



Fireproof

Book One/Brave the Elements

Tina Holland

(c) 2009

Fireproof

Book One/Brave the Elements

Tina Holland

Published 2009

ISBN 978-1-59578-647-0

Published by Liquid Silver Books, imprint of Atlantic Bridge Publishing, 10509 Sedgegrass Dr, Indianapolis, Indiana 46235. Copyright © 2009, Tina Holland. All rights reserved. No part of this publication may be reproduced, stored in a retrieval system, or transmitted in any form or by any means, electronic, mechanical, recording or otherwise, without the prior written permission of the author.

Manufactured in the United States of America

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

Email:
raven@LSbooks.com

Editor
Jean Cooper

Cover Artist
Amanda Kelsey

This is a work of fiction. The characters, incidents and dialogues in this book are of the author's imagination and are not to be construed as real. Any resemblance to actual events or persons, living or dead, is completely coincidental.

Blurb

Did you know all fairies are ruled by the elements? And they answer to a group known as the Veil—sort of a fairy secret council. There are rules that must be obeyed the first being never reveal what you are.

Jamie Waters broke the rules when she retrieved an anchor off the shores of California setting a new world-record for free-diving. She flees where the Veil will not find her, the town of Innocent, Minnesota. There she meets and falls hard for a human, Beau Collins.

Beau Collins isn't like most humans, he can't catch fire and being a fireman is the perfect job for him. When he meets Jamie Waters it's instant attraction. Opposites attract but everyone knows, "Fire and water don't mix".

When Beau is burned after battling a warehouse fire, Jamie works to help him find the arsonist. Can they find out who it is before they lose control over the elements? Will Beau risk being with Jamie even if it means he can't be Fireproof?

Chapter One

Innocent, Minnesota—on the North Shore, May

Beau Collins raced into the burning warehouse unhindered by the shouts of “Stop!” behind him. He gripped his ax, geared up to hack through any obstacle positioned between him and the child screaming within the deteriorated and abandoned building.

The high-pitched cries sounded close, just on the other side of the crumbling wall.

Beau watched as the flames licked upward to the ceiling; there hadn’t been much of a roof before, and what little remained was rapidly consumed. There were mere minutes for him to rescue his charge.

Beau knew time was critical and crashed through the nearest flame-engulfed doorway. He didn’t heed the fire as the blaze crawled along his flame-resistant coat, searching for an opening. Beau continued his search for the now-distorted wail. When he finally found the baby, the tiny object was in a cradle of fire. Beau retrieved the small bundle quickly and ran toward the nearest exit, holding the swaddled infant within his coat, sheltering the child from the hot temperatures.

Once Beau reached safe haven outside, he was greeted with resounding cheers.

CRASH! Beau looked behind him to see the roof collapse within the structure of the warehouse.

“Collins!” Beau twisted back to see Chief Ralph Wicks charging toward him. The chief looked a hell of a lot hotter than the fire Beau had just left.

“Yeah, Chief?” Beau smiled

“Don’t ‘Yeah, Chief’ me, you numbskull! You know, I expect that kind of hero complex from a rookie, but not a ten-year veteran! What in the Sam Hill were you thinking?” the chief bellowed strongly enough that ash flew off the ends of his handlebar moustache.

“I was trying to save a victim.”

The chief spit on the ground, “Yeah, well, looks like you came out empty, doesn’t it?”

Beau reached into his thick coat to pull out the now-silent baby, “No. I didn’t.”

“Give it here.” The chief gestured for Beau to come closer.

Beau tentatively handed the child over.

Once the chief touched the white swaddling, he pulled back. “Damn thing is too hot!”

“Is it?” Beau asked.

“Yes.” Chief reached out and swiped the bundle out of Beau’s hands. The baby crashed to the ground. The swaddling fell open, revealing the charred and mangled plastic doll. Its melted voice box rolled away.

“That child is well past being alive!” The chief dug in.

“We don’t know for sure. A real child could still be alive,” Beau protested.

“You hit the nail on the head there, didn’t you, Collins? Real being the key word. There was absolutely no reason to go into the building. These exercises are not the real world and certainly not worth risking your very ‘real’ hide over.” The chief pointed at

Beau as if to emphasize his point.

"I'm sorry, Chief, but I have to disagree with you."

"Oh really?" Chief Wicks folded his hands over his chest and wrinkled his caterpillar-like moustache. "This I have to hear."

"These drills are to prepare for real fires with real people, correct?"

"Yeah?"

"Well, then, isn't my job to risk my life to save the good citizens of Innocent?"

Beau's voice rose with pride on the last note.

His fellow firefighters let out a rowdy cheer.

"Smart-ass," Chief Ralph muttered before facing Beau's fan club. "Just so the rest of you don't get any hotheaded ideas, I'm putting Collins here on cook duty for the next month."

They cheered again.

The Chief looked over at him and whispered. "When I say 'stop,' you damn well do it. I don't need you getting hurt during a practice run. Hopefully cooking for a month will remind you not to risk life and limb."

"And the fact my mother helps when I do the cooking?"

"Has nothing to do with it." The chief winked before walking away.

Beau walked toward his fellow firefighters. "Does he honestly think Brigit Collins's cooking will deter us?" Chase Bridges sauntered over toward him.

"Well, since she only cooks when it's my turn, maybe it will." Beau shrugged his shoulders.

"Nah. We'll just encourage you to take more risks." Chase slapped him on the back.

The air whooshed out of Beau's lungs, and he coughed.

"Sorry, dude. You okay?" Concern etched Chase's features.

"I'm fine," Beau croaked.

"Let's take a look." Chase pulled Beau's jacket open to reveal a charred shirt with bright pink skin beneath. "We should take you to the ER."

"Nah. It'll be fine." Beau pushed his hands away.

"Well, at least put some ointment on it when you get home and go in if the burn gets worse." Chase turned to leave.

"Sure." Not possible. The burn would be gone by tomorrow morning.

"So are you ready for CPR class tomorrow?" Chase asked.

"Crap! What time?" Beau stopped in mid-stride.

"Seven-thirty." Chase continued toward his car.

"I'm scheduled 'til eight at The Hotel."

"So get out of it." Chase stopped and shrugged his shoulders.

"Can't. Besides I'm the only chef they've got at the moment."

"Show 'em your burn. Better yet, get a note. I know a cute little nurse at County Memorial who can hook you up."

"Maybe it'll be slow." Beau wished the statement was true.

"With the tourist season right around the corner?" Chase sounded doubtful.

"Technically we have another week." Beau started walking again.

"True."

"Don't worry, I'll figure a schedule out." Beau jumped up onto the last fire truck.

"Okay. I'll just meet you there. You should get that burn looked at, though. You're

damn lucky it wasn't worse." Chase tapped the engine on the side so they could head back to the firehouse.

Luck had nothing to do with it, but Beau wouldn't say so. He didn't need anyone to know his secret. The town of Innocent didn't need to know he would never be burned. Beau Collins was fireproof.

Chapter Two

Jamie Waters sat, bored out of her skull. CPR classes should not be this dull. It wasn't like she didn't know CPR; she did. She simply needed recertification in the state of Minnesota so she could lifeguard Innocent's beaches.

The only thing bearable was the blond guy sitting next to her, Chase Bridges.

"You look uneasy," he said with a smile.

"Do I?" She wasn't sure where he was going with this.

"Yep. You know what the cure is?" His smile was infectious.

"Nope."

"Bridges over troubled Waters," he whispered, his gray eyes holding a glint of mischief.

Jamie let out a laugh.

"Miss Waters!" Mr. Rogers, the instructor, called in a drill sergeant-like voice.

"Yes, sir."

"Something you want to share with the rest of the class?"

"No, sir."

"You know, Miss Waters, you may be some kind of celebrity in California, but here"—he gestured around the room—"well, you're nobody. Got it?"

"Yes, sir." She was smart enough to read between the lines and not argue.

The classroom door swung open. The handle crashed into the hinged wall with a thud against the rubber stop, which echoed in the room.

"Well, if it isn't our very own local celebrity, Mr. Beau Collins. Take a chair, hero-boy." Mr. Rogers nodded toward the classroom.

Jamie snapped her mouth shut. She couldn't help but gawk like a schoolgirl at the man who entered the room. He towered at well over six feet. There was nothing impressive about his dress; it was casual. He wore a gray, hooded sweatshirt that read "Innocent Fire" on it and a pair of faded blue jeans, but Jamie appreciated a tall drink of a man. At five-ten she felt gangly next to most men. His bright red hair was cut close to his scalp in military fashion, unlike Chase, whose hair reminded her of California's surfers. "Do you know him?" she leaned over and whispered to Chase.

"Yep. We're both in the Fire Department." Chase waved and pointed at the desk next to him.

Jamie nodded. Chase had already asked her to go for a brew after class; she hadn't answered him, but if Beau joined them, she'd reconsider. Something about the man heated her blood. Jamie couldn't put her finger on what she found attractive, but she'd sure like to put some digits on him.

After class, Chase opened his invitation back up. "So, Waters, you gonna join us for a brew or what?"

"Sure." She smiled at both men.

"O'Riley's is just around the corner." Chase motioned for her to follow them.

Jamie fell into step behind the two men. O'Riley's was a raucous place. The loud cheers when the firemen walked in were riotous. Jamie covered her ears. A strawberry-blond waitress in a tight tank top and denim miniskirt came over, wrapping her arms

around Chase. “Chase, I think I’m going to need some CPR later,” she fairly shouted at Chase.

“I’m there for you, Amber.” Chase gave the waitress a quick peck on the cheek before walking on.

Chase seemed to smile and greet every female form in the bar as he headed to a booth in the back. Not a single woman approached to talk to Beau, nor did he seek any out. Jamie couldn’t help but wonder why.

Once they were all seated, Jamie seated opposite the two men, Amber sauntered over, retrieving a pen behind her ear. Jamie couldn’t help but smile at roots as dark as her own.

“So what’ll it be, boys?”

“And guest.” Chase motioned toward Jamie.

“Yeah.” Amber barely gave Jamie a glance.

“Why don’t you bring us a pitcher?” Chase looked at Jamie quizzically.

“Fine,” she said to Amber, who retreated.

“So why are you taking CPR?” Chase asked Jamie.

“I’m life guarding at the beach this summer.”

Amber arrived back with a pitcher, two frosted glasses and one right out of a dishwasher, “Sorry,” she muttered as she placed the glass in front of Jamie.

“That’s okay. Can I get a glass of ice when you get a minute?” Jamie didn’t expect good service anytime soon. It was apparent Amber was not her fan. Amber disappeared before she answered.

“So are you a celebrity lifeguard or something?” Chase leaned across the table.

“No.” Jamie laughed.

“So what was the deal in class?” Chase asked

“I’m sure Mr. Rogers was referring to the fact that I hold the unofficial world free-dive record.”

“Really? How deep and long?” Chase asked.

Jamie smiled and wondered if he meant his question as a double entendre.

Beau poked Chase in the ribs, and his face turned the color of Beau’s hair.

“Sorry, you know what I mean?”

“Yeah. The depth was one hundred and fifty feet for twenty-three minutes.”

Chase whistled. “Impressive. So why is the record unofficial?”

“Nick Bastille, who holds the previous record, is fighting it because my dive was an unsanctioned event. I went down to unhook an anchor for a boat of tourists. The guides used the boating equipment to measure it.” Jamie shrugged her shoulders.

“You could give Beau here a few lessons.” Chase returned the jab to the ribs.

“Oh?” Jamie gave the redheaded fireman her best smile.

Beau gave a short grin.

“Well, all this talk about water makes me have to whiz. Let me out,” Chase said, pushing on Beau.

After Chase left the table, Jamie rose and slid in next to Beau, letting her hip brush against his. “What would you like lessons in?” she whispered in his ear.

*

Beau struggled all night to keep his emotions in check. He rarely granted invitations to the opposite sex because women always seemed to set his blood on fire—especially if

there was any level of attraction—because the relationships eventually ended because of his secret.

This girl, Jamie, scared the hell out of him. His barely concealed erection was a testament to the draw he felt toward her. The usual heated senses were not there, though, and it really concerned him. He felt cool, calm and collected, at least in the flesh. His emotions were tearing all over the place. Attraction toward this unbelievably gorgeous girl, confusion over what drew him to her specifically and concern his fail-safe standoffish method wasn't working at all.

Now her breath lingered against his skin. What had she asked him? He looked over at her with her long black hair and dark blue eyes. "What?"

"Chase said something about you needing lessons." Her sensuous pink lips moved, and all he heard was "lessons."

"Lessons?" he asked, unable to concentrate on the words emerging from those luscious lips.

