

Rosette

Scarlet Rose



Firefae

DEBORAH J. PANGER

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by

Deborah J. Panger

This is a work of fiction. Names, characters, places, and incidents are either the product of the author's imagination or are used fictitiously, and any resemblance to actual persons living or dead, business establishments, events, or locales, is entirely coincidental.

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Contact Information: info@thewildrosepress.com

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Dedication

This book is dedicated to
all my family and friends,
and to the mud puddle.
Ya'll are the best.

PRAISE FOR THE AUTHOR

Deborah J. Panger

SAJE

“Fresh and fun, with characters you will love and a witty sense of humor, Saje will leave you with a smile on your face and a warm spot in your...er....well, you get the idea!”

~Wisteria, Whipped Cream Reviews

“I really enjoyed this story about Amanda and Saje; Ms. Panger did a great job showing us her imagination with vivid words and sensual scenes.”

~Danielle, Coffee Time Romance & More

Firefae

Damn firefighters! Sera whipped through the flames and vegetation, scattering red embers which she summoned with her Fae enchantment. Spreading them through the hot air, she screeched to a halt and made sure the little sparks ignited more of the forest's underbrush.

Tiny seedlings lit and added fuel to the inferno. Fire ran across the shrubs, raced up trees and caught the forest canopy ablaze. She grinned, pleased with herself for gaining ground on the humans.

Engulfed in the raging furnace, Sera twirled in a circle a few feet from the burning ground. Success. Warmth spread throughout her body. The heat invigorated her and flamed from every pore of her skin. It revived her, lessening the irritation she had at the meddling humans.

A huge douse of cold water slammed into her like a brick wall and brought her out of her reverie, extinguishing her fiery tempest.

The liquid plunged into her open mouth, and she coughed and sputtered as the rush of water forced her backward, into the trunk of a tree. The hard, rough bark abraded her bare back. The sting bit into her skin and fueled the rage growing inside her as she slid to the charred woodland floor. The watery tempest ended and moved off to end the fire on her right.

Pushing herself from the dampened sludge pile of soot and ash, Sera sprang from the ebony liquid and took flight. Her brows furrowed. She aimed her Fae enchantment, fierce with determination to stop

the source of the liquid deluge and re-summoned the heat within her, at the closest human fireman holding the large snaky hose. Such an evil lout! She would drive him back.

How dare he fight her inferno? She was only trying to aid nature by burning a small area of overly-abundant growth. These woods were deemed hazardous by the Fairy Mother. One strike from a lightning bolt could spell disaster and destroy hundreds of miles of bush land. Not to mention the thousands of wildlife inhabiting this region.

Sera shot through the air, trailing a fiery orange-red haze of flames behind her. She'd force the human back by fronting him with a large storm of fire. Closer and closer she flew, building the burning furnace around her. In the last second he shifted position.

Clunk!

The impact rattled her entire world. Reality jarred. Pain exploded all over, then Sera's brain fogged to nothing as she sank into blackness.

Gunner took off his helmet, face mask and Self Contained Breathing Apparatus—SCBA—and placed them in his bunker. Next came his gloves and boots.

Weariness, sweat and his own body's grime blanketed him beneath his turnout jacket and pants. He stank and couldn't wait to be rid of them and take a shower. He could almost feel the refreshing penetration of spraying water soothe his sore, tired muscles.

The fire had been a bitch to put out, reigniting in different areas. By the time they'd gotten it under control, the blaze had consumed almost twenty acres of undeveloped land, coming within a mile of Azalea Park Subdivision. But he and his crew had done it. He looked over at Henry, who was already out of his

turnouts.

“Tough one, huh.”

“Yeah,” his coworker said, turning toward him. “Thought we’d never douse the sucker. And I’m hungry. Can’t wait to get home to Martie. She’s cooking a roast. Wanna come?”

Gunner scratched his nose. “Nah, I’m gonna crash tonight, man.” He was tired and lacked sleep from spending too much time last night watching a bad movie. He shook his head. No matter how ridiculous the plot was, he hadn’t turned off the TV. Every muscle in his body ached. Perhaps he was growing too old for this—he was just past thirty.

Nah, that wasn’t it. He just plain had no social life. He was bored. Nothing seemed to excite him anymore except for firefighting. Depression had settled in. His life—one big rut. And the anger. He seemed to burst into a tirade at any little thing.

The only two places he frequented were work and home. And dating? The only woman who’d shown him interest in the past couple years had turned out to be married. After taking her to a few dinners and movies, he’d been paid an unexpected visit by her husband. A broken nose and a trip to the emergency room had ended that relationship. And sex? The only pleasure he’d had was from Ms. Rosy Palm. He sighed, not wanting to think about it.

On occasion he’d contemplated going to the Station Officer to talk about his mood, but decided against the idea. Men worked through their problems. No damn counseling was going to mess with his brain.

Henry headed toward the Fire Station’s showers. “Maybe next time,” he drawled before turning the corner and out of sight.

Gunner yawned and stared at the brown paneling in front of him. The shiny gloss of his face mask caught his attention. He’d already cleaned the

soot from it after he'd returned to Orange Grove's Fire Station. A large ember had slammed into his mask, but he'd kept his cool. It wasn't the first time he'd been pelted by a burning object while fighting a blaze. He had been working ten years now, since turning twenty-one.

Maybe he should go to Henry's tonight. Be sociable. Have a good, home-cooked meal. Microwaveable dinners were getting old. He sighed and shook his head. Nah. All he felt like doing was planting his ass on his sofa.

The weight of his uniform bore down on him. He flipped the first fastener free of his black and yellow jacket, then moved to the next. His fingers froze. He stared, not believing what he was seeing.

A tiny figure of a bare female dangled from the second fastener, secured by strands of red hair wound around its metal.

Gunner blinked. The image still hung there, as small as a matchstick.

He poked the figure with the tip of his finger. Soft. Not hard, like plastic. "What the fuck?"

At once the figurine thrashed and let out a faint shriek.

He stepped back, knees hitting his bunker, and halted. The toy-sized female vanished, and a second later, she reappeared, human-sized, before him.

His startled gaze fell to the rosy tips of her tits and his breath caught as his cock stirred in his pants. An orange glow shimmered before his eyes as heat enveloped his body and all his thoughts faded into nothing.

"What a mess I've made," Sera said under her breath. She inhaled deep, blew out and stared at the dull shine of the ruddy garnets that speckled her cave's walls. In the firelight they resembled twinkling cinnamon stars. Many a night she'd lain

gazing at them, comforted by their beauty.

Tonight they didn't soothe her.

This was her home. Her private sanctuary, this rock cavern in the rural woods of southern Arkansas. What was she doing, bringing him here?

Still in his fire jacket and pants, the man lay unconscious against the far back wall. She wouldn't look at him. Somehow the reality of the situation didn't seem so bad if she didn't lay her eyes upon him.

Earlier she'd awakened and...panicked. No other word to describe it. Humans weren't supposed to know the Fae existed, yet he'd seen her.

She ran the pads of her fingers through her soft hair and gingerly pressed the top of her head, still tender from the goose-egg-sized lump she'd received from their impact. Sera winced and drew her knees up to her belly. She'd forgotten to heal herself. Bringing her magic to her fingertips, she let the warm flow of enchantment heal the wound as her thoughts turned back to the fireman. She was in a pickle.

Her first instinct had been to kill him. Spontaneous combustion. That would have been the wise thing; all of her race was instructed to do so in such a circumstance.

Instead, he'd looked at her breasts and instantly she'd had a tingling sensation in her stomach. Her nipples had tightened. She'd wanted to lie with him. Sera had never experienced anything like it, except by herself.

She'd had no interest in anyone, yet at times she would finger her clit while fantasizing about a faceless lover. Someone viral, strong and able to bring her to climax. None of her Fae brethren excited her or made her want to fuck them.

But the human had.

And being flustered at her reaction, she'd made

a foolish, split-second decision, not to kill him. Instead she'd summoned her magic, decreased his molecules to Fae size, and transported them to her world. In a nutshell, she'd kidnapped him.

Now what?

She didn't even like the human. He'd been extinguishing her brushfire. She felt like kicking him. Perhaps she should kill him now. He had not regained consciousness. Yes, that was the sane thing to do.

Sera rose to her feet and crept toward him, as quiet as a mouse. The dark earthen floor of the cave crumbled softly between her toes but her footsteps padded silently. Thank God, because she didn't wish to wake him.

