

Moonlight and Magic



Mina Carter

Changeling Press

Moonlight and Magic
by Mina Carter

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Moonlight and Magic
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CONTENTS

[Moonlight & Magic](#)

[Chapter One](#)

[Chapter Two](#)

[Chapter Three](#)

[Chapter Four](#)

[Chapter Five](#)

[Chapter Six](#)

[Mina Carter](#)

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Moonlight & Magic

Mina Carter

Moonlight & Magic isn't your average club. Proudly marketed as a paranormal club, it boasts demon waiters and shifters as dancers, but none of these are as exotic as twins Daelas and Jaren, the club's incubi owners.

Part Fae, Sage is looking for a demon. Not just any demon though, she wants a sex demon. She's in for a disappointment, easily seeing through the glamour cast over the mainly mortal waiters. Then Daelas makes an appearance and decides, as soon as he lays eyes on her, that she is his.

However, the twins share everything, even their women. If one demon lover blows her mind, how is Sage going to cope with both?

[\[Back to Table of Contents\]](#)

Chapter One

Daelas was bored.

Not a new feeling for the centuries-old demon, so he ignored it, trying to concentrate instead on the paperwork in front of him. He wasn't doing so well. For some reason the club accounts, which normally kept him riveted, just weren't holding his attention.

The numbers swam past his eyes as he chewed on the pencil in his hand. The wood cracked under his teeth, snapping him back to the present. He looked at the ruined end of the pencil and dropped it back into the pot in exasperation, picking a metal-barreled pen instead.

He needed to get laid. He was an incubus so that went without saying. He hadn't seen any action for months. There were always other problems to take care of or his brother's latest madcap scheme to clear up. Anyone would think he was years older than Jaren rather than just fifteen minutes. He sighed in resignation and shook his head to get rid of the buzz trying to settle behind his eyes.

He flopped back in his chair and turned it to face the club below, the one-way glass allowing him to see but not be seen. Like most weekends, it was busy. The throng of humanity below all sought something, be it amusement, companionship, or darker deeds, conducted deeper in the shadows.

Pen tapping against his thigh, he looked down over the club, a brooding expression on his face as he tried to isolate

the cause of the buzzing. No one brooded as well as a demon, and no demon brooded as well as Daelas. Well, apart from Jaren. The jury was still out on which brother brooded better.

The cacophony of human thought rising from the packed club below battered at Daelas' mind. He was used to it. Usually he just ignored it, like a horse would a fly. When he wanted to, he could filter through the noise and latch onto just one set of thoughts, reading the emotions and desires of the human they belonged to. It was the way his species hunted: drawing their victims into their web to play on their thoughts and needs, seducing them to feed off their sexual energy.

Some, like Daelas, were so adept at it, so skilled at weaving their web around their victims, that all they had to do was crook a finger and their prey fell at their knees. Which was wonderful for stroking his male ego but it got lonely after a while. Just once he'd like a woman to see him for himself, rather than have her eyes glaze over when he got within a foot of her. To have a conversation ... Longing hit him. To be able have a conversation with a woman without knowing he could click his fingers and have her under his spell would be wonderful.

But for that he'd need a woman with some sort of paranormal blood, or even a female demon. He shuddered, the thought exciting him a little even as it repulsed him. He didn't want a female of his kind anywhere near him. Even if the chances of him and Jaren meeting their soul mate out here in the mortal world were slim, it was still preferable to getting saddled with a female sex demon for the rest of

eternity. Beautiful and deadly but with the morals of an alley cat, a succubus would only destroy everything he and Jaren had built here.

Absently his gaze wandered over the full dance floor, sweeping the rest of the club. With ease born of practice he picked out the trouble spots, noting they were all clear. Everything seemed to be running like clockwork down there. He sighed a combination of relief and regret. He was bored. He wanted *something* to happen. Anything.

Then he felt it. Amongst the throng of humanity choking up the "airwaves" there was something else. The buzzing intensified, settling behind his eyes like a bad headache.

"Well, heeeello, what have we here?" he murmured, sitting forward with interest as he tried to isolate the feeling. It wasn't human, that was for sure. Whatever species, it was alluring, lingering on the periphery of his senses, like trying to catch sight of something out of the corner of his eye.

A haunting feeling, similar to the sense of loss after harp strings had been stroked and the music had died away, filled him. "Where are you?" he whispered into the silent office, his sharp eyes riveted on the club below. "*What* are you?"

* * * *

"Sheee-rrrrri. I thought you said there were sex demons in here?" Sage giggled as she tried to open the stall door. She was way past tipsy. She squinted at the door, alcohol and lack of her glasses, left off for reasons of vanity, not helping her any. Finally she flicked the lock open with a little sigh of triumph. No lock would stop her!

Sherri looked over her shoulder as Sage joined her. "That's what the flyers said ... about the waiters. I dunno. They're cute, whatever they are. Come on, slowpoke, I wanna dance!"

"Dance? You can barely stand up! Hold your horses, missy," Sage ordered, grinning as Sherri swayed on the impossibly high heels. She had no idea how Sherri walked, let alone danced in the things.

She checked her appearance in the mirror. A petite, rather curvaceous woman looked back at her. Always the critic, she pursed her lips, checked her eyeliner and tucked a stray lock of hair behind her ear. Her hair had a mind of its own. It always managed to escape no matter what she did with it.

She quickly checked her top, pulling the neckline up a bit to cover what little cleavage she had. Oft repeated warnings about not showing herself off like a tart flashed through her mind. Shaking her head and ignoring the little voice, her ex's voice, in the back of her head, she smoothed the top over her stomach and assessed herself. Not too shabby, she decided. She grabbed her bag and headed toward the door. "Now, let's go dance."

They walked back into the club, giggling as they wove through the packed main room, heading for the stage. The newest hotspot in town, Moonlight & Magic, was a cut above the other clubs in town. It had tasteful interior design with comfortable seating and a large dance floor. It traded heavily on its paranormal associations, which weren't to some tastes, but Sage had to admit it made good business sense.

Moonlight and Magic
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Anything paranormal was big, with a capital B. Since the Night Races had come out of the closet two years ago, fascination with anything paranormal had steadily increased to near fever pitch. Now stick a pair of fangs or wings on something and it was guaranteed to sell.

A lesson Moonlight & Magic seemed to have taken to heart if the number of people in the place were any indication. Still before midnight, it was already packed and Sage hadn't been sure they'd get in. She'd avoided the place since it opened, but if she was honest, she'd been missing out. Not that Marcus had let her go out much. He'd been convinced all a guy had to do was look her way and she'd be off to his place or some back alley with her panties around her ankles. She snorted to herself. Showed what he knew. She was well rid of the jerk.

Heavy music pounded through the speakers dotted around the walls, filling the room with a wild, sensual rhythm that had Sage's feet tapping. Something inside her ached to join the writhing throng already on the dance floor. She didn't have the chance to. Sherri all but dragged her toward the stage.

She almost ran into Sherri as the other girl stopped dead, standing aside to let one of the waiters by, a grin on her face as she ogled his ass. Sage couldn't blame her. She was doing a bit of circumspect ogling herself. The rotating overhead lights showcased a honed body displayed to perfection in the sheer black T-shirt and pants they were all wearing. Must be the staff uniform. Sherri sighed in rapture as the waiter

noticed their attention and smiled, white teeth flashing in the semidarkness of the crowded club.

"Now you can't tell me *he's* human!" Sherri hissed, leaning close so Sage could hear her over the loud music. Her eyes followed the waiter until he was out of sight. Or, more specifically, followed his cute ass until it was out of sight. She sighed again and looked over at Sage, who shook her head in amusement.

"Well, he does have a bit of an exotic look," Sage admitted noncommittally. Her violet eyes flitted around the club, checking out the rest of the staff. They did look exotic, with an indefinable cast to their features speaking of bloodlines not completely *Homo sapiens*.

It was fake. Totally fake.

There was no way she could tell Sherri that. If she did, she'd have to tell Sherri *how* she knew they were fakes. Friends since fourth grade, Sherri knew everything about Sage. From the first boy she'd ever kissed right through to the complete disaster when she'd lost her virginity. She'd even told her about all the crap Marcus had put her through, albeit on pain of death after Sherri had managed to get her out of the apartment for a while. It had been such a relief to tell someone, to assure herself that she wasn't going nuts.

There was one thing Sherri *didn't* know about Sage, however—one thing no one knew. Sage was part Fae.

Quite what flavor, Sage didn't know. Her mother had died when Sage was three and her father refused to talk about it. So in the grand scheme of things, Sage was a little out of touch with her Fae side. Hell, she could have been descended

from the Queen of the Fairies and she wouldn't have had a clue.

