

# The Faerie Queen's Captive

Dakota  
Carson



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***By***

***Dakota Carson***

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*"The Faerie Queen's Captive" is dedicated to all wishers and dreamers the world over: Trust that the secret desires of your heart are heard by The Otherworld inhabitants... and in particular, by Aine, the most lusty of all the faerie queens.*

## *The Faerie Queen's Captive*

Quiet rain, pecking at the windowpanes, roused Clay from a deep, exhausted slumber. He'd never been a deep sleeper, which made these nights with Aine pleasurable in that way, too.

Stretching carefully, to keep from waking her, he stifled a yawn. Punching the downy pillow under his neck, he rolled onto his side, listening as soft breaths puffed from her full lips.

She must have sensed him staring at her, for Aine stirred beside him, a whispered sigh warm against his cheek as she snuggled closer. Her full, firm breast pressed against his chest. Its nipple, still taut from their earlier lovemaking, reminded him of a pencil eraser, turning his grin to a satisfied smile—no way he would erase these last weeks from his memory!

Like most nights, Aine had appeared out of nowhere in the darkest hours after midnight, gauzy dress billowing in the breeze of the open French doors. He'd stopped questioning where she might have come from and focused, instead,

on the purely euphoric fact that she was *here*. The picture of her standing there, voluptuous body silhouetted by silvery moonlight, shimmering hair cascading down her back like an ebony waterfall, seemed etched on the insides of his eyelids. And speaking of eyes...hers were enormous and smoldering dark. Each time she appeared, Aine first shackled him with that *look*. Then her right brow arched temptingly, and lifting her chin, she beckoned him nearer...

She never needed to invite him twice—to obey was to plumb the depths of sexual gratification...time and time and time again...

Tonight was no exception.

They did it standing up first, with her sandwiched between him and the thick honey-pine wall he'd hung that very morning. The scent of new wood mingled with Aine's sexy secretions, curling into his nostrils like an invisible narcotic. He'd tried not to batter at her too harshly, to protect her porcelain skin from chafing as it pressed against the hardwood. He'd gripped the underside of each well-muscled thigh, lifting her higher, then lower, helping her ride his torso. She'd linked her ankles behind him and locked on tight, until the wall behind her seemed as supple and pliable as the thick black rubber liner of his Koi pond. And Aine, like one of those enormous golden fish, leaped and dove, driving his meat

deeper and deeper into her as she dug dainty heels into his ass cheeks.

"Don't be gentle," she'd growled, nibbling his earlobe. "I'm not fragile..."

Having learned the truth of *that* statement during prior sexcapades, Clay let her have it, hoping, even as he pounded away like a flesh-and-bone battering ram, that she wouldn't step away from the wall with knothole-shaped imprints on her deliciously rounded rump.

It went on and on that way for almost an hour before Aine rested her chin in the crook of his neck, panting like the winning Greyhound on its last lap around the racetrack. Waves of orgasmic ecstasy pulsed through her, and he felt every shudder, every tremor. Slowly, her legs loosed their grip on his torso and she stood, clinging tightly to him as thick juice sluiced from her slit. Captivated, he watched the creamy white stuff make the slow trek down one ballerina-like leg.

With no warning, she pranced away from him, hunkered down onto her hands and knees, and slowly crawled across the blood-red Persian rug, wagging that fabulous fanny as she went. He'd fallen asleep the night before, watching a TV documentary about white tigers. Aine's movements reminded him of the glorious, graceful animal. She glanced over one shoulder and, when their gazes locked, sent a silent, secret

message on the invisible thread that connected them in mind and loins— *I am the wild-eyed, hungry huntress*, she seemed to say, *and I'm not at all pleased about having walked right by my prey.*

One, slow stroke of her tongue across that pouty ruby red lower lip made him forget that *he* was that prey. Clay's cock sprang up again, throbbing harder than it had when he gave it to her against the wall. In two long strides and one short second, he was behind her, on his knees, mounting her from behind. He did it almost without thinking, like an instinct-driven beast. It amazed at how quickly and easily he slid into her. In, and out, in, and out again, first slow and easy, then harder and faster, until he could hear the wet, juicy ooze from his first orgasm bubbling from her cunt.

"Don't come yet," she moaned. "I want...I want you to smear your cum all over my ass."

Reaching down there, he stroked her fuzzy lips until his fingertips were as slimy as that perfect pussy of hers. He rubbed her nectar into the satiny, porcelain skin of her bum, unable to stop thrusting and pumping as he did.

"Yes," she hissed, lifting her head high, sending that glorious mane of hair spilling down her back until it absorbed the dew of her secretions. "Yessssss, just like that. Just like that..."

Clay shoved her luscious locks aside and



pressed his lips to every joint of her supple spine. By the time he reached her swanlike neck, he noticed how her fingernails dug into the rug—if she kept it up, he'd have claw marks as more evidence she wasn't a dream, that she'd really come to him—and with him—again that night. She hung her head and grunted in perfect rhythm with every stroke of his prick. "Mmm, mmm, mmm," was her throaty chant. "Ahh, ahh, ahh."

"I can't hold out much longer," he managed to croak out.

"You have to," Aine whispered. "You can't come yet..."

And to distract him from wanting to ejaculate, she reached between her legs and grabbed his balls. Somehow, she managed to balance herself, even with him up there, leaning against her narrow back, and stroked both swollen nuts. He and Aine wrestled there on the rug, groaning and growling like rutting animals, and just when he thought he couldn't control himself a moment longer, he felt her tense up.

Pressing her chin to her chest, she arched her glistening back, allowing him to penetrate even deeper into her dark and delectable cavity. She was coming, he knew, she was coming, finally!

And with the thought, Clay squirted her full of thick, hot semen...again.

Arms and legs weak and trembling, it was all

he could do to keep from laying his full weight atop her long, lean back. Grinding his molars together in the hope it would provide the ounce of energy required to keep from mashing her into the carpet, he wondered how, after ten hours of tending cattle and mending fences, his work-worn body managed to produce still more jism.

"Perfect," she purred flirtatiously, tilting her gorgeous head to one side. "No man has ever fucked me quite so well."

Or so often, he was about to say, when she flopped, not-so-ladylike, onto her back. "Come," she said, patting one of the deep-blue medallions that decorated the rug. "Lay here, beside me."

Glad to give his exhausted body a moment's respite, Clay obeyed. He always obeyed. And why wouldn't he, when the rewards were so obvious and ample? Eyes closed and breathing hard, he could feel her there beside him, stretching and writhing. It took near-Herculean strength to turn his head, to glance over there, to see what in the world she was doing.

Quick and fluid as a boa constrictor, Aine wrapped those lovely legs around his neck and guided his face to her muff. "Lick it," she said. "Lick it and suck it. Pretend my clit is a little dick. Make it hard. Make me come again."

Clay was only too happy to oblige, especially since her most recent demand didn't require him

to summon yet another hard-on. His poor overworked shaft was all but done in, and he wouldn't be at all surprised to find she'd worn it down to a mere stub.

Grinning at the image, his tongue teased her clit. The smile faded when she opened to him, like a lush tropical flower. Probing the hot, moist depths of her vagina, he tasted her sap, thinking that if a man could live by these succulent drippings alone...

