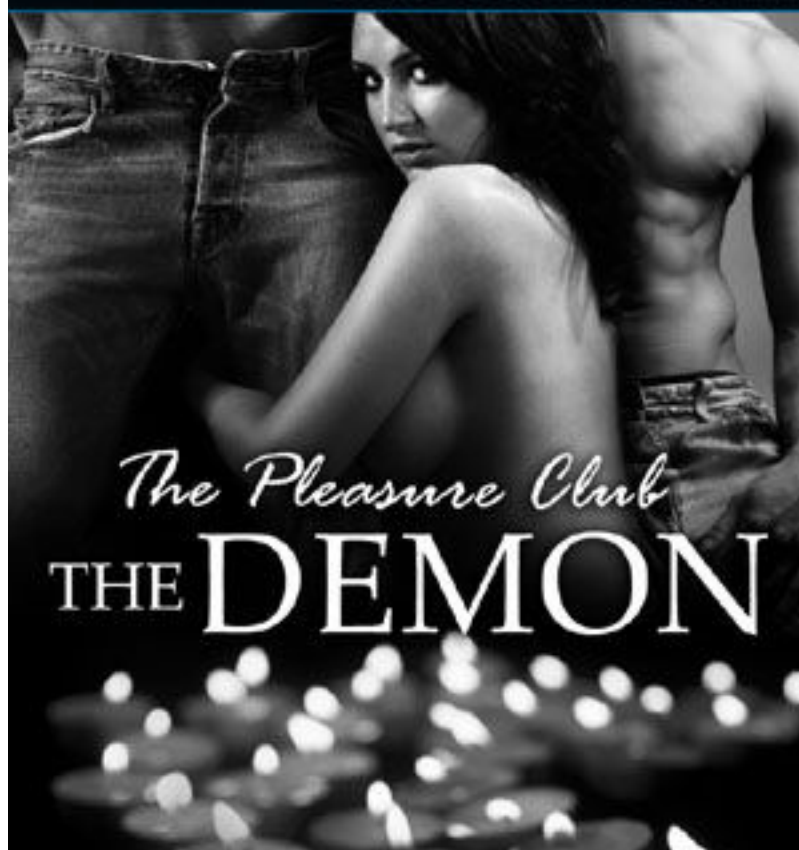


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WICKED

Kate Austin



The Pleasure Club
THE DEMON

The Pleasure Club

THE DEMON

By

Kate Austin

The Demon by Kate Austin

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The Demon

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Dedication

To my friend Heather —
who is out there, just like Morteza —
changing her life.

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Morteza,

We're pleased to welcome you to The Pleasure Club.

As you have already signed and returned the contract and filled out all the necessary forms to ensure you receive your every wish, we will be in touch with you shortly with the details of your first Pleasure Night. Your Wish List and Pleasure Forms have been turned over to our staff of highly trained Pleasure Guardians, and they are hard at work finding your perfect match.

We will endeavor to meet your personal fantasy.

When you are contacted again, you will be given a location where your Pleasure Night will begin, and you will also be given a safe word to use should you at any time become uncomfortable. There is no shame in changing your mind. We're here to pleasure, and should your safe word be used, your match for the evening will cease all activity, and the game will be put on hold until a mutual agreement between you, your Pleasure Mistress and your Pleasure Master can be reached.

Once again, welcome to The Pleasure Club.

Please feel free to contact the office at any time should you have any questions.

Yours truly,

The Pleasure Club Management

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* * * * *

Morteza,

*Your Pleasure Night will begin Tuesday the 15th, 6 PM,
when you enter the green door at 1275 James Street.
Your safe word is homo sapiens.*

* * * * *

I'm not your usual demon.

That's putting it mildly.

I'm fascinated by humans and instead of devouring them or torturing and killing them—the usual demon response to humans—I watch them, trying to figure out what makes them tick. What makes them so different from us? Why are they able to have long-term satisfying relationships? With both sexes?

I didn't even know these things were possible until the first time I left the Underworld for the human world. Once I started watching them, I realized that the long life I'd lived hadn't taught me anything. At least not anything of importance.