When she got within a foot of him, she raised her arms and summoned the heat of her smoldering magic. A furnace of fire built inside her, preparing for release. The energy simmered at her nails. Her fingers, the crown of her head, her pointed ears, and the tips of her breasts flamed to life.

The man stirred, turning his head toward her. His long dark eyelashes fluttered against his cheeks and his lips parted slightly.

Full lips.

Luscious lips.

Ones she'd like to explore. His tongue would be hot, tantalizing and wet, as he teased her nipples. A quiver ran through her, settling low in her belly and her pussy dampened.

Sera hiccupped and a flame shot from her mouth, turning to smoke as the heat dwindled within her. All of her fire extinguished. She lowered her arms and stared at him.

Puzzled by her body's reaction, she peered closer. High cheekbones and a dark whisker-dusted jawline gave him the appearance of a virile male. Crow black hair, longer in the front than in the back,

framed a face born of the heavens above. Or hell itself, she thought as a new kind of heat spread between her thighs. She squeezed her nether-lips together, enhancing the pulsing sensation, relishing it.

She must have been too agitated with her plight to have noticed his features before now. She shook her head, irritated more at herself than him. Anger rose, replacing her arousal.

Sera glared at the man lying at her feet. "I don't want to combust you and I should. Why couldn't you have been ugly?" But he wasn't ugly.

The fireman twitched and opened his lids. Eyes, the color of indigo, attempted to focus, and then fluttered closed again. Their hue, like sapphires sparkling in the sunlight, entranced her. Drew her to him almost like he possessed enchantment of his own.

She dropped on her knees and bent, placing her lips almost to his. Only the width of a feather separated them. The scent of spicy maleness filled her nostrils.

What would he taste like? The thought hastened her pulse.

She brushed her mouth to his. Warm downy softness caressed her lips. A small groan escaped him and his arms moved as he deepened her kiss. Rich peach-flavored elements of muscadine, blended with a hint of wildness, filling her mouth.

Her heartbeat quickened further as his lips parted and his warm tongue caressed hers. Never before had she experienced anything like this.

His hands rose, as if to embrace her, and reality came rushing in like a hell storm.

What was she doing?

Sera broke away, stood up and tried to force away the attraction she felt for him. But she wanted to kiss him again. Lie with him.

A human?

The lout! It was his fault. His allure was so strong, even in his slumber he drew her like a moth. And what happened to moths flying too close to a flame? They got burned.

Well, no more.

She narrowed her eyes and took a step back. She needed to focus, take hold of the situation, and wait for him to awaken. Then the confrontation would begin.

Her stomach tightened. He wouldn't like the fact that he'd been kidnapped to the fairy region.

A pair of feminine legs stood before him. Gunner blinked. His gaze traveled up the columns of her slender thighs and stopped when he came to their apex. Short red hair sprinkled her pussy as if they attempted to conceal the delights hidden beneath. His cock stiffened. Lust filled him. Who was this woman?

His view rose to her small waist, then higher to the perfect rounded globes of her breasts.

They reminded him of a line in an old Bob Seger song which ran through his mind. He shook it off and looked up at her face. And gulped.

He'd never seen such a beautiful woman. Wild cinnabar hair flowed past her shoulders. She looked familiar, like he'd seen her before. Every feature was perfect, from the slope of a dainty nose and kissable lips, to her almond-shaped eyes the same color of cinnamon. Such an odd color. And they appeared...angry.

Gunner searched his groggy brain. Had he gotten drunk last night? Passed out on her?

A hazy dream of them kissing entered his brain. Soft feminine lips. Her penetrating warm tongue. His cock thickened. A memory of undressing in the firehouse popped into his mind. Next came flashes;

her tiny body suspended from his bunker jacket, then her standing before him, and finally his body consumed by heat.

Quivers raced down his spine. Confusion and a sense of danger slammed into him, tightening his muscles. He pushed himself to his feet and looked around as the woman stared at him.

A cave. Its walls twinkled with hundreds of red gemstones, illuminated with the reflection of a fire in the midst of the room. Small stones circled the blaze, but no smoke rose from it. How odd. From the amount of ash within, it'd been used a long time. Fur pelts lined the dirt ground and along each wall was an array of items, from pottery to firewood. If he didn't know better, he'd think he'd gone back in time to the Stone Age.

His gaze darted back to the woman. "Where are we?"

"My home," she explained, hands on her hips and back rigid, as if preparing for a fight.

"Home. Right," he stated under his breath. "Who...no, *what* are you?" Gunner asked.

She rolled her eyes and huffed to herself, "This was a big mistake." In a louder voice, as if she were directing a child, she said, "You are in my home and I am a fairy. Do you understand?"

Gunner frowned—his brain didn't want to agree. He didn't believe in fairies, vampires, or anything paranormal, yet he couldn't deny what he'd witnessed while undressing at the firehouse. He was crazily bewildered and a little scared. Was he nuts? He needed to get out of here. And fast!

On the verge of a verbal blow-up, he turned to search for a way out of the cavern. A few tunnels trailed off the main cave. Talking as he searched, he picked one and entered it. "Look, this is too weird. I don't know what the fuck you want with me, but I'm getting out of here."

"You're going the wrong way," she called after him.

He spun around. "Then tell me the right way," he thundered, storming past her, refusing to acknowledge her nakedness though his cock tightened. Rage warred with lust inside him. With the throbbing going on inside his pants, another look at her female attributes and he'd go out of his mind.

"You want to mate. I can smell it." She giggled behind him, and then added, "You're still going the wrong way."

Her humor infuriated him more. Part of him wanted to throttle her. The other part wanted to tear off his gear, push her to the ground and have sex over and over. He chose neither.

He opted for another tunnel. She followed him. He couldn't hear her, but he sensed her presence because the hairs on the back of his neck prickled. The walkway darkened as the light grew dimmer the farther he walked from the campfire.

Up ahead a sliver of light came into view.

Aha! Success.

He picked up the pace and ran toward the entrance. Suddenly, he was out of the cave and bathed in sunlight. It momentarily blinded him. He halted and the woman brushed past him.

"I hate to inform you, but you can't go home."

His eyes adjusting, Gunner ignored her and looked around. Green foliage loomed high above his head in every direction. He turned and saw a brownish-tan tree trunk standing to his left. It appeared odd. No bark, just smooth, and porous. He gazed skyward and his mouth fell open. A huge crown of dark brown ridges circled, like a giant halo.

Holy...shit! This was no tree he stared at. He was looking at the underside of a mushroom cap. That couldn't be real. Could it? Maybe he'd died in the fire and this was the afterlife. Or perhaps he was

dreaming. He patted his chest and stomach. No, he was solid as a rock. He wasn't dead.

Dizziness rushed him and he stumbled backward, right into the woman. "W...what have you done to me?" he gasped, his gut squeezing into a million knots.

"I've stolen you and brought you to the Fae world," she explained, giving him a little push forward to help him support himself.

Stolen him to the Fae world? How ludicrous? He didn't even believe in fairies, didn't he? All thoughts except those about getting home ceased.

The light-headedness disappeared. He spun around and stared down at her. "Take me back!" he demanded.

She raised a haughty chin to him. "No."

"Take me back now!" Gunner yelled, fisting his hands at his sides.

"I can't. You are my slave."

"Fuck that! I'm nobody's slave." The fireman whirled from her and stormed through the tall stalks of the grass.

"You won't get far." She watched him trudge away.

And he wouldn't. He'd come across a beetle or ant in no time. She considered following him, then decided against it. His reaction irritated her. She shook her head.

Let him learn on his own. Passive aggression was a good thing. She smirked.

She was sure any captured human would be mad, yet he didn't need to act like an enraged bear. And such language. My stars.

Sera shook her head again and walked back to the mouth of her cave. She'd really messed up. Her kin were going to be appalled. It was only a matter of time before they learned of his capture. Common

folk didn't go around bringing mortals to the Fae world. Royalty did, on occasion, when new servants were needed. Sera lacked the skills it took to coerce a person to become a slave.

She raised her fists in the air. "Why didn't I kill him?" But it was too late now. She'd conversed with him. Shared moments together. Even kissed him, which was so intoxicating. Now he was a living person, not the inanimate object he'd been before he'd awakened.

Not too far off a male screech filled the air. Sera spun around. A disturbance swayed the giant stalks of grass, then out popped the fireman in a dead run toward her.

"Ant! It tried to eat me!" He ran past her into the cave.

She followed slowly. By the time she reached him, he stood beside the fire, bent over, with his hands on his knees, panting.

"It's not safe here. How could you bring me to a place like this?" He looked at her, still hunched at the waist.

