lips pressed against the top of my thighs. I felt the rumble against every inch of my flesh.

My head tilted back and heat spread through my body when his teeth scraped against my hip. D's wet, velvet tongue seared my skin as it glided just beneath my panty line, from my hip to my inner thigh, skirting right next to my cunt. I instinctively lifted my hips just as he pressed his hot, open mouth against my pussy. His breath was almost stifling as the intensity of its heat burned through me.

"Yes. Hmmm, take it off."

His tongue flickered against the seam of my nether lips. Hot and wet, his mouth moved across my sex until he reached my other hip. Firm lips placed several feathering kisses against my flesh. Finally, the slow scrape of his teeth brushed against my thigh, pulling my panties down as his head moved down my body.

D took his time pulling off my panties, making sure that the fabric brushed against my skin, tantalized me with its very descent. I kicked them off when they

reached my ankles and spread my legs. I crooked my finger at D. "I want a kiss. Here." I pressed my index finger against my mouth.

He moved toward me. "And I want a kiss here, Isaias." My other index finger settled upon my nether lips. Isaias darted a glance at D's rising form. I knew he was thinking about the fact that the other male was about to kiss the lips I wouldn't, couldn't let him touch.

My groan of satisfaction rumbled against D's lips the moment Isaias's mouth brushed against my pussy. I flinched and threaded my fingers through D's silky hair, pulling him closer to me, when I felt Isaias's wet tongue flutter against my nether lips. His tongue speared through the folds of my flesh to stroke over the engorged head of my clitoris.

D deepened his kiss, slipping his tongue past my parted lips to caress the inner cavern of my mouth. His tongue was warm, moist, and rough. As D's tongue moved in my mouth, over my own tongue, it brushed, scraped, and tantalized me like no other kiss had. I moaned into his mouth just as Isaias's tongue dipped into my cunt.

My fingers gripped Isaias, pushing him closer to the burning heat between my thighs, even as I lifted myself for his thrusting tongue. A heartfelt groan of need and desire erupted from my lips when D broke off the kiss. I stared up at him, anger and need boiling inside my veins.

"Mistress, may I touch you?" His smoky eyes drifted to my breasts. And I realized they were starved for attention. My nipples felt painfully engorged, as though only his touch would relieve me.

"Yes, you may, but not yet. Not until you've been punished for your disobedience."

I saw the flaming arousal in the dragon's eyes seconds before it was replaced with surprise. "Yes, Mistress," he answered. He was not quite able to keep his sullenness out of his tone.

The fingers in Isaias's hair tightened. "Stand, Isaias." Wary sapphire eyes held mine as he slowly stood. I broke off his gaze to leisurely look over the two males, one standing on each side of me.

So very different. So very perfect. So very stubborn.

"On your knees, D."

Isaias cut me a glare that I ignored to focus on D. Isaias would come later. First, the dragon had to be taught a lesson. I held the kneeling man's gaze for a silent moment. The sound of my pounding heartbeat was deafening.

"Do you know what you have done to deserve this punishment?"

"No."

I smiled. "Did I tell you to stop kissing me, dragon?"

His eyes widened before he dropped his head and slowly shook it. "No, you did not."

"Did I or did I not tell you to kiss me?"

The rough velvet tongue I had admired stroked over his plump bottom lip. "You told me to kiss you, Mistress."

"Do you now know what you have done to displease me?"

"Yes, Mistress."

"And will you do it again? Look at me when you answer, dragon."

He slowly lifted his gaze until his deep silver eyes collided with mine. There was so much passion in his gaze that for a moment I was drowning under the waves of his desire. "No, Mistress, I will not do it again."

I nodded my head to convey my acceptance of his word before turning to the Elf whose discomfort seemed to radiate from every pore in his body. I stood and walked to stand behind him.

"Tell me why his touch scares you, Isaias," I whispered against the shell of his ear.

"I do not desire males," he said so emphatically, with so much conviction, that I knew he was lying.

"You desire this male. You desire him because I want you to, Isaias." My arms moved across his torso, wrapping around his naked waist. I speared my fingers through the nest of dark blond hair between his thighs. His cock brushed against my wrist. It was begging for my attention. I walked to his front. My gaze captured his. Deep in his eyes, I could see his insecurity. He truly feared his emotions. I stood on my toes and brushed my lips against the shell of his ear. "I still want you, Isaias. I will still want you." I dropped onto my heels and stepped back.

"You *will* enjoy this, Isaias," I commanded without breaking his forceful gaze. "Say it, Isaias."

"I will enjoy this."

I watched him for a few moments, gauging the honesty in his words. Satisfied, I turned and walked to stand behind him. Once again, I wrapped my arms around his torso. His hard body tightened at my touch. I crooked one finger at D. "Come here, slave."

The dragon became the panther as he crawled on all fours across the several feet that separated us. My hands drifted down Isaias's torso until they reached the nest of blond curls at the apex of his thighs. I moved lower still and wrapped my palm around the hard, long length of his cock. I felt rather than heard Isaias's gasp as his stomach muscles jumped under my arms.

