

Siren Publishing

Ménage Amour



Gypsy Cay Series

SYREN SONG



Blaze Ballantine

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Gypsy Cay Series 1

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MENAGE AMOUR



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SYREN SONG

Gypsy Cay Series

BLAZE BALLANTINE

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Chapter 1

I've always been attracted to dangerous men. Possibly, because I'm a dangerous woman. Of course, technically speaking, I'm not a woman, although I look like one. I'm a Syren and I like to fuck human males for a hobby.

I work in a blues bar called Syren's Song on the tropical island of Gypsy Cay. I love the blues. The music has a gritty sensual cadence that reminds me of languid sex on hot summer nights. Blues are the perfect vehicle for my gift of musical seduction. When I open my mouth and sing, men would die for me—and some have.

My voice is like a narcotic to humans. Males tend to get addicted quicker, and more deeply, than females, but my singing enraptures both. I weave a spell of sex with my voice. There have been incidents where the listener actually overdosed from the pleasure. I call that a successful night. At least they died happy in the throes of a climax.

The local police, and paranormal enforcement team, just don't see it that way. They warned Stan Kingrey that if I killed one more person with my voice, deliberate or not, I'd be in jail and they would shut down the club for good. Stan wasn't real happy with me, but he knew I was the star attraction. Sure as hell no one came to the club for his watered down drinks. They came to get off on the sound of my voice.

It had been a good night, so far. No one had rushed the stage. No one had died, and I had a slight buzz from the expensive whiskey Kai slipped me from behind the bar. Kingrey insisted staff drink the cheap stuff, but if Kai likes you, he tends to ignore the rules. Stan, The King, as we call him behind his back, would have a heart attack if he knew.

The King is a good enough boss. He looks like a weasel. At least the cartoon type, with the shifty little black eyes, sharp nose and pudgy red lips. He has a weak chin and thin blondish gray hair that he pulls across his head in the classic *I'm not bald* style of middle aged men everywhere.

Tonight, Stan was out of town looking for new talent; therefore, Kai generously dispensed the good liquor in my direction. He grinned at me with a shark's smile and winked roguishly. I knew he hoped for paybacks later in the night.

Kai is my best friend, bodyguard, and occasional lover. He stands over six feet tall, to my petite five feet. His skin is a beautiful shade of café au lait; my skin is fair. He has dreadlocks that reach the middle of his wide back. I have shoulder length red hair that curls in an unruly tangle around my face and neck. His eyes are an unusual blend of gold with swirling flecks of gray. They remind me of the morning sun kissing stormy waves. My eyes are cinnamon colored, nearly the exact shade as my hair.

They say opposites attract. In our case you couldn't get more opposite. And while we are certainly attracted to each other, we're both too self-involved to fall in love. Besides, I like human males and Kai is an Akua. His impressive ancient ancestry is linked to the Pacific Islands. It's no wonder humans think he's a Hawaiian surfer when they enter the bar.

Syren's Song is one of Gypsy Cay's most successful clubs. The décor is darkly tropical with netting, palms, torches and driftwood. The floor has soft rattan mats to hold the tables and chairs that are made from native wood found on the islands.

Kai stood behind the teakwood bar polishing glasses while he chatted with the patrons. In human form Kai is the epitome of maleness. He's all raw power, masculine beauty and predatory instinct. In his Akua form, as a shark, he *is* a predator.

Kai looked up when a blond human male entered the bar alone. The man's cold blue eyes immediately focused on the Akua, and they stared at one another for a long intense moment.

Threat assessment. They recognized each other as dangerous in some instinctual way that hunters have of identifying one another.

When they broke their staring contest, Kai gave me a sidelong look to check my reaction.

The human didn't give me more than a passing glance. Instead, he did a thorough inspection of the room. I doubted he could make out any details in the smoky darkness of the club. Even the barracuda security team had trouble seeing through the smoke and potted palms that were strategically placed to give the illusion of privacy between tables. Reassured by what he did, or did not see, the human took a table in front of the stage and only then did he look up at me.

He was one of those men that radiated an aura of danger even though he appeared unassuming. I could feel the violence simmering just under the surface of his skin, and it made me hungry for him.

Did I say I like dangerous males?

Dressed casually, he wore faded jeans with an open button up shirt over a black tee. I figured the loose shirt hid a firearm of some type. He probably carried a pistol at the small of his back. He looked like the type that always packed a gun, and I wondered how he'd got past the barracudas with a weapon. Unless, of course, he had a permit to carry concealed on the islands.

Curious, I turned the full effect of my gaze on him. A Syren's stare isn't as potent as our voices but it still packs a healthy punch, and to his credit, he didn't flinch or turn away. He didn't glaze over with lust either. The man was obviously strong willed. I took that as a challenge.

Did I say I love a challenge?

He looked younger than he probably was. Innocent. Except for his eyes. He had a killer's eyes. Ruthless, and void of any emotion. I could see the beginning of tiny lines at the corners. I didn't think they were laugh lines. More likely they were the result of hours spent outdoors, squinting against the sun, hunting his prey.

I wondered which side of the law he played on, and if he had come to kill me. It didn't escape me that both sides of the law had good reasons for wanting me dead. I wasn't lying when I said some people died from listening to my voice. Like any drug, tolerance is low in some individuals. What might send one man into the throes of a mind-blowing orgasm can kill another. Before I could mentally list all the people I knew that wanted me dead, the club lights dimmed, and the band started playing.

Theatrically, a dim blue spotlight cut across the musicians until it found me. I began to sing, pouring it all out to the handsome male without seeing any effect. That startled me until I realized he must have been wearing industrial grade earplugs. I turned it up an octave, and his eyes flickered at last, glazing over with lust. The crowd was practically comatose, in various stages of orgasm. Just a few more notes and I'd be pushing some of them to the brink. Before I could sing the second verse, the man jumped to his feet, pointing a gun directly at the center of my forehead.

"Stop," he ordered. His finger tightened on the trigger to show me he meant business.

The patrons of the bar were still so enthralled by my voice they stared blankly at him, unable to comprehend the situation. Kai started out from behind the bar but I held out my hand to stop him. If the human had really wanted to kill me, I would already be on the floor.

I raised one eyebrow in question at the man pointing a gun in my face.

“I need your help,” he said in a voice so menacingly soft it sent chills chasing down my spine in waves. “But, if you so much as hum, I’ll kill you.”

I nodded that I understood.

With the gun still trained on me, he reached up with one hand to remove the earplugs. “Is there somewhere we can talk?”

“I have a room,” I said cautiously, knowing Kai would accompany me for protection.

The human caught Kai’s movement from the corner of his eye. He turned the gun toward him but spoke to me. “The *fish* stays here,” he said, “and in case you’re wondering, the bullets are my own special blend of metals, natural toxins, and poisons. They take care of all sorts of paranormal freaks. ”

“Freaks?” I repeated indignantly, looking him up and down. So he was one of *those* humans. “Give me one reason why I should help you.”

Just as I had guessed, he slipped the gun back under his shirt at the small of his back. The crowd stirred restlessly, beginning to come out of their enchantment. His face stayed pleasant as if he were discussing the weather. “Because I’ll kill you if you don’t.”

“Perhaps,” I said with a smile of my own. He was only human, after all.

* * * *

When the door to my dressing room closed, he jumped me, slamming me up against the wall. He held me there for a moment, just looking at me. From his rapid breathing I knew he was either angry, or aroused.

“I wasn’t prepared for how fucking beautiful you are,” he said. “Is it glamour? Or is it you?”

“Have you never been close to a Syren?” I asked coyly, using the melody of my voice to try to seduce him further.

He slapped me across the face. “I warned you. No tricks. ”

His body shoved tight against mine, trapping me between him and the wall. He had an impressive sized erection going on inside his jeans. At least that answered my question. Still, I detected a trace of anger at himself for being attracted to me.

He studied me intimately. His eyes searched mine without breaking contact. It was as if he could look into my soul if he stared long enough. Therefore, when he cupped his hand gently over the flesh that still burned from his slap, his unexpected tenderness came as a surprise. His fingers felt coolly soothing as he stroked my stinging skin. I could feel light calluses on the tips of his long fingers.

“Answer me,” he demanded, lowering his mouth so close to mine I could feel the heat from his lips. He wanted to kiss me. *I wanted him to kiss me.* What was the problem? Did he think he was too good to share spit with *paranormal freaks*?

“I am what you see,” I replied. “My species is beautiful to human eyes. We take no other form. We don’t need to use what you call glamour. ”

He backed up from me, his stare running the length of my body, leaving cold tingles dancing across my skin.

“Undress.”

I stepped away from the wall, reaching behind me to unzip my dress. I wore one of those classic little numbers that was nothing more than a sleeveless shift of clingy fabric. The moment I pulled the zipper down, the dress pooled at my feet, leaving me standing in a black thong, garter-belt with stockings, and high heels.

His gaze fastened first on my puckered nipples, and then did a slow perusal of my hips and the scrap of lace that did nothing to hide the thatch of red curls peeking between my legs. His only response was to swallow before he reached out to tear the fabric away from my body. Focused on my naked pussy, he left the garter belt alone.

“Face the wall,” he said a little breathlessly, doing a twirl with his finger.

I turned to the wall, putting my hands up like a suspect about to be frisked. I heard his zipper being lowered, and he put his leg between mine, kicking my feet further apart.

I braced myself. I could feel his desire like an aphrodisiac in my veins. Human men are so urgent, so needful. He would enter me hard and fast. I prepared myself for that. What I wasn't prepared for was his assault of my ass.

He spread my cheeks as far as he could with his thumbs, then he shoved his thick cock into me without any warning. I screamed before he put his hand over my mouth to cut me off, while his other hand yanked me roughly against his swollen erection. With a few patient strokes, pain quickly subsided to pleasure, and with each thrust he delivered, I pushed back to meet him.

"Fuck, woman," he groaned through clenched teeth. "I couldn't concentrate on anything but burying myself into your sweet little ass."

I didn't answer him. Or remind him that I wasn't a woman. I clamped my interior muscles around his erection and milked him until he was ready to explode. In this game of domination we both fought one another for control.

With my hands splayed against the wall for leverage, I shoved back to meet him, wiggling my butt side to side until he had to hold my hips still to steady himself. His legs trembled, and I sensed the effort he was making not to come just yet. He wanted it to be on his terms, not mine.

I took his hand from my hip, pulling it to the front of me, sliding it between my legs. His fingers searched out my clit. He pinched me, tugging gently while rubbing his thumb and finger back and forth. I nearly collapsed at the sensation of his fingers while his cock slid in and out of my ass with an urgency that had us both gasping for breath. He was bigger than most humans and filled me to the point of stretching. I leaned my forehead against the wall, groaning at the burning sensation as he began to win the game. He battered me

against the wall now, driving every inch of himself into my body, lifting me off the floor with every penetration he made.

“Now,” I urged, feeling myself gush with a hard orgasm that must have squeezed him painfully.

He groaned roughly, stiffening at my encouragement. His lean arms held me tightly against him while his cock sprayed a jet of hot cum into me that sent me into another wave of pleasure. I deliberately clamped down hard on him, trapping him within my body until I decided he was free to go.