We don't do love or even sex—

It's easy to figure out why demon relationships are invariably short-term. We're mean and nasty creatures, and our relationships are all about power. Who has it? Who doesn't? Who wants it and how is he—demons are invariably male—going to get it? Even the lord of the demons is constantly being challenged.

Me? I'm just the demon at the bottom of the pile with absolutely zero chance of making it to the top. And no desire to be there, either. I'm a misfit.

So I watch humans.

And I wonder.

I spend most of my time these days in the human world. For one thing, it's way safer here. I'm tougher and bigger than almost any human

male, so they stay away from me. The other reason I like it here is that I've learned a lot, especially since I discovered the Internet. One of the few places where no one seems to notice that I'm different is the Internet café. Everyone is odd, and I'm not that much odder when I'm disguised as a human. The only thing I can't hide is my size.

But other than being bigger than any human except a few basketball players, I'm no more noticeable than anyone else who sits in front of a computer on an uncomfortable chair, in a poorly lit and kind of smelly room, staring into a lit screen.

All of us geeks and nerds drink cup after cup of bad coffee, eat bags of chips and boxes of donuts. I don't know what this diet does to the humans, but for me? It's heaven.

Though I have to say that being a demon, it's obvious that I'm not totally clear on the concept of Heaven. But I'm willing to bet that it involves the Internet, drinking coffee, and eating donuts and chips. Maybe being in Heaven is just feeling better than I have in my whole, very long life.

I want that feeling for the rest of my life.

But in order to do that, I need to figure out *everything* about humans.

The Internet has taught me a lot, but I need to know more. I need what some sites call *hands-on* experience. And last night I found a way to get that.

It's an organization called The Pleasure Club, and its slogan is "where fantasy meets reality." I realize both parts of this equation might be difficult for me—I'm not sure exactly what my fantasy is, and I'm certainly not part—yet—of any human reality. But I'm hoping that The Pleasure Club can figure out *what* I want and then find someone, or maybe even more than one someone, who can give it to me.

I've got one night to decide what to do with the rest of my life. A single night to change my world. They'd better get it right.

* * * * *

Eli and Ellie—it's ridiculous really, Ellie thought, but since they'd first met in grade three, they'd been known that way, even though her mother had insisted that she be called Elena. They weren't siblings, but they looked enough alike to be mistaken for brother and sister, unless someone was paying attention.

Ellie's background was Italian, Eli's Jewish. But their dark hair and eyes, their olive skin and their expressions, often had people mistaking them for twins.

Eli and Ellie had, from the first day they'd met, been inseparable and had spent most of their lives rebelling against everything and anything. That rebellion had brought them to The Pleasure Club. There had to be *someone* who was interested in their unique combination of talents.

Because they were good. No, Ellie thought, they were great. They knew everything there was to know about the human erogenous zones—both male and female. She preferred men but was happy on occasion to settle for a woman. Eli preferred women, but he, too, was flexible.

The one thing they'd learned in their rebellious years was that both of them were what doctors or therapists might call sex addicts. Some people wanted alcohol or cigarettes or drugs; Eli and Ellie wanted sex. Lots and lots and lots of it, with lots and lots and lots of different partners. No one person had ever been able to satisfy either of them, though they'd both tried.

Eli had gone so far as to marry his college sweetheart, but that only lasted until she tired of his insistence on daily and often thrice-daily sex. He'd told Ellie afterwards that he hadn't even mentioned the number of times he masturbated when Laura was unavailable or unwilling.

Ellie laughed at the memory of the look on his face when he told her this, as if Laura should have appreciated his restraint. Eli had been totally disgruntled. Laura had taken the matter into her own hands and had moved on to someone a little less demanding.

Ellie hadn't made Eli's mistake, though she'd had problems of her own. She'd thought surfing the net would be a good way to find partners.

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It hadn't been difficult to find them, only difficult to get rid of them once she'd found them.