"Yeah. What kind do you need?" She smiled.

"What kind do you want give me?" Beau hoped he sounded flirtatious instead of the uncertainty rising within him.

Jamie leaned over and whispered against his lips, "I'd like to give you some very intimate lessons, but I doubt you need them." Her lips barely touched his own. Beau used all of his restraint not to pull her against him to taste her.

"So did you two figure something out?" Damn Chase and his bad timing.

"I'm still trying to find out what he wants." Jamie turned and smiled at Chase. Beau's gut twisted.

"He doesn't know how to swim!" Chase fairly shouted it.

Jamie turned to look at him, "Is that all?"

"Yes," Beau said in a clipped voice.

"I think I can help you out. I've done adult lessons before."

"I'm not sure I need to know how to swim. Haven't run across the need in a fire yet," he teased her.

"Nonsense. It's easy. Besides it's not like you'll need to rescue people right away. Just a nice skill to have, especially living on the North shore." Her face lit up as she talked to him, "I need to use the little girl's room." Jamie rose from the table, "Don't take my spot," she commanded Chase.

Once she left, Chase sat down opposite Beau. "What do you think?" he asked.

"About what?"

"Jamie."

"She's okay."

"Just okay? Dude, she's like a walking goddess with her long black hair, perky tits and a sweetheart-shaped ass. Didn't you notice?"

Beau noticed and so did his pecker. He merely shrugged. How could a man not notice dark denim jeans or the white T-shirt hugging her curves? Chase forgot to mention her captivating ocean blue eyes. A man could drown in those big baby blues.

"Well, if you're not interested, I'll—"

"Don't even think about it." It was more of a command than a statement.

Chase laughed. "So you do like her."

"I didn't say anything of the sort."

“But I can’t pursue her,” Chase clarified.

“Yep.” Beau took a long sip off his beer.

“Okay. Whatever, man. I’ll let you have this one, only because you’re showing a little bit of interest. You need to get laid. You can thank me later.”

“For what? Giving me some girl with her own opinions and thoughts? I’m sure she’d think you’re a real catch if she knew about this.”

“No. For setting up lessons. You’re gonna see her in a swimsuit.”

“Doubtful.” Beau now thought the idea of taking lessons had merit. He admitted selfishly he wanted to get closer to the beautiful lifeguard, but he wasn’t sure about the water just yet.

“Fine. Be an ungrateful bastard.” Chase crossed his arms over his chest and scowled across the table.

“I will.” Beau merely smiled at him.

“So did we decide when you want your first lesson?” Jamie stood beside the table, hands on her trim hips, a grin planted on her face.

“No.” Beau didn’t want swimming lessons. He had no desire to find out if water would affect his fireproof abilities.

“Well, think about it.” Jamie leaned over Chase to grab her backpack.

“Where are you going?” Beau couldn’t keep the rising panic out of his voice.

“Home. I have orientation at the beach in the morning.” She slung the backpack over her shoulder.

“I’ll take you home.” Beau rose without thought.

“Don’t you have a car?” Chase interjected, dashing Beau’s hopes.

“Nah. I’m only here for the summer. Innocent is small enough I haven’t needed a car yet. Besides I can always rent a bike or canoe to get around,” she said with a smile.

“All the more reason you need a ride home. Innocent isn’t necessarily the model of its name,” Beau insisted.

“Beau is right, and with the bars closing in a few hours, the streets will be downright dangerous. The men outnumber the women here five to one,” Chase pointed out.

“All right. I’m obviously outnumbered, so Beau can escort me.” Jamie motioned for Beau to follow her.

“I can come with.” Chase started to rise.

“No.” Jamie turned. “Amber would be very disappointed, and I don’t need to piss off the locals.”

Beau looked down, hiding his grin.

“You’re right. We don’t want to disappoint Amber.” Chase looked beyond Beau, obviously looking for the bleach-blond waitress.

“Shall we, Mr. Collins?” Jamie offered her hand.

“Absolutely, Miss Waters.” Beau grasped her delicate hand in his own meaty one. Her fingers felt chilly against his heated skin.

They wound their way through the noisy bar patrons. Jamie seemed adept at avoiding groping hands and didn’t look back at the whistles following in her wake. Relief washed over Beau. Jamie obviously didn’t want to meet other men. Except him and he couldn’t help but wonder what she saw in a tall, large redhead covered in freckles.

*

Jamie managed to avoid every grabby-hand at O’Riley’s. Although she didn’t doubt

Beau would defend her honor, Jamie didn't need blood on his hands. Not when she planned something so much more delectable for those long, rough digits. She smiled into the surprisingly crisp summer night. She really appreciated this weather. The region's cooler nights contrasted nicely with the warmer days. She stopped abruptly, closed her eyes and inhaled deeply.

"You okay?" She looked up. Beau's chocolate stare was intense, and she melted.

"Sorry, I can't get over these temperature fluctuations." The words barely came. She was so fixated on this man before her.

"Wait fifteen minutes around here, and the weather will change. Spring and fall are the most remarkable." Beau's warm hand still gripped hers.

"Sorry I'm gonna miss the season change." She meant it, too. She would like nothing more than to stay in this little town, but she could ill afford to stay in one place.

"Oh, yeah, you will, won't you?" A sad expression crossed Beau's face before he looked down and dropped her hand.

"Yep. But I'd like to make the most of the time I have here. I intend to enjoy myself." Jamie retrieved his hand, "I suggest you do too." She hoped she wasn't too subtle for him.

"Where are you staying again?"

"The Hotel. I got a room there for the summer; it's a short walk." Jamie started toward the beach.

"Really? I work there." Beau fell into step with her.

"I thought you were a fireman? Chase said you were."

Beau laughed; his mirth was an affectionate sound. "Innocent is a volunteer fire department. The town isn't really big enough to support a full-time department. The chief is the only full-time employee. The rest of us just live here."

"Live here?" Jamie pressed him to continue.

"Yeah. The Innocent fire house accommodates all the single firemen, rent free. Then they're available twenty-four/seven from the house. Some of us have other jobs."

"So what do you do at the hotel?" Jamie let go of Beau's hand and sat down on a nearby bench.

"What are you doing?" he asked with a puzzled look.

"I'm taking off my shoes. I figured we'd walk the beach back." She proceeded to take off her sandals and put them in her pack.

"Um, okay. You know it's pitch black out there?"

"No, it isn't, you have the reflection of the light off the water, plus it seems like everyone has their cabin lights on. It'll be fine. Trust me." She rose and offered him her hand once more.

"Do I have to take off my shoes?" He looked down at his feet.

"No. We can remove those at The Hotel if you want."

"We can?" Beau asked.

"Sure, if you want. Now tell me what you do again?" Jamie stepped onto the beach, wiggling her toes in the sand. The waves could be heard hitting the shore in a melodious sound. Jamie loved it. She was disappointed Beau wasn't a swimmer. Jamie was tempted to skinny-dip with him. She smiled at the image of wrapping her long legs around his flanks as the waves pulsed rhythmically against them.

"I'm the head chef." His voice broke her mental spell.

“Omigod! I ate dinner before I left—poached walleye. Did you cook the fish?”

“You were the only order for the special.” Beau’s russet eyes crinkled as his smile consumed his face. “What did you think?”

“It was to die for! I love fish, and I always like to try the local fare when I travel. If you tell me you made the cheesecake, too, I’ll kiss you.” She turned to face him.

“I make all the desserts, too, but we are looking at hiring a dessert chef.”

Jamie couldn’t resist her impulsiveness. She leapt into his strong, muscled arms and planted a big kiss on him.

Chapter Three

Beau was assaulted by a myriad of sensations, cool skin against his heated flesh and a feminine form molding against him. He caught her light frame easily enough. He lifted her round buttocks up to settle her pelvis against his straining erection. Jamie smelled like the lake on clear spring day. She fit so nicely against him. Jamie pressed against his hard cock, sending him off balance and weaving toward the waves.

Beau panicked, pure and simple. He grasped her tight against him, trying to cushion the blow against the sand. He failed and landed hard right on top of her. He heard the air escape out of her lungs.

Beau rose quickly, and when she didn't move, he lowered back down. "Are you okay?"

"Yeah. Just got a little wind knocked out of me." Her eyes remained closed.

"Did you hit your head?" Beau reached down to touch her feather-soft hair. That was a mistake.

Her lips parted in a whispering, "No," and he couldn't help but lower his head.

Jamie's legs wrapped about his flanks, and her arms and her hands came up, encircling his neck.

He felt her fingers winding their way along his scalp as he tried to maintain some level of composure. Self-control was damn hard. So was his cock. Traitorous snake wanted inside her warmth more than Beau's brain could reason this situation out.

Jamie ran her tongue along the seam of his lips until he granted her access, and her tongue invaded his mouth.

He pushed her pelvis against the beach, enjoying the moan that escaped her.

Her hands gripped tighter, and she pulled her upper body off the sand. She was strong. He felt her breasts pressing against him. Beau thought his heart was going to explode out of his chest, it beat so fast.

He managed to maneuver a hand between them to slide his hand up her shirt.

She arched against his open palm.

When his hand connected to her breast, he worried he might embarrass himself. Nothing should feel so perfect. Certainly not a breast you couldn't even see. But the globe felt perfect. The orb was neither too big nor small. He found her nipple sensitive as the tiny bud pebbled when caught between his fingers.

"Hmm ... Beau. That feels so good."

Beau felt more confident. He lowered his hand and searched for the button of her jeans. He felt the button and worked his fingers so that he managed to undo it. All the while, the two of them played tonsil hockey. The zipper was next; it slid down easily. He touched the top of her panties ... rubbing his fingers over the delicate lace. Beau touched under the rim, ready to snake his hand down to her wetness, when waves crashed over them, and he rose immediately to get out of the water's way.

He watched in horror as another wave crashed over Jamie.

"Jamie," he called her name.

When the wave retreated. She was right where he'd left her, although a lot wetter.

"Are you okay?"

“No.” She lifted and rested on her elbows. “I’m horny as hell.”

“I’m so sorry.” He should have known better. “Let me help you up.” He offered his hand.

She pulled herself upright and dusted the sand off her sweetheart butt. “Don’t look so glum. I jumped your bones, sending you off balance; this isn’t your fault.” Jamie lifted a slender hand and touched his jaw. Her soft fingers lightly caressed him.

“I panicked.” Beau thought for sure he’d blown his chance with the lovely lifeguard. He kicked at the beach.

“Dude, don’t worry about it.” She patted his back, “You can still get into my panties.”

It was like she’d read his mind. Well, not quite; he wasn’t all about having sex with her. Although he wanted to—he didn’t deny it. Something about Jamie drew him to her, like a moth to a flame. Beau was concerned she might be the moth. He didn’t want to hurt her and didn’t trust his feelings.

“Well, looks like we are here.” She bounded up the steps of the beachfront hotel and opened the door before turning back to him. “It’s late tonight, but how do you feel about a lesson first thing in the morning?”

The thought of learning to swim in front of the guests made Beau cringe. “How about tomorrow night around eleven?”

“Okay. Works for me.” She shrugged her slender shoulders.

“I could make you dinner.”

“Bribing me so I don’t drown you?” She smiled.

“I make a mean apple crisp.” Her smile was infectious.

“Sold!” She walked under the doorway.

Five minutes of grinning like a besotted idiot after her trailing frame walked away and Beau realized he hadn’t told Jamie what time they would meet for dinner.

Chapter Four

Amber Stokes sat in front of her vanity, grooming herself. Chase never failed to provide her with just enough power to get by. Damn humans. He lasted longer than others, but still his aura wasn't quite the power she needed.

Beau was what she wanted. The bastard didn't even know he was an Elemental. The only reason she'd latched onto Chase was to get to Beau, but he seemed to only have eyes for Jamie. The girl was trouble. Amber had known Jamie would be a snag in her plans from the moment she walked into the bar.

Amber couldn't put her finger on why she knew Jamie would be a problem, but she'd like to. She took her index finger and dipped it into the candle on her vanity, like dipping a quill in ink. She burned an X into the dresser with her fingers. Smug satisfaction filled her, imagining the lovely Jamie's skin beneath her fiery hand. Even though Amber was a Fire Nymph, she could only take power from the source. An Elemental would provide unlimited power.

"Amber?" Chase came up behind her wrapping his arms around her before she could dip her finger back into the flame.

"Yeah, Chase baby?" She planted a sugary smile on her face.

"Thinking of playing with fire?" He kissed the back of her neck

He has no idea, she thought, watching him nuzzle her in the mirror.

"Come back to bed." It was more of a command, and for some reason, Amber felt compelled to follow him.