She didn't allow him to complete his thought. Aine's hips lifted clear off the rug, forcing him even deeper inside her, so deep, in fact, that he could've sworn his tongue flicked the tips of her lungs. The aroma of her honeyed sauce produced another boner for him and, when she saw it, a wicked glare emanated from her eyes.

With the strength of an NFL defensive end, she flipped him onto his back and began massaging him. Using her own flow as scented oil, Aine began with his toes and slid gently, agonizingly slowly up, from his ankles to his calves to his thighs and gut. Then, those soft, strong hands slid over every inch of his sweat-sticky chest, pausing for a moment to knead each rock-hard nipple. Goosebumps rose in her fingers' wake, popping up from his Adam's apple to his gonads, until his prick stood taller and fatter than the broad pine pole supporting the second floor of his Texas

ranch house.

He thought his nuts might explode when she wrapped her lips around each...first the right, then the left. Ever-so-gently, she sucked them into her mouth, licked them, nibbled them, kissed them. She moved to his cock then, and by the time she slid her lips from the top of his knob to where it rooted to his gut, Clay thought the intensity of his come would blow the top of her head off.

She licked his bulb clean, like a happy little girl-child eating her favorite flavor ice cream cone. "I'm not finished with you, yet," she husked. "When you get your sea legs back..."

Funny, but that sounded more like a threat than a promise. Clay dismissed it and, spent and sweating, gasped for air. Eyes closed, he shook his head. C'mon, he told her silently, no way I can get it up again. Not after three of the biggest comes I've ever had, *three in a row, I might add.*

Aine chose that moment to get to her feet. Feet planted on the short-napped rug, she straddled him. She stood like that for a long moment, towering over his prone, used-up body, smiling seductively, as if contemplating how to torture him next. Clay would have given anything to know what was going on in that incredible mind of hers. But mind reading was her talent, not his.

The mere thought of her, conjuring yet another way to arouse him, made his limp, sticky dick

pulse weakly a time or two, where it lay, plastered by flux, to his gut. Tilting her head, she held out one hand. Limp dick, physically wasted, mind-numbed or not, he would have followed her to hell and back, and so he wrapped his fingers around hers and struggled to stand.

Thankfully, the trip from the rug to the bed hadn't been a long one. Nestling gratefully into the downy, flannel-sheeted pillows, he closed his eyes and prayed like hell that he wouldn't fall asleep...

...because in the past, after she'd worn him out and slumber overtook him, she'd slipped quietly away. And when he'd wake later to the ear-rattling ring of the alarm, his heart ached even more than his loins had under her talented ministrations.

But Aine would linger, he knew, for as long as he managed to stay awake, as if she cared enough to spare him the agony being without her.

In his drowsy, three-times-fucked daze, Clay's mind wandered, from the here-and-now, where Aine's soft breaths puffed into his ear, to that first night she'd appeared to him, pouty smile turned up seductively at the corners and long-lashed eyes piercing his very soul. Even then, she'd known things about him. Not just what would please him sexually, but what would make him laugh, what would move him, rile him, sadden him. Before her

lips ever touched his, before her teeth gently kneaded his nipples, before her silken hands stroked his quivering cock, she knew he would respond to her, every single time, like an eager schoolboy who'd never been fucked before.

That first night, sensing something strange was going on in his bedroom, he'd opened one eye a mere slit. The instant he saw the womanly curves of her hips, her tiny waist, her tits, that shockingly sparse bush through the sheer, satiny material of her gown, his heart began beating doubletime. Ears hot and groin throbbing, he sat up, wondering what in hell he'd eaten to bring this perfect dream to life...because he intended to eat a steady diet of it from that moment on.

But Aine hadn't been a dream. At least, he didn't think she was. If she was, Clay wanted to spend the rest of his life asleep.

He took a long, deep breath, acutely aware that even *thinking* about what she was capable of doing to him made his dick swell. No doubt about it—Aine was like a drug and he'd grown completely addicted to—

"What's goin' on in that handsome head of yours, Clay McGrady?"

Her voice, though soft and low, cracked the silence and he lurched slightly.

Aine's sultry laugh filled the room. She tented his face with gleaming strands of her luxurious

hair and pressed her lips pressed into the hollow of his throat. "Ah, m'darlin' man," she whispered, "y'needn't fear me. Y'should know that by now..."

Frowning slightly, he thought, I'm not afraid of you. But he was afraid, and he didn't even understand why.

"If not *afraid*, then what?"

Clay shook his head. He'd never get used to knowing that she could read his mind. Other women had sometimes guessed what had been going on in his head, but Aine? Aine *knew*. Maybe that's what scared him...

"Well," she said, "what d'y'expect?" Aine levered herself up on one elbow and propped her gorgeous head on the palm of one hand. "Mind readin' sorta comes with the territory."

Weeks ago, Aine had confessed how she'd lived a dozen human lifetimes, how she'd been gifted with supernatural powers, how she could turn herself into a raven, a pony or any other creature of the field or forest. She'd learned her magic, Aine had said, at the feet of witches and wizards, and one of her special gifts—a gift not presented to all faeries—was a talent for penetrating the human brain.

She clucked her tongue, rolled her big dark eyes. "Why must I explain it every blinkin' time we're together?"

"Because." He turned on his side to face her. "I'm still not convinced you're real. Hours after you're gone, I'll lay here, smacking myself in the head, going *did you dream her, or was she actually here?* He reached out, wrapped a tendril of blue-black hair around his forefinger, then met her smoky stare. "I pray to God you aren't a dream," he husked, drawing her near, so near he could feel her heart beating, could feel her hard nipples pressing into his chest. "'Cause if you are a dream, I never want to wake up."

Aine laughed, a musical almost-mocking sound that made this newest hard-on pound like a parade drum. *Why in the hell, he wondered, would her ridicule arouse him?*

"I came in answer to yer wish." Aine cupped his balls in one hand and with a gentle, teasing squeeze, she winked. "Y'did wish fer me—y'ain't goin' t'deny it now, are you?"

Clay remembered that day in Ireland, when he'd stood on the banks of the River Shannon, hurt and angry and confused because his wife of seven years had served him with divorce papers on the eve of his career-advancing European business trip. There in the lush green forest, surrounded by massive trees and delicate flowers, he stood on a hand-hewn bridge and stared into the inky waters of the river. His own rippling reflection taunted him, started him questioning



why every woman he'd known had viewed him as some sort of patsy, glommed on like a human parasite and bled him white, then left him, alone and nearly penniless. This time he had his ranch to fall back on and prized brood mares that guaranteed it would be a cold day in hell when he'd be poor again. Still, the emptiness inside him seemed cavernous, and his lonely heartbeat echoed in the barren space.

Well, he was in Ireland, Clay thought at the time, the land of faeries and elves, where magic and miracles were available to anyone deserving.

Wasn't *he* deserving? He'd worked hard, paid his taxes, treated his mama with respect, donated hefty sums to charity. If not him, then *who*?

Clay remembered how he'd gripped the bridge rail so tightly, his fingertips had turned white, how he'd closed his eyes tight and hoped an elf or a sprite would hear his plea. "If only I could find a woman who'd satisfy me," he'd whispered into the wind, "who wouldn't measure my manhood by my bank balance, who —"

He hadn't finished the wish when it began:

A caressing breeze whipped crisp fallen leaves into a frenzy. They whirled 'round his feet, climbing higher and higher until they spun, tornado-like, at eye level. Then, suddenly, the Irish countryside around him went quiet and still...

