

A woman with blonde, wavy hair is shown from the chest up, in a dramatic pose. She is looking down and to the side, with her arms crossed in front of her. The background is a warm, orange-yellow gradient. The text is overlaid on the image.

LEILA BROWN

IRISH

LAST CALL: EUROPE

CRÉME

Changeling Press

Last Call Europe: Irish Crème

Leila Brown

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Last Call Europe: Irish Crème

Leila Brown

Ciarran, an Irish traditional witch, has had her luck stolen by a vindictive leprechaun. Without her luck, everyday life has become a trial. And her spells are more like mis-spells. There's only one thing to do. Go to the Last Call Bar and order up the right drink.

Irish Crème: Only the extremely lucky need apply. A double!

Declan and Niall came to Last Call to relax on the one night a year they get together. Neither of them expected they'd end up spending the night with an out-of-luck witch who needs their help. Luckily they're up for the job.

Chapter One

There were a ton of little, and surprisingly not so little, green men in the bar. Well, not truly green but dressed in an abundance of green. This was crazy. Honestly, Ciarran needed to do something to regain her luck, but going into a bar just outside London on St. Patrick's Day didn't seem like such a bright idea.

"I know that look, Ciarran." Her sister, Aslinn, grabbed her arm and dragged her through the door. "Come on, I see a couple seats at the bar."

She took a steadying breath and followed her sister inside. She stepped up over the slight step just inside the bar but somehow the left heel of her shoe got caught on something. She tripped and fell into her sister, who crashed into the waitress in front of them. They fell forward in a tangled heap of flailing arms and legs.

Stupid, stupid shoes. She knew she should have worn flats. But no, Aslinn wouldn't let her out of the house without putting on something with killer high heels. Normally, she could've danced in circles with these bad boys, but with her luck stolen she was glad she hadn't broken her neck.

"Need a hand?" A deep brogue sounded near her ear.

She looked up into the sexiest whiskey-brown eyes she'd ever seen. His fingers wrapped around hers and pulled her up into a standing position. Warmth spread from his fingers into her hand and sent a lightning bolt straight to her cunt.

Hell. She wasn't here to hook up with the first man she saw. She needed help, and not the kind of help this six-foot hottie could give her.

"Thank you," Ciarran mumbled, then pulled away from him and followed her sister to the bar. Aslinn passed up the bar closest to the door, the one with the most people lounging in front of it. Instead, she weaved her way to the bar at the back that

sat a step up from the floor. Ciarran grabbed a seat, focusing on the garish green decorations all around the place.

"I can't believe you just did that," Aslinn practically snarled at her, not breaking the smile she had plastered to her face. Her sister was a master at hiding her emotions.

"It wasn't on purpose," Ciarran whispered back. They both knew Ciarran had no control over it. Right now, everything that could go wrong in her life was going wrong. From the mice infestation of her apartment building, to the cement truck crash that walled up the front of her aromatherapy shop, to her misfiring magick and beyond. She was living in a perpetual state of embarrassment. She looked out over the room where most of the men openly stared at her and her sister. "Besides, you made me wear these shoes."

"What will you ladies have?" The bartender smiled and wiped the bar in front of them, setting down two coasters with "Last Call" imprinted on them.

"Can we see a drink list?" Aslinn batted her eyelashes at him. He pulled out a laminated list and handed it to her. She handed it to Ciarran without even looking at it. "What do you recommend?"

Flirting with him was all fine and dandy for Aslinn, but Ciarran needed something special. Something she was most likely only going to find here and only on St. Patrick's Day. She skimmed the menu until her eyes hit on what she needed.

Irish Crème, only the extremely lucky need apply.

That was perfect. Since she had no luck the best thing to do was get some from someone with luck to spare. She looked up and shook her head at Aslinn and the bartender. They touched hands when he handed her sister a drink and their gazes locked like lusty teenagers.

"Excuse me?" Ciarran cleared her throat. "Can I get an Irish Crème?" When the bartender moved to grab some bottles, she added, "Make it a double."

Aslinn choked on her drink, sputtering for a few seconds and coughing until her senses cleared. She slammed her hand down on the bar, and turned toward Ciarran. "Shit, Ciarran. Do you know what you've done?"

"I ordered a drink, a strong drink. And hopefully a really lucky leprechaun," she replied matter-of-factly. The bartender set her drink and a key down in front of her. She picked up the drink and swallowed a throat-burning mouthful.

"Actually, you just ordered up two lucky leprechauns... at the same time." Aslinn stared around the bar. "Have you ever been double teamed?"

Ciarran's heart dropped into her stomach, and heat spread through her cheeks in a mad rush. Her luck was as bad as ever. Any other place, a double would have been an innocent thing. "Maybe nobody heard."

Ciarran turned away from her sister and looked around. There were at least two dozen men forming a semi-circle around them. Ah hell!

* * * *

Decllan watched the men circle around the curvy redhead. She was something to behold. He still remembered the electricity that flowed through his hand when he helped her up from the floor. He hadn't felt a jolt like that in a long time.

"Looks like we might have a bit of trouble." His friend Niall Richmond pulled up a chair beside him. "Which one?"

"The redhead," Decllan answered. She most likely had no idea of the challenge she'd just issued to a room full of horny Irishmen. Who would come to a bar on St. Patrick's Day and declare she needed to be fucked by two men? Someone who was extremely desperate—and not just desperate for sex. How desperate was she? Desperate enough to let him dominate that beautiful ass and come inside those full lips?

"What did she order?" The interest in Niall's voice snapped him back to reality.

