

MADAM PERIWINKLE'S

# BETTER THAN CHOCOLATE

LACEY SAVAGE

Changeling Press

Madam Periwinkle's Erotic Delights: Better Than Chocolate  
*by Lacey Savage*

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Better Than Chocolate

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## **Madam Periwinkle's Erotic Delights**

Better Than Chocolate

Lacey Savage

Silvana McCurdy is losing her mind. She hasn't had a good night's sleep in six weeks, all because of a dream lover who insists on playing out every one of her sexual fantasies—even the kinky, bold, and disturbing ones. If only he was real ... she could figure out a way to deal with him then.

But he is real. And when Silvana meets Rafael, she's shocked by the tumultuous effect he has on her. Just by touching her, he threatens to unleash the dragon that lies dormant inside her soul. And that's a risk she's not willing to take. So she runs away from the man who's slowly ruining her life and takes shelter inside Madame Periwinkle's Erotic Delights shop.

Yet the surprises don't stop there. Madam Periwinkle offers Silvana a solution in the shape of a perfectly crafted chocolate dildo. Too bad magical dildos don't come with instructions. Silvana has no idea whether she should she eat it, insert it, or dangle it in a circular pattern before her eyes like she's seen hypnotists do on TV. Still, she's willing to try anything, even if it means she has to risk exposing her deepest secrets ... and her heart.

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## Chapter One

*Glossy. Black. Beautiful.* The wide, muscular expanse of a chiseled male chest captivated Silvana McCurdy. It filled her field of vision, gleaming the color of rich dark chocolate in the bright light emanating from somewhere above her head. The luscious sight made her want to swipe her tongue across the firm pectorals and swirl it around a flat, slightly darker nipple.

So perfect. So mesmerizing. So ... big.

He towered over her. His thick bicep, which she knew from experience she couldn't encircle using the thumb and forefinger of both hands, indicated that there was nothing even remotely diminutive about the man standing in front of her. Certainly not the long, hefty shaft of his cock. She'd peeked at it earlier, intrigued by the bulbous head and the massive rod that rose proudly from the apex of his powerful thighs.

*Not real. He's not real. None of this is real.*

Silvana tossed her feverish head on the cotton pillowcase cradling it. She felt the fabric caress her cheek and the soft wrinkled creases press into her skin—but she saw the hand cupping her face, the large thumb drifting across her bottom lip.

She moaned. Her eyelids fluttered, struggling helplessly against the formidable force pressing them shut. Her eyelashes stuck together, fusing her eyes closed. A panicked sob caught in her throat. She struggled to remember what

the new age books suggested she should do when caught in a dream she couldn't escape.

Something about taking control, declaring she was in charge and establishing dominance over the imagined forces holding her captive.

"Go away," she whispered, directing all the effort she could muster toward reaching the man who now cupped her face in his large, solid palms. "Please."

Silvana had only been asleep a few minutes, maybe half an hour at most. She knew this, instinctively, just as she knew without a shadow of a doubt that she was dreaming. She was once again caught in a webbed mix of fantasy and reality that would turn her dream world upside down until the morning, when she'd awaken more exhausted than she'd been before falling asleep.

The imaginary man's hands traveled down to gently cradle her neck and the back of her head. He thrust his fingers into her hair, but all she felt was the bunching of the pillow beneath her scalp.

Silvana shivered. He was so big. So strong. He could probably squish the life out of her if he wanted and she'd probably never even feel a thing.

Under normal circumstances, the slightest hint of peril would bring out the hidden beast lying dormant inside her. No matter how powerful this man was, she was even more formidable. Or she would be, if she let herself unleash the part of her that now slumbered, completely unaware of the threat.



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She didn't. In the past three weeks, ever since her make-believe lover first infiltrated her dreams, the dragon hadn't woken once. Incredibly, nothing seemed to stir the beast. Not the desperate longing this man stirred in Silvana. Nor the countless orgasms he bestowed upon her, which in the real world would have shattered her human disguise at the first ripple of climax.

Here, in dreamland, the dragon never stirred.

Not even when the incredible dream man brought his friends to play. His many, many friends. All with talented hands, mouths, tongues, fingers, and cocks.

Oh, such delicious cocks.

A sob broke free from Silvana's throat, drifting between her parted lips before she could catch it.

The man caught it instead. With his mouth.

Air left Silvana's lungs in a long, desperate sigh. She couldn't feel his lips on hers, or his tongue gliding between them. But oh, how she wanted to! His hands skimmed down the column of her throat, across her chest, and finally cupped her breasts.

She felt him then, as though his fingers had passed through an invisible barrier. Every determined pinch of her nipples made her want to jump out of her skin. He paid careful attention to each pebbled nub, tweaking, pulling, and teasing first one, then the other, until they both elongated stiffly and throbbed in wanton surrender.

Despite the bloom of pleasure coiling in her belly, it killed her that she couldn't taste his kiss. Three weeks of erotic bliss and she'd never been able to feel anything he did above her

breasts. Her erogenous zones practically hummed each time he touched her, but the passion and intimacy that came with sharing an open-mouthed kiss had been denied her.

She pulled away from his mouth. If she couldn't experience the depth of his kiss, why tease herself with something that always remained off-limits?

"We know what you crave." His deep, husky voice sent a thrill down her spine. He whispered in low tones, each word a caress in itself.

"No, you don't."

He chuckled. "So headstrong, even now. Haven't we proven, time and again, that we understand your sexual needs better than you do?"

To punctuate that insufferable comment, his hand slipped down the gently rounded slope of her belly to delve between her thighs. Silvana arched her back, feeling the soft mattress beneath her shoulder blades and the heel of his hand pressing against her slit.

"You have no idea." Her voice came out high-pitched, argumentative, and obstinate. She didn't care.

At first, she'd given in to him. To all of them. But as time passed and it became clear to her that nothing about this dream ever changed, she decided she'd had enough. Enough exhausting, endless games. Enough ecstasy without substance. Just ... enough.

A thick finger parted her folds, insinuating itself inside her slit. The tip of a nail raked her tender flesh, tearing a scream from her throat. Instinctively, she thrust her hips forward, seeking firmer contact with the elusive caress.

"Let us pleasure you," the dream man whispered.

She opened her mouth to protest. Before she could utter a word, the dream world fragmented around her, shattering into a million pieces. A sound like breaking glass pierced her ears. She grimaced, waiting for the backdrop of her fantasy to right itself.

Until now, she hadn't been fully aware of her imagined surroundings. The setting came into focus in an instant, as if a camera lens suddenly adjusted itself so she could see the expanse of the room.

She stood on a wooden stage awash in harsh neon lights. Each spotlight had been pointed toward her, bathing her in an unforgiving white glow. She gasped as she glanced down at herself, noticing each imperfection highlighted in punishing luminous beams.

Tears of dismay and horror welled in her eyes. The folds of her plump, pale belly stood out in sharp contrast to the gleaming black mahogany wall at her back. No, not a wall, she realized belatedly. More like a table perched at a forty-five degree angle. Her wrists and ankles had been anchored to cuffs that looked to be part of the table itself.

The man stood just a few steps away, no longer touching her but close enough that he could if he wanted. The muscles of his abdomen rippled as he sighed, his gaze never leaving her face.

"Let me go." A desperate, pleading edge entered her voice. She was ready to bargain now. "P-please. We'll do this somewhere else if you really want to. Somewhere dark. Not this—this—"

More spotlights came on, this time spilling their brutal light over the area in front of the stage. Silvana gasped, a strangled sound ripped from the depths of her chest.

There were men in the audience. Hundreds of them. All watching her with wide, unblinking eyes.

Awareness sizzled throughout her body, blossoming across every inch of her skin. She could feel their stares, like a thousand potent strokes, nuzzles, and careful caresses. She felt them in the way she could never feel her dream lover's kiss.

Her mind rebelled against the unexpected flurry of sensation, but her traitorous body gave itself over to it. Heat flooded her pussy and cream drenched her inner walls, seeping from her channel to moisten her swollen folds.

"You want this." An intriguing rumble eased into the dream man's tone.

Silvana lifted her head for the first time to look at him. "No," she answered, thinking she was being honest yet knowing he could tell with one glance at her flushed chest, her pebbled nipples or her dripping cunt that she lied through her teeth.

He narrowed his gaze. A muscle twitched in his jaw. Impatience? Or something else? Something stronger—like frustration, maybe? Or fury?

He lifted his hand to drag it through his short-cropped curls that hugged his scalp closely. That's when she noticed the handcuffs attached to each wrist.

Silvana frowned. He'd never worn handcuffs before. She was the only one who ever got restrained in these dreams. Never him or any of his friends.

But he wasn't restrained, she realized. The cuffs hung loosely around each wrist. The chain that should have bound them together had been split into two, with each fragmented link drooping downward to disappear into thin air. She couldn't see what, if anything, anchored the shackles.

He dropped to his knees, planted his palms on her hips and took a long, deep whiff of her arousal. Silvana pinched her eyes closed to stem the hot wash of tears that threatened to spill from beneath her eyelids. Oh God, this wasn't fair. Her dreams had never been humiliating before. Being on display like this, in front of more men than she cared to think about, nearly undid her.

And it aroused her to the brink of madness.

*He knows. Damn him, he always knows.*

No matter how much she disliked her body, which even in human form was closer to plucky plump than runway rail, she loved the attention focused on her.

"She's ready." Her mystery man practically growled the words.

She blinked her eyes open just in time to see those men seated in the front row rising to their feet, breaking away from the others and climbing the narrow steps leading to the stage. There must have been a dozen of them. Or more ... she couldn't tell.

Frissons of blazing awareness shook her body. The harder she trembled, the more her ass wiggled against the slick

surface of the table, and the more her pussy pulsed with wanton arousal.

The men were always different. Blonds, brunets, redheads. With blue, green, and brown eyes. White men, Asian men, black men of all ages. Some had long, glossy black hair. Others sported no hair at all anywhere on their bodies.

They did share a few features, however. Rock-hard abs, chiseled chests, perfect faces ... and long, thick cocks. All eager to part her feminine folds and plunge deep into her aching pussy.

Only one man was the same in every fantasy. Her mystery lover. The one with the chocolate-colored skin and black eyes as dark as night. The one who devoured her with his gaze and touched her so tenderly she thought her heart would shatter.

The only one who ever even tried to kiss her mouth.

Hands fell upon her, touching her breasts, her ribcage, her thighs. Each talented stroke made her wiggle with fierce desperation. Lust built in her core, pulsing in her clit. She needed to be touched there—oh, there!—and someone generously obliged.

Tongues and lips followed the hands. She felt them everywhere, right up to her breasts. No one bothered to caress her neck or face. She bit down on the fleshy pad of her lower lip, hard, but she was past the point of wanting to shock herself into waking up.

The climax humming through her system formed a low, thrumming buzz in her pussy, causing the walls of her inner channel to clench and unclench in wicked agony.

Someone parted her thighs. She looked down to see a blond head pressed against her mound. A tongue speared her slit, pushing her folds aside, honing in on the entrance to her throbbing channel. She gritted her teeth and thrust her hips forward. Her belly jiggled like a plate of day old Jell-O, but she was past caring about that too.

All that mattered now was the impending orgasm. So close. And unlike in reality, completely free of embarrassing transformations into dragon-kind.

Six hundred and forty-three years of life, and she'd never been able to take a human lover. All those centuries, all that longing ... and the only thing she had to show for it was an occasional romp with a dragon male who took pity on her.

Unlike Silvana, none of the other dragons lost control of their human disguise when they fucked. She failed in that, too, like in so many other things.

But right now she wasn't failing at anything, because she wasn't responsible for doing a damned thing. She remained at the complete and utter mercy of male mouths, hands and—*Oh, God!*

She screamed at the first bold thrust of a cock into her soaking cunt. She didn't care whose it was, only that it stretched her to bursting and filled her thoroughly.

Teeth scraped her nipple. Long, luxurious licks traveled down her thighs. A tongue joined the fierce cock plunging into her, again and again. Grunts, groans, and moans echoed in her ear, some of them her own.

Sweat slicked her skin, dripped between her breasts. Tongues lapped it up almost as soon as it appeared. Pleasure

built and built, sending her soaring with every powerful thrust.

