

EXOTIKA

ELLORA'S CAVE

BLACK  
on  
*Blonde*

CHERYL DRAGON



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Black on Blonde

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# ***BLACK ON BLONDE***

**Cheryl Dragon**



## *Dedication*

For Q.

## *Acknowledgements*

Special thanks to Joanna for being a tireless crit partner as I tried something new.

## *Trademarks Acknowledgement*

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## **Chapter One**

I pulled my vintage '68 purple Dodge Charger into the magical veil of protection around the Supernatural Enforcement Agency. Less than a mile from Area 51 on the outskirts of Las Vegas, the SEA was headquarters for supernatural law and order and invisible to humans. To me, Serena Troy, an agent for the Sexual Misconduct Division, it was another day at the office.

Entering the building, I smiled at the same faces I'd seen for eight years. But the job never grew old. There was always something around the corner. There was no limit to the lengths some supernatural beings would go to get their sexual kicks.

My job was to stop them from abusing their supernatural powers for sexual gratification—especially when it came to humans. Sex spells were the most common offense—the humans seemed willing under the spells. The spells left a residue of energy that built up on the members of my division. It resulted in a lot of excess sexual desire that had to be relieved regularly.

On the way to my division's section, I felt eyes on me. Down the hall I could see a very young and attractive man staring at me. Medium height, sandy hair and pale green eyes—I sized him up as a wizard of average skill before I was close enough to read his badge. He rushed up like he knew me.

The new guy pumped my hand. "Agent Troy? It's a real pleasure!"

I mentally pushed him back and his eyes popped open wider.

"Do I know you?" I didn't, but it was a chance for him to explain himself before I did more than push.

"Sorry, no. I'm Josh Quarter. New agent here. I'm a big fan of your work. I forgot you're an organic witch. That's so cool how you pushed me. No wand, no incantations...just your mind. I'd kill to be organic. So much more power."



"Welcome aboard. If you're an agent, then you should know the only way to be organic is for both of your parents to be. Rare—just a roll of the genes." I'd worked a few big cases in my years and some of them had made it into academy text. Hopefully the newbie was over his awe. Being an organic made me odd enough without a fan club. I started back on my original heading.

He followed. "Thanks. I can't wait to work with you."

"With me? You're in the Sexual Misconduct Division?" Maybe the sexual energy residue was rubbing off on him already and that was why he was acting so odd. New agents took a while to adjust. Our division had special quirks.

"Yes. I'm still getting used to the place. Both of my parents are human so I'm not used to being around aliens, changelings, witches, vampires and werewolves."

I stopped and stared at the eager-faced kid all of twenty-two years old. Granted, I was only thirty but I had thirty years of supernatural existence to fall back on. And coming from an organic family, that was a lot of experience. "Your parents are human?"

"Yes." He blushed a bit.

"You mean half human. Or were human and turned to a vampire or werewolf. Right?" I hoped our recruiting wasn't getting this desperate. The Sexual Misconduct Division had a hard time keeping agents, but this? His parents would have the human shame of sex and would've passed that along. And he'd have no prior contact with the residue of sex spells except maybe in the academy.

"No. Still regular old humans. It was a shock when my powers started to appear." He grinned wide.

"I'll bet." I wanted to get free of wide-eyed Josh as soon as possible. He was attractive enough but luckily only senior agents got stuck babysitting the new ones. Whoever got Josh would have their hands full. "I'm sure Xavier will give you a good training agent. Our division is this way."

"I know. I already signed in and was looking around. And I've got the best possible agent for training. I've got you." He beamed.



I froze and studied him. It had to be a joke. I wasn't a senior.

Josh moved closer. "Your eyes. I've heard about organics with the bright violet eyes but I've never seen one in person. You're even better than your description. Seriously sexy blonde. I'm sorry but you know it's true."

"Excuse me a minute." I used my organic powers to turn Josh into a little blue frog and picked him up. "I need to talk to my supervisor."

Teleporting myself into Xavier's office, I slammed the door with my mind. "I'm not babysitting a human spawn new agent—wizard or not."

"Damn." Xavier was the agent in charge of the Sexual Misconduct Division and a vampire who didn't much care for me. I was one of the best and longest lasting agents in the division so he tolerated my mouth.

Organics in general weren't good at taking orders from beings they could kill without moving a muscle. I wasn't comfortable with vampires at all. On the plus side, I could incinerate him at will so it wasn't a problem. Xavier looked like the stereotype. Tall, brooding, dark features and pale skin. Only his red hair ruined the effect.

I dropped the frog in Xavier's glass of water. "What? No senior agent wants him so punish me?"

"That's him? Nice intro, Serena." Xavier glared at me. "Though he did ruin it."

"Ruin what? What were you thinking? He's the product of humans. He doesn't know an alien from an organic except in textbooks. Academy training isn't enough. Not in this division. Forget the shame of sex his parents programmed into him. He'll be unprepared to deal with the sexual release needs of all the residue we're in contact with."

"So you train him. You grew up here. Both of your parents were agents, no one better to show him the ropes." Xavier pushed up the sleeves of his black shirt with the SEA logo sparkling in silver.



"Give him to Drake. He's trainee-free at the moment." Drake was my closest ally in the division, a sexy changeling I'd worked very closely with on numerous cases. He'd been promoted last year.

Xavier shuffled papers on his desk to avoid eye contact. "When Drake made senior, he got a trainee right away. It's only fair you get one too. Congratulations, Senior Agent Troy. You've earned it. Don't make me regret it."

I perked up at the revelation. "I'm promoted? Better pay scale, more freedom and all the pluses?" Xavier was rarely nice to me so I had to be sure.

"Yes. And the responsibility. Josh is yours for six weeks of on-the-job training. Humans raised him so some of the variations will be new to him. However, he was an excellent student at the academy. He worked hard to get this division assignment. I expect you to make him a good agent."

I sat in a guest chair and eased my chunky-heel black shoes onto his desk while watching the swimming frog. "You promoted me just to punish me with him, didn't you?"

Xavier frowned harder than his average sulk. "Please don't start. You've been here long enough. I can't promote more than one agent a year and Drake was senior to you. You both are solid agents. I couldn't keep you a regular agent much longer. Which reminds me, you and Drake will share an office. Josh can take your cube in the agent pit."

"Okay. Any grunt work I can toss the human spawn?" I didn't have a trainee game plan yet. In truth, none of it had registered. I studied my long French-manicured nails. Another perk of being organic was ultra strong hair and nails. I was relatively low maintenance. French manicure, long hair, white T-shirt, jeans and black chunky shoes. I was a creature of habit and my look didn't change.

"Don't use that sort of language. Sets a bad example." Xavier was the worst offender of such language but he was also management. "Drake was on a stakeout last



night. He should be bringing in a group today. See if you can help. It'll be good exposure for your biggest fan."

"It's sickening." I rolled my eyes. "Can't I have another trainee? Any other!"

"No, but no argument on it being sick. That's why I picked you. Best way to ruin the stars in his eyes is for him to see you in action. You're no human, but organics aren't infallible."

"In the human world, I believe that's the Pope. Can I tell him the Pope is an alien?" I gave him a mischievous grin. It wasn't true but Josh would believe me. I had to have some fun.

"Don't play with him too much. He's so gullible it's beneath you."

"Fine. I'll go move my stuff and see if Drake needs help." My promotion was underwhelming but Xavier was that way. I'd celebrate with others. Xavier wasn't one for positive anything. My skills as an organic, my family history at the SEA—to him I was supposed to be good. My bar was always set higher than normal and it was still easy. The hard part was limiting myself to their rules.

I got up to leave and Xavier whistled through his fangs, an annoying habit. But after two hundred and seventeen years, his habits were hard to break.

Turning, I knew what I'd forgotten. Without moving a muscle, I transformed Josh from a tiny blue frog to his normal state—except maybe a bit damper.

"Come on, trainee." I walked out of the office with new authority. Power I'd always had.

\* \* \* \* \*

I left Josh at my old cube and did my promotion paperwork. With my updated badge, I headed back to my former cube where I found Frankie Troy of the Violent Crimes Division talking with Josh. Frankie was a petite redhead, full of pep and freckles. Another organic, she liked her male nickname because people frequently underestimated her due to her appearance. Josh looked at her like she was a goddess.



"Congrats!" Frankie hugged me.

"Thanks. You've met Josh?" I waved at my cube and my personal possessions levitated off the desk and floated toward me.

"New challenge." Frankie smiled.

"I can't believe it. Two organics in one day. The odds. The luck." Josh's enthusiasm had yet to wear off.

"She's my cousin. Those pesky genetics again. I've got to put this stuff away and find Drake. He brought in a case. We'll help out and follow it." I wasn't sure I was ready to supervise anyone but here he was.

Josh fumbled with drawers. "That's great. I'd really like to contribute. I learn best by doing."

"Soon enough. I'll find you when we're ready to get going." I walked away and Frankie followed me.

"An office. Nice!" She was five years younger so a lot of the time she felt like my little sister. Our families were close and we were both only children.

"I swear Xavier only did this to stick me with the trainee from hell."

"Josh is a bit much. And both human parents." Frankie gave me a sympathetic shrug.

"He's telling people that? Great, he's an idiot too. That info won't help anything." I stopped in front of the office that was now mine. The door opened for me and I waved my stuff inside.

"Sharing an office with Drake?" She grinned.

"Xavier probably didn't want to subject anyone else to us. We aren't exactly his favorites."

"You get the job done with a better record than anyone." Frankie's phone flashed a reminder. "Gotta go. Staff meeting."

"Bye." I knew Frankie would spread the word of my promotion.



I walked into the office. Largely bare and functional, the office reflected Drake, who was a changeling and not into material things.

My personal stuff found homes on and in the empty desk. A stress ball that I threw periodically, a few boxes of herbal tea and other essentials went in the desk. Before I could log onto my new computer, the door opened and closed quickly.

Drake stared at me. His chosen form was a tall, muscular African-American a couple years older than me. He didn't bother with hair, which made him in fashion and intimidating to strangers. I wasn't sure exactly how old he really was, but his natural state was a puddle of translucent gel so it didn't matter.

The silence was annoying. "What's wrong?" I asked.

"Nothing. This case is..." He didn't finish his sentence and kept staring at me.

Drake and I had a history of taking out the sexual release on each other when cases got too intense. We refused to give in to any criminal efforts at seduction. All that sexual energy and especially spell residue had to go somewhere. It wasn't unusual in our division. Most people didn't last. The fallout to relationships and personal lives was too big. There was no shame to sex but some supernaturals didn't like to share any more than humans. Drake and I had adapted. We didn't do relationships.

"Is it a critical problem or under control?" I prompted.

"Everyone is in holding rooms. A wizard hexed some girls with a strong spell. Had an orgy going on. Three men, three women." Drake looked me over.

"He couldn't find orgy people without a spell?" I knew there had to be more or he was ugly and poor. This was Vegas.

Drake moved closer, standing next to my chair so I could feel the heat radiating from him. The residue was thick. "It was a control thing. He had them doing anything he wanted. You'll see. I need a hand with the statements."

"You're in luck. I've got an overly excited and very annoying trainee. Xavier is punishing me for something, but I got a promotion out of it. You don't mind sharing the



office, do you?" I could feel the spell residue on him. As powerful as we both were, the sexual energy from a spell didn't just go away. We absorbed it from constant contact and it had to be worked off.

Drake smiled slightly. "It'll make things easier actually. Congratulations." He held out a hand.

In general, Drake didn't go in for human gestures. I played along and took his hand. Quickly the grip tightened. It didn't hurt but he pulled my hand close and looked at my skin. My tan was a contrast to him by quite a few shades but he'd seen me naked—I didn't know what was up with that. "I think you need more than help on the case. What is it?"

He shook his head. Drake still had my hand and pulled me out of my chair.

I used my other hand to wave over his face. Technically I didn't need my hands or anything to use magic. Non-organics used wands and incantations. My parents had taught me to respect other supernatural beings by using my hand in trusted company. It just let them know magic was in progress. "No spell on you but the residue is that strong?"

Drake nodded. "Strongest spell I've ever felt except for you."

The spell energy vibrated off him and onto me. Energy never really disappeared. It changed and I felt the rush. I slid a hand under his yellow shirt. Every inch of him was flawlessly carved. Drake aroused me without the residue but we were always working off the spells to keep our focus. I nipped at his strong jaw and down his neck. The warmth of his skin and the spark of the energy put my mind in a fog. "You're no good to the case like this." Sharing an office with Drake would make work a lot better.

He was staring at my chest. I filled out a C-cup but he was eyeing my blonde hair, which fell over my cleavage as well. Normally he was more direct. He seemed overwhelmed. I took my time, touching his gorgeous chest and inhaling the scent of him. It was a great day already and only getting better. I slid my free hand over his cock, already hard beneath his black jeans.



The touch broke Drake from his haze and he pushed my white T-shirt up over my breasts and pulled my enchanted bra down. The bra gave me perfect support, was black satin and never showed through any tops. The plus was it could be removed only if I allowed it. Drake rarely got vetoed. He was a man I couldn't say no to. My skin tingled at his touch and the cool air of the room.

Drake's hands squeezed my breasts, he watched intently as his fingers toyed and pinched at my pink nipples. I watched him closely. His firm touch made my nipples throb. The wonderful attention had my pussy wet in seconds but I didn't rush. I let the sensation melt through my body as he kissed and sucked my breasts. They were slightly paler than the rest of me and Drake's eyes stared at me.

I enjoyed the pressure of his hands. My nipples stood hard, wanting more as he pressed me back until my legs hit my new desk. I sat back and braced on my hands as my body tingled. Drake pulled my top off and tugged the bra lower and I got more of the feel. He bit down on my nipple and I moaned.

He knew exactly what I liked, what I could take and how far he could go. I rubbed my knee between his legs to encourage him. He was fully hard. It took next to no time for Drake to go from limp to rock-hard. Another changeling perk. I unzipped his jeans and freed his familiar cock.

He stopped and looked down as I stroked him. Grabbing the button of my jeans, he tugged. Unbuttoning the fly, he pushed my jeans down and slid a hand between my legs. I never bothered with underwear and he knew it. His fingers went to my most sensitive spots, spreading my lips until I flexed my hips with need.

I was already wet but still part of my brain was trying to figure out Drake. Usually he was more talkative – with no problem asking for what he wanted. His fingers in my pussy pushed and teased until I needed more. "Tell me what you want." I pulled his shirt off and scratched his hard chest with my nails. He was hairless all over.

Drake grabbed my hands. "Bend over the desk."



I started to argue. Drake normally was into more foreplay but when residue was that thick, the need had to be defused. It was in his eyes. Getting off was all he could think of. I understood that need. That look pushed my need to the next level. Whatever Drake wanted. It was rare that he got this extreme and my pussy tightened in anticipation.

Waving away my shoes and jeans, I turned and slowly bent over my new desk. His hand tangled in my hair as he loosely wrapped it around and around his fingers. Then he moved his hand lower to my neck and over my shoulder and down my back. He used both hands on my hips, pulling me to the right angle before he massaged my ass.

“Yes. Do anything.” My body molded to Drake’s but the waiting for something new made me more eager. My pussy itched for relief but he was in slow motion.

Drake finally slid two fingers deep in my pussy and they grew to stretch me. I groaned at his teasing. My breasts pressed against my desk. He knew exactly how much I could take and I loved a man who could adjust to fit. “Don’t we have a case to get to?” I urged.

One hand sank into my hair and the other held my hip as he pushed his large cock into me. The sensation of fullness and the perfect angle made me moan. “Yes. Hard and fast. I want to see this case of yours. The residue is overwhelming.”

He took my hint and fucked me without reserve, knowing if he ever went too far I’d stop him with a thought. But Drake never went too far. His wide cock filled me again and again and his hand pulled my hair—that move was new. It was so rare I felt at someone’s mercy but with Drake I could let my guard down and enjoy anything. He was one of the few men I trusted and let push me around for fun. As he gave my thick hair an extra tug, I felt my pussy roll in desire.

I looked back and smiled at him. He slid a hand between my legs and tapped my clit with the pads of his fingers. He hit the pattern and pressure that sent pleasure pulsing through my body. Rocking back into his thrusts, I felt the orgasm build as the intense pleasure on my clit spread throughout my whole pussy. I spread my legs as



wide as I could and held on to the desk as I came hard. "Yes Drake, please!" I shouted, grateful that all the rooms were soundproofed. My body shook as the ecstasy flowed through every part of me.

Drake moved both hands to my hips and pushed three more times until he stayed deep and came, muttering something about blonde ass. He leaned over and kissed my neck and hair. The changeling was definitely in an odd mood.

"Better?" My muscles still enjoyed the shock waves as well as the warm strength of him pressed to me.

He nodded against my head. "You'll understand."

"Can't wait." I had no complaints. I loved a good case and if this one had Drake this on edge, I had to see it for myself.



## **Chapter Two**

Drake and I went to the cube area for general agents and found Josh reading old case files in the computer. "Senior Agent Drake, this is my new trainee Josh Quarter."

"A pleasure to meet you. I've read all about you." Josh shook his hand hard.

"Thanks. Welcome. I brought in a case this morning." Drake and I headed to Briefing Room Two. A good-size square table with a large screen on one wall and no windows. It doubled as an interrogation room. There were six of them in our division for when things got busy. All were done in a gleaming white and brightly lit.

We took seats in the briefing room with Josh on our heels and settled in. "What's the rundown?" I asked.

"At first look it's a standard orgy. Three men, all African American. And three women all Caucasian, blonde-haired and blue-eyed. Nothing odd really except one of the women is a witch and one of the men is a wizard."

"That's not illegal." Josh filled the pause.

Drake gave him a punishing glare. "No kidding. We got a tip yesterday that the wizard involved was putting spells on the human women to get them to do whatever was desired. That is illegal."

"You detained them all and lifted the spell? Got the evidence?" I asked.

"Yes. All processed. We've even got a DVD of the orgy. They were recording it." Drake put the silver disc in the machine on the wall but didn't turn it on. "Pretty open-and-shut case. We need to get statements, make sure who knew what and who didn't and issue warnings where appropriate. Humans don't always see what's right in front of them."



Josh cleared his throat. "My parents are both human but once I started having powers they paid more attention."

I rolled my eyes at Drake. "Josh, do me a favor?"

"Anything," he piped up.

"Don't tell anyone your parents are both human. It won't score you any points. Okay?"

"She's right," Drake nodded.