"An Irish Crème." Decllan turned to his friend, catching his eye before adding, "A double."

Niall looked toward the bar, then swung his gaze back to Decllan. "No shit?"

Decllan turned back to the women. Several men had already approached her and been turned away. The direct approach might not be the best way to go. He watched the shorter woman with brown hair talk to the men while the redhead kept quiet. Couldn't she talk for herself? Was that the problem? He watched the redhead look out

over the bar. She seemed to be bored until her gaze connected with his. Her eyes lit up, and he watched her chest begin to heave at an accelerated pace.

"Should I go stand in the hallway and wait?"

He broke their connection to turn and look at Niall. He hadn't decided whether he was going to accept the challenge yet. "Who said I wanted a piece of her?"

"You haven't taken your eyes off her since she fell through the door. And that's the third time you've had to adjust your pants." Niall smirked at him.

Decllan hadn't even realized he'd been repositioning himself in his pants. His attention was centered on the redhead. The crowd around her had already been reduced by half. He'd better make a move now, before she chose one of the men lining up to have their shot. "Yeah, go wait in the hall," he told Niall. Sharing her wasn't the way he would've initially wanted to go, but this wouldn't be the first time he and Niall had shared a woman.

Decllan grabbed his drink and downed the contents in one gulp. His night was about to get a whole lot more interesting.

Chapter Two

"If one more loser walks up here, I'm going to kill someone," Aslinn whispered to Ciarran.

For whatever reason, Aslinn had decided she needed to approve the man or men Ciarran decided to take upstairs with her. "You know we came here to take care of my problem. Not to alienate every single man who can help me." Ciarran downed the last of her drink. She was not going home without getting her luck back.

"Don't tell me you wanted Tweedle Dee or Tweedle Dum." Aslinn pointed at two men who seemed not to have a thought between them. "Or how about Dopey and Grumpy over there? Their mouths couldn't even reach your fucking breasts. Give me a break."

"What was wrong with the last pair?" Ciarran tried to keep her voice down but was feeling a little bit panicked.

"They would've been okay if you planned to screw them while they wore paper bags over their heads." She shook her head. "Believe me when I tell you that you want to be able to look at the people fucking you."

"Aslinn!" Ciarran turned around and quickly looked to see if anyone had heard. Luckily, no one was staring daggers at the sisters. Yet. But if Aslinn kept this up, both sisters were going to find themselves out of luck—literally. "Look. I don't care what they look like. I just want my fucking luck back now. Honestly, I'll take the next guy who walks up here and asks to fuck me."

"Ciarran." Aslinn grabbed her hand and gave it a strong squeeze, then turned away from the bar.

Several guys at the bar were looking at them. A few were moving toward them. Damn it. Obviously, she had been much louder than she thought.

"Damn it. Think before you speak." Aslinn slipped from her seat and stood directly in the path of two huge men taking steps toward Ciarran.

"Excuse me?" a deep voice intoned, almost caressing her from behind.

A shiver raced down her spine before she turned around. She barely had time to register that it was the same man who'd helped her up earlier. "Do you need to get by?" She moved away so he could get to the bar.

"No." He stepped up and invaded her space.

She tried to put some distance between them. "Well, what can I do for you?"

"I think you know what I want." He bent down and scooped her up over his shoulder.

The second her stomach hit his hard muscle, the creamy drink she'd just finished bubbled back up her throat.

"Ciarran!" Aslinn screamed when Ciarran passed her.

The way her luck had been running, Ciarran didn't try to open her mouth, scared what might come out. Instead, she just held out the key in a thumbs-up sign. She was about to get her luck back. Nothing else mattered. Not even the fact that she was being carried off by the most devastatingly handsome man she'd ever seen.

"You can put me down now." Ciarran lifted herself up just enough to pull in a deep breath. They'd left the bar and entered the hallway. She could see a set of stairs that had to lead to the rooms. Or would he want to wait for an elevator?

"I could, but I won't." His fingers caressed the flesh of her legs. Ciarran closed her eyes while fire rushed through her.

"Hey, Declan, I see you got her out of there just in time," another man said beside them. Before she could ask any questions, the sound of voices shouting filtered out through the door. Neither man stopped moving toward the stairs. Not even when the sounds of fighting and glasses crashing broke the silence of the hallway.

"That wasn't her fault. There's always a fight on St. Patrick's. It's why most of us come. To get drunk and then fight with no charges."

Ciarran looked at the other man and nearly lost her breath. Damn, he was another "out of her league" hottie. Either her luck was looking up and this was going to be really, really good, or she was getting set up for a fall and things were about to get really, really bad.

"What room is she in?" the other guy asked.

"Thirteen," Declan answered.

"Shit, that's right above the bar. Everyone at the bar will hear her if she's a screamer." Hottie number two threw her a wicked smile.

Okay, things were trending on the bad side. While she didn't consider herself a screamer, she knew she was in no way quiet either.

"Stop scaring her, Niall. There's enough noise down there that no one will hear." Declan took the steps two at a time.

She didn't know whether she should be more scared at being heard or the fact that she most likely wouldn't be heard. She'd never done two men before. She bit her bottom lip and looked up at Niall.

"Darlin', you don't need to bite your lip. I have better things for you to do with that mouth." Niall rubbed his hand along the length of his cock inside his jeans.

Ciarran blinked. Had she heard him right? Her cheeks heated as the blood rushed to her face.

"Key." Declan stopped in front of one of the rooms.

If she was going to back out, now was the time to do it. The second she handed him that key she was going to find herself naked, fucked, and back in luck. Luck, that was the important thing. She thrust the key at him, closed her eyes, and pretended like her heart wasn't about to jump out of her chest when she heard the lock on the door slide open.