He lowered his forehead against the top of my curls and wrapped his arms around me, waiting for me to release him.

“Damn, you are sweet,” he whispered. His warm breath stirred my hair. “I always wanted to fuck a Syren, and live to tell about it.”

I unclamped my muscles slowly, and he withdrew with a soft wet suction sound that made me want him again. “I’m Enlora.”

He shivered. The sound of my voice would be sweetly unbearable to him in the afterglow of his climax. “I’m Damon,” he answered, taking my shoulder to turn me to face him.

We looked at each other for a brief moment, desire flaring hotly between us before the glow had left from our previous coupling. We both looked away guiltily.

“Fucking damn,” he said with exasperation, eyeing me suspiciously. “I thought if I fucked you, and got it out of my system; I’d be able to concentrate. It’s worse now.”

I smiled at his dilemma. “I’m not casting a Syren’s spell on you, Damon, so don’t look at me like that. Go take a shower and we’ll discuss your problems when you return.”

Despite my assurances, his expression had closed again. The blue-eyed, baby faced killer had returned.

* * * *

Damon made his way back to the room fresh and ready for business. I cleaned up in the ladies bathroom and now wore jeans and a man's dress shirt with the sleeves rolled up to my elbows. I deliberately dressed in the baggiest, most non-sexy clothing I could find. Still, his eyes grew hungry when he looked at me. He focused on my bare breasts through the thin cotton shirt and my nipples responded to his look.

"You said you needed my help," I prompted. I could hear the crowd getting restless in the bar. Other singers had filled in for me, but they weren't having the desired effect. I half expected to hear my name being chanted at any minute. I reached out and clamped my hands tightly over Damon's ears so that I could hum a quick little tune to pacify the crowd. I had to use a bit of Syren magic to project my voice above the crowd, but the effect was instantaneous. A silence settled across the club and despite my shielding of his ears, Damon groaned, tossing his head back against his shoulders.

"We don't have much time," I warned. "Tell me what you need."

"I fucking need you again," he groaned, ignoring whatever business had made him seek me out. He moved his lean body toward me once more.

I put my hand on his chest holding him back, and he reached out to grasp a handful of my hair. With a hard jerk he brought me to my knees in front of him. "Does your mouth feel as good as your voice sounds?" he asked, looking down at me through half closed eyes.

I looked up into his nearly delicate face. So misleading, that crooked friendly smile. The warmth of the smile almost thawed his eyes. Almost.

I licked my lips and allowed myself to stay on the floor, kneeling in front of him, stroking his cock with my hand. "How do you know I won't bite it off?"

Before I could blink he had me back on my feet again and thrown over his shoulder. He carried me across the room, dumping me unceremoniously face down onto the sofa. He held my face in the

pillows by keeping his hand on the back of my head. His free hand under my waist fumbled with the button and zipper. When he had them unfastened he yanked my jeans down off my hips leaving me bare assed naked.

I thought we were going to have a repeat performance of his earlier act, but he sat down and flopped me across his lap. Before I could get comfortable, he brought his hand down on my hips with such force it felt like I exploded into flames. I squirmed away from him, and he caught me around the neck, holding me just tightly enough that I couldn't move. For a human, his strength amazed me. What a turn on!

His hand smacked me again, and a new burst of fire blossomed across my hips.

He lowered his face to my ear. "You will not threaten me, Enlora," he whispered. I felt a shudder of desire course through my body. My nipples hardened until they were painful. He took his hand from around my neck and forcefully pinched one nipple, causing me to whimper. Then he lowered another stinging blow to my hips, and I cried out with the pain this time. He left his fingers on my burning ass, and I think the warmth of his hand only intensified the pain of his spanking. As if he enjoyed the heat, he rubbed his hand in a circular motion until he flipped me back over so that I looked up at him.

He used his thumbs to gently draw back the corners of my lips, checking out the sharpness of my teeth. They look harmless enough but he wasn't fooled. He brushed his thumb across the edges of my eyeteeth and grinned with the knowledge he'd been right.

"On your knees," he ordered, giving me a gentle shove onto the floor between his legs. He grasped my chin in his hand and turned my face to stare at him. "You know what will happen if you bite me," he warned, then shoved my head to his groin.

I could smell the recently washed male scent of him, and it made my mouth water. I smiled up at him, lowering my mouth over the head of his cock. First, I ran my tongue across the tiny indentation on

the end, tasting the salty drop of pre-cum lubrication that leaked from the opening. Then I closed my mouth around him and sucked hard.

Damon liked danger. It turned him on to think of his cock being in my mouth, and my mouth being full of razor sharp teeth. I slid my tongue down his length, letting him glide across the ridges at the roof of my mouth until he stopped at the back of my throat. Then, to heighten his enjoyment, I scraped my teeth lightly across the base of his erection hearing him draw in a swift breath of pleasure. His hips jerked, and he caught the back of my head, pushing himself into the bottom of my throat with a low groan of ecstasy.

I hummed, not really a sound loud enough for him to hear, but the vibration in my throat exploded over the head of his penis sending shock waves into his testicles. He nearly passed out with the sensation. He went slack just before his hot cum sprayed the back of my throat. I wasn't certain, but I was pretty sure he whimpered this time.

* * * *

I was still on my knees between Damon's legs when Kai opened the door and walked in without knocking. He blinked a couple of times at finding me in that position, but he didn't look pissed. Maybe a little wistful, I thought. I licked my lips before I asked him what he wanted and the look he gave me in return left no doubt in my mind what he wanted.

"The crowd is getting out of control," he said at last. He watched Damon out of the corner of his eye as the human zipped up his jeans, gave me a wink, then ran his thumb across my bottom lip.

"You need to get back on the stage," Kai said, looking pointedly at Damon. "He can wait."

I put my hands on Damon's knees for support, lifting myself into a standing position. "I'll be right there."

Something in the quality of Kai's voice made Damon reach for his gun. He looked from me to the Akua, obviously noticing something that I hadn't. "Are you two an item, or what?" he asked, looking like he didn't really give a damn one way or another, but I knew differently. His concern was evident in the stiffness of his shoulders and the grim set of his mouth.

"Or what," Kai growled, and for the briefest instant I saw blood lust flare in the shark's eyes before he controlled himself.

That wasn't good. Definitely not good.

His reaction surprised me.

"Kai?" I asked hesitantly.

He turned his full attention on me, and I could finally see the anger he couldn't successfully conceal. Imagine that! The Guardian of the Sea was jealous. A little thrill ran through me.

I brushed past Kai to pull a dress out of the closet, and our bodies touched for a moment. I almost groaned aloud as I felt his sexual power radiate from him into me. In a conditioned response to his body my vaginal muscles jerked, and a rush of liquid desire dampened my lower curls.

"I will swim through your veins later," Kai promised, smelling my arousal with the keen sense his kind has.

Damon cleared his throat and stood up. "I came here to talk business with the Syren."

"You're done talking business," Kai said, his anger rising several degrees. "If you have any more business with the Syren, you'll go through me."

The human looked calm, but I could feel the tension flowing between the two males.

"Do you know who I am?" Damon asked softly, being careful to keep any hint of threat out of his voice.

"You're a killer," Kai answered equally careful. "So am I."

"Okay," I said, stepping between the two of them before things got out of hand. "You've both stated you're dangerous macho males.

I've got to go on stage or it's going to take both of you to control the crowd. ”

The buzzing of the mob outside grew louder by the second. I turned my back toward Kai. “Zip me up, Guardian.”

He reached out and yanked the zipper so hard he nearly lifted me off the floor.

He was still enraged.

“Sea Guardian?” Damon asked with new respect in his eyes. “Shark?”

Crossing his muscled arms across his chest in annoyance, Kai asked, “What the hell did you think I was? A barracuda?”

I almost laughed at that one, but the crowd had turned nasty and I heard glass breaking. “Cover your ears,” I suggested to Damon, letting loose a string of notes that resulted in instant silence.

I motioned toward the door to Kai who looked like he wasn't going to move any time soon. “After you.”

He shook his head no and the blue beads in his dreadlocks danced like waves around his shoulders.

“Go on,” I said, shoving him ahead of me. “I'm between the two of you. He won't kill you if he wants my help. ”

Kai glared at me, and I knew I was in for a rough night. Sharks are not known for their forgiving dispositions. I sighed. All I wanted was an uncomplicated fuck with a human I had no risk of becoming emotionally involved with. A few well-timed notes usually took care of any human problem, but Kai, like all sea dwellers, is immune to my voice.

I spent the rest of the night giving the paying customers what they had come for. At 3:30 a. m. the bar closed, and the patrons left happy and fulfilled.

* * * *

Gypsy Cay is the largest atoll in a two hundred-island archipelago

inhabited mostly by paranormals. Not many humans live in the island-nation, but at night they leave the nearby mainland and flock to the bars for a dangerous thrill.

Tonight was a tourist's dream in a macabre sort of way. I looked up to see a pregnant tropical moon playing hide and seek with restless storm clouds. Occasionally, coconut palms poked through the haze in blue silhouette against the intense moonlight. Their dry leaves rattled eerily in the warm current of air.

Rolling in low over the water, a thick mist obscured the land like a compassionate veil over the island of misfits. Fog carries sound like a transmitter, and I heard the growls and snarls of several nearby weres. In the distance I could hear the shrieks of werepanthers and the mournful howling of men turning into wolves. Even further distant I could hear the impatient whinnying of angry Centaurs.

I hoped no tourists accidentally floated ashore in the Centaur's territory. Beautiful creatures they are, those horses' asses are vicious. Territorial to the extreme, they have their land posted. Despite the fact impenetrable fog obscured their warning signs that would be no excuse. They would still seek vengeance on anyone trespassing on their land.

Damon had waited outside for me until Kai and I finished closing the bar.

"I really do need your help," was the first thing he said when I walked up to him. "I just lost it in there. That's not like me."

I held up my hand to stop him. "You had a normal human reaction. It's okay."

"No, it's not," Kai said.

I frowned at him, and he glared back.

Damon nodded that he agreed with Kai. No man encroaches on a shark's territory without the risk of being eaten alive. I thought Damon might have pushed the issue if he didn't need my help, but whatever he wanted was more important than fighting with the Sea Guardian. I waited for him to explain.

He struggled for a moment before making a simple request.

“I need you to come to the mainland and use your voice to help me trap a killer.”

Damon didn't seem like the type of human that asked for help very often. Maybe never. From the urgency of his request I guessed he had a personal grudge against the man he hunted.

“I can't go to the mainland,” I said. “You know we paranormals are illegal the minute we step out of island territory. I could be killed on sight.”

“I'll protect you with my life,” Damon said, his eyes pleading.

Kai took my arm, impatient to be swimming in the sea. “No,” he said, firmly. “She's not leaving the Cay.”

Desperate, Damon reached for his wallet, flipping it open to a picture of the most beautiful human woman I'd ever seen. She looked like a Syren. My heart stopped beating for a moment. Something about the eyes—I looked up to stare at Damon.

