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One

Nicodemus Marsh sat on the white leather couch in his apartment, cell phone to his ear, listening to his most recent employer drone on about his assignment. *This SOB thinks I don't know how to handle a sweet little human female? Who the hell does he think he's dealing with? A fucking Jenai?*

"Look, I'll be able to deal with her. Nobody fucks with me, s *uccuba* have given in to me. What makes you think little Miss Janey Duvall is any different?"

"Because she's a pain in the ass. I need this done, Marsh, and I need it done properly."

"And that's why you came to me," Marsh muttered "So, what exactly is the fucking job?"

"I need you to...well, take her into your care. I need her pliable, easily worked. I need her not only willing to do as I ask, but to be happy doing it."

Marsh laughed. He knew there was a reason he was needed. "You need her broken." It wasn't a question.

"Exactly. I'm sure it won't be too difficult for a man of your talents."

Marsh rolled his eyes again. "Indeed. Anything in particular she needs to get done while I'm there? I'm sure I'm not being sent in to break her and because she mouthed off. What's the job?" Marsh got off the couch and grabbed a smoke.

"She's recently taken full control of Duvall, Senior's organization. She controls all the fun things written in blood, if you get my meaning. I don't know if you've heard about my recent trouble in China, but it's proving difficult getting assassins there in a hurry. I need them there two weeks ago. I'm far too pretty to stand in front of a firing squad, and it would ruin a perfectly good shirt. Plus, the fact that the bullets wouldn't kill me might raise a few eyebrows."

The demon walking away from a firing squad was one thing that would turn a few cranks. Not that it mattered to Marsh; Djinn and Demons might share a slight common ancestry, but there was no love lost between the races. Marsh went where the money was and, working with the Demon prince, money was good.

"That's all well and good, Taylor," he said and rubbed his forehead. "Get to what you need me to make sure Janey does, I'm losing patience here."

The demon prince Cassiel, who went by Sean Taylor topside, was ruthless and beyond efficient. Marsh wasn't sure what house he belonged to in the Afterverse, all he knew is that he was well respected and brutal. To be called personally by the demon spoke volumes.

"Like I said, I need you to make sure she supplies me with enough assassins to kill my witnesses. I have my own lawyer, but even he can't get me out of this if there are witnesses."

"Yeah. Simple. Where the hell is she?"

"Rome. Her offices shouldn't be too hard to find." He gave Marsh a rough description of the offices located just outside Vatican City.

"Well, call the little chit and tell her she's getting company. And Taylor, I have *carte blanche* to deal with her as I see fit, right?" he asked slyly, knowing the demon would agree. As a Djinn, Marsh had certain needs to be met and, if he played his cards right, Janey might play ball...and he'd have a new harem girl.

Oh yeah, she'll play ball. She'll take her three wishes, and then she'll be mine. The thought was heady. It didn't matter if she was pretty or not; there were certain things all women asked for, beauty being one of them. He never begrudged them their vanity; after all, he would be the one reaping the benefits in the long run, and that was the trick. Use his power for his own ends, and get them to make themselves perfect, just for him.

"You may do anything you wish with her; as long as I get those assassins and a much more compliant little Janey."

"You'll get it, demon. A bargain is a bargain."

"Perfect, so I trust you'll enjoy yourself."

"As always, Taylor. You'll hear from me soon enough."

Marsh hung up, stubbed his cigarette out, and looked around his apartment. The place was clean, sterile, as if no one lived there. That was as close to the truth as he could get. He didn't actually live there, he just stopped there between jobs and wanderings, and now he was leaving on yet another of his erotic adventures.

Janey Duvall, huh?he thought with a smirk as he flipped his cell open again. *Sweetheart, you don't have one clue what you're in for.*

* * *

She sat back in her leather chair and stifled a yawn. The demon was ranting again, and he was very un-sexy when he ranted. Cassiel was well known for his rants, especially the ones aimed at her. Taylor, as he was called by pretty much everyone with whom he dealt with, was a dangerous man to piss off; however, his latest trouble was beyond belief.

Disagreeing with the demon's views, she denied him the power he needed to make it all go away. Partly because it was bad for business to have so many of her assassins in one place, but mostly it was because she didn't like the demon. She imagined the his face turning beet red and steam coming out of his ears every time she denied him. The thought always put a smile on her face.

The warm leather of her short skirt inched up her thigh as she crossed her legs, creating a sensuous feeling. She smiled; it had been years since a man had been that close to her, and not by her choice, either. For some reason men turned tail and ran at the mention of her name. Well, all the clever ones ran. She'd never been one for sleeping with the stupid ones.

Janey Duvall's parents had died when she was very young, her guardianship passing over to the one and only Trent Duvall. Trent was the toughest, meanest man around, and he'd built the organization, which she now ran, from scratch. Sheer force of will and determination put them on top, and although Trent and the organization had recently parted ways, she knew he'd be back. He had to. She wasn't going to be around for much longer to take care of things.

She had cancer, and it was terminal. So far a few select witch spells kept it at bay, but it wouldn't be long before she lost the battle. The tumors had spread rapidly through her body, piggybacking through her bloodstream to find new locations to nestle and grow Her body was killing her, and with all the money in the world there was nothing she could do about it.

She was going to die. It wasn't a prospect that she was thrilled about, but at least she'd made her peace, and would die with her soul. Not that it was much comfort.

"Are you even listening to me?" The demon's smooth, cultured voice startled her back to the phone conversation.

"Of course, I heard every acid edged threat, darling. But, I'm afraid that it just wont do, Taylor. It's impossible to have that many of my people in China by that date. I'm sorry, I can't help you." She grinned.

Well, if there was one good thing about knowing that she was going to die, it was that she could afford to piss off the demon. While she was sure that Cassiel was going to come up with something very creative, it hardly mattered. In fact, she was looking forward to it.

She heard him sigh and could almost feel his exasperation on the other end of the line. "Janey, love, you're failing to see the seriousness of all this."

"Oh, I see it, all right. To be honest, I just don't care enough to try and bail you out. You've never done me any favors, demon, you don't intend to. You just think that you can call me—on my direct line, might I add—and you offer no deal, just expect your name and position will sway me. Frankly, I'm disappointed. Your skills in manipulation are somewhat lacking."

"Would you like me to manipulate you, little girl?" he asked, his tone deathly cold.

She looked at her nails, scraping a little piece of dirt out from under one of them before replying. "Oh, it'd be nice." She smiled. "But, from what I've heard, you're somewhat housebroken recently. How's the wife and kids?"

The prince growled. "I will have those assassins, Janey," he said with all the petulance of a child with no dessert.

She sighed. "Well, I wish you all the best in that, Taylor," she answered caustically.