He walked into the room and plopped her down on the bed. "I'm Declan, this is Niall." He didn't even wait for Niall to finish locking the door before he unbuttoned his green shirt and pulled it out of the top of his jeans.

"I'm Ciarran." She eyed both men. She had no idea what she should do. Honestly, did you really shake the hands of the men who were about to screw you sideways?

"Hello, Ciarran." Niall's voice dripped with honey as he stood next to a stripping Declan. "Nice to meet you."

"Take off your clothes." Declan spoke through gritted teeth.

"Excuse my friend. He likes to talk after. I like to talk before." Niall slowly pulled his green polo shirt over his head. His skin was a nice tanned brown. Raw charm flowed from him.

Declan pulled off his pants. He stood in front of her with just a forest green set of boxers on. She licked her lips at the sight of his muscled abs and legs. He might not say much, but the large tent of his underwear was telling her he wanted to get to know her in another way altogether.

"So, why would a witch come into a bar on St. Patrick's Day and order up two leprechauns to go?" Niall sat down next to her. He moved her hair off her shoulder and kissed the back of her neck.

She had an answer to his question all ready to go, but the second his lips touched her skin she lost all rational thought. A burn started in her neck and lit a fire to her mouth. She wanted to explain but the words eluded her. Damn, she really wished they'd stop talking. Her hands were almost shaking with anxiousness. Warning bells went off in Ciarran's brain. It crowded out the desire that threatened to overwhelm her. She pulled away from the men. What the hell had she just done?

Tingling started in her throat and worked its way up to her mouth. She hadn't used a spell. She'd just made a tiny wish. Not even a wish really, just a really strong thought. She didn't even really mean it. This couldn't be happening. She opened her mouth to pull in a breath, but words started rushing out.

"I'm here because of Keefe O'Connor, a leprechaun from my hometown who decided we should get married. But he's a jerk, a real asshole, and I didn't want to marry him. Not to mention, he barely comes up to my ass. Can you imagine me bending down to kiss him?" She clamped her teeth but she couldn't stop babbling. "My sister told me about this place. She said that all kinds of special people hang out at this bar. And on St. Patrick's Day, she was sure it would be bursting with leprechauns. And I need a leprechaun's help tonight. Lots and lots of help. My magick isn't working. In fact, it's doing the opposite of working. Like just a second ago, I wished that you guys would stop talking and suddenly I can't stop."

Both men stared at her. They didn't move a muscle, just stared. This was a nightmare. Could she get out of here without either man trying to stop her?

"Damn it. Help me shut up before I end up telling you my life story." She was desperate now. No way did she want to tell them about all the embarrassing shit that had gone on since Keefe had stolen her luck. Or tell them her most private thoughts. Now that could be bad, very bad.

Chapter Three

Niall closed the space between them, turned her in his arms, and crushed his lips against hers. She tasted like innocence. Hell, her taste might scream that, but the need in her eyes was an invitation for something else. His cock jumped when his gaze connected with hers again. Anything but innocence. Decllan had made short work of her clothes. She was even more enticing when naked. He broke the kiss and looked at Decllan. "Grab her legs."

Decllan caught on to his meaning, and grabbed Ciarran by the legs. They turned her on the bed until her body was lying spread eagle on the crisp sheets. They reached behind the large wooden posts and found the cuffs that made room thirteen a popular choice.

"Hold on." Niall tried not to smile when her eyes opened wide. He put one cuff on her right wrist, then leaned over and locked up her other arm.

"I've never been tied up before. I saw it in a porno once. They tied the girl up, then blindfolded her. I made myself come twice when I watched it. It's my favorite porno." She bit down on her bottom lip and pulled against the restraints. What the hell was it going to take for her to shut up? Was there anything she could do to stop the spell?

"You want your luck back?" Niall stared into those wide blue eyes. He saw inexperience shining back at him. But that couldn't be right. No newbie signs up for ménage à trois with men she doesn't know.

"Are you done with cuffing her legs?" he asked Decllan without turning his gaze from her bottom lip. The color changed from a light pink to a glistening red.

"Yeah."

Niall turned his head toward Declan and laughed at him. Dec was a pussy man, and he sat there staring at her open sex. Declan licked his lips several times without moving closer to her. "If you want a taste, have one," Niall told Declan before he leaned down and captured a nipple between his teeth. It beaded up into a tight bud.

Ciarran arched beneath him. He angled his head so he could look down to where Declan was lapping at her pussy. From all the grunting Dec was doing, she must taste pretty damn good. "Don't make her come." He turned to Declan and her body tensed all over. She didn't like him saying that. Too bad. "At least, not yet anyway."

She narrowed her eyes at him and tried to pull her arms but the straps had her locked down. "I like his tongue; it feels way better than my hand. I haven't had sex in almost two years." Her words came out in a rush. "Please, shut me up!" Tears started to pool in her eyes.

He watched her squirm when Declan pressed his face into her cunt. Her eyelids fluttered closed and her mouth opened a fraction of an inch, barely wide enough to see the pink of her waiting tongue. She moaned long and deep.

Niall's cock bobbed up and down with the need to feel her lips on him. He moved the short distance up to her head so his cock lined up with her mouth. "Open up, sweetheart." Her eyes opened into tiny little slits. Was she going to fight him on this? He guided his cock to her mouth. "Open."

* * * *

Ciarran eyed his cock and couldn't help but swallow at the size of him. She was no prude. She'd had oral sex before, but he was so long that she was sure she wouldn't get the length of him all the way in her mouth before he bumped up against her tonsils.

