# THE STONEGARS STONE STONE COLD

# J. HALI STEELE

# **Stone Cold**

The Stonegars, Book 1

J Hali Steele

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Email: raven@LSbooks.com

> Editor Maria Rogers

Cover Artist April Martinez

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### Blurb

Hard as hell—all the time—that's Erac Dane.

From a mythical race of statues sculpted using fragments stolen from Stonehenge, he is cursed and has been trapped in his stony shell for twenty-five years. In a constant state of arousal, Erac watches and hears others have the woman he desires more than freedom. The clock strikes midnight and the curse ends—Erac vows to have what he wants.

Vena Waring's never been happy with her choice of men. She thought Jason was the one, until he cheated on her. Now that he's back in her life, can Jason accept what she is? Most of all can he accept the virile, rock-hard man who takes her to new heights, *and wants to take Jason along for the ride*?

### **Chapter One**

### If she bumps my cock once more, I'll crumble.

He had spent years watching her, first from the sunroom, now in the backyard. Always there for her. Vena Waring had worn him down to nothing, and he had never even touched her. She hadn't been this upset for a long time and he wanted to beat the bastard who hurt her to a bloody pulp.

Erac Dane couldn't do anything. His helplessness was due to Vena's grandmother, Malvena Waring. She had been a cruel old bitch and he was glad when the witch died. At the time he didn't even care her death had brought pain to the young woman who sat at his feet and cried.

That had changed over the years. What he wouldn't give to make Vena his. Anything to touch her, take her the way he'd dreamed of so many nights. Thinking about it gained him nothing but an excruciating hard-on.

No matter, Malvena being alive wouldn't have changed his predicament one iota. Only Rekat could do that and he'd been absent too many years.

The sun eased toward the horizon in the western sky and a breeze stirred. It ruffled Vena's newly shorn, wheat colored locks. The bobbed hairstyle didn't suit her at all but Erac couldn't tell her that; hell, he couldn't say a single word.

She always followed the current fashion in everything—clothing, what pumps were in style—all of it. Many a night he'd listened to her on the phone with one friend or another chattering on about such things. He'd smile to himself at the way her brow quirked or her soft, luscious mouth curved into a beautiful smile, lighting up her face. Those lips could bring such pleasure to him.

Then there were the times when *he* called, like tonight. Erac wanted to throttle him for bringing shadows of sadness to her blue eyes. At the same time, he wanted to ... shit, that wasn't going to happen.

Though hard to see from his position, her cheeks would be flushed and tear stained. Bastard told her a week before the holiday he'd found his one true love and that he wouldn't be able to see Vena anymore. That wouldn't last; the man would be unable to stay away from her for long but he didn't know that.

There wasn't a damn thing Erac could do. Nothing.

She had been hunched forward but now Vena sat up straight, leaned her back against his stone cold legs, and sighed for the umpteenth time. If he could, he would have brushed the tears away with his fingers—no, he would have kissed them away. Embrace and hold her tight, not let anything or anyone ever harm her again. Show her there was someone who cared and would always be there for her.

Erac wanted to make love to Vena, fill her with the joy she deserved in life. *I want to fill her with my cock*. Even now, it throbbed and wept at the mere idea of being inside her. She couldn't tell, she always thought of him as hard and cold.

Yet she came to him when some asshole broke her heart.

How many times over the years had she cried at his feet? That really wasn't the worse part. It destroyed him in every way imaginable when Vena climbed into his lap, rested her head against his stony shoulder, and let the tears slide down his chest. They scalded Erac to his soul, left scars that would be hard to heal. He prayed silently for the day he could feel her lips brush across his chest, her tongue taking the sting from each laceration left by the tears she cried for someone else.

Now only half of the sun stood pink on the horizon, ready to slip away. His favorite time of day. Erac's immobile eyes could barely make out the top of her head. One last hiccup wrenched from her throat and she took a deep pull of air, filling her lungs. Her breathing evened out and he felt the tension ebb from her shoulders, a sign she had resigned herself to the inevitable.

Vena was alone—again.

Feeling better, she'd soon rise and leave Erac sitting there in misery. They'd been through this before and her bouts of sorrow never lasted long. She would pull herself together and move on quickly.

Not this time. He'd see to it that no one ever hurt her again.

Midnight wasn't far off, and he'd be the one with her when the next sun rose high in the sky. Somehow, he had to win her heart.

A chirping noise emanated from her slacks and she stiffened against his legs. Her cell phone. Standing, she pulled it from her pocket, answered it.

"Hello." Vena began to pace the yard. Back and forth, all the way to the cliff's edge. Erac's chest flooded with disappointment, he could only hear her side of the

conversation.

"No, not again," she said. Her mouth formed a tight line.

It was him. From the way she spoke, how her back stiffened in defense, it had to be Jason.

Erac's fingers itched and tried to curl into his palms.

"Jason, you called if off."

She wore a path up and down in front of him.

"You're not welcome here anymore." Her short hair brushed her ears with each shake of her head. A fist balled at her side in defiance, a sign Vena meant what she said. "I don't care that you have no place to eat, and I'm not cooking. Especially for the likes of you." She spun, and looked directly at Erac as she continued. "I don't want you anymore."

*That's my girl*. She had come close enough that he could make out the tiny, whining voice on the other end of the line pleading with her to take him back. Jackass. The other woman couldn't hold him. It had only been a matter of time.

"If you dare step foot on my property, ever darken my door again, I'll have you handcuffed and thrown out on your sorry ass. Good riddance, Jason." She slapped her phone shut, turned and stared at the sun as it finally slipped away.

*Damn, I can't see her eyes.* Erac had to know if she was hurting inside. His answer came too soon, and far too painfully.

Vena walked over, slipped into his lap and laid her head against his chest. His blood boiled. Everything inside him coiled into a tight knot.

Her arm eased around his stiff neck, and the tears flowed. Rivulets ran down his chest, following the thin, unhealed gouges that remained from all the others she had cried for.

He wanted to wrap Vena in his arms, keep her there forever, and soothe away the anguish in her heart. Tears he couldn't shed stung his eyes.

It had to be the last time because Erac couldn't do this anymore.

Wiggling in his lap to get more comfortable drove him insane with desire. Her soft ass rubbed against his cock, the pressure of it sweet agony. A slender hand rested lightly on his chest. She ran her palm over the nipple and it sent shivers down his stiff spine.

\*

*Fuck, she feels so good.* Erac was hard as a rock. Literally. And stone cold.

Vena cried her eyes out. She vowed it would be the last time. She'd had enough. Jason wasn't worth a single tear. This wasn't the first time he strayed. Sex had become nonexistent between them. *That* was a problem. When it did happen, she had insisted he use a condom.

Her body ached thinking about it. The dull throb between her legs had reached a fever pitch. It had been like that the last few weeks and it was hard.

Sex. That's not all their relationship had been, but damn, she was hungry for it most of the time. Especially lately. Jason had been the only one who could make the feeling go away. For a short time. Their laughter often filled the garden, and they strolled hand in hand down the beach at sunset. The perfect pair. In the beginning, it always ended with them in bed.

Vena liked that, needed it.

He'd be back, Jason always came back. And she'd want him all over again.

There was not a jealous bone in her body, which always made her think she was weird. Most women would have had a fit—not Vena. It didn't bother her that he went to someone else, what bothered her is *she* never got enough. Vena knew what drove him away. He'd acted strangely over the last few months, visited less and less.

Jason told her he couldn't satisfy her anymore, she wanted too much from him. And then she went and asked him to bring his mistress with him if he wanted to. Talk about being pissed off! Vena thought he'd have a freaking heart attack. She couldn't believe she'd said it herself and wondered what the hell had come over her lately.

### Men!

That didn't stop the tears from falling now.

They weren't for him. Vena cried because even with Jason, she had felt something was missing.

Would the right person ever come into her life? If she had a biological clock, Vena didn't hear it ticking so there was time. She'd dreamt of one day having a family and wondered if it was to make up for growing up separated from hers.

Her grandmother, who named her, raised her alone in a big old mansion in Falmouth Harbor, right off the bay. Some thought Malvena Waring was a distant and strange woman but Vena loved her.

There were few visitors, and aside from school, she never ventured out alone. One of the house staff always accompanied her. Vena was used to it.

When the moon was full Grammy would go down to the water and Vena would watch from the third floor window of her bedroom. Her grandmother would light a fire on the beach and dance around it singing. Other times she spent in the back yard of the house where Vena heard her recite poetry that sounded like chanting while she cleaned Erac.

Gathering the courage to ask one day what the words meant, she was quietly told, "In

due time, little one. In due time you will know everything."

Born out of wedlock, Vena had never met her father and learned early not to talk about him. It was the only time she'd heard sharp words from her grandmother.

The circumstance of her birth caused an irreparable rift between her mother and Grammy and it was probably why everyone in the Waring household kept a sharp eye on her—to make sure the same thing that had happened to her mother didn't happen to Vena.

Unexpectedly, she was left alone when her grandmother mysteriously danced too close to the cliff's edge one night, tumbling to her death.

Vena inherited the estate, everything, house and the money—and there was a lot of it.

A half-brother lived with her mom and step-dad on the West Coast and, reluctantly on her grandmother's part, Vena visited them for two weeks every summer.

There was an awful memory of her mom coming to Falmouth and a big argument ensued over Erac. It ended with both women in tears when her mom called Grammy a mean bitch for keeping him in his condition. Her mom had never come back to Massachusetts until the funeral. Gemma Waring claimed she couldn't bear seeing Erac the way he was and she prayed God would rest her mother's soul.

What was wrong with Erac? He'd been the same since the day Vena had first laid eyes on him in the sunroom. He was her playmate; she'd run around him, hide and giggle uncontrollably whenever the servants found her.

She never understood what her mom meant and she hadn't seen her since.

In spite of it all, she'd grown up okay. She had friends, and since her grandmother died, she had lovers.

Her tears slipping down Erac's chest were good old-fashioned angry tears. The nerve of Jason to call looking for an invite to dinner. His new girlfriend had already left him high and dry—and evidently hungry.

A chuckle bubbled up in her throat. Damn it felt great. Served him right.

She had often spent these hours sitting in the back yard at Erac's feet or in his lap and they watched the sun set together. Vena made sure he faced it because it warmed him up. Otherwise, he was always cold. They'd been lucky with good weather this year. It had been in the seventies all week with no change forecasted for tomorrow.

Good times and bad, he'd always been there. He heard her confidences, and she never had to fear he'd tell. A grin curved her mouth at the memory of fancying herself in love with him when she turned seventeen and had her heart broke for the first time.

It would have saved her a lot of heartache if Erac could have loved her back.

Once, while making out, a boyfriend got the willies because Erac sat there. For the first time ever, it bothered her too.

"I wish you could take care of me," Vena whispered.

His torso was broad and muscled with rock hard abs. That drew another snicker from her as she remembered a recent movie in which it was claimed all the gorgeous men appearing in the film had had their stomachs painted to make the muscles look more pronounced.

"Yours are the real deal."

She moved her arm from around his neck, stroked her finger down the straight bridge of his nose, and thought how handsome he appeared with his hair just barely touching his shoulders. When she reached his lips, she let her fingers play there enjoying the fullness of them. Their perfect shape enticed her. *Would it be stupid of me to kiss them*? Vena's other hand rested on his chest where his nipple poked at the palm of her hand as she brushed lightly across the peak.

No, Erac could never love her.

His thighs were thick and comfortable under her. Sometimes when she wriggled her butt to get comfortable, an electric shock went straight through to her core. Lately, it happened a lot. It embarrassed her how nice the bulge between his legs felt nestled against her ass. *Yeah, I'm not getting enough sex.* What the hell was wrong with her?

Relaxed and all cried out, she dozed off, but not before she whispered, "You always make me feel good."