As soon as one cock slipped out of her, another took its place. She could feel the difference between them, some shorter than others, some slightly thicker. Some men had hair, and their coarse curls matted with hers. Others were shaved, and she could feel the velvety skin of their balls as their sacs slapped against her slit.

Soon, nothing existed but the ecstasy of sensation coursing through her. Well, next to nothing. She remained hyper-aware of the man beside her, the one who ensnared her with a dark glance, demanding her full attention.

While another man's cock pounded her pussy to distraction, Silvana's gaze remained locked with that of her mystery man. He made no move to touch her, but the sinful intensity in those striking ebony orbs was enough to send her hurtling over the edge of restraint.

When her orgasm broke, causing every nerve ending in her body to spasm at once, she screamed. For a long, interminable moment, she was only aware of the trembling bliss hammering her senses.

Then she saw full, luscious dark lips hover over hers, struggling to break the dam of sensation keeping her from feeling their desperate touch.

She sensed nothing when the dark mouth covered hers, but she knew it was there. So she did the only thing that would allow her to take back control.

She bit down on the man's lower lip. Hard.  
He pulled away.



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Silvana's vision dimmed, and the dream world began to fade. It was then she heard the name echoing through the ethereal room in haunting intonations of her own voice. A name she didn't recognize, but one she'd shouted at the top of her lungs as she came.

Silvana bolted upright in bed. The remnants of the dream dematerialized like smoke in the breeze. She stifled a sob and pressed a hand to her lips.

The other, she shoved between her thighs. The cotton fabric of her pajamas was soaked through at the seam, and the pungent scent of her juices filled her bedroom. She rocked against her hand, tempering the aftershocks of orgasm and rubbing her well-sated clit with the heel of her palm in distracted little circles.

"Rafael," Silvana murmured, giving her lower lip a smooth stroke with her thumb just as he'd done. She could imagine his soft, gentle touch as vividly as though he was in the room. It felt like he'd imprinted himself on her skin. Or maybe on her psyche.

At least her mystery man now had a name, for all the good it would do her. He wasn't real. None of what she'd just experienced had been real.

"Rafael," she repeated, finding she liked the way his name rolled from her tongue. Exotic. Rich and delectable, like the man himself.

She shivered violently as a swift early morning breeze flew in through her open window and began to dry her moist skin. Her entire body shuddered at the memory of all those wanton hands, all those thick, fabulous cocks.

But when she tried to recall specific faces or features, she could only bring to mind one man.

"Rafael." The sound of her own voice gave her strength, and she clung to that small comfort. This was the physical world, and in her apartment, she was the one in charge. "If I ever find out you're real, you son of a bitch, I'll ... I'll..."

She paused, suddenly feeling foolish. Frankly, she didn't know what she'd do, because he wasn't real.

But on the microscopic chance that he was, she'd think of something. Something at least as cruel as the torture he inflicted upon her every night.

And if he was very lucky, maybe just as pleasurable too.

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## Chapter Two

By ten a.m. the next morning, Silvana felt like she'd crawled out of her own grave. Which wouldn't have been so bad if she'd been a vampire, but for a dragon, it was worse than being shot with a dozen arrows. She knew, because only a couple of centuries earlier she'd had to perform some nifty mid-air maneuvering to avoid a volley of projectiles sent her way by a mob of angry villagers. Given the choice, she'd subject her tough hide to steel-tipped arrows any day over this utter, bone-melting exhaustion.

Her feet felt leaden, her eyelids drifted shut of their own accord, and her hands trembled each time she reached for anything resembling chocolate.

Chocolate glaze, chocolate fondant, chocolate truffles ... every delectable item made her think of rippling dark skin, sinewy muscles, and eyes as black as sin.

"Hey, lady! I ordered that éclair two minutes ago! New York traffic moves faster than this. What's wrong with ya?"

Silvana pivoted sharply, nearly twisting her ankle in the process. The tray of cinnamon buns that perched precariously on one outstretched hand wobbled, threatening to topple over. Her free hand shot out just in time to catch it from falling.

She'd reacted on instinct alone, forgetting she hadn't bothered to put on a second oven mitt before retrieving the precious pastries from the hot oven. Pain, molten hot and laden with a million pinpricks, shot through her palm.

She yelped and hurled the tray toward a nearby counter, where it landed with a loud metal thud, skidded across the slick surface, and toppled into a carton of milk. The carton overturned instantly, spilling its contents into a basket of steaming fresh baguettes she'd placed there temporarily while she dealt with the morning rush.

Nerves revved up to the max and agony flaring into a mini atomic explosion up her arm, Silvana whirled on the customer behind the counter. About a head shorter than she was, the man wore a tight leather jacket and had obviously used about half a bottle of hair gel in a feeble attempt to hide a bald spot.

"You want an éclair?" She shoved the oven mitt clad hand in the glass display and struggled to grab a fluffy pastry between thumb and mitt. She couldn't feel the delicate shell very well, and ended up squeezing it too tightly, which caused the pastry to burst. Creamy yellow filling oozed down her mitten.

She slapped her gooey hand on the guy's leather jacket, and wiped it down the middle of his shirt. "One éclair, on the house."

"You fuckin' mental, lady?" The man took a step back, his eyes wild and unfocused. "I'll sue! I'll have you arrested! I'll call the fuckin' cops on your crazy ass!"

With the numb tips of her fingers, Silvana yanked off the dirty mitten and tossed it at him. It bounced off the shiny top of his gelled head, leaving a ball of yellow cream to smear down his cheek. "Do what you gotta do. In the meantime, get the fuck out of my shop!"

The man stumbled toward the exit, a stream of obscenities drifting in his wake.

Silvana struggled to ignore him and bring her blood pressure down to normal levels. At the moment, it hovered somewhere close to nuclear.

Gritting her teeth and pasting a tight smile onto her face, she turned to her sole remaining customer, a little old lady with purple hair who stood plastered against the far end of the glass counter.

"And what can I get you?"

"N-nothing. I was ... j-just look ... look—looking," the woman stammered before grabbing her walker and hobbling toward the exit.

Silvana cupped her burnt hand in the other and watched her go. It took the old lady close to a minute to cross the eight feet to the exit. She was nearly out the door when the phone rang.

"What?" Silvana barked into the receiver.

"I told Paul Miller all about you. He's coming to dinner tonight."

Silvana leaned against the wall, closed her eyes, and smacked her head against the brick as hard as she could without passing out. "Ma! I told you I didn't want to be set up again. Do you remember Colin Jackson? Or Stan Flint? Or Wesley ... whatever his name was?"

Dana McCurdy tsked into the phone, and the sound echoed down the line reverberating like a mix between a sibilant hiss and a motherly sigh of displeasure. "What will it hurt? He's such a nice dragon. Owns his own firm, you know."

"Ma!" Silvana rubbed the bridge of her nose. The headache that had been building behind her eyes now hammered the spot just below her eyebrows, threatening to melt her eyeballs until they leaked down her cheeks. "I own my own company too. I don't need a male of any species to take care of me."

"Oh, shush. He owns a real firm. An accounting firm, like a decent dragon who still respects his tradition and cares about accumulating wealth should. Not a pastry shop in SoHo."

"There's nothing wrong with owning a pastry shop in SoHo," Silvana heard herself say. But as her gaze flew across the store and encountered only empty space where customers should be, she knew she couldn't handle having this argument again.

Not now, when the *Burnt Toast* pastry shop was so close to falling into financial ruin and bringing Silvana, and her dreams, with it. "I gotta go, Ma." She lifted the phone from her ear.

"You are coming to dinner tonight, right?"

She sighed, stared at the plastic receiver, and finally mumbled, "I'll be there," before hanging up.

What was she supposed to do? Her family meant well. She knew that. And no matter how insufferable her mother became, Silvana understood that the mama dragon loved her daughters—all eighteen of them.

As the youngest, though, Silvana had always benefited from Dana's smothering brand of love more than anyone else. And as the only daughter who still lived in New York, she felt responsible for her aging parents. They wouldn't live forever.

Already, their one thousand, four hundred and twenty years were starting to show. Their scales weren't quite as glossy as they used to be. Their teeth not as sharp. But they still knew how to hoard treasure, which, according to Dana, was the only thing that mattered.

Another skill Silvana had never mastered. She squandered every penny that fell through her fingers. She'd barely graduated from culinary school, but while there, she'd learned she had a real passion for dessert. So she'd taken what little money she'd managed to save on her own and opened *Burnt Toast*.

Baking, she could handle. It wasn't easy, and she tossed out more raw ingredients than ended up going in the finished baked goods, but she could manage it.

Customer service, on the other hand, was a skill that clearly eluded her. The éclair asshole should thank his lucky stars she chose to throw an oven-mitt at him instead of burning him to a crisp like she'd have done in the Middle Ages.

Damn technology, forensics, and all the other crap that came with living in the twentieth century. She missed pitchforks and good, old-fashioned burnings.

Blood roared in her ears. Her temples throbbed, and her palm twitched in agony. She stared at the angry pink welt that spread from the middle knuckle all the way down to the heel of her palm. With a sigh, she ran the burn under cold water until some of the pangs of torment receded, then wrapped a bandage around her hand and turned off the ovens.

She didn't bother to remove the half-baked pastries. Whatever was in there would keep, and if they didn't, well, what was one more ruined batch in the scheme of things? She, on the other hand, was about ready to keel over.

What she really needed was eight hours of pure, uninterrupted, dreamless sleep. She'd been exhausted before, but her dream lover had always allowed her a few hours of rest before morning. Last night, she hadn't been able to fall asleep after waking up screaming his name.

Silvana cradled her burnt hand in front of her as she locked up the shop. Damn her human disguise and its stupid failings. In dragon form, she had natural heat resistance. In this fleshy, pudgy body, she was a walking disaster.

She tugged on the lock, making sure it was secured properly around the bars, then turned her head in time to see the éclair jerk and two uniformed policemen heading in his direction.

The guy pointed at her, and the cops took off at a sprint.

Silvana swore under her breath and broke into a run in the opposite direction. The subway station was just two blocks away. She could make it.

She elbowed her way through early-morning New York street traffic, nearly stumbling over a stroller a woman shoved in her path, then picked up the pace as she turned the corner toward the underground station. It wasn't until she'd swiped her Metrocard at the turnstile and stood on the platform, watching the train barreling toward her, that she allowed herself to relax a fraction.



By the time she climbed onto a subway car, found a seat at the back, and watched the doors hiss closed, her heart rate had managed to return to normal.

That bit of comfort lasted for about two point four seconds, right up until she tore her gaze from the doors and the platform beyond and glanced to the row of seats across from her.

There, reading the morning's edition of the New York Times like it was the most natural thing in the world, sat the man who was at least partly to blame for what had turned out to be a very bad day.

Silvana stood, wobbling slightly on shaky legs as the train lurched into high speed, and grabbed a nearby handrail.

"Rafael!" she shouted, loud enough for her sister in Montana to hear. "You son of a bitch."

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### Chapter Three

Rafael Tavaréz was good at pissing off women. At least that's what his mother, six sisters, and ex-wife had all told him at one time or another.

Most of the time, though, he knew what he'd done to earn a tongue-lashing or a flying plate directed at his head. This morning, he had no clue.

To make matters worse, his head pounded like some part of his brain wanted to break through his skull and crawl to safety. His eyes felt swollen, tender, and judging by the dark shadows he'd glimpsed in the bathroom mirror when he'd briefly considered shaving before deciding he'd probably slit his throat in the process, his sleep had been anything but restful.

Again.

All that despite hitting the pillow at nine p.m. and snoozing right through the alarm. Now he was late for work.

Again.

The dreams, nightmares or blackouts—whatever they were—had gotten worse. These days, he sported a permanent, painful hard-on, and his body showed signs of having been ... used. Over the past three weeks, he'd woken up with bruises and tiny welts he could only describe as love bites. Last night, he'd been gifted with a lovely split lip.

He'd have passed out the moment the train had pulled away from the station if he hadn't been afraid of doing ... well, whatever it was he did at night. So he'd focused on

today's crossword, until the angry woman across the way decided to scream at him and worsen the pounding in his head.

