



*Twelfth Night:  
Three's a Charm*

*By TJ Michaels*

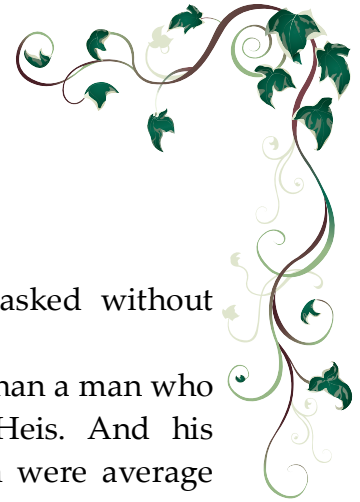


# *Twelfth Night: Three's a Charm*

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Twelfth Night: Three's a Charm  
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## Chapter One

"So where would you like to go today?" Heis asked without looking up from the succulent herbs he chopped.

Dara had always thought there was nothing sexier than a man who knew his way around a science lab...until she met Heis. And his housemate, Ren, was as equally nice package. Both men were average height, but that's where average ended.

Heis was sexy in the kitchen, in the living room, or anywhere else he chose to be. Platinum white hair formed a riot of soft curls all over his head. His skin was silky smooth, fair as morning sunshine in midsummer, and he had eyes as blue as that same sky. His build was muscular but not overly bulky, like he worked out everyday then ran miles and miles on top of that. Stamina. Oh yes, that's what he made her think of. Stamina, as in Energizer Bunny, go, go, go, do-it-all-night stamina.

On the other hand, Ren made her body crackle while her mind simply shut down, brought low by thoughts too nasty to contemplate.

Just then, Ren appeared in the doorway to the kitchen, still wet from a shower. Water pearled on his darkly tanned skin. His chest had a light smattering of hair, barely there but not sparse or patchy. She wondered briefly if it would be as soft against her fingers as it looked. Ren's face was all angles and lines, including the unique shape of his crystal-gray eyes. Tipped up at the sides, those eyes make him look like a jaguar, complete with powerful build and sleek composition. Dark wet waves of hair plastered against his head, he moved fully into the room and dropped a kiss on Heis' cheek, then her own.

Dara's gaze instinctively followed the movement of his thickly muscled forearm as he used a cloth to dry his hair. Was everything about these men sexy? Guess so.

Ren winked. Dara beamed. Amazing how such nicely put-together yummy hunks could be such geeks. No wonder she fit in so well here. Who'd have thought that a nerdy, physics-loving sistah from Mill Valley would find a way to travel to other planes and hang out with ridiculously

handsome magical dudes?

"How about we take her to the outer rim, Heis? Last time we visited, we spent very little time there." Ren turned to her, eyes twinkling. "You up for teleporting, Dara?" he asked, moving close enough to give her a whiff of whatever he'd washed with. Mmmm. "Last time I was sure you were going to lose your breakfast."

She was eager to try teleporting again. She'd already mastered tele-flight. The Flightmaster was a magical creature like all the others here in Luminesium. The man waved his hand and the next thing you knew, you sprouted wings from your back and flew directly to whatever destination you asked him to send you. And it only cost forty sineh, something like forty cents.

But tele-flight could only get you to local sites. To go further required the services of a Teleporter. Teleporting meant jumping through a conjured portal and immediately appearing wherever you were sent. The sensation was quite different than flying.

"Yes, I'd love to go. But only if I can get home in time to spend New Year's Eve with my family. It's a tradition."

Heis looked up from his task. "We can take a trip to Deluslan, be back here in time for dinner, and still get you home on time, short stuff. Besides, Ren has been working on a spell for manipulating space-time and I've been working on a new compound to assist in the mending of muscle protein. And you could get some information on magical creatures indigenous to our world. A trip to the library in Del would work for all of us."

"Great," Dara said, sticking her finger in the pot Heis stirred. He smacked her hand as her finger disappeared into the sauce, then into her mouth. God, it was delicious.

