



Forever Irish
RaeLynn Blue and Dréa Riley

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RaeLynn Blue & Dréa Riley

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Forever Irish

FOREVER IRISH

By

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Dedication

*May the luck of the Irish continue to bless your
hearts with true love and happiness.*

Chapter One

With thundering chorus of yet another Irish song blaring through O'Shea's bar, Tabitha Brown leaned across the table's marred and faded surface to Seamus—could he have a more Gaelic name?—Dooley and whispered, “Stop me if you've heard this one. A leprechaun, a brownie, and a fairy walk into a bar...”

“STOP!” The entire bar shouted as the Irish song cut off abruptly.

Tabitha turned and grinned over the long plank bar at the patrons of O'Shea's Irish pub. Here was a pub with the true substance of the Emerald Isle. They had Fae mixing it up with Brownies and sprites. Leprechauns and Djinn shot pool, and druid maidens swayed to Bocephus. Okay, so the Bocephus weren't really an Irish thing, but Tabitha was from Texas, and since she couldn't get them to listen to any rap or hip hop and she was frankly frightened of their knowledge of Motown and their love of artist like Bobby Blue Bland and Clarence Carter and Denise la Salle, she passed her time watching them bond with the humans over Country's newest acts and biggest hits.

Turning back to Seamus, she smiled. Her boss was definitely Irish. The coppery red hair that was currently cut close and spiky on top of his head. The piercing green eyes that were often deeper than the whole Atlantic Ocean. Those were her favorite parts. Well, those and his massive shoulders and chest. Maybe those washboard abs or God—hey, she may be in a bar full of creatures and mythical critters, it only reinforced her belief in one true God—Seamus’s ass. No doubt about it. Irish looked hunky, handsome and damn fine on Seamus.

“You’re staring at me like you’ve missed your morning meal again, Tab,” Seamus said from over his shoulder. “Marla’s got haggis and tatties going in the back if you fancy a bite.”

Tabitha stuck out her tongue. He was also cocky, and he wore that arrogance like most men wore cologne. He looked good, and he *knew* it. And so did every female in a 200-mile radius. Seamus’s self-assurance fit him like an Armani, an entire line of them designed the just for him.

He matched it with asshole hats, motherfucker belts, and a smile so smooth most people almost thanked him for being in his presence. He wore it like night wore darkness, like broken hearts wore the hell out of every sad country song. Wore it like it was made for him. And that made Tabitha want to get under his skin even more.

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Damn it, she would too. She'd known Seamus for far too long to let it go. Sure, she wanted to get in his bed and find out if the bulge running up the left side of his pants was real or just a hunk of German sausage. Hell, for all she knew, Seamus could've been just as otherworldly as most of their patrons. Perhaps his good looks came from a powerful glamour the fae possessed.

It could be some kind of spell he cast to make himself look appealing. Either way though, she wanted to see if he could give her the kind of orgasm that fairytales were made of. She also wanted to know what kind of wounds he carried under all that armor. Who had done him wrong, and was she the woman to set it right?

"Kiss it and make it better?" she asked.

"Kiss what? Your ass? You said that last week too," Seamus said smartly, his finger circling the open mouth of his glass. "Besides," he said with a smirk giving her a once over, "nothing can make that better."

His dark eyes glittered with mirth.

"Asshole," she spat at him, pushed off the barstool, and spun on the spindle heel of her boots.

Working her way down to where a tawny-skinned fae sat nursing a beer, she pasted on her best smile. He'd been coming in for weeks now. She wouldn't call him a regular, just fringe hitter. He'd tried to pick her up a few times. It wasn't

anything new, but he did sort of give her the willies.

“Get you another *cerveza, hombre?*” Tabitha asked.

“Only if you know the difference between fairies and fae.”

“Come again?”

“Oh, I always come several times,” the pretty boy said. His blond eyebrows arched into his hairline. “And you didn’t answer me.”

“A) You didn’t really ask a question. In fact you didn’t answer mine to begin with. B) That glamour you’re working makes you look more like one of those androgynous unisex types and not by any means a playboy, but hey, work it. There are lots of college chicks here that go for that look. C) It doesn’t matter about the difference between a fae, sprite, or a brownie. In these parts, if you’re fruity or have fruity tendencies, you’re a fairy or a twink.”

The leprechaun two barstools down roared with laughter.

“That’s telling him, Tabby. Damned fae thinking he’s God’s gift. Send me another one and tell him again. I’d give all my gold to hear you tell him again,” He hiccupped.

Tabitha smiled at Ned and made her way to him. She leaned over the bar and kissed him on his cheek while pilfering the keys to his Benz.

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“You’ve had too many green beers my friend. I’ll make sure Lucy gets you a ride home. Okay?”

“Aye. It be better if she took me to her house, but then I’d have to make nice to her damn cat. Fucking fur ball!”

“Oh, poor Ned. You’re drunk enough that your allergies might not bother you.”

“Who ever heard of a leprechaun with allergies?” the golden, yet rebuffed fae said with a sneer.