"Listen, lady," he said, not looking up. "I don't know who you think I am or what you figure I've done to you, but—"

"But nothing! I want you to stay away from me, y'hear?"

Rafael sighed and raised an eyebrow at the man sitting beside him, who chuckled.

"Women, right?" the guy said.

Rafael grimaced. "Yeah. Right." Ever since peaceful slumber became a thing of the past, women had been the last thing on his mind. All right, so that wasn't entirely true. His cock—and the rest of his body—craved release, but he'd had no time or inclination to approach anyone. Much less crazy women on trains.

His gaze darted back to the crossword puzzle. *Five letter word for bizarre. My life? No. That's six letters.* He had a brief glimpse of long legs encased in tight jeans coming straight for him before a slender, feminine hand yanked the paper off his lap.

The woman bunched up the newspaper, and tossed it on the floor of the train before stabbing the tip of a finger into Rafael's chest. "I bet you think this is funny, don't you? Some colossal cosmic joke."

Such a lovely hand. Smooth, porcelain-pale skin, neatly trimmed nails. If not for the bandage wrapped around the heel of the palm, he'd have thought it flawless.

He could think of all kinds of uses for that hand. It would feel wonderful stroking his cock, fingers dipping beneath his

balls to tickle the sensitive skin while she flicked her fingernails along the taut strip of flesh leading to his ass.

A wave of dizziness slammed into his head as his cock jerked forward in sudden agreement. God, what was wrong with him? His thoughts never ran off on tangents about unknown women with beautiful hands, especially if those women also happened to be yelling at him at the time.

It had to be the lack of quality sleep that was messing with his good sense. This had gone on long enough. He'd take the day off work and go see a doctor, one who'd prescribe medication. A handful of pills would knock him right out, and keep him from doing whatever crazy things he did when he should have been asleep, like normal people.

At the end of his rope, last night he'd even cuffed himself to the headboard of his bed. In the morning he'd felt like a fool, his arms had ached, yet he still didn't feel any more rested than he had before hitting the sack. Obviously, sleepwalking wasn't his problem. So what was?

"I think you have me confused with someone else," he said at last. With the paper gone, he couldn't formulate another good reason to keep from looking at her.

Which meant he had to pull his scattered, horny thoughts together long enough to carry through a conversation. One that would, hopefully, not end up with her sexy little fingernails scraping skin off his face.

Rafael pasted the most sincere smile he could summon onto his features and looked up. "I assure you, this is all a big misunderstanding—"

He didn't get a chance to finish the sentence because the moment their eyes met, recognition slammed a fist into his gut. He gaped like a fish out of water. Someone had sucked all the air out of the train.

Images flashed across his field of vision, each more erotic than the last. This woman, on her back, knees splayed open while he feasted on her ripe, dewy pussy. Her again, braced against a wall while his cock slid in and out of her and a long line of men waited their turn. The pictures came in rapid succession now. In one, she knelt before him. In another, she hung over the edge of a giant Jacuzzi, holding her ass cheeks open for his intimate inspection.

And finally, he saw her strapped to a table before a flood of harsh neon light, hot tears spilling down her cheeks as her body quaked under the strain of sudden release.

Rafael's heart squeezed. He sucked in a painful breath between clenched teeth as raw need pounded through his veins. He remembered watching her, wishing he could be the only one to touch, taste, and delight in her delectable body. He could vividly recall the way her eyes glistened, moist with tears. He'd kissed her then, and she'd ... she'd—

His hand flew to his aching lip. "It was you." He bolted upright and grabbed her upper arms, pulling her to him. "What's happening to me? What did you do?"

The moment he touched her, he knew he'd made a mistake. The imprint of her feminine shape against his body filled him with raw lust so hot it bordered on incendiary. His nostrils flared at the scent of her. Cinnamon and fresh baked

bread. His cock juiced at the first whiff, swelled to near bursting and pressed against his zipper.

Rafael gritted his teeth. God, if he'd known the aroma of baked goods would have made him harder than a steel rod, he'd have spent more time in pastry shops.

But no, it wasn't just the smell of bread. It was the woman herself, the combination of innocent red curls and full cheeks contrasted against breasts to die for and wide, sexy hips. The woman was a walking contradiction. A smoldering vixen in disguise.

He leaned closer, powerless to stop the rush of heat tightening his groin. He desperately wanted to kiss her again, to bring a vague memory into sumptuous reality.

"Let me go," she whispered.

"Never," he murmured, and at that moment he knew he meant that simple word more than he'd ever meant anything in his entire life.

With his lips mere inches away from hers, the woman's light blue eyes widened. Heat rushed into her heart-shaped face, painting twin streaks of deep red blush across both cheeks. The skin of her arms started to burn like he'd dipped his hands in a blazing flame.

Rafael gritted his teeth against the sudden, sharp pain, but held on. Ripples of sensation he couldn't name—a mix between raw pleasure and sheer agony—flared in his palms.

Something sparked in her gaze. As he watched, her round eyes elongated slightly, dimming to a brilliant silver color. Her face took on a decidedly greenish hue.

She tried to take a step back and ended up slipping out of his grasp when the train ground to an abrupt stop. The doors behind her hissed open.

The moment he released her, his palms stopped tingling. The otherworldly features he'd glimpsed just moments earlier disappeared from her striking face. She looked as wholesome, normal, and stunningly beautiful as ever, her pale skin a sharp contrast to her wild red curls, pink pout, and pale blue eyes.

Her bottom lip quivered when she glanced at him through lowered lashes. "Stay away from me," she repeated. "I-I mean it."

"But I don't—"

She'd bolted through the doors and onto the station platform before the words were out of his mouth.

Rafael swore and tore after her. It took him a few moments to orient himself in the throng of people piling in and out the train, but when he caught a glimpse of fiery curls, he wasted no time contemplating a course of action.

He never remembered anything about what happened during the night. Until now. This woman was the key to regaining his nights, his peaceful sleep, his fucking life!

She wove her way through the crowd with fluid grace. Rafael stumbled in pursuit, bumping into people and muttering halfhearted apologies as his elbows connected with bags, ribs, and stomachs.

His mystery woman was already halfway across the block by the time he spotted her. Elbowing his way past a teenager

with dreadlocks as thick as his wrist and murmuring a quick apology, Rafael quickened his step to a jog.

Getting to work no longer mattered. Even the desperate longing for restful sleep dimmed a little as he ran. Only the frustrated desire awakened by holding her persisted in tightening his body. He thought only of catching her.

He had no plan, no brilliant line prepared to utter when he finally stopped her, but it didn't matter. She had to tell him what had been happening to him. She was the only one who knew.

She veered down a side street, and Rafael followed, closing the distance between them with each step. A row of uniform brownstones dominated both sides of the street. A large, outdoor parking area took up the only free lot space about midway to the next block.

She came to a grinding halt in front of the mostly-empty lot. At peak capacity, it could probably accommodate a hundred vehicles. Now, Rafael could only make out perhaps ten or so, mostly sedan-type, family cars.

The woman stood approximately thirty feet away from him. He pumped his arms, ran faster.

Twenty feet.

She turned her head and stared at him, a wrinkle appearing above her pert little nose.

Ten feet.

She lifted her arm, gripped some invisible item with her right hand, and pulled it back toward her. Then she took a step forward onto the lot. And vanished into thin air just as Rafael's hand shot out to grab her arm.



Madam Periwinkle's Erotic Delights: Better Than Chocolate  
*by Lacey Savage*

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## Chapter Four

The inside of Madam Periwinkle's Erotic Delights shop was even more posh, provocative, and purple than its glittering storefront indicated. Gleaming black shelves draped with violet-colored cloth lined both sides of the small room. On the long, narrow surfaces, Silvana could make out a variety of sex toys, lubricants, lingerie, and other erotic paraphernalia. Overhead, a purple disco ball scattered fragmented, diamond-sharp light over the enticing inventory.

Silvana's inner walls gave a quick, bursting flutter of wanton need, but when her mind veered sharply to the vivid dreams she'd been having, she sucked in a breath and plucked away the unwanted thoughts. She was running away from Rafael for a reason. As much as she wanted him out of her nights, having him mess up her days was infinitely worse.

A tiny bell gave a silvery tinkle as the door closed behind her. Silvana's heart hammered against her ribcage. She twirled on her toes and directed an anxious glance at the sidewalk. She didn't doubt that Rafael would follow her in here.

She'd been both surprised and relieved to see the erotic shop nestled between two brownstones when she'd turned the corner onto West 35th Street. She didn't know this area of the city very well, and she wasn't sure where she'd end up when she started running.

Luckily, the erotic store offered unexpected refuge from the intensity of the man chasing her. If things got dicey, she

could probably count on the store manager or other customers to intervene.

She held her breath as Rafael paused outside the store. Any second now, he'd push the door open. Then she'd have to talk to him again. Worse, he might touch her once more.

She'd never experienced dragon shift without either willing it, or having it happen of its own frustrating accord at the moment of orgasm. That is, until Rafael had gripped her arms and pulled her to him. Her body had given an instinctive lurch of recognition and at that moment, her libido caught fire. Every nerve ending felt like it burned from the inside out, causing a massive inferno to settle deep in her core and flare in her cunt.

And then the tremors had started. She came *this* close to shifting into her dragon form right there, on the damned subway, in front of humans! She couldn't risk that happening again. Not for Rafael. Not for anyone.

If her parents thought she was a colossal failure now, she shuddered to imagine what they'd think of her if she ended up being single-handedly responsible for revealing dragon-kind's existence.

Yeah. There was a dinner conversation she wanted to avoid forever.

She shifted from one foot to the other and inched closer to the glass. Rafael paced on the sidewalk, in front of the store. He ran a hand through his dark, short-clipped curls. Confusion creased his brow as he took in the height of Madam Periwinkle's Erotic Delights. He walked from one end of the store to the other, but gave no indication of coming in.

Was he shy? Prudish? Judging by the myriad of raunchy things he did to her on a nightly basis, she'd say that was a far cry from the truth. So what held him back, then?

She advanced another couple of steps until her nose pressed against the door.

Rafael paused, rolled his shoulders, looked right at her.

Heart lurching in her throat, Silvana knew she couldn't ignore him any longer. Guilt nagged the edges of her mind. He'd looked so confused on that train, so sincerely puzzled about her behavior. Maybe she owed him a genuine conversation. She'd simply have to keep him at a distance; that was all. Stay far, far away from his tempting body, his luscious lips, and his broad, masculine hands. She could shout across the length of the store, if she had to.

With a slight grimace, she lifted her hand in a halfhearted wave. But before she could wiggle her fingertips, Rafael's gaze fled beyond her, darting left and right, above her head, focusing everywhere except on her eyes.

Then he sighed and took a step forward.

A cry caught in Silvana's throat. Rafael glided through the storefront window. She could still see him. Well, some of him, at any rate. His impressive male physique was now no more than a shimmering silhouette, a bright imprint against the purple elegance of the store.

"Don't worry about him, dear. His kind have no power here."

Silvana spun around, knocking into the large, voluptuous chest of a tall, purple-haired woman. Stunned by the unexpected presence, she reached out to steady herself and

ended up splaying her palm against the woman's right breast in the process.

For a moment, she could only stare in horror at her hand. Her fingers had slipped beneath the provocative, low-cut edge of the woman's V-neck dress.

She pulled away as if she'd been burned, and heat flared in her cheeks. "Oh, God. I'm so sorry!"

The woman gave a genuine laugh that made her blue eyes crinkle at the corners. "I wouldn't flaunt 'em if I didn't want 'em touched now, would I?" She winked, leaned forward a fraction and gave a naughty little wiggle that set her ample bosom to quivering.

Despite the shock still coursing through her system, Silvana found herself grinning back. "I don't think I'm your intended audience for those."

"True enough." The woman straightened and held out her hand. Long, blood-red fingernails set off a polished manicure that Silvana could never pull off at the bakery. "Madam Periwinkle, at your service."

Silvana shook the offered hand and found herself liking the owner of the shop instantly. With her shock of shiny purple curls, crimson lips, and black eyelashes that were at least an inch long, she fit in perfectly with the eclectic décor. Her unique brand of in-your-face, unapologetic sexiness worked well with the shop's blatant eroticism.

