

Changeling Press

Michele Bardsley

Make Mine a Double

*Rookery
Cove*
aphrodisiacs



Rookery Cove: Make Mine a Double

Michele Bardsley

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Rookery Cove: Make Mine a Double

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Brim and Stone are dragons who were hatched on the island nearly a hundred years ago. Now, they live in the dark caverns below the factory, guarding the Heart, which is the very essence of Rookery Cove. As their first-century birthday approaches, Brim and Stone are experiencing the quickening. They desperately need a female to sexually facilitate their joining so they can complete their permanent transition.

Thanks to her overprotective male relations, Charlotte "Charli" Maguire's current love life is non-existent. She yearns to fulfill her fantasy: Hot sex with two men. Hah. She might as well wish to visit the moon. Then Charli wins a contest sponsored by Rookery Cove Aphrodisiacs: An all expense-paid vacation to Halifax, a tour of the factory, and \$500 worth of sex aids.

During the tour, the guide takes her to the "fantasy room." Charli finds herself the sensual participant in a threesome with two gorgeous men. Forget the sex toys. Forget the nearest exit. These two hunks are better than *any* prize!

Chapter 1

Charlotte "Charli" Maguire pushed open the door and entered Erotic Treasures. Clutched in her hand was a tiny square she'd clipped from a freebie newspaper. In the lobby, no less than five glass cases displayed plastic blow-up dolls in the most amazing, impossible sexual positions she'd ever seen.

"May I help you?"

Charli looked over her shoulder and offered a weak smile to the clerk dressed in the bright pink mini. "Er..."

The woman laughed. "Come on. Look through all my treasures." She gestured toward the large room filled with shelves upon shelves of sex toys. "I'm sure you'll find something you like."

Charli marched to the woman and thrust the advertisement at her. "I want this, okay?"

The woman looked at the little paper square and smiled. "Excellent. The Dragon Double Dong is in our vibrator section."

Charli nodded. She followed Miss Beautiful, determined to buy the dong, damn it. "We just got these in," the woman said. She removed a key from her pocket and unlocked the glass case. She opened it and plucked out a plastic-encased double-headed vibrator. "Rookery Cove Aphrodisiacs makes the best sexual aids you can buy."

Charli took the package from the woman and examined it. Then she noticed the price tag. "Oh my God. Is this how much it costs?"

"Trust me," said the clerk. "It's worth every dime. I think it will surprise you."

"Everything surprises me," said Charli. "For instance, I was engaged to a gay man, and I didn't even notice." The memory flashed and stole the rest of her words. Then she heaved a breath and spilled the whole story...

"Derbie?" She pocketed the key to her fiancé's apartment and put the casserole she'd baked for their dinner on the kitchen counter. That's when she heard the moan -- a long, low sound that had her running to the bedroom and flinging open the door.

Derbie was naked. This alone would have made her stop and gape given that she'd never seen him in the buff. However, he was not only nude -- he was on hands and knees, his ass the joyous recipient of a plunging cock. She stared at the gorgeous backside of the man who was pumping his rather sizeable penis in and out of Derbie. Numbly, she wondered what to do.

Apparently, the lovers hadn't heard the bedroom door open. Before she could alert them to her presence, the man fucking Derbie groaned and came. His fingers squeezed Derbie's hips as he shoved his cock deeply between the buttocks, his expression suggesting an exquisite orgasm claimed him.

Charli witnessed his pleasure with a great deal of envy.

He pulled out of Derbie. He removed the condom, tossing it to the floor, and begged Derbie to turn over. They were so involved with their lovemaking, neither man noticed her. She watched as the man sucked Derbie's cock, her own mouth salivating, her own fingers clenching. A few moments later, her fiancé cried out, his long pale fingers clutching the bedcovers as he spilled his seed into his lover's mouth.

Charli wasn't exactly shocked to find out Derbie was gay. Heck, it wasn't even too much of a surprise to see that his bedmate was none other than his best friend, Robert. No, what astounded her was the sudden urge to leap onto the bed and join them.

Before Derbie, she'd had very few sexual encounters. With Derbie, the sex was sparse, but even so, she'd loved him. Her father and three older brothers hadn't made dating easy for her, but they'd liked Derbie. Somehow, they must've known he wasn't doing anything too naughty with her.

Eventually Derbie and Robert had moved to Hawaii and gotten married. They were so happy together. And she was jealous and lonely and sex-deprived.

"Have you ever been in a polyamorous relationship?"

Charli blinked, trying to assimilate the question. Oh, God. Had she just spilled her guts to a perfect stranger? Embarrassment heated her cheeks. "No. I've never even had, uh... you know, threesome."

The woman's gaze was kind. "Not everyone's idea of happiness matches societal expectations."

Well, that just about summed up Charli's life in a nutshell, didn't it?

* * *

"Argh!" Charli tossed the scissors onto her bed and glared at the plastic-encased vibrator. Dragon's Double Dong. The advertising claimed the sexual aid was "the ultimate in double penetration."

She tried to pull it open, chew it open, and cut it open, but the package refused to release the damned dong. With every intention of stomping on it until it cracked, she clenched it between frustrated fists.

"Do you know how long it's been since I've had sex with a partner?" she asked the sparkly red dicks. "The last time I got close to riding a real penis, my brothers knocked on the door of the guy's apartment and threatened to remove his dangly bits."

The dong showed no sympathy.

"I'm twenty-four," she shouted. "I'm entitled to sex!"

Whew. She was too tense. Because of her overprotective brothers and her father who still thought she was a little girl, she hadn't had a date in more than a year. She was lucky she got to live in her own apartment. Every day that she went to work at the family-owned towing company, she had to listen to her father list the reasons why she should move back to the old Victorian where she'd grown up.

Char liked sex. A lot. She had an extensive sex toy collection and a very rich imagination. What she wanted was a man to not only fuck, but to cuddle with after sex.

Her favorite fantasies nearly always involved two men. Of course, that wasn't realistic. Dad and the Brother Squad wouldn't put up with one man in her life, much less two.

But her mind-trips were her own and in those, more often than not, she dreamed of having hot sex with two yummy guys. Thanks to Derby and Robert, she couldn't get the images of two men making love out of her head. And throwing herself into their burly arms was high on the list of things she would never do. Oh, but in her fantasies, she got excited about what they would do to her and what she would do to them. *Slurp!*

Hell, she'd indulge in a little fun right now if her new toy wasn't stuck in the goddamned package.