“She was my twin,” he explained in a voice so quiet I had to lean closer to hear him. “Stanley Bertram killed her a year ago, and I want revenge.”

I handed the wallet back to him. “It's too risky for me to go to the mainland, but if we could get him to Gypsy Cay...”

“Impossible,” Damon said, frustration lacing his voice. “He's a very careful man. It took over a year of investigation for me to be certain he's the one that murdered my sister. He's wealthy and powerful. He doesn't go anywhere without security.”

“Are you sure he murdered your sister?”

Damon looked me in the eye. “I'm positive.”

“Here's the deal,” I said. “I'll get him to Gypsy Cay. Then he's your problem.”

Damon looked skeptical. “And just how are you going to do that?”

I gave him my sultriest smile. “I'm a Syren. My kind has been luring men to their deaths since ancient times.”

Kai remained silent. I could see him wrestling with the morality of the problem. He understood revenge, but he hated my involvement in the deal. Worse he hated me having any further connection with the human.

Chapter 2

The water of the sea felt like silk caressing my body. Warm and buoyant. As welcome as Kai's hands upon my nakedness. I let the gentle waves roll me in a playful motion. Opening my eyes underwater, I could see the glow of the moon shining on the water above me. The fog was breaking up, at last. I kicked lazily, bobbing back to the surface where Kai waited.

"Why do you play with the humans, Enlora?" he asked me, his face close to mine, his hair floating on the water around his wide shoulders.

I let my fingers trace over the muscles that rippled and bunched as he held me around the waist, lifting me in the water so that I was eye to eye with him. Kai is blessed with lean muscles, rock solid and noticeable, but not in your face aggressive. Nice muscles that promise protection and satisfaction. I suspected he could carry me in those arms all night without getting tired.

I also liked the fact he held me at his level to talk. He didn't look down at me despite the difference in our heights. His eyes swirled with the ocean tides as he studied me.

Looking at him, feeling his hands slide up the curves of my body, stopping to cup my breasts as he held me in the waves, I wondered the same thing. Why play with humans?

"Throwaway lovers," I answered, losing myself in his stare. I couldn't tell him I had an addiction for the creatures. Need for the humans consumed me like a fire in my blood. I knew I was out of control, but I didn't understand why. I wanted to convince myself the

need for casual sex with humans didn't amount to more than a kinky habit I'd acquired, but I knew better.

His thumbs brushed over my nipples in a playful rhythm. He used his nails to scratch across the tips, drawing a little shiver from me in response.

I wrapped my legs around his waist feeling his erection push impatiently between my legs. The thing about sharks is their skin. It's slightly rough like fine sandpaper. Having Kai's thick penis inside my body was like having a textured dildo shoved into my cervix and wielded by a master.

"I don't want to be a throwaway lover," he whispered roughly, levering me up a little higher away from the prize. "I love swimming inside you, feeling your waves crash over me when you come. Feeling your tides..."

"Guardian," I said urgently. "Fuck me!"

He laughed, deep and low in his chest, rumbling in a satisfied male way.

With my legs locked around him, he pulled me slowly down his body, my pussy mashed against him as he lowered me toward the goal. The uneven texture of his skin rubbed against my sensitive clit, and it drove me wild for him.

A little bump of his hips and he was inside my slit, the head of his erection at my entrance. He made it a ritual, entering me. Larger than the human lovers I played with, it wasn't easy for him to slip into my body. He had to work for it. We both knew what was coming—first the pain, then the pleasure.

His lips met mine. Insistent. His tongue pushed inside my mouth as he moved his face to kiss me from every angle, thoroughly, deeply, and breathlessly.

He moved his hands down to my hips, cupping my ass and pulling me into him. I felt the first burning rush of his thickness trying to penetrate my vagina. My body stopped him before he sunk more than a couple of inches into me. It was the head of his cock. Or I should

say the size of it that stopped him so quickly. Nothing could accommodate that beast without a little coaxing. It had been a while since I fucked the Guardian, and my muscles protested his invasion. He waited, staring at me, watching my eyes to see my reaction as he kept shoving in a steady forward motion, pushing inside centimeters at a time, stretching me until I felt like I was tearing apart. He murmured musical words in an ancient language that seemed familiar, but forgotten to my race. His words of encouragement calmed me, dropping a veil of enchantment over my trembling body.

I bit my lower lip. "Push hard," I ordered.

He shoved in a powerful thrust, driving himself deeper, while my insides protested the assault. I felt like I was being stretched beyond capacity. It hurt so good that I moaned softly, throwing my head back to my shoulders. Tears as salty as the sea tracked down the sides of my face. Still I gripped his shoulders, pulling him toward me.

Kai drank the tears from my skin and shoved again. Harder this time. His body began a subtle transformation. His skin grew rougher. His eyes flashed with a feral wildness. He was dangerous. The shark in him had surfaced.

"Do it," I urged, bracing myself for his invasion.

He buried himself to the hilt, calling out a warrior's shout of triumph, an undulating mating cry that called forth a primitive response from my reproductive system. I gushed around him, my vaginal muscles clenching so enthusiastically I gave my own scream of joy.

Kai began moving in and out to the pulse of the sea. The waves held us tenderly as he pounded into me over and over. He held me in his arms, murmuring the ancient language that wrapped a spell around us as he ebbed and swelled within me.

The thick base of his shaft pumped against me, his balls slapping against my ass as he pushed me hard into his thrusts with knowledgeable hands, angling me for his deepest penetration. With my hips cupped into one of his large hands, I felt him slip between my

ass cheeks. One of his long fingers found my anus, and he began pushing until he slid inside, his long finger invading me until he could feel the form of his own penis sunk deep within my body. His finger stroked at me, adding more pressure to my already filled chamber. I sighed with delight, clutching around his neck, enjoying the raw power of his muscles straining as he pulled me against him until there was no space left and both of us were full of the other.

He stiffened as his climax drew closer. I responded, beginning to ride his oncoming wave of release. He dropped his mouth to my neck and his sharp teeth broke the skin, drawing blood. I gasped, locking my ankles around his back, using his shoulders to anchor myself to him. His substantial cock relentlessly pounded me until I grew dizzy. His shark instinct intensified with the taste of my blood, and he released himself into me. The head of his penis swelled with fluid, shooting a spray of cum that released me into a screaming orgasm. We writhed violently against one another, clawing, biting and battering each other until we were both drained of fluid and strength.

Kai lifted his mouth from my neck, licking the wound gently then placed the most tender of kisses on my skin. Carrying me, he swam to shore, dropping exhaustedly on the beach, pulling me up into his arms so that I could use his shoulder as a pillow.

“You okay?” he asked, rubbing the wet tangle of hair out of my face.

“Couldn’t be better,” I sighed, snuggling closer to him.

* * * *

An orchid scented breeze dried our skin as we lay quiet on the beach, catching our breath. Kai’s hands roamed aimlessly over my body. He stroked me with the lazy passion of a lover who knows every curve, but still likes to explore. He finally stilled his fingers, turning to face me. “What are you going to do about the human?”

I shrugged, looping one of his dreads around my fingertip and twisting it gently. "I'll help him get Stanley Bertram to the island. Nothing more, nothing less."

"It's risky," Kai warned. "Bertram is high profile. He's got connections to the highest political offices. I think you should leave it alone. Let the human solve his own problem."

"Did you see her face, Kai?" I asked, serious now because I wanted him to understand my motive for getting involved. "She enjoyed life. It's not fair that he took it from her so early."

"What if the human is lying to you?" he asked, unwilling to give up so easily.

I edged closer, resting my hand on the shark's chest, spreading my fingers over his heart, feeling the rapid emotional beating that gave away his concern.

"Will you find out for me? Will you make sure he's telling the truth?"

Kai sighed, pulling away from my hands. Pulling away from me. He didn't like my request, but he would do it.

"Syren, you ask so much of me and give so little," he said, sitting up, looking out over the waves.

"Do I really?" I asked, trying to be playful. "I thought I gave back as much as I got just a moment ago."

Kai turned his handsome face toward me, curling his lips in displeasure. "You know I speak the truth. Sex is easy to give. I want more."

Before I could respond to that little bombshell, he jumped to his feet and ran toward the waves. Beautiful in the moonlight, I watched the silver light arc across his wide shoulders as he ran in long graceful strides. Thigh deep in the waves he dove under water. I saw a flash of spray and the dorsal fin of a shark as he disappeared.

The Sea Guardian was on duty.

Chapter 3

Stanley Bertram was the worst kind of man. He maintained a family, a successful pharmaceutical business, and went to church regularly. He generously gave to charities and attended his children's school activities. Outwardly, he seemed an outstanding person. Inside, Bertram was zero to the bone, a cruel man, with enough money to hide his perversions, which came in many forms.

I could picture him sitting in his glass and chrome office on the mainland. He'd be wearing Armani, smoking an expensive cigar and glancing at himself in the mirror while he listened to me offer him a lucrative business proposal he couldn't pass up.

Recent scientific research had proven a rare sea flower that grew in the archipelago had incredible medical properties associated with it. Nearly every known drug company had descended on our island nation with a proposal to harvest the flowers.

Stanley Bertram's offer proved to be the most unique and welcomed of all the bizarre deals presented to the citizens of Gypsy Cay. Mr. Bertram proposed addressing legislature that would give paranormals full citizenship rights on the mainland. In effect, the paranormals would become human, at least in terms of legal status.

I used that offer to lure Bertram to the island. I suggested I owned a section of the cay that teemed with sea flowers. I knew the paranormal community wouldn't accept any offers to harvest the flowers. Most of us didn't need the humans' money. Nor did we want their extended presence on our island any more than we wanted to be a part of their rigid society, but Stanley Bertram didn't know that—yet. The council had not formally declined any proposals.

I could tell by the rhythm of Bertram's breathing that he was interested. I dropped my voice to its most suggestive octave. "I'd like you to see for yourself, Mr. Bertram. Gypsy Cay is beautiful this time of year. You are quite welcome to bring guests."

I knew he would bring bodyguards disguised as guests. I didn't think that would be a problem for Damon. Anyway, my deal was to get Bertram to Gypsy Cay. Strange things happen in the islands. If Bertram and his bodyguards disappeared it would cause a flurry of news, investigations, and a dire warning to the mainlanders to leave the island tribes alone. But when push came to shove, nothing would really happen. Everyone knew the island of misfits teemed with uncontrolled danger.

"I'm a busy man," Bertram told me, although his voice had lost some of its conviction. "I can't just leave my company—"

"Of course," I interrupted in my most soothing tone of voice. "I completely understand, Mr. Bertram. I wanted to give you first chance at harvesting the flowers. As you have declined, I will offer my crop to another pharmaceutical company."

"No, wait," he said with a tinge of desperation. "I didn't mean that I wasn't interested. Please forgive me if I gave you that impression. I'll clear my calendar for Thursday. Will that be suitable?"

I hesitated, making him sweat a bit. I could actually hear him fidgeting on the other end of the line before I said, "Thursday will be just fine, Mr. Bertram. I'll pick you up at the visitor's dock on the east side of the island. You will be arriving early, won't you?"