“Same person who called you a fag, I reckon,” Ned said smartly before leaning precariously on his stool. “That’s a long fall for a lil feller like me,” he muttered mostly to himself as he climbed more securely into his seat.

Tabitha smiled as she pulled off her custom leather apron. “You come around tomorrow for your car, Ned. I’ll leave the keys with Seamus.”

“Why don’t you drive the thing, Tabby? Not safe for a lass like you to be walking the streets in the dark, especially tonight.”

“Ah Ned, I don’t have time to mess around adjusting your seat and mirrors to fit me then moving them back tomorrow. Besides you know I’m not likely to want to give it up. All that buttery leather, heated seats...Nope. I am avoiding temptation this St. Pat’s Day.”

* * * *

From his vantage point up on the catwalk running the length of the old industrial building's ceiling, Seamus could watch the comings and goings of all the patrons and workers. Truth be told, he could spend hours hanging out in the rafters just watching the people interact. He loved this bar more than he loved any other place on earth, and being that he'd been alive more than a century, he'd had time to see quite a lot of places. Here was one of the few places where humans and supernaturals knowingly and willingly could go to have a good time together.

There was no forced politeness or political correctness. Everyone knew the rules. They lived under the radar here by being right in the tractor beam. Hiding in plain sight. All humans that did know what they were, were all either trustworthy or had some previous knowledge of the underground sects. Either way, everyone came here to let their hair down and relax. There was never any fear of discovery or ostracizing. The magic here kept them well shielded from prying eyes. If a person walked in off the streets, they'd just think they had stumbled onto one of New York's famous back alley dive bars.

Seamus watched as Tabitha worked her way up and down the bar. Making her way to the end of the bar, Tabitha climbed up on the rough-hewn

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wood and let out a sharp whistle. The regulars returned it with various catcalls and howls.

“GIVE US A POEM LASS, G’ON! GIVE US SOME WORDS!” shouted a few in the front, closest to the bar.

“And I will as soon as you roustabouts hush up, Jake Dunnigan,” she replied with one hand fisted on her hip.

* * * *

Clearing her throat, Tabitha sang a soft lullaby about rich, emerald grass and crisp, cornflower blue skies and lovers caught twixt and twain between love and loss and riches found and shared.

When she closed the tune, there wasn’t a dry eye in the crowd as the spotlight shone on her mocha brown skin so bright, he knew she couldn’t see most of the people in the audience, but Seamus watched and listened to her. She tossed her freshly highlighted curls back from her eyes and appeared to blink away tears.

Finishing the poem, she raised her shot glass in toast. “To the patrons of O’Shea’s! Happy kiss me I’m Irish day!”

The words of the poem were still resonating in Seamus’s ears. Everything about Tabitha moved some part of him. When his crazy Aunt Marla had first drug her into the bar announcing she’d hired a new waitress, he knew then that some part of him would end up connected to the human. He hadn’t

wanted to acknowledge it. He never wanted to have any strong emotion to another mortal. He'd loved once, and it hurt like a son of bitch when she'd walked away. After choosing someone who was more "magical" than him, Gretta had only returned when the warlock had drained her beauty, leaving her old, withered, and destined to immortality in that form. The moment he'd reversed the spells, she'd demanded he make her immortal. And beautiful and rich.

As if he was some fucking slave tied to her. She hadn't learned a thing. But he had. The son of a fae princess and a dark djinn, he had to guard himself and his heart. Moreover, he had to protect those around him. There would be many forces, both mystical and human, that would try to get to him by harming the people around him.

So yeah, even though the sway of her ass had been making his dick jump and contributing to his new habit of ten cold showers a day for the better part of three years, even though the sound of her sultry voice soothed his storm and eased his mind, and her incessant shit-talking made him laugh, there was no way he could risk her life by letting her in.

Running a ragged hand through his hair, he lifted his glass of 100-year-old whiskey in time with Tabitha's toast.

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“To you, Tabby, my girl. You aren’t alone in your longings,” he whispered to the stale air and cobwebs before setting his sights on the blond fae that had been bothering Tabitha for past few weeks.

“Time to set you straight, I think.” He spoke in a tone that projected directly to the fae and caused the waif fae to look up and search the rafters.

* * * *

Tossing back the water that everyone thought was white lightning, she bounded down from the bar and made her way through the kitchen, past the rows of cardboard boxes filled with all kinds of dry goods and shelves rimmed with fresh vegetables mixed with organic substances of mythical origins.

All she knew was that she didn’t mess with anything in the kitchen. Seamus told her not to even think about it or linger too long back here. The shortcut through the kitchen was a means to an end. As she pushed through the exit door, she found herself faced with a dilemma.

Should she take the shortcut or walk the entire block.

“Don’t take the alley to the subway at night. In fact, it’s best you avoid the alley all together.”

She shivered as the memory of Seamus’s deep timbre wafted through her mind.

Or walk the entire block to the subway.

Tired, weary, and more than a touch cold, she didn't want to walk an entire block to the subway. She adjusted her satchel and sighed. The alley loomed, thick with darkness and the odor of magic mixed with trash. Funky and slightly sinister, the shortcut would shave a full twenty minutes off her thirty-minute walk to the subway.

