

FALLING FOR FAE

PEERLESS



Vivian
Arend

Celia
Kyle

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Vivian Arend and Celia Kyle

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Liquid Silver Books
<http://LSbooks.com>

Email:
raven@LSbooks.com

Editor
Terri Schaefer

Cover Artist
April Martinez

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Blurb

Two sisters, one crown and a race to find true love... Or suffer the consequences.
Shudder The Queendom.

Jessica does *not* want to become Queen. The gowns look marvelous on her, and the servants are lovely, but being Queen? Ick. She'd have to remember to take care of...things, and...other things. Seriously, ruling Fae—with its temperamental dragons, pixies with attitudes and the creepy enchanted forest that keeps encroaching on the palace—not for her. She's off to find a rich Peer in England and enjoy the lifestyle without the responsibilities.

Trevor's got it all—a steady job, adoring fans, a starring position on his football team. Life is good, and the saucy little birdie who lands in his lap makes things even sweeter. Only she don't seem to understand he's not the Lord of the Manor. He'll tell her as soon as they can get their hands off each other long enough to talk. He's never felt this way before about a bit o' fluff. Could it even be love?

Prologue

The scent of coffee pulled her along by the nose, her huge fluffy robe billowing behind her as she sauntered down the hallway. Jessica sighed with contentment. This was such a civilized way to live. She stopped before the massive floor-to-ceiling stained-glass French doors that graced the front entranceway of her and Thalia's private quarters. The bright early morning light had long since faded and she stretched delicately, basking in the multi-hued sunshine sparkling against her skin.

She loved pretty things. She loved *being* a pretty thing. Life was good.

Thalia's room had been empty when she walked past, the bed neatly made, windows wide open to the spring breeze. Jessica shuddered even imagining what ungodly time her sister had risen.

How the two of them could be so different and still be twins was mind-boggling.

The doors swung open smoothly and she sniffed, sweet sugar and cinnamon now mixing with the coffee fragrance, making her mouth water. She slipped into the kitchen area and caught her sister pulling an enormous tray of cinnamon buns from the oven.

Where were the servants? "Whatever are you doing?"

Tally stepped back and removed her oven...thingies. "Baking." That made sense. Maybe. Tally pressed a coffee cup into her hands and Jessica grabbed it like a lifeline. "Here. Drink. Until you're caffeinated you're useless."

Jessica sucked back the dark fluid. Mmm. The cup was three quarters gone before she registered, again, there were no servants in sight.

"Where's the cook?"

"Gone."

Shit. She must have really slept late. Cook left after making lunch to get fresh whatevers for their dinner. Jessica sipped her coffee, letting the rich flavor seep through her body like liquid lovemaking. She glanced up at her sister. Time to taunt the twin. Morning rituals must be maintained.

"So, do you want to go with me to watch court this afternoon? Daddy's supposed to be hearing land claim disputes between the gremlins and the dragons. Someone's going to get a hot foot during the discussion, I'm sure of it."

Tally leaned back on the counter. "There's no court today."

Jessica frowned. *Okay*. Crap, it had been a long time since she'd slept round the clock and lost a whole day. "So then it's Saturday. Ball tonight, right? What are you wearing? And please don't say your blue gown. You've worn it five times already and I told you the first time you wore that monstrosity it wasn't the right color for your skin tone."

Her sister put her fists on her hips. "It does so look good on me. You're just..." She shook her blonde mass of curls. "Whatever. There's no ball either."

Jessica still had no clue what was going on, but she did understand her coffee cup was empty. She held it out and Tally sighed deeply and refilled it. Jess blew her a kiss. "What day is it?"

"Friday."

"But that means there's court this after—"

Tally slapped her hand on the countertop and Jess froze. Her sister didn't get mad often, but when she did flip a gasket, it was not a pretty sight. "There is no court this afternoon. There is no dance tomorrow. Mom and Dad are not here, they've gone away."

No shit? "You've got to be kidding me. Why didn't they tell us they were planning on going on vacation?" It was gorgeous this time of year at the coast and she'd have loved to have joined them.

"They left us a note."

Jessica snorted. "A note." She waved her hand impetuously. "Read it to me. I need more coffee before my eyes can function properly."

Tally shrugged and picked up the scroll from the countertop. She cleared her throat. "Ahem. Dear Jessica and Thalia. We, your mother and I, have decided we need a little holiday. Well, a long holiday...we have resigned. Before leaving this morning—"

"What? You're reading that wrong, they can't resign." *Could they?* Fear tightened around Jessica's throat like a collar. Or a noose. Choking the life out of her. If Mom and Dad were gone, that meant there was no official ruler of royal blood in the kingdom, no reigning heirs but her and Tally. That meant...

She raced to the window and pressed her nose against the glass. "Shit."

Tangles of brambles and vines already crept over the stone walls enclosing the castle. Normally she'd see servants weaving amongst the villagers plying their wares in the courtyard, the screech of immoderate voices and the smells of the farmer's animals on market day on the air. Today she saw shadows. Dust devils swirled, and an eerie silence filled her ears.

She fought down her panic.

"They aren't here."

"Nope."

"They left us."

"Yup."

Why fight it? *Panic is our friend.* Jessica let her scream escape as she raced around in a frenzy. It didn't solve anything, but by the time she collapsed into one of the wicker chairs in the sunroom, she was exhausted enough to be able to accept a third cup of coffee from Tally and let the caffeine steady her nerves.

"We're doomed." Facts were meant to be faced, and right now this was a fact. Life sucked lemon farts.

Tally dropped into the chair opposite her. "Actually, only one of us has to be."

Jessica stopped wringing her hands. Both because Tally's announcement intrigued her and because, holy shit, wringing her hands fucking hurt.

"I've had a little time to do a little research online since I didn't sleep in until almost noon." Jessica stuck out her tongue, just out of principle and Tally winked back. "You're such a schmuck. You know damn well you love me, so cut it out." Jess held up her fingers and made scissor motions. They both laughed, needing to burn off a little of their anxiety before moving forward.

Tally tapped her fingertips together. "Okay, plan of attack. Option one, we sit here and do nothing. Unfortunately, that means the magic spells on the castle will continue to multiply until we both end up doing a Sleeping Beauty imitation."

Jess shuddered. "Sleeping until awaked by the kiss of a prince? Yuck, who thought of that one anyway? What normal dude would want to get it on with someone old enough

to be his great-great grandma's friend?"

"I know, total ick. Second option is..." Tally wrinkled her nose. "One of us accepts the position of Queen."

Jess felt her head shake violently, as if of its own accord, before Tally even finished speaking the words. "Uh, uh. No way. I mean, not for me. You'd make an awesome Queen, you're so totally organized and with it and up to date about all the...um...things...that a Queen needs to know."

Tally flipped her the bird. "You're the one who likes the protocol and fawning. I've never been able to sit through a full court session without wanting to shake some sense into the supplicants."

Jess rose up and paced the room, "There's got to be another solution. I'm not lying down and waiting for some dweeb to decide he can pull off a coup by sucking face with me. I want to find my one true love."

"Ditto."

Jess picked up the scroll from where Tally had dropped it back on the counter. "What if we both just leave? Run away and..." The disapproving look on Tally's face stopped that suggestion cold, dying a sad death on her lips.

The scroll slipped from her fingers and she chased it across the room. When she attempted to rescue it from under the cabinet, a corner of the paper tore. "Shit." She tugged harder and the bottom wooden pin pulled off. "Double shit."

Tally stomped over. "Give it here before you destroy the whole thing."

As if. "Cool your jets. It's just a note."

They both grabbed a corner at the same time and ~poof~ that sparkly reaction they both recognized as Fae magic shot out from the parchment. "I always feel like I'm watching a bad remake of the 'Beauty and the Beast' when that happens," Tally complained.

A small piece of bright white vellum floated to the floor. The sisters both stared. Jess saw suspicion written all over Tally's face.

"You pick it up."

"No, you pick it up."

Shit. "Let's both pick it up at the same time."

They reached in unison. Jess knew better than to pull back at the last second. When she had done that before, Tally had put her in a headlock and used magic to turn her hair into dreadlocks that took a month to untangle.

They simultaneously lifted the paper to the light and both read the words inscribed there.

The position of ruler is a time consuming one, especially while learning the ropes. Thus, the first daughter to wed is exempt from gaining the position so she can spend more time enjoying and building her marital relationship.

Dead silence.

They lifted their heads at the same time.

Dropped the paper and raced for their quarters.

Tally spun around in front of the doors. "Wait. We need to talk for a minute and set some ground rules."

Rules, smules. "Whatever."

"I'm serious, Jess. We can't just go and get married to anyone to avoid becoming

Queen.”

Well, duh. “No shit. Tally, I already told you I wanted to find my true love. I hadn’t planned on looking for a while, but it seems the time is right. But I’m not planning on a quickie Vegas wedding either, so let’s do it this way. Rule number one, we have to find our true love.”

“Let’s make it they have to say ‘I love you’. I’ll set a spell to trigger a transfer jump when either of finds our true love *and* they say those three little words.”

“Fine.”

“Fine.”

They glared at each other until the corner of Tally’s mouth twitched. Jess giggled and they both broke down laughing.

“This is so stupid and illogical,” Tally complained.

“It is, but hey, we live in Fae. It doesn’t have to be logical if it’s magical, right?”

Tally froze. “Rule number two, no magic.”

Son of a bitch. “What do you mean?”

“I mean no using magic in our quests to find our true loves—that is—no magic beyond maybe a finder spelling.”

“Well thank you for small mercies. Otherwise we could spend a few hundred years wandering aimlessly.”

Tally grimaced. “I know.”

Jess hit her bedroom and they continued to shout back and forth to each other as they packed. She pulled out the biggest suitcase she had and put in ball gowns, and sharp business suits. She waded through her shoe collection. Tally started going on about where she was planning on going to find her love. Jess tuned her out. Should she take the blue or the pink pumps? Or both? Decisions were so hard at times.

She hauled the first of her bags into the hallway. “Well, you can use whatever method you think best, of course, but as for me, I’m going to England.”

Tally stepped into the hall with her, her pale face even whiter than usual. “Why in the world would you go to England?”

The girl was so dense at times. “They have tons of royalty hanging about there. The whole idea of arranged marriages and all that shouldn’t freak anyone out nearly as much as you’re going find down in Podunk, or wherever you end up. Besides, I think I’m better suited to be the wife of a Peer of the Realm.”

“If you want so badly to be royalty, you could stay here and be Queen.”

Jess gasped. “You just don’t get it, do you? Being upper crust is one thing, but you’re talking about ruling Fae. Goblins and pixies, dragons who aren’t housetrained. There’s never a moment’s peace around here and to top it off, that enchanted forest gives me the creeps.”