Then she noticed a black arrow pointing to the bottom. She tipped it upside down and saw a pull-tab.

"No way it's that easy." Char tugged the stub. The packaging split open and released its contents. She whooped and held up the double dong, triumphant.

Friday night and once again, she was tucked into her bedroom with a bottle of wine, a box of chocolate, her favorite porn DVD, and her newest, expensive find from Erotic Treasures.

Char hated to think that this was the way she would spend the rest of her life. If she was going to find a permanent relationship, she needed to move to another town and get another job. Yeah. She needed a clean break from the goons who loved her and tormented her daily in order to prove it.

But she wasn't *quite* ready to abandon hearth and home.

So, resigned to her current fate, she tugged off her nightgown and settled against the pillows. Aiming the remote at the DVD, she hit play, fast-forwarded to her favorite part and paused.

Taking fresh batteries from her nightstand drawer, she inserted them into the device. One penis was thick and slightly longer. The other one, meant for anal pleasure, was more slender and shorter. A button at the bottom turned on the vibrations.

Getting excited, she got out the lube and coated both penises.

Then she turned on the porn.

Sir Lanceme and Sir Cocksbury entered the naughty maiden's tower. She was being punished by her father, the king, for her sexual exploits. The two buff gentlemen had arrived to rescue her from her lonely fate.

Char licked her lips as the men shed their clothing. God, they were gorgeous. The maiden stood in the middle of the room, her arms lifted above her head, her wrists cuffed in chains.

Sire Lanceme positioned himself behind the maiden. He lubed up his cock and fitted it into the woman's ass.

Char gulped, her pussy already wet.

Sir Cocksbury worked his thick cock into the maiden's pussy. Both men pushed and wiggled and the maiden moaned in apparent ecstasy.

Watching the men double fuck the chained maiden made Char really horny. She wanted to be in the middle of that sandwich.

She paused the video. Closing her eyes, Char thought about what it would feel like to be taken by two luscious men. One would stuff her ass and the other would fill her pussy. Breathing harshly, she grabbed the double dildo and positioned it.

Thinking about those two men worshipping her with their mouths, with their hands, with their cocks, she slowly worked the double dildo into her cunt and her anus.

Oh, God. She shuddered as she pushed the cocks all the way inside, sucking in breaths as the sensations overwhelmed her.

She unpaused the video. With her eyes closed, she listened to loud moans and to the slap of flesh against flesh. She imagined that she was being fucked by those men and as the pleasure built, she turned on the vibrations.

"Oh, God!" Char cupped her breasts and pulled on her nipples as the vibrating double dildo rocketed her into a screaming orgasm.

The moans of the porn stars reached a crescendo and her eyes flew open to watch the money shots.

As the naughty maiden received a come bath, Char received another jolt of rolling pleasure. She shattered a second time, gasping, as her pussy and ass sucked at the red plastic cocks.

After her quaking stopped, she removed her toy and headed to the bathroom. She took her double dildo into in the shower where she washed it and herself, then returned to the bedroom.

On the bed, she noticed all the stuff that had dropped out of the plastic case. Curious, she picked up a tiny golden penis. *Huh. That's weird.* She looked inside the package and spotted something with a sparkly edge. With two fingers, she pulled out a rectangular gold paper.

The Golden Cock

Congratulations to you, the lucky finder of this golden cock, from Rookery Cove Aphrodisiacs.

You are our grand prize winner! You will receive an all-expense-paid vacation to Halifax, Nova Scotia, a private tour of our factory, and \$500 worth of our products.

Call 1-800-DOU-6969 to claim your grand prize!

"Holy freaking canoli." Charli grinned as she scooted off the bed and picked up the phone on her nightstand. "Now there's a sex toy that delivers!"

* * *

"No," said Brim, laughing as Stone backed him against the wall. At least this part of the cavern was smooth stone. Just a few feet away orange-red magma gurgled and steamed. In their dragon forms, they often swam in the pool. Dragons liked nothing better than a good dunk in boiling lava.

He batted away Stone's persistent hand. "We can't! I mean... not *again*. We're on duty."

"We're always on duty." Stone reached into his lover's khaki pants and stroked his already hardening cock. "Besides, we work in a sex factory."

"We work *for* a sex *product* factory," corrected Brim. "And that's not the point. Stone..." The reprimand turned into a gasp. "What are you putting on my cock?"

"Lust Dust. It's one of the new lubes. The powder turns to gel when rubbed onto skin."

Stone leaned close and kissed Brim's strong, corded neck. "It also intensifies sensations."

Brim closed his eyes and moaned. Stone stopped rubbing Brim's penis long enough to undo the man's pants and then his own. "I want you so much."

"I want you, too," said Brim, his eyes flickering open. "We're quickening. It won't be long before --"

"I know. But let's not think about that right now." Stone rubbed Lust Dust onto his own cock then pressed his erection against Brim's. Brim shuddered, his arms going around Stone's waist.

Stone kissed him, his tongue mating with Brim's. Brim's heart kicked into overdrive. He slid his hands underneath Stone's shirt and stroked the ridged muscles of his stomach. Then he brushed his thumbs over the tiny hard nipples, flicking them with his nails.

Groaning, Stone broke the kiss. "God, you turn me on."

"Ditto."

Stone gripped both their cocks and stroked.

The friction was intense. The Lust Dust obviously included heating properties. Brim's hands coasted to Stone's sweet ass. He gripped those gorgeous buttocks and flexed his hips, matching the rhythm Stone created with his hard, fast strokes.

Like most dragons, their penises were without foreskins and in fact, looked circumcised. Whereas humans had theirs surgically removed, dragons simply lost theirs when puberty arrived -- just like losing baby fangs or prepubescent scales. Like a human's, a dragon's frenular delta, located on the underside of the penis, was a very erogenous zone.

Especially with wicked Lust Dust coating it.

Brim's scrotum tightened. Oh, hell. "I'm going to come."

"Me, too," said Stone, panting.

They ground against each other, both on the cusp. Stone's hands worked furiously. Brim cried out as he damned near exploded. Semen shot out in long, hot stream, splashing against their shirts. The orgasm was hot and intense and he held onto to Stone for dear life as he rode out the pleasure.

"Oh, fuck," cried Stone. "Yes, Brim! Oh yes, baby!"

Brim's ejaculation ebbed; his cock still convulsed as his orgasm faded.

Stone groaned and clenched his teeth, his eyes squeezing shut. "Brim!"