As if Chase sensed his power over her, he caressed the underside of her nipple. A cool breeze blew through the window causing even Amber to shiver, and blowing the candles out in the room. The temperature seemed to have significantly dropped. Amber inhaled the cool air. The frigid temperature weakened her powers. She needed warmth fast.

"Chase?" Her breath hung in the air as she questioned what occurred.

"Yes." The man was already beneath the covers and looked like a horny teenager patting the bed next to him.

"Do you feel it?" She looked at him quizzically

"I feel hard for you." His grin made him look like a devil, an extremely provocative devil tempting her to naughtiness. No matter. Chase would warm her very well.

Amber slid under the covers next to him, feeling the warmth of his body. His body heat wasn't enough. She pressed closer to him, but he lifted her so she straddled his lean hips. She pressed her wanton pussy against his warm cock. The sensation sent warmth tingling toward her fingertips. She ground her clit against him; pleasure pulsed against her sensitive nub. Chase grasped her back and caught her nipple between his teeth. He drew the chilled bud between his heated lips and suckled.

Amber leaned into his affections, clasping her fingers through his flaxen hair and encouraging his assault. When he drew back and blew cool air across her damp nipple, she trembled. It was supernatural to feel such a chill in her breast and such heat on her clit.

"Come on, Amber! Let me in." Chase's hands smoothed down her back and over her

buttocks, pulling the covers along and exposing her to the chilly air.

Amber grasped his cock in her nimble fingers and adjusted herself so his shaft easily entered her hot hole.

“Oh yeah, baby!” Chase moaned. “You’re on fire.”

How right he was. The heat built within her as her orgasm approached, but she was allowed no discharge as the breezy air tamped her natural glow. Her release would only serve to warm her core. The small warmth would be enough for now. Amber cried out as she felt the heat swell in her womb.

Chase wasted no time flipping her on all fours as he entered her from behind. He rode her hard, exposing every inch of her flesh. There would be no warmth for her tonight. This must be what humans felt like having sex. The simple act of heat between bodies and desire coursing through her veins was merely intoxicating at best. These poor mortals didn’t know what it was like to harness power from another soul.

Amber stilled as Chase shouted his own orgasm. Once he released her hips, she burrowed into the covers further. She was relieved to finally feel the warmth of blankets surround her.

*

Chase sighed as he glared over at the etchings on Amber’s dressing table. He would have to work harder to keep his little fire nymph occupied. He hoped she would forget about her obsession with Beau. Nothing would come of it since Jamie had arrived.

Chase admitted jealousy. He felt an attraction unlike any other to the devastatingly gorgeous Jamie. Chase shook off his thoughts. He would give Beau his chance; the Fire Elemental deserved at least an opportunity. If Beau failed, then Chase would pick up the pieces.

Chase waved his hands allowing the cold air to leave the room. He smiled into the dark as Amber shivered against him in sleep.

Chapter Five

Jamie broke the surface of the water. Swimming was one of the few joys left. The water was where she could be free. Free from the worries of the world, and most of all, free to keep her secret safe. When she broke the diving record in California she knew the incident would expose her. She needed to escape, and northern Minnesota seemed like such a remote place. Innocent was perfect. No one needed to know she wasn't human. Jamie was a water creature. She'd lived so long among humans she tended to forget the one small detail. Her ignorance got her into trouble when she went to see what hung up an anchor and created curiosity around her.

It was also the perfect excuse to leave. Her leaving California was long overdue. She was tired of explaining the lack of normal human things. It seemed every human she came into contact with had parents—she resorted to a story about her parents dying in a horrible fire. She couldn't very well tell people her parents lived in the ocean, Atlantis specifically, and were delegates for the Earth Veil. Jamie sighed; people would freak out if what they believed were myths lay just below the surface.

Jamie glided through the water toward the pool's steps. Once out of the water, she padded over to the table, picked up her towel and dried her wet skin. The white cotton towel was soft against her skin. She imagined the warm skin of Beau against her own cool dampness and shivered in anticipation. Not often was she physically attracted to members of the opposite sex, but something about him excited and concerned her. Jamie had meant what she'd said to him yesterday. Their relationship would have to be just sex. She couldn't afford to expose her secret, and there were rules about mingling with humans. Fraternizing with mortals was absolutely forbidden. The Fae Veil was harsh in its treatment of those who did. Jamie shook off her unpleasant thoughts and made her way back to her room. Dawn was breaking, and she made her way to her room to find the door cracked open.

She paused, sure she hadn't left the door open. She peered in to find a woodland pixie, dressed in worn bell-bottoms and an oversized sweater with matching stocking cap, sitting on her bed.

The pixie turned. "Hey, about time you got back"

Jamie rapidly crossed the room to wrap her arms around her dear friend. "Heather, what are you doing here?"

Heather Douglas wriggled free of her grasp, "Did you know logging season starts in about a month up here?"

"No, I didn't. Are you here to protect the trees?"

"I wish. I'm not allowed to cast any spells or such. Too many people."

Jamie laughed. "Innocent only has about, what? Five hundred?"

"Yeah, but the problem is they are dispersed in the forest. I can't risk being seen or..." Heather voice broke.

"I know." Both girls looked sullenly at the floor. There was no defying the Veil. The risk of their wrath was too great.

"Do you mind?" Heather pointed at the stocking cap she perpetually wore.

"Nah, go ahead. You can let it all hang out here."

Heather removed the cap, and long brown hair with blond highlights tumbled down, cascading over her shoulders. Heather tucked a stray strand behind her ear, revealing why she wore the cap. The hat was to cover the pointed ears all pixies were cursed with.

"How did you get in?" Jamie was sure she'd locked the door.

"The door is made of wood." Heather replied shrugging her shoulders.

Sometimes Jamie envied all the talents her friend Heather possessed, but she knew life was hard for pixies. They were picked on by humans because they could never reveal what they were. So their ears were often made fun of. They couldn't use their powers given by the earth for fear of discovery and the retribution of the Veil.

"You want to room with me while you're here?" Jamie asked.

"Sure, why not? I was surprised when the flowers said you were here," Heather stated. "What happened?"

"I broke the free-dive record by accident."

"Oh dear. Does the Veil know?"

"I'm sure they do. The diver whose record I broke is fighting it. The locals already knew who I was. It's made a few blogs and papers."

"If they haven't sent anyone after you, you should be fine."

"How long would it before they would find me?" Jamie was suddenly very fearful.

"My parents were killed within days of being discovered." Heather hung her head low.

"Heather," Jamie tried to comfort her, but Heather shook her off.

"It's in the past." Heather smiled, but Jamie knew the grin was false. "So tell me what somebody can do in this tiny town for fun."

"Not sure. Summer's coming on us, so I plan to hit the beaches. I'm also tied up in a CPR course every Tuesday for a couple more weeks 'til I'm certified. On the plus side, I've met some locals and have a potential fling possibility."

"Meet a merman?"

"No. A human."

"Be careful."

"Hence the fling."

"Very wise. So who is this guy?" Heather traced a pattern on the bedspread.

"His name is Beau, and he's a giant."

"Really? An actual giant?"

"No, sorry. I meant he's tall ... taller than me anyway."

"You're from Atlantis. Atlantians are supposed to be tall."

"Humans don't know what we look like. Besides, being tall is sort of like the ear thing."

Heather shot her a look which clearly said, *It's nothing like the ear thing.*

"You know what I mean." Jamie tried hard to cover her horrible faux pas.

"Go on." Heather scowled.

"I don't know—he's fascinating to me. I find him unlike any other man I've met. He's, like, so attractive, but not what humans find attractive. You know what I mean."

"Are you sure he's human?"

"Yes." Jamie considered the question carefully. "He just doesn't look like fairy folk."

"Maybe he's an Elemental."

“There’s no such creature. That’s fairy folklore.”

“I like to believe they’re real.”

“Why?”

“Because they are powerful and above the laws of the Veil.”

And Jamie understood her logic. There was something scary about not being able to control your own destiny about following rules the Veil put in place to protect the humans. Humans were lucky they had only the laws of their own countries dictated them, and if they broke one rule it was hard to find out. If non-humans broke a rule, they would be found out within hours. The Earth always revealed secrets. The waves likely already spoke of Jamie’s infraction to the merfolk, and she was probably the buzz of Atlantis. She couldn’t help but sigh. Hopefully, the California record breaking wouldn’t cause too much trouble for her politically savvy parents.

“I don’t suppose you could ask the earth what the waves have gossiped,” Jamie asked, now concerned for her own safety.

“Not a problem. Okay, I don’t know about you, but I’m famished. I’ve been waiting for over an hour.” Heather got off the bed and shoved her stocking cap over her head.

“Let me change and we’ll head down to the restaurant. I know the chef, and you are going to love the food here.”

Jamie changed faster than ever before. She wore khaki shorts and a navy blue hooded sweatshirt. She wanted to get a head start on the day and hopefully get some insight from Heather on Beau. The thought of him sent heat along her skin and made her clench her thighs.

She would have to get him into the water so she could enjoy him. The whole luring idea held a certain amount of appeal.

As the girls made their way stealthily along the corridors, they remained silent so as not to wake the other guests.

The smell of fresh bread baking made Jamie’s stomach growl, reminding her she hadn’t yet eaten this morning. She moved faster toward the kitchen with Heather close on her heels.

They were greeted by an older lady with auburn hair and streaks of gray, giving the appearance of fire and ash. She was about five-eight and wore a nut brown dress and a bright yellow apron as she made her way effortlessly around the large spacious kitchen.

“Good morning, ladies.” Her voice was like honey and sent warmth through Jamie’s limbs.

“Good morning, Miss—” Jamie stopped aware she was clueless about who this woman was.

“Mrs. Mrs. Collins.”

“Are you related to Beau?”

“Yes. He’s my son. Have you met Beau?”

“Um. Yes.” *What to say?* This woman looked far too young to be Beau’s mother. She couldn’t tell a boy’s mother she planned to have a summer fling with her son.

“I’m sorry. I didn’t catch your name.” The woman’s coal eyes fairly bored into Jamie.

“Heather Douglas.” Bless Heather for putting her hand out and on the chopping block.

“And I’m Jamie Waters. I’m staying in room two-o-five.”

"Pleasure to meet you both." Mrs. Collins extended her hand to Jamie. "Up with the earth and water?"

"What?" both girls asked in chorus. Heather pulled her hat down tighter.

"You look like you've been for a swim, and Miss Douglas has dirt on her feet." Mrs. Collins turned to pull a batch of caramel rolls out of the oven.

"Oh yeah," Jamie responded. "I need to get a few laps in every morning. I'm going life-guarding at the beaches this summer."

"I see." Mrs. Collins went back to the task at hand, seemingly uninterested in her guests.

"I thought you knew the chef?" Heather asked.

"I do. I thought Beau was the chef." Jamie directed her question to Mrs. Collins.

"He is. In the evenings. I didn't catch how you know Beau."

"I met him last night at the CPR class," Jamie said. Her stomach chose that time to inappropriately growl.

"Ah. So are you hungry, then?" Without a response, Mrs. Collins merely cut off two rolls and handed the girls each a plate.

Heather was far less reserved and took a greedy bite.

Jamie suddenly felt very unsure. Atlantians were known for impeccable manners and their ability to sooth people, but she felt like all her skills were useless. What was it about the Collinses that seemed to turn her inside out?

"Well, I'm glad someone competent will be watching the beaches this year besides the young jocks who don't take anything seriously besides rubbing oil on young women." All three ladies turned to see Chase standing in the doorway.

"Good morning, Chase." Jamie smiled.

"Mr. Bridges." Mrs. Collins seemed ruffled. "I have some business to take care of in town, ladies. Enjoy the rolls." In a moment the woman was gone.

"Chase, this is my friend, Heather Douglas. Heather, this is Chase Bridges."

"Heather? What a lovely name." He bowed, and taking Heather's hand, kissed it.

Heather retrieved her hand. "Don't bother chasing me. I'm taken." Her friend was clearly not impressed. "I have to go, Jamie. I will talk to you later." And with a few good-byes, Jamie was left alone with Chase.

"You certainly have a way of whisking a room clean, don't you?" She turned to Chase.

"It wasn't intentional, I assure you." Chase moved around the counter to grab a roll.

"What are you doing here so early?" Jamie was curious.

"I came to see how Beau faired in his first lesson."

"He hasn't had one yet. We are meeting tonight after dinner."

"Oh?" Chase mumbled as he ate. "Good, huh?" He held up the roll.

"I haven't tried them yet." Jamie had been so focused on making a good impression, she'd completely forgotten about her hunger. Like everyone in the room her appetite had vanished. "Is Beau here?"

"He's not? Oh well, want to teach me a few things?" Chase flashed his bright teeth at her.

