

A.O.E.M.: Taboo
Stephanie Burke

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Chapter One

"I am so sorry, babe." Talcor sighed regretfully as he stared deeply into his would-be lover's golden eyes. "Maybe the timing just isn't right."

He lifted the richly colored silk sheets that lay loosely bunched around his lower body and peered at the unresponsive cock lying limply against his left thigh. It looked almost as tired as he felt, the purple head looking as if it wished to hide.

And today was to have been *the* day!

He'd had the perfect day planned, with the help of his chaperone, of course, and it would have culminated with the act that would have shown his mate-to-be without a doubt how much he loved and cherished their upcoming bonding.

Would have being the operative words, of course, but still, it had been a damned near perfect day.

He and his mate-to-be started out with a romantic walk along the lake that bordered both of their parents' properties, joining the land in the same way they hoped both their powerful and influential families would be bound. The sun had been shining, the breeze warm and gentle, the look in his soon-to-be lover's eyes eager and anxious.

And of course those eyes would be filled with hunger and need. They had been betrothed since infancy. When puberty hit, along with the explosion of sexual hormones in his body and the growth of his wings that signaled sexual maturity, he had fantasized about the act, and seeing the light of love and complete and total satisfaction shining from his mate's face.

Creators, he fantasized about the sounds that would pour from those precious, full lips, the gasps and moans, the way that sleek form would twist under his, the way they both would take flight as their wings hefted them into midair as the burn to come became unbearable...

But for some reason he always had been -- hesitant was as good a word as any -- to shake off his chaperone for a little afternoon slap and tickle with his would-be-lover.

It was disrespectful, he told himself, no matter how his hormones had raged at him and his wings' fluttering told the story of sexual frustration so great he thought his balls would explode. He had wanted to show his mate's worth by showing the utmost respect and prove he was worthy of the match by not doing anything to put a black mark on his mate-to-be's name or reputation.

But had anyone besides him appreciated the fact he was denying himself out of respect and honor for the traditions of old?

NO!

Both their families had done everything in their collective powers to get them to break the no-sex ban, shy of stripping them both naked, covering them in aphrodisiac gel, and locking them both in the same room with a mirror, a comfortable bed, and a gallon of restorative drink.

They all, including his own parental quad, seemed to be upset that he was not trying to actively seduce the leggings off of his chosen!

And both their families' motives became even more clear when the agreed upon chaperone began disappearing during the couple's frequent dates and midnight strolls.

Every time he ventured forth, romance on his mind and love in his heart, his chaperone would almost magically disappear, only to suddenly pop up from behind a tree or a bush, the expectant look on his face turning into a deep frown when Talcor was not caught with his hands down his chosen's leggings, humping at those beautiful legs and rounded ass like a canine in heat.

"No passion marks, bruises, or fingerprints today?" Mave, their chaperone, would grumble, much to Talcor's embarrassment.

Then the man would sadly shake his head when all proved to be as it appeared, prim, proper, and above all, respectful.

And after he returned to his homestead, there were the disappointed looks and upset murmurs when it was reported that his chosen had remained disgustingly un-debauched.

“No finger marks, suck marks, teeth tracks, or spilled semen,” Mave would report to both sides, and then the weeping and wailing would start, followed by those helpful pamphlets that would mysteriously appear in his sleeping chamber.

He kept an annotated file of them. Thus far, his favorites were, “How to Debauch a Virgin in Ten Easy Steps,” “You Don’t Have to Be Afraid to Get Your Cock Wet,” “Dip into Desire: A Practical Guide for the Shy Virgin,” “Fucking is Fun and Easy,” “Tossing Salads and Other Practical Uses for the Tongue,” and “Ten Fun Things to Do With Your Cock.”

But now, finally, after all those years of doing the right thing, of being proper and respectful, of being a gentle-Fae, he decided to reward his own patience by screwing the living daylights out of his mate-to-be.

Only it hadn’t gone exactly the way he’d planned it.

He had fantasized about this for so many years, planned each moment from their surprise escape from Mave to the romantic walk along the beach, to the messy, finger-sucking meal he’d specially ordered to be served in this very suite.

And what a suite it turned out to be.

The orgy-sized bed was second only to the orgy-sized tub! The fireplace was unnecessary in the warm climate of their island, but it was a romantic, soothing addition nevertheless. The warm colors that filled the room were designed to give a feeling of comfort, the candles placed to deliver a sensual atmosphere and soothe worried virgins. All in all it was a perfect place for a seduction, the perfect place to plow a trail so deep in his mate that the mere mention of his name would send lust, hunger, and desire flowering and blooming, making the longing for his touch all the sweeter.

Only now... dammit... his garden stake refused to rise to the occasion! So now he was trying to reason with a limp pecker, and his chosen had a speculative look in those amber-kissed golden eyes.

“Talcor,” his mate-to-be purred, the velvety, honey voice sending shivers down his spine, but no telltale signals to his balls and cock. “Love? Have you ever thought that you... um... might be kind of... well... What’s the right word I’m searching for here? Straight?”

Chapter Two

Talcor stared at Fal in shock, his mouth dropping open as if he couldn't believe what his ears were telling his brain. "Str-straight? My gods, man! Are you daft?"

Tal dropped the sheet to cover his disobedient genitalia and glared at his future partner.

"Look at this from my point of view," Falon the Golden explained. He tossed his portion of the silken sheets aside and rose to his feet, giving a body that would be considered spectacular by any imagination a quick rub with delicate hands. His ebon tattoos glistened around his waist as his fingers danced over them. They had been painfully embedded into his flesh when he had reached his sexual maturity. The black marks contrasted wildly with his golden skin, their elegant design of swirls and whorls proclaiming him a child of a first family, declaring his heritage for all to see if anyone felt the need, and many dared.

The matching tattooed cuffs around his ankles told all that he was a first son, and the deep tribal marking around his biceps, so at odds with the delicate swirls that encircled his hips, told all that he was the intended of the House of Tarok, the house of Aggression. The design would be completed in the actual mating ritual itself, but the permanent markings told the word he belonged to the First House of Destruction and War.

"We have been at this for hours," Fal sighed, running his hands through his fall of gold-toned hair, his expressive eyes filling with compassion as he quietly regarded his mate. "And still there is no bang-bang." He didn't sound angry, just resigned. "There is nothing wrong with being straight, lover mine. But there is something going on here, and I know that it's not me." He grinned down at the dark body of his mate-to-be. "I walk by and Fae dicks get hard enough to break diamonds."

And Falon wasn't exaggerating. He was one of the most highly sought after males on the hidden isle of Tabrizia. With his long, multi-shaded golden hair and amber skin, he was a complete contrast and complement to Talcor's onyx skin and ebony cornrows that hung below his waist.

They were a striking couple, Fal in his golden glory and Talcor with his black on black hues and their matching markings, because as sure as Fal was marked with Talcor's markings, Tal was equally blessed.

His markings were a bright gold, the color of his intended, and were a delicate swirl that showed he was promised to one of the House of Intellect. His waist markings, his family lineage, corresponded to the thick tribal markings that swirled around Fal's arms. The delicate swirls from the House of Intellect were at odds with the fiery temperament of Talcor, First Son of the House of Aggression, but in some strange way they added a touch of delicacy to his form and increased his overall attractiveness.

Together, the two men had caused more than one jack-off session and were the cause of a few males getting an extra good night with their mates. There was definitely nothing wrong with his mate-to-be.

But if there was nothing wrong with him that meant that there was... no way!

By the time Tal brought himself out of his little journey into self-discovery, Falon was busily sliding his black drawstring pants over the delectable ass that Talcor loved to palm. Tal couldn't hold in a sigh of longing as he watched those beloved muscles flex and bunch under that petal-soft skin. His sheer grace was like poetry in motion, the way those long limbs shifted as he settled his pants around his hips and pulled the drawstring tight. He moved like a great cat, Tal decided as he watched those rounded shoulders rise and fall, his crop top settling over his chest and...

Dammit! He was dressed! And he was moving toward the front door!

"Falon!" Tal cried out, frustration ruling him. "Wait!"

Then, cursing under his breath as his precious one continued through the suite, he stumbled from his bed and scrambled after his man-to-be.

"Dammit!!" he hissed again as his legs tangled in the brightly colored silk sheets and he went tumbling to the carpeted floor, looking rather like an oversized butterfly having a fit.

"Fucking sheet!" he hissed. He floundered for a moment, finally managing to gain his feet. "Falon! Wait!"

He ran two steps in the direction of the golden one before he realized the thing slapping against his bare thigh was his uncooperative cock.

Hissing, sweating, and calling himself no less than seven sons-of-a-human, he ripped the sheet from the floor, wrapped it around his waist, and gave chase.

He reached the entryway just in time to see the door quietly shut. Unfortunately, he couldn't halt his all out race toward the door. He cursed loudly as he slammed face first into it.

"Oww," he hissed, rubbing his nose with one hand as the other ran along the wood, reaching for the handle. Still wrinkling up his nose, he wrenched the door open and bolted straight into the hall.

"Falon!" he bellowed, disregarding everything else in his headlong flight to catch his mate as he watched that golden back walk out of his life. "I'm not straight!"

His voice, so filled with anguish, caused Falon to pause and turn to look at his promised. The pain, the hurt in that face moved his heart, but he loved Talcor enough not to hold him to this farce of a mating.

"I'm not a freak! I am gay!" The sheet dropped and he made a desperate grab to pull it back around his waist, but not before there were a few interested murmurs from the audience.

There were at least three couples in the hall, all female, and all now paying attention to the tableau now unfolding before their eyes.

"Falon?" He stretched his arms out in supplication. "Upon my honor, Falon, I love you more than I ever thought it was possible to love another being. You are a part of me!" He raised his arm, pointing to the markings Fal himself had etched onto his skin. "You complete me. Without you, I am nothing!"

Tal had no idea how long he stood there, staring into the golden eyes of the only man he would ever love, watching those swirling, golden orbs stare back, their depths so filled with conflicting emotions.

The three couples sadly took in the standoff, but made no effort to assist. They had their own problems, and the issues between these two burly males were none of their affair, save a momentary distraction from their lives.

But Tal, so absorbed in trying to force his precious one to come by the strength of his gaze alone, failed to notice the haphazard knot holding his sheet in place slip.

There was a distracting breeze blowing against his lax cock and balls when one of the females, an attractive sprite from the look of her silver hair and antennae, called out to him, "Not that the view isn't enjoyable, but your sheet is slipping."

In that instant, Tal turned to face her, to see the beauty of her lightly illuminated face, the mysterious bumps that made up her body hidden by only a few strips of cloth... and his oh-so-uninterested cock began to stir.

He looked down and watched, horrified, as his erection began to rise, the dark shaft of his cock filling with blood, his balls tingling as they drew up in interest.

"Where the hell were you ten tic-tocks ago?" he growled at his dick before looking up to see if his mate-to-be had noticed.

He caught the back end of his mate disappearing into the elevator.

Ignoring his naked state, the amusement of the females, and the cock that rose proudly to rest against his stomach, the plum-colored head mocking him, he raced to stop Fal from leaving.

"Fal..."

"Shh." One golden finger pressed against his lips and halted any speech or explanations he could have made. "It's okay, Talcor, First Son of the House of Aggression. I love you more than words can say, and I have no doubt that you love me. But maybe you need time to discover who you are and what you want, love. Being straight may not be so bad." He shuddered, a grimace crossing his golden face as he tried to imagine doing things sexual with a, ugh, female.

“But I am not straight! Falon, it is you I have pined for all these years, you who have filled my dreams and made my fantasies take flight.”

“Then maybe I am not enough, love,” Fal sighed, stepping back and pressing the button to the lower levels. “Maybe this isn’t meant to be, or maybe you need to experience the world. But remember, I love you, Talcor.” He pressed his hands against his heart, his golden eyes sparkling as he forced a smile for his mate’s benefit. “This beats for you, love. Only for you. And I love you enough to know that I may have to let you go. Before you can be true to me, Talcor, warrior, poet and gentle-Fae, you have to be true to yourself.”

Desperation vying with the tears in his eyes, Tal whispered his mate’s name. “Falon...”

But with one last, sad smile, Fal let the doors close, separating him from the one man he’d ever loved.

“Fal,” Tal breathed, his forehead dropping against the cold metal thing that was spiriting his heart away.

A hand on his shoulder made him turn to see the same Urban Sprite holding the jewel-toned sheet out to him. “I’m... will you be okay?”

Was that real concern he saw in her eyes? Yes, it was, he decided. And the fact it was there made him hate her, made him hate himself, made him hate everything, the world, his life, this fucking island... Everyone and everything except for his Falon.

“I’ll be fine,” he managed, taking the sheet and turning away. Uncaring of his nakedness or his wilting cock, dragging the sheet behind him, he made for their rooms.

Once inside the barrier of wood and steel, he pressed his forehead against the door, the weight on his shoulders bearing so heavily on his soul that it nearly physically broke his back.

“What is wrong with me?” he whispered, then turned so that his back and the burden he bore were supported by ungiving, unpitying, uncaring wood.

He felt his sinuses burn, his face flush and his eyes throb as he slid down the door to sit on the floor, unable to hold up under the weight of his burden, this curse of

straightness any longer. These clues had to be false! It could not be true! His reasoning was wrong, everyone was wrong, everything was wrong!

He was not straight!

He was not!

He couldn't be!

Creators, Deliverers, gods, please don't let it be true!

He was not straight!

Chapter Three

“What the hell do you mean, I’m not the right person for this job?”

Knight’s voice, loud and angry, seemed to echo around the office, right through the soundproofed doors, and into the cubed maze known as the cubicle jungle.

Underlings, the movers and shakers, and the up and coming alike all paused for a second before frenzied action once again filled the sixth floor of Schuster and Bitters Investments.

“Calm down, Knight,” the suddenly nervous senior partner soothed, beads of sweat forming on his bald scalp. “There is no need for histrionics.”

A few deep breaths and Knight Sayburn was once again in control. “I assure you,” she said in a clipped voice, “I am the last person to succumb to histrionics.”

“I understand, Knight.” The older gentleman relaxed a bit, seeing that the number one stockbroker in this firm was now listening. “I understand that you are rather disappointed...”

“Disappointed?” One raven’s wing eyebrow rose over steel-gray eyes. “Disappointed is too tame a word. You know that I am the best man for the job, Montgomery. No one else has bigger clients, no one else makes the money that I do. If I were a lawyer, I would be gifted with the name ‘rainmaker.’ But since my specialty is finding loopholes in business laws and I’m merely the best stockbroker this company has seen in over thirty years, I am only gifted with betrayal!”

“Betrayal? Now, Knight, don’t say anything you will regret, anything too rash!”

“What else would you call it, Montgomery? I’m the best thing that you have ever had and yet, once again, I’m passed over for promotion.”

Sighing heavily, the older man leaned forward in his chair, placed both arms on his massive mahogany desk, and decided to be honest with his protégé. "It is precisely because of what you're *not*."

"I'm the best man for this job, Montgomery!" Knight began, only to pause as Montgomery held up one hand.

"No, you are not."

"But my numbers..."

"You are *not*, Knight." The man raised his hand higher to halt the recitation of very accurate facts and figures he knew was going to come forth from that competent and intelligent mouth. "You are not the *best man*." He emphasized those last two words.

"Oh." At once the indignation Knight felt fled away, leaving her feeling hollow and empty.

"I'm sorry, Knight, but no matter how you try, you will never be the man you pretend to be."

"Is that what you think, Montgomery?" Knight's voice sounded almost dead. "Is that what you believe? That I ape the men in order to get ahead?"

There was finally defeat in those gray eyes, but there was pride as well. It was the pride that kept the tears in check that so deeply wanted to burn their way out of those eyes and trail like acid down her face.

"I know this isn't true, Knight, but... but look at you!"

"Look at me?"

Knight's eyes wrinkled as she looked down at her pin-striped pantsuit, her sensible loafers shined to a high gloss. Her red power tie, her signature accessory, gleamed against the pale gray of her shirt. She was businesslike and professional, as usual. "What's wrong with me?"

"For God's sake, Knight," Montgomery exploded, believing that the once-over she'd given herself would be self-explanatory. "You're wearing pants!"

"I always wear pants!" she retorted.

"I know! They know!" He gestured to the hive of activity beyond his soundproofed doors. "We all know! When was the last time you wore a skirt?"

"It's winter, Montgomery," Knight helpfully pointed out.

"Which means it's been weeks since you shaved your legs."

She blushed as the truth of that statement hit home. "So?"

"Knight, your sexuality is your own affair, but when you start to flaunt it at the office --"

"Whoa! Back up! Flaunt? Sexuality? What the hell are you talking about, Montgomery?"

"Knight," he soothed, reaching across the desktop to pat one of her limp hands, "it's okay that you don't like men... in that respect --"

"What?"

"Well, we all figured that out ages ago, Knight. Your desire for, shall we say, more delicate and feminine comforts..."