His cock jerked hard then his come arced between them, adding more come to their already splattered clothes.

Stone dropped his head against Brim's shoulder, sucking in breaths of air as his cock continued to spasm. Brim rubbed Stone's ass, trying to soothe the indentations caused by his gouging fingers. They both took a long moment to recover.

Their cocks drooped, sated by the impromptu masturbation. "You're right about the quickening."

"We've been together since we were hatchlings," said Brim. "I've loved you forever, even before we lost our virginity to each other."

"Eighty years," said Stone, smiling. "Though, even for us, the sex has gotten..."

"Ridiculous. We can't go even two hours without tearing off each other's clothes. Stone, it's time to find the woman we need for our transition," said Brim.

"I know." Stone pulled up his pants and left Brim to do the same. Brim followed his lover into the passage that led to their living quarters. His heart pounded in dread. "Stone... you don't want to join with me?"

"Of course I do." He grimaced, slowing down to take Brim's hand. "I just don't want to share you, especially with a female."

"When we find the right woman," said Brim, "our triad will bring us great joy."

“I hope you’re right,” said Stone. He tugged his lover down the hallway. “Let’s go take a shower.” He looked over his shoulder and grinned. “Did I mention Lust Dust is waterproof?”

Chapter 2

"Are you sure she's the one?" asked Phillip Quinn, CEO of Rookery Cove Aphrodisiacs. He plucked the color photo from the file and studied the tall, curvy blonde. She had a heart-shaped face, big blue eyes, and a killer bod.

Elwyn Dawning, who ran Rookery Cove's public relations department, stood in front of Phillip's huge desk. Too nervous to be still, he tucked his hands in the pockets of his trousers and leaned back on his heels. "Yes, sir. The spell on the winning ticket insures that she is. And the boat has docked. It means the island wants her here, too."

"Brim and Stone are very excited to meet her," said Manx, also known as The Head. He oversaw all the security on the island. He wasn't nervous at all. His muscled form held coiled energy. No matter how bright the day, if Manx was nearby it always seemed a little darker.

"Are you sure we shouldn't ask Miss Maguire for her cooperation?" asked Elwyn.

Phillip shook his head. "If she's the one, there will be no need. We must follow the plan."

* * *

Charli sat in the tiny lobby waiting for her tour guide. She was the only person in the room, which was all about beige. The walls, the chairs, and the carpet were various shades of light brown. The overwhelming neutrality was boredom personified.

She closed her eyes and thought about the weirdness of the trip to Rookery Cove. She'd taken one ship to another ship and then sat in a small, windowless room all the way to the island. She'd been hurried from the dock straight to the waiting area. Oh, she shouldn't be complaining. She was lucky to be sitting here alone. Her family had pitched a fit about her going out of the country. It was only a trip to Canada, but they'd

acted like it was the Arctic Circle. Of course, she couldn't tell them she'd won a sex-toy contest. It had damned near taken an act of Congress to convince Dad that she could make the trip on her own, thank you very much.

Charli was excited about the tour and more excited about her \$500 shopping spree. Her mind drifted among the many products she wanted then her thoughts dove-tailed into the idea of making love to a real person, or maybe even two real people. Thanks to her interfering brothers, she hadn't had a decent date in *forever*.

"Miss Maguire?"

Charli's eyes flew open and she stared at the man standing in front of her. Handsome and well-dressed, his shiny white smile unnerved her. He stretched out a hand. "I'm Elwyn Dawning. I'm here to give you the tour. Congratulations on winning the contest."

"Thanks." Charli stood up.

"We'll start with our lubricants since that section of the factory is closest. Have you ever tried our lubes?"

She followed Elwyn through the door, which he held open for her. "No," she said. "I haven't tried any."

He flashed another toothy smile. "Then I'll make sure you get plenty of samples."

* * *

Elwyn finished showing her the last part of the lubricant packaging process. At the end of the aisle, another man appeared.

"Excuse me," said Elwyn. He joined Tall, Dark, and Scary. They conversed for a minute. When Elwyn returned, his expression was excited. "I just got clearance to show you our exclusive fantasy room. No one outside of Rookery Cove has ever been invited to it before."

"That's great," said Charli. "What exactly is so exciting about this room?"

Elwyn smiled. "You'll have to see it to believe it."

He led her to a door at the back of the building. They walked down several levels of stairs. Finally, they reached a door with a thick, metal chain across it. Elwyn fumbled in his pocket for keys. He opened the medieval-looking lock on the chain and it thunked to the concrete floor.

As the door creaked open, Charli's heart tripped over in her chest. She wasn't so sure she wanted to go into the space beyond. It seemed like a point of no return. Elwyn gestured for her to enter, his smile as wide and toothy as ever.

Pushing away her sense of foreboding, she stepped through. When Elwyn followed her, she breathed a sigh of relief.

"The room I'm taking you to is very special. In fact, we like to think of it as the place where your deepest, darkest fantasy can come true."

With Charli's heart beating a sudden, rapid tattoo, she followed Elwyn down the dimly lit hallway. At some point the concrete floor gave way to the grit and bumps of natural stone. They walked up a short set of stairs carved into rock and through an arched doorway.

Holy canoli! The room was all black marble; the unrelenting dark was softened only by the recessed lighting in the ceiling. Charli noticed the huge, circular bed on the right. The glossy shine of black silk sheets caught her gaze. A dozen black pillows in all shapes and sizes filled the top part of the bed.

"What's your fantasy?" asked Elwyn.

"Do I have to tell you?" She wandered around the magnificent room, her stomach squeezing in excitement. "This is an interesting place, all right."

"If you sit on the bed and make your wish," he said, walking to it and patting the covers, "you might get exactly what you want."

"So, this is a magic room? Oh, c'mon." Still, her pulse raced at the very possibility. Maybe they had researched her and found out she wanted two men to make love to her. Yeah. God. What if they had? What if part of her prize package was trying out Rookery Cove's sex-tastic room o' fun? Charli gazed at the bed. Really, she should be thinking more clearly about this situation.

She was caught between doing the right (and boring) action or taking a risk -- a risk that Elwyn wasn't teasing her or that she wasn't crazy. "So, if I sit in this room and think about my favorite sexual fantasy... I'll get it?" Her gaze flicked to his. "That's quite a leap of faith."

"That's the thing about faith," he said. "You always have to jump for it."