In my platform heels, I was just tall enough to peer over Isaias's shoulders and watch D. In his kneeling position his beauty was more than alluring. It was intoxicating. Isaias's deep growl of surprise and satisfaction vibrated through both of our torsos when D placed his lips against the ruddy head of Isaias's cock.

D deepened his kiss, wrapping his lips around Isaias's thick cock and suckling him. Our fingers tangled, creamy white and milk chocolate brown, when D reached up and grasped the root of Isaias's cock. Together we tightened our hold on Isaias's cock as D pulled up and slurped on the head.

My nails scraped along Isaias's golden skin as I made my way up his torso to reach the small, swollen flathead of his pierced nipple. The pad of my index finger

rimmed around his nipple, not quite touching the engorged bud. Instead I slowly tightened the circle I drew around his pectoral until my nail bumped against the silver ring.

Isaias leaned back and growled a heartfelt expletive. Unsure of whether it was the promise of my touch or D's suckling mouth that ripped the curse from his soul, I glanced over his shoulder. My breath caught in my throat when I saw that D was enjoying Isaias so much his eyes were closed as he sucked Isaias deep down his throat. I tightened the grip I had around Isaias's cock at the same time that I tugged on his nipple ring.

He jerked against me, slamming his back hard against my breasts as a deep, dark growl erupted from his lips. Beneath us, D moaned as Isaias's wet, hot release poured into his mouth with every spasm that ripped through the Elf's body.

With a final slurp, D released Isaias and sat back on his heels. In his swirling silver eyes I could see that he was both satisfied with his handiwork and fully aroused. I slid my palm down Isaias's length, capturing his last spasm, and walked around to where D knelt. I stood to his side, knowing Isaias could see my profile, was watching us both, and ran my tongue across my palm, licking up the last vestiges of his orgasm.

"Stand," I murmured to D as the salty, musky taste of Isaias's release glided over my tongue. My fingers tangled in his hair as I pulled him down to me. I thrust my tongue through his parted lips, intent on tasting the inner recesses of his mouth, capturing the sweet taste of Isaias's orgasm because the initial sampling had not been nearly enough.

D's tongue slid over mine, spreading the essence of Isaias's satisfaction as it caressed my tongue, glided over my teeth, flickered against the roof of my mouth. Satisfied, I broke off the kiss and turned to Isaias. "Come here." My voice was husky and rough with the need burning through me. "Show D just how grateful you are to him."

Isaias stared back at me with uncertainty in his eyes. "Kiss him," I murmured, knowing the Elf could not handle more than that. Not yet, at least. He was too new to his desire for the dragon to fully explore the emotion, admit the hunger.

It was as though I had broken a dam. Only then did I realize that Isaias had been waiting to kiss D. That watching me kiss D had deepened his own appetite for the dragon. Although Isaias was the smaller of the two men, he was the naturally dominant one.

His fingers threaded through D's hair and pulled the dragon hard against his chest. I sat down on the bed I had abandoned earlier and watched as Isaias's head lifted up to slide his lips against D's mouth. The first caress of lips against lips seared through me. My fingers slipped between my thighs. I thrust two fingers into my cunt at the same time that Isaias deepened the kiss, plunging his tongue into D's mouth.

My groan of passion drifted through the air as I brushed my thumb over the swollen pearl at the apex of my thighs. Their tongues tangled as I stroked myself, pushing my body higher and higher, closer and closer to a smoldering orgasm.

I thrust my fingers deeper into my cunt and twisted my wrist. My shocked gasp of pleasure was torn from my mouth just as the two males turned to me. Naked need burned in both their gazes. My arm lifted, my glistening fingers spread. D stepped to the hand held out to him and grasped my wrist. His gaze held mine as his dark pink, wide tongue slipped past his parted lips and lapped up my cream. He darted a glance at Isaias before turning his gaze back to mine. Together we turned to the Elf.

"Come here, Isaias."

His gaze, a deep shade of midnight blue I had come to understand meant his need was riding him hard, caught my gaze and held it prisoner. He gave me a small smile and grasped my wrist, just below D's creamy white fingers.

"Share," I whispered.

D paused and glanced at Isaias. The two males watched one another for a moment, conveying a wordless understanding. Isaias lowered his head and swiped his

tongue across the division between my index and middle fingers. D's lips wrapped around my little finger, encasing it in the moist warmth of his mouth.

Rough tongue, smooth tongue.

Soft lips, firm lips.

They both moved over my hand, licking away all of my cream. Heat burned through me. The pleasure of their two mouths, dual tongues, was too much for me to ignore. I fell under the weight of my own satisfaction and lay upon the bed.

"Kiss me."

I felt Isaias stiffen against me. My fingers threaded through his blond locks and I pulled him to my chest. "Kiss me here," I murmured as I undulated, raising my breasts for his mouth. He quickly undid my halter top and bared my breasts to his hungry mouth. D swooped down to capture my lips in a crushing kiss just as Isaias's lips wrapped around my dark nipple and suckled me deeply. I groaned into the dragon's mouth as pleasure shot through my body.

D's fingers tightened around my other nipple, tugging on the pebbled bud. My hips moved of their own volition, spreading my juices against Isaias's naked belly. I shrieked softly against D's lips when his fingers slipped between our bodies to seek out my swollen clitoris. Two long, thick fingers thrust into my cunt and he ground the heel of his palm against the mound of my pussy.