...and in place of the cyclone of leaves, Aine

floated in mid air, one delicate hand balanced on a well-rounded hip, aerolas all but glowing pink through her see-through ankle-length dress, fixing him with that *look*. Yeah, he'd wished for her all right, and if he had the poor judgment to deny it now, she'd set him straight, quick as a wink, because Aine could read his heart, too.

And because she could, Aine knew that he loved her. Didn't just love fucking her, but loved *her*. Loved her like he'd never loved a woman—hell, like he'd never loved anyone, period—before. But if she knew, Clay asked himself, why hadn't she ever told him how she felt about *him*?

"Ah, m'darlin' man, must I also remind you, each time I'm with you, that I am Aine, Queene of the Faeries?"

He didn't know what in hell that had to do with anything. What Clay *did* know was that her voice grated and clanged in his ears, sounding annoyingly like his nagging mother's Clayton-McGrady-clean-your-room tone. He hadn't liked being talked down to that way as a boy, and he sure as hell didn't like it—

"Sadly, there's li'l you can do about it, m'sweet man." Her fingertip traced the brown skin encircling his nipple. "Y'know very well that I can't belong to just one man..."

Clay stiffened. No point asking what she'd meant. She'd been clear enough on more than one

occasion when he'd foolishly asked if there were *others* in her life, in her world. He had no desire to hear her admit, yet again, there were, indeed *others*, and only she who knew how many!

But why *couldn't* she have just one man? Clay silently demanded. If, as she claimed, she truly was Queen of the Faeries, descended from the powerful Tuatha De' Dananns, equipped with remarkable powers and gifts, couldn't she do anything she pleased? Be with anyone she chose?

His jaw ached from clenching his teeth so tightly, because damn her all to hell, she'd gone and made him fall in love with her. He'd told himself, from the get-go, to take what she had to give, and take it gratefully. A man didn't just walk away from the best sex he'd ever had because the woman shared her eager body with *others*.

But Clay didn't want to share her.

He was beginning to sound like some whiny knock-kneed boy, jealous as hell because he'd caught his high school sweetheart making googly eyes at the quarterback. And damn her again for making him sound that way, even in his own mind!

Aine stretched out and pressed her full length against him. "Y'don't *make love* like a knock-kneed boy." She sighed, then painted his lips with the tip of her tongue. "Why not just be grateful for what we've got, for as long as we've got it, m'darlin' "

man?"

Did she think she could distract him from the awful truth with more sex? Clay's hands formed tight fists. He was strong, had more self control than to allow her to manipulate him, yet again.

Yet, despite his best intentions, his pecker pulsed and his butt cheeks ground slowly against the mattress. Damn her, Clay thought, damn her fuckin' powers.

But wait...

She'd said *be grateful, for as long as we've got it*. What in the frickin' friggin' fuck did *that* mean! Was she planning to leave him, this time, forever?

Clay's heart thundered, and if in the next second, Aine asked him why, he would have had to admit fear. Raw, gripping, heart wrenching fear. It was tough enough living without her in the daylight hours, and on the nights she didn't come to him. How would he survive if she didn't visit at all?

"I'm immortal, is all I meant," was her gentle answer to his unspoken question. "Y're a flesh and blood man, Clay m'darlin', a mere mortal man. Some day, y'll draw yer last breath, but I..." A faint frown line formed between her beautiful brows and she looked away. "But I'll live on..."

And this, he realized sadly, would end.

The pangs in his aching heart smothered the rage that had, moments ago, burned hot inside

him, shrinking his growing, greedy dick to cold shower size.

She was a fuckin' Irish faerie, for the luvva Pete, he thought again. Surely she could recite some spell, repeat a chant, say –

Shaking her head slowly, Aine combed delicate fingertips through his still sex-dampened hair. "If only there were magical ways out of this pickle," she said softly. Then, her lips slanting with a wistful smile, she added, "I've done a lot of things I'm not particularly proud of, but layin' with a corpse ain't one of 'em." She kissed him then. Not the spicy, fevered, suggestive stuff that started all their interludes, but a warm and gentle kiss, filled with compassion and caring. "And much as I love you, Clay McGrady, I'll not start sleepin' with the dead, not even for you."

Pouting, she mounted him, as if to underscore the proclamation. Cupping her buttocks, one in each meaty, calloused palm, Clay closed his eyes. Tomorrow, he decided as she wrapped her delicious pussy around his granite-hard cock, he'd stock the medicine cabinet with vitamins and minerals, fill the pantry with healthy dry goods, stuff the 'fridge full of bone and muscle building vegetables. He'd start exercising again, give up his six-pack-a-before-bed habit, and no more cigars! And all that email spam that promised this pill or that would add ten years to his life? Why, he'd try

every one, even if it meant selling an acre or two to afford them all.

Aine arched her back, slid up and down his pecker like a merry-go-round pony. "Some day," she husked, tweaking his nipples. "Ye'll draw yer last breath, and when y'do, this'll be over."

Of all the things she could repeat, why *that*? No, no, no, he thought, not that. Anything but that!

But his body, succumbing to her fierce appetite chanted *Yeah, yeah, yeah!* And grinding his molars together, his cum spurted into her.

She continued to ride him long after the orgasm, moving like a junk yard dog attached to a bitch that stupidly wandered through a hole in the fence. Fucking, to Aine, was like blood to a vampire — she needed it, craved it more than —

Which explained why her ravenous thirst demanded more than one lover. It pained him to admit it, but one man could never satisfy Aine. Not even one who loved her as much as he did. Maybe she loved him, maybe she didn't. Hell, maybe she loved every fucking one of the *others* who fucked her. And the sole reason she returned to each? Aine *liked* the way they fucked her.

He hated the thought. Hated the images it conjured. Hated the way it made him feel, thinking about it, picturing it. And for the first time since he'd known her, even as he pummeled

her, he hated *Aine*.

"No, you don't really hate me," she said. "You hate having to share, you naughty boy, but you can't hate *me*."

Why was she so all-fired hell-bent on being so fucking *honest*? Why couldn't she let him believe the stupid little lies he told himself? He'd be perfectly content, happy, even, starring in his own personal faerie tale. What harm could come from swallowing the I'm-her-one-and-only line?

Her fingertips dug into his shoulders, gripping, holding on as if she thought he might leave before she was finished with him. He glanced up at her. Eyes shut tight, Aine had exposed her long, slender throat, and he was tempted, for a fleeting moment, to pull her close and dot it with tender kisses...

...and then, the ugly image of her, coupled this way with some other bastard made his blood boil. Clay slammed his own eyelids shut, unable to deal with the painful pictures flashing in his mind:

Aine, sucking another slob's dick the way she sucked his.

Aine, inviting other men to ram her from behind – first in her cunt, then in her ass.

Aine, moaning with pleasure and ecstasy as her muff pulsed with frenzied pleasure.

Aine, lost in the delirium of carnal pleasures as cum spilled from her lust-swollen vaginal lips.

The truth was hideous, but for a reason Clay couldn't explain, it titillated him at the same time. As the agony of it all flashed in his head, his traitorous prick spurted into her, yet again.

"Ah, Clay, m'darlin man," she growled, fingertips raking through his chest hair. "This time, you read *my* mind." And with a sexy hip wriggle, she rolled off him and got onto her hands and knees.

