

The book cover features a close-up photograph of a woman's upper body. She is wearing a vibrant red, lace-trimmed bra and has her arms raised, holding a yellow fabric that frames her torso. The background is softly blurred, focusing attention on the woman and the text. The publisher's name, 'Changeling Press', is located at the top in a gold, gothic-style font. The title 'Sex and Chocolate' is written in a red, cursive font with a white outline. Below it, 'Chocolate Bliss' is in a larger, black, elegant script. The author's name, 'SELENA ILLYRIA', is at the bottom in a red, outlined, serif font.

Changeling Press

Sex and Chocolate
Chocolate Bliss
SELENA ILLYRIA

Sex and Chocolate: Chocolate Bliss

Selena Illyria

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Sex and Chocolate: Chocolate Bliss

Selena Illyria

All Connor wanted was for his significant other Roxi to relax. Opening her new café has been stressing her out. So to help her unwind, he concocts his special Bliss Out Hot Chocolate. Only it doesn't go quite as planned.

Roxi's not relaxed at all. The seal containing her succubus nature is deteriorating, and the hunger for sex is wearing down her self-control. Connor calls on his best friend, an incubus, for help.

Dedication

To Teeka, Lena, Dawn, Ce, Leslie, Michelle, Anne and Diana.

Chapter One

After five years as both vampire and succubus, Roxi was still fighting with her succubus nature. The sexual desires running through her body were stronger than her need for blood. One night, nearly a year ago, during a feeding, she'd lost control and killed someone.

Roxi hadn't even realized what she'd done until the next evening after she had risen. Sheer terror and fear had gripped her as she'd rolled over to find her lover cold, his brown eyes lifeless. A sickening smile had curled on his lips as if he'd gone into eternity happy. She'd scrambled out of bed, far away from the horror, and thrown up. Her body shook as she'd curled into a ball. Roxi'd held her knees and cried until nothing had existed beyond the numbness that had settled upon her.

Everything that made sense in her world was gone. Days, hours and minutes went by. How long she'd been curled up in a ball, she didn't know. Tobias had found her. He'd cleaned up her mess, but the lingering loss of her lover hung on her shoulders.

For the past year, she'd struggled to get the memory of waking up to his dead body out of her head. Tobias had tried to teach her control. His efforts had failed. Her succubus nature was too strong. Just the thought of sex, even a small bit of lust, caused the beast to rise within. The desire would take over. She would black out and find her current lover passed out, his life hanging on by a thread, and yet again Tobias would have to clean up her mess.

Tired of losing control, she'd sought out the advice of a witch who told about the sealing ceremony. "The magicks involved are volatile and dangerous. You could die," the witch had warned her.

"I don't care. Just make it happen." Guilt, fear, anger and desperation had driven her to this point. She wanted either to die or have the monster inside of her sealed away if it couldn't be killed. Roxi felt as if the hungers were trying to claw their way out of her. Every second that went by, a little more of her control eroded away. The arousal extended thin fingers, tracing light touches up and down her spine. It lit nerve endings on fire and caused her pussy to contract. Her clit ached for a touch, anything to ease the need.

The world was a swirl of heat and desire. She swallowed and tried to push it all down. The power only shoved right back. Roxi stumbled backward and gasped as the energy surged upward. It stole her breath and sent her head spinning. She tried to breathe through the heat that was consuming her. A hand settled on her shoulder. Roxi looked up to find herself staring into calm, steady, golden eyes. Rough fingertips trailed over her cheek. She turned into the touch. Her lips connected with his palm. Without hesitation she kissed the soft skin and sighed. The desire simmered in her veins, but for the first time since her changing, she could control it.

Roxi closed her eyes and kissed his hand again. She inhaled his scent, a mixture of musk edged with something wild and chaotic. The effects of his cologne rushed through her. It sparked fires within her. Her succubus nature didn't rise. Instead, it lay content at this man's feet. He pulled his hand away. For a moment the need came roaring back, out of control. Then it was pushed away when he cupped her chin, leaned forward and kissed her.

The first touch of his mouth was tentative, hesitant. When she didn't push him away, the kiss became more. She heard his heartbeat in her head. The sweet and salty tastes of blood rolled around her mouth. Roxi hungered for him to sink deep inside of her until they were one. A thirst for his blood rose up so strong that she bit him. Instead of moving away from her, he groaned. She felt his arms wrap around her. He pulled her close. When their hips touched, she felt his erection pressing against her stomach. Her pussy contracted. Desire dampened her panties. She wanted to feel every inch of him inside of her, fucking her hard.

Roxi broke the kiss. Her breath came out in soft pants as desire threatened to tug under its riptide. She looked up at him. Although her gaze was pulled toward his golden eyes, she studied his features fully from his high brow, to his sculpted cheekbones, aquiline nose and sensual lips. What shocked her most were the scars that slashed through his cheek and dragged the left side of his mouth down.

She reached up and traced the fine lines lightly.

He grabbed her wrist. The world stopped. Fear that she had done something wrong caused her to look away.

"It's okay. The wounds still hurt, that's all. Besides, I'd rather have your nails tearing up my back." He smiled. Heat flushed her cheeks as she imagined their legs tangled with one another as their bodies moved together, trying to reach climax. "I'm Connor, by the way, reformed warlock."

He gave her a kiss which made her smile against his mouth. She kissed him back. Roxi lifted her hand and threaded her fingers through his hair. The silken strands trailed against her palm and sent pleasure up her arm. He rocked his hips against hers, and she moaned and grabbed a handful of hair. Roxi pulled back to look up at him. "Don't start something you can't finish."

"I'll finish this as soon as I get the name I'll be crying out tonight."

She chuckled. "Handsome and cheesy too. It's Roxi."

"Roxi? Sexy. Well, Roxi, I'm here to help you with your sealing ceremony. I intend on making it as pleasurable as possible."

"Oh really? How so?"

"You're going to be tied down on your stomach. To help ease any pain or discomfort, I'm in charge of keeping you distracted."

"I see. What exactly are you planning to do to me?"

"Oh, anything and everything you want."

"I like that." She stood up on tiptoe and gave him soft butterfly kisses all over his mouth.

"Then you'll love this. Come on." He slipped his arms from around her waist and stepped back, much to her annoyance. Her succubus pushed forward to take the softly smoldering embers and turn them into a bonfire. She groaned.

"Let me help you." Connor held out his hand.

She didn't hesitate to reach out and take what he offered. Roxi allowed him to lead her out of the room, down a hallway and into a well lit bedroom with a roaring fire in the hearth.

"Take off your clothes, lie on your stomach on the bed and trust me."

"And if something goes wrong?" She watched emotions flit across his face. Guilt and fear were among them. Roxi squeezed his hand. "I was kidding. I trust you."

"Do you? But you don't know me." Connor looked away from her and her heart ached for him. There was something about him that made her want to protect and comfort him before she fucked him cross-eyed.

She gave him her sauciest smile. "I do know one thing about you."

"What's that?" He looked at her again, and she sucked in a breath as her heart skipped a beat.

"I know you're gorgeous and sexy, and I want to fuck your brains out."

He laughed, which was what she wanted. "I'm glad you're feeling the instant attraction too. I promise not to be a downer. Let's get you naked." Connor reached out, took hold of the sides of her shirt and pulled. Buttons flew everywhere.

"Mmm, well, aren't you forward?" She did the same to him, exposing the hard wall of his chest and his ripped abdomen. Her mouth watered at the thought of exploring every inch of him.

"Tsk, ts. I'm not on the menu... yet."

"I'm glad you said 'yet,' otherwise you were going to see a not so happy side of me."

"I'm all about making you happy, honey."

"Oh really?" She gripped the open sides of his shirt and pulled him toward her. "Then you better get these very obtrusive clothes off me if you're going to make me happy."

Roxi pulled on the shirt and he bent down. The kiss was soft and heated. It gave her hope for a taste of things to come. They broke apart and finished undressing. She took the time to look him over. Connor had a muscular body but not overly so. His wide, thick shoulders, long strong arms and legs and trim waist was a feast for her eyes. What drew her attention was the thick, long cock that rose from a nest of dark curls. A single pearlescent bead dotted the slit at the top of his cock head. She licked her lips. The desire to taste him nudged back her need for his blood.

Roxi almost dropped to her knees and asked for a taste of him. Instead, she allowed him to make the first move.

Connor teased her by taking a hold of his shaft and stroking himself slowly. The bead dribbled over the wide mushroom head and down the edge. "Get on the bed." He nodded his head toward the large four poster bed, draped in ruby, amethyst and bright white drapes.

She could see no cuffs in sight. Instead of questioning him on how he intended to hold her, she followed his orders. Once on the mattress, Roxi lay down on her stomach and waited.

He chanted softly as he approached. Connor's voice reached her ears. His tone was low and melodic. Her body tightened. Roxi cried out as increased arousal exploded in her gut. Her legs and arms trembled as wave after wave of heat rose and fell over her heated flesh. It felt like she was burning alive from the inside out and vice versa. She was caught between two fires and unsure of what to do.

The sensation of silk running over her wrists caused her to cry out as pain lanced her arm, each nerve ending overwhelmed.

"Shhhh, be still, Roxi. This will all be over soon."

She felt the bed dip. Roxi gasped as she felt the sensation of falling through the air. She struggled against the feeling as best she could. Her thoughts slipped away

while her heart thundered in her ears to mingle with her screams. Sweat slid over her face as she continued to cry out and struggle. It all stopped suddenly when she felt a hand on her ankle. Cold, sure relief came flooding over her at that simple touch. *Connor*. Roxi labored to get her respiration and heartbeat under control. She squeezed her eyes shut and prayed that wouldn't happen again.