Her partners tended to think of her as some sweet girl—the girl next door—which was as far from reality as it was possible to get. She understood *why* they imagined her that way, with her long, straight dark hair and her swimmer's body. She *looked* like the Italian girl next door, but under that sweet-seeming exterior lay the voracious sexual appetite of a—well, Ellie wasn't quite sure who else might have her appetites.

Some type of succubus, maybe.

But she'd hoped that The Pleasure Club could find someone who did. Even if it was just for a single night.

* * * * *

Filling out the online information form had been easy. I had become an expert at figuring out what they *wanted*. I'd been practicing being human for months and, even though the habitués of the Internet cafés weren't all that social, I still had to create a life of some kind for myself so I could respond when people asked me questions over the coffee or donuts.

Or when I needed help with a computer app I hadn't used before. My life—my created life—was pretty much like everybody else's. Except, of course, for the fact that it was all made up. And I don't have two brothers—or any brother at all, for that matter. I don't have an apartment on the trendy South Side.

What I do have, though, is all the time in the world to study up on how to be human. What I do have is something I didn't know was possible. I have imagination, a type of creativity completely lacking in demons. So I created a life; the life I wish I had.

As for money to do all these things?

That's the simplest thing of all.

Once I had researched the problem and created an online presence, *everyone* wanted to give me credit. I have a wallet full of credit cards. And the owner of my favorite Internet café, the one where I spend more time

than anywhere else, recommended me to the club down the street as a bouncer once I'd thrown some guy zoned out on drugs out of the café without breaking a single computer screen.

I had rented an apartment with my first paycheck, and I furnished it after I'd read dozens and dozens of magazines and catalogs. I needed an address for all my credit cards to come to.

So I knew exactly what to tell The Pleasure Club when I went in for my interview. At least I knew what to tell them about my fake life. What I didn't know was how to tell them what I wanted when I didn't really know myself.

In the end, I went with the *I'm ambivalent about my sexuality* line. I had read that line—or something like it—on the forums all the time. I thought it would work.

And it did.

Now all I have to do is show up at the green door, turn the knob, and walk in.

In the week leading up to *the* Tuesday, I did everything I could think of to make the night go well. I bought new clothes, taking advice from the owner of the club rather than the denizens of the Internet café. I got a haircut—a good one. I bought cologne, consulting the woman at the Chanel counter, not the drugstore clerk.

When I looked in the mirror on my way out the door, I realized I *looked* human. I was as ready as I could be.

* * * * *

Eli and Ellie had both worked separately for The Pleasure Club before, but this was the first time someone had asked for the two of them. She loved it that the two of them could work together to please their man.

"Eli," she said as they worked to get the room behind the green door ready for their guest, "did you feel something strange in the interview for this assignment?"

"Yep. But it wasn't a creepy kind of feeling, more like a *we're not exactly sure what's going to happen, but it's going to be interesting* kind of

feeling. And isn't that exactly what we're looking for?"

Ellie grinned as they snapped the red satin sheet onto the king-size mattress. "Exactly."

The room was gorgeous. They had gone all out with the red satin bed, red velvet covering the walls, candles everywhere. And then there were the toys.

Their man had said he was open to anything, so the twins packed all their favorites. Oils and massage gels. Whips and handcuffs. Butt plugs and nipple clamps. Silk scarves and leather bikinis. Blindfolds and anal beads. Vibrators and high heels.

They were ready.

The one thing Ellie had taken from the interview was that their man—Morteza—was inexperienced. And so she put all the toys in a box, going for a romantic look and hoping that once he was comfortable with them, they'd be able to use some of the toys.

Eli looked at her once they finished their preparations, and her cunt creamed as she thought about what was to come. She was dying to see Eli in action. They'd hooked up once in high school but soon realized that though they were best friends, they would never be lovers—at least not lovers of each other.

He'd asked her a couple of times if she'd be interested in joining him in an adventure, and she'd always said no, but somehow, with the intervention of The Pleasure Club, it seems to be an okay—no, make that a brilliant—idea.

Or maybe it was simply because she had a feeling about this man, about Morteza. Maybe he was the one.