"If you would stop running around, acting crazed, I could explain things to you."

A scowl formed on his face. "What do you expect? I wake up here," he waved one arm, "to this madness."

She grinned. She couldn't help it. He looked ridiculous and a little charming. His hair stood straight up on one side due to his mad run through the grass.

"This isn't funny."

She shook off her humor and sat cross-legged on the ground. "Sit down and let's talk. I promise you'll feel better." She patted the dirt next to her.

He hesitated, and then complied, sitting awkwardly, given the bulk of his uniform. Beads of sweat lined his brow, dampening strands of his black

hair. She had the urge to brush them away from his forehead and smooth down his messed hair, but chose not to. "You're hot. You should remove your clothes."

His mouth opened and his gaze shot to her breasts. He held it there, and then shifted his seating.

Her nipples grew achy, erect, as heat spread through her chest. She liked the attention, so new to her, and wished he'd brush them with his fingertips. Tease them. Lick them with his tongue. The kiss she'd snuck from him came to mind, fueling the passion building inside her.

He looked up with an odd expression on his face. "Oh. I get it. You brought me here for sex." He looked away. "Well, forget it, lady. I wouldn't touch you in a million years. Why don't you put some clothes on?"

Her chest constricted. That hurt. Bad. She had a lean, well-formed feminine body. Why wouldn't he want to touch it? She wished to touch his. Caress his muscular frame. His rejection cut deep. She frowned but turned her head to hide it. "You saw me. I had to bring you back with me. To protect my race from discovery."

"Then why did you allow me to see you?" he snorted, indicating he thought her an idiot.

Irritated, she swung her head around. "I didn't choose to," she spat. "You're the one who stepped in front of me as I hurled fire, forcing me to slam into your helmet. I don't remember anything after that."

"How is that my fault?" He shook his head, then stopped. "Wait a minute. Hurling fire? What do you mean?"

"I was doing my job. Spreading the brushfire."

"You started that fire?" With eyes wide, he asked, "Why on earth would you do that? That's arson."

“You humans are lunatics. You build your communities so near overgrowing forests. You barely do anything to correct the situation. You need protecting as well as the land because you invite disaster.”

He jerked back. “I protect our planet and our communities.”

“So do I,” she shot back.

“How?” he asked, folding his arms together. “Tell me.”

She huffed. “Mother Fairy deemed the area unsafe and in need of clearing.”

“Who’s Mother Fairy?”

“The Queen of Nature.”

“Why would she call it unsafe?”

“As I mentioned, it was overgrown. A hazard to wildlife. One strike of lightning would have caused a major catastrophe, killing thousands of animals, insects, your humans and your properties as well.”

He shook his head “Starting fires, that’s dangerous. Your fire could have spread to the surrounding towns,” he added.

“No. The Flame is a part of me. I control it with my magic. I am a vessel for The Flame to flow through. I choose to accelerate its heat energy, or I can ebb its flow and extinguish it.”

He peered at the ceiling and remained quiet for a few seconds, then scratched his chin. “What about the wildlife your fire killed?”

“None of them were killed! How could you think I’d allow that to happen?” she answered with a shake of her head. “Mother Fairy warned them of the coming event and they scattered, understanding the forest’s needs.”

“Hmm, that makes sense, I guess. we have controlled fires sometime...” his voice trailed off as he watched the fire.

“See? I’m not as evil as you think.”

He didn't answer, his gaze remaining on the flames. Sweat poured from him and his neck was blackened with soot. His odor was beginning to offend.

Sera crinkled her nose. "Um, I'm taking you to my bathing pond. You need to wash."

He shook his head. "I'm not going out there after almost getting eaten. You need to figure a way to take me back to my home."

"No can do. It's against our laws."

His frown returned. "I don't give a damn about your laws. I won't be anyone's slave."

"Slave is just a term for a human in our realm. You can come and go around here as you please and you don't really have to serve anyone."

That seemed to pacify him for the moment. His frown disappeared, only to return. "How long do I have to stay here?"

"I don't know. It's not up to me. Mother Fairy will have to decide," she lied, hoping in time, he'd grow accustomed to the Fae Realm. Even though Sera's magic could transport him back, she wouldn't. It was against the Fae's unwritten laws and she was positive Mother Fairy would never allow it.

And would Mother Fairy allow him to live? She hadn't thought of that, and a pang of fright raced through her, quickening her pulse. She didn't want any harm to come to him. She suppressed the thought and looked at him.

"Then you'll need to find her." Pointing to the direction of the cave's entrance, he stated, "But, I won't go out there again."

"The ant attacked you because he thought you were food. I'll tell the wildlife not to disturb you. They will listen. You may even befriend a couple."

"Chum up with a bug. Yeah, right." He chuckled. It brightened his features and dazzled his blue eyes. Her stomach did an odd flip and tingles settled low

in her abdomen. Her nipples pebbled and her pussy swelled. She clenched her nether lips, wanting his dick between her now moist thighs. She was going to orgasm just from the daydream of him if she didn't change her thoughts.

Sera stood and indicated for him to follow. When they reached the entrance, she raised her head, opened her mouth and summoned her magic. She clicked her tongue and it echoed, sending out the message to leave the human alone. They'd all obey her. In her world, the Fae ruled over the dominion.

She turned to the human. Awestruck, the man's handsomeness deepened. Gone was all trace of frown lines. Her heart lurched inside her chest. He was beautiful in a masculine, viral and earthy way. Her breath caught. He appeared so different from the aristocratic elegance of fairy men folk, who possessed thin waif-like physiques.

"How'd you do that?" he stammered.

"I used my magic. No big deal."

Inwardly, she beamed. It pleased her to amaze him. Perhaps he wouldn't hate her forever for bringing him here. The thought warmed her and images of his cock pumping her pussy, flooded her mind again. What was happening to her? She shook the yearning off and nodded to her right. "The pond's over there."

They walked through the stalks of grass and arrived at her bathing area, where the pond's water sparkled with sunshine from the cloudless sky. In the clearing, a few stray three-leaf clovers leaned to the liquid's edge, as if bathing in delight. She dipped one foot in the water and savored the warmth on her skin.

"It feels good." She closed her eyes and lifted her face to the heat of the sun.

"I want to wash alone."

His declaration saddened her. She wished to be

in his company. Feast her eyes on his muscular chest and powerful thighs, while he watched her. Not to mention the long dick, she was sure hung between them. She licked her lips, wanting to see all of him.

“I need to stay to be sure the insects heed my warning and not harm you,” she lied. She held her breath, waiting for him to relent.

“Then turn around while I bathe.”

“As you wish.” She took her foot from the water and spun to face away. A tiny grin formed on her lips. She didn’t tell him her enchantment would allow her to see him. She produced his image in her mind and took pleasure for being devious as she watched him.

With her eyes closed, she saw him finish unfastening the metal latches of his jacket. Anticipating the intriguing sight of his nudeness, she salivated. A growing vee of damp raven curls dusting his muscular chest. His skin glistened with sweat. She swallowed again as he slipped the uniform from his arms. Such strong biceps. She envisioned them wrapped around her. Protecting her with their hard muscular strength. Her knees weakened, and the now familiar wetness between her legs appeared again. He opened his waistband and slid the pants from his lean hips. Farther and farther down the heavy material went. The anticipation killed her.

Just one more tug and his clothing would free him.

Sera’s stare fixated on his manhood and stayed there as she marveled at his length, so long and thick. She had been right. He possessed a very long cock. The human lifted a leg to get rid of his pants. Where he laid them, she could not say. His anatomy was nothing compared to a male fairy’s. So much

muscle. Her mouth watered. Never had she seen such corded, strong thighs.

From time to time, one of her brethren would attempt to woo her to his bed. She'd never been attracted to them. Their waiflike physique didn't excite her and she'd never known why. They were heavily endowed, yet their bodily structure was slight, pretty, ethereal. Boyish even. Perhaps that was why she'd never desired them. She'd sometimes wondered what was wrong with her. She longed for companionship and children, yet had never desired a male.

This man's ball sac hung plump and heavy. A warm tingle developed low in her belly. An urge to bounce his nuts in the palm of her hand weakened her knees. She locked them in place to prevent falling over.

His large shaft lay limp. He glanced at her backside and his cock stirred to life, elongating. The sensation in her stomach grew. He wanted her.

Pleased, she watched him turn and enter the water. Ripples cast from him, skidding across the surface to gently bob the three-leaf clovers bathing in the distance.