"I am not gay."

"Whatever, Knight." Montgomery shook his head. "Don't ask, don't tell may not have worked in the military, but it works fine at Schuster and Bitters."

"I am not gay!"

"Live in denial, if you wish, Knight. But you are waving your lifestyle around like a red flag... like that red power tie you love."

"I am *not* gay!"

"Face facts, man... uh, woman!" The exasperated man exhaled a hard breath. "When was the last time you had a date?"

"Um... well..."

"Partners' Party? Office Party? Birthday Party? End of the Year party, Millennium Bash?"

"I was working, Montgomery!" Knight seethed. "Jeez, man, you don't bring in the big numbers like I do by going out and playing slap and tickle with every Tom, Dick, and Harry you know!"

"Precisely! Half the problem is that you don't play with dick!"

An embarrassed silence fell on both sides of the argument.

"Look, Knight," Montgomery said softly. "If you say that you are not gay, then I believe you."

"I quit." Her words were as intense as the gaze she cast upon her mentor.

"I know this is hard, but... what?"

"I quit, Montgomery. It's quite simple, really. I can't change the way I am, and I sure as hell can't change other people's minds."

"Knight, no!"

"You know what I believe, Montgomery? I believe that they will always see me as the butch bitch who started sleeping with girls to be one of the boys."

"Knight, listen to me." Montgomery turned serious eyes to his protégé. "You've worked too damn hard for way too long to give this all away."

"To give what away? The job that I will never advance in, the people who can't wait to jump to conclusions about my sex life because theirs has to be so damn boring that they have to declare me gay to spice theirs up a bit? I am not gay, Montgomery. Not in the least."

"Are... are you sure, Knight?"

Knight sighed and finally gave in to the impulse to run her fingers through her short-cropped black hair.

"Don't you think I would know if I had a hankering for pussy, Montgomery?"

The older man blushed at her frank and earthy language, but stuck to his guns. "Sometimes we have to explore ourselves, Knight, to really know what we are. And don't tell me you've had the chance for a little self-exploration. As you say, you spend all your free time working. How would you know what sex you prefer?"

Well, that was the truth, Knight decided. She did work all the time. But wouldn't she know if she were gay?

The men at her office were either trying to use her to get ahead or were to be used by her -- politely, mind you -- on her upward climb. Sleeping with the male clients was unheard of and against her personal moral code.

There was Montgomery... She shuddered at the thought as she imagined the serious face of the older man, the wrinkles that lined his care-worn face, hovering above her in ecstasy, bellowing for her to suck his cock deeper or to take each thrust of his, um, cock. Right then and there, she decided that she didn't need an older "Daddy," either.

Maybe she *was* gay! Oh, damn. And fifteen minutes ago, she actually *knew* who she was.

"Look, Knight." Montgomery finally spoke.

The sound of his voice tore her mercifully from her horrific inner reverie and visions of his sweating form collapsed across her, offering her a cigarette after monkey sex. Hell, that alone was enough to turn her gay!

"Maybe you need a break. Now hear me out," he added, as she was about to interrupt. "I recently applied to go on this once in a lifetime, find your mate and live happily ever after vacation. And don't look at me like that! I have sexual urges and needs as well."

Knight blanched at the thought -- well, blanched at another image of a naked and thrusting Montgomery pushing his potbelly aside to get his dick deeper into some broad's pussy.

"I want you to have it."

Knight blinked. "It?" His wrinkled, potbellied dickie-do cock? *Ewww!*

"Pay attention, Knight Sayburn!" Montgomery snapped. "I want to you take my island vacation. Go and discover yourself before you decide anything here. You have about eight months of vacation saved up, and it's about time you took some of it."

"But Montgomery, my clients..."

"You are so well prepared, Knight, that they have figures and facts and numbers for at least a two-week vacation away from your proverbial teat! Do this for yourself,

young lady. Or do you want to become like me, old and dried up, taking a package trip to find suitable companionship?"

That thought sent a frisson of fear sliding through her body.

Not the image of a dried-up, potbellied Montgomery alone and jacking off in his office, but the image of her, in a few years, potbellied and alone, changing the batteries in her vibrator after everyone had gone home, her computer and printouts her only companionship.

Before she could formulate an answer, Montgomery slid a gold embossed envelope toward her.

"Take the vacation and discover yourself, Knight. Before it's too late."

In a daze, Knight Sayburn left her mentor's office, his words ringing in her ears, a gold envelope in her inside jacket pocket.

She would go, and she would discover herself, but there were things that she was certain of.

Stocks would rise and fall, never trust a CEO, she never wanted to see Montgomery naked, and she was not gay!

She was straight, damn it!

She was not gay!

Chapter Four

“Food.” The grumbling from Tal’s stomach decided his first course of action after all his new experiences.

First, there was just getting onto this island in the first place. And he thought security around Tebrezia was tight. He was only here by the good graces of that Urban Sprite and the good humor of a sympathetic Merman.

The sprite had told him of this resort where it would be relatively easy for a Fae warrior from the House of Aggression to get laid and prove to his mate-to-be that he had not only gained useful life experience, but that he was gay.

The Merman, caught in his own quandary, showed him a private cove that could be used to gain access from the sea. It seemed the poor Merman’s love life was a mess of interspecies angst. He was in love with a dolphin, and his parents didn’t agree. It proved how crappy Tal’s luck was that he ran into a happy interspecies gay couple... who never had a doubt about their lust after a more masculine form, even if it involved fins, gills, and blowholes.

But after a hellacious magical physical-transfer that dropped him into the heart of the sea, and an even longer swim to the cove, Talcor’s stomach was complaining more than his abused muscles.

The first place he spied, after spelling himself dry, was the restaurant. “Fresh meat,” he promised his whining stomach. “Lots of protein to get us ready for tonight’s sessions.”

And if it appeared that he was in a rush, it was true.

He had cast so many spells and left so many magical trail markers that it would take at least two days for his family to discover he was missing. Hopefully, by that time, the point would be moot. He would have gotten a man, screwed the living daylights

out of him, proved to everyone he wasn't a straight freak, and then he could return home and offer up his anal virginity to his mate without fear of being labeled an oddity.

That decided, he tossed his braids back over his shoulder and set off for the subdued lighting of the restaurant.

It was kind of tacky and obviously tourist driven, but the place held an aura of serenity that any creature landing on this island would appreciate. Like a watering hole in the jungle, this place appeared to be an oasis in the growing bustle of the beach.

There were several round bamboo tables, complete with huge, multi-position umbrellas that would shade the powerful rays of the sun. A grass hut-like bar sat in the back, and already people were lining up for morning Mojitos, mimosas, and fresh fruit juices. The heavenly scents flowing through the morning air reminded him of his parents when they were on their gourmet *al fresco* phase.

As he approached, he froze for a second, his senses on high alert. There was a Vampire present.

The male Vampire was obviously an alpha, by his stature and sheer presence alone, but he was also busily directing a mixed bag workforce of Humans and other creatures as they set out trays that filled the salty beach air with the fragrances of herbs and spices.

Talcor examined the Vampire before approaching any further, noting the dusky skin and the golden eyes that were filled with power, pride, and quite a bit of desolation. It was odd to see a male, to see anyone with that much hopelessness in his eyes, as if his whole world had collapsed around him and he felt that something he had done had been the cause.

Tal looked up at the rising sun, then back at the undead creature, who by all rights should have been a burning carbon spot writhing on the beach, but instead was stirring sauces and giving commanding orders. Talcor concentrated on the magical signature the alpha was sending out. It felt odd, out of place, strange and powerful yet incomplete.

Shaking his head at his thoughts, which were instinctively creating stratagems to battle this creature, he forced himself to recall why he was here. And if reining in his thoughts was not enough to curb the warrior in him, the growling of his stomach was more than adequate.

Shrugging, he approached the Vampire.

Not only an alpha Vampire, his senses told him, but a Master as well. Approach with caution.

As soon as he stepped into the magical range of the Vampire, the man stiffened and his head slowly turned to stare at him. The Vampire's gaze dropped to Tal's stomach, reading the lineage markings, and then to his ankles and biceps, reading those markings as well.

When he spoke, his voice was deep and calm. "I hope there isn't trouble brewing here, warrior. All of our restaurants are neutral territory."

Though the words were kindly said and there was a smile on his lips, Tal noted that the Vampire bared his upper fangs, not aggressively, but as a warning that if there was trouble, he would be the one to end it. It was the mark of a good warrior, a male protecting his territory and ensuring the safety of those who dwelled within. It was something Tal could respect and admire.

So, Tal thought, the Vampire knows that I am an Elemental Fae and from the House of Aggression, the warrior caste.

"No, I am not here in any official capacity." Tal spoke the truth as he gazed into golden eyes that were beautiful despite their intensity. "I find myself in need of epicurean delights, and all my senses led me here." As he spoke, the growling of his stomach showed the truth of his words. "I am aware of no trouble here on Chimera."

Then a bright smile lit up his countenance, though it didn't lighten the shadows in his eyes. "In that case --" The Vampire gestured to a tray of steaming seafood that was giving off a wondrous smell. "-- try the grilled swordfish. It was caught fresh this morning and marinated in basil, lemon, and pepper sauce. Drizzle it with fresh creamery butter and you have a meal fit for a king."

Cooking was obviously one of this man's passions, a passion Tal could relate to, as cooking always fell to the men of the household, and it was a proper chef who could keep his wife plump and sated. But the fish? "That sounds delicious, but no, thank you." Tal sighed, looking longingly at the grilled fish, but then a picture of the sad dolphin superimposed itself on the plate, whimpering as he imagined his fork cutting into the succulent flesh while the fish begged and pleaded for mercy. "It reminds me of a friend I recently made the acquaintance of."

Damn those sea creatures, Tal thought as his stomach grumbled again. His body would love a little seafood, but his mind was still focused on the Mermans' problems.

"It's okay," the Vampire said, sounding a bit affronted, "but you have no need to worry. None of our restaurants serve the corpses of sentient beings."

He shot Tal a superior look that told the warrior Fae he had indeed made a huge faux pas. "I mean no insult," Tal was quick to assure. He knew that you never pissed off the people who cooked your food, shod your horse, or made your weapons if you didn't want strange things to happen. Like your horse bucking you off in the middle of a battle, your sword breaking in half when you were fighting an opponent, or you coming down with a case of the colon liquifier at an inopportune time. "It is just at this moment, dining on seafood does not appeal."

The Vampire shrugged his shoulders and gestured to the steam trays that were rapidly filled with fresh culinary offerings, before he handed Tal a laminated menu with the name of the restaurant written in bold lettering across the top. "There is plenty on the menu. Help yourself. By the way, welcome to Chimera and to Fresh Fantasies."

Then he turned and walked away, his business concluded.

But before Tal could look down to decide what he would be dining upon, he felt an impossible magical signal. The Master Vamp he was watching walk away was now coming up on his rear!

"Vampire," he called, his voice serious as he prepared to gather his defensive energies. "Why is your Were double flanking me from behind?" Talcor didn't have to

turn to note that something was behind him and that it felt just like this Vampire, only different somehow.

This was indeed strange magic the Vampire wielded, something that allowed a man not only to be in two places at one time but to change species, Tal decided as his senses identified the Were behind him. It was odd and mildly disturbing. Tal mentally recorded the phenomenon, something to ponder at a later date.

He used his Elemental Earth magic to note the Werewolf's position and was strangely glad that he had magicked himself clean, as the Were was sniffing at him like he was prey about to bolt. Tal was not afraid, but he was curious. This whole meeting was singular.

"Just a precaution, warrior, one that you have convinced me is no longer necessary." The Vampire gestured to the wolf behind Tal and walked away.

Tal closely examined the wolf as he passed, noting that this Were was unusual indeed. "Vampire," Tal called out, mentally agreeing with the man's actions. "I am Talcor, First Son of the House of Aggression." He nodded his head in respect. The man had an awesome magic that was not of his realm, he was sure. But the man also used it in the protection of his property, which was something to admire. If Tal had been anything other than what he was, a warrior of the House of Aggression and in his prime, he could have been dealt a swift end by the males who seemed to run Fresh Fantasies, so strong was their magic.

The Vampire turned when Tal called, then gave another smile as he spoke. "I am Jonathan Corelli. My *brother* --" He emphasized the word, letting Tal know they were indeed not the same person, magically split as he had assumed, or a golem of some sort brought to life by blood and magic. "-- is Jason." He turned to walk away again, but called softly back, "Well met."

Smiling at his retreating form, Tal whispered to himself, "Well met, indeed." If he weren't so busy trying to get fed and laid, he probably would have tried to take a friendly bite out of the exotic, dusky hide of the Vampire, Jonathan.

He eyed the huge wolf, noting his extraordinarily large size even for a Were. Like his brother, Jason possessed, even in Were form, a coat of silky, lustrous curls. The eyes that examined him as he walked past were like topaz fire.

Falon had eyes similar to those molten orbs, and, like on his golden mate, they were beautiful.

He had not been close enough to Jonathan to get a good look, but if the brothers were two sides of the same coin, as Tal was beginning to suspect, then they both had to possess those damnably beautiful eyes.

Tal sighed deeply as he took a seat. He slumped in his chair as thoughts of his mate, of the disappointment he'd seen in Falon's eyes, filled him with purpose.

He would find a man and he would get laid. He would prove to them all that he was as gay as they came, and then he and his precious Falon would be happy again.

Right after he ate, he decided as his stomach again loudly protested its empty state. First feeding, then fucking. He was going to do this and do it correctly if it killed him!

Chapter Five

Knight shuddered as she looked around the island, this place of extreme decadence and laziness. She poked her lips out, blew out a hard breath, and rolled her eyes at the many bikini-clad people, running and playing and being too damn happy.

There was work to be done! Didn't they know that?

While she was on this stupid vacation trying to find herself, her clients could be being stolen from right under her nose. Jerkins in room 607 had been eyeing her corner office for years. It would be just like the smug, chauvinistic bastard to try and horn in on her territory when she was away. There was something suspicious about that man, something sly and sneaky about his little beady eyes and his too-soft skin. Too-soft skin was an incredible turn off, she thought, nodding as if those thoughts made sense. Therefore, it was one of the reasons she couldn't be gay!

Women were soft, right?

She looked down at her own hands, callused from many hours of hard work, and time spent typing away at her keyboard. But... but, dammit, who had time for feminine hand creams and flowery scented ointments? She was a working woman -- she had to be on top of her game. Time and money spent on feminine frivolity was just a waste. Give her a good shower with deodorant soap and a grease cutting shampoo and she was good to go.

But as she looked over the crowd of happily laughing people decked out like brilliant butterflies, something akin to sadness began to fill her heart.

They looked so happy, so unstressed, so... so... so not like her!

Knight slumped on the balcony railing and briefly considered jumping off.

Life was getting so confusing.

Was she so odd because she denied feminine trappings? Did that make her gay?

Hell, everyone in the firm apparently believed so, and these were some of the most astute people she had ever known. You had to be to forecast financial gains and losses.

Had they seen something she had missed?

She looked down at her legs, noted the dark stubble that stood out against her paler skin and had to resist the urge to cry. When was the last time she shaved her legs? She shaved her underarms; didn't that count?

Hanging her head, she decided she needed to come to some very real conclusions, and this was the perfect place to do so.

"Okay, Knight," she pepped herself up. "It's time to get to brass tacks. You need to find out if your job is worth keeping, if you have been living a lie, and above all else, if you're addicted to hair pie."

She shuddered at the thought.

First things first!

She rose to her feet and stalked back inside her hotel room, scarcely paying any attention to the huge, round bed that dominated the area or the opulently appointed bathroom. She went straight for the bedside table, grateful there wasn't a Bible staring back at her, and snatched up the island directory.

Yes, there were places here that suited her needs.

She needed a beauty salon -- whimper -- and a spa that did waxing. Hell, she would even get her eyebrows done! They might look at her like the butch, ball-busting bitch at the firm, but here she could at least try for lipstick lesbian.

Her fingers paused as they ran over the beauty options. What did they mean by Were grooming? There was some really weird shit going on here. Feather preening? Who brought a bird to a tropical island? Hoof trimming, as in horses? Must be a fetish thing, she supposed as she searched for an appropriate listing.

Ah! *Get Your Groove On* Hair Salon sounded perfect.

She skimmed over the ad, noting they were a full service salon and piercing parlor. They also offered specials on body waxing, whisker trimming, beak polishing,

and tick removal. She blinked twice as she read that again. Were they serious? Maybe people brought their pets along. That had to be it! Was that even sanitary?

"Weird," she whispered to herself, "bringing your own pussy with you to the beach. Women have no choice, but men..." She snickered at the thought of a legion of sun-baked men, wearing zinc on their noses and SPF 45 on their bodies, roasting on the beach, all with whimpering pocket pussies on decorated leashes.

She shook her head at her own whimsy, walking pocket pussies, begging to be stroked and rubbed the right way.

But that thought was kind of, well, gay, she decided.

