

A romantic close-up of a man and a woman about to kiss. The man is on the left, looking down at the woman on the right. They are both smiling and their lips are just inches apart. The background is a warm, reddish-brown color.

SELENA ILLYRIA

CHOCOLATE

LAST CALL: EUROPE

SHOCK

Changeling Press

Last Call Europe: Chocolate Shock

Selena Illyria

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Last Call Europe: Chocolate Shock

Selena Illyria

All romanced out, Love Fairy Alastrina is tired of putting together happy couples. All she wants is a little bit of “me time” to forget her job for one night. She strides into Last Call: London looking for some action.

Chocolate Shock: Heat packed sexin' -- no baggage required or desired.

Rebellious leopard shifter Garrison Fredricks may be the answer to all her needs. Some sexy talk and a bit of action is just what the Love Fairy ordered. Only problem is he has a teensy-weensy little secret that may piss her off. And a Love Fairy pissed off is not a good thing.

Dedication

Ce, Thank you so much, LOL.

Anne, you're awesome. ☺

Michelle and Dawn, Hugs!

Chapter One

"I am not Eros' love bitch. I'm a Love Fairy, not some damned errand Elf," Alastrina gritted out between her teeth as she aimed her wand at the arguing couple in the bus queue ahead of her. With a deep breath, she closed her eyes and exhaled slowly. A missed shot could be disastrous. Besides that, Trina had no desire to be chewed out on the phone by her temporary employer Eros.

Alastrina opened her eyes and focused on the arguing couple. She called on her magic and sent it down her arm. Warm energy flowed from her shoulder to the tips of her fingers and into the wand. A beam of soft pink light shot from the silver rod and hit both people, causing them to stumble back.

"Five, four, three, two... oh my." She chuckled as the two people came together in a crash of bodies, hands roaming over backs. The woman's leg lifted to wrap around her partner's hips before she proceeded to grind against the man.

"My job here is done." Alastrina turned and flew away as fast as she could. Her body felt heavy and her eyelids seemed to have weights on them. Three days of matchmakings were beginning to take their toll. Already she'd paired up three hundred couples, a hundred of those done today alone. She wasn't sure how much longer she could keep it up. Worst of all, Alastrina didn't think Eros really cared.

She let out a growl of frustration as the image of her temporary boss rose before her eyes. His careless blond curls framed a chiseled face and his perma-amused smirk and glittering blue eyes seemed to mock her. Ever since he'd cut a deal with her Fae Queen, Labhaoise, to loan him some of her Love and Lust Fairies, he'd been running them ragged. Trina wondered if he was using them to take a vacation from his duties. If that was the case, there was gonna be hell to pay.

She and her fellow Fairies couldn't continue like this. Luci the Lust Fairy was beyond exhausted. She couldn't even read her favorite erotic romances without groaning and breaking out in a sweat, and not in a good way. Dahlia, her fellow Love Fairy, couldn't even watch old romantic movies without wanting to throw something at the TV.

Trina needed a day to herself, badly. She flew over everybody, her gossamer pink wings flapping rapidly, leaving a trail of soft pink dust and glitter in her wake. Finally she slowed, the rapid rise and fall of each wing growing sluggish.

No, no, no, not now. She tried to keep flying but couldn't; she was just too tired. With a great sigh, she floated down to the ground. Alastrina called on her glamour and grew in size while shrinking her wings, using her magic to make them invisible.

I have to get back to the hotel and recharge. She winced when her slipper-clad foot made contact with a sharp stone. "Ouch!" Alastrina gritted her teeth, clenched her fists and wove through the crowd as she headed for the hotel where Eros was putting the Fairies up. It was a luxury, five-star chrome and glass monster. She hated the way the building looked but refused to complain. The hotel had a spa, five-star cuisine and the best sheets money could buy. The amenities were heavenly. She could have stayed at one of the Fairy mounds that had offered her and the other Fairies shelter, but the thought of building up a massive bill to give to Eros was just too sweet an opportunity to pass up.

Trina was going to charge as much to her room as humanly possible just so Eros could feel a bit of pain even if it was only in his wallet. "Go here. Match them up. Those two could use a pick-me-up in the sex department. Blah, blah, blah, shut the hell up," she muttered.

It was all too much.

She arrived at the hotel and headed straight up to her room. As soon as the door slammed shut behind her, she kicked off the rose-colored slippers Eros insisted they wear. That wasn't enough for her. A glance down caused a thread of fury to run through her as she took in the pretty, cap-sleeved gown. Eros hadn't liked the way the

Fairies had dressed. “Too modern,” he’d commented. So, with the authority of the queen, he’d had them change their various styles of clothing to his more old-fashioned flowing gown and silken slippers or else face expulsion from Fairy Land.

Homelessness was the great fear of the Fae. To be cut off from their people and the source of their magick was akin to death.

“Not tonight.” Trina began to tear and rip the dress until she stood in rose-colored tatters. She shrugged off the pieces of cloth and headed straight for the bathroom. She turned on the tap to the tub, lit a few candles and poured in some bubble bath. Lavender perfumed the air. Steam rose in tendrils and a gentle warm heat pressed against her skin. She let out a sigh. The rest of the day was going to be all about her.

Alastrina studied her reflection in the mirror. There were bags under her brown eyes, and her mocha skin had lost its luster. “I can’t go on like this.”

She shook her head and turned away. The more she looked at herself the angrier she would become. After stripping out of her underwear, she stepped into the bathtub, hissing as her foot made contact with the hot water.

Another trickle of her magick turned the tap off before she sank into the scented water and let out a moan of appreciation. Her muscles slowly relaxed as her body melted. Her eyelids drifted shut and she allowed herself to drift away.

A gentle knock on the door jarred her awake.

“Who is it?”

“Luci. Open up, we need to talk.”

With a sigh, Alastrina flexed her magick to open the door. “Get in here, and be quick about it. I don’t want to lose any of this heat, so close the door behind you.”

The soft slap of bare feet sounded and the door clicked shut. Luci sank down to the floor next to the tub. A glance over at Luci showed her head bowed. The Fairy’s blue-streaked dark brown hair covered her features.

“What’s wrong, Lu?” she asked, as she settled back against the back of the tub.

Her fellow Fairy sighed. "We're tired, Trina. We don't want to continue to work for Eros. He's driving us mad. All the things we used to enjoy remind us of our jobs. We need a night off," Luci said softly.

"Does everyone want the night off or just you and I?" Trina asked. Luci was a timid thing. She barely spoke up for herself. To have her complain about how weary she was said volumes about how far Eros had pushed them all.

"All of us. Dahli too. She's sleeping right now. It's nearly five in the afternoon. Usually, she's up, having coffee, and planning a night out. She doesn't even want to go on the pull, and you know how much she loves sex and men. We're knackered, Trina. We need a rest. It doesn't help that he's calling us all hours of the day to give us assignments. And then you go off and take them, which isn't fair to you."

Alastrina thought about Luci's words before replying. She knew what she was about to say could cost them everything.

"I'm tired too, Lu. Exhausted and on the brink of going mad. I know Labhaoise would be furious if she knew how hard he's had us working. We're not Elves. We need time to rest. I say we take what we want and screw him. Tonight we do what we want. No working."

"Really?" There was energy in Luci's voice that had been lacking these past few days. That gave Trina hope that Luci could recover from this exhaustion.

"Yes, really."

"Wonderful. I'm going to go tell Dahli. What will you do with your night off?"

Trina had to think about the question. It had been so long since she'd had a night off. Usually she would have been working for Labhaoise or teaching the newbie Fairies how to control their magick. An idea occurred to her and she smiled. "I'm going to head out to a bar called Last Call. I've heard loads about it when eavesdropping on a few shifters. It's supposed to be very sexy and fun."

"Oh, sounds wonderful. I'm going to explore the spa. I think Dahli will just sleep the night away. She's very tired."

Trina looked over at Luci. "Do you think we'll need to call the queen and tell her about Dahli? She should know how hard Eros is working us."

Luci shook her head, her dark brown hair flying everywhere. "No, not yet. We need to talk to Eros first, I think. Tell him we can't continue to work like this. Maybe he'll see reason if we talk to him."

Trina snorted in disbelief but said nothing. She had no desire to dissuade Luci of this notion. The young Fairy always tried to see the best in every situation and person. There was no use telling her Eros wouldn't listen. He was a god. Gods didn't care how their servants felt just as long as the job got done. Who cares if a few dropped out due to exhaustion?

Silence fell between the two friends as Trina continued to soak and Luci toyed with a loose string on her dress. The quiet was broken by the tune "The Devil Went Down to Georgia" by the Charlie Daniels Band.

"Well, speak of the Devil. Eros is calling. So much for a night off." She rose from the tub and walked into the bedroom, ignoring her nudity and the cold air caressing her skin.

She grabbed her cell phone and answered it. "What?"

"Is that how you speak to your current employer? I don't know what Labhaoise might have taught you about being of service, but you will show your superior some respect. Now, I'm e-mailing you a list of couples that need to be paired up. I suggest you rest up; tomorrow will be a long day." With that he hung up.

Anger rushed through her, heating her skin and causing her pulse to race. "That *asshole*," she shrieked. Trina snapped the phone shut and stomped into the bathroom. She snatched the towel Luci was holding out to her and started to dry off. "He irritates the hell out of me. His voice, argh!"

Anger continued to course through her body as she dried off.

"Calm down, Trina, he's not worth it. Go out, have some fun, and I'll cover your shift tomorrow." Luci patted Trina's shoulder.

"No, no, he needs a Love Fairy, hon. You're Lust, remember. I will go out though, blow off some steam. You have fun tonight, and tomorrow we'll figure out what we're gonna do. Okay?"

Luci nodded. "Okay."

The anger began to ebb away and a sense of calm and focus took hold of Trina. "I'm going to go out, drink, shag my brains out, and then tomorrow I'll deal with Eros for all of us."

"Tri --" Luci started.

"Go relax and use the spa. I'll be fine and I'll fix this, I swear, Luci. No protests. Just go."

Alastrina had to usher Luci out of the room to get her to leave. She dressed in her usual style; a black leather corset, black skinny jeans and her favorite strappy stiletto heels. Her long, curly, dark brown hair streaked with dark pink hung loose around her shoulders. After putting on some lip gloss and mascara, she was out the door and on her way to Last Call.

* * *

Garrison Fredricks took a pull off of his beer and looked over the crowd at the pub. It wasn't exactly packed, but it wasn't empty, either. The air practically rippled with magick and power. To his right in a dark corner was a group of vampires with their heads together. *That can't be good*, he thought. *But it's not my concern*. He took another sip of his beer and watched the scene taking place. He felt restless and in need of action.

The musk of cat caught his attention and his inner leopard stalked to the forefront, sniffing the air. Its whiskers twitched and its body went still. Garrison didn't have to wait long. The origin of the scent came into view and started toward him. Her hips swayed as her breasts bounced gently behind the bodice of her mini, strapless black dress. Her long red hair flowed around her face and over her shoulders in a mass of waves. Her large blue eyes glinted with interest, and her red lips curled into what Garrison thought was supposed to be a seductive smile.

He wasn't seduced. Something seemed false to him. A glance toward the direction she had come from showed him a group of redheads: two women and three men all looking toward him expectantly. They had the same peaches-and-cream complexion and large blue eyes. *Tiger shifters, a family it seems.* The closer the woman got to him, the more her scent swirled around him, trying to entice and seduce him. There was just a hint of arousal in the mix. *Oh no.* Garrison sighed. The woman was looking for a mate. His shoulders came up and he ducked his head, eyes narrowed. He prayed she wasn't eyeing him for the job. His leopard snorted in disgust and padded back to its sleeping place. *I'll get no help from you,* Garrison muttered mentally. The cat's response was to close its eyes, its tail lazily moving back and forth.

His cat had dismissed him. He turned his attention back to the woman before him and shook his head. He had no desire to start a fight by turning the girl down, but she was not what he needed right now. With a sigh, he downed the rest of his beer and prepared for the worst. The woman came to stand before him, the smile still plastered on her lips.

"Hey, mind if I sit down?" She nodded toward the empty stool.

"It's a free country," he said, hoping that didn't give her any ideas. Garrison flagged down a waiter and ordered another beer. The server looked at the woman expectantly. Garrison remained silent, waiting, hoping that she wouldn't order. When she said nothing, he let out an annoyed huff. "She doesn't want anything."

