

CLICHEROTICA

Adventures of the
Vampire Bowling
League



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Clicherotica: The Adventures of the Vampire
Bowling League

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Damn it, I said *look* for us. Now. I'm serious. The
link's right there. Go for it.

All right, we'll come looking for you. So there. You
were warned.

Chapter One

Garnet MacAffey crossed the slick wooden floors with the delicate steps of a doe at a watering hole. All eyes were on her, and all activity had stopped at her entrance into the establishment.

The feeling of being a cow wandering past a pack of wolves grew stronger as she neared her goal. The figure that she had been looking for rose to greet her, and she breathed a sigh of relief. The fact that she was the only one there who needed to breathe was not a matter of great concern to her at the moment.

"Steve! I'm so sorry I'm late." Facing the team of Pinning Eternity, members of the Vampire Bowling League, she smiled slightly and was greeted by scowls that nevertheless managed to show her some fang.

"Get your shoes, Garny, and we'll discuss it when the tournament is underway."

With a nervous look at her friend's unhappy face, she fled across the hall to the counter.

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"Size nine ladies' shoes, please." The vampire behind the counter flashed his fangs and fetched her the tacky red and white footwear that she would be required to wear for the next few hours.

She quickly shuffled back to Steve and his buddies while ignoring the hungry glances from neighboring seating areas. Her trip was made even more difficult by the dimming of the lights and the announcer bellowing the official commencement of the event, "Let's bowl!"

With a lithe surge, the teams sprang into action and the roar and clatter of balls and pins took over. Each team of four was working like a well-oiled machine...with one notable exception.

"Garnet, get moving. You're up first."

"Dammit, Steve! Gimme a minute." She plopped down onto the bench next to Ryan, ignoring Jimbo as he pressed against her thigh with his own. She struggled to put on her rented shoes.

The Fanged Strikes were muttering and shifting impatiently as she struggled to gear up for the game. Finally, her shoes were on. She blinked rapidly to trigger her night-vision and stepped up to take the ball that Steve was holding for her.

She took in a deep breath, raised the ball in front of her and took the few strides to the line to let it go in a straight, hard throw. Garnet turned and walked back to the bench before the ball even struck the pins.

"Strike! Yes!" Steve suddenly looked a lot less unhappy with his choice of alternates.

The game continued with only a few leering glances thrown her way, both by the enemy team and her own. Jimbo's hand kept creeping onto her thigh every time they shared the bench, and it was starting to wear on her nerves.

"Keep your hand to yourself, or I will personally stab you in the crotch with that damned pin of yours." She gripped the hand on her thigh with her own and dug in her nails hard enough to draw blood.

He blinked in astonishment at her hissed statement and looked down at his 'I'm Undead and I Vote' pin, no doubt calculating exactly how far into his flesh it could go. His hand withdrew and he licked the blood from his skin with more tongue motion than was strictly necessary.

She shook her head and turned back to the game. They were ahead by seven points. There was only one frame left, and she was up next.

The round of shouts and calls for celebratory beverages let her know that the other lanes were wrapping up. She threw a spare and managed to clean it up with her next ball. Then her job was done.

Her team clapped her on the shoulder as she returned to the bench and changed her shoes as fast as she could. Carousing with the vamps was not her idea of a fun Friday night.

With her own boots in place, she awaited her

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release with the howl of triumph that would follow. Her breath came a little faster with every roll and impact of Lucite on the pins.

Player after player stepped up and as Jimbo took his final turn, nothing could stop them.

As the final tally was confirmed by both team captains, Pinning Eternity leapt to their feet and shouted their victory.

Garnet could contain herself no longer and let her excitement loose with a wild shrieking howl, her teeth bared and her own fangs exposed to all and sundry. She had done it! With all of those stares running over her ass every time she bent over, she had kept her cool and pulled it off.

As she finished her howl of victory, she listened for the sounds of mocking and boisterous behavior that should have been there. There was nothing. A stillness had fallen over the bowling alley.

“Ah, crap.” All of the predators in the room had been aroused by her hunting cry. Unfortunately, she was the only one in the alley who classified as prey.

With a curt gesture, Steve took up a position on one side of her and Ryan the other, Jimbo bringing up the rear. Big surprise there. They slowly and carefully headed for the exit. The herd of hungry supernaturals shifted restlessly as Garnet and her escort walked to the door.

As the door swung open, Steve whispered, “Run,

and thanks. We couldn't have won without you. Next week is the championship, and now we have a chance."

With one last pat on her butt, Jimbo shoved her into the night with Ryan and Steve moving to block the door. She ran across the parking lot as fast as she could, not even caring about the noise. They would be able to hear her regardless.

Her car door finally opened to her fumbled attempts to get the key in and as soon as she was behind the wheel, she started it up and put it in gear. Halfway across the lot, she saw the crowd spilling past her honor guard, so she gunned the motor and hit the highway without looking back. Five miles down the road, she resumed the speed limit and breathed a little easier. She wasn't exactly on the menu as far as taste was concerned, but those bites hurt!

The goblin blood that her mother had bequeathed was fairly bitter to the taste. It was earthy, tangy and very sour for those who tried to ingest it, very much at odds with her normal appearance. She looked human for the most part, but her eyes had multiple lids that let her see in the dark, and her double fangs were a little hard to hide.

* * * *

The restaurant and bar that was hosting her cousin's

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wedding rehearsal was still well lit. Only appropriate, since the couple getting married were a creature of magic and a creature of the night.

Anthony was the vampire she had replaced at the bowling alley. He was the regular player on the team, and he had to take the night of the semi-finals off to please his blushing bride.

Beatrice was her cousin, and they shared a magical heritage. This made Garnet the most logical choice to replace Tony at the game. She was good in the dark, and her strength was far greater than her slender body indicated.

As she left her car in the lot, she noted the gargoyles patrolling the perimeter of the lit area. Stef, Tina and Liz were in fine form, lurking in the darkness until they were needed and then launching themselves at any intruder who wandered into their territory.

The gargoyles were members of the Warder family and attended all serious family events. There were far too many people who would love to take advantage of a Warder on its own. It never hurt to bring backup.

With a nod and smile to the guardians lurking in the darkness, she made her way into the bright lights and loud music of the rehearsal that just seemed to be hitting its stride.

Holding court at a table raised up on a dais were the bride and groom. She was relaxed and looked to

be having fun, watching her extended family carouse and mingle with his. He seemed really tense, even for a predator that could remain still for days at a time.

Garnet quickly moved through the writhing bodies on the dance floor, ignoring the casual caresses that were drawn across her breasts and ass as she passed, and headed for the dais.

Tony perked up as he saw her, then grinned in relief as she smiled, nodded and pumped one fist into the air.

Moving swiftly to his side, she told him all of the events of the evening, leaving her hasty exit out of the retelling.

Tony quickly turned to his fiancé. "Bea! She did it! We're in the finals against the Red Necks next week."

Beatrice looked away from the goblin that was trying to bond his body to that of a willing vamp on the dance floor. "What? Haven't they been the VB League champions for sixty years?"

"Yep, and tonight, Garnet got us a shot at taking them down." He hugged his cousin-to-be, then grabbed his fiancé...and gave her a kiss to curl her toes that drew hoots of amusement from the crowd.

Garnet took a place on the dais and relaxed as she watched her aunts and uncles dance. Each couple, once married, bonded for life. It was comforting to know that when and if she chose a mate, it would last. The Warder bonding ceremony would make sure of it. No unsuitable matches could be bound. If the

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magic wouldn't bind you, then this was not the one for you.

She could only hope to be as lucky as Beatrice. She and Tony had met while she was lining up contractors for his home. The rest was history.

"What the hell is he doing here?" The voice coming from behind her had to be Tony's and from her seated vantage point at the end of the dais, she couldn't see who he was referring to.

"He who?"

"Tim. From the Fanged Strikes. He just walked through the door."

Garnet stood and sure enough, one of the vamps that had sat across the lane from her on the opposite bench was walking through the crowd, heading straight for her.

Tony strode forward, as it was his party, and greeted the new guest cordially. They spoke quietly at length and then Tony looked back at her, grinned and gestured for Tim to approach her.

He stopped just a few inches away and leaned down to speak over the music, "Congratulations on the game. You tipped the scales for Steve's team."

"Thanks. I was afraid that I would have forgotten how." She looked into his eyes and saw pools of hypnotic blue. She closed her eyes briefly and her own 'natural' eyes took over. Bright yellow, with slitted pupils.

He blinked, and stopped trying to entrance her. "Care to dance?"

"Sure, but no munching. I don't taste too good. Goblin blood." She was astonished at her own honesty. Usually she left it as a little surprise for the vamp foolish enough to taste her. Perhaps Tim's roughly normal good looks were affecting her.

He took her into his arms and they spun across the floor to a nice calm ballad. She could feel the outline of every finger on her back and touching her hip. He was surprisingly warm. He must have fed that night.

They danced without speaking for a few minutes, and she finally had to break the silence with something that had been nagging at her. "How did you get past Tina, Stef and Liz?"

"Who?"

"The gargoyles in the parking lot."

"Oh, I used chocolate, it works wonders." His grin was smug as he leaned her back in a dramatic dip.

Now, how the hell did he know that chocolate would work?

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Chapter Two

Tim held her close as they cruised across the dance floor. The hardened nipples on her luscious, firm breasts told him a story as she crushed them against his muscular chest. The bulge in his pants told her a similar story.

His strong, massive flanks moved in unison with her tender, willowy thighs. They glided among the other couples. Tim guided her to a dark corner of the room and twirled the two of them around and behind a large potted plant. Garnet looked up at him. His piercing blue eyes captivated her dewy look as he lowered his lips to hers. She involuntarily rose up on tiptoe and stretched her neck, closing her eyes as their lips met. His tongue darted in to play tag with hers.

She kissed him passionately. She realized that he wasn't just interested in her as a snack. She even let him nuzzle her neck, and he traced her pulsing carotids with his fangs without even causing a

scratch. His long black hair framed his handsome face. She felt his hands caressing her hips.

"You have such a marvelous ass," he whispered.

Garnet reached around and let her hands explore his backside. She insinuated her hand into his back pocket. She squeezed, but his muscular butt seemed to be made of steel.

"Yours is quite nice too," she said softly. She licked his exposed throat, then planted her full red lips and sucked hard.

"Mmmmm," she murmured. He tasted so good on the outside. She wondered if all of him tasted that good--slightly salty.

They swayed against each other, then he guided her back out onto the dance floor and swirled her around, pulling her voluptuous body against his chest. *That chest. Mmmmmm.* His shirt was unbuttoned down to the waist so he could show off his muscles. He looks like a pirate, she thought.

The way their bodies molded to each other, they moved as one to the soothing music. They moved as if they were in a dream. Then the music softly came to an end, and the band shuffled their sheet music while adjusting their instruments and blowing the spit out of the horns.

And then,

TANGO!

Suddenly, Tim became an Argentinean Vaquero. He grinned down at her once, then grasped her

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tightly around the waist, guiding her across the floor like a sleek destroyer chasing an enemy ship across the sea. The expression on his face looked like it was chiseled out of granite. His chin jutted out towards the clasped hands at the ends of their outstretched arms like a clipper bow slicing through whitecaps.

Garnet joined him in his enthusiastic approach. She loved to dance, and there was nothing like a tango to bring out the lust beneath her calm exterior.

One by one, the other partners retired from the floor until only Garnet and Tim were left, sweeping grandly around the ballroom as if glued to each other. Her cousin Bea held out a rose as they swished by, and Garnet grasped it with her teeth. Entranced by each other, they cast a spell on all the rest of the wedding party with their magnificent, sexy dance.

The music swelled towards a climax, and so did Garnet. The bulge in Tim's pants rubbed her clit through her clothes, and she came in a burst of glory as the music ended in a grand crescendo and he spun her across the floor in a split. Her orgasm was so intense when she hit the floor that she was sure everyone noticed, but they were just cheering and applauding the two dancers.

The music stopped and the spell was broken. The band struck up an old Neil Diamond tune, and the other couples went back to their comfortable dancing.

Tim strode over to Garnet where she still sat on the

floor, her legs stretched out in a split. She looked up at him. He grinned down at her and extended his hand. She grasped it and stood up as gracefully as she could. He took her in his arms and whispered in her ear, "You dance as well as you bowl."

She smiled up at him. She dropped her gaze to his chest, glistening with sweat from the exertion of the tango. She licked out and then planted her lips on him, sucking and licking at his manly mouth. The bulge in his pants was still there.

He lifted her chin so he could peer into her eyes. "You're going to have to stop giving me hickies."

Garnet thrust out her pelvis and rubbed her Venus mound against his manhood. "Do you know how to do the Lambada?" She licked her upper lip and partially closed her eyes.

"The dance of love," he responded in his deep haunting voice. "Have you ever done it naked?"

This is getting better and better. "Come with me," she said.

She took his hand and led him across the crowded room toward the door. In the parking lot, they were accosted by Stef, Tina and Liz. The faces of the three gargoyles were all smeared with dark chocolate.

"Where're you two going?" asked Stef, the toughest looking one of the bunch.

"Oh, don't worry," said Garnet, "we're just going to get a little air."

"Want some more chocolate?" said Tim.

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The three of them looked guiltily at the ground, then sidelong at each other. Garnet pulled Tim past them and headed across toward her car.

"Garnet?"

"Hmm?"

"What have you got in mind? Are we about to do what I think we are? What I hope we are?"

Garnet turned to him with a wicked grin on her face. Her fangs jutted out and her yellow eyes flashed. "I promise not to hurt you if you promise, too."

She leaned against him and reaching down, she cradled his balls in her warm hand. His cock strained against the fabric of his slacks. They embraced and kissed soulfully, their tongues swirling around each other--a sloppy, moisture-laden kiss.

"I promise, too," he said. "I won't bite if you don't. But I can do some marvelous things to your body with my tongue."

"So can I," said Garnet with anticipation.

"But let's not use your car."

"It is a little small." She had a little, mid-engine, Ford GT. Expensive. Powerful. Fast. But not very roomy.

"Mine's over there." He pointed at an old Rolls Royce parked under a tree, next to the gate to the cemetery. "It's old, but the back is like a living room."

Garnet had to control her urge to squeal in delight at the sight of the big roomy back seat when he

opened the door. The leather seats and the wood grain trim exuded that rich smell of opulence you expect from the very best. There were several pillows strewn around on the seats and the floor. A silver ice bucket full of ice and chilling a bottle of champagne was strapped to the back of the front seat.

"It sure is big," she said.

Tim handed her in and joined her on the seat. Garnet placed her hands on his chest and slid them around, under his shirt to his back. She planted her lips on him again and licked his skin, relishing his salty taste. He swiftly pulled the shirt up and removed it, then pulled her blouse up and reaching up her back, undid her bra. Garnet was getting hotter and hotter. She quickly unbuttoned her blouse and removed it and the bra, freeing her breasts from their confinement.

Tim reached over and closed the curtains on all the windows.

Garnet attacked his pants, undoing his zipper, belt and the button that held everything together. She slid to the floor and pulled. Tim raised his hips to help her. As she removed the slacks and boxer shorts, his marvelous cock escaped and sprang up, pulsing and swaying from side to side. Garnet swiftly wriggled out of her remaining clothes and looked up at this pure male she had captured. She crawled up his thighs and kissed the very tip of his throbbing cock before launching herself at him.

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They embraced, and their kiss was long and hard. Their hands explored as their naked bodies squirmed against each other. Their warmth was soon steaming up the air in the confined back seat of the big Rolls. Sweat rolled off them and they slipped and slithered against each other.

Neither of them could stand it any longer. Tim leaned back across the seat and Garnet straddled him.

* * * *

Tina, Stef and Liz watched as the Rolls Royce rocked and bounced on its springs. Montague--Tim's chauffeur--stood by, doling out chocolate to them. They were taking liberties with him as they imagined what was going on inside the big car behind those infernal curtains. The chauffeur was enjoying himself. Three horny females, even if they were gargoyles, made for a happy Montague.

Their hands fluttered about his slight body and when they discovered the bulge in his pants, they of course determined to do something about it. Monty had plenty of chocolate. They seemed to be addicted to the stuff.

Eventually, the big, old Rolls Royce settled down and stopped rocking back and forth. After a while, the door opened and Garnet stepped out. Tim followed her. They each had a flute half full of bubbly

in their hands.

They smoothed their clothes and turned toward the building. As they walked past the four watchers, Garnet winked at them. They trailed an aroma of sex that wafted across to Monty and the three gargoyles.

When the three gargoyles sniffed that, it inflamed them. Montague never had a chance. The three, covered with chocolate, pounced on him. They ravaged the lucky old fellow over and over again, right there in the parking lot.

* * * *

Garnet and Tim re-entered the party.

"Would you like some hors d'oeuvres?" asked Tim.

"Mmm."

She leaned on his arm as he slowly strolled around the tables. He selected a plate and retrieved some shrimp, meatballs, cashews and ripe olives. They wandered over to the space behind the potted plant where they had shared their first kiss. He fed her, and she munched on the snacks as they drowned in each other's eyes. They washed it all down with champagne. They ended up in each other's arms again, hands caressing and exploring, tongues playing tag, smitten by the god of lust.

"What are you two up to?" Tony and Beatrice stood there, hand in hand, peering around the plant

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at them.

"Oh, nothing much," they mumbled.

"You smell terrible," said Bea. "Come on. I have a dressing room where you can freshen up."

She took Garnet by the hand and led her away.

Tony looked Tim over.

"Did what I think just happened, really happen?"

"Ah," mumbled Tim, "er, a..." He looked askance and wouldn't meet Tony's eyes. "Well..."

"Well, what?" said Tony. Then he grinned. "Damn! I never thought you...or you two..."

"Yeah," said Tim, "well, we did."

"You did?"

"We did. And it was fantastic."

"Well, I'll be..."

"She's something terrific."

"I'll bet she is."

"And, you know Montague?"

"Monty, your chauffeur?"

"Yeah."

"Okay...?"

"I think he got a little bit from those Warders out in the parking lot."

"The hell you say."

Tim smirked and nodded.

"He's lucky they didn't kill him. They can be terribly vicious," said Tony.

"It's amazing what you can do with a little bit of

chocolate."

"Well, you stink," said Tony. "The two of you must have just oozed sex and sweat while you were going at it. I recommend you leave, go home and get cleaned up. I'll square it with Garry."

"You don't think she'll be pissed if I'm not here when she gets back?"

"Bea's probably telling her that I'm running you off right now. Don't worry. Lust is pretty powerful. If you two are supposed to get together, I'm sure it will happen. You know how to get in touch with her, don't you?"

"Not really," said Tim.

"Just call me, then. I can always get a message to her."

"Hmm." Tim sniffed his underarm. "I guess you're right. I can always meet her at the bowling alley." He grinned a little sheepishly. "Okay. I'll take off. I should probably rescue Montague anyway."

Then he was gone.

Tony went back to the party. It was going to be a heck of a wedding.

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Chapter Three

“Hey, where are you going?” Garnet asked Tim from the corner of the brick building.

She knew Tony would try to separate them. She could tell within the twinkle of his eyes that he wasn’t happy about what she did with Tim. He always thought he knew best. Just because she had a thing for him once--way back, when she was a kid--didn’t mean he could pick out all her future dates. When she saw Tim slip out the door, she hurried to sneak out the side entrance and cut him off.

“I just...I’m...well...” Tim stuttered.

“Spit out the words, already, before I grow another tooth waiting.” She crooked her finger at him to follow her.

