

"Be Careful What You Wish For"

By Angela Knight

When Jim Decker walked into Bottoms Up that night, you could almost taste the testosterone. Or vamposterone . Or whatever.

Decker worked his way through the Saturday night crowd toward our table, attracted either by me or the opportunity to yank Beau Gabriel's chain. The two had hated one another since Deck's vampire slayer days; the fact that I'd since made him one of us hadn't blunted the hostility. In fact, it had probably made it worse, because now they competed over me.

Beau had made me a vampire two memorable years ago. He'd read *Shadowmaster* , one of the string of vamp horror novels I'd written as Amanda Carlton, and decided I needed a bit more ... research. I hadn't minded a bit. He'd seemed the cowboy embodiment of all my demon lover fantasies, like a cross between Dracula and Clint Eastwood, and I'd fallen for him hard.

I also found myself sharing his enemies, particularly Jim Decker, who in those days had been on a mission to avenge the sister he thought Beau had seduced and misused. Knowing Beau's effect on women, it probably hadn't taken much seduction, and no misuse had been involved. But big brothers need their illusions.

One night I'd been caught in the crossfire of one of their battles, and Decker ended up capturing me. To save myself from a staking, I'd tempted him into sex. Making him my blood lover had taught him we weren't the undead murderers he'd believed, but in the process, I'd become a lot more emotionally involved with him than Beau liked.

But really, it was inevitable that I'd be attracted to Decker. He had far more going for him than AB negative, no matter what Beau thought. I enjoyed his intelligence and sense of honor and deep love of everything female, not to mention the fierce sensuality that made him such a glorious lover.

Besides, I've always had a thing for big men, and like Beau, Decker qualified. Six-foot-four and powerfully muscled, he had broad bull shoulders, narrow hips and the rippling musculature of a professional athlete. Even better, his was one of those sensual, hawkish faces that make women think of rough, fast, really good sex. Yet his lips looked like God had designed them for slow kisses in the moonlight.

Now, watching him saunter toward us on those long legs, I swallowed, remembering what it felt like to fist both hands in the black silk of his hair while he used that mouth to drive me mad.

As long as Deck had been merely human, Beau could tolerate the relationship by pretending the other man was nothing more to me than a blood supply. But when I'd decided to make him a vampire, Beau had been furious. So furious, I'd had no choice except to cool off the relationship with Deck or risk losing my demon lover.

As Decker stopped beside our table, his hot blue eyes swept over me in a hungry stare that spoke of longing and frustration. Today he wore a pair of beige slacks and a cream oxford cloth shirt, tie loosely knotted, with a dark brown trench coat that reminded me of a film noir detective. "Amanda," he purred. His gaze flicked to Beau and cooled. "Gabriel."

Of the two men, Decker looked more like a vampire with those dark, European good looks, while Beau was blond and all-American, with broad, high cheekbones, a narrow nose, and a flashing grin. One look at that face, and you pictured him taking his best girl to a square dance. Which wasn't that far off, except that afterward he'd bend her over the trunk of his T-Bird and fuck her to a screaming orgasm, burying his fangs in her throat just as she came.

God knew he'd done it to me often enough.

"Deck," Beau drawled, a chilly smile stretching over that Sundance Kid face. With one forefinger, he pushed up the brim of his black Stetson. "Screw any werewolves lately?"

Ignoring that sally, Decker lifted a brow at him, pointedly scanning his black Levis and western shirt. "The Urban Cowboy thing went out twenty years ago. Or hadn't you noticed?"

"Hell, after the first century or so, all the decades blur together." Beau crossed his cowboy booted ankles and laced his big hands on his flat, muscled belly. "Anyway, urban Iain't."

Ah, no. Beau had actually been a cowboy, back 120 years ago. At least until he met a certain vampire dance hall girl who decided he looked tasty.

Decker opened his mouth, but before he could get down to some serious slander, a female voice interrupted.

"Oh, Jim! Thank God!" A pretty brunette shot through the bar's front door and across the length of the room to fling herself into Decker's arms. He caught her, and I felt a wave of jealousy at his utter lack of reluctance to find his hands full of over-enthusiastic bimbo.

Then I made out what she was babbling and felt a little more sympathetic.

"God, Decker, don't let him do it to me again!" she gasped, her voice soggy with threatening tears as she clung to his big body like Spanish moss draping an oak. "I couldn't stand going through that again and not being able to break the spell...! Oh, please! You've got to help me!"

He stroked a hand through her hair as she quivered. "Calm down, Lynn. What's going on?"

"It's Jeffrey!" Lynn wailed. "He said if I don't go to his house and agree to he said he's going to turn me back into a werewolf . Permanently!"

Well, that stopped conversation for a radius of about thirty feet. In the ensuing dead silence, I eyed the sobbing girl's back. "Maybe we should go somewhere else and discuss this."

"Oh, yeah, let's," murmured Beau. "My curiosity is killing me."

So we all trooped out of the bar and around the corner out into the parking lot. The other customers stared at us avidly as we left. Beau wasn't the only one dying to know what was going on.

I already knew part of the story. Right after Decker had become a vampire, he'd picked Lynn up in a bar, planning to fuck her brains out and sip a pint or so she'd never miss. But she had an even bigger surprise in store for him; as the full moon rose, she'd turned into a werewolf and pounced on him.

Deck, naturally enough, thought she was trying to kill him, and the result was a nasty little brawl. Eventually she managed to communicate that all she wanted was some of his bodily fluids; she'd been cursed by a wizard, and the only way to break the spell was find a man to make love to her while she was in werewolf form. He'd happily cooperated, and Lynn no longer had to dread moon rise.