If Tally rolled her eyes any harder they’d pop out and roll across the floor. “Fine. The first one back here with their one true love can use magic to haul back the other to take the crown. Deal?”

Tally held out her hand.

Jess grasped it firmly. “True love. Back here A.S.A.P. Got it.”

And the game was on.

Chapter One

“Son of a bitch.”

Jessica poised precariously on one leg while she attempted to loosen the strap on her other high-heeled sandal without breaking her neck. The train swayed violently and she lost her balance, arms flailing to the side to grasp at the smooth metal walls in the small hallway outside the loo.

Every second of discomfort she'd experienced since getting on the damn plane instead of just using a regular gateway to pop over to England like any normal Fae—it was all her sister's fault.

Thalia knew this would happen. But no, she had to act like she was being helpful. “*You don't want to take a chance and miss meeting your destined love...*”

Ha! Jessica should have recognized that look in Tally's eyes as trouble. All she'd gotten from taking the human method of transportation was an airsick seatmate, lost luggage and three hours of standing room only on this Chitty-shitty-bang-bang of a train.

The door screeched behind her and she pressed farther into the corner to avoid getting trampled by the family traipsing past, the mom hauling behind her what looked like a million snotty-nosed rugrats into the next compartment. The constant thumping and knocking of the steel wheels on the track beneath Jessica's feet combined with the high-pitched whine of the children made her head ache. The temptation to give up and ~flash~ herself to Pixie's Pleasure Palace and Spa for a well-deserved pedicure and massage swamped her again.

It had to be a trap. There was no way everything could go so wrong in such a short time unless her sister had jinxed her. Hoping she'd give up and concede before even attempting to win. Jessica glanced around nervously. Was Tally watching? It would be like her sister, the evil witch of technology that she was, to magic-ify a spy camera to keep an eye on her. How a girl who grew up in Fae, with innate magic, could be so enamored with computers was beyond imagining. Even if Daddy did own a shop on the side. It just wasn't proper.

“I'm not falling for it,” she announced into the air. *Tally could go fly a kite.* “I'm ignoring you. I may like nice things, and want to hang out with the upper crust, but I'm not going to sacrifice myself at the altar and become Queen so you can pop out babies for some hick and take it easy.”

A soft cough interrupted her tirade. “If you're done 'ere Miss, perhaps you could be moving into the passenger compartment.” The ticket master dipped his head politely, but watched her warily. “We'll be stopping soon and I'll need this area clear.”

Jessica blushed. Damn, now she'd been caught talking to herself. Out of her mind as well as tired and dirty. The heel of her shoe wiggled for an instant before breaking off, leaving her lopsided as she staggered into the dusty passenger car to search desperately for a seat.

The train pulled into the next station and a mass of bodies rushed past her, pushing and shoving until her toes and shins were bruised from being stepped on and kicked. Space cleared at the end of the compartment and she plopped into the empty seat in exhaustion.

Damn the quest. Damn Tally. And damn magical pendants. The silly thing pulsed in her pocket like some eerie telltale heart. The mass of humanity continued to pour out of the train and she propped her feet up on the seat opposite her, one shoe off, a long run in her other stocking. She dug into her pocket and pulled out the amulet.

The hazy blue circle greeted her, its long length of delicate chain twisted into knots. She wondered briefly if it really were a fragment of the original Magic Mirror. *Who the hell cared?* It would point the direction to her true love, and that's all that mattered right now. How quickly was it possible to find her match, seduce him and convince him to return to Fae lands?

Although, perhaps seduction wasn't the best way to begin a lifelong relationship. Then again, tired and bruised, she really didn't give a shit.

She popped the trinket away. It had shown her which direction to go once she landed. It had gotten her on the train from hell with a ticket to Wales. Now the hard part began. She was going to have to do a little fast thinking when she reached her destination, because with a ban on using anything more than limited magic, she would need a place to stay. Heck, she might even need to find...*shudder*...a job. She'd have to assume finding her destined mate would take more than a couple of hours. It could take days. Weeks even.

As long as she was done before Tally.

She double-checked her reflection in her mirror as she touched up her lipstick. The glamour-hiding spell she'd applied back in the castle seemed to be holding well. She snorted softly. Didn't want Tally to be able to accuse her of using the nature Fae sexual pheromones to attract her true love.

Raucous shouts and loud squealing filled the air and she peered out the window in curiosity. A group of gentlemen in business suits raced for the train, screaming hordes of women hard on their heels. The compartment door shot open and the men poured in. Jessica watched in fascination as a dozen broad-shouldered males took command of the opposite end of the car.

Yummy.

There was something about a man in a sharply cut suit that gave her a tingle to start with, but this crew? Over six feet in height, solid builds. She would have thought they were wrestlers if she'd seen them on the street. She switched seats to face into the compartment to enjoy the eye candy better.

She may have an important task on her agenda, but damn it, she deserved a little treat.

"The media's arrived." One of the GQ hulks pointed out the window, his smooth British accent stroking her senses and raising goose bumps on her skin. Another fine reason to have come to England. Once she found her destined mate, she bet he could make her orgasm by just talking dirty to her. Sexy, sexy, sexy accents.

She leapt up and pressed her nose against the glass. Cameramen raced closer, their ridiculously enormous high definition cameras at the ready. Suddenly all the rest of the blinds were pulled tight and a rather large imposing body stood next to her, his hand on the shutter at her window.

"If you don't mind, I'll be needing to close that. We're looking for a little privacy for his Lordship there..."

"Tate. I told you not to call me that." Another voice, deep and even, broke in and

Jessica's mouth watered. The amulet in her pocket jerked. *Holy tootles, what was that?*

The giant wall of manhood blocking her view chuckled. "But your Lordship, we just can't help ourselves. Being as you're the top of the top." A ripple of male laughter spread through the air and Jessica attempted to peek around the looming mass before her.

Oh. My. Goodness.

Was it possible? Had she really met her true love already? There was only one way to tell, and she tucked her hand carefully into her pocket. She jerked in surprise when the amulet flared blazing hot, burning the pads of her fingers. She stuck them in her mouth before she realized what that would look like.

"Maybe you should grab a seat in the next car." Mr. Muscle smiled down at her as he stepped closer and forced her toward the exit door. She had the violent urge to give him a hot seat.

No magic. Shit.

Instead she smiled sweetly. She was not leaving before finding out if *he* was really here.

"She's got the right to stay." *Hmm, nummy voice again.*

"See? I've got a right to stay." She batted her lashes at brickman. "In fact, I'd like to sit right over there, if you don't mind." She pointed toward Mr. Nummy.

Stocking feet on cold sticky floor, ick, but if she stopped to get her shoes she'd lose the advantage. She faked to the right and ducked to the left, popping up to stare up into the bluest set of eyes she'd seen since her little dalliance with a merman—and now wasn't the time to be remembering *that* incident. Because, right now, she didn't need any damn amulet burning through her pocket to know she was in love.

Dark brown hair touched the collar of his gleaming white shirt, the jacket overtop obviously of the best quality. Jessica let her gaze run down his body, happily noting his trim torso, the way he took a wide, manly stance and the way his pants covered what appeared to be a very nice package...

She dragged her gaze back up at the sound of a throat clearing. Her cheeks flushed hot as she realized she'd been staring at his privates in public. He raised a brow and the most gorgeous grin covered his face and she melted a little inside.

Ahaaa.

He held out his hand. "How do you do?"

Jessica thought quickly. Did a lady shake hands with a Lord here on earth? Curtsy? She knew all the etiquette requirements for the court at Fae, but maybe England was different. Damn, she should have looked at the reference books before rushing off instead of touching up her manicure. She hesitated, indecision freezing her, although there was nothing she wanted more than to reach out and touch him. Really find out if they were meant to be together forever and ever and—

The train jerked hard and she stumbled, Mr. Muscle behind her knocking her forward into her destined love. They ended up on the floor in a tangled heap of arms and legs and torsos.

*

Trevor's prick was hard. Hot, hard and ready to go *pop* at any moment. The green-eyed goddess was laid over him, draped across his body, and he felt as if she were meant to be laying across him all his life.

The train rocked as it picked up speed and yet she didn't move a muscle. Her breath

came in shallow pants, warm air fanning across his neck.

What he wanted to do was wrap his arms around the pretty bird and hold on for dear life. Or, at least until they reached their destination and he had her locked in his room for a night...or ten.

Raucous laughter brought him out of his stupor and the beaut scrambled to climb off him, knee going to his groin as they rose from the floor.

“Whoa, miss.”

Colum gripped the woman’s upper arms and Trevor snarled. “Leave off, Cols.”

His mate let her go and she stumbled again when the train went round the bend, falling back into him. He held her against his chest, all curves and softness seeming to melt into him with the barest of touches. His teammates found their seats, but he stood there a moment longer, just holding the goddess in his arms, unwilling to let her go. He stroked her midnight black hair, enjoying the softness of her locks sifting through his fingers.

A round of coughs interrupted him this time round, mates embarrassing him in front of the bird. He blushed, cheeks heating, and placed some distance between him and the woman.

“Sorry miss.” He felt he should tip his hat at a woman as beautiful as she. Wasn’t wearing a hat, but didn’t matter.

“No, excuse *me*.” Her voice sounded like wind chimes tinkling in the sunlight, beautiful, natural music to his hears. She brought her hand to rest above her breasts, like she was out of breath, fluttering her fingers like his mother did when she was flustered. Taught him two things: First? He flustered her, and second, she wasn’t wearing a ring. Meant the pretty bird was free and clear.

A nice blush tinged her cheeks as well, highlighting her high cheekbones and delicate features. It was the eyes though, that caught him and held on tight. They were greener than grass and sparkling at him—really sparkling.

Trevor caught her hand as she lowered it; his thumb rubbed her ring finger, imagining the unimaginable. “Don’t mind this lot. Sit with me.”

She smiled, face brightening. “I’d love that.”

Way she said ‘love’ made him think of things he hadn’t thought of before, things he didn’t want to spend too much time thinking on. He had a beaut of a bird to seduce. He held his arm out, directing her to walk ahead of him toward the empty end of the car.

She turned, hips swaying, ass shaking with each step she took, the train giving him an advantage and forcing her to put that much more *oomph* into her step. Bird had an ass he’d love to grab and pinch and bite, sink his teeth into the flesh and make her scream in pleasure. She had a bum meant for spanking if he’d ever seen one.

She slid into a seat and Trevor took the seat opposite her, to give her space, but also to get a good look at her from the front. Those sparkling eyes captivated him for a moment, but he tore his gaze from their depths and focused on the rest of her.

Her blouse was low-cut, revealing a wide swath of pale cleavage and he resisted the urge to lean forward and lick a path from just below her ear to her breasts. Barely. Her large chest was offset by a tapered waist and wide hips, giving her a perfect hourglass shape.