Her lips quirked. The likelihood of her being a Fairy princess was similar to that of a snowball in hell. She'd seen Queen Mab on the news and, even though she'd like to think it, she couldn't claim descent from a woman who looked the way Mab did. She was far too short and plain!

Fairy princess or common imp, Sage's instincts were strong enough to see through the glamour being used on the club staff. A glamour that rendered them something extraordinary, something darker and sexier than the plain old humans they were.

"Sorry, was that exotic or erotic?" Sherri's chuckle drew her back to the present, her dirty laugh making a few heads turn in their direction. Sage flushed, shushing her friend.

"Behave, you." She giggled, feeling the effects of the unaccustomed alcohol surging through her system. The music changed, the heavy beat of a familiar song reverberating around the room. "Oooh! I /ove this one. Come on, there's a space on the stage!"

[\[Back to Table of Contents\]](#)

Chapter Two

The haunting aura drove Daelas mad. He'd tried to ignore it and concentrate on the club accounts, but it was getting to him now. He sighed and closed the laptop. It was no good. He had to go see what it was.

He left the office and headed down the short flight of stairs leading into the club. He pushed open the door and felt the heat and noise of the club wrap around him like a warm, wet blanket. He *tsked* under his breath, feeling his shirt cleave itself to his back. He should have taken his jacket off. His office had air conditioning, but even with the doors open and the air conditioning on, the club was like a sauna. There were just too many people in here. The heat of their bodies and a myriad of scents—perfume, aftershave, shampoo, body lotion—all combined into a heady, cloying atmosphere.

Daelas took a deep breath, filling his lungs and feeling at ease. This was his world—the perfect hunting ground for an incubus.

Knuckles, the heavyset bouncer stationed at the door, turned in surprise when he saw Daelas, but his face returned to its normal stoic expression straight away. Daelas didn't blame him for the surprise. It was rare he ventured into the club proper; it was more Jaren's domain. But there was nothing for it. He had to find the source of that buzzing.

He stepped into the crowd, moving through it with ease. A touch of an elbow here, a quick thought there, and a path opened up before him, the human cattle moving as he

commanded. A few, all female, turned, eyes speculative, but Daelas ignored them, his expression focused. They weren't who he was looking for. He'd know her when he saw her.

He knew it was a her. There was something intrinsically feminine about the impression which called to him, spoke to his soul and drew him in. But where was she?

Stopping in the middle of the dance floor, Daelas scanned the room. Tall even for an incubus, he had a good view of the club. He turned slowly, his gaze sweeping over the crowded floor. Then he froze, eyes riveted on the stage.

There, dancing in the center of the stage, was the source of his problem. She was small ... no, make that *tiny*, with a figure which would test a saint's resolve. And there was no way Daelas could be described as a saint.

She was pure temptation, all smooth-skinned limbs and curves. A mass of dark hair was pinned up to reveal the delicate line of her neck. A line he ached to run his hand along, curving his hand into the nape of her neck and tilting her head up so her lips, a perfect cupid's bow, were his for the taking.

"Shit," he growled, his body reacting to the erotic images burning themselves one after another in his mind's eye. He seriously needed to get laid. Now that he'd seen her, though, no other woman would do.

He stalked toward the stage, watching her every step of the way. She danced sensually to the heavy music, the sultry look on her face pure temptation. Daelas' mouth watered, his cock harder than he could recall, and a growl sounded low in his chest.

His. She was his; she just didn't know it yet.

She must have felt his interest. She turned to look at him as he approached, her hips swaying in a siren's call. Her lips curved, a Madonna's smile of feminine mystery and mischief as she danced.

Daelas stopped in front of the stage, looking up at her, still watching. She was mere feet away, her eyes flirting with him. She met his gaze for a second before she turned, presenting him with the graceful arch of her back as she danced. Daelas bit back a groan, lust hitting him like a truck. Her subtle aura wound around him, drawing him as much as the quick, flirtatious glances and the undulation of her hips.

She turned back and he beckoned, the lines of his face almost harsh under the darting lights of the dance floor, calling her to him. She lifted her head, little chin going up in challenge. His lips quirked as she pretended to consider his unspoken order. She would obey, he just knew it. *Come on, sweetheart, you know you want to.* He waited for her to come to him.

Like a butterfly she flitted closer with a quick shimmy of her hips until she stood in front of him. Daelas' smile widened. Even on the stage she wasn't much taller than him. She hadn't stopped moving. Her body still swayed slightly to the music as she tilted her head, watching him. Waiting for his next move.

He held out his hand, offering her the choice. To a certain point Daelas was a gentleman. But it was just a mask that hid the primal creature. Strip away the civilized veneer and there was pure demon beneath. He suppressed a shiver. No woman

had ever brought out that side of him before. He'd always been in control.

Until now.

* * * *

Sage shimmied in front of tall, blond and gorgeous. She'd noticed him watching her, just standing unmoving in the middle of the dance floor like he owned the place, his light eyes fastened on her. His expression was intent and dangerous.

Under normal circumstances that would have made her nervous. She'd have looked away, tried not to draw attention to herself. Marcus' fists had taught her that lesson. Tonight though, fortified by alcohol and the mood of the evening, she didn't. Instead she danced to draw him in, every sway of her hips and arch of her back designed to entrance, to lure.

Then he stood in front of her, the demand in his eyes unmistakable. Sherri, dancing next to her and flirting with another dancer, grinned and winked at her, the silent message unmistakable. *You go, girl!*

So Sage did, hardly believing her own bravery as she put her hand in his. A jolt of awareness shot through her at the first brush of her skin against his. Her eyes widened and she looked up, seeing the same surprise echoed in his features.

He pulled her toward him, letting go of her hand long enough to lift her down off the stage. He lifted her as though she weighed nothing. He slid her down his body in a move so sensual Sage's heart stuttered. He held her against him for a

moment, his larger body wrapped around hers protectively. Or possessively.

Oh God, was he going to kiss her? Her breathing shortened in anticipation, her lips aching when he lifted his hand. His touch gentle, he tucked a wayward strand of hair back behind her ear.

His smile transfixed her. It transformed his features from the merely handsome to devastating as his eyes, a shade of blue she'd never seen before, darkened. His fingers played with the lock of hair he'd tucked behind her ear, the tips transferring their attention from the hair to the skin of her neck. His thumb stroked across her skin, whispering across her collarbone before his hand ghosted down her arm.

He pulled her close and all her attention was diverted to the feel of the hard male body—the very aroused male body—pressed against hers. Amused silver-blue eyes smiled back down at her. She swallowed. He knew she could feel the hardness of his erection pressed into her stomach, and he just smiled. The glitter of his eyes hardened as she glimpsed the arousal in their depths.

"I don't even know your name," she pointed out, a fascinated smile playing over her lips. She'd never allowed a guy to touch her this way before, and certainly not without a few months and many dates between them. This was different; *he* was different from the guys she usually dated.

"Daelas. My name is Daelas, little pixie," he murmured as the music changed, the beat slowing down to something softer and altogether more sensual.

She could feel his interest, his hand smoothing over her nearly naked back, lingering along the line of her spine as they danced. It was less a dance and more a form of vertical lovemaking.

Sage closed her eyes for a moment, her head whirling. She couldn't believe this! Men who looked like Daelas didn't come on to women like her. They went for leggy, stick-insect supermodel types.

"You're just perfect as you are," he breathed into her ear, his lips just brushing the tender lobe. Sage started, bright banners of color forming on her cheeks. She hadn't realized she'd said it aloud!

"You didn't." His lips feathered down her neck. "You think you're the only non-human in here?" He pulled back and looked down at her. The blaze of desire in his eyes made Sage's breath catch in her throat, heat pooling in her abdomen at the sensual promise there.

The kiss started slow, his lips feathering over hers. Exploring and caressing. His tongue flicked out, brushed along the seam of her lips as he tempted her to open her mouth for him, allow him in. She sucked in a breath, tremors running hot and cold along her arms which had somehow wound themselves around his neck.

Her lips relaxed and his tongue swept aside the remainder of her defenses as he deepened the kiss. A dark and dominant kiss. Her knees turned to jelly. She moaned, and he broke the kiss, a soft sound which brought a quirk to the corners of his lips.

He kissed her again, quick and hard. "Shall we go somewhere a little more ... private?"

Her chin came up as she met his gaze, mischief sparkling in their violet depths. "You got somewhere in mind?" she asked, flicking loose strands of her hair off her shoulders. Her delicate shoulders were bare but for the thin straps holding up the sparkling top.

"I may have." Daelas smiled, drawing her to the side of the dance floor as the music changed again. He opened his mind and probed hers, casting his lures to get her where he wanted her, which was in his office, naked. He met an unexpected—and unusual—resistance, a glass wall behind her eyes that his probes slid off. She stopped talking, shaking her head as though to clear it.