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After a wonderful trip to Deluslan, they'd enjoyed a dinner that was second to none. Luminesium was altogether different from her home. Water and sky vividly colored with undercurrents of violets and blues. Lush foliage and trees the likes of which she'd never seen, indescribably

scented with leaves, stalks and trunks full of sparkles and light. Fruits and edibles full of flavor that burst on the tongue like the most silvery yellow rainbow.

But to Dara's surprise, Heis and Ren had a thing for yummys from her neck of the woods. At this time of year there was no fresh fruit and very few fresh herbs available to them. However, Dara had the advantage of Walmart and Costco and could still get fresh tropical fruits like pineapple, various veggies, and all manner of herbs, though rosemary seemed to be their favorite.

Foodie holidays like Thanksgiving and Christmas weren't celebrated here. Instead, they honored the solstice, and Dara had wanted to treat them to a special meal—a small turkey, honey-baked ham, Delicata squash so sweet it tasted like sweet potatoes, cilantro, tomatoes, and on it went. Heis had worked wonders with what she'd brought. There was nothing quite like a meal made with magic energies. It seemed sweeter, more tender somehow.

Stuffed full and practically waddling, they headed for the huge hollowed out tree behind Ren and Heis' house.

Dara lifted her face to the bright sun, thanked the universe for her many blessings, and climbed inside. She sat and concentrated on her third-eye and the energy around her. Then she sat some more. And some more. Nothing. Not a flare, nor a flash. Not even a ripple in the fabric of reality that would allow her to go home.

Dara turned to her friends, knowing the panic she tried to suppress was displayed on her face. If she couldn't get through the portal, what was she going to do?

"Guys, what's going on? Why can't I get through?"

Heis and Ren stuck their heads through the opening, obviously surprised she was still there. Dara climbed out and watched them join hands, close their eyes, and let their magic flow through them. Their minds reached out and infused the air, their magic probing, seeking, damn near crackling in the air around them. This was a serious moment, yet the sheer essence of their powers combined with their dead-sexiness sent her mind off on a very nasty tangent.

Though her eyes were open, images flew through her mind like a

waking vision...a vision of Ren, naked and wet from his customary early morning shower. Fragrant oils mixed with the beading water as she rubbed it over his chest, then around to his back. She started at his shoulders, massaged the muscles on either side of his spine clear down to the perfect globes of his ass. He spread his legs a bit as her hands worked over and around his thighs and hamstrings.

Just at the curve of his backside where ass met thigh, Dara's fingertips delved a bit deeper as she rubbed the oil between his cheeks. Fingertips brushed the base of his sac and lingered. The skin there was so soft. Hot. Ren sucked in a deep breath and let it out on a moan.

Oh wait, that wasn't a fantasy moan. This sound was raw and very, very real.

"Dara?" Ren whispered.

Her eyes went from glazed over to focused just in time to catch Ren's smile as the intense buzz of his and Heis' power wavered a bit. She gulped at how clear her mind's eye saw—practically felt—the warmth of Ren's skin against her fingers. Breath hitched in her throat. Ren's eyes remained closed, but his smile got bigger.

"Dara, control your thoughts. You are making this difficult."

The result was an immediate blush from her scalp to the hairs on her little brown pinky toes.

"There is no need to be embarrassed," Heis said. "We find you just as beautiful. However, we must concentrate to discover why you are not allowed through."

"But-but, how could you tell what I was thinking?"

"When we're joined together like this, all our senses are amplified...including our typically dormant, empathic ones."

Empathic ones? Aw, hell.

"Oh. Uh, well, sorry."

Dara backed up quickly, putting a bit of space between her and the two most gorgeous men in the whole universe. Then she turned her thoughts to quantum mechanics, the new paleo diet she was going to try once she got home, anything to keep her head off their drum-tight asses.

A few moments passed before Ren called out to her.