He knew what that pose meant, and was only too happy to oblige. She'd offered her beautiful behind just in the nick of time, to distract him from the hideous mental portraits painted on his brain, from ugly, erotic echoes of her moody moans, and some oaf's boar-like bellows. Clay concentrated hard, pounding at her relentlessly, almost brutally, and he'd keep it up until she begged him to stop. Maybe, if he somehow managed to satisfy her gluttonous hunger, she'd want his cock and no other. Maybe she'd realize the only man who could truly and totally satisfy her, was *him*.

Kneeling behind her, his dick slid into her slit like a key into a well-oiled lock, and opened that treasure trove of physical pleasure yet again. Leaning over her, he filled his hands with her luscious, hard-nippled tits, and kissed her neck, her shoulders, her back.

While he throbbed inside her, she shuddered



and gasped, then went completely still for a long, silent moment. She was coming, and experience had taught him that Aine could come for a full five minutes straight. Usually, sharing those minutes with her was enough to inspire a violent explosion from his own tool. But this time, Clay couldn't reach an orgasm. The ache in his throbbing dick couldn't begin to compare with the ache in his heart—Aine was insatiable with him, which meant she was insatiable with the rest of them. It was sickening to admit that if he was special to her in any way at all, it was only because she'd chosen him as one of her many minions.

"Come," Aine sighed, patting the mattress, "and sleep beside me."

Did she think he was born yesterday? That he didn't realize she needed him to sleep so she could leave him, no doubt to go to one of *them*. Even knowing the truth, he didn't want her to leave. Clay stretched out beside her and held her tight, as if he—what had she called him earlier? a mere mortal—had the power to keep her here, forever.

But he had no power. None. Not over his arousal. Not over his orgasms. Not over his addiction to this luscious creature, and certainly not over Aine, herself.

Clay felt weak and small, less important, even, than during those two awful, miserable years of marriage. Tears stung his eyes and he angrily

knuckled them away. The sob in his throat rendered him unable to speak, a shame, because Clay very much wanted to tell her that he loved her, that he needed her, so much that, if he had to, he was willing to share her, was willing to do anything and everything humanly possible to outlive and outlast the others, so that when they'd all gone toes-up, maybe *then* he could have her all to himself.

He wouldn't be the first man to who'd tried to stay a step ahead of the Grim Reaper...

...and in all likelihood, he wouldn't be the first to attempt it for Aine, Queen of the Irish Faeries.

"Aw, c'mon now, don't be sad, m'darlin' man," she crooned. "Let Aine make it better," she added, kneading his balls.

Clay didn't see how it was possible for her to get him up, yet again. He was only half joking when he asked, "How many men have you fucked to death?"

Her eyes widened and, for the first time since they'd met, Clay read fright in the big, dark orbs. She blinked, licked her lips, and frowned.

It scared him, seeing this reaction in her. What the hell did it mean? That she *had* killed men, by fucking them to death?

"I want y'to know that I've never deliberately harmed a mortal," she began.

Was that a tremor he heard in her voice?

"It's true that I've lived a long and lusty life, and sometimes..."

He couldn't help but notice that her voice drifted off, that her mind seemed to be elsewhere. Another first, for Aine had always been hell-bent on focusing on him. Correction — on *sex*.

Then, as quickly as her apprehension appeared, it was gone, like the smoke of a snubbed cigarette. She was like that...able to control her emotions the way he controlled his widescreen TV, with nothing more than the click of a button on his remote control. Clay's mouth went dry and his heart thundered. How many times, he wondered, had men his age died, mid-fuck? And how many had died that way *with Aine*?

The numbers were probably staggering.

And Clay didn't want to be on that too-long list.

But she was a dream, right? He had no tangible proof she even existed, for the luvva Pete. He'd always had a vivid imagination. It got him into trouble dozens of times as a kid. Got him *out* of trouble at least as often, most recently when his bitchy wife demanded to know where he'd put the money he earned, selling Arabians.

He remembered the way she'd fucked his brains out the night he brought home that lottery ticket. If he had a dollar for every time she'd said *I love you!* during the steamy session, hell, he'd have accumulated yet another mini fortune without

doing a lick of work.

But, happy as she'd been that night, she'd been a thousand times more pissed when he quit his job and used his winnings to buy the ranch. With the addition of every mare and stallion, she grew increasingly vindictive and evil. And that look in her eyes when she bellowed that marrying him had been the worst mistake of her life? It reminded him of—

"I did *no'* look like that!" Aine protested, giving his arm a not-so-gentle slap. "Yer wife was ugly as the banshee when she made that horrid face." Wriggling her shoulders, she added, "I've ne'er twisted mine into such a knot, not ever!"

He'd seen artist renderings of Irish banshees, depicted as ancient hags, every bit as homely as the stereotypical Halloween witches. But the banshees weren't just ugly. Their magic was wickedly powerful and they took great delight in torturing those who dared rile or disobey them.

Eyes and lips narrowed, Aine leaned in close, almost nose-to-nose with Clay. "If I *were* a banshee," she all but snarled, "ye'd already be dead, y'silly powerless little *man*."

The dangerous glint in her eyes told him that banshee or not, Aine had the power to kill him, if she had a mind to. And at the moment, it appeared she had a mind to. Clay swallowed, hard, and licked his lips. He didn't have much, but

he liked his simple life. The horses brought him a lot of pleasure and pride. And the hard work of mending fences and tending the herd was good for him, body and soul. He'd built this house, board by board, practically single-handedly, and crafted every stick of furniture all by himself. He wasn't ready to give any of it up. Not even —

“‘Bout time y’ learned t’show me some respect.” Straightening her back, she gyrated, reminding him they were still very much connected, pecker to pussy. Quick as an eyeblink, her rage dissipated, and the sizzling smile returned to her full exotic lips.

It was scary, the way she’d so quickly turned from furious to sexual. Again. Clay reckoned he’d been lucky, because so far, he’d complied with here every whim and wish. And why wouldn’t he, when obedience brought him such earthy pleasure? It was clear that he’d narrowly escaped her wrath...this time.

What, exactly, was she capable of?

Her smile became a smirk. “I hope an’ pray y’ll never have to find out, darlin’ Clay.”

When would he ever learn! He needed far better control over his thoughts, if this...if this *relationship* with Aine was to continue.

If...

Interesting concept.

Funny, but Clay had never considered ending

things with her, until this very moment. What would it take, he wondered, to convince her to leave and never return? Because much as he relished every enraptured moment with this bewitching temptress, he didn't want to *die* fucking.

"Ah, y'sweet darlin' stupid *man* you," she husked. "What y'need to accept is that yer mine, now. All mine. And y'll stay mine for as long as y'live and breathe."

He met her determined glare. What in the hell was she babbling about? "Yours?" Like he owned the horses outside, Aine had somehow convinced herself she owned *him*?

She clamped the muscles of her vagina tight around his cock, palpating until, despite his sour mood, it pulsed inside her. "That's m'good boy," she cooed. "Behave yerself, and y'll be rewarded, just like every other time."

With that, her eyes glowed with passion and her tits swelled to twice their normal size, just as they always did when she grew hot and hungry for titillating sex. Those undulating hips of hers moved and rocked as she rode him like a ship rides the stormy waves of the sea. Lost in her own ecstasy, Aine's breaths came in short, raspy bursts. All this time, he realized suddenly, he'd been little more than her human dildo. If he'd had the presence of mind to watch—and really *see*—he'd

have known his own pleasures were the least of her concern.