He chuckled suddenly, causing her to sit up and frown. "Yes, love, maybe you should wish. I will have those people, and I have offered you the easy way out. Now, unfortunately for you, I'm going to devote at least a full quarter of my time to making your life a living hell. There's no need to kill you so quickly, not when there's so many years of suffering..."

She hung up the phone on him and switched off the ringer. "Stupid demon. I'm half way there anyway." She chuckled, picturing the scene and the cursing that the five-hundred-year-old demon was doing right at this very moment. She rolled her eyes and pulled some papers out of a file.

"Might as well get started on the next lot of contracts. They don't sort themselves out." She muttered into the empty office as she began to read.

The trip to Rome passed quickly and was mostly uneventful, save for the flight attendant who kept giving him the eye. She had asked him numerous times if he'd like anything, all the while presenting her considerable cleavage to his gaze. Marsh knew he was attractive, tall, and built, but not to the point of body builder. He was more wiry and lithe, with the body of a martial artist. Women seemed to like it, along with his shoulder length hair, tawny skin, and startlingly haunting grey violet eyes.

He was used to getting hit on, but rarely acted on it. It was nothing if not flattering.

He made it to the address the demon had given him and paid the cab, grabbed his bag, and entered the building. Rome was due to get hit with a thunderstorm any minute; he could feel the electricity in the air. The apartment took up the entire third floor. The door was open and he walked in, dropping his gear in the foyer and walking through the apartment. He wasn't sure what he was in for, but he was curious. The demon would never send him to a girl who wasn't attractive.

Marsh walked into the lavish living room and saw the beauty pouring herself a drink from the brandy decanter. The windows across from her showed the first dregs of lightning as they arched the sky, followed seconds later by a deep rumble of thunder. Marsh silently thanked the gods he wasn't still airborne in this impending mess.

It was true that he had been sent in to meet her, but God, if she wasn't fine as hell. Taylor said to watch her, do anything to gain her trust, and Marsh fully intended on doing just that.

The woman was all curves in all the right places, and a mane of hair that would do a lion proud. *Good God, hips made for fucking and a set of lips ripe for a cock.* He was going to enjoy this, a lot.

She noticed him standing to one side, more in the shadow than in the doorway, and he was certain that this gorgeous little human wasn't sure how he got into the room without her noticing the door open.

"So, you're Janey? You're the little tart Taylor sent me to work with on this? Or was it sent me to *play* with? I can't remember, but I think I shall enjoy the latter more, you like the sound of that?" Lightning crackled and hissed as it hit the pavement outside the apartment and he smiled. *Wild weather for a very wild night.*

She regarded him with a bit of interest. "I suppose I might...of course, I'll have to put you through some very rigorous testing."

Yeah, she was interested, all right. Then again, most women were, until they got into it. Then that became a whole another ballgame. "Yeah? Well...I'm sure I can oblige you, woman...lord knows I need some rigorous activity to get back in the swing. You like it raw, baby?"

The look in her eyes was enough of an answer. She smirked at him. "Raw and wild." She ran her hands over the luscious curves of her ample breasts, and he was close to salivating. This woman had no clue with whom she was playing. Taylor told him that it would be a "Who fucks who" situation to prove who was boss in this job, and Marsh planned on being the one to win this little battle of the sexes.

He stalked to her, intent on making the first kill in this battle, and grabbed her. Lifting her up under her thighs, he slammed her against the closest wall, and she yelped, wrapping her legs around him. He looked her in the eye. "You wanna play teasing? I don't do teasing."

He kissed her hard on the mouth, almost to the point of bruising, then ripped open her shirt. He dipped his head down and took an already pert nipple into his mouth, biting her. "Would you look at that, Teflon titties? Shit, girl, you're a treat."

He bit her again and she moaned, then again, harder, almost to the point of pain, and licked a long, slow line from her nipple up to the hollow behind her ear.

"You taste like sugar, Sugar. You taste like this everywhere?"

She moaned. "Oh, you'll have to see for yourself, won't you?"

"Hope you like bite marks, love," he whispered in her ear as he bit hard into her neck.

She shuddered against him. "Oh, fuck yeah, you're a naughty boy, aren't you?"

Marsh was not fazed. *Naughty boy? Bitch, you don't even know.* "Haven't even started yet, Sugar." He turned then and dropped her, throwing her face first over the couch in the middle of the room.

He ripped her panties off from under her leather micro mini, roughly sticking two fingers into her and rubbing her clit with his thumb. "Look at you, already wet, and you don't even know me...letting me touch you. You're a slut, Janey, a dirty slut...and you don't even know my name."

He trailed off, and she moaned, thrusting herself back onto his hand. She didn't ask his name, just panted and sobbed as he worked her tender flesh. "Ummm, anonymous sex then? That's what it shall be." He growled and freed himself from the confines of his slacks, then grabbed her hips, ramming her hard without letting her adjust to his substantial size.

Marsh leaned forward, "Yeah, you do like that don't you, slut? I felt you cum as I entered you. Hope you like the way you taste, cuz I'm going to make you suck all your cum off me, baby...down your fucking throat while I bust..."

Janey moaned loudly, backing hard into his every thrust. "Ummm...well baby, you gotta make me cum then." She gasped and threw her hands back, her nails raking at his thighs, obviously trying to gain some control of the situation. Marsh was having none of it.

He rotated his hips into her, fucking her hard without mercy. "Don't touch me, slut, you're not allowed yet. Don't make me fucking restrain you." He leaned in and bit her hard on the back. "I bet your blood tastes as sweet as your skin, you dirty slut. You'll let any guy fuck you, won't you? You'll be begging to be my slave by the end of this..." With his last word he slapped her ass hard.

She screamed, coming hard, still grasping at him. "Ummm...that's me...a dirty fucking whore...you bastard!" She swallowed hard, then backed harder into him. "Ummm, such a big naughty boy. Oh, you fill me up so good." She slapped at his thigh, squeezing it.

Marsh grabbed her arms and put them at an unnatural angle behind her back and rode her harder, using her arms for leverage. "I said no touching, you fucking slut! Don't make me beat you." He growled and pumped into her furiously. "So wet for the guy you don't even know. You don't even know what I am, you dirty bitch, and you're letting me taste your charms. Ummm, I should brand you, but you'll give it to me any time I want, won't you? I won't have to...."

She whimpered and screamed, sobbing hard. "Oh, fuck! Ummm, yeah...please..." She wriggled in his

grasp, opening her legs further to let him deeper. "Please! Anything, just don't stop..." she let out a guttural moan from the back of her throat.