\* \* \* \*

Vena's eyes flew open and her head snapped up at a strange sound. It was dark with moonlight filtering through the oak trees that dotted the back yard. Damn, how long had she sat there sleeping?

Standing slowly, she stretched, letting her eyes adjust as she peered around. *What time is it*?

A twig snapped on the side of the house. Movement caught her eye and she turned in its direction. Holding her breath, she watched a dark figure emerge from the shadows.

"Hey, babe."

Hell, it was Jason.

"Damn it, jerk, you scared the shit out of me. What are you doing here?"

"Why are *you* standing out here in the dark? It's damn near midnight. Guess that's why you didn't hear me ring at the front door. Where's the staff?"

"I gave them the night off." She ran a hand through her short hair and focused on the man in front of her. "I told you to stay away." As she walked across the yard toward the back door, the motion light flared bright and Vena flipped the switch so it remained lit. She returned to stand by the large tree.

Jason was gorgeous. His blond hair, always perfectly styled and in place, was mussed tonight. The black tee he wore stretched across his chest revealing taut muscles. He was a big man whose thighs were strong and hard. Jason worked out regularly and it showed. His over six foot frame was athletically toned and he turned many a female head when they were out together. Some men stole a second look too.

But tonight he was a mess.

"Why are you here?"

"Honey, don't." He stepped closer and she noticed he carried a plastic shopping bag. "I came over to talk, to tell you I'm sorry."

"God, what is it with you, with us? There's nothing left between us, Jason. Go home." Vena knew she didn't mean it. What was wrong with them, with her? He did satisfy her, she just wanted more of ... of what?

"You don't mean that." He sat the bag down and reached in to pull out what appeared to be a ready-to-roast turkey. "Look what I bought. It's the only one I could find on such short notice that wasn't frozen." He placed the dripping package back in the bag.

"Have you lost your fucking mind?"

He stepped closer and grabbed her shoulders. "We haven't made love in a long time

and I know you want me, Vena, you always want me."

His eyes darkened. It probably crossed Jason's mind to tell her she wanted him in that way *too* much and *too* often. After all, it's what sent him away.

"Damn it, I can't leave you alone, I can't stay away from you. It's like..."

His words drifted off and she smelled the alcohol on his breath. That explained everything.

"I'm calling the cops." She took her phone out, flipped it open and started to dial 9-1-1. Before she finished, he snatched it from her, slammed it shut, and hurled it across the yard.

"I need you." He shoved her into the tree and began feeling her breasts with rough hands.

"Jason," she pleaded. Vena wasn't sure what she begged for. She needed him bad but she wanted to talk, try to figure this out.

Pinned with her back against the large trunk, she jumped at the sound of a loud crash behind the tree. Jason, intent on freeing her breast, didn't seem to hear the heavy footsteps or the rustle of the shopping bag. Vena saw it coming from the corner of her eye. It slammed into Jason's head sending beads of bloody water onto her face and in her eyes, blinding her for a moment.

Jason slid into a heap on the ground.

She swiped at her face with her forearm and when she could open her eyes again, standing before her was a bare ass, naked man.

*Holy crap!* 

It was...

Vena could tell by the length of his hair, the breadth of his shoulders, and the cut of his muscled stomach. His penis, normally just a bulge between his thighs, bobbed in the air. She stumbled back in disbelief.

Stepping over Jason, he caught her by the wrist, kept her from falling on her butt. Gray eyes stared, his chest heaved up and down.

"I ... I..." His voice creaked like an unused, rusty door.

"Who the hell are you?" Deep in the recesses of her mind, in her heart Vena knew the answer before she even asked. She needed to hear him say it. Amazed at her calm, she gazed down his body, her eyes coming to rest on his thick cock. As they swept upward, she took in a myriad of lacerations, some fresh, crisscrossing his chest. By the time she reached his face, her breath came in rapid puffs.

"Erac," he croaked.

"This can't be happening." Her head shook back and forth, denying what she saw. His hands moved to her shoulders and he drew her against his hard body, held her tight. He whispered, "Mine."

Surreal, everything moved in slow motion. It dawned on her she may have gone crazy. If lucky, she was still asleep.

"No one will ever hurt you again." His words came out harsh and strained. "I promise."

Unbelievable.

Behind him, Jason groaned. Thank God he was alive.

"A freaking statue just cold-cocked a man in my back yard with a fucking turkey." She glared up at him. "Tell me I'm dreaming." Thunder rolled overhead and she looked up just in time to see a bolt of lightning streak toward them. It slammed into the tree and split it dead center, sending a shower of sparks in every direction. Erac snatched her behind him.

"What the fuck is happening?" Vena screamed above the crackle of flames. The smoke cleared and a shadowy figure emerged.

"Hello, daughter." *Oh shit!* 

### **Chapter Two**

The cool breeze ruffled Erac Dane's hair and teased the tip of his erection behind the leaf-covered limb he'd grabbed to cover himself. He grew even harder if that was possible. Considering he came from an ancient race of stone people, getting stiff at a moment's notice was not a problem Stonegars experienced.

He would have found humor in the situation had it not been for the young woman in front of him. Vena Waring's eyes darted back and forth from him, to her father, and to the body of the man on the ground that Erac had knocked unconscious.

Stonegars had been kept well hidden until recently and were virtually unknown to humans. Having just discovered their secret, Vena digested the information but Erac couldn't be sure how well, or if she even heard him at all. Only two parts of her body moved—her eyes and her heaving bosom. Beneath the thin top, her nipples were peaked and with each breath she took, the taut points drew his attention. Making it awfully hard to concentrate on anything else.

It hadn't helped his situation at all when her father appeared out of nowhere with a strange woman in tow. Erac's face had grown warm and he thought of turning back to stone but that wasn't an option. He had waited for this too long. The leaves of the small branch he held rustled loudly in the night air as his cock bobbed and jerked against it. *Shit*.

Finally Vena found her voice. "You're some kind of stone man?" Her head nodded toward Rekat, "and since he's my father, I'm a stone woman?" She backed to the step behind her and flopped down. "Dear God, what the hell is happening?" Her eyes continued to drift back and forth between them. "Who the hell are you? No, let me guess, you're a statue too, right?" She asked the woman.

"Well, not quite. I'm Pat Marinelli, your father's..."

"She's my lover. Let's go inside, we'll explain everything and answer all your questions."

"You want me to let you in my house?" Vena's brow lifted incredulously.

"For Chrissakes, we're not killers." Rekat had little patience.

"Tell that to my boyfriend who just got cold cocked with a turkey."

The man, Jason, had arrived in Vena's backyard carrying the bird and at that precise moment the curse that had been placed on Erac twenty-five years earlier ended and he turned from stone to man. Displeased to find the asshole groping Vena, Erac had smashed the bird carcass into the man's head, knocking him out cold.

"I didn't kill him, he's just unconscious." Erac said solidly. "The bastard should have stayed away as you requested. Furthermore, he isn't your boyfriend because he broke up with you weeks ago." Not that Erac would mind sharing Vena if she was agreeable, especially with Jason, but the man on the ground had treated her shabbily and should be taught a lesson.

"Doesn't mean he deserved to be knocked out by ... by a freaking statue!" Anger laced her loud words and darkened her eyes. "I'll have to have someone put him in one of the rooms upstairs and watch him, make sure he's all right." She looked directly at Erac and asked, "How did you know we broke up?"

The look on her face didn't require him to answer. Thank God.

Taking into account the surprise appearance of a drunken ex-boyfriend and the coming to life of a statue she'd played hide-and-seek behind growing up—she was processing everything reasonably well. Her face flushed red now that she understood he'd been aware of her goings-on for years.

"Tell me where to take him and Pat will make sure he's okay." Her father held the man over his should like a sack of potatoes. "No need to disturb the staff and give more explanation than necessary."

"Great idea, let's keep the fact between us that I've spent the last twenty plus years playing with *and* sitting in the lap of a fucking statue whose standing in front of me with an enormous hard-on hidden behind a tree limb." She pierced each one of them with a heated look. "Fan-fucking-tastic idea."

Pat laughed raucously, sending birds twittering into the starry sky.

Rekat glared at his lover, "Do not make this worse."

Vena stood, walked up the steps, and entered the back door, holding it open for them all to follow. "This way."

First thing Vena did was supply Erac with a pair of sweatpants.

Having settled the jerk into a guest room with Pat to keep an eye on him, Erac and Rekat set out to explain about Vena's ancestors.

"I thought gargoyles were ugly little creatures that decorated old buildings," she said. Oh hell, now her father *would* be pissed. The Gar vehemently disliked *gar*goyles. They were two completely separate beings.

"We don't have wings, horns or any of the nasty little things they're adorned with. And *we* don't decorate buildings to suit human fancy. Gargoyles are pitiful creatures and have nothing to do with our kind." Rekat, wearing a path in the floor, glared at Erac. "I'll check on Pat. See if you can make my daughter understand exactly what we are."

"*You* tell me why you left my mother, why you let me grow up all alone, damn you." Rekat's eyes became liquid steel, the dark gray filled with sadness and pain,

something Erac had never seen and he'd known him a long time. The man before him was an enforcer and a seer who captured, and if necessary, used his extraordinary powers to destroy his own kind to keep the majority safe from discovery. It was a savage duty.

Stonegars knew enough about humans to understand they would have obliterated their race, crumbled them into nothingness, as they had tried with every other mystic being they did not understand or choose to accept in a world they considered theirs alone. *Stupid, greedy, ignorant bunch of asses.* 

Rekat turned from her to Erac, his voice low, "Explain who and what we are to my daughter." He vanished in a cloud of thick gray dust.

"Bastard," she shouted.

"You can't blame him." He stood by the mantle in a large, richly appointed room and stared into the fire. Vena had inherited the house from her grandmother, Malvena Waring, the black hearted witch who took from him and his siblings their ability to change into their human-like physiques and satisfy their sexual needs.

Had Rekat come earlier, he could have broken the spell but Erac was glad he had finally arrived. There was a strong sense of awareness of others of his kind, and occasionally premonitions regarding other Stonegars, but plain Gar weren't able to communicate by mental telepathy so he wouldn't be able to find his family without the help of an enforcer. Rekat, the best of their warriors would locate his brother, Evol, and his sister, Etah.

Etah would be the problem. She would seek vengeance on the Waring family.

Right now he had to deal with Vena. He wanted her in a way he'd never wanted anything or anyone.

"We are an accident." *How to make her understand?* "Stonehenge, thought to be mystical by many, is our home place. Some of what humans believe about it is true. People, oftentimes other sculptors interested in Stonehenge's monoliths stole pieces of the sacred stones and used them, forming them into tools to refine their creations. It made ... made us special." The scars on his chest stung but they were healing quickly now that he was mobile. "Statues, more beautiful than man could ever imagine, were lovingly crafted by artists from around the world. What they did not realize is each time they cut themselves or abraded their skin and allowed blood to mix with the form, life was given to the piece they worked on."

"Blood." She rubbed her hands over her face. "Someone else's blood is the cause of your being here?"

"It's not just us—dogs, cats, any creature shaped in its lifelike form can live if they receive their maker's blood. We all have bits of Stonehenge in us—as well as the coloring in hair and skin of our creator." He stole a look at Vena whose blue eyes widened but her mouth remained in a tight slash of control. "Our eyes are the color of the stone." Hers would soon be too. "But we are *not* gargoyles."

He waited for more questions.

"Thieves who stole some stones are responsible for this?" The words were spit out. "And how do they account for your disappearance?" Her head shook from side to side. "Since they're thieves, it serves them right when they have to report something of theirs stolen." Vena was bright and she pieced things together quickly.