Josh seemed to deflate a bit. "Okay."

"Why don't you get the women's statements? Make sure they understand what happened and that they did nothing wrong but they need to be more careful. All the usual victim procedures. And find out if the witch had any knowledge or if she was just along for the ride." I wanted to give Josh something he could handle but that would keep him out of the direct criminal contact just yet.

"Belinda says she was into it. There was no spell on her. She might be an accomplice," Drake added.

"Think you can handle it?" I asked Josh.

"Absolutely."

"Room One. We'll get you started," Drake informed him.

Josh left. Drake and I followed. The three women were all seated. Two looked scared and embarrassed. I never understood why humans were ashamed of their sexual desires. By suppressing or ignoring the natural need, they frequently ended up doing dangerous things on impulse. Desire eventually won. But protecting humans was my job. These women had been violated.

The third woman, the witch, looked smug. All were blonde with blue eyes and nice bodies. I could see why this particular case had Drake acting so odd in our office. My blonde hair and blue eyes must have just brought all this fun right back up. In front of



humans I changed my eyes to blue. Technically my eyes are violet, the signature of an organic, but that is disturbing to humans.

“Ladies, Agent Quarter is going to take your statements. You’re not being charged with anything so please just tell him everything you know or experienced.” Drake’s eyes dragged over the women.

The women were all attractive. I watched the smug one. She was staring me down shamelessly. She was the witch.

“You got a problem?” I asked her.

“No. Just want to go home, Agent Troy.” She smiled.

“Have we met?” I knew I’d never seen her before but the witch community was close. My reputation preceded me frequently.

“No, I’ve never had the pleasure. But you’re well known.” Her eyes worked over me.

I shook off the tension. This woman was tall and slim with a decent breast-to-hip setup. Long blonde hair. Her features were similar to mine. No wonder Drake wanted me on this case and in the office. “Thanks. Josh, keep me posted.”

He nodded and straightened his tie.

Drake and I both took a deep breath as we left.

“What’s up with that woman?” I asked.

“She’s the witch.”

“No kidding. She’s not even normal for a witch.” I walked back to Room Two and took a seat.

Drake changed the subject. “Is that Josh on something? Suit and tie. Does he think he works at a bank?”

“I think it’s an idealistic phase. We’ll knock it out of him.” I could feel the sexual energy—the residue of the spell and Drake’s desire. Now it was time for work and it was Drake’s case. “So what’s the deal?”



“Just want to review the DVD and make sure it all lines up with the wizard being guilty. He isn’t talking. The DVD has no audio.” Drake pushed play.

*It flickered into a picture and the fun had already started. Three girls, the ones I’d just met clothed and two of whom looked uneasy, were all naked and smiling. Two very dark-skinned black men sat between them on the couch, naked and already aroused. The girls were playing with the men while the men caressed various parts of the women. Until the third man joined them, who presumably had set up the camera because he emerged into view from that direction, nothing serious started.*

“He’s the wizard. Named Doug.” Drake talked about the DVD but was looking at me. I knew we wouldn’t get through this evidence review with our clothes on. The spell residue had been all over the women.

*The third man sat on the arm of the couch next to one of the human women and waved his cock in her face. She leaned over immediately and began sucking his erection.*

The residue had me wet already. The color contrast of the participants on the DVD was arousing and Drake was sexier than any of the three men on the screen. His eyes kept moving back to me and I knew we’d be better off naked. With a wave our clothes were gone and I slid up behind him, running my hands down his sleek back and over his round ass. Then I reached around, pressing my bare front to his hard back. As I fondled his package, he thrust into my palm.

I moved around and knelt in front of him. He’d had things his way this morning. I wanted to take it at my pace now. Taking my time, I tongued his balls and up his shaft. I sucked the pulsing head of his thick cock, toying around the tip until Drake’s hips jerked forward. It was such a turn-on to get him all worked up at my pace. To take the time to enjoy his unique flavor and shape.

*The two other men shared the other human woman – one fucking her mouth and the other exploring her pussy until she squirmed and he fucked her deep. The group seemed comfortable – not forced at all.*



*Belinda knelt between the legs of the girl giving Doug a blowjob. She proceeded to eat the girl's pussy until the girl came, pulling her mouth off Doug's large erection long enough to scream and then hungrily going back to blowing him. Belinda then moved up to help, swallowing his balls while her hands roamed the girl's small breasts. Nothing seemed off limits.*

"Now you see why I was all over you this morning." Drake ran his hand through my hair.

I swept my tongue over the tip and nodded. "This case is stranger than normal. The residue is so much stronger."

"Too bad I can't get you into other girls. Bet you'd like more than one." He thrust into my mouth quicker.

"Never satisfied." I moved my mouth to meet his pattern as I watched the DVD out of the corner of my eye.

Drake grunted and pulled back—jerking his cum onto my breasts. The hot liquid made my nipples strain and my skin tingle. We were just warming up and the DVD felt like it was too.

*On the screen, Doug came and coated the girl's firm breasts. Belinda licked them clean. The human woman started to head for her friend who was still being fucked at either end. But Belinda got her attention and pulled her onto the floor. The woman ate Belinda's pussy while Belinda stared at Doug.*

That's when I knew something was wrong. I caught enough to see what I needed and refocused on Drake. He lifted me onto the table and I stretched out with a view of the DVD. First he licked at my breasts, tasting his own cum and giving my nipples the needed relief of a rougher tongue-lashing. Then he moved down. His tongued swirled in my bellybutton until I gasped.

"Lower," I said. I was wet and ready as his tongue slid between my pussy lips and tapped my inner folds. He turned to my clit and then worked all over my most sensitive areas, drawing it out until I was panting.



*Belinda said something and Doug headed over to the threesome. He took over the oral work for the girl, swallowing his friend's cock and getting hard again in the process. Once Doug's friend came in his mouth, Doug moved behind his other friend who was fucking the girl slowly. Doug spread the man's firm ass cheeks, bending him more and licked his tight asshole. Doug slid his cock in and fucked until all three orgasmed at the same time.*

Drake's tongue circled in my center and I arched for more contact. With increasing pressure, he moved up and manipulated my clit until I bucked. The mix of heat from the DVD and Drake's skilled tongue had me coming in slow rolling shudders. Finally I recovered. Drake kept licking and sucking my cunt until I sat up and pushed him back. My body craved more than a tongue.

*Belinda had orgasmed on the girl's face and was now kissing the girl. Then Belinda looked at the man who had recovered from Doug's blowjob. He came over – lying on his back so the human woman could ride him while Belinda sat on his face. Belinda pulled the bouncing girl down to suck her breasts and she and the girl came before their ride did. They shared blowing him to satisfaction.*

"Still not satisfied?" Drake asked.

I pushed him back into a chair and straddled him. "I need a ride."

He was hard and I needed to be filled, not teased as I watched an all out orgy. Even if this was a witch's manipulation, the sexual haze was overwhelming. I rode his cock fast and hard. Being stretched was the best satisfaction. I needed to get clear of the residue to work this case. I lowered my hips and it felt like I was completely filled. His fingers dug into my hips as we moved together.

*Belinda pulled the other girl from the two men and brought both girls together and took turns eating each pussy – the girls seemed to enjoy themselves – kissing each other and watching her.*

*The men sat on the couch and enjoyed the show while stroking their cocks. It felt orchestrated and yet what man wouldn't do that with a three-way of girls to watch? When the*



*all-girl fun was over, the women moved to suck cock. The humans hooked up and Belinda headed for Doug's erection.*

The tape cut off abruptly and I had to stifle a groan as I climaxed around Drake's hard cock. Being stretched and on top, I'd triggered a hard orgasm. The freedom, the people, the spells. I wanted it and yet knew those humans had no choice. They were under a spell. It was a turn-on that walked the line. But what part of my job didn't walk a line?

My pussy was hot even as I came down from the explosive release. "You watched this live?"

"We didn't want to break it up until we had enough evidence. But they seemed liked they'd go forever." Drake's voice was low.

I climbed off him and waved on our clothes. The case had to be addressed.

Mentally I ran over the telling pieces. Belinda gave me the creeps earlier but now I had a really bad feeling about her.

"The wizard's employed at the airport in one of the stores. No criminal record. Two other men also work there. The two human women are flight attendants. All frequented The Layover Bar. That's where we believe he picked them up."

"And Belinda?" I asked.

"No employment history. No criminal record. Claims to be a friend of the women and when she heard about it, jumped in and offered to do anything."

"And she did. I just don't believe it."

"Believe what?"

"That Doug did it. Good-looking young men all of them. The fetish isn't really that off-the-wall. Odds of them finding a girl or two to willingly play with are very good. Why would he need to control them? And if that's his big turn-on, why not control Belinda as well? She doesn't fit."



"Maybe the other women weren't as into it. The girl-on-girl stuff does turn some women off and men really enjoy it. As you know." Drake's logic was sound.

"I don't buy it. If the women weren't all for it, why would they bring in their friend who is? They don't seem afraid of Belinda. If they didn't want to do anything, why go at all?"

"She might make them feel less self-conscious?" Drake theorized.

"Maybe. I want to talk to these guys." I got out of my chair and we headed for Room Three where the men were being held.

\* \* \* \* \*

I counted to ten and opened the door. There sat the men from the DVD, dressed now and looking annoyed. All twenty-something and attractive. None would have a problem getting women. Two were innocent humans whose story I needed. One was a criminal.

"We didn't do anything." One of the human men started hostilely.

"Relax, we know everyone was consenting. But you do know your buddy here is a wizard?" Drake had his authority style on today. It was always a turn-on. Even though we'd just had sex, the residue all over the men refueled everything in an instant.

I hung back and waited for my time to jump in—enjoying the view of four sexy men.

"Yeah, so?" Doug asked.

Drake turned to the wizard and stared at him for a few minutes. "You going to keep us here all day or tell the truth and let your buddies go home?"

"About what?" Doug scoffed.

"Two of those girls were under a spell. You didn't know?" I kept my voice soft and without judgment.

"How would I know? Belinda found them. Said she had friends who were into it."



I saw no tells of lying. But the spell residue clung to all of them and the stories were a bit off. Which girl they'd picked up first wasn't critical but Drake had guessed wrong. It made more sense this way. "I could put a truth spell on you."

"Go ahead. Yeah, I'd seen those girls at The Layover. I'd seen them in the airport." Doug gave his friends nods. "We all had. But hundreds of people work there. I hit on them but I'm not going to get fired for harassment."

"How do you know Belinda?"

"From around. You know. Witches and wizards, we've got our own circle. She was at The Layover one night and spotted me. Started talking. Took us all home that night." He grinned at his buddies who grinned back.

"Okay. So this time she brought friends. You never suspected they were under a spell?" Drake pressed.

"Why would I? She's totally into anything. I'm telling you, we never asked her to do half the stuff she did. And they're *her* friends. I figured they got together for girls nights and now they wanted some black cock to mix it up. Seriously, you think I'm going to turn that hot ass down?" Doug directed his question to Drake.

"Of course not. I don't blame you at all." I sat on the table, very near to Doug and leaned in. "But a smart wizard who's as skilled as you are would know when a spell is cast. You'd feel the change. See a wand. You didn't feel anything out of the norm with those human women?"

His eyes were on my cleavage, the square-neck T-shirt gave a good glimpse but never slipped too low. "I don't know. I was into it. Had my hands full with other things, you know?"

The other guys laughed.

"And you three, do you regularly hook up with each other?" I asked.

"You liked watching my DVD?" Doug returned.



"I always like to watch men in action but you didn't answer my question. Is that a regular thing or a new thing?"

"What I've done before is none of your damn business, bitch. But she never said a thing to make us do it. It just sort of happened." Doug folded his arms tight.

I ran a hand over each man's face. No spell, but the residue was heavy on the humans. "She didn't say a thing that you remember. She's smart," I admitted.

"What? You mean she did something to us?" One of the human men asked. "I knew it. I couldn't believe I went for guys."

"And she had time to remove the spell from you two before you were taken into custody. She wasn't as fast with the girls or we might not even have a solid case." I turned to Doug. "But I'm guessing this wasn't your first time going with guys."

He refused to meet my eyes.

I slid on the table and sat directly in front of him. "You knew. You knew she'd put a spell on the girls and that'd keep the guys and her happy. You even enjoyed the show a bit. But she'd put a spell on the guys to give you what you wanted. Fair is fair. Unfortunately consent is a big issue with me."

"Can't you just let them go? They're innocent, okay?" Doug inched away from his friends.

"That's nasty, man." One human looked at Doug.

"Come on guys." Drake waved at the two humans to get up. "We'll get you out of here."

"Yeah. Get us out of here." The other walked away stunned.

"Why? Why does it matter? I didn't do the spells, I swear. I'm not that good. I get too into the acts and lose control," Doug said once the other two were gone.

"So you've tried it?" I wasn't letting this guy go either but Belinda was clearly the witch I wanted. Doug had abused his human friends sexually. My job was to stop people like him. But without Belinda he'd never have pulled it off.



Drake returned and nodded.

"Your friends are free. You want to make an official statement now?" I reached to the recorder in the middle of the table and flipped it on.

Fifteen minutes later Drake and I walked out of the room while a staff officer put Doug into a holding cell. He'd be charged as an accomplice. Still worked up and even more so from a stimulating interrogation, I wanted to get Drake alone but had to make a stop.

I tapped on the door of Room One and Josh popped his head out. "I need a minute," I told him.

He emerged, closing the door behind him and holding a pad of paper in front of his pants. I left it alone for now. He'd get the hang of things soon enough. "Okay, you've got the real criminal in there," I told him.

His eyes went big. "I do?"

"Belinda. She lied about the girls bringing her into it—she got them into it. Probably messed with their memories before. Don't let her go." Drake was annoyed at me because it was his case but I knew why he'd missed it. He was into the girls, not suspecting any of them. We all had the occasional blind spot.

"How? What do I say?" Josh looked panicky.

"Tell them you're releasing the human women because they were clearly victims and are ignorant of magic. Tell Belinda you need to hold her for questioning by a senior agent to determine her knowledge of the criminal. It's just routine to get all the info and make sure we get all the spells and violations recorded. Don't let her think she's a suspect." I knew he'd learn these stall tactics eventually but right now we had to let Belinda sit tight for a bit and sweat it out. She'd cave more easily if she was alone and nervous.

"Then what?" he asked.



I looked at Drake with naughty ideas and then back at Josh. "Go to lunch. Let her sit and stew for an hour. Then I'll talk to her."

"Got it." Josh seemed to have his confidence back.

I wasn't in the mood for Josh to walk in on us. "Okay, we have to handle another matter so call my cell if you need me."

"Don't worry about a thing." Josh waved at us.

Drake and I headed back for Room Two. "Is that kid a suck up or what?" I eased onto the table and stretched.

"And new. He's jittery." Drake reset the DVD and pushed play. "But I want to see where you got Belinda in all of this."

"You just want to watch it again. That's a misuse of evidence." I shook a finger at him.

"Like you're not soaking again even after today. I thought you'd crawl in those guys' laps in there."

Drake never got jealous. That was a human issue. He had to be pissed that I figured out his case. "Look, this isn't a big deal. I almost missed it too." I forwarded the tape until Belinda's first act. "The DVD had no audio but their mouths were always moving so we couldn't prove or disprove a spell that way. You have to look at her eye contact. She's the one who gets the girls to go together and before Doug goes over to suck and ride his friend, she gives him a look. Like she's saying it's okay to have them now. I know you don't mind men Drake, but not all human men are flexible. It didn't sound like they were into trying it once the spell wore off."

"I was watching the women for signs of the spell," he admitted.

"Totally logical. But in this case, they could've very well come to the house under the spell already. So there would be no change." I slid off the table and stood behind him as the DVD went back to play mode. "Call it witch's intuition, I had a bad feeling about Belinda. When I got in that room with Doug it grew. His skills aren't that



impressive. Maybe he could've managed one guy or one girl but all of them at the same time under his control and keeping it all so fluid and organized? Belinda's been practicing this. I'll bet she's an old pro at orgy games."

"She was into you." Drake turned.

"She wanted me to release them all right then. It was just an angle. Standard containment will hold her here. Belinda is more than Josh could handle one on one in the field but she's in custody. So relax. You got the bad girl and the humans are all safe. Mission accomplished." I stepped closer and pressed against him. The residue from the men was all over me. "Now I know why you were so intense this morning."

"I thought I got it out of my system." His hand moved to my breasts, molding and squeezing one then the other. "You've always been blonde."

His teasing touch relaxed and aroused me. I undid his fly. "But I've never been in an orgy with you. Not anything like that. The men were into most of it but Belinda was controlling all the humans. She's a very strong but bad witch."

"She's no dominatrix." Drake pulled my shirt off.

"No. I think she likes being in it. Looking like she's servicing the men and other girls but takes whatever she wants, whenever she wants it. Like an interactive sex show." I waved off my bra, jeans and shoes.

Drake pushed me onto the table. "Could be fun if you trusted the person in charge. Give someone a full fantasy." He kissed my breasts until I arched to meet him and then he bit my nipples with his sharp teeth and the pleasure shot down to my pussy. Drake's hands were large and rough.

He shed his pants and climbed on the table. "You could do that. Couldn't you? A powerful organic witch. You could put a spell on the whole agency and have a mass orgy." He took my hand and wrapped it around his hard cock. Then he slid a hand between my legs and teased my wet lips. He circled my clit until I moaned.



I stroked his cock—the warmth and fullness added to my sexual haze. “I could. But why?” I was less patient this time—I wanted release and Drake was getting me hot with the *what-ifs*.

“Power is sexy.” He kneeled over my chest and ran his cock between my breasts. “So is this. The color contrast is irresistible.”

“I don’t need power. I need relief.” I tongued his cock, coaxing the tangy pre-cum from the tip and then pressed my breasts together to urge him on. I wanted to be fucked, not orchestrate an orgy.

“Who would say no to you?” Drake moved forward, sliding his cock down my throat until it was nice and wet.

I felt and teased every ridge and inch. His cock was familiar and delicious. The warmth spread down my body.

When he backed off to slap his wet cock on my breasts, I smiled at his power trip. “Who could say no if I wanted to push things? Exactly. That’s wrong. Lie down.” I sat up and he moved off me.

“Not going fast enough?” he teased.

“After your dominating performance this morning, I just think it’s my turn to do the work. You got the live show but I just had three horny guys with good-size cocks staring me down after I watched them in an orgy. They didn’t need spells but the residue is thick.”