"Oh, I'm not stopping, not till I get what I want" *Your total submission*. "I don't stop till you're a quivering pile of goo begging for me for all time, baby. Get ready for sexual slavery."

She bit her lip as she came violently for the third time, whimpering and sobbing, no longer able to move her body to meet him. She was forced to relax and accept the pounding he was giving her.

"That's it, slut, that's it. Accept it, this body is mine now." Marsh slapped her ass with the hand holding her arms. Her body was so spent; she was boneless and wasn't going to do anything he didn't want her to do. "God, you're wet. You love this, don't you? I asked you a fucking question!" he said harshly and pinched her clit.

She groaned. "Oh God, yes! I fucking love this...you pounding into me, giving me the pounding that I deserve. Using me like a good little fuck toy should be used." Janey sobbed and shivered, finally submitting to him. He growled and pumped even her harder, grasping her painfully and bruising her delicate caramel skin.

She came again for him, screaming, "Fuck harder!"

He smirked and growled, doing what she asked. As she screamed again, he chuckled. "Can't take much more, can you? Beg me. Beg me to finish..."

"Please," she cried hoarsely. "Oh God, please..."

He laughed. "You call that begging? You can do better than that! Come on!" he roared as he redoubled his efforts, her body now slick with sweat and cum.

"Umm, please finish. I want to taste myself on your cock as you pound it deep into my throat."

"A woman after my own heart." He pulled out of her still sopping pussy and turned her roughly, pushing her to her knees and shoving his cock in her mouth. "You bite, I hit, remember that."

She glared heatedly up at him, gently raking her teeth over him to test the waters. Marsh didn't waste any time. He pulled out of her and glared. He was hoping this didn't have to end in that kind of violence. "Don't push me, bitch."

She grinned and licked her lips, looking up at him with raw lust. "I just had to know," she purred. "Fuck my mouth...please."

Marsh smirked. "Such a dirty bitch." He grabbed her face and shoved himself into her mouth. He knew she was the kind of girl he liked, one who played right on the edge, who would walk a tightrope over the shark tank.

"Ooh, you suck like a whore, too. That's it...come on, Janey. Show me you can make me cum."

Janey greedily sucked him, her hands massaging his balls as she took his hard length all the way down her throat. He growled and decided to forgo the nicety of informing her of his impending explosion, wanting her to be surprised. He came hard down the back of her throat, grunting, "That's it, bitch take it."

She choked slightly before swallowing him down, still sucking him before he pulled out and zipped up. He looked at her sprawled on the floor. "Not bad, Janey. Now you see who is the boss." He reached down and pinched her nipples through what was left of her shirt, then walked around the couch and sat down. "Get cleaned up, we have things to discuss." The storm raged outside, but the intensity it had as it started, while he had fucked her, was settling. The rain was the dominating force outside now, the thunder and lightning sated.

She sat panting on the floor, and looked up at him. "Oh, we do, do we?"

Marsh shook his head. This one was going to be a bit harder to break, but that body of hers was already his. He could feel it growing hungry for him once more. "Indeed, pet, how are you feeling?"

She smiled at him with her swollen cherry-red lips "Perfect." she purred.

He smiled a rather wolfish grin at her. "Then it seems I have not lost my touch. So, pet, perhaps we should get down to it then?" He grinned.

"Of course, anything you wish to mention is surely worth my attention. Especially since you went to such *lengths* to attract it."

He smirked at her play on words. "Well, pet, you just had sex with me, and as per the verbal arrangement, you're mine now."

She raised an eyebrow. "Excuse me?"

Marsh smirked again. "What, you thought I was just playing sex games? A man like me rarely plays."

Janey smiled. "Well, that is interesting. Please do disclose, just what exactly, is a man like you?"

At least she wasn't stupid. "Well, we could play a guessing game, love. But, as much fun as that would be for me, I assure you I'm no Rumpelstiltskin. Nor am I a demon. I'm a Djinn."

She shook her head at him. "I'm sorry, I must confess that I have no familiarity with your race at all. What exactly do you do?" She smirked. "Other than me."

He sniggered. "I wouldn't expect you to know anything about my race, pet. You're not an historian or an archeologist, and we keep ourselves well hidden. As to what I do, well, I grant wishes. Three to be exact, for a price, of course."

"Wishes?" She smirked. "Okay, and I suppose that the price is always detrimental to the wisher's health in some way or another?"

"No, I think you're thinking about those horrible Wes Craven movies. Really give Djinn some bad press," he mused. "Three wishes, one hundred years of sexual servitude, to me." He stated the bargain plainly, knowing her body was already hooked on what he could do for her.

"One hundred years? I take it that I won't grow old or die, but what happens at the end of a hundred years?"

"A number of things are possible, death, desertion, another bargain." He purposefully didn't mention that, given the right wish, she could join him in eternity. He wasn't sure he wanted her around that long. With a

lot of women, one hundred years was more than enough.

She considered his proposal as she tried to regain her stance. She grabbed her long suede coat, wrapped it around herself, and sat at her desk. "Interesting. So, is this the business that we have or, is there something else you wish to discuss, Mister...?"

He laughed. "Funny, I forgot to mention that. Marsh, Nick Marsh." His voice went down an octave. "So tell me, was I just good to you now, pet?"

Her eyes darkened with lust as she gently shrugged out of her coat. "Yes, you were very good to me." She gently worried her bottom lip between her teeth. "But that doesn't mean to say that you'll always be so good. What assurances do I have that you won't suddenly become a very harsh master?" She spoke the word *harsh* like a dirty word.

He sneered at her. "Now pet, you like harsh. I know you do," he said in a breathy voice, making his words visibly tickle down her spine. "It doesn't really matter, though. Our contract is already binding, so make your wishes, to coin a phrase."

She swallowed hard. "Do I have to make them now?"

"No, but you do have to make them by the next full moon."

She sat back, as if mentally counting the days. "Okay, that seems fair. I used to play this game when I was little, anyway. I don't suppose I could ask for more wishes or an extra time limit?"

He smiled. "You could, but that would just waste a wish."

"Okay, so I'll be sure not to do that one then. What would you wish for?"

"Now that would be telling, pet, and I don't tell." He winked and sighed. There was no way he was going to tell her that he wanted someone with whom to share his long, long life. He knew that he'd get her as a companion regardless.

"Well, that's no fun at all. Okay, what would you wish for if you were me?"

He wagged his finger at her and winked again. "Nope, that would also be telling."

She giggled and pouted slightly. "Fine, I'll come up with them on my own."

"You think about it, pet. Meanwhile, shall we get on the problem Taylor has? Then maybe some dinner?"

"Taylor?" she said caustically. "I should have known." She sighed. "What would he like me to do?"