Remembering Rafael's ghostly figure, Silvana turned toward his silhouette and found him wandering toward the back of the store. Judging by the way he drifted aimlessly,

weaving in and out of shelves, she figured he couldn't see her, Madam Periwinkle, or the shop itself.

"What kind of place is this?" Silvana asked, shuffling closer to a massive glass cabinet that housed a variety of whips, floggers, and intriguing looking straps with large buckles attached at the ends.

"Exactly what it looks like. What's your pleasure, dear?" Madam Periwinkle made her way to an array of crotchless panties and held one up for Silvana's inspection. "You're a size twelve, right?"

Silvana nodded. "I'm really not interested in lingerie. I just need to hide out here for a little while, if that's okay."

"Of course it's okay. You wouldn't be here if it wasn't."

Silvana frowned, considering that comment. "And him? Why isn't he here?"

Madame Periwinkle's eyes narrowed as she glanced at Raphael's fading back. "Because you don't want him here."

"So you offer ... protection?"

Another silvery laugh floated through the air. With it, Silvana noticed the sweet smell of lilac and lavender, as though produced by Madame Periwinkle herself. "Hardly. I offer sexual satisfaction. And sometimes, a little more. I can't help myself, you see. Especially when there are other forces at work. Darker forces."

Silvana's pulse sped up. "Darker forces? Like Rafael?"

"Like those who command him."

She licked her suddenly dry lips. "I don't understand. Who's doing this to me? To ... us?"

Madam Periwinkle waved her hand in the air, scattering another waft of fragrant scent toward Silvana. "I wish I could reveal everything to you, but as I said, I'm not in the protection business. Besides, I've run my mouth too much already." She made a face. "There are agents on both sides who frown upon interference."

"So why are you helping me, then?"

The voluptuous shop owner seemed to float on the hardwood floor as she closed the distance between them. She reached out and cupped Silvana's face in her hands. Her penetrating blue eyes silently probed the depths of Silvana's soul. The sensation should have been frightening, but aside from a slight apprehension that still lingered from being so close to Rafael, Silvana didn't feel a thing.

Madame Periwinkle shook her head. "I shouldn't. Heaven knows it would be good for all Fairy Godmothers if I just minded my own business, but I can't seem to help myself. Mortals and their love lives intrigue me. You're all so ... fragile. So easily hurt, so vulnerable. And so susceptible to manipulation from all manner of beings who seek to possess you."

A frisson of genuine fear snaked up Silvana's spine. "I get the feeling we're not talking about mortals in general anymore. You mean I'm easy to manipulate, don't you? And that's what Rafael's trying to do." She swallowed the lump that rose in her throat. "I'm letting him, aren't I? It's because I want him to do all those deliciously savage things to me that he can enter my dreams and mess with my life."

Madam Periwinkle's Erotic Delights: Better Than Chocolate  
*by Lacey Savage*

Madam Periwinkle pursed her red lips, intensifying the dramatic sculpt of her cheekbones in the process, and dropped her hands. Gentle concern shadowed her theatrical expression. "Be careful, all right? That's all I'm saying."

Frustration coiled in Silvana's gut. "How am I supposed to do that if you won't help me—"

"You need something that'll let you sleep without worrying about external influences, yes?"

Silvana sucked in a breath, startled. "Yes. Do you have something that might work?"

The broad smile returned to Madam Periwinkle's beautiful face. "I've got just the thing."

"I should tell you I've already tried over-the-counter medicine, warm milk, and every manner of relaxation music known to man."

Madam Periwinkle turned back toward the array of shelves and rose on the tips of her toes to reach the highest one. She searched the top shelf, and apparently not finding what she was looking for, made her way to the back of the store. "I know it's here somewhere."

Silvana watched the energetic shop owner dig through a variety of small boxes and drawers. After a couple of minutes, the woman smacked her forehead with an open palm, drifted toward the front of the store, and reached into the dark depths of a small cupboard Silvana hadn't even noticed until that very moment.

"Aha!" A victorious grin lit up Madame Periwinkle's face as she spun around to face Silvana. "I knew I still had it."



Silvana's jaw dropped open as she stared at the longest, thickest, most detailed dildo she'd ever seen. Only, it didn't appear to be made of plastic, rubber, silicone, or any other material used to create sex toys. If she didn't know better, she'd think it was pure...

"Chocolate," she whispered.

Madam Periwinkle waved the dildo in the air like a magic wand before presenting it to Silvana on outstretched palms. "This will do the trick. Just remember, when it disappears, its powers do too. Oh, and if you're worried about hygiene or health concerns, don't be. This bad boy's inherent magic cleanses itself—and you."

Silvana reached out a tentative hand and brushed her fingertips along the sleekly-contoured head of the sculpted cock. She trailed them down farther, over the ridged veins to the space where a tight sac would normally be.

Her mouth watered. She could practically taste the flavor of rich, dark chocolate combined with the musky tang of male seed. "You're sure this will help?"

Madam Periwinkle nodded. The playful grin vanished. She straightened her spine, suddenly all business. "That'll be twenty-four ninety-nine. Would you like it gift wrapped?"

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## Chapter Five

"Thanks for walking me home, Paul. You really didn't have to." Silvana dug into her oversized purse. Her fingertips encountered the hard shell of a lipstick tube, some wadded tissues, and at least five pens, but no keys. She blew out a frustrated breath.

Paul Miller leaned in, forcing Silvana to take a step back. "Now what would your mama have said if I'd let you brave the city streets at night all by yourself, hmm?"

The sharp edge of the railing that fringed the top step of the three-floor walk-up pressed into Silvana's back. She looked up at her "date" with the most polite smile she could muster. "My mother and I both appreciate your concern, but I'm safe now." She waited for him to take the hint. He didn't, so she added, "I'll tell her, you were a perfect gentleman."

He inched a little closer yet, exuding confidence and charisma. So close she could smell the slight hint of tobacco on his clothes, even though she hadn't seen him light a cigarette all night. "What if I don't want to be a perfect gentleman?"

Shit. She should have known the night wouldn't end well. The day had been a complete disaster. After her stop at Madam Periwinkle's Erotic Delights shop, she'd headed back to the apartment for some much-needed sleep, but ended up tossing and turning the afternoon away. She'd thought about using the chocolate dildo she'd bought from the eccentric shop owner, but she wasn't quite sure what to do with it.

Madam Periwinkle hadn't given her an instruction book. Was she supposed to eat it? Suck it like a lollipop until she reached the creamy center? Use it as a real dildo? String it on a rope and wave it in front of her eyes like she'd seen hypnotists do on TV?

Feeling infinitely foolish for buying the darn thing in the first place, she'd eventually set it on the nightstand. After four wasted hours, she knew one thing for certain—staring at the magnificent sculpted cock wasn't enough to help her sleep.

Paul reached up and slid his palm across the sensitive skin of her throat. "Come on, Silvana. Let me come upstairs."

She fought an instinctive flinch at the contact, but didn't push his hand away. Paul Miller had turned out to be ... different than she'd expected. Of all the "successful" dragons her mother had set her up with over the years, she had to admit Paul had the most potential as a long-term mate.

He stood a few inches taller than her, and she had to guess he was almost six feet. Blond hair, cut short at the back, hung in straight bangs over his forehead and fell into his blue eyes. *Cute. Very cute.*

He'd worn a tailored suit to dinner—probably because he'd headed to the McCurdy house straight from work—but rather than appearing stuffy, the effect made him look sexy in a James Bond kind of way.

Okay, so he was a little ... dull. He'd talked tedious facts and figures all night, charming the pants off her mother and even managing to impress her stoic father, but Silvana had spent the evening stifling yawns and trying hard not to fall

face-first in her soup bowl. Or in her plate of spaghetti marinara. Or in her tiramisu.

She was grateful when dinner ended, figuring she could make a clean getaway. But before she'd even scraped her chair back from the table, Paul had offered to see her home. With her mother hovering nearby and beaming an overly-bright smile, she couldn't very well turn down his gallant gesture, so she'd allowed him to walk her the twelve blocks to her place.

Paul was attractive, wealthy, and parent-approved. She should have jumped him the moment she got him all to herself. Instead, all Silvana could think about was climbing up the three flights of stairs—alone—and collapsing into bed with her new chocolate dildo.

*Pathetic, Sil. Really pathetic.* She licked her lips, preparing a formulaic response that would allow her to see him again, if she chose to. Something not too offensive, something cliché, like, *I've had a really long day. Maybe some other time?*

"Unless, of course, you're seeing someone."

Silvana swallowed past the lump of confusion in her throat. Seeing someone? Sure. In her deluded dreams. Did that count? She shook her head. "No. No one."

The smooth bridge of Paul's nose puckered in disbelief. "Gorgeous girl like you? I don't believe it."

A snort slid from her mouth before she could stop it. "You're kidding, right?"

"Okay, so you're not seeing anyone. Are you in love with someone?"

"In ... love?" Her heart did a flip-flop along with her belly. A moment later, her pussy clenched, following suit. "I'm ... haunted by someone. There. Does that make you happy?"

"A ghost doesn't put a ring on your finger. So what do you say, Sil? I want a good, hard fuck. You want..." He leaned in until his mouth hovered a fraction of an inch away from hers. "What do you want?"

This was her chance to push him away. This was—

A shadow moved on the sidewalk, so swift and fleeting that she might have imagined it. Tension instantly immobilized her muscles, and a feeling deep in her gut told her she hadn't dreamt up the motion. Inching just far enough to the right so she could see past Paul's shoulder, she gazed into the darkness of the street.

Rafael leaned against a lamppost, his arms crossed over his chest. The gesture tugged his black shirt tightly over his strong biceps. Even from this distance, she could make out the magnitude of his muscular legs, his broad shoulders, his firm chest. Although at least twenty feet separated them, his body pulled her like a tangible force.

Their gazes met. Held. He didn't smile, or wave, or do any of a hundred other things that would indicate he was there. Hell, he had to know she was already aware of him.

Though aware was probably the understatement of the century.

Silvana sucked in a sharp breath, feeling more than a little hypnotized by his presence. She had the eerie sensation that the night air itself had changed, shifting to acknowledge the electric charge between them. A frisson of sensation danced

down her spine and led to the apex of her thighs, where it caressed her pussy with whisper-soft promise.

Her inner walls gave a sharp shudder of excitement and her nipples hardened. Heat flared in her cheeks. Her lips parted of their own accord.

"Rafael."

The son of a bitch had followed her home! She'd assumed he'd given up on her when she'd seen him walk through Madam Periwinkle's shop and out the other side of the lot. A few glances down the deserted street had assured her she wasn't being tailed when she left the shop, but now she knew better.

She'd underestimated him. And she'd let her attraction to him—this magical magnetic pull or whatever it was—blind her to the darkness Madam Periwinkle had tried to warn her about.

"Ah." Paul sighed, but a playful twinkle lit up his gaze when he looked at her. "I don't know who that is. But since he's not here, will I do? Use me, abuse me, call me by a different name ... whatever. Just as long as it gets me into your pants."

Despite the turmoil of sensations churning through Silvana, a giggle slid past her lips. Paul looked so absurdly cute standing there, practically begging her to take him upstairs.

Her pussy ached, yearning for more of the sweet ecstasy Rafael delivered in her dreams. So what would it hurt?

Her pulse quickened at the thought. She was horny. Rafael tempted her beyond belief—and satisfied her every desire—in

dreams, but none of that was real. What she needed to think straight was a good, old-fashioned fuck.

Hell, with any luck, getting laid would put her to sleep too. A deep, delicious sleep that left no room for uninvited guests.

A small smile played at the corners of her lips. This time when she gazed into Paul's blue eyes, she tried to look beyond the façade that so enthralled her mother and see the bad boy beneath. She didn't need a straight-laced accountant for a long-term commitment. She craved a rough, hard fuck expertly delivered by a wild, sexually fierce lover.

In Paul's arms, she could have an orgasm and reveal her dragon self without worry. Yes, she decided as she twined her arms around his neck and thrust her fingers into the blond hair at the back of his head, a mindless fuck would do her good.

"I'd love it if you'd come." She skimmed her lips across his and pressed her breasts against his chest. "Maybe even more than once."