"There seems to be a disruption in the energy flow around us. We

can feel it, touch it to about a mile that way." Ren pointed east. "And a mile that way." Then he pointed straight up. "It doesn't feel like a magical disruption, but more like an energy-based one."

"So what does it mean?" Dara asked. Her heart rate took off as the implications of what he was saying began to sink in. This wasn't just a local event.

Heis raised his face to the sky and looked intently as if he could divine the issue by simply staring at the sky. "It feels solar. Could be an alignment issue or a flare of some sort. Since it is not magical in nature, there is nothing we can do, no way to remove whatever is keeping you from getting through. I am so sorry, Dara."

A quick trip back to Deluslan then another via tele-flight saw them to the next village over. Ren and Heis took her straight to the Chief Mage who took them all to the Head Science Officer who took them to the Brigade General of Deluslan himself.

The afternoon was spent having her head stuffed full of detailed information on how magic can be affected by solar anomalies, looking at star charts, and parsing data. By nightfall, Dara wanted nothing more than to scream, kick someone's ass, and cry.

New Year's Eve was tomorrow. And she couldn't get home.

In short, she was screwed.

## Chapter Two

Ren's mind moved a mile a minute as he lay on the padded table. His skin was bared to the late evening air but he hardly felt the chill. He felt terrible. This was all his fault.

A moment later Heis joined him out on the patio and set a couple of towels and a bottle or two down on the small table next to where Ren tried to relax. Heis rubbed his hands together. The sweet scent of silky sandaleaf oil filled the air. Then strong fingers sank into the tense muscles of Ren's back, right beneath the edge of his shoulder blades.

"What are you sulking about, Ren?"

"I can't believe I didn't see this coming. And now because of my short-sightedness, Dara is disappointed. God, there is nothing worse than seeing that woman unhappy."

"Yeah, I know. It breaks my heart to see her so sad. But I don't see how it's your fault."

"Think about it, Heis. Our astronomers have detected a number of instabilities due to the interstellar cloud that our solar system is currently passing through."

"So..."

"Ouch!" Ren flinched as Heis passed over a particularly knotted bunch of muscle near his scapula.

"You were saying? And stop tensing up. You're wasting my time."

"Snarky-assed, curly-haired pipsqueak."

"Pipsqueak? I'm taller than you are, idiot."

With a chuckle, Heis went back to torturing Ren's sore back. Ren took a deep breath and released it, then forced his body to relax while Heis worked.

"While working on the space-time theory with the astronomers in Del, we came across some solar activity that spans several planes."

"Again, so?"

"Dara might be from a different plane, but we are still on the same planet under the same sun. The cloud is affecting the magnetic field just outside the solar system, which means it's affecting our planet as well."



"What does that have to do with her not being able to pass through to her own reality?"

"Magic is a type of energy, right?"

"I'm getting tired of saying 'so'," Heis replied.

"Man, you should spend more time reading and less time in the kitchen. Ouch!"

"You were saying?"

"Magic is an energy just like any other, and the solar instability is just enough to affect it. Back on Dara's plane, they are probably experiencing slight interruptions in microwave and satellite-based energies. If I don't find some kind of way around this, Dara is stuck here until it stabilizes."

"How long is that?"

"The astronomers are estimating another week or so and we'll be out of the cloud."

"I wouldn't mind having Dara here for that long."

Neither would Ren. In fact, he wished she'd stay forever. But she loved her life back on her own plane. And knowing she would miss her friends and family made Ren's insides clench. No matter how much he wanted her, he couldn't bear the thought of seeing her unhappy.

"Dara is stuck here against her will. I would never want to do that to her."

"But it's not your fault."

"I know, but it doesn't make me feel any better."

"So what do you propose?"

"You done beating on me?" Ren asked.

"For now. Why?"

"I think there's a way to at least temporarily encourage our girl."

"Are you thinking what I think you're thinking?"

"You have any problems with it?" Ren asked as he rose from the padded table and headed back inside.