"What --" she stopped, licked her lips and tried again. "What was that?" Her body quivered in fear that whatever it was would start again.

"I'm sorry. I should have warned you. When you climbed up on the bed, you became ensnared by the lust demon trap."

Roxi rolled over to stare up at the canopy. Sure enough there was a large circle with glyphs and an elaborate-looking diagram in the middle. Pain burst in the front of her brain and she groaned. Slowly squeezed her eyes shut.

"I'm sorry, Roxi. I really am. I forgot about it. I was distracted."

She snorted softly as the pain turned to a dull throb between her eyes. "Yeah, forgot." Once the pain was gone and she could breathe properly again, Roxi focused her attention on a deep red drape. "Just for that, I'm not giving you a blow job later."

He chuckled. "I'll live as long as I get to come in your sweet pussy."

Roxi sat up. "Well, aren't we presumptuous? Who says I'm letting you anywhere near my pussy?"

He sat on his heels, his hard cock jutting up near his navel. Sweat beaded on his flesh and sparkled in the light. Connor gave her a wicked smile. "You'll be begging for me to fuck you with my cock. I guarantee it. Now roll over again so you can be bound."

"Orders, orders, and I get nothing in return." She lay back down on her stomach and rested her head on a pillow.

"Oh, you will, beautiful. Trust me," he promised in a low, husky voice.

A shiver of fire traced down her spine to settle at the base. Her cunt contracted. Her groan turned into a gasp when she felt rough hands take hold of her hips and pull her up to all fours. "Connor?"

"Fuck, honey, I'm trying to be good here but holding you like this, seeing you on all fours..."

Her moisture dripped out of her pussy to dampen her thigh. "Fuck me," she urged.

"Not yet. We've got to start the ceremony." His grip on her hips increased and the pain sent a bolt of pleasure through her.

She felt the glide of silk again. This time there was no pain, much to her relief. Roxi bowed her head and focused on breathing. She quietly searched for her succubus only to meet with a dull buzz.

"You won't be able to reach your succubus nature. At the moment you're just like any other vampire. The trap cages the succubus until the ceremony is over."

This time sex would be in her control. "Good." Roxi relaxed and gave into the arousal swirling throughout her body. It felt like warm cashmere, sliding along her skin with delicate touches tracing their way down her spine. Every bead of sweat that slid across her skin felt like a silken ribbon. The slightest brush of cool air over her nipples caused them to tighten, which sent shards of pleasure straight to her clit.

Her body shook with effort to hold herself back. Anticipation sang along her nerve endings as she waited for him to act. The chanting had begun again. The silk tightened around her wrists and she felt the smooth press of leather against her ankles. She didn't struggle against any of her bindings. Instead, she reveled in it.

Roxi didn't mind a bit of bondage during sex.

Fever-hot flesh pressed against her buttocks and back. Connor's breath tickled her ear as he whispered, "You're going to be blindfolded. I want you feel everything I do to you."

"Even the pain?" Her body trembled underneath his. Her fingers gripped the bedspread tightly as she held back a groan. She wanted him to make the sex rough. Roxi wanted him to ride her hard and not hold back. She bit her bottom lip. Pain burst in her mouth as her fangs sunk into her bottom lip, drawing blood. That only added fuel to her arousal.

"Yes."

"Don't hold back. Make it rough. I want the bruises from your hands to show for days after this," she replied. Roxi felt light-headed and it was hard to breathe. She was wound so tight the simple act of him increasing his grip on her hips again made the arousal spike higher. "Connor."

"Be still, be calm." His words pushed the desire back and allowed her to surface enough to catch her breath.

"By the goddess, I've never felt like this before."

"Nor have I." His voice sounded strained.

She smiled. "Having problems resisting me, warlock man?" Roxi stifled a giggle which turned to a moan when he released her hip to swat her ass. The brief sting turned into a soft heat.

"You're not the one about to suffer from blue balls if I don't get inside you soon. Now behave," he grumbled.

She opened her mouth to retort only to snap it shut when the bed dipped again. He still had a grip on her hips so she knew it wasn't him.

"What's going on?" she asked softly.

"Relax, it's the witch who will be helping with the ceremony. She's going to draw the outline of the seal between your shoulder blades. As the ceremony progresses, the seal will be filled in and burned into your skin."

"Okay."

"I promise to be gentle," said a smoky voice on her right side.

Her arousal ebbed away. *Great. I'm stuck with Kathleen Turner. I bet she's as gorgeous as Kathleen too.* The idea that Connor could be attracted to the woman doing the sealing pushed her desire back even more.

Another swat on her ass drew her out of her thoughts. "I want you and only you." He smacked each cheek, one after the other until she was writhing beneath him. "I think it's time to give you something to be worried about."

Her body shook as wave after wave of delicious sensation overtook her. “Connor!” Roxi cried out when she felt the first brush of his tongue on the plump lips of her pussy. He lapped up one side and down the other before thrusting his tongue into her aching cunt. She squeezed her vaginal muscles, needing more stimulation. He plunged his tongue in and out of her grasping channel as he teased her clit with his thumb. Sparks of pleasure burst as her orgasm began to build. It all stopped when he pulled away from her damp sex.

“Connor? What are you doing?” She hissed at her burning sensation between her shoulder blades.

The blaze subsided when Connor put his mouth back on her pussy. He licked, nibbled and kissed. Roxi moaned and tried to move toward him, but the ties kept her in place. He parted her labia and blew gently on her clit. She moaned and gripped the sheets tighter as the arousal coiled tighter within her. Connor parted her cunt lips. Gently he flicked her clit, setting off small bursts of pleasure. He slipped first one finger into her slick pussy, then a second. With each thrust she was pushed closer to the edge.

“Connor,” she moaned. He scraped the sensitive head of her clit with his teeth before sucking it into his mouth. Every tug of his mouth drew out soft moans. “More. Fuck me. I need your cock, please.”

His answer was a harsh pull of his lips and his fingers moved faster. The pressure grew until she thought it wouldn’t fit in her body. She gritted her teeth. Roxi lowered her head to the bed and prayed that the pressure would stop growing. She became afraid. Never had she felt like this. The pleasure and fear collided and merged. Her grip increased on the sheets, shredding them. She bit down on her bottom lip, drawing more blood. Blood hunger coiled in her belly to combine with the fear and pleasure. So many emotions collided within her and she could feel them all. It was as if they were being strained through a sieve.

It was too much, all of it.

“Please, goddess.” Her eyes squeezed shut until tears slipped down her face. Sex had never been like this. *What is he doing to me?*

He released her clit and pulled his fingers out of her cunt. The arousal continued to grow. The bed rocked and then she felt the wide head of his cock against her dripping entrance. Roxi sucked in a breath as she braced herself for him. Her body grew tense with anticipation. She felt his damp skin press against her buttocks and her back. His body heat added to hers, increasing the fever running through her veins. Connor's breath against the delicate shell of her ear sent a shiver of sensation down her back. He took the lobe of her between his teeth, pulling on it gently before sucking it into his mouth hard. With a soft pop, he released the skin and whispered in her ear, "Relax, beautiful."

She tried to do as he suggested but couldn't. Roxi could feel the heat of his shaft and could only imagine what he would feel like inside of her. She shook her head. "I can't. It's all too much. I've never... This isn't how --"

The words were lost to her. Roxi wasn't sure how to explain what she was feeling at the moment.

"Breathe, beautiful." He kissed his way down her neck starting at the hollow under her ear to her shoulder. Connor nipped at the crook, gently at first, before giving her a hard bite. She gasped aloud while he thrust forward. The pain and pleasure collided into each other then merged until she couldn't tell the difference. He pulled back and pushed forward again. This time he sank deeper inside of her. Each thrust sent waves of pleasure rushing through her until she became lost in the sensation.

"That's it, honey. Go with it." He kissed his way along her shoulder before pulling away. Connor gripped her hips tighter as he rocked into her with short, hard thrusts. The pressure grew again until it crested. He slipped a hand between her thighs. His fingers parted her labia. The first brush of his finger against her clit caused the pleasure to spill over until she was overwhelmed by it. Instead of giving into the fear, she went with the wave. Each brush, every thrust took her closer to climax. Her mind hung over the edge of cliff until she was pushed over.

Roxi screamed as her cunt clenched around his cock. Her body shook as her muscles jumped. The fever grew until she thought she'd burst into flames. Pleasure

bathed her from head to toe. She was left gasping and mewling as the pressure ebbed away, leaving her to feel as if she was floating on a warm wave. Connor continued to thrust into her. She felt him expand and pulse inside of her. He came, spurting his hot seed in her vagina.

Once the afterglow began to fade, they were both left breathing hard. Her legs and arms shook as she tried to keep upright. Roxi felt drained of all of her energy. The burning sensation was back, only now it was a hot pulse on her skin. The silken ties slipped from her wrists, and the leather fell away from her ankles.

Roxi trembled before falling to the mattress, covered in sweat. Muscles popped and jumped as her heartbeat began to slow. Her toes flexed and curled as her hands continued to grip the bed covers. The mattress dipped before she felt the hot, damp press of Connor against her back. She groaned as her back throbbed softly at the contact of his body.

"Oh, sorry," he murmured. Connor placed a soft kiss on her shoulder. His body shifted in back of her and then his arm came into view. "Here, honey, drink of me."

Her mouth watered at the sight of his wrist. She inhaled deeply. Sex and sweat swirled in the air along with a hunger that wasn't hers.

"You want me to drink of you?" Roxi held her breath.