That’s what she was. She wasn’t just another bird he hunted, but an image of perfection.

Look at him being all poetic and shit.

By the time he made it back to her face, she was mimicking his earlier expression, brow raised and a cute smirk on her bow-shaped mouth.

He laughed out loud, startling his mates into quiet. "What's your name, sweets?"

She smiled wide. "Jessica Rockwell. A-and you are?" She stuttered a little.

Ah, she must recognize me, now.

"Trevor Warren." He leaned back, threw his arm over the empty seat next to him and crossed his ankle over his knee. The perfect 'admire me' pose. He'd worked hard at perfecting this particular bit of smug slouchery. And then he waited for her squealing recognition of his status.

And waited.

And waited.

And waited.

And she just smiled and blinked at him, as if waiting for him to say something next only...

"Trevor Warren, center midfield, of West Linchester?" He tried again. Where the hell was his adoration? Even birds who didn't follow football knew of him. He was *the* premier footballer in all of the United Kingdom. Or at least he would be. Someday. For now he played for West Linchester on his off time.

Jess shook her head. "Sorry. I don't follow sports." She shrugged, as if apologizing.

"You're taking the piss with me."

She pointed behind her. "The loo is that way."

"No," he shook his head. "You're shitting me, yeah?"

She leaned forward, elbows on her knees, giving him a good glimpse at her breasts.

"No, I would never. I believe in honesty between... *friends*." She winked at him and he knew he was in. No bird said *friends* the way Miss Jessica Something-or-other said *friends*.

"Friends, yeah?"

She nodded, smirk in place. "Friends."

"As a friend," he leaned forward, mimicking her position, and took one of her hands in both of his, fingers discovering and stroking the lines of her palm, caressing just like he'd like to caress the rest of her milky white skin. "I have to tell you. You look rather uncomfortable sitting over there, by yourself, when I can imagine a much more amenable seating arrangement."

"Really?" She stroked his wrist, her cool touch contrasting with the fever of his skin, she'd het him up that much already. His prick throbbed in his slacks, making itself known. As if he could ever forget his attraction to this woman.

"Really. In fact..." He tugged her forward and she rose easy enough. He spun her around, sitting her directly on his lap, bum coming to rest on his groin.

He was a cad, but she was a sly bit of goods herself, wiggling that plump bottom on his lap like she was hunting for something, giggling when she'd apparently found what she'd been searching for.

"Oh, you're right. Much more comfortable."

He nuzzled her neck, inhaling the sweet summer scent of her skin, groaning aloud when she rotated her hips, grinding that gorgeous bottom onto his throbbing prick. "Oh, sweets. Tell me we're getting off at the same stop."

She pulled away and turned toward him, bringing her lips a hair's breadth from his, hot breath fanning across his mouth. He inhaled her essence. "I don't know about you, but I'm *definitely* getting off."

"Saucy. I love it." He tried to lean forward for a sweet kiss, but she backed out of his reach, just the tiniest bit, teasing him. "I'm living at the country estate in Linchester at the mo'." He placed a hand around her waist, fingers gripping half of her rounded bottom, relishing the feel of her curves against him. "Tell me you're going to be getting off there."

"Will I be getting off there? What if I have somewhere else to go?" Bit of goods was playing coy, an impish smirk on her kissable lips.

"What? And miss seeing the country seat of Lord Aberwthy?" He leaned forward again, hand cupping the back of her head, keeping her within easy reach. He brushed his lips across hers, just the gentlest of touches. It sent shocks of electricity through him from head to toe and centered on his groin, driving him mad.

Trevor darted his tongue out, stroking her upper lip with a delicate caress, tasting her for the first time and absorbing the vanilla sweetness of her mouth. He delved deeper and she opened for him, accepting his dominance, his claim over her. Their tongues dueled and danced in a rhythm as old as time. He savored her truest flavor, rolling it around in his mouth while he supped from her lips, taking her in deeper and deeper until he could go no further.

Finally, he gentled the kiss, sensing the train was slowing to a stop. He pulled away, breath coming in harsh pants. "You're coming home with me."

Chapter Two

“Son of a bitch.”

She danced in place while she sucked her fingers, the burst of pain from touching the kettle receding to leave a slow throb. How difficult was it to make a pot of fucking tea anyway? Her magic itched just beneath the surface and she could almost taste the crumpets and chocolate scones she’d seen in the window of the little bakery they passed en-route to the flipping country seat of Lord what’s-his-face. It would be so easy to just *~flick and sparkle~* a little and have a decent meal on the table.

Jess took a deep breath and held it. She slowly let it out, all the while thinking good thoughts and imagining beautiful things, like warm thick towels after a steaming hot bath. It took a few minutes, but eventually she calmed enough to reassess her situation. She sat in the chair she’d pulled to the front porch so she could stare up at the Manor.

Everything had been going wonderfully. She and Trevor had been wrapped up so close on the train, and hello—when they said destiny rocked, they had to be talking about the sexual thrill she’d gotten in his arms. He was the one, she was sure of it.

And he’d asked her, no, informed her, she was going home with him.

She hadn’t expected his bevy of bodyguards to all crawl into the limousine with them. She could have stood that, but when the cockney accents grew so thick she couldn’t make heads nor tails of the conversation, she had to tune them out. Trapped between two massive shoulders, she was only able to stare longingly across the space at Trevor.

An evil chuckle escaped her. Of course, he’d suffered too. Before they crawled into the long luxurious vehicle—and that part *was* awfully yummy since they didn’t have limos in Fae—she’d managed to give his cock one final swipe. The whole trip down the wrong side of the road she watched him shift position a million times, trying to ease the hard-on bulging the front of his trousers.

They pulled down the long drive toward the most gorgeous English manor and her heart thumped wildly. It wasn’t the Fae Palace, but there also didn’t seem to be any enchanted forest lurking with the evil intent to take over at the first opportunity. Neatly groomed lawns, beautiful rose gardens, everything she’d imagined a proper country estate to be. If she hadn’t already had the hots for Trevor, she would have been creaming her panties now.

She wasn’t as mercenary as Tally made her out to be. It wasn’t all about dressing in pretty clothing and being waited on hand and foot—although those were pleasant perks. There were responsibilities that came with great wealth and she *knew* how to spend money. It had been a gift from her fairy godmother at her christening, documented and witnessed in front of the entire court. The gift of knowing who was a good bet for a worthy cause, and who was trying to milk the cow for free.

So to speak.

If her true love just happened to live in a miniature Buckingham Palace, she had the skills to make more people happy with his vast and extensive and simply *enormous* pocketbook than just herself.

All she needed was a little time alone with his Lordship to get him to say those three

little magic words.

But then! The limo drove past the front doors and around the back, turning down a little dirt road until bumping to a halt outside an admittedly pretty little cottage.

Key word little. Small. Tiny. Even... *shudder*...quaint.

"Here you go, ducks. You'll find clean linens in the wardrobe and someone will bring by some grub for the icebox." Mr. Brickhead held open the door and pulled her out over the protests of both her and Trevor. She'd pouted prettily but they'd had none of it.

His Lordship needed his rest.

His Lordship hoped she would be comfortable.

His Lordship wished her goodnight.

Ha. His Lordship's mouthpieces could stick it up their collective asses.

They were gone before she could get Trevor to speak for himself and confirm he didn't want her with him. They shut the door and drove off and she actually felt a shiver of loneliness at being separated from him.

Now, hours later, she sat in the dark, feeling happily miserable that she was cold, hungry and neglected. The Manor was lit up like a Christmas tree, bodies moving before some of the windows, many more simply ablaze with a warm welcoming glow that called to her.

Come. Your lover awaits.

Come closer.

You deserve a nice warm bath and a hot roll in bed with your honey.

She shook her head. Damn, the voices were getting louder.

Then she got pissed. She was of the royal family of Fae. As nicely kept as this little hovel was, she was here on a quest. The object of her quest was somewhere in that monstrosity and nothing, *nothing*, was going to keep her from finding Trevor. And if fucking his brains out happened to come up on the agenda, oh well.

That was just how fate worked sometimes.

Jessica pushed up her sleeves. She'd pulled on light slippers earlier—they'd be wonderful and quiet for sneaking around.

Her feet carried her across the lawn before she let herself think it through. There were voices behind the first door she came to so she scurried along farther, hugging the wall and feeling very *007ish*. She paused in a dark alcove and pulled out the amulet. If she had only limited magic to use, she was going to pull out all the stops. A faint tug to the left and there was a narrow stairway, the stone steps worn in the middle.

Slipping into shadows, stealing around corners. All the time the constant *tug, tug, tug* of the amulet drew her forward. Her thoughts meandered back to the taste and touch of her soon-to-be lover. Lordy, he made her head spin. Her body ached at the thought of his hands caressing her again and the tingling sensation she'd been trying to ignore sprang up stronger between her thighs.

The amulet gave a sudden shiver, then went still. She'd reached a small balcony, a series of windows immediately to her left. In the middle of tiptoeing past them, she froze. There on the other side of the glass was Trevor. His back was to her, his head bowed, one hand outstretched against the wall in front of him. His fingers clenched, clawing at the vintage wallpaper, and he seemed to be shaking.

Oh no, something was wrong. He needed her and she'd been too slow in coming to his side. She spotted the balcony door and raced over, pulling it open silently and rushing

into the room to help her love.

Oh. My. Goodness.

“Cor limey. Yeah baby, that’s it. Oh yeah.” His words came out guttural, deep. In the midst of intense pleasure, Trevor didn’t even notice her arrival. He had his hand wrapped around his cock and stroked the rigid length with extreme concentration. Long, hard, even presses again and again, his pace never changing. Jessica bit her lip to stop her own moan of pleasure from escaping. His cock was huge, thick and right freaking *there*. She lowered her own hand, slipping under the waist of her shorts to press the throbbing nub of her clit. Teased and primed from their encounter earlier, now watching Trevor rock his hips and fuck into his own hand took her over the edge. Jess slipped a finger into her pussy reaching desperately for release.

A single brush of her thumb against her clit, and she was lost, waves breaking inside that rocked her core. She closed her eyes and leaned back on the nearest wall to keep vertical. Trevor shouted out her name and she smiled. He’d felt the earth shake as well. That was so nice.

“Oh, Trevor...”

A loud crash sounded and her eyes sprang open. He sat on the floor, a nearby Queen Anne table tipped on its side from where he must have knocked it when he fell. But Jessica couldn’t take her eyes off his cock, the whole meaty length rising like a flag pole from the open zipper of his trousers.

*

Oy, but his cock throbbed and ached, sticking out of his trousers like a flag pole without a flag, reaching for the one woman he couldn’t get out of his mind.