I tugged on his bottom lip as lightning exploded behind my eyes.

Isaias scraped along my nipple as a third finger slipped into my sex. I groaned something that even I could not make out as the two males continued their demanding sensual assault, bringing me untold pleasure and pain.

I wrenched my lips from D's mouth and cried out, "Stop." It was too much and yet not nearly enough. I needed satisfaction.

My body demanded release.

Both men stared at me, a question in their eyes. Ignoring their apprehensive looks, I rolled over and grasped one of the many pillows littering the edge of the bed

and placed it under my belly, lifting myself. When I was satisfied with my position, I looked over my shoulder. "Do you want to fuck me, Isaias?"

He swallowed thickly and glanced at my ass. My gaze drifted to his cock. It jumped, almost pulsing with the need to fill my sheath.

"Yes," he growled in a voice so deep and dark it slithered over every inch of my body to land in my gut.

"Don't stop until I tell you to stop. Make me come over and over again."

His gaze lifted to mine. The fire there promised so much pleasure I felt cream leak from my cunt. "Yes, Mistress."

Isaias dropped to his knees and I turned to the male standing in front of me. One cocked eyebrow and he stepped to me, dick bobbing in the pungent air. The air brushed against my naked backside when Isaias lifted my dress, revealing my ass. I felt every ridge on his palms as they caressed the full cheeks of my ass, widened my stance until my cunt was exposed.

Something wet and warm fluttered against my anus. I groaned as the heat of the alien touch shot through me. My fingers clutched the fabric beneath me when Isaias thrust his tongue into my puckered hole. I grasped the root of D's cock and placed my lips against the tip, kissing the ruddy head.

Leaning forward, I wrapped my lips around the bulbous head of D's cock and moaned around the wide, thick length when Isaias's dick pierced me, driving into me to the point of overfilling my cunt.

I released D's cock and gasped. "Oh gods."

He felt so good inside of me. It was almost too much pleasure for my body to accept. My cunt clenched around Isaias as he thrust deeper into me, almost as though it was forcing him out with the power of my contraction. The hold around D's cock tightened, eliciting a grunt from the dragon.

I darted one final glance over my shoulder at Isaias. "Harder," I murmured softly, but I knew he heard me as he paused for a moment before continuing with

renewed force and urgency. I suckled D deep into my mouth and closed my eyes as sexual bliss swam through my veins.

I was so hot, so sexually aroused it did not take Isaias more than a few thrusts to ignite me. I came hard and deep, my passion bursting over me until I could barely breathe, simply grunting around the thick length of D's cock.

My tongue fluttered along the sensitive head of D's dick before I released the turgid length and looked over my shoulder. "Stop!" I yelled to Isaias.

He froze. There was no other way to describe the absolute absence of movement. I had thrown him for more than a loop.

My gaze darted between both men. "I want us to come together. All three of us."

Isaias looked like he had been given a reprieve from the death penalty. He fully imbedded himself inside of me as I turned back to D. "Together."

"Yes, Mistress," the males murmured in unison.

I suckled D. Hard. Deep. Licking, kissing, caressing his swollen length as Isaias plundered the depths of my cunt, driving me higher and higher to that precipice of sexual satisfaction.

The air surrounding us was thick, almost molten with the deep vapors of our sensual desires. I looked up, eyes wide with surprise and pleasure as Isaias plunged inside me, stroking over the button on the inside of my walls, and caught D's eyes pinching shut. Jaw tight, teeth clenched, he was breathing hard.

And Isaias's struggling breaths were playing a raspy melody of his own. Both males were at the end of their ropes and I was seconds from exploding.

I released D with a pop. "Now." I flicked my tongue against the unseeing eye in his head before wrapping my lips around his length and suckling him deep.

Isaias's fingers tightened around my hips, digging into my flesh painfully, as he held me still for his thundering strokes. I screamed around D as my body exploded in a flare of heat so shocking I could do nothing but groan as tears ran down my face.

Isaias grunted my name and drove into me one final time. He was immediately followed by D. Almost numbly I swallowed the dragon's release as my own orgasm was still shuddering through me.

"Thank you, Mistress," D whispered softly as he pulled his cock from my lips.

Exhausted, I looked up at him and nodded my head.

After a moment Isaias replied, "We should be thanking you."

Chapter Five

Sex, Love, and Money

Isaias leaned against the slick, cherry wood wall and watched me with half-lidded eyes. It was the most disconcerting feeling I had experienced the whole night.

Which was saying more than enough.

Finally the elevator chimed and opened its steel mouth. I quickly stepped over the threshold, Isaias following behind me. I slid to the other side of the elevator, far away from the heat that permeated every inch of his hard frame. Although I had just had sex with him, I felt awkward standing inside the elevator with him.

It was painfully intimate.

"Storm," he called softly.

I turned slowly, eyes wide, wondering what he could possibly want to say after what we had just done. He gave me one of those roguish smiles. The kind that made my heart falter for a moment. "Come here, Dorothy."