The waiter looked from Garrison to the woman and back. "We don't need anything, okay?" Garrison reiterated.

"You're a rude little kitty. I wanted to order a drink," the woman purred.

He turned his attention to the woman and gave her his best bored face. "Then you should have been quicker on the uptake. Now, what do you want?"

Her reaction to his words was notable. There was a small flare of her nostrils, the clenching of her jaw and the narrowing of her eyes that told him she had been insulted.

Good.

Garrison really didn't need this. Not tonight anyway. Tomorrow he had to meet his boss, Eros. The bastard had demanded he return to London for no good reason. It wasn't even an emergency. He'd been *this close* to landing Eros a set of sexy succubi twins. They would have been a sweet addition to the love god's growing stable. Soon Eros would be able to challenge his mother on the matchmaking front.

Now, that opportunity was gone and Garrison was stuck in Jolly Olde England, miserable and annoyed. He let out a heavy sigh and watched the cat shifter before him compose herself and lean forward, giving him an eyeful of cleavage in the process. His cock didn't jump, no stumble of his heartbeat nor a heating of his body. No reaction whatsoever.

"I'm in line for a little fun and I want to play," she said. Her voice took on an unnaturally husky tone that grated on Garrison's nerves.

"You want a playmate, get a dog." He nodded his head toward a table of werewolves who all turned to look at him. She pulled back, her cheeks stained a bright pink and her eyes wide. The female feline acted as if she'd been slapped.

"And get rabies? No thank you!" she sneered.

He, in turn, glowered at her. "What's wrong with werewolves? I have a brother who goes woof at the full moon. Got a problem with that?"

Her face paled and she actually looked as if she would be sick, which satisfied him immensely. *Yeah, pure blood self-righteous bitch, go on and take that.*

The woman shook her head and smiled at him. *Aw fuck, just go away*, he willed with his mind. Instead, the woman just reached out and grabbed his hand. Her cool palm connected with his wrist, causing him to wince as an electrical current rushed up his arm, a power testing.

"No, not at all. Just makes you all the more interesting," she drawled as she sent another wave of power up his arm.

He reached out and gripped her slender wrist. Garrison sent his power through her in a big wave, rolling her under it. The tiger shifter's eyes rolled back in her head. Her lips parted and her body trembled.

"I'm not in the mood to play, so take your leave of me before my patience runs out." He released her wrist and sat back. Out of the corner of his eyes he saw security stalking toward him. Garrison shook his head. He leaned forward and fixed the tiger shifter with a hard glare. "Tell them this was nothing, understand?"

Fear danced in her blue eyes. She nodded, bright red hair flying everywhere.

"Good." He settled back in his seat and waited.

"Problem?" one of the beefy looking security guys asked.

"No, no, no problem. I'll be going." The woman tilted her head toward Garrison and dashed back to her family.

"No more trouble from me tonight, I assure you." He held up his hands in the international sign of "I'm harmless and unarmed." His eyes, on the other hand, held a storm that said, "You screw with me and I'm not going down alone. You want to lose body parts, that's on you."

"Keep it that way," the other guard murmured in a voice so deep it would make James Earl Jones envious. They wandered away and Garrison's beer arrived. He took a pull from it and slouched in his seat, still bored, still restless. The door opened and out of habit he glanced toward the entrance, only to have his breath catch in his throat. His heart skipped a beat and then sped up. Warmth flowed over him as his body tightened. His cock hardened and pressed against his jeans.

"Oh, fuck me," he groaned, as he watched the woman in the tightest jeans he had ever seen stroll into the bar and wind her way gracefully through the crowd. She had a corset that showcased her high breasts and a small waist. Her ass made him want to bite his bottom lip to hold back the moan threatening to escape.

She was a tiny thing with riotous dark brown curls streaked with pink. When she turned around, he saw her face. Her features were delicate with a small pert nose. Her lips were full and tempting, slicked with shimmering pale pink gloss.

Blow job lips, he thought, and he wanted those lips on him, covering his body in sweet love bites before she sucked him off 'til he shot his load down her throat. His cock jumped as the fire burning within him became an inferno lapping at his veins.

His leopard scratched at the flesh bars of its prison, wanting to go up to the woman it desired and mark her with its scent. She made things worse by turning back toward the bar, giving him another glimpse of her perfectly rounded ass. The corset left a wide strip of skin exposed above the waistband. Her perfect mocha skin was adorned with a colorful tattoo done in glittering pink ink. He had to strain his eyes to make out the glyphs and symbols on her lower back.

“Lean over some more, love. Give daddy a good look at what it says,” he urged softly. As if she heard him, she stuck her ass out further and he sucked in a breath as his pulse pounded in his ears and need roared through him. He had to shake his head to clear the lust wrapping around his mind like a gossamer web.

He squinted to see better and read the tattoo.

“Fairy Alastrina, daughter of Elan, servant of Labhaoise.” He stroked his chin, his fingers slightly burned from the abrasion of his stubble. Half of his brain saw opportunity to bring a genuine Fairy to Eros, and the other half wanted to fuck the living daylights out of her.

“Alastrina.” He tested her name on his tongue. The sound of his voice came out husky with the edge of a purr. An image rose of him pounding into her pussy as she cried out in ecstasy before he came himself, spurting his seed deep inside of her as he called out her name, and he swore. Their sweat-slicked bodies moved and ground against one another as they started yet another round.

“Fuck, fuck, fuck,” he chanted. This was not what he needed. Tomorrow he would be going to see Eros. A meeting with him was draining. The love god liked to pick and poke at Garrison’s mental shields. It was a game of chicken because Garrison would be doing the same. Five hundred years of servitude to Eros had taught him all of the god’s weaknesses but no way to exploit them, although Eros knew all of Garrison’s weaknesses and abused them every opportunity he got.

One of his weaknesses was standing a few feet away. This night was either gonna be hell or heaven. He wouldn’t put it past Eros to send him a sexy little gift in the form of this Fairy. Whether it was a trap or not, he was going to fall into bed with her.

The question was how. There were others who had noticed her arrival. One of the bolder admirers strode up to her. Before he could even open his mouth he was shot down and sent on his way, a deep red flush of embarrassment on his cheeks for his trouble.

"Mmmm, sassy, I like that." Garrison sat back and watched as, one by one, men and even a few women went up to curry her favor. After the fourth person was sent away he couldn't help but wonder why they all wanted a piece of her. She was gorgeous but there had to be something else. He decided to test a theory.

With great concentration he dropped his mental shields a sliver and tasted her power. It was like the sweetest, thickest honey. There was a hint of spice, an indefinable quality that made its potency richer, more seductive to the palate. Power rolled off of her in waves.

Understanding dawned on him all at once; she was a Love Fairy. Legend had it that to be touched or even come in contact with one could bring you good luck in the love department. They weren't hitting on her. They were asking for her services. He felt bad for them but most of all he felt sad for her. *Must be tough never being off the clock to some people.* Then again, he could understand how she felt. He was at Eros' call night and day. Didn't matter where he was, who he was with or what he was doing, if Eros summoned him Garrison had to go.

As he studied the woman, his desire burned through him. Instead of doing his usual saunter up and try his luck routine, he decided to wait and see what developed. If he played his cards right, there would be no need for him to do anything.

* * *

Alastrina could feel eyes burning into the back of her head. She hadn't missed the man when she'd entered the nondescript building. Her awareness had picked up on him, and she'd made sure to keep within his sight. She slowly sipped her water as she turned around, leaning her butt against the bar. Her gaze roamed around the room, slowly passing over him more than once.

She didn't want to outright stare at him. That would be rude. He sat at a table near the window. His jeans were old and worn with holes at the knee. They looked sexy as hell and fit him like a second skin, showing off muscular legs. He wore scruffy, heavy-looking shit-kicker boots with silver bump toes.

Her eyes traveled upward as she took in his worn brown leather jacket and black button-up shirt with three buttons undone to show off a hint of bronzed skin. His thick neck was encircled by three necklaces, two made of leather with small trinkets and one made of silver with a large unidentifiable emblem hanging down to the center of his chest. When she got to his face, she almost looked away. Large, liquid brown eyes framed by long brown lashes looked at her with intense interest. She swallowed. Her stomach dropped and her body tightened.

Alastrina licked her lips and glanced away, only to be pulled back to his face. She looked everywhere but his eyes. He had a broad forehead with high cheekbones, and thick brown eyebrows. The stranger had a long straight nose and his mouth was shaped in a Cupid's bow with the bottom lip being plumper than the top. Their soft red color was so tempting and kissable she wanted to nibble on them, tug the bottom lip into her mouth and suck hard, tearing a groan from him.

She closed her eyes and swallowed as intense longing took hold of her. *Goddess, if I go through with this...* She stopped and shook her head. Fate was not her friend, as her past had proven. Every time she'd hoped for something, it never came true. To wish for the man at that table would only make her want something she couldn't have. Besides, tonight was about fun.

A quick glance around the bar showed her some very delicious-looking men wandering about. Any of them would do for what she had in mind. A quick fuck, no strings attached. As she sipped on her water she tried to ignore the stares of longing from a few of the patrons.

Love Fairies couldn't turn off their power. It was either keep it on or lose it. Even though she was tired, it still rolled off her in thick waves. Only Alastrina couldn't flex it or she could do damage to herself. There had been cases where Fairies had pushed

themselves to the breaking point and beyond with their gift only to fall into a coma, or even worse, death. Her power was still there, and if she had been fully charged, it wouldn't have been a few strangers coming up to her. It would have been the whole freaking room. Thankful that wasn't the case, she continued to drink her water and allow herself hit and miss glances at the stranger who had caught her eye.

He had the most unusual hair she had ever seen. It hung past his shoulders and was cut in layers. There were chunks of black, dark brown, light brown and gold scattered throughout. It was as if a colorist had gone crazy and decided to get creative with him. The layers framed his face perfectly, some strands curling under his square, stubbled jaw. His look, she decided, was vagabond chic with bad-ass thrown in for good measure. His vibe was "don't fuck with me" and his eyes, which were glued to her, said "I'll fuck you within an inch of your life." Power rolled off him in waves, hitting her with full intensity. She didn't think that he meant to do it. He was just *that* focused on her.

Alastrina appreciated that he didn't come over, though. The others had stopped approaching her, which was a relief. She wasn't on the job tonight, and it pained her to see the sadness in some eyes. Their loneliness and desperation touched her. She knew it, understood it, but could do nothing about it. Not now anyway. Even the simplest of requests would drain her of what little reserves she had left, leaving her empty and in danger.

Trina had loathed being tart but couldn't help it. Some had been all out rude to her and that couldn't be rewarded.

"Ready to order?" the bartender asked. Her Brooklyn accent was very apparent.

Alastrina smiled at that. "Yes." A menu was handed to her and she looked over the offerings until one caught her eye.

Chocolate Shock: Heat-packed sexin' -- no baggage required or desired.

Perfect, just what I'm looking for. "Chocolate shock, please." Alastrina's palms became damp. Her nerves decided to make their presence known.

The bartender smiled. "Have fun."

Her heart beat erratically against her chest as she prayed that mystery man in the corner would be the one to answer her call. She looked over at him. Their eyes locked. His lips curled into a smile, and he was out of his chair before she could blink. His walk was predatory. His power now hammered at her body, and she was left breathless from the onslaught. People moved out of his way as he stalked toward her.

She was startled by a tap on her shoulder. Alastrina turned around to find the bartender -- Susan -- smiling at her. She handed her a keycard and her drink as she announced over the mic, "Last Call, Chocolate Shock for the Fairy in the corset."

"Thank you, Susan." *Here we go.* Trina turned to look out at what was in front of her. Instead of a group of men there was only one. *Him.* His power was now stretching out, and people were moving back.

"I'm all yours." His accented voice was deep and quiet with a hint of a purr around the edges. It was the sound of a man not to be messed with. His power had receded to a low hum that sent out small vibrations.

All Alastrina could do was stare. Her heart had been banging against her ribcage but now felt like it had somehow lodged itself in her throat. She couldn't swallow or breathe.

"I'm Garrison. I'll take those, okay?" He nodded behind her and for a second her brain stalled.

"Your drink and keycard, I'll hold them for you," he repeated. Garrison's large presence overwhelmed her. He was tall, as in pine tree tall to her small stature. She had to look up, up and up to meet his smiling gaze. He gently took the glass of water out of her hand and placed it on the bar. She hadn't realized until that very moment that she was about to spill the contents. He'd narrowed her world view down to just him. She couldn't even hear the rest of the room.