"Well, he did call you and tell you I was coming, right?"

She smiled, shaking her head. "It must have slipped his mind, as things like this normally do."

He shrugged and got off the couch. Grabbing a rocks glass, he poured a whiskey and turned to her. "He needs his interests in the east looked after, pet, and requires your organization's expertise."

She smiled and crossed her legs. "I've already told Sean Taylor personally that what he asks is almost impossible. And I'm not willing to bend over backwards for him."

He stalked closer to her. "But you are willing to bend over backwards for me, pet, aren't you?" His voice was like spun sugar and he licked his lips as he took stock of her perfect body sitting demurely on the chair across from him.

She hesitated and said, "I suppose that could be arranged."

"So you'll take care of Taylor's little situation, and we'll be able to get to know each other a little better."

She nodded once, then picked up her phone and barked some orders to the person on the other end of the line. "It's done." She said as she hung up the phone.

"Perfect. Now how about dinner?"

Janey had a few things to do before she went to dinner. She excused herself and went to her bathroom; she needed to get cleaned up. She also needed some information. She turned on the shower and the sink taps to drown out any sound, just in case he was listening at the door.

She picked up her cell phone and called her assistant, Kolo. He wasn't really a secretary, but the man did have talents in finding information. She'd inherited the panther shifter when she took over the business. The mysterious man had proven himself very useful on several occasions, even if his eyes did hold a sadness and longing that she'd never questioned.

He answered on the second ring, his deep baritone voice coming over clear. "Hello?"

"I need you to do something for me."

"That's a surprise." He sighed deeply. "The doctors and witches have been more than clear, Janey girl, there's nothing to..."

She cut him off. "No, it's not that, and I ordered you to give up and let me die months ago. I need to find out everything on a race called Djinn. I think, well... I know that I just managed to contract myself into a hundred years of sexual slavery." Her whole body tightened, reacting to the words. She was ready for him again.

"You what?" Kolo swore loudly in a language that she'd never heard. "You're insane, woman! How could you have been so stupid? Signing your life away into slavery."

She wearily rubbed her eyes. "It was stupid, Ko. My life's already signed away. I've got what, months? If I could just make the next year, I'd give anything. The next hundred sound pretty good to me."

He sighed. "You're very hard work, Janey." She could almost hear him shaking his huge head. "Very hard work."

"I know. So anyway, I've got three wishes and I'm pretty stumped. I don't need money or power." She sighed. "Look, I think I have an idea, but I need you to find out everything you can on the Djinn first."

He sighed again, this time more heavily. "I'll see what I can do. Try not to get in any deeper until we know what's going on. Okay?"

She agreed wholeheartedly. "Of course, I fail to see how I can get any deeper. I'll be careful."

He growled, clearly not believing her. "You do that, Janey, be very careful."

Three

They sat at a table in an outdoor café, not far from Vatican City, the light of day slowly dying around them. Waiters went from table to table, lighting the trios of pillar candles. Neither Marsh and Janey paid the world no mind, as each was engrossed in the other.

Marsh was still trying to figure out how he got so damn lucky, ending up with a girl who could take him at his worst, which was really at his best, and dish it back to him. Not to mention she was drop dead gorgeous. She still had to make her wishes, and as his body was feeling the faint pull of hers, he knew she wanted another encounter.

Marsh didn't use his powers lightly, after all. The long term effects were hardly worth it most of the time. The last woman he enslaved, Sarah, was long dead. He wasn't looking for another companion; Sarah was hardly one to remember fondly.

He'd been alone for almost one hundred and fifty years, and damned if he wasn't getting the itch again. This time he wouldn't let the impatience of youth sway his hand. This time he'd make sure the woman was worth the trouble and the commitment.

"Lira for your thoughts, pet, you seem a bit distracted." He sipped his red wine, which was quite the fine vintage, and idly pushed the remnants of his salad around his plate.

She smiled up at him. "Nothing, really. I'm just going over the past few hours. I mean no offense, but there has to be some horrid three-headed catch or something. It just all sounds too good to be true."

He laughed. "No. I assure you, unlike demons...well, most demons, we don't deal in lies and half truths. I told you straight up, three wishes in exchange for being mine for one hundred years. Not a bad deal, if you ask me."

"No, it most certainly is not. It's a very good deal, and that worries me. I think I'm just a little too skeptical of the world. Or maybe it's just that I've never met a guy like you before."

"Precious, you'll never meet another guy like me. I'm one of a kind, even in my race." Marsh sighed and shook his head. Most of his kind, while few and far between, kept at least two at all times. Some kept as

many as fifteen women at a time. Where they found the time and energy for all those women was beyond him. But, that didn't matter.

What did matter was that at almost fifteen hundred years old, Nicodemus Marsh was a picky Djinn. While all of his choices might not have been good ones, he didn't really regret any of them. "So, pet, tell me about you. Not the stuff I can hack off the Net, the *real* you. If I'm going to be stuck with you I should know you, don't you think?"

She chuckled. "Well, I'm not really sure. I suppose nowadays you could hack pretty much anything off the Net if you're talented enough."

He nodded his agreement, and she continued. "I work a lot. I can be extremely grown up sometimes, but occasionally I have my childish moments. I hate repeating myself, or listening to the same thing repeatedly. Sometimes, late at night, I love to go swimming. And, I'm pretty much single-handedly responsible for..." She grinned, trailing off. "Well, if you're a good hacker you'll be able to find out that."

Marsh shook his head. "That's a mouthful all right, pet." He thanked the waiter as he came and took their salad plates, brought them their entrees, and left silently. "Is that what you ordered?" he asked of the plate in front of her. "What the hell is it? It doesn't look appetizing at all."

She smirked at him. "How old are you?"

"How old do I look?"

"Well, I'm positive you don't look your age."

"Indeed, lets just say I'm a bit younger than the carpenter from Nazareth."

"Okay, so, you've lived all that time and you've never seen..." She frowned. "It's kinda like shrimp." She picked up the whole shrimp and waggled it in front of him, the blood red sauce dripping from it. "See? You have to de-shell it yourself, it tastes wonderful." She sat down the small creature and methodically sucked the sauce off her fingers.

"I'm not one for shellfish. Never have been."

"No? Well, more for me, I guess. So, tell me about you."

Marsh laughed, knowing full well he wouldn't reveal much, if anything. They ate the rest of the meal in relative silence. It was only after they received their dessert that he spoke to her again. "So, have you thought on your wishes?" he asked quietly.

She licked her lips. "A few, but I'm not one to make hasty decisions, and I have plenty of time. Well, a week, which is ample time really."

"A week is enough time to make three wishes? Yeah, I'd say so."