"We *must* leave them, it's the only way to live our own lives. If we were to remain with our sculptor, we'd be relegated to being just a decoration. That's unthinkable." One hand gripped the mantle in agitation. Erac softened his voice, "It is neither their fault nor ours. They took from the site in awe and love. It is what we are filled with, among other things." No need yet to tell of their sexual appetites.

"Do you have power to disappear as Rekat does?"

"No. Your father has been imbued with more abilities than most." Did he want to be the one to divulge that Rekat was a hunter, one who murdered his own people and anyone who stood in the way of his meting out justice? "Rules had to be put in place as we evolved and spent more time in man's space. Some of us are *not* very loving. Though Stonehenge's peaceful mysticism usually overrides evilness, it does depend a little on who created us."

Erac's sister had developed their sculptor's nastier, vindictive habits.

Many of the current century's creations were out of control. There wasn't as much love and understanding in the world today and living in peace was not an easy thing to do for any being. Gar enforcers had grown in numbers even before Erac was cursed.

"You are ... beautiful," she said in a hushed tone.

Her eyes raked over his body, lingered on his lacerated chest before they moved to the lower half, which was now covered by the pair of sweat pants she had provided. His penis nudged the soft material at the mere idea of her looking at his crotch. "All those years I felt you watched me, you really did. Why didn't you move, do something to let me know?" Her cheeks reddened again.

"If you only knew how much I wanted to hold you, protect you." He'd have to tell her the truth about the curse soon. "Had I been able to budge, you would have run scared, never to sit in my lap again." He pierced her with his gray eyes and shook his head from side to side. "I couldn't let that happen. Having you come to play near me...and later in life, you came in pain when each of those bastards left you, it was better than not having you at all."

His face flushed hot, anger blossomed inside at the thought of each and every one who had touched her when he couldn't. He restrained from going to her, taking what he wanted as a dull ache settled in his balls. The need to be inside her, his cock alive and bringing her to climax would erase the anguish bit by bit.

He leaned his head against the cool stone above the fireplace, felt an affinity with the bricks there. When her hand brushed his shoulder, he jumped.

"You watched me with them all?"

"Yes." Sadness darkened her face. Happy she cared, Erac's strength and pride quickly overrode that. "Do not pity me."

"It hurt so badly sometimes...I'd sit in your lap wishing you could love me. I wanted you to be real." Her hand strayed to his brow, brushed a strand of hair from his forehead. That was all he could take.

Erac bundled her into his arms, slammed his mouth to hers in a kiss that seared his soul. She opened her lips and took his tongue in wild abandon, sucking the life out of him. It lasted long, but not nearly long enough.

Moving his hands from her shoulders, he stroked her back, and grasping her full, rounded butt, he drew her forward to meet the hardness of his penis. God how he wanted to penetrate her, feel her pussy wrapped around his length.

"Damn, I've wanted you for so long," he breathed against her mouth.

"I've always thought you were the most handsome man in the world sitting there in my garden. When I was younger, I compared every man to you." Warm air brushed his neck where Vena buried her face.

Erac had been sculpted in a sitting position by his creator and his memory of Vena climbing in his lap when she was a young woman fresh from college, touching him to soothe her ache of having lost someone else, ripped his heart in two. On its own accord, his cock barreled into a stony erection and it pressed hard against her lower belly.

"Why were you in my home in your statue form for so long if you can be like a man?" Blue eyes gazed at him, making it hard to speak his mind.

"Your grandmother was a very powerful witch and she cast a spell on me and my family, forcing us to remain statues. I hate her for it, for all the time I've lost." Venom dripped from his words.

May as well get the truth out there.

Vena loved her grandmother, wouldn't understand the pain he'd endured trapped all that time, or the hatred that even now bubbled in him like a stagnant swamp.

"*What*? You're a liar. Grammy would never do anything so cruel." She slowly backed away from him, anger glassy in the blue depths of her eyes.

"Malvena Waring was a bitch and the world is better without her in it." The nasty words he shot out couldn't lance the wound, rid him of the anguish. Even though the sexy, desirable woman who stood not far from him was a part of Malvena, and Vena was everything he wanted and needed to make his life whole again, Erac wouldn't lie to her now, or ever. Lying wasn't in the Gar makeup—they were honest to a fault.

She flew across the short distance, her nails bared to scratch his eyes out. Erac refused to defend himself against her. Morphing his limbs into stone, assuming the sitting posture he was crafted in, he avoided any damage to himself.

Slamming into the immovable statue, Erac winced in his shell when her body bounced back and she landed on her ass.

"I hate you."

Damn, this wasn't going to be easy.

On her butt in the middle of the floor, tears spilling from her eyes, Vena Waring glared daggers at the mountain of stone that resembled a man in front of her fireplace.

"Bastard," she hissed. "You're a liar."

Coming to her feet, she searched the room for an implement to bash him in his hardass head. Grasping the poker, she raised it like a baseball bat.

"What are you doing?"

Vena spun at the sound of her father's voice, tripped over the table leg and landed once again on her ass. "Ouch, damn it," she snarled. Already sick of these people, she vowed to get them out of her house, and fast.

Rekat stepped toward her, his steely eyes swirling. Feeling a rush of warmth through her veins as he got closer, she raised her hand to stop him. Vena suddenly recognized a mental connection and she realized it was her father's nearness that helped her to assimilate what was happening here. That, and a good dose of anger.

After the last few hours, she deserved a good cry.

Her father stayed a short distance from her as she remained seated in the middle of the floor trying to hold back the tears. He wasn't the one she focused her attention on.

Erac. He was real.

The stone man she had always turned to for comfort, grown up loving in a childish way, was real.

Vena searched his hard body now for any sign of the lively gray eyes, the gloriously thick hair she now knew was a shade of blond that rivaled sunlight. He was close to six and a half feet tall, his arms had muscles she hadn't known existed, and damn, they felt perfect around her. Erac's thighs bulged with power and she recalled the time she spent sitting on them. Her rear end pressed against their coldness. The incessant throbbing started between her legs.

He'd known her all these years, watched her grow. There hadn't been that many but he knew the other men in her life. Heat flared in her cheeks at the thought of things he'd heard and seen until she had felt weird making out in front of him. She should have figured it out. There was always something odd about the statue and the way her Grammy kept it spotless, chanting and singing to it. Words Malvena had said she would understand one day but she had died too soon, never explained any of this.

The statue was a him!

Was what he said true? He had mentioned a brother and sister and they had suffered the same fate? Vena thought about every word her mother said the day she called Grammy a bitch and left, never to set foot on the property again until the funeral and even that day she had left immediately. She had said she wouldn't come back because of what her grandmother had done to Erac.

Her mother knew.

Erac had been alive the whole time, and trapped in the stone.

Vena's heart wrenched.

And her grandmother—a witch? Christ.

That would explain the chanting and dancing around fires at all hours of the night. Vena had known she was different because of the secluded way they lived. Occasionally she was teased by friends over her own odd premonitions, which she learned early to keep to herself.

Not that she'd ever seen anything earth shattering. She once told a girlfriend she'd miss a school dance because she'd have the measles. Another had sex with a boy after a graduation party and Vena ended up telling the girl the whole story. The guy had only been with her friend because of a bet he made. She didn't want to see her girlfriend get hurt. When she retold the story, Vena actually became aroused reliving the event and how it ended. She envied her friend but had never been so embarrassed.

Now she understood. But she never suspected this.

Yet somehow she wasn't that surprised by it either. Wouldn't she be if she *was* normal? Lord knows, she was certainly not *normal* by a long shot.

Oh God, what Erac said was true. Still, a small part of Vena fought believing it. She had to think about something else right now.

Glaring at her father, she asked, "Why did you leave my mother when she was pregnant?"

Rekat, hadn't moved or breathed. Hell, guess they didn't need air in the same way she did. She wanted to be angry, storm and rail at him, but she couldn't. She'd heard her mother say to Grammy that she just couldn't be with him, be what he was. Vena had thought she meant he was a criminal or something worse and she sure as hell was glad he wasn't. *Right, he's a damn statue—a real piece of the rock*. She should be shaking with fear but an odd calm settled over her.

"Vena, there is so much you need to learn." His eyes became hard as slate. "It was never my choice to be away. We are a race of beings swayed by nature and its wild ways and it had to take its course."

"Why come to me now?"

"The time is right for you to know what you are."

It all made sense. Thanks to her father and whatever he did with his weird eyes. They were mesmerizing.

"And Erac?"

"He is part of the reason I'm here."

A small avalanche sounded in the direction of the fireplace, dust filled the air and Erac resurfaced—bare-assed naked again. *This guy had a problem keeping clothing on*. Damn if his awesome cock wasn't erect already, waving in the air like a flag. Vena couldn't keep her eyes off it. Her body had ideas of its own and went into meltdown.

The man was beautiful, like a Michelangelo original—minus his fig leaf this time. She instantly forgot about the conversation she needed to have with her father and wished for a moment he wasn't in the room.

Moisture slid into her panties and she had to pull her eyes away. She had thought

herself a woman who just happened to have an overactive libido and her body always reacted to a gorgeous man, but not like this, and not usually quite so fast. *Liar*. With Jason, that is exactly what transpired. She was in lust with him the first time they met.

Vena had him in her bed in two days time, and damn, he was good. She never, ever regretted it and would take him back in a hot minute.

Had to be the Gar genes—Lord, she *was* like them! Trying in vain not to see him out the corner of her eye, Vena reached to the sofa, grabbed a pillow and tossed it in his direction.

"You need to cover yourself...uhh...my father doesn't want to see your penis bobbing around." *Lord knows I don't mind*. When Erac chuckled, she directed an ominous glance his way. "What is so funny? What the-?"

Erac faced the dusty pile he'd left on the floor and Vena watched the glittery stream of particles being sucked into his body. There was nothing left to sweep up. *Damn!* 

Whirling around to face her he said, "Most statues are sculpted nude so Stonegar are pretty much naked all the time—unless of course their maker fashioned them in clothing." Wearing a sheepish grin, he continued, "As for my..." Erac peered at his crotch.

"Shit, you're erect all the time aren't you?" At least he had the decency to blush. "Is it the stone?"

"Yes. It is the way we are."

Great, she was awed by a statue who it seemed could turn into a man at will and he had a penis so beautiful it should be pictured under the description in Webster's dictionary. And Vena wanted to taste it, feel it inside her, drench it in the orgasm she was damn near having sitting there ogling him.

Life was a bitch.

Rekat turned to face Erac. "I must search for your siblings. I will let you know immediately when I have word."

Pat entered the room. "The man woke for a few minutes but he's still a bit drunk. Otherwise, he's fine."

Her father walked to stand behind his lover. She was stunning in an athletic kind of way with bleached blonde hair, her dark roots stylishly showing. Hard angles and muscle. He stroked Pat's arms and hugged her around the waist. They appeared so in tune with each other, something that had been missing from all her relationships. How had he felt about her mother and what had happened to end it between them?

"Patricia has a gift for you. I hope you will accept it from her in friendship." Rekat continued to plant kisses on the back of the woman's neck. Watching his display of affection didn't bother her like it should. *Damn, I* am *one of them.* 

Wriggling out of his arms, she said, "Stop, and I hate being called Patricia. You-," She hesitated, then looked at Vena. "Yes, I want you to have something that's very special." Pat reached into her jacket pocket and brought something out. She stepped closer and held her hand out, dropping a ring into Vena's lap. She heard Erac suck in a lungful of air but ignored it.

Picking it up, Vena examined it. The ring was fascinating. A thick gold band contained one large stone polished to a glassy shine in the center. It looked like hematite yet she knew from the weight that it wasn't. Little seeds of rubies surrounded the black jewel-like rock in a complete circle.

Vena felt compelled to slip the ring on.

Pulses of electricity shot up her arm and set her heart fluttering. She twisted her head to look at Erac, his lips curved into a mysterious smile. Her vagina contracted, liquid eased from her body uncontrollably as the urge to use her hand to stimulate an orgasm washed over her. What she really wanted was to get up, go to Erac, and take him.