"Not what you'd like to learn." The man was incorrigible. "Actually, I have to head to the beach for a tour. You are sure welcome to join me."

"Nah. I'll go hunt Beau down."

Jamie watched as Chase disappeared down the hall. She was surprised he and Beau were friends. They contrasted sharply against one another.

Chapter Six

Beau battled the blaze before him; he had intended to blacken the perch, not make the fish charcoal with the flames. Damn. He beat the blaze with his oven mitt to no avail. He had just about given up when the flame suddenly extinguished itself. He turned to find his mother with her hands on her hips.

“What are you doing to my kitchen?” Her voice was critical.

“Trying to blacken fish.”

“Oh dear, Beau. Did you get distracted?”

“Maybe.” He wasn’t about to tell his mother he thought he might get lucky tonight.

“You need to focus. Are you making fish again? I could’ve sworn we decided on pork chops for the evening special.” She walked to where the menu was sitting on the sideboard. “I thought so.” She looked at Beau and the question hung in the air.

“It’s for a guest.”

“Oh? Room two-o-five?”

“I don’t know who’s in there,” he said.

“Jamie Waters.”

“Yes.” How did she know?

“I met her this morning,” his mother continued. “What’s your interest in her, Beau?”

“My interest?”

“Your intentions.”

“I’m not sure I have any. She’s only here for the summer.”

“Well, that’s a relief.” He wondered if she meant to speak out loud. “You know, Beau, you can’t afford to become too close to anyone.”

“Why?” This was the first his mother had spoken of any woman in his life. Beau had his reasons for not getting close, but he wondered what hers were.

“Given your line of work, of course.”

He wasn’t buying her argument, and his expression must have said so.

“Your father never considered my feelings on his being a fireman. I worried constantly about him and with good reason.” His mother’s sable eyes grew misty.

“Mom, I—” He moved to comfort her.

“I want you to settle down, Beau, but I think you need to have this firefighting business out of your system before you do. It’s too hard to put a woman through the worry.”

It sounded plausible, but her logic just didn’t ring true. Not for his mother. Beau’s father had died fighting a large warehouse fire on the north docks. While his mother always grieved the loss of her husband, this was the first time she had expressed concern over her son. There was something she wasn’t telling him, but he knew better than to press the issue.

“I understand.” Beau circled his arms around her tiny shoulders and kissed the top of her head. “But you don’t need to worry.”

“I don’t have to, but I do. It’s a mother thing.” She smiled up at him, her face etched with fine lines, and he couldn’t help but wonder if concern for his life had put them there.

“Mom, I should tell you.”

“Yes?” She pulled back.

“I can’t burn.”

“What’s that?” She looked at him with her head tilted.

“I can’t burn this dinner. I really like this girl.” Now was not the time to reveal secrets.

“Of course not.” His mother said, but her gaze remained on him. “What would you like?” She moved effortlessly across the room and grabbed her apron from a nearby hook. Beau loved his mother but wasn’t sure if she could handle the truth of his ability.

“Blackened perch, baby potatoes and—any suggestions for dessert?”

“Chocolate. All women love chocolate. If she doesn’t, then move on.” His mother winked at him.

*

The chocolate truffle melted in Jamie’s mouth. Decadent. Decadence was what this evening was all about. She opened her eyes to find Beau staring intently at her from across the table. The candles cast a glow which danced along his features, making him appear truly handsome.

“You are so getting lucky tonight.” She smiled at him.

He laughed.

“Any man who can create confections like this can have his way with me.” Jamie knew she was being direct, but she just didn’t care.

“I wish I could,” he stated.

“What do you mean?”

“I had help.” His brown eyes were downcast.

“Fine, they can have their way with me too,” she teased.

He sputtered and coughed.

Jamie responded with a sense of urgency.

He motioned for her to stop.

She watched him as he continued to cough, but finally, he took a deep breath and spoke. “My mother made them.”

Jamie went cold. “Well, I certainly don’t want to sleep with your mother.” She spoke in all seriousness.

“Nor do I want you to.”

“Should we get to it, then?” she asked, rising up from the table.

“Of course.” Beau followed her lead and moved toward her. He grasped her chin and tilted it up. He captured her lips.

Jamie was entranced. His lips were warm, firm yet soft. The simple kiss was compulsive. She felt his hands at her back, pulling her closer. Though she wanted him more than she ever remembered wanting any man, she didn’t want to rush either.

“I meant with your lessons.” Jamie pulled away.

Beau was clearly surprised. The redness creeping into his skin was proof of his embarrassment.

Jamie made no apologies. “Did you forget?”

“No. I even have my trunks.” He walked past her to his bag on the floor.

“Great. Shall we get changed?” Jamie wasn’t about to run away from this attraction either. She began unbuttoning her shirt.

“Don’t you want to—” He nodded toward the bathroom.

“Why? You’re going to see all of me later.” She knew her grin was wicked as she shrugged out of her sleeves.

Her breathing increased as she saw Beau gulp. As Jamie started working the fly on her jeans, she wondered if she would be able to control her libido long enough to get him to the pool.

Her hands moved seductively over her hips as she slid the stiff material past her thighs and knees to step out of them. She sauntered over to where Beau stood and ran her hands on the inside of his shirt collar.

He dropped the bag.

Jamie undid the buttons on his emerald polo and moved to lift the shirt over his head. He helped her when she paused. *Breathe, girl.* She hadn’t anticipated her reaction to him. She felt controlling and longed to touch his skin. Jamie didn’t deny her want. She feathered her fingers over his warm chest, watching as he shivered beneath her.

“Are my hands cold?” she asked

“No.” His voice wavered.

*

Beau couldn’t take any more. He needed her right this instant, if only to appease his raging desire to keep her from this outrageous flirtation.

He grabbed her around the waist and carried her to the bed. She let out a high-pitched squeal when he tossed her down with enough momentum to make her bounce. Beau liked the fact she wasn’t some fragile miss he must handle with gentle care.

When she tried to get up, he pushed lightly down on her shoulders. Jamie complied. Bless small favors. When he laid his arm possessively over her waist, she wriggled beneath him. He pressed her hips to the mattress with his pelvis.

“You can’t tease someone and walk away.” He trailed kisses along her neck. “It’s not fair.”

Beau cupped her round breasts in his hands, never freeing them from her white bra. He moved his hands along her waist to her matching underwear. He blazed a path with his tongue from her neck to her stomach.

When his mouth reached her navel, he circled his tongue around it and planted soft kisses against her skin. He watched as her chest rose and fell fast. He heard her heavy breathing. Good.

He ran his thumbs under the waistband of her panties.

“I’m taking these off.”

Jamie merely nodded. Her blue-green eyes were glazed.

Beau grasped the elastic and pulled them in one quick motion past her long legs and threw them over his shoulder. He looked back at Jamie. Her thighs parted under his heated stare. She revealed a thatch of black hair and porcelain white thighs. He tentatively reached his hand out to touch her softness.

Jamie moaned. The sound reverberated to his erection.

He crunched his fingers in her dark curls before dipping his thumb below. Her hips arched toward him. With his free hand, he limited her movement, holding her to the bed.

“Beau?” She resisted.

“Shhhh...” He blew on the erect button peeking out. Beau watched as her fingers clutched the sheets. He smiled.

He massaged her clit until he thought she might release, and then he moved to

capture the small nub between his lips, tickling the tight flesh with his tongue. He delved his tongue lower between her damp folds, parting her with his rough digits. He massaged her outer lips with his fingers and plunged his tongue into her sweet cavern. She tasted warm.

Jamie parted her thighs wide, granting him full access to her treasures. Her hot pinkness was slick with saliva and her own juices. It was a hard invitation to refuse.

Beau ran his knuckles over her sheath, teasing the sensitive flesh before dipping two fingers in. He coated them before pulling them out and sampling her sweet cream.

She moaned and begged, "More..."

Beau thrust his fingers back in, plunging them in and out of her damp heat. She quivered around his fingers as her flesh began to crave more.

Jamie leaned up; grabbing his wrist she began to rhythmically hump his hand. Her breasts were still contained, but the nipples pebbled up beneath the sheer cotton. Sweat beaded along her brow, and she panted his name as he felt her pussy draw his fingers deeper. "Beau ... Beau..."

She was close. Beau leaned into kiss her when she moved her hands to clutch at his shoulders, then he pulled his hand away from her hot core.

Jamie whimpered in his mouth.

"It's not nice to tease," he said before rising up, grabbing his bag and heading to the bathroom. The look on her face, one of bewilderment and settling of scores, was so worth walking away. He would have Jamie, but on his own terms, even if he required a cold shower tonight.

Chapter Seven

The bastard! Jamie was hot and bothered, and he'd just walked away. True, she'd teased him and thought she was in control until Beau proved her wrong.

She wondered what possessed her to take both of them to the edge without plunging headfirst onto the bed. She didn't want him to get too attached. Better he think her selfish and cold. He would need those thoughts when she left at summer's end.

Jamie changed quickly into her aquamarine bikini. She couldn't help but smile when she heard the shower kick in, followed by a yelp. Cold? If so, she wasn't the only one affected.

When Beau came out of the bathroom, he looked like he'd been trapped in a downpour.

"You want a towel? There are some in there." Why did he stand there dripping on the carpet?

"Don't worry. I dry fast," he said, shaking the water lightly from his limbs.

Jamie was dumbfounded. "Okay." She didn't question why he insisted on torturing himself. Since he was already in his swim trunks she saw no reason to delay the inevitable.

"Are you ready?" she asked reaching for the handle.

"About as much as I can be." Beau couldn't hide the hesitation in his voice.

"I won't let anything happen to you. Okay?" She reached out, reassuring him. When her fingers grazed his muscled biceps, she couldn't help but comment. "Wow. You do dry fast." Even his scalp held no water.

"Yeah." He looked down, not meeting her inquisitive gaze.

"Well, let's get to it." Jamie opened the door, not waiting for him to follow.

Jamie heard shuffling behind her as she made her way to the pool. She smiled to herself, knowing he followed her. She couldn't resist swaying her hips.

When they reached the pool area, the room was dimly lit. Jamie padded across the mosaic-tiled floor toward the light switch.

"Leave them off," Beau whispered in her ear. He wrapped his strong arms around her. Ironical he would make her feel safe, especially since she was supposed to give him confidence in the water.

"Did you want to skinny-dip?" she taunted him and was delighted to feel his cock stiffen against her backside.

"Yes." His voice sent a shiver along her skin.

She managed to turn around in his arms, she locked her hands behind his neck. "If that's the incentive I need to use, fine."

Jamie wriggled free and clasped his hand in hers and led him toward the pool steps.

He paused at the top and let her go in alone.

She turned around once her feet touched bottom, and she was submerged to her waist. "It's okay." She patted the water, splashing it up.

"You know, I'm really okay up here." He backed away from the stairs.

Jamie heard the fear in his voice. He was terrified. It didn't seem like a man so strong and dominating could fear a little water, but he did. She wondered if perhaps he'd

witnessed a drowning but shook the thought away to focus on the task at hand.

"Okay," she said and submerged herself, swimming in one breath to the opposite wall and back to the steps.

Beau was in the exact spot she'd left him. His sigh echoed in the room. "You okay?"

"Of course. I'm a lifeguard, remember?" she reassured him. Jamie waded through the water to the nearest ledge on the shallow end. "Come here." She motioned for him to sit down on the tile.

He walked over and looked down at her.

"Sit down."

He sat cross-legged on the tile.

"Put your feet into the water."

Beau looked at her, unsure.

"I'm a professional, not some teenager who's going to drag you in. You are obviously uncomfortable." She touched his calf.

"Promise?"

"Absolutely, I promise." She held two fingers up in what she understood as the human Scout's honor, whatever the symbol meant.

Her honesty worked. Beau plunged his feet in with such force water splashed up, hitting her in the face.

"I'm sorry."

"Stop!" She saw him about to move backward. "I'm fine. Keep your feet in, I'll come out."

Beau stayed put. Jamie rose up and planted herself right next to him.

"Good boy." She leaned over and kissed his cheek.

He blushed.

"Are you ready?"

"Ready for what?"

"To kick my ass at kicking?" Jamie began kicking in earnest.

Beau joined in. The water churned like an outboard motor. He held the concrete edge and kicked furiously in the pool. The spray was sprinkling their bodies.

"Okay." Jamie rested her hand on his thigh.

Beau stopped.

"Are you ready to get in?" Her voice remained calm.

Beau's expression went from pure joy to absolute terror.

"We need to get in the water." She jumped back in.

He stared at the water. His hands clenched tighter on the edge.