"Yes. Please, let me help you recover." He kissed his way across her shoulder and up her neck. "Drink of me."

She couldn't say no. Roxi grasped his hand and forearm and brought his wrist to her mouth. She flicked her tongue over his pulse point. Her fangs grew longer as her thirst increased. Saliva filled her mouth as she inhaled the salt and sweat of his skin. She could hear the blood pumping in his veins and moaned.

"Bite me," he urged softly.

Roxi opened her mouth. Her teeth sunk into tender flesh. Life -- his life -- rushed into her mouth. Connor's blood washed over her taste buds. The sweet metallic taste had her moaning in pleasure. Energy and heat saturated her body. New life filled her veins with each swallow. She gripped his hand and arm tighter as she drank more of

him until his blood dribbled down her chin and throat in hot rivulets. Roxi reluctantly released his wrist and licked his wounds. Gently, she pushed away his arm. "Thank you."

He rolled his hips. She felt the slide of a new erection against the crease of her ass. Her pussy contracted in response. She giggled. "Again? Getting bitten turns you on?"

Connor slipped his arms around her waist and pulled her against him. "You turn me on."

"You barely know me and yet you volunteered to help me. Why?"

"Because a beautiful woman needed me."

Roxi snorted. "Cheesy, very cheesy."

"What do you want me to say? The healer witch felt that sex would help you during the process of sealing."

"So it's all done?"

"We'll give you time to recover before we break out the goat sacrifice."

She burst out laughing.

"No seriously. To make sure the seal holds, we must sacrifice a goat. It's in the special spell book."

She continued to giggle. "Is the secret handshake in there too?"

"Oh yeah, all of it. That's why we were hunted down all those centuries ago, for the secret handshake."

The laughter died away and she lay against him, feeling relaxed. The tension that had sung through her was no longer there. The arousal that haunted her every waking moment was a dull buzz in the back of her mind.

"How do you feel?" he asked before kissing the hollow below her ear.

"Better. I feel good."

"Wonderful. So you'd agree to go on a date with me?"

She said nothing, allowing the silence to grow between. Roxi knew the answer. She just wanted to make him squirm a bit.

"I swear I'm not a stalker. I'm friends with my ex-girlfriends, and I actually do love my mother despite her matchmaking ways. And I have no father issues whatsoever."

Roxi was tempted to ask about the scars but decided against it. "And will you pay for dinner? We already had sex so you owe me."

He buried his head in the crook of her neck and murmured against her skin, "I owe you something? Besides the best orgasm you've ever had?"

"Best?" she teased. "I'd give it a five out of ten."

"Five! No, not even close. You screamed. You know what? If you're going to play this game then I'm just going to have to demonstrate my abilities in bed again."

"Yeah, but first you're going to have to catch me." She tried to scramble out of bed only to find pain bursting in her foot and spreading up her leg when she tried to leave the mattress.

"Ow, fuck!"

"Oh shit. I'm so sorry, honey." The bed shook and Connor got up quickly. He muttered a few words and the pain ceased. He scooped her up into his arms. "I'm sorry, beautiful. I'll take you to dinner, do anything you want. Just let me make it up to you."

He stared at her, golden eyes pleading for her forgiveness. Her heart skipped a beat and she sighed. Roxi shook her head and his face fell.

"I'm not saying no. I just can't believe I'm going to say this but I forgive you. I barely know you, we just had sex and now I want to go out with you, get to know you."

Connor whooped aloud. "I knew my charm would wear you down."

"Don't get so cocky. You owe me dinner and a much better orgasm."

"Oh, I'm going to show you what I can do. But first, a bath."

"Are you trying to tell me something?"

"No, but I want to clean up the wound on your back. Due to the magick ink used for the seal, the skin isn't healed. I know you're a vampire and you don't get sick, but I don't want to take any chances. Magick and the undead can have varied outcomes."

She smiled up at him. "Okay. You get to bathe me. After that, I want *steak au poivre* with a nice glass of cognac or brandy, understand?"

"You're expensive." Connor chuckled.

"You're damn right and I'm worth every penny. Enough talk. Take me to my bath, Jeeves."

"I'll show you, Jeeves," he muttered before he ran to the bathroom with her in his arms. She cried out before he silenced her with a kiss.

Chapter Two

Five years later

Connor hissed aloud as thick ice-cold liquid dripped onto his torso. "Roxi, that's cold."

Her answer was giggle. "It's ice cream. Of course it's cold."

The chill was soon replaced with the heat of her tongue, lapping up the dribbles of the dessert slowly slipping down his side. He groaned and pulled on his restraints. Connor cursed the blindfold she'd insisted he wear.

"Roxi --"

"Yes, Connor?" Her tongue swirled around his navel before moving up and down his stomach to lap up the ice cream. He writhed on the mattress.

"Please release me."

"Nuh uh, you promised to help me with my research. This ice cream has to be perfect."

"But I'm not eating any of it. Fuuuck," he moaned when she dripped a bit of the ice cream onto the head of his cock. The melted, creamy dessert slipped down his shaft, forming thick, icy trails. He thrust his hips forward and was rewarded with her enveloping just the head of his cock into the warm, moist cavern of her mouth. He moaned when she licked his slit. Connor cursed his restraints as she swallowed him little by little. Her tongue danced along his shaft, licking, teasing, exploring every inch of his cock. Her throat clasped around his shaft causing sweet sensations to rush up and down his spine. He groaned when she released his cock. The heat of her mouth was replaced by the cool air in the room.

"Damn, no more ice cream." She slathered something thick and cool over his erection.

"Roxi, what are you doing? Finish blowing me."

"I told you, you have to help me test this new ice cream and icing."

"But I'm not *eating* any of it," he insisted, when she added more of what he assumed was icing to his cock.

"How's this?"

She ran her finger over his mouth, coating it with something thick. His tongue darted out to taste the substance. Bittersweet chocolate burst over his taste buds before the heat hit. He hissed in surprise.

"Like it? It's my new chocolate chili icing."

His pleasure was short-lived when he heard the word chili. "Dear goddess, Roxi, did you just put that stuff on my cock? Take it off. Take it off now!"

Connor thrashed around on the bed.

She giggled musically. "Of course not, silly. I just put the new white chocolate icing on your cock, and I must say it looks delish."

A flash of heat swept through his body at the huskiness in her tone. "Then lick it off me, sweet."

Connor moaned at the touch of her tongue as she slowly licked off the icing.

"Mmmm, yummy." Roxi took her time lapping off the thick topping. He pushed his hips forward, hoping she'd take the hint to suck him off.

Roxi stopped what she was doing. "Say it, Connor. Tell me what you want."

"Suck me off, Roxi. Make me come in your mouth."

"Just what I was thinking."

She took him back into her mouth. Roxi hollowed out her cheeks, increasing the pressure around his cock. Her lips slid up and down his thick shaft as her tongue explored his length. Liquid heat slipped over his balls. Pleasure ran through his body. His nerve endings flared as his muscles flexed and relaxed under his restraints. The wet sounds of her attentions, the soft burning of the candle, the pop and hiss of the fire in the hearth and the creak of the leather all combined to increase his arousal.

Connor's head thrashed on the pillow as the pressure inside of him increased. Each swipe of her tongue, every time her lips glided down his cock, he was pushed closer to liftoff. "Roxi, fuck. Good. This feels so good. That's it, baby. More, give me more. I love your mouth on me."

He pushed his hips forward and pulled back, fucking her mouth with shallow thrusts. The pleasure increased as fire danced through his veins. He felt power and desire fill his body until it all spilled over. Sharp pinpricks rushed up and down his spine, faster and faster, until they exploded in a rush of heat that over took him. He cried out as he came. White noise filled his ears and his toes curled. His head felt gauzy. His thoughts were a jumble as he shot jets of his come into her mouth.

Connor groaned as he felt the heat of Roxi's mouth leave his shaft. His lungs labored to keep up with his heart as it beat out of control in his chest. Muscles jumped and twitched as he settled down into the afterglow.

"Yummy, I should do more taste tests like this."

The blindfold loosened around his head. Connor opened his eyes only to have to blink a few times before everything became clear. Roxi's face hovered over his, only a breath away. He grinned.

"Hey, beautiful." Connor took in her smooth mocha skin, dark brown eyes, pert nose and full lips and smiled.

"Hey yourself, Mr. Warlock. Why didn't you just magick those cuffs off, hmmm?" The grip on his wrists relaxed, and he found that he could pull his arms down but not without some pain.

"Oh, sorry, kept you tied too for too long, huh? I was having far too much fun." Roxi moved away. The pressure around his ankles slackened. He attempted to move his legs only to have them remain on the bed like weights.

"Looks like I need to take some time to recover. I'm exhausted." Connor chuckled before he closed his eyes to rest. He heard Roxi move around the room. Bottles clunked together and her footsteps padded this way and that.

"I'm going to shower and then head down to the kitchen. There's still a lot to do. Will you be joining me or working on your spells today?"

"I'll help you in the kitchen."

"Thank you." He felt the soft press of her lips on his cheek and smiled. Connor lay on the bed and relaxed. Tomorrow was the opening of Roxi's new café, and he couldn't have been prouder of his love. This had been three years in the making, lots of planning and plotting and scouring for the perfect location. Now the store was opening, and she was working her butt off to make sure everything was perfect. The only thing that made him pause was how much work she had put into everything. Sometimes he would come down in the middle of the night to find her asleep at the big counter in the middle of the kitchen, her head using a cookbook as a pillow.