Declan swiped his tongue down her creamy pussy and into her. He ate her like she was a feast at a smorgasbord. When he pulled back, she blew out a tiny breath of relief. That man's tongue was magic, but she didn't think her heart could handle too much more of this. Then he bent in and blew on her engorged flesh. It was like lightning struck her body. Every cell sung with the need to come.

When she opened her mouth to moan at the delicious sensations firing inside her, Niall moved his cock until it was resting on her bottom lip.

"Please?" Niall's voice held a pleading note that hadn't been there a few seconds ago. He smiled down at her, oozing charm. His eyes were half closed and his cock looked more purple than red. He stroked the skin at the base.

She ran her tongue over the head, sliding it down the slit so she could catch the drop of pre-cum shining there. His entire body bucked toward her. Declan chose that moment to dive into her pussy again. He captured the swollen flesh around her clit and scraped his teeth against it. She wanted to scream but her voice seemed to be stuck in her throat.

Inhaling a quick breath, she sucked the head of Niall's cock into her mouth. His flavor filled her. His scent was a mixture of birch, ash and sandalwood. And he tasted like honey and nutmeg. Her books said leprechauns tasted of the forest, but they didn't say anything about them tasting so good. She swirled her tongue just underneath the dome of his penis. He grunted or moaned, she couldn't tell which, but the sound did push her closer to her orgasm.

"Just like that." Niall dug his hands into her hair and tried to hold on to her head.

She didn't know what it was about the gesture that pissed her off, but before she knew it she'd cast the spell to bind his hands behind him. The tingling started at her fingers and burned up her arm. *Damn. Damn. Damn.* She'd forgotten about the damn curse.

The straps that held her arms were no match for her magic, even in this crazy fucked-up form. The leather snapped, and no matter how much she fought it, her arms swung back behind her and her fingers clasped together. There was no mistaking the slide of the leather over her skin. The leather straps wound around her, effectively tying her hands behind her back. The position was anything but comfortable. The angle of her arms made her push her breasts up and out.

Niall took one hand from her hair and grabbed her right breast. His fingers clenched on her sensitive nipple each time he surged into her mouth. "Suck me."

There was nothing she could do about her arms. If she were lucky it would end when he came and she got her luck back. If she wasn't... well, she wasn't going to think about that. She sucked on his cock. Her tongue slid up and down the smooth flesh. The head of his penis jerked, bumping the roof of her mouth.

"Just like that." Niall let go of her hair and nipple to put his hands on his hips. He rocked in and out of her lips.

Decllan growled from the bottom of the bed. He opened her legs wider, letting the cool air of the room assault her swollen clit. The slight breeze felt like ice on her heated skin. Decllan moved away from her open sex. She felt the loss of his tongue, but then the promise of his cock was lying against her leg. He slid up her side and kissed the underside of her breast.

"I think she's ready." Decllan bit her left breast.

Ready for what? To be fucked? Yeah, she was so far past ready. She wanted to tell them to hurry up, but was afraid to open her mouth for fear of what might slip out. She'd already told them about her favorite porno. Next thing you know, she would be telling them about her favorite vibrator. She sucked hard on Niall's penis. No way was she going to go into detail about that.

"Hold on, Niall. Let me flip her over." Decllan's voice vibrated against her skin.

Niall pulled his cock from her lips. The second her mouth was empty, she bit down on her bottom lip. Decllan reached down, uncuffed her legs, flipped her over onto her stomach and pulled her up into a crouching position. He had to stuff all the pillows beneath her stomach to keep her from toppling over headfirst into the mattress.

Decllan surged into her. She gasped when he pressed his massive cock into her cunt. She hadn't had real sex in so long. Her toys were in no way a match for him. He pulled back a little before plunging into her again. This time his cock pushed in farther, testing muscles that hadn't been touched in too long. Her entire body hummed with pleasure. She opened her mouth to suck in some much needed air, and found Niall's forgotten cock waiting on her.

She pulled it into her mouth and moaned around the head of his penis. Decllan thrust into her, pushing her up to take more of Niall into her mouth. The head of his cock bumped against the opening of her throat. She tried not to gag around him.

"Relax... if you relax it will slide in and out with no problem. Breathe around it." Niall's voice calmed her when he lifted her hair away from her mouth.

She sucked in a breath and Decllan pulled out of her. When Decllan pounded back in, she relaxed and took more of Niall in her mouth. The head of his cock butted against her throat before slipping inside. Her muscles spasmed around him. Niall groaned and his fingers dug into her hair. Decllan slipped out of her and she pulled back, letting Niall's cock slip from her throat. She sucked in a deep breath and quickly expelled it.

"Do it again," Niall practically moaned. She couldn't tell if he was talking to her or to Decllan.

Decllan didn't need any encouragement. He took his time. Each thrust was more intense and deeper than the last, every single movement sending a thrill of excitement through her. She continued sucking Niall's cock. She clutched Decllan's penis with her inner muscles and her throat clenched on Niall with a hiss of breath.

"Don't move," Decllan groaned from behind her.

Yeah, right. The slight burn of her muscles stretching around him felt so damn good. No way in hell could she make herself stop from leaning back onto him.

His moan rumbled through his entire body and sent a small shockwave through her. In less than a second he went from being still as a statue to slamming in and out of her at such a fevered pace Ciarran thought she was going to lose her balance. Niall put a hand on her shoulder and helped her control how much of his cock she took into her mouth.

"Go easy, Dec." Niall caressed her shoulder.

"Do you want to me go slower?" Decllan ground into her and stopped.