"How did you do that?"

"You'll find out. Come on, love, let's get away from the crush." Picking up her drink and keycard, he took her hand and pulled her away from the bar. She didn't protest. Instead, that small touch melted her. She was floating as he guided her through

the crowd. By the time they got to the elevator, she didn't know which way was up or down. He had managed to confuse her in ways she didn't know were possible. *What have I gotten myself into?*

Chapter Two

It took everything in Garrison not to launch himself at her. Screw the drink and the room. He needed her, but she was nervous and scared. He needed to soothe her somehow.

"What's your name, sweet?" he asked gently. The leopard didn't want to chat; it wanted to fuck. Its claws scratched the wall of his stomach, sending out shards of pain. He tried not to wince. Instead of letting out a growl and shouting at it as he would normally do, he quietly ordered it to stop. The cat just looked up at him then slunk away into the darkness. The pain became a dull ache quickly replaced by burning need. His cock pressed against his fly, demanding attention. His balls ached for release, but all he could do was keep breathing slowly.

"Alastrina," she said softly. Her voice was husky and musical. The sound wrapped around his body, and his heart contracted as his stomach tightened.

"Alastrina," he drawled. "Such a beautiful name for a beautiful woman."

"You don't need to --"

"Finish that sentence and I will paddle that lovely, lush ass of yours. Yes, I do need to compliment you. You are beautiful." He leaned down to her ear, mindful of the drink in his hand. "And very sexy. You may need to buy new clothes after this. I may lose control and rip yours to shreds."

The sound of her sucking air made him smile. He closed his eyes and moved his head closer, inhaling her scent. Her unique perfume was a heady combination of rich creamy vanilla, musky lavender and something he couldn't identify. Something spicy and wild he could only compare to the aroma of chaos magick. The combination suited. He brushed his lips down the side of her throat with the softest of touches, ending off with a small lick where her neck and shoulder met.

She gasped. He felt her body heat increase. The scent of her arousal spiked, making him purr in response. She tasted like ambrosia; sweet, spicy, heavenly. "I wonder what your pussy will taste like."

Garrison pulled back and straightened up. His control was hanging by a thread. Lust was rising up so fast it was hard to keep it tamped down. He took in a steadying breath, but it didn't help. All he got was her perfume and arousal. The scents pushed him closer to the edge.

"Will we need a safe word, love?" he asked quietly as he silently battled his need. He gripped the cool drink glass in his hand, and for a second, he was afraid he would break it. Garrison opened his eyes and gazed down at her.

"What?" Alastrina asked, looking confused.

"The drink you ordered mentioned sexin'. Any preferences I should know about?" he asked, as a torrent of images flooded his mind.

Oh, the things he could show her. The wonderful ways he would if only they had time. Instead, he had to settle for one night. Garrison couldn't understand where the thought for more time had come from, but he accepted it without complaint. Her energy beat against his arm, telling him how scared she was.

"I... I'm not sure. I wanted to get laid, but you... What do you think?" She looked up at him and for a moment time froze.

He leaned down and smiled at her. "You want my ideas, sweet?"

"Ye... yes."

He grinned at her as the sweetest, sinful thoughts entered his mind. The elevator dinged and the doors opened. Garrison pulled her out of the compartment and down the hall only to pause, unable to keep from kissing her. He stopped, turned, and looked down at her.

She was overwhelmed. Her body was a twisting, writhing foreign thing that made her hot and cold. *Garrison*. It was the most potent word buzzing around her mind. His scent, a mixture of spice and musk, tugged her down and surrounded her. All her

ideas of how the night should go dissolved. Trina stared into his eyes, mesmerized. Up close they weren't just brown but liquid gold that shifted from the color of sunlight to bronze and then chocolate. Knowledge weighed in his gaze. This was not just a man. She was sure of that. *Who is he?*

"I've never... I don't know... I thought..." She cursed herself for stammering and sounding like an idiot.

"Relax, sweet, let me take control. Let me show you what I want to do to you. Once you're comfortable, you can take control. Deal?" He withdrew, taking his intoxicating scent with him, but the imprint of his body heat remained. She looked away, torn between desire and hesitation.

"Here, drink this. It will help." He handed her the glass, which she took eagerly. The second the rich chocolate hit her tongue, she moaned. *Decadent*. The cinnamon gave the drink just the right kick, and the alcohol added a surprisingly soothing afterburn.

"Mmmm." Her body slowly began to unwind.

"Good?" he asked, his face unreadable.

She nodded.

"May I?" He held out his hand and she gave him the mug. He took it and turned the cup around and placed his lips over the exact spot where her mouth had touched. He drank deeply, his gaze never leaving her face. "Mmm, very good. Let me taste it on your tongue." Garrison lowered his head and took a kiss. The contact was gentle at first. A slow teasing touch before he added more pressure.

Heat slid through her body from his mouth. Alastrina wanted to feel him pressed against her. She reached up, grabbed the sides of his jacket and pulled him closer. He groaned. She heard, and felt, the vibrations of his purring rumble up from his chest.

Garrison pulled his head back and swore. "No sex in the hallway."

His breath came out in harsh pants. The scent of whisky, chocolate and cinnamon wafted against her face with each exhale. "No one said --" she started, pausing to lick her lips. They were hot but not bruised, which disappointed her.

"Need you badly. Don't want anyone else to see." He looked up and she followed his gaze to the cameras mounted on the walls.

"Oh." Heat flushed her cheeks. Her eyes drifted closed as she inhaled his scent. With her ear pressed to his chest, she heard the hammering of his heart and felt soothed. She wasn't the only one feeling out of control.

They headed down the hallway again only to pause. Garrison shook his head, growled in frustration before taking her in his arms again and pressing her into a wall. She gasped as his erection pressed against her stomach. "Feel that, love? That's all for you, every fucking inch."

She let out a shaky breath as moisture pooled between her thighs to dampen her panties. He rocked his hips against hers, tearing a soft moan from her lips.

"I can smell how much you want me, and Goddess, I need you too."

Every movement of his body stoked the heat inside of her that much higher. Her knees became jelly as arousal curled tighter in the pit of her stomach. All that held her up was his body pressed against hers and his hand on her back. Mindless, she moved with him, totally absorbed in only him.

Garrison lowered his head and buried it in the crook of her shoulder. "So fucking sexy. You're killing me here, love. I'm tempted to just tear off both our clothes and fuck you now."

Her pussy clenched and she groaned.

"I'm so close it's ridiculous. It's like I have no control. Any more movement and I'll come in my pants, even though we haven't done anything yet." He stilled and she fought to stop rocking against him. Alastrina opened her mouth to say something only to be cut off by him moving away and pulling her down the hallway again. Garrison found the right door and jammed the keycard into the electronic lock and pushed the door open. "Quickly, love, before I take you in the hall. Patience be damned."

Alastrina didn't have to be told twice. She let go of his hand and rushed into the room.

Chapter Three

Garrison was stunned. Never in his life, not even as a bumbling teenager, had he been this close to coming in his pants. As soon as she was in the room, he slammed the door shut and downed the rest of her drink. He placed both keycard and glass on a nearby side table and looked around, absolutely floored at what he saw.

It was almost as if they'd plucked the image out of his brain. This room looked almost exactly like the hideaway on his private island except the walls were a sea foam green, not bright white. Dark wood furniture scattered around the space gave it a nonchalant feel. He couldn't wait to use every surface available to bring her to climax. He turned and found Alastrina staring at the massive king-size bed covered in white sheets and draped in sheer white fabric.

Her eyes were rounded in wonder and he just had to ask. "What do you think?"

"I love it. It's exactly what I wanted."

He smiled. "Good, because we can explore later. Right now, sex."

Garrison surged across the room and took her in his arms. She let out a soft shriek before his mouth covered hers in a passionate kiss that demanded her submission. Tongues clashed and dueled. He moved his head trying to find a better angle. Frustrated that he couldn't get the access he wanted, he sank his hand into her hair and wound the silken strands around his fingers. Gently, he pulled until her head was tilted back slightly, giving him the perfect position to deepen the kiss. He slowed down, taking his time to explore the hot, wet cavern of her mouth before nipping her lips.

Her soft sighs and moans rewarded him. He struggled to keep from grinding himself against her. The feel of her soft curves against his body drove him crazy with wanting. With soft love bites, he went from her lips down her neck. She squirmed

against him, moaning. Garrison laved her pulse point with his tongue, feeling it jump, and he hid a smile. He continued the path until he got to the crook of her neck.

"Tell me what you need, love. Do you want to fuck now or let me explore you? To be honest, I'm hanging on by a thread here." He was handing over control to her just as he'd promised, but every instinct within him wanted to take, fuck and mate with the woman in his arms. His cat fought to emerge, to pace and paw at the air. It growled, demanding access to the woman who had sent him straight into lust. Garrison wanted to tell it to fuck off, this was his time now, but the feline had other ideas. Never had the both of them wanted the same woman, much less the same thing.

He released Alastrina's waist and gripped her hip with one hand while sliding his other out of her hair and down her back. His fingers traced her spine from the bare flesh at the top of the corset down over the fabric-covered column until he reached her ass. He gripped one lush cheek and groaned. His cock twitched and strained against its denim cage. His balls throbbed, needing release. The room had become a furnace, and they were both wearing far too many clothes.

Garrison stopped what he was doing and stepped back, reluctantly releasing her in the process. Alastrina looked up at him. Her eyes were darkened and glazed over with pleasure. Her lip gloss was gone, leaving red, bruised flesh that made him purr.

"Get naked now," he ordered, not having the patience to be polite. If he didn't do something soon, he really would disgrace himself by coming in his pants. Her hands worked with a swiftness he didn't know existed. One second she had on the corset, the next it was on the floor.

Garrison's jaw dropped and his mouth filled with saliva at the sight of her bare breasts. When she cupped the mounds, he groaned. He watched as she massaged the globes, stroking her thumbs over her nipples, turning them into tightened peaks.

"Goddess," he moaned.

"Do you like what you see?" Alastrina asked. Her voice was soft and husky.

All he could do was nod. His brain had shut off. The world had narrowed down to one thing -- her beautiful, perfect breasts tipped with dark chocolate nipples that

beckoned his mouth. He wanted to suck, nip and bite. Instead, all he could do was stare.

When Trina's hands dropped away from her breasts, he growled with displeasure. The irritation was short-lived as he watched her undo the fly of her jeans and slip her hand past the waistband. Her head tipped back and he watched her hand move up and down. The scent of her desire grew and he was caught in a haze of indecision -- rip off both of their clothing or watch her bring herself to climax.

The decision was made for him when she withdrew her hand, took off her boots and jeans and stood before him in just a lacy thong. She threw him a heated look before turning and crawling onto the massive bed. "Well, what are you going to do?"

She slipped the bit of froth off and threw it at him. Out of habit he reached out and caught it. Garrison brought the lacy underwear to his nose and inhaled her scent deeply. Letting out a groan before he undressed, Garrison took a condom out of his pocket and joined her on the bed.

"If you have to ask, I wasn't clear enough," he murmured as he crawled up her body. Garrison peppered her body with soft kisses as he went. When he reached her bare mound, she parted her legs, showing him the sweet sight of her plump, slickened pussy lips.

"So beautiful." He blew on her labia before lowering his body and burying his face between her thighs. The first touch of his tongue on her sex caused her to quiver. Her sweet tangy scent, edged with spice, intoxicated him. He lapped at her nether lips with soft strokes. Above him she squirmed. Her hands sank into his hair and pressed him closer.

"Garrison," she moaned.

He moved away, her unique flavor rolling over his taste buds like the sweetest, most potent elixir. "Delicious. You taste so good I could eat you all day."

"Please, fuck me," she pleaded.

"With what, sweet? Hmm... my fingers, tongue or cock?" he teased her, tracing her slick entrance with just the tip of his tongue before plunging into the tight, wet

channel. Her inner muscles contracted and relaxed as more of her juice dribbled out of her cunt to stain his chin. *Heaven*, he thought before thrusting his tongue into her hot, slick core again, showing her what his cock would be doing later. She gyrated against his mouth, smashing her sex against his lips. His name was a chant that pushed him higher and higher. He wanted her to come but not yet.

Reluctantly, he pulled away from her pussy, causing her to let out a small scream of frustration.

"Are you screwing with me?" she demanded. Her grip on his hair became painful. The ache only caused a heightening of his arousal.