I grinned and strode toward him, platform heels announcing my every step. His fingers curled around my neck, blunt nails scraping along my nape as he pulled me against him. That close I could see the rise of the flame of desire in his eyes when the color darkened.

"I'm going to kiss you, Storm."

He held my gaze as his head lowered to mine. Panic immediately assailed me. I ducked and backed up, slamming hard against the cold, steel wall in my haste. Isaias followed my every step, the panther to my prey.

His chest pressed against mine. I could even feel the deep breath Isaias took in as he stared down at me with glittering sapphire eyes. I gasped and drank in the scent that

was distinctively him. "I fingered you. I ate your pussy. I fucked you. And you're afraid to let me kiss you?"

My gaze dropped low, unable to handle the heat, both passionate and pain-filled, I saw in his gaze.

Callused fingers grasped my jaw and forced me to look into his eyes. "How long have you known?"

"Known what?"

His gaze bore into mine, searching for confirmation of my feigned innocence. He didn't find it. "This isn't about the bet, Storm."

"Isn't it?"

His thumb trailed the under curve of my plump bottom lip. "No, it isn't. It's about you. Me. Us."

"So the five thousand cipros are just icing on the cake?"

His gaze hardened. "It's after midnight. I already lost the bet. I wouldn't be here if it didn't matter, if you didn't matter."

"And what? What is it that matters?" I broke off his cold gaze. "Don't tell me this is about love, Isaias?" I said snidely.

I felt him still beside me, frozen by the words I had uttered. "I think it's a little too early to talk about such strong emotions, but I know that this isn't about the cipros. I don't exactly need the income."

"What kind of a fool do you take me for? A bet is not about money. It's about proving something," I retorted, unable and unwilling to hear the truth in his words. "The night is young. You can't lose the bet until the night is over. You've still got time to prove you're man enough to kiss a breed."

"What exactly does that mean?"

"It means that you have until bedtime to get me to kiss you." I glanced up at him shrewdly. "Gods, you could be saying all this to get me to let my guard down."

I felt his sharp gasp of surprise, saw the hurt in his eyes, and both singed something deep inside.

“What do I have to do to get you to trust me?” he growled softly.

“Prove me wrong,” I threw at Isaias as I reached across him and pressed the elevator button to open the doors.

Chapter Six

Passionate Fortune

I stared at the contraption before me, willing my mind to work, to process the information that was streaming through my brain. But it refused to comprehend Isaias's words. All I could do was stare dumbfounded at the gigantic wheel in front of me.

I looked up to catch Isaias's smirking face. My belly plummeted as I asked, "What exactly is that?"

Isaias turned and strode across the room. When he reached the table that still held my attention, he pressed a clear button. The wooden panel that surrounded the circle lit up, casting the wheel in an eerie glow.

"This room is called 'Fortune of the Hearts.' I happen to think it's one of the most dangerous games of desire that Yellow Brick lets its members explore. It forces one to gamble with their needs."

"You've played it before?"

"No. This is my first time. I've never wanted to play before, but this time, I'm betting on a sure thing."

"What makes you say that?"

He flashed me a hard smile that shockingly increased the temperature of my libido. His gaze drifted back to the wheel. "Because I know that no matter what the wheel reveals we will both be satisfied. Because I know that no matter what happens, I will make you come. And right now all that matters is that I hear you scream my name."

Slick moisture coated my palms at his admission. Nervous, I pressed them against the skirt of my dress. Despite my apprehension, I moved closer to the table. I

slowly ran my eyes over the ridged panels in the circle. It became very clear exactly how one played this game.

I could feel Isaias's smile in his tone as he said, "You will spin the wheel. Wherever the ticker lands is your desire, so to speak. Whatever comes up is what you are bound to do." He paused and glanced at me. I could feel his sapphire eyes boring into me, but I couldn't lift my head to catch his gaze. "I should warn you that like all the games in Yellow Brick, the Wheel of Desire has been created by magic. The game will reveal your deepest desires."

My gaze lifted to catch his. "Ready?" he murmured softly.

I shook my head yes, ignoring the fact that it was probably the most potent lie I had told all night. Up until that moment I had, in a sense, been in control of what was going to happen. That was no longer true. It was all up to fate and my passion now. I wasn't sure if it was excitement or apprehension that made my belly muscles tighten. I stepped forward.

Seeking some kind of comfort about the coming night, I glanced up at Isaias's face. Gone was the smirking Elf. In his place was a hard male with determined, desire-filled eyes watching my hands. I knew then that it was excitement that filled my gut.

I grabbed the wheel and turned it.

Together we watched, breath sighing in and out of our lungs, as it spun round and round. After an eternity the wheel started to lose its momentum, creeping slowly to a finish.

Each of the needle's ticks as it moved from one passionate fate to another seemed to thud through my system. It crawled toward a bright blue slice of the wheel. Belatedly, I realized it was exactly the color of Isaias's eyes when he smiled. Pain filled my chest as it moved closer and closer to its goal. I darted my eyes down the triangle. Confusion filled me.

It simply said "Anal." But that was the last thing I wanted. Especially when one considered the size of Isaias's cock. As I watched the wheel the letters changed and shifted, reading out a new fate.