And that brought her to the second thing she needed to search for.

Quickly running through the pages of the thin guide, she found gay bars and nightclubs. Damn, there were a lot here that catered to alternative lifestyles. The Roost, where birds of a feather got together -- weird but catchy.

The Trough, for those who want to graze up and put out -- cute, but not her style.

The Beehive, to sharpen those stingers... Uh, no.

Then she found it! The Fae, sparking romance and a touch of magic. Hell, she would need some magic if she could pull this one off.

It was hard trying to discover one's true sexuality, especially when you thought that particular bet had been covered after puberty! But now was not the time for whining, she reminded herself. Now was the time for action.

She reached for the phone and made her first call to the salon.

The receptionist almost had to shout to be heard, the place was so busy and filled with life. As she made her appointment she briefly wondered if they ever thought about investing or branching out.

"... piercing?"

Had she heard that woman right? "Piercing, you say?" Knight warily asked.

"Did you want a piercing?" the chipper voice continued. "We have brass rings for noses and ear tags!"

"I'll reserve the right to make that decision later," Knight responded, then rolled her eyes at the asinine question.

And when the lady asked species, she snapped, "Human. Was that question absolutely necessary?"

"You never know with some of the things we get in here," the receptionist laughed. "But I had to ask, in order to be ready for everything."

"Get a lot of everything knocking on your door?" Knight asked, thinking this wasn't such a good idea after all.

"Don't everyone around here?" she chuckled. "Full moons are a blast!"

Must be jungle fever, Knight decided as she made her appointment for early afternoon. Until then, she had a huge bathtub, a selection of expensive oils, and the business section. She might be away from her coop, but this chicken refused to let anyone sniff out the next big, fat, juicy worm.

Damn, vacationing was hard!

Chapter Six

After eating a meal that was, in his opinion, almost heavenly, Tal stepped outside the cool shade the restaurant provided and took a deep breath.

Then promptly almost vomited when he forgot to spell down his sense of smell. There were so many things here that he wouldn't find on Tabrizia, so many scents mingling to create this stench that he hadn't yet grown quite used to.

There were Weres and Dragons, and Unicorns and Sprites and... the smell of Were was getting closer.

Masking his expression, Tal turned his head to survey his area. As an Elemental Fae from the House of Aggression, he had several weapons at his disposal for protection, so he wasn't worried about his own safety. He was, however, curious as to why this were would seek him out. He was sure his scent would be more of a deterrent than anything, but a tall, striped man approached him.

"May I help you?" Tal asked politely, but he was aware, his stance ready.

"You look lost," the man chuckled, thrusting out one hand in his direction. "They call me Carter."

"Carter," Tal repeated, tilting his head to the side as he examined the creature that stood before him.

Inhaling deeply, he could tell the man was a Were-tiger in its most base form -- humanoid, but possessing the short, tawny fur of the great cat as well as the stripes and tail. Carter was a striking male. Even the tawny hair that hung down his back was striped black. His eyes were like emerald jewels and glinted merrily. He smelled of fresh herbs and something alcoholic.

"And you are? Besides gorgeous as sin..." Carter let the sentence hang, wondering what the Fae was going to say. It was odd to see an Elemental Fae away

from their secret island. In fact, no one could actually ever pinpoint that blasted island, though many had given their lives in the attempt. It was strange to see an Elemental anywhere outside of a paranormal negotiation, a war, or a magical gathering that affected all magical creatures.

So why was this young one wandering all alone on this resort? It couldn't be for mating, because bondings were forecast at birth, and this one definitely had the bonding bands placed around his biceps.

"Forgive my rudeness," Tal allowed, seeing no danger in the creature, just curiosity. "I am Talcor, First Son of the... Um, Talcor." Maybe, Tal thought, it would be safer for him to keep his allegiances and family connections to himself for the moment.

"Talcor," the tiger purred, smiling slowly, showing long, sharp top and bottom fangs. "And why are you looking so lost?" It never hurt to ask, Carter figured, and he might get some of the answers he craved.

"I... well... I am looking for some companionship." He managed to control his blush as he spoke, but decided he needed to know where to go on this island and his best bet would be to ask for help. Were-tigers were known for their unshakable honesty, so this was a better place to start than most.

"What would a nearly bonded youngling like yourself want with companionship?"

Sighing, Tal rolled his eyes at the youngling comment and decided to trust the were further. "I am seeking life experience... for my mate. I mean, I want to keep him happy and I need to learn how."

"You know, Tal, there are some really good pamphlets out there..."

"Spare me!" Tal snapped. "I have a full collection, and before I came here, some people were leaving me visual material. I need practical experience. So I am here to get it and to prove a few things to myself," he added almost under his breath.

"Ah," Carter chuckled, his were hearing picking up what Tal had muttered at the end. "Then I expect you will be looking for a gay club, knowing the nature of the Elemental Fae."

“Yes.” Now they were getting somewhere. “Is there such a district here? Although on Tabrizia we use a lot of Human inventions and language, we are not really acquainted with all their customs.”

“On this island, it won’t matter,” Carter assured him. “Merely ask, and you shall receive. And there are no closed districts here. But if you are looking for a high concentration of healthy males, may I suggest the Wallbanger district.”

“Wall-banger?” Talcor knew those Human words, but they didn’t make sense together. Wall and banger? The words were English, but were they American English or British English?

“Wonderful spot. Just follow the bright rainbow flags,” Carter advised, pointing one taloned finger. Tal turned to look in the direction Carter gestured, and gasped.

There were hundreds, thousands, millions of little rainbow colored flags. In fact, rainbows were everywhere. Rainbow pins, and kites, and streamers, hell, there were even a few rainbow planted flowerbeds. It was rather pretty.

“Over the rainbow,” Carter chuckled. “Follow the Rainbow Road.”

“Wow,” Tal breathed. “And all these flags mean the people are gay?”

“Not all,” Carter informed him with a grin. “But that means that they cater to gay clientele and there is a good chance you will run into some nubile gay men.”

Tal stood to his full height, which made him tower over Carter, and nodded in assent. “My thanks, Good Were Carter, for your assistance this afternoon.”

“You are very much welcome, Talcor, First Son of some Royal House.” He chuckled at the expression that crossed the young one’s face. “I knew you were royal from your stature and your carriage. But it is your speech that gives you away, young one, proper forms of address and all.”

Sighing, Talcor shook his head at his own stupidity. “And I thought I was hiding it. Well, no matter, Good Were Carter. I will not attempt to hide what I am. It leads to much confusion. But know this, the House of Aggression is in your debt.”

He closed his eyes and began to strain. Within seconds, he was surrounded by a golden glow, a glow that pulsed and shimmered with his heartbeat. His eyes snapped

open and they too were sparkling, gold stars and streamers swirling through their dark mass.

Within seconds, the air around them began to shimmer. Just as quickly as it started, it was over, the glow concentrating around his back, taking the shape of a huge pair of feathery wings.

Carter watched in awe as the glowing light melded and molded itself to the desired shape -- huge bat's wings with a sharp talon cresting each sloping ridge. But instead of the thin skin, tendons, and membranes of bat's wings, the surface was totally covered by feathers.

And not just any feathers but gorgeous, pale cream feathers with a warm peach base. The colors swirled with his magic, silver and gold sparks flowing freely throughout them.

As the glow faded, Tal reached up and pulled one feather from his right wing, watching as it solidified and turned into a metallic gold, glowing ornament.

"Whenever you find yourself in need, hold this ornament close to your heart and call my name. I will be there to assist you, no matter what."

"This..." Carter blanched as the words hit him hard. He held a boon on the First Son of the House of Aggression. The power!

"Now that our business is concluded --" Tal grinned, flapping his wings as he felt urgency began to fill him. "-- away I must! There are men for laying and conquest at hand."

"Yeah," Carter muttered, still staring at the feather-shaped ornament in his hand. "Try the bars, and stay away from the exotic drinks."

Then he actually looked at Tal for the first time. The man was damn hot, and with those feathers, he looked ethereal. "You know, I could be the one you are searching for, if you are willing to take a chance..."

Tal paused, staring at the Were for a moment.

The man was indeed a work of art, his striped body and short fur covering a heavily muscular body that was toned and damn near perfect.

Of course he was about a foot shorter than Tal, but height made no difference in the bed sheets.

And there was that tail...

Grinning considerably, Tal lowered his head and pressed his lips softly against the shorter man's, reaching up to cup the were's face tenderly. Tal's tongue eased from between his lips to caress the were's, pressing inward until the other man parted his lips.

Carter moaned, sparkles shooting through his body as he felt his mouth penetrated by an insistent tongue. He moaned, shuddering slightly, and latched his fingers into Tal's vest. The kiss stole his breath, and as the tongue danced over his fangs, he felt his knees go weak.

For Tal, the kiss was pleasant, but didn't give him that tingle in the groin feeling he was looking for. Sighing, he pulled away, but smacked his lips, tasting the were. "What were you drinking? I think I like it."

"Um," Carter stammered, still affected by the kiss. "It's called a Slow Comfortable Screw Getting Banged Up Against the Wall Mexican Style."

"I must find me one of those." Tal nodded as if speaking to himself and turned away.

"Wait!" Carter called out, incredulous that Tal could give him a kiss like that and then walk away. "What about... me?"

"You are beautiful." Tal grinned. "And you have the body of a warrior. But..." He looked down at his drawstring pants. There was no telltale growing bulge and his balls remained tingle-less.

"I understand," Carter sighed. "It could have been magical."

"Fare thee well, Good Were!" Tal called. He turned and began to make his way up the rainbow road.

"Too bad he's straight or just a touch bi," Carter sighed to himself as he, too, turned and walked away, clutching his ornament in his hand. "It's a crying shame he doesn't realize that."

Chapter Seven

Apprehensive, Knight straightened her shoulders and gave the horse drawn carriage her destination.

“Pay no attention to the idiots,” she told herself, ignoring the pointed looks at her legs. Sure, she looked like she was wearing wool tights, but didn’t anyone notice how muscular they were?

She ran eight miles every day, even if it was on her treadmill in her bedroom while making business networking calls, reading the financial section and watching the Dow Jones reports. But the result was a great pair of gams, which everyone would see if they stopped pointing at her frigging hairy legs!

Hiding her annoyance with a stiff smile, Knight sat back and watched the colorful parade of happy, tanned, and hairless-legged people frolic on the beach.

“There must be a masquerade,” she muttered out loud, her attention caught by the plethora of people walking past.

There was a woman with Faerie wings like Tinker Bell. Only this Faerie was about seven feet tall and wore nothing over her green skin but what appeared to be glistening body paint. Turning toward the beach, Knight could have sworn she saw a Dragon sipping on one of those coconut drinks with the umbrellas hanging out of it.

“Uh, Chimera Island?” she said. “Wasn’t a chimera a beast with the tail of a snake, the head of a lion, and the body of a goat?”

“No, miss,” the driver called back to her. “Chimera means illusion. It’s an island of illusion.”

“Oh!” Knight smiled as she settled back in the cushioned seat. It all made sense now. Island of illusion. They must have a masquerade and parade every day, like they had New Year’s daily at the place in Disney World. “That is... interesting.” But inside

she was thinking that the creators of some of these costumes needed to go into business. They would make a fortune in the special effects industry.

She nodded, checking out a demon man riding a unicorn and a bird man and cat lady kissing on the beach. And over in the water, she could have sworn she saw a pair of mermen frolicking in the surf.

“Well, I am supposed to be relaxing and enjoying myself...”

“And going to the spa will be a big help,” the driver cheerfully called back. “Terez knows what she is doing. Getting all that fuzz off your legs can be a first step. And here we are,” he added before Knight could tear him a new one.

Still grumbling, she slapped the fare into the man’s hand and stormed to a huge glass door that had, of all things, dancing demons and musical notes painted all over.

“Get Your Groove On Salon,” she read, and chuckled, her mood lightening.

She pushed open the door and was hit by a blast of air-conditioned air that, after the heat of the island, made gooseflesh pop up on her arms. The next thing she was hit with was the massive amount of noise that filled the place.

Music blasted behind the whirl and scream of equipment as people raced from one station to another. In the far back of the room stood several huge, throne-like chairs with built-in footbaths. Along the side were tables set up for manicurists to work, which they happily did, faces covered with little paper masks.

All along the main floor itself sat booths where men and women, some in costume, some without, sat and were waited on. Hell, there was even a toucan-crested female with rollers in her hair about to go under a dryer! Wild! Off to the left, behind a curtain of beaded pitchforks -- that had to be the piercing parlor. Well, the sign above it spelled out in bright red letters, Seventh Level of Hell Piercing and Tattooing.

“I need some help.” Knight looked around the organized confusion that made up the front rooms of the spa.

“You can say that again!”

Knight jumped as a short blonde woman with the most amazingly even sunburn approached, a smile on her face. She only came up to Knight’s collarbone, but so much

energy appeared to be packed into that tiny body. Her eyes were a sparking hazel and her smile was infectious. Almost instantly, Knight felt at ease around the other woman.

"You must be Knight. Funny, you don't look like you need a suit of armor. But you definitely need some wax!"

Knight grumbled and stuck out one pale leg, turning it from side to side. "It's not that bad," she muttered.

"Of course not," the lady agreed. "Especially if you are a Werewolf or a Werecat or something with were in the title."

Knight could say nothing about that, but her pout was worth a thousand words.

"So..." The woman giggled. "If you are through glaring at me, I can tell you that my name is Terez and I am the head demon in this level of hell." She waggled her eyebrows and stuck out her hand. "Pleased to meet you, Knight."

"I'd hate to see how you would greet me if you couldn't stand me," Knight sighed, shaking the proffered hand, noting how small it was compared to hers.

"Then I wouldn't let you inside the door," Terez giggled. "And now that I see what we are working with, it is time to work a little magic."

Terez clapped her hands twice. Knight jumped as she was suddenly surrounded by other small females, all affable in character and short in stature.

"You signed on for the works, that is what you're going to get!"

"To be pampered and pleased," another short, sunburned female sang.

"To bring your mate to their knees," another joined in, and soon Knight was surrounded by a chorus of short, sunburned females with pretty decent singing voices.

"To make 'em move fast," still another sang, taking her hand and leading her back toward a station.

Knight expected the whole place to break out into song, the other patrons being the back-up singers, but that never happened. Instead, still more small women appeared, circled her, and began to sing.

"To get a piece of ass!" Terez and the group of short, sunburned females, who had to all be related to the proprietress, giggled. The sound was like tinkling little bells,

and made Knight's heart feel light and merry, while another part of her, the larger part, wanted to scream in fear and hightail it for the hills.

Fear now taking over, Knight looked around wildly, seeking an escape and seeing none.

But she did see a tall, statuesque woman, caramel skin shining in the sun that poured from the open door. Her big brown eyes grew larger as she stared at Knight, who was being forcibly sat in a beautician's chair -- one with leather arm and leg restraints. The tall woman took a step back, her cinnamon colored curls flying in her face as she shook her head in denial.

In desperation, Knight warned the woman off, seeing that there was no escape for her. At least one woman would go free. "To avoid this strife, run for your life!"

Um, did she just rhyme? Yes, she did! They were doing something to her brain! There had to be drugs being pumped through the air-conditioning vents! She looked back and saw the ample backside of the female going out the door, and sighed in vindication. The short, sunburned posse may have Knight, but that other woman got away. There would be no bloodguilt on her hands when these women sent her to her maker.

"You came to the right place." Terez nodded as Knight was pushed into the seat, her arms strapped to the armrests, her chair tilted back over a sink and warm water washed over her hair.

"Now nails, skin, and face," the shampoo shorty chuckled, slathering Knight's head with some sweet smelling stuff, unlike the industrial, get it by the gallon stuff she was used to. It smelled so good, Knight thought she would have to spring for a bottle. How much could it cost if they were slapping it on her head like a bricklayer used mortar?

The nail chick tsked at the condition of her fingernails and turned away to retrieve something.

"Wax that hair off those legs," another insisted, whipping off Knight's sandals and pushing up the hem of her skirt to mid thigh. "We'll make sure that he begs."

Warm wax was applied liberally to her legs, a linen strip placed over that, and two of the other females moved to hold Knight down. Now she was getting nervous, and the sunburned chorus grinned evilly.

"He will find you the perfect lay," Terez sang, moving her index finger as if she were some short, red conductor, to the beat of some music that obviously only she and the sunburned army could hear.

"Not a him," Knight called, her sense of the absurd taking a beating. "I think I'm *gaaaaayyyyyyyyyy!*" She wailed the last word as the first strip of hair was ripped from her flesh by the sharp movements of one of the sunburned posse. She didn't even know she could hold a note for that long. And damned if it wasn't right on key! Gradually, the burning tear-jerking pain faded to a tiny ache.

At her disclosure, the whole shop quieted for a moment, then the others moved to continue whatever they were doing before her announcement.

"Whatever." Terez shrugged, clapped her hands twice, and the sunburned alliance continued as if nothing had happened.