"I don't have a problem with it. Would love it, in fact. I'm quite attracted to the woman, though she obviously wants you more."

Ren said nothing, just kept moving towards their destination.

"You know she thinks you and I are lovers right?"

"Does she really?" Ren asked.

At Heis' nod, Ren's only reply was, "Good."

The first real smile since Ren learned that Dara was stuck here spread wolfishly across his lips. He knew he looked every bit one of the predators Dara had told them about. Big cats that lived out in the plains of a fertile land that stalked about in the night. And he reveled in it.

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Dara sensed them before they entered the bedroom. Interesting.

Whenever she was here, walking among these people, breathing their air and eating their food, she began to feel like one of them. Even her own typically absent magical abilities came awake. Barely a spark compared to the natives of Luminesium, but it was a spark nonetheless. And right now that spark told her that Ren and Heis approached and something was...different. What was up with these two?

Remaining under the covers, Dara felt her skin heat the closer they got to her door. Seconds later, it opened with a quiet hiss and they stepped inside on silent feet.

"Hi guys. What's going on?" Shit. She hadn't been able to keep the quaver out of her voice.

These two were already protective enough of her that they'd practically convinced themselves that they could control anomalies like interstellar clouds. If they knew she'd been crying, they'd try to move heaven and earth, literally, to give her what she wanted. She *so* didn't want them to feel bad about what was clearly out of their control.

Dara didn't sit up, couldn't quite face them. She was simply too torn. She wanted to go home and be with her family, her brother and two sisters, her mom and gran-gran...but she was also happy to be here for a few more days.

In fact, this visit had been more difficult than any of the previous ones. Dara just couldn't keep her mind off of sex. She wanted to roll over and scream "Fuck me now!" at the top of her lungs. It was ridiculous. She'd always been insanely attracted to Ren, and very attracted to Heis, but this visit, it was as if she'd taken a horny pill with their names on it.

But what if they didn't feel the same? It would be beyond embarrassing. Gah!

*'God, please let them turn around and leave before I do something stupid...like jump 'em.'*

Ren broke the silence. "Dara, turn over and look at me."

She shook her head.

"Dara, please. Turn over, sweetling."

Sweetling? Well that was new. She rolled over to face Ren...and almost died.

The man stood there completely naked. He glowed like a bronze god under the luminaries on the walls. The glow seemed to float from his fingertips and away from his body like tendrils of incense made of sex and magic. He had some kind of oil on his skin. The fragrance wound its way into her lungs and tightened them...made her tense from head to toe, made her skin crackle and hum.

Lord the man was amazing—beyond fine and fabulously, deliciously, uber hard!

One glance at that cock of his, and Dara's insides melted and pooled into liquid longing. The lips of her pussy began to fill and ache, and he hadn't even touched her. Wow, these faery-type magic flinging men were potent as hell! The effect he had on her was instantaneous. Hmmm, what to do first? Close her eyes and wrap one hand around a swelling breast and reach for Ren? Or sink her fingers into her quickly soaking pussy and work out her frustrations with trembling and lots of orgasms?

"Dara, I've wanted to do this since the day you walked out of thin air and into our lives."

*What? What did he say?* She was tempted to tap herself on the side of the head just to make sure she heard correctly.

"I don't want you to think I feel sorry for you or that I'm coming to you now simply because you can't go home."

Finally able to form words, Dara said, "Huh." *How wonderfully well-spoken. Jeesh.*

"In other words," Heis spoke up, "this is not a pity fuck. We want you. Have for a long time."

"Really? B-but, why now?"

"I can't speak for Heis, but I can say that I want you to know, to understand how much you've come to mean to me. If you never went home again, I'd be the happiest Luminesiant alive."

"Dara, let us make you feel better. We know we're not your family, but we hope to be just as close to you over time." As he spoke, Heis peeled off his houseman's robe and revealed the smoothest creamiest flesh Dara had ever seen on a man. It made her think of French vanilla ice cream...and she wanted to lick it. A lot.