Charli chuckled as she examined the room. Other than the bed and a large double-drawered nightstand posted on its left, no other furniture existed. "Okay. Let's say I buy it, Mr. Wonka." She laughed at her own silly joke. "Let's say I sit in here and wish about my favorite fantasy. Will it be real?"

"As real as you want."

"And what if nothing happens or I decide not to wish at all?"

He pointed to the way out. "Leave the way you came. I'll wait for you by the door that leads to the factory."

He looked at her for what seemed forever. Finally, she nodded. "I'll stay."

"Excellent." He walked toward the arch then looked over his shoulder. "Don't worry, Charli. You'll get everything you want. I'll see you soon."

Charli watched him go. Then, she sat on the bed and glanced around. "Okay," she whispered to the room. "I want to have hot sex with two drop-dead gorgeous men. And I don't mind if they like doing each other, too."

Nothing happened.

Well, that was thing about wishes, right? Instant gratification apparently wasn't part of the plan.

Since the entire area was unrelenting black marble sans any wall decorations, she didn't have much to look at. The minutes passed and she entertained herself by rolling around on the silk sheets. Then she indulged in silent self-beratement to the theme of *you are such a goober sitting here all alone in Satan's bedroom while hoping some hot guys will appear and sex you up*. After she got bored drilling holes into her self-esteem, she did some quality ceiling staring to the accompaniment of impatient sighing.

Finally, she decided that Elwyn had his laugh, and she was through hoping to get her stupid wish of having stupid sex with two stupid men. So there. Annoyed, she stomped through the arch, down the stairs and into the hallway. She turned left and found herself marching in the wrong direction. Shit. A few feet away, she saw red light spill from another entrance.

Slowly, she crept toward it...

* * *

"Come here, Brim," said Stone. His eyes flared with lust.

Brim's stomach jumped. He watched Stone unzip his pants and wiggle them off. Before Brim knew it, he was staring at his lover's hard-on. His mouth went dry and his heart hammered -- a frenetic, primal beat.

"Here?" he asked. "Now?" They were in the small cave that held the Heart -- the very essence of Rookery Cove and all who lived on it. For nearly a century they had guarded the precious soul of the island. Five feet behind him the red light of the Heart glowed brightly.

"I need you, Brim. Please." Stone roughly stroked his cock into full hardness. Brim watched, mesmerized.

Stone walked to his lover, still working his cock. "I want your mouth on my dick."

Brim knelt in front of Stone. His hands shook as he grasped his lover's penis. Licking his lips, he sucked on Stone's large cock. The musky scent intoxicated him and his own cock hardened in response.

"Take all of me. Suck me down to the balls."

Brim closed his eyes and did exactly as Stone said. As he took all of Stone's considerable length, the head brushed the back of his throat. He licked from base to tip, tasting and sucking and enjoying the soft-hard feel of Stone's cock. Pleasure stroked him as he stroked Stone. He moaned; the sound vibrated on the penis engorged in his mouth.

"Brim!" Stone stepped backward and dragged him up for a kiss. He devoured Brim's mouth, thrusting his tongue inside. Flames of lust flared in Brim's belly. He returned the kiss with desperation. The quickening was driving them mad. *We need a woman. Now.*

Lust sizzled through every inch of Brim. He pulled away from Stone. He took off his pants, not even bothering with his shirt. "The quickening..."

"Ssshhh." Stone leaned down and pulled the lube out of the pocket of his discarded pants.

"Hurry!" Brim heard the desperation in his own voice. He got on his hands and knees and faced the red glow of the Heart.

Stone squeezed the lubricant into Brim's ass and pushed his finger into the puckered star. Brim gasped, but Stone's lust burned too hot for him to be gentle or kind. He worked a second finger into Brim's asshole. *Patience. Patience.* Brim cried out, from pain or passion... it had the same effect. Stone removed his fingers and fitted his cock into Brim's anus. His lover automatically pushed back.

Stone parted Brim's cheeks and worked his cock deeper and deeper until he was fully seated. His cock throbbed in Brim's hot, tight channel. Desire raked through him, a bloody, throbbing need he knew was supernatural. Brim was right. If they didn't form a triad soon, they would go crazy. And if it passed without them finding a female, they would never make the transition. *Dragons forever.*

He lost control. Vaguely, he heard the cries of Brim as he slammed into the beautiful, pert rear end of his lover, but all he felt was the dark pleasure of taking his ass. Every plunge sent him roaring toward orgasm.

He held onto Brim's narrow hips and plowed him harder and harder. Brim pushed back every time he pushed in, taking the thrusts as he begged for his own release.

Stone was too far gone. He thrust hard and deep; the orgasm burst as bright and hot as a falling star, rendering him immobile for a long, desperate moment. His come shot deep into Brim's ass.

He withdrew, sweaty and sated. Brim fell onto his side and moaned.

Stone gripped Brim's cock, which was hard and swollen. He stroked him quickly. Brim's eyes were closed as he matched thrusts with Stone's movements.

"Oh!" Brim's hips rose off the rock floor as come jettisoned from his pulsating cock. After a long moment, he collapsed to the ground. Sweat beaded his face.

Stone lay next to his sated lover and pressed a kiss to his lips.

Brim looked at him, his eyes still glazed from his orgasm. "I love you."

"And I love you."

Stone gaze went to the red shine of the Heart. They'd never seen the object that emitted the glow, only the glow itself. Was it his imagination, or was the red light brighter than ever? Brim was right. If they didn't form a triad soon, they would go crazy.

He watched Brim get to his feet. "Another shower?" he asked, chuckling.

"Yes." He stopped, cocking his head. Then he turned to Stone and grinned. "She's here."

Chapter 3

Charli ran back to the fantasy room, heart pounding. Oh, God! Oh, hell! Were they the ones who would make her fantasy come true? Please, please, please! She paced the room, wringing her hands.

The smart thing to do would be to leave, find Elwyn, and get away from this crazy-assed island. But practicality was overwhelmed by sexual frustration. She'd done it again, damn it -- found two hot men making love to each other.

Restless and feeling more than a little stupid for hanging around the strange room, she sat on the bed and opened the top drawer of the dresser. She almost fell onto the floor. Packaged sex toys filled the drawer. This treasure trove would make even Aphrodite blush. Ooooooh. Were these hers?

Digging through the sexual cornucopia, she pulled out a random toy. The plastic-encased device was small and purple with a triangular head and flared base. She traced the thin black wire to the black rectangle control box.