### What the fuck?

Turning back to Pat, she murmured, "Thank you, it's beautiful."

She wished her father and the woman would leave. Vena wanted to be alone with Erac. But she had a question.

Unable to tear her eyes from the ring, she asked, "You helped me in some way to take this all in didn't you?"

Rekat cleared his throat and she jumped. He had crossed the room and she hadn't noticed. He grasped her hand and pulled her to her feet. Embracing her, he planted a light kiss in the middle of her forehead before he stepped back. Crystal clear gray eyes with tiny starry specks dancing in their depths stared at her. It was as if he plucked every secret from her heart and mind. Color flamed in her cheeks.

"Yes. You're very astute. I mentally sped up your ability to process everything you've learned and I helped you to remain calm. It's similar to a mild sedative." A smile tugged the corner of his mouth. "I didn't invade any areas of privacy in your mind."

Vena wasn't sure she liked him poking around in her head, but it had helped and she felt...okay. She let out a sigh of relief that he hadn't found her secret most thoughts of Erac, more importantly, what she wanted to do to herself.

Vena continued to gaze at her father, transfixed by the pinpoints of light in his eyes. "Will my eyes look like yours?" Erac's eyes were beautiful but his didn't have the sparkle she saw in her father's.

"They will look like mine." Rekat's voice became a whisper, "I loved your mother more than my own life. She must be the one to explain why I was not part of your life up until now."

Vena bowed her head, not knowing what to say or do. She hadn't expected to hear those words. When she looked up Pat was gone.

So was her father.

She whirled toward Erac.

### **Chapter Three**

"Do you know what the stone is?" Vena glared at him.

Erac hesitated. "It is a part of our heritage from Stonehenge. It's ... magical."

"What is it?" Her eyes were slits. "It belongs to him doesn't it? Why didn't he give it to me?"

"It represents the circle of life, something only enforcers possess. I guess he was afraid you wouldn't accept it from him." He stepped closer to her, his voice barely a whisper, "He wants us to be together."

"Oh. Hell. No." She pried and tugged, but the ring wouldn't budge. "No, no, no," she repeated.

"Is it so bad to belong to me? And you may as well stop, it won't come off.

"*Belong* to you? You've lost your mind if you think I'm going to accept some sort of arranged bond." Her eyes cast exaggeratedly up and down his body. "You look absolutely ridiculous standing behind a damn pillow cushion. Who'd want to get involved with you ... a hard-headed piece of ... piece of rock."

"You don't have a choice."

"You don't know me." She nudged him aside, and walked out of the room.

Sexual attraction between Gar was undeniable and it is part of what Vena was whether she acknowledged it or not. Erac scratched his head wondering what to do next. Follow her? Rock hard and aching, he wanted to but she needed time.

Stonegar always came out of their shells hard and ready. Erac could have left the moment the curse lifted and searched for gratification anywhere he could find it. Years of watching and caring about Vena made him stay.

And there was Jason.

Now there was the ring. Rekat wanted Erac with his daughter.

Having her father's blessing meant he could take her. However, she had to want him. He couldn't force her. Thinking of having Vena even softened his heart to the witch who had cursed him. Malvena was true to her nature and had acted out of love for her daughter.

His natural instincts screamed out for release, and he began to understand the meaning of blue balls. Twenty-five long years had passed since he had even smelled a woman.

Vena's scent of arousal was sweet. It lingered in the room and it permeated his nostrils.

Hell, he'd sat by for the last five years of her dating jackasses, knowing what they did and swelling painfully because of it. He meant to have her before the sun climbed over the horizon.

It was the Stonegar way to share, but for now—Vena was his.

He wished Jason had remained with Vena. Erac swelled in anticipation of having him too. His shaft throbbed with the idea of taking them both.

His kind desired beautiful females but the Gar line had deep roots in a lusty male society. Historians had thought to dispel the idea of Druid involvement with Stonehenge. Little did they know the priests had instilled much of their magic in the place. Their affinity with nature and animals was ingrained in every statue with the blooded ability to walk among humans.

The male form was indeed a thing of beauty to each and every Stonegar.

Nibbling on his fingernail, he rubbed the pillow against his hard-on. God it felt good. He could masturbate, it wouldn't be the first time. Erac moved his hand to his cock, easing the taut skin back and forth sent shivers down his thighs, made his toes curl.

Yes, he could relieve himself.

He walked through the living room door and down the hall to the sunroom. He'd spent so many years here, it was like home. Stars twinkled through the windows and the moon cast an eerie light around the space. Picking a big, soft chair facing outdoors, he sat down, his long legs wide and stretched out in front of him.

Staff never stirred before five in the morning, and this would be the last room they came to late in the day. Erac had it all to himself.

He could make it quick, or it could last much longer, right now he needed hard and fast. Conjuring beautiful pictures of Vena in his head, he let the pillow fall to his feet. Using one hand, he fondled his nuts and he stroked the whole length of his shaft with the other. Air hissed on a long note from his lungs.

It had been far, far too long and try as he might, Erac couldn't make it another minute.

Cupping the tip of his cock, he trapped the pearly drop of pre-cum as it slipped from the slit. "Yes," he murmured.

The skin was tight, but soft and felt almost foreign because of the time he'd been trapped in his statue. That only heightened his sensation. *Damn*. He picked up the pace a little, sliding his hand up and down, and with eyes closed, his head fell back hitting the cushion of the seat.

His hips jutted into his fisted hand, again and again, his palm swirled over the slick head of his cock with each pass upward. Erac's chest rose and fell with the air he pulled through his nostrils. Licking his lips, he envisioned Vena sucking his dick, her head bobbing back and forth, taking all of him while Jason's cock was buried deep in his ass.

"Shit." That picture barreled him to the edge too quickly. He stopped, winding down from the orgasmic high he'd created. Not yet. More.

Cum leaked from his cock's head, his hand caught and smeared it the length of his shaft, making jerking it off much smoother.

"Erac."

No! Vena.

"Don't stop, let me watch." Her warm breath brushed his cheek as she leaned over the back of the chair.

"I'm sorry ... I didn't ... I didn't hear you come in." *God damn it, how'd I let this happen*? The only part of him moving was his chest, circulating the air he took into his body. "I'd never disrespect you like this."

"Shh, it's my fault. I should have remembered how long you've been without a woman." She planted kisses on the side of his mouth, down his throat. Lifting his hair, her lips eased to the back of his neck and she said, "Please, let me watch."

"Vena, I can't stop, if you stay here..."

"You'll take me?" She came from behind the chair and knelt in front of him, inches from his weeping penis. Jesus Christ. All she wore was a silky black see-through negligee. "No, you won't. I'm giving myself to you."

"Vena?" Desire beat at him.

"Do it. For me." Puffs of warm air touched his cock, her lips were that close. Another fat drop slipped out and dribbled down the broad head.

Erac, fisted the tip, drew down, pulling the skin tight until his hand bumped his balls. "Hell." He began to pump slowly, up and down, each time he let his fingertips brush her chin. She hadn't moved back and her erratic breathing sent blood rushing headlong through his veins. "Baby, *please*."

She didn't move an inch.

"Keep going."

Her hand snaked under her filmy gown, Erac heard her playing with her clit. One arm rested on his knee to balance her between his legs. The scent of her sex drove him out of his mind, made his hand work faster. His hips lifted rhythmically from the chair with each stroke.

"Your smell is so sweet." He grunted and his head dropped back to the chair. "If I keep doing this, I'm going to come all over your face."

A throaty chuckle made him lift his head and peer at her. The luminous look on her face was all it took to push him to the edge he'd narrowly avoided earlier. Shit, he wanted to take her, bury his cock in her wet cunt.

"Please don't make me do this, not our first time."

"What if I can't stop? What I've been feeling is because of what I am, because I'm half Stonegar, isn't it?" Vena's hand twitched back and forth between her luscious thighs, and he imagined her slick fingers encircling his rigid length.

"Yes. Let me have you, Vena, I'll make your pain stop." *Christ, I'm begging like a teenager for his first piece of ass.* 

"You can hold it."

"Baby, I'm Stonegar—I can't hold it. But I can come three or four times, more if you want."

"What will make me like you right now?" Her eyes were glazed but they never wavered from his.

"The blood, it's always the blood. Once you taste mine, your change will come faster."

This is not what he wanted to talk about, but damn, it made him even hotter. She had no idea how sexual she would become but Erac did and he anticipated the time arriving as soon as possible.

Out of control and almost hitting her chin with the tip, he pumped his dick faster. "You will change on your own eventually. You carry the stone in your blood." She'd be insatiable. Erac only hoped she would want him.

Vena's aroma filled the room as she continued to masturbate. It took him to a level he'd missed for years. He lifted up and down, his dick plunging through his hand.

"I'm on the pill," she said, her fingers jammed in and out of her pussy, the wet sound, her scent, it all played with his sanity. "Do I need protection?"

"We carry no diseases. Honey, you're making me crazy." Standing, she removed the flimsy material, and her fingers disappeared back into the blush of honey colored hair covering her mound. She gazed at him and said, "Fuck me, Erac. Make me come." She turned and straddled his legs, slowly lowering herself onto his erection.

"Yes," he bellowed, the words echoing off the glass, as her pussy engulfed his cock. He grabbed her waist and held her still for a moment. If he ejaculated now, he'd be hard again in no time, but he wanted her to come first, Erac wanted to feel her cunt clench around his shaft, her orgasm cascade out of her.

Then he would come—for the first time in twenty-five years.

\*

Vena left Erac in the living room and went to hide out in her bedroom. She had changed into a black baby doll nightgown and stood with her forehead pressed to the cool glass of the window remembering the times she watched her grandmother clean the statue she now knew was a man.

Lord, he was scrumptious. Broad shoulders, and his abs were cut like a statue. Perfect in every way. She had enjoyed the way his thigh muscles bunched when he walked, knew the length and girth of his penis, and imagined how it would feel stroking inside her. *Girl, you've been too long without sex!* 

Shit, confusion rained down on her as her hands opened and closed at her sides. She wished they could caress his hardness, feel the satiny skin work up and down. Why did she fight what felt inevitable? Vena wanted Erac.

The one being hardheaded was her.

Many times she had wished Erac could be alive, be the one to take care of her. Those were the dreams of a teenage girl whose heart had been broken. Could she have known subconsciously? That he was a man and that he was ... the one for her? Somehow she knew he would satisfy her every desire.

Then there was Jason, she still wanted him. God! I want them both.

Her thoughts were muddled, she continued to go around and around in circles with the problem. She came to the conclusion a few times that it didn't have to be a problem.

Then it would start all over again. Around and around.

Hell, part of her was what her father and Erac were. Stonegar.

Vena's knees buckled and she backed up to the bed, her butt falling onto it with a groan. What in hell had happened to her neat little life?

She winced at the tenderness between her legs.

Moisture soaked the seat of her thin panties and she still had a strong desire to masturbate until she came. Yet a hard-as-hell, virile man stood in her living room. And she sat here thinking about doing herself.

Vena decided to go downstairs and at least talk to him.

Shit, she had lost her mind.

\*

The room stood empty, Erac was gone. Vena's heart raced. What if he'd left and wasn't coming back?

A sound down the hall caught her attention. Going out the door, she tiptoed in that direction. She heard him swear in the sunroom, his voice low and husky. Thank goodness he was still here.

Vena entered the room and was assaulted by the raw scent of sex.

Erac was jerking off.

His tousled blond head lay back in the chair, heavy breathing filled the space. Vena reached for the doorframe to keep from tumbling forward into the room. Desire coursed through her at the slick sound of his hand in contact with his cock.