"Male or female, you'll make the grade," the mad waxer sang as she applied more of the sticky stuff to Knight's legs and patted a linen strip on top of it. "You don't get laid, we don't get paid!"

"Time to get to brass tacks!" Terez sang, moving in close and examining the work of the two manicurists. They were holding Knight's hands in a container of solution guaranteed to remove calluses, stray hairs, fungal infections, and three-year-old fingernail polish flecks that managed to hold on to the cuticles of her bitten nails.

"How about a Brazilian wax?" Knight muttered, then wanted to slap her hands over her mouth, but the damned manicurists were rubbing her fingers. Dammit, she rhymed like the rest of the loonies! This was getting surreal! "I've never had one, you see."

"Just relax and trust me," Terez sang, the wicked look back on her face, but Knight only saw it for a second as another strip of hair was forcibly removed from her body.

This was going to be a long day!

* * *

"I need a drink," Knight mumbled. She collapsed, a stressed out boneless heap, into her chair.

A Brazilian wax was not fun! And she had to be at least bi to let the ladies spread what they'd spread and touch her body in some very private places.

"Plucked clean as a ready to bake chicken," Terez sang as the shaking mass of what was left of Knight settled deeper into her chair. "You're on your date, there will be no hair pickin'!"

"Stop it with the rhymes, I've had enough!" Knight managed, her voice rough with all the screaming she had done.

Her eyebrows had been plucked, her cuticles cut! Her hair washed and dried, and then it was dyed! She paused, then clenched her fists as tightly as she could, but not too tight. It wouldn't do to muss her polish. "Now you've got me thinking in rhymes!"

Waving that worry away, Terez grinned, and Knight felt her insides melt. Damn. The more she was around the woman and her singing sunburned people, the hotter she became. In fact, all the females who worked here exuded sex like most people radiated anger. It was palpable and thick, and surrounded the short females like an aura.

They would flash those ever changing eyes and she was putty. It was how they talked her into getting her eyebrows dyed to match her hair, the hot rock massage, the mud bath, and the colonic -- not that she would ever mention that again. That particular experience would be stowed away in her nightmare drawer. More evidence that she was, indeed, gay.

"It's time for your piercing."

Had she heard the woman correctly? There was no way she was getting pierced!

"Yes, you agreed to do the tongue," Terez reminded her, gripping her hand and pulling her out of her chair. "After it's done, you can get a good look at what you look like now, and go get your lady, and make her sing wow!"

"That was lame." Knight rolled her eyes, but that damn voice again sapped her inhibitions and she was easily led to the Seventh Level of Hell.

"Well, we all can't be Shakespeare, can we?" Terez adjusted the brass torque around her neck.

Knight was prevented from speaking because they were passing through the curtain and a mouthful of plastic pitchfork was the last thing she wanted or needed. Once past the beaded barrier, Knight was led to an even tinier version of Terez. This version had long, dark blonde hair and engaging brown eyes.

"This is Nicole," Terez chirped happily.

"Hail, darling mother, mistress of all she surveys, proud and passionate leader of our people, wise in the ways of life, sage with advice, tutor, teacher, leader of men and women, perfection on two legs, bearer of the light of truth, possessor of --"

At this point, Knight had to cut in. "Um, mother?"

"Oh, yeah." Terez smiled as her daughter paused in her litany to shoot cutting eyes at the woman who dared interrupt her.

"Do you mind?" Nicole snapped, tossing her hair behind her shoulders. "This takes a while to get through and I have to go to the bathroom. Now that you interrupted me, I have to start all over again." Sniffing at the stunned Knight, Nicole turned once again to her mother and began. "Hail, darling mother, mistress of all she surveys..."

"Oh, you can skip that today," Terez interrupted her daughter, who let out a relieved sigh and blew out the breath she was holding to get through the greeting. "I have a bail bond special."

"Bail bond special?" Knight repeated, feeling lost. "What is a bail bond special? I don't remember you mentioning it."

"Explain, Mother, while I go to the john," Nicole said, shooting them both a look that said she would rather be anywhere else than here, before going through a door marked "Private."

Knight took this time to look around, admire the furry red furnishings and the huge Dragon mural painted on the far wall. The most interesting bits of metal were prominently displayed. Playing on a large screen plasma TV was Japanese animation of the violent kind.

"You," Terez chuckled, drawing Knight's attention from the exploding Mechanoid on the screen, "are a bail bond special. No bail bondsman would touch you because you are a run risk."

"Run risk?"

"Hon, you are so skittish, if I turned my back, you would be outta here before you could say flee."

Knight blushed a bit, because fleeing was on her mind, but she turned and faced the other woman.

"Look, I am here to discover if I like females and I don't see what a tongue ring has to do with anything."

"What about an enchanted tongue ring?" Terez asked.

"Enchanted... Okay! Have you been sniffing too much hairspray?"

"Enchanted, as in it will lead you to the one you are destined to be with."

As she spoke, Terez's eyes glittered, and Knight felt an answering twinge between her newly hairless thighs. In fact, her bald pussy was starting to become noticeably slippery.

"I guess I like females," she said on a sigh.

"Besides, tongue rings are fun," Terez giggled, and even that sent a shiver down her spine.

"I find you attractive," Knight, always honest, admitted.

"Of course you do."

They both turned as Nicole returned to the room. "Everyone finds my mom attractive. It's just the way things are. And I am impressed that you haven't hit the exit by now."

"Nicole is the piercer," Terez piped in with a grin. "When I retire, she will own all of this."

"Wonderful." Nicole rolled her eyes, taking Knight's arm. "Now get in the chair."

"Wait!" Knight opened her mouth to protest, but that gave Nicole the advantage she needed. Moving with inhuman speed, the young female clamped her forceps dead center of Knight's tongue -- the perfect place for piercing.

"The enchanted doohickey," Terez recommended.

"Ah." Nicole nodded, moving to straddle Knight's thighs. "Perfect choice, Mother."

Knight tried to speak, but hadn't realized how important the tongue was for that until it was clamped and gently pulled out of her mouth.

Before she could blink, Nicole whispered to her, "Brace yourself," and then the biggest fucking needle she had ever seen seemed to be produced out of thin air!

She squeaked, but Nicole, in her prime position, held her in her place. Knight closed her eyes, praying to anyone who happened to be listening to get her out of this!

Then there was a pinch, and Nicole was grinning.

"Hand over the enchanted doohickey, Mom." She reached out one hand and Terez reverently placed the long bar in her hand.

"Ohh! You have a latex spike tip on this one!" Then to Knight, "The cap comes off, but the enchantment is in the metal itself. Your girlfriend will enjoy the texture, though."

Then there was a tugging at her tongue, and Nicole released the clamp.

"See?" Nicole smiled, the first smile that had crossed her lips since they entered her domain. "That wasn't so bad."

"That's what you say," Knight groused, opening and closing her jaws a few times, trying to rid herself of the uncomfortable weight on her tongue or the tickling at the top of her mouth.

“There will be no swelling,” Nicole went on as if Knight hadn’t spoken. “There will be no pain, just a bit of time to get used to the feeling and to the latex tip. Wanna see?”

Before she could answer, Nicole was off her lap and was spinning her around in her chair to face a fully mirrored wall.

Knight, for the first time since entering this shop, got the chance to see herself. “I... is that... Is that me?”

She was a vision. Her skin nearly glistened with health, and her dark hair shimmered with deep violet highlights. Her eyes appeared luminous and large in her face, her lips full and lush. She looked down and both her arms and legs were hairless, so that all could see the shape of her well-defined legs. The look of exhaustion that had plagued her for the past few years was gone.

Suddenly, her out of the catalog short set was looking quite plain and unworthy.

“You are beautiful.” Terez’s form appeared beside that stranger in the mirror who looked something like Knight and was wearing her clothing, and smiling her crooked smile.

Looking up at the shop owner, Knight said earnestly, “Thank you.”

“Just doing my job.” Terez grinned. “You don’t get laid, I don’t get paid.”

Impulsively, Knight reached up and pulled the other woman down to her face.

“You are so damn hot,” she breathed, glancing at the mirror. “We look so damn hot together...”

Then before Terez could move, Knight planted one good one on her, right on the lips.

Terez’s eyes widened as she felt Knight’s tongue part her lips and dive inside.

Knight could not believe she was doing this! She was kissing another woman, and she liked it! Terez’s lips were the softest things she’d ever felt, and her mouth was so sweet. Knight inhaled the scent, so similar to hers, and moaned, letting all of her desire show in her lips.

Then Terez pulled back, looking bewildered at Knight. Still high on the new her, Knight exploded from her seat and did a quick spin. Never had she felt this happy!

And now, it had nothing to do with the new look or the piercing. She must be gay. Just the relief of knowing took a weight off of her shoulders.

She had to get laid and decide what to do about her old job, but that was all minor now. She had never known the question of her own sexuality weighed so heavily on her mind until the issue was resolved.

"Thank you, Terez," she repeated, standing tall and sticking out her chest. "I know, thanks to you, what I am. I am gay and I am proud. Now I am going to get laid so you can earn your money and buy your daughter more Japanese animation!"

Nodding, she turned and blazed a trail through the beaded curtain and made her way toward the exit through a flock of the bird people, a bewildered Were, and an Elf wanting to get her natural purple highlights back.

Not looking back, Knight Sayburn stormed out into the heat and humidity of Chimera Island. "New clothes, and then I get a woman and fuck her into the nearest mattress... Um, if I can find a pamphlet or something explaining lesbian sex. I am going to be a good, no, great lover!"

Back in the shop, Terez pressed her fingers to her damp lips, a smile making her dimples show and her horns peek out of her cropped hair.

"She thinks she is gay because she is attracted to you," Nicole pointed out.

"That is true." Terez still looked bemused and somehow sated.

"But you never told her you were a Succubus, Mom," Nicole sighed. "She really isn't gay, you know. I could feel it, and I'm sure that you felt it from the minute she walked into this shop."

"That is also true." Terez reached around to pick up her tail, swinging it in gentle circles as she tilted her head toward her daughter. "But it was such a delightful meal, was it not?"

"Hell," Nicole snickered, her own horns peeking out, though her tail was confined in the material of her jeans. "I won't need to eat for a week after that. It's good

to be Succubae." Then she turned her attention back to her animation, leaving her mother to orchestrate more sexual conquests.

"Besides," Terez added as she exited the Seventh Level. "Her tongue ring will guide her to her destiny tonight. So no worries on that front."

Chapter Eight

The first place Tal stopped was called the Staggered Stag.

Odd name, he thought, watching both male and female creatures frolic and dance, but a wonderful atmosphere. It almost reminded him of Fae Days practiced on the island, where any and all types of Fae gathered to celebrate the uniqueness of their existence. He recalled many a fun night spent dancing in the moon with an Elf or a Drow, Fal at his side encouraging him to join in the fun.

As a First Son of the House of Aggression, much of his life had been spent in practice, training, and warfare, but Fal, his Fal, always made sure there was some light in his eyes. Walking into the bar, he recalled the first time Fal had taken an informal meal with his family.

All the women had outdone themselves, building a canopy on the ground for feasting, and chopping wood for the bonfire that would explode into magical mosquito repelling flame for later that night. Even if they were on an enchanted island, they still had to deal with humanity and its issues, like boats crashing into their invisible docks and sinking. That was the main reason they'd shifted from Bermuda to the South Pacific. And they couldn't get away from some Human insects; the damn things seemed to be immune to magic. There were plagues of ants and mosquitoes in the cooler, moister air of the night. But they had found ways to spell natural elements, like smoke, to keep them away.

He'd chuckled to himself as his fathers took over the huge communal kitchen, cooking and baking and roasting from the early morning hours to late in the evening, creating all kinds of tummy tempting delicacies.

Tal remembered being right in the thick of things, getting a cooking lesson as well as lessons in housekeeping and laundry. Human music, called disco and

alternative, filled the air as his two fathers and his several brothers raced around getting the house in tiptop shape.

When the women had poured in, complaining about all the hard work they had to accomplish, the men quickly hushed them by letting them sample the fare and drowning them in ale.

“Excuse me.”

The voice behind him pulled Tal from his memories of the good old days. “Yes?” he questioned, carefully keeping his wings furled as he looked around for the voice’s owner.

“I just have to say, I find you stunningly attractive, and I wanted to know if I could buy you a drink.”

“What?” Tal’s forehead wrinkled in confusion as he continued to look around for the speaker.

“Here.”

He looked down toward the bar and saw, of all things, a small bee sitting on the edge of a tall glass of some fruity concoction, reclining under a drink umbrella.

“Um...” What did one do with a talking bee? “That is nice of you,” Tal ventured. Shrugging his shoulders, he bellied up to the bar and took a seat directly in front of the bee. “So, if you don’t mind my asking, what exactly are you?”

“Me?” The small insect chuckled, then flew upwards so Tal could get a good look at him.

This creature was, in fact, a very large bee. He was about the size of one of the many butterflies that seemed to populate this island. There was magic about him, large magic that Tal was Fae enough to feel, but he had never seen a creature like this one. Tal could make out a small masculine face and a buffed humanoid body; a body that was black and gold striped and had a delicate set of clear wings attached to its back. “I am a Were Bee.”

“I have never heard of a Were Bee.” Tal smiled as he realized this very handsome creature was coming on to him.

"We are rare." The bee smiled, then motioned to the bartender by sending a zap of speckled powdery energy in his direction. He nodded to his drink and then pointed to Tal.

Another fruity drink quickly appeared before the Fae, and he cautiously took a sip.

"I thought we Elemental Fae were rare. I have never heard of your kind. This is good though," he added, nodding to the drink and relaxing.

"Not too many hear of us, and we like it that way," the bee said. "My name is Bixtal."

"I am Talcor." Tal introduced himself with a nod, fluttering his feathers a bit.

"Now that the pleasantries are over, how about it?" Bixtal purred. "You, me, and a bottle of fruit nectar. How about it, baby? I have something of a hair fetish and I would love to get lost in yours."

Tal blinked. Was this creature for real? He had never been propositioned so quickly before. And the size difference! "Um, Bixtal," Tal began, "you do know that my height alone would make several hundred of you?"

"It's all in the stinger," Bixtal chuckled. "You interested?"

"Curious, maybe," Tal allowed. "But I'm here on a mission."

"Oh, this sounds intriguing," Bix chuckled. "Dish."

"Well," Tal said, feeling that damnable blush spread across his cheeks again. "I am here to prove my sexuality. I am here to screw some male into the mattress so I can go home to my promised mate and prove that I am not straight. Does that sound odd?"

"Well, at least you're honest." Bix smiled. "And you are straightforward so none of your tricks will expect flowers, or a morning after complete with bonding rings. But no, it doesn't sound odd, Talcor. If you have doubts about something, you gather as much information as you can find, and then you make a conscious decision. Very mature."

"Thank you." Tal smiled and took a big sip of his drink. There was something alcoholic there that was beginning to spread a lively heat through his body.

"So, wanna go fuck?"

Tal sprayed the whole bar as his sip of the drink tried to go down his throat and his shock sent it right back where it came from. "Excuse me," he offered a few pissed off looking creatures who'd taken the brunt of the soaking. With a wave of his hand, he cleaned them all up and returned the bar to its pristine condition.

Then, turning to Bixtal, he hissed, "What?"

"Wanna go and fuck? This may prove if you're gay or not."

"But we would never fit!" Tal shook his head at this circus of the absurd he had entered into. "Remember the size thing?" Tal tried to let the small bee person down gently, but Bixtal chuckled.

"It's the size of the stinger that counts, boy."

"Huh?" Truly confused, Tal wrinkled up his forehead and stared at the small creature as if the answers would fall from his lips and end this farce. "The stinger?"

Snapping his finger, Bixtal sent up a powerful wave of magic, concealing them in a small circle blocked by his powdery energy. Once they were completely alone, Bixtal winked at Tal and let the small black shorts he wore fall to his knees.

It hit the table... leaving the Were Bee flying three feet above it.

"What the fuck..." Tal sat there, stupefied at the thick uncut cock that had landed next to Bixtal's drink. The Were Bee had great aim -- he'd missed tipping his glass, and his dick had landed neatly on the cocktail napkin beside it.

"It's all in the stinger, young man."

"How the fuck did all that fit in there?" Tal was stupefied and stared in fascinated horror at the cock this Were wanted him to... Hey! He was the top in this venture! His virgin ass was saved for his mate-to-be!

"Spandex," Bixtal chuckled, wagging his cock enticingly. "And it ain't even all hard yet."

As Tal watched, the... the *thing* pulsed at him and grew a little thicker. And it was already the thickness of an ale bottle!

"How does it attach, I mean, connect to your body?"

Tal moved in closer to get a better look and damn if it didn't start tiny for the first millimeter. Then it just exploded into growth!

"Your breath feels real good," Bix purred. "Why don't you get closer and give it a little kiss. It likes you."

Tal blanched and jumped back, staring incredulously at the Were.