“Jessica.” He lay there, mystified, the broken Queen Anne table and the fact that it’d cost him a year’s wages to replace furthest from his mind. Not with her hand in her knickers, fingers fondling her quim.

“Your Lordship.” And she curtsied, honest to God, curtsied. This Lordship business had gone on long enough. “Is there something I can *help* you with?”

Okay, maybe it could go on a little longer. Trevor swallowed around the growing lump in his throat, moaning at the thought of having that bow-shaped mouth wrapped around his prick.

“Touch me, Jess?” Maybe she wouldn’t be game for a round of slap and tickle.

She approached, hand slipping out of her shorts, fingers going to her mouth, licking that bit of sweet cream on their tips.

Then again, maybe she would.

Trevor leaned back on his elbows, watching her as she approached, appreciating the view. She sauntered forward, wide hips swaying, breasts barely contained by the tiny bit of a tank top she wore. A true siren, she was.

Jessica dropped to her knees between his thighs. Her eyes remained locked on his as she reached out and wrapped her hand around his prick. Her small hand barely encircled his girth, but her mere touch sent a shudder of pleasure down his spine, cock tingling and throbbing in her grasp. She stroked him once from root to tip, gathering the leaking moisture from his cockhead and spreading it over his dick, using it as lubrication. Again she pleased him with the rise and fall of her hand over his shaft.

He moaned and thrust up into her hand, working with her to bring forth his climax.

“That’s it, love. Just like that.” He murmured to her, egging her on.

She bent down then, tiny pink tongue darting out and lapping at his slit, gathering his pre-cum and laving his cockhead. Shudders wracked his body, shivers of pleasure and near ecstasy running along his spine, bringing each nerve ending to life from tops to tails and back again, centering on his prick, letting him know just how close to coming he truly was.

She suckled the head of his prick, those bow-shaped lips wrapping around his bell-end and sucking ever so lightly, hard dick throbbing in her mouth, pounding to the beat of his heart.

“Yeah, love.”

Her eyes, those green, sparkling eyes, seemed to deepen to the deepest depths of the ocean, keeping him captured. She opened her mouth wide and he watched, in awe, as she swallowed him, sinking and sinking over his length until her nose was buried in his curls. She swallowed around him, throat working his prick like no other bird before, massaging him in her wet, hot mouth and forcing his balls to draw up tight against his body.

Jess moaned around him, showing him how much she enjoyed sucking his knob, letting him make love to her mouth.

Make love?

Nah.

He was fucking her mouth. Yeah, right. That’s it.

She closed her eyes then, rising off his prick before sinking down again, moaning and groaning around him, bringing his climax that much closer with each rise and fall of her mouth over his dick. Again and again she moved over him, lips stroking his prick with their silky softness. Each time she took him into her mouth she’d swallow him whole, throat moving around him and he fought the urge to come in her mouth, pour his seed down her throat.

“Lordship!” the men crowed, sound still far enough away that maybe they wouldn’t find him before their dalliance finished.

“Oh, Lordship!” Closer and closer this time, his cock recognizing it wasn’t about to come down the birdies throat. At least not now, maybe not ever, if the encounter proved too embarrassing.

Jess opened her eyes for a moment and winked at him. Did she hear the lads coming? Was that why she was so calm and cool? A woman who remained cool under pressure. Ah, just his type of lovely.

He raised his hips just the tiniest bit, testing to see if he could thrust in and out of her mouth and she seemed to smile around his prick and froze. Ah, fuck yeah.

Trevor lowered his hips only to raise them again, making love to her mouth, enjoying the sensation of fucking that perfection...

Make love?

There was that phrase again.

Damn it to hell.

“Lordship!”

Fuck it, they were getting closer with each passing second and he still hadn’t gotten to the finish line. He increased his pace while she sucked harder, tongue fluttering along the vein underneath his prick, and his balls drew up tight once again.

“Yeah, lovie.” He bit his lip, urging the orgasm to come already. He nearly snorted. Thank God he’d locked the study door. Another “Lordship” sounded from beyond the

solid oak door, knob rattling, and her eyes went wide, a look of panic on her features.

“Locked the door, baby.” Baby. English birds liked that sort of talk, right?

Ah fuck, but this had to be the longest, best blow of his life and the boyos were about to ruin it for him. Feckers.

The knob rattled again. “Found him, mates!”

Then the damned man started singing. “Oh, Life is a waste of time. Time is a waste of life. So get wasted all the time. And have the time of your life!”

Trevor pounded his fist on the carpet. “Bastards, bollocks and balls.”

He closed his eyes and concentrated on the feel of her mouth, up-and-down glide, the sinuous way her tongue danced along the underside of his prick and the way her throat massaged his shaft. So close...

“Close, lovie.”

She moaned and wrapped her hand around the lower half of his shaft and increased her pace, rising up and down his prick with amazing speed, with a speed he’d never witnessed before, and let his orgasm come.

The pressure built and built within him, rising from his toes until the strain filled his whole body, all of his muscles tense, ready and waiting to be released.

“Ah, close, love.”

Again she moved faster, holding him tighter and sucking harder.

The pressure built in his balls, waiting... waiting for the final signal that he could pour his seed into her mouth. Fuck it, he was ready. Wanted to come with her sweet mouth around him. Wanted to...

The frame around the door split, and the door swung open. Colum, his former best mate, fell through the doorway, spilling his pint all o’er the floor with a curse on his lip.

“Feckin prick!” Cols got to his feet slowly, swaying as he gained his footing. “Y’know the rules of the house.”

Jessica whipped her mouth off his dick lightning fast, bright red blush staining her cheeks. Ah, fucker. He was embarrassed for her. Big bruiser of a footballer barging in during their intimate moment and a drunk footballer at that.

“Cols, ya prick. Leave off.” Trevor growled, rolling to his feet, stuffing his wilting prick into his slacks, thankful he’d forgone knickers for the evening.

“Leave off? Here she is rubbin your bell and ya tell me to leave off? Feck you, Trev. It’s the night before the tournament. Got to save your strength.” Colum burped and swayed. Man would be going down soon enough and maybe then...

He glanced back at Jessica and noticed her shamefaced look. No, he wouldn’t be continuing anything and he couldn’t blame the birdie. Being embarrassed in front of... the whole damned team as they poured through the broken door.

“Fuck ye all. Leave off and let me...” He tried to get them to leave, get the fuck out while Jessica was still talking to him. Something in him wanted to do nothing but protect the little bird from all this embarrassment, but the boyos weren’t making it easy on him.

Then the shouting erupted. Ten drunken footballers all screaming and yelling about him having his knob sucked by some bird and how she only wanted whatever quid he’d tucked away and on and on it went as they all argued, leaving him out of all of it.

He kept his stance between Jessica and his mates, arms crossed across his chest, ready to defend her physically against the drunken sots. He repeatedly looked back to check on her while the boyos worked out their frustration on each other, shouting and

pushing and shoving. He checked back once more, ready to apologize and ask her if she'd like to leave. But... she was gone already, disappeared as if she'd never been standing there at all. Not even her footprints remained in the thick pile carpet.

Well... fuck.

Chapter Three

“Son of a bitch!” Jess whispered the words as she faded into the shadows a little farther. The riotous shouting continued to shake the stately walls of the room she’d scrambled out of moments earlier. Well, hadn’t that just been the most peachy keen experience in her whole life? *Not*. They thought she was a whore! A common lady of the street, wanting cash for cocks. She wiped at her eyes, dashing away the tears that rose unbidden, making her feel weak and—well—girly. All she’d wanted was to be with her true love and those nasty, noisy, raunchy idiots had to interrupt.

What right did bodyguards have to intrude on the Lord of the Manor like that anyway? And drunk! She was sure they were pickled. She hoped Trevor would fire the lot of them.

She adjusted her clothing that had become tousled in her enthusiastic ministrations. So much for all her plans of finding him, loving him and racing home so they could live the rest of their lives together in happily-ever-after true-love fashion. With no Fae royalty issues hanging over their heads.

The trip back to the little cottage took forever, her thoughts pulled time and again to the look of sheer adoration in Trevor’s eyes as she touched him. How was she going to be able to sleep tonight, knowing he was so close and still unattainable?

On an impulse, she wandered into one of the rose gardens. The scent of their sweet perfume lingered in the air, moonlight shining on the statues and topiary. It really was a beautiful place. Trevor must have a dynamite gardener caring for the lands. The gardens in Fae never looked nearly so immaculately groomed. Jess sat on an ornate bench by the fountain and tried to formulate her next plan of attack, because heaven knows her last half-ass approach had turned out oh-so-well. In fact, he was probably totally disgusted with her and would never want to see her again and...

A rush of tears clouded her vision. Crap, it was like she had PMS 24/7. She needed Trevor. She stumbled to her feet and back to the cottage, sniffing the whole way.

The light on the porch was out and she stubbed her toe on the way up the stairs. The cottage sat dark and empty, like her heart. Fine. She wanted a good pout. Leaving all the lights off seemed poetic, so she bumped her way to the back bedroom where she’d dumped her measly pile of possessions. She pulled off her tank top and bra, dropping them en-route. Her shorts and panties slid past her ankles and she shook them off. It was pitch black in the room, the curtains drawn tight. She felt for the edge of the high four-poster bed, hands extended. At least there were soft quilts to bury herself in and settle down for an extended cry. She lifted the cover and slipped in.

That’s when she noticed the bed had a definite tilt to it. The mattress was lower on the side opposite her. Ah hell, it must be one of the old rickety mattresses that would make her spend the whole night rolling into the groove. Her grandparents had one of these beds, and Tally and her hated sharing it during visits. At least with only one in the bed, she could solve the problem once and for all. She rolled over.

And hit warm flesh.

She sucked in air to scream and ~flash~ a spell when a large hand covered her mouth.

“Hush love, we don’t want to let the boyos know I’ve flown the coop.” Trevor’s lilting accent purred in her ear and every inch of her skin ignited.

Oh my word. He was here. In bed. With her.

She reached a hand out blindly and encountered nothing but skin. He kissed her ear.

He was in bed. With her. Naked.

Cool.

Kisses fell across her cheek as he rolled on top, his weight pressing her into the mattress as he took possession of her lips. Damn the man could kiss. He didn’t thrust his tongue into her mouth so much as tease and tantalize. Stokes and nibbles and suckling motions that he accompanied with slow rocks of his hips against hers.

His very naked hips.

When he pulled back she complained...a little squeak leaving her throat. She couldn’t see a damn thing, but his breath passed by her cheek, the scent of ale mixed with his own unique flavor, making her mouth water.

“We need to be quiet, love. And...”