This one shot through me for I knew it was the truth.

The wheel stopped.

Isaias looked up to catch my frightened gaze. There was so much emotion in his cobalt eyes. It elicited a deep emotion I knew I could not indulge. He stepped toward me, corded arms held open. I watched him for a moment, relishing the fact that he was walking toward me, ready to give me what I needed so badly.

"Toto," I whispered just as he reached me. I turned and grasped the door handle, but not before the shock on his handsome face was emblazoned in my mind for eternity.

Chapter Seven

Lonely Girl Plus Two

A kiss and a promise.

No matter how hard I tried to wrap my head around it I could not deny that the Wheel of Desire had honestly told *my* desires. A kiss and a promise. That was what I wanted from Isaias. What I had turned down and walked away from. Unfortunately, the bastard did not take no for an answer.

“Shit. Shit. Shit. This is not how I pictured the morning after. How the hell did he even figure out where I live?”

“Uh. Turns out those spell cards are not as anonymous as I thought. He called me this morning.”

I stared at Mira, too dumbfounded to even conjure up a thought. “And you told him where I live?” I said through clenched teeth once my brain started working.

“What else was I going to do? I thought it was an emergency.”

“You’re a horrible liar. You know that, don’t you? And you did this --” I waved my hands frantically at the front door, “-- all for nothing. I’m not going out there to talk to him.”

“Why not?”

I simply stared at Mira in mutinous silence. I was *not* going out there. Only the gods knew what would happen if I did. I was still emotionally raw from last night.

A kiss and a promise.

“Let me ask you something. Did you just watch while you two were at Yellow Brick?”

I felt myself heat up at her words. Thankfully I was too dark to actually blush. But Mira, being my best friend, knew me well enough to know I was embarrassed. She

sighed. "I know you. Storm, you're not even close to a one-night-stand girl. Last night meant something to you. So why are you standing guard in here?"

I dropped into the chair behind me and slapped my hands over my eyes. "Because I'm trying to protect myself from him. Let's be honest, Mira. We both know my track record with males. And he's an Elf. A fucking royal Elf. Nothing can come from this. Last night was just about sex."

"So tell him that. You can't just leave him standing at your door. The neighbors will surely notice."

I glared at her from between my fingers. "It's not that simple, you know. He's pretty fucking dangerous."

"I imagine he is," she said with a grin. "You love him, don't you?"

I leaned back in the seat with hatred in my eyes. I hated Mira and her eerie ability to know exactly what I was thinking or in this case feeling. The truth was that I had been trying very hard to avoid admitting how I actually felt about Isaías.

It had been one hell of a morning before he showed up.

A harsh laugh drifted from my parted lips. I had thought last night was too much for me to ignore. But in the shattering glare of the morning light I realized that I had gone farther than I had ever believed.

"I fell in love with him in one night. One night, Mira. And with a royal Elf who took a five-thousand-cipros bet to kiss a mixed breed. Am I sick or what?"

"No, you're not."

My hands dropped and I gave her the full power of my angry face. "Don't lie to me. I hate it when people lie to me to make me feel better. It just makes me feel worse."

"I'm not lying to you. I honestly don't think you're pathetic, Storm. You deserve your own charming prince."

I snorted. "It's Prince Charming, Mira. Prince fucking Charming."

Mira smiled. "Yes, him too." She patted my shoulder. "Now, go talk to your Elf."

"About what?" I groaned. Although I was willing to admit the truth, yes, I felt something very deep for him. But the truth was, there didn't seem to be too much to talk about. I could just see it now.

Last night was great. How 'bout you?

It was okay.

I'm sorry to hear that.

Storm, about last night? It can't happen again. Ever. I do that kind of thing all the time and I never repeat girls. You understand, don't you?

"How about you start by asking him if he wants to go on a date, a real date, sometime? And this time try to get to know him before you get to *know* him."

"Damn it, Storm. Open the door," Isaias called as he pounded on the front door.

I stood even though my stomach swam so uneasily I felt as though I swallowed all my mother's cousins. Somehow I made it to the door. I even unlocked it and opened it.

"If it weren't for the fact that this place was spell guarded, I would have blasted my way in," Isaias thundered as he backed me up onto the top step. My gaze caught his. He took one look at my face, walked into my apartment, and held out his arms. "What's wrong?"

I went into his open arms and slapped my hand against his chest. "This is all your fault."

"Is it now? I don't remember saying the safety word."

I took a step back, but he wouldn't let me out of his arms. "Yes, it is."

He glanced over his shoulder at Mira before turning back and staring into my eyes. I could hear Mira's receding footsteps as she left us alone. "You feel it, don't you? You feel the same way that I feel, don't you, Storm?"

My gaze lowered. "And exactly how is it that you feel?"

"I'm not sure."

Great! I had not been expecting him to profess his love, but unsure was not what I wanted to hear. "If this is about the bet, forget it." He could give the speech, but that didn't mean I had to be there to hear it.

"To Hades with the bet, Storm. There was no bet to begin with. I just needed an excuse to..."

I turned away. I'd heard enough, been hurt enough to know that I couldn't trust my emotions, especially with him, especially when a man looked at me like Isaias had looked at me.