"Yes. You've become very important to us, sweetling. Please. Let us make you feel better."

Ren eased the covers back and climbed in on one side while Heis moved around to the other side of the big bed.

In seconds she found herself surrounded by two six-foot packages of Irresistible. Ren pressed against her front. Heis pressed against her back. Hot, their flesh was so hot. And that heat sank into her own body and stirred the longing she'd been fighting, stirred it into a frenzy and set it loose.

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Dara didn't think she had a poetic bone in her body. If it didn't have to do with physics or the workings of magic, she didn't typically have much to say. But the things Ren made her feel? God, she could write odes about it. Chapters and chapters of 'em.

The man started the encounter by sliding beneath the sheets and fitting his body against hers—curve to curve, dip to dip. In seconds they were breath to breath, his mouth on hers with a gentle coax of lips and teeth that set her insides to dancing.

The kiss started gentle enough, and then his arms tightened around her until she felt the bulge of his biceps beneath her shoulder blades. She could tell he wanted to crush her to him and that the effort of not doing so pushed him toward the edge of some unseen peak.

And that kiss, that trading of breath and longing, went on and on...until Dara inhaled sharply at the buzzing charge that flashed through

her belly. The cause? The press of Heis' erect cock lining the crease of her buttocks. Hot, thick, hard. A mix of velvety smooth skin stretched taut over veined hardness.

Heis' arms came around her body. One arm pillowed her head as his fingers gently burrowed into the thick locs to massage her scalp. The other hand eased beneath a swelling breast to weigh and squeeze the mound, to roll her nipple between insistent fingers and then tug them until her breath had trouble choosing whether to saw in and out or remain stuck in her lungs.

Dara was almost overwhelmed, surrounded by so much male. Ren teased from the front, Heis rolled against her like the incoming tide from the back. And it felt so good. So, so good.

"Heis, roll to your back and take Dara with you."

And just like that she was stretched out with her back to Heis front, as if the man was a big firm pillow.

Without another word, Ren arranged her so that her legs were outside of Heis. Heis took the cue, bent his knees which raised and parted her thighs to the perfect angle. Her mind reeled with the possibilities now that Ren had complete and easy access to all her cocoa-pink parts. And one part in particular was weeping until she could feel her own cream run from her pussy and down the crack of her ass, no doubt leaving trails of dew clear down to Heis' ball sac.

Heis crooned directly into her ear. "Gods, Dara, you feel so good against me. Wiggle that ass against my cock, lovely." Then soft juicy licks fell on her lobes as Heis tasted his way down the side of her neck, sucking and nibbling.

Dara let her head loll in whatever direction it wanted while obeying Heis' command. Hell, she couldn't help it. The way these men played with her body made it impossible to stay still. A sharp nip at the cords of her neck had her making a few demands of her own.

"Heis, oh God, please. Mark me."

"Where, lovely? Here?" He licked just below her ear.

"No." She was panting now. "Lower."

"Here?" Heis bit down on the tendon where neck met shoulder. Dara shivered violently, couldn't help it. But that wasn't the spot. Wasn't

the spot that made her stomach clench so tightly she thought she'd come just from him kissing her there. He'd found it only moments before. *God, please let him find it again.*

"Here?" Heis sank his teeth into *that* spot. Dara's fingers found the sheets and tugged. Hard.

"Yes! Right there. Suck it. Mark me."

Her whole body got in on the action as Heis' hands explored her body and his mouth left his mark on her flesh.

"Mmm, that it's, Dara. Enjoy this. Revel in it. Take what you want and tell us what you need."

Need? Need? What she needed was...

"More. Oh God, more."

"More? That we can definitely do."

Ren touched and teased her with the backs of his hands, with wrist, knuckles and fingertips. He caught her nipples in the webbing between his fingers. An indelicate moan turned into a needy plea when he tensed his hand and gently pulled it away, taking her nipple and areola with it.