She glanced back to the now-closed backdoor to O'Shea's.

Seamus told her not to ever take the alley to the subway, but Seamus wasn't here now, was he? He didn't have to walk the entire forty-five minutes to the train, did he? In this cold ass March air. No, he didn't. Right now, he was probably sitting in his office with some overly anxious pixie. That settled it. She wanted to be home, warm, and in her pjs right now. St. Patrick's Day had worn out its welcome. She loved the pub, the people, and New York City, but right now all she wanted was a soft, quiet place to be alone. Be nice if Seamus would come home with her.

Screw it. Tabitha adjusted her satchel and headed down the alley beside O'Shea's. Dimly lit and smelling strongly of bad magic, vomit, and trash, the narrow space didn't invite calm or a nice leisurely stroll. She walked faster, not liking the feel of the dread piling into her belly. Thinking about the amount of time she saved, she forced herself to relax. Just getting to the subway thirty

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minutes earlier would be worth fifteen minutes of dread and being creeped out.

Pushing out a sigh, she heard a snap of glass breaking behind her. She paused and glanced over her shoulder. *What the hell?* The opening to the alley behind her vanished into a thicket of billowing darkness so heady it reminded her of a glass of freshly poured Guinness. Without thinking about it more, she walked faster before letting her panic overtake her and running full out. She'd nearly reached the end of the corridor when she tripped and went spiraling to the nasty, wet, hard ground.

"Well, well, well, seems you humans don't soar very well," came the snide cackling from the dark.

Tabitha pushed herself up to her knees, but she didn't need to see the bastard to know the voice. That fae from O'Shea's grabbed her by the shirt and hauled her to her feet.

"For such a scrawny thing, you sure have a good arm on you," Tabitha said. She stood taller than him, but his powers more than made up for his lack of height. With her heart pounding, she grunted into his smiling face. "I think more eyeliner would bring out your eyes."

"Shut up!" the fae shouted and stamped his feet. "I've got plans for your smart mouth, human."

Tabitha glanced over her shoulder. She was only a few feet from the street. If she could just

make it to the mouth of the alley, she'd be safe. The barriers that tempered the magic world would give her the opportunity she needed to escape.

"You keep using that word like it's a bad thing, but that hasn't stopped you from coming on to me. So what am I? Some conquest, or you just doing a bit of slumming?" Tabitha stepped back, yanking her arm from the Fae's hold.

"You speak so haughtily, as if you've never wanted to taste a bit of the magic." The fae suddenly seemed taller and his skin and eyes shimmered as if glowing. He tightened his grip on her. She could smell remnants of the bar on his clothing.

"I could give you all that your heart desires. I could have chosen any human. They fall at my feet, and yet you have the nerve to refuse me. Look down on me. Mock me." Tabitha stepped back, yanking her arm from the Fae's hold.

"Look, I'm not going to back up and beg and be like 'oh you greatest god of a creature.' You know the rules at O'Shea's. It's all piss and vinegar. I've told you every night for weeks, I'm not interested. You just can't seem to take *no* for an answer. Dude, it's not you really. Well yeah, it is you kinda. But I don't do otherworldlies. Men have enough issues, which are seemingly amplified in otherworldlies—as can be proved by this little

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display of narcissism you've got going on right now."

Tabitha spoke rapidly and motioned erratically with her hands as if she was having a discussion with an overbearing parent rather than a fae with debauchery on the mind, hoping the powerful fae would be distracted by her frantic speech and not notice that she was mere steps from evading his grasp.

"Shut up! Shut your incessant babbling. You give me a freaking headache, you knucklehead hen. And stand still. Do you think I didn't notice your little dance? Pity for you, when I take you. People will swear they heard a woman scream, but they will all chalk it up to drunken imaginings!" the fae shouted.

The fae tossed his golden mane over his shoulder and was again within mere inches of her.

Tabitha's mind raced. Fear finally crept up her throat and stamped out the hope she'd held for escape. If only she'd driven Ned's car. She would be wrapped in the lush folds of supple leather and luxurious warmth. Figures the first time she broke Seamus's blasted rule, she'd end up standing, knees bloodied and shivering cold, on the cusp of her impending doom. Hot tears built behind her eyes as she took a steadying breath and positioned her body in an attack stance.

She might go down, but she was going to go down kicking fae ass.

The creature advanced on her, a wicked half smile slashing his face. Odd that. She would be again reminded of his androgynous beauty in a moment when everything about him was ugly and vile.

Taking two steps back Tabitha wished again for the warm embrace of Ned's Benz. Wished she was clutching the lacquered steering wheel instead of her fists. Wished she'd cowgirdled up and told Seamus how desperately she wanted him. Wished she hadn't come down this alley. Wished she hadn't just backed into a damn wall when what she needed was to make it to the street.

Where the hell had the wall come from anyway? As alleys went, this one was pretty wide. She had been standing dead center. Looking side to side confirmed that she hadn't actually veered left or right.