She watched him kick a brown-booted toe in the parking lot gravel – undecided.

“Was that it?” she asked, when he looked around without moving. “You came here just looking for a

quick lay?"

She felt funny inside--ill--and her thoughts began to border on embarrassingly upset. Sometimes she did go into relationships too fast. Some of the family thought it the slutty thing to do. She just didn't think sex had to come with marriage.

"No, of course not." He walked toward her. His strides had confidence, and his blue eyes looked as excited as she felt. "What if we..."

"Shhh." She put a finger to her lips for him to keep silent.

The chocoholics were coming down from their sugar high. They'd be on guard, and she didn't want them to find her outside with Tim--alone, in the dark. They watched her too closely. She had too many thoughts about things she wanted to explore with him, and having Tina, Stef and Liz lingering within a yard of her would not give her the freedom to do what she wanted. They were the real reason she moved quickly with Tim into his fancy car.

"I was going to go now, because I'm on the bad side of smelly," Tim said.

"Me too. Does it bother you?"

His finger curled under her chin and lifted her face. "You smell like a fresh bouquet of roses on a summer day." He lowered his head and kissed her. His lips moved from hers across her cheek to her jaw. Light, teasing kisses went down her neck, up to her earlobe, and she turned her head to give him full access. He

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licked her skin.

"I know a place," she whispered. "A special place we can go and get away from everyone."

"Yeah." He cupped her jaw. "And you're not afraid I might want to take a nibble of you?"

"I've already warned you how I'll taste bad."

"I was thinking of tasting another part of you."

"Oh?"

His hand went between them and rubbed at her mound. The titillation instantly sent a shiver of heat through her limbs.

"Oh!" She still dripped from their last coupling. "Then I think we should hurry."

She led him down a path through the woods.

"Garnet, not so fast." He pulled her back.

She slipped her fingers free and ran. He made her feel in a playful mood.

"Garnet, something could happen to you out here."

She laughed, delighting in having him chase her, and knowing he'd never catch her. The goblin blood gave her a little more speed than he possessed.

"Ouch!" she yelled, tumbling to the ground.

Tim caught up to her and stood with a know-it-all frown. "Are you all right?" He held a hand out to her.

"Who would ever think to put a tree root in a path?" She took his cool hand; his strength towed her with ease from the hard ground.

"Maybe you should ask who put a path where

there was a tree root."

She put a hand to her mouth when the giggles wouldn't stop.

Tim took her hand and pulled it down. "When I saw you tonight, I couldn't believe how beautiful you looked on that alley bowling. I just had to come and see you."

"Did you really come to see me?" She moved closer.

"Yeah, you make me hot, horny and in need of you."

"We already had sex."

"Now I want more." His fangs extended to full length. His grip on her arms tightened.

"But remember...I told you, I taste bad." It sounded silly to say--or believe--he had lost his memory.

"I haven't forgotten, but I bet you didn't know goblin blood can be an acquired taste."

"No, you wouldn't want to try."

* * * *

He wrapped an arm around her to hold tight so his other hand could come up near her neck. He stroked the rapidly pounding artery. "Go with it, Garnet. Relax, and just go with the buzz."

Tim jerked her collar away from her smooth, swan-like neck. The snowy column, silky to his touch, would now feel the sting of his fangs. He promised

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not to bite her, but he couldn't help the attraction he had to her heat. The thick, rich blood, tainted or not, would warm his veins with her energy.

"Please," Garnet barely mouthed the word within the trance he pushed her mind to hover within.

He pierced the flesh, sucking and slurping at the bitter juice. His cock went hard, steely, as if he grew a new manhood.

Garnet's mind fought his. Her will began to dominate. It would be just his luck to desire a woman that could turn him into a hen-pecked vamp. He released his bite at the poke she gave him in the gut and the stomp of her foot on his.

"Damn, Garnet!" He hopped around. She had probably broken his toes.

"Go away. You're just like the others. All you wanted was a fuck and suck."

"And you wanted it."

Her lips pinched together while she rubbed a hand at her neck.

"Can't deny it, can you?"

She stalked off into the darkness.

"Garnet, let me walk you back to the restaurant." When she disappeared, he shouted, "Garnet!"

He had two choices; leave, or go after her. Tromping down the path, he didn't worry she could hear him coming. She couldn't go too far before realizing her car was in the restaurant parking lot.

Garnet's scream sent him running along the path. He broke out from the dense forest and stood at the edge of the pond. He knew his jaw dropped, but he managed to keep his mouth shut. The moonlight cast a milky glow over the grotto, and especially over her nakedness. A bewitching lady of the lake, she stood knee deep in the shimmering waters.

"You bit me, and didn't gag or spit." She bent down and swished the water with her hand.

"I know."

"You didn't find the taste of my blood...I think the last vamp to nip called it 'putrid scum'."

"I've had goblin blood before. I told you, it can be an acquired taste."

"You didn't leave. Why?"

He shrugged, not understanding himself.

"So, you going to just stand there, or come swimming with me? You said something about washing up."

He stripped his clothes off quickly. She'd retaliate somehow, and he didn't care. He needed another taste, but this time he'd get it from her sweet cunt while sucking up the delicious nectar of her womanly flower.

Tim walked down to the edge of the water. His cock swayed side to side like a massive coat peg. He put his hands on his hips and stared at her. "What is it you plan to do to me?"

"Hmmm." She tapped her pinched lips with one

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finger. "I don't know yet."

"So you *are* going to get even."

"Your bite hurt."

He could see the twin marks on her fine-textured skin. "I'll make it up to you."

"Damn straight you will."

Tim dared to go closer. He chanced to take her into his arms. He aimed for her mouth, and felt her stiffen. He couldn't even lie and say he wouldn't bite her again. "Have I told you how beautiful I think you are?"

"Well, I remember something about that." She squirmed closer.

His cock pressed against her belly. Her wiggling made the ache increase in his groin. He fondled the tip of her breast, pinching, pulling on the nipple until it hardened. "I expected the water to be warmer." He closed his eyes to her hands rubbing over him.

She skimmed his chest and swirled her palms over his nipples. "You warmed your veins on me, remember?" She continued to massage his shoulders and arms, and then she slid down further.

He moaned at the heavenly sensation of his cock wedged between her glorious tits.

She moved up and down, teasing him by holding her breasts tight to his steely erection. "You like that, don't you?"

"You know I do, Garnet."

"How about I do something else you'll like?" she laughed.

He groaned to the flicker of her tongue up and down his shaft. Butterfly kisses swept over the tip.

"Geesh, Garnet. That feels so good."

When he felt the pressure building, tightening his balls, he put a hand on her head. Her lips slipped over the head and off, repeatedly. She twisted and jerked on his maleness with aggressive moves. The orgasm began to rocket him up on his toes.

"Oh, yeah, that's it, suck it good and hard." He looked down when her lips made a popping sound.

"I'll give it to you hard," she said and sank her fangs into the throbbing vein.

He froze. His thoughts slammed into a dizzy euphoria. Mind control was dangerous when someone wanted revenge. Only she let him feel, experience, and shudder with the pain. He hadn't yet figured out why he didn't fall over.

"Was it good for you?" She stood up.

Speechless, he couldn't stop her from giving him a shove, and he fell back into the shallow waters.

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Chapter Four

Garnet laughed as she watched Tim splashing and fumbling to regain his footing in the water. She bit her lower lip with her goblin fangs, tilting her head suggestively, her mind racing a million miles a minute. Ah—ha! Yes, that was the ticket. Maybe her new boy toy would enjoy a rousing game of ‘Mistress Whip and Naughty Boy’?

“Hey,” he groaned. “There’s no need to get so rough with me.” He stood stiffly and rubbed his slightly bruised buttocks. “Ow. My ass took a beating from those pebbles on the pond bottom.”

She sauntered over to him, grinning wildly. Reaching out swiftly, she spanked him firmly on his exposed bottom cheeks. “Rough? You ain’t seen nothin’ yet... Wanna get warmed up a bit with my whip?”

“Your w--whip?” Even for the undead, Tim’s face had turned a deathly shade of pale. He swallowed

hard. "You mean you want to...spank me?"

Garnet took pity on her captive. She threw her arms about his neck, pressing her pointed peaks and the rest of her womanly curves against his rock-hard, muscular form. She kissed him deeply, passionately, practically sucking all the non-lifeforce from him before pulling back to stare into his darkly unfathomable vampire eyes.

"Sure. Don't you like a little discipline now and then?"

"Uh...well, I...uh..."

She frowned and crossed her arms over her ample bosoms. "Oh, I see. You vamps always have to be the one in charge, don't you? I know what it is... You always have to sweep the helpless female off her feet wearing those gorgeous designer flowing black capes of yours. Then once she's totally whammied by your impressive good looks and teeth action, you toss her into bed, where she whimpers and pleads for more of your good lovin'." She took a step toward him. "You're not used to a real goblin female in the sack, are you?"

Tim shrugged. "Too be honest, I've only bit a few goblin females before. I've never quite gotten as far as we did in the back of my Rolls."

"So I'm your first?" Garnet's heart beat wildly. Her psychically gifted fairy godmother, Aunt Drusilla, the half-goblin, half-lycanthrope, had always told her that her true love would be 'unspoiled'. He would have

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never experienced a female goblin's mind control games before. He'd be a ready and willing participant in all things she required of him.

Tim was perfect for her! She would own her lover completely, body and soul—or whatever passed for a soul nowadays with a member of the undead race.

"Yes, you're my first true goblin lover." He caressed her cheek with the back of his cold, damp hand and followed it with a series of electric kisses, his flexible tongue licking and tasting her flesh with all the gusto of a starving man let loose in an all-you-can-eat buffet with a stolen charge card.

Garnet sighed and arched her back, thrusting her throbbing clit towards his rapidly rising rod of rogering. "Oh, Tim! You don't know how happy to hear you say that. It makes me want to...want to..."

He chuckled deep in the back of his throat. "It makes you want to come again right here and right now, screaming so loud it wakes every living creature within a five mile radius out of a sound sleep?"

She threw back her head and laughed. Now was the time for her to take charge of the situation. She reached down and grasped his sticky manhood firmly. "No, it makes me want to take you back to my place, where I've got plenty of ropes and handcuffs."

"Rope?" He attempted to extricate himself from her steely grasp, but before he could escape, Garnet flashed her yellow goblin's eyes and murmured a

quick spell, quickly mesmerizing him on the spot.

"Follow me, my little swimmy-wimmy Timmy..." She led him by the cock out of the chilly waters of the pond, pulling him along like child pulling a rubber ducky on wheels. "It's time we both got hot and bothered without benefit of a neighborhood audience."

* * * *

The next thing Tim remembered was coming out of the trance and finding himself tied spread-eagle across a crimson-colored satin sheet-covered mattress. Looking up, the wholly erotic image in the ceiling mirror startled him.

"There. I think the knots are tight enough. Don't you?"

"Say wha..." He pulled against the black velvet cords on his wrists and ankles. "Garnet, this isn't necessary in the least. Can't you tell by my saluting flagpole here that I want to fuck your little goblin brains out over and over again?"

"Of course you want to fuck me, my naughty little vamp." Garnet had changed clothes since their pond assignation. She wore a cranberry-colored bustier with a matching garter belt and fishnet hose. In her hand, she bandied a long red-pink feather. The tickling sensations as she danced the love tool across his skin were enough to drive him over the edge.

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"And I'll let you fuck me all you want and then some. But first you have to pass a few tests."

He scrunched up his nose and bit his lower lip. "Um, isn't it a bit late to ask me my sexual history, Garnet? Besides, you know we vampires don't host any human diseases. And we certainly don't need to practice birth control, since we're not among the living."

She giggled, tickling his muscular thigh with her feather. "You're cute when you're funny. But I don't mean those kinds of tests, silly. I'm talking about magical tests... Tests to see if we're compatible--magically."

"Magical tests. I see." A surge of pleasure and excitement pulsed through his undead body, culminating in a mind-numbing throb at the top of his hard cock. "Are you thinking what I'm thinking?"

"What are you thinking, my naughty little vampire?" She tweaked his nipple with her feather then bounced onto the bed, straddling his face with her hips.

He tongued his answer. She squealed and threw her head back in glee. "Yes—yes!"

Hungrily, he attacked her cunt with his dynamic tongue and talented teeth. The sweetly bitter goblin taste of her drove him crazy with desire. He plunged his tongue deeper into her eager hole and was rewarded by heartfelt groans and sighs.

Garnet grasped the headboard tightly and began rocking her hips back and forth. She bucked her clit hard against his fangs, howling and panting like a cat in heat. Soon he felt orgasmic tremors overtaking her curvaceous form as she exploded in mind-shattering climax after climax.

"Goodness me." She slowly slid off his face, her muscles relaxing into liquid, puddling on the bed beside him. "I'd say we're very compatible in that department."

"Then you think your goblin people will let you bond with a member of the undead clan?"

She turned and looked dreamily into his eyes. "Yeah, I think they will. Especially if you pass all the other tests with flying colors."

"Other tests? You mean, besides magical compatibility ones?"

Garnet grinned evilly at him and slowly sat up. "You'll see." She shouted toward the bedroom door, "Stef! Tina! Liz! You haven't eaten all that chocolate fondue, have you?"

His enthusiasm momentarily flagged. "The gargoyles are here?"

She nodded.

"Why on earth didn't you leave them at the wedding rehearsal? Monty was enjoying himself thoroughly, I'm sure."

"Monty's here, too. How else do you think I got you into your Rolls and over to my house? In your

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trance, you have to be occasionally picked up and carried places. The gals were really helpful getting you upstairs to my lair here and spreading you out on the bed for me while I showered and changed."

"You let the gargoyles tie me to the bed?" Furrowing his brow, he regarded her through narrowed eyes. "Are you testing my fidelity? Are you trying to see if I'd ever be tempted to be unfaithful with one of those horribly horny flying gargoyle girlfriends of yours?"

"Of course not. I know you would never do anything I didn't expressly give you permission to do... Which is why I'm giving you permission now."

"Permission to do what, exactly, Garnet? You half-goblin females are an enigmatic lot, aren't you?"

The bedroom door flew open. "Fondue is served!" cried the gargoyle known as Stef.

Garnet clapped her hands, squealing with delight as her three crazy cousins doused her yummy vampire in thick, dark chocolate fondue sauce. It would be a hell of a dry cleaning bill to get the sticky stains out of her sheets, but the look on his face made it all worthwhile.

"Ooo... That's a bit on the toasty side. Careful you don't permanently damage the merchandise."

To his favor, Garnet noted, Tim lay back and accepted the candy treatment like the brave paranormal creature he was. Liz and Tina took turns

drizzling the sweet concoction over his nipples and chest while Stef slowly licked her lips and rubbed her claws together.

"Let me do the cock! Let me do the cock, please? I've always wanted to make chocolate suckers—literally!" The gargoyle trio cackled raucously at the joke. They passed the fondue pot over to Stef, who carefully coated his erection until it became a phallus frozen in a crunchy chocolate shell.

"Yummy!" Garnet couldn't get enough of watching her sweetie being covered in sweet syrup. Her hands wandered toward her pussy and began to eagerly rub her sensitive sweet spot. "Ooo! What do you think, my little vamp?"

"I think we ought to market me as a Halloween treat. 'Chocolate Vampire', you could call it. Filled with hot, creamy liquid ready to shoot into his hot and naughty goblin girl's tight cunt. How does that sound to you?"

"Delicious." Garnet walked closer to the bed and nodded her consent to the gargoyles. "But I think the chefs should each get a taste of their culinary creation first. Don't you?"

Tim's dark eyes widened with astonishment. "You...you don't mind?"

Garnet bent to kiss him soundly on his chocolate splattered lips. "I wouldn't let them if I minded. Relax. Enjoy it. It's not every vampire who gets tied up by a trio of horny gargoyles, covered in chocolate

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and then licked into absolute submission.”

“Monty certainly enjoyed it,” Stef quipped, tossing the pot aside. Without a moment’s hesitation, they descended upon their prey and began to feast on his flesh.

Chapter Five

Garnet moaned with jealousy as she watched the three avid tongues caress Tim's long, dark-chocolate-covered tower of power. She felt herself grow moist again, and she yearned to join her writhing cousins in their delectable feast. But she held herself back, forced herself to contain her swelling desire.

She knew the Gargoyles' limitations. Unlike his chauffeur, Tim was a pure vamp, and a real vamp never came with a Gargoyle. She knew they would bring him to unbearable heights of urgency and desire, but they could not bring him off. She could, and she made herself wait.

Tim groaned in his shackles. An experienced vamp of the world, he too was acutely aware of the exquisite torture he was undergoing. Bound hand and foot, he could not fend off those marvelous, hideous Gargoyle gals, and it was clear from his rapturous exhalations that he didn't really want to. The

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chocolate held the gals' attention as they licked and sucked with gusto.

Tina looked up at Garnet for a moment. "Peppermint would go good with this," she said dreamily. The other two nodded in agreement, but were not to be distracted from the sumptuous meal before them.

"Think of candy canes, Tina," Garnet advised.

"Mmm," she replied, suiting action to imagination.

Stef traced a design on Tim's chest with her little claw. Her artistic nature made even this choco-nalia a beautiful event. Tim quivered under her touch, then sighed as she licked the drawing up.

Garnet ran her fingers lightly over her voluptuous breasts through the silk of the cranberry-colored bustier. She shook her cascading, rich auburn hair, and the waves of her locks tumbled down around her shoulders and over the hardened peaks of her nipples, now visible through the thin, smooth cloth.

Suddenly, she felt a hand join hers, a warm hand, large, hard, engulfing her smaller, more delicate one. Then another hand came around from behind, pulling her hair away from her breasts. This second hand pinched her nipple, then flicked it, not very lightly. She felt a tremor all the way to her damp cleft.

Garnet tried to turn her head to see who this was. One hand came up and held her chin, keeping her from seeing the new arrival. The aroma of his fingers

told her he was--like she--mostly, if not all human. Judging from the hard, muscular chest she was pulled against and the pressure against her naked bottom, he was very, very male.

The garter belt framed her rounded buttocks, but offered no protection from the encroachment behind her. The left hand held her head high and hard against him, while his right hand began an exploration that in any other context would be indecent.

His hand traced the outline of the garter belt, snapping the elastic lightly against her apricot skin. She could not see his hands as he held her chin, pulling her until she was arched against him, up on her toes. His right hand touched her lightly on her pleasure point, teasing and leaving, then slipping a finger quickly between her slick labia.

Pulling out, he drew a damp trail up between her nether cheeks, stopping and toying with her tight little back door. Then, without warning, he let her go, and whirled her sharply to face him.

His hair was a fiery orange, and where Tim's eyes were a brilliant sapphire, his were the green of an angry sea. His light skin was dotted with freckles, but his jaw was hard, dispelling any cuteness the freckles suggested.

"Corian!" she breathed.

"The one and only," he smiled. His lips were like raspberry candy, his teeth white, straight, and with

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lovely little fangs neatly tucked in.

He was her bowling friend Ryan's cousin, and the team scorekeeper. Corian was the product of a historically infamous gangbang by six half-human demi-vamps, those not-yet undead who could still procreate, and the beautiful, notorious Irish movie star, Sheleila. Shaking her waist-length red hair, Sheleila had bet the demis that they couldn't undress her in the glow of the full moon without the light destroying them. She had lost. The movie made millions and nine months later, she gave birth to Corian.