“You want to be in that DVD?” He lay back on the table.

“No,” I corrected. “I have no desire to let Belinda boss me around or fuck me.”

“You want to be her? To be in charge,” he coaxed.

Drake wanted it but I didn’t. We needed to work off this residue so we could get back on the case. I kissed his cock and pressed the reset button on the DVD. I waved a hand and the screen moved to the ceiling. “No.” I wasn’t lying. I’d rather be out of control. The idea of giving up control was a rush. In the back of my mind I’d always



know I could take back control...so it wouldn't be as fun as I fantasized. But no one knew my fantasy.

Drake watched the screen intently. The residue hit him harder than it did me.

"You want all of them." I straddled his cock and eased down. The contrast in color was a turn-on. Drake was beyond dark and I was creamy white. How had I never noticed that before? My hand rested on his chest for balance as my pussy squeezed him.

He smiled. "Yes. And you there too. I'd make you do the girls."

"That's why I won't play those games." I rode him slow, ignoring the burning in my stomach at the idea of actually being under someone else's control. The sexiest agent in Nevada was deep inside me. "People want you to do what you don't want to. It'd turn you on more because I didn't want to do it but you wanted it. You think Doug would get off as good if his buddies were into men?"

"Hell yes. If they try it and like it, it's better." He pressed a hand to my neck and pushed it up so I watched the screen. "I bet the girls liked it too. Belinda's got skills."

"She's a slut," I teased.

"No more than either of us. We just share less." He fucked up to meet me.

I knew it'd been awhile since he'd played on the guy's side. "We have to deal with the spell—that's not slutty. You want the men more." I reached behind me and stroked his balls until he bucked into me hard. I needed hard this time. Clear out my mind and relieve the residue build-up. This case would be a true test. The residue was stronger and thicker than most. Those poor humans weren't even used to it. I knew what to do with Drake.

"You do too. Can't get enough cock, Serena. You need to play with pussy. Variety." He squeezed my breasts hard and thrust up.

I moaned. "No. I do that only for work. This is perfect. More men mean more fun." I bounced harder on him. My body stretched and clung to him.



"Fuck yeah. You'd love to go down on all of those guys while interrogating them and me watching." He grabbed my hair and I felt the thrill of need. He pushed me just right.

The idea of Drake's fantasy made my mouth go dry. I fucked him harder, watching the screen as the men sat on the sofa, cocks in hand. "Yes!" I came hard and kept bouncing to hit my G-spot and keep the orgasm raging as long as possible. "Yes. All of you in the room." I'd like to be interrogated for a change though.

"Yeah. I want to watch Belinda eat you." He grabbed my hips and jacked into me until his cum pumped deep.

The DVD ended and I looked down at him. My white hands pressed to his sweaty dark shoulders. "Dream on." I ground him once more and eased off him. My body was loose and hummed with pleasure.

"You can't resist a good pussy lick," he accused.

I waved my clothes back on and felt clear for a change. "That's not the point. If you tied me down and let someone with skills eat me, of course I'd come. It's not the same thing as wanting that person. I wouldn't turn around and do her. Quit being so girl-on-girl oriented. Or find yourself another girl for that particular entertainment." Even with the residue, I wasn't changing my preferences.

"It's just a suggestion. Broaden your skills. Practice helps you in those undercover cases. As a senior you'll get more now." He pulled on his clothes with a grin.

"How I get my skill practice is my business. No complaints yet. You're just obsessing because you're cock deprived." I ran my fingers through my hair and grabbed the DVD for safekeeping. I liked that Drake pushed my limits but I knew his needs weren't exactly mine. "Let's go check on Josh and Belinda."



## Chapter Three

I found Josh eating a homemade lunch at his desk. Drake and I exchanged a look but didn't say a word. *Human spawn* wouldn't cross my lips around Josh.

"How'd it go?" Drake asked.

"Perfect." Josh put down his sandwich and wiped his mouth before grabbing the file and handing it to me. "Textbook. The human women were under a spell and unsettled. I gave them all of the counseling and health referrals. Released them with a warning as requested. Belinda is still under guard in Room One."

I flipped through the statements. He was an academy-trained automaton if I'd ever met one. Everything by the book. But I felt the reaction on him from the women. Josh was trying hard to keep it under control. "Okay, I'll go talk to her. Finish your lunch."

Drake followed me and Josh followed him.

"I was hoping to sit in on your interrogation techniques." Josh hustled to walk next to me.

"Not this time. Less is more. Just me." I didn't want her to get a leg up on either of the guys, literally or figuratively.

Josh stood in front of the door. "But I'm supposed to be in training."

I fisted a hand on my hip and glared at him. "And this is a lesson. When interviewing criminals, too many agents in the room lets them know it's a bigger issue and they shut up really fast. We don't want that." With a wave of my hand, Josh lifted off the ground and out of my way.

"It's my case." Drake was at my side.

I turned to him. "Do you really want to be alone in a room with me and this woman?"



Drake paused and lifted one side of his mouth. "Absolutely."

"Fine." I turned the doorknob and found one of the human women still looking scared and confused. Textbook my ass!

"Weren't you released?" I asked her.

She shook her head and the florescent lighting reflected in her tears. "No, they said I had to wait. Why? I didn't know anything about spells or witches until today. I just want to go home. We didn't do anything illegal." Her face was bright red.

I stepped closer and waved a hand over her. This wasn't Belinda in disguise. "Hold on a few more minutes and I'll be right with you. There's nothing to be embarrassed about. What's your name?"

"Jessica."

Drake had already stepped out of the room and yanked Josh into Room Two. I followed and closed the door hard. "What the hell is going on?"

"I let the human women go." Josh sat and looked almost as scared as Jessica.

I stood over him. "Then why is one still being held? Where is Belinda?"

"She's in there. You think I didn't know which one was Belinda? She's unbelievably sexy." Josh blushed at his statement.

"So that's where your mind was? She just played you." I slapped the file on the table.

"But how'd Belinda get out?" Drake leaned against the wall and let me discipline my own trainee.

"Hang on." I hit the intercom for security. "Poppi, are you there?"

"Always. What do you need, Senior Agent Troy?" His overuse of my title was Poppi's understated congratulations. Word of my promotion was getting around.

"Thanks but it's still the same old Serena. I need the camera recording of Josh releasing two victims from about an hour ago. Can you feed it to this room?"

"No problem. Coming to you right now."



The screen flickered. There was Josh, the other human woman named Cara and what looked exactly like the Jessica I'd seen in Room One. Josh and the ladies all passed through security without issue.

"Thanks, Poppi." I shut off the intercom.

"See. It's her. Or it was. I don't understand." Josh stared at the screen. "You're sure the woman in the holding cell isn't Belinda?"

"I checked her. She isn't under a spell to change her appearance." I switched the screen to feed from Room One. Jessica sat staring at the walls, tears rolling down her face. "That's not Belinda."

"How?" Josh barely got the word out.

"You let the wrong woman go. Did you scan them for spells before they left?" I pressed.

Josh opened his mouth and shut it. "That's not procedure. We scanned them on the way in. They were monitored the entire time for incantations. Belinda didn't have a wand on her when she was brought in. But she didn't have much on her when she was brought in. How could she have turned herself into Jessica and Jessica into her? For that long? No witch can do that. Transfiguration takes a powerful potion to last more than a short time. And the exit interview took half an hour."

"How did I turn you into a little frog and carry you to Xavier's office this morning?" I shot back.

"Hell." Drake thudded his head against the wall.

"You mean Belinda's an organic?" Josh dropped his head in his hands. "But her eyes were totally blue."

I threw my hands up. The academy hadn't made him a thinker. "I can turn my eyes yellow as the Tweety Bird for years if I want. We don't play by your rules."

"Because they're organic, they're twice as powerful and twice as dangerous." Drake stared at me and then Josh. "You couldn't have known."



"He should've if the academy did their job. Not every organic is on the good side. Most aren't and watch out for them." I was so screwed. The criminal was an organic – and roaming free thanks to my trainee.

"How many have you encountered?" Drake challenged. "None. Just like me. Organics who play on the bad side *don't* get caught. They may be identified but we've never had one in the holding pen before. You can't capture them. Sure as hell can't hold them. Most live on other worlds. Lay off the kid."

I didn't tell Drake I had encountered evil organics in my past. It wasn't relevant to the case. I took a deep breath and did what I was best at. Thinking outside of agency policy. "Okay, so that's true. The agency has never caught an organic. So maybe I'm jumping to conclusions. Maybe she had a potion or someone slipped her a wand?"

"Not likely," Drake added.

"No, but more likely than an organic being caught. Josh, get an all-points bulletin out on Belinda. Anyone finds her, stick with her but don't approach her. If she is an organic, we need to monitor her. But first, release Jessica. She doesn't need any more trauma. After that I want you to watch all the feed from that room or anywhere they went, follow them every second from the time they entered the agency to the time they left. See if there is any clue to a wand, or if she's an organic or possibly a new species of alien."

"Got it." Josh's demeanor was for the first time serious as he left.

I shook my head at Drake. "I know she's organic."

"How?"

"My gut. The way she manipulated everyone. The power of her spell residue. The way there was no audio on their homemade DVD. Who would cut the audio?"

"Why let herself be caught then?" he asked.

"I don't know. Unless she's trying to play with us. Show us our ineffectiveness on organics." People were frequently impressed by organics' power but we had a bad



reputation. Whenever an evil organic got bored and showed off their power – my kind got a bad reputation that lasted for years. Luckily there were very few organics who called Earth home. Those who did played nice for the most part and were known to the supernatural world.

“I need to tell Xavier about this.” Drake walked out of the room.

I followed him. “I’ll go with you. My trainee screwed it up.”

“If she’s really an organic, then we can’t blame him. My case, my problem.”

“Like Xavier will buy that.”

We walked into the boss’ office and got a scowl. “What’s the status?”

Drake ignored me. “We have one in custody. A wizard who we believe had knowledge of the spells and benefited from it. But there is a question as to whether he did them.”

“Question?” Xavier leaned back in his chair and looked at both of us.

“One of the women is a witch and we’re sure she was in on it. However, my trainee held the wrong woman. The witch was released in error.” I didn’t mind taking crap from Xavier because he knew I had more power. This time, though, it was my fault.

“Brilliant. One day with the new rank and you’re already letting your trainee run wild. Letting criminals loose.” Xavier glared at me.

Drake glared back at Xavier. “We felt the wizard was the greater danger to begin with and were reviewing the evidence. It’s my case and I felt Josh was fine to take statements and process the victims.”

“But I told her to help you and Josh is her responsibility. You both screwed up. Now find that witch and figure out if she’s an accomplice, a danger or clueless. Just get her off the streets.”

Part of me knew better than to float the idea but Xavier needed to know what we were up against. “I have a theory.”

“You always do.”



"And I'm usually right," I shot back.

"So?" He folded his meaty arms and watched me. "What's your theory?"

"She's an organic."

"Impossible!" Xavier threw both hands in the air. "No organic would allow themselves to be captured. That's the easy answer from an organic."

"Look, Josh is a by-the-book type. He didn't miss a procedure anywhere. That means it has to be either an alien species we don't know about or an organic we can't control with standard procedure. How else did she slip through security? I'm having him review the tapes and we're going to interrogate the wizard for more info but I'll bet my promotion she's one of those two things."

"Then quit wasting time and go get this under control." Xavier couldn't prove me wrong yet so he had no more use for us in his office.

Drake and I left. Outside, I stepped in front of him. "Don't pull that crap on me again."

"What? It's my case," he defended.

"Yes. And you brought me in willingly. Don't act like I'm still your subordinate. That you have to protect me when we're on a case anymore. I've got the same rank and responsibilities that you do now. And Josh is my problem."

"But it's officially my name on the line. I don't pass off credit or guilt."

Drake and I had started as equals, both agents. Then he got promoted. It put distance in our working relationship because he was more solo and I was still in the trenches. As of today we were back on equal ground and he'd have to get used to it. "This may require an adjustment in our working patterns but you've only got a couple years on me here. Don't get bent out of shape because we're even again. I hate it when changelings get all gelly, pouty and bendy."

"This is why it's rare two seniors are on one case. Undercover is one thing but a case can't have two leaders."



"Think of us as a task force. Because if Belinda's an organic, we're going to need a lot of agent power to keep an eye on her for a while. And if she's a new type of alien, we're in even worse trouble."

Drake lifted an eyebrow. "You're hoping she's an organic?"

"At least I have some experience in organic powers and traits. Unfortunately, or actually fortunately, my family hasn't had an evil offshoot in a generation." I didn't like the idea of an organic without ethics or morals but they were the norm. A lot more organics were on the bad side than the good. Most didn't bother limiting themselves to dull Earth. Humans were too easy to control and kill but it got noticed. Organics weren't permitted as much freedom here as they were on other planets.

"We'll see. Might be something else." Drake usually went with the odds. The odds on both of my options were long shots. I knew it was a slim chance but all the things I'd seen added up to Belinda's being something other than a standard witch.

"I'm going to check on Josh. Can you have Doug brought to Room Two and cue up the homemade DVD? I want to see what he knows. Or does that sound too much like I'm leading?" I headed down the hall, not sure if Drake and I would make the best officemates after all. If Belinda was an organic, however, I was the best person for this case.

\* \* \* \* \*

I walked into Room Two and Doug was sitting in the chair looking annoyed. Drake was leaning against the wall waiting. "We need to talk, Doug." Whatever he knew, I needed to know.

"We already talked." He kept his eyes directed toward the floor.

"Oh no, you left out some critical information. I want to know why there's no audio on this DVD." I pressed play on the screen and Doug watched.

"I don't know why the audio didn't work. Technical glitch."

"You set up the camera?" Drake asked.



"Yeah. It was fine. I didn't do a test on the audio. Not like we were making a porn to sell. It was for fun. Just for us. I had women to get to." His attitude wasn't at all guilty. Just pleased with himself. "Can't blame me, can you?"

"And Belinda was controlling the humans. So did you hear any spells?" I asked.

"No, the girls were probably under before. What do I care?"

I stepped closer to him. "And the men?"

His eyes went from the screen to me. "I didn't hear it but I was probably occupied at the time. Five people are a lot to keep track of. Lots to juggle."

"*Probably* occupied?" I sat on the desk and reclined.

"She said she'd take care of it. I didn't pay attention to what spell she used or whom she did what to when. If you were there, you'd get it."

"I get it. I have no objection to an orgy, just the control spell part of it. Abuse of humans is against the law and you know it. Now I want to know about Belinda. What do you know about her?"

"She's outrageous in bed. She likes it all. Believe me she wanted the orgy to be bigger."

I believed it and moved closer. "Ever see her use a wand?"

"Why should I tell you anything?" His eyes studied my body and went back to the screen.

"Because she got out. She fooled one of our agents and got released. You don't want to be the *only* one who takes the fall for this. Do you? She's the one who did it. You just had an orgy. But if we can't prove it, you'll be the one who is prosecuted."

Drake kept his intimidating distance against the far wall. "Belinda did you a big favor. Are you lying to protect her?"

"What'll you do for me?" Doug looked down at his hard cock straining against his pants. Then he looked at Drake.

"What do you want?" I smiled at Drake. "Him?"



Drake was staring at Doug in return. I could feel the heat in the room and wouldn't mind two cocks in action if one weren't a criminal's. But I wanted a lead on Belinda first. The residue of spells and male lust could wait.

"Both of you are good. I need something. Can't go back to my cell like this." Doug lifted his hips.

"You're not going back until you give us what you know. Ever see Belinda use a wand?" I asked again.

"Nah. She didn't do any magic around me except that one night. But she's way stronger than she lets on."

"Is she an organic?" Drake asked.

Doug looked at the screen. A naked full-frontal shot of Belinda came into view. "Don't know. Never met one before. I thought the purple eyes were weird but how many wizards meet an organic in their whole life? Never thought I'd meet one in a bar."

"You met me when you were being arrested." I stared into his eyes and let mine flip back to violet.

"Damn." He shook his head. "Are all organics hot?"

I ignored his question. "Do you have any idea why she'd let herself be caught and brought in?"

"Nope. Maybe she didn't want you to know she was an organic. I only saw the purple eyes once, really quick, and then she got rid of them. I thought it was a flirty sex thing."

"That's it?" I pouted in my own flirty way. "She didn't give you any idea how often she does this?"

"She let us know she's always looking to hook up. Probably a lot with larger groups."



I slid off the table and leaned against the back of his chair. "What about her place? Where does she live? Where's she from? I'm sure any personal info she gave us is a big lie."

Doug lifted a shoulder to rub against my breast. "She had the bar thing down. Never went to her place. She said she was from around here but I don't know how true it is. I wasn't too big on talking. That witch sounded well-traveled though. Galaxy-wise."

"How's that?" Drake came closer.

"Said she'd tried all species of aliens and combinations and this worked for her but no white guys and no brunette girls. All men black and all girls blonde. Freaky Belinda. I like all types."

"Some people are just full of discrimination. It's so sad. Think she'll come back for you? Look up the other victims?" I pressed against his back. Was Belinda a danger to the humans or was she done with them? My first priority was to make sure the humans stayed safe.

Doug's cock twitched in his pants. "I doubt it. The guys were all freaked when you told them I had them spelled to screw me. The girls were upset when the spell was taken off. More than just not being ashamed. I got the idea that she wants people who don't mind being her fuck toys. They'll do anything without a bad reaction. Maybe some people like being under a spell?"

"Thanks Doug." I turned off the screen. "I know it sucks but you're going back to your cell now."

"You're going to leave me like this?"

"Call Belinda. See if she'll help. Or do it yourself." I walked out of the room with Drake behind me.

"Waste of time," Drake grumbled.



"She's an organic. We know that much. The eyes. No wand. No spell. It's the only answer." I headed for our office and Drake closed the door behind us.

"So she's untouchable?" Drake eased into his desk chair, his erection now visible.

"I think she'll be back for them. The humans at least." I sat on his desk—pussy tingling from the interrogation and the sexual residue the DVD generated. Not to mention being in a room with two hot men. I was weak at times but a stronger-willed witch wouldn't last long in this division. Today was exceptional but I dealt with this kind of stuff all the time on different levels.

"Why?" He set his cock free but didn't make a move. Drake was overly affected. Teasing and in need.