Proclaimed in fancy letters at the top was "Ultimate Pleasure Anal-izer." Thrills zipped through her. "What am I doing?" she asked the Anal-izer. "I'm so desperate, I'm waiting around for a wish to come true. Maybe I should just take you home -- and one of your siblings for my vagina -- and be content with electronically derived satisfaction."

"We would be disappointed if you did."

The deep male voices startled her so badly, Charli screamed. Already teetering on the edge of the bed, she promptly fell off it.

Her ass hit the floor. Pain ricocheted up her spine.

"Are you okay?" the men asked, again in tandem.

Before she could form a response, four male hands picked her up. Even after she was on her feet, they held her up, one in front and one behind. She looked up, waaaaay up, at the tall, gorgeous man whose hands rested on her elbows.

"Wow," she said. It was him -- the guy who'd plowed the other guy's ass. He wasn't wearing the same clothes and he had a freshly showered look. Even his long hair looked damp. Damn, that was fast work.

"You are also a *wow*," he responded with an impish grin. His eyes were obsidian. Secrets lurked in his gaze, secrets she wanted to know. His full lips were powerfully sensual... oh, what a woman could experience with those lips! His luxurious black hair was waist-length and shone like a black waterfall. In each of his ears he wore a series of three gold hoop earrings. He wore a black leather vest, tight black leather pants and black calf boots that buckled on the sides.

A fog of lust enveloped her. Her entire body reacted to the sexual presence of this... this warrior. No man who dressed like that, and looked like that, and put out vibes like that could be a regular ol' person. He was somehow timeless and ancient and dear God in heaven, sexy, sexy, *sexy*. Charli felt hot and tingly and light-headed.

"I'm Brim," he said.

"Brim?"

The man behind her laughed. She felt his fingers brush her hair back then he whispered in her ear, "And I'm Stone."

Charli's heart flipped over in her chest. She wiggled out of their grasps and backed away. Her gaze found the other man and she stopped in her tracks.

Drool city, baby.

Stone was a couple inches shorter than Brim. He had long, white hair tied back. He wore a loose white shirt, tight white-washed jeans and cowboy boots. His eyes were the color of a sunset, a changeable brownish gold, which twinkled with mischief. He was gorgeous. As gorgeous as the other one and he, too, looked like he'd had a shower.

"We're so glad you're here," said golden-eyed guy. "And you're name is..."

"Charli Maguire."

Brim smiled at her. "It's very nice to meet you, Charli."

"Oh yes," said Stone. "It's *very* nice to meet you."

Brim strode forward and plucked the Anal-izer out of her hand. He looked at it with a too wicked smile then showed it to Stone. "Looks like our Charli is ready to play."

"What?" squealed Charli. "No, no... I was just... uh, looking... at the s-s-stuff." Her body went on high alert at the speculative looks both men were giving her. Their expressions relayed that they were imagining some very creative uses of the Anal-izer. She'd played with toys before, but never had anal sex with a real cock. She tingled at the very thought of double penetration. "Maybe we should start with some booby squeezes, lip locks, maybe a finger-diddle --" She gulped the knot in her throat. *Did I just say "finger-diddle" out loud?*

"We won't hurt you," said Brim. "We only want to give you multiple orgasms."

"Um, thanks. Most women probably reach orgasm just looking at the two of you," said Charli. "I don't think I'm ready for, well, whatever you have planned."

Brim and Stone exchanged a glance then returned their lascivious gazes on her. One of them would've been enough for her. Each of them alone had enough sexual mojo to send her spinning into Orgasm World. What had she been thinking? She'd never be able to handle both of them. Apprehension stirred deep in her belly, battling with lust that fluttered there. Her thoughts whirled liked a tornado.

They had surrounded her, one on each side. For a long moment, their blatant sexuality pulsed around her, so thick and liquid she felt like she could take a sip of air and taste *them*. Her breathing stalled as her heart attempted an Olympics-worthy gymnastics routine. Okay. So she felt a little scared. Two big, buff, incredibly handsome men wanted to do wicked things to her and -- and -- *what was the problem again?*

Charli licked her suddenly dry lips. "What are you going to do?"

Brim smiled and held up the Anal-izer. "I would like very much to use this on you."

Her body went cold... then hot... then hotter still. Her stomach clenched. Fear warred with lust. Was she really going to make love to two complete strangers who had just had sex with each other?

Yes. Yes, she was. Woo-hoo!

"You'd like to try it, wouldn't you?" asked Stone.

"We won't do anything that hurts you or makes you frightened," said Brim. "But you must be honest, Charli. Honest with us and with yourself about your desires. Your needs. We are sexual beings. Creating pleasure for ourselves is no sin."

"So we're starting slow?" asked Charli.

"Why should we start slow?" Brim cracked open the plastic case and withdrew the device. "Lucky for us that these products include batteries."

"Kissing," offered Charli. Nervous didn't begin to explain how she felt. "Correct tongue techniques. Movements of the lips for ultimate arousal."

"Do you need to be taught kissing?" asked Brim. His obsidian eyes blazed with primal lust as he looked down at her. "I thought you wanted sex."

"We can do both," said Stone. He dug around in the bottom dresser drawer and pulled out a big white tube. Charli realized it was lubricant. Good God. He was serious. He wanted to stick the purple thing into her ass.

Derbie was naked, on his hands and knees, his flesh slick with sweat, the air heavy with his moans of pleasure.

"Take off your shoes, Charli," whispered Brim.

She kicked off her beaded mules.

Robert's cock plunged in and out of Derbie's ass, his face a mask of longing, of exquisite joy.

"Now your jeans."

"Um..."

Brim undid the top button and unzipped her jeans. His big hands slid around her waist and before she realized what she was doing, she had helped him remove her pants.

"Nice thong," said Stone. He was behind her, doing something, something Brim was trying to distract her from. His fingers feathered across her belly and traced her hip bones. With her murmured assent, he took off the thong. Now she wore only her bra and T-shirt.

Derbie's hips were moving, eagerly accepting the cock of his lover. He liked the penetration. Liked the domination. Liked being fucked in the ass.

Charli felt Brim part her buttocks then the small cold tip inserted into her anus. She seized and tried to pull away, but Stone held her. "Do you want us to stop?"

Yes. No. She didn't know. Her heart pounded a mile a minute. Brim's gaze was warm, kind. He wanted her pleasure, she could see it. She had always feared her own power. Her own sexuality. She could reclaim it with these men. She could take everything they offered and be better for it.