"Two teammates, Steve and Ryan, were worried about you," he said, "but obviously they didn't need to be." He dropped his head to her lips, and kissed her gently. "I see you're consoling the losing team."

"How did you find me?" she asked.

"I went to Bea and Tony's wedding rehearsal to check on you. Bea said you'd gone home to wash." He chuckled. "When you weren't at your house, I took a little look-see around. Then I picked up and followed the Gargoyles' chocolate trail. Would have come in sooner, but I got detained back there in the parlor by one little fairy-mix vamp...Monty, I think he said his name was."

"Is he okay?" Garnet asked. She had forgotten all about the poor thing.

"Oh, baby, is he ever," Corian answered. "No one

could be happier than that old flutterer." Then Corian went back to the business at hand.

Garnet felt his warm, semi-human lips on hers. The true human taste was sweet and dominated, for the moment, the metallic vamp undercurrent. Then Corian pulled back. "Blech. I keep forgetting you're half goblin," he said, running the back of his hand across his mouth. "You taste funny, like three Brussels sprouts."

"No one asked you to taste anything," Garnet snapped, the lustful moment temporarily shattered.

She looked back at Tim, for whom goblin blood was nothing worse than an acquired taste. That was her dream man strapped to the bed, she was sure. An overwhelming urge to go to him came over her, but he was temporarily unavailable. Tied up in a meeting, as it were.

The Gargoyle cousins were reaching their apex. In moments they would be done, and Tim, straining at his bonds, still spread nakedly before her, would be howling for sexual release. The perfect moment, and Corian was ruining it.

"Since I don't need rescuing, why don't you scram? Go count something," she sneered.

As the words left her mouth, she realized her mistake. Demis were not subject to mind-control, and took very unkindly to being told what to do. Worse, being reminded of their obsession with counting things irritated their pride, and this counter named

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Corian wasn't going to be pleased. She should have implored him sweetly, maybe begged him, but even a direct request could produce undesirable consequences, and this time was no exception.

Corian's sea-green eyes flashed in anger. "I'm here for four good reasons: one, to make sure you don't make any dumb mistakes. Two, to protect you. Three..."

At that moment, the Gargoyle trio came in unison, yapping, squealing, screeching as their little gargoyle cunnys throbbed with joy. Tim howled with them, his pure vampire voice searing the room with its power. Tim's, Corian's and Garnet's teeth grew longer as they jointly absorbed the huge force of Tim's lust.

Then Corian's big, hard hands were on Garnet, bending her over so her bottom was displayed, forcing her legs wide. "Take a look, Tim!" Corian said, roughly pulling apart her exposed lips. He shoved two fingers in, deep. "You want her to bring you off? How many times do you want her to come first?" he asked, laughing. Corian kept her expertly opened, taunting her flesh with his experienced hands. She tried to squirm away, but she only inflamed his lust--and hers--with her wriggling.

Tim, watching at the brink of tolerance, arched his back and with super-vampire force, ripped through his shackles. His black hair tumbling over his wet brow, he rose, magnificent, erect and powerful.

His muscles rippling, he grabbed Corian's hand and removed his fingers from Garnet's quivering twat. He plunged his engorged, frustrated man-spear so deep within her that she felt her uterus throb. He thrust hard, and she shuddered with the power of his masculine hardness.

Then he stopped. "Garnet," he said softly, his voice vibrating with his last vestige of self-control. "You are so beautiful. And generous, and giving. You let the Gargoyles share me. Let me share you." He nodded to Corian.

"Let me do one thing to help you out, buddy," Corian said, grinning. He knew the vamp multi-tasking test. As did Garnet. It wasn't only goblins that had compatibility tests for their mates, though vamps didn't bond for life, just for the time-being, for fun. Garnet, her womanly sheath filled with Tim's throbbing member, her legs splayed and her rump exposed, knew that this moment would come, and she desired it beyond reason. She would prove she could please two, or more, at once.

Corian moved to the front of Garnet, while Tim stayed inside and behind her. Corian unzipped his jeans, dropping them and his boxers to his knees. From a nest of fire-orange hair rose his red, thick love-muscle. A drop of glistening moisture lubricated its end. He leaned back against the wall, and pulled Garnet's head down.

Her full, luscious lips accepted Corian's cock with

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grace, taking it deep within her mouth. Her tongue caressed his shaft, flicking and teasing as she sucked on his stick. He held her hair gently, letting her control the motions by which she was pleasing him, but never letting her mouth fully escape his manhood.

Tim's thrusts from behind increased, giving a rhythm to Garnet's body, as she moved forward and back against him, and up and down on Corian's cock. Tim's full length was long enough to reach her inner lust center, something rarely touched by other dicks. The heat of her mounting pleasure made her blossom inside as she melted under their firm ministrations.

She braced her hands on Corian's hips, and allowed herself to be filled by both men completely. But Tim's urgency was greater, his sweet torture under the Gargoyles' tongues having primed his pump to the extreme. He came hard, pounding into Garnet, his spume blasting from him as he howled his pleasure. Then, unable to stop himself, he bent down and bit Garnet on the ass.

Chapter Six

“Owwwww,” Garnet mumbled, practically spitting Corian’s cock from her mouth. With one hand on Corian’s chest and a hard bunt of her ass against Tim, she managed to practically knock both studmuffins off their feet.

“See, see,” Corian was saying, glaring at Tim in the semi darkness of the room, “that’s why I came, to protect you from this bloodsucking...”

Garnet wasn’t listening. “I told you not to bite me. At least not without my say so, and certainly not on the ass!” She winced as she rubbed at the tender flesh. “Did you hear me?”

Tim wasn’t listening. He was flailing his arms, trying to get a good punch in at Corian.

“I tried to protect you, Garnet.” Corian jumped back and forth, trying to stay behind Garnet as Tim took another swipe at him.

“He’s full of crap, Garnet. Don’t listen to him. He came here to keep tabs on me.”

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She narrowed her eyes and looked at Tim, then turned to look at Corian. "What exactly is going on here?"

"You've been screwing my chauffeur again, haven't you, Corian?" Tim stuck out his chin, giving him a defiant look.

"The guy's insatiable. You turned him into a sex demon. You shouldn't have fed him your blood, Tim. That was pretty lame."

Garnet folded her arms across her chest and took a step backwards. Now this was interesting!

"I can feed who I want, okay?" Tim sneered. "Mind your business, you half-assed sissy vampire."

"Screw you, corpse," Corian replied, tucking his still fully erect cock back into his pants.

"Tim, do you swing both ways?" Garnet asked, a smile of intrigue plastered on her face.

"I did him once, once, Garnet, I swear." Tim spoke pleadingly. "And that's 'cause I felt sorry for him. Half-caste aren't exactly popular, you know," he said matter-of-factly. "They have problems getting dates, and even your gargoyle friends wouldn't do him."

Corian was sputtering in anger now.

"They would for chocolate imported from Switzerland. They'd do anything for imported chocolate," she pointed out.

"You're not buying his crap, are you, Garnet?" Corian demanded, his face twisted with anger.

The freckles on his face were standing out now. They looked like little dots across the bridge of his nose.

"Want me to take care of him, Garnet, so we can get back to business?" Tim asked, reaching over to touch her arm.

She jerked it away. Her ass still stung. "How many times have you been laid, Corian?"

"Plenty," he said, stomping his foot. "Many, many times."

Tim sneered. "Yeah, by whom, some little leprechaun fairy in your dreams?"

"There is nothing wrong with leprechaun fairies," Corian replied indignant. "They have a right to sexual fulfillment, too. I seem to remember one particular little leprechaun that you enjoyed."

"All right, all right, never mind," Tim growled.

"Tell me about the leprechaun fairy," Garnet insisted.

"Garney, we're wasting time," Tim whined, "the sun will be up soon."

"Yeah," Corian laughed, "and you'll have to crawl back into your coffin, you undead cretin. Just because you're allowed to vote, you think your shit don't stink. Well, you don't shit, so..."

"Fine," Tim said, cutting him off, turning around and picking up his pants. "I'll leave you two alone. I hope you have a--"

"Oh, no," Garnet said, "this is too good a situation

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to waste." She reached out for Tim's meaty forearm. "Me and two hot studs, not only hot for me, but for each other. Stories like these sell like hotcakes in the erotica publishing world, you know?"

Tim struggled.

"Grab him, Corian. If you want him, he's yours!" Garnet cried out.

Corian pushed Tim hard. He stumbled, and fell backwards on the chocolate-stained sheets. Tim let out a yelp as Corian landed hard on top of him. Garnet busied herself retying the ropes that had previously held him.

"I love it when you fight," Corian was saying as Tim bucked and complained underneath him.

Garnet reached down and yanked Corian off of Tim. "Hey, if you're going to have fun with him, I want to be able to see, and I expect to be included. I know he's prettier than me, but you know, fair's fair."

"I wouldn't forget about you, darling," Corian muttered, his lust-filled eyes already raking Tim's studly form. "Let's torment him without letting him cum, okay?"

Garnet's yellow eyes lit up. Then she sniggered. "Why, Corian, I didn't know your kind could be so devious. I think I'm falling in love." She gave Tim a smug, self-satisfied smile.

"Garnet," Tim pleaded. "Please, believe me, I..."

Garnet looked around her and found her discarded

undies. "What did you say, you deceitful, two-timing, fence-hopping, ahhh...leprechaun-screwing..."

"Let's not forget lycanthrope, goblin, Fairy Godmother..." Corian pointed out.

Garnet was crushed. "You screwed Aunt Drusilla too?"

"Who's Aunt Drusilla?" Tim squawked.

Garnet stomped her foot, then rushed over and shoved her panties in his mouth. "I can't believe he did my Fairy Godmother. She must be over ninety."

Tim was mumbling something through her panties.

She grabbed Corian, kissed him hotly on the mouth, then told him to stand up. "Take off your clothes. Let's see what the son of a gangbang can do."

Enthusiastically, Corian threw off his clothes. His underwear flew in the air and landed on Tim's face, who growled in frustration through the damp, goblin-smelling panties.

Garnet jumped up and threw her legs around Corian's hips, who almost immediately impaled her with his yummy boner.

"Let's get on the bed," she said, sliding down as much as she could on his slippery-slop as he maneuvered them both over to the bed. Squealing with delight, she began to bounce up and down on Corian's cock, grabbing his hand and placing it on Tim's protruding shaft. "It's okay, Corian, you can play with us both, darling, and you, Tim," she said,

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reaching over to pull the underwear away from his face, "can watch."

Garnet laughed and threw back her head, letting Corian have his way with her. His half-vampire blood gave him great strength, so that he lifted her all the way off his rod and slammed her back down again. It was good, but she made sure it sounded like the fuck of her life. "Yes. Yes. ahhhhhhhhh...go stud man, my hot stud. What a great cock, the best cock I've ever had. Ahhhhhh."

Corian had Tim's cock in his hand and each time he brought Garnet down on his stiffy, he squeezed Tim's cock. This corresponded exactly with Garnet's screaming and Tim's panty-muffled groan. It was a symphony. The three of them shuddered in orgasm, and Garnet crawled off Corian, lying down beside Tim. Corian crawled on the other side. They both ran their hands over him, his nipples, his belly. Corian moved his head down and took Tim's cock into his mouth.

"Get him ready," Garnet said. "I'm going to ride him."

Corian mumbled something, then raised his head, his mouth glistening with Tim's preternatural cum. "He's ready. Never did take him very long."

"You can fuck his mouth, if you like. Your cock will probably taste better than my panties." She giggled.

Corian crawled back up to the top of the bed, as Garnet straddled Tim's cock. "Watching him suck your cock will really turn me on," she said, catching her breath as she watched Corian pull the panties out of Tim's mouth and plunge in his cock in their place. If Tim wanted to protest, he didn't get the chance.

Garnet waited until Tim really started to suck. He looked like he was enjoying it. Corian sure was. He was moaning loudly.

"Fine," Garnet said, positioning Tim's erection at her sopping opening. She wasn't sure if she was angry or not. He didn't have to enjoy it that much. She teased the head of his cock for a few seconds, stroking it across her engorged nubbin, then sank down on it, closing her eyes.

The sounds of sucking grew loud. Garnet bounced on his cock, riding it as if he were a stallion out in the wild. "Giddy up, horsie," she cried out.

She came fast and hard, quickly moving off him, watching as he licked the underside of Corian's cock with obvious pleasure. "Umm, fine." She bent down, pushed his ass over to the side with one hand and promptly bit it.

Tim spit Corian out of his mouth and howled. "Jesus, Garnet. What in hell did you do that for?"

"Paying you back for biting me."

"You've got to let me go, the sun will be up soon. I can't stay here."

"Maybe I should let the sun burn your sorry ass,"

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she jeered, collecting her clothes.

Corian stood up now, shaking his head. "I guess I ruined your night, Garnet. I only came to protect you."

Tim grunted and broke one of his restraints, then the other. "Bull."

"You think you are so damn irresistible," Corian accused. "I've had better lays with hotter vamps than you."

Garnet sighed. "Boys, boys, play nice."

Tim levitated off the bed, landing on his feet.

Corian scoffed, "There he goes. When he's threatened, he resorts to playing vampire."

"I am a vampire, scum," he bared his teeth, causing Corian to take a step back, "don't forget it."

Garnet rolled her eyes. Tim took a step toward her. She couldn't help but be mesmerized by his gaze. "I'll be back, Garnet. This is not over, not by a long shot."

His words sounded threatening, but they really turned her on. She watched, fascinated, as he walked to the window, threw it open and then flew out. She ran to the window just in time to see that he had taken the form of a bat. She loved when they did that.

It was Corian's turn to roll his eyes. "Show-off," he mumbled.

Garnet came over and placed a hand on his shoulder. "I hope there is no hard feelings. I guess I should tell you that he is my life mate. He likes the

taste of my blood, which means that he was meant for me. You don't love him, do you?"

Corian shrugged. "Nah. You can have him."

"Thanks," she said. "He's a handful. I have a few lessons to teach him yet."

"Watch yourself, Garnet," Corian cautioned. "They can be malicious, and vengeful. He's such a beast." He put his fist in his mouth and bit it.

She thanked him and watched as he too went to the open window. Then he thought better of it, and decided to use the stairs.

Garnet lay down to sleep. In spite of his tendency to bite and his deep enjoyment for sucking cock, Tim was her dream vampire. He was sexy and he looked delectable in chocolate. He had a very malleable cock, and he seemed addicted to her goblinism. What more could she ask? So what if he *had* fucked her fairy Godmother? So what if he was on the wrong bowling team? They could make it work. She was ready for anything he had in mind. He could play games, and so could she.

"I'm ready, Tim, my tango-dancing corpse. Bring it on, honey!"

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Chapter Seven

Nighttime was back.
And so was he.

For some reason, Garnet had slept right through the day, waking only occasionally when the lip-smacking and howling hunger of Tina, Stef and Liz had burst through her dream state.

For a goblin, daytime sleeping was out of the question. It wasn't even heard of.

Goblins, being the near reverse of vampires, and being creatures of exceptional strength and stamina who seldom needed sleep at any time of the day, were particularly averse to the idea of sleeping when the sun was out.

They preferred to play.

Close the first three sets of their multiple eyelids and lie naked, soaking up each and every ray of the day's glorious light.

But she had slept an entire fourteen hours, more,

from sunup to well beyond sundown, curled in the cum-trashed bed with the Gargoyle Sisters cavorting in a distant corner and warming up their vocal cords for what promised, now that the chocolate had been consumed and they'd spent their lascivious hours licking and stroking it from one another's bodies, to be one hell of a moonlight concert. The concert, of course, having been scheduled years in advance in anticipation of celebrating the decade's most important bowling tourney.

She had slept right here, in a veritable puddle of slimy cum, the combined effort of Tim and Corian and--she felt sure--of the gargoyles' efforts with the two of them as well.

Sitting up, she eyed the gargoyles nervously.

They seemed not to have noticed she was awake.

Tina was hard at work, scrawling an otherworldly bit of artwork in a dank corner of the room, while Stef stood tall upon her shoulders, her chain-mail bra and panties now firmly back in place, brandishing her favorite whip at Liz, who was busily trying to dictate policy and tell the others they needed to get the hell back to work and screw what the other Gargoyle Houses were up to, anyway.

They would be occupied for hours.

And meanwhile, Tim.

Sliding wraithlike across the window sill and into the room, his black, diamond-studded and ocelot lined best cape drawn up high and tight across his

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face so that only the burning-blue pools of mesmeric eyes were visible, he stood at the very end of the bed.

He ravished Garnet with those eyes, seemed to want to plant a suggestion into her mind, seemed to strain like hell to do it.

And just who the hell was supposed to have the power of mind control here, anyway?

She resented his attempt.

Resented it like hell.

"What the fuck did you do to me last night?" he demanded, his voice low and gravelly.

"Not enough, apparently," she replied, eyed the rigid rod of manhood that shoved tight against the straining crimson satin of his pants.

"I hardly slept," he snarled, still not lowering the cape. "I had a hard-on all night, just thinking about you. Just remembering."

"Us, Baby!" Stef shrieked with a flick of her whip. "You got chocolate?" Chain mail creaked and glittered in the chamber's dim light as she leaped down from Tina's shoulders at last, and turned her attention to the vampire who had very literally vamped her fire the evening before.

"Chocolate!" Tina reiterated, scrawling now with a sickly-sweet scented pen that left a trail of gooey-oozey-sticky-sweet brown in its path. Adding a certain new dimension to the artwork she'd created, depicting a three-legged Martian matriarch initiating

a distinctly Tim-like young vampire into the Ritual Of The Martian Tentacles.

"Chocolate," Liz intoned, taking up her favorite, deceptively calm pose. "Just because the other Houses use chocolate as a punishment and reward, may I remind you that we are better? We do not need to stoop to cheap tricks and chicanery. We do not need to..."

"What did you do to me with your accursed goblin blood?" Tim shrieked, lowering the fold of glittering cape at last.

Garnet gasped.

She'd forgotten the side effects of goblin blood when ingested by those who were not goblins.

"I thought you said you had tasted goblin blood before?" she demanded, struggling hard not to laugh.

"Oh, sure," he growled, slinking forward another step or two. "Go ahead and laugh all you want, you little witch. I want to know what the hell you did to me, and what you propose to do to remedy the situation."

"There is no remedy," she replied, still fighting off laughter.

Tim's eyes narrowed.

Chortling gleefully, Stef danced forward, chain mail clinking and whip slicing long and slithery patterns through the air all around Tim's noticeably altered, now noticeably non-vamp-like face. "Chocolate, Baby!" she shrieked again. "Chocolate

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fixes anything, I tell you!"

"Not this!"

Tim was enraged. Outraged. His voice thundered, slicing the suddenly sultry air in the bedroom into a million and one bleeding, glittering shards of menace.

Leaping forward, Tim leaped away from Stef just when she'd reached out a hand to clutch the raging, infuriated, leaping and lunging manhood he could no more control than his brother, once infected with werewolf blood, could control the urge to grow hair and chase elderly nuns by the light of the full moon. Leaping up to the bed, his mockery of a face exposed, his eyes glinting what could only be described as passion's pride destroyed and laid to ruin, he grabbed Garnet by the shoulders.

He shook her.

"Damn you!" he howled, his fangs extending suddenly, threateningly as he bent over her. "Damn you and all your red and rosy sisterhood. Who the hell gives their kids names like Garnet and Ruby and Vermilion and Scarlett, anyway?"