Her muscles convulsed around him, tightening, then loosening a bit only to clench tighter. He pulled out of her, then slammed back in, rocking her closer to a mind-numbing orgasm. It was what she wanted. What she needed. In so many ways!

She moved her head away from Niall's cock and turned toward Declan. "Harder." She returned to Niall and pulled his cock back into her mouth. She tried to suck in time with each of Declan's thrusts, determined not to leave Niall out of this picture.

After a few awkward thrusts, they established a rhythm that drove Declan to press into her at a quick pace—and made her take more of Niall, who pressed farther into her mouth and forced her back onto Declan. It was an ongoing cycle that sent them all over the edge.

Declan slammed into her, and stiffened while he came deep inside her. The feeling of his warm essence hitting her vaginal walls sent her into a thought-shattering orgasm. The wayward spell that had locked her arms behind her split into a thousand tiny sparks—and her arms were free.

She moaned low and deep, which sent Niall erupting in her mouth. Trying to keep all of his luck-restoring cream in her that she could, she swallowed mouthful after mouthful. When the last few drops coated her tongue, she let his cock drop from her lips. She looked up at him. His eyes were still closed and his body in the same position.

"Don't worry, he'll come out of it in a second." Declan slumped down on the bed beside her.

"So, do you guys do this a lot?" Even as she asked the question, she knew she didn't want to know the answer. That was a relationship question, and this was definitely not a relationship. She shouldn't even start thinking that way.

"What? Meet a cursed witch in a bar and fuck her at the same time?" Declan raised his eyebrows at her. "No. We barely catch up with each other once a year anymore. This year it just happened to be on the luckiest day of the year. At least, since you walked in."

"Lucky for you." She grimaced when his smile disappeared. "I didn't mean it like that. I just meant that it has been a hell of a couple of months. You wouldn't believe what—"

"Try us." Niall dropped down on her other side, finally back from his orgasm-induced stupor.

Chapter Four

She raised an eyebrow at him, then lay back on the bed. Heat burned in her chest and her sex. It was working. It had to be working. It was a bit uncomfortable. It flowed through her, almost threatening to overcome her, only to die down to only a slight hum. Had it worked? Was she cured?

"Well, when it started, it was little things. My cleaning spells making more of a mess than they cleaned. My heating spell creating more smoke than fire. And then it bled over into my job. First, all of my love spells went sour and cost me a lot in refunds. When I got those working, my luck spells went haywire. I had fifteen people demand their money back. I gave them that and a batch of calming spells, which thankfully still worked. But the final straw was when a cement truck missed the mark, and instead of pouring concrete for a new sidewalk, they cemented up my door. It took two weeks to get it back to normal."

She looked at the two guys to see if they were laughing at her yet. Neither one had broken a smile. A feeling of relief washed over her and she let out a pent-up breath she hadn't realized she'd been holding.

"But that wasn't the worst. I had to attend a Sabbath with the other women of my family, and the damn bad luck spread. I've been banned from the Sabbaths until I get this handled. My sister is the only woman in my family who will even get within five feet of me. And hell, you saw what happened when I walked in the door. That kind of stuff has been happening since day one. I try not to get embarrassed about it anymore."

"Are you feeling your luck coming back?" Decllan ran a finger up the side of her arm.

Even the humming had subsided. She hoped that meant she was cured. How would she know for sure? She damn well didn't want to try a spell. Her arms were still tingling from the last one. "I don't know. How can I tell?" As she said the words, she heard the voice mail alert on coming from the floor where she'd left her jeans. Hopping off the bed, she raced over to it and looked at the number on the screen. Missed call, Air Lingus customer service. That couldn't be good.

Please, please let her luck have changed.

"This is an automated message to inform you that flight 7576 has been cancelled. No further information is available at this time. Please contact us by 7:00 pm to book another flight, otherwise you will be charged a one hundred dollar transfer fee. Goodbye."

Ciarran glanced at the alarm clock on the counter... 7:05 pm. Damn it. Her luck hadn't changed. It was still rotten. She pressed the off button on the phone and bit back the tears welling in her eyes.

"Problem?" Niall asked from the bed.

She was about to say "no" when the phone buzzed in her hand. She looked at the screen. It was a text message from Keefe.

Have you had enough? Are you ready to get married yet?

That little shit. That dirty bastard. Her tears dried up and anger, stronger than anything she'd ever felt before, engulfed her body. All her alarm sensors went off. She needed to be careful. One little wish, one bad thought, could be disastrous. She needed to get it together and get out of here before something bad happened. The guys had tried but it hadn't worked. It was time to cut her losses and run. It was embarrassing enough without that damn talking spell. It would be so much easier if... Before she could blank her mind, her throat warmed again. Son-of-a...

"That was Keefe. He says he'll still marry me. I should seriously consider it, but I refuse to tie myself to a man whose cock is that short." She held up her forefinger and thumb to show how short she meant.

"Wait a minute. Just because he's a little person doesn't mean —"

"I've seen it before. He wanted to show me what I was missing out on. When I told him it looked like I actually wasn't missing out on much, he got kind of pissy." She moved her hands up to cover her mouth but her lips kept moving. In the rush, she dropped her phone. It crashed to the floor with a sickening crack. Her battery popped out and the faceplate slid a good foot away. When she got her hands on that little... Stop! If she called him a name and her bad luck magick decided to latch on to it, she could end up a troll or something worse. Something she might not be able to transform back from.

"So I take it your luck isn't back." Decllan smiled, his lips curving up, and a glint shining in his eyes.