Like he was lost and only I could show him the way.

"Damn it, Storm, where the hell do you think you are going? Come back and talk to me."

"Why?" I yelled as I stomped my way up the stairs. "I've heard it all before. Don't really feel like hearing it again, not from you, not from any male. You're an Elf. The purest of the pure and I'm a mutt. The sex was good but it wasn't good enough. If you're here to give me the pity talk, don't bother." The air cracked with a shattering sound when the door slammed behind me. I whirled around when it bounced against the wall. In my doorway stood a very angry, very irritated Elf.

"You're still here?" I moaned.

"No."

"No?" I gaped at him. He was of course standing in my doorway and still there.

"No," Isaias thundered. "No, you're not going to push me away." Isaias strode across the room and grabbed me around my shoulders. "Plain and simple no." The long fingers gripping my arms pressed against me, pushing me hard against the wall. His body slid against mine, molding hard muscles against my soft curves, flat pecs pressed against the mounds of my breasts, bulging hard cock jutting into the plateau of my belly. "If you think I'm going to let you walk away from me after last night, after what you put me through last night, you're insane."

"What in --"

His palm landed softly but firmly over my mouth. "Shut up. Just once. Stop talking and start... feeling. You owe me this at least."

One long-fingered palm slid down my shoulder and cupped my breast. His thumb brushed against my pebbled nipple, sending heat through my limbs. Isaias drew a circle around the tight bud, slowly closing in on the nub. Breath struggled through my lips as I waited for his fingers to return to my nipple. After an eternity he pinched it, tugging on the swollen tip until I was moaning his name, demanding more.

"Touch me, Isaias. Gods, touch me. Make it go away."

His lips captured mine. My eyes slammed shut and I sunk against the wall. Only the hard length of Isaias's body was holding me up as his mouth moved over mine. Lips, tongues, souls danced as he kissed me, devoured me with every flicker of his tongue against the inner recesses of my mouth, as it stroked over my teeth, consumed every inch of me.

My tongue forayed into his mouth tentatively and Isaias stole the initiative, wrapping his lips around the wet velvet and suckling it hard. A mixture of pain and pleasure slammed through me as my need burned so deeply it left me charred, totally unable to resist his allure.

The hand around my breast tightened, cupping me just harshly enough that my desire spiked. I reached for him. Isaias stepped back just as my fingers brushed against his shirt.

"Do you have stockings, Storm?"

I stared at him in shock. Instinctively, I took a step toward him, moving to the one thing I wanted most in the world at that moment.

"Stay. Right against the wall. That's where I want you."

I swallowed thickly, my mouth suddenly dry. And moved back to the wall. I already knew what kind of pleasure he was capable of giving. I didn't want to prolong the wait any more than I had to. "First one on the left."

He flashed me a wolfish smile before turning and rummaging through my delicates drawer until he found a black pair of fishnets. A splurge from my twenty-third birthday. I had yet to actually wear them.

Isaias glanced in my mirror and caught my feverish gaze before turning and advancing upon me. He stopped less than two feet away from me. "Lift your arms and cross them at the wrists."

My body shook as I lifted my hands above my head and crossed my wrists. He wrapped the silky, mesh fabric around my hands and knotted them just tight enough that I knew I wasn't getting them off. Not without his help.

I started to lower my arms. "Isaias..."

"Keep them up." He took a step closer to me. "This is my fantasy, Storm. Remember, I got two requests and I'm cashing in the last one. This was how I wanted you when I first spotted you in the club. I wanted to fuck you harder and deeper than I've ever fucked another female. And you know what? That's exactly what I'm going to do. Right now."

His fingers threaded through my hair, brushing my scalp. Every nerve ending tingled with the touch. I tilted my head, lips searching for his mouth. His face descended and his sweet lips brushed against the line of my jaw, my neck, the area behind my ear that was pleasurably sensitive.

"Isaias, please..."

"Hmmm," he murmured as his tongue, wet velvet and hot, dipped into my ear, stroked over the crescent. His fingers dipped under my breasts and lifted them. "You know what I thought the moment I saw your naked breasts? Sweet. That's what I thought. I thought they looked good enough to suckle on for hours, days... forever."

"And they are sweet, Storm, the sweetest thing next to your pussy I've ever tasted." His hands moved under my shirt, over my belly, before finally landing against my breasts. They pushed up the cups of my bra and plucked at the firm buds of my nipples. Isaias's head lowered and I watched as his lips wrapped around the distended tip of one breast, my dark nipple disappearing into the dark heat of his suckling mouth.

He flicked his tongue against my nipple and I jerked as pleasure slammed through me. Isaias grinned up at me before using the pad of his tongue, swiping it across my full areola, rolling it around the bud of my erect nipple.

My head thudded against the wall and I felt myself slipping beneath his devastating sensual assault. "On your feet, Storm," he murmured as his mouth moved across my torso, placing soft, little kisses until he reached the mound of my left breast. Isaias repeated the caress, using his tongue to torture me until cries dripped from my lips without a care who heard me begging him. He captured my nipple between his teeth and paused. I looked down to find him watching me. He held my gaze as he scraped his teeth against the swollen nub. One hand was busy toying with my other breast, tugging the nipple, caressing the heavy mound, forcing shivers through every inch of my body.