"Goblins do," she spat back. "Goblins all the way back to the beginning of time. Goblins like Scarlett of Tara, who set the standard for all goblins down to this very rubescent day!"

"Pah!" Spitting the word, Tim advanced again. "And pah again, I say. A pox and a curse upon all of your kind!"

He was in a real dither, Garnet realized. Maybe even what could be classified as a snit, immune even to the recognized menace of Stef in chain mail, a menace no male creature of any species had ever been able to resist for more than a few nanoseconds.

But Tim was resisting.

He was doing one hell of a job resisting.

Reaching the foot of the bed after what seemed an eternity of swirling cape and flowing muscles, of flashing eyed rage and unbridled fury that seemed to center, swirling in a golden cloud of lascivious heat around the manhood that would not be stilled and would not be calmed. Another of the side effects of drinking goblin blood. Tim reached for her.

"What have you done to me?" he howled again.

"It's a side-effect." Garnet still struggled to quell incipient laughter.

Liz and Tina had joined Stef at the bedside, dodging flicks of her whip with the ease born of long and constant practice. The three stood side by side, united again, their momentary differences forgotten, to gape at him.

"He really is pretty that way," Tina mused. "I think I might like to paint a picture of him."

"You do, gargoye, and it will be the last picture you ever paint!"

"Sticks and stones." Airily, Tina stroked her fingernails across the front of her color-shifting leather jerkin.

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"What do you mean, side-effect?" Tim demanded, turning back to Garnet.

She faced him head on.

"There are side-effects to drinking goblin blood," she explained in the overly sweet, overly patient tone generally reserved for dealing with creatures of little intelligence. Possibly even backward intelligence. "As you would have known if you'd ever had nearly pure goblin blood before."

"I told you, I have! I--"

"No. You obviously only thought you'd had strong goblin blood. When in reality, you had merely sampled a little quarter-breed goblin. Maybe even half-quarter breed."

"The stuff sure as hell tasted like goblin blood. Nasty, vile." Almost spitting at the memory of it, Tim made a face.

"Well, even a drop of blood, as Scarlett of Tara's father was known to say."

"What the hell's that supposed to mean, anyway?"

"It means you can't judge by the taste. Because even a millionth part of goblin blood makes all the blood taste bad. But pure goblin blood, goblin blood that's been bred from the very beginning the way mine has been bred. Well, there are certain side effects. Like that searching manhood between your legs. Goblin blood, pure goblin blood, has been known to give non-goblin males erections that last for

weeks. Months, even. I once actually heard of a human male who died after forty-seven years of--"

"Man, oh man," Stef breathed. "Forget the hell about chocolate. I have to write this down. I have to get me some of that goblin blood. It's bound to put all the other Houses into a state of envy they'll never get over."

"Why didn't you tell me?" Tim thundered.

"Well, why did you say you'd had goblin blood? Why the hell did you try to play the vamp of the world and pretend you knew all there was to know about goblins, anyway?"

Tim didn't look shamefaced, as she'd expected.

Though of course at the moment, and maybe for quite a lot of moments to come. Maybe into eternity, since she'd never heard of gobliness side effects being exhibited by a vampire before. It was pretty much impossible for Tim to look shamefaced.

He advanced again.

Drawing right up to the foot of the bed, to the point where his knees met the shredded and multiple-cum-stained sheets, he reached out.

Catching the bodice of the burgundy silk bustier Garnet wore. The one that had most decidedly seen better days and would need to be discarded in the only way goblins ever discarded of their used lingerie--by burning it under the light of a high-noon sun--Tim hooked his fingers into the thin but surprisingly strong silk.

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He tugged.

Instinctively, Garnet shrank back.

Tossing an arm up to shield her face, twisting her body in a poor attempt to defend what she still regarded as her honor from unwelcome impingement, she struggled to free herself from the grip of iron fingers.

"I'll show you side effects," he snarled, tugging harder.

Silk gave way.

Hooks tore through tissue-gossamer fabric.

Her bodice parted neatly down the middle, exposing breasts that quivered beneath his touch. Full and winsome breasts that instantly tumbled forward, freed of their constricted fetters, into the dim torch light with which the gargoyles had scurried to fill the bedroom. In anticipation, no doubt, of a repeat of last night's escapades.

Garnet gasped as his touch burned against quivering flesh.

She cried out when he seized one of her breasts, its nipple already engorged and distended, the dark circle surrounding its hard-beaded point already growing duskier with desire. Duskier with need as the first, seeping golden mist of essence streamed from between her legs.

Silk ripped, rent, dissolved in a cloud of destruction as his fingers finished their job. As the last

shreds parted and the gaping, ruined front of her garment ceased all function as either enticement or protection, and her breasts tumbled the last of the way to freedom.

"You'll pay for this," he whispered as he threw her onto the bed.

"Sex, sex, and more sex!" Tina, Stef, and Liz chanted, leaning over the bed expectantly. "Give us hot sex! Lots of sex! Steamy sex!"

Tim towered over Garnet. He pressed his face closer, much closer, to hers. "I'll see that you pay for this," he hissed, his fingers finding her maiden's slit and insinuating themselves inside. "I'll see that you pay for as long as you live."

"That may be," she said with a small and no longer terror-tainted flick of her eyes. "But just remember, goblins live a very, very long time."

"So do vamps."

"So true. Vamps never die. But then, goblins, well, when you're finished here with your little lesson-teaching, let me give you great-great-great-granny Scarlett's number. I'm sure she'd be delighted to fill you in on all that being a goblin entails."

Tim's face strained.

If possible, it tried to turn even more brilliantly, indisputably red than it already was.

Even more lurid that the auto-erotic sunburn he, Tim, creature of the night and the darkness, had been forced to wear upon his face as one of the more

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luminescent side effects of drinking goblin blood.

Chapter Eight

"This might not be so bad," Tim remarked, smiling slowly at Garnet. "I could be the envy of every Tom, Dick and Harry. Not only could I keep it up for an undetermined length of time, but I just might make some money at it."

"Money? What's a vampire need with money?"

"Shit! Money is my ticket to fame...and all the cunt I desire."

Tim gave his cloak a toss over his left shoulder and saunter from the bedroom, leaving the three gargoyles and Garnet staring after him.

"He'll be back," Garnet remarked, adjusting her torn bodice. "He needs us."

"Does he really?" Stef asked, her long black whip lying limp at her feet. "He sounded pretty sure of himself."

"Vampires are like that. They piss and moan when they think they're being put upon, and then when they think they have something figured out, they

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strut around like they have a stick stuck up their undead ass."

"He's leaving," Tina announced, looking out the bedroom window.

"Let's follow him," Liz suggested, mounting the windowsill and preparing to launch her grotesque body into the night.

The small group hurried after Tim, glimpsing him getting into his Rolls at the end of the driveway. The females crowded into Garnet's car, and the chase was on.

Tim returned to the bowling alley where the second phase of the tourney was in full swing. The noise of the jukebox sounded out in the parking lot as he parked his car and strode toward the main entrance.

Garnet and the three Gargoyles followed behind Tim, keeping in the shadows until he entered the building.

"What could he have in mind?" Stef murmured, her notepad and pen in hand. She scribbled frantically on the notebook, anxious to document everything for future use. It wasn't every day that a vampire got an overdose of goblin blood...pure goblin blood...and decided to take advantage of its side effects.

"I'm here, ladies and gentlemen!" Tim announced, racing to the front of the bowling alley and spreading his arms wide. "I've been the recipient of a nasty dose

of goblin blood and have this massive erection that I have to deal with as a result."

Tim threw off his cloak and unzipped his pants, letting them fall to the floor at his feet. "A thousand dollars a poke, ladies!"

The crowd gasped. A number of curious females drew near, their yellow eyes wide, their mouths gaping and drool oozing down their chins.

"And remember, ladies, I can keep it up for as long as you need to climax!"

Garnet scoffed. How dare he be so bold as to offer his cock to just anybody! She ran one hand through her flaming red hair.

"Who's first?" Tim bellowed.

"Look here, old man," a young vamp said approaching Tim. "You just can't come in here and offer your love hammer to all the ladies. Remember, some of them belong to other guys. This one belongs to me." He pulled a slim blonde into his arms and kissed her cheek.

"Stop it, Tommy. I think I might take Tim up on his offer. His cock is really big and long and I'd like to feel it sliding inside my hot tunnel. I could use a good fuck," his lady informed him. She gave him a push and strode in Tim's direction.

Tim smiled and showed his sparkling white fangs. Maybe he could take a little nip of the blonde's neck while he poked her, just a little nip, perhaps enough to sate his thirst for new blood. Damn, he thought,

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maybe I could suck in enough fresh blood to dilute this load of goblin juice flooding my system. It was worth a try.

"Here's your stud fee," the slim blonde announced, handing over the money to Tim. She began opening her blouse, aware that the crowd had begun to gather around to watch.

Tim reached out one long arm and pulled the woman into his midst, pressing her large, globular tits against his chest. Her flesh was warm and he wondered if she was one of them, since her skin didn't have the typical coolness that vampires were noted for.

"Are you human?" he asked, gazing down into her face. Her eyes were black as night, and he found he was having a hard time looking away from her. He felt himself slipping into a trance-like state.

"I'm half-goblin," she confessed. "But don't worry. I won't allow you to bite me. I only want to fuck."

Tim considered the situation. He had taken her money...and as long as he kept his fangs out of her neck, he should be okay. He slid his gaze toward Garnet and the three Gargoyles. They were watching intently. Was Garnet drooling? He saw then that her eyes were pinned on his erection. *Well, you missed your chance to have it thrusting between your legs, Garnet, honey.*

The blonde stripped out of her clothes.

The crowd surged forward.

Tommy, the blonde's guy, suddenly appeared at Tim's side.

"Listen, man. I'll give you double what you got from her if you don't fuck her. Send her on her way."

"Get lost," Tim growled. He had seen the lust in Garnet's eyes, and his aim was to make her so jealous that she would step in and halt the fuck.

An angry hand suddenly latched onto Tim's forearm. Dagger sharp claws dug into his flesh.

An audible hiss sounded at his left ear. "Take your hands off my woman."

"Listen, Tom. You need to go have a beer. Take a break. Go have a smoke. I'll be done in a minute."

"Man, Candy can go all night. You don't know what you're getting yourself into."

Tim looked at Tom. There was venom in his tone. "I've taken her money...now I'm going to fuck her!"

The claws sank deeper into Tim's flesh, tearing at his arm with a menace that bore all the characteristics of an untimely death.

"Go away, Tommy," Candy insisted. She pressed her naked body against Tim's length, wound her fingers around his massive staff, and cooed in her throat, "Let's do it, Tim, baby. I'm so hot I'm about to explode."

Tim wound one arm around Candy's waist and slipped his long cock between her legs. In the next instant, he felt her heat engulf him and he began to

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move. Slowly, he thrust inside her, raising her feet off the floor and making her cling to his wide shoulders.

"I told you..." Tim felt his flesh rip from the claws Tom sank into his arm. He let out a yelp and swung his arm out, sending Tom sprawling across the slick bowling lane. He crashed into the ten pins and came up gnashing his sharp teeth. He let out a loud bellow and charged at the fucking pair.

The crowd pulled back in horror.

"You've done it now!" Garnet shouted at Tim. "You've pissed off The Master! You're doomed!"

A quick glance at Garnet and Tim realized she wasn't kidding. Tom must be the old vampire they were expecting to attend the wedding. Holy crap! Of all the dumb things to do!

The three gargoyles laughed hysterically.

The crowd shrank back.

Garnet smiled smugly and sauntered closer. "I love a good fight," she remarked, crossing her arms over her chest. "You're about to get your ass kicked, Tim, honey." She blew him a kiss. "And it's your own fault."

Tom was rapidly closing in on Tim, and Candy was on the verge of orgasm. There wasn't much Tim could do except bring her off so she would turn him loose. It was a sticky situation, literally. She was creaming all over his cock and sliding against his body like she'd never had it before.

"Oh, God!" Candy exclaimed. "I'm coming! Watch how this is done, Tom. Maybe you can learn something."

Tim was pumping his hips as fast as he could, his eyes on the old Master. Any second now the old vampire was going to jump on him and rip him to shreds. He could see him gaining strength by the second, growing stronger and bigger, fueled by rage and the desire to get even.

He could feel Candy's release. Her body shuddered, and she yelped out loud. She clung to his shoulders, her legs wrapped around his waist. He felt trapped instead of victorious in his quest to make Garnet sorry she'd deceived him about her damned goblin blood.

The Old Master's eyes were flaming red as he leapt toward Tim and hit him in the chest. Candy let out a scream and scrambled off Tim's cock as they crashed against the polished floor and slid against the wall. Tim's head met with the unyielding surface, causing him to see stars for a second, then he was pushing the Old Master away with a force that surprised him. He scrambled to his feet, his pants tangling around his ankles.

"You're screwed, Tim!" Garnet yelled.

The three gargoyles cackled hysterically. "Where's the chocolate! Where's the chocolate!"

The Old Master quickly recovered and regained his footing. He charged at Tim again, his fangs bared and

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glinting in the bright light of the bowling alley.

Tim let out a yelp and tried to dodge the angry vampire, stumbling into Garnet and the three gargoyles as he looked for a safe place to hide. He had never been a fighter. He was a lover...a lover of all that was female.

* * * *

Garnet let out a loud breath. It looked like it was up to her to save Tim's sorry ass. Should she...or not? After all, she had warned him...slightly. And he hadn't listened. Wasn't that just like a man?

She hid a giggle behind her hand as the Old Master grabbed Tim by the neck. In the next seconds, he would be draining Tim of his blood. He would take his life and toss his limp body aside. Tim would be gone forever.

"Even a vampire has to die sometime," she muttered.

"Aren't you going to help him?" the gargoyle Tina asked.

"I'm debating whether I want to or not."

"You mean you might let Tim die?" the gargoyle Liz inquired.

"I'm imagining life without him," Garnet confessed.

"Now, listen here, Missy. You get in there and save

his sorry ass!" Gargoyle Stef commanded. "You know damn well Tim is very important to all of us. He's a good vamp, and just because he overindulged in a little bit of goblin blood and lost his head, he still deserves to be saved from death."

"I suppose you're right."

"I'm the smart one...I'm always right," Stef insisted, smiling broadly.

Garnet sighed and strode forward. The Old Master had Tim in a headlock and was pounding his head with his fist, giving him a taste of vengeance before he sank his teeth into his neck and finished him off.

"Excuse me, your lordship," Garnet said, laying one hand on the Old Master's broad back. "If you'll give me one minute, I'll explain why Tim acted so silly and fucked your woman."

The old vampire halted his pummeling of Tim and turned a black eye on Garnet. "You're a goblin, aren't you?"

"Yes."

"Why should I listen to you?"

"Well," Garnet began, smiling sweetly. She pushed her breasts toward the old vamp, making her nipples visible through the thin material of her blouse. "Perhaps you and I could fuck and get revenge against Candy and Tim. I'm pretty good in bed...or in the backseat of a car...or on a table...or standing up...or..."

"I get the idea," the old vamp said, smiling. He

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gave Tim a shove, sending his battered body crashing against the wall. "I might like it."

He walked toward Garnet and Garnet took his arm. She glanced over her shoulder at Tim as he struggled to his feet. His big cock was still in full erection and bobbing at his crotch. She giggled at the sight of him. Men. What could you do with them?

Chapter Nine

Over the gentleman where a lady was concerned, the Old Master leaned down to open his car door for Garnet. The romantic moment was ruined when a fistful of small, round, purple metal objects fell out of his pocket and onto the parking-lot ground. Scrambling to help him pick them up again, she found the white letters easy to read even in the dim light.

‘I’m a Goblin and I Govern’, some said...while the others proclaimed, “I’m a Gargoyle and I Govern.”

“That’s like, ‘I’m Undead and I Vote,’ isn’t it?” she asked.

“Exactly!” he said, what he obviously took to be an encouraging smile...even though most people would have seen it as a terrifying, toothy grin. “Now that we have shown our vam-power, we’re reaching out to our fellow paranormal brothers. And sisters,” he added hastily. Even an Old Vampire Master had to keep up with the times.

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"But you already have enough vampire voters to elect a president," she pointed out. "Jimbo has told me that often enough. What do you want with us?"

With a sorrowful air, he said with a sigh, "because we have started acting like other minority voters. Once the Democrats had organized the undead, the Republicans soon convinced some of us to vote our economic interests instead. Since we tend to be upper middle class or even aristocracy, our values tend to be pretty conservative."

"Except where sex is concerned," she said hopefully. But he had already given way to his greater passion.

"We now have a vampire congressman," he said. "The army is taking vampires...under the new slogan, 'Don't ask, don't bite.' With full veterans' benefits, of course. So why shouldn't the goblins and gargoyles have a shot at them, so to speak?"

"Right about now, the army is taking anyone they can get," she muttered. He pretended not to hear...which, considering the vampires' extra-sharp senses, was a pretty hard pretense to maintain.

"But I didn't come here to talk about politics," she said, reaching up to wrap her arms around his neck. Once again, he seemed not to have heard.

"Everything is politics!" he answered. "You say you want sex? And better jobs? And...and things like that?" His eyes glowed a furious red as he went on,

"Well, do you know what the mortals say about that? Will they willingly give sex or jobs to goblins and gargoyles? Your very names mean evil and ugliness to them!"

"Of course," he added, in a more moderate tone, "It is different with us vampires and the werewolves, too. We have always been sex symbols." And he smirked at her in an especially annoying way.

"But you can still make the public accept you," he assured her hastily, reading the resentment on her face. "Why, when you have votes to give out, the politicians will do their best to take them. Just to start with, they will provide liaisons for goblin and gargoyle affairs."

"What about our cousins, the gremlins?" she asked cautiously.

"Not them!" he howled. "Filthy, nasty little things. All they do is hang around publishing offices, changing words around right after the editors have checked them. Let someone write about vampires, and some gremlin will manage to turn them into umpires instead. The story can't have any kind of a conflict then, because everyone knows that no one ever wins an argument with an umpire."

Wisely, she decided to leave the gremlin issue to another day.

"So, let me give you this pin to wear...and take these, to hand out to your friends," he said. Reluctantly, she accepted them, thinking that this

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night had not turned out as she expected.

"And do you know any gargoyles?" he asked.

"Some of my very best friends are gargoyles," she was on the verge of enthusing when she stopped herself just in time. Talk about showing prejudice!

"I know three of their females," she said instead, "but they are even less interested in politics than I am."

"Can you advise me on what to offer them?" he asked, his eyes glowing red again, but with excitement this time. "Beside better jobs, of course."

"Chocolate," she immediately replied. "And sex. Usually in that order."

* * * *

"Chocolate!" Liz, Stef and Tina chanted in chorus, as well as alphabetical order, once they were back at home on the ledge of Our Lady's Church. When the Realtor had taken them on their first fly-over to see it, she had assured them that the property would have tremendous resale value, because its name meant 'Notre Dame'. This made it a sure-fire status symbol for any gargoyle with any sense of tradition at all.

"And the perch is so roomy, too," she had pointed out...literally pointed, since as a vampire she had exceptionally long, sharp nails. What's more, as she had warned them, it was getting harder and harder to

find churches with stone ledges at all, since so many were built like California ranches.

Since Crina Vyrdelek's agency specialized in paranormal minorities, her advice had been well worth taking.

Now, from their roomy perch, they heard the radio from the rectory below, promising free chocolate to all gargoyles who would register to vote at Democratic Headquarters on the following day.