Oh no, he was pulling farther away, leaving her. She lifted her legs and wrapped them around his hips, digging her heels into his butt cheeks. “Don’t leave.” Did he need her to beg? She could totally do begging right now.

“Oh, God love ya, babe, I’m not leaving. Not unless you kick me out. I’m just sorry for the clusterfuck in the manor. The boyos don’t mean no harm. Well, they were a little extra lubricated by Amsted’s Finest, but usually...”

Okay. He was a talker. Not many men were during sex, and usually she didn’t mind the few who were, especially when they started talking dirty—that rocked her socks off. But now? With his hard cock nestled up against her needy pink parts?

“Trevor?”

“Yes, lovie?”

“Shut up.”

And she yanked him by the hair back on top of her, mashing their lips together. Then there was nothing but panting breaths, red-hot touches and sizzling fumbles in the dark. He got a hand between them and played with her breasts, the nipples and the full mounds receiving equal attention. He pinched and rolled his fingertips over her skin until she shook. Blood pounded through her veins and when he crawled down her body to suck one nipple into his mouth she couldn’t hold back her little squeal of delight.

The hot moisture of his mouth vanished. His body disappeared.

She wanted to whimper. “Trevor?”

Something creaked beside the bed, and then he was back. He crushed her again and she sighed in relief. His lips touched her ear. “You’re a very naughty girl. I said we had to be quiet, but I have a feeling you’re a screamer.”

Shit. Nailed her in one.

So to speak.

“First, I want to hear you say what you want us to do. Then we’ll deal with your little issue.” Her issue? The fact she needed to come more than she needed anything else in her entire life? “What’s it going to be, lovie? You and me tonight? You want me to kiss you and then we snuggle off to beddy-bye?”

Screw that! He wanted a list? She could do wish lists; she was good at them.

“Kiss me. Suck me. Lick me. Fuck me.”

She hoped that was succinct enough.

He chuckled softly. "Got it. Now, open your sweet mouth for me." She opened and he pushed something in, something hard and almost—but not quite—round. She could breath through her nose, but couldn't cry out. *Oh my pixiedust, he'd gagged her.* "Good girl. Now I'm just going to tie it on. You're wonderful, love. And now I can reward you."

Wet kisses painted her skin as he headed back south. She fought the heady sensation rising in her for a minute before admitting that being gagged really, really turned her on.

Who would have known?

He suckled one breast, a steady repetitive slurping motion involving his tongue and whole mouth. The fingers of his other hand he buried between her legs, circling and teasing in the wetness dripping there. Sharp bites to the tips of her nipples sent warning flares racing along her nerve endings to her pussy. Trevor alternated, bringing one breast to the point of aching need before switching to the other and starting all over again. She caressed his shoulders, running her fingers through his long hair and savoring the attention he lavished on her.

Then he slid farther down the bed and buried his face between her legs. He must have four hands, because he held her hips, caressed the lips of her pussy, circled her clit and then, glory hallelujah, slid a thick finger into her aching core.

It was exquisite. With each lick his tongue traced a new path, like he was sampling her flesh. Soft drags against her sensitive slit, hard draws over her heated labia. Slow thrusts, spearing her pussy. He added another finger and the delightful sensation of being filled and stretched made her limbs turn to mush. Electric impulses snapped and when he nibbled on her clit the power company threw the breaker and energy surged. The bed shook as her pussy clutched at his fingers, throbbing around him. He rose over her, his fingers still trapped in her depths, to drop his forehead onto her belly as her climax rocked her.

He swore softly.

She tangled her fingers in his hair again, needing more, but loving the way it felt so right to be together. This fated mate thing? Not nearly so bad as she imagined.

Trevor bounced off her and suddenly the curtains were thrown back, the bedroom flooded with moonlight. He sat on the edge of the bed and unhooked the ballgag, pulling it from her mouth with a *pop*.

His eyes were wild.

He brushed a thumb over her lips, swollen from the session in his room, his kisses and now the gag. "I couldn't bear not seeing ye as we make love."

Jessica sat up. Something had changed. He wasn't acting like the debonair Lord he'd trotted out on the train. He wasn't the sex-crazed male she'd sucked in the privacy...*ha*...of his rooms.

She'd liked both those parts of his character, but this? He leaned closer and kissed her tenderly and her heart nearly stopped. One hand supported her head, the other drew her body against his while he deepened the kiss, tangling their tongues, exploring her mouth. Slow, steady. Soft. Needy.

Their eyes met as he sat back.

"Kissing."

He pushed her to the bed and stood over her, his gaze tracing her body with a hunger she'd never seen before. He stared, not only at her bosom as it heaved with her panting

breaths, but at her hair, her belly, her feet. Like he was memorizing every inch of her. A wicked smile flashed over his face.

He walked to the base of the bed and lifted one of her feet. He kissed her insole, then licked his way to her toes.

“Sucking.”

Oh hell, no. He wouldn’t. He couldn’t.

He did. He sucked her big toe into his mouth and rolled his tongue over it. It was more erotic than ticklish and something melted inside her core. Every one of her toes got the treatment. Suckling, nibbling, laving with his tongue, until she was a quivering mess. When he lowered her foot to the side and crawled between her open legs she could barely breathe.

“Licking.”

He painted her limbs with his tongue. He started at her wrist, swirling his tongue over the pulse point and inching his way up to the sensitive skin on the inside of her elbow. Her goose bumps had goose bumps by the time he reached her shoulder, laving her collarbone. He dipped his tongue into the hollow of her neck and breathed deeply.

Then he took her other hand and started all over again.

Jessica writhed on the bed, aching for a touch to her clit, needing something to fill her. His every caress met a need but didn’t fill the emptiness inside. When he pulled back to start into her eyes she shivered.

“Please.”

He shook his head. “I can’t.”

What?

He laid his body over hers, his cock hard against her thigh. Somehow, some when, he’d covered himself.

“I can’t fuck ye. But I can...” He adjusted his hips and the crown of his cock slid between her legs. She opened her knees wide and arched into him and his cock slipped in a little farther. “We can...”

Oh yes.

“...make love.” He slid home.

Full, hard. Hot. She purred in delight. His thickness rubbed all the right spots as he pumped into her smoothly. She lifted her arms and caressed his shoulders, teased his chest. She took a deep breath and looked up into his eyes. His pupils were huge, mesmerizing.

Each time he thrust, the bed creaked. Each time another rush of pleasure stroked her nerves. She cupped his face and drew him down again to feast on his lips. She thrust her tongue into him in imitation of his cock into her depths, and he groaned into her mouth.

The pace quickened, his motions becoming more frantic. Harder now, he slammed her into the mattress with each drive. He balanced on one arm and found her clit with his fingers, pinching and squeezing and she drew closer to the precipice again.

Their bodies slid against each other, slick with heat and perspiration. Hotter still the fuse burned in her belly, waiting for the one thing that would push her over.

“Come for me, lovie.”

He drawled it out, his gaze fixed on hers and her body obeyed. Her climax squeezed his cock, his continued shaky thrusts burning her as he swelled hugely, then he locked their hips together. His cock jerked repetitively. Trevor threw back his head and called

out her name, before his arms collapsed and he dropped to the mattress, still buried deep in her body.

Chapter Four

“Son o’ a bitch,” Trevor grumbled to himself, body bouncing this way and that as the bus trundled over the ruts in the dirt-hewn road.

The boyos started up with another round of “God save the Queen”, cheering their victory o’ the day.

“God save our gracious Queen!

Long live our noble Queen!

God save the Queen!

Send her victorious,

‘appy and glorious,

Long to ‘eign over us,

God save the Queen.”

The voices chorused through the small metal box traveling down the way, echoing and growing louder with each passing kilometer.

It’d been a week since he’d seen his Jessica fair, sweet little bit o’ goods that he couldn’t wait to visit again. He hoped and prayed she was still at the cottage, waiting for him. Their parting had been a sweet lovemaking and gentle kisses. Oy, but he rarely did anything gentle, but for his Jessica fair, he’d be the loveliest of lambs in her bed as long as she let him return.

Fecker, but he was going soft o’er a woman.

And an English, not Brit, speaking bird at that.

Trevor rested his head against the seat back and closed his eyes, remembering the last time he’d spoken to his lady, listening to her voice over the tele, her wind-chime-sounding words echoing in his ears.

His mind wandered back to those moments and his prick grew hard, aching to jump into his hand, get stroked while imagining being deep inside her. His lovie had the voice of an angel and the mouth of the devil’s own mother, whispering dirty desires into his ears as he rubbed his dick. Up and down and up and down, he had pet himself, working toward release while she did the same a few hundred kilometers of tele lines apart.

“Pet yourself, love,” he’d murmured over the lines, hand stroking his cock, already hard, wanting and waiting for her to join him.

“Trevor...” She’d sounded hesitant, almost embarrassed.

“I’m stroking my cock for you, baby. I’m hard for you. Leaking a spot of cream from the bell, I am. Want you. Want to sink into your tight quim once again and have you clamp around me. Want...”

Her moan cut him off. “I’m petting my pussy, circling my clit with my middle finger, juices coating my pussy lips. Feels so good, Trevor. Almost like you’re here with me.”

“I will be soon, lovey. Want to make love to my pretty bird...”

“Fuck me, Trevor.”

“Can’t fuck you, baby. Not yet. Have to make love to my sweets, sink into you so slow and gentle, thrust in and out of your softness, treat you like a china doll, yeah?” He stroked his cock, sliding his palm up and down while cradling the phone between his

cheek and shoulder. "Tell me what yer doing."

"I slipped two fingers into my pussy now, fucking myself, pretending it's you."

"It is me, baby, filling you up, taking your tight cunt."

"Trevor." She whispered his name and he imagined shudders wracking her body.

"So dirty."

"Ye love it." *That word. That word again...*

"I do."

He rocked his hips, taking his desire, his passion higher and higher with each stroke.

He tightened his grip. "Gonna come soon, come deep in you."

"Yes, yes, yes..."

Colum jostled him, sinking into the seat beside Trevor and yanking him straight away out of the daydream. *Bastard.*

"Cor, mate, what gives?" He grumbled at his teammate.

"Shove off, Trevs. Wait, I mean, his *Lordship*."

"Quit it with the 'Lordship' bit, yeah? Tellin' Jessica the truth the moment the bus lets us off at the estate. The very second, yeah?" Trevor drummed his fingers on the seat in front of him, anxious to see his woman.

"Yeah, well, you'll be waiting a minute more. Boyos want to stop at the pub on the way home. Celebrate." Cols bumped his shoulder against Trevor's.

"Hennessey's?" *Not Hennessey's. Please, not Hennessey's.* The place was within spitting distance of the estate, but they'd never make it home walking and the bus wouldn't wait around for them to tie the night off.