"No, sweet, but I do plan on screwing you." Garrison looked up the line of her body, taking in her damp skin. Her lips were parted and her eyes were glistening. "I just didn't want you coming all over my mouth. Yet."

His body pulsed with need. His leopard was yowling now, demanding satisfaction. He rose up onto his hands and knees and crawled up her body. Once he could stare down at her, he licked his lips. "What do you want, sweet? Hmmm, want to fuck now? Come on my cock? Or would you prefer something else?"

He gasped when her power washed over him in a wave of tingling heat. Her eyes swirled with a faint pink glow, the color spun with dark brown.

"If you don't fuck me right now, I'll have to finish myself off, understand?" She reached up, grabbed his head and pulled it down to her. The kiss was demanding and scorching in its intensity. He was drowning in her power and his need. Fire rushed over his skin in waves as his belly tightened.

Not wasting any time, he broke the kiss, sat back on his heels and sheathed himself in the condom before positioning himself at her entrance. Without warning, he pushed his hips forward, sinking into her tight heat.

Her cunt contracted around him, causing him to gasp as intense pleasure shivered down his spine. "Goddess..." he gritted out.

Garrison pulled out and thrust forward, rocking against her body as he tried desperately to hold back the climax that was building within him. Fire consumed every

inch of his body. It was all he could do to keep from coming on the spot. Her pussy tightened around his cock, pushing him closer to the knife's edge. His mind was swimming in sensations. He was on overload, the pressure spiking in him with each push of his hips. She met every thrust.

"Faster, fuck me harder," Alastrina demanded. Her nails scored his back as he followed her instructions, losing himself in the merging of their bodies. She reached between them and he felt her hand move against his groin. Her cunt rippled and pulsed around him. Her body shook as she cried out when she came. *Not enough, need more.* He needed to hear her scream.

Garrison pulled out, his body protesting at what he was doing.

"Garrison --"

He growled, "Not good enough, sweet, not even close. I'm going to make you scream."

Garrison grabbed her hips and lifted her up off the mattress. He settled her on his lap and positioned her legs against his chest, his cock at the entrance of her pussy. He thrust forward and she cried out. Gripping her hips tightly, he pounded into her.

Liquid heat poured into his veins. Tension sung through him. With great effort, he pushed back his climax again, determined to make her come, screaming his name. Like a demon possessed or cat determined to brand its mate, he thrust into her harder. He rode her until her pussy fluttered and clenched again. This time, she cried out, arching her back, her head reared back.

Garrison let go, allowing himself to fall over the edge. The pressure exploded and sent a shockwave through his body, from his toes to the top of his head. The rush of pleasure was so extreme it was almost painful. He kept thrusting until his balls were empty and his cock flaccid. With the last bit of energy he had left, Garrison pulled out of her, rolled to the side and gathered her in his arms. He struggled to calm his racing heart. It was as if his lungs couldn't take enough air in and his head spun. He closed his eyes and focused on the feel of Alastrina in his arms. When he could finally breathe easier, he murmured, "Round one is over, sweet. Rest up. Round two's about to start."

Chapter Four

Alastrina's body quivered as small aftershocks continued to go off. Her muscles twitched and jumped even after her heart stopped racing, and her breathing was back to normal. *Another round?* She wasn't sure she'd survive. Garrison rolled over and she didn't follow him. She was completely drained. There was no energy left to move. Her toes seemed to be frozen in curled mode, and her hands continued to grip the bedspread beneath her. She was thankful for the cool air that wafted over her damp skin. He'd been voracious in his lovemaking. His all consuming passion had pulled her under its spell.

She turned her head and studied her lover. Clothied, he'd been gorgeous. Naked, he was devastating. Deeply bronzed skin stretched over every inch of him, even his groin and cock. Black rosettes with a tan center were spread down his arms, over his shoulders and across his chest, speaking of his shifter heritage. She couldn't help but wonder why the spots hadn't gone away.

The markings would have been a dead giveaway to anyone with knowledge of the shifter world. Her gaze moved lower to his defined abs. Tight ridges forming a six-pack spread down to his trim waist. His cock, even flaccid, was large, resting against his thigh. His legs were long and muscular, like a runner's, which jibed with his animal form. When he rolled away from her, she saw a large tattoo etched between his shoulders. She took a closer look at it. It was a black heart with an arrow through it. A small droplet of blood was depicted in the lower right corner. In the center of the heart was a golden bow.

It seemed familiar and yet she couldn't place it. Her brain tried sluggishly and unsuccessfully to connect the picture to something only to fail. She let it go. It wasn't that important. What seemed more imperative was her closer inspection of his tight,

muscular ass. Alastrina giggled and reached out to run her fingertips over the hardened flesh. His butt clenched and she couldn't resist the urge to pinch him.

"Careful, sweet, you'll start the second round early. I suggest you get some sleep first."

"I'm trying but I can't. You burned out my brain and it won't shut off."

He chuckled. The sound caused her body to tighten and she groaned. *Behave*, she ordered herself.

"You're aroused again," Garrison murmured. The bed creaked as he rolled over to face her. She studied his face. His eyes were a warm gold that reminded her of midday sunlight. He reached out and caressed her face. "So beautiful."

At the moment she didn't feel beautiful. The afterglow was fading. She felt sticky and damp.

"Don't. Don't you dare start thinking. You're gorgeous and I'm prepared to show you every way I can that you're attractive. Very attractive," he purred as his gaze roamed over her body. His golden eyes warmed to burnished gold, and she squirmed at the focus of his stare. Especially when he seemed to be interested in one area in particular: her bare mound. She watched him lick his lips and a shiver raced down her spine as her pussy tightened. She wanted him again.

"I'd love to taste you right now," he murmured as his gaze met hers.

"Then why don't you?" she asked huskily.

He gave her a mysterious smile. "I want to watch you bring yourself close to orgasm, but not come."

"Why?" The question was out of her mouth before she could stop it.

His gaze darkened to nearly black. "I want to know what pleases you. How do you touch yourself when you're alone and aroused?"

Garrison's gaze became heavy-lidded. His fingertips slipped from her cheek, down her neck and across her shoulder. The soft touch sent a trail of heat over her skin, goosebumps rising on her flesh. His power flexed, extending tendrils through her. It felt like fur was brushing up against her. She'd never heard of a shifter having this kind of

power. It was as if he were extending part of his animal. "What are you doing?" Alastrina asked breathlessly.

"My cat wants to come out and play, but to fuck you in shifted form would be too dangerous." There was a flash in his eyes, like lightning, and then it was gone. A purr rumbled up from his chest and he moved toward her. His head lowered and he lapped at one of her nipples, bringing it to a tightened state almost instantly. It felt like the finest-grained sandpaper was brushing against the sensitive tip. She groaned. He was bringing more than just a touch of power to this encounter.

Everything stopped when a soft chirping sounded. Garrison blew out a breath. "Fucking hell."

"You could ignore it," Alastrina urged as she reached up to thread her hands into his hair. She tugged him forward but he resisted.

"I've got to answer this. I'm sorry. Start without me." With that, he crawled off the bed, grabbed the phone and headed to the bathroom.

* * *

Garrison flicked on the light and shut the door behind him before punching the answer button. "What the fuck do you want?" he hissed.

"Is that any way to talk to your boss?" Eros asked. The god didn't give him time to answer. "I need you at my place by ten tomorrow morning. Don't be late, and have fun with the Fairy. She's a wild one."

Garrison was left feeling angry and confused. Had Eros sampled his beautiful bedmate? He couldn't think that was true. Alastrina didn't seem the type Eros would go for. He liked docile dolls like his ex-wife, not spicy Fairies like Alastrina.

A soft moan slipped under the door and he heard a thud against the hard wood.

"Garrison, if you don't get back here, I'm going to come without you," Trina moaned.

He closed his eyes and groaned. Garrison could just picture it, her thighs spread wide apart, showing him every sweet inch of her slick pussy. Her fingers would be easing between the thick lips of her sex to tease her clit.

"Fucking hell." He reached down to palm his erection, wrapping his hand around the base. He stroked himself from base to tip, pausing to swipe his thumb over the wide head, smearing his pre-cum over his cockhead. "Goddess."

"No, I'm a Fairy, a very horny one. Now get out here."

Garrison tossed his phone in the sink with a loud clatter. He didn't care if it was damaged or even broken. Eros would just get him a new one. All he could focus on now was the sexy woman in the bedroom.

He yanked open the door and marched into the room to find Trina on the bed, lying against a large pile of pillows with her legs spread wide, her thumb working her clit and two fingers pumping in and out of her dripping channel.

"You are a wonder." Garrison released his erection and crawled on the bed toward her. He watched as her pace quickened. Her fingers slipped in and out of her cunt faster. Her thumb stroked her clit with quicker, harder strokes. He moved between her legs, reached out and yanked her hand away from her slick pussy. She narrowed her eyes at him. All he did was smile. He brought her hand up to his face. First he inhaled the scent of her arousal before slipping her fingers into his mouth. He licked and nibbled the digits, scraping his teeth against the tips and running his tongue over the length of each cream-coated finger. She squirmed and groaned before leaning forward to grab him by a handful of hair, trying to pull him toward her.

He let out a soft growl and slipped her fingers from his mouth, kissing the tips before letting go of her wrist.

"Careful, sweet, or I'll be pulling your hair too," he chuckled. Her eyes widened but she didn't let go of his hair. Instead she gave him a saucy smile that made his heart skip a beat.

"Who says I don't like having my hair pulled?" Trina's eyebrow rose in question and he let out a soft growl. The idea of her on all fours with his hand buried in her hair while he pumped into her hard and fast made him purr.

"Later, love. Later I'll fuck you from behind, nice and hard, while I pull all that beautiful hair," he promised.

"You better not forget." She let go of his hair and slid down until she was lying on the bed. Trina looked up at him, dark brown eyes glittering from behind a fan of black lashes. "Fuck me." It wasn't a request. It was a command, one he was more than happy to comply with.

"Careful, sweet. Order me around too often, and I may have to give out a few commands myself," he cautioned. Garrison dropped a bit of his guard, and let her see just how much he wanted her, while allowing the animal to run free for a bit. Her lips parted and he heard her breath catch. A small sound escaped from her throat, and the perfume of her desire increased.

"Oh, you like that, huh? Want me to be your commander, order you on your knees to suck my cock?" He closed his eyes and inhaled deeply before letting out a moan. "Mmmmm..." Things were spiraling out of control. He could picture that perfectly. After a hard day serving Eros, to come home and find Alastrina dressed as he'd ordered, on her knees by the door waiting to serve him.

"Goddess, you tempt me," he groaned and opened his eyes to look down at her. "Who are you?"

"Currently, a woman who wants to be fucked." Alastrina lifted the hand that had been between her legs and proceeded to slip her fingers into her mouth, the same fingers he had licked and sucked on. The fingers slid out between her lips, glistening with her saliva. He watched mesmerized as she trailed the wet tips down her neck, between her breasts, over her stomach and mound before delving between the thick petals of her slit again. Her body bucked and arched upward. Her breasts looked like an offering, the tightened tips pointing upward as if she were begging for his mouth.

He didn't wait for a command. Instead he fell on her body, covering her with his heat as he took her nipple between his teeth and tugged hard. She cried out. He felt her hand moving faster. Her wrist rubbed against his stomach as she drove herself further toward release. As he sucked her nipple into his mouth, Garrison reached between them, wrapped his hand around her wrist and pulled it away from her slick sex. He raised her arm over her head and held it there.

She let out a groan. He nipped the taut bud some more before soothing it with a lick. "Don't try that again. I'm going to be pleasing you this time."

He went back to sucking on her nipple, pulling more of her breast into his mouth. Her soft cries and the undulation of her body beneath him pushed his self-control. His cat was banging against his defenses, demanding out. Instead, Garrison shoved back and ordered the cat down while he laved and sucked Alastrina's breast. Heat and need throbbed through him. His balls ached and his cock begged for release. To stem the arousal, he lowered his hips to the bed and rocked against the mattress, flexing his hips and grinding against the bedspread. Tiny pinpricks of pleasure were set off inside of him with each stroke of his cock against the smooth, cool bedspread. It wasn't enough. He needed to be inside her hot, wet sheath.

Garrison released her breast and transferred his attentions to the other one while easing his thrusts into the mattress. He was caught off guard when she reached down and yanked his hair.

"You wanna fuck something? Fuck me, not the mattress," she growled.

He released her nipple and smiled up at her. "You're not ready yet. I want you mindless, love, *mindless*."