"How about an incentive?" Jamie reached below the water and glided her bottoms down past her knees and feet, releasing them until they danced along small waves.

Jamie grabbed her ankles and tilted backward in a somersault beneath the surface; as she looped, she knew her pink pussy would be revealed. When she broke the water, Jamie swam over to where he sat. She felt the heat emanating from him. The water seemed much warmer where his feet were submerged.

"Are you coming in?"

"What do I get if I come in?"

"I'll remove your shorts," she said.

Beau jumped in the water. He forgot to brace himself, and Jamie was helpless as his

head fell below the surface. He came up sputtering and gasping for air.

“Are you okay?” She reached him as fast as she could.

He shook like a dog. “I think so.” His voice was croaky.

“I could give you a little mouth-to-mouth.” Jamie rested her fingers along his jaw.

Beau captured her lips with his.

She was surprised and thrilled as his firm tongue ran along the seam of her lips. She opened to him.

His tongue plunged into her mouth.

Jamie felt immediate warmth gather in her loins. There would be no teasing this time. She had every intention of going all the way. She wound her hands around his solid neck. She pushed him back against the wall and wrapped her legs about him.

Beau groaned into her mouth.

Jamie shivered against him. He tightened his strong arms around her. She melted against him. She felt his hand at her back rubbing up and down until he reached the back of her suit. In one swift motion her halter top floated up between them, still tied to the back of her neck.

Beau’s hand traced the underside of her breast, burning a path along her skin. She molded herself against his waiting hand. He cupped her breast, catching her erect nipple at the junction between his fingers. The sensation across her sensitive peak as he caressed up and down, squeezing her bud tighter, was adoringly unbearable.

Jamie moaned her approval.

Beau leaned against the wall and lifted her effortlessly above the water’s surface. He pulled her halter over her head in one swift motion. He replaced his hands with his mouth and sucked the tip between his warm lips. His tongue rolled over her nipple. She clutched his red hair in her hand, her nails grazing his scalp. Beau lifted his head and blew warm air over the wet peak before lowering her to capture her mouth.

Their tongues mingled, and Jamie felt the heat emanating from their desire. She decided to break the rules, just this one time. Who would know? The Veil was so far away, no one would tell. Truthfully, the consequences were not as important as their pleasure.

Jamie pulled back, running kisses along Beau’s throat down over to his brown nipples. She tortured him as he had her. The expanse of his chest was wide, and he lifted her effortlessly even without the water. Such a shame he was human. Jamie lowered her head below the surface following the treasure trail below his navel. She ran her fingers along the waistband of his trunks. She slid them over his flanks, past his knees and feet, until she watched as they floated to the surface. Her secondary lids closed over her eyes, filtering the chlorine from the water and allowing her to see everything. Jamie felt the gills unlock at the back of her neck as her nose sealed. She ran her tongue along the inside of his thigh until she felt his erection at her cheek. She turned and took him into her mouth.

Jamie felt his hands at the back of her head, urging her forward. She engulfed more of his shaft. Her tongue ran along the underside until she reached the base. Jamie curled and rolled it back to the tip. His heavy inhalation echoed through the water. She ran her hand along his thigh to cup his sac as his organ was tenderly massaged by the rhythmic waves. Jamie gripped the base and followed her mouth up and down, repeating the motion until she felt his hands lift away.

She looked up to see his arms outstretched and gripped along the wall's edge. A painful expression contorted his face.

Jamie felt warm, which was odd because the pool wasn't heated. The two of them sure generated a lot of heat.

She went back to nurturing his cock. The tip glistened as his essence leaked forth. Jamie stuck her tongue out, tasting the salt all his own. His essence reminded her of the salt waters of Atlantis and also of the treachery she committed with this human. Jamie mentally shook herself, resigned to live in this moment. Her lips wrapped around his erection, and she applied pressure slowly, allowing her tongue to curl around him. She flicked it against the sensitive head, and his cock bucked against her palette. Jamie repeated this over and over until she felt him release. She eagerly swallowed the familiar taste and allowed herself to float with his thighs to the surface.

*

Beau remained motionless. He allowed Jamie to wrap her arms around him. He didn't dare touch her; his hands were so hot he was afraid he'd burn her. They heated the water up significantly when he positioned them below the surface. Beau had never heated anything before, let alone water. Of course, he'd never felt so intensely either.

Beau wondered if he was more than fireproof. He couldn't think as Jamie rubbed her lithe form against him. All he felt was wet skin sliding against his own.

"How long were you down there?" he asked.

"Maybe two or three minutes." She rubbed her soft pussy against his already hardening cock.

Beau tried to focus on her words; speech was difficult. The time couldn't have been too long, and she was a free diver.

She felt so good against him, her lips teasingly caressing him.

"I'm glad we don't have to stop." Her fingers coiled around his again hard cock.

"No." He allowed her to lean in and taste his lips. This water thing wasn't so bad if he continued holding onto the edge. Problem was, he always felt like he was on the edge with this girl. The need for closeness yet sensing the bond was also bad for him. Or her. He couldn't risk hurting her.

Her wet breasts rubbed over his sensitive skin. He kissed the collarbone of her neck and felt relief when she arched her back a little.

Jamie drifted backward and floated on the waves like a mermaid, her hair floating to the surface, fanning out. Her brown nipples jutted up like tiny peaks on an island. His mouth watered.

Her long legs wrapped about his waist. Beau felt her heat resting against his stomach while her backside tempted his cock with the occasional bump and slide between the folds.

"Jamie." He longed desperately to grip her, but he dared not.

She opened her aquamarine eyes to look at him.

"Ride me." He knew his voice sounded more pleading than a command, but he simply didn't care. Beau needed inside her soft heat.

Jamie rose gracefully from the water, keeping her legs tight and wrapping her hands around his neck. She kissed him. Jamie's mouth was softer than anything he'd ever felt. Her hips adjusted so her feminine folds teased his cock similarly to her mouth earlier. He felt her clit teasing the tip of him. She ground her hips down, and the expression on her

face was one of pure pleasure. Jamie continued her playful teasing until Beau thought he would be forced to handle her. But on her next lift, she allowed him access to her core. Jamie's heat enclosed around his cock in a velvet vise. She felt exquisite.

Beau pushed up, testing her hot depths. She took the length of him without protest. He drew back and forward again. Her legs gripped his waist, and she followed his rhythm. He kept a moderate pace to ease her tight sheath with his girth, but she protested.

Jamie slammed down vigorously on his cock and made the most beautiful mewling sound. Her cry was of want, pleasure and ache in his ears. He would not deny her. Beau picked up the pace, pushing into her with a force he didn't know he needed. If she longed to feel more, he would let her. He grasped her with both hands and held her close, her buttocks cradled in his hands.

"Turn around." He released his hold on her.

"Grab the ledge." His harsh words were all the warning he gave her before he grasped her hips and drew her back on his full length. Beau pulled out and watched as his cock glistened at her opening. He drove into her again.

"Faster." The cry she made was otherworldly, and it only increased his desire.

Beau pumped in and out of her. She gripped the ledge and met his thrusts greedily. Her raven hair whipped at her back with each thrust. Her buttocks rippled as his pace increased and her anus winked at him in invitation. Her felt her tighten around him before her orgasm echoed off the walls.

Beau couldn't help himself; he followed her into the abyss.

There was no time to enjoy their release, as they needed to find their suits and get out of the pool as soon as possible. Jamie's cry no doubt was heard throughout the hotel. He waded through the water to grab his suit.

"See. You just needed the right incentive." She spoke from the opposite end of the pool. Apparently her bottoms had found their way to the deep end.

When she dove below to retrieve them, Beau couldn't help but notice the hand prints on her hips as though she had been branded. Now she was his.

Chapter Eight

The Elemental watched from the large bay windows. Beau Collins had finally come into his powers. He'd hoped Beau wouldn't receive his powers, and that he wouldn't have to kill the half-breed. He sighed. He would have to kill the water spirit too. She looked like she was possibly from Atlantis. It was no wonder she'd broken the world free-dive record. The blowjob had kept her submerged for a good seven minutes.

The Elemental stared as the couple wrapping themselves in towels and left the solarium. He would have Amber do his dirty work. The fire nymph would be useful, and he was sure she would help him.

He made his way to O'Riley's where he could find the fire nymph.

*

Amber wound her way through the throes of people at O'Riley's—the tourist season was upon them. She let out a sigh as she heaved the overflowing tray over her head. Amber needed a break. She delivered the pitchers to a group of bikers who'd stormed in with all the grace of bulls in a china shop. Once she dropped their drinks off and received numerous slaps on her ass, she gave Joe the signal she was headed out back for a smoke. She needed a break.

Once she was in the alley, she breathed in the cold air and shivered. How did people live up here? She should give up on Beau and make her way south, maybe Hawaii. She and volcanoes would get along just fine.

"Hey there, hottie!" The maker of the drunken slur smacked her on the ass.

Amber stumbled forward, watching her smokes hit the puddle. She was pissed. She turned on her heel ready to do some damage.

"Sorry about that." The biker nodded toward the puddle. "I got some in my pocket here."

She watched as he patted himself down. There were no smokes. "Get away from me!" She dug in her pockets for her lighter. This bastard was going to burn.

"No reason to get hostile." He grabbed her arm and yanked her hands up and over her head. He pressed her back against the wall and began to move his hands over her.

"What's this?" He pulled out her flame-red lighter with the dragon on it. "Nice."

"Light it, you mother," she taunted him.

"I don't think so."

He continued to rub against her. Perhaps if he wasn't drunk and ugly she might enjoy it.

"You like fire, hot stuff?" He licked her neck and twisted her so that she faced the old brick wall.

"Yes." Amber was so killing this asshole.

"We'll play with that later. You know what I like?"

"No."

"Blood." Amber noticed a blade glinted in the moonlight. Shit. He began to lower it. She felt the cool steel resting against her neck and his other hand fumbling behind her. Then she felt the meat of him against her backside. He'd lifted up her skirt and was ready to move aside her thong.

“Let her go.” A voice commanded from the dark shadows.

They both turned.

“Come into the light,” her assailant called out.

A cigarette lit and a wind came up. Amber moved her fingers, rushing the fire toward her attacker’s back. He released her. Amber watched as the flames crawled along his clothes, and she wrapped the fire around him like a blanket. She let the fire burn hotter until her tool consumed him. Finally, a wind came up again, and he was reduced to ash. Red Dragon lay on the ground by her feet.

Amber turned, readying herself for the next threat.

“Put the lighter away, Amber.” She recognized the voice in the darkness.

“Why?”

“Because, I’m not going to hurt you. I need your help.” He finally came out of the shadows.

“You!” She would’ve recognized the fireman anywhere.

“Yes.”

“You’re an Elemental!” How could she have not sensed it?

“Yes, and I need to get rid of a half-breed.”

“Beau?”

“He needs to have an accident.”

“Why?”

“So I can get the woman I want.”

“What do I get?” She sauntered over to him.

“I’ll let you live, fire nymph.” His tone was serious.

“Fine.” Amber knew better than to fight an Elemental. “Tell me what you want.”

Chapter Nine

Beau ran down the hallway. The alarm was loud. The first fire of the tourist season had finally arrived. He pounded down the hallway in his bare feet heading for the locker room. He pulled the T-shirt over his head and slid down the pole. Other firemen were already dressed. Beau put on his fireproof pants, boots, and coat and strapped his hat to his head.

“Come on, boys, let’s go! Where the hell is Bridges? Has anyone seen Bridges?” Chief called out.

“He was at O’Riley’s,” someone shouted back.

“Godammit. Collins, you take point.”

“Yes, Chief.”

The crew loaded onto the truck and drove down to the shipyard. There were multiple warehouses on fire. Beau let out a sigh of relief. At least there wouldn’t be any people involved. He watched as the largest of the warehouses burned over the water. This was the largest fire he’d seen in all his years in the fire department.

The flames consumed the building, but seemed limited to the outside walls. Even the dock the building rested on wasn’t on fire. If anything, the dock should burn more readily, given its age versus the age of the building. The pier seemed drier too.

“All right, boys, make some space. Judging from the shoreline, looks like the rest of the services are here.” The Chief broke up their semicircle.

Beau turned and saw Jamie getting out of an orange SUV with some of the other lifeguards. The paramedics were right behind them. Their efforts were almost a waste of time for any of them. There was no one here to save. Although the fire was a good drill for all the emergency services.

“Look!” Jaspers, a newbie, pointed to one of the upper-level windows.

There was a woman pounding on the window. The glass broke, and she let out an earth-shattering scream. “Help! Someone help me!” She fainted back toward the flames.

Beau reacted on instinct. He buttoned up his coat and ran into the building.