"I'm going to have to make sure she doesn't tire herself out on the eve of the opening." A smile spread his lips as the thought of making her his family's special Relaxation Hot Chocolate. Connor tried to move his legs again, this time successfully, so he got out of bed and headed for the shower. After he cleaned up, he headed to his private study where he set a cauldron of water on to boil while he gathered the ingredients for the potion including his secret stash of premium white chocolate powder.

Connor mixed in a bit of chamomile, lavender and some cinnamon to cover up the taste of the other herbs. Once the combination was thoroughly blended, he added his mother's special potion. The liquid turned from a milky white to a rich brown color. He dumped a large amount of dark chocolate powder into the cauldron, stirred it and turned down the flame. The mixture needed to simmer for a few hours on a low heat in order for the elixir to be blended completely.

After he covered the cauldron, Connor went downstairs to help Roxi with whatever she had left to make. He found her flitting around the kitchen, tasting this, stirring that and checking on what was in the oven.

"Need any help?" He grabbed an apron, put it on and headed for an empty counter.

"Yeah, mix up that icing and fill the piping bags. After that you can do the cupcakes that are cooling on the rack. I'm making the individual chocolate crème pies."

"Okay." He didn't mention how stressed she looked. Instead, Connor went to work. Three hours later, his back hurt from standing bent over the tables. "Roxi, I'm going to take a break. I need to stretch my legs."

"Fine, just get back here quickly. I still have to do the triple chocolate cookies and move those cases of chocolate beer into the new giant fridge."

"Roxi, baby, you should take a break too. Sweetheart, you've been working your ass off since six this morning. You've gone four hours nonstop."

"I'm fine."

"Roxi --"

"Drop it, Connor. I'm fine. I'll rest when I'm done."

He kept his mouth shut, and instead he headed upstairs. "Oh, she's going to rest all right."

Connor grabbed his mother's potion and added a few drops to the concoction, watching it turn an even dark brown. Satisfied that things were going well, he headed back downstairs to help Roxi. He was relieved to see some of her kitchen staff had finally come to help out, but his relief was short-lived. By later afternoon her helpers had allowed two pans of cupcakes to burn. Roxi reacted first with anger and then tears.

Connor couldn't wait anymore. It seemed as if she was on the verge of a breakdown, and he refused to have the opening of her café ruined because of all the stress. He dashed upstairs, poured a bit of the mixture into a mug and hurried down to her.

"Here, love, drink this. It should help." Connor pushed the cup into her hands.

"What --" Roxi looked up at him, mascara-laced tears slipping down her face.

"Trust me. Please, just drink it. It will help. I promise you that." He watched her take a tentative sip. His heart beat against his ribcage as he waited for her reaction.

"Mmm, yum!" She downed the whole cup, causing him to wince.

"Darling, if you weren't a vampire, I would have been concerned."

She laughed. Her smile lit up her face and he sighed. Connor reached up and caressed her cheek. "Feel better?"

"Much. Thank you." Roxi turned to the helpers in the kitchen. "Sorry guys, I promise I won't be PMS Cooking anymore."

Her helpers laughed and shook their heads as they went back to mixing, baking and icing.

Connor leaned down and nuzzled her neck. "Are you sure you feel better? No more stress?"

"I feel great, so relaxed but also energized. Hmmm. Stop that or you may find yourself on the floor, on your back and me fucking you." She planted a kiss over his pulse point before she opened her mouth and dragged her fangs down his neck. He shivered as sparks of heat were set off through his body.

"Keep that up and you may be the one on the floor and me buried balls deep inside of you." Roxi moaned. "Later, sweetheart, when no one's around?"

"Fine. Prude." She stuck her tongue out at him.

"Exhibitionist," he teased.

"Only with you." Roxi got up on tiptoe and placed a gentle kiss on his lips. "Thank you for putting up with me."

"It's not putting up." He rested his forehead against hers. "It's being in love with someone and wanting what's best for them. I love you, Roxi, and after this -- once everything calms down -- you and I are going to go on a vacation together, understand?"

She nodded without breaking skin contact. "That sounds nice. Where are you taking me?"

"Some place where there are no cafés and bakeries." He laughed at her perturbed expression.

Roxi smacked his arm. "Smart ass."

He turned around. "My ass is right here."

She burst out laughing and gave him a smack on his butt. "Happy now?"

"Hardly. You're not naked and we're not in bed."

"You're horrible."

He chuckled. "Only when it comes to you. Let's get back to work."

"Okay."

For the rest of the afternoon, well after most of the employees left, Roxi and Connor worked until there was nothing left to do. Connor wiped the sweat off his brow as he put the last of the brownie mix into the fridge. "Okay, these are ready for tomorrow. Anything else we need to do?"

"Nope. How about we share a shower to conserve water?" Roxi grinned mischievously as she cleaned up a counter.

Connor paused before answering her. Ever since he'd given her the hot chocolate, she'd displayed a more sexually aggressive side. Her hand would brush the front of his jeans, or she'd rub against him when there was plenty of room to pass. Then there were the moments when she'd whisper sweet dirty nothings in his ear when she had him cornered.

All these things set him ill at ease. Roxi wasn't just another vampire. She was also a succubus whose basic nature had been sealed away with magick. Before that, she'd gone on a rampage, leaving victims near death after a sexual encounter with her. Connor prayed that the seal was holding and she was just feeling extra horny since they hadn't had much time for sex recently.

"Roxi, how are you feeling?"

"Why?" She stopped wiping down a counter to look at him.

"You just seem, uh, a bit more aggressive, sexually." Connor held his breath waiting for the shutdown to happen. Roxi loathed talking about her succubus nature.

"I'm fine. My seal isn't burning. I just want to spend a bit more time with my man." Roxi smiled.

He let out a sigh of relief.

"You were worried, weren't you? We haven't had sex in quite a while, and this morning reminded me of how much I love exploring your body. Tell you what, grab the dark chocolate syrup. This time you get to tie me down and explore me."

"Chocolate and you, I love it. You better run to the shower, woman, before I catch you."

"You think you're faster than me, warlock?" In the blink of an eye she was directly in front of him, a wicked glint in her eye.

"How about you see if you can catch me first?"

Before he could answer, she had teleported to the stairs. Connor watched her take off her apron, then peel her sweater off in slow motion to reveal a sexy red lace bra. Her dark chocolate nipples were outlined perfectly against the tight fabric. Next to go was her skirt. She now stood before him in just a lacy red thong, bra, thigh-high lace-topped stockings and black suede stiletto Mary Janes.

Roxi took out her hair clip and shook out her curly dark brown hair. The thick tresses fell around her face in a wild curtain that made him think of tousled-after-sex hair. She licked her lips, making the plump flesh glisten. He moved forward and she shook her head.

"Grab the dark chocolate syrup first. Then join me upstairs." Roxi short-circuited his brain by hooking her thumbs into the sides of the thong, pushing them down, stepping out of them and then tossing them to him. His hand came up automatically. He caught them and brought the lace fabric to his nose. He inhaled the scent of her desire and moaned. His cock twitched and pressed against the fly of his jeans. His balls throbbed.

He looked up at Roxi as he inhaled her scent. She bent over, giving him a good view of her breasts almost spilling out of the bra and blew him a kiss before she took off up the stairs.

"You'll pay for that, Roxi," he called out as he rushed to the fridge, grabbed the dark chocolate syrup and chased upstairs after her. When he reached their apartment over the shop, he heard the shower going and shook his head.

"Oh, you'll pay for making me wait but first a little of ambience." Connor put down the bottle of syrup on the dresser and moved around the room, first changing the sheets, then lighting some candles and lastly putting on some of her favorite jazz music to set the mood.

Roxi came out of the bathroom, skin glistening, wet strands of hair hanging down past her shoulders.

"Why'd you take a shower?" Connor asked as he pulled his shirt over his head.

"I've been working in the kitchen all day. I smelled like sweat and baking. I wanted to feel clean before spending the next few hours making up for lost time with you."

"Is that a hint that you want me to shower too?"

She gave him a mysterious smile. "You don't have to."

"Why don't you get some wine and I'll get cleaned up."

"Are you trying to stall?"

"Maybe. Or maybe it's payback for hopping into the shower without me."

"You could have joined me."

"And miss out on setting the mood?"

She threw took off her towel and threw it at him. He caught it with one hand and grinned.

"You better take a quick shower and join me or else I'll start without you."

"Don't worry. I'll be fast." Connor rushed past her and into the bathroom. He had an ulterior motive for wanting to take a shower. The feeling that she was holding something back from him wouldn't go away. He suspected that her succubus nature was, in fact, peeking out. A quick shower would give her just enough time to get that under control before he joined her.

Chapter Three

Connor closed his eyes and tilted his head up toward the showerhead. He could feel something floating in the air. There was an edge of danger he couldn't put his finger on. The sensation slid along his skin like the brush of feathers. A thought occurred to him. *What if the succubus was rising?* Fear sent a chill slicing through the humidity in the air. The room went cold. Roxi had told him about her past, the insatiable hunger for sex that had driven her to drain the life out of some of her lovers. The guilt still sometimes haunted her dark brown eyes and made him ache for her.

Before she'd had her nature sealed, she'd begged the head of a coven that he was associated with for help. The head witch had, at first, turned her down until she came to the woman in tears, with blood staining the front of her dress. She'd fallen down on her knees and begged for them to seal the succubus lust away. Unable to deny her this time, the witch, in turn, had called him since he was the expert in magickal seals. Once he'd seen her, Connor hadn't been able to look away, despite the pain he was in from being attacked by a werewolf after a ritual gone wrong. He hadn't thought telling her about the attack mattered since her case was far more important to him. What was his pain compared to hers?