"Fecker, of course we're going to Hennessey's. Irishman's the best pub for kilos. You know that. The birdie keeping you up so late you can't remember tradition. Cor, but you're a bird brain, aren't ye?"

"Yeah, yeah." He plopped his head back against the seat once again, images of Jessica flitting from his mind while he prepped his head for a night of drinking and debauchery. Okay, no debauchery. He wasn't sure his prick would respond to anyone but the sweet Jessica any longer. In fact, he knew it wouldn't. The bird back in Manchester hadn't been able to get a rise out of him with her flirting and he knew no local barmaid would be able to either.

The bus pulled to a jolting stop in the middle of the Hennessey's car park, the boyos cheering at their arrival. In a rush, they all scrambled for the door, some of the men jumping out of the back and rebounding from the bus's bumper, landing with a grunt and grumble. But not much could ruin the anticipation of a warm pint of Guinness or whiskey. Whiskey was typically Trevor's drink of choice, but the local men often bought rounds of Guinn for the team and so that's what they celebrated with. It didn't matter that the hangover was enough to kick an ass's ass.

Trevor departed the bus last, not looking forward to the evening of boozing and hitting on the ladies. He wanted to go home, return to his lovely. Time and distance hadn't cooled his ardor one bit and all he could think of was wrapping Jessica in his arms, holding her close and kissing her senseless.

Walking into the pub, he paused within the entryway, giving his eyes a moment to adjust to the dim interior. He spotted the boyos in the back of the pub, ordering rounds and singing 'God save the Queen' once again with pints raised and voices louder than ever.

He couldn't wait to get home and make love with Jessica.

And yeah, making love is what they'd be doing. He'd gotten over the fucking versus loving argument and finally admitted some of his feelings for the dainty bit o' goods. She was fiery and sweet and sexy as hell and all his, if her words had been true.

Trevor wove his way through the empty tables and flipped a chair around backwards before flopping down to face the group of men. He ran a hand through his hair, fingering the knots and remembering how it felt to have Jessica's hands on him, stroking and petting him the last time they'd been together.

Fuck he had it bad.

"God save the Queen..." The team roared louder and he tuned them out.

A pint was placed before him and he took a sip, the warm brew soothing his taste, but not his lust. "Thank ye."

"You're welcome." The voice tinkled over the din, reminding him of his sweet.

Fuck he had it bad.

Now every woman sounded like his Jessica.

Further down the table, Colum's wandering hands had caught a raven-haired lass and the maid squirmed in the larger man's lap, fingers straining against his mate's shirt while Cols ravished her mouth.

The men cheered Colum on, egging the prick to take advantage of the woman. They weren't that drunk yet.

"Cols!" He screamed over the crowd and the boyos booed. "Cols!" Colum waved him away. "Fecking idiot."

The woman tore her mouth free of Colum, head pulled back, hands shoving him away. Then she slapped his mate across the face, full palm against the five o'clock shadow. "Bastard!"

That voice he knew well. As did the boyos. They'd heard it often enough at the estate and no amount of drinking could excuse what the feck Cols had done. Trevor's blood boiled as he shot to his feet.

"Ho, now, lads, move yer arses."

The boyos scattered, all fleeing from the table, pulling their chairs out of the way as Trevor stormed forward and wrenched Jessica out of Colum's lap and shoved her behind him. With his next movement he slugged Col straight across the jaw, connecting with the spot reddening from Jessica's slap.

He pointed at Colum. "You fecker." He spun and pointed at Jessica, his ladylove, whose neck he'd like to wring. "And you! What the hell are ye doin' here?"

"Me? What about you?" Jessica dropped her voice several octaves. "I care for you lovie, can't wait to see you lovie... Your pussy feels so *good*, lovie!"

He wasn't expecting the slap.

He should have.

He probably should have ducked and run too, but he was an idiot.

Trevor rubbed his jaw where his heart of hearts whacked him across the face and returned her angry stare. "I was on my way home to you, but after a win, the boyos and I always have a pint. It's tradition." Trevor glanced behind him and noted that Colum was knocked out cold. Good. Fecker needed to stay down for a while. "Now, what are ye doing here? And *why* are ye dressed like that?"

Jessica wore what amounted to a painted-on shirt and equally tight short shorts that

neatly showed off every dip and curve of her body. A body that belonged to him. Sort of. *Damn it.*

“You bastard!” She pointed at him. “Lordship, my *ass*.” Jessica stomped and spun on her heel.

She was walking away from him. Away. From him. Trevor Warren. And it seemed she’d found out a little something since they’d last spoken. He should let her leave.

Feck it.

He chased after her.

*

“Stupid *male*,” Jessica snarled, plodding down the road toward the cottage she was now *renting* from the true Lord of the Manor.

She had embarrassed herself beyond belief when the whole convoy of vacationing Aberwthyie arrived home from the seashore. She’d acted like an insane woman, attempting to defend Trevor’s home from the invading hordes before she discovered the man she was beating with her umbrella was the real Peer.

Oops.

Once she managed to explain who she was—leaving out the princess of Fae part—it became apparent Lord Abby, as she now called him, was a true gentleman. He’d insisted she remain in the cottage and that his *Head Gardener* could take up residence in the servant’s quarters when he returned from his Championship football match.

Then his Lordship had been kind enough to help her get a job at the local pub. She’d had an education and a half over the past four days since the last time she spoke with Trevor.

“Jess. *Jess*.”

She stomped faster, slipping into the woods to take the shortcut she’d discovered after the first exhausting walk back from the pub. “Thinks he can just waltz back into my life and everything’s ticky-boo?” She kicked a stone in her path and it flew into the woods. A murder of crows rose into the air squawking noisily.

“Jess, feck it all, stop.”

The sound of tree branches slapping flesh behind her made her smile. She pushed another branch aside angrily and held it for a second before letting go with a little extra heft.

“Shite! Jess, darling. Lovie. I was going to tell you. I meant to tell you but I was too dazzled by your beauty.” Trevor continued to grovel, begging and pleading for her to stop and let him explain.

Groveling and pleading were good. Begging, however, was better done on his knees. She slowed as she reached the clearing and pivoted carefully on one aching foot. She’d been serving tables since the noon rush and there wasn’t an inch of her that didn’t need to soak in a hot bath.

He popped out of the trees and she fought to keep her anger white-hot. It was hard to do when his messy hair called for her to tidy it for him, to wipe the dirt from his cheeks. To kiss the sad pout off his tempting lips. To slide up against his hot, hard body and—

“No.” No matter how much the true-love impulse called her, she refused to be swayed. “You. Are. An. *Ass*.” She twirled dramatically, then squeaked in pain as her ankle twisted under her and she fell to the ground.

“Jessica!” Trevor snatched her up in his arms, refusing to let her go even when she

pounded on his shoulders.

“Let me go, you, you...common liar.”

He froze. “This is about me not bein’ a Lord? Feck it.” He stomped across the lawn, still carrying her, and entered the maze. She’d avoided taking this route because it was no shortcut, not even with the cottage directly on the backside of the towering green hedges.

“We’ll get lost. Put me down. And it’s not about you being a commoner. Well, not anymore.” She smashed her fists against his chest but his arms were immovable iron bands. “Put me down, now.”

“Can’t do it, lovie. You ain’t in your right mind.”

He dodged the blow as she swung at him, then pinned her arms to her sides so she couldn’t get proper leverage for another solid strike.

“Not in my proper mind?” *The cad.* Lie to her and insult her? Okay, she’d had enough. Screw the no magic rule. Tally would forgive her since it wasn’t to gain an advantage to win the title. Just a little well-deserved retribution.

He flipped her over his shoulder and ran. Her head bounced, the ground bounced. She couldn’t see straight or she would have hit him with a ~whammy~ like he’d never felt before.

“I trusted you. I believed in you. I thought you cared for me but you were just use...using...” *Damn it, she was not going to cry.* “Did you mean anything you said to me? Or were they all sweet nothings because you wanted a ‘bit o’ fluff’ to ease you along?”

Trevor kept running. Silence greeted her accusations and her final straw broke. She tossed a ~sparkle~ over her shoulder blindly. A flash of red went off and he swore, ducking to the side. She tossed another and it tore a hole in the hedge. Trevor did a magnificent mid-air twist, covering her protectively with his body. “Bloody fools. They’re setting off fireworks. Lady Aberwthye will have their guts for garters if they burn down the gazebo again.”

A few more bounces took them around a corner. He knelt and lowered her to a bench in the center of the maze. She shivered as her bare legs hit the cold concrete. Wonderful. Now she was tired and pissed off and angry and hurt and her ass was freezing.

She wanted to go home.

“A bit o’ fluff? Who ye been talking to, lovie?” He used one big paw of a hand to lift her chin until their eyes met. The moonlight must have revealed the tears that had slipped out unbidden and he brushed her cheek with his thumb. “I’m sorry I didn’t tell ye right away. The boyos think it’s a fine thing to imitate the media and call me Lord. And since I work here at the Manor, his Lordship often lets the team take over his digs when he’s abroad. I didn’t mean no harm, truly I didn’t.”

She sniffled in distain. Not bad as a start, but he had a long way to go. Groveling was an art. She turned her face from him.

“Now sweets, don’t shut me out. I’ve been longing to see ye again. I’m the biggest idiot in the world, a sod, and a twit. But ye have to admit we don’t know everything about each other yet. I mean, surely there’s a few secrets up ye sleeve you’ve kept from me too, right poppet?”

She froze. Did he know she was from Fae? “What are you talking about?”

He sat and lifted her into his lap, chuckling as he smoothed her hair, tucking it behind her ear. “I think ye know what I mean. There’s more to you than meets the eye.”

Shit. What gave her away?

“Cor, the way ye worked that pub. That’s what this get-up is about, ain’t it just? I bet you’ve got all the local lads passing over quids and bobs by the bucketful when you drop off their fish and chips and tankards.” He kissed her nose. “Smart lass, though ye’ll need to stop maiding the evening shift. I don’t like the way they leered at you.” He stroked a hand down her leg, admiration in his eyes.

Should she kiss him or punch him? “You’re telling me to quit my job because you don’t want men looking at me?” Just to make sure she was hearing right, and that they hadn’t flipped into a time warp to the eighteenth century or something.

He nuzzled her neck. “I make good coin ‘ere keeping the grounds. If ye want to work a bit to pass the time, I’m sure they’d love to ‘ave help at the noon feed. But when I’m done at the end of the day I want to come home to your sweetness.” A soft wet kiss landed on her neck and she shivered. “We can be alone together, all evening long.”

What an utterly chauvinistic sentiment. He wanted her home to greet him when he was done with work. He wanted them to spend all their nights in that tiny, little, quaint cottage. No fancy formal balls? No crowds of supplicants fawning and flattering all day long?