* * * *

As the office workers had been warned, chocolate was only part of these prospective new voters' desires. If the thought of gargoyle sex offended them, the volunteers had been instructed to lie on their backs and think about the Democratic Party. Or, rather, to pay no attention when their organizer lay on his.

As it turned out, the male staffers had no need to think of any such thing when the three prospective new voters approached. All were, in fact, quite attractive. If they seemed to have rather stony expressions, that was only to be expected.

The wardrobes of these female gargoyles (gargoyle-esses? lady gargoyles? Gargoyle persons?) had been chosen to enhance their charms. One was wearing a black leather bustier while carrying a matching whip.

Mickey O'Neill took one look at her and felt his

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spirits rise, among other things. For one thing, the liberals were going after the burgeoning BDSM vote. Now he was dealing with three lovely gargoyle persons, who were clearly members of two minorities at once.

Besides, Mickey was a nephew of President Felix O'Neill himself, who had never been known to turn any female away. Their family resemblance was evident to anyone who looked over his head to the president's pictures practically papering the walls. Both shared the same Black Irish good looks, with dark curly hair and bright blue eyes contrasting with their fair complexions and perpetual charming smiles.

"I assume that you good, er, citizens have come here to vote," he said. He had rapidly rejected 'ladies' as too sexist, 'people' as too species-ist and 'gargoyles' as possibly offensive, since for all he knew they might prefer being called 'Parisian-Americans'. Even though many Americans, at this point, would have preferred being called gargoyles.

Leaning over the registration forms on his desk, he held out a ballpoint pen. But, as he soon realized, this gesture had been premature.

"Chocolate!" replied the prospective Democrat in the leather bustier, cracking her whip for emphasis on the floor.

"Chocolate, chocolate!" her two companions chanted their agreement.

"Please help yourselves," he said with his most charming Irish grin as he pointed to the bowl before him. It was filled with candy coins wrapped in purple tinfoil that was marked in white letters, 'I'm a Gargoyle and I Govern'.

He had often heard of people diving into a bowl of food, but had never expected to see it. Diving was the only word for what they did. Reaching into the bowl with both hands, they emptied it by fistfuls.

With howls of frustration, they ripped and bit the foil away as they fought to pull apart the two halves of the wrapper. Mickey could hardly blame them, since he had fought the unbreakable seals on food packages often enough himself.

Soon the discarded foil littered the floor, as thickly as the gargoyles' hands and faces were smeared by the candy itself.

As the prospective voters fed themselves, the other volunteers decided that it was time for their own lunch, leaving O'Neill alone with the newcomers. A lesser man might, at that point, have been frightened, realizing that he was, after all, alone with three inhuman monsters. But he was descended from Irish pols dating back to the Chicago Fire, and it took a lot to frighten him away from three reliable votes.

"Haven't I seen you good ladies at Our Lady's Church?" he asked, tactfully refraining from mentioning that he had seen them perched on the ledge.

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"Chocolate!" they replied, but in slightly softer tones, suggesting that they had satisfied their appetites...or one of them, at least.

"So would you like to register now?" he asked.

"Register," they answered in chorus. The forms on his desk were, of course, soon smeared with chocolate, but he was sure that they were legal nonetheless. He could also make out their names in the mess: Liz, Stef and Tina Warder.

It was Stef who first dropped the chocolate-coated ballpoint pen.

"Now...sex!" she ordered. Still clutching the whip, she raised her chocolate-covered lips to his.

Hoping that she could not see him, he glanced desperately over her head at her two companions, wishing frantically for a rescue. He had enjoyed his fair share of vampire pussy in his day...since, to his party, they were now as valuable as his own ancestors had been a hundred years ago. But now that the moment was almost on him...along with the three creatures themselves...the thought of gargoyle gash left him shuddering. For one thing, what if they were doing it on the church ledge when the priest happened to walk underneath?

"I assume you have some other demands?" he asked desperately. "Besides chocolate and sex, I mean."

"Low-interest loans for gargoyle-owned

businesses," Liz replied, sounding so, well, human, that he could hardly hide his surprise.

"A very high priority for our party," he assured her, while trying to pull away from Stef and her chocolate-covered kiss. The crack of her whip quickly convinced him to give up the struggle.

Then that inducement was no longer needed, as he tasted the sweetness of her kiss...in this case, literally. Pressing himself against her, he assumed at first that she must have somehow opened her bustier and unfastened his fly, because he felt himself growing as hard and long as...as...a Democratic lead should be on election night.

Then he could not think of anything, as he was drawn into her warm, wet depths. They opened and closed around him, pulling him deeper and deeper into the very core of her being.

Only it wasn't Stef's core at all. Looking down, he saw that her two companions had taken his pants down and were now kneeling beneath him. One was sucking on his manhood, and as he stared down at her, the other started licking his ass. His buttocks, he reminded himself sternly, since the ass was a sacred symbol to him.

As they kissed, sucked and licked in unison, he soon reacted by coming as he never had before...not even wondering how he was going to explain the stains on the floor to the volunteers. They would take a lot of explaining, too, because those white puddles

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were thicker and wider than any he had ever produced.

Just as he had feared it would, the door started opening. It soon closed rapidly again, as the returning volunteers glimpsed what was going on inside.

"We'd better go to the drugstore for more chocolate," said one, who was clearly more practical than the rest.

But Mickey O'Neill was pretty practical, too. As soon as he had pulled his pants back up, he excused himself to go to the men's room. There, he wet a paper towel to wash the chocolate from his face, shirt and tie, and other things from other places that were further down.

Coming back into the main room, he was his old clean, charming self again.

"So," he asked, "would you like some pins to hand out to your, er, friends?"

After pausing for only a moment, he went on, "and would you like to host a dinner in your home for a worthy campaign worker? For instance, me?"

* * * *

When Garnet saw the three gargolyepersons again, they were wearing their new metal badges. All three eagerly held out purple pins reading, 'I'm a Goblin and I Govern'.

"Shouldn't you recruit your own, er, people first?" she asked them. She really didn't have the time right now to have them recruiting her. "And what about your own Warder relatives? They are a very fine old gargoyle family, and I am sure they would be a real asset to any campaign. Like the Roosevelts or Rockefellers, only gargoyles instead."

"And," she added, even more enthusiastically. "You should work more closely with other paranormal minorities...like Jimbo. I know he is very active, because never goes anywhere without his 'I'm Undead and I Vote' badge."

That will pay him back, she thought, for groping me during the bowling tournament. A vampire can't even come with one gargoyle, let alone three. They can only leave him hot and bothered.

But she had reckoned with that vampire's incredible horniness...which could have made even a flock of minotaurs, fawns and unicorns seem absolutely hornless. If he couldn't completely play the lover with the gargoyles...well, he could follow up by playing with himself.

Therefore, he was absolutely delighted when the three gar-girls cornered him in the bowling alley parking lot and pointed proudly to their badges.

"You are registered Democrats now?" he asked. "That's wonderful. And it's high time that we paranormal minorities all got together."

"We have so many issues in common," Liz agreed.

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“Like low-interest loans for gargoyle-owned small business. And equal employment opportunity, of course. And, yes, even recruitment into the armed forces.”

“That sounds great,” he assured them. “Wanna fuck?”

* * * *

As far as Garnet was concerned, the answer would have been a definite ‘yes’, at least if Tim had put the question to her. How could she resist, when back at the bowling alley he was still going strong. He had even had to get things organized, by deciding to take one female delegate from each of the forty lanes, rather than having all of the women trying to bowl him over at once.

And those Cialis commercials warn you to see your doctor for erections lasting more than four hours, she mused. Briefly, she thought of advertising the effect of drinking pure goblin blood. When you got an erection that way, you wouldn’t have to report it even if it lasted four years. Maybe she could even get a low-interest, small goblin-owned-business loan.

Despite herself, her thoughts soon turned from small business to monkey business with Tim...whose ‘business’ was anything but small.

Chapter Ten

Two days had passed, with Tim continuing his lascivious fuck fest. Garnet continued to pony up her emotions while his wandering member danced the nasty with every corpse and goblin half-breed mixed bag of tricks the local pin shack had to offer. But seeing his still coral-tinged face cruise the lanes was beginning to shake even her sturdy foundation of civility.

"Really, Tim, how long do you intend to keep this up?" she asked him when she caught up with him scoping out another blonde at the ten-pin bar.

"Funny, hah, hah, Garnet. Why don't you tell me? How long am I going to keep this up?"

She couldn't mistake the scathing in his voice and she wondered how it could go so fast from yearn to burn. Apparently his red coloring was tingeing more than just his face.

"We could always kiss and make up." She leaned in towards him, jutting out her bountiful bosom

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towards the keen glare of his wandering gaze.

It was all the offer Tim needed. His overloaded libido could no more say no to Garnet than he could still the pulsating of his impervious member. He grabbed her by the wrist and dragged her from the bar.

Stumbling behind him, she all but skipped like a bunny on the way to the battery store. Tim shoved his way into the nearest men's room, pulled her into the closest stall and slammed the door behind them.

He shoved her against the door, brought his lips to hers and shoved his tongue deep in her mouth. He was mad with need as he ground his rigid cock against her.

"God, Garnet. Look what you've done to me." He tore his lips from hers and burned hot, smoldering kisses down her jugular. His canines exploded in his mouth.

Grabbing her by the waist, he twisted her around in front of him, lifted up the back of her skirt and tore off her panties with a hungry growl.

"If I don't sink something in you right now, Garnet..." He trailed off as he bent her over and was deep inside her before she could think.

"Bloody Mary, son of a gremlin," she chanted as he slammed his roaring rigid stiffy into her hot, juicy folds. She could say this for Tim, he certainly knew how to make a girl wet with want.

He worked her over like a show horse taken to stud, and she was definitely ridden and wet as the last of their orgasm exploded behind her eyes like the light of God calling her home. As the final shudder quaked through her, she could feel his body wrap around hers, the warmth of his breath on her neck as he nuzzled her. Just as she was relaxing into the warmth of the afterglow, his teeth sank deep.

Her body floated as though the wisp of a dandelion on a soft summer breeze, her blood flowing into the warmth of his mouth. But as the euphoria waned, the pinpricks of his teeth felt like a thousand points of light as realization dawned through the smog that had become Garnet's mind.

"Jesus, Tim!" she grunted, elbowing him in the gut. "Are you completely brain-dead? I mean, I know you're undead, but does that mean you're completely lacking any cells in that melon you call a head? The point of this bathroom tryst is to get some of the sex off the brain, not make your point all the more...pointy." She rubbed her neck.

"It's your fault!" he exclaimed as he looked at her as though he were a sex-starved vamp and she was the last drop of fertility.

"My fault? You're the one who said you knew about goblin blood." She glared.

"It's not just the blood, Garnet. It's you. I've got to have you. It's like you're a walking Tootsie Pop and I'm the owl. You're the sugar and I'm the daddy.

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You're the meow and I'm the..."

"Enough already." She rolled her eyes. "I get it. So what are we going to do about it?"

"Want to go back to my place and fuck like monkeys?" The sincere gleam in his sparkling blue eyes could only make Garnet smile.

"Okay."

She righted her clothes and made herself presentable before they left the men's room. They wandered out into the smoky haze of the bowling alley as it was kicking into high gear. But they had much better plans for the night.

Garnet ditched the Warder sisters for the evening, leaving them at home with Charlie and the Chocolate Factory on DVD, a case of Dove chocolate bars and three gallons of Chunky Monkey Ice Cream for backup. Following Tim out to his Rolls, she hoped they'd be good until dawn.

As they wandered beneath the glaring lights of the parking lot, a gushing wind rose up out of nowhere, lifting Garnet's burnished hair from her shoulders. "What the hell!" she exclaimed, reaching for Tim's hand.

In the still and silent darkness, a swarming sound much like bees buzzed through the night. Scanning the darkness with their keen night vision, they searched for the source as the wind stirred the dust, ruffled their hair and scattered their nerves. Like fog

on a family plot, a kiss of vampires appeared out of the darkness. In seconds, they were completely surrounded.

“Well, well, well. Look what we have here.” The tall, dark and immeasurably handsome stranger spoke from the shadowed recesses of the night. The drawl of his accent was pure southern butterscotch, and Garnet could swear she’d heard it before. “If it isn’t Tim of the wayward wanky and his goblin harbinger of misguided—and in my opinion—nappy tasting blood and lame sex acts.”

His cronies laughed as they swarmed around them, clustering together in a circle so that there was little hope of escape.

“As if you would know a good lay if it bit you on the ass,” Tim said, clenching his fist and puffing out his chest.

Garnet jabbed him in the ribs.

“What? And ouch, you didn’t have to do that.” He rubbed his bruised side.

Tall, Dark and Evil stepped into the light, and Garnet’s mouth hung open in unmitigated shock.

“Hello, Garnet,” he drawled.

“Well, I declare. Brett Rutler. Boy, is Aunt Scarlett going to bust a capped tooth when she finds out you’re back in town.”

“Still hanging out with the Weirder Sisters?” Brett asked. “And how is good old Scarlett these days?”

“Warder. It’s Warder Sisters, you dimwitted excuse

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for a vamp in a box. And Aunt Scarlett is swell. Divine, even. Has a new lover, you know. A gremlin. Name's Fabian Killjoy. Likes to rip the heads off her old lovers and suck out their brains. He says it steals all their power—keeps it for himself that way," she said with a smile.

She watched as the color drained from his face. Neat trick for a vampire, and she wondered if she could make him do it again. "Fabian says if he ever found you he was gonna suck the marrow from your bones and use them for toothpicks. Said he was going to use your brain for gumbo."

His gulp was audible in the strange silence that had become the night. Garnet knew that no matter what else happened tonight, seeing the fear in his eyes was worth every pound of flesh it might take to escape.

But in the flash of a camera lens the fear was gone, replaced by a lopsided smile that was this side of Batman battles Joker, and she wanted to bash his face in as he stepped towards her, the threat and menace quickly returning to his eyes.

Cocky bastard! Thinks he can just walk in and out of this family whenever he wants, causing havoc. She clung to her irritation, purposely ignoring the swarm of undead that still surrounded them. "Now what the hell do you want, Brett? I've things to do," she snapped, annoyed that he and his gaggle of

henpecked bloodsuckers were holding up her love fest with Tim.

"It seems that my master still has some unfinished business with the two of you. Loverboy here still owes him for throwing down with his girl. And you, dear Garnet, didn't give him his just desserts." He leered as he took in the length of her bare legs and short skirt. He reached for a lock of her hair, and the intensity of the circle rose like the bass at a rock concert.

Garnet knew she'd better start thinking fast if they were going to get out of this. "Well if he wouldn't have been all politics this and politics that, blah, blah, blah, I'd have given him his just desserts and then some. So excuse me, but if you snooze, you lose."

"Frankly, my dear, I just don't give a damn. Besides," he sidled up to her, wrapped his arm around her waist and pulled her away from Tim. "We've much excitement planned for your enjoyment this evening. Wouldn't want you to miss it."

"Hey, let her go." Tim started toward Brett. Someone grabbed him from behind before he could get close enough to pull Garnet away from him. They twisted his arm up behind his back and he groaned at the painful position.

"Aunt Scarlett is really going to have your ass for this, you know," she reminded him as he grabbed a handful of her hair in his fist and pulled her neck back, exposing the soft line of her throat.

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"Yeah! Her and what army?" He leaned forward, canines exposed for the bite.

"Brett, you never did learn not to play with your food." Scarlett said from out of the darkness as she, Tina, Stef and Liz swooped down out from the sky.

Garnet's pulse was racing a million miles an hour, like a roadrunner in heat, and she couldn't quite keep up to catch it. She so did not want Brett to bite her. Not to mention that it just damned hurt! Unless it was Tim doing the nasty to her and in the throes of hiding the salami, she wanted no part of bloodletting with anyone else but him.

And how the hell did her aunt and the gargoyles find her, let alone how did they manage to run out of chocolate? It should have been enough to get them through until morning. And it wasn't even close to morning, her screaming hairline told her as Brett continued to wrench on her lustrous locks. Which was really beginning to piss her off. I mean, she liked her pain just as much as the next goblin. But he was messing with her do.

"Hello, niece. You and I really must talk about the gluttony you're teaching your gargoyles when this is finished. Some things are better than sex, dear, and yes, chocolate, at times, is one of them. But it is not a substitute. If you must make them gluttons, dear, then allow them the goods." She spoke in the reasonable voice of one who had lived and

experienced much.

“Yes, Aunt.” Garnet strained to reply.

“Now, Brett, I really must insist that you release my niece and her friend at once.”

“And if I don’t?” Brett stroked his fingers down the soft side of Garnet’s neck, clearly putting on a display for her aunt.

“Well, do the flames of Georgia ring any bells?” she replied as she gave a nod to the waiting gargoyles. Brett blanched at the remembered vision, and Garnet wondered what had really triggered that nasty row. She could only guess that he had somehow pissed her off even then. And this trick of making him pale—it must be a gift.

With whoops of delight and the thought of chocolate roasted vampires dancing in their heads, the Warder Sisters breathed a plume of fire across the heads of the onlooking vampires. Tim and Garnet wrenched out of their captives’ hands and hit the pavement as the shocked gaggle sprouted blessings of fire haloed in gold. A gift from her aunt, the goddess of all that is vindictive.

Nothing says bite me better than roasted ex-lover in the evening.

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Chapter Eleven

Given the totally total destruction of Brett's bunch, it was obvious even to the gargoyles that no further opportunity for either chocolate or sex was in the offing from that quarter. And when Scarlett whirled and pinned Garnet and Tim with a dagger-stare, it eliminated the possibility of canoodling with or between them, as well as lobbing the hint that further flaming was in the offing.

The ever-practical Tina recalled the melting Chunky Monkey back at the house, and the ever-assertive Liz made the command decision to get the hell out of Dodge. Ever-hungry Stef led the stampede.

The downdraft from their hasty departure blew most of the smoke and ash away. Scarlett dusted the rest from her drapery-fabric gown. "You two," she snapped, "have been making the beast with two backs?"

Garnet, knowing which side her bread was

battered on, replied meekly. "Yes, Ma'am."

She felt her lover huff up, no doubt to play the gallant and stride to her rescue. Before his mouth could write a check his ass couldn't cash, she elbowed him and nodded toward the bright bits of bubbled buckles still glowing in the remains of Brett and company. Tim took the hint.

"Not only that," Scarlett continued in her stiletto voice, "You also made beasts with considerably more backs?"

"Yes, Ma'am."

"And participated in lascivious undertakings involving edible substances?"

"Yes, Ma'am. Chocolate fondue."

It was the first time Garnet ever saw Scarlett startled. "Chocolate fondue? Who was the twisted..." Her aunt overcame the distraction. "Never mind. You have allowed this vampire to bite you not once, but twice?"

"Yes, Ma'am."

"And, finally, you have confessed that you two are..." Scarlett gritted her teeth.

Garnet smiled up at Tim's face. "Meant for each other." She noted his complexion was progressing to the second stage of goblin-blood allergy. No longer crimson, it was breaking out in pimples.

Scarlett was shuddering. "Child, you have *not* been channeling that precocious little boy in that horridly romantic chick-flick where the simpering blonde flies

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off to Seattle and..." She couldn't go on.

"Oooo," Garnet sighed.

"Ewww," Tim whined.

"Regardless!" Scarlett stamped her riding-boot, raising a puff of ash. "Have you forgotten Decency? Have you abandoned Propriety? Have you trashed Tradition? Garnet, You Know What You Must Do!"