"Isaias, don't make me beg anymore."

"Shhh, sweetheart."

He lowered to his knees, his face on par with my belly. I stared down at him with passion-glazed eyes. "I think somebody needs a little release. You've been a good girl, Storm. Good girls get rewarded." His fingers wrapped around my thighs and spread my legs. Even though my arms ached from being held high for that amount of time, the pain didn't begin to compare to the burn between my thighs.

He'd made me a fiend.

One taste and I felt like it had been an eon since I was with him. I needed him inside me wringing out a shuddering orgasm from my body so badly my chest hurt. I tilted my hips and Isaias answered my silent demand, stripping me quickly of my pants, panties, until I was nude from the waist down.

I shook my head when he reached for my heels. I wanted them on as we made love.

Isaias grinned up at me, eyes darkened by need, and wrapped his fingers around my ankles. He slowly slid them up my legs, brushing over my calves, the sensitive

backs of my knees that made me break out in shivers, the goose-pimpled flesh of my inner thighs before finally reaching my sex.

Mesmerized, I watched as he used his thumbs to spread the puffy lips of my cunt. I was swollen, wet, and a deep red color. A lightly tanned index finger pressed against my clit.

"Tell me, Storm, do you normally get this wet?"

I shook my head wildly as I panted. He pressed a little harder and moved his finger north, pulling my clit with it. My teeth dug into my bottom lip as I tried desperately to keep from screaming.

"Or is all this cream all for me? Am I special?"

"Gods be damned," I grunted as my legs shook.

And then he pinched the swollen bud, pressing his fingers together, capturing the engorged bud in a vise. I moaned his name as my body began to shake vigorously.

"Or am I just the last male on your long list of conquests?" I stared at him confused. "How many males have made you feel like this? How many males touch you like I touch you, Storm?"

"None," I choked out just as he thrust two fingers deep within the wet folds of my pussy. My walls fluttered around him, tightening with the force of my pending orgasm. I lifted my hips and rode his fingers as Isaias stroked them in and out of my cunt.

He pressed his tongue to my clitoris and flicked it with a teasing, tickling caress that made every nerve ending in my sex clench. "Isaias," I pleaded breathlessly, unsure if I was asking him to stop or increase the depth of his debilitating touch.

"Come for me, Storm. Make me feel special." His words vibrated over my clitoris as he plunged three fingers into my cunt and dragged them against the inner walls of my sex. I screamed his name as my body erupted.

"That's it, sweetheart," he growled as he thrust his fingers in and out of my pussy, lengthening my orgasm as he drove me higher and higher. I gasped and moaned, trying to steady myself. My body. My mind. The soul that felt like it was

seconds away from splintering. But with every stroke I lost my breath until I was sure my chest was going to cave in from the lack of air. And yet I felt as though my heart was going to explode from the painful pleasure of my deep release.

Isaias pulled his fingers from my soaking sheath and spread my cream along the length of my slit, brushing over my sensitive clitoris. I flinched just as he pressed his lips to the under curve of my belly. "So sweet," he whispered against my flesh before standing.

He grasped my face and held it until I opened my eyes and my lavender gaze collided with his sapphire one. "Something tells me I'm going to be doing a lot of this." I watched, still reeling from my explosive release, as his head lowered to mine. His lips, soft and firm, brushed over mine. I gasped against his mouth when his tongue, warm and wet, stroked over my bottom lip, teasing me with the lightest, most sensual touch I had ever experienced.

One callused hand drifted down my body to cup my breast. As Isaias deepened his kiss, his fingers moved over my breast, toying with my nipple. I moved my naked hips against his, brushing my mound against his swollen cock. He growled something alien into my mouth before breaking off our heated kiss.

Isaias leaned his forehead against mine as he quickly unbuckled his pants and freed himself. "Put your arms around my shoulders." With one hand on his cock, he gripped my waist with his free hand and pulled me to him. I placed my wrists against the back of his neck and leaned my shoulders against the wall, bracing myself for his thrusts.

He fully imbedded himself deep inside me with one stroke. We groaned in unison when he filled me. For a few moments neither of us did anything more taxing than breathing. Tentatively, I tightened myself around him.

"Gods, Storm," he growled. Isaias captured my gaze, holding me his visual prisoner as he slid out of my wet sheath until only the head of his cock remained. I lifted my hips, feeling bereft, needing his touch, his stroke, his cock. Still holding my gaze he slammed back into me with so much force my breath was ripped from my

throat. I gasped underneath him as he thrust between the moist folds of my sex, touching me deeply.

"Isaias." I closed my eyes and moaned as he fucked me hard and deep, just like he had claimed he wanted, plunging his cock in and out of me at a pace that left me breathless with need. I threaded my fingers through the soft hair at his nape and pulled Isaias down to me. I needed his kiss desperately.

Needed to feel Isaias's lips against mine as he fucked me better than any male had ever fucked me.