Furthermore, walls didn't breathe. At least not any walls that she'd ever run into before. Walls shouldn't be this warm either. *What is going on?* She balled her fists and crouched, trying to slip under the massive arm that had snaked its way around her waist and lifted her feet from the ground. "Let. Me. Go."

"Hold still woman. I told you not to bring your sassy ass down this alley, and yet didn't you listen.

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Now you're telling me to let you go." Seamus's deep voice both calmed and excited her. She immediately let her body relax into him. Pressed back so hard she thought she might morph herself through him to the other side.

Looking up, she strained to see Seamus's face in the darkness.

"Leave the twit to me, Seamus. This doesn't concern you," the fae barked harshly, his features twisting into a scowl so severe it changed his pretty face to something savage in the dim light. Perhaps his true face had appeared at last. Bastards seem to come in every damn species.

"Ah, but I am afraid it does, Galan. I seem to remember warning you to back off and leave the girl alone," Seamus said with a snarl of anger turning his voice hard as he emerged from around Tabitha. The firm hand around her waist released her and moved her behind him. "I don't want to repeat myself."

"What's a mere slip of a thing like her to you, Seamus? I'm only about a bit of fun." Galan teased, backing up from Seamus's steady walk toward him. "We could share. I'll even let you go first."

"Don't think so," Seamus said tightly, a brief second before a burst of golden light shot slammed into Galan, sending him skidding and bouncing down the pavement like a golden yellow ball.

Tabitha saw the fae come to a painful halt nearest the entrance to the alley. She didn't know Seamus could do that. Yeah, sure she suspected, but now that it was all out and in the open, she didn't know what to think. Was he fae? Was he something else? One thing became hauntingly clear. He sure wasn't human.

"Ow, that's going to leave a mark," Galan said with a growl as he pushed himself up to his knees. "Good thing that I'm great at glamour."

"Seamus, he's getting up," she said, inching back. "Seamus!"

Seamus nodded once, ever so slightly. Then it came, this whirling bolt of light, not lightning, but then it happened so damn fast, she couldn't tell exactly what it was. Seamus took the blast in the chest and tumbled backwards, into the wall. With her ears burning from the roaring, Tabitha screamed. She couldn't help it. Seamus could've been killed.

"Seamus!" Everything she'd ever wished for flashed before her eyes. Damn it! If Galan killed him, she'd never know, never be able to tell him how she really felt about him. "No!"

Seamus shook his head, and then cast a glance back at her. With speed she didn't even know he had, he scooped her up and tossed her through the alley's exit and out into her world. Tabitha leapt from the sidewalk where Seamus deposited her.

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She ran full out to get back into the alley. She reached the threshold and found her entrance barred. Pounding on the invisible barrier, she shouted for Seamus again, but he had his hands full—of Galan’s hair.

Seamus had both fists in the thick of Galan’s hair, and as Tabitha watched, he slammed the fae into the alley’s grimy, smeared walls again and again. Funny, she’d been so excited to get out of that damn space, now all she wanted was to get back in.

Galan’s face became more bloodied by the minute. Seamus dropped the mouthy fae like a sack of potatoes. No sooner had he done that, did Galan hook his elbow into Seamus’s ankle, sending him falling into the ground. But instead of crashing to the gritty asphalt, Seamus rolled into a standing position like a superhero.

When he got to his feet, Seamus shot another bolt of power at Galan. The pesky little fae caught it right in the chin and went somersaulting backwards. Tabitha pounded again on the invisible force field.

“Seamus! Look out!”

It didn’t seem he could hear her, and she couldn’t hear him either. Sure enough, Seamus barely dodged one of Galan’s spinning trashcan lids. He’d used some stupid spell to transform them

into whirling weapons. Seamus smashed them into bits with, Lord help her, his hands.

What the hell is he?

Seamus stalked toward Galan, and then another of those bursts of power, this one seemed to be bigger and brighter than the last, plowed into the stick figure Galan. This time he didn't get up, but stayed on the ground, a smoldering pile of ash.

Tabitha pounded some more. "Come on, Seamus!"

He turned and walked to her. Somehow when he approached, she could step into the alley again. With his face still scowling, he stopped in front of her and said, "God, you get on my nerves. Can you not just follow orders? You could have been killed! I told you specifically to stay out of the alley at night. And what do you do? The first chance you get, like a kid, down the alley you go. Alice down the freaking rabbit hole."

His voice was rife with anger and adrenaline, but his breathing was even, as if he'd done nothing more in that alley than take a leisurely stroll.

It was all too much. Tabitha opened her mouth to speak, and then closed it. For a long moment, she stood like a fish out of water, her mouth working but no intelligible sound escaping. Finally, on a huff, she spun and headed out of the alley and toward the subway. Whatever the hell had just happened, she didn't have the energy to deal.

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She was going to get on the subway, go to her little apartment, shower and go to bed. When morning came, she'd be on the next flight outta the city and back to Texas. Fuck this shit. At least in Texas she knew her uncles and cousins could fight off the creeps and the mages. She could walk down any fucking alley she wanted and not have to worry about the boogey man or fae with little-man syndrome. If she bought enough batteries, she might even get over wanting Seamus.