He moved down her body, trailing kisses and lapping up her sweat as he went. She writhed and moaned beneath him. Her hands sank into his hair yet again, pulling at the damp tresses and causing his head to yank up.

"I am ready now," she said roughly, and tugged his hair hard. He narrowed his eyes. Amusement curled his lips, but he knew his eyes were hard.

"Careful, sweet, or I'll stop, flip you over and spank this sexy ass of yours."

"Later. Now we fuck." She let go of his hair and lifted her body up. Trina grasped both sides of his head and tried to pull him up her body. It didn't work.

She wants to play, so be it. Garrison flexed his power. He allowed a little more of the cat to come out. She gasped. Her lips parted and her eyes were wide. He knew what she saw, the form of a leopard above her. In a blink, she was pushed back down to the bed. She cried out and began to wiggle.

"Calm yourself. The cat isn't here in the corporeal, just the metaphysical."

She lifted her head and looked down the line of her body to his head. "Who are you?" she asked again.

"I am your sex god and your master." Without breaking eye contact, Garrison dove between her thighs and devoured her pussy. He nipped and licked her outer labia, flicking and teasing her clit before fucking her cunt with his tongue. He could see the outline of his leopard, its large paws holding her down, its head bent as it lapped at her pouting nipples. She cried out and writhed as man and beast moved as one to tease her body.

"Please, please, please," she begged as her head thrashed on the pillow. Hair stuck to her brow as she moaned and clawed at the bedspread.

He didn't stop, not until he felt her body tense. Garrison growled and with his mind ordered the cat to stop what it was doing.

"Hold your orgasm. Do not come, understand? You come and we stop." He watched her chest moving up and down as she panted. "Answer me," he snapped. "Do you understand?"

"Y-y-yes," she replied in a wheezy voice.

Garrison nodded and both he and his cat continued their assault on her body. He lowered his head and inhaled her scent, imprinting the musky perfume on his brain. A glance at her opening revealed how she was dripping with need. Her cream glistened in the soft light, tempting him. Instead of lapping up her juices, he slid a finger into her wet heat and pulled it out, coated with her cream. He smeared her nectar, first on her clit and then on her anus, circling the rosebud with deft quick swipes before tonguing the puckered entrance.

She wriggled and moaned. He pulled away from teasing her. "No. Don't try to come. Just control yourself."

Chapter Five

Control herself? Alastrina didn't know whether to scream or groan at what his tongue was currently doing. Not to mention what his cat was doing to her nipples. She stared at the shadow of a leopard on her chest. Its long nimble tongue tormented her nipple with slow swipes. Light sandpaper passes that set off sparks of pleasure through her body. Trina lifted her arms and grabbed hold of the cat's head. Warm, soft fur met her palms. She marveled at how real it all felt. Trina ran her hands down the body in wonder. Muscle slid under flesh and fur.

The tongue lapping at her anus stopped and she looked through the almost transparent vision of the cat down to its master. His eyes were a bright gold edged in black. "I told you not to move your arms. You must be punished," he purred.

The way he said the last word sent heat straight to her pussy as more cream leaked from her entrance. He rose up and sat on his heels. His cat also pulled back from her.

"Up on your hands and knees," Garrison ordered.

Alastrina didn't wait to comply. She scrambled up and positioned herself as anticipation sung in her veins. His earlier promise echoed in her mind. She shivered, waiting for him to finally give her what she needed; to be ridden hard and fast. She felt his hand sinking into her hair and he yanked her head back, not enough to hurt. Her heart hammered against her ribcage as she felt the wet roughness of the cat's tongue slide down her spine.

"Either you don't listen or you wanted to be punished. Is that it? You think to control me while playing the submissive?" he whispered near her ear. His hot, moist breath brushed her ear, causing a tremor to run through her. He traced the shell slowly before taking her lobe between his teeth and sucking it hard.

"I'm not sure what I should do. To fuck you would be giving you what you want and to not would only torture us both. Tell me, Alastrina, can you follow directions or do I have to torture us both and draw this out further than it needs to go?" He peppered her neck with kisses as the cat's sandpaper tongue was back at her breast, swirling around the firm mound until he got to the nipple. One brush of the roughness against the sensitive tip sent bolts of electricity straight to her clit. She bucked her hips as sensory overload grabbed her. Her pain and pleasure sensors were flicked on and off when the cat scraped her nipple while its tail tickled her wet slit.

Meanwhile, Garrison was kissing his way over her back. Once he got to her bottom he bit one of the cheeks, causing her to cry out. He followed that with a hard slap first on the left side and then the right. She cried out again. The sting turned to heat and pleasure. Her pussy gushed cream. The juices trickled down her thighs. Trina was trapped between cat and man and it was a delicious sandwich. With each strike of his palm and each swipe of the cat's tongue she was driven closer and closer to orgasm.

Trina was holding on by a fraying string. Her need spiraled tighter and tighter in the pit of her stomach. She cried out when he rammed his hips into her. His thick, hard cock sunk into her tight, wet cunt. Her inner muscles squeezed his shaft and they both groaned. He stilled inside of her but his palm didn't stop and neither did the cat's tongue. Now its tail was tickling and teasing her clit.

Her nerve endings were on fire as waves of sensation wrapped around her. Trina could barely breathe or think past the pleasure. He pulsed inside of her. She could feel every heartbeat, and when he withdrew, she groaned in protest. She contracted her vaginal muscles around him, trying to draw him back inside of her. When only the head of his cock remained, he paused and then pushed forward again, his cock stretching her sweetly.

"Garrison," she moaned. "Fuck me, harder."

"You don't give the orders around here, sweet." He stilled again and she let out a scream. Frustration was mixing with desire as his hand continued to swat her ass and the cat teased her nipple and her clit.

"Please, Garrison," she pleaded.

"Please what?"

She was bewildered, unsure of what to say. All she knew was that need pulsed through her veins as the fire burned out of control in her body. "Damn it. No games, fuck me."

The spanking stopped and she felt the press of his hot, damp, hard body against her back. He kissed the crook of her neck before sinking his teeth down hard. Trina gasped and bucked against him. "Fuck!" she screamed at the unexpected pain.

He held her hair and continued to bite down. His hips pulled away from her body slowly before slamming back into her in short thrusts that rocked her. It wasn't enough.

"Harder, damn you. Fuck me harder," she demanded. She rocked against him, pushing her hips back at him as best she could. He released her shoulder. She felt the wet slide of blood and saliva move down her chest and breast. The fluids were lapped up by the cat before it returned to teasing her nipples.

He paused again and she let out a frustrated scream. Garrison chuckled. "What's the magic word, love?"

She swore. "I don't know. Damn it, just tell me and then fuck me."

He placed a kiss just below her ear. "It's Master, as in 'please, fuck me, Master'."

"I don't belong to you," she threw out, panting. Her body was tied in a knot as the cat continued its assault. A sharp sting landed on her clit and her hips bucked. Trina cried out in surprise.

"Know who you're dealing with," Garrison growled next to her ear. "I am the master of your body. I own you tonight, me and my cat. Show sass again, and the cat will whip you with its tail, and I'll refuse to give you release."

The iron in his voice and the soft strokes of the cat's tail wound her up. They aroused her ever higher. She snorted, trying to ignore the sensations they were causing. "I belong to me. Just because you're fucking me doesn't mean a damn thing. I can finish myself off."

He stopped thrusting. His cock pulsed in her cunt. The cat stopped what it was doing to flick her clit hard, sending a sharp bolt of pleasure through her. She bit down on her bottom lip to keep from crying out.

"Don't even think about finishing yourself off," he murmured softly.

She felt rope around her wrists and ankles. A glance down showed nothing.

"Flexing your power to hold me, ha?" Alastrina drew upon her own low reserves and tried to break his hold only to fail.

"I am more than you think I am. Now bow to me and call me Master."

"Kind of hard to do that when I'm on all fours," she sassed.

Three more smacks; this time first on one side of her pussy and then the other before landing on her clit.

"Shit!" She bucked. Pleasure shot straight to her cunt, causing it to clench around his cock.

"I can go on like this all night. The question is, can you?" He began to thrust into her again with short strokes. The cat lapped its way down her body. When that rough tongue touched her labia she gasped loudly. The cat lapped first at her wet slit and then her clit.

The combined sensations were too much. Her orgasm tightened and spiraled upward, tighter and tighter until she thought she would snap.

"Not yet," Garrison growled. Both he and the cat stopped and Alastrina screamed.

"You come when I *say* you come. Now say what you're supposed to say or we keep this up," Garrison threatened.

She tried to move her arms and legs but his power held her fast. Need made her capitulate.

"Fuck me, Master, please, let me come," she said softly. Instead of feeling as if she was giving away a piece of herself, a sense of contentment came over her.

"Oh Goddess." His cock twitched inside of her and she moaned. He lifted his body off of hers and withdrew before slamming into her. "Damn it, that sounded so sweet coming from you. So fucking sexy."

He fucked her hard now. Her body shook with the force of his thrusts.

"Mine, all mine, you belong to me now."

The cat nipped her clit and pleasure skittered through her. She was on a knife's edge, so close to coming.

"Please, let me come." Alastrina wasn't sure who she was begging, him or the cat. She didn't care. The orgasm was so close she could practically taste it.

"Please what?" He slapped her ass hard, sending a shockwave of heat and pleasure through her.

"Please, Master, let me come."

"I control your pleasure, don't I? I'm the one that can make you come, aren't I? This sweet pussy belongs to me, doesn't it? So I ask you, sweetness, who do you belong to?"

"You, I belong to you. Please, Master, let me come," she begged.

"You're damn right you do." He pounded into her harder as the cat pressed her clit down with its tongue. The pressure was at the bursting point. When the cat released the aching bundle of nerves that was her clit, she came, screaming Garrison's name.

The world narrowed down to the pleasure. Her vision blurred and spots danced before her eyes. Intense sensation collided through her in wave after wave of pleasure from her head to her feet. Her fingers and toes curled tightly as her body shook, racked with the intensity of her orgasm.

He continued to pound her pussy as the cat lapped and nipped her clit. Alastrina was falling through an endless void of desire and fire as aftershocks rippled through her. Her screams became hoarse cries until she lost her voice completely. Her eyelids slipped down. She wasn't sure how much more she could take before she went unconscious. Garrison continued to pull at her body, yanking out small orgasms until she couldn't come anymore. When she thought he would truly fuck her into

unconsciousness, his cock expanded in her cunt. The shaft became harder. It jumped, pulsed and began shooting his hot seed into her clenching vagina.

She shook with effort to stay up as he pumped his hips. Trina felt their mixed juices slip out. A soft groan fell from her lips and she began to sway.

His power slipped from around her wrists and ankles and the cat vanished. She didn't have the strength to think about where it went. Her eyelids fluttered before slipping down, and exhaustion took hold. Her body fell to the mattress as he pulled out of her.

"I've got you, sweet. Don't worry. Just sleep now," he murmured.

She did just that, trusting that he would keep her safe, from what she didn't know.

* * *

Garrison lowered her down to the mattress and brushed back her hair. With quiet reverence, he ran his fingertips down her body, marveling over what had just happened. He could practically hear Eros laughing in his head. It had happened. He had fallen and it hadn't taken long. He couldn't picture leaving this room without her. Hell, he couldn't see himself going through his life as Eros' slave kitten without her to make it a bright spot. He wanted that image of her on her knees waiting for him when he got home so badly and yet knew, just knew, that it couldn't be without telling her all about himself and his circumstances.

He gritted his teeth. To tell her, though, would drag her into a complicated power struggle that would probably taint her and make her hate him. It was odd. He at times loathed Eros but didn't hate him. Not truly. To involve Alastrina in their battle of wills was difficult and yet she was here already, just by being with him.

"I'm so sorry, sweet, but you're mine." His cat lifted its head and licked its chops. He could feel its satiation in his bones. It was content, very satisfied with what had just happened. It might not have been able to fuck her properly, but it was fine with what it had gotten.

"She's ours," he whispered to the beast. "And I'm terrified once she understands what she's stepped into that she'll leave."

The cat just yawned in response, lowered its head and shut its eyes. He let out a soft sigh. The cat didn't care. It had found what it was looking for.

As he gazed down at Alastrina, he felt a tug on his heartstrings. He wanted to know more about this sassy Fairy and yet there was no time. Eros wanted to see him, which meant another assignment. He wanted to make love to her one more time before he went.