"Definitely," he answered. "I want to be back on the mainland by dark."

"I'll make sure you get home," I assured him. Of course, I didn't say what condition his body would be in when he got back.

* * * *

I punched in the number of Damon's cell phone to give him the news.

"How in the hell did you manage to talk him into coming to Gypsy Cay?" he asked.

"A little cocktail of seduction and greed," I explained. "It would have worked even if I hadn't used my voice."

"I owe you," Damon said softly, and I understood he meant it.

"Human, I just signed this man's death warrant. I have to know. What did he do to your sister?"

I thought for a second he wouldn't answer me. The silence on the other end of the phone was deafening. At last, he found his voice. "Are you looking for justification?"

"I suppose."

"Then meet me at the Pearl. I'll be in the back room. Tell Janko I'm waiting for you. "

He disconnected the phone without saying goodbye.

The Pearl he referred to was a weathered shack on the nearest island to Gypsy Cay. The official name of the establishment was The Saltwater Pearl, but everyone just called it Pearl. The place had practically become a legend on the archipelago. A Centaur named Janko owned the bar. He had long since left his kind to mix with the general population of the islands. I asked Janko once why he had left his tribe, considering he knew he faced life banishment from the equines. He told me their strict code of conduct suffocated him. He wanted to experience new adventures. I understood that motivation. I heard he had a steady stream of human females pouring into his bar on any given night. I guess you never get too old for horsy rides.

If I were so inclined to the equine breed, I'd definitely be interested in taking a bareback ride with Janko. He was a magnificent creature with his black mane and glistening body, but I didn't trust Centaurs. Not even Janko.

I entered the bar with my survival instinct in full awareness mode. The place was packed, mostly humans looking for a little excitement

with the locals. The Saltwater Pearl served as a pick-up spot for those wishing to cross over to the wild side of life.

With its highly mobile and often inebriated clientele, it also became a great spot for an ambush. I knew from Kai that human bounty hunters lurked at the Pearl to pick up paranormals that had crossed into human territory illegally, at one time or another, and had a reward on their head.

You see, that's the sort of things Centaurs do; they play both ends against the middle. If it helps their cause, they have no guilt in giving up other paranormals. As a rule, they do protect the equine community, but the laws are hard, and punishment for disobeying them brutal. It's not unheard of for the Centaurs to turn on one of their own kind.

Janko would give me up in a heartbeat if it meant earning a few dollars. And I happened to know there was a sizable reward for my capture in a couple of human cities. It made sense a few bounty hunters might make a trip to Gypsy Cay to collect.

The Saltwater Pearl was nothing spectacular. The furnishings consisted of little more than driftwood accents nailed on the walls and too many chairs pushed haphazardly together in a smoke filled room. Tonight the Pearl was filled with a capacity crowd. Janko stood behind the bar, serving a line of giggling human females sitting on the bar stools in front of him. He looked up when I entered, tossing his head in the direction of the back room. The girls practically swooned when his mane of ebony hair flicked across his muscular shoulders. I knew that little act of well rehearsed seduction would earn him extra tips for the night.

I passed through the throng of patrons into the small sectioned off room that Janko kept reserved for men like Damon.

Or smugglers.

Or pirates.

Or anyone who needed privacy to conduct nefarious business. The Pearl's management didn't care if you discussed legal business, or

not. As long as you kept ordering drinks, and paying the tab, you could use a table in the back room for whatever purpose you devised.

The human waited for me in the back booth, with his back facing the wall. I slid into the booth beside him and he looked surprised. I smiled at him. “You don’t expect me to leave my back exposed, do you?”

“I would protect you,” he assured me in his expressionless manner, although I thought his cold eyes seemed a degree warmer as he looked at me tonight. He sighed. “Damn it to hell. I thought if I met you here, where I’d constantly have to watch our backs, I couldn’t concentrate on your seductive qualities.”

“It’s not working?” I asked innocently, turning my full Syren stare on him. I was playing with fire and couldn’t stop myself. Something about this human struck a chord in me, but I couldn’t deny the fact I loved Kai. Of itself, that revelation had come as a shock, but amazingly, I found this human very nearly as compelling to me as my voice is to his was to his kind.

I needed to take time for a visit home soon. To speak with my ancients. I needed to understand this addiction I had developed for human males. Deep in my psyche, I knew I didn’t want to lose the Sea Guardian, and I doubted he would overlook my obsession for humans much longer. I needed to come to terms with my habit, but I knew it wouldn’t be tonight.

Damon took my hand in his, placing it directly over the raging hard-on that strained at the zipper of his jeans. “Does it feel like it’s working?” he asked.

My fingers stroked him through the soft denim. “Do you want to go somewhere else?”

“What about the Guardian?” he asked me, his fingers gently removing my hand from his crotch.

“He won’t like it,” I answered truthfully. “But he won’t kill you, if that’s what you’re asking.” I gave him a playful wink. “At least not yet.”

Damon was about to reply when one of Janko's waiter's sauntered up to the table with an insolent expression on his face. He looked human, but I sensed an otherworldly force within him. Strange creature with his silver-green almond shaped eyes. I wondered what manner of living thing he could be, if indeed he was living, and not one of the shadowy vampire species. Gypsy Cay was sanctuary for paranormals from every corner of the globe, and I hadn't run into all of the varieties yet.

Damon didn't quite meet his gaze when he ordered our drinks. Interesting. I'd have to ask about that later, but for now, I'd come to hear the evidence on a man I would be luring to his death. I needed to know I'd made the right decision.

As if Damon could read my mind, he withdrew a packet of 4 X 6 photographs out of his pocket, handing them to me without a word. As I looked at the photos, I understood why he didn't say anything. If a picture was worth a thousand words, then Stanley Bertram deserved to die twice. I forced myself to look at all of them, before I handed the pictures back, giving him a solemn nod.

"He'll be with his bodyguards, of course, but I couldn't find a way to avoid that." My gaze slipped to the outline of Damon's pistol that he hadn't made any real effort to conceal. "I didn't think that would be a problem for you."

"I can handle it."

"He's arriving at Gypsy Cay's eastern harbor. I'll meet him and use my voice to keep his party in a light stupor. You're going to have to devise an accident, or mysterious disappearance. If you kill him openly, you won't leave this island alive."

"I'll think of something," Damon said, fishing a few dollars out of his front pocket. He tossed them on the table and stood up, pulling me along with him. "Now, let's find somewhere a little more private. Preferably as far from the ocean as possible."

I laughed, but a little frisson of fear shimmied through me. I didn't know how much more Kai would stand for. And when the shark's

anger controlled him, no solution other than death would settle the dispute.

Chapter 4

Damon took me to a trendy hotel that had been built specifically for the tourist trade. It was run by a pack of jackals, and had the look of an upscale hot sheets special. I'd never been inside the place since living on the island. To my knowledge neither had Kai, but then, we hadn't always been an item. In fact, the item status had only taken effect since Damon entered the scene. Something about this human got under the shark's skin almost as much as he got under mine, albeit for different reasons. Kai normally laughed at my obsession for the humans, and wore himself out proving he was a far superior lover than their kind. I gave my head a little shake, pulling myself out of my reverie. I didn't want to think about the Guardian right now. I'd make it up to him somehow. I just needed a little more time with this human.

As if he read my mind, Damon turned to me. "Oh damn baby, don't have second thoughts. I'm not sure I could stand it. Hell, I'm willing to face a shark for you. Does that say anything about how bad I need you?"

I understood need. My need for him seemed strong enough to tear me apart. Why couldn't the world be simple? Why couldn't I have them both? That brought a grin to my face. What a delicious thought. The images of having both of them make love to me simultaneously made my knees weak. I was breathing hard just imagining it.

Damon curiously watched the play of expressions cross my face as I daydreamed of the ménage scene between the three of us. "Wow! I hope I'm in that fantasy." He hurriedly unlocked the door to our room, then stepped back for me to enter.

“You and the shark,” I purred in my most seductive tone, wondering why I’d never tried a ménage a trois on for size.

His eyes rolled back from the sound of my voice, and he shivered. “I don’t think the shark would go for that.”

“You’re right, he wouldn’t,” Kai said, stepping out of the shadows with a scowl on his face. He looked so big and predatory he took my breath away. He advanced on Damon like a male intent on doing bodily harm. I knew I had to do something fast before one of the two did something irretrievably stupid. Like killing one another.

I could subdue Damon with my voice, but that would give Kai an advantage, and he’d take it. I didn’t want the human killed for something he couldn’t help. On the other hand, Damon was quite capable of defending himself, and I didn’t want to see Kai hurt either.

I stepped between them as they circled one another. “Don’t do this,” I pleaded. “I love you, Guardian, but I need him.” I pointed to the human. “I’m going to visit my ancients soon, to find how to break my addiction to these creatures. Just for you, Kai.” I looked into his turbulent eyes. “Just for you.” I looked straight at him so he would know I was telling the truth.

Kai hesitated, his breathing heavy. “What do you want, Enlora?”

“I want you both,” I answered truthfully. “Right now, I want you both.”

Kai stood his ground, staring at me with his expression so carefully shielded I couldn’t begin to imagine what he thought about my answer. A single tear rolled down my cheek. I didn’t want to lose Kai, but I needed the human so badly it hurt. The pain was payback I thought, for all the times I’d carelessly used humans for my shallow enjoyment.

“It hurts,” I said simply, another tear slipping down my cheek.

Kai’s fingertips brushed the tear from my cheek then he licked his fingertips tasting the salty liquid so like his beloved sea. He sighed heavily. “You know I’ll do anything for you, Enlora. If this joining will ease your pain, then I’ll let the human live.”

“You humble me with your love, Sea Guardian,” I answered formally, giving him the respect his heritage demanded. He looked at me with both surprise and pleasure eddying in his expressive eyes.

Damon was an intelligent man. He knew he’d just witnessed a ritual of important significance. He also understood of all the paranormals on the island, the Sea Guardians rank nearly as high as the gods. Their kind demands a certain deference from humans, as well as the paranormal community. Damon’s life had been spared only because the shark allowed it.

Damon lowered his head slightly but kept his eyes focused on Kai for any signs of an attack. “I understand this gift you bestow on me, Guardian. I will treat your woman with care. I offer her my services, and you my respect.”

“I accept,” Kai said with a simple dignity that became his rank. He reached out to shut the door of the hotel room with a decisive click.

I stepped forward and leaned into Kai, wrapping my arms around him, lifting my face for his kiss. As always, the shark picked me up. It was easier than him bending nearly double to reach me. I felt another pair of hands lifting me up to him, holding me as an offering while Kai put his hands on both sides of my face. He gave me a smile. “So I must prove to you once again, Enlora, that anything this human can do for you, I can do better.”

“Hey, now I don’t know about that, Guardian,” Damon said, but his voice stayed light. “We humans have a few tricks of our own, you know. The Syren might have trouble deciding which one of us is the best.” He lowered me enough his lips could plant a kiss on my bare shoulder. Still my feet were off the floor.

Kai uttered a low growl that plainly gave his opinion there would be no contest. “I’ll watch you fuck her, human. Maybe I’ll see what she finds so fascinating in you inferior creatures.”