"Shock is temporary. If she knows humans as well as she probably does, she'll try again. Apologize and flatter them. Try to turn them on to what she wants. Or maybe she gets turned on by their shame and upset. That could be why she stuck around here. See what she did to them. Her fetish could be escalating so she's on our radar now. Of course, she might go after fresh humans. We'll have to keep an eye out." I looked at his cock. "Going to share with me or visit Doug's cell?"

He gritted his teeth. "Not fair."

"Ethics are a bitch." I didn't move. He'd have to come after me. Our little disagreement had us both on edge and Drake didn't want to give in but I was stronger. "So I think we should post agents at each of the victims' homes tonight. Odds are she won't return today. Too soon."

"And we pay the victims a visit tomorrow." Drake stood. "It's all we can do with an organic. She's probably a galaxy away by now. And a couple of hours ago we had her here."

"True. But we weren't really holding her. She could leave at any time." I stood and ran a single finger along the underside of his cock. "Too bad Doug is a criminal. I was in the mood for two cocks in that interrogation room. We can't always have what we want."



“Some things we can have. Turn around.” He ignored my teasing.

I turned and waved my pants off. As much as I’d trained myself to function despite the arousal, today I needed to blow off all the residue. It was rebuilding as fast as we could burn it off. The cool air of the room made my warm skin tingle. Every nerve ending was at attention. He pushed me over the desk. His fingers roamed my pussy. The pressure was perfect but he didn’t stay long enough to get me off. Working the wetness up to my ass, he wasn’t wasting time. He clearly needed it. I did too.

I felt his cock press to my pussy lips. Large and wide, he stretched me. I lifted and pressed my hips back to him, eager for the fullness. “Go slow.” I loved the feeling of being stretched and few could do it like a changeling.

Drake slid a thumb into my ass and I rocked back onto it with an encouraging moan. That’s what I wanted. To be pushed to capacity.

“Both?” he asked.

“Please.” I rotated my hips as my pussy twitched in anticipation. Double penetration was a favorite of mine.

He didn’t move. Drake could tease when he felt like it and I fought the desire to beg for more. Slowly I felt another cock grow into my ass. The changeling could modify his body in wonderful ways. In general, I preferred the normal human anatomy but two cocks on one man...it was a work of art. And he could make them as big as I could take. I was tight and on edge. “Yes.”

Drake left the second cock a little short of my full capacity so he could stroke my pussy hard. He went slowly so I felt every inch in both holes stretching me.

The pressure was glorious and I heard myself moaning in a low, constant encouragement. One of his hands slid between my legs to tease my clit as I was stuffed faster and faster by two erections. I lifted and pushed back for more friction. My cunt leaked as he kept hitting my most sensitive spots — pushing me to a frenzied need.



He picked up the pace until I gripped the desk as my pussy ignited into orgasm with full spasms deep in my ass. The waves rolled through me until Drake shuddered behind me and fell back into his chair.

"That was incredible." I didn't move at first, enjoying the tingling and stretched sensation only Drake could give me.

"I need cock," he grumbled.

I took no offense. Drake was clearly affected by the case more than he wanted to admit. "If you can make two cocks, I'm sure you can make one long enough to do your own ass or suck on."

"It's not the same." He zipped his pants.

"True. That wasn't exactly the same as two men either but we can't have everything we want. Maybe you should try Josh? Or any of the many men in the division who'd love to pin you. Or be your fuck toy." I waved on my clothes and stretched.

Drake ignored my suggestion. "Going home?" he asked.

"No. I need to check on Josh and go over the day with him. He needs to start thinking like an agent and not an academy training book." I wanted to go home. Josh would be a handful. But that was part of my new job. "You go home. Tomorrow we've got four victims to visit. Can you pull their info before you leave? We'll go first thing."

Drake nodded. "See you tomorrow."

I left the office and avoided Xavier's office by going the long way around.



## **Chapter Four**

I found Josh poring over the tapes in an interrogation room. "Anything?"

Josh shook his head. "It had to have happened when I left the room. I should've known. Belinda was acting way too subdued. I thought it was because we were going to hold her. Just kick me out of the division now."

"I don't have that authority. Besides, you're my trainee. You get in trouble, then I get in trouble." I sat at the table and picked at a half-eaten pizza. "Did you watch the DVD of the crime? Study it for clues to see what I saw?"

He grabbed a stray piece of pepperoni. "No. I wanted to find my error."

"The only error you made was the same one everyone did. You didn't realize she was an organic in time. No one will blame you for that. However it's not the only thing to learn." I pressed play on the control panel and the screen flickered to life.

We watched in silence. It was now a running movie in my head. The arousing effect was the same every time—spell residue wasn't limited to just people. "Watch Belinda." I moved to sit on the table next to his seat so we had the same angle.

Josh moved his chair closer to the table.

I knew what he was hiding. New agents normally had issues with the arousing effects of residue even if they understood it. But Josh had human parents and I wasn't sure he'd ever had the experience. I pressed pause on the control panel. "You okay?"

"Sure." He cleared his throat. "Fine. Continue."

"No. Stand up."

He shook his head.

Human shame was so annoying! "Why did you request the Sexual Misconduct Division?"



"Because it's the best. It's the most challenging."

"You know why it's such a challenge?"

He blushed. "Self control?"

I fought off a grin, remembering what Drake and I had done that day. "Definitely not. It's the most challenging because the lines are so blurry. Violent crimes are clear-cut. That's why rape and underage victimization all go under that division. It's a violation of human laws as well as ours. Is any of what's on this DVD a violation of human law?"

"Some local ordinances don't allow certain acts," he began.

"But those laws are rare and older than Xavier. You know what I mean. Any human looking at that would say everyone is having a good time. All over eighteen. It might be embarrassing to them but no harm, no drugs—nothing to warrant an arrest."

Josh took a deep breath. "You're right."

"That's why our job is so hard. Because we have to see the abuse of power masked as pleasure. The alien who puts someone in a trance. The witch who casts a spell. Most humans don't even know supernaturals exist on this planet. They aren't on the lookout. There's no anti-vampire mace for women in dark alleys."

Josh finally smiled and I knew I was getting through.

"So it's not weird that..." He looked down at his lap and went a shade redder.

"If you didn't, you'd be weird. For new agents it's always hard to get comfortable with the amount of sexual spell residue we're exposed to. And trying to balance that with the job and the fact that there are victims and criminals involved. It's a challenge."

"How do you handle it?"

"Most agents transfer out in a year or less. Masturbation is a common fall back. But long-timers know that eventually it isn't enough. The residue affects you and has to be worked off. Some cases hit you harder than others. This one seems to be rocking us all pretty hard."



His eyebrow lifted. "You too?"

"Absolutely. In some divisions you get desensitized to the violence or the criminals. But here you need to keep your edge. Stay in touch with it or you'll become ineffective. You never get immune to the residue. And that's a good thing. You can't go undercover and fake it. You might not like everything you do or see but you need to be in touch with that or it'll all be meaningless."

"How do you survive this sort of case? The women were all so sexy. The spell's residue feels so strong. And if I'd seen that DVD before I'd interviewed them..." He looked away.

"Exactly. I didn't exclude you for no good reason. You need to ease into some of this stuff. If you really want to be in this division for the long haul, you'll need to find a friend or two. In the division is best but someone outside can work if they understand. Supernaturals don't have the human shame of sex—so I definitely wouldn't go for a human girlfriend. Find someone you can turn to when things get hard or under your skin too much."

"A fuck buddy." He nodded.

"Good a term as any. Most of us in the division who've made it past one year have one or more of them. And you'll notice we don't have a spouse or probably even a significant other. This division is hell on relationships of a romantic kind."

"I can imagine. So you and Drake?"

I shrugged. "Among others. He's the main one in the division. We've been undercover together. We understand each other."

"Do you really think it's worth it? I mean no romantic relationship. All this stuff coming at you. In the academy people said it was a division of...well it wasn't nice. A lot of people said this stuff wasn't even really a crime. No one gets hurt."

"You saw Jessica when you discharged her. Wasn't she hurt? Upset?"



"She said she went home with Belinda willingly. That the orgy was fine with her. It went further than expected but she might've done it."

"That's the shame talking. No one likes to be fooled. If they tied her up and made her do things she didn't want to, even if she walked into the house knowing it was a group orgy, would that be okay?"

"Of course not."

"A spell is the same. It just masks all the negative reaction and resistance she may or may not have had. It's still a crime because she didn't have a choice."

"We can erase her memory. Make it easier on her," he added.

"Sure. If she wants us to. Most humans refuse that and I don't blame them. They don't understand our world. Why would they trust our methods? Give up their memories?"

"Belinda just didn't seem evil. She's aggressive and confident but she didn't seem cruel. I know criminals don't show their true colors but she was so attractive. And flirty. And friendly when I took their statements."

"You didn't do anything with her. Did you?" I watched him closely.

"No. Not with the constant recording of rooms. I don't think she was into me that way anyway. Just wanted to be set free. Make things easier on her."

What Drake and I had done in Room Two that day was indeed on record somewhere. And would be dutifully erased by security that evening. Rooms were monitored to ensure no contact with criminals but agents had privacy rights too. I wasn't going to share that with Josh though. He needed the basic lessons. "You learned something important today."

"What? How to hide an erection? I learned that in junior high."

"No. Keep your eye on the criminal. Getting turned on by them, the spell residue or going undercover is completely normal. But unless you're undercover, you don't touch



a suspect. You never get anything sexual going with a criminal or a suspect. Got it?" I looked him straight in the eye with my coldest stare.

He swallowed hard. "Yeah. I got it. I'd have jumped in if I could. Belinda is so intensely arousing. But I see it now. That's the line."

"Sometimes it's easier than others but you have to always keep that in mind. Who is the criminal? Beyond that, sometimes things happen with witnesses and others. The residue can overwhelm you. And humans especially don't understand how to deal with it. It's okay to help. Just leave it out of your report. No one cares. We're not humans."

"But undercover?"

"Undercover is different. If they don't know you're an agent, then your role changes. You're gathering evidence. If I had been undercover in this orgy, I'd have had to do whatever Belinda wanted. The point would be that I could testify that she was casting spells. Organic or not, she's breaking the law. Whether I arrest her or a team bursts in, I'm a witness and evidence, not just an agent. If we didn't have this DVD or Doug's testimony, all we'd have was that those two human women were under spells. Was it Doug or Belinda?"

"You and Belinda? Sorry." He seemed stuck in the mental image but shook it off. "We wouldn't have enough to book them if they both accused the other and there was nothing more evidence-wise."

"So undercover becomes critical when it's a private party and surveillance is hard. I've done my share and it's important. But that's the *only* time you can engage in any sort of sexual acts with a criminal or suspect."

"Do you enjoy it?"

I grinned. "Frequently, yes. Sometimes it's something you don't want to do but you have to. So at the time it feels good, you enjoy it. But you have to keep your eye on the crime, the facts and the people around you as well. Protecting humans is a hard job. Supernaturals can get very creative in ways to get what they want."

"This is a complicated division." He exhaled loudly.



"Very. But don't be ashamed of your reactions. Control them in front of criminals and suspects and other divisions. And especially Xavier. He's some weird monk-like creature who thinks we should all suppress our desires. That man is the only one immune to the residue. Or he acts like he is."

"He doesn't know about you and Drake?"

I laughed. "Please. Everyone knows about Drake and me. He knows what the agents do to deal but he doesn't like to see it. Got it?"

"Got it."

"So can we go over the rest of the DVD now?"

Josh pressed play.

\* \* \* \* \*

After going through the entire DVD and replaying key parts, Josh had a better understanding of what the whole picture was.

"Any questions?" I could see his hard-on pulling his pants tight.

"What makes this fetish Belinda's choice? She has so much power—she could have anyone and anything. Like you could." He stared at me with a mix of lust and curiosity.

"Good question, but generally that's hard to determine without an in-depth interview. This may be her fetish of the moment—black men and white women with blonde hair. I suspect control is what she gets off on the most. The fetish could change or might be the same all the time. No way to know yet. You interviewed her." I still sat on the table. "This fetish does something for you?"

"Not exactly. The women, sure. The skin contrast is hot but the women are irresistible." He stared at my chest. "Any recommendations on women in the division who are looking for fuck buddies?"

"I think you'll find a couple of girls seeking you out. You've got the looks for the division. I assume you've got sufficient skills. Stand up." Josh was glowing with the residue. He needed to be released.



Josh's eyes snapped to mine. "I can't ask you to do that."

I frowned at the human reaction he was having. "I'm not your type?"

"No, God. I didn't mean it as an insult. You're just so much more experienced."

"I'm old?" I teased.

"No. I'm not comfortable with this yet. I don't want to make a fool of myself."

"I'm training you. You'll be no good to us tomorrow if you spend all night jerking off to visions of Belinda. You've been around sex spells all day. Now stand up."

I watched as he stood, erection pressing his zipper taut. "Take it out," I said.

His face went red but I couldn't tell if it was from lust or shame. Josh unbuttoned and unzipped, producing a hard cock not quite seven inches long.

I stretched out on my stomach on the table, moving to the edge where he stood. I stroked his balls and he leaned in.

"Stand up straight. No lazy trainee while getting a blowjob." Having a trainee started to look like fun as he stood tall. Strong thighs and a nice ass—I ran my hands all over him.

"Ask me," I prompted.

"What?"

"Ask me to suck your cock." I had to break him of the human shame. And he needed to get more forceful to turn me on. The spell residue wasn't enough for me now.

"You just said you were going to."

"You need to get comfortable with the language. If you're not into dirty talk, I don't care. But you need to be able to say the words without human shame." I looked up at him sternly.

"Suck my cock." Josh never broke eye contact.

I smiled and wrapped my lips around the head of his erection. His warm and plump head twitched against my lips. He groaned on contact and didn't stop for a



second. I worked his cock fast in my mouth. I hadn't gotten a taste of cum all day and I missed it. Sucking his shaft while rolling his sac in my hand, I didn't want to wait long.

Josh couldn't last after all the day's stimulation. He blew his delicious cum into my mouth and gripped the table for support. "Thank you," he said through gritted teeth.

Swallowing every drop, I felt my body tingle at his tangy male essence. Finally, I sat up on the table. "Better?"

"Definitely took the edge off." He sat down and caught his breath.

"Good. I'll see you tomorrow." I started to get up.

"What about you?" he asked.

"I did a lot of time with Drake today." It wasn't a lie. The truth was my pussy was moist and my clit was up for fun but I didn't feel like being naked with my trainee. That seemed like a line that blurred for me.

"So that was a pity blow. You weren't horny at all?"

"I didn't say that. I've just had a good run today. Honestly, I'm not in the mood for hopping on a cock again." I'd been properly stretched. Josh's smaller penis wouldn't get it done.

"I wanted to lick your cunt but if you're not into it..." He zipped his pants.

My pussy creamed at the thought. "That I could go for. I just don't want it to undermine my authority." The last thing I wanted was a rejected trainee who doubted his attractiveness. Confidence was critical. And he was asking for sex – an improvement to his shame problem.

"You're the boss." He patted the table.

A different man would be a nice change. Plus Josh's skills had to be assessed. I sat back and waved off my jeans into a corner. "Let's see what you can do. Eat me quick. My clit needs attention."

Josh grinned harder than when he'd met me that morning and buried his face between my legs. He lapped over every inch and then settled on my directed target.



Josh's hands roamed to my breasts but I didn't free them. The young man needed to focus.

I moaned and relaxed. For the first time today, I had a new firm wet tongue working my folds. Different was exactly what I needed. His technique was good, not expert but better than average for a man that young. My mind flashed to the DVD replay—black rods with blonde hair teasing them. If I weren't an agent would I be one of them? I spread my legs wider as his tongue crept into me. With my sex drive and powers, would I be another Belinda?

Josh's tongue worked my clit with more pressure and I arched in climax. My cum, no doubt mixed with Drake's loads, squirted into Josh's eager mouth. He lapped and sucked at my cunt until I was clean.

Looking down, my fantasy was gone. It was a white man between my legs. But he'd done the job well. "Nice. Now we can both get some sleep."

He stepped back and was obviously hard again.

I grinned and waved my hand. His cock sprang free. Generally I was against magic sex. The fulfillment of sex with magical spells wasn't as much fun. But I'd had enough so Josh wasn't going to get inside me tonight. He needed more than oral.

"Oh my God! What's that?" He stared at his own cock in disbelief as he was pleased.

"You've never magically masturbated?" I couldn't believe it.

"No. It's unbelievable."

"Better than your own hand sometimes." I increased the pressure and pace and watched his face contort with ecstasy. His hands braced on the table as his hips jerked. Josh came with shouts of triumph as his ejaculate disappeared with the spell.

As he caught his breath, he looked for the cum. "What the...?"

"It's gone. Spell gets rid of it too. No messy clean up." I waved my hand and was dressed in a flash. "Good?"



"Great. Thanks."

"Good. See you tomorrow." I blew a kiss at the overhead camera and watched Josh's face drain of color as he registered the fact that it had all been recorded.



## Chapter Five

I arrived the next day and found Josh in early. "I got the recording erased," Josh whispered.

"What recording?" Then I remembered my little lesson from the night before. "Oh. No one cares about that. Josh, if you're going to be in this division, you've got to get over the whole shame thing. Humans are way too easily embarrassed. There's no shame around here when it comes to sex as long as you're getting the job done."

He looked at his desk. "It's different than I expected."

"That's the fun. And the challenge. Drake and I are going to visit the victims this morning. Interview them and see if Belinda has returned, if they're under a secondary spell and that sort of thing. What I need you to do is research her. Any reports about a sexy blonde organic witch. By the time it gets reported, it's usually too late to do anything about organic crimes—they've moved on. But we keep all the records. Let's see if she's new or not."

"So I'm just supposed to do research on her? What about the training?"

"It's all training. We can't go in with a whole team. It'll intimidate the victims. Besides, we need this research. Plus you can keep an eye on the incoming cases, see if any victim fits her methods and call me."

"It's Drake's case. Maybe I should go with him instead?" Josh suggested.

I propped a hip up on his desk and leaned in. "First of all, you're my trainee not his. Second, use your brain Agent Quarter. You saw the DVD of the orgy. Do *you* fit into their fetish?"

He frowned. "No."



"Okay so who do you think will have a better chance of getting them to share? A pair that fits into their fantasy world or one that doesn't?"

"I just want to get out there."

"You will. We did the big part. Rescuing the humans from the spell. Now we need to make sure she's not coming after them again. There's nothing standard about this case. You'll see plenty of action. Don't worry."