Only now it seemed the wizard in question wasn't happy. And that could be a problem, because Jeffrey Copperstone wasn't the kind of man a wise woman wanted to piss off. He'd cursed Lynn in the first place because she wouldn't put out after he'd met her through a computer dating service. Now he was evidently at it again.

Some guys just don't know how to take no for an answer.

Out in the parking lot, we listened as she blurted out the new twist on her tale. Copperstone had been furious when he'd discovered Decker had broken the spell, but she'd made herself so scarce he'd been unable to retaliate. She'd even quit her job and moved to another city. But he'd eventually tracked her down anyway and started harassing and stalking her again. Yesterday he'd given her an ultimatum; return to Atlanta and present herself at his house the next evening prepared to give him what he wanted, or become permanently fuzzy. Fearing what the psychotic bastard would do to her one way or another, Lynn had wisely decided to hit all Decker's favorite haunts in hopes he could save her again.

While she quavered her way through her story, I kept an eye on Decker's face. He'd always had a chivalric streak, and I wasn't surprised to see that Copperstone's behavior royally pissed him off. His blue eyes began to spark and burn with vampire fire, and his fangs lengthened, all signs of one of us on a tear.

"Go on home, Lynn," he told her, as she burst into tears at the end of her story. "I'll take care of it."

"But he's a really powerful wizard, Jim! What if he does something to you?" She sniffed. I dragged a tissue out of my purse and handed it to her. She took it with watery thanks and blew her nose. "Maybe ... Maybe I should just give him what he wants. Maybe he'll be satisfied if I just...."

"Guys like that are never satisfied," I told her. "If he's this abusive now, what's he going to be like later?"

"Do what Decker says, Lynn," Beau said. "We'll take care of him."

At first I was a little surprised that he'd offer to help Decker out with anything, but on second thought, I should have expected it. Fangs notwithstanding, Beau had a very old-fashioned sense of the proper treatment of women, so it was only natural that he wanted to give Copperstone a badly needed lesson in manners.

Decker, oddly enough, didn't protest. He just gave us a grin that glittered in the moonlight. "Looks like we're off to see the wizard."

Beau's return grin looked more like a wolf's bared fangs. "To rip out his fucking throat."

Having both of them that ticked off didn't bode well for Copperstone. So why did I feel something icy creep down my spine? "How?" I asked. "Like Lynn said, this guy is pretty powerful. What's to keep him from putting a whammy on us?"

Beau's green eyes narrowed. "Me. I haven't been a vampire for 120 years for nothing. By the time I get through using mypsi on that bastard, he won't be able to pull a rabbit out of a hat."

I certainly hoped not, anyway.

Copperstone's house was located in an Atlanta suburb that must have been truly the sticks when the house was built. We parked Beau's T-Bird a mile away and slunk the rest of the way in the dark, vampire quiet. Sometimes I wish I really could turn into a bat.

Eyeing the sprawling two-story Victorian as we approached, I snorted softly. "Being a college professor must pay better than I thought."

"Actually, Lynn said Copperstone told her the house has been in his family since it was built." Decker said, his voice so soft a human couldn't have heard it. "Evidently they're old money."

Beau curled his lip. "Carpetbagger." Catching Decker's questioning look, he shrugged. "With a name like Copperstone, his people must be Yankees."

Yeah, three or four generations ago. Then again, to a man who'd fought in the Civil War, that was yesterday.

We split up to circle the house, using vampire senses to determine how many people were inside and what security arrangements Copperstone had. My attention was caught by the garden in the back not flowers or vegetables, but neat rows of strange little plants, the majority of which I didn't know the name of. I wondered if he used them to cast spells.

He also had a pen full of goats and a chicken coop. Since Copperstone didn't strike me as the kind of man with an interest in animal husbandry, I started picturing blood sacrifices under a full moon. Which could just be my overactive writer's imagination, but somehow I didn't think so.

I met the boys on the other side of the house in the deep night shadows where no human eye would be able to see us. "He's upstairs in the attic, and he's alone," Decker said.

"Doesn't seem much worried about security." Beau frowned. "He's got no alarm system. Hell, the front door is unlocked."

"For Lynn, probably," I said. "The bastard doesn't expect her to stand him up."

I knew we were all thinking the same thing: it couldn't be this easy. This guy was a wizard. Either he was stupidly overconfident, or he had good reason to believe he could handle anything that came at him.

We looked at each other and shared a simultaneous shrug. It really didn't matter. We were committed to this. We were, in fact, probably the only ones who could stop this creep from abusing Lynn or anybody else he wanted. Assuming Beau was right, and hispsi was stronger than the bastard's magic.

What the fuck. We had to try.

So together, moving with the speed and utter silence only our kind can manage, we headed up the porch stairs, through that unlocked door, and into the house.

Copperstone's decorating taste ran to Victorian kitsch here a stool shaped like an elephant, there a lamp with long silk fringe around the shade, over there a tiger skin on the floor. All dark and tacky and ugly as hell. I was just as glad I had no more than a glance around the front room as I climbed the sweeping staircase at the boys' heels, heading for the source of the low chanting.

But when we hit the top of the staircase, we could still hear that voice coming from the ceiling over our heads. Decker glanced at Beau. "Must be another set of stairs somewhere."

I grimaced. "Probably behind a hidden panel."