"Exactly. So, can disease kill your kind? Or does it have to be external factors only? It would suck if a little cold took you from me, say, twenty years into our arrangement."

"No, we die when it's our time. Some of my kind are older than Christ. We just go when we are ready."

"Well, that sounds a little depressing. So, I can wish for anything? What are the limits? Or would that be telling, too?"

"Well, I'll give you one thing, you are thorough. As I said before, pet, no wishing for more wishes, and no bringing anyone back from the dead. I don't do that pet cemetery shit. I'm sure there's more, we'll deal with it as it comes, eh?" He said and took a sip of his wine.

"Fine. So, what's the weirdest wish you've ever heard? I could show you just how...thorough I am." She licked her lips and picked up her glass, suggestively sucking her straw into her mouth.

"Well, the weirdest wish I ever heard of was to be a man. Bear in mind this wasn't in today's day and age; it was about 1850." He watched her body language with interest. She was throwing off signals left and right, aside from the little straw sucking move. Her body was all but begging for his, and he was sure she wasn't sure why, was too proud to fight it. She was the kind of girl to take the situations she was thrown into and make them her own, and he admired that.

"And you will be showing me a lot this evening, pet, that I can guarantee."

Janey picked up her spoon and began to lap the whipped cream off it with slow, long strokes of her tongue. "I have no doubt of that."

He leaned into her and smirked. "Dare I suggest we finish this back at your place?"

"Ummm, suggest away."

He chuckled and motioned for the check, then winked at her. "I have a feeling you have a pretty good idea on your own."

"I do," she answered as her hand reached under the table to massage his thigh.

The check came as she tried to entice him and he took care of it, leaving a rather sizeable tip for the waiter. He looked at her and smiled. "Shall we, pet? You keep doing what you're doing and I won't be able to walk."

She laughed and pulled her hand away from him. "We can't have that, can we? We still need to make it all the way back to my place."

He readjusted himself, surprised at how much his body was already reacting to her, and got up and offered her his hand. After helping her rise he pulled her into his arms and kissed her thoroughly. "Pet, we won't make it to the apartment, of that I am sure." He growled at her and ground his hips into hers.

She whimpered and her body bucked into him. "Oh God..." She pressed herself firmly into him. "Hotel across the street?"

He didn't speak, but started walking out of the cafe, to the street beyond. It was dark now, yet the streets of Rome were alight with colors. He scanned the street from side to side, then spied what he was looking for. He pulled her along, moved her into a darkened doorway, and kissed her. The storefront was closed for the night, yet a dim light shone, so people were able to see the outlines of people in the doorway.

He slipped his hands up her thighs, sliding under her short skirt. "Janey, I'm going to take you right here,

pet, where the world can see. Would you like that?"

Four

At Marsh's words, she moaned, urging him on as her hands slipped under his shirt and over the smooth expanse of his flesh. "Please, baby, take me anywhere you wish, just don't stop." She kissed him deeply, moaning into his mouth.

His hands were quick, slipping under the skirt and into her panties. He groaned as he felt her wetness, her arousal for him. She was reacting to him in an unheard of manner, as if she wanted him regardless of the reason, as if he was a normal man.

He kissed her and slipped his other hand into her shirt, tweaking her nipple. "So wet, Janey. Do you know what I'm going to do to you, pet?"

She sobbed loudly in his ear, biting down on his lobe. "Oh God, I hope so."

He bit her neck, his fingers slipping inside her, his thumb playing on her clit.

She bucked hard into him as she gasped for air. This was so out of character for her, he was going to fuck her raw in the middle of a doorway! She was leaving herself wide open to anything; even the people on the street could see them. He was setting her body on fire and she loved it. She stayed in his arms, riding his hand and moaning in his ear.

"That's it, pet, that's it. Your submission is beyond sexy," he crooned in her ear. He sucked on her earlobe. "Tell me what you want, pet."

She shivered at his touch and swallowed hard. "God, Nick! You, I just want you. Whether it's like this," she panted, "or bent over or hard against that wall, I don't care. Just you." She started to kiss and nip at his neck, clawing him closer to her.

Nick withdrew his hand from toying with her nipple and quickly opened his belt and pants, unleashing himself. "On your knees, pet, play the part."

She swallowed hard and did as he asked, without question. The ground was cold against her bare knees, but she paid it no attention as she gazed up the considerable length of his body.

"That's it, pet," he said. "You look so pretty on your knees."

She whimpered and licked her lips, just inches from his cock. "What do you want me to do?"

"What I know your mouth has been aching to do since we got to the restaurant. Suck my cock, love. Make it good and you'll get what your body needs."

Her tongue flicked out, tasting him lightly before running along his side and base. He was huge, of course she'd known that earlier, but she hadn't gotten the chance to examine him properly. She grasped him in one well manicured hand and pulled his tip into her waiting mouth. Her eyes rolled up to meet his smoldering gaze and she moaned onto him.

He hissed. "Fuck, Janey, either you get to it or you'll be sorry."

She sank her hot mouth down on him, sending him to the back of her throat "Fuck it, Janey!" he growled as he looked down at her.

Her hands gently massaged his muscular thighs as her mouth worked him. He felt amazing and tasted better. He was so hard and smooth, and she knew that very soon he would pound it mercilessly into her. One of her hands slipped up to cup his balls as the other crept around to grasp the back of his thigh, pushing him deeper into her mouth.

"Fucking hell, darling, you're very attentive, aren't you? Come up here, pet."

She went to stand, slowly drawing herself off him with a sucking pop.

He laughed and grabbed her under her hips. He lifted her, pushing her hard against the wall, hissing as he slipped into her sopping heat.

She gasped and threw her head back as he filled her. "Oh, fuck! Please..." She sobbed, her body sapping up every velvety inch of attention that he was giving her.

He worked himself into her with a slight swivel of his hips, growling. His hand went to her clit and he rubbed, going to her neck and biting.

She came hard, trying to keep her moans to a minimum so as not to attract too much attention. Her legs tightened around his waist, and his clean scent drifted up to her. She shivered as her body worked in rhythm to him.

He pounded her hard. "Fuck, baby, you're loud. Everyone knows you're getting a good fucking over here, you know that? Everyone knows you're enjoying it."

She came again, his words fresh in her ears. She screamed loudly, unable to stop herself and no longer caring who heard. Her voice died in a harsh whimper as her body felt wave after wave of pleasure.

"With every release, Janey, you grow to need me even more. You love it, don't you? Love knowing that this, "he pinched her clit lightly, "belongs only to me."

She shook in his arms. "I do. Oh, fuck!" Her muscles convulsed hard around him.

He moved back, bending to take a pert nipple in his mouth and worry it with his teeth.