"You have got to be kidding!"

"It's good for getting at those hard to reach places." Bix winked and made his cock lift about an inch off the bar and wave at Tal.

"You know," Tal stuttered as he backed up, drink forgotten, mission forgotten, all forgotten in the quest to get the hell away from that crazy, tiny Were with the huge endowment, "I have to go. I just remembered I have to be somewhere else."

"Where?" Bix asked, trying not to let his disappointment show.

Anywhere where that monster cock is not trying to get into my tight ass! "Thank you for the drinks. I don't think you are what I need at this point in my life. You, my good Were, need to come with training cocks or at least instructions."

"Your loss, kid." Hand over hand, Bix rolled his cock back into a thick bulge which disappeared into the shorts in an area that Tal decided to call spandex-space, as there had to be a magical void in the crotch to contain all that cock.

"Thank you for the drinks, and I wish you happy hunting," Tal managed. He snapped his fingers, destroying the powdery barrier Bixtal had produced.

"Thanks, kid," Bix called, settling back on the rim of his drink and pulling the small straw over toward him for a refreshing sip. "Good luck to you."

Tal wasted no time vacating the premises. He decided he would not frequent any more bars, pubs, or clubs with a well endowed animal in the name. It was just asking for trouble.

"Well," Bix comforted himself as he watched the very tight ass of the Fae disappear through the front door. "If the kid is actually gay, which I doubt, at least we know he is not a size queen."

Chapter Nine

“Time to shop!”

Knight made her way cheerfully into the first clothing store she entered, then turned around and walked back out.

Who were these people fooling? There was no way she was going to squeeze her overly large ass into any of the barely-there clothing they were urging her to buy!

Bikini tops were fine -- she managed to have ample cleavage for the effort -- but there was no way she was going to wear a thong! Those things stuck in people’s asses, exposing every dirty little secret. Like the stretch marks that had magically appeared at the tops of her thighs after that Krispy Kreme Brand Donuts craze a few years ago. The treadmill gave her great legs, but it didn’t do so well for her slightly soft stomach. No way she was wearing a belly blouse, even if her now denuded skin was all pretty and shiny.

Leather was out -- it was too hot -- linen was too wrinkly, and the clothing she’d brought with her was too formal for a beach setting.

She was about to leave yet another store when something caught her eye.

Hanging in a shop window were, of all things, Saris!

Oh, the blessedly wonderfully body enveloping long swaths of material that would cover every oopsie and mistake on her body! And they had wonderful long shells in coordinating colors! They even had sandals that would show off her pedicured tootsies to perfection.

Being the smart shopper she was, Knight immediately purchased one of every color, changing into the silver one before she exited the shop, after making arrangements for the rest to be delivered to her rooms.

Now, on to the lesbian bars, she decided as she power walked down the street.

The first bar, The Lapp Dance, was a cute little frilly place, sure to have the feminine sort of female a butch bitch master like herself would require. She stormed in the front door, eyeing up the prospects, and almost turned tail and ran.

There were women, lesbian women to be sure, but they were all so... so perky!

"Hi-ya!" A tall, thin woman dressed in pink bounced over to her, grinning as she clasped her hands in front of her. "Welcome! It's so great to see you!" She bounced in place and Knight could almost see the excitement within her. It made her slightly dizzy and quite a bit nauseated.

"Oh, um, I'm just looking around."

"Wonderful," the woman chirped, pink lipstick shining in the dim lighting of the small bar.

There were round tables set up haphazardly around the room, with pink cushioned ladder backed chairs. Flowers decorated every window, doilies sat on the table, and damned if there wasn't a woman carrying a tray with a teapot comfortably nestled in a tea cozy.

It looked like Martha Stewart's fantasy place.

"I think maybe this isn't the right place for me." Knight tried to back out the door.

"Nonsense," the female chirped again. "My name is Caressa and you have to at least come in and have a drink."

Deciding to give this place a chance -- God knew she needed the practice if she was going to catch a good housewife -- Knight allowed herself to be led to a table surrounded by a group of similarly blonde, fashion doll types, all wearing pink and smiling like Valium had been on half off special and they all had coupons.

"This is Vanessa," the first woman said, pointing to her darker blonde twin, "and Pubessa, and Loressa."

"Hi-ee!" they all sang, and Knight started having flashbacks to the Get Your Groove On Salon.

“Um, so,” Knight stammered for a moment, then got her feet back underneath her. This was going to be like a business deal, right? Finding the best product, the body, checking it over for defects, then making the owner of that body give her what she wanted at low cost and minimal hassle. That was how she would play this. It was very logical. “Hi. My name is Knight Sayburn and I am looking for a lover.”

“Ohhh!” Caressa purred. “She is so forceful. And much better looking than that ass of a man I was with.”

“No competition.” Pubessa’s white-blond ponytail bounced as she nodded in agreement. “Forceful personalities are good.”

“I’m glad you see it that way.” Knight smiled. This was almost too easy. “I need someone who can cope with my forceful personality. I have a stressful job, and I need my life to flow easily.”

“You need a schedule.” Loressa nodded. Her blonde-streaked hair lay in corkscrew curls. “We can do that. Post one up so you can see it and keep to it. Plan out your meals, your lunches, and your activities at least a month in advance. That way, you can’t go wrong.”

“Wonderful thinking.” Knight created a mental score card and put Loressa at the top of the list.

“But cooking is important as well,” Vanessa added. She wore her medium blonde hair in a bob. “It’s all well and good to plan a meal, but you must take the time to season it to perfection.” She leaned toward Knight, her voice dropping an octave. “You do like spice, Knight?” She bit off the “t” in Knight’s name as if it were some succulent fruit that dared to be sampled.

Knight blushed at this blatant come on, but wondered why she didn’t get the same tingle she’d gotten when Terez smiled at her.

“You are such a slut,” Pubessa snorted, rolling her eyes at Vanessa, who was now making cow eyes at Knight. “Sex isn’t everything! That is why I left my sixth husband and my third partner.”

"You need to give loving care and attention to your mate," Caressa pointed out. "It encompasses all of these things and more."

"Right." Knight nodded, giving a point to Caressa. "I think I'm looking for a woman who encompasses each of these traits. What is the 'more' you are speaking of?" Knight grinned at Caressa. "Tell me more."

"Well, there are beauty salon treatments, liposuction, and clothing."

"But I don't want any of that," Knight pointed out.

"Who said it was for you?" All the women shot quelling glances at Knight. "I mean," Caressa continued, "if I am going to do all of that for your ass, then, bitch, you had better be ready to shell out some bucks."

"What?" Knight's eyes grew wide as she stared at the women, who were now glaring at her.

"Don't be selfish," Loressa snorted. "It takes time to look this good, and if you want us to cook your meals, clean your house, and raise your children, you had better be good to us."

"Children?" Knight actually squeaked.

"Oh, so you want us to give over the best years of our lives to your sorry ass, and you won't even ensure progeny so our bloodlines won't die out? What kind of woman are you?"

"One who is looking for a lover, not..."

"Not a lover?" Pubessa wailed, tears filling her eyes. "That is why I left my seventh husband and my ninetieth partner!"

"See what you made her do?" Caressa snapped at Knight, reaching out to offer comfort to her friend.

"I just never thought about children..." Knight stammered, somehow feeling guilty for making the blonde ditz cry, though not that guilty.

"Then you had better start thinking, sister," Vanessa snapped. "Why are you toying with her emotions that way?"

"Toying...?" Knight stammered. "I just want to get laid!"

“Oh, so we are good enough to screw but not good enough to take as a mate?” Pubessa was really into a crying jag now.

“I never said that!” Knight snapped back. “Stop putting words into my mouth.”

“Like I would shove anything into your mouth,” Loressa snipped.

“Look, you all are giving me a headache! I am serious as a heart attack when I say that you are the most loony --”

“You do have insurance?” Caressa cut her off.

“Why?” Knight was baffled and growing more frustrated by the second.

“Because if you drop dead from that high stress job of yours and all that fucking, you are not leaving me with six kids to raise on my own.”

“Six kids?” Knight was flabbergasted. “Lady, we aren’t even married!”

“Which brings us to the pre-nup,” Vanessa snarled. “I refuse to sign one! I am entitled to half, for putting up with your bullshit!”

“Oookkkay!” Knight stretched the word out as she rose to her feet, looking warily at the pack of teary, frustrated, snarling blonde and pink females who were shooting her looks like she was the dingo that just snacked on their babies. “I am so out of here it is not even funny!”

“Sure,” Caressa called out as Knight retreated. “Go on and leave when we really get you to start expressing your feelings! How can this commitment work if you refuse to communicate? Where is the trust and the love?”

“Being gay sucks,” Knight muttered, her head pounding as she hightailed it away from the coven of crazy bitches.

“I think that went rather well,” Caressa purred as they watched the tail end of Knight disappear into the crowded streets.

“She’ll be back.” Loressa smiled. “With perfection such as ours, how can she resist?”

“I think she likes the idea of children,” Pubessa commented, wiping her eyes and pulling out a compact to fix her mascara and lipstick. “If not, then she isn’t gay and was just wasting our time. Like my third husband and my second partner.”

As for Knight, she stumbled into the next bar and raced to the counter. "Barkeep!" she called, pounding on the wooden bar. "Give me a shot of the strongest thing you got, and make it a double! This being gay is going to give me a stroke! Lesbians are crazy!"

Chapter Ten

Talcor's quest to get laid was not battle after battle of disappointments. In fact, it seemed everybody wanted him.

There was a Centaur who wanted to mount him, a Mermaid who offered to teach him the meaning of deep sea diving, a Kestrel who wanted to jack off in his wings, a Human who wanted to pluck his wings for resale at her shop in Kansas City, and a Were Dragon with intimacy issues.

And after each disappointment, he downed another drink in celebration of his narrow escape. Hell, after the Naga ran off with his vest instead of the feathers he was aiming to stuff his pillow with, Tal vanished the wings and went off to have still another drink, to be hit on by still another male. So by the time he made his way into The Gray Goose, he was more than plastered, more than shit faced. Talcor, First Son of the House of Aggression, was toasted. Very heavily toasted.

Good thing for him, no one could tell as he carefully made his way through the growing darkness. But as he passed a storefront shining with brilliant blue and purple neon lights, a vision caught his eyes. One look and his flagging libido stirred.

She was wearing a white, strapless dress that skimmed her feminine form. On her feet were a pair of platform sandals with the most wondrous white laces that hugged her calves. Her shapely legs seemed to be caged by the white ribbons, drawing the eyes up those mile high legs to the bottom of that loose white skirt that unfortunately covered all of her better assets, but those giant boobs were worth a second glance.

The boobs led to a long, elegant neck and a face whose natural beauty defied the use of cosmetics. The only artificial enhancement he could see was the unique glimmer

from her full, pouty lips, and a thin line of black around her large eyes, making those precious brown jewels dominate her face.

He realized he was getting a better look at her face around the same time he noticed that he, like a moth to a flame, had allowed his feet to drag him closer and closer.

Her carriage was regal as those huge brown eyes turned to face him. "Can I help you?"

Tal grinned as small hands slammed to her wide hips, and her eyes spat fire and attitude. Her head wobbled on her long neck, emphasizing her displeasure with her odd, bird-like movements. Tal was simply awed. This Human was so... so... endowed! She didn't realize it, but her defensive posture and gestures made those huge breasts, barely controlled by the white material of her dress, bounce and dance amazingly.

"How do you do that?" he asked, stupefied as he watched the fascinating movements of her body.

"How do I do what?"

"This." In an approximation of her movements, he slammed his hands onto his narrow hips, emphasizing the muscles that made up his abdomen. His cream-colored drawstring pants dropped lower. His head bobbed a bit as he tried to mimic her neck motions, his long braids flying behind him. "How do you do that?"

Her mouth dropped open and her eyes grew wide. After a moment, bright, tinkling laughter rolled from her mouth. It grew to the point where she had to lean over and brace her upper body on her thighs or risk toppling over.

After a few more moments of hilarity, she rose up, crystalline tears rolling down her face.

"Thank you." She blew out a gust of air and began patting her cheeks. "I came to this island for a relaxing vacation, but the men around here are like a bunch of horny school boys."

"Really?" His eyes brightened and his shoulders straightened.

"Yeah... really." There was pulse of unhappiness between those words.

“Which way did they go?” He eagerly awaited her answer, almost bouncing in his eagerness... though his eyes were drawn again to the front of her dress.

Her breasts were heaving!

His bouncing slowed a bit as he observed the phenomenon of female breasts up close, while he still awaited her answer. Not that her body wasn't attractive, because it was; it was just that he was trying for cock today. Just cock, no pussy! And he was sure as the wings on his back that there would be pussy buried between those lovely thighs.

Damn, he was so drunk!

“Why?” she questioned him. Her lips tightened in confusion, and all he could picture was those same lips wrapped around his dick.

He felt his back tingle as his wing slits opened, the nearly orgasmic pleasure as they slowly emerged from his back, a sure sign of sexual interest and arousal. Groaning because his wings were being exposed, he fought back a blush and tried to explain in his stilted language.

“Well, you see, I have to get laid. I don't mean you,” he forged on, “but by a man. Well, not any man, but.” He paused as he felt his wings fully expand and his sex begin to swell. “I mean, not that I don't find you attractive, it's just that I have to be gay by the end of the week! I mean, I am gay, but I have to prove it or I will dishonor my family and lose my fiancé. I mean...” He sighed in defeat. His control left and his dick eased into nearly full arousal, the thick head trying to peek out from underneath his drawstring.

“You are no more gay than I am.” She pointed one finger at his crotch, and his eyes followed that slim digit to the front of his pants where the head of his cock was slowly showing from beneath the thin pants. “How can you be gay when you haven't taken your eyes off my breasts this entire time and well, that?”

“Well, they are nice breasts. It's just that I am not supposed to notice.” He felt heat flash to his face and knew he was blushing. “How can I be gay if I am getting winged up and hard over some woman's breasts? How am I supposed to honor family

tradition and win my man if I can't stop my dick from getting hard at the sight of a woman?" He felt like he was going to cry.

"Have you thought that maybe you're not gay?"

"No! I have to be gay! It's tradition!" He threw his hands in the air and fluttered his wings, which made him recall that he was aroused because of her.

"Why are you letting tradition tell you who to screw?"

He paused and blinked twice. Clicking his tongue against his teeth, he tilted his head to the side. "Honestly --" He thought about what he had done, and what he was planning on doing later. "-- I don't know."

A look of sympathy filled her eyes, and she reached out to pat his shoulder. "Who you choose to sleep with should be your own affair."

"Only in a perfect world." He sounded defeated.

"I know what you mean. In a perfect world, I wouldn't be so stupid where men are concerned."

"What man would harm such near perfection, would mar the inner beauty that so clearly mimics the outer beauty you try to downplay?"

Tears filled her eyes, those beautiful brown orbs, making them glimmer in the gaudy neon lights of the club's window front, making her anguish all the more apparent.

"Didn't you know? I'm an asshole magnet. I came home to find my lover of two years in bed with my so-called best friend -- who happens to be male. *He's* gay -- you're not."

"He was unworthy of you, and you clearly are not at fault. Honesty is all in any relationship and this male, not a man, deserves nothing but your contempt. But how can your decision-making skills be at fault when you are the one who decided to leave? Hopefully after you rammed your foot up his well-used ass."

She giggled. "Well, I did nearly pull a Lorena Bobbitt..."

"Who?" he asked, tilting his head to the side again.

“Long story. Let’s just say her ex-husband is not half the man he used to be. We have made some advances in reattaching severed body parts, but I am sure it doesn’t work half as well as it used to.”

He blanched at the word reattached, but then she was looking over his shoulder and groaning.

“Oh, Lord. Not them again! Well, it was nice meeting you...”

“Tal.”

“Tal. But now I have to run. Do me a favor and say you never met me!”

She turned to bolt, but before she could move, he reached out and grabbed her hand. “Well wait! What’s your name?”

“Trina. Trina Davis! Sorry, I have to go!”

She jerked her arm away and gifted him with a thankful grin before she took off like a jackrabbit being chased by wolves, her skirt hiked up in the back as muscled legs pumped. His last sight of her was a glimpse of her backside as she darted around a corner in her heels.

Turning around, he looked over his shoulder to see three well-toned men, ranging between six foot five and six foot six Human inches tall. There was one redhead, one raven haired, and one blond, each with a color coordinating tail flying behind him.

Tal noted that only the redhead maintained his manly pride by not cropping off his lion’s mane of hair, unlike his two sheared companions. They all sported tight leather pants and exposed their bared chests. By all rights, he should have been drooling after these muscular examples of manhood. But all he felt was amused satisfaction... Satisfaction that maybe a chase was what the delectable... uh, kind... Trina really needed.

The redhead, a Werecat, he believed, growled as he approached, sniffing at Tal as he defiantly commanded, “Stay away from our woman!” A scar circling from the corner of his left eye to below his left cheek wrinkled as he made his displeasure known.