Softly padding over to stand behind the chair, she watched. Her undoing was a luminous drop that slipped from the tip of his penis, a sight so beautiful, she couldn't stop his name from passing her lips.

"Erac."

It was inevitable she ended up sitting in his lap.

This time she had his big, thick cock in her pussy, and Vena thought she would die from pleasure as it slipped in.

Her hands braced on the chair arms, Erac's around her waist, she began to ride up and down his shaft, clenching it tight inside her channel, wanting to keep him buried there forever. He slid one hand over her abdomen, feathered his fingers up until he grasped a nipple and pinched hard. Erac used his palm to smooth away the flickering pain.

"Ooh, yes." Delight flooded her and seeped into her words. His large hand massaged her peak, rolled it between his thumb and finger. She trembled when he moved to the other taut bud and did the same thing to it. Wanting more, she told him, "Touch my pussy."

His fingertips played on her stomach, in her belly button, and she leaned her head back on his shoulder. His lips touched the side of her throat at the same time his fingers pushed into her folds. Vena's body bowed up, until only the very tip of his cock was in her. He shoved up, filling her again. His thickness plunged in and out of her bringing her so close, then he slowed.

Erac toyed with her clit, rubbed and teased it, concentrating on the engorged nub hidden there. Vena bucked from his lap, only to have him pull her back down. Over and over, she lifted, and he would thrust into her hard. Christ, his cock was thick and he used it well, carrying her to the very edge of sanity—then he changed his rhythm.

She enjoyed his tongue as it left a blazing trail down the side of her throat, the back of her neck, his teeth teased in time to his fingers working the bud in the crevice of her cunt.

"I can't take anymore," she murmured.

"You can, I know you can." His hand left her pussy and each one grasped a nipple, twisting and pulling them until she cried out, "I'm coming. Erac ... I'm coming."

"Give it to me. Come all over my dick."

She did. Her body arched up, her pussy squeezed around him, Vena moaned as convulsions overtook her, and cream slowly slid from her.

"Fuck, yes." His hands left her breast, moved to her waist and he lifted her up and down faster and faster. "Take my cock." Erac pounded into her pussy and she loved it. "Here it comes, baby." He thrust up, lifting her body from the chair with his, he tensed beneath her, and she felt it, a spurt of warm cum shot deep inside. Erac pumped his hips, giving her more and more.

His head fell forward to her shoulder. He kissed and sucked the sensitive spot on the back of her neck, sending electric tremors down her spine. When Vena felt his teeth sink in she stiffened, but only for a second. The pain ebbed away quickly, she melted against him and her body jerked, her cunt convulsing one last time on his cock.

"Mmm, what did you do to me?"

"Nothing yet." Lifting her from his lap, he stood and carried her to the sofa across the room. "The cursed years weren't as bad as the last five watching you become a beautiful

woman and hearing you with them. I wanted to take you every time your sweet ass switched by. I'm not nearly done with you."

"Erac?" He deposited her on her back, stretched one leg over the side so her foot rested on the floor, the other was pushed high over the back of the sofa. Climbing between them on his knees, one hand rested on the back of the seat and the other eased into her pussy, his fingers sweeping through the folds.

"Yes, honey?" He came to a complete standstill and his gray eyes pierced her with desire.

"Don't you need time to, uhh...?"

His shaft was pressed into her belly. "Look." Her eyes found his cock and it appeared larger than before. "Don't ask me to stop, Vena."

She couldn't deny him anything. Didn't want to. Vena had never known a man to grow hard so fast—she never knew about Stonegars.

"Take me again," she said softly. Vena touched the faint scars on his chest which were puckered pink but healing. "Where did these come from?"

His hand paused again. He blinked rapidly, nothing came out of his mouth, but his face flushed dark and he bowed his head to his chest. She had to lean up to hear the words he whispered. "Your tears."

"What?"

"Each time you sat in my lap and cried, your tears cut into the stone, scorched my soul with your pain. It is natural, like water eating away at rock beds. It's okay, Vena. I heal quickly when I'm movable."

"Oh God." She hugged him around the waist, pulled him closer, and pressing her lips to the scars, she kissed the full length of each one. "You felt-"

"Every hurt you did." He shuddered in her arms. "Don't stop."

Her tongue flicked out, teased his nipple, and drew a path to the other bud. Taking it in her teeth, she nibbled and licked it before she said, "I'm so sorry."

"You have nothing to be sorry for, it is the way we are made."

Continuing a wet path down as far as she could from her position, Vena finally laid back. She placed her hands on his chest, tweaked a pebbled bud, and chuckled.

"What?"

"Your nipples, they are like little pebbles."

"Let's see how hard yours get."

He bent to minister to hers. Erac sucked a nub into his warm mouth, and pulled sharply. Her body arched into his, her mound bumped his cock, a solid wedge between them.

"Erac, make me yours."

"Are you sure you don't want to wait? We have plenty of time to get to know each other..."

"Now." She bowed up, using the motion of her hips to capture his cock. He slipped into her pussy, filling her so much, she hissed in a breath.

The pace he set was quick and hard, Vena met every thrust with one of her own. Her hips lifted, gyrated, took all of him, and wanted more. His weight fully on her, he gripped her ass, held her from sliding away each time he jammed his length into her.

"You're pussy is so tight."

Lifting her foot from the floor, she wrapped it around his thighs, getting as much of

him as she could. "Yesss, Erac, I'm going to come again." She couldn't believe how quickly it had built in her.

He turned his head away from her shoulder, baring the back of his neck. "Bite me, Vena, bite hard."

Her teeth grazed his skin, and damn, he tasted as good as he looked. Hesitating for a second, she did it. Blood, his essence, trickled into her mouth and burned a path down her throat.

Vena released him and Erac raised up to capture her mouth in a hot kiss. Tongues tangled, searched and tasted until he stopped.

"Come now, Vena."

He stroked in and out faster pulling another orgasm from deep inside her.

"Oh, baby, you're sweet." Erac slammed harder in her pussy and growled, "It's yours," as he drove his penis in one last time, stiffened and shuddered over her. "Yes."

Collapsing, he encircled her waist, and shifted his body so she lay on top of him. "What the fuck is going on?"

Hell, she'd forgotten about Jason!

### **Chapter Four**

Aww hell. The man would be the death of him.

"Turn your head." Erac twisted his body to cover Vena from the jerk's prying eyes because it is what she would expect. The sun had decided to make its appearance, its rays dappling their bodies.

"The hell I will. What are you doing to her?"

Chrissakes, Jason was a moron if he couldn't see what was happening here. Her tiny nightgown, which wouldn't provide much cover anyway, lay in front of the chair.

He stood and pulled a cushion up to hide her. His eyes remained glued on the guy while he fetched her flimsy material. Taking it to Vena, he stood in front of her.

"Would you mind giving her a moment?" Though Erac would love to show her body off, this wasn't the time. Jason needed to be taught a lesson for hurting Vena.

"Shit, it's not like I haven't seen it before." Sarcasm dripped from Jason's mouth.

That was it. *He's dead*. Naked as a jaybird, Erac stormed across the room. The big bastard didn't back down either. Reaching him, he collared the man, lifted him from his feet with ease. "Apologize."

"For what?"

For all the times you should have screwed her instead of screwing around on her. "Do you really want to die today?" Erac tightened his grip, cutting off Jason's air supply. "Say you're sorry."

"Sorry."

He dropped Jason, letting him fall into a heap at his feet. Erac had had enough of this one. For months he had listened to him cajole his way into Vena's heart, only to break hers—more than once. He would have wondered at the man's appeal if he couldn't see it himself. Very likely Jason's ancestors came from the same part of the world as Erac's creator. Pale blond hair and skin, blue eyes and built like a Viking. He was a very appealing man with a noticeable bulge at the front of his slacks.

"Jesus, you're a strong bastard...and you didn't have to drop me."

"Keep it up and I'll clobber you with the turkey again." Where the hell had they left the bird? The situation was so comical, he burst out laughing. Had to admit, the asshole had balls. A nice pair.

Vena had managed to get her gown on and she didn't find their conversation humorous. "What are you laughing at? This is not funny."

"Were you fucking him right under my nose?"

"Excuse me!" Shit was going to hit the fan if the evil sneer on her face was anything to go by. "Uhh, no. We were playing doctor." Now her hands were on her hips. "You've got some nerve, Jason Stark. We broke up, remember?"

"Look, I'm sorry. Things got out of whack."

He gazed at Vena, and damn if he didn't look sorry. Hell, love blazed in his eyes. *Hmm.* Erac watched closely as Jason continued to explain.

"I made the worse mistake of my life, honey, please let me make it up to you. I love you, Vena. I'll do anything you say." The man peered straight at her, nothing shifty in his look. "I ... I can't stay away from you. Somehow I'll learn to give you what you need as

often as you want it."

Erac understood. *They* didn't understand. He had to let the scene before him unfold, he could not intervene.

Vena's eyes watered and indecision rested in their blue depths.

She still cares for him.

Erac's heart beat sped up but he wasn't sure about Jason yet.

Jason's head snatched around. "Wait, you're familiar, where have I seen you before?" "Umm, we've never met. I don't live around here."

Goddamn it. The man's eyes stretched, appeared to bug out of his head. Jason had spent enough time in the garden with Vena to see a resemblance between Erac and his stone self.

"Jesus! You ... you look just like the statue in the garden out back." He raced to the window, peered out. Not having any luck, he went to the door, opened it and left.

"Vena, he can't find out. I'm not sure I trust him yet. It could endanger my—*our* people."

"Jason's a lot of things but he's not a tattler. If he knew, he wouldn't blab it all over town if that's what concerns you." She craned her head to see into the yard. "I'll make sure."

"How well do you know this man? You two only dated for a year or so, right?"

They weren't always around for him to see and hear but he had to admit that they seemed happy. What he remembered most from his sitting position was their laughter and how hot and bothered he got when the man touched Vena.

"I slept with you after a few hours and I think I know you pretty well."

"We didn't sleep and anyway it's not the same. You've known me all your life." Erac paced back and forth, searching his mind for a way to fix this.

"Oh Christ, I knew you as a statue, it's not the same thing at all." Her hands opened and closed as she continued to stare outside.

"What are you saying?" Good, she wants him.

This might not be as hard as Erac thought. She'd still enjoy having Jason. He needed to think about this for a minute and not say the wrong thing.

The French door flew open, banged the wall so hard, glass rattled. Jason stormed across the space and stopped nose-to-nose with him.

"Tell me what the fuck is going on here. There's nothing out there but a spot of dead grass." Jason swiveled around to face Vena. "Am I losing my mind? Help me out here, Vena."

She patted the seat beside her, "Sit down, Jason, I've got something to tell you." Erac remained stock still.

The Gar were excellent observers and had become supreme mimics due to the fact they spent large parts of their lives doing just that from their stony facades—observing. People would sit at their feet, crawl in their laps, and climb over and under them. Some men even ... well, he didn't want to think about that. The things humans said and did in front of an inanimate object utterly fascinated his kind, it supplied them with many stories to laugh about.

He watched the two talk and hoped Jason would understand. Violence was not a part of Gar nature, but if necessary he'd convince the man to leave.

As Vena filled in her ex-boyfriend on hers and Erac's mystical ancestry, he realized

how much her mannerisms were like Rekat's. Her father's power came from the ancients who had discovered a way to make chosen Gar stronger so that they could act as protectors. This secret had remained hidden from those who didn't need to know, including him.

Erac understood Rekat leaving the telling of his broken relationship up to Vena's mother. They were peace loving, good people and if a human refused them, they could not be forced into acceptance.

Gemma Waring had refused Rekat.

The oddest thing was not a single human ever talked after being with a Stonegar. They remained fiercely loyal to all Gar once blood was exchanged.

Vena's mother would have suffered greatly to see Erac in his cursed state.