Brim must've seen the decision in her eyes. He leaned forward and brushed her lips with his. Arrows of heat and longing pierced her. "Kiss me, sweet Charli," he said.

As he took her mouth, she felt Stone re-insert the tube's tip into her anus. The sensation of the cold lubricant filling her ass felt weird, but soon Brim's talent for kissing took over her senses.

Stone fitted the tip of the Anal-izer against her anus then slowly pushed it inside her. Her ass quivered and tingled. She held onto Brim's shoulders and tried to relax.

Then Stone turned on the device. The vibrations agitated her channel and buzzed straight into her pussy. She popped free of Brim's lips and moaned.

"She likes it," murmured Stone as his hands cupped her ass and stroked. "I can't wait to feel her around my cock."

"Mm-hmm." Brim took off her shirt and bra and then he got undressed. Behind her, she heard the sounds of Stone getting out of his clothes, too. Soon, they were all naked. Charli was trembling. Her skin goose pimples and her nipples tightened.

"Stone."

Brim's voice was hoarse with need. Charli looked down to see his thick cock hard and ready. The yummy Stone knelt between them, grasping Brim's cock in one hand and using his other to caress Charli's clit. Oh, yeah.

Feeling dazed, she watched Stone stroke his lover's cock roughly, his own face reflecting both desire and love. His thumb rubbed her clit and she wondered how the hell he could do both.

Then she got an idea. "Lay down, Stone."

He blinked up at her with eyes glazed with lust. He did as she demanded -- laying on his back on the floor. Charli kneeled over his face and presented her dripping pussy to his waiting mouth.

Brim understood immediately what to do next. He got close to Charli, brushing his cock against her lips. She held onto his thighs and sucked his length into her mouth. God, he tasted good. As Stone revved her engines toward full throttle, she worked on the delicious Brim. She was more enthusiastic than experienced, but he seemed to appreciate her efforts.

Stone wasn't doing too bad, either. His tongue flicked at her clit with hard, fast strokes. The plug's vibrations seemed to kick up a notch. Vaguely, she realized that Stone held the remote in one hand. Wow. He was talented.

Brim moaned, clutched at her head and she returned her attention to his cock. She felt him tense and knew he was close to orgasm. She had never swallowed come before, but it was too late to panic. He groaned and pushed forward. She took him as much as she could, and then he was ejaculating. Hot come splashed down her throat and she drank it all.

He stumbled away from her, his hand wrapped around his softened member. Charli licked her lips, her attention fully on her own pleasure. She scooted down from Stone's lapping tongue. "I want you inside me!"

He guided his cock to her entrance and she pressed her hands against his chest as she took him inside her.

He felt amazing.

Slowly, she began to move. Stone's eyes captured hers and she couldn't look away from that gold gaze. He pushed the plug to its highest setting and she increased her rhythm. His cock slid smoothly in and out of her pussy, each stroke sending her higher and higher. She reached eagerly for the bliss that was so close.

"Oh! Yes!" Charli flew over the edge, her nails digging into Stone's flesh as she came. She was barely aware of Stone's deep thrust and his low cry as he came, too.

She collapsed on top of him, her heart beating furiously. Sweat beaded her skin. Good lord. She pressed her lips to Stone's muscled flesh.

Charli was in heaven.

Chapter 4

They moved to the round bed with its soft black sheets and plump pillows. Charli's ass was stretched and little sore from the toy, which had been taken out and put on the dresser. Other than that, she felt amazing.

Charli was stunned at how quickly her two lovers were ready to play again. She lay on her side, watching them together. It was obvious they had a strong connection. She might share them for a while, but they were deeply in love with each other -- as she hoped to be one day, maybe with one man. Maybe even with two.

So, this was a fantasy, right? If she was dreaming, then she hoped she stayed asleep. She wasn't done with these two, not by a long shot.

Brim settled onto his back, while Stone crawled on top. He positioned his cock over Brim's mouth then leaned down to take Brim's length into his mouth.

As she watched them give blow jobs to each other, Charli tingled with arousal. She lay down on her back, stroked her own flesh and played with her own breasts. She pushed fingers into her pussy and thumbed her clit, all the while watching her lovers give exquisite pleasure to each other.

She moaned.

Her gaze was riveted to Brim and Stone. Their cocks glistened as their tongues slid up and down those yummy cocks. Brim suckled and stroked; Stone seemed to enjoy the deep-throat action.

She thought they would come in each other's mouths and she was waiting for it, heart pounding, her fingers thrusting shakily into her pussy, but to her surprise, they stopped.

"What are you doing?" she cried.

"You!" said Stone, grinning. He tumbled off Brim and over her, settling on her left side. Brim scooted until he was on her right.

Their cocks, still wet from the mutual tongue-lashings, brushed the outside of her thighs. Brim cupped her breast, leaning down suck her nipple. He blew on the tightened peak. Need shivered through her. Stone grasped her other breast and flicked his tongue across her nipple.

Charli submerged into lust.

Their satiny lips closed over her nipples. Their warm, wet tongues swirled around the sensitive peaks. A low moan rose from her throat. Her hands clenched their shafts and she stroked those hard lengths. God, it felt good to have them play with her breasts while she tended to their cocks.

Her pussy convulsed, trembled. *Oh yes.* She wanted them so much. Mm-mmm. The pounding of flesh on flesh, the joyful feeling of penetrations by two thick cocks... she shuddered in excitement.

Their hands coasted to her hips. Fingers dipped down her thighs, slowly edged the wet seam of her pussy. Brim flicked her clit and Stone slid two fingers inside her.

She gasped.

They sucked on her nipples and played with her pussy until she was squirming and panting. Her hands clenched their cocks, her strokes erratic as she focused into the sensations of being loved by two men.

Brim sat up, leaned forward, and cupped her cheek. "Sweet Charli," he brushed her lips with his, "you are just what we need."

"You, too," she said softly. "You're both what I need."

Charli lay between them, trembling in anticipation. Once again, Brim leaned forward and cupped her breast, laving her nipple to hardness. Stone followed suit and she gave in to the desire to be worshipped, to be touched and kissed and given such bliss.

Charli's eyes drifted closed as her lovers gave her everything that she had ever wanted, and so much more. Heat flooded her as they played with her breasts, their

mouths warm and wet and hungry, their hands drifting down her rib cage, over her hips, down the inside of her thighs, then up again. She lifted her hips, a silent begging, and again felt a hand slide into her curls. A finger stroked her clit, then parted the folds of her pussy and teased her entrance.