The desire to enter the water with him hit her hard and bent her will to give him the privacy he sought. How she'd love some mischief, disobey his wish to bathe alone, jump in the pond and splash him. Next, grab his ass and pull him against her.

But shame rose within her for tricking him into thinking she couldn't see him. Not liking the feeling, she squelched it.

The yearning to enter the water and go to him grew stronger and she envisioned the strength and power of his muscles wrapped around her. Her toes dug into the soil. She wouldn't turn and go to him. No, she wouldn't.

Well, perhaps she could. What was the worst

that would happen? He'd push her away, angry, and stalk from the pond. That wasn't so bad. He'd get over it. He stayed mad most of the time anyway.

Imagining herself licking beads of moisture from his corded shoulders broke her will. She spun and dove in, enjoying the warming liquid, and the splash of water she knew she made. Breaking the surface, she looked at the fireman. He treaded water, facing her. Instead of anger, his jaw lay open in surprise, and then he clamped it shut.

Sera giggled. He froze and a moment later, let out a chuckle. A smile appeared, illuminating his handsome features and it warmed her insides. Her breath caught. Oh, how she wanted to touch and caress his muscular body. She drifted toward him.

Shaking off his humor, Gunner zeroed in on her beauty as she approached. She looked ethereal, somewhat fragile. The fairy possessed eyes so bright, they were like sparkling cinnamon-hued gems. Her long wet hair—a fiery red—framed her small pert face, and intoxicated him.

Desire for her came out of nowhere. The need to possess and protect her from any harm thudded into his chest, quickening his pulse. All his blood rushed to his dick. His shaft throbbed, seeking pleasure.

He squeezed his hands into tight fists beneath the surface of the water, trying to dispel this new longing. He should be outraged. He'd been kidnapped. Whisked away to an alien world. He tried to summon his anger, but failed as her lips parted.

Entranced with flashes of her little pink tongue behind her white teeth, he realized too late that she'd spoken.

He shook his head. "Pardon me?"

"I asked you your name. It dawned on me that I don't know it."

"Gunner. Gunner Crews," he answered.

She nodded. "Nice, strong name."

"What is yours?"

"Sera. Well, Seraphim, but everyone calls me Sera."

"Seraphim. Hmm."

He gazed at the curve of her dainty neck and shoulders. "You don't have wings? I thought fairies were supposed to have them."

"Some do and some don't. I don't."

"Do you fly?"

She smiled. "Yes."

He looked toward the sky. "Can you make me fly? You know, like in Peter Pan?"

Sera laughed. "No."

Okay. That was stupid. He behaved like a young inexperienced boy, yet his hard cock brought him right back to adulthood.

She licked her lips and it brought his gaze onto her mouth. He bit his lip, wishing to taste and nibble her pink velvet tongue. Caress her lips with his. Lick his way down her chin, neck and to the valley between her breasts that shone above the pond's surface.

He shouldn't go to her. This was insane. He inhaled deep, trying to dispel his arousal, but failed. Every muscle in his body quivered, begging to be touched.

He waded closer. So near that her sweet feminine exotic scent mingled with the damp earthen odor of the water. He inhaled deeper and reached out to pull her to him. Her warmth heated the slight chill from the pond and her thigh brushed against his cock, shooting waves of ecstasy throughout his groin and body. His muscles tensed and a quiver twilled inside his belly

He needed her mouth on him.

Gunner moved them closer to the water's edge until his feet touched bottom. He captured her lips

and wrapped his arms around her smaller body.

Heaven.

That's all that came to mind as she opened her mouth further to accept him. His tongue dove into velvety fire so scorching and titillating, he almost spilled his load.

The soft feminine form of her body melded with his, fitting perfectly with his larger frame. Burning pleasure overrode all else. Their tongues danced, dueled, mated, as he moved them to the pond's edge and nestled their bodies between the clover stalks.

Blood raced through his veins and sensual excitement heated and tensed his muscles and engorged his dick. He wanted to fuck her with wild abandon, but another part of him wanted to take it slower and make tender, grinding love to her.

He broke the kiss and lifted her higher to glide his tongue down the valley of her breasts. Her tit's plump softness caressed his face as he licked his way to the bottom of her sternum. He was lost. The porcelain-smoothness of her hot skin was like a tropical sun. Much warmer than his, yet erotically incandescent.

All coherent thought evaporated in Sera's mind. The warmth of his mouth and whiskered chin on her skin sent coils of rapturous torture throughout her being. The sensation raced to her nipples, down her belly and settled deep, heating her core. Her body clenched, seeking fulfillment, and her breath quickened.

She tilted her head back on the soft earth and moaned as his lips moved from her upper stomach to suckle the tip of her breast. He teased, tweaked the bud in between his teeth, then sucked.

Oh, the pleasure of it. Little thrills of sensation spread through her belly, and then zeroed in on her clit. Her pussy lips clenched. Every muscle tightened. She couldn't think or reason beyond

anything but the man in her arms.

She sighed. The pleasure he provided. His body was as hard as she'd imagined. Every flex of his muscles sent her further into oblivion.

Suddenly, he lifted her out of the water, sat her on the soft ground and spread her legs so only her calves dangled in the water. Positioning himself between her thighs, he trailed his hot, moist mouth down her stomach.

Pure hedonism pulsed inside her as his chin grazed the tiny curls of hair above her clit. She threw her head back and dug her fingers into the soft ground at her sides. It felt so good. So erotic and naughty. She wanted his warm mouth on her pussy and, without her having to ask, he obliged.

The instant he licked along her cleft, she bucked and dug her hands into the soil. Exquisite torture built inside her body with each stroke and suckle of his hot velvety tongue.

She moaned in delight, allowing the rapture to take her over as his teeth grazed her clit. She pressed her mound deep into him while the need for fulfillment seized her. He swirled his tongue around her taut bud, and she nearly drowned in the pleasure of it. A yearning built inside her. She wanted him to fuck her so bad, it was leaving her senseless.

Lifting her legs out of the water, she wrapped them around his hips and moaned against his tongue.

He broke away, lifted himself from the water and positioned the head of his penis at her entrance. Nether-lips clenching, she waited, the anticipation nearly killing her. Every inch of her body demanded his. Never feeling anything like this, Sera couldn't wait for him to push forward.

She squeezed her thighs tighter and urged impatiently. "Come on."

Gunner didn't hesitate. He thrust himself fully inside. Rock-solid thickness stretched her completely. A tiny sting was replaced with exquisite rapture. She thought she'd die of pleasure from the fulfillment his length provided.

He moved to withdraw and she clenched around him, not wanting the experience to end. "No!"

He raised his hips and surged forward, sending another wave of blinding insensibility through her. She secured her hands around his neck as he surged in and out. Pumping her. She matched his movements. Harder he thrust, deepening the ardent throbbing deep in her lower belly. She clamped her channel muscles around his steel-like cock, as he filled her to the hilt over and over.

Inside, fever built, threatening to consume her. Steaming at first, with each stroke of his body, the sensation grew hotter. Stronger. Invigorating. Her body raced toward something she couldn't identify. She sought release. A means to an indefinable fulfilling end she couldn't quite find.

Her fingers grasped onto his hair and pulled his head back.

"Oh! Fuck me," he groaned, shuddering.

His language made her feel wanton. A fiery vixen. Suppressing her flames, as not to startle him, she toppled over the edge into a mindless storm of ecstasy. A firestorm of sensation exploded inside her. She couldn't breathe, couldn't think. Only enjoy. Jets of his hot seed warmed her deep inside. She clung to him, never wanting the wonderful oblivion between them to end.

Gunner savored the after-ripples that continued to pleasure him as both their breathing labored.

Never before had he had such mind-blowing, fireworks-exploding sex. His past experiences had been pleasurable but nothing compared to this. And he'd been her first.

Sera'd been a virgin. He'd broken through her barrier but was too insensible at the time to barely notice. Now, guilt swirled to his conscious thoughts.

As his cock slipped from her body, part of his senses returned. His muscles languid, he buried his face and breathed into her neck as concern entered him. "Did I hurt you?"

"No." She snuggled into him.

"We didn't use a condom."

"I'm incapable of illness, Gunner."

Her use of his name warmed his chest. He didn't know why but it pleased him. Made him feel at home, and how ridiculous was that? She was supposed to be his enemy.

A thought occurred to him. She'd known what a condom was, and earlier, knew about Peter Pan. "You seem to know a lot about humans."

"Yes. You may not see us, but the Fae frequent your realm. We listen, observe."

Another notion occurred to him. One that tightened his stomach. "Can I impregnate you?"