Yup, she had a plan. It was a good one. And it would have worked if she had gotten more than two steps from Seamus and his damned alley before she fainted.

Chapter Two

Seamus wiped the scattering of hair from Tabitha's eyes. She looked good in his bed, he had to admit. After she blacked out, he scooped her up from the sidewalk, hooked her satchel over his shoulder, and with a single nod and a word, "Home," Seamus had whisked her to his place. Standing outside on a sidewalk arguing with the stubborn woman left her vulnerable to his enemies now that he had shown he'd use his powers to protect her. The prying eyes that had witnessed the alley brawl would tell everyone who would stand still to listen.

His powers! He paced in front of the foot of the bed. Tabitha had never witnessed his powers. Whenever she woke up, he knew he had a battle on his hands. She'd demand to know answers. Every answer. She wouldn't ignore what she'd seen. Not that he expected her to. Still, he'd better decide how much he was going to tell her. Full disclosure would only put her in harm's way.

Damn it. Her hardheaded ass had already put her in harm's way. Galan meant to have her, keep her like some pet human chained to his bed for recreational purposes. He'd warned her about the

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dangers, and she'd foolishly ignored them. Damn it, damn it, damn it.

With his fist in his mouth, he stalked out of the bedroom and directly to the outer room. The weather outside had grown stormy, clouding the crystal blue of the day after St. Patrick's Day. He folded his arms and levitated. Floating four feet from the floor, Seamus fought to calm himself. Some things he'd have to lay plain. Tabitha wasn't an idiot. She knew about his powers, but he cared about her too much to just tell her everything. He began to descend down to the floor. He had horrible focus.

Moaning and then a shriek sent him crashing to the floor. He popped up and raced into the bedroom.

"Tabby!" he shouted, heart racing much too fast, his hands too sweaty, and his reaction too much. He found her sitting upright in the bed, emerald green silk sheets covering her lower body. Her eyes were wide, and she looked around taking in the room. She looked at him and licked those wonderfully thick lips.

"Seamus? How did I get here? Where the hell am I?" She pulled her knees up to her chin and folded her legs around them. "What the fuck is going on?"

Seamus took in and released a sigh. "For starters, this is my place..."

“No it ain’t,” she retorted. “I’ve been to your crummy hole in the wall in Hell’s Kitchen. This ain’t it.”

Seamus swore softly. They’ve come to it then. Truth or lies. Which would he feed her? Judging by Tabitha’s face, whatever bullshit he tried to feed her would come right back up. *Here goes everything...*

“Tabby, I’m, I’m, well, this is my home in SoHo,” he said. “My real home.”

“Huh?”

He walked over to the bed and sat down. She hadn’t reacted the way he expected, but then he didn’t tell her anything that was close to extraordinary. With his heart still galloping in his chest, he decided to just tell her.

And he would as soon as if figured out why he saw laughter in her eyes.

“As you saw back in the alley, I’m not human. I’m half fae and half djinn.”

She huffed out a sigh. “Hell, you had to be something. You own a bar where shifters get drunk, dwarves shoot glasses of warm mud, and vampires sing karaoke.”

The woman had a point.

“You’re not scared?” he asked, watching her face for a reaction. He could see the questions and emotions flitting across her face. He watched wearily as she bounced between frightened and

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inquisitive. He didn't realize how long he held his breath until he saw her features settle into her familiar smart ass facade.

This was his Tabitha. The one who'd stolen his heart. If she'd fallen apart, he would have whisked her back to Texas with some memories of partying on a lover's deep pockets. Set her up in some little Podunk town with a bookshop and a good life.

If she'd launched at him in anger, he would have let the shields slide back into place, threatened to spank that curvaceous ass, and sent her to stay with Marla until he could figure out how best to keep her ass out of trouble. And thus out of his hair.

But she did neither of those things. No, not his feisty, smart Tabitha. His Tabitha rolled over and off the stately, high bed and padded over to his chest of drawers. Without asking, she rifled through his underwear until she came up with a thin cotton pajama top before turning to make her way to his inner suite.

"I'm gonna take a shower. When I get out, I need coffee and something not made of intestines to eat. You're gonna answer my questions, and then I am going to take a nap before I have to go to work. Oh, and I am not saving you any hot water."

Seamus sat rooted on the bed listening to Tabitha strip out of her clothes, and then step into the shower, before starting the spray. A smile

played at his lips as he heard her little yelp as the first stinging cold droplets hit her skin before the water warmed to a comfortable temperature. She threatened to use all the hot water.

She couldn't know that he hadn't had a hot shower since the moment she'd stormed into his life three years ago. Suddenly he had a craving for steamy air and hot, soapy water sloshing over his body. His throat tightened to a point that it ached with the image of Tabitha's small hands dancing over his flesh. Cleaning his body with hers.

Standing, he kicked off his boots and stripped his shirt before striding to the bathroom. Once his bare feet hit the cold bathroom tiles he practically leapt in to the large glass-enclosed shower. The sight of Tabitha's creamy, mocha skin stretched over her curvy body made him forget to remove his pants.