He accepted my reasoning without comment and made notes.

"If you need me, call." I headed for my office and found Drake waiting with the files on our victims.

"Ready to go?" Drake asked.

"Absolutely." After a day of being cooped up in the office, I wanted to do some legwork. Checking on humans wasn't much of a challenge but I was hoping for a boring day instead of a confrontation with Belinda.

There was no answer at Charlie Wallace's apartment. Drake and I arrived at the other human male's residence. George Tombrig lived in a duplex in an older part of Las Vegas.

Drake knocked on the door.

"Get lost," a male voice shouted from within.

"Federal agents. We need to talk about your case. Open up." I rang the bell. Our organization was actually international but no reason to cause confusion.

"We're done. Go away."

I tried the door but it was locked. Belinda could be anywhere. She could be in there right now. The man would probably invite her back.

Mentally I unlocked the door and nudged it open without moving a muscle. "We have to verify that Belinda hasn't put a spell on them." I gave Drake the best cover story I could manage.



He shook his head but not at me. Drake's eyes were drawn to the huge television screen. "Damn."

"Aw hell. Get out." George was on the couch facing the television.

"I'm sorry Mr. Tombrig but Belinda escaped and we need to verify—" I stopped as I rounded the large sectional and found Mr. Wallace lying on the couch, his mouth working George's cock as his eyes watched the television. Their first time may have been the orgy but it wasn't their last. A masculine mouth around a hard, wet cock was hard to take my eyes off of. It was a bigger turn-on than the DVD.

"She didn't have to put a spell on us. You think an orgy with hot blonde chicks is something we'd say no to?"

"She turned you on to cock." Drake closed the door behind us.

"Where'd you get the DVD?" I asked.

"The tooth fairy. Can't find the girls anywhere." George looked at me as though I belonged in the orgy. I felt drawn to it. These two men had spells on them yesterday. They'd been removed but I could feel the residue. First I had to deal with the job. Make sure they were safe.

"It doesn't seem to be causing you any suffering. Have you seen Belinda since you were released?" I stepped into the glow of the television.

Charlie reached into his boxers and jacked himself while blowing George's long cock. The scent of arousal hung in the room. Sweaty, hard men were hard to resist.

"He likes you." George winked.

"Seems that he likes you more. Belinda?" I ignored my body's reaction to the show and the residue. Why did two men have to be a turn-on? Two such buff and hard men probably would've denied this act in a bar but they were enjoying each other. Human men called that being on the down-low. The sexual shame of humans had lots of labels I didn't understand.



"Haven't seen our Belinda. We'd like to though. Bring some more girls in for a change. A man needs pussy." George pulled Charlie's head off his cock and stared me down.

I looked at Drake but I knew what his response would be. He never objected to watching me. And with more than one man. I suspected he was getting as hard as I was wet. More so because Drake craved cock almost as much as I did. And I'd seen both of these men in action. They were good. Drake gave me a slight grin but I resisted the challenge a bit longer.

"You're okay with what she made you do?" I looked at the DVD of the orgy. The residue was already working hard on me.

"At first we were pissed. But women can't understand a man's needs totally. We discovered that in the orgy. With Charlie I can be as nasty as I want. It worked out. Belinda was the organizer. Didn't know it was a spell at the time. We all liked it. No complaints."

"But she can't be allowed to control others. If you'd agreed to it beforehand it'd be different." I had nothing against orgies or anyone's personal fetish as long as no one got hurt or was forced. Humans didn't like to talk about sex so they too often ignored the negatives. Suppressing until they snapped and went overboard.

"I'd have said okay if she'd asked." Charlie jacked himself slower and stared at me. "If she told me how good it'd be."

"Me too. Those girls might not have agreed but they never complained. We're good with what happened." George's eyes were on my breasts and drifted to my jeans' zipper.

"How many orgies did you have with Belinda?" Drake stood next to the large couch, watching me, the TV and the men.

"That was the first full one. Belinda came by once with Doug. Three on one was fun. We didn't work her too hard. We didn't take care of each other though. Not that time." George rolled his balls in his hand. "Any more questions?"



“So no communication from Belinda or from Doug?” The residue on the humans had to be intense—it had me now. I had to do something.

“No. Now why don’t you get down here and suck Charlie’s cock? He loves blowjobs and I haven’t done him all day.” George stood and pulled Charlie to sit in his spot. Charlie went along with George without saying a word.

I felt my pussy tighten as it grew wetter at the thought. George didn’t want me to blow him because he wanted something else. More men meant I wasn’t fully in control. I could be but I wouldn’t and new men were less predictable. I wanted them. I could leave—if I weren’t so aroused. If the residue weren’t so thick. These men needed to work it off or they’d be here for days. I looked at Drake and knew we’d have a good morning. These were witnesses and victims who had free will and no criminal responsibility for what happened to them. No regulations against engaging in anything with them.

George moved behind me and cupped my breasts. “Come on. This DVD has to get you worked up too. Naughty blonde like you wants it. Being all bossy. You might as well be Belinda.”

“I’m not going to make anyone do anything. You answered my questions freely.” I felt his cock pressing into the small of my back.

“And we’ll do you freely any way we want since you’re not the bossy type. Being a dirty witch, you could change it. But you won’t.” He pulled my shirt over my head.

“No.” I looked at Drake and Charlie and my nipples went hard beneath my bra. Beautiful black men in front of me and one more pressed behind me. “I won’t.”

“So quit stalling and strip.” George rubbed his cock on my back.

No reason to waste time with three men in a sea of spell residue. We all needed the relief. I waved and my jeans and bra off me and into a pile on the recliner.

Drake’s cock was hard in his pants. He liked me naked but I suspected the outnumbered situation added to the effect. He’d been dying for cock but hadn’t been invited yet.



From behind, George ran his cock between my cheeks and pressed. "Nice breasts. Pretty big and a great rear." He stroked my bare breasts, pinching and rolling the flesh in his hands until I arched back in pleasure. He was bold and an arousing presence.

"Please." Charlie squirmed on the couch.

"Charlie needs it. Suck his cock or you won't get any." George twisted my nipple until I flinched. This man was fearless and it was such a turn-on that I wanted to fuck him now. The humans didn't understand a witch's power, let alone an organic's.

I smiled in amusement. "Threats aren't necessary." I stepped forward and got on my knees between Charlie's legs.

Charlie was a dark bronze color that looked good in my hand. I licked the head of his six inches and he groaned. His cock was thin. He was fully hard and I slowly took it all in and licked his balls. I could feel Drake and George watching me and it made me feel like I was a part of that DVD.

"Not bad." George knelt behind me. His hands grabbed my ass, spanking me a few times. I knew he was testing me to see if I'd object. I sucked Charlie's cock harder and he held my head with a hand wrapped in my hair. It was fun to see what he'd do next. To see how I'd react. How I could please such strong desires.

George fingered my pussy. "Wet little witch. You belonged in that orgy with Belinda." He pressed the tip of his cock to my pussy and slid in slowly.

I moaned against Charlie's cock. George had at least nine inches and I took them all. I pushed back, wanting it. The comparison to Belinda made me feel slightly dirty but I never controlled others or forced them. I looked up at Drake, who had given in and pulled out his cock and stroked it as he watched. He smiled at me as I groaned. The residue was beyond all of our control. I'd rather be pleasing others than in charge when it came to sex. That's exactly how I felt between two such hard and sexy men.

George picked up the pace, no more slow strokes. The sensation of his hard cock pumping into me and another against my mouth pushed me to new heights. I wanted more. Everything all at once.



Charlie looked at Drake and reached out. He wrapped a fist around Drake's thick shaft and tugged until Drake came closer. Without asking, Charlie sucked Drake's cock eagerly. I watched for a few minutes, enjoying the look of pleasure on both of the men's faces and the feel of George's big cock fucking me from behind. I rocked with him. The feel of warm male flesh all around me was intoxicating.

Charlie's hips jerked and I fucked him with my mouth wanting to give him relief—faster until he shot his cum while screaming a string of obscenities against Drake's balls.

Catching my breath, I felt George slow the pace again. "Are you running a marathon back there?" I asked.

"I like watching. Your partner is hot." George reached down and rubbed my clit until I moaned. "You're not complaining, are you?"

"No." I rocked my hips to meet him. As much as I wanted to come, I also wanted to do what they wanted.

Charlie pulled Drake into his seat and lay back on the couch. I'd never shared a blowjob with a man before but Charlie wanted Drake's cock like a drug. We took turns and Charlie deep throat until he gagged. Drake just lifted his hips to fuck deeper.

Everything about Drake was strong, hard and built to tempt. I was mesmerized by Drake's heavy balls and moved lower to suck them as George pushed me toward climax. I wanted him to come first but when he leaned in, pounding with short thrusts as he pinched my nipples, I felt my pussy contract. Surrounded by a testosterone fog, I shook as the waves of climax hit me.

George never stopped fucking me. He worked until I was completely done and trying to suck Drake again. Then he shoved deep into me. "Nice pussy," he said as he pulled his cock out. George sat on the couch and Charlie spun to lick his cock coated with my cum.

"Tired?" Drake asked.

"After one? Please." I crawled into his lap, straddling his legs and rubbing my pussy on his rod.



Drake braced my hips with his hands and moved a thumb to work my clit. It had been neglected and the attention sent my desire level back to high. With Drake in the room I'd never come down—he'd know what button to push next and I wanted him to. I eased down on his very thick erection. The changeling adjusted to fit my shape and I was totally full. My mouth went to Drake's strong neck—licking and biting.

"Fuck me," Drake said.

I lifted and lowered my hips and looked over at George and Charlie. The mix of cock and muscle triggered another rush of pleasure. They were watching. "She can take it all," Charlie mumbled as he sucked George's balls.

"She can take more." Drake's hand moved to my ass.

I moaned, knowing what Drake wanted. He loved the pressure and he'd already sized up Charlie. The idea was pushing my desire to new levels. I leaned in, kissing Drake roughly before I looked at Charlie. "My ass, Charlie. Please."

Charlie moved behind me and licked my ass. I bit Drake's shoulder. This wasn't going to be quick. Charlie eased his hard cock into my tight ass and kept going to the hilt. "She took it all. God I can feel his cock." Charlie was tense in my ass.

I braced onto Drake with the need to climax again. He held me still as I adjusted. The fullness and throbbing in both holes made me want more and I moved my hips. My body pressed to Drake's and felt electrified at the heat. Drake and Charlie both took the hint and started fucking me. The emptiness and then fullness in unison made me gasp, "Yes. More please."

"You like black cock?" George came closer and wagged his half-hard member at me.

"I like it all." I licked the head of his cock and Drake licked his balls. Three black cocks. I felt surrounded and it drove me to fuck harder. Drake picked up the pace to match me. I felt his control slipping as he sucked George's cock fully. I didn't mind—my pussy and ass had my full attention. I felt Drake pump hard and his cum went



deep. Then I focused on Charlie who kept slowly stroking in and out. It was intense. "Harder."

"Not yet." Charlie squeezed my ass.

George pulled his cock away from Drake's mouth and we watched as George went behind Charlie. I felt Charlie tense and heard him grunt in pleasure.

"Getting and giving," Charlie said.

I fought not to come at the added weight in my ass. The two men thrust in unison, adding to the pressure. Drake watched it and worked my clit with his thumb.

"You've never had a fuck like this," he said.

"I love watching you men," I said against his neck.

"You want cock." Charlie upped the pace.

"More." I rocked back to meet them, Drake's cock still in my pussy but with room to spare. He pinched my clit hard and Charlie filled me. I buried my face in Drake's shoulder as I came suddenly. The orgasm hit me hard. "More, more."

Charlie leaned in and came up my ass but George still humped him. Eventually George got up and pulled Charlie back to the couch. Without missing a beat, he pulled Charlie into his lap and worked Charlie's ass.

Drake and I watched until George ejaculated deep in Charlie. "We have to go," I whispered to Drake.

"Had enough black cock today?" he asked.

I wanted to say no. Part of me wanted to stay. "You're coming with me."

Drake helped me stand. I felt worked and alive in the best way. "Thanks for the fun but we've got to check on the other victims for signs of Belinda."

"Bring her back when you do. Two girls mean twice the fun." George watched the TV still playing the orgy.



Drake and I dressed and left. Heading for my apartment, we needed to shower before visiting the other victims. But we'd helped the two men work off some of Belinda's spell residue and we knew they were safe.



## **Chapter Six**

I entered my condo with Drake behind me. "I need to shower." I waved my clothes into the laundry room and headed for the bathroom.

"The agency has showers. You're avoiding Xavier." Drake followed.

"Actually it's Josh I'm not interested in seeing. Besides the witness' apartment is out this way. What's the point in going back to the office? It's out of the way." I ran the water as hot as it'd go. The shower was large with a built-in bench along the long wall. Rarely did I indulge in a bath but I loved long, hot showers.

"True. Mind if I clean up?" Drake took off his shirt.

I rolled my eyes at him. We both knew changelings didn't require a shower. A few minutes in his natural state and he'd be fresh and clean. Drake was still in a mood from the men. I entered the shower.

When I didn't object, he stepped in behind me. "Think the female victims will be able to tell us anything more?" He lathered my back.

"Sounds like Belinda found them and brought them in. Worth a shot." I shampooed and then conditioned my hair and turned to rinse it off.

Drake had slipped into gel form and switched back when I turned.

"If you need a rest, go." I gestured toward the shower door.

"No. Just a momentary recharge. The residue is still working on me. Too many men sucking my energy."

"Yeah, that's what they were sucking." As much as he really got off on men, after an outnumbering like that I knew exactly what he was after.

His hands closed over my wet and soapy breasts. My nipples responded as though they'd been ignored all day. I had a high sex drive but this case was getting me crazed.



Then Drake kissed me. I wanted a slow intimacy but getting attached to Drake was a mistake. He and I would never be anything more than friends. We were too much alike.

Drake played slow and gentle with my breasts. "I didn't get any pussy today."

"I rode you with no complaints." I leaned into his touch. The pace was slow and Drake was up to something.

"I know. I didn't get any ass either but sucked cock." The frustration was clear in his voice.

"Should've jumped in sooner. You're not shy."

Drake tensed. "They seemed a bit picky as to who did what. Didn't want to ruin it for you. They were victims anyway. Their need to deal with the residue should come first." His hand slid down my body and gently spread my pussy.

I inhaled sharply—already aroused and yet that part of me had had a recent workout. My clit demanded attention though. That was the thing about the residue—I could be tired and satisfied—and yet still need more. "Lick me, but be gentle."

He eased me onto the bench and spread my legs. On his knees, he lapped my outer lips gently. The massage I needed after being stretched and fucked. Drake's fingers held my hips as he worked his tongue between the folds, caressing my lower lips with minimal pressure. My whole body relaxed and all the stress faded away. His tongue was skilled and eager for pussy as much as the taste of recent cock.

I opened my legs wider and pressed a hand to the shower wall. The teasing made me wetter but his tongue didn't go near my clit or my core. Moaning, I lifted my hips and he applied a little more pressure as he slowly worked each fold of my pussy. It seemed the slower he went, the more my body wanted.

Unable to wait any longer, I grabbed the back of his head and pulled him up to make contact with my clit. He slowly worked around it and made me squirm for more. I needed his attention. The other men couldn't compare. "Drake, please."



His tongue pressed flat on my clit and lapped until I froze, trembling in the internal release. I felt my fluid build and then gush as my pussy convulsed in ecstasy. "Yes." I mumbled as the waves of my slow but intense orgasm subsided.

"I love it when you come like that." Drake lapped at my pussy but didn't stick his tongue inside me.

"I wish I did that every time." Actually I didn't. If every orgasm was that hard and messy it'd be a lot more fun but also more trouble. I enjoyed all types but this type left me spent for several minutes at least. My guard couldn't be down with every climax.

"Don't move." Drake got the sponge and body wash and cleaned my whole front down to my toes.

I couldn't help but notice his beautiful erection when he stood up. "Looking to score enough points to get in my ass?" I asked.

"No. With girls I prefer pussy. What I want is a blowjob. You're not as good when you have to share yourself with several men." He took the portable showerhead and rinsed my body where I sat. He stood there, cock at the ideal height and I leaned forward. It was a magnificent specimen that made my mouth water.

I toyed with the head, teasingly, gently getting him grunting and thrusting at me. Drake frequently had too much control in sex. He enjoyed it, readily did it but only rarely did he need to take charge. Yesterday morning had been the first time in a long time I'd seen his defenses come down. Now we were going for a record on one case.

Licking my way down the shaft, I sucked each ball, rolling the warm flesh around my tongue and tugging it gently away from his hard body. The heat from us had the shower steamier. I loved the scent of Drake and took my time. His hands gripped my hair and pulled me higher.

"Impatient." I smiled up at him and saw the need in his face. He was watching me closely.

"This case is crazy," he said. "Suck it."



I filed his comment away for later and deep-throated him until I could tease his balls with my tongue. No matter how oversexed I felt, I never got tired of men. Especially Drake. The beauty of their bodies and the raw need of them. Dependably arousing and direct.

"Yes. Swallow me." His hand on my neck set the pace.

I loved the feeling—the power to make him come or not. The desire in him fueled mine. I knew he was probably thinking about the DVD, though not sure whether it was the girls or the guys. But that's what we had always done. We worked out our stuff and helped each other. I was never sure if we really wanted one another or just understood and satisfied each other. But it felt right.

His other hand dug into my hair and held my head still as he fucked my mouth and came. I kissed his cock until he released my hair. Letting him lead freed me of any pressure and I could be in the moment. Too arousing—I wanted it more.

"Got a blonde thing?" I asked.

"Not until today. Yesterday actually. What the hell is up?" He stood under the shower and let it run over him.

"Don't know for sure. Organic spells are stronger. The residue probably is as well."

"Shit. I like pussy—but the blonde thing... You were pretty eager to play with those guys too."

I thought about it. "Sure. Three guys is a fun time but you think it was more because of the color?" I didn't feel any compulsion to fuck every black man I saw. But the itch to join and play orgy had hit me.

"Not exactly. I think you got off on them wanting the blonde girl so much. All that lust pointed at you."

I stood and joined him under the spray. "Maybe. But everyone enjoys being lusted after. You were right there. They wanted you too."

"I know. The spell residue needs to wear off."



"Soon." I turned off the water. "Let's keep working. Visit the women and see where they are. If Belinda is gone it'll wear off without issue."