"I guess."

She guessed? What if they produce a child together? They barely knew one another. How idiotic could he be?

Just a little while ago, he was furious with her. She'd stolen him away. Taken him to her fairy world. An insane version of Disneyland. What was he thinking?

He stiffened his shoulders. How stupid could he be? Disengaging from her embrace, he sighed and looked skyward.

What appeared to be a grasshopper and a nude, petite, older black-haired woman with wings stood a few feet away, watching them.

"Umm. We have company," Gunner whispered. Slipping away from Sera, he re-entered the water to cover his nudeness, still facing the intruder. The

stranger's frown, lined forehead, and narrowed gaze showed her anger.

Sera sighed and rolled her eyes. Damn. Talk about bad timing. Her body still tingled with the aftermath of her first experience with making love. Who'd be visiting her now? She turned around, half expecting to see the pesky ant that had tried to eat Gunner earlier.

It wasn't the ant.

She swallowed, her stomach flopping. "Mother Maternal!"

Her mother's carmine gaze went from her to Gunner. Shock registered on her slightly weathered features and deepened the lines that creased her forehead. Even Lionus, her Katydid companion, twitched his long antennae as if agitated.

Using her magic, Sera lifted from the ground and settled to stand before her mother. "I can explain," she hastily offered before the tirade and questions began. "He saw me during the brushfire so I had to bring him."

Her stare never leaving Gunner, her mother's surprised expression turned to disbelief. "You should have killed him."

"I tried," Sera explained, her self-worth and independence dwindling as she sought her mother's approval. It was always like this when they met. She reverted back to her childhood, averted her gaze toward Lionus and lowered her face toward the ground. Even the katydid's eyes carried a hint of disapproval.

"You what?" Gunner's voice rose from the pond behind her.

Her belly knotted. In trying to appease her mother, she'd forgotten he was near.

Ignoring Gunner, she continued giving her mother the partial truth, as if she were once again a child hiding a naughty deed. "Twice, but he woke

before I completed the spell.” She wasn’t about to tell her mother that Gunner made her nipples pebble and her sex wet just from looking at him.

“You were going to kill me?” Gunner boomed. He exited the water behind her.

She spun around. As water dripped from his trembling body, his face reddened. He resembled a bull ant, barely able to suppress his fury.

She gulped and took a step back. “Yes, but I couldn’t,” she offered, trying to dispel his anger. She didn’t like seeing him upset after what they’d just shared. She wanted the closeness, the tender man he’d been a few moments ago.

“So, since your magic failed you, and you couldn’t kill me, you decided to screw me instead. Are you nuts?”

“No. It wasn’t like that.” Reaching out to grasp his forearm, Gunner snatched it back, so she hugged herself and continued. “I should have killed you. It was for the best. That is our law, but you awakened and now I’m unable to. Not after I talked with you, shared moments together.” She lowered her head and stared at the ground. “I’m sorry. I didn’t mean for any of this to happen. None of this is fair to you.”

“So I was nothing but a pity fuck! Go to hell.”

That jerked her head up.

Gunner gave her and her mother a scorching look and stormed off.

Sera itched to race after him. Calm him, but the desire to please her mother overrode her yearning to find Gunner.

“Well, I have never,” her mother muttered beneath her breath, shaking her head.

“Mother Maternal, he is angry. Can you blame him?” Sera watched the stalks of grass in the direction he’d disappeared. She was plagued with a sense of loss. She missed his presence, and suddenly realized for the first time in her life, she didn’t care

what her mother thought. Had she finally grown into her own, not needing her mother's approval to sustain her own self worth?

Or did she finally care about someone more than herself? Was that love?

Where'd that thought come from? Sera drew in a deep breath and turned to her mother, meeting her stare. "I must go after him."

"The shame this will bring our kin, bringing a human slave here," her mother stated flatly, with a disapproving lift of her chin.

Her irritation rising, Sera rolled her eyes. "Oh, Mother Maternal, the community will get over it. Next time Auntie Brim has another babe, or cousin Reginy oversleeps and forgets to ignite a fire for Mother Fairy, the gossip will switch to someone else. I really don't care."

And she didn't

Her thoughts turned to him. One look from his indigo eyes set her belly to quivering. His masculine appearance and demeanor showed no hint of ethereal qualities like her Fae brethren possessed. No elegance. That, in a nutshell, was what attracted her to him. But there was more.

His strong will, brash at times, showed honesty. What you saw was what you got. She respected him for it. The thought of spending the rest of her days with him raced through her mind and lifted her spirits. Her pulse quickened. She shifted on her feet, more impatient than before to get to him.

"Oh, go, before you ignite into flames and melt. But I warn you. You've made your bed and you have to lie in it. You will be responsible for the human. If he proves a nuisance, it's on your head. Mother Fairy doesn't take kindly to trouble."

Sera didn't wait for her mother or Lionus to retreat. She darted in the direction Gunner had gone, intent on finding him.

Gunner stalked through the tall grass as he fumed, pushing the blades out of the way with his shoulders, arms and hands. Furious, his confusion bubbled to the surface. He wasn't aghast or angered that he had been close to dying. No... That wasn't it. He was hurt she had wished to kill him.

When she'd declared it to her mother, a stabbing ache penetrated his chest. That meant she'd gotten under his skin and into his heart.

Deep down, he enjoyed her sense of playfulness. Her determination. It was like a breath of fresh air. She stimulated his entire being. It hadn't been just a roll on the beach with a pretty female. They'd had more than sex. He'd wanted to please her as much as himself. That meant he cared more for her than he thought. How stupid. Stupid with a capital S!

He was her prisoner, for God's sake. She'd whisked him away from his friends and life. Everything he knew.

Yet he barely missed it.

A rustling sounded behind him, but before he could turn, Sera dropped from the air to stand before him.

The last person he wanted to see, at least until he sorted this out.

"Get away from me," he grumbled, walking around her to leave.

She grabbed his forearm and he stopped. The warmth of her fingers on him penetrated his skin, and her wild fiery hair glistened like red silk in the sun, but he ignored her allure.

"Let go of me!" He twisted free of her grip.

"Please listen to what I have to say."

He spun on his heel to face her. "You tried to kill me!"

She took a step back but held her ground. "Yes, it is natural for me to do so."

He jerked his head back. "Natural to kill?"

"If a human has seen us."

"Then why didn't you kill me?"

Her gaze darted to the ground and that wild, long mane of red hair grazed her shoulders. "You affected me."

"How?"

Sera dug her big toe in the dirt.

"Um, well...you looked at my breasts and I felt...a tingle," she answered, without looking at him.

"Yep. Just what I thought," he snorted, disgust filling him. A slight ripple of pleasure raced to his dick and tried to dispel his rancor. He squelched it. "You brought me here for sex, and I fell right into your hands."

She looked up. "No. That wasn't it," she said, shaking her head.

"Then what?"

"That's it. I don't know. I faltered both times. You turned your head toward me the second time and you were..." She halted.

"Continue."

Her gaze darted away. "Handsome."

A curl of warmth spiraled into his torso. He fought it from spreading. He was spared because of the way he looked? He should be spitting mad, yet he found himself pleased that she thought him attractive.

Maybe he needed a kick in the head. Or his gut.

He took a deep breath, not knowing what to say or do.

"So I broke the Fae's unwritten law and let you live," she said.

"Will you be punished?" Concern for her rose within him, along with the need to protect. His anger diminished a little.

"Not really. Shamed perhaps. But I can live with that."

A slice of alarm cut through him, tightening his stomach. Would others of her race harm him? “Will they kill me?”

“No. They will accept you as long as you do not disrupt anything in their lives.”

His alarm eased. “So it’s safe to stay here?”

She nodded.

The idea struck him as ludicrous, but if he was stuck here, would it be so bad? Maybe this was his destiny. He had never believed in fate before but yesterday he hadn’t believed in fairies either.

He thought of his life back home. His only interest had been firefighting. His mother had died years ago and he’d never known his father. He had no family or friends except for his coworkers. Henry was the only one he had any semblance of a kinship with.

Had his lack of social life been his choice? Perhaps he’d been too low to want to dig himself out of the rut. What was the old saying? *Misery likes company*? Maybe his was ‘Misery likes no company.’ He certainly hadn’t been bored since Sera had brought him here. His mind was constantly on her. She was like a breath of fresh air, invigorating him, keeping him busy, occupied, and challenged. Still, he needed a purpose in life; not just serving as a living dildo whenever she wished.