Aine, Queen of the Irish faeries, wanton woman of the woods was, in reality, an ice queen, with a cold heart, and a calculating mind and a single-minded drive to quench her carnal thirst, no matter who she hurt in the process.

All her talk of love? It pained him to admit how little he really meant to her. Pained him more to know how willingly he'd become her sex slave.

"Captive," she corrected gently, never breaking the stormy rhythm of her rutting.

He met her eyes again, and shivered a mite when he saw proof glittering there, proof that he was truly nothing more than one of her many bootlickin' servants. Clay closed his eyes and turned his head. There was no doubt in his mind—she'd kill him if he decided to stop cooperating.

"There's...my...smart...boy," she grunted as orgasmic bliss choked off her words.

Even delirious with desire, she could read his mind.

Ending this? Escaping? Clay didn't have a ghost of a chance.

Aine finished, and while still flushed from her come, lay down beside him. "Don't be angry with me, m'darlin' man. Just admit that i'tis what i'tis." She snuggled close, so near that not even the slight

breeze puffing through the open French doors could pass between them. She wrapped her hard muscled thighs around his and began bumping and grinding his hip. "Let me make it up to you," she said, poking her tongue into his ear. "Y'know that I can, y'know that I will..." Gently, she palmed his chin, then playfully finger-walked to his chest, where she pinched his nipples, massaged his abdomen, tickled his groin.

The breath caught in his throat when she gave his cock a solid squeeze. For the first time in his life, Clay didn't *want* a hard-on. But despite his best efforts to remain flaccid, disloyal pecker grew with every stroke of her skilled hand. Soon, its bulb beat with red-hot desire and his hips involuntarily moved in unison. She'd effectively turned him into a marionette, controlled by a master puppeteer.

Aine straddled him, kissing his lips and throat and nipples, her amazing tongue flicking as she headed toward his crotch. Her hair skimmed his body, featherlight and delightful, raising goose bumps on his flesh. The instant she arrived at her destination, Aine clamped that wonderful mouth around his thick dick, alternately nipping and licking its tip until he felt the unmistakable signs of oncoming orgasm, pounding in his balls. In the next instant, goo shot from him, like a geyser of melted ice cream. She captured every drop of juice



and proceeded to smear it on his nuts, rubbing and kneading until Clay heard the whispery rasp of pubic hairs against her palm, telling him that his skin had absorbed every sticky drop.

Body-chilled and mind-numbed, he prayed for the blessed escape of sleep. Maybe when he woke, she'd be gone and he'd discover that everything...from the first exquisite moment she'd appeared, to this most recent explosive ejaculation...had been a dream.

A nightmare?

Whichever, he thought as Aine began to hum a pretty tune. On her feet beside the bed, she tugged at the bedding, covered him with the green flannel sheet, then patted his dick through the fuzzy material before settling down alongside him.

No doubt about it—she was like a potent narcotic. Even the melody, purring from her throat, was addictive. Succumbing to its drugging effects, Clay hid his eyes behind the crook of his arm. Blessed drowsiness overcame him. This time, he didn't struggle against it.

Clay woke eleven hours later with a pounding headache and a roiling stomach. Six empty bottles of Guinness stood on the night stand, all but one, empty. And even that had no more than a swallow or two in it. But even with the migraine, he felt more clearheaded than he had been in months.

Throwing bare feet over the side of the bed, he

pressed his palms into his temples. Clay didn't remember drinking any beer last night, so how –

And then he saw it.

Aine's locket.

She had never removed it, not once during all their interludes, not even when their fucking was fierce and crazy-wild. It bore a lock of her mother's hair, she'd told him weeks ago and, being the only connection to her beloved parent, she intended to wear it close to her heart, always. So there it dangled, between those supple flavorsome breasts. The one time he'd accidentally touched it while fondling her tits, she'd nearly branded him with a sizzling glare. Clay hadn't made the same mistake twice.

So what was the necklace doing here, among empty bottles of beer?

Gently, he gathered the fine-linked chain between thumb and forefinger and let it dangle between his bare, hairy knees. Swinging slow and pendulum-like, the bright gold flashed in the morning sun, sending shards of yellow light sparking across the pine-planked floor and wall. Then, cradling it in one palm, he looked at the perfect sphere. Using his thumb nail, he popped the tiny latch. Sure enough, nestled inside, shimmering strands of ebony ringlets. Obviously, Aine had not inherited her mother's curly hair...

His heart beat doubletime as he snapped it shut

again. Aine had never appeared to him during the daylight hours, but after last night...

Could it mean she *hadn't* left while he slept? Was she here somewhere, lurking? Had she left her precious locket there as a test? One she hoped he'd fail, so she could be rid of him once and for all?

Glancing left and right, he got to his feet, strained his ears to listen.

No...he was thankfully alone.

The golden orb absorbed his warmth, there inside his tight clenched fist. Maybe he could use it to buy his freedom. If he could find a way to hide it, and keep himself from thinking about where he'd hidden it when she came to him again...

An idea began to percolate in his aching head:

Clay had read more than his fair share of comic books as a kid. In one, he remembered how a character made a helmet of aluminum foil to keep alien abductors from reading his thoughts. Might be worth a try, he decided, and raced down the thickly carpeted stairs, two at a time.

\* \* \* \*

"How d'you like my new dress?" Aine wanted to know.

Oh, she'd gone all-out tonight. Rather than the

usual sheer white gown, she'd worn a wispy red toga. Naturally, she made sure he could clearly see her bush pressing against the flimsy material, that her dark, hard nipples were clearly visible. The outfit had the expected reaction, and Clay's pecker stood at attention, all but saluting her femininity.

But he didn't mind exposing his vulnerability. Not this time. Because so far, it didn't seem she could read his mind, thanks to the pith helmet he'd fashioned from heavy duty tin foil, and secured it to his noggin with duct tape.

"What's that silly-lookin' thing on yer head?"

He grinned, thinking it felt damned good to be back in control of himself. "Oh, I thought maybe you'd like *me* costume for a change," he said, and gave his cock a couple of suggestive shakes. With a broad sweep of his arm, Clay bowed low, and his matching loin cloth crinkled slightly.

Aine threw back her head and laughed. "Well, now," she said, her gaze searing into his eyes, "isn't this a treat...m'li'l hostage, dressed like a Viking warrior."

He smiled, but his heart wasn't in it. Soon enough, he knew, she'd hoist herself atop his dick—demanding that he fill her with it—and fulfill her voracious urges. Hell, she may want a repeat performance, or two or three, before settling down to rest for more. That's when she'd likely ask if he'd found her locket, and when she

did...well, that would be the true test of his thought-blocking-helmet.

"You're beautiful tonight, as always," he admitted, though he barely recognized his own voice.

She struck a pose, more alluring and stimulating than any vixen from a Hustler centerfold. Her nipples darkened still more as her arousal grew, threatening to bore holes through the filmy fabric of her dress. Bending slightly at the waist, Aine stroked her muff with one hand and beckoned him nearer with the other.

"I'm standin' my ground," he said in his best Irish brogue, "until y'give me yer word y'won't remove m'uniform."