I was right. It was in Copperstone's bedroom, set in one wall and camouflaged behind ugly flocked velvet cabbage rose wallpaper. Beau found the trigger to open the hidden door by zeroing in on the scent left by Copperstone's fingers.

While he sniffed the wall looking for it, my appalled eyes locked on the huge painting hanging over Copperstone's king-sized bed. It depicted some Roman emperor and a dozen well-hung Praetorian guards doing anatomically unlikely things to three naked female captives.

His attention caught by my revolted stare, Decker looked at the painting and sneered. "Little prick seems to like the idea of rape, doesn't he?"

I gave him a cheeky grin full of all the fang and bravado I could manage. "Yeah, well, I think it's time he finds out what it's like being on the receiving end. I feel a case of the munchies coming on."

"Uh huh." Deck wasn't fooled. Concern darkened his blue eyes. "Amanda, maybe you should go home. This could get rough."

"Not a chance," I told him, stung. No way was I going to stand by while the boys fought some creep who turned people into werewolves. "Did Dorothy blow off her buds just because of a green bitch and some flying monkeys? I think not."

Beau glared over his shoulder at us. "Could you hold it down? I'd rather the wicked dickhead of the west didn't hear us coming." He thumbed one of the rose petals. The panel slid silently aside, revealing a narrow staircase.

Decker lifted a brow. "Break and enter much, Gabriel?"

Beau smiled tauntingly. "Hey, you pick up all kinds of skills in a century or so."

I barely resisted the impulse to comment on his talent for entering. Probably best not to get into that topic just now.

While I resisted temptation for one of the few times in my life, we slipped into the dark opening one by one and headed upward. The air filled with the sound of chanting. The voice was deep, masculine, and the words sounded vaguely Latinate. A glow that looked like candle light provided just enough illumination for our vampire night vision as we climbed a stairway barely wide enough to accommodate the boys' shoulders. When we reached the top, we all flattened ourselves on the stairs while we checked out the situation.

A tall, thin man in blue silk robes stood with his back to us, both hands raised as he chanted in ringing Latin. He held a knife in one hand. On an altar in front of him lay one of the goats, hogtied and bleating softly. I really hate it when I'm right.

He appeared to be praying to a three-foot statue of a naked horned figure with a truly ridiculous phallus. If the idol had been man-sized, its cock would have been two feet long. It was flanked on either side by black and red candles that burned with a scent like rotting meat. I decided I really didn't want to know how he'd gotten that effect.

As we watched, Copperstone drew back the knife, readying it for a downward stroke. The goat bleated.

"We'd better do something," Decker said softly. "I've got a feeling that once that goat dies, Lynn's going to have a serious problem with unsightly hair."

Beau grunted. I saw the boys gather themselves to spring. I grimaced; from where I lay behind them on the stairs, I'd be the last one in.

The next instant, both vampires launched themselves out of the stairway and across the room. I scrambled to join them as Beau grabbed Copperstone and Decker snatched the goat away, snapped the cords, and turned it loose. It shot off toward the stairs, bleating, its little hooves clicking frantically on the polished wooden floor. I barely had time to sidestep it as it galloped out of sight.

"When a woman tells you no, you son of a bitch," Beau snarled at the astonished Copperstone, wrapping both big hands in his robe and hauling him onto his toes, "you drop it!" I felt his power blast out of his mind in a wave so black and dark it sucked the breath from my lungs.

Baring his impressive fangs, Decker grabbed a fistful of the man's thinning blond hair and jerked his head back. "You're about to find out just how it feels to...."

Then the power field Beau had thrown over the room suddenly cracked like an egg. For a moment, it seemed a hot red like spread over us all. "Enough!" the wizard roared, and spat out a series of tongue twisting consonants. Suddenly I simply couldn't move. What's worse, the boys froze too.

Oh, hell. We'd underestimated the little prick.

With an affronted huff, Copperstone jerked himself out of Beau's grip and straightened his robe with a twitch. He twisted his lip as he eyed my lovers' identical frozen snarls. "Vampires. Huh. I gather one of you is that friend of Lynn's. Little bitch. I suppose I should have anticipated this."

He sauntered around the room, eyeing us. I felt as though I'd been dropped in a vat of peanut butter; I realized I could probably move, but only after a long, hard fight. Setting my muscles, I began to strain. I knew the boys were probably doing the same.

That was good. Dickhead might be too strong for us, but we were too strong for him too.

Copperstone jerked, his long, homely face taking on a harried look. He bit his lip. "I'm not going to be able to hold you long, am I? You have powers of some sort ... psychic, I think. It would take a major spell to stop you. But perhaps ... a delaying action...."

He looked at me, and his eyes lit unpleasantly. Turning, he looked at the two men, their big bodies tensing as they fought his magical hold. Copperstone glanced back at me again and grinned. I instantly decided I didn't like the look in his eyes.

The wizard sauntered back to my lovers. "I know just the thing to keep you busy and teach you a little lesson. And it will work like a charm, because you've already got the seeds of lust and anger in you." Leaning close to Beau and Decker, he said sweetly, "Why don't you two forget about me for the time being. You'd much rather rape your tasty little friend." He bared his teeth. "Do everything you've secretly dreamed of. Let's see you stop when she says no. "

You vile little prick! I thought in fury as he strolled toward the door. Stopping beside me, Copperstone leaned down to whisper in my ear. "You know, I rather envy them. I wouldn't mind feeling those long legs wrapped around my hips either." Then he turned and hissed a waterfall of Latin, his bony hands describing lines in the air. With a self-satisfied smile, he passed out of my line of sight. I heard the door close and the lock click....