Shit, she'd felt his touch! Wary now, Daelas stopped, hiding his surprise. She shouldn't have felt a thing then, nothing at all. Either he was losing his touch, or she was something special; something more than a human with a smattering of paranormal blood.

She swayed a little again. His hands snaked out, ready to catch her in case she fell. She grasped his wrist, steadying herself and looking up at him.

"What was I saying?" Her voice was light, puzzled but accepting, as though losing her train of thought was nothing new. Then he realized she *had* been affected by his mental touch, just not in the way he had expected. From the look in her eyes, she was recovering fast. He moved in, taking advantage of the small window of suggestibility his instincts were telling him was all he was going to get.

He smiled, crowding closer as though they were already lovers. His smile was intimate, teasing. "You, little pixie, are drunk!"

She took the prompt, blinking at him owlishly for a moment before her body relaxed and she leaned against him, tipping her small heart-shaped face up to argue. "Am not!"

"You bloody well are. You're not even standing up straight on your own," he stated, motioning to her death grip on his arms. She looked back at him, her lips pursed, concentration written on her face as she thought about framing her words.

Daelas hid a smile. She was as drunk as a skunk and very cute with it.

"Pffft, of course I'm bloody drunk! Where else do you think I got the courage to chat up a guy who looks like you?" She waved her arm in an all-encompassing gesture which could have been meant to indicate Daelas' tall, suited figure. Instead she knocked someone's drink off the ledge surrounding the dance floor. Stifling a chuckle, Daelas' hand shot out with nonchalant ease and righted it.

"You said 'Am not' though, which usually means you're disagreeing with something," he said, eyebrow rising. By now he was entranced. She was far more than she'd appeared, his subtle tests of her mental defenses revealing a slippery wall he just couldn't break through.

For a man used to getting what he wanted with a thought, having to work for it was a new experience. One that, to his surprise, he was finding enjoyable. Daelas was a connoisseur of women. As an incubus it came coded into his genes. Even so, he'd also put a lot of time and effort into the study of

women, but this woman was turning the tables on him, weaving her web around him and drawing him in with an ease only the most experienced succubus would manage. She wasn't a succubus though, so he didn't struggle to get away.

"Am not *a pixie*!" Her voice was forceful, her button nose wrinkling as she pronounced the word in tones reserved for words like "cockroach." "I'm Fae. A *Sidhe*," she added, her tone proud.

She was lying through her teeth. Oh, she was Fae of some description, but if that Fae was *Sidhe*, he'd eat his hat. Daelas hid his ever-increasing smile, his eyebrow winging up again. "Aren't you a little ... short for a *Sidhe*?"

She sniffed and ignored him. "Sherri said there were sex demons here but all we've seen so far are humans pretending to be sex demons. I demand there be sex demons!" she announced, nearly stamping her little foot as she glared at him.

Daelas lost the battle. His deep, rich laughter surrounded them as he led her through the club, shortening his stride to match hers despite the haste gnawing at him. "Demand, is it, little Fae? Well, we'll have to see what we can do."

[\[Back to Table of Contents\]](#)

Chapter Three

Daelas breathed a sigh of relief as he ushered his diminutive and very tempting companion into the office he'd recently vacated, closing the door behind them. Leaning back against the cool wood for a long second, he watched her.

Hell, even her walk turned him on. The subtle sway of her hips, not overdone like some of the man-eaters down in the club, held his eyes riveted. In fact, she wasn't at all like their usual clientele.

Deep chestnut hair with hints of red which appeared untouched by a dye bottle. Makeup applied with a delicate touch to look as natural as if she were wearing none. And a figure built with the curves of a real woman rather than the starved lines of the fashionable waif. Surrounding it all was a haunting impression which marked her as Fae, but mixed with enough humanity to make her unique, so tiny and delicate he was virtually shaking with the need to touch her, kiss her. The quick kiss in the club had whetted his appetite. Now he wanted more of her. Much, much more.

"Nice office," Sage commented in a quiet tone, smiling over her shoulder. He hadn't moved from the door, leaned against it nonchalantly. His pose was relaxed but his eyes watched her like a hawk, glittering with intent. A dark intent which gave the impression of a panther about to strike.

Reaching the desk, a large expanse of dark wood, she trailed her hand along the surface. Pushing some files out of the way, she leaned back, hands braced on either side of her

hips and ankles crossed. Her tongue flicked out to wet her lips, her gaze steady on his.

She felt wild and wanton. It was so unlike her usual self. She was a bookkeeper, for heaven's sake. She didn't go around picking up random men in bars, no matter what her ex had thought! Even if they were as hot as this one.

It must be the wild Fae blood her father had always warned her about kicking in. About time too, she decided, tilting her head to one side. "You planning on standing there all night, or what?"

He pushed away from the door, stalking toward her. Sage's breath caught in her throat, her attention riveted by the predatory grace in his movements. Even his walk oozed masculinity.

"Or what?" He reached her, towering over her as his larger body crowded her against the desk. He was so close she could feel the heat of his skin against hers. The scent of his aftershave surrounded her, carried on the warmth of his skin, teasing her senses.

"What?" she asked, not paying much attention to the conversation. His hand slid around the nape of her neck. With gentle pressure he tilted her head up. She sucked in a breath at the expression on his face. Heat swirled in his eyes.

She sighed as his lips covered hers. Warm and firm, they coaxed her to open up for him. His free hand slid around her back, fanning over her hips. He pulled her hard against him. A moan broke from her as his tongue stroked along hers, the kiss turning hot and wild in a heartbeat.

She arched her back in response. Her skin was too hot, too tight, her breasts heavy and full. Heat pooled between her thighs. She needed to touch him rather than the suit jacket she had a hold of. Her hands slid under the suit jacket, pushing at the fabric in silent demand.

He chuckled low in his chest and rolled his shoulders. The jacket dropped unheeded to the carpet. Sage sighed in satisfaction. Her hands roved over his broad chest, tracing the lines of his muscles, surprisingly heavy for his lean frame.

He nipped her lower lip and she shivered. If he could make her feel like this with just a kiss, what would happen when they got naked? Anticipation coursed through her, feeding the maelstrom swirling inside her.

He moved from her lips, leaving a trail of fire down her throat. Her teeth caught her lower lip in an effort to contain the moan welling in the back of her throat. The soft brush of his lips across her skin, the heat of his body against hers, was torture, especially with his erection pressing hard against her soft abdomen. A hardness she ached to feel between her thighs, sliding into her, filling her.

God, she feels so good! Daelas groaned and dragged her into his arms, all but crushing her to his heavy chest. She wrapped herself around him, her arms sliding around his neck. Her small hands delved into the short hair at the nape of his neck.

He forced himself to relax his hold. His hand swept down her back in a long caress, reveling in the sensation as a shiver of pleasure went through her. His lips curved in a smile as he explored the satiny skin of her throat. She wasn't wearing

anything under the strappy top. Candy from a baby, he thought again, urging her back to sit on the desk. He spread her thighs with a hard hand, stepping between them, his hands smoothing over the flare of her hips. He held her eyes as he pulled her to him, letting her feel the raging hard-on he had for her.

"However pretty I think this is—" he slid a finger under the thin strap on her shoulder, "—I think it needs to come off now, don't you?" He arched an eyebrow, giving her the option. Much as he wanted her, he wanted her to want him for himself, not because he was manipulating her.

He waited in silence, his finger hooked under the fabric. Her violet eyes were wide and dark. He still couldn't sense the thoughts behind them. That little bit of mystery turned him on more than he could recall being turned on before. This must be a little like having a soul mate, he thought absently. No incubus was able to read his mate's thoughts. It was a failsafe to stop the incubi from weaving their particular brand of magic around them and controlling the relationship. Was she his soul mate? No, she couldn't be. She wasn't a demon. He'd stake his life on it.

She nodded. Triumph filled him, a grin spreading over his face as he drew the strap down her arm inch by slow inch. His lips followed a butterfly trail down the side of her neck, then across. His hand slid around her back, nimble fingers making short work of the tie over her spine.

The cool air of the air-conditioned office whispered over her skin. Her breasts, free of their confinement, firmed; their

peaks tightened, begging for his attention. He pulled the top away, discarding it to join his jacket on the floor.

"Beautiful." His silver-blue eyes were molten as he gazed down on her half naked figure. Sage leaned her palms on the desk, arching her back. The movement thrust her breasts higher, drawing his eyes to where she ached for his touch. The dusky pink of her nipples puckered as the vent above them blew cold air down across her chest, a delicious counterpoint to the heat of his gaze.