\* \* \*

It took Silvana and Paul less than five minutes to reach the third-floor, finally find her keys—which she belatedly remembered tucking into the front pocket of her jeans—and stumble inside the loft. They'd probably have reached it sooner if Paul hadn't insisted on kissing her the entire way up. He barely relinquished her lips even while they ripped off each other's clothes.

She could taste the wine he'd had at dinner, mingled with the sweet remnants of coffee-flavored tiramisu. Beneath it all,

that faint flavor of tobacco she'd scented on him lingered. Far from being unpleasant, it added a rich, luxurious layer to Paul's appeal.

His tongue slid across the surface of hers, sending a jolt of arousal deep in her groin. Edgy ripples of sensual awareness rushed through her body, quickening her pulse. Her slick folds pressed against the thin fabric of her panties, throbbing lightly with awakened need.

But although Paul's hands skimmed down her ribcage and slipped across her stomach, and although Paul's mouth trailed soft kisses along the vulnerable skin of her throat before delving inside the valley between her breasts, it was Rafael who occupied her thoughts.

She forced herself to look at Paul, to see him doing these things to her, but it didn't help. She felt Rafael's hands, imagined his strong fingers hooking the waistband of her panties and pulling them down her legs. Paul was clean-shaven, but when he kissed her, she swore she could feel the brush of a softly bristled beard scrape her skin.

A sob escaped her throat before she could catch it. She was going mad.

"Lie down, baby," Paul said, nudging her toward the bed. He'd obviously mistaken her strangled cry for a whine of discomfort, and she didn't bother to correct his assumption.

Instead, she did as she was told, falling onto her back on the unmade bed. She hadn't expected company tonight, so she hadn't bothered to straighten up her bedroom. The rumpled sheets were still bunched and wrinkled, just as she'd left them. The pillow she'd tossed onto the floor in frustration



after being unable to fall asleep, still lay there, halfway between the bed and the window through which streetlights spilled their muted neon glow.

A strong hand touched her bare thigh. She sighed and tried to relax, splaying her legs open. Rafael—damn it!—Paul's palm traced an erotic path up the inside of her thigh. His thumb drew tiny little circles on her flesh as he crept upward, closer and closer to her bare cunt.

She forced her eyes open when she realized they'd drifted closed, and took in the full effect of Paul's body. Like her, he was also naked. He knelt between her parted legs. The light streaming through the window provided just enough illumination for her to see the sleek, starkly defined lines of Paul's body and take in the impressive length of his cock without feeling like every one of her flaws was on display.

Without feeling like she was on display.

Rafael always shared her body with others. He made her face things about herself, about the way she felt regarding her body. Dark, uncomfortable things.

She gritted her teeth and beamed a forced smile at Paul. This was not about Rafael. For all she knew, he was still down on the street. He could be stroking his cock in dismal solitude for all she cared.

That thought brought a lightning-quick image to flash across her mind. Rafael's large cock curved against the muscled ridges of his stomach. His fist gliding up the solid length, fingers coiling, twisting, squeezing. A pearly bead of creamy fluid glistening at its brown tip, looking good enough to eat.

She licked her lips, and quickly darted an involuntary glance at her nightstand. A gasp tore from her throat.

She'd forgotten the chocolate dildo right where she'd left it, sitting in all its massive, erect glory on the surface of the nightstand, right beside the lamp and her dog-eared copy of *Chicken Soup for the Chef's Soul*. Paul let out a burst of masculine laughter. A blush crept all the way up Silvana's face, not settling for her cheeks but edging right up to her hairline.

"Shit." She bolted upright and made a grab for the dildo. "You weren't supposed to see that."

He reached around her and yanked the toy out of her hands. His erection pressed into her hip, sending a shiver through her body. "I'm not one of those guys who's threatened by a woman's ability to ... entertain herself." He winked and pressed the tip of the thick dildo to her nipple, then rolled it around the areola.

She exhaled a soft breath of contentment. Pleasure coursed outward from the place Paul touched with the chocolate. Against all odds, she began to genuinely relax as sensual bliss enveloped her senses.

Paul traced a path down her stomach with the head of the dildo. She parted her legs again and glanced down to the soft folds of her tummy. A neat triangle of bright red curls, now matted with the juices of her arousal, covered her mound.

With his thumb and forefinger, Paul splayed open her pussy lips. The pink, creamy center glistened in the soft light.

Silvana's stomach muscles clenched as he circled her clit with the dildo. She fought to keep from wiggling her ass

against the mattress or thrust upward and force him to go faster. "Let's see what this bad boy can do, shall we?"

Silvana swallowed hard. Her pussy quivered, desperate to be filled. From this angle, the chocolate cock looked exactly like Rafael's shaft, all dark beauty and strong, manly appeal.

Without waiting for an answer, Paul glided the tip of the toy through Silvana's slick folds and, with one swift thrust, filled her needy cunt. Her inner walls stretched to accommodate the solid intrusion. The muscles gave a soft quiver, then settled with a satisfied squeeze around the toy. A soft cry of surrender caught in her throat. And a split-second later, she was asleep.

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## Chapter Six

There was no stage, this time. No restraints. No feelings of shame mingling with overwhelming lust. No multitude of men.

As always, though, there was Rafael.

Silvana sucked in a breath and tried to get her bearings. Shadows shrouded the room, but a silvery moon tossed silver beams over the bed where he lay, apparently in slumber.

What kind of dream was this? Didn't he want to tie her up? To call his friends and do all kinds of naughty, delectable things to her?

She stood in a corner, behind a massive chest of drawers, about six feet away from the bed. From here, she had a perfect view of Rafael. A tousled sheet covered the lower half of his body. His strong chest rose and fell with the rhythmic motion of his breathing. Moonlight played upon the sensual lines of his face, settling in the groove beneath his nose and highlighting his sculpted cheekbones. The dusky smudge of his beard all but hid his luscious lips.

A wave of longing unfurled in her chest. She wanted to go to him, to sit beside him and watch him as he slept, to trail the tips of her fingers over his exotic face and see his mouth turn up in a dreamy smile.

Driven by the powerful desire to be at his side, she took a step forward—only to freeze when she heard an unfamiliar voice.

"You're sure he's the one you want?"

"Yes. I've analyzed his sleep patterns. He sleeps like the dead. He'll do nicely for what we need."

Silvana plastered her back to the chest of drawers and risked a peek around the edge of the massive piece of furniture.

Two men stood at Rafael's bedside. Try as she might, she couldn't pick out any distinguishing features aside from tall, lanky forms and long, flowing hair. At first she blamed her inability to clearly see the men on the darkness of the room, but it didn't take long until Silvana realized they had no real substance.

Inexplicably, they were the shadows. Deeper, denser than the surrounding air, their forms rippled in and out of existence like airy flutters of thickening darkness. Their voices, when they spoke, were labored, as though they struggled to maintain their earthly forms.

"You know what's at stake here. You must be able to draw enough sexual energy through this man to keep our hungers fed. You're certain you can do that?"

Silvana thought it was the man on the right who'd spoken. His undulating form appeared agitated.

"I know my duty, Illian. Trust me. When I possess this man, he'll be powerless to stop my dream invasion. Together, we will intrude upon the sleep of others like him. Men and women sexually starved for attention. Needy, feeble minds desperate for release."

Silvana's pulse roared in her ears. Dizziness swept the edges of her mind. Is that why this had been happening to her? Because she was needy, feeble, and sex starved?

The last part wasn't entirely her fault. As a dragon who couldn't maintain her human form during orgasm, her choices of a partner were limited at best. She was stuck with other dragons—dragons like those her mother set her up with. And she'd never wanted to fuck any of them.

Until Paul. And even then, she knew he was simply a substitute for the man she really wanted. A stand-in. Was that fair to Paul? To Rafael?

To her?

She shook her head, forcing the murky thoughts aside. She needed to pay attention to this dream. Something told her this was no random fantasy anymore, but that she had somehow stumbled upon something that held even more significance. Like a past event, or a memory.

"You will make your incubus brothers proud, Fariel," Illian said. "We will await your first successful dream infiltration."

His companion sighed. "I miss the good old days. It wasn't that long ago when mortals believed in our powers. Do you remember when infiltrating their dreams was simply a matter of knocking on the spiritual door? Back then, they always let us in. Now, we're forced to possess a human spirit, body, and mind, like ordinary parasites. The dream realm is no longer our playground. Mortals are stronger now. More resilient to supernatural manipulation."

"And yet we've found a way to survive. We adapt." Illian raised his hand, and Silvana thought it was to clap Fariel on his ethereal back. "We always have before."

Fariel straightened his drooping shoulders. "You're right, of course. Tell our brothers to expect me tomorrow night."

Illian gave a sharp nod. "Of course. Is it too much to hope for that we may begin tonight?"

"I'll do my best, but I can make no promises. I need to learn this man's dream landscape first. Figure out his fantasies. If I can draw him to the dreams of those he would naturally find attractive, the sexual energy generated will be that much more powerful."

"And you're sure he'll be unable to dislodge your influence from his mind?"

Fariel laughed, a low, eerie chuckle that made the skin at the back of Silvana's neck pinch into gooseflesh. "Even if he learns of my existence, this man will be unable to take part in the necessary act of sexual purification to expel me."

"You're certain of that?"

"Why do you think I chose him? He's a stockbroker consumed by his work. When he's not at the office, he's either at the gym, or here at home. It's been over twenty-four months since he could claim an encounter with a sexual partner other than his right hand. Do you really believe he'll magically stumble upon a ménage involving a man, a woman, and the sacred ingredient required to concoct an incubus cocktail?"

Illian ran a hand through his hair. "You win, Fariel. He might get lucky and fall into bed with two mortals of his choosing. But what are the odds their sex play will involve chocolate, too?"

Fariel snorted. "More likely he'll be eating chocolate after indulging in a frozen dinner while watching the news. Alone.

You have nothing to fear, Illian. Tell our brothers we'll be able to feed for a long, long time."

"You've done well." With a quick salute of his shadowy hand, Illian disappeared. His vanishing act lessened the aura of menace in the room.

Silvana pressed her fingertips to her mouth and watched as Fariel's darkened form lifted off the floor and hovered over the bed. Blurry details scattered in a monochromatic haze, drawing her attention to a thick, erect shaft and the contour of strong hips and thighs.

Rafael slept on, completely oblivious to the threat.

The urge to bolt from the safety of her hiding place and warn him, jolted the muscles of her legs. Before she could move, the fringes of the dream began to fray.

Silvana held her breath. Through a swirl of dream fog, she watched Fariel drop slowly and enter Rafael's body.

Rafael stirred. A groan escaped his lips and his chest heaved. A moment later, he settled back into a fitful sleep.

"Hang on, Rafe," she whispered. "I'm coming."

"Silvana? Siiiiiiiiil ... vaaaaaaa ... na!"

Consciousness returned in a dazed rush. Silvana bolted upright in bed, clinging to Paul's shoulders. "How long was I out?"

He scrunched his nose in confusion, so she shook him.

"How long?" she repeated.

"Two minutes, maybe? Three?"

She swiveled and lowered her legs over the side of the bed, cringing when a flash of pleasure-pain coursed through her pussy. Glancing down, she saw that the chocolate dildo



remained embedded deep in her channel. She pulled it out slowly, shuddering when her empty pussy gave a flutter of discomfort.

"I gotta tell you, Sil, passing out doesn't exactly give a guy an ego boost, y'know?"

She tossed the dildo onto the nightstand. Grabbing for her clothes, she shot a quick smile Paul's way. "I know. I'm sorry. I'll make it up to you, I promise. Just ... just wait here, okay?"

He scratched a spot behind his ear and frowned. "You're leaving?"

"Just for a minute. I'll be right back." She wiggled into her jeans while shoving her arms into her shirt. Then, seeing the look of wretched misery etched on Paul's features, she ran to him, stood on tiptoes, and planted a soft kiss on his lips.

"Please stay."

He sighed and dropped into a sitting position on the bed. His erection bobbed and slapped his stomach. "Don't tell me. You fight crime in your spare time?"

"Nothing quite so heroic. But you're going to help me save someone's sanity." *And my own.*

Paul quirked an eyebrow. "I am?"

"Yep." She winked at him. "And you'll love every minute of your good deed."