She screamed again, her voice hoarse and over-used. Her body was caught in endless pleasure, her

muscles cramped so hard around him that she saw spots of white in her vision. She sobbed, her teeth clamping down on his shoulder, and her hands flexed uselessly on the flesh of his back.

He panted into her neck. She was boneless in his arms once more. He looked at her. "Feel better, pet?"

"Ummm, much," she answered gruffly, breathing heavily into his saliva-soaked shoulder.

"I think we should be on our way, don't you, pet? You look a little worn out."

"Just a little bit. But I'm not sure my legs will support me right now," she purred.

"Well, seeing as I'm not a demon, or fey, I don't have any kind of porting ability. So, a cab is our best bet, unless you want to make a wish, pet."

She sighed into his shoulder. "Okay, I wish we were back at the apartment, eating strawberries and crème."

"Done," he said with certain finality. One minute they were in the shadowed doorway, then next she was on the couch, her legs on his lap, and a bowl of strawberries with crème sitting on her tummy.

"One wish down pet."

Five

They were getting on perfectly. Days later, she was still waiting on Kolo to get back to her with the information she had requested. She had expected him a lot sooner; his silence only proved Marsh right as to the rarity of his race. She'd tried over the course of their time together to pick his brain. However, he was always one step ahead of her, changing the conversation or teasing her. He always managed to remain tight-lipped.

She was in bed by herself, alone for the first time in days. Nick had left to go out to the city; apparently he'd had to pick up something. When she'd questioned him on it, he'd only smiled and said that it was a surprise. The memory of him made her smile, and she closed her eyes.

She was exhausted. She'd been on the go, pretty much non-stop since she'd met him. Her body felt wonderfully used, but all the use was beginning to take its toll. She'd had bad indigestion all day, and fatigue set in. She sank back into the mattress, and let sleep take her away.

Something was touching her exposed belly. The feeling was so good as it trailed slowly up and down,

flicking wet heat over her flesh. It started an intense pleasure which spread through her body like wildfire. She kept her eyes shut, stretched slightly, and smiled. The sensation started to creep tantalizingly lower; she could feel hot breath dancing over her. She whimpered and arched into him, her eyes still closed. It was then she heard the familiar smooth voice.

"You know, pet, it just occurred to me I had yet to taste your charms, which is ill done of me." He bent his head and snaked his tongue between her soft folds, finding her clit, and sucked idly. He groaned and worked her slowly, nibbling and sucking, before delving deeper, truly tasting her secrets.

"You do taste like sugar everywhere, Janey." he said as he looked up at her from between her thighs, then again went back to his task.

She moaned and arched higher into his mouth. "Ummm, God, baby. So good," she whispered as he lapped at her. Her hands traveled over her breasts, pinching and teasing them. She gasped and gently bit her lower lip, sucking it into her mouth.

"My dear, you are addictive."

She opened her eyes and gazed down at him breathlessly. "Speak for yourself, killer."

"I know. I'm addictive," he said between flicks of his tongue. "It's my nature. It's how I live and how I survive. You, you're pure."

"Pure? You really think?" She gasped and threw her head back, spreading her legs as wide as they could go, allowing him deeper access.

He groaned and lifted her waist off the bed, sucking at her clit once again and slipping a finger inside her. "Pet, you honor me with your response to me," he said against her swollen flesh.

His tongue was amazing. The combination of his gentle sucking and the finger that was ever so slowly working her was driving her ever closer. She bucked against him, clamping her muscles tightly around his finger. Her body was teetering on the edge. She was completely at his mercy as she writhed in his arms.

He stopped his ministrations and smirked at her. "Tell me what you want, pet."

"Oh, God...please don't stop!" she panted.

He groaned and winked at her, slipping his tongue into her wetness, then out, keeping his attention on her clit. He sucked her into his mouth and hummed, almost a contented purr.

She screamed as the first wave of orgasm hit her, and her back arched hard as wave after wave slammed into her body. Her whole body was shaking as she gulped in air. Her hand went to his head, running her fingers through his hair. "Good lord!"

He groaned as he tasted her tribute to him and smiled, her cum coating his lips. "That's it, pet," he said as he licked his lips, and pulled his finger out of her. "You want to taste?" He took his cum-coated finger and passed it over her bottom lip, leaving a wet and creamy trail.

She smiled dreamily at him through heavy-lidded eyes. Her tongue darted out onto her lip, cleaning it thoroughly. She sat up as much as she could and snatched his hand. She brought it to her lips, sucking his finger deep into her mouth and rolling it with her tongue. "Yummy," she purred as she released him.

"Purely addictive," he murmured as he planted a kiss on her now glistening pussy, snaking his tongue out once more to slurp up her sweetness.

Her body jerked and she smiled down at him. "Nick, you're amazing...truly perfect."

"I'm glad you think so. Can't have you hating me for the next one hundred years."

She giggled. "No, we cannot. Although, I can hardly imagine hating you."

"Stranger things have happened, pet," he said as he crawled up her body and kissed her. "Why are you still abed? Don't get me wrong, I enjoyed finding you here, but it's four-thirty in the afternoon."

She guiltily avoided his gaze, not yet wanting to reveal her weakness. She hated admitting it. That was one of the reasons that her disease was a carefully kept secret, known only by few. It made people uncomfortable, especially the immortals. Demons tended to fear and despise death; most of all avoided it at all costs.

Although she was covering the foul stuff in one of her wishes, she just wasn't ready for him to know. She didn't want him to drive her away, see her as damaged goods. "You wore me out, killer. You immortal types might be able to run on no sleep, but I'm only a little human."

He arched an eyebrow. "Right. My momma didn't raise no fool, pet; at least, she wouldn't have had she raised me." He smiled. "So, tell the truth and shame your genie."

"Well, it's nothing really. I'm just kinda ill," she said, avoiding his eyes.

"Ill? You'd never know it," he said, watching her closely.

"Yeah, there's spells...heavy ones. Magic's much more proficient than human medicine. Kinder, too." She stared intensely at the floor.

"Indeed, pet, indeed it is." He reached out and lifted her face so that her eyes met his, and he kissed her sweetly. "I should let you rest then, pet."

Her heart threatened to break out of her chest. She couldn't let him leave. She started to panic. "No, please...stay." She took a deep breath to steady herself. "I have another wish."

That apparently got his attention. "Another wish?"

She nodded and forced a smile. "Uh-huh. I got two left, right?"

"Yes you do, pet. Though, what would bring this on now? You do still have three days, you know."

"Well, I want to be better. Feel better; I need to fully enjoy everything that we have together. I can't live with this hanging over my head any longer."

He listened silently, nodding his head.