Another thought plagued him. Henry and his coworkers at the firehouse would be worried sick about his disappearance. There was an unspoken brotherhood between firefighters. They wouldn’t give up searching for him until they had answers. He couldn’t stay here, knowing they’d never find him, always wondering what had happened to him.

He looked at Sera. “My firehouse will be looking for me. You need to take me back.”

“I told you I cannot,” Sera answered, crossing her arms in front of her chest.

Did he detect a bit of remorse in her eyes? For a moment he thought so, but wasn't sure. He cleared his throat. "I know you can. You brought me here. Your magic can take me back." He paused, about to add something he wasn't sure he wanted to.

"Just take me back to the station long enough to tell my brothers I'm moving. I don't want them to think I'm dead or something."

She slowly raised her head to him. "Are you lying to me?"

"Why would I lie? I can't tell anyone I've been kidnapped by a fairy. They'd lock me up in a padded cell and throw away the key."

She bit her bottom lip and tapped a finger on her chin as if contemplating. Shifting his footing, he watched her release her plump, delectable lip. The globes of her pert breasts caught his attention, as did the red curls of hair covering her pussy. Heat spread through his lower belly, and down to his shaft. He wanted those warm soft lips wrapped around his cock, which now stiffened. If they were going to walk around nude all the time, he was going to have a hard-on most of the time.

She raised one corner of her mouth in a half grin and glanced at his swelling member. "Yes, I suppose they would." She giggled.

The sweet sound of her laughter caused flutters in his stomach, as if he'd swallowed a butterfly. The sensation made his dick jump. Why couldn't he keep his mind off sex when he was around her?

He willed his body to cool, but it wouldn't listen. Another wave of warmth spread through his groin. Damn! This was not the time for his body to respond.

He was supposed to be urging her to take him back to the firehouse. He cleared his throat and forced his mind away from his libido. "Take me back."

She looked him in the eye. "I'm thinking."

“Don’t think, just take me back. I won’t run away.”

She hesitated, then stepped into his embrace, wrapping one arm around his back and lowering the other between his thighs. Her fingers flicked against his balls, igniting instant pleasure throughout him.

A flush rushed up and down his spine and settled in his belly. He closed his eyes, threw his head back and moaned as the softness of her hand ran down the length of his rigid cock. One touch from her scattered all his coherent thoughts.

Relishing in the gratification as the satin pad of one of her fingers grazed his hard tip, he snaked both arms around her and pulled her tightly into him. She rubbed the tiny drop of pre-cum he released, and swirled it around his taut head. He pumped his hips uncontrollably, wanting to fuck. Her heated breath feathered against his neck.

“I believe you.”

Somewhere in his pleasure-numbed mind, he heard her reply. Palpable thermal heat rose around them. He opened his eyes to an orange hazy glow and widened his gaze.

She’d picked this instant to transport them?

In a flash, his helmet, face mask, gloves, boots and Self Contained Breathing Apparatus replaced the towering blades of grass they’d been standing in.

He released her, stepped back and looked around the fire station’s empty bunker room. The sound of dinner conversation and men’s laughter came from the kitchen.

He was back home.

And they were naked, his dick raised for all to see.

His sexually hardened body turned to rigid shock. His buddies could walk in at any moment. Whipping around to her, he whispered, “We need clothes. Now!”

“Oh. I forgot,” she whispered back.

Instantly, fabric touched his skin, as a royal-, satin, long dress with puffy white sleeves, appeared on Sera. He glanced down his own body. Bright orange pants, a blue and white striped shirt with rainbow suspenders and no shoes, met his gaze. “What the...”

“This is the first thing that popped into my head. I saw these clothes in a magazine a while back.”

He shook his head. “When? In 1978? We can’t wear this.”

She leaned closer. “It’s not like I go around studying human fashion every day. What do you propose I switch it to?”

Back in the kitchen, the scrape of chairs against the floor, and footsteps sounded.

Too late.

Sera and he spun around as Henry and John, another firefighter, rounded the corner. Both men halted when they saw them.

Gunner flashed an awkward smile. “Hi.” He slipped Sera’s hand into his.

Henry and John surveyed Gunner’s clothes with bewildered expressions on their faces, and then looked at Sera.

“Uh...this is my...cousin. Yes, my cousin, Sera. Sera, this is Henry and John.”

The three nodded to one another.

Cousin? He hadn’t given a thought to how he was going to explain his moving on such short notice. What was he going to say? His mind went blank. He squeezed Sera’s fingers and stammered, “Uh... Sera has come to inform me that my...aunt...is very ill.”

“Yes. Very ill,” Sera agreed, gripping his hand tighter.

“And...she has asked...that I come to help take

care of her.”

Henry tilted his head to one side. “I didn’t know you had any family left.”

Gunner’s mind raced. “Yes, Aunt...Aunt.”

“Gretel,” Sera blurted out.

“Aunt Gretel has no other family but us,” he added. *Gretel?* What kind of name was that? He swallowed and continued, “Since my parents died, they are the only family I have left. So I gotta go. You know how families stick together,” he added, swinging Sera’s arm with his.

Henry spoke up, “You’re moving? This is a joke. You’re kidding, right? Ha-ha. I mean, look at you. Halloween’s still months away,” he directed with a smile on his face, and a wave at their clothing.

“It’s not a joke.” He glanced at Sera and all his doubt of wanting to be with her vanished. She was so alluring in her fiery beauty. Again, the sense of home filled him. Yes, he was certifiably insane for wanting to stay with a fairy.

He turned back to Henry and John.

“You’re serious.” Both his buddies stated at the same time, jaws dropping.

Before Gunner could respond, the blare of the loudspeaker overhead announced a call and the firehouse sprang to action.

John waved, and Henry shot him the peace sign as three more of his coworkers ran in.

Henry turned. “I gotta go. You take care of yourself,” he called out as all five men donned their gear.

After the rev of engines and wail of sirens, he and Sera stood alone in eerie silence.

Saved by the bell.

Gunner glanced around the bunker room one last time with a sliver of melancholy in the pit of his stomach. He would miss this fire station and his coworkers a little. He turned to Sera.

A smile lit her exotic face. Her expression of joy dazzled him and chased the melancholy way. She was his fate.

“You don’t lie very well,” she declared.

“Me? What about you? *Gretel*? What kind of name is that?”

“What’s wrong with Gretel? Mother Maternal used to tell me the childhood story of Hansel and Gretel when I was a wee one.”

He chuckled, enjoying their banter. “Nothing’s wrong with it, cousin.”

“I’ll show you, cousin.” She laughed, play-punching him in the forearm.

A thought came to him. He ceased their playfulness by snaking his hands around her waist and pulling her to him. “You trusted me enough to bring me back here. Thank you.”

She laid her soft cheek on his chest. “To tell you the truth, I warred with it, but deep down I sensed you wouldn’t run away. Remember, those padded cells.”

He smiled and ran his hand through her hair. So satiny and lush. With her feminine curves pressed against him, his cock stirred to life.

His breath quickened. “Take us back,” he hoarsely said.

Penetrating heat and an orange glow surrounded him. A moment later, they were amongst the tall blades of grass once again.

The Fairy Realm.

He closed his eyes and took a deep breath. The earthy aroma of the soil and Sera’s spicy, sensual scent filled him, invigorated his body and tightened his muscles.

Sera looked up to meet his gaze. Her expression was alluring, half-lidded.

His view swept over the hint of cleavage showing above the satin blue fabric of the dress she

still wore. "The clothing can go now."

At once their ridiculous clothes disappeared and the warm, tepid air caressed his skin.

He glanced at the juncture of her thighs, the little red curls that hid her core. His cock stirred to life. The need to bury himself deep in her pussy slammed into him. His blood rushed through his body and his breath quickened.

He wanted her beneath him. Or atop him. He lost his senses when it came to her. Heck, he was even walking around in the nude!

He wanted to be with her. Had fate turned him from a fireman to a fairy's stud muffin? And would that be so bad? He'd come back here so freely. Almost too eagerly. Although the trip to the firehouse had been unexpectedly quick and awkward, it'd been humorous. They'd laughed, cut up together. He'd been himself. No airs or attempts to impress her, like he'd done in his past few relationships. Still, she accepted him.

He looked at her beautiful face, so ethereal, yet exotic and earthly.

Was he falling in love?

Sera watched Gunner's eyes turn from indigo to a rich midnight blue. Their coloring and the hooded, sexy expression on his face warmed her insides, leaving her weak in the knees.