“Collins! Get your ass back here!”

Beau paid no attention to Chief’s command. He needed to rescue that poor woman. He ran into the building. He felt hot and that was unusual. The smoke filled his lungs as he continued down the blazing corridor. He searched for stairs to take him to the next level. All he found was a stationary wooden ladder. He made his way up the rungs. The wood was warm against his bare hands. In his haste he’d left his gloves in the truck. He’d have to take care and grab them when he was done. When he reached the top, he walked to where the woman stood by the doorway. He could barely make her out.

“Hey!”

The woman ran the other direction. Beau chased after her; they needed to get out of this building. He followed her down the corridors; the fire was consuming the inside walls. He watched as she closed a door behind her as if to stop him.

Beau crashed through the door. Flames danced behind him. He increased his already rapid pace as he rounded a corner. He flew down the stairs taking them two by two. He looked behind him... She couldn’t have gone any other way but down. He made his way

down the fire-engulfed stairs; she'd run to the back of the building toward the water. She *must* have gone toward the water. There was no other way out. Beau began to retreat up the steps; it was too late—the fire closed him in. Flames touched his hands, almost wrapping them in a rope. *What the hell?* He was held on the stairs until he saw the dock consumed by an inferno. He was going to drown! The situation was ironic; in another week's time, he might have been able to swim. Right now all he could do in water was kick his legs and make love in a three-foot pool. Not good.

The floor creaked beneath him. The crash was all the warning he got before the flames fell around him; his arms were released, but too late. Beau sank into the lake beneath.

*

Jamie watched in horror as the flame-consumed warehouse crashed into the lake below.

She ran at full speed toward the lake. She heard Rogers call behind her, "Waters! Waters! Get back here! Wicks! What is up with these kids?" She heard, "Sleeping together."

Jamie needed to save Beau. She dove in as soon as the lake was deep enough. Jamie broke the surface of the water with such force her gills didn't immediately open. She looked toward the rubble and watched as wood floated toward the surface and heavier objects from the warehouse sunk. Suspended in between was Beau. He hung like a puppet, his arms flailing above and his legs hanging loosely. She swam past the floating debris. There was still an oil slick above the debris which was consumed by fire on the water's surface. She needed to move him away from this area. When she touched his hand, he was hot. Jamie noticed his skin was bright red. She would need to take him to colder water. She got some oxygen in her lungs ready to breath into him. She put her lip to his and forced the oxygen past her lips into his mouth.

She sat suspended for five minutes as she slowly breathed. He held her close, and she felt him hardening against her. She pulled back and smiled at him. He remained unconscious. She set him away from her and noticed his hands were blistered. She clasped her arms around him and let them sink lower into the colder depths of the lake. His hands looked better, but not much. He was also starting to get cold. Jamie needed to bring him to the surface before hypothermia set in. She gave Beau one last breath and began to kick her way to the surface, towing Beau. She managed to break the water's surface away from the oil slick. She cried out, "Over here!"

The lifeguards were the first to the water, and the paramedics were right behind, pulling a stretcher. Jamie let the bigger men carry Beau out of the water. She never could've managed it.

"His hands are burned," the lifeguards called to the paramedics, "and he's barely breathing."

Jamie watched as they laid Beau on the stretcher, pulling the straps tighter across his chest and abdomen.

"You did good, Jamie." One of the guards grabbed her shoulder.

She had but she couldn't say how. She'd have to come up with her story and quick. The free-dive record was one thing, but this would make her precarious situation with the Veil worse.

"Thanks." She coughed. The air was thick with smoke in the midst of oil coming off

the water. "Did they find the woman?"

"There was no woman. She must have been a mirage. This warehouse has been abandoned for over fifty years."

No woman. Even Jamie had heard her scream and saw the window break. How could no one else have seen her?

"Jamie!"

Jamie turned. She saw the trademark pink stocking cap before her friend Heather came into view.

"Are you okay?" She clutched Jamie to her.

"Heather, I'm fine." Jamie pulled away. "I need to leave."

"Come with me." They wound their way through the forming crowd until they were further along the beach, away from onlookers. "What's up?" Heather asked.

"Something fishy is going on," Jamie said

"Obviously, but what?"

"Beau went into the warehouse fire to save a woman, and I saw her too. It seems no one else did. I don't know what this means."

"It means she's not human." Heather's voice was serious.

"That doesn't make any sense." Jamie didn't believe it. "There is no way that Beau could've heard her voice, then."

"Maybe he's not human either."

Jamie paused. He didn't know how to swim, yet he'd lived on a lake all his life. He was hot to the touch, in spite of being in near-freezing water. What fireman ran into an inferno without gloves? Someone who didn't need them? And then there were the perfect hand prints on her hips, burned into her like the sun. Heather might be right.

"I don't think he is." It was all Jamie could say.

"We need to go." Heather grabbed her hand

"Straight to the hospital."

"I was thinking back to The Hotel; get your bags and leave town."

"Hospital first." There was still a chance that Beau needed her help, and Jamie needed Heather's.

"This goes against my better judgment," Heather said.

Chapter Ten

Beau awoke to the sounds of voices.

“Where in the hell were you, Chase?” his mother yelled.

“Brigit, I wasn’t on duty,” Chase said

“I don’t ask for much from you and haven’t for years, but the least you could’ve done is protected my son.”

“What the hell do you mean?”

“It means if you’d been there twenty years ago, George would still be alive and my boy would still have his father.”

Twenty years ago? Chase had been only a child, like Beau. What could he have done?

“Brigit—”

“Just leave, Chase. It’s what you do best.”

Beau heard retreating footsteps. He turned his head to find his mother’s back to him.

“Mom?”

Brigit Collins turned, her face surprised. “Don’t talk, sweetie, your voice is raw from the smoke.”

His voice did sound like gravel, but he needed to talk to his mother.

She pressed a straw to his lips. “Drink.”

Beau sipped the cool water. The liquid soothed his sore throat. He spoke anyway.

“How did I get here?” he asked.

“Jamie Waters saved you. I really like her.” The proclamation was spoken like a mother happy to see her son, not necessarily a mother giving her blessing.

“I thought I dreamt it.” He remembered her under the water forcing air into his lungs, but that wasn’t possible.

“What’s that, sweetie?” His mother fluffed his pillows behind his head.

“I dreamt she breathed for me underwater. Did she give me mouth-to-mouth?”

His mother quit fluffing the pillow and looked into his eyes. “Are you absolutely sure that’s what you remember?”

“Her swimming all that time underwater can’t be right. My imagination must be overly active.” He was still fuzzy from whatever painkiller they had administered.

His mother quietly rose and closed the door. She came back and whispered.

“You didn’t need mouth-to-mouth. You were breathing when you came out of the water.”

“She must have gotten to me right away.”

“Jamie couldn’t have. There was an oil slick over the surface of the water. You were under for nearly fifteen minutes.”

“Mom.”

“Shhh.” She pressed her fingers lightly to his lips, “Don’t tell anyone what you saw. If they ask, you don’t remember.”

“Why?”

“This is not normal. We are not normal.” She gestured between them. “I’m sure you know this by now.”

"I can't burn."

"I know. Why do you think I didn't raise a ruckus when you joined the fire department?"

"I burned today, though." He looked down at his bandaged hands. They were the size of clubs. "Why is that?"

"You came into contact with water," she said.

"So I can't go near water?" No water meant no swimming lessons. Too bad, he was just starting to enjoy the pool.

"No, you were saved by an element of the water—Jamie—she couldn't even come up with an original name ... Waters ... I suspected but I let my suspicions go. I used to sense these things before I met your father. Living with humans has made me rusty."

Brigit paced restlessly over the tiled floor.

"You think she's water?" His mother was losing her mind.

"No, don't be silly." She shook her head at him.

"What, then?"

Before she could answer there was a knock on the door. A familiar head popped in.

"Ralph." His mother crossed the room. "So good of you to come."

"I wanted to make sure our boy was all right." Ralph embraced her.

"I'm fine, Chief." He really needed to talk to his mother.

"Burned your hands, huh? What happened to your gloves?"

"They fell off from the oil. I couldn't get a grip with them on." He'd been rehearsing his lines ever since he saw his bandaged hands. His lie sounded plausible.

"I'll look into ordering a different style. Honestly, boy, I don't know why you ran in there." Chief shook his head from side to side.

"I swear, Chief, I saw a woman in the building."

"I think your eyes played tricks on you, boy." The chief patted him on the shoulder. "I'm just glad to see you are okay."

"Well, Ralph, you go ahead and let the other boys know Beau is doing just fine. He needs his rest." His mother shooed the fire chief out with little effort, and then she turned on him. "You need to stay away from Jamie."

"Why?"

"Because she's the reason you got burned tonight. She's some sort of water fairy."

"Mom. Do you know how crazy that sounds?"

"Did you sleep with her?" Her question was poignant.

"That's none of your busin—"

"You did. Beau, let me explain this in terms you'll understand."

"Please do." He'd like to hear this, because he was pretty sure his mother was certifiable.

"Fire and water don't mix."

"And I'm fire?"

"You're only part fire, the other part is human." She backed away from his bed and lifted her arm. Beau watched in amazement as his mother's arm became fire. He always wondered, but he never allowed himself the luxury of questioning where his powers came from.

"Mom." He should have told her years ago.

His mother turned to face him. "I'm an Elemental of the second order. I fell in love

with your father years ago and have lived among humans ever since.” Her arm now extinguished. “I know you have lots of questions, but we’ll talk more when we are back at The Hotel.” She tucked the covers around him and kissed his forehead before leaving the room.

Beau wondered how to deal with this bit of news, and more importantly, what to do about Jamie. He wasn’t about to quit seeing her. There must be a way.

*

Jamie and Heather made their way past the nurse’s station despite the fact the time was well past visiting hours. She left Heather in the family room and stood in front of Beau’s door. She cracked it open when she felt an arm on her shoulder.

“Back away from the door, Miss Waters.”

Jamie turned and found Mrs. Collins staring her down.

“I saved your son.”

“To what end?”

“I don’t know what you mean.” Her arm was hot where Mrs. Collins held her. “Mrs. Collins, you’re hurting me.”

“Call me, Brigit.” She released Jamie. “What do you want with my son, water creature?”

“How did you—”

“I’m surprised I didn’t notice it sooner; you smell of water. What are you? An undine? A selkie? A mermaid?”

“I’m Atlantian,” Jamie blurted out. The fury in Brigit’s face scared her.

“Atlantian? Are you on the Fae Veil?” The detestation in her voice was unmistakable.

“Um ... no. My parents are ambassadors.” She saw Heather walking up behind Brigit and shook her head.

Brigit turned. “And you are what?”

“A woodland pixie,” Heather’s voice stuttered.

“No, you aren’t.”

“I’m a half-breed, ma’am.” It was barely a whisper and said with such shame it was unmistakable.

“Oh, you poor girl.” Mrs. Collins stance changed from one of protectiveness to understanding and consolation.

“Mrs. Co—Brigit, I don’t understand.”

“All you need to understand, Miss Waters, is that you need to stay away from my son.”

“With all due respect, ma’am, I don’t think that’s your call.”

“It is when you endanger his very life. He can’t be with an Atlantian ... you are closer to water than any other fae.” Tears lined the rims of her pupils. “I appreciate your saving him, and you obviously have weight with the Fae Veil if you’ve befriended a half-breed.” Brigit lightly touched Heather’s shoulder.

“What are you?” The question plaguing Jamie’s mind came unbidden from Heather’s lips.

“This is not the time or the place to speak. Let us go back to The Hotel where it is less likely for tiny ears to be listening.” She gestured down the hall.

Both girls nodded.

Brigit drove them in silence back to The Hotel. She made each girl hot tea, and they sat in the lobby by the fireplace. They waited for her to speak.

"I'm an Elemental of the second order. I was born in the city of Finias and lived there for many years, but I was restless. I befriended an Elemental of the first order from Gorias. He was dashing and handsome, and I thought I was in love with him. He wanted to show me the world, and we found ourselves here in Innocent."

"Is Beau an Elemental, then?" Heather asked.

Jamie couldn't do more than sit there. An Elemental of the second order—Fire. It made sense—the heat she always felt when she was around him and those damn handprints on her ass. He'd burned her.

"No," Brigit continued. "When we arrived here, the very first night I met a human, Beau's father, and fell in love. I married him. Eighteen months later I gave birth to Beau. We were happy until the day he was killed."

"Did the Veil kill him?" Heather's voice was barely a whisper.

Brigit laughed. It was a harsh sound. "The Fae do not rule us. We rule the Fae. Without the Elements, the Fae have no powers. I assume your parents were killed by the Veil?"