Though he hadn't blinked or moved a muscle, he felt a strange relief that his face hadn't flamed at the memory of what her grandmother had done. The pain and anger was dissipating. He steadfastly hoped Rekat and Patricia could locate his family and bring information soon.

Pushing that to the back of his mind he concentrated on Vena and Jason. There was something else he needed to discuss with both of them.

Stonegar were sexually insatiable—and enjoyed being with women as well as men.

It was a subject he hadn't broached with Vena, though by now she'd be feeling the effects which would also render the three of them inseparable. Erac needed to deal with the subject soon, as his cock weighed heavy watching her with her ex-lover. It threatened to flail in the air again.

What to do about Jason?

Human men were incapable of satisfying a Gar woman alone. It would wear him down. Jason likely felt very inadequate trying to keep up with Vena. Erac's balls tightened deliciously at the possibilities.

"But I love you, I'm not giving you up to some ... some stone man whose been chosen for you. I won't." Jason's voice pulled him out of his reverie. "I don't understand what's happening here, I only know I'll never leave you again. I can't, Vena. I'll learn to satisfy you, honey."

The man had taken this sudden situation well, proving he was compassionate and respectful of other beings. He'd also had sex many times with Vena and part of what Jason felt was the Stonegar magic.

Vena's ex-boyfriend was already attached to her. *Good.* Jason would be sexually bolstered but, naturally, he would not be expected to be as randy as the Gar.

Jason declared he wouldn't let her go. Erac understood that too—circumstances wouldn't allow him to give Vena up now. Still, the man must be taught a lesson.

"You think to have her back?" Erac growled at the man. "You're not worthy of breathing the air she expels." No need to let him off the hook too easily.

"Fuck you. I don't care what you are. You'll have to kill me to keep me away from Vena."

In spite of the magic, damn if the man wasn't truly in love with her. To the point of dying.

"I could arrange that." Erac had been firm enough and could now let the man off the hook. He deserved it because he'd probably gone through holy hell not knowing what was happening to him. A twinge of pain sliced through Erac. He had begun to like the ballsy bastard.

The time to speak plainly had presented itself. Jason *was* damn easy on the eyes. "What do you propose we do—share her?"

"Whoa, wait a minute. She's mine." Jason stood and his eyes flashed from him to the woman on the sofa. "I'm not sharing her with anyone."

"Not anymore, not after tonight, she's mine. However, if Vena ... *wishes* to allow you to remain in her life, I won't complain."

For the first time, Erac glanced at Vena.

His kind shared often and frankly it could be damn sweet but it would have to be her and Jason's decision. Each man would hold a place in her life, but Erac's would always be the highest, a position he wouldn't dream of abusing.

He'd share everything with Vena and the man beside her. "Vena?"

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"All righty then." Vena paced back and forth, her pussy throbbed. She supposed it was the Gar blood, and damn, she liked it.

Was this really happening? Could she have them both?

Maybe her neat little life just got all better.

Vena had watched both of them go at it over her and it made her hotter than hell. Erac would share her with Jason. She thought things with her and Jason were over. But something about him tugged at her, something she couldn't explain. She loved him.

She noticed for the first time how much alike both men were. Blond, beautiful and big. She'd always enjoyed sex in every position with Jason, there just wasn't enough of it. Next to Erac, his was the sweetest cock she'd ever had.

Oh Lord, this could be wonderful. Vena fought to refrain from running fingers through her wet folds, pinching her clit hard, working on the orgasm that rested right there.

"Erac, you're telling me you'd share me with Jason?"

"Yes."

"Is this something our people do?" Like that would make a difference to her. She'd decided ten minutes ago watching them square off. Her pussy dripped with the idea that she could have each of them—at the same time.

"Our kind are not possessive or jealous. I'd enjoy sharing your beauty and love with Jason."

Her eyes opened wider. "That's why I've never cared that Jason took other women? Now it makes sense."

"Hey, hello, I'm still in the room." Jason walked over to her. "I can't do this, Vena. I can't watch another man fuck you."

"You won't have to." She paused to let him get a hold of the whole idea. "You'll be inside me too. I love you, and I want-"

"What! Are you seriously considering this?"

She gazed at him, her eyes traveled the length of his body and found his cock swollen in his pants. Jason liked the idea alright, he just needed a little persuasion. Vena rubbed the palm of her hand over his cock.

"Jason, how often were you with other women? Is it that much different?" His shaft

hardened under her touch. "This way we will know who we share." Color crept up his

face. "It may be what was missing for us."

"I had to come back, I couldn't get you out of my head." Jason stared at Vena. "It was your face I saw whenever I was with anyone else. But I couldn't satisfy you, it made me feel..."

"I understand, it's okay." Vena turned to face Erac. "Come here."

Her heart pounded, blood rushed through her veins. Was this really going to happen? Vena hoped Jason could see this in the right light because she cared for him and what she had begun to feel for Erac wasn't something she intended to overlook. Could this be why she'd always felt unfulfilled, like there was a part of her life missing? The Stonegar half boiled inside, simmered just below the surface.

She could feel Jason's eyes on her. Erac reached her and snatched Vena against his body.

"Do you want us both?"

"Yes, yes." Her breath left her in a huff.

She'd said it, and hell yes, she wanted it. Now.

Erac's lips covered hers in a soft kiss that turned hard, needy. His tongue delved into her mouth, swept through it like a hurricane, taking every breath of air she had. Her knees buckled and he grabbed her ass, held her up and pulled her against his cock. Shit! He was rock solid again.

Jason had better catch up fast.

Vena felt Jason's hand touch her shoulder. She turned from Erac to gaze at him. "Baby, I don't know if I can handle this."

"Try, for me. You said you'd do anything and I want you both badly so don't ask me to make a choice. Erac can make us better." Jason eased behind her and she felt his erection press in her back. "I think you want it too."

He pushed into her hard.

"I don't have any condoms?" Jason's hands slid down her sides and caressed her ass. They slipped beneath the filmy material and lifted it up. "Damn." His breath brushed her ear.

"She is part Stonegar, she's never had a disease in her life." Erac stepped back a little so the nightgown could be removed.

Erac's hands came back to her breasts, worked the nipples between his thumb and forefinger. One hand feathered down her stomach and his fingers eased into her pussy. Sandwiched between them, there was no way she could fall when her legs trembled.

"You okay?" Erac asked.

"Mmm," was all she managed.

Jason's lips covered her shoulders and neck with warm kisses as he bucked against her butt, his penis rubbing at the crack of her ass. Erac's fingers continued to slide in and out of her canal.

Heaven. She stood between the two men she wanted most in this world and she was getting ready to have them both.

Erac started walking them back to the sofa until Jason's legs bumped it. His hand reached behind to grasp Jason's ass and pull him tighter against her.

"Remove your clothing." While Jason stripped, Erac told him, "She's ours now and no one else will ever have her unless we say so." Erac spoke softly to Jason over her shoulder. "You will never need anyone else. Sit down." Vena's back grew cool when Jason's hot body left her. He sat down, his legs tight together so she could straddle his thighs. When his hands reached for her hips, she slowly moved to sit on him. Erac restrained her so the descent would be slow and easy. The tip of Jason's cock slipped into her pussy a little at a time, Erac made sure of that.

"Please," she begged.

"He'll give you more, baby, he'll give you every inch of it." Air whooshed from her lungs when Erac finally let her go enough to take all of Jason's erection.

"Shit, yes." Jason groaned. "Oh God, Vena, you feel good. It's been so long, baby." Holding her hips, he plunged up, giving her what she wanted.

Erac remained standing in front of her stroking his length until a drop of cum appeared on the tip. "Suck my cock, Vena."

The scent of sex lingered in the air and she was encompassed in a bubble of lust. Leaning forward, she flicked her tongue over the slit, took his head through her lips, and sucked hard. Taking in down her throat as far as she could, she moved her head back up. Down and up she bobbed on his shaft, sucking and teasing it with her mouth and teeth. Her tongue swirled in circles around the cap, loving the delicious taste.

Jason lifted her body each time he plunged into her cunt, jabbing her over and over with his thick cock. It swelled inside her, nudged the spot that set her body in motion on him. The walls of her vagina went into spasms, liquid coursed through her canal.

Her lips left Erac's shaft. "Ooh, Jason, faster," Vena begged.

His penis thrust in and out of her pussy, Erac's cock found her mouth again and he drove through her lips over and over. But Vena wanted more, she wanted to be filled with both of them, feel them come inside her.

She tongued Erac's length, licked the underside and sucked the tip until she tasted his sweetness. Her lips covered the crown of his penis, Vena pulled moans of ecstasy from him.

"I want-"

Erac cut her off. "I know what you need, baby." He spoke to Jason, "You're wet from being inside her, she can take you in her ass. I want some of that sweet pussy." Jason's face shone with need, his blue eyes moving over her body as Erac pulled her up. "Let me lay down."

Vena loved the deep timbre of Erac's voice, it hypnotized her, made her want to hear it more and more. "Keep talking to me, Erac."

"Whatever you say, honey."

He had sprawled out on the big sofa with one foot on the floor so she could straddle him and she couldn't wait to feel him sink into her pussy.

"Sit on his cock, Vena." Jason had lost most of his inhibitions.

He wanted this as much as her and Erac.

She placed one knee between Erac's body and the back of the seat and keeping a foot on the floor, she lowered herself onto Erac's rock-hard erection. His hands rested on her hips and he lifted her up and down slowly until her body took all of him. The engorged penis he shoved in her racked her body with sensation poking her G spot.

She twisted her head to watch Jason stroke his cock, smear more moisture from the drops of cum that escaped the slit.

"We're going to fuck you good." Erac's voice strained as he continued to pump in her. "Do it, Jason, put your dick in her ass."

The weight of Jason climbing on the chair behind her, the thought of having him in a way they'd done before but never enough, made her moan.

Vena glanced back to see Jason grab at the back of the sofa for balance. He held his penis so he could guide it in. When the tip touched her anus, she bucked against Erac and turned to look at him. Leaning further over his chest, she relaxed so Jason could fill her ass.

"Give her what she wants, Jason."

"She's had it there before, Vena likes it like this." He slid the head in her puckered hole a little at a time, allowing her to adjust to his thickness.

"Uuh, yes, all of it, I'm ready, give it to me." Jason slid in until his tight nuts touched her ass. "Fuck me."

Both men moved in her, taking her slow and hard. Grunts and groans filled the space as Jason rode her and she rode Erac. The sounds of their lust flooded her, made her pussy convulse around Erac, her ass clench Jason even tighter.

Each time Erac plunged in, Jason met him. Stroke for stroke. He'd wrapped an arm around her waist and Erac held her hips to drag her closer with each thrust.

"You like this, Vena?" Erac murmured.

"Yes, don't stop. Oh, God, I'm full, keep fucking me."

"Feel me in her pussy, Jason? I feel your big cock each time you press in. Go slower, let me savor you both."

Jason almost stopped. Teasing both her and Erac, he eased in then pulled out even slower, inch by inch.

"Erac, your cock feels so good."

Jason began to move quicker, slamming his shaft up into her ass, giving her all that she wanted. He'd pull out only to plunge in again.

"I can't help it, her ass is so hot and tight. Damn, Erac, faster. I like you rubbing against my dick." Jason groaned as he slammed into her. "I'm going to come any second."

Erac sped up, pushed deeper. "Come, come in her ass, I want to feel you pulse inside her."

"Take it, baby." Jason jammed in her one last time before his body tightened and his orgasm spilled into her.

"Yes, yes, I'm ... coming," she moaned.

The pace Erac set now was ferocious, he plunged up and into her pussy hard and fast with deep, long strokes.

"Vena, oh baby, I'm coming." He lifted his body, taking her and Jason up and down. His strength as he fucked her made her convulse around his dick, squeeze Jason's cock harder.