Without waiting for a response, she dashed for the door, flung it open, and scrambled down the steps, taking them three at a time. Rafael had to still be downstairs. If he wasn't, she had no idea where to find him. He had to be there. He had to.

Muggy night air hit her face as she stumbled from the building onto the top step of the front landing. She came to a grinding halt on bare feet, scraping her soles against the pavement.

Her heart gave a galloping lurch. Rafael stood right where she'd left him, under the streetlamp on the opposite sidewalk, looking almost as miserable as Paul had before she'd run out of the apartment.

As though he could sense her watching him, Rafael lifted his head. Their gazes met. Joy slammed into her chest, causing her breath to catch in her throat. The sultry heat in his eyes pulled her forward like the invisible tug of a puppeteer's string.

She crossed the street without bothering to look both ways. Fog drifted in gray patches around Rafael's feet, making him appear almost as otherworldly as the incubi from her dreams.

Except he was human, and posed no threat to her. Unless they both fell asleep—but she didn't intend to let that happen. Not until they'd exorcised the incubus from his darkened psyche.

She stopped a few inches away from him. Sucking in a deep breath for courage, she held out her hand. "I'm Silvana. I'm here to rescue you."

Rafael stared at the outstretched hand. Only moments earlier, he'd been fantasizing about having her this close. Planning what he'd say. What he'd do.

Since she'd disappeared inside the building with her lover, he'd tried his best not to picture them in bed together. That

task had proven much more difficult than it should have been. Every time he blinked, an image of her smooth, sexy limbs entwined with another man's flashed behind his eyelids. And each time that happened, a jolt of possessive envy ran through his bloodstream, making him wish he'd bolted to the top of the front steps, yanked the guy off his woman, and hurled him over the railing the moment their lips touched.

*My woman.* Fuck. That way lay madness. He knew that. Yet no matter how many times he told himself he was acting like a sixteen-year-old with a crush, that he was only here to talk, Rafael's body refused to let him believe it.

Eventually, he'd stopped fighting. He gave up on jealous fury and instead spent his time imagining a hundred things he'd do once he had Silvana within arm's reach—and none of his delusions had been half as tame as a handshake.

Heat flared through his fingers and into his arm when he slid his palm alongside Silvana's and gripped her hand. The tactile sensation warmed his skin and carried the rush of heat straight into his already eager groin.

"Rescue me?" Rafael asked, stunned he was still capable of normal speech around this woman who had somehow managed to turn his mind, his soul, and his life into a scrambled, uneven mess. "From what?"

Her eyelids were half-lowered, long lashes hiding her light blue eyes from his scrutiny. When she looked up, the potency of her gaze stole his breath.

"From yourself."

"Oh yeah?" He couldn't resist lowering his head until their warm breaths mingled. "And who's gonna rescue me from you?"

Her beautiful eyes widened slightly. "I-I'm not going to hurt you."

He'd been only joking, indulging in a bit of playful banter that had never come easily to him, but seemed to roll off his tongue in Silvana's presence. He hadn't thought she'd take it seriously, but her anxious expression made him pull back. "Should I be afraid, Silvana?"

The tip of her tongue swept out to wet her bottom lip, and the gesture drew his gaze down to it. The dewy curve of her luscious mouth parted as she started to respond, but he couldn't wait any longer.

Thoughts of kissing her had haunted him since she'd awakened his memories on the train earlier that morning. Would she taste as sweet as she smelled? He was done imagining. He needed to find out.

*Now.*

"I'm—"

He crushed her mouth with his, no longer caring what she was about to say. If she was a threat to him, he was willing to take the risk. Better the devil he knew than the one who tormented him at night and left his mind blank and his body spent in the morning.

*Even if they're one and the same?*

He growled against her mouth and swept his tongue along the seam of her lips, demanding entry. She opened to him

with a soft, whimpery moan that caused his cock to leap in feral anticipation.

This time, he intended to remember every blissful moment of their encounter. If he got answers in the process, wonderful. If not, just holding Silvana, kissing her, making love to her would be its own reward.

Her arms came up around his neck. She pulled him closer, deepening the kiss, giving as good as she got. Each one of his licks was met by one of hers, each soft nibble returned in tandem, each stroke gliding and mirroring the velvety motion of her tongue.

She felt like heaven in his arms. Her curvy form molded to his body perfectly. His rock-hard cock leapt against her belly. She gave a hoarse, lusty groan and pressed her breasts firmly against his chest. He could feel the tight little pebbles of her distended nipples graze his skin.

His hands swept under her shirt, and the feel of her bare flesh ignited a deep, carnal need within him. This went beyond lust, beyond desperate sexual desire. He wanted to run his fingertips across every inch of her, and when he finished memorizing every dip, mound and valley, he wanted to do it again. And again and again, until he was sure he'd be able to feel her perfect body beneath his hands even when she wasn't there.

His palms stole down to her buttocks. One hand rested there, along the soft curve of a fleshy cheek, while the other delved between her legs.

A soft nip of his lower lip encouraged his efforts. She kissed him with more delectable female fury, speeding up the

strokes of her silky tongue as he massaged the arc of her slit along the seam of her jeans. He started at the back and worked his way to the front of her mons, where he pressed the tip of his thumb against the patch of fabric hiding her clit from his eager touch.

Silvana gasped, fisted her hands in his hair. He flicked the top button of her jeans open and slipped his hand inside.

It was his turn to moan when he realized she wasn't wearing anything beneath the strong fabric of the denim. Moisture slicked the folds of her pussy. He explored along the crevice of her slit, parting the fleshy lips, caressing the entrance to her channel with the tip of his index finger.

Her mewling whimpers came faster now. Louder, but still drowned by the fury of his mouth.

He continued his erotic caress by gently rubbing the hood of her clit with the heel of his palm, then plunging a finger deep inside the tight channel of her wet cunt.

With a sharp cry, she broke the kiss and glanced down to the place where his palm cupped her bare pussy and his finger invaded her tight entrance.

She grabbed his wrist, pulling his hand away from the apex of her thighs. He slid out of her body with a wet pop that made her shudder.

"Come. Upstairs. Now." Her breathing came out in labored gasps and her voice shook with an intriguing mixture of arousal and uncertainty. "I know what's been happening to you. To us. I know how to save us both."

He'd have gone to the ends of the Earth with her if it meant touching her some more. And if it meant continuing

this leisurely exploration of her body and getting answers? He was ready to walk on hot coals and lie down on a bed of nails if that's what she asked of him.

Rafael slipped a finger between his lips and sucked the musky juices of Silvana's arousal off his skin. Her cream had flowed like warm honey down to his knuckle, and he made sure to lick every drop. When he finished, he winked at her. "Lead the way."

Since she was still holding his wrist, he slipped his palm lower until he could properly hold her hand. Thus joined, he and Silvana crossed the street toward the apartment building. The temperature had dropped by a couple of degrees while he'd been out here, and without her body heat seeping into his, Rafael shivered.

"You don't have anything to fear from me," she whispered, apparently mistaking the tremor for one of apprehension. "I-I won't come."

He stopped in the middle of the road and yanked her toward him. "What? Why not?"

She swallowed hard. "I'm not like other girls, Rafael. I ... I have secrets. There are things about me, you're better off not knowing."

Back in the early nineties, he'd seen *The Crying Game* with a friend and had been just as scared by the unexpected character revelation as every other guy in that theater. Somehow though, he didn't think Silvana was talking about shocking him with a masculine appendage.

He reached up and brushed his knuckles across the soft skin of her cheek. Her body gave a delicate quiver and Rafael

swept an arm around her waist, pulling her close. "You and I are going to do this right. Not like in our dreams. Like two real people who both deserve all the pleasure the other can give. All right?"

"But—"

He pressed a finger to her lips. "But nothing. We met for a reason. We're together for a reason. If it means getting to the bottom of what's happening to me, so much the better. I wouldn't let you go right now for all the restful sleep in the universe."

Her full lips turned upward in a genuine smile that lifted his heart. "You have no idea what you're getting yourself into, do you, Rafael?"

He grinned back. "Not a clue. I just know I wouldn't be anywhere else."

"I'd like to hear you say that again once we get upstairs." A car careened around the corner of the street, its bright beams glinting off the pavement. Silvana tugged his hand. "Come on."

They walked up the stone steps in silence. When they reached the ground floor and Silvana shut the entry door behind her, she began telling him about her dream. Except she didn't call it that. She referred to it as a memory, a glimpse into the past.

He listened the entire way to the third floor without interrupting, even though he understood little of what she said. The tumultuous ache in his needy cock did nothing to help him focus.



As they rounded the last flight of stairs, Rafael frowned.  
"Wait a second. An incubus is an evil dream spirit, isn't it?"

She nodded.

"And you're telling me I've got one inside me?" He couldn't hide the skepticism that seeped into his voice. "Seriously?"

"Fraid so."

"And that also means you expect me to believe those ... myths are real. Right? You're saying evil spirits exist?"

"I'm saying there are creatures in the world that humans have no awareness of. Yes."

"Huh." He scrubbed a hand over his face. Either he'd gone too long without sleep, or this was all actually making an eerie kind of sense. An evil sex demon infiltrating his brain and his body as he slept could help explain his nighttime adventures. Then again, so could a dozen other things. Like psychosis.

Psychosis, however, would not explain Silvana. Unless she wasn't real either. Unless—

"We're here."

Rafael breathed a sigh of relief. This was getting just a wee bit complicated for his sleep-deprived mind to process. Silvana swung open the door to her apartment and Rafael found himself being ushered inside a massive loft that had to cost a fortune in such a coveted New York location.

"There you are. I thought you'd forgotten all about me."

Rafael started at the sound of the unexpected male voice. He whirled around, only to come face to face—and jean-clad groin to naked cock—with the man he'd seen pawing Silvana earlier on the front steps.

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*by Lacey Savage*

Oh, hell! She had been talking about shocking him with a masculine appendage after all!

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## Chapter Seven

As the two men stared at each other in sheer confusion, Silvana cleared her throat. "Paul, meet Rafael. He's my ... uhh ... ghost."

Paul made no move to cover himself. Surprisingly, his shaft didn't soften, either. Silvana breathed a sigh of relief. That would make things much easier.

"Right," Paul said nonchalantly, as though this kind of thing happened to him every day. "So what exactly am I supposed to be helping him with?"

Silvana grimaced. "Seems Rafael and I have a bit of an incubus problem."

She could practically see the wheels spinning in Paul's intelligent brain. "Ah. Well, then." He took a step forward, plastered his body against Rafael's, then leaned in and planted an open-mouthed kiss on the other man. "Looks like we'll be getting to know each other a whole lot better."

Of the three of them, only Rafael looked like he'd walked from a dream into the makings of a nightmare. His gaze darted between Silvana and Paul. His lips glistened from Paul's kiss, and he licked them, causing a ravenous jolt of lust to spiral in Silvana's lower belly.

"I can't ... I don't ... I don't do this with men. I've never—"

Paul swung an arm around Rafael's shoulder and propelled him toward the opposite end of the loft, cutting off whatever the other man had been about to say. When Silvana moved to

follow, his arm shot out and he stopped her in her tracks.  
"Man-to-man talk. Stay put."

She opened her mouth to protest, but he wagged a finger in her direction. "You want me to help? Let me help."

She bit her lower lip and nodded. They moved to the far wall, where the kitchen cabinets formed a perfect L, and Paul whispered something in Rafael's ear. Silvana could only watch, shifting from foot to foot, as Rafael's head came up. He answered. Then Paul said something else.

She caught the whispered echoes of a few words. *Need. Ecstasy. Love. Regret.* And she could practically see the moment Rafael decided on a course of action.

With an abrupt nod in Paul's direction, Rafael began moving toward her. "Take off your clothes," he said as he came closer. "We're going to finish what we started downstairs."

Paul came up behind Rafael, his erect shaft bobbing in silent agreement. "And so are we."

To Silvana's dismay, her fingers trembled when she reached for the top button of her shirt. Her gaze darted between the two men. This was what she'd wanted, what she knew she had to do. Yet now that they both stood only a few steps away, watching her with an intensity that made her feel naked even before shedding any clothing, she couldn't help the shiver that darted up her spine.

"On second thought," Rafael said. "Let me."