She stepped into his open arms and placed both palms on his shoulders. Warm in his masculine cocoon, she pressed one side of her face into his strong chest. The thump of his heartbeat against her ear gave her peace, a sense of home. Like she belonged nowhere else.

Instead of wondering about the sensation, she enjoyed it, allowing every muscle to relax to the point where only his support held her upright.

She had been reluctant to take him back to say goodbye to his brethren. Afraid he'd try to leave. But

he'd kept his word and had come home with her. A heady, almost giddy sensation loomed within her. A giggle escaped.

Gunner's arms tightened around her. "What's so funny?"

"Nothing, I'm just enjoying you," she answered, squeezing him back.

"Enjoying me?"

"Yes. I think I liked seeing you act awkward back at the firehouse."

"Well, you weren't so sure of yourself either," he said, chuckling. "And besides, you took me back there with the most raging hard-on I've ever had."

Sera smiled against his chest. "I had to ensure you'd want to come back."

"Then I think we need to finish what you started. Let's go back to the cave. I don't want any more surprise visitors."

His voice rumbled deep inside his chest, penetrating her ear and sending ripples of warmth down to her belly. They walked through the tall grass, his arm around her shoulder. As she enjoyed his attention and protection, his ministrations enhanced her femininity, making her feel womanly. Beautiful. She smiled.

As soon as they reached the cavern, Gunner urged her toward the earthen floor beside the dwindling fire, then fetched a fur pelt along the wall and laid it down beside her.

A slight chill in the air prickled her skin. With a nod of her chin, the small blaze rekindled, spreading its orange warming glow around them. It bathed him in light, enhancing each contraction of muscle as he lowered onto all fours and crept to her.

As she reclined atop the soft pelt, he trailed his heavy scrotum and rigid length along one ankle and up to her shin. Each seductive inch higher hastened a tingling in her stomach. It zeroed in on her core.

Her juices spilled and her pussy moistened. Her breath caught. By the time the weight of his sex reached her thigh, she squirmed in delight, anticipating more pleasure.

She latched onto his forearms and urged him toward the juncture of her thighs to penetrate her wet, waiting lips, but it was apparent he had other ideas.

He rose higher, dragging his hard penis and balls along her cleft and back, then lowered his mouth to one nipple where he swirled his tongue against the tight nub, drew it into his mouth and sucked. Her body shuddered with spirals of heady sensation rushing to her channel. She arched her back and pushed her breasts into him. He broke away to feast on her other tit. Again, she was assailed with titillation. She growled with pleasure, suddenly wanting his tongue inside her pussy.

She brought her fingers to his silky, dampened ebony hair. "Suckle me between my thighs."

As soon as the words flew out of her mouth, he lowered his face to the juncture of her thighs, but glanced up toward her. "Oh, I'm gonna suck you so hard."

And he did.

His delectable hot tongue speared her core and then lapped at her cleft. Her toes curled and her back arched as luxurious torment consumed her with each penetrating lick of his tongue. His wet warm lips closed around her clit and suckled. She nearly came off the floor.

Frantic with need, all sensations within her spiraled upward. Building. Growing more urgent as he ate her.

He gently bit her clit and the exquisite pressure toppled her over the edge. Her body convulsed and waves of ecstasy thrashed through her body as she came in his mouth.

A guttural growl escaped Gunner's lips as he lapped at her clit.

He tore away, rose and positioned the hard bulbous tip of his length at her entrance. It stretched her nether lips as aftershocks of her release still gripped her.

Her pussy muscles clenched, anticipating him. She grabbed his hard ass and pulled his dick into her. Luxurious thickness filled her completely as he slid inside.

He withdrew and surged forward, sending a bonfire of thrilling sensation deep inside. Each stroke of his cock fueled her desire further. He was like an enchanter, possessing every cell of her body. Harder, faster, he drove.

The piston of rock-hard penis fueled a firestorm of titillation. It built, rising higher until all her senses threatened to shatter into a billion pieces. Like a star about to burst into a dazzling light storm. Faster he rode, bringing her closer to the edge.

Then, with one warm lick of his moist tongue against her neck, she toppled over the edge into feverish insensibility. Her world shattered a second time.

Gunner growled, stiffened, and pumped his hot seed deep within. It sent her world into convulsions, a tempest of pleasure stirring her soul. Making her whole, completely satisfied, as Gunner collapsed beside her. She turned into his open arms and relaxed against his spent body.

Later, she opened her eyes and looked at the star -ceiling, relishing in the afterglow. She was in her garnet-hued heaven with the man she suspected she was falling in love with.

Gunner inhaled the sweet musky wetness of Sera's skin as she lay sleeping in his arms. Her

heady aroma, the perfect fit of her body beside his, and the ruddy beauty of the cavern dampened his latest misgivings about her world. Did he belong here? Lying together as they did now made him believe his place was with her.

He pressed his nose deeper into her red hair, savoring her cinnamon scent that wrapped its way around his heart. He closed his eyes, realizing he'd fallen for her. Her teasing nature, so unlike his own, completed him. She gave him the zest for life he'd lacked before. Maybe he was crazy for wanting a fairy, but he didn't care.

His anger at being captured and whisked away didn't seem as important anymore. But he wasn't anybody's pleasure pet. He wasn't a puppy. He needed purpose in his life. His relaxed muscles tightened. What was he going to do?

"Seraphim."

An authoritative woman's voice echoed through the cave, resonating off the garnet-studded walls. It forced him to alertness as Sera awoke and sprang from his embrace, leaving him cold, barren.

Not another intrusion. He rolled his eyes and stood naked, too agitated to care. Did fairies ever knock?

"Mother Fairy, I'm honored. How may I address your visit?" Sera said, scrambling forward. She ran her hands through her wild red hair, as an older woman dressed in white and gold entered the cavern. Brown and silver short hair crowned the female visitor's head and faint opaque white wings fluttered behind her. Her delicate features were breathtakingly regal, but to him, Sera's spicy allure was more beautiful.

He stepped in front of Sera, uncaring of his nudity, as an urge to protect her from this being, possessed him. Mother Fairy gave him a cool once-over, then looked at Sera, who'd come around to his

side. She clutched his hand in hers. Her show of unity pleased him and indicated she thought him her equal. He swelled with pride.

“News travels to me that you harbor a human. I come to assess the situation and see to the safety of our race.” With another glance in his direction, Mother Fairy continued, “What do you plan of him?”

His stomach tightened. He frowned, fully expecting Sera to confirm his sexual slave status.

“He will aide in our environmental setting of fires.” She squeezed his palm.

He caught her gaze. Interest, love and some uncertainty brightened her cinnabar-flamed eyes.

That was it! His purpose. Why hadn’t he thought of it? Use his skills to help protect the earth, alongside Sera. Pride and a sense of belonging seized him. He could be happy here. He took a deep breath and exhaled slowly.

Gunner nodded, gave her a smile and turned to the Mother Fairy. “Yes. I’m a firefighter. My knowledge of controlling fires can help with Sera’s magic at kindling them.”

Mother Fairy remained silent for a moment. “Sera does not require aid.”

Tension thickened the air. He could feel it, like a heavy mist. It emanated from the Mother Fairy, as she lifted one slender finger and pointed it in his direction. He sensed she could end his life in a flash. The fear that she’d use her power on him sliced through him, but he remained motionless, stiffening his joints.

“Yes, I do. We can gain more ground in the woodlands and he can take over my duties during times that I may be incapacitated,” Sera blurted out.

Again, Mother Fairy stayed silent with her damned finger aimed at him. The crackles from the fire were the only sound filling the cavern. His stomach remained in knots and his muscles

contracted. He might be toast in a few seconds if Mother Fairy didn't agree, but he wouldn't go down without a fight. Or a flight. He envisioned running from the cave.

Mother Fairy stared expressionless at him. After what seemed like an eternity, she lowered her hand to her side. "Very well. Carry on." She turned and departed the cavern.

He stood a few moments, blinking. That was it? His life spared in the blink of an eye? A split-second decision? His body relaxed but his mind remained apprehensive. "Will she be back?"

"Only to indicate which properties require burning," Sera answered, releasing his hand. "She's deemed you safe. You're a part of the community now."

"Oh." Gunner nodded, still staring at the empty space Mother Fairy had occupied. "You fairies are weird." He tore his gaze from the spot as the tension in his body relaxed.

He turned and drew Sera into his arms. The warmth of her chased away the lasting residuals of uneasiness from the Mother Fairy's intrusion. He nuzzled her neck, placed a kiss to her ear.