"Oh, no." Garnet clasped her hands to her bosom. "Not that!"

"Yes," hissed Scarlett. "It is time for – The Ordeal."

"No," Garnet wailed. "Not – The Ordeal."

Scarlett's expression softened. "Yes, child – The Ordeal."

Masculinely clueless, Tim said, "What ordeal?"

Garnet looked up into his eyes, wiping a tear from hers. "*The Ordeal.*"

He trembled. "Oh. *That Ordeal.*" He squared his manly shoulders. "If we must, then let's just do it. Tonight."

Garnet sighed at his valiant masculinity. "Tonight? Are you sure?"

"Absolutely." He bent and brushed her hot luscious lips with his cool delightful lips.

"Ewww," Scarlet groaned as she rose into the air. "Give me a call if you survive. Let me know how it comes out."

Four hours, three magic transits, two lost bags, and a taxi ride later they stood on the veranda at South

Fork. "Wow," Tim said. "They reside here?"

"Off season." Garnet rang the bell. "Now remember, Scarlett will have called. There's nothing to do but jump in."

The door swung open. "Pattycake," the satyr roared. "It's about damn time you came home." He hauled Garnet inside and smothered her in a hug. Regardless of his effort to act polite, she knew he was looking over her shoulder. He finally let her go. "You're skinny again. Haven't those friggin gargoyles been feeding you?"

"Don, please." The woman at his side was elegantly slender, having changed from her everyday formal gown into something considerably more exquisite and low-cut. "Good evening, Dear. It is pleasant to see you. And..." Her straight, dark-red hair brushed across the backs of her thighs as she eyed Tim the way a cormorant eyes a minnow.

Garnet took a deep breath. "Mother, Daddy, this is Tim."

"Well, hell, boy. Come on in. I'm Don Valdez and this is Carmine. Name your poison. Bourbon, whiskey, wine, tequila, beer, mescal, absinthe, mead, ouzo, bathtub gin, moonshine? Don't guess we have champagne. Didn't think Pattycake here was ever going to get up the gumption to—"

"Don," Carmine scolded.

Tim forced a smile. "Perhaps a little wine, Mr. Valdez?"

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He turned and led them across the foyer, his hooves clicking on the parquet. "Not VALdez, ValDEZ. Nothing to do with that boat. That time. Hell, just call me Don. 2002 Cabernet Sauvignon, Sonoma County? 2001 Single Cluster Pinot Noir? 1999 Cabernet Sauvignon, Yakima Valley? 2001 Russian River Valley Merlot? Ruby Vixen American Blush? Arctic Fox Finger Lakes? Red Bullet? Dandelion?"

Carmine, floating along beside him, sighed. "Why don't you pick something, dearest."

"Yes, m'love." He shoed them into the living room and disappeared into the cellar.

Garnet pulled Tim down beside her on the couch, maintaining a decorous distance between them. Carmine turned and settled into a straight chair. She pulled her hair over her left shoulder and into her lap to avoid sitting on it and demurely crossed her ankles. "Tim," she said, sampling the name as if it left a taste in her mouth. She looked up and pierced him with her gaze. "How did you come to know my young daughter?"

"We were—ah—bowling."

Her black eyes probed behind his cool gray ones, divining truth. "You were rivals?"

"Our teams were."

"You sought my innocent daughter out because she won the game for your opponents?"

"Yes."

"You wanted to gain an advantage for your team?"

"Yes." He tried desperately to break her gaze and reassure Garnet.

"Mother," Garnet said. "Turn him loose. I'm not naive. In fact, I had the same intention the first time I danced with him."

"You danced with him?" Carmine tried to pin her daughter.

Garnet dodged. "Ask me no questions and I'll tell you no lies."

Carmine sighed. "Willful child. Very well. As long as it doesn't involve—the TANGO."

Garnet smiled sweetly.

There was a shriek from below. Carmine smiled. It made Tim shiver. Carmine caught his reaction and said, "Don't worry. It's just Inger, our maid. She was getting a little uppity, so I'm afraid I'm using your presence to multi-task. The dungeon needed a good sweeping." She rose and let her hair fall back behind her, where it tumbled to her thighs. "Don will be up soon. I must fetch glasses. We don't want him passing the bottle." She glided into the kitchen.

Tim looked at Garnet. She sighed. "Having one of his daughters bring home a boyfriend whets Daddy's appetites. We don't want him getting drunk, so we have to get him laid."

"Oh." Tim pursued the thought, looking for a safe response. "So you have sisters?"

"Didn't I mention that?" Garnet placed her hand

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on his knee and tilted her head to invite a kiss. "I have—"

"Too many sisters."

They jerked apart to find that the voice had come from a small gray bunny hopping across the carpet.

"My youngest sister," Garnet explained. "Sam, right now a rabbit is not the best image to project in front of Daddy."

The bunny hesitated. "I suppose. This better?" She stood up and took the form of a voluptuous woman wearing ears and a cottontail. The grin spoiled the effect.

"Definitely not," Garnet said. "And please don't get Daddy started on Disney again."

Sam became a large white rabbit in top hat and tails. "Yes," Garnet said. "Carroll is always safe, as long as you stay away from the queen thing."

The rabbit squatted at the end of the couch. "So, how are you going to do it? Do I get to be flower girl?"

"Can you keep from eating them?"

Sam feigned a pout. "I suppose."

"Actually," Garnet said, "We haven't talked about a wedding yet."

"Why am I not surprised?" The gorgeous woman who followed the cultured voice would command attention in any room she entered.

Tim's eyes widened. "You're..."

She lit him with a hundred megawatt smile. "Holly Pyracantha, of *As the World Churns*. I play Blanche Remington, young and innocent sister of Jezebel Remington, mistress of Governor Black. Do you follow the show?"

"Uh, not exactly." Tim shrugged. "It's on during the day."

The smile clicked off. "Garnet, how can you possibly have not given the wedding a single thought? It's not like there are a lot of choices left."

Tim recovered from her snub. "Beg pardon?"

Garnet avoided his glance. "It's been thirty years since you landed that role, Holly. I thought you intended to replace yourself by pretending to be your daughter before now."

Holly opened her compact to check her appearance. "Not necessary," she said. "I just go in after hiatus and drop the hint I've had a bit of nip and tuck. Everyone wants my surgeon's name. I've sent Uncle Hannibal quite a lot of business."

Tim would not be distracted. "What do you mean, not a lot of choices?"

Sam hopped over beside him. "Well, since Grandma and Grandpa's wedding, Lloyds of London won't let us have any more cruise ships."

Holly fluffed her bouffant do and put away the compact. "They did advertise it was unsinkable."

"Yes," Garnet added. "But you know how Great Uncle Donner feels about snow and ice. We weren't

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counting on his 'something blue' being quite so large."

Sam said, "And since Mother and Daddy got married on the Hindenberg, there aren't any passenger blimps left."

"And we can't go back to Chicago, San Francisco, or Texas City," Holly said.

"San Francisco is where we had problems with the Tango," Garnet told Tim. "And since Holly's wedding at Three Mile Island, we're blacklisted by the Nuclear Regulatory Commission."

"Perhaps," Holly said. "But Ezmarelda managed to circumvent that restriction."

"Unfortunately, the Chernobyl Tourist Bureau won't let us return either," Garnet said. "The guests had some really interesting children."

"Hey," Sam said.

"Nothing personal, Sis."

They heard the crash of glassware from the kitchen. "Don!"

"Oh, dear," Sam said. "Sounds like Jezebel didn't quench Daddy after all." She hopped to the door. "Mother is bent over the stepstool. It looks like it'll be a while before the wine is served. I think I'll wander out to the garden for a snack." She started for the back door.

Holly sighed. "I'll join you, if you don't mind. I'm not supposed to smolder in the house any more."

"It's the insurance company," Sam said. "You know Mother didn't mind. And Daddy never notices." They walked out into the night.

Garnet turned to Ted. "You're squirming. I hope that wasn't TMI."

"TMI?"

"Too Much Information. Or do you need to visit the facilities?"

"Uh. Yes, that's it," he lied.

Garnet let Tim stand, but caught him before he could get out the front door. She turned off all the lights. He asked, "What are you doing?"

"Reminding you why we're going through—the Ordeal." She opened his pants. Clicking open her innermost set of eyelids, she looked down at the green thermal glow. "Oh dear, you are scared." She took his cool manhood in her hand and began stroking. It saluted her effort. "Much better."

"Uh, Garnet, I can hardly see. But there isn't room to lie down here in the foyer." Nevertheless his hands ripped open her blouse and palmed her firm globes. "Sorry about your bodice."

She was already panting. "Velcro, silly. Just like..." She reached down, and there was another ripping sound. She lifted one leg and guided him to her already-steaming channel.

"Ung," he said. She lifted her other leg and wrapped around him, then sank down his turgid length. She plucked a thick wool scarf off the hall-

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tree, then started rolling her hips around his aroused manhood.

Tim staggered forward until he pinned her against the door. "Ung. Ung. Ung. Ung. Ung. Ung. Ung. Ung."

Garnet caught his rhythm and just as he topped the pinnacle of his passion, she snapped her head back and roared her release. Unfortunately the back of her head whacked into the oak panel, and her howl of completion was a mixture of pleasure and pain.

The splash of stars almost occluded the flare of his fangs. She had just enough sanity left when he pounced for her pulse to interpose the wadded wool between his bite and her throat. He sucked in vain.

When sanity finally returned, he spit out the soggy sash and eased Garnet down to the floor. "You made your point," he said. "I apologize for panicking."

"The point was yours." She tucked it away. "I hope the masticatus interruptus didn't spoil the moment."

"Not at all," Tim replied. "It was thoughtful of you. These pimples are driving me nuts."

The lights flared. Don led a flushed Carmine into the room and looked at his equally flushed daughter. "I will be dipped in shit!" he roared. "It's time to clean the shotgun."

Chapter Twelve

Garnet glared at her father. "You will not!" Tim had been enough to deal with without her father brandishing a shotgun about.

Carmine patted Don's shoulder. "Of course you won't, dear." She gave Tim a reassuring gaze. "Now, Tim. What do you plan with my daughter?"

Garnet watched Tim's jaw twitch. Poor man had thought himself ready for this ordeal but, nope, he looked like he wanted to run.

"Er. I'd like to ask Garnet first in private, if you don't mind."

"Aw, how romantic," Carmine said, clasping her hands in glee. She grabbed Don's elbow. "Come on, let's leave them to it."

Tim ran his hand through his hair. "Right. Um."

Her heart skidded. Was he really going to ask her?

Tim looked around, finally resting on her breasts still visible through the torn bodice. Licking his lower lip, he tore his gaze away from there, shifted his full

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attention to her face. "Do you want to?"

Again he ran his hand through his hair.

Gawd. The way he looked at her it seemed he was torn between ravishing her or asking *the* question. "Do what? Tim?"

He looked about, and the sly smile she knew so well, returned. "Maybe somewhere more...private."

"For what? Tim?"

His eyes locked onto her exposed breasts again. "I can't think when you're almost naked."

Right. It looked like she would have to take control after all.

She rested her hands in his shoulders, drew him close to her so her nipples brushed the cloth of his shirt. Since he had trouble asking her *the* question, she would. "Tim. Will you be my mate?"

He ran his finger tenderly over her cheek. "Yes," he said almost in a whisper.

"Oh, Tim." She embraced him and she felt his growing erection rubbing against her thighs. "We better finish off what we started, hey?"

Fire fuelled his gaze. "I wasn't kidding when I wanted somewhere more private."

She stepped back, took his hand and led him up the steps. "My old bedroom."

Her room was as she remembered it. Large, too, with an equally large bed. She removed her torn blouse and tossed it over a nearby chair. Her pants

soon followed.

Tim eyed her from the top of her head to her toes, making her tingle in anticipation, and wet with need.

"Into bed, now," he ordered.

Her eyes widened. "Ohhh. What are you going to do, big boy?" eying his now freed cock that seemed to grow bigger by the second.

Tim placed his hands on his hips. "Hands behind your head."

Unable to suppress a grin, she said. "How do you plan to tie me down?"

He looked around, opened a nearby wardrobe and whistled. He moved a shirt aside, leaned over and pulled out a box. He plopped it on the edge of the bed and removed a leather whip. "You *do* like a bit of discipline."

Her eyes widened, narrowed. Heck, she had forgotten all about the gear stashed in there.

Tim placed the whip back. "Nah, not now." He removed a thin rope and a feather. "These will do."

"Oh, no," she said in mock terror.

"Oh, yes. I plan to tie you up and run this little feather all over your body until you become so desperate that you will beg me to make love to you."

"Make love to you." She repeated the words. It sounded so different from...fuck.

"That's right, love." He smiled as he shimmied off the rest of his clothes.

She tingled all over as she repeated the word, love.

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She did love him.

“I love you, Tim.”

“And I you, Garnet, forever and forever.”

“Even my goblin blood?”

He leaned over, nipped her vein and took a quick sip.

A light shudder raced over her. “Hey. I didn’t give permission.”

Licking his lips, he murmured, “Yum.”

She felt the heat rise on her face.

“You’re all flushed.” He glanced between her legs. “I think you need to be scratched.” And lifted the feather.

Her nipples puckered at the thought of the feather running over her —

“Garnet?”

Darn. She was getting nicely distracted.

“Your hands, here,” he said, indicating the back of the bed.

She lifted her hands, aware of her breasts were scant inches from his lips.

He tied her hands loosely. “There.”

“I can easily get out of this.”

A wicked gleam filled his gaze. “But you won’t, will you?”

Before she could think of a reply, Tim ran the feather over her nipple, making her gasp. Her whole body ended up wracked in shivers as he ran the

feather from her knee up to the vee between her legs. He ran the tip over her other nipple. Heck, she was going to come at this rate.

He licked his lips. "Open them."

She was flooding down there, she could feel it. The tip of the feather ran over one of her nether lips.

"That tickles," she said, giggling.

Warm breath flowed over her folds, and she nearly jumped from the bed. Who would have thought such a light touch would make her so responsive? Now she began to appreciate how desperate she had made him when he had been tied up with the chocolate-licking gargoyles.

Tim ran the edge of the feather over her other fold, then up to her clitoris. She wiggled, desperate for more.

She gasped as he bent over and replaced the feather with his tongue.

He sucked hard over her swollen nub, then nipped her with his fang. She bucked as orgasm crashed over her. Biting her lip to suppress a shout, Garnet looked down and saw a very satisfied smile on his lips.

"Inside me, now," she demanded.

Tim needed no further encouragement. He glided over her body and slid in full.

She wriggled her hands free of the rope, and cupped her hands over his buttocks. How she loved the smell of him, and the expression on his face when he came inside her.

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He thrust in hard, then slow. She ground her hips to meet his. Garnet didn't think she'd ever get enough of him.

Her cries mingled with his as she came again, meeting his orgasm with her own.

Liquid eyes of sheer contentment looked down at her. In between labored breaths, he said, "Garnet. You are everything I have ever wanted."

She squeezed his taut butt. "As are you."

Tim ran his finger over her lips. "I guess we have to decide where the wedding will be."

The sensual haze she felt lifted quickly. She groaned.

He chuckled. "You haven't forgotten the rest of the ordeal, have you?"

"I might have, momentarily."

He propped himself on his elbow, looking down at her. "Do you think we could have a private wedding? I'm not big on crowds."

Fat chance, she thought. "Try to keep the family away."

Tim barely suppressed a groan. "We could do something different, like elope."

Nobody but nobody...eloped. She could well imagine her father racing after her with the shotgun after all. "Are you serious?"

"Um. Maybe not."

"Good, We'd really be up the proverbial creek if

we did."

Tim flopped onto his back. "What is the smallest kind of wedding we could get away with?"

She recalled her cousin's wedding rehearsal. Restaurant and bar with a hundred guests. A few complaints had already reached her ears about how tardy they were in having such an *ordinary* wedding.

"We could go somewhere remote, you know. Less fuss, and no chance of the authorities turning up," Garnet said. Where, she had no idea.

"What about the North Pole?" Tim suggested.

She was about to rebuke him when it occurred to her that would be perfect. It was a wild and remote location, so there could be no complaints there. They could holler and run amok all they liked and not end up in trouble with noise regulators or any other authority, for that matter.

"I like it."

Tim appeared to warm to the idea as well. "There is also the aurora borealis, which will make a great light show."

Garnet had never seen the northern lights. In fact, she had never been to the North Pole. The more she thought of the idea, the more it appealed. It would be ostentatious enough to appease her family, she was sure of it.

"It's a great idea, let's do it."

Tim ran his finger over her hip. "Are you going to tell your father?"

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A pit formed in her stomach. *Damn*. He'd be out there with the shotgun shooting the polar bears. "I don't think Dad will behave."

It took a moment for Tim to register what she meant. When he did, he nodded. "Hmm."

"Is that all...Hmmm?"

"Hmmm." Tim climbed out of bed. "You could ask the gargoyles to arrange some other entertainment for him."

"I can get chocolate."

Tim slipped his pants on. "You best get dressed. The sooner we tell him, the better."

Garnet sighed as she made her way to the wardrobe and removed a clean T-shirt and jeans. The ordeal was about to begin in earnest.

Chapter Thirteen

Garnet grimaced after the man. Some help he was. She was done, however, and they left her old bedroom.

Tim actually held her hand while they walked. "What exactly do we have to worry about?"

Garnet tossed him a disbelieving stare. "You mean other than running out of chocolate?" Her tone was sarcastic.

Tim flushed. "Stupid question, I guess," he muttered.

Garnet shrugged. "Look at it this way. As soon as we finish with this, the fun part can continue on later." She teased his crotch with a light pass of her fingers.

"Do you want to wind up back in your room? Not that I mind, but we do need to find your father and mother," Tim reminded her, though he clearly was getting distracted. His hand released hers and began wandering.

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"Later, Tim, no time anymore for playing." Smiling with satisfaction at her tactics, Garnet sauntered down the stairways to where her mother and father were talking to each other. "We've arrived."

Tim shot her a look. "I see that. You're enjoying this, aren't you?"

Garnet rubbed up against him with a grin. "Sure I am, after you decided to go on a shagging spree. This is payback of sorts."

Tim groaned in response. "That was nasty."

"That was just the beginning." Garnet smiled at her father and mother, who looked at them inquiringly.

"Do I need the shotgun?" Her father eyed Tim.

"Where shall the wedding be held, Garnet?" Carmine ignored Don. "Do remember that you have many relatives, dear."

Garnet felt Tim wince next to her. She stifled the urge to roll her eyes. *What a coward.* "I was thinking Alaska. No slaughtering the wildlife," she cautioned, when her father's eyes lit up.

He frowned at her. "Spoilsport."

Carmine swatted his roaming hand. "You do realize it will be a tad difficult and complicated, dear?"

Garnet smiled. "Yes, but I think we can keep the natural life and natives safe." She paused delicately, "If you know what I mean?" Her eyes flickered toward her father again.

Carmine studied her with a slitted gaze. "Hhmm, yes, I do know," she agreed calmly, smiling ever so slightly. "Well, we shall start after dinner." Carmine clapped her hands as she spoke.

Tim jumped slightly when the décor of the room altered to become something else completely.

Garnet glanced around with mild admiration. She couldn't get over what her mother was capable of with goodly amounts of goblin magic. Her attention turned back to Tim, who seemed unnerved. Catching her gaze, he swallowed nervously. "Interesting how events are working out," he ventured.