Three pairs of iridescent, glowing eyes zeroed in on the hand he'd used to grab Trina, then shot back up to his face.

Tal, being the ever-helpful sort, was happy to show them the direction Trina had run off in, knowing instinctively that these rough Weres were exactly what her skittish heart needed. But the contempt they showed his person... the lack of respect... They had to be punished first! While he was contemplating the catty trio, especially the redhead, the two other males began to circle him.

Rolling his eyes at their presumptuous move, he ignored the inane fighting strategy of taking on an unknown element and directed his gaze to the one he felt was the real threat -- the unshorn redhead. The blond and the black-haired one were less than men in his estimation, therefore he concentrated on the only threat there.

Casually, he reached up and plucked one long, peach colored, black tipped feather from his wings. Directing a small amount of magic, he transformed the sharp tip into a handle, the wide body of the feather becoming a golden, glowing, doubled sided war blade. As the others watched, the feather pulsed in his hand, solidifying into a killing weapon of some great power that seemed to have a life all its own.

"My name is Talcor, and what woman is it exactly that you seek?" He raised one eyebrow, smirking. He knew they could scent Trina on his skin.

"Don't play games, Faerie," the redhead growled.

"Why, thank you for recognizing both my heritage and my gayness, in Human terms and standards." He crossed his arms, all attitude and defiance.

"You prefer men?" the short, blond, somewhat-male creature spoke.

"Well, feel comforted in the fact that an almost-male like you would never hold my attention. Now be a good little kitty and be quiet while the adults speak. I may give you a piece of candy if you do, though not my favorite lollipop. I doubt you could handle that."

"Had I the time to trifle with uppity --"

"You forget your place, cubs, and the fact that I have no desire for you at all, let alone want to do something as intimate as trifle with an almost-male." Turning to the

redhead, he growled, "Can't you control your cubs? On my island, until a child is mature enough to participate in adult conversations, he is taught to keep his fool mouth shut."

Before he could blink, the blond cub's body shimmered and seemed to reform into the shape of a very large cat. But with a negligent wave of his hand, Tal used his connection to the earth and bonded the creature's four paws tightly to the ground. The near-man cub would not be able to move.

He then turned to the redhead, ignoring the angry roars from the blond kitten as he attempted to free himself.

"And I was told that redheads were supposed to have the quick tempers. Can't you control your pets?"

"You...!" the black-haired cub bellowed. But red-hair interrupted before he could get really started.

"Stand down, Bayoh. I sense that there is more than meets the eye to this effeminate male."

"Thank you," Tal purred, never relaxing his ready stance. Even as drunk as he was, he was a warrior from the House of Aggression, therefore a more than formidable opponent.

Turning back to him, the redhead spoke once more. "Release my friends and tell me where the woman went."

"You should have more mature playmates, but I will give you what you need, even if it is not necessarily what you want."

"She is what we need."

"Well, in that case, she went that way." Tal snickered as he pointed in the opposite direction from where Trina had run.

"If you've lied to us, we will be back," the redhead threatened. "By the way, you may call my friends nearly-men, but they are men enough for them to know whom they want to fuck. You are no more gay than Trina is a man."

Tal frowned for a second, then grumbled, "Well, shit!"

Rolling his eyes, he waved his hand and released the blond kitten from his earthly bonding.

With one last look at him, the trio of cats dashed off, leaving behind a rapidly sobering, still slightly dazed Tal.

“I think I need another drink.” He shuddered and stumbled off toward the next club, now more determined than ever to prove he was gay... no matter what.

Chapter Eleven

Knight's second attempt went a little better, but considering how the first one had gone, that wasn't saying much.

"What's your name, pretty lady?" The woman with the moustache and the bulging biceps grinned at her as she snapped a long, evil looking whip.

"Leaving," Knight replied as she turned tail and nearly ran out of the Leather Lick. And she thought she could get a workout for her tongue ring there, too.

All night long, it never failed! Wherever she was, whatever woman she was talking to, there was no repeat of the tingle she'd felt when dealing with Terez. It was mystifying.

There had to be a woman for her! What about all that enchanted tongue-ring shit?

She frowned, stomping down the street, only to stop when she ran into something quite large and warm and practically immovable.

"Ouch," she moaned as her ass hit the ground.

"Watch where you're going," snarled the horse.

Horse? How much had she had to drink?

Knight looked up, past the hindquarters of a moving, breathing horse, and to the female torso that was attached.

She blinked and looked again.

Yep, female torso, horse body.

"I think you are kind of sweet and clumsy," the horse lady laughed at her stupefied look. "But you are not my type. Your tongue isn't really long enough."

Then she stuck out a tongue that had to be at least three feet long.

“Centaur,” Knight managed, her eyes on the long, pink, waving appendage that the horse lady was waving about like a flag.

“Human,” the Centaur chuckled, pulling her tongue back into her mouth. “How about that? I know your species!”

“But you aren’t real!”

“But I just knocked you onto your ass,” the Centaur replied reasonably.

“Drink,” Knight stammered.

“Maybe later if you just want to talk or something,” the Centaur female replied. “But you really aren’t my type. Sorry, though it was nice running into you.”

Knight sat on the ground, watching as the woman cantered away. Still utterly confused, she pulled herself to her feet, dusted off her ass, and made for the nearest bar. It was called the Cantaloupe, and as long as it served liquor, hard liquor, she would be fine.

* * *

She wasn’t fine.

The Cantaloupe was a Vampire bar, and she very nearly missed being the main course. They wanted to take the blood directly from the femoral artery, but they assured her it wouldn’t change or kill her.

She decided to pass.

She was just about to give up and head for home when the bright lights of a normal looking outdoor bar caught her attention. Sighing, she decided to take a table at the nearly empty pub and drink her misery and confusion away.

“This is what I get for not reading the brochure,” she sighed, accepting that this was not a normal island.

“What can I get ya?” a male voice asked, and Knight looked up to see a Human Being, a blessedly Human, Human Being standing there with a pad and a pen.

“Something strong,” she finally decided. “And keep them coming.”

Chuckling, the man bent over to peer at her face. “Oh, so you are one of those who didn’t believe the billing about this place.”

"I never looked," she admitted. "This was a gift."

"Unusual, but you never would have made it to the island if you weren't supposed to be here. So tell me, what spooked you? Was it the Vampires, the Centaurs, one of the Fae... I hear there's a strange Were Bee buzzing around..."

"It's all of it," Knight whimpered, dropping her head to the table. "And I only came here to prove my sexuality and make a decision about my job."

"Oh." The man nodded in understanding. "Life decisions. Tall order to fill. How long are you here for?"

"Two more days," came Knight's muffled voice, as her face was still pressed to the wood of the table.

"That's a lot to do in such a short time, unless you have already come to some decisions."

"I have," Knight decided. "I want to get drunk and get laid and maybe the rest of the answers will come."

Laughing, the man jotted a few words down on his pad and moved quickly toward the bar. "I know what you need." He began to pull various glasses and bottles from the shelf behind him.

"A fresh start?" Knight asked, raising her head to follow the motions of his capable hands as they juggled bottles and spun glasses. "A bullet to the head? To pass my issues on to someone else?"

"Taboo." He chuckled, completing his dance behind the bar and walking over to her with a tall glass of something dark and strong in his hands. "It's very good and it will take a lot of them to..."

He stopped as Knight snatched the glass out of his hand and downed the contents in about three seconds, shuddering as the alcohol hit her stomach, then smiling as the burn turned into a warm glow.

"That was perfect." She chuckled. "Keep them coming."

Chapter Twelve

By the time Tal discovered the open beach bar, he was already plastered, though none of his movements showed it. He still walked with extreme confidence and grace. By now, night had fallen and the place was a bit crowded, but it was still as good a place as any to contemplate his defeat. He scanned the room with blurry vision until he came upon a table that had only one occupant.

Stumbling that way, he paused to stare down at the brightly colored... was that a dress? Yes, her dress was brightly colored and her skin was kind of pale.

It was a woman, he decided from the cropped hair and the delicate build of her arms, but he couldn't be too sure. There had been a man dressed in women's clothing earlier who had hopped into his lap and started to pet his wings, cooing sweetly at him.

"Excuse me," Tal asked politely. "Is this seat taken?"

Knight lifted red, dilated eyes to stare at the creature who was asking to sit. "I am drunk," she informed him, not slurring the words but speaking very slowly. "I am also gay. If you want to take the risk, then by all means, sit. But I must warn you, there will be no blood drinking, no spanking with belts, no strap-ons, and no fisting, whatever that is."

"Perfect." Tal gave her a drunken grin. "I'm gay too! And I also have the dinghstin... um, dishtint... distinct pleasure of being the only man on the island who can't get laid." He nodded shortly as he finished his sentence, pulling out a chair and settling himself neatly, fluttering his wings a bit.

"Pretty," Knight cooed. "You have pretty hair and pretty wings and a pretty face. Are you sure you are not a woman trying to be a man?"

"I am sure," he answered, checking her out. "I like your tongue ring."

"You can tell?" she chuckled. Then she stuck out her tongue, amazingly long for a Human's, showing off her piercing. "It's supposed to take me to my destiny. But unless my destiny is to be pawed by strange blondes with permanent PMS, Vampires, and horse people who have tongues longer than my arm, then I think it's busted."

"Well," Tal informed her, in a classic game of one-upmanship, "you haven't lived until you've been hit on by a Were Bee with a three foot dick. And then there are these strange, half-male Werocats chasing some woman around. They were at least amusing, but being cornered by that Dragon who offered to roast my nuts for me was..." He held up his thumb and forefinger about an inch apart. "-- a little bisht... biut... bit extreme."

"Were Bee?" Knight asked. "Oh, I heard about him. Is he dangerous?"

"Only if you play with his stinger," Tal said. "But if you think that was pathetic, wait. There's more."

Nodding eagerly, and enjoying someone else's misery, Knight sat up a bit, still clutching the glass half filled with her drink of choice, and waited with bated breath. "More?"

"More!" Tal slammed his hand on the table for emphasis, remembering to check his strength so as to not crack the wood. "I have to prove I'm gay or I will lose my man. I am not a bad looking Fae -- at least no one has ever vomited at my face. But everyone here seems wrong. I have to sleep with a man so that I can go back to Fal, sweet precious Fal, and prove to dear Fal that I am a man's man! A gay Fae! A..."

"Flaming queer?" Knight asked.

"No, flaming is a power from the House of Design. I'm House of Aggression. We fight a lot."

Knight nodded.

"But I only have a day or so left before I have to go back. And if I can't tell my beautiful Falon that I indeed can get it up for a man, we will have one of the worst bondings in history."

"Why not leave, let him bond with someone else?"

"I can't! See these bonding marks?" He pointed to his right biceps. "They are permanent. I'm already a part of him, as he is a part of me. We will be bound, but if I am not man enough to take him on our mating night, we will both be so miserable. No matter what, we will be bound, but I want my man happy! An unhappy bond leads to childshren... chidreshn... kids who will kill each other."

"You can have kids?" Knight leaned in closer, as if it were a state secret she was trying to protect. Her elbows were on the table as she pulled her knees to her chair, sending her ass sticking straight up in the air. "How? I mean, you said you were a man. Are you a female under all that dark skin and braids?"

"No, that is for our mating partners," he explained. "We have to chooshe... choose two women to be our mated pairs. Hell, gay women have it easy. They seem to understand each other."

"Bullshit!" Knight bellowed, slamming her hand on the table and nearly unseating herself as she rose up to her knees on the chair. "Lesbian women are crazy!"

"But I will never get laid. I'll have to come out straight to my family... they will be so disappointed, and I'm going to break Fal's heart! Do you know what it's like to be bonded to a man who hates you? Lorena Bobbitt will have nothing on Falon! He is of the House of Intellect, sneaky bastards each and every one of them! He will be miserable so he will make my life miserable in turn!"

He looked like he was going to cry. "No, don't do that," Knight whined as Tal's eyes began to grow wet with the sheen of unshed tears. "Here."

She handed him the unfinished glass of Taboo. "Finish this and things will get better. You'll see."

Sniffing, Tal tossed back the drink and his eyes lit up. "This is what Carter was drinking," he chuckled.

"Carter?"

"Were Tiger, nice body but no tingle."

Knight nodded. She understood tingle, or lack thereof.

"He kissed me on the beach! This is what he was drinking. I can taste it."

“Then have another!” Knight smiled. “Hey, Barkeep?” she bellowed. “Bring another for me and one for my effeminate friend!”

Chuckling, the bartender nodded and began to juggle bottles once more.

“Thank you for noticing.” Tal smiled, tears gone just that quickly. “It is hard to be this effmate... effimiant... delicate looking when you are of the House of Aggression. You have to learn the art of warfare as well as how to keep a perfect house, cook the perfect meals, and get bloodstains out of whites.”

Knight sighed. “You’re what I need at home. Just one woman with those qualities.” She smiled as the bartender placed the two drinks on the table and moved on to fill the next order. “So, tell me more about... the cooking.”

* * *

The threat of burning sunlight on his face pulled Tal out of a coma-like sleep. His head was resting on something kind of soft with a hard center. He wrinkled his nose at the unusual smell. It wasn’t bad, exactly, just earthy and not at all what he was used too. He yawned, rolling his head until his nose came in contact with something damp and very soft.

He had to open his eyes. Ignoring the ache in his back and thighs, and the mild pounding in his head, he forced his lids to open a bit.

Then screeched at what he saw.

“Oh my Goddess Creator!” he bellowed as he attempted to jerk to a sitting position. But a leg over his shoulder abruptly aborted his movements and threw him back into that... that... that female stuff!

At his bellow and his jerking around, Knight’s eyes popped open and she shrieked at what she saw.

There was a cock in her face! There was an honest to God, semi-erect, pierced penis hanging in her face!

“What the fuck!” she shrieked, then regretted it as her head began to throb.

Moaning, she jerked as the man lying beside her threw her leg off his shoulders and sent her flying right into his crotch, her lips pressing against the hot flesh of his dick.

Which sent him panicking even more.

Whimpering, she jerked her body parts inward, harnessing her legs and arms, and watched as the man with the impressive wingspan flopped on the bed like a deranged chicken.

She was in too much pain to do more than that. Her thighs hurt, her ass hurt, her arm and her back hurt. Her tongue felt exhausted, her throat stretched, and her pussy -- well, a hot bath was indeed called for.

The man she vaguely remembered as saying he was gay flapped his wings and looked around as if he expected someone to tap him on the shoulder and tell him that this was a horrible dream. Knight peered over the ends of the bed.

About three dozen condoms, all used, littered the floor. She looked back up. Tal - - yes, that was his name -- Tal looked as if he were about to have a full-fledged panic attack.

"Um, was it good for you?" she managed, trying to break the tension and draw the man out of his panic. It wouldn't do well to have him break down or pass out. And she would never get her answers if he had a heart attack.

"I don't know!" he managed, finally looking at her. His wings ceased to flutter and he began to breathe deeply, calming himself down.

"Well, you apparently have a lot of stamina," she added, easing into a sitting position and climbing off the bed. She stumbled as soon as her feet hit the ground, but he was there suddenly, steadying her.

"Thanks." Then she turned in the direction of the bathroom.

"What are you doing?" he asked, tilting his head as he watched her move painfully across the room.

“I’m going to take a piss,” she informed him. “Then I am going to swallow a dozen aspirin. Then I am going to climb into a hot bath and soak my sore parts. Then we are going to have a talk. Gay, my ass! I think both of us have been fooled!”

The slamming of the bathroom door cut off any other comments she could have made, and Tal sat back on the bed, wondering what he was going to tell his family.

It appeared he was straight, after all.

Chapter Thirteen

One hour. Knight soaked in the bath for one hour, and she let her mind put the most recent happenings in her life in order.

Hell, she was a stockbroker! She was supposed to forecast futures and organize things neatly. So that was what she was going to do! First, she'd slept with a man. No, he was an Elemental Faerie, she recalled, as bits of her drunken night came back to her. She'd slept with an Elemental Fae.

Second, if she was able to get it on with a male Fae, then technically, she was not gay. She might be bi, because she'd felt the tingle with Terez, but she felt a hell of a lot more with Tal. Her whole body shuddered as she recalled bits and pieces of her night with Tal.

She closed her eyes and moaned into the hot, steamy air as her fingers gently caressed her sore breasts.

He'd loved her nipples, she recalled, licking and sucking at them until they felt ready to explode and sent waves of pleasure to her pussy. Her hands traveled lower, across the stomach that had trembled for want of his touch, and into the almost alien feel of her nude pussy. It was strange being able to run her fingers over her swollen labia and not feel the hair that had been with her since puberty.

But the waxing had left her skin soft and sensitive. She could feel the nerve bundles that made up her clit, feel the hood as it slid back to expose the sensitive bud itself.

She thought she recalled Tal plucking a feather and running the soft end over her clit while he drove his tongue into her opening, all the while staring up at her from between her widespread legs.