She whimpered the moment his hand pushed hers away. She'd dreamt of that hand doing wonderful, naughty things to

her body. And his fingers, his tongue, his cock ... oh, yes. Most definitely his cock.

While Rafael busied himself with her shirt, Paul knelt before him. Rafael's eyes widened, and Silvana was relieved to notice his fingers shake a little as he struggled with her buttons while Paul lowered the zipper of his jeans.

Rafael's palm skimmed the strip of skin he'd revealed right down the center of Silvana's body. With a smooth, expert motion, he slid the fabric over her shoulders, leaving her naked from the waist up.

She could only watch in helpless surrender as Rafael lowered his mouth to one pink nipple. He pulled the taut bud between his teeth, nipping lightly, sending a jolt of pleasure-pain through her veins. Then he pulled back and ran the pointed tip of his tongue around her areola, over and over until the torrent of prickling sensation chased a wave of furious longing straight to her needy pussy.

"Let's see if he can take as well as he gives, shall we?" Paul asked, tossing Silvana a wink over his shoulder.

They stood at the foot of the bed. Silvana closest to the bed, Rafael directly before her, and Paul between them, kneeling in front of Rafael's unmistakable erection. Even through the cotton material of his briefs, Silvana could make out the masculine lines of his solid cock.

Without waiting for a reply, Paul tucked his fingertips inside the waistband of Rafael's briefs and pulled them down over his powerful thighs. Rafael uttered a low groan and released her nipple. Silvana's gaze flew down to his groin.

She couldn't help the moan of feminine appreciation that rumbled up from her throat. Madam Periwinkle's chocolate dildo might have been magnificent, but it was no match for the beauty of the real thing. She'd never thought of a cock as being beautiful before, but Rafael's rod reminded her of a spectacular work of art.

Thick and velvety, roped with delicate veins that ran along the underside of the shaft all the way to the darkened tip, it reached nearly up to his navel. As she stared in fascination, a clear bead of pre-cum formed along the tiny slit to stand out sharply against the flushed head.

Paul gripped the thick length in his large fist and Rafael's hips bucked forward. "Oh, shit."

"Relax," Paul coaxed in a husky tone. "This won't hurt a bit."

Rafael grunted. His dark, hungry gaze settled on Silvana, imploring her to help. She shook her head.

"Yeah," Rafael said at last through clenched teeth. "That's what I'm afraid of."

Paul's mouth moved closer to the tip of Rafael's cock. Rafael sucked in a breath as though preparing for the worst. When Paul's tongue swept out to taste the bead of moisture that had riveted Silvana only moments earlier, Rafael cried out.

He anchored his palms on Silvana's waist and dug his fingernails into her hips. His eyes turned wild, frantic. She'd never seen him look that way before. Her heart gave a stumbling lurch.

"What am I doing here?" he whispered.

Her stomach clenched along with her pussy. "Exorcising your demons."

"So ... you ... say." His breathing grew labored, but his gaze remained fixed on hers. It probably took all his self-control to keep from peering down, but Silvana couldn't take it any longer.

One glance and her body caught fire. How could Rafael resist seeing this? Paul looked magnificent as he poured sensual effort into the act of making love to Rafael's cock.

She couldn't help but marvel at the way Paul's lips moved up and down Rafael's length, the way his cheeks hollowed with each labored pull on the shaft, the way his saliva left glistening trails of wetness along the dark, velvety skin.

"Jeans. Off. Now." Rafael barked out the order between heaving breaths. A sheen of perspiration coated his temples.

It had to be taking every bit of stubbornness he possessed to keep from giving in and coming in Paul's talented mouth. Silvana risked another quick peek at the action centered on Rafael's groin and her clit throbbed in frustrated arousal.

She didn't hesitate a moment longer before obeying Rafael's thunderous command. She shucked her jeans as quickly as she could manage it, then tossed them aside.

When she finished, Rafael lifted her by the waist and tossed her backward onto the bed. Before she could figure out what he meant to do with her, he'd gripped her ankles and forced her legs up. Anchoring her feet to his shoulders, he leaned in and, without any warning, dragged the flat part of his tongue in a long swipe across the flushed pink flesh between her legs.

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The sounds of Paul's fervent sucking blended with the wet licks Rafael lavished on Silvana's pussy. Through the cacophony of pleasure, her moans rose, unrestrained, above the other passionate noises.

She watched in helpless thrall as Rafael's head moved in rhythmic motions across her mound. Her fingers flew up, fisting in his short curls and pulling him forward. She wanted more. More of his talented tongue, more of his full lips, more of his entire mouth.

Rafael groaned in obvious strain. He couldn't hold out much longer. Neither could she.

Drifting in a blissful fog of euphoric sensation, Silvana confused the vibration that started low in her core with more sexual contentment. The heat blazing through her veins felt like a natural extension of the mind-wrenching pleasure being bestowed upon her clit.

It wasn't until she shredded the bed sheets beneath sharp claws that reality returned in a desperate rush.

She yelped and pulled away from Rafael in a flurry of motion that sent her hurtling toward the far end of the bed. That's when she noticed the scale-covered tail she'd sprouted, which drooped off the bed and reached all the way to the far window.

Tears gathered behind her eyes. She fought to blink them away even as she struggled to pull her foot away from Rafael's grip.

A glaze of raw lust shadowed his dark orbs. He looked directly at her, but judging by the way his face twisted in a grimace of pure pleasure, she realized that against all odds



her dragon transformation in mid-progress was the least of his concerns.

While flinging herself as far away from Rafael as she could get without flying out the window, she knocked over the chocolate dildo from its perch on the nightstand with her elbow. She held her breath, thinking it would shatter when it made contact with the hardwood floor.

To her surprise, it remained intact. She reached for it, scooping it between two elongated claws. The moment she touched it, every last semblance of dragon anatomy vanished in the span of a tumbling heartbeat.

She held her breath, not quite willing to believe what had just happened. She knew she hadn't controlled the transformation. So it had to be—

"Ugh! Oh, God!" Rafael's guttural cries drew Silvana's attention back to him. He held on to the torn bed sheet with both hands as his body bucked in helpless surrender.

Paul's eyes drifted closed. He gripped Rafael's ass with both hands, pulling the other man closer as he sucked every last drop of cum from the spasming shaft.

Emboldened by the return of her human disguise, Silvana rushed forward on hands and knees. She gripped Rafael's chin with one hand and tilted his head up. He looked at her with a mixture of awe and bewilderment while his body gave one last quivering shudder, as though not quite sure what just occurred.

She kissed him, then. Not to keep him from asking questions or because she was unsure what else to do, but because at that very moment, she wanted to be close to him.

To reassure him that although this entire experience was strange and wondrously puzzling, she was with him all the way.

Her tongue dipped between his lips. He stroked it with his own, rewarding her with an almost inaudible moan when she pulled back a fraction. In an instant, he delved into her mouth, suddenly the aggressor. She could taste herself on him, the musky flavor of her juices mingling with the raw, sensual taste emanating from him.

From the corner of her eye, Silvana saw Paul rise and wipe his mouth. The wicked, taunting grin hadn't vanished. If anything, he looked even more eager for action than he'd been earlier.

Still gripping the dildo firmly in her fist, Silvana broke the kiss and crawled backward on the bed. She beckoned to Rafael with a crooked finger. "Come and get me, baby. I'm all yours."

For a moment, he looked like he might refuse. The tip of his tongue slipped out to wet his lips and he darted a glance in Paul's direction. "And you? Whose are you?"

Paul glanced at Silvana. With a sinful smile, he lifted a shoulder in an apologetic shrug. "Your mother was wrong about me, Sil. My tastes run more toward ... the male persuasion of our species."

She wasn't sure whether to laugh or gape in shock. "So why were you so adamant to get me upstairs, then?"

This time, he had the good sense to look slightly ashamed. "A guy in the dragon community has to keep up appearances, y'know? It's good for business."

"Business," Silvana echoed.

At the same time, Rafael said, "Dragon?"

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## Chapter Eight

Rafael was dreaming. He had to be.

There was no other way to explain the fantasy world in which he found himself. A man and a woman, both wanting him. If that wasn't bizarre enough, there'd been talk of an incubus possessing his body, and now, dragons.

"Here be dragons," he murmured, shaking his head. Darting a quick glance between Silvana and Paul, he quirked an eyebrow. "Really?"

"No!" Silvana shouted.

"Yep," Paul said at the exact same instant.

Silvana grimaced. "Well, maybe a little bit."

"You're ... a little bit of a dragon." Rafael climbed onto the bed and sat back on his heels, stunned.

"Don't listen to her." Paul clapped him on the shoulder. "She's all dragon. She's just a little shy about it, that's all."

"Shy." He wondered if this is what being hit by a truck felt like. Giving his head a good shake that did absolutely nothing to clear it, he quirked an eyebrow at Silvana. "Yeah, I can see that about her."

He couldn't claim to know Silvana very well, but considering the circumstances under which they'd met, and the way she stormed across the street only to lead him back into a den of temptation, shy wasn't the first adjective he'd use when describing the sexy vixen.

"Hey. I'm right here." She waved her hand to get their attention, and that's when Rafael noticed the giant cock gripped in her fist.

His mouth dropped open, even as a rush of unexpected heat surged into his groin. "And just what do you intend to do with that?"

She paused, glancing at the dildo as though seeing it for the first time. "I was rather hoping to hold on to it, but if you'd rather—"

"No!" Rafael licked his suddenly dry lips and cleared his throat. "No, that's okay. You keep it."

Before tonight, he'd never even entertained the thought of being intimate with another man. Yet just minutes ago, he'd had his cock expertly sucked by a guy he'd only just met. And worse, he'd liked it.

No ... he'd loved it.

He scrubbed a hand over his face. His ever-attentive cock swelled, apparently more than ready for another round.

Silvana lifted the massive dildo up to her lips. She parted them and swirled the tip of her tongue around the mushroom tip.

Rafael's shaft pulsed. He leaned forward, enthralled, wishing it were his cock slipping between those gorgeous pink lips.

Hands grabbed his buttocks. Broad, powerful hands. Masculine hands.

Rafael's breath caught in his throat. Far from turning him off, the addition of a third lover—a male lover—compounded the excitement cascading through his system.

Silvana released the head of the dildo, which slipped from her mouth with a pop. A moment later, the aroma of chocolate tickled Rafael's nostrils.

She leaned forward and trailed the head of the toy along his bottom lip. "The incubi in your room called this an incubus cocktail." The bulbous tip veered to his cheek. "Two men..." Down the column of his throat. "A woman..." Back up to his chin, only to settle on his bottom lip again. "And chocolate."

Rafael's heartbeat quickened. His shaft throbbed in agony. It took all his self-control to press his lips together and resist giving the perfectly-formed slit the tiniest of licks. "And this ... this is supposed to help me get rid of whatever's been happening?"

"Yep." She rubbed the silky head back and forth along his tightly-closed mouth. "But I have a feeling you'll get much more out of the experience if you let yourself enjoy it too."

Rafael gritted his teeth. Frustration rose in his chest, causing his heartbeat to hammer against his ribcage. He pushed her hand away and grabbed her wrists before shoving her down on the bed. He was done being a victim of circumstance. Silvana was right. He would enjoy this encounter. Every moment of it.

God knew things like this didn't happen to him, and might never happen again. If an evil spirit had in fact managed to possess his body, he intended to get something out of it for himself.

He wanted Silvana. All of her. Body, soul, and heart.

Tonight, he'd settle for just having her body. Tomorrow ... he'd get to know her in the way she deserved. Slowly. By

taking her out to dinner and a movie, like normal people—instead of invading her dreams and fucking her senseless.

First, though, they had a small incubus problem to attend to.

"You, me, chocolate and ... Paul? That's what it'll take to defeat this thing inside me?"

Silvana nodded. Paul remained silent, but his palms began to move in deliberate circles along the exposed flesh of Rafael's buttocks. When he parted the cheeks and slipped two fingers along the forbidden crevice, Rafael stifled an instinctive cry.

His cock surged forward and he thrust his hips, pinning Silvana down with his weight. "So what are we waiting for?"

She wriggled against the mattress, bringing the swollen folds of her pussy into contact with his shaft. Stroking her hands over his shoulders, she gazed deep into his eyes. "Just you, baby. Just you."