Garnet didn't bother to disguise her eye rolling at him. "Yes, interesting indeed." She glanced at her mother, who pursed her lips slightly.

Carmine raised her glass of wine to conceal what might have been a smile.

Don didn't bother to hide his skepticism. "Yes indeed. Alaska, hmm? Don't know how many of the relatives could attend." Don speared Tim with a gaze. "Do you know how much sunlight is in a day over there?"

Tim blinked. "Not really."

Garnet realized neither of them had thought about it at all. "Oh, dear." She bit her lip.

Carmine smiled at her reassuringly. "Don't worry about it." She fixed her husband with a gimlet stare. "Considering just how many places we can't go." He turned beet red at her comment. "We will do what we

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can to work around problems," she assured her daughter.

"Well, in the meantime, we can eat." Carmine ignored her sulking husband.

Tim fidgeted in his seat. "I don't eat." He gave Garnet a glance to let her know he didn't appreciate this problem.

Garnet lifted a shoulder, indicating she didn't give a damn. "Try anyway," she advised. "You might be surprised."

Tim shot her a dirty look, letting her know what he thought of her attitude.

Garnet grinned at him. "Trust me on this, try something. You might actually have an appetite."

Tim showed his skepticism openly, but realized he was insulting his hosts.

Don stared at him with a narrowed gaze. "You are testing my patience, vampire."

"Stop it, Don, you're making it even harder for him." Carmine chastised him with a slap across one wandering hand.

Tim shot Garnet a sidelong glance. "I know what I'd rather be eating," he muttered.

Garnet smiled sweetly at him. "Try, or lose the hand." She swatted his hand away from her thigh. She felt her insides melting and creaming between her thighs, but she refused to let him seduce her in the dining room in front of her parents.

Carmine would tolerate only so much before she put her foot down. Garnet heard her father's sudden groan of pain. He'd gone a little too far, she surmised. From the look on Tim's face, he understood what had just happened.

Garnet smiled at him, a challenge appearing on her face. "You don't try, you won't find my room again."

Tim shot her a glare. "That's not fair," he hissed. "I'm a vampire, I don't eat." He looked at the food warily.

Garnet merely waited, watching him out of the corner of her eye. He wouldn't be able to hold off attempting to feel her up again soon. Hopefully he would get the idea that she wanted him to at least try. Otherwise, he wouldn't get anything that night. The Ordeal had to be completed.

Tim stifled a sigh and attempted a bite of some meat. To his complete surprise, he enjoyed it. Tim shot her a wary stare. "What else have you done to me?"

Garnet shrugged impudently, smiling and letting her gaze wander over him. "Goblin blood does strange things," she calmly responded, sipping her beverage of choice. "How was I to know?"

Tim glowered at her when she spoke. He didn't say anything as he carefully ate some more of the food in front of him.

Garnet smiled at her mother. "So have you come up with some ideas already?" she queried smoothly,

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ignoring the tension hanging thick in the air.

Carmine smiled sunnily at her, though she seemed a might distracted to Garnet. She cleared her throat. "I believe that I do have some ideas, dear, but I will have to speak on them later." She glanced to her left, where Don was staring off into space. "Don!" She sputtered, as they vanished into thin air.

Garnet couldn't help but smile at the way that her father took matters into his own hands. "Well, that is one way of dealing with a situation." Garnet murmured, smiling as she allowed Tim's hand to make its way between her thighs.

"You've tortured me enough, woman." Tim growled at her. His fangs were showing as he spoke.

Garnet snorted in response to that accusation. "You haven't?" She lifted her hips slightly as his fingers burrowed into her loosened pants. "I could have just refused to let you come to my room and sent you to the gargoyles." Her sweet smile was meant to chill him. Garnet knew it wasn't likely to work that time.

Tim subsided abruptly. "You do that again, make sure Corian doesn't appear," he informed her, though his gaze roved around warily. "Don't tell me, he'll be one of them?"

Garnet shrugged. "He is a relative, but I'm not sure, to be honest." She smiled. "Cold temperatures might cause more of them to decline than anything else."

Tim cast her a grin. "Well, here's to hoping there'll be enough cold weather to keep all but the craziest from attending."

Garnet regarded him with amusement. "Well, that might trim it down to about, say...ninety?" She watched his enthusiasm deflate. "I'm recalling some others who are colder-blooded than most." She shrugged. "For some reason, they haven't come to some other ceremonies in the past."

Tim regarded her lasciviously. "You don't say?"

"No." Garnet smiled at him. "We need to get some practical details down." She surveyed him with a curious gaze. "Any family left?"

Tim shrugged. "Still mortal, as far as I'm concerned. In other words, they think I'm dead." His tone was bland. "Won't believe anything else, since it's been several years. I did read an obituary regarding my father. That was ten, eleven years ago. He was well over one hundred years old. Past time for his end. Considered a raving maniac."

Garnet stared at him suspiciously. "You wouldn't have had something to do with that particular state of madness, would you?"

Tim flashed her an offended stare. "No. It could have been that he witnessed all of his 'children's' deaths except for mine." He tapped his forehead. "Usually long before they were born."

Garnet sighed. "Right, whatever." Great, she hooked up with someone whose family was known

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for becoming mental cases. Not a good beginning. "You will have to inform my mother and father." Garnet saw him scowl down at his plate. "Otherwise they may go out of their way to track them down and inform them of your non-demised state." When Tim turned white, a gift she seemed to have for doing to him, Garnet gave him a break. "That's why I asked. They will do it unless you inform them otherwise."

Tim shrugged. "If they can read minds, they'll find out exactly what I know and don't know about my family."

Garnet pursed her lips and let the subject drop. She no longer had an appetite for food. "Let's get some sleep, or at least a little privacy?" Her mood was hung between ripping up the sheets and getting actual sleep.

Tim's eyebrows rose at her suggestion. "I like the last rather than the first." He drew her up and leaned against the table.

"This isn't private." Garnet pointed out. "Do you want my father to walk in here again?"

Tim's brows furrowed. "You won't lead me to a wrong room, would you?" Her last threat, combined with Carmine's altering of the room, made him cautious.

"No, I won't do that to you." Garnet leaned into him as she felt his heavy erection push against her. She watched his face flush beneath the extra color.

Her legs coiled around his hips, and they left the room.

Tumbling onto the bed, Tim trapped her beneath him. Soon, they were staring at each other with heated gazes.

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Chapter Fourteen

Tina and Liz peered into the window as Garnet and Tim went from their longing stares to outright nudity, pausing only to toss clothing all over the room and for Garnet to tug on the knee-high patent leather lace-up boots Tim liked best. It was just like her to forget they had to be present for the Ordeal. That was the problem with these creatures. They forgot how hard it is to be a gargoyle, having to look after folks all the time. People always wanting something. Without proof that the Ordeal had taken place, well...

They had all put on a few pounds due to the high milkfat content of the Chunky Monkey. Gargoyles were very keen on chocolate, but were unfortunately lactose intolerant. This extra weight, combined with bloating, made for very close quarters. In addition, while defending their charges, the three had recently gotten into a spat with the dark wizard, Master

Debokad. After a fierce battle, he was driven off into the hills, but Tina suffered a broken foot from her too enthusiastic attempts to implant it in Debokad's ass.

Stef paced, cursing, her whip flailing. "Goddamn it, we have to be able to hear their confessions during the act. Otherwise, the Ordeal isn't complete. We have to get in. At least Carmine had the sense to call us."

After striking Tina several times in her agitation, Tina finally gave her a hard shove with the tip of one grass-covered crutch. Stef being the coordinated creature she was, missed her footing in her own stiletto heels and crashed right through the window.

"Well, that solves that problem," noted Liz.

"Hey!" Tim jumped and made as if to climb off of Garnet, but she simply locked her legs around his ass. His alternatives being a bit of embarrassment or the possible cornholing by the extremely sharp tip of her boot, he subsided. From the idea of getting up, anyway. His hips continued pounding like a rap song blasting from an SUV, sending the headboard thudding against the wall in a rhythmic drumbeat echoed by the slapping of his hairy globes on her firm ass.

"Now, the Ordeal," Garnet said.

Tim paused, listening. Garnet poked him with a heel again. "Don't stop. Now, you must tell me, as we make love, every woman and man you have ever made love to. You can't come before you finish, or you'll have to do it again."

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Tim shook his head, his skin even ruddier with his attempts to hold back his seminal army. "I...can't...."

"You must, or we can't be together." Garnet grinned. That's what he got for using the goblin blood effect to screw around.

Stef, distracted by the huge box of Godiva chocolates on the dresser, ran for it. Snatching the box, she sat down at the dressing table and began stuffing them in, at last eyeing the cavorting pair. She paused in her cramming to holler, "Faster, you fool! Maybe you need a different angle. And watch your structure. It's awkward."

Tim kept on, despite the editorial comments. Clearing his throat, he began reciting. "First was Rebecca. Then Clarice. After that was Jeri Anne, Betsy, and Wendy, all three together...."

Tina and Liz, having recovered from the original shock of the shattering glass, attempted to scramble into the room with some difficulty. Liz finally got behind Tina and pushed her in, cast and all, then tossed the crutches in after her, not paying much attention to where they landed. Ignoring the "Ow!" from Tina, she pulled herself onto the sill, then dropped in.

With all three large individuals inside, the room appeared to shrink. Tina struggled to get her crutches under her, and slowly rose upright. As Liz passed by the bed, beelining to the chocolates, she tripped over

Tina's outthrust crutch and fell sideways, directly onto the hapless couple. "Get...off!" Garnet wailed. Tim manfully continued his recital, albeit breathlessly.

Stef bolted for the window, chocolates in hand. Tina stuck out a crutch to intercept her, but Liz just settled more comfortably on top of the struggling couple. "You first, Garnet," she smirked. "I don't really need chocolate, anyway, I'm a professional."

Tim arched upward, knocking Liz off balance and onto the floor. Tina, having wrestled the candy away from Stef, settled in a comfortable chair to snack. Stef stalked to a corner and sulked, muttering, "You're lucky I don't break your other leg." Liz got up and, despite her earlier statement, wandered toward Tina and her stash.

A flurry of thrusting and several groans later, Tim finally wailed, "And the last one before you was *Ixxy the water nymph!*" then fell to one side of Garnet, gasping, his purple-helmeted soldier dropping to parade rest.

Stef sat on the bed next to Garnet. "Excellent job, young man. So when's the wedding?"

Garnet stared. "How did you know?"

Stef grinned. "I'm in your head, like any good gargoye is. I know everything about you."

Garnet shuddered. "I don't even want to consider what you think of the peanut butter and chocolate pudding episode, not to mention the jumper cables.

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Anyway, you'll get your invite, so don't worry. Also, I think I'm pregnant."

A sigh from Stef. "Again?"

Tim started, brought out of his foggy afterglow by her words. "Say what?"

Garnet slapped Stef. "She didn't mean that. She meant, um..."

Stef slapped her back. "Yes, I did. Garnet has a baby. He lives in an orphanage in Queens, New York. She was very young, you see, and there was this Duke—"

Garnet slapped a hand over Stef's mouth. She bit it. Garnet howled and leapt off the bed, still naked, and danced in pain. Liz and Tina joined in the dance, thinking it a celebration.

Tim sat up and locked eyes with Stef. "Go on. I have to know."

"Well, she met this Duke, and he was involved in an arranged marriage, but he and Garnet sorta did the nasty. She thought he was in love with her, but instead went off with this virgin with these *huge*—

Garnet whacked Stef in the head so hard she fell flat on the bed, then straddled her and began to bounce on her abdomen, forcing the air from her lungs and stifling her.

Tim perked up. "Oh, that's hot...now, wait a minute, Garnet, why didn't you tell me about your baby?"

Garnet dropped onto Stef's belly with one final thud and covered her eyes with her hands. "I...was...so...ashamed..." She began to sob into her hands.

Tina spoke up from her chair through a mouthful of chocolate. "Oh, shut up your whining. You are not."

Garnet lowered her hands. "Okay, I'm not. It was just one of those things, you know. Cute kid, though. I actually miss him a lot. I just wasn't ready for a kid, you know?"

Stef shoved Garnet off of her and sat up. "So am I a bridesmaid or not?"

Garnet poked her. "Like hell, bitch. " She glanced at Tim. "Oh, come on...it's not like I sold the kid to Devil worshippers or something. He's fine."

Tim straightened. "No, it's not that. So he's part goblin, part satyr, part human?"

Garnet nodded.

"And you gave him to an orphanage?"

Another nod. Stef poked Garnet back.

Tim pondered a bit. "Did they know?"

"Of course they..." Garnet trailed off. "Oops."

Tim leapt up and began pulling on his clothes. " I think we better go check on Junior."

The gargoyles each raised a hand. "We'll wait, thanks."

* * * *

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The orphanage, St. Martin's, was a large, gloomy building, about three stories high. Or, at least, it had been. Now it was about two and a half.

Tim eyed Garnet. She shrugged sheepishly. "Did I forget to mention he was also a shapeshifter?"

"Well, yes, you did." He frowned. "Into what?"

"Uh...anything he wants?"

"You're kidding."

"Nope. First time he did it, he was about ten minutes old. Turned into a panda bear. The nurse almost had a stroke."

Tim shook his head and knocked on the door. After a moment, he knocked again.

The door flew open suddenly, almost catching him in the head. A frazzled-looking older woman asked, "Yes?"

Garnet flushed. "I, uh...left a baby here about eight months ago? His name is Kadin?"

The woman sighed. "Animal Boy. Of course. Come in. Maybe he'll settle down if he sees you."

Garnet and Tim entered, moving past the vestibule into a very messy sitting room. There were toys and what appeared to have once been a vase full of flowers scattered everywhere.

The woman sighed again. "Pardon my manners. I'm Miss Battensnout, the director here." She sat, motioning them to join her.

They perched carefully on a sticky sofa. Miss Battensnout waved at the mess. "Kadin. He is an active baby, even when he's not turning into a panda bear."

Garnet stared. "One baby did this?"

Miss Battensnout nodded. "We had to move the other children out. Kadin has a tendency to breathe fire in some of his incarnations."

Garnet and Tim exchanged a look. At that moment, a very small dragon flew into the room and settled onto the carpet, setting it aflame. Miss Battensnout wearily reached next to her chair and produced a fire extinguisher. Rising quickly, she put out the flames, then settled back into the chair.

The little dragon ambled over to the couch and nuzzled Garnet's leg. She gently rubbed his head. He was adorable; lovely shades of lavender and pale pink mixing with a silvery blue. In a wink, the dragon was gone and a naked baby boy was in its place.

Tim found his voice. "So the baby turns into a dragon?"

Miss Battensnout nodded. "But only when he's angry. Otherwise, you never know what he'll be."

Kadin smiled up at them, showing a few tiny teeth. It was difficult not to smile back. He had pale grey eyes and wispy blond hair that had hints of red in it, and looked very healthy. Then, as if to underscore what the older woman had said, the infant turned into a small ginger kitten.

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Garnet scratched him behind his furry orange ears. "Miss Battensnout, I think I'm ready to be his mother. I'll be getting married soon, and I think it's time to settle down. I know you told me I had the option to come back and review again with you..."

"Consider it done." The woman rose and brushed off her skirt. "I'll have you sign a release, and of course you'll have reviews at your home every week for a year to make sure he transitions well. Congratulations. I hope you are all very happy together. I'll just go pack his things..." She raced out of the room, and returned suspiciously quickly with a packed bag.

"Did you have that already packed?" Tim asked.

Her sheepish grin was answer enough. She handed it to him. Garnet knelt and scooped up Kadin, who began to purr. She signed the form on the clipboard Miss Battensnout extended, and they headed toward the door.

The older woman waved goodbye, slamming the door quickly as if concerned they would try to enter.

Once at the car, they eyed the baby seat with some chagrin. In his current feline state, Kadin would never be secure in that. He didn't seem inclined to change back anytime soon, either.

Garnet decided to settle on a bench while Tim went in search of a proper animal carrier. Once he'd returned and Kadin was ensconced, they continued

on home, Garnet turning occasionally to pet Kadin through the screened front of his cage.

Flashing lights flickered in the mirror, and Tim slowed down and pulled over. A slim officer exited the police car and walked up. Tim rolled down his window. "Anything wrong, sir?"

The officer tipped back his hat. "License and registration, please?" He leaned in a bit more and looked into the back seat. "What the hell?"

Garnet turned. Inside the carrier, Kadin had switched back into a cherubic child. *Oh, shit.*

"Why is that baby in a cat carrier?"

Tim stammered, but nothing coherent came out.

The officer shook his head. "I'll have to call this in." He raced back to his car.

Garnet frowned at Kadin. "Now, baby, please turn back into a cat, or your mommy and new daddy will be going to jail, and back into the orphanage you go."

Kadin just giggled, poking his fingers through the holes in the mesh.

The cop started walking back.

"Kadin, please!" Tim hissed.

More giggling. Garnet began whimpering.

The cop stuck his head in the window. "All right, get that baby out of—"

He stopped. Kadin was once again a kitten. He blinked, then stepped back and rubbed his eyes. He looked again. Still a kitten.

"Officer?" Tim ventured.

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He gave his head a shake, then a final glance at Kadin-the-kitten. "Right. Uh, your left taillight is out. I'll just give you a fix-it ticket. Please get it repaired as soon as possible. I'm terribly sorry to have frightened you."

He scribbled on his pad, tore it off and handed it to Tim.

Tim took it. "Thank you, officer."

The officer waved a hand and walked back to his cruiser, muttering something about a desk job.

"Home, sweetheart," Garnet said. She glared mockingly at Kadin-the-kitten. "And you cut that out."

Kadin purred.

Chapter Fifteen

They decided to elope. After her father had finally accepted their upcoming nuptials, the arguing started about where the wedding would be held, who would attend.

Garnet got sick and tired of it and Tim no less, although he really didn't get the brunt of it. Shotgun be damned, they were running for it.

She managed to talk Stef, Liz and Tina into babysitting Kadin. After all, she *had* to trust someone. Who better than the gargoyles? And they'd be able to handle the little munchkin. With Tina still injured, they were on temporary leave from protective services, anyway. They always did everything together.

The warders were really quite tickled that she'd confided to them and that she'd trust her baby to their care. The boxes of chocolate she'd bribed them with also helped in their eager yes, but all three seemed happy playing grandma, even to a sometimes fire-

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breathing baby.

Garnet felt so excited she could barely think straight. Tim was doing some last-minute shopping he'd told her for items for their honeymoon, however brief it would be. The North Pole it was going to be. Not even the Warders knew where they were going.

Quietly, they'd made all the arrangements. Garnet checked her purse one more time; the tickets, their marriage license, certificate of blood tests, yes, it was all there.

She'd had a terrible time convincing her mother that she wanted to go for the fitting of the wedding gown alone this time; no bridesmaids, no nagging mother about a crooked seam or a too-low-cut bodice... Garnet smiled to herself. The gown was finished. There were no final fittings, she just needed to pick it up, but the final fitting was a good excuse. By the time her mother read the note she'd put on her dressing table, Tim and she would be long gone and well on their way to the North Pole.

Garnet had called in a few favors from some friends who lived there. Nick and his elves were long-time friends, and so she had them arrange for their honeymoon suite. Nick had offered his ice castle for the wedding. It had been tempting to take him up on his offer, but again, it would be a huge bash. Knowing Nick Claus and his lovely wife, they'd go all out. She swore them to secrecy, and Nick promised. Nick

never went back on his word.