"No need to save me any hot water. I'll just share with you," he ground out as he pushed his body close hers and took her lips with his.

Once his mouth touched hers, Seamus was lost. When she parted her lips and met his tongue, his erratic heartbeat slowed to a steady pace. The feel of her hand tracing his jaw, racing through his hair before settling on his shoulders brought him home.

Deepening the kiss, he tried to convey everything he'd been feeling. He poured his love and frustration into his kiss and tasted her

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acceptance in return. Pulling away, he watched as she slowly opened her eyes and let her smoky gaze drift over his hard body.

“You forgot to take off your pants.”

Seamus flashed her a cocky grin before lifting her in his arms. With half a thought, his pants were whisked away, and she was mere inches from being impaled on his throbbing cock.

“Seamus Dooley and his magical phallus of...Oh ghat damn. That’s...oh right there...oh!”

Seamus interrupted her teasing by launching 6’8, three hundred pounds of raging fae-djinn prince into her.

“Hey, Texas,” he said with a hiss, “looks like you got a lil’ Irish in ya’ after all.”

* * * *

Tabitha sat running her the fingers of her left hand idly through Seamus’s hair. With her right hand, she picked the marshmallows out her Lucky Charms cereal and grouped them by shapes. She only paused in her ministrations to aggravate the slumbering Seamus with another “Irish” joke.

She’d been at it for at least an hour.

Part of her joking was to keep her feet on the ground. An attempt to get back to normal. So much had shifted so fast between Seamus and herself. She glanced down at the crop of strawberry red hair, and into his extremely green eyes—so

extraordinary, they spoke to his otherworld lineage.

Otherworld.

Seamus.

Damn it felt like years had gone by instead of a mere two hours. After their shower, Seamus had given her a family history and a run down of who—or rather what—he was. Crown Prince of both the Djinn and Fae nations. A prince. Looked like she'd get her happy ever after, after all.

So much to observe, to remember, and to learn. There'd been the obligatory warning about bad guys trying to get her and an ever-mounting list of "Tabitha-shall nots," to which she rolled her eyes, even if internally she was cataloging all the information as if her life depended on it. Because it did.

Seamus had sighed deeply and caught her face in his large hands. "'Tis no joke, Tabby girl. Your life will many times be in peril. The magic is often darker than you could ever imagine. There are those who question my mum and da's rule. To take the throne, you, being human, will be a target. I cannot protect you if you refuse to protect yourself. God help me, I'll send you away first, wipe your memory clean, before I'll put yourself in danger for a bit of folly."

Tabitha's heart had broken in that moment. The sorrow, the pain floating in Seamus's emerald

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gaze was something she never wanted to see again. Surely at that moment, she realized how much he cared for her, feared for her safety.

She'd been foolish to take the shortcut, but now, she was so glad she did. She had Seamus now, and knew about what he was, but she'd never risk her safety again. Not if it meant Seamus would wear that expression.

"Then make me like you. Don't genies give wishes? Blink us into a bottle where no one can touch us. Do whatever it takes to make me like you. Cast a spell or something. But never send me away. I won't go. Not fully. If you send me away, change my memories, my heart will stay here and haunt you. I'll never be whole without you, but I'm free-spirited and juvenile. As a human, I am vulnerable. I'm curious. What's to say that a stray cat won't catch my attention and lure me into some trap?"

She'd leaned into Seamus as she spoke. Her words were light, but she meant them with a ferocity born of true, unadulterated love. She couldn't change her nature, but she'd give up her mortality for the chance to live life with Seamus by her side.

"You're serious?" Seamus scoffed. "You don't know what you're asking. I don't even know if I can do it."

“Hell yeah, I’m serious. I don’t want to get all old and elderly, while you stay forever young. How old are you anyway?”

“It’s not polite to ask someone’s age,” he said, the hardness going out of his tone. “Aw, lass, if you want to be immortal, as part djinn, I can grant you one and a half wishes.”

“Whoever heard of half a wish?”

“Well, I can’t very well grant three, since I’m only half djinn, so half of three is one and one half.”

“Really?” Tabitha couldn’t believe it. He’d grant her wish to be immortal.

“You silly girl. Genies aren’t real, but I can grant your wish to be immortal.”

“You can!”

Seamus’s smiling face became sober and serious. “I don’t want to spend another day, hour, minute, or second without you. Of course, I will make you immortal.”

“Well, what the hell you waiting for?” she whispered in a stern but slightly amused voice.

Tabitha was excited and nervous. She didn’t know if it would hurt or if it would be like “whoosh” you’re a djinn-fae. Did it involve biting and bloodletting? Did she have to go through some horrific death and rebirth thing? She was about to ask when a strange electricity swept through the

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room. It cracked around her. The hairs on her arm rose.

“I would hope that he was waiting on his mother and me to get here and make it official.” A tall, dark man with olive skin and long, flowing raven locks streaked with gray said.

Tabitha would have screamed if she wasn't so oddly impressed by the figure he cut swathed in a long, cable-knit sweater and leather jeans over biker boots.