I held my breath, waiting for Damon’s anger to explode.

“Inferior?” he asked incredulously. “No, I don’t think so. The day I can’t out-fuck a fish I’ll give up.”

Okay, they hadn’t killed each other yet. In fact, they were both smirking. Apparently this was some sort of male bonding only they understood. If women had insulted each other in that fashion, faces would be slapped and hair would be pulled by now. These two, ready to kill each other five minutes ago, now traded friendly insults and challenges. It’s not that I thought they’d developed a friendship. No. I knew better. They had found a way to accept my terms and make the best of them. Maybe even enjoy themselves. I knew I was going to enjoy both of them.

Behind me, Damon had moved his body closer, and lifted me higher, holding me for the Guardian to taste again. Damon’s lips brushed over my back as he moved suggestively against me, sandwiching me between them, as they both tasted my flesh.

After his kiss, the Guardian lowered me back to the floor. When my feet touched, he gathered the hem of my dress in his hands, bunching it slowly in his fists, pulling it higher and higher until my thong and naked hips were revealed to Damon who now stood at some distance behind me. He was testing the human to see what he would do. Damon stood motionless. Showing respect. Waiting until the Sea Guardian invited his participation.

I saw the glimpse of a smile that brushed Kai’s lips and I knew then it would be okay. He enjoyed his power, knowing he alone had the key to our pleasure. Ready to move on, Kai bunched the rest of my dress in his hands, pulling it over my head. Naked, except for the thong I wore, he turned me to face Damon. I could feel the coolness of the air conditioning vent blowing from overhead against my bare breasts. My nipples went hard at the cold stream of air and pebbled into inviting little nubs, begging to be kissed.

Kai took both of my breasts in his hands, cupping them, wordlessly offering them to Damon. The human stepped forward, placing his mouth over my left nipple, and Kai moved his hand away,

only to pinch my right nipple gently, rolling it between his thumb and finger, while Damon sucked and nibbled on the left.

The sensation was so strong it nearly hurt, but Kai trapped me against his body, not allowing me to pull away from their combined assault. He wanted me to get the full effect of their efforts.

I squirmed, overcome with the knowledge of two men pleasuring my body. A hand slipped into my thong and knew it was Kai when I felt the rough texture of his skin slide across my clit with a lover's familiarity. He knew just how to touch me. As Damon's mouth sucked at me, Kai's fingers rubbed me back and forth, stroking me with alternate hard and soft motions that had me standing on tiptoe trying to find relief.

"Patience, Syren," he whispered in my ear. The feel of his warm breath sent shivers down my spine.

Kai backed off, letting Damon explore my body with his mouth. He kept an eye on us even as he liberated himself from the clothes he was forced to wear when he wasn't in the sea. Through my half closed eyes, I could see the texture of Kai's skin had roughened, a sure sign he'd got turned on by watching our sex play.

Damon was still fully clothed. He hadn't taken time to undress. Instead, he buried his face between my thighs, his tongue lapping at me with insistence, pushing his way inside my pussy, tasting the nectar of my body.

Kai waited until my legs began to tremble then he moved me away from Damon's mouth. A little punishment I thought, keeping me from fully exploring my building orgasm. The shark lifted me in his arms, carrying me to the bed. He lay me down on top of the spread, nudging my legs apart and inserting his fingers where only moment's ago Damon had been laving me with his tongue.

"Undress human," Kai ordered roughly, his eyes churning with ocean currents even though he was on dry land. The predator within him nearly broke the surface, wanting to swim free. "She needs you to

fuck her.” His fingers parted inside me, spreading my inner walls to prepare me for what would come.

Damon undressed, then crawled on the bed beside me, and Kai withdrew, but not before pulling my legs up so that my knees were bent and I spread open, ready for the human. I licked my dry lips, waiting to see who would make the next move.

Damon placed himself between my thighs, pushing his cock against my drenched pussy. He held my gaze, his blue eyes nearly violet with lust. I grasped his bare shoulders, ready for him, nudging my hips upward, urging him to enter me. He did. In one hard, steady thrust that buried his cock to the root in one solid movement. My body arched against his violent invasion, feeling him impossibly deep within me. I entwined my legs around his hips, encouraging him deeper as he began thrusting into me over and over, letting his need pound me into the soft mattress. I writhed under him, my inner muscles wanting more, burning with my need to release.

And when I was almost there, Kai whispered a soft command. “Stop.”

Damon gave me one or two more strokes before he withdrew and I moaned in agonized frustration. “No,” I whispered pleadingly. “No.”

“On your back,” Kai said. I realized in fevered confusion that he was talking to Damon. To me he said, “Ride him.”

I crawled on top of Damon, settling myself over his erection. He bucked his hips up to meet me, using his hands to pull me downward while he thrust upward. Once again he fully sheathed himself inside me and stroked hard. I bounced up and down desperately, determined to have an orgasm before the shark stopped us again. I was hovering right on the brink when I felt Kai’s hands begin to caress my back. His skin felt rougher than normal, letting me know he enjoyed directing our sex scenes.

“Bend forward,” he ordered, gently pushing me down so that my ass was easily accessible to him while Damon still filled the inside of my cunt. Stabs of fear and desire shot through me at the thought of

both men inside my body simultaneously. Kai's fingers parted my cheeks, then began stroking me with a lubricating gel that felt cool against the warm roughness of his fingers. He dipped one finger inside my ass, and I clenched against the invasion, full as I already was with Damon's large erection. Suddenly, I wasn't sure I could take both of them at once.

Damon put his hands on my hips, anchoring me against him tightly so that I couldn't move my ass from its upturned position. Instead of Kai's penis I felt something cool and round pushed into my anus. I gasped, squirming at the sensation, and my movements shoved Damon even deeper into my sheath. Then, what felt like another marble pushed into my ass, this one a little larger than the first.

"What are you doing?" I asked, my voice husky with the raw sexual pleasure the balls were unleashing within me.

I felt pressure again at the tight hole, making me jerk forward reflexively, as another, still larger, bead entered the forbidden zone along with the tip of Kai's finger.

Kai leaned forward with his hand encircling the back of my neck. I could feel his chest against my naked back. "Pearls from Atlantis," he explained in a whisper at my ear. "Strung on a strand of mermaid hair, twelve of them, each one larger than the other. When the human makes you climax, Enlora, I'll pull them out one at a time until you scream with pleasure."

I shivered, tensing as the next ball was inserted, along with the full length of Kai's finger. He wiggled his finger around, moving the pearls teasingly. I groaned, the sensation felt like nothing I'd ever experienced before and I noticed that sweat had popped out on Damon's forehead. He was breathing like a long distance runner. I realized the movement of the pearls must have been pressing on the head of his penis through the thin membrane of flesh inside my body. He gave me a couple of hard strokes, and I could feel the pearls shift before Kai's finger moved them back to the spot he wanted them to stay.

“Got a lot more to fit in there,” he taunted seductively. “And they only get bigger, Enlora.”

I shook with anticipation, wanting Damon to fuck me hard, wanting Kai to pull the pearls. I needed them both. Damon began moving, short but urgent strokes that kept my ass bouncing so Kai had to work at getting the pearls inserted in my body, but he didn’t stop us, or tell Damon to slow down.

“I’m full,” I said at last, unable to see how one more object could fit inside of me but Kai wasn’t having it. He knew when he entered my body later that I’d be a lot fuller, but for now, he was playing with me. He enjoyed watching the beautifully colored Atlantis pearls disappear into my tight ass on his whim. I knew he relished the idea of pulling them out slowly, watching them turn my orgasm into a painful ecstasy.

I’d heard the stories about Atlantis pearls but never had them used on me. They were supposed to be magical, causing an orgasm so strong as to be dangerous. Now I wondered how many were left. I didn’t think I could hold another pearl but Kai proved me wrong.

“Last one,” he said softly. “Relax, Enlora. Let me pleasure you as you’ve never been pleased. I meant to save these for our eternal joining, but I will gift them to you early.”

Eternal joining? Did the shark actually just propose marriage? I clenched tighter than a drum, squishing the pearls together, which must have had a seriously pleasant effect on the human. He groaned as if he were in pain and began moving inside me so hard I thought he would shove the pearls back out of my body. Suddenly, I understood why each was larger than the other.

Kai watched Damon fuck me seriously while I still had the silken cord and one last sea pearl left outside my body. I could feel it smacking against my ass as Damon thrust into me, over and over, me bouncing up and down on his rigid cock like riding a bucking horse. At last, Kai reached out to stop our movements, pushing down on my back as a warning we should stop.

He drew the moment out, making me wait, making me wonder how large the last pearl was. His fingers traced down the cleft of my ass, and he teasingly tugged on the cord, flooding me with the most intense sensation I'd ever felt. I had Damon's large penis throbbing inside of me while Kai applied a hint of pressure against the entrance of my ass.

"Last one," he said again. I felt the cool slide of lubrication gel channel down the crack of my hips as he began to push with deliberate slowness. I held my breath against the sensation of the large cold ball being twisted into the tight confines of my hole. It seemed impossible to stop my inner muscles from clenching and releasing in a rapid motion. My body tried to force the intruding objects out, while fingers and cocks were pushing in. I groaned, shifting and bucking and being held by eager hands and mouths as I lost myself in a tidal wave of pleasure.

Both men wrapped around me now, touching everywhere, kissing every available space of skin they could reach. I couldn't tell who kissed me where. Didn't care at this point. I trembled with sensation, stretched to the breaking point, riding on a wave of sensual pleasure so hard it felt painful. Still, my orgasm remained just out of reach.

Damon began stroking me hard, giving me no room to avoid the feeling of fullness pushing at me from front and back. The inflexible pearls sharpened the awareness of his thrusts, allowing me to feel the full effect of his power. At last, I felt the initial wave of orgasm overtaking me, and I shuddered with the first jolt of pleasure. Kai held the back of my head down against Damon's shoulder anchoring me to him so that I couldn't move away as he tugged gently on the strand of pearls. I jerked instinctively with the first searing bolt of pleasure, half screaming as he popped the largest pearl out of my body causing a delightful liquid burning sensation to release through me.

I'd never felt anything like it.

Nothing.

I thought I would die from the sexual gratification.

And it wasn't only me. The human had reached his capacity for delight, even though he mindlessly pounded into me, groaning each time Kai tugged a pearl out of my body. The vibration of the pearls along with my voice had Damon nearly over the edge, ready to die with a smile on his lips. He shot his semen into me and collapsed, dropping back on the pillow, gasping for breath, hands fisted into the covers.

Kai gently disengaged me from the human and pulled me into his arms, his lips curved in a smile. "My turn, Enlora."

Chapter 5

While Damon recovered, Kai took me into the shower. The shark would always find water if possible. Plus, I had the suspicion he wanted to wash the human off me as a symbolic gesture of his territorial claim. It really didn't matter. I wanted Kai buried as deeply into me as he would fit. I would leave it up to him where he wanted to enter me.

He looked at me for a long moment, a smile flittering across his hard mouth. "You enjoyed the pearls." It was a statement, not a question.