But he did insist on them using his sleigh and reindeer for transportation. That she accepted. After all, his sleigh could get them anywhere in seconds.

Garnet looked at her watch. The time passed too slowly to her liking. She couldn't wait to hand Kadin over to the Warders and meet Tim at the airport. She glanced at the sleeping cherub. It was so hard to imagine that he could change in the blink of an eyelid. Right now, he looked like any normal, pretty baby.

Glancing in the mirror, she adjusted her top. It was a low cut one that showed ample cleavage, although she'd have to change into something warmer at the airport. Brushing her long locks until they glistened like gold, she wondered if Tim was just as impatient, as longing.

An ache started in her crotch and she felt the moisture gather between her thighs. She had time. Quickly pulling down her tights, she fondled the nest of curls, then stole down to her lovebud. Rubbing it hard, she felt the thrills course through her, all the while imagining it to be Tim's fingers playing with her, his handsome face floating before her eyes. Creamy liquid covered her fingers. Just then, her mother knocked on the door.

"Garnet, shouldn't you be leaving for your appointment, dear?"

"Yes, Mother. I'm *coming*."

Bending over the crib, she gathered Kadin into her

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arms. The baby opened his eyes sleepily, then closed them again. Thankfully, he was well-fed and tired and would hopefully sleep until the Warders took him.

"Are you sure you don't want me to watch Kadin for you?" her mother asked as she made for the front door.

"No, Mom, I want to visit some friends after the fitting. Thanks anyway."

Garnet slung the diaper bag over her shoulder.

"Why are you taking your backpack with you?" Jeez, her mother was nosy. She often carried her backpack with her when she was going shopping.

"Oh, my friends want to borrow some of my clothes for the wedding." It was an easy lie, and not completely a lie, because one of her friends had indeed asked to borrow some clothes.

The backpack contained the minimum. Some warm clothing for their arrival at the North Pole, and the rest was lingerie, some leather stuff, handcuffs and other toys. That's all she'd need for their brief honeymoon.

Stef, Liz and Tina were waiting for her eagerly. "Did you bring the chocolate you promised?" Liz and Tina asked in chorus.

Garnet smiled. "You can pick up the chocolate at the Chocolate Factory. I ordered an ample supply for you. I couldn't very well carry it out of the house

now, could I? My parents would have known that something was up."

"Right. Okay, give me the little cherub," Liz cooed and reached for Kadin.

Kadin slept soundly throughout the transfer. Garnet kissed the downy fur on his head and sent the Warders a smile. "Thanks for doing this for us."

"Anytime, although we're still upset that you're not going to throw a huge bash. But we do understand, believe me," Stef said. Liz and Tina had already disappeared inside with Kadin, both arguing about who would get to hold him next.

"Well, I'm off," Garnet said and with a wave, headed for the waiting taxi.

* * * *

Tim raced for the taxi as soon as it pulled up. "I was afraid you'd changed your mind," he said, then placed a smacker on her lips.

"No way in hell," she retorted, sending him a big grin. "You're stuck now."

"Are you sure you want to go through with this? Most women dream of their wedding day to be a huge fairytale affair."

"Hey, this is a fairytale. We're off to the North Pole. Now have you ever heard of lovers eloping to that land of ice? Most everyone goes to Vegas."

"True. I see you packed light..."

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“We won’t need much, will we?”

* * * *

The flight seemed to take far too long. She was so in heat it wasn’t funny, and she could smell Tim’s erotic scent that told her he was just as bad off. Tempted, very tempted, to take off to the washroom with him and get it on right there, but she squashed the urge. She wanted that night to be very special. One they’d remember for the rest of their lives.

After their arrival, Nick’s limo awaited them. Fully stocked with food and drinks, they could have pigged out, but neither of them were hungry. Tim reached for her but she drew back. “Nope. Wait until we’re legal,” she told him.

“Just a kiss... I’m dying to hold you in my arms, honey.”

“Later...”

The limo took them to the Justice of the Peace they had booked to perform the brief ceremony. And brief it was. It only took minutes before Tim placed the ring on her finger. They were man and wife. Finally.

Then the limo drove them to where Nick had left his sled and reindeer.

“Don’t worry. Rudolph knows where to take you,” the chauffeur said, touching his cap in greeting. “Congratulations. I hope you’ll be very happy.”

They got into the sled and snuggled under the fur electric blanket. Within seconds, they were away, high up in the air. Nick's sled was state of the art, and the reindeer fresh from their long rest. They flew with the speed of light.

"I wonder what Nick arranged for us," Garnet murmured while caressing Tim's hand.

"Who knows? I just hope it's somewhere where there's no people."

"He promised. And Nick never breaks his promises."

The sled glided softly down and smoothly on a snow covered field until a cabin came in sight. Smoke spiraled lazily up from the chimney. Someone had already been there and prepared the cabin for them. It stood alone in a big field of snow flanked by a forest of pine trees, reminding Garnet of a Christmas card.

"It's beautiful. Look, Tim, it's like a fairytale cottage."

Rudolph disengaged from the harness, then suddenly morphed into a tall, handsome young man.

Tim, shocked, left his mouth gaping open. Garnet closed it gently by pushing up on his chin. "Don't panic," she said. "I read all about it in [Sarah Dickson's](#) book. That's how they are the rest of the year."

Rudolph nodded and helped them from the sleigh. "Yes, ma'am. I'll show you to your room."

Then there they were, isolated from the whole world. Garnet watched the sled disappear within

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seconds, only the soft tinkling of bells still ringing faintly. Rudolph gestured, and they followed him into the cabin. He paused at an ornate door and said, "This is your room. I'll be just down the hall if you need me." He left them, and at last, they were alone.

Tim opened the door and they both gasped. The interior was quaint, very country like. There were hundreds of lit candles everywhere. In the center of the room stood a canopied bed made up with red silk sheets that were strewn with white rose petals. When her eyes became accustomed to the dark, Garnet saw vases filled with white roses everywhere. A bucket of ice containing the biggest bottle of champagne she'd ever seen stood beside the bed. Two flutes with white ribbons around the stems stood on a night table. There were a few doors in the back wall, she presumed to the bathroom and maybe a small kitchen...

Tim gathered her into his strong arms and finally got to kiss her. His tongue danced with hers, then he sucked her tongue all the way into his mouth, causing her body to blaze. She wanted him, oh, she wanted him... But first she needed to freshen up, to put on her wedding night attire.

"Put me down, babe. I need to use the little girl's room," she whispered against his lips.

Reluctantly, he lowered her, touching her breasts briefly before she took off to one of the doors.

She was right. One of them was a bathroom. It too was decorated with roses and burning candles. Quickly, she stripped and dug the lingerie out of the backpack. Tonight was a night for pretties. Leather could come later.

After she put on the black lace crotchless panties, the stockings and garters and the holey bra, she brushed her hair and sprayed on some of Tim's favorite perfume. She could hardly wait and almost felt like a virgin getting ready for her first taste of love.

She walked back into the room and saw Tim sitting on the bed sporting a huge erection. She stopped for a moment, watching it throb gently against his belly like a rutting stallion's proud member.

"My God, sweetheart, come here...you look sexier than I've ever seen you," he murmured, his voice low, husky with desire. He held out a flute filled with champagne as she climbed onto the bed.

She took it and linked arms with him. They clinked their glasses and took a sip.

"To us," Tim said, "our everlasting love."

She echoed his words and drank down the champagne in one gulp.

"Come here, kitten." He grabbed her and pulled her into his embrace. Her nipples engorged with blood and torpedoed against his chest.

"You're such a gorgeous creature," Tim murmured as he circled her nipples with a finger.

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"Tell me more," Garnet whispered hungrily, his deep voice ravishing her senses. His lips descended to her aching nipples, his mouth closing over one like a calf suckling a cow. One hand played with the other nipple, while the other stole down to the vee between her legs. Softly, he stroked the soft fur covering her mound, his fingers parting her netherlips, then rubbing the juices until they felt like a frothy cream between her thighs. She gasped when he entered a finger into the velvety interior and churned it like an eggbeater.

Garnet opened her legs wider to accommodate him better. He slid in another finger, and another and continued his onslaught inside her warm channel. His lips had traded nipples, and one almost felt forlorn as he suckled the other one.

Oh, she wanted more, so much more. She wanted him, needed him. Reaching down, she grabbed hold of his rock-hard shaft. It pulsed so hard it felt like it would spring out of her hand. Releasing it, she stroked the velvety skin, the baby-soft purple tip. Never had she been brought to such heightened emotion, to such sensual awareness, as this night.

His length twitched in her fingers as his thumb circled her throbbing nub, then became more aggressive, teasing it into hardness. Her cavern was ready for him, ready to receive him and as she spread her legs even more, she felt it open up for him,

yawning, inviting. He pulled his fingers out then and holding each knee, sat up between her legs.

"Baby, you've got the most gorgeous milky thighs I've ever seen," Tim grunted as he moved forward. "I want you so much."

"Then take me, dammit," she almost shouted. "I can't stand it anymore."

"Hey, you wanted a romantic night, one to remember," he said. "I've got other things planned."

"Oh, yeah?"

"Yeah. As in, cool it for now and let's have another glass of champagne."

"You bastard. I'm ready to burst into flames and you talk about champagne?"

"We've got three days and three nights. All the time in the world."

"That's fine, but I want you *now*." She was shouting now and getting angry.

"I love you and want you even more when you get angry, my little tigress."

Almost sobbing with the need of him, she was ready to smack him when he gently pushed her away and reached for the champagne.

She didn't want to spoil the night by really getting mad. But she was so damned horny... All this stupid, romantic stuff. What had she thought of when she'd told him she wanted a romantic night to remember? *Dammit, stick that cock in me...*

Although she hadn't wanted the champagne at that

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moment, she did drink it, and felt the bubbles go to her head. It caused her to giggle, and she fought with all her might against the flood of desire and to restrain herself from attacking him.

"Magic, baby. Magic...that's what this night is all about.

"Well, then use that magic wand of yours, for crying out loud."

"Magic wand, huh? I'll show you what I can do with it." Placing his glass on the nightstand, he crawled up and rubbed the silken flesh of his shaft against her cheek, then slowly brought the mushroom hood to her lips.

Eagerly she opened her mouth, but he didn't enter, just hovered there and waited for her tongue to caress him. She moved forward and in one eager motion took his hardness into her mouth and sucked hard, her tongue poking his hole, teasing him.

His hands were between her legs again, parting the tender flesh, exposing the valley between. She arched her hips, begging for his fingers to enter.

When he finally yanked his shaft out of her mouth and knelt between her legs again, she moved toward him, felt it touch the entrance to her womanhood. Now leaning forward completely, she grabbed his buttocks and yanked him into her. The hell with patience and romance. She wanted him. All of him, his rock hard club beating the hell out of her and she

screaming for more, was what she wanted.

"Fuck me, baby, fuck me, please..."

She knew then that he couldn't contain himself any longer. In one swift stroke he entered her, filled her. She felt his flesh swell even more as he started to move inside her and she thrust up, her hands grabbing him to pull him down on top of her.

His lips claimed hers and he sucked so hard it was almost as if he sucked the life out of her, then traveled to her neck and she felt him bite gently. "Drink of me, my love, drink..."

Her breath came in fast gasps as his thrusts became faster and harder, his lips suctioning the small wound he had made in her neck. She grabbed his buttocks and tried to pull him even further into her. Her legs clamped around his body.

A shudder went through him, so hard that it vibrated through her. He was coming, hard and fast and it caused her own desire to heat up to inferno. "Yes, yes, yes, now, baby, now," she shouted.

He withdrew slightly, then slammed into her and she felt his liquid shoot into her, into her waiting womb, mixing with her own juices. He roared like a lion as he came, melding with her own screams of release. Blood rushed in her ears sounding like the ocean crashing onto a beach. They rode the tide in unison, the waves coming to a final crescendo.

She knew then that she had conceived in that moment. That this joining of their bodies would

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produce their first offspring together. Her desire not yet sated, she felt something else enter her heart, a tenderness, a sweetness she never thought she'd feel for anyone. Tim was part of her, so wholly, so completely. They were now one body, one soul, and would remain so throughout eternity.

She waited until his heavy breathing subsided, then kissed him tenderly. "Sweetheart, I have more surprises in store for you. Let me go to the bathroom."

"I can't wait," he murmured against her neck.

She smiled to herself. They were together, and neither of them ever had to wait again. Now to get the gel-filled vibrating Purple Marauder...

FIII

The Writers Of the Purple Page

Chapter One: Viola Grace

<http://www.mts.net/~violagra/>

Viola Grace has been writing crap for years. She had never been successful in plotting a story until she learned to type with her ass. For some reason, that is how she does her best thinking. It has taken years of perfecting, but this chapter is the perfect example of her thinking (and typing) with her strongest organ.

And people think that her butt is just decorative...HA!

Chapter Two: Alex J. Alex

<http://tinyurl.com/gxq3l>

Mr. Alex is a retired manufacturing executive. Originally from New Jersey, he has lived all over the East Coast of the United States from Maine to Alabama. His education includes a B.S. from Clemson University and an M.B.A. from Jacksonville State University. A Vietnam veteran and a private pilot, he has a number of other interests, including: music (he plays the drums), sailing, mathematics (he is an A.S.Q. Certified Quality Engineer), handgun competition, chess, drag racing, and bridge.

Chapter Three: Brenda Williamson

<http://www.brendawilliamson.com>

Brenda Williamson lives to write and create stories containing timeless love with sensual, sexy and spicy themes. Forgoing household chores most of the time, she has a great husband and one son who put up with her many long hours hidden behind a computer. For contemplation she sits on the porch swing and watches nature inspire from her country home. With eight cats, two dogs, and a quiet day, things can't be more perfect.

Chapter Four: Celine Chatillon

<http://www.celinechatillon.com>

Celine Chatillon is the pen name of a three-hundred-sixty pound linebacker for the St. Louis Rams. In the off season, 'Celine' enjoys crocheting afghans for Afghan Hounds and whipping up chocolate éclairs to sell to patiently waiting Port-a-Potty patrons at the Souldard district's infamous Mardi Gras Parade. Occasionally 'Celine' even pens an erotic novel or two--but promptly forgets where she's stored the manuscripts until it's time to line the canary's cage, thus bringing new meaning to the words 'dirty books'. You can read more about her--somewhat--saner self online at

<http://www.celinechatillon.com>

Chapter Five: C.D. Conejo

C. D. Conejo is a highly caffeinated writer of dubious ancestry, whose work has appeared in some of the lowest courts in Northern California. Her work is often read by men in robes. She has spent an inordinate amount of time thinking about what is under those robes, which has led her to seek other outlets for her purple prose.

When she is not working, she ogles athletic supporters.

Chapter Six: D.J. Manly

<http://www.webspawner.com/users/davis1/>

D.J. writes for the pure love of writing, and always with the reader in mind. If D.J. doesn't enjoy reading it, it won't be written. There is nothing quite as exciting as beautiful men falling in love, and 'the boys' get themselves into some pretty sticky situations! Come taste a piece of D.J. Manly's work, but be careful, you may become as addicted to reading it, as D.J. is to writing it.

D.J. Manly is the author of the Eternal Souls series, (Vampire Lust, Beloved Foe, and Wanton Renegade), Brennus' Witch, Christmas with Wistan, Dreaming of Brandon Archer, and The Initiator, part of the wonderful Sins and Virtues Series at eXtasy. With D.J. Manly's male/male romance, you never know what 'the boys' will be up to. You have only to come along for the ride.

Email D.J. anytime with any questions or comments. People who read D.J. Manly are the coolest on the planet!

Chapter Seven: Evelyn Starr

www.geocities.com/evvstarr

A native of a small town not far from Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, Evelyn Starr always had a passion for the glamorous, the exotic, the sensuous. And she's always been willing to travel the world in search of them. Among her favorite places are Boldt's Castle in the Thousand Islands, Tasmania, Australia's tropical Queensland, and all the nooks and crannies of the Rocky Mountains she now calls home.

Like her wanderlust, Evelyn's fascination with words and stories began at an early age. She remembers being able to read and write before she started school, and by the time she'd finished first grade, she was writing her own little one-page stories. Following graduation from high school, she left her small-town home and hasn't looked back. She majored in journalism, romance, and adventure, and eventually married her college sweetheart, who remains the most romantic, and the most adventurous, hero of them all.

Chapter Eight: Fawn Lowery

www.geocities.com/fawnlowery8@prodigy.net/mypage.html

I'm here because a scientific experiment went terribly wrong. Scientists were attempting to re-create the one-eyed-one-horned-flying-purple-people-eater, but when the giant egg hatched, out I jumped.

Not purple by any means, but pale blue with tiny pink polka dots. I have no horns, can not fly, though I am fleet of foot. I have enormous breasts with beautiful rose colored nipples; a Rubenesque figure that curves in all the right places; and an extraordinary ability to read peoples' minds. I believe that's some form of ESP.

As I sat in my cage one day and observed the scientists in the lab, I discovered they were all having erotic thoughts.

"Paper! I need paper and pen!" I screeched.

Thus, my career as erotic romance novelist began.

Chapter Nine: Jackie Rose

<http://www.jackieroseroom.com/>

Jackie Rose is a leading advocate for paranormal minorities...vampires, werewolves, banshees, goblins and gargoyles...so she can't understand why people keep laughing at her.

Chapter Ten: K.A. M'Lady

<http://www.geocities.com/mladyfair12/>

Born and raised on Sling Back Mule Island, where the hills curve and the sun glistens like sequins reflected in a summer sky, Treasure first started writing as soon as she was bitten by the nefarious page in thigh-high go-go boots.

She married a Warlock when she was sixteen and he inducted her into the realm of darkness where she finds her inspiration and her source of madness – since he tried to sacrifice her once to his god of the underworld – which ruined her favorite pair of olive green – wooden heeled lace-ups – the bastard! So she poisoned him with his own potion – teach him to mess with her shoes!

Chapter Eleven: Sean MacReady

<http://www.talonsite.com>

Sean MacReady is gaining an undeserved reputation as an author. His deep dark secret is that he merely invents characters, then writes like hell to keep up with their stories. "I have perfectly good plots ready for them," he says. "And they never listen."

Chapter Twelve: Sarah Dickson

<http://www.sarahdickson.com/>

Born in Australia, Sarah has been writing stories on and off for as long as she can remember. She lives in Queensland with her husband who is very supportive of her ever-changing work lifestyle. Her other life is writing for organizations, but writing fantasy and SF is a lot more fun

Chapter Thirteen: B. L. Foxxe

<http://geocities.com/blfoxxe/welcome.html>

Living it up in the eastern coast. Extra limbs beyond the two arms and legs are essential. Yeppers, I done grown two more arms and legs just to handle all the typing I do. Living around this place ya never know what'll happen from one day to the next. In regards to the Purple Prose goofiness? Count me in on the next one when it happens.

Writing As: Arabrab Hgieh Exxof

Chapter Fourteen: Rian Monaire

www.rianmonaire.com

Rian Monaire was born in Turners Falls, Massachusetts, forced into existence by Stef Kelsey's husband and mother, who felt it was time her talents were utilized. Rian fought hard, but her efforts were futile. She then decided, "Well, they can bring me into this world, but I don't have to be nice." This launched her into her career of obnoxiousness and sarcasm...and, of course, writing erotica.

Chapter Fifteen: Gabriella Bradley

Be afraid of Gabriella. She has been known to eat other authors as snacks, and howl at the moon. But if you speak nicely to her, you'll be safe.