One look at the desperate beauty and all he could think about was helping her. The desire had been unexpected but worked to their benefit. Connor closed his eyes and groaned as the arousal rose once again. Now he wanted to take her again. He wanted to give her the same pleasure she had given him this morning. Only this time he would be inside of her when he came.

Connor finished showering and left the bathroom. The bedroom was empty, which allowed him to set a few things up. He lit the candles and set out some of the chocolate body paint they kept in their toy trunk. He also took out the blindfold and set

it next to the bed. A look around the room left him unsatisfied. He glanced toward the headboard and saw that cuffs hung from the balustrades. With great concentration, he brought forth his power. The energy slid down his arm, warming his fingertips. He aimed it at the manacles and manipulated them until they turned into silken scarves. Exhaustion descended on him as the last of his power seeped away until he was empty.

Connor went and manually dimmed the lights. Still unsatisfied and uneasy, he went to the phone and dialed his best friend Van.

"Hello?"

"Van, I may need your help tonight."

"What's up?"

Connor hesitated in telling his friend what was going on. In the past he'd shared women with Van before, and for this he didn't mind. If Roxi's succubus nature was close to breaking free, only an incubus could help keep it satisfied long enough so that they could get help. What made him to pause was how Roxi would react. He sighed and took the risk. "Roxi may be having trouble with her succubus nature. I fear that the seal is fading. I'll need your help if that happens."

"You sure?" Van sounded hesitant. "Connor, you do understand that I'll have to participate in the sexual part, right?"

Connor paused then sighed. "Yes. We've done this before when she was learning how to deal with the seal and her newly awakened senses. We'll need you again."

"Is she okay with this?"

"I haven't spoken to her about it, but I'm sure she'll understand."

"Talk to her first. If you still need me, call me."

"Be ready. I think, regardless of what she says, we'll need you."

"Fine."

Van hung up leaving Connor with a bad taste in his mouth. Inviting Van into their bed was like showing a banquet to a starving man only to give him a taste but not enough to stave off the hunger. His thoughts were interrupted by Roxi's approach. Her energy crackled around him like lightning. He could taste her arousal on his tongue.

Connor opened his mind and powers. His energy connected with hers. Their powers dueled, merged and pulled back before colliding again. The air tasted of the salty sweetness of her juices and a hint of danger that had been evident in their first meeting. Her hunger caressed his cheek and her arousal slid between his legs to squeeze his cock. He tilted his head back and groaned. His desire answered the call of her need. He wanted to bury himself balls deep inside of her. It felt like an eternity since he'd been with her. That morning was a distant dream that had left him craving more from her.

His balls tightened as his cock thickened and lengthened, tenting the towel. He reached down and gripped himself through the cloth but didn't give his cock the stroke he so badly wanted. Instead, he squeezed his erection gently before letting his arm drop to his side. It took a bit of an internal struggle, but he was able to wade through his desire and regain some control of himself. Roxi's energy hit him full blast in the back, and he knew she was right behind him. Slowly, he turned to face her. As usual, his breath caught in his throat, and his heart skipped a beat and then sped up.

"Roxi," he murmured. His voice sounded rough and heavy with need. She blinked at him, luminous brown eyes gazing back at him with a mixture of desire and tenderness.

Connor swallowed and struggled to find the words. "Roxi --" He tried again. Connor licked his lips and proceeded. "I've invited Van over. I know you're struggling with your succubus, and I want to help you the best way I can at the moment. We can't go to the witch right now as she's on holiday, and I don't trust the others with this complexity. So, we'll make do with what we can. Is that okay? Did I do the right thing?"

His heart hammered in his chest and waited for her answer. She looked away from him and his hopes crashed.

"Did you give me the hot chocolate to break the seal?"

The question caught him like a punch to the gut, and he grunted aloud as if he'd actually been hit. "Roxi, how could you say that? I would never put you through that hell again. No."

He approached her and reached out only to stop himself. Connor knew grabbing her and trying to shake her would not make her see he was telling the truth. He sighed. "I just wanted to... I wanted to help you de-stress, that's all. The hot chocolate had a few things in it to help relax you. I knew you were tense. Plus you were snapping at everyone. I just wanted to help."

His shoulders sagged. A sense of defeat pushed back any desire or hope he had for an evening filled with sex. Roxi's hand on his chest made him pause. He gazed down at her and saw her eyes were shiny with unshed tears. Her mouth quivered. She gave him a watery smile.

"You always take care of me and I love you for that." Roxi rose on her tiptoes and kissed him softly. "Thank you. As for the hot chocolate, I understand. But we're going to need to have this seal redone as it's starting to lose some of its power. I think something in the hot chocolate may have counteracted the magick in the spell, but that's neither here nor there. I get to have a ménage. Woot!"

"Don't get used to the idea, honey. It's only until we can get the seal redone, understand? Van, as you know, is an incubus. He's powerful enough to take some of your hunger so that it's manageable. After that, it's just you and me."

Roxi pouted. He couldn't resist. Connor dipped his head, took her lip between his teeth and pulled gently. She groaned and wrapped her arms around his waist. He released her lip and stared down at her. "Let's get this started, shall we? I have the chocolate body paint and you have the syrup, yes?"

She held up the bottle and he grinned.

"Let me call Van to give him the okay, and we'll get started when he gets here. Would you like to be tied down or free to touch and feel?"

"Tell me what to do and I'll do it."

His thoughts scattered. She was offering up one of his favorite fantasies: to dominate her. He licked his lips, not sure what to say at first.

"I'm all yours. Do with me what you will." She bowed her head. Her body relaxed and he groaned.

“Wicked woman, you don’t know what you’re asking. Fine. Go put on those sexy black lace crotchless panties I got you and the matching bra and garter belt. Then go lie on the bed.”

She pushed the syrup and wine into his hands before she rushed toward their closet. He blew out a breath and wondered what was going to happen that night. Connor placed the chocolate syrup with the body paints and set the wine on a nightstand along with the glasses. He placed a call to Van and let him know that the night was a go. While Roxi was changing, he went down to wait for him.

A soft knock on the backdoor of the shop announced Van’s arrival. He opened it to find Van standing in darkness. Not even the soft light of the porch lantern lit him up. Connor stepped back and Van walked into the kitchen. Once inside, the light revealed Van wearing all black. His straight midnight hair shot through with strands of dark purple hung loose around his shoulders. He nodded at Connor. His dark blue eyes flecked with bronze were sparkling with excitement. Desire rolled off of the incubus in waves that increased Connor’s arousal.

“My friend.” Van greeted him in his quiet and deep voice.

The sound put Connor at ease; always steady, always calm, that was Van. “Thank you for coming out and helping us.”

Van smiled. “I cherish these moments when I can help another person out. So, she truly is fine with this? We are, in a way, going backward to when she was first learning how to control her hungers under the seal.”

“It seems I may have used something in the hot chocolate I gave her that helped wear away the seal’s power.”

“What did you put in it?” Van looked intrigued.

Connor shook his head. “No time. I’ll give you the rundown after we’ve drained a bit of her lust away. Come on.”

Connor led the way as they went up the apartment over the shop. Just before they went into the bedroom, Connor turned to Van. “Let me take your coat. Did you bring anything with you?”

Van dug into his jacket pocket and produced what looked like dark red tea lights. "I found these while in Asia. They're made by a vampire hermit who lives off of animal blood. He's an incubus too but found a way to control his lust after his nature had been sealed away. They smell like chocolate and cinnamon. Very soothing, although it does make you hungry." He chuckled.

"I'm sure she'll love them."

Van shrugged out of his jacket and handed it to him. Once that was hung up, they headed into the bedroom. Connor stopped in his tracks when he saw what was waiting for them. On the bed, dressed in the black lace bra and panties with matching garter belt and lace-topped stockings and stilettos, was Roxi. With one leg bent, the spiked heel digging into the silken bedspread, she lounged on her elbows, staring at them. Her eyelids were lowered, dark brown glittering behind lashes of black.

"Took you long enough. I've been waiting." She slid off the bed and sauntered toward them. Roxi produced a silk scarf from behind her back. She held it in front of her. "I seem to recall that the last time you took control, you enjoyed blindfolding me while you explored my body. If I may, I'd like to suggest you bind my hands over my head and I be allowed to watch as the two of you pleasure me. That is, if the suggestion pleases you."

Connor grinned widely. "Van, what do you think?"

"I like the use of the blindfold. How about we do that and bind her hands behind her back?"

"With pleasure. Okay, honey, close your eyes and turn around."

Chapter Four

Despite the calm and playfulness in her words, the hunger lurked in the shadows. She tried to tamp it down only to have it flare up again, burning hotter and higher. The mere thought of the pleasure both men would be giving her made the need worse. She clenched and unclenched her hands as she fought with her inner demon. *I need something else to focus on.*

Before Connor placed the blindfold over her eyes, she glanced at Van. It had been years since she'd last seen him. She took in his broad shoulders, wide chest and tapered waist encased in silk. His long legs were covered by black wool slacks. He undid his belt and fly first, before tugging his shirt out of the waistband.

Her mouth filled with saliva as she watched him unbutton the thin fabric. Each button opened revealed unyielding muscle encased in pale golden flesh. When he pulled off his shirt, she held back a groan. Her body tightened as she watched the vast smooth skin that was on display. Her fingertips tingled with the urge to touch. Small black barbells stood out against the tight rosy buds of his nipples already turgid. Her lips burned with the yearning to trail kisses and nips over his highly defined six-pack.

She moaned at the feel of calloused hands on her arms. Her seal burned and the desire for sex grew. Roxi tried to push it back when the air around her became saturated with Connor's scent. His moist breath tickled the delicate shell of her ear. "Do you want to fuck him, darling?" he whispered.