A sense of her own feminine power filled her as she registered the look in his eyes. "You like?" She shifted position on the desk, arching her back and skimming a hand over her stomach. She trailed fingers up the centre of her ribcage, getting ever closer to the full curve of her breast. It wasn't the way she usually acted, but she didn't care. Her hand reached its destination. She gazed up at him through thick eyelashes, cupping the full weight of her breast, and sweeping a thumb over the peaked nipple.

"Ohh, I like," he murmured, leaning down to replace her hand with his larger one. His lips closed around her nipple, pulling the sensitive flesh into the warm cavern of his mouth. She gasped. Pleasure shot through her as he suckled. A line of sensation drew a direct path from her nipple to the hot, heavy ache between her thighs, setting her on fire.

Her head dropped back, her spine arching more, offering the rounded curves of her breasts to his wicked mouth. He didn't disappoint her. Taking his time, he kissed and licked from one to the other until Sage was almost out of her mind with pleasure.

His hands moved to her thighs and pushed up the short skirt. His fingertips flirted with the tops of her stockings, a sound of appreciation low in his throat. "I wasn't sure women still wore these," he commented, kissing her neck as his hand moved higher.

Sage flushed, turning her head to the side to allow him better access. "Uhm ... I like pretty underwear," she admitted, hoping the lacy stockings and garters didn't make her seem a slut. They were more pretty than racy, but she winced internally, worried what he thought.

"They are pretty, very pretty," he replied, his hand smoothing over her hip and finding the little ties holding the satin thongs together at the sides. "These I like too!" he remarked, pulling on the ties. His sharp teeth nipped her ear.

Sage sucked in a breath, her insides turning to jelly as his hand slid down between her thighs. His fingers, blunter and larger than hers, pressed against the folds of her body. They parted the soft lips of her labia, seeking the hard nub of her clit.

"Oh!" Sage's hips bucked as he touched her, sliding a finger down into the wet heat which had already gathered and spreading it over her sensitized skin.

"You're so hot and wet. Just perfect," he whispered, lowering her to lie on the desk. She shivered, her eyes darkening, as the cool wood met the skin of her back.

She couldn't believe she was doing this. Spread half naked across a desk with her legs open as a guy she'd just met pleased her with his fingers. Clever fingers caressed her body, teasing the arousal inside to fever pitch.

When she didn't think she could take more, he slid two fingers deep inside her. She whimpered and lifted her hands above her head to hold onto the edge of the desk. He thrust his fingers, pressing against the walls of her pussy in just the right place. She writhed, a familiar tension starting to build until she was pressing against him, desperate for the relief her release would bring.

"Ohh no, not just yet, little Fae. I have more in mind for you." He slid to his knees between her thighs. Sage lifted her head, a pout of frustration appearing on her lips until she felt his warm breath on her thigh.

A moan was all she could manage. He parted the folds of her labia with his thumbs. Her pussy clenched when the cool air from above blew over the warm, wet flesh.

Then his tongue was there, a long slow lick until he found her clit. She cried out as he flicked the sensitive nub with his tongue. She arched against him, writhing on the desk. He held her still, lifting his head for a second. "I'm going to make you come, then I'm going to fuck you senseless, little Fae," he told her, his voice strained in the silence of the office.

Sage's reply was a moan, the crude words arousing her as much as the flick of his tongue over her skin. His fingers found her entrance again, sliding deep before curling back to rub against the sensitive spot along her inner walls. She sobbed, ecstasy exploding within her.

Panting and shuddering with the force of it, she opened her eyes to look up at him. A feral grin spread across his face. "Now to fuck you senseless," he said, holding out his hand to pull her up from the desk.

He spun her around and bent her over, spreading her feet apart. She heard the sound of a zipper as he dropped his pants. "Oh my," she managed, using her hands to support herself.

Two things happened at once. His hand slid around her body, pinching and pulling her nipple lightly, and the swollen head of his cock presented itself at the slick entrance to her pussy.

"God, you're so hot and wet," he groaned, rocking his hips and pressing into her a little. She gasped as her pussy stretched around him. She hadn't done this in a while. He waited, tension making his frame tremble, until she relaxed. But then her "grace period" was over.

His next thrust was hard and heavy, driving into her until he was seated up to the hilt. Ready as she was, the pleasure was incredible, surging through her as he set up a fast rhythm which fed both their desires.

"You like demon cock then, little Fae?" he murmured in her ear, tweaking her nipple again. His other hand slid around her, smoothing down her stomach and between her thighs. He found and stroked her already sensitized clit to match the tempo of his thrusts, until Sage was mindless and whimpering with pleasure.

[\[Back to Table of Contents\]](#)

Chapter Four

Jaren swept into the club in a swirl of black leather and drama, striding through the double doors at the front of the club. The wood hit the walls on either side with a crash. Jaren's habit of throwing them open was the reason the glass panels had long since been replaced with wood.

He stopped just inside the doors. Although he and Daelas were twins, identical in appearance when they were born, the similarity had ended on that day. Daelas was a born businessman and dressed the part.

Jaren, however, was born to be bad. A calling reflected in the ankle-length black leather duster swirling about him, layered over black shirt and leather pants. He'd once tried a leather shirt but preferred the sensual slide of silk over his skin. Hell, even his underwear was silk.

His brows furrowed as he looked around. Something wasn't quite right. There was something ... different about the place.

Interested, he stalked forward, ignoring the clubbers. His dark, brooding looks meant most left him alone. Most, but not all.

"Well, hello there, handsome, I didn't think you'd be able to make it tonight," a feminine voice purred as small hands wrapped around his torso from behind.

"Hey, Lana," Jaren replied, his hands gentle as he disengaged hers and turned to face her.

Moonlight and Magic
by Mina Carter

A real looker, Lana Burgess was one of the club dancers, a regular on the club circuit and a veritable party animal. Jaren had watched her coming in with her friends for a couple of weeks before he'd made his approach and offered her a job with Moonlight & Magic. Then, one night in the back room, he'd found out just how much of an animal she could be.

"There been trouble tonight?" he asked, ignoring the pouting lips and the hands on her hips. Lana was a drama queen, more so than he, which was saying something!

Lana shook her head then frowned. "Nothing unusual other than Daelas coming down here earlier. Looked all mean and moody to boot. Sexy as hell!" She shivered, a hint of a mischievous smile peeking through. Jaren's lips quirked. For some reason they all found his brother, very reserved for an incubus, irresistible. Perhaps it was because he *was* so reserved.

"Daelas was down here?" Surprise colored his voice as he turned to stride away, now even more intrigued. He headed for the door to the office, nodding at Knuckles as he approached. Even more surprising was the huge bouncer clearing his throat to get his attention. It was rare for Knuckles to speak without being spoken to first.

"Boss's got company," he announced, his low voice a mere rumble almost lost in the background noise and music of the club. Luckily Jaren could lip read well, an essential skill for anyone working in a place like Moonlight & Magic.

"Okay, thanks." He nodded, pushing the door open to head up the stairs. Daelas had company? Company of the female and Fairy kind if the fading impression in the stairwell was

any indication. So where had Daelas gotten hold of a Fae?
And just what was he doing with her in the office?

* * * *

Daelas looked around as the door opened with a soft click, extending his senses to warn him of any danger. On the grand scale of things, incubi weren't the most combat-minded of the demon kin, but they had excellent survival instincts and fought dirty when cornered. A good kick in the bollocks was a wonderful tool for leveling the playing field in fights.

The tension in his shoulders relaxed as he recognized the familiar, chaotic swirl of energy that identified his brother a second before his silver eyes fell on his twin. Too far gone to do more than nod, Daelas stroked a hand down Sage's naked back, his hips pounding against hers.

She was so hot and tight around his cock, the grip of her body so firm around him, he found his usual control slipping. He groaned as her pussy clamping down on his cock, milking it as her body stiffened, her climax hitting her hard. Two heavy thrusts later and he couldn't hold back his own release. His powerful body drove deep inside her as he groaned his pleasure. Every muscle locked. The edges of his vision blurred, but like most incubi, he didn't ejaculate, a fact most of his long-term lovers appreciated. No wet patches to deal with.

He opened his eyes, trying to focus. He'd never felt a climax so powerful, so intense. He leaned forward, kissing along her neck, his lips gentle. Jaren had stayed out of sight, well out of Sage's limited field of vision. But that wouldn't last

long ... and he wanted to prepare her before she went schiz on him.

"We have company, little Fae," he whispered, weaving suggestion into his voice. She'd been resistant to most of his usual tactics, but his voice seemed to work. "Just my twin ... he thinks you're as gorgeous as I do."

She started, trying to push up from the desk and look around. "Your twin ... what? Just like you?"

Her voice sounded dazed. He moved a fraction, shielding her from Jaren's view in case she didn't want to take things that way. Probably not the view his brother was after. Daelas could practically smell his interest on the air, but at the moment a view of his hairy arse was all Jaren was going to get. At least until he was sure Sage was okay with this. "Well, I'm better looking," Daelas boasted, his lips quirking.