Eyes wide, she tilted her head as a cascade of inky hair spilled over one shoulder, hiding the snow-white mound of one tit. This time, her girlish giggle filled the room with lighthearted music. "Ah, y'have m'word, m'lord."

Could he trust her? There was but one way to find out.

Clay pictured her necklace, lying safe and sound in a black velvet pouch in his night stand drawer. If she could read his mind through his silly silver cap, her mirthful mood would evaporate in a heartbeat, and she'd descend upon him like the rabid she-wolf she truly was.

He held his breath, hoping for the best, half

expecting the worst.

But Aine continued to stand there, self-fingering her nipples and squirming against her own palm. Eyes half closed and lashes fluttering in the throes of euphoric ecstasy, Clay moved in, knowing even before he stroked the damp gap between her thighs that she was ready for him.

How long would his luck hold out?

Was she saving the shrewish she-devil she'd introduced him to yesterday, as another terrifying surprise...dessert that would follow her sexual feast?

She latched onto him like a Praying Mantis attaches to a tree limb, humping his thigh and mashing her tits against his chest. He felt her vulva bulge as it became engorged with blood and lust, and the heat emanating from inside her pulsed into his now-wet palm. He tore away his shiny loincloth, tossed it haphazardly to the floor and pressed that moist hand to the small of her back.

He pulled her to him, held her tight. "I'm not gonna fuck you," he said through clenched teeth, "until you beg for it."

When she peeked up at him through those thick black lashes, Aine looked for all the world like an innocent young lass. Had she ever been this guileless? he asked himself. Not that it mattered. The Aine holding tight to him now, *this* was the

creature he'd been forced to contend with, and he'd made up his mind—

Before she left his room today, he'd cease being her captive...

...or die trying.

"Y're different tonight, Clay McGrady."

She'd narrowed her gorgeous eyes to say it, as if trying to find the right angle from which to read his mind. He couldn't remember the last time he felt this manly, this much in control. Clay didn't realize how much he'd missed it, until now. "Not different, Aw-nya," he said, deliberately over pronouncing her name. "Just more the man you deserve."

The proclamation took her breath away and, on the heels of that tiny gasp, her eyelids fluttered closed, making him think maybe she'd already come. But he intended to hold the puppet strings this time. "Not yet," he growled. "You haven't begged, and I told you...no fucking until you do..."

Her lips parted and trembled as she stared into his eyes. "Make love to me, Clay," she whispered on a raspy sigh. "Carry me to the bed and—"

Clay slung an arm behind her knees and lifted her off her feet in one quick move. He'd never picked her up this way before and it surprised him what a lightweight she was. "I'll carry you to the bed, but I have plans for you."

As he gently deposited her on the mattress, her ebony hair fanned across the pillow. Sighing, she stretched both arms above her head. The motion caused the slippery material of her dress to shift, exposing the peaks of both breasts. She was breathing hard now, alternately licking her lips and clutching at the corners of the down filled pillow.

Clay opened the nightstand drawer, careful not to let her see the black velvet pouch, and withdrew four precut lengths of wide red-satin ribbon. "It's almost as if I read your mind," he said, wrapping one around her slender wrist.

As he tied the other end to the bed post, she sent him a trembly smile. "Y're going to tie me to yer bed?"

"Aye," he said, mocking her brogue. "All four limbs, so y'll not be able to stop me doin' what I have in mind."

Another sharp intake of air before she said, "What d'you have in mind for me, m'lord?"

Clay couldn't tell if she'd decided to play along or if she'd slipped into some distant phase of her past, when kings and princes sated themselves in her willing arms. Either way, tonight she'd get the fucking of *every* lifetime. He'd have the memory of it, too, after she gave her solemn oath to leave him in peace, forever, in exchange for her treasured necklace.



Once he'd secured all four limbs to the bed, he opened the drawer, this time removing the black blinders provided by the airline to help him sleep on the long flight to Ireland. He eased it over her eyes and, in the instant before he blocked himself from her sight, saw his own reflection in the darkly glittering orbs. *She* was a little bit afraid now, he noticed, smiling to himself.

He slowly drizzled Guinness onto her stomach, lapping the suds before they had a chance to dribble onto the soft green-flannel sheets beneath her. She hadn't been expecting the cold liquid, poured on her hot skin, and it made her shudder slightly as he sipped the dark brew from the hollow of her naval.

"Open your mouth," he commanded. And much to his surprise, she immediately obeyed, allowing him to fill the open, waiting cavity with beer. "Don't swallow yet," he added. "Let it get warm first."

Nodding, she did as instructed, then smiled and licked her lips. "Tasty," she said.

He pinched a nipple. "Did I say you could speak?"

Her lower lip jutted out in a dainty pout as she shook her head, arching her back to give him better access to her glistening body.

And access it, he did.

Clay parted her thighs and lay between her

legs, teasing her with his swollen cock. He slid it inside her, just past the opening to her vagina, and when her muscles contracted to draw it deeper inside her, he pulled back. "Not yet," he said. "You haven't begged, now have you?"

She tugged slightly against her bindings as a muted giggle escaped her lips. She opened her mouth as if to ask a question, then clamped it shut, remembering, he supposed, that he'd insisted on granting her permission to speak.

"Good girl," Clay said, using his prick to tickle her muff. "Nothing quite so beautiful as an obedient faerie."

She was ready for him, so ready that he could see her cunt, pulsing and red, as it opened and closed with every gyration of her well-rounded hips. For an instant, looking at it, he pictured a Venus Flytrap plant, its succulent jaws open wide, waiting patiently for an unsuspecting insect to flit into its invitingly deadly core. If he had anything to say about it, she'd have one less trapped fly in to devour come morning.

And now, Clay was ready, too. But he couldn't very well retract his order. She would beg him for it, just like he said. He'd pump juice into his own palm before he'd give her the satisfaction of spilling into *her*.

Placing his hands on either side of her head, he held himself aloft, poking at her slit with his hard,

stiff dick. "You want it?" he said, nibbling an earlobe.

"Yessss," she signed. "Yes, I do."

He withdrew, so she could feel nothing but its heat. "Then ask for it."

Wearing a sly, slanting half grin, Aine shook her head.

"But you want it."

A nod.

"You can't have it until you beg, remember?"

Another nod, and a wide, playful smile, too.

Good, Clay told himself. As long as she thought this was a game, he had half a chance of winning it. He looked at the velvet pouch, pictured her locket, putting his tin helmet to the ultimate test.

Nothing...

...save the constant rise and fall of her ample chest as her crotch attempted to find his pecker. The porcelain-white skin of her face was hot to the touch, the high cheekbones flushed with passion. He could see succulent solution oozing from her, not an inch from the mattress. Clay captured it with the tip of his dick, then got onto all fours and dangled it above her face. "You've made a mess," he said. "Lick it clean."

Bright white teeth gleamed as she opened her mouth and, with one lunge of that expert tongue, the drip disappeared.

She looked almost virtuous, lying there beneath

him, pure and childlike and vulnerable. So much so that his heart ached to wrap her in a protective embrace, to confess his sins against her, to beg her forgiveness and hope she'd consent to stay with him until his dying day. He'd loved her with everything he had, for months now. Unlike Aine, Clay didn't have a talent for turning his emotions on and off like a water spigot.

Still, he was tempted to rip the stupid handmade hat from his head, let her read his putrid thoughts and punish him as she saw fit.