He placed a soft kiss on her cheek. His body was completely empty. Garrison was pulling energy from the power he tucked away. If Eros found out about how much power he had in his reserve, the love god would not be happy. He pushed away those thoughts to focus on Alastrina. Her lips were puffy. The makeup was gone, leaving her fresh-faced. Youth and innocence covered a visage that, to him, hid a sensual, sexy woman. He wanted to wake up to that every morning. His gaze moved down her body and heat stirred within. Again, he wanted her, over and over until she cried out.

Not now, he ordered his body. She needed to rest. He had done something he'd never allowed himself to do with other lovers. Garrison had never allowed the dominant side to leak through. Normally he scratched the itch and went on his way. With her he felt he could be himself and allow everything to hang out. She could handle it. When she had called him Master and submitted to him, it had taken his breath away and moved him beyond words. Her submission and trust in him had touched him. She had given him a precious gift, one he felt he didn't truly deserve. He sighed and placed another kiss on her temple before pulling her close.

He prayed one day he would be worthy of her gift. Garrison focused on the satisfaction that purred through him. She cuddled close to his body. He wrapped himself around her, his arm circled her waist, and he threw one leg over her hip. Only then did Garrison allow himself to sleep.

Chapter Six

Alastrina woke up to a heavy body pressed against hers. The scent of sex and male musk clung to her skin. She could feel the beat of his heart against her back. For a second she just felt and listened. His warm, moist breath brushed against her shoulder in gentle puffs of air. The roughness of the hair on his legs, pressed against hers, was a wonderful contrast to her smooth skin. His strong arms held her and yet they weren't wrapped so tight that she felt trapped. It was, in a word, heaven.

She felt at peace. Trina felt so complete it scared her. Love Fairies did not fall in love. They had seen too many facets of love to allow themselves that one pleasure. Although she loved her job, she was too jaded to think this would last. Yet, in his arms, she felt safe and contented.

This is just sex, that's it. I'm not falling for him. I barely know him. Just because I had incredible, toe-curling, mind-blowing sex doesn't mean a damn thing, she admonished herself. A surge of anger rushed up. Anger was good. It would help shield her heart when it got broken. Alastrina felt sorrow replace the momentary anger. She was already anticipating the heartbreak. With a sigh, she managed to push his arm away and slip out from under his leg. She got off the bed, ignoring the aches and pains pinging around her body, and headed for the bathroom. Alastrina was determined to get a shower and get out of here before he woke up.

"I already got what I wanted, and this is where the no-strings-attached comes in," she told herself. Trina turned on the taps and waited for the water to heat up. As she waited, she felt her power, fully recharged. She looked over the room until she spotted a small silver clock on the countertop. It was close to two in the morning. To her, that was a perfect time to shower and leave. She would leave a note thanking him for the time they had together and be on her way.

Steam billowed over the top of the glass door. She got in the stall and began to clean away the night's activities. As she bathed, it felt wrong to rinse away what they'd shared. *What am I doing?* Her hands paused on her stomach and she looked down at her body. It almost seemed unfamiliar.

"I belong to you." Her words echoed in her mind and she shuddered. She didn't submit to any man. And yet, she'd given herself over to him, and all for an orgasm -- or a few. She was an independent woman. Modern, as Eros had called her and the rest of the Fairies. For sex, she'd thrown it all away. Had she enjoyed it? Of course. Did she want to submit to him again? That answer, much to her annoyance, was also yes.

"Who am I?" she asked herself.

"Don't you dare question what happened between us. You are still the same sexy, irresistible, independent woman I met in the bar. You just discovered a new aspect of yourself," Garrison's voice growled from behind the barrier of fog-covered glass. The door opened bringing with it cold air and a menacing-looking man. His eyes held anger and passion. The color shifted from the darkest brown-black to the lightest, palest gold and every shade in between.

His emotions tinged the air with a chill. The atmosphere was perfumed with the scent of sex, the musk of a sunbathing cat and spice. Fear ran down her spine just as heat poured through her veins. He was pissed and horny. Garrison stepped into the small stall and closed the door behind him. The thin glass shook with the force of his pull.

"Hand me the soap. I'll wash you and tell you exactly what happened between us." She bristled at his order and opened to her mouth to say something. He cut her off. "If you aren't going to blow me with that sinful mouth of yours, I suggest you shut it," he snapped.

Alastrina reared back as if she had been slapped. "How dare you --"

He cut her off again. Reaching around her for the soap, he began to speak. "I dare because you are diminishing yourself just because of submitting to me. Never do

that, or I swear to the gods, I'll punish you and you won't like it. Now, what was I going to say?"

Garrison paused while he rubbed the bar of soap between his hands and gazed at her. His stare made her uncomfortable. She resisted the urge to shift from one foot to the other in a show of nervousness. As the water pelted her from above, she watched him carefully, wanting to make sure that if she had to run, she'd be ready.

"Ah yes. Don't you dare sully what we did, what you did. You submitting to me was the most beautiful thing I have ever experienced. You didn't just give me your body. You gave me your trust. I am awed that you trusted me with your body and your safety. When I released part of my cat, you could have been afraid. Instead, you embraced it. If I'd lost control, you could have been hurt. Now turn around." He paused and she pivoted to face away from him. His touch was soft and soothing as he washed her shoulders. The wound from his bite stung a bit but not much. A burst of desire went off inside of her as she remembered the feel of his teeth sinking into her skin as he thrust into her.

"You gave yourself to me and I will cherish that *always*. It takes a strong person to submit to another and admit their desires, and that's what you did. I don't think any less of you, and you shouldn't think less of yourself," he said as he moved his hands down her arms.

She tried not to be lulled by his words. "Easy for you to say. You were --"

He cut her off. "Don't. Please, just don't. I may have been in control but you could have stopped me at any time. Hell, I could have taken advantage of you with my power, and I didn't. I'm over five hundred years old and in all my years I have never seen anything as stunning as you submitting to me."

She sunk into the spell he wove around her with his words and his hands. For a moment, she almost felt special and strong.

"You're discovering a new aspect of yourself, and of course, you'll be afraid of it. Of course you don't want to examine it too closely for fear of what you'll find. Submission doesn't make you weak. Open yourself up to it, examine it and experience

this new part of yourself. Please, sweet. Not for me, but for yourself. Don't close yourself off because of fear. That would be weak and stupid. To me you are a rare jewel just finding out about yourself. You are a Love Fairy. I have encountered your kind before. Normally you lot are closed off and jaded by what you've seen. I understand that. It's hard to trust another, especially in the areas of love if all you've seen is pain. Don't let the downside burn the beauty. I beg you, please, don't do this."

He fell silent as he began to wash her back. She sank into his touch as her mind swirled with his words. Trina hated to admit it, but he was right. She was fighting something that had been pleasurable because of all that she had seen. Submission in the aspects of love could be wonderful but the pain that accompanied it was hard to accept. She'd seen so many couples destroy love, abuse it, use it as a weapon, tossing it like a grenade to hurt another or denying it completely to the one who cared about them.

When she'd called him Master and given up control, it had felt right. The downside was she couldn't see herself submitting to anyone else. He had opened up this facet of her and she didn't want anyone else helping her explore her submissive nature. The problem was they only had this night. Come morning, they would be parting ways. Sadness weighed heavy on her heart and shoulders. She realized that she didn't want to let go, but she had to. Or at least she thought she did.

Trina opened her mouth to say something, only to shut it for fear of rejection. This was all new to her. The possibility of love hung before her, and she wanted to grab hold of it. There were two more problems that she could see. One was Eros. The other was that she could feel Garrison was holding something back. His words, though beautiful, were edged in pain. Something was hurting him, and she wanted to make it go away, but didn't want to dig too deeply. People in pain didn't like others poking around in their wounds. They were, it seemed, at an impasse, and she didn't know how to proceed.

Instead of pushing the subject, she allowed herself to give in to his touch and this moment. His fingers were strong, caressing and massaging her muscles until they relaxed. Garrison treated her body like a precious object to be pampered and handled

with care. Not pressing too hard or too softly, he worked away the aches and pains, leaving in their wake heat and arousal. Slowly the warmth spread up and outward.

She yearned to feel his lips on her flesh. Trina wanted him to awaken her body to full arousal instead of the soft simmering she felt.

"Let me take care of you," he whispered softly. His words stopped any plea she could have made.

"Okay," she replied just as softly and gave herself over to him, savoring his touch and his care. Her eyes drifted shut and a moan slipped from her lips.

"You're so gorgeous," he murmured.

A shiver rushed down her spine when the tip of his finger traced the outline of one of her wings. She had to fight back a giggle when he found the ticklish spot that connected her wings to her spine. Trina fought as hard as she could only to lose the battle and laugh openly. Her body shook so much she almost slipped. Luckily he wrapped an arm around her waist and held her to him.

She stopped laughing when she felt his erection pressing against the crease of her ass. Instead, she moaned and wriggled in his arms, trying to tease him. He rolled his hips, causing his cock to slide up and down the crevice of her ass. Her pussy clenched and heat flowed through her.

"Garrison, please, I need you inside of me," she pleaded.

He groaned. "This was supposed to be about you."

"Fucking me would be about me," she pointed out as she rubbed herself against him.

"No, no, stop. Alastrina, stop. Let me finish bathing you." He let go of her and she stumbled forward. Trina put out her hands to keep from hitting the wall. She whirled around and looked him over. He looked as if he was hanging on by his fingernails. His hands were clenched, the soap he held had become smushed, and his face contorted into a mask of determination despite his rampant erection rising from a dark nest of curls. The purplish-red cockhead wept a single crystalline bead at the slit.

“Why clean up now when we’ll only get dirty later?” She raised an eyebrow in question and moved forward. When they were only inches apart, Trina lowered herself to her knees and took his cock in her hands, one curved around the base and the other below the wide mushroom head of his shaft. She moved her hands in opposite directions, one moving up and the other moving down.

“Fuuuuck.” He tilted his head back and groaned. “Alastrina, please...” His voice trailed off when she lapped at the slit at the top of his cock.

He was salty and spicy. *Delicious*, Trina thought. She sucked just the cockhead into her mouth, swirling her tongue around the wide surface, flicking the V at the base to tease him. Garrison grabbed hold of her hair and pulled her head back. She looked up at him but didn’t stop her hands.

“Didn’t you like what I was doing to you?” She tried to move her head forward, but his grip on her head was too tight. There was no give to allow her to move closer to his cock.

“I want to taste you again,” she whispered. Trina lifted a hand to wipe away the water dripping in her eyes. “And make you pay for getting my hair wet.”

They both chuckled.

“You can flog me later, or we could finish showering and I could do your hair.”

Her mind went blank. She didn’t know what to say to him. She hadn’t had her hair done by another person other than her mother, and that was a long time ago. The idea of him doing her hair seemed so intimate.

“What? Think I’ll end up making you bald? How could I do that to such lovely hair?” He gave her hair a gentle yank before letting go. “Come on, sweet, let’s finish here. I want to fuck you properly.”

Trina still wasn’t sure what to say, so she rose and allowed him to wash her before he sent her off into the bedroom. She stood at the window and watched clouds run before the moon, hiding the soft silvery light.

“Oh Goddess, I don’t know what to do,” she whispered.

Her emotions were in turmoil. He wanted to take care of her, hell, even do her hair and risk her wrath. Garrison was everything she could hope for in a possible mate and nothing she wanted in a one-night stand. He was strong, gentle and caring. "How am I supposed to walk away from this?"

"Ready to put yourself in my hands?" Garrison called out from the bathroom doorway.

"Yeah, sure," she mumbled. Trina decided that allowing him to do her hair would buy her some time to regain control of her emotions. He gestured to a small dressing table near the window and she sat down. He took her hair in his hands and began to carefully run a brush through it. Garrison was very gentle when he reached a knot, tugging until it loosened.

"So, why are you in London? I know Love Fairies don't normally stay in one place for long."

"Um, I'm here because we were ordered here."

"Ordered? Can your queen order you anywhere? I thought you just go wherever you're needed."

"Normally, but our queen has put us in the care of someone else."

"Are you happy?" he asked as he separated her hair into two sections and pinned one up with a clip.

She wasn't sure how to answer that. To say yes would be lying but to say no would also be a fib as well. "I'm... um... tired."

That was as close to the truth as she could get.

"That's not an answer, so I'm guessing no."

"Well, I'm not unhappy, but I'm not happy either." There, she'd been honest.

"Why?"