Now, she wanted to touch them, to feel their hardness pressed against her softness, to make them want her as much as she wanted them.

"Hmm. You first," she muttered to Stone. She trailed her fingers over the muscles on his stomach, tracing every ridge. She brushed her palms over his skin to his pectorals. His flat brown nipples were hard and she flicked each one with a fingernail.

He moaned and that sexy sound made her hotter and wetter.

She slid between his legs and cupped his balls. Leaning down, she kissed his cock. His shaft was warm and silky. As the length of it slid between her lips, pleasure zapped her. She felt Brim's hands on her back... then she was rolling off Stone and onto Brim.

She flicked his nipples, leaning down to suckle the tiny nubs. While her hands danced along his stomach to his muscular thighs, she bit his flesh, scraping that yumminess with her teeth. *Mmm*. She grabbed his cock and stroked it, as she paid homage to his perfect form with her lips, her tongue.

They were beautiful, her two men.

Overwhelmed by her own responses, and ready for the next move in their game, she fell between the two of them again. Again, she found herself the lucky recipient of their detailed attention. She touched wherever her hands could reach, while they pressed closer to her, tormenting her so wonderfully. After a while, it was difficult to figure out where she began and they ended. Her body was on fire for both of them. She couldn't get enough of touching their muscled flesh, their hard cocks, their long, silky hair.

"Please," she begged. "Please!"

That was all she could say, unable to articulate her need. God, she wanted them. More than she'd wanted anything in her life.

“Charli, get on top of Stone.” Brim brushed a kiss across her mouth. She dragged him down for a deep, hot kiss. When she finally let go, he managed to say, “And I’ll get on top of you.”

Stone stretched out and she crawled onto him. Brim grabbed the lube from the dresser. Then he kneeled at her and Stone’s feet. She looked at him over her shoulder. He smiled, leaning down to kiss each of her ass cheeks, lightly nipping. She laughed, sweet joy intertwining with her hot lust.

Stone was more than ready for her, his eyes glazed with passion. He held onto his cock so that she could lower her pussy onto the shaft. When she’d taken him all, she squeezed his length with her inner muscles. He filled her completely, stretching her to capacity.

Brim inserted the plastic tip of the lubricant into her anus. The cold gel filled her ass. She relaxed as Brim grasped her hips and pressed his cock against her tight ring. Slowly, he worked his shaft into her channel. As he pushed in, she pushed back, taking every inch until he was fully seated.

For a second, Charli couldn’t breathe. Finally, *finally*, she was living her fantasy. And it was so much better than she could’ve ever believed. The feel of two cocks was incredible. It was almost as if they could touch each other through the thin flesh separating her ass and pussy.

They held onto each other for a long moment, just enjoying the connection. She felt somehow electrified as if she were the bridge between Brim and Stone, and it was their meeting that brought the most joy to their threesome.

Stone kissed her, his tongue matching the slow rhythm of his cock.

Her body tingled, rivulets of fire and need racing through her. Behind her, Brim matched Stone’s measured strokes.

Brim’s warm hands cupped her ass as he plunged inside her. Stone’s hands curved around her hips, his cock working her pussy with lustful precision.

Soon, genteel fucking wasn’t enough.

“Harder,” she demanded.

Stone bucked under her, his cock thrusting deeply, and Brim's grip tightened as his shaft penetrated her slick channel. They all fucked each other, sweating and groaning. Her nipples scraped Stone's chest and her buttocks slapped against Brim's hips.

Heat coiled low in her belly, spiraling into a fire that threatened to consume her. "Fuck me harder! Make me come!"

Their movements were frantic now, and for Charli, getting double-fucked sent her straight into orbit. She shattered into a thousand bright stars. The orgasm stole her breath, her sight, her ability to breathe. She was lost in the intensity, nearly floating away from the men still reaching for their own pleasure.

Stone tensed, thrusting hard inside her, groaning as his seed spilled. She kissed him, still turned on, still enjoying Brim's plunging cock. Stone's cock slipped out of her pussy and rubbed her clit.

Charli captured Stone's mouth, her tongue dueling with his as she felt the aching creep of another orgasm. She couldn't believe she could tip over the edge so quickly again.

"I'm coming, Charli," gasped Brim. "Your ass is so tight. Oh, yes!"

As he came, his cock throbbing against her sensitive ass tissues, she came again, shuddering and joyful, collapsing onto Stone's chest. Brim withdrew and lay next to them.

"Thank you," said Stone. He pressed a kiss to the top of her head.

"Yes, Charli," said Brim, whose lips ghosted across her shoulder. "Thank you."

Charli opened her eyes, but she was blinded by an obscenely bright red light. Crying out she reached for Stone, but he was no longer beneath her. Brim had disappeared, too.

She closed her eyes and pressed against the bed. The heat surrounding her was like being in a broiler. Then a second later, the light and the heat were gone.

Still, it took a while for Charli to open her eyes. When she did, she was alone. Naked and trembling, she sat up in the middle of the bed and looked around. Brim and Stone were nowhere to be found. Not even their discarded clothes were on the floor.

Charli brought her hands to her cheeks. Her heart thudded and tears filled her eyes. Had she dreamed about her lovers? Was this really just a room that catered to wish fulfillment? Virtual reality. Holograms. Delusions.

No. Brim and Stone were real. They'd been here, with her, and now, they were gone.

What the hell had just happened?

She searched the room, but found no trace of the men who'd pleased her so well. Charli got dressed then ventured down the stairs and into the hallway where she'd seen them make love.

The tiny cave was empty, devoid even of the red glow she'd seen earlier. Feeling dejected and more than a little freaked out, Charli reversed direction and headed to the big, unchained door.

On the other side, sitting on the stairs, was Elwyn. He seemed very happy to see her.

"Was it everything you hoped for?" he asked as they climbed the numerous steps to the factory above.

She nodded, unable to articulate how she felt. Brim and Stone had made her fantasy real. And now they were gone. Her heart clenched. "There was this glow and then the men were just... gone. Was the room really magical? Or is this all a big joke?"

"No," said Elwyn. "It's not a joke. Were you disappointed by the experience?"

"No," said Charli. "It was incredible."

He nodded. "Excellent." He gestured toward another section of the factory. "Are you ready to continue the tour?"