“Damn!” The air hissed out of her lips as she stared at the man's broad shoulders and saucy smile.

There was no mistaking the fact that this man was Seamus's father. The question was how the hell did he just go walking around looking that damn fine?

“Thanks for the compliment, luv. I get away with it because my wife likes me this way, and she is crazier than seal shit is salty so no one tries her patience,” the djinn said. His eyes had been passed to Seamus. Vivid green eyes so intense they looked like polished gems.

Tabitha would have asked how he knew what she was thinking, but Seamus reached over and closed her mouth for her.

“He knows what you're thinking, because as usual, if you think it, it comes out your mouth, Tabby.”

She was all set to volley some stfu's and kmas at Seamus when the tinkling of laughter caught her attention. Turning back to the corner where Seamus's father had materialize she caught the man groping a leggy redhead with a pixie cut. There was no mistaking Seamus's mother. She was all peaches and cream skin like Seamus, but her buttery brown eyes twinkled with a mischief that spoke kinship to Tabitha's very soul.

"Dude, I'm not gay or anything, but your mom is fucking hot!"

Seamus grinned. "My mother, Azreil, and father, Rafe."

Tabitha couldn't have stopped the words from falling out her mouth if she tried. She watched as Rafe tucked an imaginary stray hair behind Azreil's ear, his long brown fingers dancing over the myriad of silver loops lining the small shell before stopping to ring the little bell at her lobe.

"Oh, I want that."

"You want a bunch of piercings?" Seamus asked.

"No, goofball! I want to get lost in you like that. So lost that the outside world doesn't matter. I want us to look hot as hell and so in love that no one would dare try to step to us. I want to be ages and ages old with you. See the world with you. Watch our children and our children's children and their children grow with you. And I want a ring like

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your mom's. That thing has got to be at least twelve carats.

Tabitha missed the look that passed between his parents. She didn't see the smiles on their faces or the tears of joy. All she could see was Seamus's, his face coming nearer to hers. She tracked his lips until his face was so close that his breath tickled her skin. Closing her eyes, she inhaled and lost herself when his lips took hers. She heard his faint whispers of forever before his tongue delved deep and a bright, hot light blinded her.

Two voices blended into one. Some were above, behind, and all around her. A warmth so thick and soothing, settled into her pores, filling her essence, her spirit, making her one with it.

"You have everything you wished for, daughter. May love and light always be your guide."

When Tabitha opened her eyes, her sight was filled with Seamus's smiling face. His green eyes danced with merriment.

All around them little snowflakes of energy fell and clung to her skin and hair before melting away as if they had never been there. They spent a few moments speaking hushed tones to his parents before wishing them well and promising to visit. The moment the couple faded away, Seamus drew her back into his arms and made slow, deliberate love to her...right there in front of the big window over looking the wild, crazy, magical world below.

RaeLynn Blue & Dréa Riley

* * * *

Now Tabitha passed her time by annoying Seamus, seeing as how he refused to let her go into the bar today.

“They can do without us today, love. Let’s just stay here and be still. We have a lifetime of forever to get into all the mischief you want,” Seamus said, pulling Tabitha back to the here and now.

Peeking at him from beneath her lashes, she strategically dropped another marshmallow into her cereal. Spying the look on his face, she pretended to admire the gigantic ring that he’d slipped on her finger while she had dozed.

So lost in her musings that she was taken complete by surprise when he drug her body over his and levitated them toward the ceiling. With her back pressed against the roof and Seamus hard body molded to her front, Tabitha fought to repress her giggles.

“You know that’s annoying as fuck, right?” Seamus said.

“What’s annoying as fuck?”

“You and those damn cereals. You couldn’t eat a real cereal. You just had to eat Lucky Charms.”

“I eat Apple Jacks and Cookie Crisps, but you didn’t have any.”

“I have Frosted Flakes and Grape-Nuts.”

“Ewww...Grape-Nuts.”

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Seamus growled as he pressed himself more firmly into her and nudged at her neck.

“I have other nuts you’re fond of.”

Tabitha laughed and tried to turn her neck so he would be able to reach that tender spot that drove her wild. He must have read her mind because he backed off just enough so her back wasn't plastered to the high ceiling anymore.

Tabitha sighed lustily as Seamus laved her skin with his tongue. Suddenly, neither of them seemed concerned with her choice of breakfast foods. Nothing mattered but their frantic caresses, heated kisses and the race to nirvana. It was as if their thoughts had somehow become one.

As soon as she imagined how good something might feel, Seamus was there. His tongue on her nipple or his finger between the petals of her warm core.

She couldn't remember wishing their clothes away, but she wasn't in the least bit upset to find them gone.

She was shocked, however, when they seemed to drop down a bit from the high ceiling. Just enough so she could sit astride Seamus's lean hips.

“I've dreamed of this. Of you riding me.” He pinned her with a look so dark and sultry she felt flames kiss her skin. She had only a few moments' hesitation where she worried they might fall before she was filled to the brim with Seamus.

“Oh,” she sputtered before her speech was lost. The size of him filled her wonderfully. Pulsing and hot, he stretched her in a way that also stretched her heart.