* * * * *

I stood at the corner of James Street, staring at the house with the green door. I wanted to walk down there, but I was almost an hour early and didn't want to appear obnoxiously eager. So I paced.

Until the green door opened and two of the most beautiful human beings I'd ever seen stepped out onto the porch. When I began to walk

toward them, they smiled. Their smiles felt like welcome and anticipation to me, like coming home. My steps quickened, and when I reached the bottom of the stairs, the man spoke.

"Morteza? Come on in. We've been looking forward to this night all week."

Although I haven't got the hang of lying myself, I have figured out how to tell if someone else is doing it, and this man—this incredibly beautiful man—was telling the truth. He, at least, had been anticipating, with pleasure, our night together.

"I'm Eli, and this is Ellie," he said. "It's silly, I know, but we've been best friends almost all our lives, and in grade three, it made us feel closer. Too late to change now." He shrugged.

I felt a pang of envy. Anyone, any demon, I'd known for most of my life only wanted to torture or kill me. A lifelong friend? I couldn't think of anything I'd like more.

Until the woman standing next to Eli opened her mouth.

"Welcome, Morteza. I hope everything we've prepared is to your liking."

When she smiled, I felt faint. Demons *don't* have those kinds of feelings, but I wallowed in it, the sensation of falling into her eyes.

The man was incredibly beautiful, but she—this Ellie—was almost unbearably beautiful. I wasn't sure I could look at her. I wasn't sure I couldn't. I watched her standing on the top step and wondered just what I should do next.

"Morteza?" She reached down the stairs and touched my shoulder. "Come in. Please, come in and join us."

Ellie had made the decision for me. I reached up and covered her hand with my much larger and warmer one. She turned her hand palm up and wrapped her fingers around mine. She gave a gentle tug, and I followed her, moving up the steps and in through the green door.

The room was red and candlelit, and it smelled like a combination of the man and the woman. It smelled like nothing and everything I'd imagined.

"Sit," Eli said, pulling a chair from the table. "Have a glass of

wine.”

The deep, rich red of the wine echoed the bedding and the curtained walls, and the color of Ellie’s lips. I drank, quickly, and Eli poured me another glass. It takes a great deal of wine to have any effect on a demon, but I felt faint again.

It wasn’t the wine, though. It was Ellie. The way she smelled, the way she looked, the way she moved as she sat down in a chair opposite me. It was the way she smiled at me as she watched me gulp another glass of wine.

“Don’t be nervous,” she said and once again touched me, her hand landing on my knee this time.

Demons don’t like to be touched, but Ellie’s hand felt like something I had been waiting to experience forever. And when Eli’s hand touched the back of my neck, I wanted to groan with pleasure.

“Relax,” Eli said, his fingers massaging the tension from my neck. “We’ve got all night.”

“And we don’t have to do anything you don’t want to do,” Ellie added, her nails scratching at my knee through my trousers, just as my neighbor’s cat does when I pick her up.

I took a deep breath and jumped right in at the deep end. “The problem isn’t that there’s something I don’t want to do, it’s that I have absolutely no idea what I *do* want. I’ve read about many things, but I don’t know how to do any of them. I need...”

Ellie and Eli leaned forward, one set of lips at each ear, and they whispered in unison, “You need us.”

“I need you,” I said, and gave myself over to them.

* * * * *

This was better than anything Ellie could have imagined. Morteza was the most beautiful man she’d ever seen, and if his cock was proportioned as the rest of him was, he was also the most well-endowed.

His response to their words was intense and exactly what she wanted from him. She wanted him in their control. She wanted, more than

anything, to teach him everything she knew and had imagined about her body. And his. When he shivered, she couldn't help herself.

She leaned in against his shoulder and nipped at his earlobe. She felt his heart pounding beneath the hand she'd placed on his chest to steady herself, and heard the deep groan he couldn't seem to repress—or maybe didn't want to. She needed to learn what he wanted, what he liked.

She lifted her head to mouth to Eli, "Follow my lead." He nodded and dropped his mouth to Morteza's other ear.