"That's what has me concerned." Drake handed me a towel as he turned to gel and turned back—dry and dressed.

I toweled off and waved on fresh clothes and a little makeup. My thick hair would dry fast in the Vegas heat. Break time was over. We needed to interview the female victims.

\* \* \* \* \*

I knocked on Cara's door and heard fumbling. Drake raised an eyebrow and we both watched the door carefully.

After a few minutes, I knocked again. A loud groan came from inside. "It's open."

Drake gave me a shrug and I opened the door. I should've known what I'd find on the other side. Belinda's effect on her victims was powerful and not exclusively on the men. Residue spared no one.

Cara Fielding was in a large leather recliner and naked except for an open silk robe. A large black vibrator tapped her pussy as her eyes stayed fixated on the large television. It was playing the orgy DVD.

I stepped next to the recliner. "Ms. Fielding. I'm Agent Troy. We wanted to check on you and ask a few follow-up questions."

"Now?" She seemed oblivious to our presence.

"Yes. We're still trying to locate Belinda. She escaped custody yesterday. Have you seen her?" Drake's eyes were on the naked woman and then the television. I'd never seen him this insatiable.

I did my best to ignore the television. The residue was thick here as well. No escaping it on the victims. "Also we're looking for your friend—Jessica. She isn't answering her phone."

"Haven't seen either one." She pouted. "I'd like to though."



I waved a hand over her to check for spells—it was possible Belinda had been back. “She’s clean.”

“Where did you meet Belinda?” Drake asked.

Cara looked up at me and seemed to register that she wasn’t alone. She flipped the robe to cover half of her and set the toy down but left the television playing. “Sorry. It was at The Layover. I’m a flight attendant. So is Jessica. We told all of this to that young agent. Belinda was there. We went home with her one night. I don’t remember all of it. Jessica and I have always been close.”

“Have you tried to contact any of the men who were in the orgy?” I asked.

She shook her head. “I only knew where one lived, Doug. He’s still locked up. The other two, I didn’t get anything but their first names. But Jessica won’t answer the phone. I’m getting worried. We spend a lot of time together. Is she okay?”

“How did you get a DVD of the orgy?” Drake asked.

“It was waiting for me. I assumed Belinda left it. I wish I had more. Her, Jessica. The guys. Do you know how I can contact them?” Her eyes drifted back to the screen and then to Drake.

“I’m sorry. We can’t release personal information,” I said.

Cara looked at me with the residue pulsing off her. “Can I borrow him for an hour or twenty?” She stood and dropped her robe.

“That’s up to him.” I smiled at Drake but he didn’t notice. His eyes were on the naked blonde. Cara was short with fewer curves than I but she was sexy and aroused. Her pale peach nipples stood hard. Her pussy hair was damp with juices.

Drake’s pants didn’t hide his reaction to her. “I thought you were after Belinda or Jessica.” Drake pointed out.

I could’ve kicked him. He just wanted me with another girl. Part of me blamed the orgy DVD, the residue and Belinda—but he’d loved watching me with girls for years. The residue only made him bolder.



Cara's eyes moved to me. "We can all play. Jessica would join us if I could find her. We were close before Belinda. I miss her."

"Actually I'm strictly into men but thanks." It was a lie only in the technical sense. If the job demanded it, I'd lose a criminal or blow my cover by refusing. I could do girls with the best of them. Other than that, it was cock all the way. That was my official position anyway. I'd been proven wrong by a few women in the academy and occasionally I indulged in that side of things. And if Cara's residue became that bad, I'd help her. I could feel it pulling me.

"We can share Agent Drake. Can't we?" Cara reached for his zipper and found his large cock. Then she leaned up to kiss him long and slow. Her tongue pushed deep into his mouth. Cara's fingers dug into the muscles of his arms.

"Yeah. Serena, share." Drake groaned as Cara got on her knees and sucked his black erection until it glistened.

My pussy was throbbing at the show, in person and on television. I thought the morning had been the end of it. Drake was always a good ride and watching him fuck a girl after all those men was fine – but I wanted to be a part of it on some level. To play – girls were less pressure in general. And I didn't have to do her. Just play a little with Drake. I moved to them. The residue had me. It was winning.

"Okay." I freed Drake of his shirt and he pulled off my top. Releasing my bra, I felt his mouth on my breasts before the bra hit the floor. The contrast hit me again. His dark black mouth on my pink nipples and pale breasts. Cara's pink lips on his hard tool were beautiful. She was soft, where the all-male experience had been a hard endurance pusher. I understood her need – all alone after so many partners.

I waved away my jeans and shoes. My eyes glanced down at Cara, fucking Drake with her mouth and her small pale hands working his large balls. "She could go for hours," I whispered.

Drake lifted his head and kissed me deeply. Then he turned to Cara and pulled her to her feet. He sucked her smaller breasts and got a whole one in his mouth. His fingers



dipped to her wet bush and she groaned. Cara's eyes were on me. I couldn't believe how strong Drake's and Cara's desire was and mine wasn't far behind. We needed to get rid of this case soon.

"You're more than ready," Drake said. "Where do you want it?"

"On the floor. I want to ride you." Cara pointed at the space in front of the television.

Drake lay flat on his back with his cock reaching up. I felt like it was calling to me but I didn't want to ride again today. Watching Cara and Drake was enough. I contemplated stretching out in her recliner and using her vibrator on my clit while watching the DVD and the floorshow. But I was hands-on and this was softer than our morning activity.

Cara straddled Drake's hips, lined him up and sank onto him—taking it all. "Yes. Fuck yes. I love it. Oh, I've missed it." She babbled the mild dirty talk and stared at the television and then at Drake.

He motioned me over. "Sit on my face."

I couldn't resist the offer and eased onto Drake's mouth while facing Cara so I could watch the DVD and her. Drake's tongue worked my wet pussy with a well-tested pattern. His large hands grabbed my breasts and I saw Cara's eyes light up.

"Yes. Eat her pink pussy." Cara rode him harder and then looked at me. "You're so gorgeous."

I was lost in the feel of Drake's mouth and hands. The contrast of black and blonde was nothing to the tongue of a changeling. He was gradually expanding his tongue in me. I leaned back for a better angle and watched as Cara came hard on Drake's cock, her breasts bouncing and her wet pussy meeting his dark body in delicious release.

Drake hadn't come yet but Cara was looking at me now. Watching me as her hands ran over my hips and stomach. I rode Drake's tongue, which was now stretching me. I closed my eyes, trying to focus on the tongue and then I felt another tongue lapping on my clit.



It could've been Drake but I looked and it was Cara eagerly tasting what she could reach. I wanted to push her off but her technique made me lean back to give her more access. The double stimulation pushed me toward orgasm. I held off long enough to let my clit catch up with my pussy in a dual orgasm that left me shaking. My hands were tangled in Cara's short blonde curls.

Cara grinned at me and Drake's tongue cleaned me up. I felt like I wanted it again only slower this time.

"Sorry," Cara licked my nipples and stood up. "I couldn't resist it."

"It's okay. Serena's not as anti-girl as she claims." Drake moved out from under me. His cock still hard. "Finish me off. I think you've had enough."

Cara watched me as she blew Drake, stunned and exhilarated at the day's events. I dressed and produced a contact card out of thin air. I watched as they finished slowly. "If you have any more info or contact with Belinda, call me."

"Okay. Thanks. And please let me know if you hear from Jessica. I'm really worried." She started the DVD over and got back in her recliner.

Drake dressed and we left. Jessica had to be out there somewhere. But since Cara hadn't seen her friend I had a bad feeling about it. The girls were close and I doubted finding Jessica would prove a fun sexual release like the others.



## **Chapter Seven**

We'd had zero luck with Jessica. No one had seen her since the day before yesterday. Not her co-workers, her neighbors or any of her friends. Her apartment was untouched. After a day of visiting the victims, Drake and I returned to the office where Josh studied his computer. Pictures of women flashed on the screen.

"Any luck?" I asked.

"No. I checked all reports of organics and none matched Belinda. Not even close. I did all the research I could with what we have. Didn't take long. Then I thought I'd check all the visuals we have on file matching her description. No luck."

"Figures. Belinda is too smart to get caught. The only reason she allowed herself to be brought in was because she wasn't a suspect. Probably thought it'd be a fun adventure." Drake paced the open area.

I knew that pace. Drake hated dead-ends and that's what we were on the trail of. "Josh. I want you to list Jessica as missing. We couldn't find her and the agent who watched her place reported nothing overnight. Then why don't you order up some sandwiches and fries for dinner. Later I'm going to hit the bar where our victims met with Belinda. But first I need a word with Drake."

"Okay." Josh didn't seem thrilled to be left out but this wasn't a conversation for underling ears.

Drake glared at me but followed to our office. "We've got nothing."

I flopped into my desk chair. "I'll admit it doesn't look great but we have to try the bar. If Belinda has Jessica and is looking for more humans, then we have to find them."

"Even if someone saw her before, she's got to be long gone now. She'll know we have Doug. We both know she'll never go back to the same bar. That organic is in another galaxy or dimension with Jessica by now."



"Probably but there are other bars to try. Don't come if you don't want to but I'm not letting her get away with a human sex slave. I've got to try." Maybe it was the organic thing but I didn't like the idea of everyone treating us as untouchables. We weren't free to do anything and everything...just hard to catch. Jessica needed help. Needed to be free.

"You think she wants humans that badly for her little game?"

"From what we heard today and the evidence on the DVD, absolutely. She might leave for now but she'll be back for humans. Plus she's got this god-complex because she thinks we can't catch her."

"You can't." Xavier stood in the doorway.

Both our heads turned toward the door. He slipped in and closed it.

"I found a couple of reports from our offices in Europe. No mention of an organic, but reports of humans going missing for a week or so and then returning with lost memories or missed time periods completely. Blonde-haired women, black men. They were filed under possible alien abductions."

"So if no one cooperates with her seduction, she just takes them and gives them back later. Blows away the memory." I leaned back in my chair a bit relieved they weren't lifelong abductions but there could be more humans in jeopardy.

"Where's she taking them?" Drake asked.

"Probably some planet that doesn't allow extradition to ours. She could have a whole group there now." Xavier pointed to my computer. "I sent you the files. Get that human you listed as missing back."

"How the hell do you catch an organic?" Drake muttered.

Xavier shrugged. "Don't know. No one has ever done it. See what you can find. I don't care if you catch the organic but get the human. Whatever it takes."

I pulled up the file on my computer and saw the faces of the people who'd had their memories erased and were believed to have been violated by Belinda. "If she's hanging



around looking for more people to take, I want her to know we're watching." I wanted to suggest I could bring her down. Part of me wanted to believe I was that strong. But there was no way to know how powerful she was.

Defeating her wasn't my job. Getting Jessica back was. In theory, we should be evenly matched, but that didn't mean I'd fight anywhere near as dirty as she would. I needed a better idea of what I was up against. I had to fight smart to save the human.

"Fine. Just don't forget the human is the priority. Don't get yourself killed over an organic." That was as warm and fuzzy as Xavier got.

"Thanks." Xavier left and I turned off my computer. "Up for the bars tonight?"

Drake rolled his eyes. "It's too early. Go eat dinner and we'll go in an hour or so."

"Prime time in the bars. Fun!" I personally hated bars. There was one I frequented only when I needed to drink a bit and not feel on the job. I never drank alone and Nina's was the only bar where my purple eyes didn't raise any eyebrows and people kept to themselves.

Drake eased into his gel form to recharge as I headed for Josh's desk. My trainee had ordered a variety and I grabbed an Italian beef and a big bag of fries. The division fridge still held my bottle of ketchup. I eased a chair up to Josh's desk and spread out my food. "Xavier had a lead."

"Really? I checked everything."

"Memory loss or lost time that was mistaken as alien abduction? Xavier's a piece of work but he's been at this for over a century." I bit into my sandwich and felt instantly better.

"Wouldn't the local offices know it wasn't an alien abduction?" Josh chewed a fry.

"Not necessarily. Some alien races still do that. Not many, now that we have contact and treaties with most. But there's always a new one on the next planet who might try it. An organic is the last thing on their mind after vampire, werewolves and boring old accidents." I dunked a fry in ketchup.



"Is it hard?" he asked.

"What?" I jumped up and grabbed a stack of napkins off the fridge.

"Being organic." He polished off his ham and cheese sandwich then grabbed a cheese steak one. The kid could eat. I liked that in a man.

"I don't know. Never been anything else. My whole family is, so it's what I know." I didn't get that question often. Most people just feared me when they found out. Sort of like I was the Grim Reaper.

"But don't people act weird?"

I shrugged. "Sure. But I'm used to it. Statistically organics are very rare and we all fear the unknown. Plus some organics, like Belinda, give us a bad name." I took another bite.

"Have you met evil organics? That's all we really hear about in the academy."

I dunked another fry. "Not since I was little. My dad's aunt went bad. I remember her when she was good. Playing with me, giving Frankie and me rides around the world on full-moon nights. Then this vampire dumped her. It was a real messy breakup. She was hurt and furious. My mom tried to reason with her but she wanted revenge."

"Did she set him on fire and burn him to death slowly?" Josh was intrigued.

I inhaled a few more fries and wiped my fingers. "No. My parents saw what was coming and put him into protective custody. Dad's aunt sort of fell out of the family gatherings after that. Want some water?" I grabbed two bottles from the fridge.

He took one. "Thanks. So she never got her revenge. Where did she go? Did she go back to being good?"

"I didn't say she never got her revenge. One night the vampire boyfriend got tired of being stuck in our house with witches who wouldn't let him have anything but butcher-shop blood. Even though my parents were the only thing between him and torture. So he left. Once he left the house, he was out of my parents' protection and



wham. My aunt had a spell on him so fast...he was her evil little love slave from then on."

"Did she do anything to your family for trying to protect him?" Josh wolfed down a handful of fries.

I finished my sandwich and leaned back. "Actually yes. She couldn't really get my parents. They were a team and she couldn't overpower them both by herself. But I was just a kid. My powers were very unpredictable. Organic kids can be dangerous because it's hard to control and she was stronger."

"She did something to you?"

"Not her exactly. The vampire had already been in our house so he could come and go. One night he sneaked back in and tried to take me."

"Take you? Like make you a vampire?" Josh dropped half of his sandwich on the desk.

"No. That'd be to *turn me*. Aunt Maureen never had any children and she didn't want anything but an organic child. The plan was to take me to a far away galaxy so my parents would never find us. Make me her evil heir. She wasn't very pretty so no organic wizards wanted to reproduce with Aunt Maureen." I finished off my fries and water.

"That's terrible."

The shock on Josh's face made me laugh. "She didn't succeed. I'm still good."

"Right. Wait a minute. Reproduce? You mean no one wanted to marry her?" Josh asked.

"No. They definitely didn't want to marry her. But a lot of organics don't want non-organic kids. It's a thing not to create lower-powered beings. It's a huge drop in power. So some male and female organics reproduce with each other so they can marry whoever they want but still have organic offspring. They work out some sort of deal



and each of them get a kid and they go their separate ways. My parents weren't into that."

"An organic couple. That's even more rare than one organic."

"I know. I was the weird kid in school."

"So how did your parents save you from the vampire?" he asked.

I wasn't going into my vampire trauma now. That was the personal line. "Story time is over. Now it's bar time." Sweeping my garbage into the can at the edge of the desk, I stood up and saw Drake coming down the hall.

"I can go?" Josh perked up.

"Sure. Just don't look obvious. Talk to people. Ask about Belinda and Jessica. Don't make it intense or weird." I looked him over. "And lose the tie."

Josh left his tie and jacket in the office.

To avoid looking like a group, we drove separately to The Layover bar near the Vegas airport. We each had a digital picture of her on our cell phones, hoping we could get someone to confirm seeing her. Bustling twenty-four hours a day and seven days a week like everything else in the city, the bar was packed by ten at night.

Josh took one side, Drake drifted the opposite way and I headed for the bar. I turned my eyes blue to avoid any special attention. After two hours of small talk and working different groups, we rendezvoused in the parking lot.

"So?" I leaned against my purple classic.

"That's a great car!" Josh ran a hand over the hood.

"Thanks. What about Belinda?"

Drake rolled his eyes at me. "Nothing. Plenty of blondes but no one pushing our fetish. No one recognized the picture."

"Same here. Everyone wanted to know who she was but no one knew." Josh slid his phone in his pants pocket.



"I got the same. I'm guessing she put a memory spell on anyone who saw her but didn't go for it so they'd forget her."

"Now what?" Josh asked.

"Go home." Drake started to walk away.

"No, come on." Josh looked disappointed.

"He's right. We'll keep a look out for Jessica but Belinda could be galaxies away with her. We're not giving up the case but it's not always over in a day." Maybe for Drake it was over today but I couldn't walk away. I had one more bar to try to then I'd have to dial it back to monitoring for any new Belinda-like activity. I wasn't giving up on finding Jessica.

"Okay. See you tomorrow." Josh climbed into his Corolla and drove off. Drake sped away too in his latest foreign sports car.

I slid into my car and headed for Nina's bar.

\* \* \* \* \*

I parked outside of the Area 50 bar where I was known and not bothered. The irony of the name wasn't lost on tourists who frequently took a picture of the battered sign. But the old building didn't draw in much of a crowd except the local loyal misfits—all supernaturals. Like all supernatural-only haunts, it had a spell around it to make it unappealing to humans. Even if they wanted to they couldn't enter.

The door opened and a couple of wizards swung wands at each other while a lovely Dacwa female smiled at them. Dacwa was a planet of nice enough humanoids who had plenty of war. In their natural state they had aqua-colored skin and red eyes. But their race had the talent of altering their external features so they mixed with humans without much commotion. War refugees lived among humans contently. Apparently this one inspired some action.

I walked to the door, avoiding the duel and smiled at her. "Men."



She threw her head back and laughed in a high cackle. "They think they'll decide the winner. Fools."

"That's pretty much how they work. Have them both. Anything else interesting going on tonight?"

She shook her head. "Dull." Then her red eyes fixed on mine.

"Something wrong?"

"No. But this bar might not be big enough for two organics." She laughed again. "I used a human cliché. Yes?"

"Yes, you nailed it." I walked into the bar before she made another joke.

Frankie didn't normally come to Area 50 except when I dragged her, and never on a weeknight. But I could use the company. I scanned the room but didn't find her. Or any other organic I knew. This had potential.