She sat there drinking in the sensations until a sharp smack on her rump caused her to buck in surprise. That felt even better than just sitting. So she rocked forward again.

Seamus followed the prodding smack with several rapid-fire swats. The sting, on her rump, felt so deliciously warm.

“That’s it, girl,” he praised her, his breath coming just as rapidly as hers. “Take your pleasure, Tabitha. Ride me.”

The journey was beyond anything she’d ever felt before. She wanted to slow down to a leisurely pace. To take in the sights, the sound, the feel of riding Seamus through the air, but her body had other plans.

And so did Seamus.

He thrust deeper and guided her hips with his hands. When she tired of the rapid up and down movements, he’d rock her hips like a piston. Her clit grazed back and forth over the hair on his pelvis, the friction sent tremors over her so rapidly, they could never develop into full-blown orgasms.

Tabitha moaned in frustration. She wanted to come. Wanted Seamus to fill her with his seed, but he’d let her ride so fast and hard then pull away.

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She felt as if she were in a desert riding toward a mirage. It was right there just in reach.

The feel of his fingers on her full breast offered little to quench her thirst.

“What is it you want, love? You have but to wish it and it’s yours. The sun, the moon, every blasted star in every galaxy ever created.” Seamus’s words washed over her. Stoked the flames of her passion and her ire.

“Come, I...I want to come...come with me, Seamus...” she pleaded when she really wanted to curse him.

“What’s this? Is my lil’ tabby cat begging? You want more of this?”

Seamus swiveled his hips and caused his dick to bounce off of every nerve ending in her sheath.

“I didn’t hear a please,” Seamus said.

His laugh grated over her and caused her to furrow her brow. Though his thrusts told her that if she rode just a moment longer, ground herself just a fraction deeper, she’d reached her oasis.

She tried to rotate her hips, but Seamus held her still.

“Your wish is but my command, little tabby. Just say the words,” Seamus coaxed. “Come on, baby, just say them.”

The frustration boiled over. Tabitha’s temper flared. “You mother—oh! Oh gawd!”

The moment she lit into him, he lit into her. Pressed back against the ceiling, she was helpless to do anything other than receive the greatest pleasures she'd ever felt. She tried to rotate her hips but Seamus held her still.

Seamus rode her hard and deep. Each thrust designed to fill her and rob her of her ability to think, speak, care about anything in the world other than Seamus. Seamus and his magical, magical dick.

Tabitha tried to hold on to him, tried to thrust back but the pleasure was too great. She accepted it all, every thing and all of him. She took it all and took more still. Because Seamus gave and gave and gave. Wave after wave of orgasmic bliss washed over her. Her body convulsed violently, her head whipping from side to side and her screams bouncing off the rafters.

“Is this your wish, my bonny, little tabby cat? Say the words. Say it, Tabitha! Command me!”

Seamus's voice was so desperate in her ear. The longing pulled at her soul. It took all her strength and some she borrowed from the cosmos, but Tabitha wrapped her arms and legs around him. Locked her gaze on his turbulent one and breathed her command.

“COME!”

The roar that escaped Seamus would have deafened her if she wasn't already. The explosion

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of their climax rocketed through them. Tossed them like a feather in a hurricane. Only to drop them gently onto a cloud. Gently, descending, they swayed in the breeze. They swayed in the breeze...

Breeze?

Breeze!

The cool air caressing her skin caused Tabitha to float up and away from Seamus's body. Frantically she reached for him and pulled herself back into his embrace. Anchored safely in his arms, she noted the pitch-dark sky and all the twinkling stars.

"Where are we?" she asked, exhausted from their coupling.

"The living room."

"Umm, your living room has a big sky in it."

"Our living room is anywhere we want it to be. You wished us here," Seamus explained.

"This is nice, but um, I could fall."

"Fall?" Seamus chuckled.

At that moment, the clouds dissipated and they fell, crash-landing on the cold tiles of the living room floor.

Epilogue

Seamus stood in the rafters of O'Shea's watching as Tabitha worked her way up and down the bar. A year ago, he'd been baiting her with snide remarks about her ass. He'd meant those remarks whether she knew it or not. Nothing could make her ass better. She was perfect the way she was. And now she was his. She was perfect.

He watched as she teased old Ned and the other patrons before gingerly climbing on to the bar. His brow furrowed and his heart leapt. He wanted to whisk her away, but he knew she'd only wish her self back and mount the damn bar in defiance.

At least she sat on a sturdy stool rather than marching up and down in those spindly heels she refused to give up, even in the late stages of her pregnancy.

With her left hand resting on her rounded belly and her right hand holding out a shot glass of apple juice she sang...

The beautiful lyrics of the lullaby promised all their babies happiness and joy all found in being forever Irish.

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About the Authors

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RaeLynn Blue is the author of numerous tales of erotic romance and speculative romance. With an imagination that's varied and diverse, her tales explores love in all its many shades, situations and scenarios. She fell into romance stories at the ripe age of eleven and has been writing stories ever since. A humble scribbler of tales, RaeLynn is actively writing another story of lust, love, and romance.

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