The words inflamed her need. Van removed the rest of his clothing. His cock sprang up, dark and thick, from a nest of black curls threaded with dark purple strands. At the thick mushroom head was a drop of pre-cum. Roxi licked her lips as her cunt contracted. She pushed her hips back and wriggled her ass against Connor's erection.

Van needed sex, but on the edge of her desire, doubts began to surface at the feel of Connor's body against hers. For a moment reality intruded.

"I want to fuck you while he drinks of me and I of him." She didn't voice what else was on her mind.

Connor chuckled as he placed soft kisses down her neck. Her skin burned at the soft touches. His hands took hold of her hips and held her still. "Just think of it, beautiful. There will be two of us to fuck you, just like it used to be."

She groaned when his tongue flicked her pulse point before taking the delicate skin between his teeth and biting down hard. Roxi cried out as her body bucked. She was torn between the needs of her succubus and the feeling she was cheating on Connor in some way.

"I agreed to this but I..." Her voice trailed off when he took hold of her breasts and gave them a hard squeeze. She moaned and arched her back into his palms.

"It's all right. I don't mind. We shared you once before and we'll do it again. You need this and I want to help you, and you loved being between us once. I want to give you that experience again. We want to help you." Connor plucked her nipples, setting off sparks of electricity that shot straight to her cunt.

"And after?" Roxi gave a voice to her one concern. "We're in a committed relationship, but to invite Van back..."

"It's okay, Roxi, I understand. This is only temporary. You need me and I'm here to help," Van assured her.

Connor pinched the aching buds and held them for a moment before releasing them. Heat filled her breasts and ebbed outward.

"Are you sure? You don't mind being dismissed after this?" Roxi swallowed, hating that she could offend someone who was not only her friend but had been there during a very rough time. Also, in the back of her mind, she wondered if Van and Connor would be enough to tame the need.

"You love Connor, and I love someone else."

That took her aback. "Does she --"

"She doesn't know I exist, but that's okay. For now, I'm free to do this and I want to help. Please allow me."

Roxi closed her eyes. Arousal sizzled along her nerve endings as her body pulsed with need. Her clit throbbed as her pelvic muscles contracted. The room became overwhelmingly hot as she contemplated the possibilities that could be had. When she couldn't stand the hesitation any more, she opened her eyes and looked at Van.

"Okay, we institute the same rules. Only Connor can come inside my pussy, and when I say I've had enough, it all stops. Other than that, you both have free rein to do as you wish." Roxi's heart beat erratically in her chest. The succubus in her purred in approval. She ignored it and focused on what was about to happen.

"Good. Now that we have that settled, close your eyes. Time for the blindfold."

She drew in a deep breath and closed her eyes. As soon as the darkness enveloped her, it was as if she'd stepped into another world. Her sense of smell increased. Under the scent of clean skin, soap, amber and vanilla there was also chocolate, cinnamon, woody cologne and the metallic scent of blood. There was also the musk of male arousal. Roxi groaned as the flames of need lapped at the walls of her stomach.

She licked her lips and tasted Connor. Roxi lifted her hand. She tried to search for Connor by touch only to encounter empty space. Now every move she made was like walking through water. The silken glide of air felt like liquid against her skin, sending shivers of sensation through her body, lighting her nerve endings on fire.

"Let the arousal come. Just allow it to rise. Don't fight it," Van whispered.

She thought of Connor, the way he had looked when he'd stepped out of the shower yesterday morning. She had stopped in the doorway to watch Connor pad around the room with only a towel on. His golden skin had glistened with drops of water that sparkled in the dim light. His thick, dark brown hair fell to his shoulders in waves and curls. His strong arms had swung free and easy as the muscles of his back slid under the skin. The tattoo between his shoulder blades, marking him as a high-

ranking warlock, glistened under the early morning sunlight. She'd watched as the cheeks of his buttocks moved underneath the small towel.

Roxi had wanted to rip off the offending material to expose every inch of his skin to her gaze.

Her mouth filled at the thought of exploring his body with her tongue and hands. Her palms itched in wanting to run over his skin. Heat danced along her flesh and through her veins. Her pussy contracted as the lips of her sex tingled. As the desire grew, her breasts became full and heavy. The feelings overtook her until she couldn't breathe. Arousal flared hot and strong as need breathed within her.

"Easy, easy, let them just flow through you," Connor urged softly.

She felt the press of his body heat against her right side and the warm press of Van on her left side. Next, calloused fingertips trailed down her arms before the hands grasped one bra cup each and pulled. She held up her hand. "Whoa, whoa, no ripping the lacy, pretty things, boys. You so much as tear the smallest bit of lace, and I will make you do a month's worth of laundry by hand, understand?" The joking helped to ease some of the tension singing through her. She allowed herself to laugh a bit.

Van chuckled. "I forgot how sassy she could be."

She felt the light brush of cool air on her skin before her left wrist was held in a strong grip. Connor echoed his movement and took hold of her right one. In unison they wrenched her arms back and held them there.

"Sorry about the bra, Roxi." Van said, before she felt the material scrape across her nipples, setting off sparks. Before she could protest, Van and Connor ripped her bra, exposing her breasts completely to the now warmed air of the room. A second later they both took one turgid tip each into their mouths. As if of the same mind, they flicked, bit and suckled at the same time. Roxi cried out and arched her back. Her fingers flexed and relaxed as she fought against the need to sink her fingers into the hair of both men to hold them to her breasts.

She didn't have time to stop them before they ripped her panties too. Roxi widened her stance, giving them free access to her pussy. "Please," she moaned.

Their fingers danced along the thick petals of her labia. Connor's more callused fingers slipped between her pussy lips to tease her clit. Van's softer digits stroked her inner thigh. They suckled and nipped while teasing her.

"Please, touch me," she moaned.

Connor released her nipple with a soft pop. "Where, beautiful? Your clit? Or maybe up here?"

He removed his fingers from her pussy and circled her navel. She hissed when Van sunk his digits knuckle deep into her aching cunt. Her vaginal muscles contracted. She needed more of him inside of her. Her body trembled with need as the fire burned hotter. Slowly, Van pumped his fingers in and out of her dripping channel. Each thrust added more fuel to the bonfire inside her.

She tilted her head back and gave into the arousal snaking through her veins.

"Where do you need my touch, Roxi?" Connor asked before taking her nipple between his teeth and gently tugging the hardened tip.

Tiny fireworks burst inside of her with each pull. "Touch my clit. Make me come," she urged.

Van released her nipple. "Me, Connor, or both of us?"

"Both of you, now, suck my tits, rub my clit and finger fuck me until I come," she ordered as the hunger and arousal grew inside of her.

Van chuckled and slowed his thrusts but took her nipple into his mouth. Both men sucked and scraped the sensitive tips while Connor teased her clit, and Van pumped his fingers into her sopping cunt. Every tug and bite, each thrust and brush drove her closer to climax. Her fingers curled into fists and dug into her palms. Her sharpened fingernails pierced the skin of her palms, adding the scent of her blood to the perfume of arousal and other aromas in the air.

Both men released her nipples at the same time and kissed their way down her abdomen to pepper the juncture between where her leg and torso connected. Van removed his fingers from her needy cunt to trace a slick path to her anus where he teased the puckered rosebud with gentle swipes that made her body tighten. Her back

passage contracted. All she could think of was having Van there, fucking her, as Connor took her pussy. The phantom feeling of being filled completely caused the hunger to gain in strength.

"Please, fuck me," she pleaded, not sure who she was asking to do what.

"Who? Where?" Van asked as he blazed a path down her thigh and his fingers returned to her dripping entrance to tease her once again. Connor continued to rub her clit, pinching the bundle of nerves occasionally. The pressure within her built as the fire was stoked higher and higher. The pleasure grew until it was like a living thing that grew inside of her. Every breath she took was air for the arousal; each movement of her body was an extension of the heat breathing through her. The hunger within turned from fire to thirst and back again.

Roxi wanted to be filled with both their cocks and their blood. "Fuck me, both of you, and feed me with your blood."

Connor stopped teasing her clit to pinch it and hold. The pressure broke as desire spread through her body like a wild fire. She trembled as the orgasm took her. Roxi cried out Connor's name as she came. She came again as Van plunged his fingers back into her cunt. He finger fucked her hard, drawing out small orgasms until her knees shook with effort to keep her up. Van withdrew and Connor released her clit, giving her one last climax. Roxi's legs shook before she sank to the floor. For the moment, the succubus had been fed.

"There, there, beautiful, that was just the beginning. We have the whole night ahead of us," Connor murmured in her ear before she was lifted off the ground and carried to the bed. With the blindfold on she couldn't see but she could feel. Every twitch of her muscles, each breath she took, the thundering of her heart in her ears and the feeling the pulsation in her ribcage seemed to double in strength and sensation.

Next she felt coolness against her skin. Roxi moaned as the fire eased to a dull heat. The room became cold. It felt as if frost was crawling on her skin. She began to quiver.

"Shhh, easy, you can get through this. Just let it take you," Van urged. "That's it."

The chills subsided and her body began to warm. Energy infused every cell of her body as the arousal began to rise again. The craving for sex struck at the same time as the thirst for blood. Her fangs throbbed. The world became awash in dark red behind the blindfold. She blinked and the color was gone, but now, despite the blindfold, she could feel darkness edging her vision.

"Need more." The hunger gripped her stomach and set her world ablaze with need. Her sex contracted. Roxi groaned and writhed on the bed. "Hurry, please, fuck me."

"Not yet," Connor said.

"Tie her down. We have to let the arousal build until she can't take it anymore. The feeding will be that much more powerful."