Jason finished and collapsed on her back but that didn't stop Erac. He pumped until he was empty.

"Damn, I can't move," Jason whispered. He covered her back with kisses, nipped at her with his teeth. "You like it, Vena. Was that what you wanted, to feel us both inside you?"

"I want it like this all the time. I think I'm going to like being Stonegar." Her head rested on Erac's shoulder.

She meant it. Never had she been so satisfied and content. Understanding what had been happening to her for the last couple years, her heightened sex drive, she could now

relax and enjoy what she was. Vena couldn't stop it, but she wouldn't have changed it anyway. Not after enjoying the best sex she'd ever had.

"You belong to us, Vena, we belong to you." Erac's next words were directed at Jason. "You will only be with us now. I feel your love for Vena."

"I don't want anybody but you, baby. I'm so sorry. I'll never be with anyone but you again." Jason murmured in her ear.

"Us, you will be with us, Jason."

"I'm not sure what you mean, man." Jason stiffened behind her.

### **Chapter Five**

Erac was disappointed their earlier camaraderie, while inside Vena, had vanished. Jason wore a pensive look and he hadn't said a single word since returning from his shower.

"You will never be asked to participate in an act you find objectionable. Vena is our anchor. We will always cherish and love her. That's all that is expected of you if you choose to bond with us."

The man's face displayed every thought that crossed his mind. He was beautiful and Erac would enjoy being with him.

Extremely sensual, a horny bunch really, Gar could always be found ready to service whichever sex wanted them. Many of his people had lovers of the same sex. Quite a few had two or more of both sexes and enjoyed a full, loving relationship with each.

Erac left Jason to ponder the position he'd found himself in.

There were things on his mind too, though after all his years locked away, sex was uppermost. After all, he was Stonegar.

In the back of his mind was Etah.

His sister's spell would have lifted at the same time. Surely, she'd find Vena's home and he wondered how much time he had to enjoy his newfound bliss.

Vena had left the room to freshen up and make a phone call. She wanted the men to talk but she made very sure they understood she wanted to keep them both in her life. She also needed to call her mother and tell her of Erac's transformation. Her change was close; she would be a great Gar, especially given her father's blood.

Erac had been friends with Rekat for a long time. Years ago, Erac and his family followed the enforcer to Massachusetts and lived in his home not far from Vena's. The group hung out together and when they met Gemma Waring, they all became fast friends. Rekat sensed what she was and he fell for her the hardest. Erac liked Gemma, and because of it, he and his siblings had been punished by her mother.

After being impregnated by Rekat, Gemma had rejected him and the Stonegar way of life. Forcing her was out of the question. Malvena had resented her daughter's loyalty and her withholding who the father was.

A witch from a strong line of practitioners who occupied the same beautiful English countryside as Stonehenge, she knew them for what they were, knew them as Stonegar. Malvena used her magic to curse them when they refused to divulge Rekat's identity, locking them in their statue forms. She took one year from their lives for each year Gemma had lived—down to the minute.

The only one Erac knew aside from the elders who could reverse the curse was the enforcer. Rekat's absence for such a long period wasn't fear—Malvena couldn't have hurt him. But it punctuated the pain the warrior must have endured over Gemma's not wanting to remain with him.

Erac was glad he'd found Patricia. Some of his brethren remained in their statue forms for centuries in anguish over losing loved ones. He would not want that for Rekat.

Vena's mother had the witching ability in her. She wouldn't practice because she embraced living a normal life with a normal man and family.

How much of Malvena resided in Vena?

Being with Vena, Erac felt his anger was slipping away, but he would never forgive the witch, and should any harm have come to his siblings, what would he do?

Erac could never hurt Vena or Gemma. And now there was Jason whom he'd protect also. What steps was he prepared to take when he had to shield them from his own family? That was a prospect he didn't want to face, but well knew it would come to that.

Etah, his sister, could be particularly nasty. The mysticism of Stonehenge usually overrode evilness. But Etah had their maker's blood too. He must have been a vile man. Over the years, there were times Erac had subdued his own anger and not lashed out at humans.

Revenge would drive Etah to Vena's door.

She never bothered to curb her baser instincts and her brothers and Rekat often had to protect others from her.

He jumped at the sound of Jason's voice.

"I've never considered being with a man."

Thoughts of Etah were pushed from Erac's mind.

"Enjoying sex, the closeness of another, does not necessarily carry a male or female role." He moved behind the man's seat. "Gars enjoy sex. Experiencing the joy and feeling of touching and tasting another is not relative to gender." His hands stroked Jason's neck, rubbed his shoulders. "We spend lifetimes bringing ecstasy to those we love and care for."

Erac let Jason think, it had to be his choice.

"I couldn't satisfy Vena, it made me feel inadequate and I would leave her." The pain in his words jolted Erac. "I always loved her and I'd end up coming back. She never turned me away."

He felt a tremor shoot through Jason. A flood of warmth for the man filled his heart. Yes, he'd protect him from as much pain as he could. Vena loved him and soon, Erac would too. That was their way.

"Now, with you, we can satisfy her?"

"Yes."

"What is it about *you* that ... that makes me want to taste you, feel you in my body?" His head tilted, his blue eyes stared at Erac. "You've cast some kind of spell on me."

"I don't have that ability." He continued to massage the tenseness out of Jason's shoulders, moved his hands down his back and kneaded the muscles. "What you want with me is a natural extension of your feeling for Vena. The more we have of her, exchange fluids, the more we will want each other." Erac brought one hand up and ran his fingers through the thick blond strands that were slightly darker than his.

*Christ*. His cock bowed up in front of him straining for attention. He wanted to plunge it through the man's lips, find sweet release in his mouth. It wouldn't be one-sided; he'd give Jason anything he wanted to make him feel good and happy.

And if Jason chose not to want him—Erac would give him that too.

"I like women."

"I love women." Erac retorted.

"I ... I think I want you."

Erac wanted him, wanted Jason's lips stretched around his dick, his mouth sucking and licking it. His penis bumped hard into the back of the chair sending jolts of desire through his limbs.

Being Stonegar is good.

He went around the seat, stood before Jason, allowing him to see the marvelous effect he'd had on him. Erac hadn't bothered to clothe himself, and Jason wore a borrowed robe. His cock was rigid, making a tent of the lightweight material. The man was hung like the Viking he resembled. Big. *So sweet*.

"I'll give you such pleasure." Erac would see that Jason had whatever he wanted, including Vena.

"I've never done this before."

"Do you want to taste me?"

"Yes, yes, I do."

"Suck my cock."

Jason's head inched forward, his eyes glued on the thick shaft in front of him. His tongue darted out, swiped at the drop of cum already sliding out. Unable to control it, Erac's hips jutted forward, and the tip of his cock slipped delightfully through Jason's waiting lips.

"Mmm, yes, suck it, Jason." He eased his penis out, then slowly inched in, giving him more.

The man's mouth was hot and he sucked tentatively, little bits at a time.

Waiting patiently for Jason to accustom himself to the girth and length of his erection, Erac urged just the cap through his lips. Each time he pulled back, Jason ran his tongue around the thick head, swiping at the drops of pre-cum that gathered there.

Unable to stand the sensations anymore, Erac pulled all the way out. The man was sucking so hard, the tip popped from his lips and Jason whimpered. He greedily drew it back in and took it deep down his throat. Pushing it back out, he laved the head with his tongue and pulled it in again, sucking hard on the tip, Jason's teeth nibbled at the sensitive flesh surrounding his crown. Damn, the man was already insatiable.

Erac increased his tempo, fucking Jason's mouth with his dick, enjoying the heat, the suction provided with each tug out. He was a natural.

Jason stopped for only a second and said, "It ... you taste good."

"Take more, take all you want." And he did.

His mouth devoured Erac, bit by bit he swallowed his cock. Each time he drew back, Jason pulled another drop from the tiny slit on the top. He reached one hand between Erac's thighs, searching out his nuts, and gently squeezed and played with them. His finger slipped back and stroked the sensitive skin behind his balls, drawing a groan from Erac. His fingers wandered, going back far enough to rim his anus, then back to his sac.

Jason's mouth never stopped working his dick. Pushing it to the side, his tongue stroked the underside, then lapped at Erac's tight balls. He swept it along the same path his finger had taken, stopping short of going to the puckered hole.

Erac was on his toes, rocking back and forth into the recess of the man's mouth, and Jason took every chance he got to tease the slit on the cap of his cock with his voracious tongue.

Breaking contact, he lifted his head and said, "I never knew it would be like this. I didn't think it would be so sweet."

"You like it?" Erac's breath came in short puffs as he waited. Excited at being Jason's first male lover, he wanted to go slow, be gentle.

Jason recaptured his shaft and bobbed up and down some more. Erac wasn't sure if that was a yes or he just couldn't get enough cock. Damn, his mouth was good, his tongue even better.

He gripped the man's head, dug deep into his scalp, and pulled him back by the hair, drew him forward. Each time he took more and more. Jason got the hang of sucking cock and the pace he set was maddening.

Erac thrust as much of his dick as he could down the man's throat. Jason never hesitated, taking it all. If he kept up like this, Erac would ejaculate in his mouth any second with a force he hadn't yet felt today.

Pulling Jason away from his penis, he tugged the man's head back. "You're good. I like how fast you learn." Erac bent and placed a soft kiss on his lips. "Want some more?"

Erac stroked his engorged dick in the man's face, pearly drops of cum slid over the edge, he caught it and smeared it the length of his shaft. He would not rush his new lover. Erac would give him all the time in the world.

Jason's hand cupped the tip, swirled around the broad head, and after encircling it, he used his fingers to work down Erac's erection. "Feels good."

He licked his lips, flicked his tongue over the tip and swiped the moisture away. Jason continued to move back and forth, pulling the skin tight with his hand. If Erac didn't stop him, he'd come for sure. First he wanted to give Jason something.

"What would you like?"

"Suck me."

"I've been waiting for you to ask."

Erac eased his dick from the man's hand and fell to his knees in front of the chair. He grasped the thick cock between Jason's legs and gently eased the skin up and down. He was hard as a goddamn Gar.

"I'm going to enjoy sucking your fat cock."

Bending his head, he took just the tip in his mouth, sucking until his cheeks sunk in. Leaving it, he swept his tongue over the cap, down the side, and pushing Jason's cock against his stomach, he lapped at his balls.

"Christ, you're sweet."

"More, suck it some more."

Erac moved back up the swollen shaft with his tongue swirling and his teeth biting the whole way. Taking Jason's dick in his mouth, he drew him all the way to the back of his throat. Slowly he came up, then back down—over and over. The man arched from the seat and Erac grasped his hips to force more cock into his mouth.

He sucked so hard, Jason groaned. When he felt his hands latch onto the back of his head so he could keep Erac still, he knew the man was enjoying his ministrations. Erac reveled in bringing him such joy. It would take ten Gar to pull him from between Jason's legs, taking, having what he wanted. Desire coursed through his veins, made him tremble.

Erac wanted him to come, he needed to taste Jason's essence. He could tell Jason was ready by the way he bucked his hips.

Using one hand, he pulled the man's dick from his mouth. "Come, I want to taste you."

He covered the thick head once more, taking it down his throat, pulling up all the way to the very tip, he let it plop through his lips, only to capture and do it all over again. Up and down, he urged Jason to fuck his mouth.

Losing some of his fear, Jason began to thrust his hips, plunging his dick back and forth through Erac's lips. He shoved his cock in hard, drew it out slowly. Again and again.

"Oh, yeah, Erac ... I'm gonna come. Take it, suck harder, faster."

When Jason bowed from the seat, Erac grabbed his buttocks and held him so he could take all the dick he wanted. His tongue lapped across the tip and he licked and sucked hard. His head bobbed up and down, meeting each thrust of the man's hips.