"It doesn't look like it, but you'd think having two prime specimens like you in my bed would be considered lucky. I haven't done anything like this before. Except back home when I get really horny I take out my Double Delight." Why couldn't she shut up? Please, oh please, she'd do anything not to tell them this. Anything. "It has two silicone penises on it. And I... ouch." Ciarran bit her own tongue until she felt the pain and tasted the coppery twang of blood swamping her mouth. They probably already knew what she did with the damn double dildo... she didn't want to spell it out for them.

The room was quiet. Neither man moved from where they were perched on the bed staring at her. *Fuck, fuck, fuck*. Double fuck. "Can we just forget that last part?" She watched the men look at each other, then back at her.

"I don't think so." Niall jumped off the bed. "I think I want to know more about your Double Delight. What about you, Dec?"

Niall took a step toward her. She danced out of his reach into the pointed corner of the small cabinet next to the bed. Could this night get any worse? Niall reached for her again, but she was ready this time. She lunged just out of his reach, and this time made sure not to get too close to any furniture. "I really think it's time for me to leave." It wasn't like she could embarrass herself any more.

"And how are you going to do that?" Decllan smiled at her. He was blocking the way to both the bathroom and the door. "How do you know one more go round isn't what you need?" He reached down and stroked his growing cock. "I know I need it."

Ciarran tried not to be fascinated with the way his penis jumped up to meet his hand when he stroked it.

"I'm betting we can make you feel better than any set of silicone cocks. Honestly, what've you got to lose?" Niall locked his arms around her and dragged her down onto the bed.

She could lose her sanity. Her pride. Not to mention her heart. Whoa. When had her heart become involved? Probably right about the time she started spilling her innermost secrets and they hadn't judged her. She'd told them she'd watched and masturbated to pornos, and they hadn't batted an eyelash. Hadn't made one joke. That alone lifted them above just about every man she knew.

Maybe one more time wouldn't hurt? Right, she would just walk away and not look back. Hell, she couldn't do that now. What made her think she could do it after another bout of mind-blowing sex? This time would be worse. This time she had no illusions about what they would want to do to her. Not with the way they both seemed to perk up at her mention of her favorite vibrator. She'd always dreamed about doing double penetration, but never had the nerve to approach two guys about doing it. Niall rolled off her, and she sat up on the edge of the bed.

"I think that's a yes." Decllan took a couple of steps toward the bed. He stopped in front of her and his erect cock rubbed against her breasts. His fingers traced her jaw line before tilting her chin up. "Is that a yes, Ciarran?" He leaned down to kiss her.

The smooth rumble of his voice sent a shiver straight down to her pussy. Her heart jumped into her throat. If she did this, she would never be the same. Never. Once she felt what it was like to have two men working inside her, she would always crave it. Always crave them. No.

But she couldn't just walk away, not now. If she even tried she would always wonder what she missed out on. Not to mention, her bad luck didn't seem to be getting

any better. She pulled her lips away from his. "Yes," she whispered before kissing him again.

Niall came up behind her and rubbed his cock up and down her back. She could feel the warmth of the liquid slipping from the tip of his cock. She'd never felt so sexy, so wanted, so alive. Niall grabbed her by the shoulders and twisted her around, wrenching her lips from Declan.

"I want a taste." Niall bent down and captured her lips.

Hell, he could have a taste and more. She wanted all they had to give, and she opened her mouth to him. His tongue darted inside and stroked hers. He tasted like pure pleasure. A shiver raced down her body after he broke their connection to move to the head of the bed. He reached down, grabbing her under her arms, and pulled her up over him.

"Do we need to tie you up?" Declan moved over her.

Her stomach flipped at the thought of being tied up again. Considering how much she'd fantasized about this happening, there was no way in hell she would be able to keep her head and not make a stupid wish or cast an outrageous spell. She looked into Niall's eyes, then over her shoulder at Declan, and nodded in the barest of movements.

"You might need to gag me. I don't know what I might say. I don't want to cast a spell that might hurt you." She tried to look away. Honestly, she'd already cast two misspells tonight and that had been just from errant thoughts. If they truly broke what little control she had, there was no telling what might happen. What if they thought she was a freak or something? Or even worse, what if they didn't believe her? If she hurt them she would never be able to live with herself.

"Look at me." Niall turned her face back to his. His gaze drilled into hers. "We aren't judging. We'll gag you. But the fact that you don't want to hurt either of us makes us want you more – want to help you more."

Ciarran let go of another breath she didn't know she'd been holding. She waited, but neither man moved. She raised her eyebrow at Niall.

"I don't think we want to tie you up until we get you ready." He leaned up and kissed her neck in the groove by her collarbone.

"Okay." She looked over her shoulder at Declan. He rolled his shoulders, then bent down and put his tongue at the base of her spine and traced it up. A shiver rippled through her body. Anticipation followed closely behind. She closed her eyes and lived in the suspense humming through her. Another shiver racked her body.

Niall laughed against her skin. "I think you found a sweet spot."

Declan chuckled and let his fingers trace the line his tongue had just taken. Niall moved around below her until he got into a comfortable position, then he pulled her up onto him. His cock pressed into her stomach, reminding her of what was to come. The hair around the opening of her sex was wet from her juices.

Niall pushed her up and moved her breasts to the point where her nipples were just out of reach of his tongue. The move pulled her over his cock. She sucked in a breath, and his unrelenting ridge rubbed against her clit. After she cleared the tip of him, his cock bounced up and settled between the cheeks of her ass.

It felt so good. So damn good. To her sensitive skin, he felt like silk. He rubbed the velvety smooth tip along her crease. Each time he went over her budding anus it spasmed before opening a little for him. Her breath caught and she forgot to breathe. This was really happening...