* * * * *

I felt myself begin to tremble as the heat of the two bodies blanketed me. I tried to be stoic, to draw on my demon self to resist the feelings that threatened to overwhelm me, but it was as if the demon—the one I had lived with for centuries—had deserted me, leaving me with only the barely constructed shell of a human.

"Surrender to it," Eli whispered in my left ear, the words much more than speech. My body reacted to the heat and the soft puffs of air caressing my skin that accompanied the words as much as to the words themselves. I settled more firmly into the chair they'd set me in and awaited my fate. Because I already knew this experience would have repercussions: this night would change my life forever.

Ellie left my side. She trailed her hand across my chest as she moved around my body and straddled my hips, her breasts rubbing against me as she stroked my body with the length of hers.

My cock leaped in delight at the feel of her weight on my lap, and I wanted to fuck her right at that moment, to sink my desperate cock into the heated dampness of her cunt, to release this unbearable tension. I shifted, began to lift up from the chair.

"Don't move," Ellie said, her lips mere inches from mine. "This is just the beginning."

"I don't know if I can take this. I don't know if my—" I gestured down toward my obviously burgeoning cock—"can wait."

Eli licked a path from my ear around to my mouth, following the

path with his body. "You can wait," he said. "It'll be so much better if you do."

"Enough talk," Ellie said. "Time for action."

Their combined weight—although they were fairly tall for humans, they were slight—straddled my legs, which Eli had forced apart, releasing my cock, in its silk and linen, from its nest.

It pressed anxiously against the zipper of my slacks, and I worried that I'd explode right there and then, my hips thrusting, out of control.

"Oh, no, you don't," Ellie said, nodding at Eli, who immediately grabbed the base of my cock through the fabric and squeezed.

I stopped thrusting to concentrate on the feel of his hand on me. I hadn't anticipated the effect all this touching would have on me.

Demons *only* touch in anger or fear, never in joy or love or even lust. I was undone by it and felt a tear—a unique thing, a demon's tear—fall from my eye.

Ellie leaned in, licked the tear from my face and, her hot pussy tight astraddle my right thigh, leaned in and kisses me.

Her lips tasted of raspberries, her tongue as soft and wet as a summer shower. I waited for her signals before I reacted. Her lips tugged at mine, and I moved mine tentatively beneath hers. Her moan and her body rubbing against me were my signals to let my tongue play with hers.

She pulled back, and I feared I had gone too far, but she pulled my bottom lip into her mouth, and I felt her teeth. My cock leaped once again, this time into the ministering hands of Eli.

While I'd been distracted by Ellie, Eli had managed, over the loose fabric of my trousers and the silk of my boxers, to work his hands until they cradled my cock. His thumbs pressed heavily at the base, just above my balls, while the fingers held the burgeoning length of it just tightly enough.

I didn't know where to focus my attention but maybe, I thought, that was a good thing. I couldn't be completely overwhelmed by either of them when my attention was split like this.

But the sensations kept on coming.

I could smell the lust rising in both of them, could taste the

restlessness on Ellie's lips, could hear the rapid, increasing beat of their pulses—and mine.

Ellie pulled away from me, as did Eli. I had missed the signal, but they moved as if they were one, each taking one hand and pulling me from the chair.

They gave me a quick hug, a whispered, "Relax," from Eli, and moved me to stand beside the bed.

This time it was Eli whose lips traced a pattern of heat on my skin, starting at my chest when he undid the buttons of my shirt. He pulled it from my shoulders and let it drop to the floor.

He ran his tongue across my chest, stopping for a moment at each nipple to take a quick bite and a kiss, then ran across my collarbone, my shoulders, and up my neck.

He nipped at my chin, my cheekbones, my temples, and then settled his lips on mine.

This was a different kiss than Ellie's—less aggressive, yet at the same time more overtly sexual. This time I knew better how to respond, and I allowed my tongue and my teeth to take charge.

I pulled his bottom lip into my mouth and bit down, hard enough to taste the tiniest hint of blood. Eli's response was immediate. I felt his cock, even through our layers of clothing, harder against my hip. I bit again, and he moaned.