"Our new boss is working us very hard."

"Can't your queen do something?"

"We don't want to make things difficult for her, so we say nothing."

"Ah, so there are more of you? Is there anything I can do? If I can help, I'd like to."

"Not unless you can hurt a god," she kidded.

"So there's a deity involved, I have a few strings I can pull..." His voice trailed off and for a second hope flared inside of her. If she could get him to... *No, no*, she stopped herself from going down that route. If he interfered, who knew where it would go from there?

"Don't. Things will work themselves out."

"But --" he started.

"Please, dealing with deities is hard enough. Any interference could make things more difficult than they already are."

He fell silent. She thought that he had muttered something before he turned on the dryer, but his words were drowned out by the drone of the machine. This gave her time to think. Nothing was coming to mind. Her thoughts were all a jumble. When the hairdryer was shut off, she heard the muffled sound of her cell phone ringing.

She grumbled. "Sorry, I have to answer that."

Trina rose from the chair and rummaged around on the floor until she found her cell phone. She answered it. "Hello?"

"Trina? Help! Eros' goons are here. They're demanding to know where you are." Luci's voice trembled.

"Shit. Give me a few and I'll be there ASAP," Trina said softly.

"Okay, hurry." The phone line went dead, and she began to worry about Luci and Dahlia.

"I'm sorry to cut this short, but I have to go." She dressed quickly. With every piece of clothing she pulled on, sadness weighed heavier on her heart. When she was fully dressed, she turned to find that he too had dressed. It made her miserable to see him fully clothed. For a second, she wavered between staying and running off. Before she could regret her actions even further, she ran up to him, her wings growing larger with each step she took.

Trina floated up to him and gave him a kiss.

"Give me your phone," she said, acting on impulse.

"Uh..." He scrambled back toward the bathroom and handed her a small cell phone. She flicked up the top and the LED came on, casting a soft glow. She scrolled through the menu and entered her name and number under the contacts section.

"Call me in a few weeks if you can." She gave him another kiss and then pushed the phone at him. "Thank you."

Tears welled up in her eyes. Without seeing whether he took the phone or not, she turned and flew out of the room, scooping up the keycard before she left. Once downstairs in the bar she placed it on the counter, called out a thank you and flew out of the bar as if the hounds of hell were on her tail. She didn't bother to hail a cab; that would be too slow. She flitted through the streets of London, hurrying back to the hotel, and found two large bodyguards, both dressed in black jackets and pants with red silk shirts. They stood in front of the door, looking imposing.

She landed, taking human form again, and they opened the door for her. She felt her blood run cold with worry. Inside her room, she found Eros sitting in the living room, looking relaxed and at home. Her fellow Fairies were nowhere to be found.

"Where the hell are Luci and Dahlia?" Trina demanded. She shoved worry deep down inside and instead focused on getting the information she needed and dealing with Eros.

The god smiled. That was not a good sign. If he was happy that meant someone would be suffering, most likely her.

"So good of you to come." He snapped his fingers and a small winged cupid dressed in a suit appeared, holding a mug of what looked like beer. "Now, to get down to business, Luci and Dahlia are fine. Don't worry, they're safe. I came here to meet with you exclusively."

She glared at him. "I want proof of their safety."

He snapped his fingers and a mirror materialized floating in the air in front of her. The first image showed Luci walking among flowers in a garden. There was a riot

of color everywhere. Trina could hear a bubbling fountain in the distance. Luci looked content. A small smile curved on her lips as she wandered around picking flowers.

"Can I speak to her?" Trina asked, not taking her eyes off of the mirror.

"Knock yourself out." His words were followed by a slurping sound and then a snap of his fingers. Trina rolled her eyes.

"Luci?" she called out.

Luci looked up and around. "Trina?"

"Good, you can hear me. Are you okay?"

"A bit disoriented but I'm good. Can you see this garden? It's wondrous." Luci spun around and giggled. Trina couldn't hold back a smile. Luci actually looked happy. She couldn't protest that gift.

"You have fun, Lu, okay? I'll talk to you later." The image of Luci faded and was replaced by Dahlia being surrounded by three men. Their hands and lips were moving over the Fairy's nude body slowly as she writhed beneath them.

"Okay! Okay! Shut it off! That is sooo TMI and then some! I need something to wipe my memory of that." Heat flushed her face and she closed her eyes. Trina shuddered as she tried frantically to forget what she had just witnessed.

Eros' laughter bounced around the walls. He laughed long and loud. After a few moments the sound died away and Trina opened her eyes to look at him. "You've proven your point. They're fine and happy. Now what do you want with me?" She crossed her arms over her chest and waited.

Eros pressed his fingertips together and gazed at her. The intensity in his sea blue eyes made her uncomfortable. She resisted transferring her weight from one foot to the other. "I want you to work for me and only me. Before you protest, hear me out."

Trina said nothing. She was too shocked by his statement.

"I know I have pushed both you and your Fairy kin to the breaking point. I must say out of all the ones that Labhaoise allowed me to borrow from her, you, Luci and Dahlia are the strongest. It took months to break the three of you. And you, my shining star, outshone them all. You managed to not only carry the burden of being a Love

Fairy, but took on the duties of a Lust Fairy as well, and exceeded expectations. I am impressed, and it takes a lot to make an impression on me."

He paused to take a sip of his drink and Trina let his words sink in. It irked her to admit to herself that his praise made her proud.

"You are a treasure and I want you working for me. Everything is negotiable, of course, and I wouldn't be working you as hard as I have. What do you think?" The small cupid fluttered toward him, its bright white wings sparkling even in the low light.

"You're a pain in the ass, and I love working for Labhaoise, teaching the newlings. What could you possibly offer me to tempt me away from that?" She was actually curious. As much as she loathed Eros, she had heard that those who worked for him were rewarded generously for their time.

Eros smiled. *A Devil's smile*, Trina thought. "Anything you desire will be yours." He spread his arms wide. "The world is yours, darling."

Something didn't feel right to her. "What's the catch?"

His eyes went wide and his mouth dropped open. She rolled her eyes at him. "Don't give me the shocked face. There is always a catch when dealing with the gods."

He grinned at her. Trina sighed and shook her head. "What's the catch?"

"If you accept my offer, you'll know the catch."

"I refuse to go into anything blindly with you. You are not to be trusted. People think Loki is bad but you all, the ones that try to appear innocent, are worse."

Eros shook his head. "I feel I should be insulted, but I'm not." He stood up and snapped his fingers. The mirror and the cupid disappeared. "I will give you time to think on things. I can say this -- you have already tasted the gifts I give those that work for me."

A fedora appeared in his hand. He placed it on his head and pulled the brim down low to cover his eyes.

She studied him carefully, not sure how to take his words. "What is that supposed to mean?"

"You've met Garrison. He's what you would call an expert in acquisition. He's been my servant for over five hundred years, and I've made sure he understands everything he possibly can about how to seduce a woman. I do hope you enjoyed your time with him."

Trina inhaled deeply as the heat drained from her body. She was too shocked to react. All Trina could do was stand there and stare at him.

"Ah, he didn't tell you. A shame. I know how much you loathe secrets. I shall give you this parting gift." He snapped his fingers and a card slowly drifted down. "You can find him there. It's where he stays when in London. Give him a few hours and he'll be home. Think on my offer and contact me when you're ready. Good bye, little Love Fairy." Eros disappeared in a large puff of red smoke.

His words echoed off the walls, bouncing back at her, seeming loud and harsh. Garrison worked for him. He was his "acquisition expert." Did that mean... Trina didn't want to think about it but the unfinished question bounced around in her head. Her arms dropped to her sides and her knees shook before giving out. She sank to the floor slowly, trying to make sense of what had just happened. Emotions ricocheted around her. There was no up or down.

When Luci and Dahlia entered the room, they sounded as if they were coming at her from a distance down a long tunnel.

"Trina, you will not believe it, Eros came and whisked us away for a relaxation day. Well, our version of one. You should have been there. Trina? What's wrong?" Luci asked.

Their voices were closer now but still seemed distorted. She felt hands on her shoulders. Trina shook as both Fairies' voices rose. They demanded to know what was wrong, but she couldn't tell them. Her mind was filled with white noise now, and her mouth wasn't working. Nothing could function. Everything inside her had disappeared, leaving her an empty husk. She wasn't sure why there was no anger or even grief.

She heard Dahlia's husky voice calling out for Labhaoise. The air was suddenly soaked with jasmine and then silver eyes rimmed with black and blue were looking into hers.

"It's time to take you home, child. All will be made well," Labhaoise said gently in a soft musical tone. A hand passed before her eyes and the world went dark. Trina's last thought was to wonder why Garrison had lied to her.

Chapter Seven

Garrison paced in his penthouse and looked down at his phone. Her number stared up at him, demanding he call her. He wanted to hear her voice again but was hesitant. Doubts assailed him. It had been a long time since he'd cared about someone like this. In one night, he had connected to her on so many levels it scared him. The "what ifs" had popped up in his mind as soon as she'd left him. He couldn't help but wonder if that call she had gotten had actually been an emergency or just a way to leave without being rude.

"Stop doubting yourself. You look pathetic," a voice called out from behind him.

Garrison growled and whirled around to find Eros standing at the long bank of windows that showed off the perfect view of London at night.

"What the fuck are you doing here?"

"I'm here to tell you that you should have told that feisty little Love Fairy who you worked for. She had no clue when I dropped the bomb on her, and now she's had a breakdown."

Garrison's world paused and he stared at the back of his employer's head. "Break... down?" He charged at the god and grabbed his shoulder to tug him around. Once Eros was facing him Garrison was confronted by a surprisingly stoic face.

"She's been shocked into a breakdown. Love Fairies are jaded little things. You must have given her one hell of a night to make her start believing in love for herself. Otherwise, she would have brushed off what I'd said, chalked it off to stupidity and another reason to not believe in love. She would have moved on -- but not this time. Interesting."

"You told her about me?" Garrison demanded.

"I thought you would have told her, explained the phone call before. I guess I was wrong." Eros shrugged.

"Liar. You told her to get a rise out of the both of us. You just got an unexpected result, that's all."

Eros just shrugged again, which pissed Garrison off even more. "Why would you do that? Were you that bored that you had to go screw up my life?"

Eros pulled away from Garrison and glared at him. "Do you remember why you became my servant?"

"What the hell does that have to do with anything?" Garrison looked at Eros in confusion. His servitude to Eros had nothing to do with Alastrina. At least, he didn't think it did.

"You were an arrogant little sod. You thought you could walk around breaking hearts. Garrison, do you remember how you used all those women and threw them away? They were playthings, fuck buddies, fillers for the boredom. You treated them horribly, and then one day, one of the women you scorned pleaded with me to make you pay for what you'd done. She had fallen in love with you and you didn't care. You dismissed her feelings and carried on with the revelry. Before she died, she made me promise to make you pay, and I did. I gave you a choice, change or I own you. Do you remember what you did?" Eros stared at him.

His piercing gaze made Garrison feel uncomfortable. His sins were now laid bare before him as all his past victims surfaced in his mind one right after the other. Eros had made sure once he bound Garrison to him that Garrison would always remember his past. The leopard shifter tried to push it all back and focus on the situation he had on his hands now; Alastrina had had a breakdown because of him. Somewhere out there she was suffering.

"I don't have time for this shit." He turned away to get his coat to go looking for her, maybe stop by the Fairy mounds and demand answers. Eros' power lashed out and wrapped around his chest and waist, squeezing tight until he could barely breathe.

"Make time," Eros growled. "You think Alastrina is special and you're right; she is. I took her and her fellow Fairies and pushed them hard. Labhaoise had asked me to bring out their powers to the fullest and I did. I helped bring forth three of the most powerful Fairies that Labhaoise has seen in many a generation. It brings me great pride that I was a part of the process. Although I loathed having to be a complete bastard to them even until the end. But what better way to motivate than by hate, yes? You learned to hate me, then respect me and now look at you. You are almost as powerful as I am. Don't let that go to your head."

Eros relaxed his power just a bit and Garrison let out a soft puff of breath. "You haven't learned from your past, have you? You care about this woman and yet you lied to her. By omission, but still... Has what happened between Psyche and I taught you nothing? Honesty is extremely important in relationships. I care about what happens to Alastrina. If it had been anyone else, I would, perhaps, have used her against you to bring you to heel, but this time it's different. She's different, special, and you should have treated her as such. Alastrina doesn't give anyone her phone number."