Heather merely nodded.

"The Veil plays by a set of rules from the Middle Ages and hasn't bothered to change with the times. They still want to control the humans' knowledge of us, but the reality is most people embrace technology, not magic."

Both girls nodded in agreement.

"I think it's time both of you got some sleep. Heather, let me get you your own room."

"Thanks." Heather followed Mrs. Collins up the stairs.

Jamie walked silently toward her own room and opened the unlocked door. She felt a hard hand cover her mouth.

"Not one sound, water witch," the familiar voice whispered in her ear. "I can't have you warning him and ruining my plans."

And he took his hand off her and turned her to face him.

"You!" It was the last word she spoke before being knocked unconscious.

Chapter Eleven

Beau arrived home from the hospital to his mother's open arms. It had been two days since the fire. His mother hadn't come to see him, nor had Jamie, and he found himself disappointed by their distance.

"Mom, you're crushing me." He pushed against her embrace.

"I'm so glad to have you home." His mother finally released him. "How have you healed?"

"I'll show you when we get inside."

Once they were inside, Beau peeled back his bandages to reveal he was completely healed.

"Blessed be." She sighed.

"Where's Jamie?"

"She checked out. I haven't seen her since..."

"What?"

"Since I told her to stay away from you."

"You what?"

"It was for your own good, Beau. She's not a bad sort, but you can't afford to mingle with an Atlantian."

He looked at his mother in confusion.

"We talked when she came back here. She's not human. She's from Atlantis."

"As in the city which sank?"

"It's still very much there. It rests under Antarctica. Come with me. I'll explain while I make you some lunch." She led him away to the kitchen. Beau had little choice but to follow if he wanted to learn what his mother knew about an underwater world and other stories he'd believed fantasy until now.

*

Jamie's mouth watered. Her captor was careful not to kill her, but he barely kept her hydrated. The room was kept at a consistent eighty-five degrees with zero moisture. She turned at a sound in the corridor.

She was surprised to see Amber the barmaid enter her small, confined room.

"Amber?"

"Shhh. I'm here to help you."

Jamie managed to raise her eyebrows in surprise, "You'll excuse me if I don't believe you."

"I am. I don't want to see Beau hurt. I just wanted his power, but now I'm in league with an evil Elemental. It's hard to explain." Amber went back to working on the ropes behind Jamie.

"You were in the burning building that collapsed on Beau?" Jamie didn't know how it became clear to her, but she felt the first pieces of a puzzle fit together.

"Yes."

"You're a fire nymph. It's how you were able to move through the flames." Jamie rubbed her raw wrists once her arms were free.

"And you saved Beau; that makes you a creature of water."

Jamie wasn't fazed.

"You were under for over fifteen minutes. No human can do that." Amber tiptoed toward the door and down the burnt-out staircase beyond the door.

"Fine. I'm from Atlantis."

Amber whistled. "Fire and water don't mix."

"So I've heard."

"Did you hear that?" Amber came to a dead stop. "He's back."

Jamie heard the sounds of the Elemental. Finally, Chief Ralph Wicks came into view. He was an Element of Fire and nothing to toy with. Even for a fire nymph. Two days ago, Jamie thought they were nothing more than legends. They weren't the hit men of the Veil that the Fae used to keep disobedient citizens in line as Heather thought. Elementals were real and powerful and apparently played by their own set of rules. Amber didn't stand a chance against something so strong nor did she.

His hands flamed, and he threw a large fireball at them. Amber caught the fireball and manipulated it away from them. He drew back his arm and tossed another one, larger than the first, and instead of aiming for them, the fireball hit the stairs beneath them. Amber did her best to keep the flames away from Jamie, but it was a losing battle. They both knew it.

"We are going to fall to the water below." Jamie said.

"Not if I can help it." Amber answered.

"Trust me."

"Sorry. Can't risk it."

"What? Are you crazy!? You can't take your chances with the Chief over there."

Jamie nodded toward their attacker.

"I'll die if I hit that water." Amber was between a rock and a hard place. She took each fireball that the Chief threw at them, but it was too much for the worn wooden staircase. They dropped with such sudden force that Jamie almost forgot they were in her element.

She cried out to Amber, "It'll be okay."

Amber shook her head and nodded upward.

Jamie looked up to see the Chief torching the surface of the water, setting it to boil. Jamie swam to Amber. They would both die if they stayed here. She needed to dive deeper to cooler water. Amber was already weak. Jamie opened her gills and pressed her lips to Amber's.

Amber's eyes opened wide.

Jamie blew oxygen into her, and she greedily took it. Jamie pointed down.

Amber shook her head. Too bad. They were going to the bottom. It would be colder down there. Amber fought her to the point where Jamie released her. She watched as Amber clawed back toward the surface. Once she broke free, a large fireball hit her with such force she tumbled down to the dark blue deep. Jamie dove to the deepest part of the lake, but Amber had disappeared. The fire must have incinerated her. Jamie didn't dare go to the surface, not anytime soon.

Chapter Twelve

Beau slumped in the overly soft chair next to the fireplace. He couldn't believe Jamie had left without saying a word. "*Good-bye. I have to leave. I love you.*" Well, maybe not the last part. It was too soon and simply not possible.

Her abandonment was for the best, he told himself. He needed to focus on his new powers. His mom had worked tirelessly with him, and in the past few days, he'd managed to maneuver fire. He couldn't generate it yet, but according to his mother, it might be possible with additional time.

Chase sauntered in, breaking Beau's thoughts. "How are you doing?"

"Okay."

"You made a fast recovery."

"You know why." His mother told him all about Chase. He was an Air Elemental of the First Order. She had come to Innocent with him years ago. And the day his father died, Chase was mysteriously absent.

"Brigit told you, did she?"

"Yes." Beau's best friend was no longer his friend. Before him stood the man who loved his mother and let her go because of a human. He didn't buy it. Beau wouldn't let the woman he loved go without a fight. *But you did*, a little voice whispered.

"Look, I cared for Brigit, and George was my best friend until the day he died. I didn't love your mother, not like George did. I've never loved anyone the way your parents loved each other, and I wasn't going to come between the two of them. It's a rule."

"I thought Elementals didn't have to follow the rules of the Veil."

"The Veil may be made up of faeries, but even they don't make all the rules." Chase grinned.

"What do you want?"

"Have you seen Amber? I heard she was up here a few nights ago."

"No, I haven't seen your girlfriend. You can leave now." Beau dismissed him with a wave of his hand.

"Look, dude, I'm sorry. It wasn't my place to tell you." Chase sat down on a nearby leather ottoman.

"Whatever." Beau turned away.

"My son asked you to leave, Chase." Beau turned to see his mother and Heather, one of The Hotel's guests.

"Brigit. Are you honestly going to let me take the fall for this?"

"I'm not letting you take the fall for anything. I've merely made Beau aware of your agenda." She crossed her arms over her chest.

"I don't have an agenda. I care about the humans as much as you do. I did not let your husband die, Brigit." Chase rose and reached out to her.

"You weren't there to save him either. Just like you weren't there the other night." She twisted abruptly from Chase.

"I have a question," Beau interjected.

"What?" His mother and Chase both turned with equal stares of annoyance.

“If he’s an Elemental and you’re an Elemental, why are you so much older?”

His mother blushed from hairline to her hands.

“Your mother was intimate with a human, so she’s now mortal.” Chase chuckled.

“But you sleep with women all the time...” Beau remained confused.

Brigit replied quickly, “No, he doesn’t. He’s too vain to risk the human aging process. Amber is a fire nymph. Callie was a water sprite.”

“Jamie.” Heather’s voice broke into the rest of the list.

All three followed Heather’s gaze out the French doors to see a very drenched Jamie collapse on the sand.

Beau was the first one to reach her; she was ice cold. He lifted her against him.

“You’re okay,” she whispered up at him before closing her eyes.

“What the hell happened?” Chase asked.

“I don’t know.” Beau held her tight as he walked back into the lodge. He brought her next to the fireplace.

“She’d be better off in water,” Heather spoke up.

“Mom?” Beau looked to her for guidance.

“Bring her to the governor’s suite. There’s a private pool in that room, and it’s heated.”

Beau walked the seemingly endless corridor to the suite. The entourage trailed him. He placed Jamie gently in the heart-shaped hot tub and began running the water. It wasn’t warm enough. He swore when he checked the temperature.

“It’ll be fine,” Heather reassured him. “I’m going to have to ask the Elementals to leave, though.”

Beau looked at her confused by the request.

“Fire will not help her right now. Once she’s recovered, you can come back,” she answered.

Beau and his mother turned to leave.

Chase stayed.

“I said to leave, Mr. Bridges.” Heather placed her hands on her hips.

“You said fire would be bad.” Chase waved his hand and a breeze blew Heather’s hat off, revealing pointed ears.

Heather squealed, covered her ears and glared at him.

“You see, pixie”—he walked over to her and tilted her face—“I’m an Air Elemental.”

Beau didn’t hear the response as the door shut behind him.

*

“You think because you’re of the First Order, it makes you special?” Heather pulled away from Chase’s touch.

The pixie had fire! He liked spirit in a woman. More than he cared to admit. He didn’t need the complications of a half-breed pixie. He could handle bending the rules of The Veil. Their strong-arm tactics didn’t bother him.

“It not only makes me special. It makes you answerable to me.” Not true, but she didn’t need to know.

“Call me when you become one with the Earth; she is my only mistress.” Heather flounced her hair over her shoulder, meeting his gaze with one of green steel. She was a sexy, stubborn thing.

“What if I become one with you? You will be close enough.” He advanced toward her.

“No!” She backed away, but her face flushed.

“Not now, but some day I think we will.” He left her staring at him.

She looked down at Jamie. “You want to help me?”

“Of course.” He was sincere.

“Travel on the wind as fast as you can to collect the healing herbs.”

He nodded.

“If you don’t know what I will need, ask a leaf.”

“I understand earth magick as well as any fairy,” Chase whispered on the wind before he opened the balcony doors and took flight.

Heather stared at her friend, and one question burned in her mind. *What happened?*

Chapter Thirteen

Beau snuck quietly into the suite. Jamie still lay in the tub, unconscious. What happened to his little mermaid? Why was she so weak?

He tiptoed to the tub to see the moonlight play shadows on her skin beneath the water.

Her skin looked almost iridescent under this light. How could he keep her without hurting her with what he was? Beau might not know, but he did know how to love her.

He tentatively ran his finger over her face, cupping her chin. Her eyes remained shut. Her skin was still cold. He thought of how much he cared for her, and his hands began to glow as he sent heat to her. It was odd her presence would allow him to generate heat when she was his exact opposite.

Jamie's eyes fluttered open, and she gazed up at him. He loved those eyes. The dark pools reminded him of the lake he never swam in, but now one day might.

"Beau." Her voice was groggy.

"Don't speak. You sound terrible." He smiled.

"But—"

He pressed his fingers to her lips and shook his head. "Are you cold?" he asked. She nodded.

He put his hand in the water, allowing the heat to warm the water.

Her firm breasts bobbed toward the surface. The nipples rose above the water like island volcanoes.

Beau was not immune, so he lowered his head, sucking a tan nipple into his mouth. He heard her sharp intake of breath. It only encouraged his assault. He moved toward the other volcano and began torturing the pert bud.

Beau needed Jamie, but she wasn't ready for him yet. He dipped his hand below the surface and played with heat along her skin. Beau was careful not to generate much, just enough to warm her. He ran his finger over the mounds of her breasts as the mounds flushed beneath his touch. Beau traced his finger over her navel. He loved the way he slipped over her skin. He dipped his hand lower, fondling the dark curls and letting his fingers gently part her folds.

Jamie arched against his hand.

Beau delved a finger inside her, coating it in her sweet cream before running his fingers back over her anus and circling the rosebud.

She pressed against his fingers as if needing him to fill an orifice, but Jamie wasn't ready, not yet.

He continued to dip his fingers into her wet cavern while massaging her hard clit. Beau wouldn't be able to hold back—not much longer. He felt his cock pressing insistently against his tight blue jeans.

Jamie's hands started winding around his neck. She was panting now.

He grabbed the fluffy red towel left by the side of the tub and lifted her out while swaddling her in the towel. Beau felt her shiver against him.

He found it hard to believe she was cold while he was on fire for her.

"Jamie, I'm going to fuck you, but I need to know..."

“Yes.” It was a whisper barely audible, but it was enough.

Beau carried her to the bed and laid her gently on it. He needed to take off his clothes. He kicked off his shoes and shuffled out of his socks.

“Touch yourself.” It was a command. He wished he hadn’t said a word when she parted her lovely thighs revealing her wet pussy. Her hole wept moisture made for his cock. He unzipped his fly, and his throbbing hard-on burst forth.