The sheer intensity of emotions swirling in her beautiful eyes nearly knocked the breath from Rafael's lungs. He lowered his head and claimed her mouth in a kiss sweeter than any he'd ever known. The aromatic flavor of chocolate seeped into his senses along with the musky taste of her arousal, which still lingered on his tongue.

He didn't want to pull away. The probing kiss turned long and feral, and what had begun as a mellow exploration quickly transformed into a wild embrace. Silvana's nails raked along the flesh of his back, while Rafael cupped her beautiful breasts, squeezing them together and pinching the taut buds of her nipples.

Their tongues met, twined, dueled. When Paul slipped the tip of a wet finger inside Rafael's tightly puckered back entrance, he was past protests. Past shame and confusion. He shoved his ass closer to Paul's hand in an undulating thrust.

Paul chuckled. "Easy there, big guy. I don't want to hurt you."

Silvana arched her back, bringing her pussy back into contact with his cock. Rafael's hands fell from her breasts to her ribs, then slipped behind her to grip her ass. She knew what he wanted without being asked, and instantly lifted her legs, bringing them up on either side of his hips.

His cock glided inside the creamy wetness of her folds, and a husky groan tore from his throat.

"Yessssssssss!" Silvana gave a low, sibilant hissing cry and arched deeper into the mattress.

The tip of Rafael's shaft slid inside her already soaked cunt. She clung to him with one hand while gripping the chocolate dildo like a lifeline in the other.

His body hummed with arousal. Despite having already come once just minutes earlier, his rock-solid cock felt ready to burst at the slightest provocation.

He got that provocation, times two.

Silvana angled her sweet pussy so he had only to give the smallest of hip motions and his rod would slip all the way inside her. Behind him, Paul coaxed his virgin passage open with two slick fingers. The twin sensations of penetrating and being penetrated nearly drove him out of his mind with frantic, unabashed lust.



Something shifted in his mind—a second presence he hadn't been aware of pounded against the inside of his skull. His vision fogged. Pain slammed into his temples.

Rafael gasped, but before he could make sense of what was happening to him, Paul nudged the wide bulb of his cockhead against the entrance he'd been so expertly taunting until that very moment. The other man's shaft was slick with a substance Rafael wasn't sure he could name. Saliva, maybe? He didn't think Paul had time to find lube, but in his lust-shrouded haze, he supposed anything was possible.

The moment the smooth, thick length began to fill his passage, all logical thoughts fled from Rafael's mind. He remained aware of the shadowy presence raging inside his skull, but it seemed dimmed now, distant. The pain lessened, too, replaced by an intense sensation in his ass that burrowed deep in his groin, tightening his balls and causing his rod to stiffen to unyielding steel.

He pumped in and out of Silvana's tight channel with small, rhythmic undulations of his hips. Paul did the same, slipping in a little farther each time, until rivulets of heat tingled in Rafael's ass.

The pleasure was unlike anything he'd ever imagined. It coursed through his veins, claiming him, possessing him. He arched back against the cock pummeling his ass, while at the same time thrusting forward, wanting to fill Silvana deeper, to hear her sweet, soft mewls of pleasure.

"Rafael ... Rafael ... Rafael..."

She chanted his name in silvery lilting tones sprinkled with gasps of passion. He didn't think he'd ever heard a more arousing sound.

Paul dug his fingernails into Rafael's hips and impaled the full length of his shaft inside his ass. Rafael moaned and rocked his head back. Molten desire strummed his body like a guitar, filling his cock to near bursting.

The pressure inside his mind heightened again, gathering behind his eyes. His vision went dark, but it didn't matter, because he could still imagine Silvana's curvy body writhing beneath him, her glistening pink lips mouthing his name.

He parted his own lips intending to kiss her again, but before he could lower his head, something rigid and smooth slipped along his tongue.

The flavor of chocolate slammed into his senses. Not thinking this time, he wrapped his lips around the dildo and gave it a long, thorough suck. His cheeks hollowed as the bulbous tip nudged the back of his throat. More chocolate melted in his mouth, but the dildo remained surprisingly rigid as he channeled all the raw need pouring through his body into the thick shaft.

Paul's large hands held him steady as the other man pumped his rod in and out of his ass. Pressure built in Rafael's balls, nudging them closer to the base of his shaft.

Silvana's pussy clenched around him, her inner walls heavy and moist, milking him. He brought his hand between them and found the pebbled nub of her clit. He had only to press his thumb to the sensitive bundle of nerve endings and

Silvana shattered, her silvery cry filling the room with the sound of ecstasy.

Her climax set off ripples of bliss in his own body. With the chocolate rod filling his mouth and Paul's cock filling his ass, Rafael gave a shudder of deep contentment and let himself tumble into the wrenching surge of erotic ecstasy.

A scream bellowed in his mind. It sounded like his voice, and yet it wasn't. Someone else shrieked as Rafael's cock shuddered in the midst of release. Warm, sticky fluid jetted in thick spurts inside Silvana's channel.

Rafael kept his eyes tightly closed, cresting the wave of euphoria. Behind him, Paul stiffened and came with a guttural cry.

Raw, scathing emotions welled up inside Rafael. Some were clearly his own. Others, he didn't recognize, like the dark despair and a hunger so potent it made his stomach clench in ravenous need. The flurry of sensation built and built inside his heart, his mind, his groin. He held on to Silvana like a lifeline while the remnants of his cum trickled into her. All the while the strange emotions threatened to break him open.

Abruptly, his teeth clenched together as the dildo melted into a pool of liquid pleasure on his tongue. The taste of chocolate flooded his mouth one last time, and then he was flying, hurtling through the air, cruelly ripped from Silvana's sweet body and even the comforting presence of Paul's cock.

He tumbled for what seemed like forever, but in reality must have only been a split second. The landing, a harsh drop

against the hardwood floor, knocked the breath from his lungs.

In the same instant, clarity returned.

The dark, overwhelming pressure inside his skull eased on a whispered sigh. The myriad emotions clawing at his chest vanished, leaving only his own satiation to flood the rest of his body.

His sight returned, too, though for a moment, he was once again certain he was dreaming.

Before him, splayed out on the king-sized bed, with its tail coiling all the way down to the kitchen, lay a dragon.

A beautiful green dragon with silver eyes nearly eclipsed by dark long lashes. As he watched, the creature ducked its head. Its eyelids drifted closed and a large, glistening tear plopped on the wrinkled sheet beneath its elongated jaw.

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## Chapter Nine

Just like a fairy godmother. Gift a girl a gift and take it away with both hands, while leaving the girl humiliated and alone. She should have known better. Madam Periwinkle's chocolate dildo might have saved her sanity, but it ruined her only chance at happiness with the one man she wanted more than she'd ever wanted anyone in her six centuries of existence.

She snorted, and a plume of gray smoke drifted from her giant nostrils. God, she was hideous. If Rafael had any sense at all, he'd be running in horror right about now. Keeping her eyes squeezed tightly shut, Silvana waited for the sound of a slamming door. Or a shattering window, if he was that desperate.

When neither came, she risked a glance by slitting one eye open.

Rafael was on his feet. Good. The sooner he left, the sooner she could put all this behind her and get a good night's sleep.

He took a tentative step forward. Then another. Panic rose in Silvana's throat. What was he doing?

Between the lingering aftershocks of her massive orgasm and the terror of shifting in mid-release when she'd expected the magical dildo to protect her, it was impossible for Silvana to gather any control over the beast. Transforming back into human form while her emotions were in such tempestuous turmoil would be impossible.

"You're..."

*Hideous. Huge. Revolting.* She knew. She didn't need to hear it. Snorting another plume of smoke, she opened her mouth. Maybe scorching him to a pile of ash would make him keep his mouth shut.

"Stunning."

Her teeth snapped together. Stunning? In a good way?

"Told you so," Paul said.

Silvana started. She'd forgotten he was still in the room.

She swiveled her head in his direction. Damn dragon still maintained his human form.

Rafael came closer yet. He reached out a hand, and with a caress so gentle she wasn't sure he'd touched her at all, he ran the tips of his fingers along her nose.

The moment his hand made contact with her scales, the beast receded. The transformation came swiftly and inexplicably. It left her huddled in her human form with her knees pulled up against her chest, likely looking as bewildered as she felt.

Rafael drew back as if he'd been burned. "I'm sorry. Shit, Sil. I didn't know. I didn't mean to—"

She forced a chuckle past the lump in her throat. "Neither did I. No one else has been able to do that." She'd used all of her increased dragon strength to toss him as far away from her as she could when the transformation began. He hadn't touched her after the initial ripples of change. She hadn't let him.

God, could transforming back after an unexpected shift really be that simple? And if it was, could they learn to prevent it from happening altogether?

"There, see?" Paul said, grabbing for his jeans. "All's well that ends well." He dressed quickly and winked at Rafael. "Thanks for the fun."

A deep blush stained Rafael's mocha-colored skin, and Silvana had to stifle a smile.

"Yeah. Uhh ... right back at you."

Paul inclined his head in a farewell gesture and headed for the door. Just before walking out, he turned back to Silvana. "You'll tell your mother—"

"That you were a perfect gentleman and we had a lovely time."

He grinned. "Make sure to let her know I asked you out again."

She quirked an eyebrow. "You did?"

"Well, both of you."

Before either Silvana or Rafael could answer, Paul slipped out into the hallway and pulled the door shut behind him.

For a moment, awkward silence descended around them.

"You really—"

"I think—"

Silvana chuckled. Rafael sat at the edge of the bed and tucked a lock of hair behind her ear. The gesture was so tender, it caused her heart to do a quirky little hop inside her chest.

"You first," he said.

"You really think I'm stunning? In my dragon form, I mean?"

His features turned serious, and he fixed her with one of those intense stares that chased shivers up her spine. "I think you're gorgeous in your human form."

She let out a huff, telling herself she wasn't disappointed. She hadn't really thought he'd be okay with her natural appearance. It was a miracle he liked the plump curves of her human disguise.

"And..." His knuckles grazed her chin. He tilted her head up, forcing her to look into his eyes. "I think you're the most exquisite dragon I've ever seen."

A smile tilted the corners of her mouth. She dropped her chin on top of her folded arms atop her knees and looked up at him. "And how many dragons have you seen?"

"Admittedly, only one. But I'm betting none of the others are nearly as beautiful as you."

She lifted her head. Her body followed, and she sank into his outstretched arms. "You mean it?"

"Every word."

She kissed him, long and deep, before asking, "You're not going to run away in terror?"

"Remember when I said I never wanted to let you go?"

She nodded. God, was that only this morning? It felt like a lifetime had passed between spotting him on the train and this moment.

"I meant that, too."



This time when she leaned into his kiss, she shed all the self-doubt and insecurity surrounding her appearance, letting it all slide away like raindrops on a windowpane.

And when his tongue came into contact with hers, she felt herself fall. Into a swirling chaos of emotion. Into overwhelming happiness.

In love.

Before the aching familiar need for Rafael overwhelmed her completely, Silvana thought that maybe, just maybe, a certain purple-haired Fairy Godmother knew what she was doing all along.

\* \* \*

That night, Silvana dreamt of Rafael again. There were no humiliating scenarios this time, and no other men making unwanted appearances. Just sweet, luxurious lovemaking with the man of her dreams for hours on end.

She awoke rested, ready to bring the fantasy into full physical existence.

Luckily, Rafael had similar ideas. He, too, could now remember his dreams, and he couldn't wait to see if reality was just as sweet as lust-drenched dreams.

It didn't take either of them long to learn it was much, much sweeter.

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## **Lacey Savage**

Award-winning author Lacey Savage loves to write about her dreams—or more specifically, she loves to breathe life into her steamy fantasies (and she's got plenty!). She pens erotic tales of true love and mythical destiny, peopled with strong alpha heroes and feisty heroines. A hopeless romantic, Lacey loves writing about the intimate, sensual side of relationships. She currently resides in Ottawa, Canada, with her loving husband and their mischievous cat. You can learn more about Lacey by visiting her website at [www.laceysavage.com](http://www.laceysavage.com), and can reach her at [lacey.savage@yahoo.com](mailto:lacey.savage@yahoo.com).

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