Isaias lowered his head, answering my silent request, only to stop when his lips were less than two inches away from my face. I slowly opened my eyes. His burning gaze caught mine. "I want you to come for me, Storm. Right now."

"Yes. Yes. Yes," I whispered against his parted lips just as I brushed my mouth against his. I needed to be with him, come with him. Be naked in my need with him and only him.

His tongue speared through my parted lips just as his cock surged into me. My eyes widened in shock as pleasure ripped through my body, forcing it to tighten with orgasmic passion.

I believed I had discovered the peak of my pleasure the night before.

I was wrong.

In Isaias's arms I found I had not even begun to breach the surface of my own desire.

He growled into my mouth as my cunt clenched almost painfully around him with my creamy release. "By the gods," he grunted as a shriek erupted from my lips.

The fingers holding my waist dug into my flesh as he withdrew from my fluttering pussy. Before I could fill my lungs with air, he pushed back inside me, strumming out the pleasure surging through my veins.

Boneless, I leaned against him, groaning his name with every thundering thrust into my pussy. His lips brushed against mine, coaxing me from the aftermath of my

powerful release, as his fingers wrapped around one thigh and notched it against his hip. I found myself more open to his surging strokes.

He pressed into me, filling me until I felt as though even my breath couldn't be contained in my body. His withdrawal was quick, teasing every inch of my sheath right before he plunged back into my depths. My breath caught in my throat as heat streaked through my body. I stared up into his eyes, shocked.

"Oh gods. Oh gods," I cried out as my orgasm slammed through me. Chest burning, body writhing, my release tore through me.

"Fuck," Isaias growled as he slipped out of me. I took a deep breath, filling my starved lungs. His gaze caught mine. He gave me a small, slow smile. I looked down to see he was still hard a second before he thrust back into my cunt.

"Now, it's my turn, sweetheart," he whispered before grabbing both of my thighs and wrapping them around the small of his back. He walked me across the room until we reached my bed. By the time my back hit the mattress I knew I was seconds away from coming already. With every step I had bounced on his cock, hard flesh gliding and scraping against my inner walls until I was barely holding onto my sanity.

"Come with me, Isaias. I need you."

"Shit," he growled as he pistoned into me. It was as though I had broken a dam and set him free. He thrust into me over and over again, cock moving pleurably through my folds, forcing me to explore every drop of pleasure that washed through me until I was screaming his name, breathless with my need for ecstasy.

"Isaias," I whispered on a breathy moan that ended shallowly as my orgasm tore through me. My nails dug into his shoulders as I held onto him as every inch of my body tightened with my release.

The last thing I remember is the sound of Isaias's exultant shout as his release poured into me. Several moments later, when our heartbeats had returned to normal, Isaias turned to me, fingers still tangled in my hair. "We need to talk, Storm."

I grinned up at him and spread my palms over his chest. "I prefer it when we make love."

Instead of taking the hint and taking me, he stared into my eyes and watched me for a moment. "It's time for that promise, Storm." My heart stalled before jumping and picking up speed.

"I'm not going to pretend to know everything, to know exactly what's going on between us. I do know that I don't want last night to be the only night we spend together. Although Simon Says was... exciting, we might want to consider a conventional date. At least once."

I stared at him in surprise. "A conventional date," I said numbly. It was almost too much to picture.

Almost.

"And where would you like to have this conventional date?"

He grinned at me and lowered his face until it was a whispered breath away from mine. His gaze drifted to my lips. I licked them, imagining his pending kiss. Eyes a deep indigo caught mine. "I've always wanted to go to one of those diners. You know the kind where they serve cokes and burgers."

A chuckle escaped my lips. "Can we go to a movie first? And get candy and popcorn?"

His fingers speared through my hair. "I'll even let you pick the film." Isaias laughed just as his lips brushed against mine. "I want to ask you something and I don't want you to get mad."

I smiled. "Fine."

"How did your mother and father...?"

My smile broadened. "Fairies can change their sizes, but just temporarily. When my mom found out she was pregnant, she used some special magicks to make sure she could stay big enough to have me without any problems."

"Now for my second question," he murmured softly. "I was wondering if for our second date, we could invite Drake."

"Who's Drake?" Then understanding prevailed. I had assumed the nickname was short for dragon. "You want to invite D?"

Isaias blushed and watched me with uncertain eyes. “Only if you’re comfortable with it, with us?”

I smiled up at him. “I’m more than comfortable with that, Isaias.” I swept my lips over his, coaxing him into a kiss. We could finalize our plans later. I had an Elf to love.

Tuesday Morrigan

Tuesday Morrigan began her love affair with romance at an early age. As a child she was always infatuated with the romance novels she snuck from her mother. Later, in high school, the public library became her sanctuary with an endless array of romance novels. Tuesday is still an avid reader of books. Thanks to shows like *Buffy*, *Angel*, and her latest infatuation, *Supernatural*, Tuesday prefers her stories to have a little more grit. Her favorite genres have always been fantasy, mystery, romance and erotica, so as a writer, she tries to blend the genres to create her own personal niche.

You can learn more about Tuesday, including more on her latest projects, at www.tuesdaymorrigan.com and you can reach her at tuesdaymorrigan@gmail.com.