"That's total bollocks. Everyone knows I'm the better looking one."

Sage peered over Daelas' broad shoulder, her eyes narrowing tipsily. Her lush curves pressed against him, bringing him right back to attention, his cock straining against her.

Sage's eyes widened as she looked down. "What ... you can't ... not already?" she whispered, shock on her face as her eyes flicked from his face to his cock and back again.

Daelas grinned, but it was Jaren who answered, picking up Daelas' thought as naturally as breathing. "We're incubi, sex demons. We go on and on and on, kinda like the Energizer Bunny," he explained, reaching Daelas' side, holding his hand out in invitation as Daelas had known he would. There was

just something compelling about the little Fairy that made a man want to touch her, taste her, get down and dirty with her as soon as he laid eyes on her.

"You can have both of us ... all night. How's that sound, little Fae?" Daelas picked up the thought where his brother left off, kissing along her neck as she debated. If another male had approached her, Daelas would have ripped his limbs off and beaten him to death with the soggy ends. Jaren was different, though. Incubi were born in pairs, two halves of the same soul. So sharing this delicious morsel of femininity, as they would their mate, seemed right.

She shivered a little, arching her neck for him as she kept her eyes on his brother. He could feel her thinking, considering the situation. She reached out and took Jaren's hand, moving to stand between the two men. Daelas released a breath he hadn't realized he'd been holding as she reached up, pulling Jaren down for a kiss.

* * * *

This was fantastic. Unbelievable but fantastic. She'd just had the best sex she'd ever had with the hottest guy she'd ever met. And he'd wanted her, not some skinny stick-insect who complained about the fat on a lettuce leaf. Now there were two of them, both kissing and touching her, their attraction for her evident. She was still waiting to wake up, sure it was a dream.

Neither could take their hands off her, and then there were the massive erections; one tenting the front of Jaren's pants and one prodding at her hip in determination. She reached

down and wrapped a small hand around it, her slow stroking eliciting groans from its owner.

She surrendered to Jaren's kiss, hotter and wilder than his brother's with a hint of decadence that had her heart hammering in her chest. She'd died and gone to heaven! Daelas caressed her full breasts as he buried his lips into the curve of her neck. Warm lips homed in on the sensitive spot beneath her ear, a spot which made her knees go weak.

"You have a fantastic body. I just want to lick and taste every part of it," Jaren whispered as he lifted his head, his eyes, so like his brother's, flaring with desire.

She swallowed as he slid to his knees in front of her, lifting her leg, his attention focused on the delta between her thighs. The skin there was slick with her own juices and he drew in a deep breath, his eyes closing for a second.

"Ambrosia," he whispered, leaning forwards.

Sage moaned as his tongue flicked across her clit, already swollen from his brother's attention. Her hips bucked, the sensation almost too much to bear. She moaned and writhed against him. Daelas' hands were on her breasts, pinching and pulling her nipples. The two men worked as a team to arouse her to fever pitch.

"You like this, don't you, little Fae? Two men touching you, caressing you. Licking you..." Daelas drew the tip of his tongue around the delicate curve. "Come for us. Let Jaren taste you, and we'll both fuck you. You'd like that, wouldn't you? Two demon cocks filling you?"

The words were too much for Sage, hot and wild images of the three of them playing in her mind as Jaren's clever tongue

played over her clit, his fingers buried deep in her body. She cried out again as her body exploded, pleasure coursing through her.

Jaren groaned, his tongue lapping at her pussy. "God, that tastes so good!" he murmured between gentle licks, the sound of his voice on the edges of Sage's hearing. Her heart was pounding so loudly it was hard to hear anything else.

"I want to watch you fuck him," Daelas breathed in her ear. He turned her jaw toward him to kiss her again. She didn't resist. Their tongues meeting and dancing, sliding against each other's, added fuel to the sexual tension already thick in the room.

She bit her lip. Arousal raced through her as Jaren's hands slid around her thighs and lingered on their soft plumpness for a moment. "Come here," he whispered, pulling her to the large leather sofa to one side of the room.

"Ride me," he demanded, pulling her into his lap. Sage blinked. Somehow between arriving in the room and now he'd lost his clothes. She didn't remember him undressing. Of course, she had been a little preoccupied.

Then his hands were in her hair, its delicate style destroyed, and he was kissing her as if his life depended on it. She groaned as she straddled him, feeling the power in his lean body, so similar to his brother's. His hard cock brushed against her, settling in the groove of her cleft.

Sage gasped. Despite the amazing orgasms, four—or was it five so far?—her body tightened in anticipation again. Her pussy clenched at the thought of his rigid cock filling her to the hilt.

She rocked her hips against the thick shaft, biting back a moan as the friction against her clit pulled the hood back to reveal the sensitized bud, threatening to send her over the edge again. Jaren wasn't much more in control. A low groan reverberated through his broad chest as his hands tightened on her hips. "Fuck!" he muttered, his eyes rolling back in his head as she did it again, reveling in the sensation.

Hard hands lifted her hips and she reached between her thighs. She encircled his cock and pumped it twice slowly before she lowered herself over it. The swollen crown brushed against her pussy lips, already slick from his attentions and her climax. She bit her lip as her body accepted him with ease. The delicate flesh stretched to accommodate his impressive girth.

Hell, this feels so good! Sage gasped as she slid down on Jaren's cock. Each slow inch stretched her further until her hips met his. She'd never felt so full. With a small sound of satisfaction she arched her back and rolled her hips a little against him.

"Little witch!" Jaren chuckled, moving his hips in a long slow rhythm which stroked every nerve ending in Sage's inner channel. She threw her head back, a murmur of pleasure in her throat as his hands skimmed up her ribs to cup her breasts, caressing and kneading them.

* * * *

Daelas slumped back in the office chair behind the desk. Fist firm around his hard cock, he pumped it up and down as he watched his brother and Sage. She looked fantastic, her

head thrown back and a sexy look on her face as she rode Jaren.

The slide and slap of skin on skin filled the room, the sound more erotic to Daelas than any classical or composed piece. He itched to join them but he held off for a moment. Jaren hadn't finished with her yet. She wasn't quite at the place she needed to be to take them both on. He could tell from her slight hesitation as Jaren had joined them that she'd never had two guys at the same time before.

But she would soon and she'd be begging them for it. He noted when Jaren reached down between their writhing bodies. She arched her back, and a soft cry told him Jaren's thumb had found her clit. It wouldn't be long now.

* * * *

Sage needed to come. She needed to come so badly, but Jaren kept bringing her to the brink then easing off until she wanted to hit him rather than fuck him! She whimpered in frustration as she approached the peak again, but he moved his thumb and slowed his rhythm until her body started to calm again.

"You're a wicked man," she panted. "That's just evil, you know?"

"I know." He grinned, an unrepentant and sexy grin she couldn't help but return. "But you'll enjoy it more, I promise."

"Besides, not fair to finish the party without me, is it?" Daelas' voice sounded behind her. She felt the heat of his skin on her back an instant before he slid his hands around her body to caress her breasts again. His lips whispered over

her throat as she lifted her hands and linked them behind his neck, offering her arched body to both of them.

"Miss me?" Daelas asked and tweaked her nipples.

She murmured assent, leaned against one brother as the other pumped his hips, his hard cock driving into her, filling her pussy with each stroke. She'd definitely died and gone to heaven, she decided, and didn't complain as they rearranged her.

Jaren pulled her forward to kiss her deeply, his tongue tangling with hers as she sprawled over his large chest. Meanwhile Daelas' lips trailed down her spine and sent shivers through every inch of her body. Even her toes curled in pleasure.

Jaren shifted under her, spread his legs wider and took hers with them. The change in position opened her up further and she gasped as she felt his hard cock slide into her another half of an inch, pressing deeper inside her than any lover before. She shivered as Daelas lifted his head, his hands smoothing over the cello curve of her hips.

She didn't realize what they had planned until a cold wetness slid down between her buttocks, making her jump. "It's okay, little Fae, just a little something to help," Daelas murmured. His gentle fingers smoothed the lube down her skin against the delicate puckered rose of her ass. She went still as he stroked, not sure about where this was going. She'd done anal before but not two guys, not at the same time, and she wasn't sure she could take them both. She couldn't believe she was in this situation to start with! Two

men who looked like this, treating her as though she were the only woman on Earth that mattered. It was as erotic as hell!

Jaren slowed his movements, and his thumb stroked over her clit again, reminding her of how much she needed to come, how close to the edge she was. Sage moaned, bit her lip, and her eyes rolled back in her head. It was too much—Jaren's cock in her, her body aching for the next brush of his thumb, and Daelas' gentle fingers smoothing the cool gel against her ass.