The power of this simple tug and bite was amazing. His response triggered mine; his pleasure doubled mine.

While I'd been playing dueling tongues with Eli, Ellie had been busy. When Eli pulled away, I saw her, her luscious body completely exposed on the bed.

Eli stopped me from moving with a hand on my chest.

Ellie, though, was the one who spoke. "I want to watch you undress Eli. Slowly." The command in her voice was unmistakable.

I wasn't sure how to follow her orders, but I listened to my imagination and moved as slowly as I could, taking my cues from the response of Eli's body.

I knelt in front of him to pull his T-shirt from the waist of his jeans.

I kissed the skin above his belt, and as I raised the shirt, I licked each inch of the skin I exposed. I followed his example when I reached his nipples, sucking them into my mouth and using the edge of my teeth on them.

I could feel the tension in him as he tried not to move. His skin was hot, his cock pushing against me. I loved the power I had and, even more, I loved the idea of Ellie watching us.

"Come closer," she said as I dropped Eli's shirt to the floor. "I don't want to miss a thing."

I picked Eli up in my arms and moved him to the side of the bed so Ellie could see us more clearly. She was obviously aroused, moving restlessly against the sheets, her hands clutching at the fabric.

I smiled at her and growled, "Don't touch. Wait for us." I wasn't sure where that came from, but it was the right thing to say. Her eyes widened, and the scent of her arousal heightened.

I knelt in front of Eli and slowly undid his belt. I pulled it from the loops, and Ellie spoke again.

"Wrap it around his wrists. Behind his back," she clarified.

Eli's cock, impossible as it seemed, lengthened and thickened as she spoke, and so I did as she said, pulling his arms back and wrapping the supple leather of his belt around his wrists.

I dropped to my knees behind him and licked his back while my hands reached around to his belly. He was breathing heavily, and the moan he gave when my fingers slipped beneath the waistband of his jeans made my cock jump.

I carefully undid the zipper, careful not to touch skin, and pulled the denim down and off, leaving him naked.

Ellie gasped, and I watched her squirm against the slippery red fabric. Her hands cradled her breasts, her fingers crushing her nipples until they were as red as the sheets.

I growled at her again. "Be careful. Don't go too far."

She nodded, and I returned my attention to Eli. My hands ran the length of his thighs, each time moving closer to where they wanted to go. I felt the heat of his cock each time I reached the apex of his thighs, and a drop of sympathetic moisture beaded the head of my cock in reply.

I turned him toward me and reveled for a moment in the sight of him. He was beautiful, and, without thought, without planning, I took his cock into my mouth. It tasted of raspberries, but I didn't have time to wonder at the coincidence of that. He strained against me, but I took a page from his book and place my hands tightly around the base of his cock to hold him back.

I hadn't imagined this, how erotic and exciting it would be to make someone else feel this way.

I sucked and licked and even nipped at his cock, exciting myself as much as him, exciting Ellie as much as either of us, if her moans and the heated scent rising from her pussy were any indication.

"Stop," she said. "Take off your clothes, Morteza. Hurry."

She reached from the bed and released Eli from his bonds while I ripped my clothes from my body. The cool air did nothing to dial down my temperature. Rather, the expression in the two sets of eyes as they watched me raised it even further.

They watched me the way the denizens of the nightclub watched for their next drink or their next conquest, the way the true addict at the Internet cafés watched their computer screens—as if at any time the thing they most desired might disappear.

Eli tugged at my hand, and together our naked bodies tipped over onto the bed. Ellie laughed, and Eli grinned.

I looked at our three bodies, theirs slim and tan, mine muscled and honey brown. I smelled the scent of arousal from all of us, and saw the signs on our bodies. I sighed my pleasure.

"Now what?" Ellie's question wasn't really for me or for Eli, or even for herself—she knew exactly what was to happen next. She was simply slowing us down, waiting for us to come down from the cliff, to get to the place where we wouldn't explode the minute she touched one of us.

I saw in her eyes the moment the answer to her dilemma hit her.