She moaned as her fingers dropped lower, feeling her slick, natural moisture mix with flow from her body. And her entrance -- she shuddered as she pressed against the swollen heat there.

She was stretched and a bit sore, but it was such a wonderful ache. She remembered thinking she could never take all of him, but that he had gently eased his way inside. She recalled demanding that he use a condom, and him shrugging and pulling on the thin latex sheath. He said something about it squeezing his size down a bit and making it easier for her to take. And there was so much of him to take.

Her memories of the night began to flood back in her mind as she pressed two fingers deeply inside, her wrist riding her clit as she raised her knees and spread herself for his pleasure.

He was so thick and hot!

How he had spread her out, pressing against nerves in her pussy that she never knew she had.

Then his fingers toyed with her back passage, gently running rings around her anus, awakening more nerves no one had touched before.

Showing his skill at anal play, he had eased her ring of muscles, teased and taunted her until she literally begged for him to put something there, anything to ease the ache and leave her filled and sated.

While fucking her, he had pressed his pinky inside. That was all it took, and she was exploding, tossing her head back and screaming as he rode her from the front and from behind.

Her loud moan pulled her from her memories as she realized she was masturbating in the bathroom while Tal was probably waiting outside for her.

But it felt so good!

How long had it been since she had even felt desire, let alone a hunger so painful that she had to pleasure herself? She refused to stop! He could wait.

That decided, she began to thrust her fingers rapidly, rolling her wrist against her clit. Her other hand traveled up to her breasts, pinching and pulling her nipples as her skin tingled and sweat shined her body.

It was still not enough! She still felt achingly empty and needy. Her hand left her breasts as the other toyed with her labia and clit, and slid over her hips to her ass.

Could she do this?

Pausing to run her fingers over the slippery suds that filled her bath, she lifted her hips and pressed her finger deep into her own ass.

“Yes!” she gasped, as her nerves there exploded into ecstasy. Her back passage felt so soft, so tight and the feelings the penetration evoked shot straight to her clit.

She needed movement! She began to thrust both hands, faster and faster as she felt the tide of climax rise in her, felt her nerves snap taut and her muscles stiffen.

Her head rocked back and her mouth opened on wordless screams and whimpering moans that filled the humid air around her bath as her body arched even higher.

“God, yes,” she gasped, the sound of her own voice pushing her over the edge.

Her anal muscles clamped down on her finger, throbbing and pulsing as the muscles in her pussy strangled her other fingers. Her clit itched and burned as spasms shook her body and wave after wave of intense release shook her to her inner core.

Then it was over and she was wilting, sliding back in her bath and removing her fingers from their appointed tasks. Sighing, she grabbed a bar of soap and thoroughly washed both hands.

That little exercise took the edge off, but she still had a lot to decide and a Fae to face in the bedroom. Throughout her orgasm, throughout the self-pleasure and the mental foreplay, Tal had been in the forefront of her mind. Maybe she wasn't really gay. And if that was the case, what the hell were Montgomery and the rest going on about? It also led to the question, if she went back and destroyed this latest excuse not to let her be promoted, what would they do next?

It was all so very maddening.

She closed her eyes and let her body drift for just a little bit longer, to remember Tal's soft caresses and energetic thrusting just a while longer. Then she would deal with reality.

Chapter Fourteen

Tal lay on his back across the bed, the bed that smelled of sex and damnation, and tried to figure out what he could do. He could lie to Falon, but that was unthinkable. He was unflinchingly honest, a positive trait and a fault of his, but something such a part of him, it could never be changed.

He could pretend or omit some details, but that was still a lie in his book and therefore unacceptable. He had to face facts.

He'd slept with a woman.

"Oh, goddess," he muttered. "What have I done to my life?"

His wings seemed to blanket him, offering some comfort as his mind delved into a maelstrom of despair. He would lose the love of his bonded. He would disgrace his family and destroy the traditions that had been laid down before he was even a glimmer in his father's thoughts or a pulsing in his mother's womb.

And what was worse, he had slept with a Human going through the same uncertainty he was.

Knight was supposed to be discovering if she was gay. But instead he had slept with her, destroying any chances of her having a peaceful, normal life. As he rested, he recalled more and more of the previous night, of the nonstop drinks, the feeling of understanding that came with talking to Knight. He had not felt a kinship this strong to anyone other than Falon, and he welcomed the familiar emotions. Then they were back at her hotel, because he had no place to stay and he wanted to continue to be with her.

Who made the first move was still unclear, but he knew he'd been on his knees between her thighs as soon as the clothing hit the floor.

He recalled her taste, spicy and bland at the same time, a bit like musk, and slightly salty. She was addictive and so damn responsive.

He remembered suckling at her nipples, so different from Falon's. The mound of breast flesh that supported those sharp peaks was soft and spongy, a contrast to her button-hard nipples.

He had sucked and sucked and sucked, his mouth watering again at the memory. Her gasps under his touch, her flesh quivering, her moans urging him on to explore, it had driven him insane with lust!

Her hips were rounded and so different from a man's. She was an exotic fruit to be plucked and savored. His tongue had run over her hairless body, delighting in the unadulterated taste of her flesh, making her scream and squeal and tug on his braids like a madwoman.

She had orgasmed the first time at the caress of his tongue alone!

Then he spread her legs and examined what female anatomy looked like. She was different, strange and alien to his eyes.

First, there was no hard cock jutting out from her groin. She was split, though, and in the center of that puffy, flushed slit was her clitoris. It was like a miniature hooded cock, and he had the most enjoyable time sucking and licking at it, coaxing it out of its cowl and gently bringing her off again as he rolled it on his tongue.

Another difference was that she was self-lubricating. So much lubrication poured from her swollen lover's lips that his fingers kept slipping off as he attempted to part her. But he finally managed, and was rewarded with the sight of her deeply pink entrance.

He moaned as he remembered sinking a finger deep into that heat. Her muscles tensed and clamped around him, and she squealed, arching her hips up in a begging fashion.

As he remembered, his hands slid down his own stomach to grip his cock, fisting its growing length as the memories forced his hands into action. It throbbed and tingled as he recalled what happened the previous night. His balls grew hard and began to rise, the delicate orbs rolling inside their wrinkled pouch as his sexual tension increased.

His thighs spread a bit, giving himself more access as he stroked and stimulated his body.

Knight was a wonder.

He felt a drop of precum form on the head of his cock as he remembered Knight licking him and lapping at him like a piece of sugar cane. She'd learned the many and varied uses of that magic tongue ring quickly and had set about driving him mad with the little spiked tip.

Her tongue danced under the sheath of his uncut cock, teasing the head and then stimulating the shaft. How she learned to swallow all of him, he hadn't a clue, but he figured it had something to do with all that alcohol killing her gag reflex.

He closed his eyes, thrusting his hips up into his own hands as he remembered spreading her legs and finding her delicate rosebud of an ass. As he plundered her, adding more fingers to her dripping wet pussy, he instinctively zeroed in on her rear passage.

There were so many fluids pouring from her that they naturally flowed down over her anus, making the soft skin shine and glisten. How could he resist?

He began to rub and stimulate her rosebud, something he had been taught to do since puberty. It seemed it worked just as well on women, because she gave out a cry and the muscles relaxed and welcomed his touch.

Still licking at her clit and thrusting inside her with his fingers, he allowed his littlest finger to gently pierce the barrier of her anal muscles. He moved carefully because women did not have the ring of prostates that Fae men held and causing her pain was the last thing on his mind. He wanted her screaming his name in pleasure, not pain, so he moved carefully.

It worked, because she was begging for him to fill her.

It gave him a moment's confusion, but he quickly realized she wanted his dick in her pussy and something else in her ass.

She tossed a thing called a condom at him, something they had learned about on the island during his Human sexuality studies, but had never seen put to practical use

before. But he figured it out quickly enough and was thankful that the tight latex squeezed his size down somewhat.

Sheathed and ready, he slid into her hot pussy, gasping at the feel of those slick walls spasming around him. He had to close his eyes and review the rules of fair warfare so he wouldn't explode the minute he was seated fully inside her.

He used his pinky to invade her ass, loving the scream she emitted as he breached both her pussy and her ass.

After that, his memory became hazy, a mass of thrusting, and screaming, and sweating.

He grew dizzy with the memories and realized he was thrusting into his own hand, recalling how it felt to be strangled in the heat of her body. Closing his eyes, he arched his hips, his breath rasping as sweat poured from his body. It was too much, it was not enough, it was going to kill him!

His balls burned, his back tingled, and his legs stiffened as he forced his hand to move faster and tighter. His thumb ran around the tip, pulling on the sheath around his dick, exposing his most sensitive places for exploration.

He whimpered as he felt another hand press against his and a hot, moist heat surround his tip.

"Goddess Creator!" His eyes rolled into the back of his head as hard suction was applied to his red-hot cock, sending his mind hurtling to inner space as his body stiffened even more.

"Goddess, it's coming!" he warned. His back arched impossibly high.

He bellowed as the first blast of his seed exploded from his body, his climax so intense his vision disappeared into a bright, glowing haze of white. "So good," he moaned as the suction continued, as his ass clenched rhythmically, as shot after shot of his seed was greedily sucked out of his body.

Finally, it began to ease, and his body slumped back to the sheets, his breath tearing from his heaving chest.

“Mmm,” he purred, only to have his moan of pleasure returned... in a heavy, masculine voice.

His eyes snapped open and Tal felt dread fill him as his black eyes met a sated set of gold ones.

“I knew you would be this tasty, lover.”

“Falon!” he managed, then closed his eyes as horror filled him.

Falon grinned from his position between Tal’s knees. “I had to find you, lover. I had to let you know that no matter what, I will never let you go.”

Chapter Fifteen

It was a pale Tal who stared into the face of his nearly bonded mate as his mind raced as to what to do or say. "Um," he finally ventured, "you might not feel that way after I confess."

"Confess that you came here to prove your masculinity?" Falon the Gold chuckled. "To find a male worthy enough to get your cock tingling and fuck him into a mattress?"

The laughter stopped as Falon took in the disarray of the room and the used condoms on the floor. "Looks like you succeeded." He sighed, rising to his feet and sitting on the mattress beside his mate-to-be, running his fingers through his golden hair. "So, who is he? Did he let you fuck him or did you give him my ass? I need to know, Talcor."

Fal's voice grew cold and emotionless as he stared at the battlefield of sexual excess he had abruptly magicked into.

"Not exactly," Tal whimpered, knowing he had to face his responsibilities. He pulled himself to a seated position and placed a hand on Fal's arm, only for Fal to jerk away as if his touch sickened him somehow.

"Not exactly? What the hell is that supposed to mean, Talcor? Either you fucked a man, or he fucked you. There was sex in this room, First Son, and I can feel the magical draw as well. So who the fuck was it?"

Tal winced at the curses. Fal never cursed, but here he was, the bad words flowing from his mouth like he was reared in the House of Aggression. "Sex was had," Tal sighed, realizing he had better start talking or he was going to be intimately introduced to the Lorena Bobbitt effect. "But it's not what you think."

Before he could say anything further, the bathroom door cracked open and a rush of sweet smelling steam flowed out.

"Tal, we have to talk."

Knight walked into the room, wearing nothing but a towel, then stopped and stared at the two beautiful people in the room, her dark Tal and this golden creature who exuded light and intelligence from his bright eyes.

"Damn," she sighed. "First I can't get a man to lay me if I walk down the street buck naked, and now they're crawling out of the woodwork!"

"Tal!" Falon chuckled as he leapt to his feet. "You found our first mate-partner!"

"Excuse me?" Knight cocked her eyebrow as she watched the long-haired, golden creature clap happily.

He was dressed in low riding drawstring pants similar to what Tal had been wearing the night before, but he had a matching sleeveless vest. He also had a ring of tattoos running around his lower abdomen, but these were delicate and fit him better than the bold, black, tribal lines that encircled his muscular biceps. He clapped his hands and his belly ring, a small cluster of bells, tinkled as he moved toward her.

"Oh! Pardon me," he replied, pausing as he took a step back. His long, delicate fingers reached up and stripped the vest off his body, exposing a set of tiny golden nipple rings that matched Tal's silver ones. Then, closing his eyes, he grinned as he was suddenly surrounded by a black pulsing light that seemed to center around his back. Within seconds, a pair of golden and cream wings exploded from his back.

He blushed as the light faded and he spread wings, fully the size and configuration of Tal's. "I hope I meet with your approval."

"Mercy me!" Knight whispered as she clutched at her heart. She never even realized that her towel was slipping until it landed in a soft damp heap around her feet, and still she couldn't bring herself to tear her eyes away from the masculine perfection, so different from Tal's magnificent form, but just as arousing.

She looked down, and she felt wetness drip from between her legs and dampen her thighs. "Oh damn, do I approve!"

His blush deepened.

"But who the hell are you?"

"I am Falon, First Son of the House of Intellect."

Knight nodded in realization. "You are the mate-to-be!"

"Indeed I am," Fal said with a bow. "And I am so pleased to know that you are considering us as your mate-partners."

"Um..." Confusion showed plainly on her face, and Fal, quick to read her expression, started an explanation.

"Tal didn't explain? Bad boy," he hissed over his shoulder. "We live in houses divided. All of our communal areas are shared -- the kitchen, the living areas, the library and study, the workout room. Only private sleeping quarters are separate. The men and the women can sleep in either bedroom, or not deal with each other until mating season if they all prefer. I find myself attracted to the female figure as well as the male, so constant sharing is not a problem for me."

"What?" Both Tal and Knight shouted, both going into shock.

"I like women too, Tal." Fal grinned. "It happens, or we wouldn't be able to reproduce."

"Oh." Tal blinked and Knight began to snicker. But then he noticed that two of his most favorite people were standing there, Knight naked and Fal nearly so, the quivering of his wings showing his arousal.

"So," Knight began. "There was nothing really wrong with you?"

"Only that he couldn't get it up at all for me," Fal sighed. "But I think that won't be an issue anymore." He pointed to the still seated Tal, who was grinning like a lech, his arousal growing in his lap

"I guess he's bi." Knight turned to look again at the golden one.

"We have to be. I think that maybe Tal was just a bit nervous. You wouldn't believe what our people put him through, trying to make us have sex before the final ceremony. And Tal is such a traditionalist, too. No wonder he couldn't get it up! It wasn't what he wanted. Well, he wanted me, but he was not ready. You can't force

things like that. So after he left, the families went into a panic, and I had some time to think things through. Then I realized sex would happen when it happened, and there was nothing anyone could do about it. That's when I tapped into our bond --" He touched the bold tribal tats on his arm "-- and I magicked over here and I found my man all stretched out on the bed and hard for me." He grinned. "And what's more, I find he has already discovered one of our seconds. This is a great day for me. Wanna fuck?"

"What?" Again, both Knight and Tal bellowed, Tal tearing his mind away from the fantasy of his two favorite people entwined in sweaty sex, and Knight in shock. Then he grinned.

"But I have to decide whether or not to quit my job!" Knight wailed, helpless as that tingling wetness between her legs grew to a gushing flow.

"Job?" Fal asked. "What species of Fae are you?"

"She's Human," Tal sighed, rising to his feet and wrapping his arms around his mate-to-be, burrowing in the silky golden feathers and inhaling his scent. Then he peered over his shoulder at Knight, noting the lustful looks she was shooting them both. They did look pretty spectacular together, and there was no reason it wouldn't affect Knight, as straight or bi as she was.

"Human?" Fal asked, stepping away from Tal a moment to examine Knight more. "But I feel magic from her!"

"It's the tongue ring." Tal smiled. "It is supposed to take her to her destiny, and I think you're right, Fal. Giving it some contemplation, it would seem that her ring led her to me, which in turn led her to you. Maybe we are meant to be a match."

Fal grinned and reached out to gently cup Knight's cheek. "How soft you are," he purred.

"Um, job?" Knight whimpered.

"We'll discuss Human needs later," Fal began as his finger dropped to his drawstring. "Now is the time for action."

"Oh what the hell!" Knight said and was instantly surrounded by winged men.

Fal dropped to his knees in front of her while Tal ran his hands over the soft skin of her back. She shuddered, her skin flaming at their touch.

"God," she gasped, her hands tangling in Fal's long, golden locks. His lips latched onto her nipple, his other hand kneading her other breast.

By no means was Tal still as his hands roamed over her back and sides, one hand holding her breasts for Fal to pull deeper in his mouth while his other traveled down to cup her ass. Together, they managed to map all of her skin, dropping teasing kisses and playful nips as they learned her body. Her legs parted of their own accord when Fal's hands slid over her stomach.

"You will look so good with both of our House markings covering this pale flesh." As Fal spoke, he petted her inner thighs, urging her to spread her legs more.

There was no fear of falling, as Tal held her from behind, but she felt her knees go weak as they proceeded.

"Taste her," Tal urged. "Her flavor is so different than anything I have ever had. And she is so responsive..."