Then, memory of that wicked glare echoed in his head, sending fingers of fear down his spine, and he quickly got hold of himself. He'd miss the quiet talks that went on deep into the nights they'd shared, would miss her delightful voice and amazing mind. He's miss her quick wit and her slow-and-easy way of making love. Yes, he'd miss her and everything about her when she was gone for good...*gone* being the operative word.

Because if she stayed, he was as good as dead.

"Now," she whispered. "Please. Now?"

"Now *what?*" he echoed, giving her nipples a gentle tweak.

"Now I need you. Now I want you. Now I beg you, make love to me."

Her words were more a song than a plea, and the melody lingered in Clay's ears, even as he entered her. This would be their last time together,

and he intended to make the most of it. Lost in the throes of passion, he forgot how clever, how powerful a faerie she was.

Suddenly, her wrists and ankles were free of the satin ribbons, and *his* were bound instead. She straddled his torso, sliding down his cock like a firefighter riding a polished pole. "When I'm finished with you," Aine murmured, "I'll give you five minutes..."

He sensed, more than heard, the unfinished *and then*.

And then *what*?

But Clay didn't really want to know. Eyes closed and lips clamped together, he could only thank his lucky stars that so far, he still wore the ridiculous hat. It was, he knew, the only thing protecting him from the gates of hell.

Aine's juices thickened, her gyrations quickened and soon, she was muttering and mumbling, murmuring and moaning as her lithe body tensed in the grip of an eager orgasm.

"Are y'ready for yours?" she asked, a teasing glint in her eyes.

Nodding weakly, Clay said, "Yes." Though *ready for what*, he didn't quite know.

She used every trick in her sexy book to bring him to full arousal, and just when he was about to let loose a thick stream of flux, she tore the foil helmet from his head. Lost in lust, he had no

control over his thoughts and, as images of the gold chain and its spherical pendant flit through his head, her face clouded with fury and disgust.

Clay McGrady would never know whether fucking had killed him, or the tempestuous and evil expression in her dark and angry eyes.

He only knew, as he inhaled his last breath, that upon exhaling, he'd no longer be the faerie queen's captive.

\* \* \* \*

"How's *another* healthy thirty-five year old guy die of heart failure?"

Bill Bernard scratched his head, sending a wisp of blond hair falling over one green eye. "Dunno, boss." He took a glance around, at gnarled, sweat- and semen-stained green flannel sheets, pillows askew, empty Guinness bottles on the night stand, and red-satin ribbons binding the victim's wrists and ankles to the rough-hewn wood bedposts. "That's semen leakin' outta his cock." Bill chuckled under his breath. "Maybe he was fucked to death."

Shaking his head, Jake Rickard grinned. "If there's a God in heaven, may he let me die the same way." But the joke did little to help him shake that creepy-crawly *something evil this way comes* sensation.

Uniformed officers milled about the otherwise tidy room, cameras clicking, ballpoint pens scribbling, murmuring as they carried out Rickard's orders to collect evidence. This was the fourth death of this kind in as many months...three too many to be coincidence.

"That first guy," Bernard was saying, "wasn't he a cowboy, too?"

"No, but he ran with the *horsey* set. He worked as a groom, remember? For that high muckety-muck breeder who's always got an eye on the Triple Crown."

Nodding, Bernard walked over to talk with the coroner, while Rickard paced beside the bed. Made no sense, he thought, frowning at the naked man's body, no sense at all. Granted, it wasn't *his* thing, getting tied up, spanked, all that kinky shit. Give him a nice, normal fuck and he was one happy prick. Did he think it was weird, what some of these muthafokkas did to get their rocks off? Hell, yeah. But this was the good ol' U S of A, where, if a man wanted to fuck upside down and hanging from a monkey cage, well, that was his right...provided he knew how to get around rules and regulations against monkey fucking.

But damn, to die, just because you got off on freaky fucking? Rickard shook his head again. Wasn't right. Not right at all.

Bernard stepped up beside him, tapping his

ballpoint against the top page of his mini-notebook. "Lab guys say no fingerprints again this time."

"Oh, fuck," Rickard said, slapping a hand over his eyes. "That means we won't find a hair or a flake of dandruff, either, same as every other time." He blew a stream of air through his teeth and scanned the room. "Fuck." Because everything was the same, again, from the anonymous Irish woman who called 911 to report that a young lad had died of heart failure to the sticky, sweaty corpse, to the cum-smelly mess in the bedroom.

An hour later, Rickard roamed the empty house, trying to find something, *anything* that might point him to the killer. He was using a long-handled spoon to poke around in the kitchen trash when the distant neighing of horses caught his attention. Poor schmuck had been a rancher, after all, he reminded himself. Did he have a hired hand? A brother? A dad? Somebody who'd feed the poor animals come morning?

Shrugging, he took a deep breath and headed back upstairs. Often, once a scene cleared, he managed to pick up a clue. Hadn't happened here, at least not yet. Maybe, as he traipsed around the victim's house, he'd get lucky.

The Persian rug dulled each footfall, reminding him of the summers he'd worked on his uncle's



ranch, due east of Amarillo. Those had been some of the best days of his life. And not only because the cook—a pretty young Swedish import—liked sex more than just about anything on the ranch. “Mmm-mmm-mmm,” he said. And as he made the turn onto the turn on the landing, he pictured her hair, soft and white as spun silk, even on her muff. If he told her once, he’d told her a dozen times that if she ever got tired of recipe cards and stewpots, the circus could always use another contortionist.

The mere thought made his dick throb. Rickard gave his crotch a little pat. Maybe later, he’d head on over to My Sister’s Place, see if that busty redheaded barmaid who’d slipped a *Meet me at my place* note into his palm was still in the same fuck-me mood...

The whinnying fillies zapped him back to the present. If he didn’t get lucky tonight—and really, what were his chances with a girl young enough to be his daughter—he’d get up a little early in the morning, mosey on over here, see who might show up to get the chores done. Possibly, that individual would be the one who’d done McGrady in, to get control of the ranch. Here in this part of Texas, land was like gold...

Long as he was in the guy’s bedroom, he’d hunt for a last will and testament, an estate plan, something that might point a finger at the killer.

Rickard flipped on the bedroom light and stared at the spot where McGrady's body had been no more than an hour ago. The red ribbons and beer bottles, sheets and pillows had been bagged and tagged and on their way to the evidence room. But the lusty smell of sex still hung heavy in the air.

Popping a surgical glove onto his right hand, he opened the deep file drawer in McGrady's desk. Tidy son-of-a-bitch, he thought, riffling through alphabetized manila folders. One marked WILL caught his eye and he plucked it from the drawer. The dim overhead light made reading its contents next to impossible, so he tugged the desk lamp chain. Retrieving his reading glasses, Rickard began leafing through the slim folder. Clay McGrady had left all his worldly possessions to his son and, if the documentation was up to date, the boy had just turned ten.

"Helluva thing," he whispered, shaking his head. Because some day, that poor son of *this* son-of-a-bitch would find out how his daddy died. "Helluva thing," he said again. There were surely worse ways to die, but gut instinct told Rickard that McGrady hadn't gone willingly to the land of Cum Hither...

Rising from the desk chair, he headed for the open French doors. The wind had cranked up and spattered the panes with thick raindrops. As he

grasped the handle to pull the door shut, he caught sight of a reflection above his left shoulder...