Jason stiffened and bellowed, "Erac." Cum spurted, warm and thick, into his mouth, a long stream of it. He ground his hips into Erac's face before falling back to the chair. "Shit, I've never come like that." He shuddered, his cock slipping from between Erac's lips.

"That's just the beginning of learning to enjoy pleasure. There is nothing to be ashamed off in taking what you want from a man or a woman especially when they want to give it to you." Erac licked his lips.

Jason lay back, his eyes, closed tight, his lips parted as he heaved air into his lungs. "You didn't come," he whispered.

"I want to come all over your ass." Erac was still between his legs, hands braced on his muscular thighs. "If you would give me the honor."

"Erac..."

"Do it, Jason, let me watch him fuck you. Please."

Their heads turned in unison to see Vena in the doorway.

\*

Vena, breathless from watching Erac suck Jason's cock, haltingly drew air into her lungs. She'd swear she had an orgasm watching her two men go at it. The way Erac spoke so softly to Jason, the way he pumped his dick into his waiting mouth, and when he took Jason's thick cock down his throat over and over, she'd dripped moisture into her clean panties.

The sounds, the smells, took her to a new level of awareness.

This is what they were meant to be to each other. Now she knew what she'd waited for all of her life—Jason and Erac.

Together, and with her.

"Let him fuck you. I want to watch," Her voice was barely audible above the hitching breaths of each man.

One of her hands already pinched her nipples through the thin cotton shift she'd put on. Vena was glad as hell she had left the bra off. Her nubs were peaks of pure sensation, engorged and taut, she rubbed her other palm across her chest, feeling each bud. The dampness between her legs called to her loudly.

"Vena, I don't know if I can take him. I want to try."

"You can take it. I'll get something for you."

She left the room and was back in no time flat with her oil. "This will make it nice and easy," she said as she walked over to where he sat.

Kneeling between Jason's legs, his scent overwhelmed her and she had to have a taste, just a small one. He'd already started to get hard again. Had to be Erac—shit, he had everybody fucking reading in minutes.

Vena couldn't wait to experience being a full blown Stonegar.

Flipping the cap of the bottle, she squirted some oil in her hand, and grabbing Jason's

cock, she worked up and down the length, massaging, pulling, teasing him back to a full erection. Her tongue lapped at the tip and she nipped it with her teeth until she took him all the way in her mouth, sucking hard.

"Ahh, shit Vena. Yes." Jason's body lifted from the chair, forcing more in her mouth.

Erac came to stand by her, stroking his thick, already hard cock. Using one hand, she reached for his shaft and tugged it back and forth as her arm hung over Jason's thigh to balance her.

"Now, I want him now, baby." Erac moved her hand and rapidly pulled up and down on his own cock. "Give me the oil." He took the bottle from her, squeezed it into his palm and lathered it over his penis. "Come, stand here, Jason."

Vena moved so Jason could rise and go behind the chair. She sat on the arm of it where she'd be able to watch both of them. She wanted to be there for Jason's first time, see him enjoy the feeling of having his ass filled by another man.

Instinctively, Jason knew what to do, he placed his hands on the sturdy chair back, leaned and spread his legs.

"Oh, you look good." Erac spilled more oil in his palm and worked it into the crease of Jason's butt, making sure he was prepared for Erac to enter him. Using his fingers, he plied the oil into the crease and Vena knew the exact moment he nudged at the tiny puckered hole. Jason went up on his toes, tightening his cheeks.

"Relax, baby." She feathered her fingers down his face, caressed his neck and pulled him close so she could taste his lips, taste Erac on him. "I remember when you first fucked me like that. It felt so good once I was able to let you in." She swept her tongue across his lips, pried them open, and stole inside for a deep, searching kiss. He leaned into her, giving as good as he got.

Lifting his head, he gazed back at Erac. "Do it, I want you to take me."

She watched Erac grasp his shaft and sucked in a gulp of air when he pushed the tip toward Jason's hole. Unable to see it slipping in, Vena felt it in the way Jason gripped the chair, the way he took shallow breaths.

"Easy, let your muscles relax. I'll go nice and slow for you." Erac's voice calmed Jason and he settled flat on his feet inching back a little.

Erac eased a little more of his cock in and his thighs trembled. Vena admired his control waiting for Jason to adjust to the fullness of his penis.

"Fuck, more." Jason lifted his ass higher.

"That's it, the head's in. You take more when you want it."

Vena gazed at Erac whose hands now held Jason's hips firmly, she smiled and lifted her hem to play with her pussy. Her other hand rubbed Jason's shoulders, felt the tension ebbing away. He began to rock back and forth, allowing Erac's cock to slip in further with each move.

She pushed one, then two fingers into her cunt, working them in and out. "Fuck him, Erac. He wants you."

Erac took him, in and out with short, slow thrusts. Vena watched his hands move over the muscular globes in front of him as he pumped steadily into Jason. Erac's eyes closed and he moaned, the sound ricocheting around the room.

"Ahh, you're tight. I like my cock in your ass."

Jason's chest moved back and forth over the chair back, and he expelled a grunt on each invasion, and when his buttocks connected with Erac, he ground back into him searching for more.

Soon they had a rhythm that caused Vena to pinch and rub her clit faster.

"More," Jason cried out. "Erac, give me more." He swiveled his butt against the man behind him, trying to take all of his cock.

Erac rose on his toes and bucked harder in Jason's ass, forcing every inch inside of him. Again and again he pummeled against Jason, shoving his big dick in.

Vena loved the glow on his face, enjoyed the look of pleasure and lust that settled there as he thrust in and out of the man over the chair. His strokes in Jason grew longer and faster, driving further with each penetration.

She could watch them do this forever if her own pussy wouldn't miss them. Vena stood, and moving behind Erac, she wrapped her arms around his waist, pressed her mound against him. She felt each jab he delivered, and each time his cock drove deep in Jason, she felt like she pushed it forward.

They bumped together into Jason, sending him forward, his chest hitting the chair, and he pushed back vigorously. His cheeks tightened and the way Erac shuddered, she knew it wouldn't be long.

Moving a little to the side, she reached for Jason's cock and found it hitting hard against the soft chair back. She fisted his thickness in her hand and started to work the skin back and forth.

"Oh Vena, yeah, don't stop."

"I won't, baby, I'll never stop."

Now his hips rammed forward and backward. She could see Erac's cock disappear with each entry. With one hand busy on Jason's dick, she wrestled with the material of her dress with her free hand until Erac reached over and ripped it down the front.

"Let me see you play with our pussy." He pinched a sensitive nipple until she thought she'd scream but she didn't until he let it go.

"Noo," she lamented the loss of pain and pleasure. Not once had she let go of Jason's cock and the oil on it made it so easy to stretch the taut skin back and forth.

"Hell, Erac, Vena ... I'm gonna come. Oh God, I'm coming."

And she felt it with her hand, a warm spurt of cream rushed out and she refused to stop. Vena stroked him until she felt him relax which caused Erac to pound harder, deeper in his ass.

"Yes," Erac yelled as he rammed in and out. He stayed up on his toes, tense, until he pulled his cock out and sent a jet of cum across Jason's ass.

Feverishly, Vena thrust her hand in and out of her pussy, her fingers going as far as they could. It wasn't enough.

Jason was slumped over the chair trembling, and Erac had just ejaculated. She was on her own.

Wrong.

Erac spun her with her back against Jason's folded form, dropped to his knees, pulled her hand away and coaxed her to spread her legs wide, he delved his tongue between her legs and lapped the folds, taking her to a new height.

Vena's back rode up and down Jason's butt as Erac's tongue jammed in and out of her pussy. Her mouth opened, no sound came out. Her insides uncoiled, felt as though they ripped loose, and cream roared from her in a wild orgasm.

"Erac, Erac, ooh, I'm coming, baby."

His tongue licked, jabbed and flicked her clit, stabbed at the nub hidden in her folds, took everything from her. But nothing she didn't give willingly.

Her legs buckled, he held her hips, didn't let her fall, and he sucked at her nether lips until Vena shuddered. Standing, he sandwiched her between himself and Jason, who still hung over the chair. Erac pressed his body hard against her.

"You okay, baby?" he whispered, his mouth close to her ear.

His lips covered her face, eyes and nose with light, sweet kisses. Finding Vena's mouth, he pushed his tongue past her lips, devoured her in a hot, greedy kiss that lasted forever and only stopped when they both needed air.

"Damn, we're good together. I don't ever want to be without either of you."

"No kidding," Jason echoed Erac's sentiment. "I don't know if I can take this much fucking and loving every day, but I'm damn sure going to try. I want to stay with you both."

Erac smacked Jason's ass playfully. "We'll help you take it."

Vena chuckled between her men, enjoyed the happiness in their voices.

"This is our home now, and I've never felt so fulfilled, so happy."

A sound at the door drew her attention and she peeped around Erac.

"Rekat needs to talk to you both ... er ... I guess the three of you."

Vena felt the heat ride up her face.

Patricia. Goddamn it.

Erac faced the woman. "Is it so important he can't give us a minute?"

The woman at the door cleared her throat. "He has located your sister."

"Wonderful. I'll get to meet your family," Vena said, ignoring how Erac stiffened. "Tell him to wait in the living room."

Erac faced her. "Vena, you don't understand, Etah is-"

She covered his mouth with her fingers. "Not now, I'm too happy. Come on, we have to clean up."

Finding something for the men to wear after they showered, Vena sent them off to her father. Erac had to get some clothes soon and Jason would need to move his stuff to the house or the staff would start to wonder why their leisure wear was disappearing.

She took a while longer to dress before joining the group.

Entering the room, Vena briefly listened to Erac and Rekat talk. Nothing was going to mar the fact she'd finally found what she wanted. She felt confident in her home, surrounded by two gorgeous men she cared for. Satisfaction was something she'd never be without again.

Vena spoke up. "This is my home and I'm happy for the first time."

Turning to face Erac, Vena brushed the tips of her fingers over his cheek and smoothed the worry lines that had formed between his brows.

"I'll enjoy entertaining your sister when she arrives. Trust me, everything will be fine."

Erac gazed at her with adoration, as did Jason.

Her fingers touched a jagged scratch on Erac's neck.

"What in hell happened?"

He grinned at her. "A gift from an enforcer."

"You bit him?" She glared at her father who had a thin line of blood running down his neck.

Rekat spoke softly. "Etah will not be happy when she arrives and I may not be here. I gave him the power to see to my daughter's wellbeing."

Erac did seem more relaxed and Vena had to admit, she liked that her father showed some paternal caring. She couldn't wait to know him better and learn more about her kind.

She hadn't told Erac or Rekat that Gemma's husband had left her and she planned to come home. Glancing back at her father, Vena saw a smile play at the corners of his mouth and a mysterious gleam had settled in his eyes.

Interesting.

Peering around the room, Vena said, "I suppose I should ask if you're hungry because I smell breakfast."

Pat answered her. "They eat like pigs when they're not statues."

Everyone laughed.

"Good, I'm starved, let's go eat."

Yes, everything was right with her world.

### The End

### About the Author:

J. Hali Steele would much rather be roaming where her fictional big cats live—in the high desert of California—so would her four furfriends. She enjoys spending time with her sisters and friends who willingly listen to her ramblings about the paranormal world of vamps, shifters and anything else that goes bump in the night. A captive audience, she promises to untie them soon!

A multi-published author, J. Hali is a RWA PAN member, she belongs to its Passionate Ink and ESPAN chapters and she's a member of Liberty States Fiction Writers. When she's not writing, she can be found snuggled in front of the TV with a good book, a cat in her lap and a cup of coffee.

For more information, you can visit her at www.jhalisteele.com. She blogs every Friday at www.paranormalromantics.blogspot.com and she answers all emails at joannhali@yahoo.com

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