She felt the smoothness of the silk being thrust into her hands.

"Now hold on to these and don't let go," Connor instructed.

Moisture filled her cunt, her nipples tightened and her fangs ached. She could feel her body changing, heating.

"Open your senses to us. Feel everything we feel," Van whispered near her ear.

Roxi relaxed and stretched out her power. The energy hit Van, who was closest to her. She gasped as his heartbeat echoed in her ears. She felt his excitement and arousal as if it were her own. The warmth of his body pressed against hers. She heard his pulse jump. The audible sound of him swallowing rolled around in her head. The phantom taste of the salt of his skin and sweat mingled with the ghost of the sweet metallic liquid of his blood. Roxi closed her eyes as her stomach tightened in hunger. It felt like an eternity since she'd tasted Van's blood.

The room warmed as each second ticked by slowly. She felt his body tremble with held back tension and heard him lick his lips.

"I need you," Roxi said softly.

"Be patient," Van urged.

"You be patient," Roxi snapped as need struck out to shatter the connection she had formed to Van.

"Shhh, beautiful," Connor murmured. She felt his lips on the thigh. The small brush trembled up her body to tease her pussy and up further, to her heart, as threads of fire. Then she smelled the freshness of rain and, underneath that, male musk and the sweet tang of sweaty skin.

"Taste me," Van urged. "Sink your teeth into my wrist. The blood should give you respite from the hunger."

She didn't have to be told twice. Roxi lifted her head, opened her mouth and bit down. Van's pain rolled around in her head as his salty blood flooded her mouth. She moaned and gripped the silk so tightly that the fabric dug into her skin. Roxi didn't care. The pain helped tether her to something other than the hunger and thirst that were warring inside her. With each sip of blood, she felt the arousal drifting away. Each pull of her lips gave her the most indescribable satisfaction. It was as if she hadn't fed before this moment. The salty metallic taste seemed more decadent than the richest chocolate dessert. The blood slipped into her mouth and down her throat, spreading warmth in its wake.

Her heartbeat slowed. Tension ebbed out of her muscles one by one. The sensation of floating washed over her body until all she felt was bliss. Roxi took a few more sips before releasing Van's wrist. "Much better," she said, her words slightly slurred.

Connor chuckled. "Sounds like she's drunk."

"She is. To drink of another vampire gives you a buzz almost better than sex."

"Makes me feel inadequate." Connor laughed again before he placed a kiss on her knee.

"Don't be. You're my everything." Roxi sighed and let out a small yawn. She released the ribbons and stretched. "What do you have planned for me next?"

"Body paint." Connor punctuated that statement with a feather light touch of a brush. The shiver that went through her ignited her heat. Arousal dripped from her

cunt. She felt Van's energy pulse along her flesh as he swept the brush over the top of her right foot. The light sweeps of the bristles sent waves of sensations up her leg, straight to her cunt. The hunger awakened and her succubus opened its eyes. Gentle heat simmered in the pit of her stomach as the need awoke.

The softness was lifted and replaced by something warm and smooth. After that, Roxi felt Connor's tongue tracing the path he'd just painted. Her other foot got the same treatment. Van and Connor worked in unison, trailing the brushes up her legs and following the paint with their tongues. They made elaborate patterns and licked it all away. Each flick of their tongues and swipe of the brushes sent the sensation to skittering along her flesh. Roxi yearned for their touch on her pussy.

Connor stopped what he was doing. "Time to reposition her."

She opened her mouth to say something and then snapped it shut. Instead, Roxi decided to wait and see what they would do.

"We'll cuff her hands over her head. Much easier access," Van said.

Roxi grinned and silently agreed. She sat up.

"Get on your knees and sit on your heels," Connor ordered. Eagerly, she did as he commanded and waited silently for his next instruction as the hunger battered at her defenses. Roxi wished she could see what they were doing but feeling it was better. The sight of them could send her into overdrive. The whispered sound of silk running over flesh sent a thrill up her spine. Anticipation ran through her veins. Van grabbed her arms and hauled them over her head. Next was the smooth press of silk against her skin. Her pussy tightened as more cream slipped down her thighs. She spread her legs wide and moaned.

Roxi could smell her own arousal. The musky, sweet scent joined the other perfumes wafting in the air. Her desire grew when she felt the heat of both men in front and in back of her. Van scraped his fangs over her right shoulder while Connor kissed her stomach. She wrapped her hands around the fabric and held on tightly as both men peppered her body with soft touches, nips and pecks. Heat danced along her skin as the

yearning for more grew inside of her. She bit her bottom lip to keep from demanding more action.

Through it all, they continued to brush paint on her skin and lick it up. The pleasure coiled and spiraled as the tension thickened in the air. Her arousal spiked as the hunger for sex increased.

"Need you both now, please," Roxi cried out when Connor placed a soft kiss on her bare mound and Van bit into one of the cheeks of her ass. The pleasure and pain collided to create an intense sensation. The pressure cracked into a thousand pieces and she gasped as it all became too much. Her body trembled as she broke apart. Her senses were overwhelmed until she couldn't feel anymore. Roxi drifted on a cloud of warmth as Connor and Van's voices floated to her as if from a distance. As Roxi drifted, she felt the beast's hunger was abated once again.

"Whoa, almost forgot how intense it could be between the two of you." She grinned. "I'm okay. Can we continue?"

Connor chuckled. "You forgot? Did you hear that, Van? She forgot. I don't think we did a good enough job the last time."

"Ah, but you forget, she's had only you in her bed for so long, so it's all right. But just to assuage any hurt feelings I may have, we may have to take things up a notch. What do you think?" Van murmured as he nuzzled her neck, setting off small sparks of sensation through her body. She shivered and gripped the silk tighter as the hunger breathed back to life.

"What do you have in mind?" Connor said before he flicked her nipple. She groaned.

"I believe a bit of magick is in order." Roxi could hear the delight in Van's voice.

She felt his lips curve into a smile against her skin and shivered again. Roxi wanted to squeeze her thighs together but kept them spread wide apart. Anticipation had her on edge as Connor and Van moved off the bed. She waited eagerly as she listened to them moving around the room. It felt like an eternity had passed until they

joined her on the bed once more. Calm settled on her shoulders at the scent of cinnamon and chocolate.

She felt the touch of Van's fingertips brush down her spine. His touch was a soft quick movement that caused her flesh to burn at the contact. Connor muttered in front of her as he dusted her chest with soft kisses. Van began to outline her seal with something slippery. Dribbles slipped down her back from between her shoulder blades.

"I'm melting the ink," Van murmured.

Her heartbeat stuttered. She began to struggle against her bindings. "What? No, stop. Connor, make him stop."

"Shhh, it's all right, beautiful." Connor pressed a soft kiss to her mouth. "Trust us. Van has an idea. Let him see it through."

"What --" Roxi paused and licked her lips. "What are you going to do?" She hated the hesitation in her voice.

"Sex will distract you from the pain. I'm going to redraw the seal using a bit of Connor's blood and some of my incubus magick which should help you until you get to the witch who created this seal. You'll enjoy this. I promise you."

"Says you." Her words were cut off by Connor biting down on her nipple. She gasped and bucked. Her pussy tightened at the feel of his cock sliding over her skin. The hot, hard shaft left a sticky trail on her stomach. She wanted to taste him, suck his cock into her mouth and pleasure him until he came. A whimper escaped her lips.

"Want my cock inside you? Do you need me to fuck you? Maybe both of us inside you. Would you like that?"

Another whimper fell from her mouth. All she could do was nod.

"No." Connor shook her. "Tell me what you want."

"I want both of you inside of me."

"Should we indulge her?"

Van chuckled. "Let me finish the outline." The first brush of his cock against her stomach made her groan aloud. He teased the sensitive flesh between her thighs with the gentlest of touches. Moisture slipped down her thighs as the tension wound tighter

in the pit of her belly. The base of her spine tingled and burned as she tried to move with him, gain more friction. His grip on her waist increased almost to a painful point.

"Be still," Connor ordered.

"Can't." She shook her head. "Need you."

Connor stopped and repositioned his shaft. His cock was now mere millimeters from her damp slit. Roxi gritted her teeth in frustration. Her clit pulsed. Her cunt felt empty.

"Please, Connor."

He began placing biting kisses down her neck. "Not until Van is done."

"Hurry up," Roxi grumbled.

Van chuckled. "And done."

The skin between her shoulder blades burned white-hot. Tears formed at the corner of her eyes.

"Connor, now," Van ordered.

The pain shattered at the feel of Connor's cock head pressed against her dripping entrance. Inch by slow inch he slid inside of her until he was balls deep. She felt Connor's hands grab hold of the cheeks of her ass and part them. Roxi moaned when she felt Van tease her anus before inserting one digit inside of her. Connor held still as Van prepared her. One lubed finger after the next slipped in knuckles deep until she felt almost full. She wanted them both inside of her, riding her hard. "Stop teasing me and fuck me."

"So impatient." Van chuckled.

Roxi felt Van's cock head against her anus. Connor pulled out. At the same time, both men slid into her. Sensation shuddered through her in small ways as she was being filled. Her breath came out in halted puffs. Van pulled out and thrust forward as Connor withdrew. The pleasure multiplied as her nerve endings lit up. When one pulled out the other would slide into her, creating intense opposing sensations that crashed against each other, and she was at the center of it all. Pain and desire collided

and merged. Her orgasm spiraled tighter until it brushed the line of pain. Sweat misted her skin and slid down her flesh, setting off small rivulets of sensation.