The spell holding me broke. I whirled and shot toward the door in a fury. If the stupid creep thought a hardware store lock would hold three vampires, he had another thing coming. I grabbed the knob, about to jerk the door right off its hinges....

A big hand shot past my head and slapped against the door, holding it closed. I looked at those long, broad fingers spread over the wood, and my mouth went dry. Cautiously, I slowly turned around

Decker and Beau loomed over me, broad shoulder to broad shoulder. Two

pairs of eyes glittered, predatory and hot, while two sets of fangs glinted in nasty grins. Glancing down, I saw a pair of bulges that would shame My FriendFlicka .

"Uh," I said. "I guess this is about that rape thing."

"Looks that way," Decker purred.

I swallowed. "Luckily, there's something Wizard Boy forgot to take into account."

Beau licked his fangs hungrily, his eyes dropping to my breasts. "And what would that be?"

I grinned. "You can't rape the willing. In fact, you can't even seduce the eager." I slipped both arms around Decker's neck and pulled myself up so I could wrap my thighs around his waist. "But you're welcome to try."

"Oh, we'll try," Decker said, with a low rumbling laugh as his powerful arms encircled me and plastered my body so tightly along his I could feel his thick hard-on rubbing my belly through his trousers.

"And we'll succeed." Beau stepped in behind me until I could feel every ridge and hollow in his muscular body, his cock a steely ridge against my bottom as one hand slid around to cup my pussy.

And I didn't mind a bit. Aménage trois with the boys had always been my favorite fantasy, but given their unrelenting mutual hostility I'd figured it would never happen. Now the Wicked Dickhead of the West had made my kinky little dream a reality.

Maybe he wasn't so bad.

Decker's mouth swooped down on mine, kissing, licking, sucking at my lips, his tongue dancing a wicked dance around mine. I sighed in happy pleasure and kissed him back, savoring the taste. Loving the feel of him against my breasts, my belly, pressing between my thighs. While Beau slowly rocked against my ass, one big hand slipping around my chest to find a tight little nipple through the fabric of my dress.

Hell, maybe I'd send him roses, I decided, as two pairs of strong, skillful hands began to explore and torment. Decker's long fingers squeezed and rolled the other as Beau reached under my skirt. My silk panties didn't have a prayer against his greedy rip. He dropped the lacy rags on the floor and started delving between my soft lower lips.

Decker drew back and looked down at me, his eyes so blue and hot. I saw his male delight at having me in his hands again, felt his hunger at the thought of thrusting hard into me. He swooped his head down and captured my gasping mouth in another long, liquid kiss. Beau bent his head to the curve of my neck, the points of his fangs delicately raking the skin, making me whimper against Deck's lips.

Meanwhile, Beau's rope-roughened fingers swirled around the creaming opening of my cunt . He slipped one of them in up to the knuckle, and I writhed against Decker's muscled torso at the sensation. Rumbling a laugh, Deck swirled his tongue inside my mouth and palmed my entire breast, squeezing slowly and rhythmically.

Maybe I'd put Dickhead on my Christmas card list.

Both men were rock hard. Slowly, they rolled their hips against mine, grinding in slow circles as if in the grip of such deep lust they had to satisfy it somehow. The feel of those two thick ridges, one pressing against the notch between my legs, the other nudging between my cheeks ... Oh, God.

Beau added a second finger to the one in my cunt , then a third, slipping into my buttery heat easily, twisting his wrist to screw them in. His fingers filled and teased, building the heat between my legs to a blaze. I gasped as he licked the pulse on the side of my throat, not biting, but obviously headed in that direction. Decker left my mouth and began kissing his way under my chin, nudging my head back. I let it fall on Beau's shoulder as both men licked and suckled my neck. I suspected I was headed for major blood loss, and didn't really give a damn.

Decker grabbed the low neckline of my dress and jerked it down further, exposing more of my breast. Because of the cut of the neckline I wasn't wearing a bra, so he managed to cup my flesh and push it up until the nipple peeked over the fabric. Hungrily, he attacked it, nibbling and sucking, setting off hot, breath stealing sensations in the delicate pink tip. I squirmed, pressing my bare, wetcunt against the rough fabric of his trousers, even as Beau's long, demanding fingers impaled me mercilessly.

With a growl, Decker ground his hips against mine. "God, I'm as hot and hard as the tailpipe on a Harley," he said, drawing back to look down at me with feral blue eyes. "How the hell are we going to decide who fucks her first?"

Beau lifted his head from my neck and laughed in my ear, sounding more than a little sinister. "We don't have to decide. She's got this really tight, tiny little asshole I've been dying to ream." His fingers slipped out of mycunt . Before I could do more than squirm, he'd slid a long forefinger right up my anus.

"Hey!" I jerked, arching my back at the startling sensation. It was both painful and shockingly erotic.

Decker my sweet, Boy Scout Decker gave me a cruel, glittering grin. "Looks like you'regonna get double-stuffed,darlin'."

"Like an Oreo." Beau laughed that Marquis deSade laugh again. "God, Deck, she'ssoooootiiiiight ." He slid the finger out of my butt, then entered it again.

"Beau!" I gasped, squirming, instinctively trying to escape, but one of Decker's strong hands clamped over my thigh as Beau pinned me by wrapping an arm from the curve of my waist to my shoulder. "Stop that!"

"But it feels sogoooood ." As I twisted my head to glare at him, Beau gave me a dark, evil grin.