"So, I wish that the cancer and all the symptoms were gone. Completely removed, never to return." She asked tentatively, looking up into his eyes.

He smiled. "Done." he said, his voice reverberating like an echo through the room. "One left, pet. I thought you should make it count a bit more than the first." Marsh dealt with this wish like most others, aloof and unaffected. You never let a wisher know they have surprised you, that would give the game away.

She grinned and blushed. "Well, I did want to get home in a hurry...and who was to know you really were what you claimed to be?"

"You hungry?"

She grinned and thought about his question. She was hungry, truly hungry. For the first time since she could remember, she was starved. "Famished." She pulled him into a deep lingering kiss. "But we could order in."

"My thoughts exactly, pet."

She pounced on him, feathering kisses over his face and neck. "So, Nicky, what can we do to make you feel better?" She giggled.

His thoughts were dark, and she could see it in his eyes. "Pet, there will be a time for that as well."

"Oh yeah?" She asked teasingly as she nipped his shoulder.

"Yes, pet."

"Good, I'm looking forward to it."

He smiled and kissed her back, growling and rolling her over. "First dinner, pet, then dessert."

She pouted and wriggled against him. "We're clever, imaginative people. I'm sure we could do both at the same time."

"We could, but it's more fun to deny you and see you pout."

She stretched over and nipped him with her teeth. "No fair."

"Oh no, I think it's very fair. Can't very well give you everything you want, can we?"

She pressed up against him. "You could, and it would be very fun."

"Only for you, pet. Get dressed. I'll call for some dinner."

* * *

Marsh left the room as Janey got out of bed, and sighed audibly. He was falling for the human, and there was nothing he could do about it. She was strong, and amazing, living with only magic as the buffer between her body's total surrender to that nasty disease. Demons and Djinn alike didn't like the killer, it was one of the things they both considered unnatural, brought on by humanity's progress in technology and its destruction of the natural world. Cancer was just another way humanity was killing itself.

This woman was far more than he deserved. Given that he was sent in to break her, and keep her pliable to the demons' causes, he really didn't feel like this was work. He liked her, and she liked him, even if his magic was what bound them together. Keeping her for the next hundred years would not be so bad, and he wouldn't have a mindless slave. He'd have the companion he secretly always wanted.

Smiling to himself, he grabbed the phone and dialed for takeout.

* * *

Kolo contacted her shortly after her second wish. She and Marsh had just finished dinner and were discussing movies when her phone rang. She excused herself with a wink and took the phone into her office.

She was unsurprised to hear the panther's deep voice. "I have your information. At least, everything that I could, short of finding one myself and... interrogating him."

The corner of her lip twitched into a smile. Typical Ko. "So, are you close by?"

He was silent for a long time. "No, I got caught up at the office. I don't have much time."

She frowned, but decided not to ask. "Well, go on then. Tell me about them."

He took a deep breath. "The Djinn are all male, and they are the most powerful of all the wish races."

She nodded. "Okay." She worried her bottom lip with her teeth.

"They are related to Demons, but aren't demons," he continued. "They are more a neutral race, solitary and broody."

She heard the flicking of paper as he skimmed through his notes. "They are very secretive and selective on whom they use their powers, and they procreate only by finding their consorts."

That stopped her. "Huh? What does that mean?"

He sighed deeply. "I don't know. I've been sifting through legends and folklore for days. That's all I have," he admitted angrily.

She winced. If there was anything the huge shifter hated, it was ignorance. "Well, I suppose that I'll just have to figure it out by myself."

"Good luck. So, I don't suppose I get to ask how this all happened?"

She thought about her first meeting with Marsh and blushed. She could barely admit to herself how stupid she'd been. He'd just taken her, and he kept doing so. She shuddered, swallowing hard. Oh, gods, if he wasn't perfect! He could play her body so well; he knew exactly how she would react, and her body always reacted to him, like she was in heat.

Part of this, she knew, was his magic. She didn't care about that, though. His magic was just an extension of him, and she loved him.

Love at first sight wasn't something she believed in. Lust, sure. She believed in lust, and they both had

their fair share of it. She did lust after him, but there was something else as well. Underneath it all, she enjoyed his company. She enjoyed spending mornings in bed with him, playing slave. She loved sitting on the floor, wrapped in a huge blanket, having a heated discussion over movies.

She loved it all. She loved him.

Six

Morning light filtered through the gaps in the curtains as Marsh looked out over the square towards Vatican City. The week was almost up. Tayla, Janey's head assassin sent out for the demon, called and checked in. She told her everything was taken care of, so his job, at least for the demons, was done.

Janey was healthy again. Her appetite back, she was more than beautiful, if that was possible. And witty and smart. She was more than he could hope for in a mate. If she made the right wish, that's exactly what she would be.

He didn't begrudge her the wish about the cancer and, as much as it was wasted, he would never think to chastise her for the first wish. The truth of the matter was, if she didn't wish correctly this last time, he would only have her for the hundred years, then she would be free. He wanted her for all time, but he couldn't influence her freewill. This was going to be tough. Had she had two wishes to play with he wouldn't have worried so, but as it was, they only had one shot.

Can I even hope she will choose me?he thought as the sunshine warmed his face through the curtain.

He felt her stir awake before he heard it, and it warmed him. Their bond was already very strong. There were stories that circulated among his people, stories about perfect mates, about the one woman whose wishes could kill the terminal loneliness Djinn felt as solitary creatures. In spite of his burgeoning feelings, he hoped this woman would be his. If not, well, he'd have another hundred years to wait to start all over again.

He turned and smiled at the sleepy-eyed beauty in the bed. "Morning, pet. Sleep well?"

She smiled warmly, yawning. "Yeah, I did. And you?"

He nodded and smiled at her. "I did." He wouldn't admit to her that this past week was the best he'd slept in years. No, that would not be well done of him to show such blatant need for the woman.

"Good, I love sleeping next to you. You make me feel safer than the gun," she smiled, "and the security system."

He laughed. "Oh, yeah?"

She nodded. "Yup. So, what shall we do today? We have the whole day to ourselves."

"Well, you're the one who is completely hale and hearty, so it's your decision, pet."

"I was thinking breakfast. Something with bacon and coffee, not on the same plate, though."

"Sounds good. I could go for some sort of artery clogging food. So, what say you get dressed and I'll see what I can whip up? I'm actually quite proficient in the kitchen."

She raised an eyebrow. "Really? Well, that is something I have to see." She stood and walked naked to her wardrobe. "I tend not to cook," she said as she opened the huge oak doors. "I can, but I don't see the point when I can order from someone who'll cook it better than me," she stated as she prowled for something to wear.