At the bar was Nina, an old friend of sorts. She'd been at the academy with me but washed out because of her hot temper. "Hear you've got another organic around." I slid onto a barstool. A quick scan of the room told me Belinda wasn't anywhere obvious. Even if she'd changed her form, I'd feel her power.

"Says who?" She leaned on the bar and smiled at me. "What's your pleasure?"

Nina flirted with everything and I ignored her every time. Not that I wasn't special, but our history was complicated. "I'm looking for an organic. An evil one. She's blonde, five foot ten inches and goes by the name Belinda."

"Sorry, organic goddess, you're the only sexy purple-eyed creature here tonight. Naughty or nice. But I'll bet you can be both." Of Mexican heritage, Nina had the looks of a southwest beauty and the powers of a highly trained witch. Not a match for me but if she'd held her temper, she'd have made a great agent. Nina was one of the few women I considered a friend and the only one outside the agency I trusted.

"The Dacwa chick outside said different. Sure your radar's not off tonight?" I leaned on the bar, playing the game just enough to make her give.



Her eyes scanned side to side. "I honestly didn't see any purple eyes. But there was a tall blonde who made all heads turn. Lots of power coming off her. Don't know where she went."

"Please, you never miss a thing that happens in your bar." I'd known her ten years and she still had to play the game every time. Nina was a tease but I considered her my closest friend.

"Honest. Last time I saw her she went into the ladies' room. Haven't seen her since. She probably slipped out the door for home when I was busy. But you're welcome to do a full search. My office has some very suspicious items in it." She winked.

"Thanks. I'll just check out the ladies' room first." I stepped back from the bar and headed down the dark hall. It ended in a T-shape with a door for women on the left and one for men on the right, which were announced in several languages. Nina wasn't Belinda's type so my friend was safe—I hoped.

I eased the door open and checked for feet under the stalls. Empty. "Damn."

"Looking for someone?" Belinda appeared, leaning against the wall near the window.

"That was a nice trick you pulled, escaping." I folded my arms across my chest and surveyed her. The same sexy blonde who had been in my holding cell was no longer a prisoner or even playing the part. Now she revealed her purple eyes and wore skintight red leather pants and a matching tight top that displayed her flat stomach and belly button with a purple crystal piercing.

"That was nothing. I didn't figure anyone would even catch on to me. I thought I'd play it out and go home with the girls. You figured it out, didn't you?" She stared at me with the same intensity that Nina did. But Belinda made me uncomfortable with it.

I knew Belinda was serious about her flexibility but I didn't bend to her like I had to the men or even Cara. The residue didn't trump the evil. But I really needed a new guy in my life. "Takes one to know one—organic that is. What are you doing?"



“Just having some fun.” She strutted around me in a dominating circle. “It’s not a crime to play with humans. They have more random sex and cheat on each other all the time. It’s not like I’m using them and not letting them get off.”

I let her show off her assets but I was focused on her sensation of power. Belinda was strong but it felt even to me. We were about the same age. She was probably a bit younger. “If the humans aren’t willing to be played with, it is a crime. You’ve been all over the world. Taking people against their will. Screwing them and then messing with their memories.”

“You are good.” Belinda stopped and surveyed me. “And you’re built just right. You’d be a wonderful addition.”

“Try it,” I dared her.

“No. You I’d want to be willing and submit to my control at all times. Of course you won’t let yourself go. I can see it.”

“See what?”

“Goody-goody agent. Self control in place. Capturing other supernaturals who are just doing what their powers allow them to. You want to restrain us. We didn’t ask to be organic, Serena. We were born this way. It’s a glorious gift to enjoy. And there are so many planets that let you. Earth is a hole of fear and repression.”

“So leave. Our planet, our rules. We don’t allow you to take our citizens and drop them back days later with their memories erased. No more. Your fun is over.”

“Please. I can’t help my taste. I’ve tried them all. And humans are it. Not that wizards and witches aren’t as good as humans, but they tend to like to keep their control. Just not as fun that way.” She pouted.

“Where do you take them?” I asked.

“Why? So you can follow us? You can’t. We won’t allow you in.”

“Then what’s the harm in telling me?”



"If I tell you all my secrets then I'll be boring. You had those lesser beings out trying to find me at that pathetic bar. What a joke! They'd join me before they'd arrest me. They're too weak. And before that you were doing exactly what I'd done all day. With my humans!" Her voice developed an edge.

She'd been watching us. I should've guessed, but at the time never felt anything odd. Belinda was good. "Not *exactly* what you did. I didn't control any of them. That's the point. You don't have to put a spell on them. Plenty of people are into way weirder things than that. Work a bit harder to find your humans and you'll be within the law. Then I'll leave you alone. Humans aren't possessions. Give Jessica back and leave."

"How dull. You're the only one worth playing with on this little rock."

"I'm hardly the only organic." She was trying to make me feel special. To draw me in. I wasn't playing.

"The only one worth my time. More of a challenge but we'd be so much better as allies. You'd have fun. I promise. I already saw that you like the males I like. And with a little practice, I'm sure you'll enjoy it all. I'd play in all of your fantasies." She stepped in close and rested her arm over my shoulder.

"I'd rather do Nina." I grabbed her arm and rubbed a tracking spell along it as I threw it off in disgust.

"Maybe if you're very good, I'll let you have her as a bonus," Belinda whispered in my ear. "Your own personal sex slave. She'd be willing. As long as you didn't upset me, I wouldn't kill her."

"That wasn't a request." My skin crawled at the thought of me or any of my friends being her toys to play with or hurt. Belinda had the looks and attitude. No doubt men would flock and women of the right mindset would gravitate to her. But they had no idea what they were truly in for. I had to protect my friends and rescue Jessica—somehow. Belinda wanted me to go evil, join her. Not a twist that helped me but it was an opening.



Unfortunately that was the thing I feared most and pushed it away. Return the human—that was the only goal. “Stay away from my friends or I’ll destroy you.”

“Are agents allowed to assassinate? I don’t think so.” She wagged a finger in my face. “Besides, I’ve watched you. I can’t defeat you. You’re too strong. But so am I. You can’t destroy me. I’m afraid it’d be a draw. Not that I’m giving up. I’ll win you over to my side because I understand you. Once you let that power loose you’ll never be so boring again. Wanting to save humans. They’re like rats. Don’t waste your gifts.” I grabbed for her neck and began to pour in a binding spell to keep her in the immediate area. But she transfigured into a cat and hopped into the wall of the bathroom, which had spun into a blinding silverfish-blue portal and then returned to normal.

“Damn, damn, damn!” I cracked every mirror in the bathroom with a wave.

Nina entered. “Okay, what’s going on? You all right, babe?”

“I’m fine. Sorry.” I waved the mirrors back to right. “Damn witch. That organic is following me. She’s out to turn me.”

“Belinda was in here?” Nina moved closer and checked the room.

“She planned the whole thing. There was even a portal set up here before I came in. That was her escape route. Now what?” I was exhausted. My energy was drained and my ego bruised. Talk about a rough day!

Nina put an arm around my shoulders. Compared to Belinda she had a wonderfully positive energy. “You’ll come out of this bathroom and have a drink. Wherever she went, you’re not going to follow her tonight. Get some strength back and we’ll try to shut down that portal. Could be bad for business. Then we’ll work on a plan to get your human back from her. It sounds like this Belinda is a real problem. Clearly she’s interested in you.”

“Thanks.” I pulled a dull gem out of my jeans pocket. It was lifeless until the tracking spell I put on Belinda registered she was on Earth again. “I’m counting on it.”



## **Chapter Eight**

The next morning, I sat in Xavier's office and recounted my trip to Nina's bar. Josh sat nervously in the chair next to me while Drake held up the wall as usual.

"You found her at Area 50?" Drake frowned at me.

Josh held up a hand like student. "Isn't it Area 51?"

I rolled my eyes at Xavier. "Area 51 is what the humans built to deal with supernaturals. Area 50 is a bar started by a friend of mine from the academy that caters to the supernaturals. She thinks the name is funny."

"I don't care if you found her at Disneyland. You didn't catch her!" Xavier's fist connected with his desk.

Josh jumped but Drake and I were unfazed. We'd seen his tantrums before.

I stabbed the air. "You're the one who said an organic couldn't be caught." If he belittled me in front of my trainee, he'd hear about it.

"But you had her. You're smart. You're organic. Why couldn't you at least keep her on this planet? Follow her to get the human back. We have one missing yet. Where's the human?"

"Portal. She had one set up in the ladies' room. The real news is I'm certain she has Jessica on the other side of that portal."

Drake shifted his stance. "You didn't go through?"

"Couldn't. She's had it for a while and has it sealed so only she or someone she allows can go through."

"I thought she'd want you to go with her." Josh looked at Xavier with the fear of getting his head bit off.



I leaned back in my chair and stared at the ceiling. Never before had I failed because of power issues. "On her terms. We're an even match. And I mean even. She tried to get me through it while I tried to bind her to this planet. We canceled each other out when it comes to power. Once she was gone I rested a bit and tried to push through the portal but there was no way. We'll have to get her to bring Jessica to this side."

Xavier slammed a drawer in his desk and fumbled to open a pack of mints. "Without knowing where the portal leads you shouldn't have even tried to get through. Could be some hell dimension that'll rip you to shreds unless you're in the right form. You don't know what is on the other side."

Xavier changed his tune to suit the situation. Another annoying habit. This time he was right. Even with Jessica there, Belinda could've set all sorts of traps for me. "I wanted to see if I could get through. I would've called for backup if I could."

"How do I back that up?" Drake asked.

Josh turned to him. "You don't need to breath. You can change shape or go gelatin. You'd survive a hell dimension better than we would."

"Some hell dimensions yes, some no," I added. "Besides I could've called Frankie."

"That's not the point. We know how Belinda has been getting in and out for her humans. Did you shut it down?" Drake moved to stand near Xavier's desk. "Destroy the portal?"

"Tried. The portal was created from the other side, which means I'd have to be on the other side destroy it and be stuck there. No thanks. Couldn't if I wanted to." I felt for the gem in my pocket. "I did manage to get one spell to work while I was distracting her though."

"You turned her bright orange so she's easy to see?" Xavier ignored his ringing phone.

I pulled the gem from my pocket. "I got a trace spell on her. When she reenters through the portal, or even if she makes a new portal. Anywhere on this planet, this will let us know."



"Does she know you spelled her?" Drake asked.

"Don't think so. She was attempting to grope me at the time. That girl has issues. But at least it's a good bet she'll show up at Nina's bar again. We just have to wait her out." I didn't like waiting. I wanted Jessica back safely with her friend Cara, but this was a case unlike any other. Belinda needed to leave Earth alone or be in custody now. Unfortunately we weren't able to contain her.

"The tracking spell is something." Xavier pointed to Drake. "You take the first shift. One of you three baby-sits that gem and be ready to drop everything and head for Area 50 as soon as it opens. Call for backup. All of you report to Nina's and we'll send any available witches to the scene."

"I don't think that's such a good idea. Josh doesn't have any experience with organics and even Drake is no match for her. They don't have the tools to defend themselves." I didn't want my friend or my trainee going on a suicide mission. Belinda didn't seem set on killing so much as abusing but still—she'd move them to the other side of her portal before I got there. More hostages to play with. And I had no doubt she'd kill them if they got to be too much trouble.

Xavier held up a hand. "No arguments. You can't go around the clock. You'll be useless. Everyone has an eight-hour shift. As agents you're supposed to fight what we tell you to fight. Doesn't matter if it's stronger than you. I don't expect you to bring Belinda in. All I want is to see that human woman returned safely. That is your *only* goal. If you can manage that, I'll be impressed. Now get out of here."

We filed out but I felt worse than when I came in. In our office, Drake was too quiet. I handed him the gem. "Here. Should glow when she's back."

"You try to defeat her and you'll get everyone killed." Drake set it on his desk.

"I know. But she's hurting people. Jessica is being held against her will who knows where. I have to do something." I pulled out a little plastic bag from my desk. "Maybe this'll help."

"What's that?"



"Hair. I snagged a few of her hairs when I set the spell on her. I just want to see what organic family she belongs to. I might be able to get at her from a different direction. Not the most organically gifted attempt to stop her. Any human cop could do this." I dropped the bag on my desk.

"Any info we get on her is an advantage. We can try to get a family member to come with us, to combat her or even talk her into leaving humans alone." Drake leaned over my shoulder and examined the bag. "It could be your hair."

"No, I checked. It's hers. I'll take it to the lab."

His hand pressed my shoulder so I stayed seated. The warmth of his hand soothed me as his other took the bag from my fingers. "Stay. Get your equilibrium back. Xavier was an ass after your rough night. You had to update him but you're the one running this show now. We all have to deal with Belinda to get the human back, but you're the only one who can get inside Belinda's head and understand that sort of power. The real danger Jessica is in."

I tensed. "I'm not Belinda."

His lips pressed on the back of my neck. "No. Part of you understands her though. Use it. You'll find a way to get Jessica back."

I heard the door close behind Drake. The lab results would take a little time. Until then, I had to try to get into the mind of my worst fear. An evil organic was snatching humans at will and I couldn't stop her. All I could think of was Jessica being tortured. Alone in some hell dimension.

\* \* \* \* \*

Frankie showed up at lunch while Drake mysteriously disappeared with Josh. It was a set up. I was being handled. At least I had people around who cared.

"Hey Serena." Frankie tempted me with cheeseburgers, curly fries and extra ketchup. I couldn't say no.

I took the bag she offered. "Hi."



"The tracker didn't go off?" She sat in Drake's chair and laid out her food.

"Not yet." I dug into the fries. The one really good thing about being organic was, due to the amount of energy we expelled, we required a lot of calories. I still thought my hips were too big but my mother said nature had to balance out the top half. Exercise never got rid of it so she had to be right. "Drake told you about the case?"

"He gave me the basics. Rumors are all over the place. I mean you were at Nina's. No shortage of gossips there. Why didn't you call me?" She sipped a cherry soda.

"I'm not taking you to a hell dimension. Couldn't bust through anyway. It was a lost cause. That poor human woman." I unwrapped the burger. She'd gotten me a double thankfully. "Plus I'm worried about Nina."

"You're worried about Nina and everyone else. Drake's worried about you."

"Drake worries about everything."

"Cut the crap or I'll call your parents." That was a threat we'd used forever on each other but neither of us ever made good on it. It was just our little warning system. This was serious.

"Belinda is dangerous. She matched me spell for spell. Power for power." I squeezed ketchup onto the burger and fries.

"So can I." Frankie bit into her burger.

I dropped a fry. "You're not evil, Frankie. This witch has no scruples. No sense of right and wrong. No compassion for the people she's using. She's been through ten humans Xavier can verify so far. She's returned them after about a week or so but she might keep Jessica just to get back at me. I haven't met anyone like that since —"

"Aunt Maureen," Frankie supplied.

"No one could stop her either." I ate my burger without really enjoying it.

Frankie's eyes glazed over. "She terrorized Nevada and California for a good year."

We'd been very young when it happened. No dependable powers and no comprehension of evil in the family. "And it wasn't just play-with-humans-for-kicks-



and-then-let-them-go. Aunt Maureen was violent. Murdered hundreds of humans, witches and whatever else. It was horrible." Our parents had finally driven her off Earth.

"I want to say that makes Belinda better than Aunt Maureen but it sounds awful." Frankie chewed on the straw of her soda.

"Belinda is awful too. The scary thing is that I could be her." I bit into the fries like I could snap her neck if I bit hard enough.

Frankie reached an arm across the desks. "Aunt Maureen didn't get you. You're not her. Not Belinda or Aunt Maureen. You'd never kidnap and torture humans."

"If she had taken me, I could be just like Belinda. That's what scares me. I won't fight as dirty as I'm sure Belinda will."

"That's a good thing."

"Not if it means she wins. If Jessica is a sex slave the rest of her tortured life because I couldn't fight dirty. Where's the line, Frankie? I used to get this place. Know exactly where my parameters were. But fighting an organic to save a human."

"No one will hold it against you if you have to go dirty on Belinda. I doubt Xavier would even reprimand you if you can get the human back safely."

"I know. Or maybe I'll wimp out and fail. We lose Jessica. Belinda continues to kidnap humans for her kinky sex games. I'm useless."

"Drake said she came on to you. Is that what's creeping you out so bad?"

I laughed for the first time that day. "Maybe. She's hot but you know me better than that. It's not even the girl thing. There's an ick factor when she comes near me. She wants to control everyone and everything. I didn't want to touch her."

"Drake said you two sort of look alike too."

"We're the same type. Blonde, tall and hips too wide."

"Please! You're talking to freckle girl over here." Frankie pulled up her sleeve.



"I'm not complaining." I backpedaled. "I just think it's the whole theme she's got going with blonde girls and black men. Makes things start to blur so people see the type and the details don't matter. Her game is hot, okay. She's hot. Fine. But humans are being abused against their will. Not okay."

"I know. I just wish you'd leave it alone. Aunt Maureen finally got driven away with enough resistance. Belinda will do the same. Find a new thing. A new planet. If you keep challenging her she'll be after you. Back off. What else can you do? Portals and hell dimensions won't turn her over. Her options are endless. You've got to play by some rules or you won't respect yourself."

"I just want to get Jessica back and I'll let it go for now. Let Belinda know she can't use humans in her games." The phone rang and I hit the speaker button. "Serena Troy."

"Got your labs back. You'll want to see this now."

"Be right down." I nodded to Frankie and we left our lunches to hit the lab.

The lab was a floor below us. Drake must've put a rush on things because boring old DNA checks rarely got fast-tracked. An older-than-ancient werewolf named Sonny ran the lab except for when the moon was full and he was in lockdown. Tall and lanky, he had no hair on his head at all. But I'd seen Sonny turn and he looked better bald.

"What've you got for us?" I asked.

"Scary. Very scary." He motioned for us to sit on stools that pulled up to the high lab tables.

"She's an organic and evil that's a given. But what family is she from?" I didn't want a science lesson. Just the answer.

"Worst possible. Her bloodline is Troy."

"What?" Frankie's mouth fell open.

"Not possible," I added. "We're both only children. My dad and Frankie's dad were the only ones in their generation."



"The Troy markers are on the female side in this case. Father's lineage is from an Australian family." Sonny pulled up some charts and data on the screen.

My mind raced. "She's our age. More like Frankie's. Oh my God!" My head dropped into my hands. "Aunt Maureen."

"What?" Frankie asked.