I shivered just thinking about them. "Yes."

He turned from me, adjusting the water so the spray stayed mildly warm. Motioning me inside the stall, he waited until I was under the stream of water before he dialed the showerhead to a pulsating burst that carried so much pressure it stung my skin. I gasped, pulling back from the spray, my nipples beading into sensitive points that throbbed with need to be touched.

"Sorry, did that hurt?" he asked, dropping a gentle kiss over my left nipple.

"No," I murmured and he playfully bit down with just enough force to make me grab his shoulders. I thumped him hard. "Ouch, that did."

He chuckled, his teeth sliding off the sensitive nipple so he could turn his attentions to my right breast. He pulled the tip into his mouth sucking hard, pushing it against the roof of his mouth as he stroked it with his rough tongue.

I sank my nails into his shoulders, threw my head back and let him lead me to another orgasm. He licked, sucked and nibbled until I wasn't certain I could stand any longer and that's when he turned me to face the wall.

I leaned against the tiles for support, wondering what he would do next, and half hoping I'd feel the pressure of pearls being inserted into my body once again. Instead, Kai ran his hands over my shoulders, down my back and across my hips while he lathered me with flower scented soap. He was careful to wash the previous residue from me, wanting to start fresh in his own juices.

I spread my legs for him, feeling his long fingers work their magic against my clit as he rubbed back and forth. At times, he inserted two fingers into my pussy, stroking me softly, making sure he hit the g-spot on each exploration.

Scrubbed until I was clean enough to squeak, he pulled me out of the shower, toweling me off before carrying me back to the bed.

Damon still looked wasted. He lay stretched out on his back with his eyes closed. When he felt the pressure of our bodies on the bed, he half opened his eyes to glance in our direction, smiling when he noticed I smelled fresh from the shower. With lazy contentment, he rolled on his side, reaching over to tweak my nipple as Kai lowered me to the mattress.

"Pay attention, human, you might learn something," the shark said, straddling me as I lay on my back.

He pushed into the damp folds between my legs and I saw the flicker of surprise on Damon's face. His cock was an inspiring size, but Kai's could only be described as massive. There was no way he could thrust it into me all at once without causing pain.

Damon leaned up on his elbow, watching closely now, his attention divided between the opening of my body and the expression on my face. "You okay?" he asked softly, reaching over to brush his fingertips across my nipples.

"I will be," I assured him as Kai pushed slowly, just a little,

waiting until my skin surrendered enough to handle him. When he felt my muscles softening, he would pull back out, then return to my entrance again, pushing the thick head of his cock a little deeper with each new attempt.

“She has to stretch for me,” he said huskily, never taking his eyes from mine, enjoying the ritual of our bodies melding into one.

“Damn, baby, makes me hurt just watching you take that,” Damon said, his eyes focused on the joining of my body with the shark’s.

Kai began his soft lovers chant, lowering his hands under me until they grasped my hips so that I couldn’t pull away from him. The moment was close, very close. I bit my lip and lifted my legs to wrap around the guardian’s thighs.

He pulled out of me with an excruciatingly slow movement, and my body released him unwillingly, hesitating to lose the ground he’d gained with his measured thrusts.

“Are you ready, Enlora?” he asked in a guttural voice that sent tremors of anticipation chasing down my body.

“Please,” was all I could say as his hips pressed forward once again and he plunged deep. It felt like he split me wide open as he buried himself fully into my body. He lay there motionless, waiting, feeling my inner muscles lose their tension as they adjusted to his bulk.

He rested above me on his elbows, stroking my hair, speaking to me in that strange musical language of his race until I bucked up against him, urging him to move.

Reaching down, he positioned my leg over his hip, holding it there while he shoved into me, over and over. I made whimpering animalistic sounds of pleasure that inflamed Damon enough he took a chance of touching me, kissing me, and gently biting me, wherever he could find a vacant patch of skin Kai temporarily neglected.

“Turn her back to me,” Damon suggested, and Kai rolled us over, offering me on top as Damon had earlier. He pulled me down on his chest so that my ass became easily accessible for Damon’s enjoyment.

“Where are those pearls?” Damon asked.

I felt Kai miss a stroke, and his back stiffened before he let the unintentional affront pass. “Atlantis pearls are sacred human. You’ll have to find something else to offer the Syren.”

Damon stroked his fingers down the cleft of my ass, ringing my anus, pushing his unlubricated finger inside. “Have you ever put that monster in here?” he asked curiously. “Doesn’t feel like it. She’s tight.”

Kai kept moving, stroking in and out with an unhurried rhythm that had me trying to push against him, trying to hurry him, but he held me steady, moving at his own pace. He was well aware he drove me crazy with his deliberately slow movements. “That’s forbidden in our culture until the wedding night,” he explained, never missing a stroke.

“I’d like to see how you’re going to do it,” Damon said, pushing two fingers into my hole. “I don’t think there’s any way you’re going to stretch this little beauty wide enough to handle you, shark. It’s not possible.”

He moved his fingers in and out, burying them to his knuckles. It felt so good I bucked against Kai and found an angle that crushed my clit against him with every rocking motion of my pelvis. It felt like heaven being filled with Kai’s erection, and Damon’s insistent fingers, while my clit was being massaged with every move I made. I rocked as hard as I could, watching Kai’s face as he fought the urge to pound me into a climax.

His breathing quickened. I could tell he was getting aroused by my frenzied movements and thinking about putting his oversized cock in my ass. I’d always thought he held off because of his size. I didn’t know it was a taboo in his tribe. At least a taboo until marriage.

“Why wait until your wedding night? Damon asked curiously. “What if the Syren can’t take you? What happens then?”

“It’s part of the joining. Enlora will endure it,” Kai growled, looking into my eyes for confirmation. “I’ll make sure she enjoys it.”

“You mean it’s like consummating your vows?” the human continued persistently, trying to understand the foreign custom of the sea people.

“Yes,” Kai answered, “it’s a part of the ritual.”

“So, don’t you think you should try it to see if it fits?”

“You want to watch me fuck the Syren’s ass?” Kai asked with amusement. “Is that it?”

“I...well...*hell yes*,” Damon admitted. “I’d like to watch that.”

Kai held me motionless, his golden eyes bright with the thought. “Syren?”

I was scared. With Kai being difficult enough to take in my pussy, how would I ever handle him in my ass? Still, it wasn’t like I was virginal. There had been other backdoor visitors. And apparently, it would happen sooner or later, if not now, on our wedding day.

“We can try,” I offered. “But when I say stop, we stop. Agreed?”

“Today we can stop if necessary, but it has to be fully consummated on our wedding night,” Kai said, his expression serious. “It is the law.”

I knew the sharks had unbreakable rules about their eternal joining, and I assumed having anal sex on our wedding night was one of them. Though I couldn’t imagine the reasoning behind it. “If I can’t take all of you, Guardian, then we’ll have to practice until I can.” I smiled at him. “I want our wedding night to be perfect for you.”

“I’ve gotta ask,” Damon said, apparently as curious as me. “How in hell did you ever get a custom of anal sex on your wedding day? Not that it’s a bad custom,” he hastened to add.

Kai stroked me again, in short, firm little thrusts that had me trembling on the edge of an orgasm. His penis had taken on the rougher texture it normally did when he hovered on the brink of his climax. I hoped he would empty everything from his scrotum, that way his penis wouldn’t be quite so large when he butt fucked me.

His breath came fast, but he managed to answer Damon in a breathless whisper.

“Only a worthy mate can take a shark in her ass. A human would die from it. It’s going to be tough for the Syren, but her kind and mine have married before, so I know it’s possible. A female shark has no trouble accepting our size.”

Damon pulled his fingers out of my ass with a soft wet suctioning sound, leaving me wanting more, nearly wild with some unnamed need that drove me into a frenzy of motion, desperate to climax on the shark’s rough skinned cock.

“Basically it’s designed to keep you mated to your own kind.”

“That seems to be the theory behind it,” Kai admitted breathlessly, his strokes violent now, as needful as mine as he impaled me time after time. He shifted on the bed, his wide chest rippling as he pumped me up and down on his shaft. He bounced me with his arms, pulling me high enough that his erection barely stayed within my body. Then he pulled me down until I ground against his pubic hair, feeling it grind against my clit like fine sandpaper.

I broke first, spiraling into a wave of orgasm that carried me to oblivion. I thrashed and moaned as Kai helped me ride on his textured cock to my completion. He stroked my hair as I lay on his wide chest, my head under his chin. Our bodies were still joined. They would remain so until he made a conscious effort to pull out. He was much too large to slide out without help, and he hadn’t climaxed yet. I knew he was saving himself.

I felt hands on my back, gently tugging me away from the Guardian and I allowed myself to be limply pulled from his grasp.

Damon kissed me gently, then positioned me face down on the bed, pulling the two large pillows out from under the covers. He raised my hips, stuffing the pillows under me so that my ass tented in the air.

“She’s going to need more than her own cum to lubricate her,” he said.

Kai nodded in agreement, opening the bottom drawer of the nightstand beside the bed. He pulled out a small cellophane wrapped

basket filled with sexual aids. Compliments of hotel management.

“What the fuck?” Damon asked incredulously.

Kai chuckled at his surprise. “This is Gypsy Cay, human. Sex is practically the national pastime. Any one staying at this hotel is here for a fuck. They’re not going to need shampoo or toothpaste.”

Damon unwrapped the cellophane from the basket; pulling out a couple of condoms, glow in the dark, and ribbed. A small bottle of ultra lube, a chocolate flavored massage oil, anal cream and lubricant, and a purple soft gel dildo with the hotel logo printed on the side.

Kai held it up with a smile. “This might be helpful.”

Damon turned the switch on the base and it began to hum. “Oh yeah,” he breathed. “This is gonna be fun.”

Kai crawled back onto the bed, putting his legs on either side of my thighs. “Get the extra pillows from the closet,” he instructed Damon. Taking them he shoved them under my hips along with the other two.

I was in an inverted v shape now, my ass high in the air. I could feel the two of them contemplating what to do, and I quivered with nerves, anticipation, and a little fear.

Damon started stroking my ass, dipping his hand between my legs to keep my clit sensitive to his touch. He opened the jar of lubricant and parted my cheeks. Starting high, he squeezed the lube so that a small river of slick wetness poured down my ass, pooling in the entrance to my anus.

I trembled, wanting it to begin, yet afraid for it to begin. Lying face down, ass over head, I felt vulnerable in the extreme. “Guardian?” I whispered anxiously, pushing my hips upward in a silent plea for action.

“This will take time, Syren,” he whispered gruffly, inserting one lubricated finger into my ass.

I bucked back against him, shoving him as far as I could get him into my body, feeling his finger deep inside searching for that one little spot that released all my pleasure zones at once.

He twirled his finger playfully then removed it, and I groaned with frustration. His hand returned, and the pressure grew stronger, two fingers this time. It twinged a bit, still feeling too damn good to be considered painful.