"Yes!" Knight hissed. "More! Harder!"

Fal's fingers had discovered her clit, and he was gently playing with her. "It's like a little cock," he breathed, pulling his mouth free of her breast to drop lower and examine his find.

Tal gripped her behind one thigh and lifted her leg, placing it on Fal's shoulder as he calmed Knight. "You are so beautiful there," he breathed in her ear. "Let your other lover see."

Her other lover.

Those words floated through Knight's mind and caused a new shiver of pleasure to run up her spine. Her other lover. She, who thought she was gay, now had two hunky men playing between her legs. This was heaven.

"Oh!" Fal gasped, running attentive fingers over her labia, parting her silken fold and watching her juices run over his fingers. "She's growing so wet..."

Then his fingers pulled upwards, circling the mysterious knot of flesh at the top of her slit. He pressed on that small button and Knight let out a whispering moan, her hands tugging at his hair.

“Lick me,” she breathed. “Please, lick me!”

Fal looked down, surprised to see how her words affected him. His cock was throbbing in its linen prison, a wet spot on the front proving how turned on he was.

Lick her? Okay! He could do that!

He leaned in close, breathing in her scent as he examined this sensitive part of her. Then he lapped at her, jumping as the hood pulled back and she shrieked her pleasure.

“It *is* like a cock,” he murmured in wonder, his warm breath sending shudders through her.

“Look later!” she gasped. “Lick now!”

So while still petting her swollen pussy lips, he raised his other hand to ease back the cowl protecting her clit. Her hidden pearl was milky white and swelling even as he watched.

He dove in, running his tongue all along its swollen length, tasting her desire and understanding what Tal meant about her flavor. He was growing addicted. And the screams and cries he wrung from her throat made the sex even more intense.

Tal held tightly to Knight as she thrashed in his arms. His hands were cupping her breasts, rolling her nipples as Fal began to eat her out in earnest. There was no doubt she was being pleased, she was vocal enough about it! One of her hands was buried in Fal’s long, blond locks while the other tugged at his braids. Tal struggled to hold her tightly but enjoyed the feel of her soft thrashing body against his.

His cock was growing hard from just observing his two lovers, and he knew that he couldn’t hold out much longer. He had to join in.

“Shit!” Knight exclaimed as Fal’s fingers slipped and skidded right into her hungry opening. “Oh, fuck me!” Her strength giving out completely, she hung in Tal’s arms, trusting the Fae not to let her fall.

There were no worries on that score, as his arms and wings supported her, holding her within comforting warmth while increasing her arousal.

Fal, for his part, was enjoying himself immensely. His free hand dropped to his pants and caressed the bulge that lay there, rubbing in time with the thrusts of his fingers into her slippery, tight pussy, and the suction he was applying to her clit.

When she abruptly tightened around him, stilling all motions, he knew she was peaking.

"Mmm," he moaned, sending vibrations throughout her body as she exploded with a high squeal.

"Gooooood. So good. Falon!"

Her muscles convulsed around him, tightening around his fingers, making him wonder what it would feel like to sink his throbbing heat into her.

Then she slumped, Tal catching her weight. Knowing that men became overly sensitive after orgasm, he reluctantly gave her clit one more lick before pulling himself from between her thighs, letting her leg fall to the floor. He rose on his knees, his face shining with her moisture, his gold eyes glowing with need.

"Is it over?" he asked, sounding disappointed.

"She can do that over and over again without a break," Tal said. He lifted Knight into his arms and carried her over to the bed.

"Really?" Fal's countenance lightened as he leapt to his feet. His fingers tore away the ties to his pants, and he stepped out of the black material as it pooled around his feet. "I can have more?"

"We can have more," Tal corrected through a grin, turning to his mate.

Knight watched, eyes wide as Tal reached out and brought Fal into his arms. They were so beautiful, a perfect contrast between white and dark. Tal wrapped his arms and his wings around his mate-to-be, pulling him in for a full body embrace. Then, after a second, the wings parted. Tal's mouth dominated Fal's as the two moaned into a kiss that stole her breath away.

She could actually see their tongues twining together as they relearned each other's flavors. Their hands ran over muscled chests, squeezed hard asses and gently caressed each other's face.

It was beautiful.

She must have sighed, because suddenly two bright pairs of eyes were locked onto her face, Tal's shining black orbs and Fal's shining gold ones.

As one, they moved toward the bed and crawled across the mattress to her.

"Was she a virgin?" Fal asked, curious. His hands reached out to stroke Knight's soft skin. Her belly quivered under his touch.

"No, but I doubt her rear passage has been used." Tal grinned as he, too, reached out and began to stroke Knight, his hands going directly to her breasts and caressing the still hard nipples.

"We can't have sex with each other until after the bonding," Fal explained to Knight when he noted her curious gaze. "But we can have sex with our third."

Before he could say any more, Tal was urging Fal to lie on his back. He did, his huge cock lying against his belly, dripping with its need. Like Tal, Fal was uncut and his cock enormous! It had to be at least ten inches long and almost as thick as a water bottle.

She looked over at Tal and saw that he was built on roughly the same dimensions.

"I took all of that?" she gasped, reaching out to stroke Fal as she stared at Tal, who was busily stroking his own shaft at the sight of his two lovers.

"With the condom," he replied. "It squeezes us down somewhat."

Then Tal lifted her over Fal, settling her on his lower stomach as he moved in from behind.

"Isn't he beautiful?" He rested his chin on Knight's shoulder and stared down at his golden lover. Funny, but now he had no trouble gaining an erection from the sight of his golden beauty.

Fal panted slightly, his cock so hard it was beginning to hurt, as he stared up at his two lovers. "Please?" he asked, his cock rising and falling with his heartbeat. "Touch me."

It was with great pleasure that Knight lowered her hands to hold Fal steady. She scooted back on his legs so she could see as well as stroke his dick. Grinning, she lowered her head, using her tongue ring to lap up his sweet precum before licking around the head.

"Sweet Goddess!" Fal's roaring cry filled the air as his hips lurched upwards.

But Tal's hands were there, holding him steady as Knight settled down on her hands and knees, ass up in the air, making a meal of the golden Fae.

Sweat beaded on Fal's forehead, and his head whipped from side to side. His mouth opened, a series of low grunts and moans emerging from his throat. How could anything feel this damned good? His balls tingled, his back tingled, his heart raced, and he found it difficult to breathe. More, he found he could no longer concentrate, his mind going blank, pleasure becoming his very existence. He was not going to last, and he wanted to be buried in her heat.

Then she pulled back, gasping as her body shook. Tal had decided to join in, gripping her hips and parting her ass cheeks.

"Tal," she bellowed as his tongue traced her rosebud, lapping and licking around the tight muscles. "What are you doing to me?" she demanded, squeezing her eyes shut as a new hunger swamped her.

"Nothing more than what you've been doing to yourself." Tal chuckled, noticing her muscles were slacker than he'd expected after last night's adventures. She had to have been playing in the tub. The idea stimulated him even more.

He ran his fingers through the wetness pouring from her pussy, dampening his fingers well. Then the pinky breached her ass again, stretching her, delving with a burning pleasure that tore a wrenching cry from her throat. Her hand tightened on Fal's cock in reaction, making the man beneath her buck. Her attention once again settled on Fal, his pleading look, and she lowered her head once again.

"She is so tight, Fal," Tal moaned. "I wonder if you will be as tight?"

He pressed rhythmically into her, driving her mad with pleasure as the nerves in her ass were stimulated. One of her hands dropped from Fal's cock to run between her own legs, spreading her thighs further. She began to rub her clit in time to the thrusts of Tal's fingers. At the same time, she bent her head again, sucking at Fal like he was her favorite candy.

"Soon." Tal muttered a spell. Knight gasped, feeling something slick and warm invade her anal passage.

"What?" she asked, pulling off a whining Fal to peer behind her.

"Lubrication spell," he purred. "When I fuck this ass, I don't want it to hurt."

Damn, she thought. *That sounds like fun!* Then she shook her head at her own state of affairs. A few days ago she'd been sexless and now she was doing some kinky shit and was shocked to discover she hungered for it.

Fal's thrusting hips brought her attention back to his painful arousal, still held in her hand. Fal looked beautiful, his face twisting in sexual agony, his hands tangled in the sheets, tendrils of his golden hair stuck to his face. He looked so beautiful and submissive... she had to have him! She wanted to fuck him, to see pleasure explode in his face, to watch his body come undone.

She pulled away from Tal a bit, to nod to Fal. "I want to fuck him!"

"Then get him ready," Tal urged. He eased his pinky out and slid his forefinger into her rear passage. Knight held in a small scream -- it felt so good -- and nodded. Her hands clawed over to the bedside table to the package of condoms, finding a few there. She ripped one open with her teeth as she felt Tal opening her ass, felt him caressing the insides and striking nerves that screamed for completion. He had two fingers in her, and her muscles were spasming around them.

As she rolled the condom over Fal's leaking erection, Tal added another finger, three now, and scissored them apart, stretching her and making her ready for his thick cock.

“Now!” she hissed as the pleasure began to mount and her pussy hungrily clenched against itself. “Both of you, fuck me now!”

Fal’s hands moved to her waist, positioning her over his throbbing cock. He eased her down, feeling her lips part as the head of his dick sank in.

“Goddess, so tight and wet,” Fal sobbed as she sank slowly down. Finally, he was buried to the hilt and Knight gasped at the fullness inside her.

Tal pushed her forward, snatching a condom and quickly covering himself before easing her over Fal’s chest. She screeched in pleasure as the movement shifted his thick shaft inside her, striking a few erogenous spots that the stretching of her entrance has awakened.

Then Knight felt a twinge over her whole groin.

“Shh,” Tal whispered. “I am spelling you so that you will feel no pain, only the pleasure of the act.”

Then his thick cock’s head, hot and full, pressed against her hole. She held her breath as he tightened his hands on her hips, then slid smoothly inside, parting her ass, caressing nerves that had never felt so alive.

“We have a ring of prostates,” Tal explained. “It can be painful to be penetrated, but this spell, this specific sexual magic, will diminish any pain and only increase the joy.”

Knight wanted to agree, but only a strangled gurgle emerged from her throat as she was so thoroughly filled.

“Move!” That gasping plea came from Fal, who was in overdrive, watching Tal enter their third, feeling her body clench around his cock in reaction, seeing the ecstasy fill her face.

And they moved.

Slowly, in tandem, they thrust against each other, savoring the feeling as pleasure spread through each of their bodies.

Fal had never felt so complete. He was sunk balls-deep into her creamy softness and beheld the beauty of his lover’s wide wings spread out behind Knight as he moved

in her ass. Knight's head lolled to the side as grunts and hard breaths rolled from her mouth, she was so far gone in her pleasure.

Tal fought for control, thankful he had gotten off earlier. A velvety vise surrounded his cock. His eyes were closed, his hips moving of their own accord, his cock slowly advancing and retreating before repeating the trip. Knight was a quivering mass of flesh, reduced to an animal of pure instinct as she lurched backwards, taking him deeply again. He looked over her shoulder and saw his Fal, stretched out like a golden god, his head whipping from side to side, muttering to himself as he lost all motor functions in the face of this great pleasure. It was a perfect pleasure, and he knew it would not last too much longer.

And Knight, who was Knight?

Knight Sayburn was reduced to a whining, hungry orifice. She was all pussy and ass, the pleasure she was being fed shredding her thought processes.

Never had she felt so full, so filled, so complete! The moist heat from both men surrounded her, their lusts fed her own, their beauty floored her. Moan after moan ran from her mouth. She felt filled to bursting with men and pleasure.

All too soon, though, her body began the plunge that would tip her over into ecstasy like she had never experienced before. It both elated and frightened her, falling from this high, but before fear could diminish her pleasure, she felt two pairs of wings surround her.

Tal and Fal, sensing her edginess, comforted her the best way they could; they wrapped her in the magical pulse of their wings.

She whimpered, the extra sensation all she needed to tip her over into the bright lights that were her orgasm. She felt herself floating as her body stiffened, and a cry erupted from her throat. Then all her muscles clenched, tightening around those beautiful cocks invading her body, her pussy milking Fal's cock while her ass muscles strangled Tal's.

She was mildly aware of the twin shouts of pleasure that came from her men before the condoms filled with a liquid heat, tingling her nerve endings more and sending her into another orgasm.

Fal had had enough! His prior control could take no more! He'd sensed Knight's unease and wrapped her in his wings, knowing Tal would do the same. Then of all things, their bodies began to lift. As the magic of this event flowed through them, they raised a few feet off of the bed, surrounded by a black and gold twining aura. Their magics ran through Knight and surrounded the three of them, Tal and Fal's magic meeting, understanding and uniting.

It was a timeless moment, capped off by their orgasms ripping through their bodies, sending them plunging back to the bed.

Fal screamed as his hips slammed upwards, uncontrollably, into the heat that was Knight, as his head flopped from side to side. His mind shut down as his eyes rolled up in his head, the extreme ecstasy becoming too much. For a moment, he understood it all, he was one with everything, could feel the whole of the universe within him. The pleasure receded, and he slowly sank back into himself, remembering that he was one of the few who was blessed enough to have two brilliant lovers.

Tal watched it all, watched their magics entwine, watched as they rose from the bed, watched as his mates exploded in ecstasy, and finally understood something.

There was no way you could be happy forcing yourself to be something you were not. You had to be honest with yourself and deal with whatever the fates tossed your way.

And he realized he was a coward. He should have faced the issue, instead of running off like a youngling. He'd been so focused on keeping his mate and proving that he could get it up for a man, that he'd forgotten he would have to be able to get it up for a woman. He was an idiot.

But he was a lucky idiot, he decided, as the pleasure became intense, and he found it difficult to think.

He had his Golden Fal, screaming in release. He had his perfect Knight, shuddering before him as her anal muscles tightened around him. Hell, every time he thrust, he could feel the thickness of his lover's cock pleasuring Knight's hungry pussy! He had it all, and he'd almost thrown it all away.

He gasped as his seed exploded from his body, shuddered as the magic dispersed, and they all gently dropped to the bed, and smiled, realizing he had his life in his hands. With these two, he could be truly happy.

Tal rolled to his side, easing himself out of Knight and tossing the used rubber to the floor. He would magic the room clean later, but for now he wanted to enjoy the afterburn, because something that intense and powerful would not leave behind something as tame as a glow.

After a second, he pulled Knight from Fal and eased her between them. He pulled the condom off Fal and tossed that aside as well. Then he smiled at his mates.

"Well?" he asked, snuggling in to the damp skin that was just everywhere. Ah, the smell of male and female sex. It was perfect.

"Well, what?" Knight managed. Fal seemed to still be lost in space somewhere.

"Will you be our third? I know you wanted a woman, and we still have to find one for you. You can take as much or as little time as you need. But you are a part of us now. It would be sad to tear apart something so perfect."

Knight jumped as her cell phone began to ring.

She reached over a still nearly comatose Fal and flipped the phone open. "Knight," she snapped, annoyed that someone would interrupt her moment! How dare they?

"Knight!" Montgomery greeted her. "How are you? How is the vacation? Have you come to any conclusions?"

"Yeah," Knight spoke slowly, absorbing the feel of the male flesh that surrounded her on both sides. "I quit! Take this job and shove it! I refuse to be labeled and held back because of someone else's opinion."

"Knight!" Montgomery gasped. "What are you saying? What's gotten into you?"

"Taboo and a tongue ring," Knight giggled. "I just got a better offer, Montgomery. An offer of a lifetime. I would be an idiot to turn it down."

Then she closed her phone, cutting her connection to her mentor, and turned to face Tal again.

"So... this female? I can take my time to pick her?"

"As much as you need." Falon, finally joining the world of the living, snuggled into Knight's shoulder. "What about your job?"

"I always wanted to go into business for myself." Knight yawned as exhaustion sapped what remained of her strength. "There is this shop I know, a hair salon, that I think would do well in expansion."

And back in *Get Your Groove On Hair Salon*, several hundred credits appeared in their ledger, double their normal fee.

"Damn." Terez chuckled as she looked over the numbers. "She got laid twice, with two different men! Damn, I'm good!"

Epilogue

“And they thought they were fooling somebody.” Puck giggled, watching as the two Elemental Fae and the Human woman made plans to relocate to their new island home.

“This is just what his family wanted,” M added. “When you get a chance, send a message to the House of Aggression and let them know all is going according to plan. Now we have to work on the gold one.”

Stephanie Burke

Stephanie Burke, known to friends and readers as Flash, has a warped, twisted sense of humor, and she isn't afraid to let it show. From pregnant men to six-foot cockroaches, she's covered the gamut of the weird, the unusual, and the just plain strange. She has dozens of books currently in publication with one house or another -- she's not sure how many -- she hasn't gotten around to counting them of late! Be sure to join Flash's "Flame Keeper" loop at Yahoo Groups -- <http://groups.yahoo.com/group/FlameKeeper/join>.