"The Troy markers are on the female side. Aunt Maureen found some organic male and produced that witch. Belinda is our cousin. Oh yuck. The nasty thing tried to hit on me." I shook off the creeps and realized this wasn't random evil. This was personal.

"She's after you." Frankie concluded the same as I did.

"But why?"

Frankie gave me a half shrug. "Avenging Mommy?"

"That doesn't fit. She seems obsessed with her little human toy games. She hasn't tried to kidnap me." Belinda's actions didn't spell conquest of me.

"Maybe it's recon?" Sonny suggested. "But it's real. Your father's aunt is her mother."

I recovered from the shock. "Thanks, Sonny. Other than that, anything odd?"

"No. Standard organic. No genetic defects or anomalies to take advantage of. You've got your work cut out for you. Don't worry, I won't advertise this info."

"Thanks." I got off the stool and headed back to my office with Frankie next to me.

"You okay?" Frankie asked.

"Sure. Grossed out and confused. But I'm okay." I closed the door behind us. "Now what?"

"We do our own recon. You stay here and guard the tracker gem with Drake in case she comes back soon. I'm going to visit our parents. See if they've ever heard of Belinda or anything new from Aunt Maureen." Frankie dumped her leftover lunch.



"No, don't scare them." I didn't want my parents worried about me. They knew the agency wasn't a safe and standard gig, but they didn't need to know our own blood was coming back to cause trouble.

"They deserve a warning. What if Belinda is out for revenge on them too? They're the ones who saved you from Aunt Maureen. You were a kid. Punishing you isn't logical. This could be a distraction."

"Since when is revenge logical?" I chewed on a cold fry.

"Never, but they need to know in case she pays them a visit. Aunt Maureen could pretend to reconcile with the family and abuse their forgiveness. I'll be back tomorrow. Then we'll just double-team her. Two organics against one. We'll have to win. If you want me to stay, I'll call them but I'd rather see for myself." Frankie gave me a half hug and headed for the door.

"No, go. Thanks. In fact stay and protect them. Don't hurry back."

"If you want. Just remember that getting Belinda isn't worth your life. Get the human and get away from her." Frankie left before I could argue.

I sat and ate cold fries until Drake returned and then briefed him on the news. Pretty soon it'd be all over the building that the evil organic was from the Troy family. Part of me wanted to make my own portal and crawl through it. But I was it. Frankie was on family guard duty. I was the only one who could rescue Jessica from Belinda.



## **Chapter Nine**

At one a.m. my cell phone rang and I knew it was about Belinda. She hadn't even waited forty-eight hours to return. "Hello?" I said.

"She's at Nina's. Josh just called. I'm going in right now." Drake sounded tense.

Josh had insisted on taking the night shift since I needed sleep. As though I could sleep with Belinda on the loose.

"I'll be right there." I hung up.

With a wave I was dressed. Instead of taking the car, I teleported myself directly to the ladies' room at Nina's bar's.

"Watch your step." Belinda smiled at me.

Drake and Josh had beaten me to the bar and Belinda had wasted no time in pulling them under a spell. Josh was naked on all fours as Drake fucked his asshole. Both seemed to be enjoying it but I felt the spell.

I attempted to counter the spell but Belinda blocked me.

"I just wanted to let you say goodbye." She walked up to Josh and her pants flew off. Josh ate her pussy and Belinda kept one eye on me.

"You're not taking them anywhere." I bound them to the planet before she could stop me. It didn't remove her spell but she'd have to leave them behind.

"You bitch. I'll get you – break you. You'll all come with me willingly."

"Where's Jessica?" I asked.

"What?" Belinda head jerked up from her pleasure play.

"Tempting me with two guys is nothing. I can have that all I want willingly. You'll have to give me something more. Where's Jessica?" I wanted to push her, get Belinda off balance.



"You want another girl, hop in."

"No thanks. You need to let Jessica go." I hoped I could pull this off.

"Hardly." Belinda touched Josh's head and he turned into a blonde woman.

Drake groaned and Belinda sighed. Josh made an attractive woman. That wouldn't stop me. "Humans have limited endurance. You'll kill Jessica if you don't let her go."

"So?" Belinda shrugged. "Join me and I'll show you every galaxy and fantasy. Together no one would ever even dare try to stop us."

I suppressed the revulsion and played along. Belinda wanted sex and a partner in crime. Until I got Jessica and my friends free, she had the power. But not all the control. "Fine. You release Jessica and my friends and I'll join you."

"A trade. How selfless for the human rat. What about your job?" she asked.

"My boss is a vampire. All he'll care is that the human is safe. Bringing in an organic is impossible. Everyone knows that. You release Jessica and they'll leave us alone." I ran my fingers through my hair and arched my back. Anything to get Jessica here and Belinda off her game.

"A blood-sucking parasite? You're a fool to take orders from it or anyone. Come with me and we'll rule worlds. This life is beneath you."

I resisted telling her that she sounded like a bad cartoon villain. "You're right. My powers overshadow all of theirs put together. I wasn't raised to be evil but let Jessica go and I'll try whatever you want."

"Won't you miss your Nina?" Belinda asked. She suddenly bucked and ground her pussy into girl Josh's face.

"The thought of Nina and me gets you that hot? Well you're the one who turned me on to other blonde girls. Nina can stay here. You'll be plenty to handle. Let Jessica go as a sign that I can trust you and I'm in." I hoped Belinda was buying this crap. Making any bargain to get Jessica on this side of the portal was the best idea I had. With our powers at a stalemate, someone had to make a move.



Belinda smiled and glanced at the portal.

In a blink, Jessica appeared in front of me. The woman looked stunned and scared but not harmed. She was dressed in barely a bikini of gauzy black material. Her long hair was perfect as was her makeup but her eyes looked hollow.

I knew I had to react fast. I took the spell off her. Grabbing Jessica's wrist, I put a strong binding spell on her as I pulled her behind me.

"Please." Jessica looked back at Drake. "No more men."

"Don't worry. You're free now."

"What the hell is going on in here?" Nina burst in, wand first.

I took the opportunity from the distraction and pushed Jessica at Nina. "Get her out of here." I released Drake and Josh from the spell and they scrambled toward me.

Nina rarely followed orders. "This is the bitch who is stealing my patrons?"

"You'd love it if I took you both." Belinda threw a spell at Nina but I countered.

"Don't mess with my friend." Nina moved Drake and Josh behind her with Jessica.

"I have no idea what you see in that," Belinda said to me. "She's not organic. Physically she's okay but why?"

"She's my friend. At least she's a witch. You're into humans," I said. "Let them go. This is between us."

"I wish. We'd be having more fun. I don't generally do girls one-on-one but for you..." Belinda waved her top off and was now naked.

"You're so disgusting. Don't you know you're my cousin?" I thought she had to know—why else would she want to *share* power with me? She wasn't as stealthy or smart as I thought.

"Please." She rolled her eyes. "Not all organics are related and your family is clearly too dull to share genes with mine. You're weak. Having sympathy for all these rat-humans."

"Aunt Maureen didn't send you after me?" I asked.



"How do you know my mother?" Her voice shook with anger.

I waved Nina and the group back until they disappeared into the bar. "She tried to kidnap me when I was five years old. She wanted me to be the daughter she never had. I guess then she had you after my parents stopped her."

Belinda's face turned red and her eyes went dark purple. "That's not true. My mother never wanted a weak little good girl like you."

"Why do you want me then? She put you up to this, didn't she? Finding me. Watching me. She never told you why." I moved closer, trying to bind her but she resisted all spells.

"You're lying." Belinda threw a truth spell on me but I deflected it. I wasn't lying but no spell from this witch was getting on me.

"I knew Aunt Maureen when she was good. Before the vampire made her evil. Before you even existed. She's taking revenge on me because I didn't go with her." I advanced.

In a blink, Belinda disappeared.

I sent a spell of destruction through the portal after her. I knew I hadn't destroyed the portal or Belinda but she was gone. For now. Hopefully I'd done some damage to her desire to return to Earth. Bottom line was that I had Jessica back safely.

\* \* \* \* \*

I walked out to the bar area. Nina had already removed the spells from Drake and Josh, putting him back to his male state.

"Everyone okay?" I asked.

"They wouldn't let me go back in." Nina glared at Drake.

"Good. The last thing I needed was for Belinda to get a hostage." I knew by Nina's bitching that she was fine. "You guys okay?"

"Not the worst spell I've ever endured." Drake downed a shot of something.



"Josh?" I knew this was probably the worst spell he had ever experienced.

"Fine. Didn't get her, did you?" He sounded humiliated.

"No. I tried but she panicked and went back through her portal. I tried to destroy it but it's still there. I think I may have put her off Earth. Not worth her trouble." I walked over to Jessica who was standing near Nina. "You okay?"

Jessica nodded. "Thank you. I thought I'd never get back."

"Were there others? Other humans?" I asked.

"No. She released them, took them back yesterday. Belinda said she was keeping me because I was her favorite. I was really just bait."

"I'm sorry. I don't think she'll be back for you. She knows we're watching for her. Hopefully she'll stay away." I sat on a stool. "We'll need to take you in for a statement. Do you remember it all?"

Jessica shivered. "Everything."

"Let's get you some real clothes first." Nina led her to the back office where Nina kept spares of everything.

"Why didn't she just use magic for some clothes? Nina is a witch. She had her wand." Drake downed a beer.

"Give her a minute. Jessica has been through hell. Nina's better with people and emotions than we are." I knew no one made a better friend than Nina. She'd stuck with me through more than anyone with patience and loyal support.

"Is Belinda really your cousin?" Josh asked.

"Yes. She seemed shocked but DNA doesn't lie." I wasn't proud of it. "Sorry it took so long to free you two. I needed her to produce Jessica or all the suffering was for nothing."

"I've never had a spell on me like that before. I didn't know what I wanted or who I was. The gender thing was beyond disorienting." He grabbed a beer.

"Don't do too much drinking. You need to make a statement too," I said.



Josh was silent.

I looked knowingly at Drake. Not a great first experience for Josh, but he'd wanted to see action.

Nina and Jessica returned and I teleported all of us to a private briefing room.

Xavier took over immediately. Josh and Drake were taken to a separate room. Jessica was taken to second room while Nina and I were left alone with Xavier.

"She's really related to you?" he asked.

"You saw the lab results." I wasn't in the mood for his anal-retentive attention to details. I had no more answers than I'd already given.

"And she's gone?"

"For now. I think I freaked her out. The all-powerful haze is broken and I'm on her level. In her gene pool. I knew things she didn't."

"Did she confirm that you were the target?" he asked.

"No. I'm sure she'll run to Mommy for the details. As long as she stays off Earth, I don't care if I ever see her again. If Nina hadn't distracted her when she did, I'm not sure we'd be on this side of things."

Xavier eyed Nina. "You should've gotten them out when she told you the first time."

"My bar, my rules. I don't work for your agency." She glared back at him.

"She saved them. You owe her." I sat back and stared at the ceiling. "Is Josh okay?"

"He'll be fine. He'll get counseling and whatever else he needs. Let him be for now." Xavier waved it off.

"He's my trainee. I'm responsible."

"You did everything right," Nina said.

"She's right. If you make a big deal about it then Josh will too. You got the human victim back without any loss of life or even using another organic. It's a success."



"Frankie is protecting our parents. If Aunt Maureen or Belinda comes after them, I'll need some time off."

"I think you scared her away for now." Nina tried to reassure me.

"If she were just after you, she wouldn't have been abducting humans. The girl is dangerous. But I doubt she's stupid enough to go on the attack now." There was Xavier's positive side again.

"Who knows how long she was abducting human victims. I don't know how she stayed off our radar for so long." I ran my fingers through my hair. I felt dirty.

"You and Frankie could beat her if she came back." Nina put a hand on my arm. "And you'll put a containment spell on my ladies' room wall. With both of you, she probably won't be able to break back through."

"Unless she brings her mom," Xavier said.

"Damn. You're right. We can cast a spell so I know when she opens it and can protect the customers, right?" Nina's customers were vulnerable.

I smiled weakly at her. "I'll do it first thing tomorrow. I might need Frankie though."

"No, you need to rest," Nina said.

"I'm fine. Everyone is safe." I rubbed my temple.

"Go home. Sleep. Take tomorrow off. You and Frankie can come up with a plan for that portal when you're back to normal." Xavier stood. "I'm going to check on Drake and Josh. Changing genders on a man without asking. That witch is messed up."

"I should check on Jessica." I started to get up.

"Not today. You can see her another day but only if she's okay with it. Don't subject the victim to more reminders." Xavier left with a warning finger pointed at me.

I knew he was right. She'd been through hell. At least she was safe.

"You okay?" Nina asked.



"Sure. You?" I looked at her. She was tired and stressed. It was in the circles under her eyes.

"I'm good. Come home with me. I'll order up a huge meal from my parents' restaurant and we'll watch dumb movies."

Her parents made the best Mexican food in town but I was too weak to be near Nina tonight. "I need to be alone. Call Frankie and check on the parents. Thanks though. Maybe tomorrow."

She smiled. "Okay."

I waved at her and sent her home. Nina didn't have enough energy left to teleport.

Another wave and I was home. I got on the phone immediately.

\* \* \* \* \*

After Frankie confirmed that all was quiet and had heard my story, she increased security around our parents and planned to stay another week. She was paranoid. I had seen Belinda's shock. She'd be gone for a while at least. I wasn't up to talking to my parents and promised to call tomorrow.

A knock at the door startled me but Belinda wouldn't knock. I checked the peephole and saw Drake—solid and familiar on the other side.

I opened the door and he gave me a half smile.

"Hi," I managed.

"Can I come in?" he asked.

I stepped back as an answer and he entered. "Everything okay?" I locked the door.

"Sure. Your parents?"

"They're all safe. No sign of the evil branch of the family tree. I'm just relieved."

"Good. Cara came to get Jessica. I drove Josh home and thought you might need a shoulder." He sat on the couch.

"That's nice. Is Josh better?"



Drake looked at the floor. "He's disturbed. Not quite himself."

"I'll talk to him tomorrow. I wanted to get you guys loose from her sooner but I needed a diversion." I felt my guilt spill out. Drake had dealt with worse but Josh didn't need the trauma.

"You did the job. Not your fault. You got Jessica free. Big picture."

I sat next to him. "Belinda is gone. Jessica is safe."

"Yes. Don't think about Belinda anymore." Drake put an arm around me.

"I could've been her."

"You're not. You wouldn't be. Don't think like that. Better you don't think about it at all for a while."

I tried to relax and let the warmth of him soothe me. Drake was a changeling male and no matter how well he knew me, he couldn't understand or sympathize with me the way I needed. There were many reasons Drake and I stayed coworkers and friends with benefits. We'd never be anything more. This case had made it crystal clear. Even though the spell residue on him seeped onto me.

"I should go. You're done with black men for a while and that's my best color." He started to get up.

"No," I said. "I won't let Belinda win by making us a victim of her fetish. Turning us off to something isn't going to work."

Drake's eyes narrowed at me. "You're serious?"

I waved his clothes off as well as my own to let him know how serious. "Sure you're up for it?" The stress of the night. The adrenaline of saving Jessica. The residue of Belinda's spells. I'd never sleep if I didn't do something.

"Me? Always. Josh—that wasn't real." He shook his head.

"I'm real." I crawled into his lap and faced away from him. His hands closed on my breasts as I eased down. I wasn't as wet as normal and the extra friction made it more intense. My eyes were closed and I cleared my mind. We'd won. Jessica was safe. Drake



and I were back to normal. The sensation of him around me made my whole body tingle. I felt safe and grounded.

Drake's face was in my hair as I braced on the couch and rode him. It was slow and warm. My body molded to him from the warmth. Belinda wouldn't take anything away from me. Not sex or my family, my job or my friends. She hadn't won. I had. I climaxed in a small shudder, not a grand release but I didn't have the energy.

Drake jerked once more and groaned as he came. He held me from behind as the tension seeped away. "She didn't win. You did it. You saved us."

"I know. Thanks." My arms covered his.

Drake melted into his gel form, enveloping me head to toe in the warm and most intimate way he could. "Want me to stay over?" he asked.

We never did that. Drake was feeling sorry for me. It was as gentle as he got but it wasn't for me. "No. I'm fine. Nothing has changed, Drake. Except my rank. We're equals again."

He eased me off him, turned back to human form and dressed. "We always were. No matter what Xavier said. It's just politics. See you in a day or two. Take your time."

"I'm fine," I said.

He walked out the door without another word.

I hopped in the shower, trying to convince myself I was fine and not potentially evil. The temptation of power was undeniable for anyone. An organic had to be extra careful.

An hour later, I was wrapped in a long terrycloth bathrobe, watching dumb movies on TV. The doorbell rang. I debated about even answering.

I looked out the peephole and this time it was a deliveryman. I hadn't ordered anything even though I needed to eat. As soon as I opened the door, the smell of Nina's parents' restaurant hit me.

"Special delivery for Serena Troy." The young man held out a large bag.



"I'll get some cash." I knew Nina was behind this.

"No need. Paid for. Have a nice night." He handed me the bag and walked away before I could even offer a tip.

I locked the door behind me and went back to the bed to unpack all my favorites. Before I took a bite, I called Nina. It wasn't just to thank her for the food. She was the only one who could convince me I wasn't potentially evil. That I'd done the right thing. I'd used my powers for the right side and chosen not to abuse them but I needed some reassurance.

Frankie was family. I needed a voice of reason from someone outside. If the portal hadn't been in Nina's bar, I had no idea how it would've turned out. But the humans and my friends at the bar were safe. And the satisfaction of saving Jessica made me certain I'd made the right choices so far. I was a bit worried about my future.

My brain shut off as Nina finally picked up. "Hey babe! Now that we've saved Nevada or maybe the world from an evil organic witch, can we celebrate your promotion? We've got to have a party." Nina always found the positive.

Now I could eat and talk and feel normal again.



## **About the Author**

A lover of unusual things, Cheryl Dragon enjoys writing unique stories of sinfully hot erotic romance, pure erotica or paranormals with a psychic twist. Never at a loss for ideas, there are plenty of stories yet to be written. Her two favorite settings are Las Vegas and New Orleans – where anything can happen.

Cheryl lives in the Chicagoland area with her deaf albino cat. By day she analyzes numbers as an Assistant Controller for a division of a large international company, which leaves her creative side free for writing.

Cheryl welcomes comments from readers. You can find her website and email address on her author bio page at [www.ellorascave.com](http://www.ellorascave.com).

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