Damon's hands massaged my back, my shoulders, my neck, dipping under my ribs to play with my nipples as they were crushed into the mattress. He watched Kai's hands, and when he inserted the third finger, Damon pinched my nipples lightly. I jerked back against Kai's hand in a reflexive gesture then bucked forward trying to get away from the pressure of those rough shark fingers.

"You're not going anywhere, baby," Damon crooned softly. "We're gonna get you ready for your wedding night. You know we won't hurt you. Just relax and enjoy this."

Kai removed his fingers, and I heard the hum of the dildo as he turned it to a low setting. I prepared myself for its invasion and felt him part my hips so he could watch it enter my body.

Damon kept gentle force on my nipples, teasing them, twisting them carefully as he leaned down to watch Kai yield the dildo in my ass. I heard him draw in his breath on a swift intake of pleasure as the pointed tip of the gel toy speared the puckered flesh and began rotating toward its destination, being pushed on relentlessly by Kai's insistent hands.

I tried to draw away from the assault as it crept deeper than I'd expected, but Damon wouldn't let me run from it. He held my hips steady for Kai, breathing heavily in appreciation of the show.

"How fucking deep is it?" he whispered, leaning down to kiss my shoulder, his teeth biting me gently as Kai urged the dildo further into my body.

"About ten inches," Kai responded, his voice breathy with sex. "Length isn't going to be the problem."

I felt stuffed, surely that was all of it. Ten inches up the ass was enough for anyone. I began to wiggle and Damon clutched me tighter. "Shhhh, lay still. Relax. You did fine until you heard how deep you're

taking it. It doesn't hurt, does it?"

I relaxed my muscles. No, it didn't hurt. Not really. It was a pleasant gently burning pressure that made me want...want...I don't know, more. More movement. More pressure. More *something*. Kai remained very gentle, pushing slowly, letting my body adjust with every spiraling inch. I suspected he was getting off on watching the probe disappear into my ass. They both were.

When the two of them uttered male gratification sounds I assumed the dildo had been buried to its limit. Kai left it there for a moment, motionless except for the soft vibrations of its battery powered motor. My anal muscles tightened desperately in an effort to dislodge the intruder. The hard clenching of my ass shot a white-hot bolt of sensation into my pussy, and I groaned. I wanted release, needed release. I wanted an orgasm while the dildo softly hummed against the sensitive inner walls of my body.

"Kai, I need you," I said in my most alluring voice.

His answer was to turn the vibration up on the toy. My hips jerked off the pillows, and I whimpered as Kai's hand found my clit, and he stroked me into one of the hardest orgasms I'd ever experienced in my life.

When I came down from the high, I lay boneless, unable to move, limp as a noodle. It was exactly what the shark wanted. He gently pulled the rocket out of my ass and rose up on his knees, positioning himself behind me, gripping his cock in his fist. I felt him lean forward rubbing the head of it against my hole. Stretched from the dildo, he penetrated the outermost circle with the tip of his erection. He hadn't buried the head, not even close and I felt like I couldn't stretch any wider. I whimpered and he pushed enough to break the barrier, popping the swollen head through the puckered ring.

"Oh fuck, Kai!" I screamed. "Stop."

He gentled me, rubbing my shoulders, kissing a line up my spine, speaking to me in his ancient language while I tried to adjust to the thickness of him. He remained on his knees with the head of his cock

impaled in my ass, sweating from the effort he put forth not to push inside.

Damon was breathing as hard as Kai, turned on by the show. He leaned down beside me, kissing me, burrowing his head under my shoulders and holding me up so he could suck at my nipples. The sharp tugging on my breasts sent a stabbing pain of need straight to my pussy. I clenched, hard, my muscles tightening and pushing and tugging at the sensations battering my body.

I heard Kai make a raw, helpless sound of surrender and he began coming. He instinctively pushed inward, partially burying himself as he shot a load of hot spray into my throbbing ass. It was pleasure, it was pain and I rode both with a scream of release. Overwhelmed by the sensations, I must have fainted. When I woke up, I lay on my back and both men gently washed me with cool cloths, wiping my hair back from my face. Cleaning the sticky residue from between my legs.

“You okay?” Kai asked worriedly.

“Wonderful,” I murmured, too lethargic to lift my head. “Did you get all the way inside?”

Damon laughed at that. “Syren, you got a lot of practicing to do before your wedding night.”

I scooted up on my elbows to look at them. “What are we going to do?”

They looked at one another. “Butt plug,” they said simultaneously.

Chapter 6

Butt plugs and revenge. An unusual combination to discuss, but the three of us discussed both before we left the hotel that night. It seems the two males, human and shark, thought the only way I would be ready for my wedding night was if I wore a butt plug to stretch my anal muscles. The plan involved keeping a plug in for several hours then graduate to a larger size each day until I'd reached the ability to take a plug nearly the size of Kai's stature. Secretly I was enthralled with the idea. My stomach fluttered and my ass clenched just thinking about wearing a plug while I performed on stage for all those people. It seemed so decadently naughty to be shaking my booty at all those men while it was filled with a plug. A plug lovingly inserted by the shark, or the human.

I knew from their discussion they would take turns inserting the toys and having sex with me while I wore a plug just to get me used to the feel of both holes being filled to capacity. However, as delightful as it all sounded, we'd agreed to take care of business before turning to pleasure.

I met Stanley Bertram and his entourage of three bodyguards at the terminal bright and early on Thursday morning. His insufferable arrogance came as no real surprise. He stood six feet tall, had dark hair streaked with premature gray, and a sharp-featured face with calculating eyes. His well-polished, if not naturally handsome, face exuded false charm and affability. His entire demeanor was a well-choreographed act on his part. I knew the inner man, and I saw a demon, evil beyond the scope of anything dwelling on Gypsy Cay. Still, knowing that, I used my power of seduction to keep him and his

bodyguards in a semi-state of arousal. After a few minutes of listening to my voice I could have sold him the islands, and he would have gladly written me a blank check just as long as I kept talking to him.

I felt Damon somewhere nearby but I couldn't spot him anywhere on the dock. He wanted to take out Bertram by himself, to make it personal, but I proposed another plan that would keep Damon free of any legal wrongdoing and exact a punishment that would fit Bertram's crime. But first, we had to get him into Centaur territory.

I didn't feel bad about the bodyguards that were going to get caught in the crossfire. They hadn't actually helped kill Damon's sister, but they knew what happened and did nothing to help her. However, they did help Bertram stage the death to look like a street crime, and then gave him an airtight alibi during the police investigation. I couldn't work up much sympathy for whatever happened to them. In their own way, they were each just as guilty for her death as their employer.

I ushered the men to my waiting car, making sure to keep small talk flowing between us the whole time, so they wouldn't lose their thrill from my voice. I'd give them a full tour of the island on their way to meet death. I wanted all of them relaxed because I had a feeling that Bertram was a survivalist. If he got the slightest hint something might be wrong, he'd bolt and run, cutting his losses. I figured that kind of attitude had helped him survive this far.

After leaving the visitor's dock, I drove my guests along the coastal highway, letting them get a tourist's view of Gypsy Cay. On the costal, the island looked like any normal tropical paradise. Bertram had begun to relax, slumping comfortably in his seat, watching the waves crash into the jagged rocks that dotted our shoreline.

As if playing along with my carefully choreographed plan, Gypsy Cay shimmered at its most beautiful, showing its soft side, like a woman waiting for her lover. Flower scented breezes whipped our hair through the open windows of the car. And high above the waves,

billowing white clouds floated across a limitless azure sky. For the moment, the island was truly paradise. It seemed unfathomable that anything evil could happen in such a place.

Turning inland, away from the ocean, I drove through the Phoenix aviary; where bright colored birds and exotic human formed Phoenixes looked at us with flame leaping in their eyes. Occasionally, a hand or feather would start smoking and bright fire would soar to life before being controlled by the firebirds. One of the bodyguards seemed unnerved by such displays of natural combustion. He had his face pressed against the window and kept repeating, “holy shit,” over and over, like a mantra, to protect him from what his brain couldn’t fathom.

“The Phoenix clan is basically harmless,” I told him, glancing in my rearview mirror to look at his pale face. “They spontaneously combust all the time. It’s not an act of aggression.”

He turned to look out the back window when we passed through the exit gates of their territory. “They look like fucking demons from hell with that fire in their eyes.”

I glanced over at Bertram who’d remained silent. He looked uncomfortable but not alarmed. He was obviously a strong willed man, willing to take reasonable chances to attain his goals. I smiled reassuringly at him, but he didn’t return my smile.

“This is paranormal territory,” I reminded the humans. “Being able to transform from beast to human, or ignite, or fly, along with any other number of seemingly strange things is normal here.”

“I won’t be coming back after this trip,” the guard said, his voice shrill with nerves. “This place gives me the fucking creeps.”

Bertram pointedly glanced at his watch ignoring the panicked guard. He seemed to be pissed off by the man’s attitude, but kept it to himself. At least for now. I imagined the guard would hear about it later, if given the opportunity. However, if things went as I expected, there wouldn’t be a later in his future.

“How much longer?” Bertram asked me and I knew the time had

come to make my move.

“We’re here,” I said at last, pulling the car into a cove where the beach was covered by pure white sand. Stanley Bertram gave a shocked gasp of surprise as he looked over the massive crop of crimson sea flowers growing within wading distance of the shore. I swept my hand down the long expanse of beach. “Beautiful, aren’t they? Would you like to get out and gather some of the flowers for your laboratory? I have an iced carrier in the back. You can select a pound of specimen to take back to the mainland with you. When your lab has tested the product you call me with your offer. Is that fair enough?”

Bertram looked dazed at the fortune in bloom before him. “A pound?” he asked, not certain he’d heard me correctly.

A pound of the sea flowers would be worth an extraordinary amount of money on the mainland. By the time they were laboratory processed, and turned into medicinal product, the price would be a modest fortune.

“Yes, as a gesture of my goodwill,” I said sweetly. All the men squirmed as my voice washed over them like a gentle orgasm. Good. I wanted them to stay in a constant state of arousal. Men with sex on their mind tended to ignore everything else, including danger.

“Go on, Mr. Bertram,” I coaxed. “Have yourself a look at my crop of cures.”

He got out of the car almost like a sleepwalker. All three of his men followed right behind him. I let them get a few yards before I popped the trunk and called through the open window. “Don’t forget to take the cooler with you. The flowers wilt fast.”

One of the guards dutifully returned for the cooler then hurried to catch up with the men striding along the sand. I watched them pass each marker without noticing, or maybe without caring about the warnings.

They had made it halfway down the beach now, and with the passing of two more groves of trees, they would be encroaching on

posted Centaur territory. To be caught trespassing was a serious ordeal in itself, but when Bertram's men began picking flowers, they would be breaking a law punishable by death. There would be no trial, and no jury, for the humans. Retribution would be swift and painful. Bertram would be torn to shreds by the Centaurs hooves. Even so, it would be easier than what he did to the lovely human woman.

Beyond the flowers I could see the dorsal fin of a shark circling in the waves. Kai was on duty, guarding the sea, guarding me, as I waited for the humans to meet their punishment. He would listen for my voice, and at the slightest sound of danger he would be on the beach should I need him.