Jamie slid her fingers over her damp slit, parting the lips to reveal the hot pink center.

“Don’t tease,” he rumbled. He grabbed his waistband and pulled the jeans past his hips in one motion.

Jamie arched against her hand, dipping her fingers into her liquid heat.

Beau yanked his T-shirt over his head, and in the next moment, he was on the bed. He kissed Jamie hard. She wound her arms around his neck and arched her limber body against him. Her nipples felt like cold spikes pressing against his chest. Her hot pussy pressed against his aching shaft, branding him. Those tender lips spread so nicely when she granted him access, wrapping her long legs about his flanks.

“You are so damn spectacular.” They weren’t the words he longed to say, but they would do.

Jamie mouthed the words, “You too.”

Beau plunged into her velvet sheath. She fit him like a warm glove. He slowed his rhythm and snaked his hands between them. He felt her tight little clit, and he rubbed his finger over it, circling it with trace amount of heat.

Jamie’s thighs tightened around him as she pressed into his touch. She ran her nails down his back until she grasped his ass. Jamie pushed him deeper into her until she quivered around his cock, followed by a series of spasms.

Beau pumped into her hard, his balls slapping against her damp buttocks with a loud smacking noise. But she didn’t lay there pliant, not his girl. Jamie met each thrust with vigor, pushing her heels against his buttocks and gripping him until he felt his cock being milked by her inner muscles.

Beau cried out as he released. He collapsed on top of her too tired to worry if he’d lost control.

Jamie stroked her delicate fingers down his back until he finally rolled away, taking her with him. She was his, and he’d be damned if he’d let anything happen to her.

*

“Hi there, sleeping beauty.” Jamie woke up to find Heather’s face staring down at her. “How do you feel?”

“Okay. Where’s Beau?” Her voice was still hoarse.

Heather pressed a straw to her lips. “Drink.”

She took a small sip.

“Beau is at the firehouse.” Brigit entered the room.

“Oh no!” Jamie shot out of the bed.

“Lie back down. You are not ready for any excitement.” Heather pressed her into the fluffy mattress.

“He’s not safe there.” Jamie fought the dizziness. She had fully recovered from the incident at the warehouse, but Beau’s aggressive love play left her feeble.

“Why?” Heather and Brigit continued to press Jamie backward.

“The Chief is an Elemental.” Jamie said the words with such horror. “He killed Amber.”

“Impossible,” Brigit scoffed. “I’ve known Ralph for years.”

“I know what I saw,” Jamie insisted as much as she could from a subordinate position.

“He’s much too old. Elementals don’t age unless they come into direct contact with humans through touch,” Brigit explained.

“He killed Amber with a fireball the size of that door.” Jamie pointed for effect.

“I’m telling you it can’t possibly be true.” Brigit’s eyes flared.

“Unless?” Heather’s gentle voice queried deeper.

“What are you thinking?” Brigit grabbed Heather’s shoulders, facing her.

“What if he WAS the fire that killed your husband?”

“No.” Brigit’s face went pale.

“It would explain why he aged.”

“I remember he competed with George for my affections. They were friends once. When George and I were married, they never spoke again. Ralph never came around again until after George died. Why? Why would he do all of this?”

“He wants to kill Beau,” Jamie’s gravelly voice whispered.

“He would never.”

“Your son is a half-breed.” Heather said this matter-of-factly, but Jamie knew her friend understood the prejudice among the Fae better than anyone.

“We better get to the firehouse.” Brigit left the girls scrambling to get Jamie dressed without a backward glance.

Chapter Fourteen

“Collins! Bridges! Get your asses in here!” Beau darted from the dining area to the chief’s office.

“Yeah, Chief?” Beau popped his head in.

Chase was right behind him.

“You boys get some gear. We’re going to check out a possible arson over on the south side of the docks.”

The drive to the docks was quiet as they sat stacked in the Chief’s truck. When they arrived at the docks, the devastation was odd to say the least.

“You boys check it out. I need to call the sheriff and let him know we are in the area.” The chief shooed them toward the abandoned, barely there building.

As they moved out of range, the firemen spoke amongst themselves.

“Looks like a giant fireball went through it.” Chase whistled.

“I can’t do fire yet,” Beau said.

“Brigit can.”

“Too bad, buddy. Mom was with me all night. What about your fire friend?”

“Amber? She can’t make fire, she can only manipulate it.”

“And she’s been absent since the fire.” Beau sensed she was involved.

“I don’t think she’s capable of this.” Chase shook his head, going through the wreckage. “We need to get to the second level.”

“The stairs are gone. Keep looking. There must be a way out.” Beau walked over creaky boards threatening to send both of them crashing to water below. His heart raced. “Can you swim?” He feared the water, and Jamie was not here to save him.

“Don’t worry, big guy, I won’t let you drown.” Chase leaned toward him and lowered his voice. “Besides, Brigit would kill me.”

They treaded cautiously over the floor boards, each groan causing Beau to wince.

“There’s a ladder.” Chase pointed to the far corner; the ladder was missing rungs and didn’t appear to be able to support much weight.

Beau reluctantly followed Chase up to the second level. They made their way along the corridors, ending at the room just beyond the missing stairs outside.

“Holy cow! Is it hot in here or what?”

“Is it?” Beau couldn’t tell. He did however see smoke that swirled upward. “I don’t think this fire is out.” He covered his face.

Chase followed Beau’s gaze and waved his hand, redirecting the smoke away with a slight breeze.

“How do you fight the fires?” Beau asked.

“I take away the oxygen that feeds them,” Chase answered.

It explained why every fire was completely out when Chase was on a scene. Only Chase’s fires, though.

“Where were you when my father died?” Beau had to know if Chase could have saved him.

“I was called back to Gorias to stand trial.”

“Trial for what?”

“Kidnapping a Fire Element of the Second Order.”

“You kidnapped my mother.”

“No. Of course not, but the Veil doesn’t like it when the Elementals make up our own rules. Your mother was destined for an ambassadorship to the Djinn. A marriage was arranged, but she came here and fell in love with your father.”

“Does she know?” Beau knew the answer, though. His mother would never treat Chase so harshly if she knew the truth.

“Of course not and we’re not telling her. The Veil was upset, of course, but they didn’t dare cross an Element of the First Order.” Chase shrugged his shoulders.

“Of course not.” He shrugged and changed the subject, feeling as though he knew too much about his mother’s past. “What do you make of this?” The room was strong, unusually so. It had no windows and bricks lined the walls. Even the floor was lined. Odd.

“We need to get out. It’s an oven.” Chase raced toward the door. But it was too late. The door was shut behind him

On the other side they heard the chief’s voice. “Sorry, boys. This is the end of the line.” And the room started to get warmer.

“We need to get out of here.” Beau ran toward the door and pushed all his weight against it. All it did was dent. “I have an idea.”

The air was warming up, and it was obvious Chase was having hard time breathing, let alone anything else.

“Stay with me, Chase.”

Chase focused on his face.

“All we need to do is get a small gap between the door and the floor.”

“And I can suck the oxygen out of the fire?”

“Exactly.”

*

Chief Ralph Wicks watched as the building was engulfed. It was the end of Beau and Chase. Their luck had finally run out. It happened to all firemen. He reached into his pocket and rolled his stogie between his fingers, allowing the tobacco to warm, until the end finally lit. He drew a long puff and enjoyed the scene in front of him.

“Ralph?”

Ralph turned. “Brigit, what are you doing here?”

“I came to save my son, you bastard.” And she hurled a fireball at him.

He absorbed the energy, allowing her flame to consume him.

“It’s better this way, Brigit. He’s just a half-breed, he’s not pure. Not like us.”

Tears filled her ebony eyes.

“Don’t cry, darling.” He moved toward her to comfort her.

“You killed George too?” she asked him.

“Don’t mention the human. He wasn’t worthy of you.” The Chief’s face turned bright red. It was obvious to anyone who looked, he was about to explode.

“And you are?”

“We are equals. Well matched.”

“Let’s find out.” She tossed another fireball at him and he absorbed it.

“Brig—” He countered with a fireball of his own.

She took it in, allowing the flame within her to grow. Brigit was beautiful, allowing

her natural spark and heat to blaze forth.

*

Jamie watched as two flaming bodies hurtled toward one another. One burned orange and yellows, the other blue and white. In the background, the docks burned against the night sky. No help was called. The fire appeared manageable, and there was no reason to endanger the humans. Brigit had managed to look calm and collected when she got specifics from the firemen at the hall. If her demeanor hadn't been reassurance enough, her batch of homemade brownies sealed the deal.

Her gaze lifted when she saw the dock's flame wane and flicker before snuffing out. Seconds later Beau and Chase emerged from the wreckage. Jamie ran toward them.

"Are you okay?" She ran her hands over Beau's red face.

"I'm fine." His gaze followed the two Elementals entangled.

"They've been going at it since we got here. I don't know which one is your mother." Jamie gripped his arm.

"Which one is calling you, Beau?" Chase asked behind him.

"The hotter one."

"Then that's Brigit. Go grab her." He tapped Beau's shoulder.

Jamie watched helplessly as Beau ran toward the consumed flames dancing in the sky. He tackled the blue and white one, and the fire took Brigit's human form.

Chase moved his hands, and air rushed from the other fire toward them. He was pulling the oxygen from the fire.

Chief Wicks struggled against the air, but he was overcome. Jamie had an idea. She watched as the old man grew weak, and when he finally appeared exhausted, she said, "Move him to the water."

Chase pushed Wicks closer to the docks. Jamie walked over to where he lay and grabbed him about the waist and rolled with him into the water. She dragged his lifeless corpse down deep.

Chief Wick's lifeless eyes were hollow pools of black. No flame rested there any longer. They'd killed him, but she allowed the deep current to take him far into the open ocean. The waves would reveal the truth, and the Veil would deal with it. She didn't even care if her name was mentioned. Beau was safe! Once the current carried Wicks out of sight, she returned to the surface, walking out onto the beach.

She was enveloped in a hug which effectively squeezed the air out of her.

"Are you okay?" Beau's anxious face loomed above her.

"He thought you'd drowned." Chase chuckled.

"Impossible," she told Beau

"Can you give us a minute?" Beau turned to Chase.

Chase turned and walked toward the truck.

"I have to tell you something." Beau's voice was serious.

"I think I know what you are going to say." It was time to end this charade.

"You do?" His chocolate eyes probed hers.

"Yeah, and I feel the same way." The lie tasted bitter, but it was better he was safe.

"Really?"

"Yep. I'll be heading back to Atlantis soon, and then you can move on." She toed the sand.

"What?" The expression was not one of relief.

“I don’t want to move on.”

“I think it’s for the best, since being with me puts you at risk.” Jamie couldn’t risk having something happen to him.

“I don’t care. Without you my heart is at risk.”

She looked up into his dark eyes. “What did you say?”

“My heart is at risk. I love you, Jamie.”

“Oh, Beau.” Tears welled in her eyes. “I love you too.”

“Will you stay?”

“Do I have a choice?”

“No. Don’t worry about my powers. I have the feeling it will be okay. I have two elementals to teach a few things. Besides, I didn’t even burn grabbing mom.” He held up his hands to reveal no burns.

She moved into his arms and felt the warmth emanating from them.

“I’ll stay, but you have to remember I’m not fireproof like you.”

“I guess we’ll have to engage in water sports, then,” he teased her.

“I guess so.” She couldn’t help but smile before letting her lips touch his in a kiss that promised to be a real scorcher.

The End

About the Author:

Tina Holland was born in Frankfurt, Germany.

Tina was first published by Liquid Silver Books in 2005. She writes Erotic Romance in Contemporary, Paranormal and Sci-fi sub-genres.

Tina continues to write as her schedule allows. When Tina is not writing she can be found enjoying her hobby farm. It may seem like a desolate place but with her husband, horses, dog and cats, it's rarely lonely. It's the perfect fit for a wonderful imagination and an opportunity to be a little naughty.

Meet Lsb Authors At The House Of Sin
Lsbooks.Net

We invite you to visit Liquid Silver Books

LSbooks.com
for other exciting erotic romances.

2007: Terran Realm

Urban fantasy world: TerranRealm.com

Featured Series:

The Zodiac Series: 12 books, 24 stories and authors

Two hot stories for each sign, 12 signs

The Coven of the Wolf by Rae Morgan

Benevolent lusty witches keep evil forces at bay

Fallen: by Tiffany Aaron

Fallen angels in hot flight to redeem their wings

The Max Series by JB Skully

Meet Max, her not-absent dead husband, sexy detective Witt, his mother...

And many, many more!