Charli nodded and followed him through the rest of the facility, though her mind was neither on the amazing products available from Rookery Cove nor how they were made, packaged, and delivered. Her thoughts were about Brim and Stone. Elwyn

didn't seem at all concerned that his contest winner might've had a mental breakdown in that stupid room. He seemed rather happy about the whole thing. In fact, it seemed as though the factory and everyone in it had somehow perked up. It was strange. The feeling was pervasive, like spring had come and winter was forever gone.

Weird.

Finally, the tour was over. Elwyn showed her into the gift shop, which was near the lobby with its "ode to beige" décor.

"You have \$500 to spend," he said. "Pick anything you want."

Still feeling restless, not to mention wigged out, Charli wandered around the gift shop looking through the lubes, perfumes, toys, and other sundries. *I'm not crazy. It happened.* On the far wall near some genital jewelry displays was a glass case. Inside was a gold necklace. Hanging delicately from the middle of the finely made gold links was a symbol: Two intertwining dragons, one white and one black. They circled a brilliant red stone.

"What is this?" she asked. Her heart turned over in her chest and her palms felt clammy. The stone was the same color red as the mysterious glow she'd seen in the caves.

Elwyn strode to the display and looked at the necklace. "Oh, that's a very special piece. One-of-a-kind and rather old, I believe. We just leave on it display here because the gift shop manager likes its sparkle." He pointed to a tray filled with nipple cuffs. "Maybe these are more to your liking?"

She barely glanced at the cuffs. "Tell me about the necklace."

"It's an old legend associated with our island." He tapped the case. "Supposedly, a hundred years ago, two dragons were born and raised in the caves below the island. Their job was to guard the Heart, the very essence of Rookery Cove. It's said that is what makes this place so special."

Her heart skipped a beat and her breath hitched. Dragons. Feeling chilled, she wrapped her arms around herself and stared at the beguiling jewelry.

"Anyway, the dragons had a problem. Although they could shape-shift, they were doomed to human forms until their hundredth year. They had one shot to make their final transition to their permanent form, but the only way to do so was to create a sexual triad with a female."

"Any female?"

Elwyn shook his head. "A woman chosen by the Heart and brought to the island. Through her, the two dragons could create the binding magic needed to take their true forms permanently. As dragons, they can guard the Heart forever."

"And they can be together forever."

"Sure." Elwyn studied her, smiling. His eyes shone with secrets. "Everything on Rookery Cove would celebrate such a moment. There would be a renewal of spirit, life, joy. *If you believe in the legend, Charli.*"

She did. She didn't care that it wasn't logical, practical, or realistic. She'd seen the Heart with her own eyes. And those two men who'd rocked her world? She turned to Elwyn. "What happened to me in those caves? I met two extraordinary men. One who dressed in black and the other in white." She looked closely at the dragons encircling the stone. "They were wonderful."

"Fantasies often are," said Elwyn. He stepped away from the jewelry case and gestured around the store. "Have you made any decisions about which items you'd like to take home?"

"How much is that?" asked Charli, pointing to the necklace.

"That item certainly costs more than your prize money allotment." He frowned. "I'm not even sure if it's for sale."

She didn't care if she had to get a second job, spend her savings, or sell her car. She wanted that necklace. Charli opened her purse and took out her wallet. "Name your price. I'm not leaving here without it."

* * *

That night, Charli dined in the hotel restaurant. She was dressed to the nines, in her new black mini dress and stiletto heels. In the spa, she'd had a massage and facial

then she went to the beauty shop and had her hair and make-up done. Her blonde hair was swept into an up-do, which she liked. It made her feel sophisticated.

Her goal was to celebrate the beginning of her new life, where she would take risks, go for the things she wanted, and tell overprotective father and brothers to take a hike.

She indulged in steak and lobster, and expensive champagne. Silently, she toasted Brim and Stone, and wished those men, or dragons, happiness forever. She finished off her chocolate mousse dessert, enjoying every sweet, calorie-rich bite.

After she paid the check, she decided she was ready to... well, do something. Surely Halifax had a night club or movie theatre nearby. She dropped her napkin onto her plate and rose, picking up her slim black purse.

"Miss?"

Charli looked up into the blue eyes of a well-dressed man. He was at least six inches taller than her and he had the athletic build of a football player. Whoa, baby. Nerves tingled in her belly.

"My friend and I were wondering if you would join us for a drink. Maybe some dancing, too?" He pointed at a table not far from hers. She'd been so absorbed in her own thoughts that she hadn't noticed the other diners. But apparently these men had noticed her. "My name is David. Marc is over there."

Marc was just as handsome as his companion. His green eyes were on them, his expression hopeful.

"The *two* of you?" she asked. "You don't have wives or girlfriends?"

He laughed. "No. We noticed you, though. It's a shame you had to eat alone."

"You think I'm alone?"

His eyebrows rose. "Are you?"

"Not if I'm going with you and your... friend." Her hand fluttered to the necklace, her fingers resting on the dragons. The stone seemed to pulse with warmth. It seemed as if her dragons were giving her the thumbs-up.

"That's an interesting piece," said Dave, leaning down to look closer. She removed her hand so he could see it and saw his gaze skim the tops of her breasts. Her nipples hardened instantly, a fact he also noticed. He licked his lips and cleared his throat.

"I make jewelry for a living."

"And what does Marc do?"

"He sells it. We run a business together." He straightened and she took another gander at his male perfection. Whew. He was GQ material all the way. Her stomach squeezed in excitement. "Public places, mitts off, and you run the show," he promised. He crooked his arm and offered it.

"I'd be delighted to join you and Marc." She grasped the bulging muscle of his bicep and let him lead her into the first night of her new life.

* * *

Below the island of Rookery Cove, in a cavern known only to a few, a lake of lava boiled and swirled. On the crooked stone shore, a black dragon sat on his haunches and watched the white dragon swim leisurely in the orange-red liquid. With a shriek of joy, he dove into the lava to join his partner, friend, and soulmate.

Above its playful guardians, the Heart glowed bright red. The light pulsed strongly, its warmth and energy imbuing the island and everyone on it with love and joy.

Michele Bardsley

Award-winning, nationally bestselling author Michele Bardsley lives in Oklahoma with her family. She escapes the drudgery of housework by writing stories about vampire moms, demon hunters, interfering goddesses, cursed wizards, and numerous other characters living in worlds of magic and mayhem. She loves to hear from her fans! Visit her website at: MicheleBardsley.com

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