Fire burned between her shoulder blades as pain sizzled down her spine and over her shoulders. She gripped the fabric tighter. This was not like before. Roxi cried out when Van bit down on her neck. Any other noise she made was swallowed by Connor's mouth as he took her lips in a possessive kiss. The men now worked in concert, thrusting and withdrawing at the same time.

Desire threatened to overwhelm her. Each tug of Van's lips only sent her spiraling higher until she felt as if she was flying. Connor slipped a hand down past her belly to stimulate her clit. Every brush of his finger provoked a set of sparks that added to the inferno swirling inside of her. Roxi was swept up in the feeling elicited by both men. The new seal on her back burned, pouring lava in her body until she thought she was going to burst into flames. She rocked against both men, writhing between them like a living blaze. Roxi pushed her hips back at Van, meeting his thrusts before rolling her hips forward toward Connor.

Blood lust reared its head. Her canines descended. Before she could ask, Connor spoke. "Drink of me."

He slipped a hand into her hair and urged her head forward until her lips pressed against the pulse point in his neck. A soft moan preceded her loss of control. Mouth wide, she felt the pop as her fangs breached the skin. Sweet, hot, metallic life flooded her mouth and slipped down her throat with every sip. She moaned as his essence and magick filled her to the top and overflowed. Both men started thrusting faster and harder.

Roxi could smell the blood, sweat and sex in the air. Intense pleasure broke her apart and pieced her back together again in a mishmash of colors and broken shards. Her pussy and back passage clamped down on the men's cocks. Stars burst before her eyes as her body shook.

Roxi lifted her head, and warm blood dribbled down her chin and throat to her chest and breasts. She opened her mouth and let out a scream that echoed off the walls and bounced back her. Just that small release in pressure only heightened the desire.

"Now!" Van yelled.

Connor grabbed her hips and Van took hold of her waist. Bright, red-hot energy poured into her body until she felt as if she'd swallowed the sun. She was coming apart; small bits of her were breaking down and floating into the air.

She cried out again as an orgasm rolled over her. One after another, waves of pleasure continued to run through her. She gripped the silk tightly until they bit painfully into her palms and tears rolled down her cheeks.

"Connor," she called out weakly.

The energy just continued to flow until she went limp. Van came first. He pulled out and spurted jets of hot, thick cum on her ass cheeks before Connor came with a yell as he coated her vagina with his seed. White spots danced before her eyes, and she labored to take air into her lungs. Her heart was beating so hard it hurt. The power ebbed away until she felt completely drained. Staying upright was a chore. She tried to relax her grip but her hands wouldn't let go.

"Easy, honey," Connor crooned.

Van rubbed her shoulders and arms as Connor undid silk that bound her as well as the blindfold. Connor pulled her down to the bed. Both men stretched her out and covered her body with their hands. They massaged her legs and arms as her muscles continued to release their excess energy. Her toes curled and uncurled as she tried to calm her body down. Weariness tugged at her eyelids. She was completely drained. Roxi didn't even have the energy to roll over.

"Sleep, honey. We'll talk in the morning," Connor murmured before he pressed a soft kiss on her forehead.

She didn't need to be told twice and let the exhaustion take her.

Chapter Five

Connor watched Roxi sleep for a moment before he slipped off the bed. He turned to Van and nodded at the other man. "Thank you."

Van shrugged. "No problem."

"Will you stay the night?" Connor hoped he would say yes. The seal was holding, but he was still unsure about what they'd just done. This had been a whole new area of magick he hadn't dealt with before.

"Of course. I'll take the guest room down the hall. When she awakens, explain what we've done. If she has questions, fetch me."

Connor nodded before he went into the bathroom to shower. He went through the motions of bathing before he returned to Roxi and cleaned her up. When he rolled her onto her stomach the fresh seal that he and Van had created shone dully in the soft golden light. It was now red with black symbols within the circle and around the edges. Every now and then they'd shimmer before becoming matte again. A few drops of his blood had been mixed into the paint to help increase the strength of the seal.

He sent up a silent prayer to his gods that the thing would hold until they could meet with the witch who could do the ritual all over again. Connor scooped her up and placed her on a sofa so he could change the bed linens. He covered her with a blanket and got to work. His thoughts returned to the sex. Although she hadn't said it aloud, he'd felt her need as if it was his own. Her hunger had been swirling inside of her, and its power would occasionally drift into the air, motivating his actions. He worried about the toll it had taken on her to hold back. Now, his concern was whether the seal did more harm than good.

"I can feel your fear. Talk to me."

He glanced over her shoulder to see Roxi sitting up on the couch. The blanket covered her nudity, much to his annoyance, and there was a calm on her face that hadn't been there in awhile. He could feel her relaxation, which made him smile.

"I'm just worried about the seal, whether it will hold or not." Connor went back to making up the bed.

"Don't worry. I feel better."

He glanced over his shoulder to watch her stretch. The blanket fell. Connor watched her nipples pucker and her breasts lift as she arched her back. He groaned aloud. The stirrings of arousal hit him square in the gut as his balls hardened and his cock thickened. He swallowed. *Calm down.*

She laughed. "You want me again." Roxi grinned and shook her head. "You should really stop denying these hungers."

"We can't have sex all the time. What would the employees think?" he joked.

"They would be jealous because they know their boss is getting laid and they aren't." She rose and walked toward him, her hips swaying with each step. He felt hypnotized by the movement.

"Back to the seal. What did you guys do? It wasn't the same as the other ritual." She stopped in front of him, rose on tiptoe and wrapped her arms around his neck. His focus became scattered when Roxi started to pepper his chest with kisses and licks. When she took his nipple into her mouth and sucked hard, he shuddered and groaned.

"By the gods, baby, more."

She released his nipple with a soft pop. "Tell me about the ritual and maybe I'll give you more." Roxi nibbled a path up to his ear. She took the lobe between her teeth and tugged gently before sucking it into her mouth.

He groaned. "How can I concentrate when you're doing that to me?"

"Not sure," she murmured as she traced the shell of his ear with the tip of her tongue.

He cleared his throat and tried to push past the fog of desire that had risen up. "We used a combination of binding ink and my blood, just a few drops mixed in. Van

drew the symbols and we used our combined magicks to seal your succubus. Can you feel it?"

Roxi paused in her teasing and then shook her head. "No." Her lips curled in a wide smile. "Not even a peep."

"Good. And now that I've explained how the magick worked, can we have sex?" He raised an eyebrow and prayed she'd say yes.

She gave him a dazzling smile and nodded. "Yes. What about Van?"

"Let him rest."

"He's an incubus. He's got a fast recovery time." She laughed. "What? Are you jealous?"

He shook his head. "I'm glad to invite him into our bed if you want it."

"But?"

"You're mine."

"He knows that. I was just teasing. Besides, despite the fact that we did need him this time, I feel a bit uncomfortable."

"Why?" He looked into her eyes and found concern there.

"He's found someone and yet she doesn't know him."

"Perhaps there's a good reason for that. We don't know what the situation is."

"Well, I want to know everything. We'll interrogate him over breakfast. Chocolate chip pancakes and fresh whipped cream?" she asked hopefully.

He laughed. "Such a sweet tooth you have. Yes, of course, but before breakfast there is this." Connor rolled his now hardened cock over her abdomen and watched her shake.

"Let's go to bed." Roxi grabbed his hand and led him to the bed. He laughed and followed her. For the first time in weeks, he felt calm and happy. His woman, the love of his life, was happy and that's all he had ever wanted.

* * *

When the café finally opened it was like a weight had been lifted off Roxi's shoulders. She felt lighter. The resealing ritual was scheduled for that weekend, and

Van had gone back home. In the kitchen, she stirred a batch of triple chocolate brownie batter and snuck glances at Connor. Her heart expanded in her chest whenever their gazes met. She couldn't have asked for a better lover and partner. Roxi wanted to be with him forever. She wanted to show the world how much she loved him and that they belonged to each other. With a deep breath she stopped stirring and went over to him.

Roxi turned him to face her, got up on tiptoe, cupped his face in her hands and gazed into his eyes. "Connor Noah Leeds, will you marry me?"

He gasped and someone dropped a pan. She ignored it all and focused on him. Worry ate at her nerves as she watched him pale. Fear gripped her by the throat and squeezed all the air out of her lungs. She felt lightheaded. *What if he says no?*

Roxi was about to let go and return to mixing when he grabbed her wrists. "You serious?" He blinked at her and she swore she saw tears in the golden eyes.

"You going to cry?"

"What? No. Now tell me if you're serious." His features had taken a solemn look and her heart began to beat against her chest. She licked her lips.

"Tell me what you'd say and I'll tell you if I'm serious."

"For the love of the gods, would you just say yes!" someone yelled out.

"Yeah, does she have to get down on one knee?" another employee demanded.

She held back a laugh although her lips quivered with effort.

"Shut the hell up or all of you are fired."

Someone near them snorted. "Can't find a better pastry chef than me. Let's see you try."

Connor looked over her head and growled. Roxi couldn't take the waiting anymore. "Would you just answer me?" Roxi cried out.

He turned his attention back to her and smiled. "Yes, baby. I'll marry you."

Everyone whooped and she began to cry. Roxi threw her arms around him, hugging him close, and buried her head against his neck. Her life was now perfect. She had her man, her friends and her café.

Selena Illyria

Interracial author Selena Illyria was born with an overactive imagination. With the great curiosity and a love of writing that pushes her imagination, there are many worlds she'd love to explore, from paranormal to sci-fi from cyberpunk and beyond.

Are you willing, dear reader, to step into her worlds? If you do, feel free to poke around. Mind the pixies. They can be very um... excitable about newcomers. *wink*

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