"Eli. Here." She patted the right side of the bed. "Morteza. Here," patting the left side of the bed. "No touch. Not yet."

She waited while we followed her directions and then placed

herself down between us as if she were a meal on which we were to feast. I hoped that was exactly what she was to be.

"Now," she whispered. "It's my turn." She took my hand and placed it on her belly.

"Go." She laughed. "I'm ready."

No more ready than I was. I followed Eli's lead, running my fingers over Ellie's body, first lightly and then with more pressure as her breathing signaled her pleasure.

Eli leaned over her and took a nipple into his mouth. I followed, setting my mouth over the engorged bud. When I nipped and sucked at it, I felt the jump in her heart rate.

My other hand, without prompting from any one of us, landed on her pussy. I tugged at the fine, dark, curly hair and lost myself in her. Eli reached over Ellie and played with the hair at the nape of my neck. I shuddered.

My fingers sought the heat of Ellie's vagina, first one finger and then another. She tightened around my fingers, and I felt another spurt from the tip of my cock.

I lifted my head from her breast, and I knew she saw how close I was from my eyes.

"Eli?"

That one word was all it took. He grabbed the base of my cock and squeezed it until I nodded. He loosened his grip but continued to hold on.

"Lie down here," Ellie ordered me, pointing at the center of the bed. "On your back."

She moved down the bed, her hair teasing my skin as she did so. She took my cock from Eli's hand and, throwing one leg over my hips, slowly lowered herself onto it.

"Don't move."

"That may be impossible." Almost as impossible as speaking.

Eli didn't need directions. He moved in front of Ellie, the fingers of one hand stroking the exposed lips of her pussy, the other stroking his cock.

"Slowly, slowly," Ellie chanted as she moved on my cock.

I watched their faces as they pleased me and themselves, and I was convinced that this was what it meant to be human, this amazing erotic concatenation of smells and sounds and touch and taste.

When I began to thrust, unable to stop myself, Ellie lifted herself off my cock, leaving me bereft, if only for a moment.

She turned around, presenting me with her perfect ass, and then threw one leg over my chest, her glistening, aromatic pussy in my face. I knew exactly what to do, and my tongue reached out to trace the lips above me.

I felt not one but two mouths at my groin. One set of lips traced the veins of my cock, teasing the crown with tiny nips, while the other pulled my balls into the damp heat.

I lost track of the number of times we shifted positions, lost track of whose mouth, whose cock, whose cunt was where, whose orgasm I enjoyed.

I was still waiting for mine—but Ellie was insistent.

“The first time,” she said, “is the most amazing, and the longer you wait, the better it will be.”

I tasted Eli’s cum, Ellie’s juices, and our three bodies seemed to become one.

I had no idea how many times they pulled me back from the brink of orgasm, how many times I watched or tasted or touched as each of them came and then came again.

I only knew that when they finally allowed me to explode, my cock was buried deep inside Ellie, Eli’s fingers thrusting in and out of my ass, and his teeth were at my neck.

When it happened, the release was so extreme, so long and intense, that I cried out and collapsed to the bed, careful not to crush Ellie beneath me.

They fetched warm, damp cloths and wiped away the sweat and cum and pussy juice from my face and body. They lay down, one on each side of me, and our three pairs of hands entwined and stayed clasped upon my belly.

I slept.

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* * * * *

When I awakened from my exhausted sleep, I rolled over in the bed to find myself alone. A leather whip, a pair of handcuffs, and a card lay on the pillow beside me.

Maybe we'll use these next time.
Eli and Ellie

Author Bio

Kate writes women's fiction, magic realism, paranormal and erotica. She writes short fiction, poetry and novels. She's had dozens of stories and poems published over the years, and her eighth book *Seeing Is Believing*—about a woman who sees death in photographs—was published in October 2007 and her novella *Dreamer* is online now from Spice Briefs. She has published nine books since 2005. Kate blames her mother and her two grandmothers for her reading and writing obsession—all of them were avid readers, and they passed the books and the obsession on to her. You can contact her at her website www.kateaustin.ca.