"Maybe you should go ahead and tie me up." She was barely keeping it together right now. In a few minutes she doubted she would be coherent enough to say her own name. The feel of the leather against her skin gave her something to focus on, something to hold on to.

Declan moved away from her, over to the nightstand. He opened the only drawer, the one that would hold a phone book in any other hotel room. When his hand lifted into her view, a phone book was the last thing on her mind. She tried to swallow but the moisture in her mouth wouldn't slide down her throat. Declan held a handful of new leather restraints. She didn't see a gag but guessed there was one there. By the look of those straps, they were a lot stronger than the ones she'd snapped earlier.

"Make sure she can bend her legs." Niall kissed the side of her neck.

She snatched a quick look at Niall. His face had become a strained version of the one from a few minutes ago. Decllan made short work of lacing her arms and legs. She wasn't in a perfect spread eagle position but it was damn close. Her legs and arms were running parallel to each other. Cool air brushed the opening of her sex and the small rosette of her anus. She was more than wide open.

Niall grabbed her face and turned her head so he could capture her lips in a kiss. He tasted so good. She needed more. Her cunt and ass were both pulsing with the need to be filled. Decllan moved to her side and pulled her face away from Niall, crushing her mouth with his. Where Niall was light, salty and spicy, Decllan was complex, more difficult to decipher. But there was one thing she could name: need. She could taste it. It was there in the way his tongue glided along hers, the way his fingers clutched her chin, and the way his breath came out in short puffs from his flaring nostrils.

Decllan pulled away from her. "I think we're ready for that gag."

Chapter Five

A thrill shot through her. Her heart bounded out of control. Her hands itched and the soles of her feet tingled. His fingers were like a lick of fire on her skin when he swept her hair out of the way and put the gag in her mouth.

The leather had a slightly plastic feel. She pushed her tongue against it but it didn't budge. Even when she tried to talk around it, only an unintelligible moan emerged. She couldn't hurt them now. Her tense muscles finally relaxed.

Niall surged into her pussy. She inhaled deep and sank down on him. Her vaginal muscles rippled around him. He pushed her up, then let her fall back onto him. Each movement stole her breath.

"Are you ready?" Decllan leaned above her.

The skin along her back tingled. His flesh burned into hers. Her inner core pulsed around Niall's cock. Even her anal muscles pulsed when she thought about what was coming in the next few seconds.

Cool fingers traced an icy liquid or gel down the crack of her ass. It pooled at her tiny clenching hole. She bit down on her lip, then pushed out against Decllan's probing finger. He traced the gel into her fiery depths. Her body seemed to suck him in. Her rubber toys were fatter and longer than his finger, but each of his strokes sent a shock through her. The sensations rocked her body, sending her into a tiny orgasm. She could feel the extra wetness and she clamped down on both the cock in her and the finger.

Suddenly the finger was gone and something much larger was pushing against her anus. "Open up," Decllan muttered right above her ear. "Push out against me."

She did, hoping she was lubed up enough for him to just slide on in. Too bad luck wasn't on her side. Decllan had squeezed the barest tip of his penis into her tight

hole, when the stretching turned from pleasure into pain. She took a deep breath and commanded her body to relax. She felt the muscles that had been clenching him slowly release. He inched in a little farther.

"Niall, she's tensing up." Decllan practically grunted.

Beneath her, Niall moved. For a second she was afraid that he was going to press into her and thrust her back onto Decllan's waiting iron-stiff cock, but he didn't. He grabbed her hips and held her in place, then he slowly worked in and out of her. Each time he pumped into her, she moved closer and closer toward her orgasm. More juices flowed around their connection, and she relaxed a little bit.

"Try it again, Dec." Niall continued to work his cock in and out of her.

She heard the words but her head was spinning from the feel of Niall's penis as it pressed against her special spot. The pain of the cock slowly dipping deeper into her from behind paled against the need to feel Niall rub against her G-spot again.

"Better." Decllan bent his head and traced a circle on her neck with his tongue. He pressed deep, taking advantage of her momentary fixation on the sensations that Niall sent coursing through her body.

"Mmmmm." She moaned as he sank fully into her. She inhaled a deep breath and bit into the gag, preventing herself from screaming. This was so much more than her toys had prepared her for.

Decllan grunted, then started to move in earnest. Each time he pulled out, her muscles closed around him. She'd expected some semblance of resistance, but with the gel bathing her insides, he slid in smoother than Niall.

"Slow down, Dec. I want to enjoy this. Don't end it too quickly." Niall continued to pump into her but at a much slower pace than Decllan. It threw them off rhythm. She felt almost battered between them.

"Mmmmmmm." She grunted against the gag, and waved a hand to get both men's attention. She didn't really want to stop the guys, but this wasn't going to work if they weren't all on the same page.

"Dec, man, come on." Niall practically groaned from beneath her.

"She's so tight." Decllan slowed down and eventually stopped.

Ciarran felt so full she didn't think she could move again, but knew if they didn't, her juices would dry up and things could become quite painful.

Decllan grunted and pumped back in with one fluid movement. He pressed her down into Niall. Niall thrust up into her and rammed her into Decllan's waiting cock. Things had turned from awkward to sublime in seconds. Now each thrust spurred her on. She wanted more, needed more. She needed both of them. It only took a second for her to lose control. Her entire body was on fire.

"Damn." Decllan moaned from behind her.