Garrison narrowed his eyes. "How did you know she gave me her phone number?"

"I know many things. And I don't have to tell you a damn thing. We're talking about Alastrina. Now tell me, does she mean anything to you? Anything at all? Would you defy me if I said that you couldn't see her? What if I offered you your freedom in exchange for you staying away from her, would you? Could you?"

Garrison shook his head. "You order me to do anything that involves staying away from her, you'll be talking out of your ass," he growled.

Eros chuckled at him. "Do you understand why I brought up your past?"

Garrison wanted to say no, but he'd be lying, and Eros would know that. Out of all the women he'd been with, Trina stood out among them as special, unique. She could take his fire and send it right back to him.

"She is not like the rest. Alastrina is unique. She's someone I can't just throw away and not consider her feelings. You're right," he admitted grudgingly. "I should

have told her who I worked for, sometime during our night together. I just didn't want to ruin the moment."

"Or you were scared that she would become entrenched in our little battle of wills? Once you decided to have her, she was already in the middle. You were just too cowardly to stand up to me." Eros' face softened. "I'm going to give you another chance to win her back. This does not absolve your sentence. You will still be my servant, but Alastrina will not be used in our battle of wills. Agreed?"

Garrison was hesitant to accept anything Eros offered. "What are the terms? I'll think about it."

Eros threw back his head and laughed long and loud. "You two suit each other perfectly."

The power that wrapped around Garrison faded away until he could breathe normally. "Okay, you've had your fun, now tell me how to get my woman back."

Eros gave him a smile that made Garrison uneasy.

"You'll have to work for it of course," the god said with a smile.

* * *

Three weeks later...

"Oh, come on." Garrison bent over panting as vines writhed around him. He had been hacking through the thick brush for hours. Even his leopard was tired. It had taken back its power. His once clawed hands were now fingernails worn down and cracked. He'd had to turn to the sword that Eros had given him to hack his way through the thick underbrush.

It had taken him three weeks to find Labhaoise's ever shifting Fairy mound. He'd finally pinned down the current location only to have to deal with a once gentle garden turned ferocious. Docile-looking vines had turned into spiked whips with barbed flowers on the end. The flora wasn't the only thing that had changed. The animal and insect life had become vicious things trying to bite, scratch and sting him any way they

could. Getting to the door seemed like an impossible feat but he wasn't going to give up, not until he saw and spoke to Alastrina.

After getting back another wind he straightened up, picked up his sword and went back to fighting the garden turned jungle.

* * *

"Don't you think you're going overboard?" Luci asked as she, Dahlia and Alastrina gazed into Labhaoise's viewing mirror.

"He lied to me," Alastrina said, as she ordered the chipmunks to go in for another attack on Garrison's ankles.

"He didn't know you had hang-ups about Eros. How could he?" Dahlia pointed out.

"So? He works for the bastard and he's supposed to be Eros' acquisition expert or whatever. He could have been scouting me or something. Eros probably thought, 'Hey, let's throw her this hot hunk of flesh and her brain will turn all gooey. She won't hesitate to sign on with me as long as Garrison is here.' Whatever." Trina rolled her eyes and took great delight in having the bees sting his exposed arms.

"You don't know that. Let him come in and explain. It's obvious you care about him, otherwise you wouldn't be going to all this trouble. For the love of the Lady, you moved the Fairy mound several times. I don't even know where we are. We probably missed the World Cup," Luci bemoaned.

"It's not 2010 yet and we're in Australia. I checked this morning. Saw the hottest rugby players. Thanks for moving us near their practice pitch, Trina." Dahlia grinned.

"Stop planning your night out. Help me convince her to stop moving us around, or next thing you know, we'll be in Antarctica," Luci said.

"Fine," Dahlia pouted.

Trina was oblivious to what was going on next to her. She was too busy trying to figure out when she should turn the flowers into weapons that shot sharp darts. Suddenly, everything stopped, the plant life went still and the animals and insects

began to move away. A path cleared before Garrison, who threw up his hands and shouted, "Thank the Goddess!" before he rushed to the front door of the mound.

"Why did it stop? What's going on?" She poured more of her magick into the land, only to have it echo back at her, pounding against her until it slowly dissipated.

"Ow, that hurt." Trina rubbed her arms and looked toward Luci and Dahlia, who looked sad.

"Sorry, but we had to do that. We know you're angry, but you've got to stop. Your magick is out of control. *You* are out of control. Yes, he screwed up, but if you don't give him a chance to explain, you'll never know what was real and what wasn't. You owe yourself that. Don't make us bind your magick and make you talk to him. We will. Until this ordeal is over, you'll find that you can't fly away, move the mound or call upon your powers. We'll release you once we get back. Dahli and I are going shopping," Luci said as she slid her arm through Dahlia's.

"For rugby players?" Trina grumbled as she glared at them.

"We can shop for those? Really, where?" Dahlia asked, a small smile on her lips.

"No, silly, we can't. Come on, let's go explore Australia. I've never been." With that, Luci dragged Dahlia out of the room. Once the door shut behind them, Garrison appeared out of thin air.

"What the hell..." He looked around, confused.

It was an instant response. Her breath caught in her throat. Her heart skipped a beat before picking up pace and pounding against her chest. Heat trickled along her skin as her pussy contracted and her sex became heavy, tingling with awareness.

"They teleported you here so we can talk." Trina turned away from him, unable to take in the sight close up of what she had done to him. There were cuts and bruises everywhere, along with branches and vines sticking to his clothing. His hair had leaves in it. There was a nasty-looking gash on his cheek that was still bleeding. He looked like hell. There were also bags under his eyes and heaviness to his shoulders.

Guilt prodded her conscience, but she resisted the urge to call on the medical Fairies to come heal him. *He's a shifter, let him heal himself.* She sank down in an overstuffed chair and waited for him to react.

Garrison looked up at her and the look in his eyes stilled her. She was like prey caught in the gaze of a predator. Trina felt the urge to flee and yet couldn't move. Emotions came rushing toward her like a landslide, slamming into her and knocking the breath out of her chest. Tears welled up in her eyes and the ache she had tried to ignore throbbed in her heart.

She wanted to fall to the ground, curl up in a ball and cry. Anger rushed to the surface along with the pain, hot and bittersweet. It was oh so tempting to use that emotion to lash out at him.

He might not have told her who he worked for, but she hadn't asked. They hadn't gotten personal, and yet she felt angry anyway. What they had shared was a night, an encounter or two. That was it. And yet her brain and heart couldn't categorize what happened between them as such. Something had shifted inside of her since meeting him. The jaded person who had scoffed at love had let her guard down and gotten hurt. Alastrina was a Love Fairy. She doled out love, not fell into it.

"I'm sorry," Garrison started. "I know I hurt you. What we had at Last Call... What happened affected me, moved me. I can't describe it. I just know that you mean a lot to me."

He sank down to the ground, wincing as he went until he was sitting on his heels before her, head bowed, hands on his knees, looking subservient.

"I've lived a long life, Trina. When Eros found me, I had wronged a woman, well, many women. I had treated them badly, thrown them away, discarded their feelings like tissue and walked away to let them pick up the pieces. I made promises to them, ones I knew I wouldn't keep. He bound me to him to teach me a lesson. Until you, I still hadn't learned it. I fucked and walked away, but you I can't do that to." He lifted his head and gazed up at her. The emotions in his eyes ensnared her and she couldn't turn away.

"I want to get to know you. I want to explore what we started in London. I want to be with you, if you'll have me. Please? I know I don't deserve it but help me, teach me."

His words broke her heart. Such simple honesty moved her.

"Why --" Her voice cracked. Trina cleared her throat and tried to regain some ground. "Why should I help you? You've had centuries to learn your lesson, and yet now you want to try? Why?"

He didn't hesitate in his answer. "Because of you, Trina. I can't describe where my head is at. I just know that I want to be with you. I can't picture my life without you. That night your trust in me was so beautiful. I didn't deserve it and yet you gave it to me. I want to be worthy of that gift. I want to prove to you that I am trustworthy, and I can love you the way you deserve. Please let me try."

His gaze pleaded with her to accept him. "If you send me away, I'll just come back again and again and again until you give me another chance."

"That sounds stalkerish to me," Trina pointed out.

"I call it determination, love, plain and simple. I want to be with my woman."

"You think I'm your woman?" She raised an eyebrow at him in disbelief.

"Yes, not just me, my leopard too." He gave her a small smile.

"Great, two boneheads to deal with." She sighed. "I'm not gonna get rid of you, am I?"

"No." His smile grew in size. "I'll use everything in my arsenal to win you over."

He stood up and held his head high. "Try running, love. I'll just keep coming after you, and I gotta tell you, my cat loves it when prey runs. Makes us both hot and horny."

She rolled her eyes. "Men." Trina studied him thoughtfully. "I have to admit, I can't picture my life without you." She held up her hand to stop him from talking. "And I do want to give us a try. What we started in London was... It was wonderful. I want to discover more with you. I'm willing to give us a try, but we have to take it slow. You hurt me, Garrison. I've dealt with a lot of liars as a Love Fairy. I've seen my fair

share and then some of people lying to each other and themselves. I know it was supposed to be a one-night stand. We didn't owe each other any personal tidbits. I understand that. It was supposed to be no-strings-attached and that's it. No baggage too." She sighed.

"But it's okay. We've all got baggage, me included. I did get what I wanted, though." She grinned. "Rule one, no more holding things back, okay?"

He nodded.

"Rule two, Eros stays out of our business, got it? He's a nosy son-of-a-bitch. I don't need him bringing up tidbits about our relationship in conversation. It's embarrassing and irritating." She glowered as she remembered her last conversation with the god where he'd proceeded to try and educate her on the finer points of having Lust Fairy abilities. It had been embarrassing. The talk had also brought up all the things she'd wanted to try out since Labhaoise had elevated her status to Love and Lust Fairy. All of them with Garrison.

"Of course not. You and I, we're special. There will be no kissing and telling."

"Good, I'd hate to have to rip your balls off." She grinned at him evilly and watched him pale.

"So we're together, right? We're in a relationship now?" A blush spread across his cheeks, and he looked like an awkward teenager trying to get up the courage to ask her out.

"Not yet. You still have a lot of paying to do."

His mouth dropped open and anger flashed in his eyes. Garrison leapt up and pointed a finger at her. "Now, wait just a damned minute. You let it go. You admitted that what we started in London wasn't personal yet. How can you still hold my omission against me?"

She stood up and sauntered over to him, putting an extra sway in her hips. "Who said this had to do with London? I'm talking about you not calling me. You could have avoided all of this if you'd just used your stupid phone. We do get cell signals in here. If we didn't, the younger Fairies would call for blood. They're so tech-addicted, we're

afraid we'll have to send them to rehab if we take their gadgets away." Trina smiled and shook her head.

"You mean I went through all that... the hunting down of the Fairy mound from country to country... the hacking through the garden, and I could have just called you? Wait, it can't be that easy. You wouldn't have picked up." He stared at her and she smiled.

"I might not have, but Luci and Dahlia would've, and they would've helped you, too. You went through all that trouble for nothing. Now, let's talk about all the ways you're gonna pay me back. But first, let's get you mended."

She walked toward him and tried to pull him to the door. His hand closed around hers and he yanked her to him. Trina landed against his body with a soft *oomph* and gazed up at him. Desire burned in his eyes.

"How about we play doctor right here, hmmm? You could be my sexy nurse who tends to my each and every ache and pain starting with this one." He grabbed her hand and placed it over his erection. Garrison rocked against her palm, and they both groaned.

For a second, she was tempted. An impish thought entered her mind and she grinned. "Okay, but you have to catch me first."

Her wings grew behind her and she pulled back. With a wild peal of laughter she flew to the door, yanked it open and took off down the hall with Garrison on her heels. When he caught her at the door to her rooms, he pinned her against the wood. She sent up a mental thank you to Last Call for making this possible. All thoughts melted when his lips touched hers. As she stood on tiptoe, wrapped her arms around his neck and threw her leg over his hip, she let herself go. Alastrina the Love Fairy had finally fallen into the love trap and what a sweet trip it was.

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Interracial author Selena Illyria was born with an overactive imagination. With great curiosity and a love of writing that pushes her imagination there are many worlds she'd love to explore from paranormal to sci-fi from cyberpunk and beyond.

Are you willing, dear reader, to step into her worlds? If you do feel free to poke around. Mind the pixies. They can be very um... excitable around newcomers. *wink*

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