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The scent of Dara's pussy reached up, grabbed Ren by his neck and pulled him toward it. God, she smelled so good. Her body was ready for him, he knew it. Could see the honey dripping from her, especially with her laid out on top of Heis with her legs open and inviting.

Heis sucked on her neck like a starved man. Dara's whole body hummed and writhed. It was a beautiful sight. But an image flashed into his mind that was even more lovely—his mouth on that hot cunt while Heis was buried balls-deep inside of her.

"Dara, look at me."

She lifted her head a bit and looked down her body and directly into his eyes. She looked sleepy eyed, her lips parted just a bit as she breathed roughly through them.

"Lift your hips just a little bit."

Ren reached underneath her ass and wrapped a hand around Heis' cock. It was the first time he'd ever touched his best friend in such a

manner. Heis met his gaze with a smirk and that was all the permission he needed to continue.

He tucked the head of Heis' cock at the entrance of Dara's soaked pussy and all three pairs of eyes met, then Dara's slipped closed on a delicious moan as Heis surged forward.

"Do you like it, Dara? Does it feel good?"

"Oh God, yes. So good. More, harder."

"You like it rough, lovely?" Heis asked.

"God, yes. Fuck me."

The cock of his best friend plowed away, and Dara went mad. But it was nothing compared to her reaction to Ren's tongue lashing her clit as Heis fucked her deep.

"Ren, my God, I'm close."

Heis had readily agreed when Ren asked him to join in Dara's pleasure. The man knew that Dara was Ren's heart. Heis would never, ever come inside of a woman that wasn't his. For that, Ren was grateful.

"Let me bring her first," Ren responded.

Dara would come first this time and every other time. But Heis wasn't the only one close to blowing. The sight of Heis' cock shuttling in and out of Dara's plump, ready flesh caused the skin to literally tighten all over Ren's body. The pleasure on the woman's face, the tautness of her body as she came close to coming, the unashamed and unrestrained heated words that flew from her mouth. Telling him that she liked it. Telling him she wanted more. Telling him she wanted *him*. It was almost enough to make him come without anyone laying a finger, tongue or anything else on his cock.

"It's too good. I'm gonna die, Ren."

With a firm Ren stilled Heis' thrusting and put all his concentration on Dara's clit. Flicked it. Swirled his tongue around it. Spread her juicy lips and flat out ate it.

Dara came on a scream as Heis bit his own lip trying to keep himself sane.

"Fuck! Her pussy is so tight. I swear she's milking my cock," Heis ground out.

"Now, Heis."

With that, Heis flipped Dara over, pulled out of her still pulsing pussy and put his hand to cock in a frenzy of flying fingers and palm. He came on a shout just as Ren deep-ended Dara's lovely cunt.

Ass up, head down and hands tearing at the sheets, she was close to coming again. Ren could feel it. Could feel her pulling at his magic just as her flesh pulled at his cock.

The silky hot slide of sleek inner muscles caressed his cock as it parted her aching flesh. With each stroke she bowed and arched her back, pushed back on her knees seeking more of the exquisite sensation.

The ridge of his dick stretched the tight opening of her pussy as he pulled out enough to stimulate only the band of muscle and flesh just inside of her gate. And that's all he would give her. Just that little bit.

"Stop teasing me, Ren. Give it to me. Please."

But he couldn't. If Ren gave her any more, he would lose it.

"If you don't fuck me I swear I won't bring you any more rosemary," she yelled. Actually yelled. Wow.

"Oh, God, Ren. I need it, need you. Please."

He couldn't help but grin. Obviously he was doing something right. But then again, he needed to make sure she understood where he was coming from. He needed to hear her say she wanted him again.

"Dara, do you want me to pull out so Heis can make you come?"

"No. You. I want you, Ren."

"Are you sure?"

"God, yes. I like Heis, but I *need* you. Occasional sharing, sure, but right now, 'nuff talking, more fucking."