When he withdrew his finger, Decker put a hand down. And as Beau entered me again, I felt a second thick digit joining his, stretching my anus painfully open. Shocked, I snapped my head around to stare into Decker's handsome face, seeing a menacing lust in his eyes I'd never seen before. "Oh, yeah," he purred. He smiled slowly, partially withdrawing his finger as Beau thrust his even deeper. I felt the two

digits twisting my delicate inner tissues as they slowly screwed my butt. "I wouldn't mind reaming that tight little ass myself. Is she virgin?"

"Not for long." Beau lowered his head and nipped the side of my throat, not quite drawing blood.

"Now, hold on just a damn minute!" I exploded, enraged. "You can take turns or I can suck one of you off, but we are not having anal sex!" Not as well hung as they were, anyway. I'm ambitious, not crazy. "We've talked about this before, Beau."

"And you've always said no." He pressed his finger deep in my ass, then began to slowly withdraw as Decker drove deeper. "But you know, somehow I'm just not in the mood to listen tonight." And he forced the finger in again.

That's when I remembered what Copperstone had said when he'd cast that damn spell. Do everything you've secretly dreamed of.

Hooboy, I was in trouble big trouble. In his right mind, neither man would dream of taking me in a way I didn't want. Yeah, Beau had made jokingly seductive attempts to introduce me to anal sex, but when I'd laughingly objected, he'd backed off. True, I was a little intrigued by the idea, and I'd probably allow myself to be talked into it eventually.

But allowing Beau to gently initiate me when he was in his right mind was one thing. Being double penetrated by two enchanted vampires under a rape spell was a whole different kettle of KY.

Unfortunately, at the moment I was pinned between them with my feet off the ground, in the worst possible position to defend myself. Yeah, if they'd been human, I'd have had no problem getting away. Hell, with my vampire strength, I could fight off a dozen men without breaking a sweat. But Decker and Beau are supernatural too, and because of their greater size, they're several times stronger than I am.

Plus, Beau has been a vampire for more than a century, so his power is that much greater than mine. What's more, since he'd made me a vampire he had a certain amount of power over me. If he chose, he could make me do any damn thing he wanted. I wasn't sure why he hadn't already tried it, but I decided I'd better get the hell out before he did.

Luckily, the power thing works both ways. After all, I'd made Decker.

I reached for Deck's mind, determined to use my own power over him and force him to turn me lose. Instead I got a nasty shock. The lust he felt was a solid wall of heat and aggression I instantly realized I couldn't penetrate. His thoughts were too filled with burning memories my breast in his mouth, his cock in my cunt, the hot pleasure of riding me hard. My mind skittered back from his raw, incoherent lust with a purely female panic.

As I jerked my gaze away from his, shaken, I met Beau's narrow green gaze. He smiled slowly, and I knew he'd sensed my attempt to establish control over Decker. He sent me another image me, my cunt and ass filled full of thick, surging cock, the long shafts grinding deep, my delicate body caught between two massively built males in full rut. "You always wanted us both," he rumbled, his voice deep, menacing. "Now you've got us."

Decker rolled his hard-on into the cradle of my hips. "What's the matter, baby? Afraid your eyes are bigger than your ... stomach?"

"Let's take her to that bed downstairs and find out just how big she is," Beau said.

Yet I didn't struggle while he kicked the door open and they started down the stairs with me. I wasn't scared anymore.

I was pissed.

All of this was thoroughly out of character for the guys. It was the work of that wretched spell, and I was damned if I'd let the wizard get away with it. For one thing, I knew both men would be horrified when the magic wore off and they realized what they'd done. Anything they did to me I'd recover from, but I wasn't sure they'd ever get over the guilt.

However, at the moment I was a lot more concerned about my immediate problem: getting through the next hour without getting my asshole reamed.

They carried me down into Copperstone's bedroom. Listening closely, I could make out no other heartbeats in the house than ours; apparently the wizard had taken off. Smart of him, though I wondered where the hell he went.

As they laid me down on the thick scarlet coverlet, I made no effort to struggle, carefully giving my best imitation of defeated submission. Despite my limp body and lowered eyes, I was busy calculating the distance to the bedroom window. It'd be a two-story drop to the ground, but that was nothing to one of us. The trick would be getting a head start on the guys sufficient for my escape.

And I quickly realized that wasn't going to be easy. Beau knew me too well to let me go; he maintained a hard grip on my shoulder as he crawled onto the bed with me, then swung one long leg over my hips and straddled me. Despite myself, I was intrigued by the picture he made as he knelt astride me stripping off his black shirt. His cock was a long, hard ridge behind his fly, and the muscles in his powerful torso shifted and rippled as he tossed his shirt aside.

Decker meanwhile let the trench coat fall off his broad shoulders, then jerked his tie off and unbuttoned his shirt with rough, impatient fingers. His body was a little more brawny than Beau's leanly muscled frame, but both men made mouth-watering scenery.

It really was a damn shame this was nothing more than a spell.

They'd freed my hands so they could undress, and I stroked the tough fabric covering Beau's muscled thighs, then cupped him through the fabric, smiling seductively.

His eyes lit with approval. "That's more like it," he murmured, one big hand going to his zipper. He tugged it down, and I reached into the opening to trace a finger down the smooth line of his cock, straining against the plain white fabric of his briefs.

Gloriously naked, Decker crawled onto the mattress with us. Beau slid off me so he could shed his jeans. I curled a long leg up as though reaching for the buckle of my high-heeled sandal and instead uncoiled it with a snap, meaning to kick Beau right in his muscled chest in a blow designed to slam him into the wall behind him.