Sera's heart swelled with happiness and adoration. Just a few moments before, her heart had nearly stopped beating as Mother Fairy contemplated her verdict. Never had she been so scared in her life.

Gunner was her destiny. She couldn't envision living one second without him and she wasn't sure when that had happened. She may have stolen him away to her world, but fate had brought them together. They were meant for one another, she was sure of it.

"When did you decide I'd help you with the fires?" Gunner asked, breathing heated air into her ear. Strands of his silky raven hair tickled her nose.

She smiled and brushed them away.

Thrilling tingles danced their way down her spine. She tightened her arms around him. "It popped into my head while Mother Fairy questioned us." And it had.

Her insides quivered again. The possibility of Gunner's death had been too frightening to contemplate. The idea had come out of nowhere. She'd clung to it since the instant it entered her mind.

"I'm glad it did."

He swirled his tongue around her earlobe, sending shivers of delight down to her belly, dispelling her fear.

"You know, now that you are helping me, she'll keep us busy with new territory and responsibilities," she declared, softly.

"As long as we're not too busy for this." He blew into her ear.

A pleasant shiver skidded through her. Gunner may not possess the Fae magic of fire, but he was more powerful than any male fairy she'd met. He created a sensuous heat of his own. Her insides melted and her heart filled with joy.

"Then you'll need to take over my duties from time to time. She smiled and pressed her neck further into his warm mouth.

"What do you mean?"

"If we keep this up, I'll be too big with your young growing inside me."

He drew away to look at her. "Can we have a child together? We come from different species."

"Yes. I've heard of it happening."

His beautiful indigo eyes darkened and a smile brightened his features an instant before he snatched her up so fast, she was on her back with his luscious hard body over hers before she'd known what happened.

"Then we'd better get started," he said with his lips so near, they brushed feathery heated caresses on hers as he spoke. Her heart flipped inside her chest and a blaze of pleasurable heat spread throughout her body. "I have a request," she whispered, as an idea formed in her mind.

"A request?"

"Make love to me while the flame flows through me." How incredible would it be for them to experience the heat of fire as they made love? Amazing, she'd bet. The thought flushed her skin and sent tingles through her stomach, down between her thighs. Her pussy clenched.

He raised his face before her. Alarm creased his brow. "Will I be burned?"

She smiled and drew a black lock of hair from his forehead. "No. My Fae magic would prevent you any harm. In fact, I believe you might like it."

Falling silent, she summoned a tiny curl of warmth and drew it to the tip of her index finger, where it ignited into a small flame. Controlling its heat, she slid the bit of fire gently across his cheek.

"It feels like a ray of summer," he whispered, closing his eyes.

She brought the flame to his lips.

"And it tastes like a warm puff of honey and cinnamon," he added, sucking the small fire into the cavern of his mouth, where it vanished.

"I told you you'd like it," she said, withdrawing her finger.

"Hmm. I do." He drew his knees up to straddle her hips. "And I've got another idea."

"And what would that be?"

He didn't answer. Instead he rose, carrying her with him across the cavern and stood her, backside against the cavern's wall.

"What are you doing?" she asked wide-eyed, with a giggle.

Covering one of her breasts with his palm, he gently kneaded her flesh, sensitizing her body further. Slivers of excitement raced down her stomach and spine.

“I want to have you like this.”

“On. Our. Feet?” she asked, breathless. It was hard to concentrate as his fingers twiddled her nipple. A fevered pleasure heated her entire being. She gripped his hips tightly while her inner muscles clenched. Moisture dampened her pussy. How she wanted him back inside her. A devilish thought entered her mind.

“Since we’re trying new things, I want to try something else”, she said, dropping to her knees before him.

His stomach quivered. His show of excitement enhanced her own. Her body shivered with passion. She wished to taste him like he’d tasted her. She moistened her lips and looked at his sex. So thick and engorged, pointing straight up to his navel.

She ran her tongue along his shaft’s length. It jerked, and he sucked in his breath. This was going to be fun.

Sera gripped his cock and explored its head with her tongue. A drop of cum appeared. She licked the delectable warm drop. Mmm, salty and masculine.

A tingle raced to her core and centered on her clit. She wanted more. Wrapping her lips around his head, she eased his hard cock into her mouth.

Gunner’s fingers curled in her hair, pushing himself farther inside. His rigid length swelled, while the pleasure of giving him satisfaction excited and empowered her.

She swirled her tongue around its tight head, and then suckled. His hips surged forward as she relished the taste and satiny, steel texture of his sex.

“I’m going to come if you keep this up,” he growled, urging her up to her feet.

His nostrils flared and dampness framed his hairline.

“You like that.”

“Yes.” With urgency, he kissed her.

Hot, masculine passion filled her mouth while his tongue ravished hers, turning her insides to an impassioned flutter. Her knees threatened to buckle so she tightened the grip on his firm hips and held on for dear life.

He broke the kiss, leaving her instantly bereft. She was about to object when he dropped to his knees, spread her thighs and claimed her. He licked her cleft, teased her with little strokes of his warm wet tongue. Next, he grazed his teeth against her clit and speared her channel with his tongue.

The velvety hotness of his tongue caused her insides to quiver. Waves of titillating tingles gripped her so tight. Her pussy clenched in anticipation. A firestorm of gratification so intense seized her, making her breathless, and she summoned the flame.

Gunner’s cock throbbed with aching anticipation and his body trembled with need as he ate Sera’s pussy. He drove his tongue deep into her tight liquid heat, withdrew and plunged again. Lapping and suckling her core, his body tensed to the point of pain.

Her scent of cinnamon consumed him. Entranced him. Suddenly the taste of dry warm waves of honey flooded his mouth and lapped at his lips.

She had released her fire.

Her body’s warmth rose several degrees higher, heating his. Yet instead of searing pain, his skin tingled with sultry lambent flames, heightening his sensual hunger. His cock flared taut. He broke away and looked up.

A glow of fire encompassed her entirely. Small

blazes skittered across her skin, while larger ones spread out from her fingers, breasts, toes and mouth. They lapped at the stone wall against her back, and toward him, like they were seeking his body. He inhaled sharply, entranced with her fiery beauty. She opened her eyes. They illuminated with a blush of red. Like a hint of the garnets studding the cavern.

Animalistic desire took over him as a thrill shot throughout his body and raced to his groin. His head flared again. He rose from his knees, snaked his arms around her back and pulled her to him. She opened her thighs and he thrust himself into her pussy, pushing them back against the wall.

Hot silken tightness gloved his length. Withdrawing slightly, he thrust again, enjoying her satiny warmth. Her channel muscles clamped him, so exquisite and firm, he lost all restraint. Unable to control himself, he pumped her like there was no tomorrow.

His pleasure built with each tongue of fire penetrating him. Her hands touched him everywhere. His back, his ass, and hips, urging him harder. Faster he pumped, giving all of himself to her.

Wild abandon seized him as his excitement built. So close to losing his restraint, his body wound tighter until he toppled over the edge of abandon and released his seed.

At the height of sexual liberty, Gunner howled.

Sera's world shattered into the most heated tempest she'd ever known. Ripples of pleasure skated throughout her. Her toes curled into the earthen floor. Gunner's sex, so thick and engorged, sent waves of warmth penetrating inside her. She held onto his ass cheeks, allowing the titillation to take hold of her. Sate her.

With the Flame flowing inside, she savored its

intensity as little after-shocks skimmed her body. Wrapped and sated in Gunner's arms, his penis was still inside her. "I'm in the highest Fae realm," she whispered between each quickened breath.

Gunner's muscles relaxed. Sweat beaded on his skin. "I don't know what that is, but I'm in heaven."

"It's the same thing, I believe."

"I love you," he mouthed into her ear.

Beaming with joy at his declaration, Sera grinned as she allowed her enchanting flame to wane from her body. "I love you, Gunner Crews."

She captured his mouth and warm tongue with hers and thanked the lucky stars for the brushfire she'd started which had brought them together.

Was it fate? She didn't know, but this was her mate, her destiny, her life and her love. And she wanted her fire fighter again.

Now!

About the Author

Deborah J Panger is an author of romantic and erotic fiction. With an interest in fairy lore, she blends fantasy with romance to weave enchanting love stories. She's an active member of Romance Writers of America and their Fantasy, Futuristic & Paranormal chapter and critique group.

In addition to writing, she enjoys life on the Mississippi Gulf Coast with her husband, James, their family and friends. Deborah is a Breast Cancer Survivor and is also a long-standing fan of Bon Jovi.

Visit Deborah Panger at
www.deborahpanger.com

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Saje

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