"Bossy," he said unable to keep the smile out of his voice.

"You have no idea. Now fuck me already. I'm dying here."

"You already came once."

"Uh huh. Two more to go."

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Dara drifted off to sleep, well loved and smiling. While she had indeed come two more times, Ren knew that what would make her ultimately happy was to be with her family tomorrow. If he could just



figure out the last few pieces of the puzzle he could make it happen for her. He had to try, even if it took him all night.

Ren whispered into the lamp lit room.

"You know what we have to do, right?"

Without a word, Heis rose from the bed and said, "I'll put on some of that coffee stuff Dara brought. This is going to be a long night."

"Yes," Ren said. "But she's worth it."

"That she is."

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There it was again, a nudge against her mind. *Go away, damn it. I'm trying to sleep.*

Dara stretched, enjoying the delicious pull of muscles that hadn't been used in quite awhile until last night. A smile kicked up the corners of her mouth as thought after thought played through her mind. Thoughts of Ren's mouth tasting her so intimately. Thoughts of Ren's hands sliding over her flesh, kneading the muscles of her thighs and ass. Ooh, and the talented way he used his teeth. And Heis had added to that wonderful mix. Good Lord, those men had skills.

"Dara, wake up."

"No. No wanna," she told whoever was messing with her sleep time.

Finally after several annoying moments, she went ahead and opened her eyes. She'd have rather remained dozing but there was obviously no help for it.

Strange. The voice in her head that pushed insistently against her mind sounded a lot like Ren. Why didn't he just shake her awake rather than being so annoying? She rolled over and met...nothing. No warm strong arms came around her. No thickly muscles thighs rubbed against hers. No morning erection. She was alone. Damn.

Eyes half-open, Dara lay completely still. It looked like her bedroom. Felt like her sheets. Smelled like the air freshener she always used. She sat up and looked a bit more closely at her surroundings.

Had she been here all along? No, the delicious soreness between her thighs was very real. The tenderness of her breasts as the sheets moved over them was no illusion. She reached down and touched the bud of her clit, closed her eyes and thought of Ren's expert loving there. Immediately the little bundle began to fill and throb. Real. It had all been real, yet she was home!

She unfolded a note on the bed as the last of the cobwebs faded from her muddled thoughts. The note was written in Ren's flowing script and signed by both of them.

*Dearest Dara,*

*While I would like nothing more than to have you here I know how important your family is to you. Heis and I worked all night to perfect my space-time spell. We brought you home while you slept, and in your plane it should be yesterday. You'll be a bit groggy as a result of moving through space-time. It'll wear off after a few hours' sleep. Everything should be back to normal by this time next week and Heis and I plan to come visit you then. I've left a very special gift for you, sweetling. We will miss you every day until we see you again.*

*Love,*

*Ren and Heis*

A small envelope fell from the note she held in her hands. As she opened it, tendrils of magic floated out. It was some of Ren's magic, a part of himself somehow infused into the paper itself. It brought with it an awareness of him, as if his presence was just out of reach, practically brushing against her skin.

Fully awake now, as the last of the cobwebs cleared her head a very satisfied male voice whispered then faded leaving anticipation in its wake.

"Happy New Year, Dara. See you soon."

Yes, a very Happy New Year indeed.

The End

### **Author Bio**

Born into a musically eclectic family, TJ's first love is music. She enjoys singing, even outside of the shower. So, where does this writing stuff come in? It actually began with reading. TJ is an avid reader and you'll find her with her head buried in a book every day of the week, whether it's her own creation or something snagged at the bookstore.

Writing like a madman, er, madwoman, TJ hasn't lost steam. Her mind? Yep, that's gone, but steam there is aplenty. A true Taurus, TJ isn't slowing down and she's definitely too stubborn to stop when she sees the fence!

You can learn more about TJ and her books at her website, <http://www.tjmicrohels.com/>.