Instead, one big hand flashed out and clamped around my ankle with such crushing force I yelped and swung at him. He caught my fist just as Decker came down on top of me, grabbing my shoulders with

ruthless strength. I cursed and began to struggle in earnest.

Snarling in rage, Beau tightened his grip on my ankle, bearing down. Pain shot up my leg in a wave of heat and agony, and I knew that despite my dense bones, he could easily crush it. I drew back the other leg, prepared to batter at him to get free.

"Amanda, don't!" Decker gave me a little shake. Wild-eyed, I snarled up at him.

Only to see such naked desperation in his eyes that I stopped in mid-kick. "When you fight, it makes the spell worse!" he said hoarsely. "Please! I'm afraid we'll hurt you."

My gaze snapped to Beau's. For just an instant, the rage on his face lifted, and I saw the agony behind it. "Please," he said, his voice rasping, begging. "Let us make love to you."

I stopped dead. On some level, my lovers were still aware, still present. Which meant if I surrendered, I could trust them to retain control. But if I fought, they could lose it altogether, and all bets were off. Besides, I really didn't have much choice. The only way I could escape was by injuring one of them badly, and I had no desire to do that.

Too, our hurting each other was what the wizard wanted. If we turned this into steamy passion, Dickhead lost. And I really, really wanted to beat Copperstone at his own game.

Even if it meant exploring variations I'd never tried before.

My eyes tracked from Decker's brawny, naked body to Beau's, clad only in jeans. Their eyes burned with heat and fraying restraint.

"What the fuck," I said with a choked laugh. "Call Nabisco I guess I'm an Oreo."

Beau grinned in sheer relief before his instant of sanity was lost behind another wave of lechery. "And I want to lick your creamy center." With a mock growl, he released my ankle and pounced, diving head

first between my legs. He fisted his hands in my shirt and pushed it up, then gave my cunt a long, slow stroke with his tongue. I caught my breath as pleasure stabbed right into my skull. He looked up at me over my pelvis, then wrapped both strong arms around my thighs and dragged me to his mouth. Hungrily, he thrust his tongue straight into my cunt .

"God, Beau!" My back arched at the incredible sensation as he started licking my folds, obviously determined to get me as hot as he could as fast as possible.

Decker sat back on his heels, his thick cock jutting between his muscled thighs as he watched my face with predatory satisfaction. His gaze slid to my breasts. My nipples hardened under his stare into taut points of arousal under the thin fabric of my dress.

Decker reached down a big hand and wrapped it in the material, preparing to rip it from my body with one savage jerk.

"Deck!" I objected. "I'd rather not have to walk out of here naked."

He gave me a slow, dark smile. "But you look so good naked." Still, he slowly released his grip and caught the hem of my skirt instead. That hint that he was still more or less in control comforted me.

But that control was growing shakier by the second, I saw, as he tugged my dress up, his eyes locked on my naked body as it was revealed inch by inch. I rolled my hips upward to let him pull the fabric of my skirt out from under me. The movement raked Beau's tongue over my clit, and my knees weakened at the wet heat shock. He rumbled at me and circled the little pink bud with his tongue, shooting delight straight up my spine.

Even as Beau tormented my creaming cunt , my eyes were caught in Decker's shimmering blue gaze. When the dress slid up over my breasts, the shimmer leaped into a blaze. He tugged the dress the rest of the way off and tossed the wadded red fabric across the room without breaking his ravenous stare at my body. I watched his dark head descend toward my hard, pointed nipples and moaned in anticipation.

The only thing hotter than the feeling of a male mouth feasting on your cunt is the sensation of a second male mouth simultaneously devouring your breasts. I damn near catapulted into orbit as the boys' tongues flicked and stabbed and circled. Teeth raked my most delicate flesh in almost bites, while big hands stroked my skin, squeezing my breasts, twisting whatever nipple wasn't being sucked. I wrapped the

fingers of one hand in Decker's dark hair and reached down to grab a fistful of Beau's blond silk, writhing in the grip of real magic.

Something slid into my juicy cunt as Beau began finger fucking me while his mouth worked wicked spells on my clit. A second finger slipped up my ass, the sensation dark and erotic, a delicious counterpoint to the mind-blowing pleasure of what they were doing to me. Slowly, deliberately, he screwed the fingers in and out, rotating his wrist to tease and stretch both my channels.

Adding to the heat of the moment, Beau telepathically sent me an image of what he saw: my dark pussy, slicked with juice as he explored and plundered it. Below it, my small, puckered asshole sucked at his finger as he gently reamed it. I pulled in a breath as that image changed in his mind, and the fingers became two huge cocks, one withdrawing while the other thrust deep.

The full psychic force of his lust slammed into my mind; his hunger to drive deep into my tight ass, to hear my whimpers and moans as he took me in long, relentless strokes. Decker built that telepathic fire by adding his own need to feel my creamycunt clasp his cock, my nipples brushing his chest as he rode me, grinding deep.

I writhed, breathless, Beau's hot tongue dancing across my clit as Decker feasted on my nipples. Driving me insane. I could feel myself shooting toward my peak, about to come. I gathered my breath for a scream....

And they stopped.

"Not yet," Beau whispered. I felt his lips moving against my labia as he spoke. "I'm not going to let you come until my cock is in your ass."

"No!" I gasped, as frustration washed over me. "For God's sake, don't stop!"