It felt good, she realized in surprise, relaxing as a shiver travelled the entire length of her spine. Actually, it felt more than good as he rubbed the lube in. He circled and pressed against her a little with his broad, blunt-ended fingertip. She gasped. Her pussy clenched hard as his finger slid inside her just a little. Her breasts tightened, the nipples puckered.

Jaren groaned, his silver eyes riveted as he leaned forwards and drew one of the tightened peaks into his mouth. He suckled hard, the sensation making Sage cry out. More, she had to have more. She rocked against them, rode Jaren's hard cock in a slow rhythm as Daelas worked her ass, preparing her. She shivered, and he slid his finger a little deeper. "Oh, God, that feels good," she moaned. He worked more of the lube into her heated flesh.

"It's about to feel a whole lot better," he promised, sliding his finger from her. Sage frowned at the sense of loss. It didn't last long. He moved behind her and replaced his fingers with the broad head of his erection.

"Just relax into it. Everything'll be fine," he reassured her as he pressed forwards. He wasn't going to fit! Sage tensed

up as the swollen head of his cock pushed into her ass. She hissed as a burning sensation, not pleasure but not quite pain either, shot through her. But the combination of the lube and Jaren's thumb stroking over her aching clit eased things. With a grunt of triumph, Daelas slid past the initial resistance, slipped deep inside her body, and then paused, waiting for her to adjust.

Sage panted, feeling fuller than she ever had before. Both her pussy and her ass were filled with cock. Demon cock, no less. She shivered as Jaren moved a little. She opened her eyes to see him watching her in concern. The expression melted her heart, as she just knew it was mirrored in his brother's face too even if she couldn't see it, and that did it for her. They weren't just interested in their own pleasure, and that was the most sensual thing she could think of.

"You okay, little Fae?" Jaren's kiss was soft, a gentle kiss designed to reassure rather than arouse and strangely platonic considering what the three of them were up to.

She smiled as he pulled away, nodding. "I thought you promised you were both gonna fuck me?" she challenged, mischief in her eyes. "But all I hear is a lot of talking here."

Jaren's grin matched hers. Daelas' chuckle reverberated against her skin as they started to move. Jaren slid out of her a little way, then thrust back in as Daelas pulled almost completely out of her ass, just leaving the head of his cock inside her. Then they moved again, in perfect counterpoint to one another, a slow rhythm that had Sage moaning in ecstasy.

She could feel everything; the two of them took her to places she'd never been before, and it wasn't long until she was straining against them. She urged them to take her faster and harder with soft cries and breathy little moans. It was hot and hard, and was going to be over very soon, she realized, as the first tightening of an impending orgasm blindsided her.

"Oh, God, I'm coming..." she cried out. The shudders of pleasure racked through her as she arched back against Daelas. Her hips jerked, first grinding down onto Jaren's cock before pressing her ass back hard onto Daelas' cock impaled deep inside it.

Her loud moan reverberated around the office as her inner muscles locked down hard around the two brothers inside her. She milked their cocks, coming harder than she could ever remember. Her world went gray around the edges.

Her climax, the tightness of her body made tighter by her orgasm, tipped the brothers over the edge. Their groans mingled as both thrust hard into her a last time, cocks pulsing in unison deep inside her when they came.

Sage lay pliant across Jaren's chest, waiting for her heartbeat to return to normal. Shivers of pleasure, the aftershocks of the incredible orgasm, rippled through her as first Daelas then Jaren slid from her exhausted and satisfied body.

"That, little Fae, was incredible," Jaren whispered. He shifted her on his lap and enfolded her in his arms. "You're incredible," he added, kissing her on the tip of her nose.

Moonlight and Magic
by Mina Carter

She smiled back, a smile which encompassed Daelas as well as he offered her his shirt. "Oh, no, you don't get out of it that easily, handsome. You two promised me all night, and all night is what I want!"

[\[Back to Table of Contents\]](#)

Chapter Five

Sage woke by slow degrees, warm and comfortable, curled up in a small ball. Funnily though, her bed seemed a little firmer than usual and a little smaller.

"I'm telling you, man..." The male voice filtered through her sleepy doze.

Sage wrinkled her nose as she cracked an eye. That's right. She was still at the club. Bleary-eyed, she pushed herself upright. The blanket someone had thrown over her slithered down to pool at her waist. The air conditioning had shut off at some point in the night, but still her nipples peaked in the coolness of the room. A rush of heat came back to her as she recalled the same thing had happened last night, right before or after one of the brothers had lavished attention on them. She'd never realized her breasts could be so sensitive.

Well, if she was honest, she'd not realized a lot of things until last night. Not least of which was the fact she wasn't frigid, as Marcus had claimed for years, when he'd blamed all his shortcomings on her. A small smile played over her lips. Oh, no, after all the attention she'd gotten last night from the two brothers—the two very hot brothers—she wouldn't believe that anymore. Mind you, it had been a dodgy accusation to start with, that she was a frigid slut just waiting for a man to cock his eyebrow at her for her to go scurrying off. Surely someone who was frigid wouldn't go scurrying off at the drop of a hat.

There's one in your eye, Marcus, she thought in amusement. *No cocking of eyebrows, just a hell of a lot of cock, in every way possible.* Sage pushed her hair back off her face as she looked around. Oh, my God, what time was it? She'd left Sherri on her own down in the club! A glance at the full-length windows on the other side of the office told her the club had emptied long ago, the darkness on the other side complete. No flashing strobe lights or the heavy beat from the music. It was all quiet. Quiet enough for her to hear the soft conversation going on outside, on the small balcony attached to the office.

"She can't be. She's Fae." Daelas' voice. How she knew, Sage hadn't a clue, but somehow she could tell the difference between the two brothers. She began tracking down her clothes on silent feet.

She could almost hear the shrug as Jaren answered. "So? It's not like it's not happened before."

"Oh, come on, you can't count Barnabas and Vale's mate ... She was a goat demon, for heaven's sake!"

Goat demon? There was such a thing as a goat demon? Sage spotted her underwear under the desk and bent down to retrieve it.

"No, she wasn't. She just looked like a goat. I think she was a talos demon. But that's not the point. The point is a soul mate doesn't have to be a succubus. Thank God. Bloody tarts, the lot of them." Jaren snorted in disdain.

Sage frowned as she slipped her underwear on, not bothering with the stockings. They'd take too long to put on and her head hurt too much. She'd just shove them in her

bag instead. She knew the brothers were incubi, and she was sure succubi were the female versions of sex demons. Sounded like the genders in their species didn't get on too well. She wriggled into her clothes and looked about for her shoes. No surprise there, then. But the next words from the balcony stopped her in her tracks.

"So you think Sage is our soul mate then?"

"I think so. I can't sense what she's thinking at all. You?" Jaren asked, curiosity coloring his voice.

"Nope, nothing ... but it's sexy. The mystery."

Sage blinked. Okay, so they couldn't sense her thoughts. This was a good thing, surely?

"It's as sexy as hell," Jaren agreed.

"But just because we can't read her thoughts doesn't mean she's our soul mate. She could just have some Fae mojo thing that stops us," Daelas, still unseen out on the balcony, argued.

Yeah, what he said. Sage crept a little closer, close enough to grab her shoes from near the door. A one-night stand with a couple of hot men was one thing, but the paranormal equivalent of a shotgun wedding was a different matter! Soul mate. Soul mate sounded a shitload more serious than a quickie wedding which could be sorted by a quickie divorce. It sounded more like "until death us do part" and possibly beyond.

She didn't wait to hear the answer. She shoved her feet into her sandals, grabbed her bag from where it lay on the floor beside the couch, and headed for the door. It was time

to pull a disappearing act before they marched her down to the demon judge, shotgun in tow.

Thankfully the corridor outside was deserted. Sage fled down the stairs as though her life depended on it. She'd heard about demon bonding ceremonies and the like. It didn't make for easy reading, and she was sure it could be hazardous to your health if you were not a demon.

She poked her head into the club, looked for a way out. The main entrance would be long since shut and locked, she was sure of that. Movement at the bar caught her eye and she smiled, recognizing the bouncer on the door last night.

"Which way is out?" she asked with a sweet smile, hoping he didn't go schiz on her and call the brothers from upstairs. Some of her desire to flee must have been apparent on her face because he jerked his head toward the door at the back of the bar.

"Staff entrance," he grunted. "Hurry up 'cause I want to get to me bed sometime before dawn."

"Gotcha, already gone. Thanks." She slipped past him on swift feet, hoping she didn't look quite as disheveled as she felt. Perhaps if she kept moving he wouldn't notice her clothing was a mess and or see her bare legs and work out what she'd been up to with his bosses in the office.