“I need you, lovie. I need to ‘ave you near.”

No one had ever said they needed her before.

She melted.

Chapter Five

“Son of a b’tch.” They scrambled together through the door of the cottage, clothing flying everywhere as they fought to get naked as quick as possible. Trevor gripped the front of Jessica’s flimsy excuse for a top and tore it straight down the middle, ripping it from her body in one great show of strength.

“Trevor,” she gasped.

“Mine,” he growled against her mouth, fingers fighting with the button of her skintight shorts, wrestling with the zipper. She brushed his hands aside, and he went to work on her bra, struggling with the tiny hook-and-eyes that seemed to be hell bent on denying him access to her breasts. The feckers.

“Okay,” she captured his lips in a passionate kiss. “That works for me.”

He pressed his mouth to hers once again, fighting to tear his shirt off, anxious to be skin-to-skin with his lovie. He’d missed her so over the week-long separation and couldn’t wait to touch and feel her entire body once again, rediscover each other in ways he’d dreamt of each and every night.

Her hands went to the waistband of his shorts and he tore at her panties, hurried even more now they were so close to naked. Trevor kicked off his sandals, thankful for the easy access clothes he traveled in after matches. Jessica’s were a bit more involved but she fought with them on her own, leaving her naked within moments.

Hands roaming and touching and feeling and stroking, they rambled through the cottage, bumping their way through the living room and the kitchen before finally bursting into the bedroom. The door banged against the wall with a *thud* as they crossed the threshold.

Trevor fell back on the mattress with a bounce, legs spread, his cock aiming toward the sky, ready and waiting to be enveloped by Jess’s sweet mouth or tight, velvety soft pussy. The thought of the feel of her had his cock throbbing hard, leaking pre-cum, the white sticky substance blazing a hot trail down his length.

She crawled over him, thighs bracketing his hips, the scent of her arousal teasing him, taunting him, reminding him he’d yet to have a taste of her sweetness. Thoughts of sinking into her pushed to the back of his mind. He wanted to lick and suckle his woman, make her scream his name over and over and over again.

“Jessica.” He scooted further back on the bed, legs stretched out over the duvet.

“Trevor,” she whined.

“Want to taste you, lovie. Come put that pretty kitten up here.” He tapped the corner of his mouth and waited. It didn’t take long for her to get into the spirit of the game. She crawled up his body, a feral, fiery look in her eyes. The sparkling he’d normally seen was now a full-fledged fire, burning bright.

Knees on either side of his chest, he gripped her thighs to help her reach his mouth, but she had other ideas in mind. In one smooth move she turned around and adjusted her position so that her knees bracketed his head, dripping wet pussy inches from his face. He grabbed a pillow, placed it beneath his head and settled in to feast on his bird.

Jessica gripped his cock with a scorching hot hand and stroked him, causing a moan to grow deep within his chest and reverberate through his entire body. It’d been too long

since he'd had her with him, touching him. He raised his head a fraction of an inch and lapped at her hardened clit.

She did the same, tongue slipping along the slit on his prick and he willed his hips to remain stationary, resisting the urge to thrust into the softness of her mouth, the warm wet heat that beckoned him like a siren's call. Then her mouth wrapped around his cockhead and he groaned against her clit, eliciting a moan from her as well, perpetuating the cycle of sounds as they pleased each other.

He kept his mouth locked on her bundle of nerves and slipped first one and then a second finger into her heat, fucking her with his fingers in time to the sucking of his mouth. Then he found that sweet spot, that bit of soft roughness deep within her that would send her to the moon and back again. He wiggled his fingers intently and she jerked her hips, moans growing louder and louder.

She sank her mouth fully over him then, taking him to the root and burying her nose in his short thatch of curls. He thrust up with each of her down strokes, pushing his pleasure higher with the rise and fall of her mouth on his prick. Again and again she went up, then down his dick, while he nibbled and licked her sweet clit, fucked her tender pussy.

Jessica pulled her mouth off his prick, hand continuing to rub and caress him, but her mouth was more occupied with directing him and praising his name. "Fuck, yes. Right there. Fuck me. Harder," she gasped and moaned. "Harder, Trevor, please. Ah!"

More cream coated his fingers, and he lapped at the evidence of his prowess. In and out and in and out he stroked her inner walls, pushing her toward her orgasm, no longer caring about his own.

"Yes, yes, yes," she cried. His fingers rotating in tiny circles, he worked her pussy as hard and fast and deep as he could without the use of his cock, pulling her to...

"I'm coming." Her cunt clamped around his fingers, milking them with its powerful response to her pleasure and ecstasy. Her hips rolled and rocked and eventually stilled as she slid off him, legs spread wide as if waiting, breath coming in heavy pants.

His cock still ached, balls heavy and full and needing like he hadn't needed before.

"Oh, Trevor..." she sighed, eyes drifting closed.

"Jess," he half-whined.

She opened her eyes, attention zeroing in on his cock. "Oh, are you hurting lovey?"

He stroked his prick, gathering the moisture at the tip and spreading it over his dick, lubricating his cock. "Yeah."

"I think I can fix that." She rolled to her hands and knees and crawled over him once again, kitten poised over his dick, the sweet wetness barely kissing his cockhead. "You want me?"

"Yes." He hissed as she lowered herself the tiniest bit before rising up again.

"Want to be deep in me?"

"God, yes." She did it again, sinking down and then rising up, barely giving him a taste of her inner sheath before taking it away again. *Saucy.*

Jessica went down farther the next time, but didn't sink fully. It was a game; up and down and up and down, inch by agonizing inch she worked more of him into her sweet cunt. Then, then she accepted him fully, cock throbbing and aching and needing her wetness to surround him. She opened, enveloping him in her velvety softness, stroking him with her inner walls. She rocked and rolled her hips, a slight rise and fall of her body

over him as she drove him toward orgasm.

With each lowering of her hips he thrust up, anxious for their bodies to meet in this dance as old as time. He thrust and retreated, making love to her with a fierceness that surprised even him.

“Touch yourself, pleasure yourself. Come for me,” he ordered, expecting her to comply. She was a wildcat today and he didn’t think she’d object.

Jessica’s hands immediately moved to do his bidding, one delving between her folds while the fingers of her other hand toyed and pulled on one hard nipple. She moaned, and the sound traveled through her entire body, centering on his cock embedded deep within her.

He increased his pace, anxious to come within her depths, anxious to plant his seed and keep her here with him forever. Harder and harder he thrust, hands going to her hips to hold her steady while he drove his cock in and out of her heat. Over and again he stroked her inner walls, thankful for the pleasure she granted him with each passing moment.

The electric tingles of climax skittered along his nerves, wracking him with shudders from head to toe as the pleasure and passion built within. Seconds ticked by and the feelings intensified, growing with each milking of his cock by her pussy. She clenched around him rhythmically, letting him know her orgasm was near. He increased his pace yet again, anxious to spill inside her. Anxious for their bodies to join intimately.

And then... then his climax was upon him, tearing through his body without the ability to stop the overpowering pleasure. He felt Jessica tighten around him further as she joined him in rapture. He thrust once, twice, thrice and then froze, back bowed, mouth hanging open, her name on his lips as he came, cum spurting deep into her, filling her and flowing around him as he stay deeply embedded in her depths.

With panting breaths, he lowered his hips to the duvet and hugged her close, breath fanning her skin as he sprinkled kisses on her forehead.

“Oi, but I need ye Jessica. Like a babe needs breath.”

“Trevor, that sounds like...”

Could he? Should he? “Love ye, Jess. Always will.”

*

He’d said it.

Had he really said it?

Something should have happened, well, something other than her blood pounding so hard she couldn’t see straight. It was partly their lovemaking, but mostly the flood of emotion that swept over her. She needed to tell him how she felt, how his every touch made her wild, but more importantly how his caring and loving were all she needed for the rest of her life.

Unfortunately, what popped out of her mouth was “I’m a fairy.”

Trevor rolled her on top. “Course ye are, darling.” He sighed with satisfaction.

She sat upright, his cock still intimately nestled within her pussy. “You don’t believe me.” It was difficult to concentrate as he stroked her torso, massaging her breasts, cupping their weight in his palms. “It’s...true...” Oh the things this man did to her. Now he played with her nipples, and as much as she wanted to simply enjoy the ride, she *had* to make him understand.

“Lovie, there’s no way I believe you like the girlies, not after that bit o’ fireworks we

just set off.”

What the hell was he...? Shit. “Not gay. Not that, I mean I’m a fairy, I’m from Fae.”

He sat and enveloped her in his arms, nuzzling her neck. “I’m from Norwich. Ma and Da are still there.” Soft kisses rained down on her. “I ken hardly wait to take ye to meet them.”

Jessica giggled. Okay, she’d thought getting him to confess his love would be the hard part. She pressed her finger over his lips. “Shhh. Listen. Watch.”

Then she threw out her arms and let the glamour hiding spell fade away.

She had no wings to unfurl, nothing so dramatic as that, but she did glow nicely in the darkness of the room. On an impulse she pointed at one wall and dozens of candle sconces appeared, each lit with a flickering glow. Purples and blues and greens filled the room with an otherworldly light.

Her love squirmed under her. “Damn, there’s a gas leak. Out o’ the house now lovie, quick as a wink.” He picked her up bodily and bounded from the room.

“Trevor, stop it!” Laughter swelled up and burst out of her. “It’s not gas, it’s magic. Wait, put me down.”

He paused on the threshold. “You sure it’s safe? These old cottages sometimes hav’—”

She silenced him the only way she could think, pulling their mouths together and kissing him fiercely. After his initial hesitation he joined in with enthusiasm, and they got lost in each other again.

When they finally separated they were both breathless and grinning from ear to ear. Trevor lifted her chin with a finger to stare into her eyes. “Love ye, and if you say it’s magic, I believes ye. Nothing else could make this fickle heart o’ mine ken the truth so quick. Yer all I need. You and a bit o’ ground to work is all I need to be happy for the rest o’ me days.”

She clutched her hands together. “Oh Trevor, you’ve made me the happiest girl ever. I love you too!”

She waited.

And waited

Nothing happened.

She sniffed. Okay, she’d thought the spell was set to go off as soon as both of them confessed their love. It should have caused them to ~jump~ back to the Palace. She glanced at her fine young man, standing in his birthday suit...with his cock rising past half-mast as she watched.

Perhaps they should find some clothes while she figured out the glitch.

She pulled him back to the bedroom and he came willingly. He wasn’t as happy when she handed him a pair of jeans to pull on.

“I’m prefer to hop back in bed, lovie, I’ve missed ye so.”

Jessica finished pulling her dress over her head and glanced his direction. He leaned on the heavy post of the bed, the top snap of his jeans still unbuttoned. The trail of dark hair leading downward tempted her beyond belief. But they had to get to the Palace before Tally. Their future happiness, and ability to stay here at the manor working for the Lord, depended on it.