"Oh, we won't stop." Decker leaned over to give my nipple a long lick. "Not even when you beg us."

And both of them hit me with another blast of psychic male heat that burned right through me. Catching me on fire.

I wanted them to fuck me, cunt, mouth, ass hard and deep and NOW. I didn't care if it hurt, I didn't care about anything but being fucked. "Please!" I whimpered, writhing.

Beau laughed, a deep, triumphant rumble. He rose from the bed with an easy male flex, leaving me with my legs spread and aching, my wet cunt chill.

But it didn't stay cool for long. Decker rolled off me onto the mattress, simultaneously grabbing my hips and pulling me over on top of him.

"Yes!" Eagerly, I spread my legs and rose until I straddled his brawny thighs. He grabbed his thick, hard cock and pointed it skyward as he caught a handful of my black hair with the other hand, gently guiding me toward it. I rose to my knees and positioned myself, then sank downward, spearing my cunt on his massive erection. The sensation of his width sliding into my creamy, desperate pussy made me yowl in pleasure. He bared his teeth and slammed upward, ramming to my depths.

I threw back my head at the deliciously brutal invasion.

Decker let go of my hair to capture one breast, twisting and thumbing my nipple with a roughness that might have hurt at any other time. Just then it spurred me on. I rose up his shaft and took it deep again as he ground up to meet me. Growling in animal desperation, we fucked each other.

I looked over to see that Beau had stripped off his jeans and briefs and was delving in a drawer in Copperstone's night stand. I barely had time to wonder what the hell he was doing when he pulled out a small white jar and turned around. He unscrewed the lid and scooped out a handful of thick, white cream, then began slathering it over his jutting erection.

His back arched. "Damn, that's cold," Beau growled, looking over at me as I rode Decker, fucking him in hard, fast strokes.

Beau scooped up another handful of cream and smoothed it over his shaft, his green eyes fixed on mine, hard, menacing lust glittering in them. I looked at that big cock as I rode the one stuffing me, and wondered how the hell I'd ever take them both. I knew it would hurt like a bitch but I wanted it. Wanted

them deep, reaming me, needed it....

Slowly, Beau smiled. And I knew he'd read my thoughts.

He moved toward the bed, stalking me. Decker's strong fingers curled into my hip, dragging my desperate thrusts to a stop. Reaching up, he fisted the other hand in my hair again and tugged me down over him. Giving Beau access to my ass.

My eyes flew to Deck's hot blue ones and widened. He grinned, showing every inch of his fangs. "Brace yourself darlin'," he purred. "Here it comes."

With a moan of helpless lust, I bent lower, reached back with both hands, and spread my cheeks for Beau's cock.

"Ohhhh,yeaaah," he growled, as the bed shifted under his weight as he crawled up behind me. "I always wanted to see you do that."

Quivering in a maddening combination of arousal and fear, I waited, stuffed with Decker's shaft. I felt Beau's fingers brush my tight little anus, which twitched. Slowly, carefully, he inserted one slick finger, easing it inside, joining Deck's dick in my body. The sensation of fullness it gave me sent a helpless shudder up my spine. He slipped it out, then in again, this time two fingers, stretching and readying me.

"Oh, God," I whimpered, trying to writhe on Decker's impaling cock. But his hand tightened on my hip, holding me still.

A third finger, working its way deep, sliding against the thick prick in my cunt, stuffing me so impossibly full. I'd never be able to take Beau's shaft, I thought wildly. Too big, too much

"Too bad," Beau rumbled. "You are going to take me. Every last inch." He withdrew his fingers.

I moaned, knowing what was coming. But I didn't let go of my cheeks.

He sent me an image just then my little pink virgin asshole, tight and puckered over my cunt, which strained so wide around Decker's cock. The broad, flushed head of Beau's shaft approached my tiny opening, looking much, much bigger. I felt the first brush of its slick, greased tip and jerked, closing my eyes.

Decker caught my breast in one hand and began to play with my nipple again, sending a welcome flood of pleasure to give me something else to think about. The other big fist was still buried in my hair, silently telling me I wasn't going anywhere.

Then Beau began to enter. An enormous burning pressure, forcing my delicate tissues to spread, making way for him. He sent me another image the sight of my asshole flowering open around the rapacious head of his prick. Wider and wider, straining to take him. I arched my back at the pain of his entry and felt how it felt to him, deliciously tight, clamping over the sensitive tip, yielding slowly as he forced his cock inside, inch by slow, torturous inch. I writhed, overwhelmed by the mix of sensations, his and my own and Decker's.

The two men could feel their cocks sliding past each other through the thin membrane separating my cunt and my ass, the stimulation hot and wicked and alien, a dark, nasty pleasure. I released my cheeks and grabbed desperately for Decker's muscled torso, holding on, a whine forcing its way past my teeth. Stuffed, utterly stuffed with cock, overwhelmed and helpless. I made a pleading sound.

Decker reached a big hand down between our bodies and found my clit with his thumb, caressing it gently as Beau completed my impalement.

Finally both men were in to the balls. I threw back my head and keened.

"Shhhhh," Decker whispered, and started squeezing and rolling my nipples with one hand as he stroked my clit with the other. At the same time, Beau eased out almost to the head. I braced myself over Decker, leaning forward just enough to give him room to move. He pulled out gently just as Beau pushed inside.

Then, slowly, ruthlessly, they began to fuck me.