Ha! He worked at the place, what else would he think she'd been doing, shut up in an office with two men who oozed sex appeal? She nibbled her lip as she pushed open the back door and emerged into the early morning air in an alleyway behind the club. The darkness of night was just beginning to pale to the faint light of dawn, but at the end of

the alley she could see the cabs were all still out and about, touting for business. Her heels tapped out a rapid tattoo as she headed for the road to look for a ride home.

* * * *

Daelas leaned on the rail around the small balcony, taking in a deep breath as he considered Jaren's words. Even the air felt sharper, somehow more alive this morning. All his senses were razor-sharp instead of sluggish with boredom as they had been in recent months. He always felt better after taking a woman to his bed but this was beyond that. He felt invigorated.

He turned his head a little and looked into the face which was identical to his own, even down to the frown. The only difference that distinguished them was the jagged scar running across Jaren's shoulder, the result of a run-in with a possessive shifter a couple of years back. "You think she is?"

Jaren looked out over the city skyline, his posture a mirror of his brother's. Then he nodded, a slow movement of his head. He turned, looking straight at Daelas. The need and longing there took his breath away. He'd never realized Jaren was so lonely. He'd thought his troublemaker brother was happy with his lot in life. But the emotion rising off him like the scent of an expensive aftershave told a different story.

"I want her to be. I think I need her to be," he admitted after a long pause, his voice low. "I've had enough of this ... all this. The endless hunting, the searching. Meaningless sex with biddable women. I can't tell what Sage is thinking, what she's going to do next. It's exciting, new. Don't tell me you

don't agree?" he asked as he pushed off from the balcony rail and turned to go back in.

Daelas stood upright, rubbing a hand along his stubble-covered jaw. He did agree. There was no question of it. A couple of times in the night she'd surprised him, made a move neither of them expected, or taken the initiative where they were used to women being more passive, waiting for the next command or prompt. But was it just something new? A woman who they couldn't control? Or was Jaren right and she was their destined soul mate?

"Shit!" The expletive from inside the office was heartfelt and violent, a lifetime's worth of frustration in one small word.

"What?" Daelas turned, taking two short steps to join his brother inside. "What's wrong..." he trailed off, not needing the answer to his question. The office was empty. Their little Fae had done a bunk.

"Shit!" he murmured, echoing Jaren as he rubbed his hand over his bare chest. Inside, around his heart, what felt like a thousand tiny ribbons tightened, robbing him of breath for a moment as the sense of loss surrounded him. Bewildered, his eyes met Jaren's and then flicked down to where the other incubus was doing the exact same thing, his large hand over his own heart. "You feel it too?"

"Yeah." Now, of all times, Jaren returned to his usual, less than eloquent manner. "Convinced now?"

Daelas nodded, a grimace on his face as he strode over to the other side of the office, headed for the small bathroom

and dressing room on the other side. "Get dressed. We need to find her and fast."

* * * *

It had been a long slow Sunday, the sort which Sage liked. She hadn't arrived home from the club until about half past six, avoiding the eyes of the guy from the third floor as he left for his early morning shift. She was convinced he and everyone else knew what she'd been up to all night. Not that it made a blind bit of difference, she told herself. She was an adult, she could do as she liked as long as it wasn't illegal. Pleasure like that should be illegal. She could still feel her body humming with it now, almost twelve hours later. She'd never had such a rush after sex with any guy, and especially not with Marcus.

She uncurled from her small ball on the sofa for a full body stretch that had her tight tee pulling over her bust. She hadn't bothered to get dressed properly. She never did on a Sunday. It was her chill out day. It was the day she didn't bother going out, instead doing her laundry and getting caught up with her reading on the sofa. So this morning she'd just pulled on a faded tee and some yoga pants before going about her usual Sunday routine.

She was just about to get back to her book and dive into the next chapter when the doorbell rang. It was a shrill demand for attention which was unwelcome. No one bothered her on a Sunday. They knew it was her "me time." She opened the book again, determined to ignore the door, but the bell rang again, the shrill note longer than before.

Whoever it was knew she was ignoring it and was leaning on the button. "Oh, for heaven's sake!" she hissed, marking her place in the book before putting it down to head for the door. "Whatever this is, it had better be good," she threatened under her breath, her feet silent on the hall carpet.

She opened the door, her eyes widening when she recognized the tall male figure standing there. Marcus, her former fiancé. The one she'd dumped after finding him in bed with the blonde music student from two doors down. The one who'd claimed it was her fault he had been in bed with another woman in the first place. The one who claimed she was frigid and he'd needed a "real woman."

"What do you want, Marcus? I'm busy," she said, her voice blunt. She didn't open the door fully. She hoped he'd get the hint and leave.

"Sage! I wasn't sure you'd be in. How are you?" He smiled, his over-used, well-oiled charm cranked up to the maximum.

"You knew I'd be in, Marcus. I never go out on a Sunday. What do you want?" she repeated. There had been a time when she'd loved him more than she'd thought it possible to love anyone. Her heart had shattered when she'd found him in bed with Julia, a heartbreak so complete it had been a long, slow road to recovery, putting her broken confidence back together. A process which had been completed last night in the arms of her demon lovers. A fact she didn't realize until now. What the hell had she seen in a jerk like him?

Irritation flashed in his washed-out blue eyes, a slight red rim around the edges. Drink did that to a man. It was no doubt responsible for the slight sagginess around his jowls

and midriff too. "How's Julia?" she asked sarcastically, in a sickeningly sweet voice. "You two getting on well these days?"

"I know what you are," Marcus blurted out, watching her face for a reaction like a hawk.

The bottom dropped out of Sage's stomach. He could have meant a thousand different things but she knew he didn't. He knew. He knew about her Fae blood. Trying hard to hide her shock, she gave him her best blank look. "Bully for you. You've figured out the differences between little girls and little boys. Now, if that was all you wanted, I have things to be doing..." she said, reaching to close the door.

[\[Back to Table of Contents\]](#)

Chapter Six

It had taken a full day to track her down, a fact that weighed heavily on both brothers' shoulders. Now that they'd found their soul mate, the need to claim her, to make her their own, was relentless. It gnawed at the inside of Daelas' chest as he sat in one corner of the cab, watching the streets pass outside with a scowl on his face.

Why had she run like that? If Knuckles hadn't been right behind her and seen which firm the cab she'd gotten into belonged to, they'd have been sunk. Without any idea where she was in the city, or even her last name, it would have been like searching for a needle in a haystack. A very large haystack. A shudder rocked his big, lean body. They'd have been reduced to either combing the city to try and catch her aura, or having to wait until she came to the club again. Something Daelas was sure wasn't going to happen again soon.

The cab slowed and pulled up to the curb. Jaren was out of the door and looking up at the small apartment block before Daelas could utter a word, leaving him to deal with the cabdriver.

"You're sure this is the place you dropped her off?" he asked, his tone of voice warning the driver he'd better not be leading them on a wild goose chase.

The guy flashed him a nervous glance and ducked down, looking at the sign on the side of the building. "Yeah, this is the place. Apartment 4A, she said, if it helps you any..." he

trailed off, holding his hand out. His expression didn't change when Daelas handed him a few bills.

"Apartment 4A," he announced to his brother, pausing as a wave of sickness washed over him. The green look on Jaren's face said he was feeling it too.

"Sage," they declared in unison, and both broke into a sprint for the block doors. The demons sped up the stairs, the sound of their pounding feet loud in the stairwell. Daelas' heart hammered loud in his chest. His stomach coiled in nausea and fear. Next to him Jaren stumbled, a look of pain on his face as he clutched his chest. Instinctively Daelas reached out and hooked a hand under his brother's arm, hauling him to his feet as they ran. The only thing that would affect them both like this was Sage. Something bad was happening to their mate.

Their worst fears were confirmed when they burst onto the fourth floor landing. All but one of the doors were firmly shut—the sort of shut that said the occupants "hadn't seen a thing, officer." There was one open, though. A man shoved someone, a woman, through the open door. Not just someone, Sage. A familiar buzzing settled in his mind.

"Holding out on me, weren't you, you little slut! I know all about Fairies ... all about the dancing naked and the orgies." The sound of his voice, laced with hatred, was interspersed with the sound of a fist hitting flesh and tearing cloth. "I figure you owe me a couple of years' worth of that Fae lovin' you kept back from me, you frigid little bitch!"

The small space crackled with energy as a wave of fury hit the tall, normally sensible, demon businessman and made his

vision turn red. This guy was hurting Sage. Hurting *their* mate. Jaren started forward, murder written on his face, but Daelas stopped him with a hand on his arm. His silver-blue eyes glittered with rage. "Get Sage. This one's all mine."