"Well, I'll tell you a secret, pet. I can only really make breakfast foods. the competency to make anything else eludes me, so you're in luck. I'm thinking omelets, bacon, and French toast, and maybe some damn decent conversation, topped off with that coffee you were jonesin' for." He said as he watched her rifle through her drawers.

She giggled. "Perfect." She held up a simple cream blouse and a tan suede skirt. "Besides, if we were great cooks we'd both be chefs, and I much prefer my line of work," she said as she began to dress.

He nodded, a small smile playing on his lips. "And what makes you think that as my fuck toy I'd let you still do this?"

He left the room and went to the kitchen, rummaging through the drawers and cabinets until he found everything he needed to make what he had offered. In minutes he had the bacon frying, the French toast soaking in egg, sugar and cinnamon, and was beating the eggs for the omelets. Janey chose that moment to come in, all bright eyed and smelling of spun sugar, fresh from the shower. He inwardly groaned as her scent surrounded him. She was intoxicating, and she didn't even know it.

"What do you like in your omelets? You gotta have cheese, but I'm thinking mushrooms, what else?"

"Onion. You can't have an omelet without some." She opened the cupboard next to her.

"Brave woman, onion in her omelet," he said with a shake of his head.

"Hey, I can eat whatever I like, and you're no culinary judge, you don't even eat shellfish. Besides we'll grate it in, it cooks faster."

"You are a wise woman." He smiled at her as she helped him grate the onion. They were silent a while, content to just be near each other, at least that's what it was like with him.

She moved about the kitchen, her sugary scent following her here and there, and his body responded in kind. He turned to her and pulled her to him, pressing his now hard and imprisoned cock against her.

She giggled, then groaned as her body melted into his. "Ummm, is there something I can help you with, baby?" she asked pointedly, grinding herself into him.

He nodded and kissed her, pushing her to her knees. She purred softly up at him, nuzzling at his cock through his jeans. He looked down at her. "No biting, Janey," he reminded her, his hand in her hair. He grabbed a good amount of it and tugged, hearing her moan. He knew, stuff like this, she loved. Though their encounters, aside from the first time, had been tame, he knew she craved a little bit of the dominance that lurked in him. She liked to be made to do things and, if only for that reason, the next one hundred years were going to be bliss.

She nodded slowly, still keeping her face as close to him as his grip on her hair would allow. "I remember."

"That's a good girl."

Her nimble hands worked at his buckle and zipper, and in no time at all she'd released him into her hand. She stroked him a few more times before wrapping her lips around him. She lightly flicked her tongue over his tip in gentle strokes. He groaned and balled his hands tighter in her hair. She sucked him deep into her mouth, moaning onto him. Her hot mouth instantly heated his cool, hard flesh.

"That's it, Janey baby. Fuck, you like that, don't you?" he said as he pushed her mouth further down his cock.

She worked him hard and silently for a while more. His breathing hitched and labored. She was good at this.

"Fuck, baby, I'm close," he said through gritted teeth. She had skill. At his words she grasped at his thighs, pulling him even deeper into her willing mouth. She hummed loudly, the sound vibrating down his throbbing shaft.

"Christ, Janey!" he growled as he came, pumping into her hot, tight mouth. No woman had ever made him come so quickly. He let the hold up in her hair and sighed, looking down at the beautiful woman.

She swallowed everything he had to give her, then slowly came off him. Once she was satisfied that there was no mess left, she gently tucked him back in and zipped and buckled him back up. "The bacon will be cremated by now." She giggled.

He shrugged and pulled her to him, and kissed her. "There's more."

He let her go, turned back to the stove, and started cooking again, putting some new bacon in the pan. Fifteen minutes later, there were two plates heaped with omelets and French toast and another plate with a heap of bacon. He smiled at her as she poured the coffee. "I hope you're still hungry, pet."

She picked up her fork. "Very." She picked up her coffee and took a large gulp. "Hmmm, I love coffee. It's been too long since I indulged in it."

They ate in silence, both too busy with what was on their plate to think about conversation. It was only after she finally finished her meal and sat back and sighed that he addressed her once again.

"So, pet, tonight's your deadline."

She took a deep breath. "I know," she said quietly. "My last wish."

He gave her a small smile. "Don't think about it now, okay? You still have time."

She nodded. "I do, but I think I'm ready now."

"Indeed? I wouldn't want you to rush it." He swallowed hard, afraid of what she would say.

She smiled nervously across the table at him. "Well, I have everything I need and want. There's only one thing vital that I stand to lose. I'm sorry, but a hundred years just isn't long enough. I wish to be with you, forever."

His eyes betrayed nothing, but his heart was beating a mile a minute. "Your wish? Your wish is to be with me? As a slave?"

She shook her head. "No, as an equal. Your equal."

She said it, and he had to oblige. A woman like this came along once in a lifetime for a Djinn, and he wouldn't let her go. He got up and went to her and bent down to his knees. "You honor me, Janey," he said. "Life isn't going to be the same for you after this, you sure you want this?"

She swallowed hard, then nodded. "I wished it, didn't I? Of course it's what I want."

He moved in closer and smiled, his lips inches from hers. "Say it again, like you mean it, love."

She smiled and brushed her lips against his. "I wish to be with you forever, as your equal."

He pulled her closer, sealing the wish with a proper kiss. Her body heated slightly, and he groaned. The heat was the magic of his kind. *His* magic to be precise, part of him to sustain her life. It was over in mere minutes. As he ended the kiss, he looked at her. Her hair was a bit brighter, her eyes a startling shade of Moss green and gold. She was his now, his forever.

She panted breathlessly at him. "Forever. Now, that is something to look forward to."

He pulled her off the seat onto his thighs and smiled, kissing her. "You are mine, love, indeed you are, and I couldn't be happier." He kissed her again. Looking towards the future was something he always tried to keep himself from doing, but now...

"Janey, Janey," he murmured. "My love and my heart, I love you."

Her eyes filled with tears and her jaw started to tremble. "I love you, too." She kissed him hard, wrapping her arms around him to pull him closer.

He wasn't sure how or why it happened, but he would have to thank the demon the next he saw him. He wasn't alone anymore, and the woman who had his heart was exactly what he needed. He kissed his consort.

She moaned, pressing herself tightly against him. "You're all mine, forever."

About the Authors

A sister Team, Stella and Audra Price reside on a converted farm in New York with their menagerie of animals including 10 huskies, three cats, a fish called Claude, Linus the English Bulldog, Zorro the king of beasts and Stella's very Evil "the Moo". Both in their mid twenties, they have similar interests in makeup (both fashion and special effect), horror movies, dogs and a love of a good bottle of wine and they rarely disagree.