...a dark-haired woman with a wispy white sheet draped crossways over her nearly naked body. The sight got his dick throbbing again, same as it had when thoughts of the Swedish cook came to mind, earlier.

He turned, but saw no one.

Facing the doors again, there she stood, every bit as clear as that first glimpse. "Who are you?" he said, hiding her behind the fog of his breath. Using his sleeve to swipe at the glass, he propped the reading glasses on top of his head and stared harder. But the only thing he saw was his own scowling reflection.

"Asshole," he told himself. Half grinning, he stepped closer to the night stand where the barely-damp rings left from a cold bottle of Guinness were turning white. But wait...what in the hell was *that*?

There, in the far corner on the floor, something shiny. Turning on the bedside lamp, he saw that it was a necklace of some sort.

Grasping it with his gloved fingers, he held it under the light.

Weighty, for such a delicate-looking thing, he decided, rolling it to and fro on his palm. A perfect orb, linked to a fine-mesh chain, both of gleaming

gold. Sliding the glasses back onto the bridge of his nose, he leaned in for a closer look. "Hmpf," he snorted as his thumb rubbed the tiny latch. Not just a necklace, but a locket of some sort.

It opened with a quiet *pop*.

Even the mini-globe's interior was gold. And there, resting in the bottom half of the ball, a lock of hair, darker and straighter than any he'd ever seen. It was so black, in fact, that it glowed deep blue in the halo of golden lamplight.

"Hmpf," he puffed again as he snapped it shut. And withdrawing a small zipper bag from his jacket pocket, he said "Asshole." This time, in reference to Clay McGrady, because what kind of loony tune keeps a lock of woman's hair on his night table?

Hair equals DNA, and maybe there were prints on the golden ball. He was about to drop the necklace into the tiny bag when he saw it again...

...the reflection of the dark-haired beauty.

Rickard dangled the locket at the end of its chain. And smirking, he said, "Yours?"

An icy wind ruffled his hair, slipped down the collar of his shirt and raised goose pimples down his spine. A quick glance confirmed that he had, indeed, closed the French doors. The windows to the right and left of it were locked up tight, too. He had no idea where the cold breeze had come from.

"Aye," said a sultry, melodious voice, "'tis mine, and if y're smart, y'll return it, *now*."

Rickard had been a cop all of his adult life. Gut instinct had saved his life more than a time or two, and now it told him *this* was the woman responsible for the death of Clay McGrady, and the three who'd died before him. Something else told him the necklace might just save his skin this night. "I don't want to hurt you," he said.

And she laughed, a wicked, spine tingling cackle that set his neck hairs to bristling.

"It might be fun, watchin' you *try* to hurt me."

The voice was closer now, close enough to touch. Rickard reached out with his empty hand, stroked the crackling air, and felt...what? Something smooth and slick, like the satin of his wife's wedding gown.

"Ahhh," said the voice. "So sad the way y're still cravin' her, though she ran off with another man."

Eyes narrowed, Rickard clenched his teeth. "Shut up," he spat, squeezing the locket. "How do you know about that, anyway? Who the fuck are you?"

Slowly, like fog swirling in the forest, she appeared. Dainty bare feet, slender ankles, calves and thighs mostly hidden beneath the satiny material of a white mesh dress. A flat stomach and narrow waist. Elegant breasts that boasted bright

pink areolas and nipples as taut and tall as little soldiers. Then, a long and glorious neck. A bewitching face that dazzled, enchanted and aroused him, all at the same time.

"I am Aine," she began, "queen of the faeries." Nodding, she indicated his tightly fisted right hand. "And that's my locket yer holdin' there."

He gripped it tighter, even as his pecker pulsed against his zipper. Born'n'bred in an all Irish household, he'd heard the stories and, despite his tough-cop façade, Rickard believed them. Didn't want to, but there she stood, real as his own hard-on. What more proof did he need, especially considering he hadn't touched a drop of whiskey in nearly a week. "Did you kill Clay McGrady?"

Again, her lovely, lyrical laughter filled the room. "Poor darlin' Clay," she said on a sigh.

But that was no answer. "Well," he persisted, "did you?"

She held out one hand, palm up. "Give it back, and maybe I'll tell you."

"I know a thing or three about your kind," he grated. "You're honor bound to keep your word, once you've given it. Something tells me if this poor bastard—and the ones who came before him—had known that, they'd still be alive."

She crossed both arms over her chest and leaned her head to one side. "Strike yer deal then."

Funny how the music had disappeared from

her voice. "Confess, and you'll get your jewelry back."

Aine tucked in one corner of her mouth. "Well, now, let's consider a few things, here."

She tapped one foot and Rickard noticed a plain gold ring on her middle toe, glinting in the lamplight. He didn't know when he'd seen anything sexier.

"Y'can't very well put the cuffs on me, drag me down t'the stationhouse and beat the truth out of me, now can you?" She snickered. "Who'd believe a tale like that!"

She had him, dead to rights.

"Dead to rights," she echoed, letting him know in no uncertain terms that she could read his mind.

He'd heard that, too, about the faeries...

"All four murders will end up Cold Case files," he admitted. "I can live with that...if you can take your precious locket and leave here...and never come back."

"Yer presumin' too much, Jake, m'darlin. I did no' kill them." One well-arched brow rose high on her forehead.

And when he raised his chin in defiance, she added, "Y'don't even want me to show y'what I'm capable of?" she asked, drawing the gown aside so he could see every inch of her female flesh.

Rickard wanted her all right, but as the sages

said, his mama didn't raise no fools. First, he'd secure her oath. *Then* he'd let her —

"Y've got m'word, Detective Jake Allen Rickard. I'll not harm one hair on yer handsome head. And when I'm through with you, I'll leave this place, never t'return."

He ran a finger around his collar, hoping he could trust her, even as sweat trickled down his spine. She knew his name. What else did she know? And how might she use the information against him?

"Don't worry, dear man, I'm a woman of m'word." Again, she held out her hand, wriggled the fingers seductively.

"Not so fast," he snapped, clutching the pendant behind his back. "You'll get this back after —"

The next thing Rickard knew, he was flat on his back and buck naked in the middle of Clay McGrady's massive four-poster. His team had stripped the mattress bare, bagged and delivered the lot to the lab. Now, he could feel the cool material of its casing against his hot ass.

She held his pulsating dick in one hand, stroked his balls with the other and all but gored him with that luscious dark-eyed gaze of hers. "Need I remind y'what happens afterward, when I'm long gone?"

Eyes closed, he felt his prick slide into the



warm, slick recesses of her cunt. As she moved up and down, tweaking his nipples, he stammered, "I'll never be satisfied by a woman again."

"Tis true," she said, grinding her hips against his.

And his mind went blank.

And his heart pounded like a parade drum.

And his cock pulsed like it never had before.

And he filled her with cum.

When he woke, hours later to the nickering of McGrady's hungry horses, Rickard lay on his back in the middle of the big bed...fully dressed.

And in his palm, three strands of black, silky hair.

Her earthy, seductive voice echoed in his memory: "To remember me by."

Like he'd need a reminder...

## *About the Author*

Best-selling, award-winning author Dakota Carson has, for decades, tantalized and titillated readers with lusty stories of faerie queens, shapeshifters, and banshees who prefer human companionship over making love to 'their own kind'.



*Self Portrait - Dakota Carson*