More. She craved more. Using her inner muscles, she squeezed on Decllan's cock when he pulled out of her, then on Niall's cock as he rammed in. It only took three thrusts before both men were out of control. They rammed into her with abandon. The sounds of their sweaty bodies pounding into each other were the only sounds in the room. It echoed louder and louder as they got closer to the ultimate release.

The ripples deep inside her signaled her orgasm. Intense contractions swept through her. The sensitive tissue of her cunt and ass clenched and tightened on the cocks invading her. The pleasure inflamed every cell of her body. A scream ripped through her chest and blossomed out in one loud awkward long yell around the gag.

Seconds later, Niall and Decllan's low moans of release joined hers. Their hot juices filled her, spreading liquid fire hotter than her own release. It burned through her until her scalp, her palms and the soles of her feet tasted the lick of their flames.

Slowly, she felt them pull out of her. Niall slid out easy, but her body didn't seem to want to let Decllan go. She continued to burn. They must have felt the heat. She swore she could smell her own flesh shriveling from the fire. Just when she thought she couldn't take another second of it, the burning stopped.

Had it worked? Did she have her luck back? *Please tell me I have my luck back?*

Chapter Six

"Ciarran, are you okay?" Decllan shook her.

She turned her eyes up to him. After what they'd just shared, she didn't know if she would ever be "okay" again. But it wasn't like she could tell him that. She opened her mouth and was surprised to find the gag gone. Her arms and legs were free too. How long had she been out of it? "Yeah, I'm fine."

Niall walked over to her with a small cup of water in his hand. He sat down on the bed and tipped the cup up to her lips. "Drink."

She sat up on the bed so that the water wouldn't spill all over her. The water helped to cool the fire in her throat.

"What the hell was that?" Niall asked, his eyes wide.

"What?"

"Your skin was glowing bright red. Like you were on fire inside." Decllan put his arm around her back.

"I don't know. That's never happened to me before," she whispered. Nothing in her books told her about what would happen if she ever really did get her luck back.

"So try something. Do a spell or something. If it backfires we can always try another round." Niall licked his lips, then threw her a wicked smile.

"If it backfires, then there's no telling what will happen." She tried to keep the fear from her voice, but couldn't. The last thing she wanted was to hurt either of them.

"Why not try something easy. Like fixing your phone. How bad could that backfire?" Decllan got up and gathered the pieces of her phone.

She tried to reason it out. If the phone thing did backfire, what was the worst that could happen? It could burn up. It could explode. Hmmm... that was about it. She could do it, certain that the chances of something extremely bad happening were small.

"Okay. I'll do it only if you set the phone on the shelf in the bathroom." Hopefully, being in a separate room would keep them safe. She closed her eyes and waited until she felt the bed dip with Declan's weight. Then she focused all the power in her body into the remaking of her phone. Mapping wire to wire. Restoring connections. The buzz of the spell filled her body and then her head. The energy burst from her as the spell finished. Now, the question was if it had worked.

The loud ring from the next room answered that question. Ciarran jumped up and off the bed before either man could get up. If that damn phone was going to blow up in someone's face, then it was going to be hers.

Ciarran sucked in a breath and pushed the talk button on the phone.

"Hello. May I speak to Ms. Ciarran Davis?"

"This is she." The phone hadn't blown up but that didn't mean that her luck had changed.

"Ms. Davis, this is Sarah with Air Lingus. I have an update on your flight to Ireland. Because of the issue with your original flight, we would like to upgrade you to first class on a flight out tomorrow morning at nine o'clock."

"How much is this going to cost me?" Ciarran tried to keep the frustration from her voice.

"Nothing, Ms. Davis. This is a complimentary upgrade for the inconvenience."

"That's great." Could it be over? Seriously over?

"Please check in an hour early at the VIP desk," the woman continued.

"Okay. Thank you." Ciarran listened as the woman went on with instructions on how to claim her ticket, but her mind was buzzing with the knowledge that she was finally free. She waited until the woman was through talking, then switched off the phone and took a much needed breath.

"So, what's the verdict?" Niall asked from the doorway.

Ciarran jumped. She'd been in her own little world and hadn't even noticed that either man had moved. "The phone is working. That has to be a good sign." Decllan smiled at her from just behind Niall's naked body.

"Yeah. It looks like my luck is back." She tried to sound enthusiastic, but since her luck was back she knew their time together was at an end.

"Hey, I thought that's what you wanted." Niall came into the bathroom with Decllan close behind him. The two men seemed to suck up all the space in the small room.

She couldn't move an inch without touching either man. Fuck. She'd embarrassed herself. Told them her deepest, darkest sexual fantasies. Surely she could get through this. "That was what I wanted. I'm just not sure I want the night to end yet," she told them, then peeked up at them from under her lashes.

Both men burst out laughing. Decllan picked her up and carried her back to the bed. "Did you really think we were going to let you go before the morning?" He dropped her on the bed, then followed her down to capture her lips. Pleasure roared through her. With her powers back working the way they should and luck on her side, Niall and Decllan were in for the night of their lives.

Leila Brown

Leila has been an avid reader since the fifth grade. As she got older she read everything she could get her hands on from horror, to mystery and finally stopping in romance.

While in college studying computer programming and electrical engineering, she realized what she wanted to do when she grew up. She wanted to write those stories that entertained her through more nights than she could remember. Of course her first attempts were less than remarkable and have been destroyed to protect the innocent. :)

Currently, she works a normal 9 to 5 in the IT world. She writes during her lunch hour and at home after 9pm when everyone in her house is asleep.

Is it easy? Yes and no. Coming up with the stories is easy. Getting the words out of her head and onto paper is HARD! But she couldn't live without it!