Maybe the magic wasn’t working since he didn’t know all the details. “I have more I have to tell you.”

He shook his head. "You've already said all you need to. You've forgiven me for being a cad, and ye spake ye love. That's all I need."

That was it. Damn Tally for being an obsessive anal perfectionist. "You need to say 'I love you'."

He stepped forward. "I did say it, love, and I meant every word. Love ye."

She shook her head frantically. "Say 'I love you'."

"Love ya?"

Fuck, fuck, fuck. They were so close and his gorgeous British drawl was going to kill her. "Repeat after me. I."

"I."

"Love."

Trevor chuckled. "You're a feisty bit o' goods, ain't cha? You want it all proper like, I suppose, like I was the Lordship you thought I were at first? I guess that's easily dealt with."

He dropped to one knee, clasped her hand and lifted it to his mouth. He dropped a sweet kiss on her knuckles before licking naughtily between her fingers and sending a shiver up her spine.

"Jessica Rockwell, I love you. Will ye stay wid me always?"

Joy sprang up in her heart as the magic of Fae swirled around them. As his eyes grew wide with wonder she nodded rapidly. "Oh yes, Trevor, always and forever."

And the cottage faded from sight.

Epilogue

When the sparkling lights of the magical jump faded away, Jessica found they'd been returned to the kitchen of her palace quarters. Trevor stood quickly and took a defensive stance beside her, but there was no time to reassure him.

"Tally, I summon you—"

"Too late."

Thalia stood on the other side of the island counter, with a gorgeous man by her side. They both wore expensive formal wear, but were simply coated with fairy sparkle dust. Jessica wondered at the dust and then grew dazzled by Tally's gown. For one second she felt shabby in the plain sundress she'd bought in the local village shop. Then Trevor took her by the hand and she stood a little straighter. She was wearing riches—the love of a good, hard-working man.

"We're in love."

Tally raised a brow. "Us too."

Damn. Now what? The parchment lay on the counter between them. Hmm, she wondered. Daddy was even more a stickler for details than her sister. Quick as a flash she touched the edge of the paper.

"Not..."

Tally was just as quick. Her fingers touched the scroll at the same instant and their words echoed in the air simultaneously. "...it."

Suddenly their father's voice rang out. *"Nice try girls, but it won't work. Find a solution. Your mother and I are not coming back and the kingdom needs to be ruled."*

The parchment evaporated in a puff of smoke.

Damn again.

Tally cursed. "So what do we do now?"

Jessica shrugged. She wandered to the window, tugging Trevor with her. Nose against the glass, she sighed. The enchanted garden had taken over more territory while they'd been away. Damn, she hated that freaky forest.

"Ahem." Trevor pulled her back against his body, his chin resting on her shoulder. "So, do they play football 'ere?"

She laughed in spite of herself. "Four different leagues. The goblins and the trolls play, but it gets rough. The pixies play a version using exploding puffballs, and you need protective gear to even watch the griffins. But the human/elf league play is fine."

He twisted her in his arms and kissed her nose. "Ye gonna tell me what kind of mischief yer up to? I mean, other than ye live in a fairytale world and you've *poofed* us here in a wink o' the eye. That little missy and her fellow, they causing ye trouble?"

He threw them a dirty look and Jessica hurried to reassure him. "That's my sister, and he must be her true love. She went looking for him the same time I went looking for you."

"True love, what?"

She nodded.

"Fecking A. Right glad ye did, especially if you can teach me that little trick of..." he wiggled his fingers and waggled his eyebrows "...cause we ain't got naught but me

motor bike to get us around for a bit. Until we saves up.”

She kissed his cheek. Down to earth. That’s what she needed all along. “I can teach you, but first we have a problem. See, one of us, Tally or I, need to take the crown and rule Fae.”

He jerked back. “Feckers, yer a princess?”

She dropped her gaze, embarrassed to be caught, again, short of sharing all the facts.

“Ohh hoo.” She was picked up and spun in a circle, her feet narrowly missing knocking over the lantern by the sitting area. “I’m the luckiest sod in the world.” He kissed her again, then pulled back and grinned at her. “And you noticed I said I loved ye afore I knew you were royal.” He winked and she smiled at his enthusiastic grin.

“You did, and I love you too, but I don’t want the crown.”

He frowned. “Why not? You’d make a hell of a Queen. You’re firm, like with the boyos, and don’t let nobody take advantage of you. But you’re kind-hearted and know when to forgive a mistake. You’d make a right topper of a Queen.”

Jessica blushed, and then she thought about it. In the short time she’d had to fend for herself in England, she’d learned a lot about her strengths and weaknesses. And he was right. She’d worked in the pub. She’d been such a help the manager had personally thanked her, saying she had a real way with the customers, keeping them happy and anticipating their needs. She’d simply put the skills into play she’d watched her father use all those days she’d gone to mock the court proceedings.

It seemed she’d learned in spite of herself.

She glanced over at Tally who spoke earnestly with her fellow on the far side of the room. They were raising their voices, which surprised her, since Tally was always so calm and cool. Damn, she didn’t want her sister and her true love to fight.

She squared her shoulders. If Trevor were willing, if he really knew what he was getting himself in for, she’d do it. She’d take the crown. But she had to make sure he understood.

“You have a job with Lord Abby that you love, and all your friends on the football team. I thought we’d stay there and live in the cottage together. If I become queen we’d have to live here in Fae, at least most of the time.”

Trevor waved a hand. “If you want to live in a cottage, I bet ye can find a little one somewhere we kin tuck ourselves into. I’d like that better than this big brick palace.” He pointed out the window at the tangles of brambles encroaching the palace walls. “Looks like you’re in need of a little o’ my skills here. I kin deal with that lot in a jiff. Did no one ever tell your keeper he’s got the acidity of the soil far too ‘igh? Never seen such an infestation in me life.”

Jessica picked her jaw off the ground. *No. Really?* “You know how to get rid of the thorn bushes?”

He swung her up in his arms. “Me love, there isn’t a plant or weed I don’t know how to deal with.” He peeked out the window again, checking out the damage. He pursed his lips and whistled long and low. “It’s gonna take me a nip o’ time, but I’ll get things shipshape round here, don’t ye worry your pretty little head.”

“But...you said you wanted to keep working for Lord Abby, and being his Head Gardener. You’re on your way to being an international success in your football. I only brought us here so we could get rid of the crown.”

He tweaked her nose lovingly. “Lassie, yer listening to what you please and not

what's said. I said I wanted to keep gardening and be with ye. Footy was fine as a single man's sport, but honest 'ruth, I've been thinkin' I've hit me peak." He glanced out the window and pulled a dreadful face. "Looks like if we stay here I can garden, you can rule and I kin still have plenty of time for play—that human/elf league sounds to be a kicker of a treat."

"You'd give up your team for me?" The sacrifice filled her heart with even more love for him.

"Tradin' up for better things all round, lovie. Life changes and ye got to grab on with two fists." He patted her bottom and all kinds of naughty thoughts raced through her brain.

It was true. If he were willing to make the move, and deal with the magical garden, she'd be more than willing to save her sister from a fate worse than death. She spun around and marched back to the island, Trevor at her side.

Her sister faced them again. Tally nestled in her lover's arms and they both wore huge smiles. "We've decided something."

Jessica stood straighter. She was so glad to be able to do this for her sister. "Us too."

"I'll be..."

"...Queen"

Two voices. Firm. Simultaneous.

Shit.

Magic sparkled in the air, the castle walls pulsing with it. Bells rang in every one of the high towers and a sound like a thousand fireworks exploding rang out. A swirl of power lifted Jess's hair, floated around the kitchen to ruffle Tally's blonde locks then flew out the front door and closed them firmly.

"What did we do?" Tally whispered, a trace of fear in her voice as she tucked farther into her lover's arms.

He chuckled. "I think you just signed a binding contract. Welcome to co-rulership of Fae, ladies."

Trevor nodded. "You, me new mate, are absolut'ly correct. And two finer ladies couldn't be found fer the job, if your love is as tip-top as me own." The men stepped forward and shook hands briskly.

Jessica stared at Tally in amazement. "Are we really both Queen now?"

"Appears to be the case." Tally grabbed her by the arm and pulled her aside, the men conversing as they wandered into the sunroom, no doubt comparing stories.

Jessica couldn't get over the change in her sister in eight short days. "Look at you. You're in a gown that dazzles my eyes and on the arm of a man who looks like a Prince. What gives?"

Tally snorted. "Let's just say the past few days have been as fate-full as I ever want to experience, and I wouldn't change a thing." She glanced over her shoulder at the men. "Are you really happy, Jess?"

She gasped. "Tally, did you get a look at my true love? What part of magnificent did you miss?"

Tally raised a brow. "He doesn't look like a Peer of the Realm."

Jessica sighed happily. "Nope, he's not. He's peerless, and that's just the way it should be."

The End

About the Author:

Vivian was playing hooky the day they taught about the importance of getting a “real” job; she was hiding out at the local library rereading everything for the fifth time. Since then she’s become a Jack-of-all-trades with a job experience list only slightly smaller than the average phone book.

She’s hiked, biked, canoed, kayaked and camped throughout Canada, seven European countries and twelve states, including Hawaii and Alaska. All these adventures have now become settings for her overactive muse to wander through.

Vivian lives in Western Canada with her longtime sweetie, two wonderful kids and a dog that looks like a stuffed toy.

The best place to come and visit is at <http://vivarend.blogspot.com> and you can also send an email to Vivian at vivarend@gmail.com

*

Celia would have loved to have written her own biography, but she just didn’t know what to say. In a fit of desperation, she turned to me, her most trusted confidant and friend. I realize you’re asking yourself, “Who is this?” I am Cali, her cat. I also go by a few other names, but those may be too strong for your delicate ears. Suffice it to say my mommy is very creative and not just with writing.

My mommy, Celia, began writing in August of 2006. I know this because it was around that time our meals started coming later and later in the day. As months passed, she spent more and more time in front of the boring screen. Though it was fun to chase the little arrow around every once in a while. You should hear her scream! But I digress.

She’s worked hard to give readers sexy, quirky heroines they can relate to. And you better damn well appreciate it. All I got was late night feedings. And I didn’t even make it into one of her books by name! That damn kitten, Katie O’Meghan, did. Bitch.

Well, enjoy her writings and if you want to praise her for her work... don’t. I’d like to get fed at some point, people.

Fine. If you must contact her, her website is at www.celiakyle.com or you can send an email to [celia.kyle @ gmail.com](mailto:celia.kyle@gmail.com). But when I go hungry, I’ll blame you all!

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