With a roar Daelas propelled himself across the landing and barreled into the tall figure trying to force Sage back into her apartment. Hard hands dropped onto the human's shoulders, tearing him away from his victim and slamming him into the opposite wall. Incubi weren't known for their combat abilities. They were more lovers than fighters. When the shit hit the fan though, they were still demons, which put them higher in the pecking order than your garden variety *Homo sapiens*.

All the air left the human's lungs in a rush. He didn't have time to respond, or even move, before the demon's fist connected heavily with his jaw. His head snapped to the side and he stumbled, going down on one knee. He shook his head and blinked in surprise, dazed and obviously having trouble working out where the two furious men had come from. "Who the hell are you?"

"Your worst fucking nightmare," Daelas snarled, and reached down for him.

"Daelas, no! He's not worth it!" Sage's panic-stricken voice stopped him, cut through the rage coiled in his body and clouding his vision. He dropped his hands and looked over his shoulder, his silver-blue eyes softening a little.

Sage was wrapped up safe in his brother's arms, his jacket covering her torn clothing. Daelas glanced over her, assuring himself she was okay. She was pale, her large eyes wide and

frightened, but for him, not of him. He sighed and looked back at the human cowering at his feet.

Marcus pushed himself upright, looking from one to the other. "You're some of her Fairy friends, I assume?" he asked, a sneer on his face. "About right, you two are pretty enough to be Fairies. Probably a pair of Fairies doin' each other. I heard you lot are kinky like that."

Daelas snarled and moved like lightning to pin Marcus to the wall by his throat. "Now, as an insult that was poor. As a method of highlighting your prejudice and lack of intelligence, congratulations, it was spot on. To answer your question, I'm the sort of Fairy that does bad things to people who piss me off." He reached out with his mind and slid into Marcus'.

Like with most humans it was easily done, child's play for Daelas and his kind. Most of them learned to read a human mind before they were out of the nursery. By the time they hit puberty most could do so without their subject being aware of it. Daelas didn't bother with stealth though. Marcus struggled in panic as he felt the demon rifle through his mind. Daelas shuddered, feeling sick at the images and dark desires he found in there, all centered around Sage. Christ, he was going to need a month-long bath after being in here. Then he caught something, just the tail end of it, and followed it to its source. His face grim, he tweaked a few "settings" in the human's brain and withdrew.

"Getoffme! What are you doing? What the *fuck*..."

Daelas let him go, watched him sag against the wall.

"What did you do to him?" Sage asked as Marcus whimpered, the sound pathetic as he rubbed at his eyes. He

dropped his hands, and looked at the small group. Panic filled his eyes and with a cry of terror he bolted past them, rebounded off Daelas' shoulder and fled down the stairs.

Daelas chuckled, unholy amusement in his eyes. "Seems our friend there is quite the homophobe. So I replaced your image in all his sick little fantasies with a twenty-five stone prison inmate called Bubba. Now whenever he thinks about you, all he's going to see is Bubba. I don't think you'll have any more trouble with him."

Sage nodded, shivering as she cuddled closer to Jaren. Tears welled in her eyes. She'd never been so glad to see anyone as she had the two brothers. Even though this morning she'd done a runner on them after all the scary "soul mate" talk, she could kiss the ground they walked on at the moment.

"Thank you," she whispered. "He ... he..." She couldn't get any further. The tears welling in her eyes multiplied and spilled down her cheeks.

"Shush, shush," Jaren murmured, his lips soft against her hair. "It's over now. He's gone." He looked up at Daelas and jerked his head toward the door, a silent command to shut it behind them.

Sage wouldn't let him go, clinging to his strength as he tried to settle her on the couch, dragging him down to sit with her. "I'm sorry," she murmured through her tears. "I'm not normally this pathetic. Honest."

Worried about how stupid she looked, she struggled to sit up. Daelas crouched down in front of her. She dashed at the

tears on her cheeks with the back of her hand and took a deep breath. "I feel a little better now."

The comment had been meant for their benefit but Sage was surprised to realize she did feel better. The horrible nausea that had gripped her when Marcus had touched her had faded away. "I felt sick, like really sick," she told them, a small frown appearing between her brows. "I haven't felt that bad since I had appendicitis when I was twelve. And then it didn't go away this quickly."

Daelas smiled a little, nothing more than a quirk of his lips. She'd noticed it last night. He was the more reserved of the two. Except when it came to doing something wicked to her. Sage shivered, a familiar heat coiling low in her belly. Color washed her cheeks. God, what was the matter with her! She'd nearly been assaulted in her own home and now all she could think about was jumping her two saviors. "I'm sick," she murmured. "Really sick."

"You're not ill," Jaren reassured her. His hand smoothed down her back as she sat with her head in her hands, a comforting gesture she appreciated. "Far from it. From what I understand this is quite normal."

Sage's head came up. "What do you mean, normal? I don't know about you demons but I can assure you, for me, that was certainly not normal!" Her voice rose a little on the end of the sentence, a shrill note of frustration and panic. Sage didn't like things she didn't understand, not when it looked like other people knew what was going on and were keeping her out of the loop.

Daelas' fingers under her chin, pulling her around to look at him, silenced her. His silver eyes were understanding and compassionate. Again she felt the weird pull in her chest she'd felt back at the bar and just before they'd shown up to rescue her. Something she'd never felt before but her instincts were telling her was important.

"Something's happening to me, isn't it?" Her whisper was a bare smudge of sound, her eyes worried. "Have I caught some weird sort of demon STD or something?"

The strangled snort from Jaren made her look around as he grinned and shook his head in amusement. For all his bad boy image, he was the one who smiled the easiest. "No, little pixie, we don't carry or contract STDs, but you're right, something has happened to you. You've—"

"—bonded to us." Daelas picked up his brother's sentence seamlessly, searching her eyes for a reaction as she turned.

Shock coursed through Sage and she shook her head. "No, no. We can't have, not already. You said..." she paused, realizing she'd just given herself away.

"You said?" Daelas prompted, obviously trying hard not to push. Both of them gave her the time she needed to come to terms with this.

"I woke up and heard you talking. Something about soul mates, about me being your soul mate. It scared me. I ran. I was afraid you'd haul me off for some sort of demon shotgun wedding," she admitted. She bit her lip, her cheeks flushing a deep red. She'd run out on them and still they'd come to her rescue. In another time and place she might have been concerned they'd managed to track her down but instead she

was thankful. And something else. She was pleased to see them. Deep down an ache in her very core eased just being around them.

The sound of masculine amusement filled her small living room. "Sweetheart, we don't have weddings. We don't need them. When we meet and touch our soul mate, the bonding process starts," Daelas explained, an indulgent look on his face. "As soon as Jaren joined us in the office I'm afraid you were done for. You bonded to us then."

Sage nodded. She felt the truth of his words. Then she blinked, looking at him in surprise. "What, *both* of you?" she queried, not quite believing it. It had been miracle enough that just one of them had fancied her last night, the fact both had was one she was still trying to come to terms with. Now they were telling her there was more? That she got them for good?

"Both of us, for as long as we live." They spoke together, their voices solemn. Sincere.

"Wow, okay. That I didn't expect! But hell, I'm not going to argue."

"And that's not all." Jaren shifted behind her and moved closer. She felt his breath on the side of her neck an instant before his lips touched her skin. The gentle caress opened the flood gates. Deep in her chest, she felt the bond tighten for a second as she accepted it, settling into a more comfortable fit as she smiled at the two brothers. The two incredibly hot brothers she just happened to be bonded to.

Moonlight and Magic
by Mina Carter

"Hmmm?" she asked, tilting her head to the side as Jaren worked his way lower. Daelas' hands smoothed over her thighs, parting them so he could press between them.

"We have lots of stamina," Daelas whispered against her lips. "More than enough to love you every second of every night."

Sage chuckled and pulled him closer. She gave into temptation and kissed him deeply. "Now a claim like that you're going to have to prove. Starting right now..."

[\[Back to Table of Contents\]](#)

Mina Carter

Usually I hate talking about myself. In any conversation I'm always trying to find out about the other person. People are fascinating to me and, yeah, I'm a people watcher. ;)

Okay, me. About me ... I'm short, dark-haired and British. The rest is kinda subject to change without notice. I'm quite possibly nutty (insane) and I'm a bit of a control freak when it comes to organization. Although this doesn't mean I can keep a room tidy, it does mean I know just about where everything is in it!

I love to write, always have. I write primarily romance, which can span over paranormal, urban fantasy, contemporary and even sci-fi but always it's about a romance. So whether it's brooding bad-boy vamps or handsome starship captains, you'll always find a healthy dose of the alpha male in my stories and the women strong enough to tame them.

When I'm not writing, I'm addicted to Photoshop and online rpg's. I virtually live online so the chances of catching me lurking around a forum or two are good as well.

You can read what I get up to daily on my blog (mina-carter.com) or on LiveJournal. Or feel free to contact me at mina@mina-carter.com.