I had never felt anything like it. It seemed my entire being was focused between my legs, on my cunt and asshole being conquered by those two huge cocks. And Decker's hands, coaxing pleasure from my overloaded nervous system, strumming and stroking nipple and clit. I could feel Beau's body covering mine with his hard muscled strength, his powerful arms brushing mine as he rolled his hips, his shaft tormenting my anal tube with every stroke, even as Decker's cock massaged my cream-filled cunt .

By slow, hot degrees, pleasure began to grow through the pain of their possession. I could feel their hot male enjoyment of me, of my tight, slick body, of my soft skin and full tits. So small, so helpless between them, so lush and female as they plundered my flesh.

Their lust stoked mine, until I began to move under them, feeling one nipple brushing Decker's chest while he squeezed the other. Teeth clamped in my lip, I made short little thrusts back and forth between them. The pleasure grew, in my cunt , in my clit, in my ravaged asshole, spurring me on. Until I felt ravenous for the next delicious double stroke, the next twist of my flesh between those two big shafts. The men picked up the pace, stroking harder, Decker's thumb rubbing my clit, spiking the pleasure higher.

Finally I found myself grinding hard against Beau's hips, taking his cock all the way up my ass, then jolting forward to feel Decker drive to my depths. Growling as they growled, lust burning me until I felt mad with it, wanting more, wanting it all, back and forth and in and out and....

I screamed as the orgasm shot through me in a river of fire, scalding every synapse. "Oh, GOD!"

"Yeah!" Beau rammed all the way in, up to the balls, jolting me forward onto Decker's cock. Doubly impaled, I shook, only dimly aware of Beau's roar of triumph, of Decker's hot, gasping groan as my orgasm triggered theirs in a psychic cascade of pleasure. I felt both hard cocks jolting, shooting my ass and cunt full of come. My climax surged higher and higher until it seemed my senses couldn't take any more of the overwhelming explosion.

Until it all went black.

I woke sandwiched between them. "Beau?" I groaned, wiggling. He lay over me like a hot, heavy

blanket. "Decker?"

Neither answered. Looking into Deck's face, I saw his eyes were closed, his breathing deep. Twisting my head around, I saw Beau's face. His head rested on my shoulder, eyes closed.

"Hey, guys?" Damn. Both of them were out cold. I stirred, my body's aches making themselves known with a vengeance. Groaning, I rolled Beau's heavy body off mine, wincing as his cock slipped free of my ass. He collapsed bonelessly beside Decker.

Sitting back on my heels, I gazed at the deliciously naked men and frowned. Something was wrong here. They should not be sleeping like this.

Oh, hell. Copperstone's spell. It must have been designed to put them out after they were through with me. Leaving them helpless.

Damn. The little shit had something in mind. I rolled off the bed and looked for my dress. Finding it in a corner, I scooped it off the floor and shrugged into it, suspecting I did not have much time. He'd be back any moment.

I was lucky he hadn't bothered to include me in his sleep spell; apparently he didn't consider me a threat. Just another piece of ass, like Lynn. Something to be tormented.

He was about to find out how wrong he was.

I took a moment to clean up in Copperstone's bathroom. Just as I threw down the washcloth, I heard the rumble of an approaching car engine. I flew to the window and looked out.

As I watched, Copperstone got out of his Honda Accord. He'd changed out of his robe into black trousers and a shirt. And in his hands was a crossbow. A quiver filled with wooden bolts rode across his shoulders. I knew he meant to stake all three of us as the boys slept.

"Oh no you don't, you little fuck!" I snarled. Whirling, I made for the stairs.

I was waiting when he opened the door. It was dark in the house, and Copperstone's merely human eyes didn't see me as I crouched beside the door.

With a soundless growl, I pounced, wrapping one hand around his mouth, my fingers digging hard into his jaw so hard he grunted in pain.

After watching him in action, I knew the way to keep him from using his magic was to keep him from talking.

"You even try to say a spell, and I'll rip your fucking head off," I snarled in his ear, jerking him to his knees. He tried to kick back at me, so I straddled his back and gripped his hips between my thighs, bearing down until he yelped. "Thought you said you wouldn't mind being between my legs." I squeezed again. He groaned. "It's like I learned today you really should be careful what you wish for: you may get it."

I pulled his head to one side, arching his throat. He stiffened, knowing what I intended. "Now, listen up, schmuck, while I tell you what we're going to do. First...." I ran my tongue over the banging pulse in his throat. "...I'm going to have a little bite. Then we're going to discuss how you will never, ever hurt anybody again. You'll never stalk anybody, you'll never rape anybody, and you sure as hell will never turn anybody into werewolves." I paused to rake him with my fangs, just barely drawing blood. The taste was delicious. "Then we'll go upstairs and break that sleep spell you put on the boys. If you're very, very good, I'll even convince them not to kill you. Got that?"

He gave a defeated whimper and went limp in my arms. I pulled him up into a more comfortable position for me and sank my fangs right into his pulse.

The bite allowed me to establish a mindlink with him, which I used to make sure he'd be a good little wizard from now on. Then we woke the guys, who definitely were not happy with him. Both felt incredibly guilty about how close they came to raping me, and they held Copperstone responsible. It took some fancy verbal footwork on my part to talk them out of killing him.

It helped that, guilt notwithstanding, the sex had been pretty damn outstanding.

I'd love to try it again, only this time without the guys being under the influence. I've been trying to talk them into it. Both of them have rejected the idea every time I've brought it up, loudly and with great enthusiasm. After all, they still hate each other's guts.

But, you know I think they're tempted.

And temptation is one of my best things.

THE END