I never doubted Kai's ability to save me if necessary. Even the Centaurs cowered under a shark's fury. A shark on land is no less dangerous than when he's swimming in the sea, and once his anger is invoked, death is certain to follow.

The three bodyguards stopped at the edge of the beach, all of them hopping around on one leg while taking off their shoes and rolling up their pants as far as they could manage. Bertram stood at the water getting the tips of his expensive Italian shoes wet. Even from the car I could see his excitement. I imagined that visions of unlimited fortune danced in his head. Still, he wasn't inclined to wade out to harvest the flowers. He'd let his bodyguards get wet.

A slight movement from the trees to my left caught my attention. I watched as Damon stepped from the underbrush, making sure to keep himself camouflaged from Bertram by the thick line of palms. I'd warned him to follow us, making certain he remained on neutral territory, just at the edge of centaur land. As it turned out, Damon didn't have to worry about being seen, Bertram riveted his attention on the billion-dollar crop of flowers in front of him. I wondered if he could even see the beauty of the flowers for the dollar signs in his eyes. I doubted it.

"You sure the Centaurs will find them?" Damon asked, glancing

down the beach with hatred twisting his normally expressionless face. He wanted to kill Bertram so badly he trembled from the effort to hold himself back.

“Oh yeah,” I said softly. “Can you not hear them? Already they are galloping this way.”

Damon strained to hear but shook his head. “I can’t hear anything.”

“Human,” I insulted him with a tease.

Moments later he tensed, looking in the direction of the pounding hooves. Hearing a herd of Centaurs is a frightening thing. Their hooves pound the ground like thunder, and their angry whinnies grow to shrieks of war when they are ready for attack. The men on the beach remained blissfully unaware. They could hear nothing over the roaring of the waves. The Centaurs would be on them before they realized they weren’t alone.

When the equines galloped onto the beach, two of the security guards drew their weapons. The third man that had been so frightened in the Phoenix aviary gave a screech of terror and began swimming out to sea. It wasn’t a good idea, I thought, sharks were in the water.

Bertram belligerently screamed threats at the Centaurs that had galloped into the water to haul the men back to shore. He didn’t want the horses trampling his flowers. One bodyguard raised his gun, firing toward the warriors. It was a fatal mistake on his part. He disappeared beneath the hooves of a Centaur and sank below the crimson flowers. I knew he wouldn’t surface again.

The other man raised his gun, turned it toward himself and fired. He too disappeared beneath the water, leaving Bertram to face the Centaurs on his own. The murdering bastard seemed oblivious to his own danger as he stood in the water, waving his arms and shouting obscenities at Kuna, leader of the equines.

Kuna leapt forward, rearing up on his hind legs. It was a frightening display of power, bulging muscles, and fury. His front hooves came down on the top of Bertram’s head, knocking him down

into the shallow waves. The screams of angry Centaurs echoed across the beach as they galloped in for the kill, each of them rearing and stomping until the water foamed red.

I glanced out to sea. The third bodyguard had disappeared and so had the shark's fin. "Better get in the car, human," I suggested. "We don't want to be sitting here when Kuna gets over his blood rage. He's going to want answers that we can't give him."

Damon got in the car, and I quickly turned around, speeding back in the direction of safety.

"Tell me again how this is going to protect us," Damon said. "There's going to be witnesses that saw you with Bertram."

"Yes, but other than the Centaurs, there are no witnesses to Bertram's death. They certainly aren't going to say anything, and when his body turns up on the shores of the mainland, along with his bodyguard, they will assume there was a boating accident."

"His body isn't going to float all the way back to the mainland," Damon said with a derisive snort.

I looked levelly at him. "Think about it human. It's a short distance. A very short distance for sea dwellers."

Damon's eyes widened, and he let out his breath as understanding dawned. "Is the Guardian going to haul Bertram's ass all the way back to the mainland underwater?"

I giggled at the thought. "Sea Guardians don't perform menial tasks, but one of the sea dwellers will make sure Bertram and at least one of his bodyguards get a tow back home to be found by the human authorities on their coast."

"Preferably the one without the bullet hole in his head," Damon remarked dryly.

"I think that's safe to assume," I answered with a smile.

"What happens to the other two? We don't want to take a chance of them being found."

I risked looking at the human for a moment before turning back to the road. Like all of his kind he could be painfully naïve. "They

won't be found," I assured him.

"How can you be so positive?"

"Trust me on this one. You really don't want to know," I answered.

His blue eyes narrowed. He seemed about to protest but he must have seen something in my eyes. He nodded his head slowly and looked away, staring out over the waves. I watched him suppress a shudder. He'd figured it out on his own.

Chapter 7

It was Friday night and Syren's Song had swelled to capacity with human clientele. Kai served drinks and talked to Damon, who found a seat at the end of the bar nearest the stage. I knew they were talking about me because they would frequently glance in my direction. Sometimes they would smile, and I imagined the two of them plotted what would come later, after the show. Kai had admitted to me it was a huge turn on for him to watch me fuck the human. He didn't understand it, but that's the way it had turned out. I knew that would last only as long as the human understood the shark stayed dominant and called all the shots. That wouldn't last long, I thought it was only a matter of time before Damon would challenge Kai. They were both alpha males. The confrontation would be inevitable.

Determined to enjoy our friendship while it lasted, I kept my voice to a pleasurable level. I didn't want the cops to bust the place tonight. Not when I had two gorgeous males ready to please my every whim. I just wanted to end my shift and go home so the guys could fuck me senseless.

As it turned out, we didn't make it home. After Kai shut down the bar, we made it all the way to my dressing room, and even that far took an effort for the three of us.

"I picked up something for you today," Damon said with a smirk of anticipation. He and Kai exchanged looks, and I felt my heartbeat stop with a little jolt before racing ahead eagerly.

I bit my lower lip wondering which one of them would get the honor of inserting the toy.

"I want you to fuck her in the ass before the plug," Kai said,

unbuttoning his shirt as he gave the order. “Enlora can suck my cock while you’re getting off.” He looked at me with the kind of hard look a man gets when he’s deep into sex. “Undress,” he ordered me, while unzipping his jeans.

I heard the human rattling plastic bags before he pushed me over the back of the low sofa. His hand trailed down my back, rubbing over my hips, between my legs to stroke my clit.

Kai had moved to the side, leaning against the wall, watching as Damon brushed the tip of his penis down the cleft of my ass. He moved it up and down a couple of times, teasing me. He had lubricated himself with something this time, something wetly slick, letting him easily glide between my hips until he stopped at the entrance of my rectum.

“Part her hips so I can watch you go inside,” Kai said quietly, his voice on the breathy side.

Kai’s penis jerked in appreciation when Damon’s cock pushed against the puckered entrance of my body. He popped inside the tight ring of muscle, and I gasped at the invasion. It always felt like the first time. Painful and burning, but it hurt so good I shoved back to meet him.

“Bury it,” Kai demanded. His hand lowered to his hard-on, stroking the thick shaft while he watched Damon’s swollen penis disappear inside my body so deeply that his testicles slapped against my hips with the pressure of his entrance.

Kai stood like that for a moment, stroking himself while he watched Damon push in and pull out, over and over, until I begged him to release me.

“No,” Kai said softly, moving away from the wall. He walked over to the sofa, getting up on his knees so that his cock would be easy for me to reach. “You need to learn some restraint, baby doll. You use humans for your pleasure and then throw them away. You toy with my affection. And you expect all males to jump to your whims, Enlora.” He lowered his handsome face to look me in the eye.

“You’re spoiled.”

Even though I knew he spoke the truth, I pretended to be shocked.

“You use humans because you can control them,” he added. “You’re not addicted to anything but getting your way, Syren. It’s time you learn to give, instead of take, and with the help of this human, I’m going to teach you what need really is.”

“No,” I whispered, feeling like I might die if I didn’t have an orgasm soon. “I’m hurting,” I assured him. “I need release.”

Damon sped up and I knew his climax must have been getting closer. My anal muscles clinched, protesting the battering he gave me with every stroke. My muscles clamped and spasmed around his shaft, sending jolts of lust into my pussy. Wetness pooled in my folds, ready to drip. If he would only touch my clit, I’d have an orgasm.

“You’ll survive,” Kai said with a wicked grin, taking my chin in his hand so that he could guide my face to his erection. With a little squeeze on my jaws he opened my mouth wide enough that he slipped the head of his engorged cock halfway down my throat.

“Suck me. Make me come, and then we’ll talk about your release.”

I sucked him. Hard. I wanted him to come fast so I could end this desperation. Damon was nearly there, a heartbeat away from ejaculating. His thrusts were getting uneven and desperate, shoving me forward with each push, which served to ram Kai deeper into my throat. I hummed softly, knowing the vibration would feel incredible on the head of the shark’s erection.

Kai groaned appreciatively and Damon shot his hot cum into my body. I stood on my tiptoes, wanting, needing, begging to come. *Touch my clit*, I thought silently. *Touch my clit*.

He didn’t. He shot into me and grasped my hips, holding me steady while he buried deeper. I couldn’t move. I felt trapped between two iron wills. Both were getting their satisfaction as I fought the torment of need. I wanted to climax so badly I could cry.

It made me angry. I fumed that the shark would deny me a climax.

Kai was right, I always got my way from males of any species. They pleased me before giving in to their own needs. And why shouldn't they? I'm worth it.

Then it occurred to me I had control of this situation. If I stopped sucking on Kai's cock, he'd have to wait like he was making me do. I gave him a spiteful little bite before holding my mouth still. In retrospect, I should have realized it wasn't a good thing to do to a shark.

I knew I'd pushed it too far when he growled low in his throat. It was a primal sound that made my skin crawl with fear. Kai grabbed a handful of my hair, giving me a little jerk to bury himself deeper in my mouth.

"Spank her. Hard."

I quickly began sucking again; using my best technique in the hope it would save me from the punishment.

It didn't.

Damon's hand came down solid on my bare ass. I flinched and jerked, but Kai's fingers wrapped solidly in my hair kept me from moving. Another blow landed on my vulnerable flesh, lower this time. When his hand crashed against me the third time, his fingers slapped against my swollen pussy lips. He could reach my cunt easily because of the angle of my stance, standing bent over with my feet flat on the floor and spread wide for balance. The sensation was incredible, pain mixed with excruciating pleasure—pleasure so sharp, so edgy, that it hurt nearly as much as my stinging flesh. He delivered every slap of his hand with his fingers curved to meet my outer pussy lips. They burned hotly, sensitive to the slightest touch. I *was* in pain now. I needed to be fucked into an orgasm. Quickly.

"Enough," Kai gritted through clenched teeth. I gave him my best blow job, rolling his thick head around the roof of my mouth, pushing him between my tongue and the ridges, swallowing him down my throat so he could feel my muscles consuming him with undulating motion.

He groaned in a sexy way that vibrated in his chest, sounding raw with emotion, as he emptied himself in hard bursts of ejaculation. When he quit pumping, he pulled out of my mouth and threw himself on the sofa, blowing his breath out hard.

“What am I going to do with you, Syren?”

“Fuck me,” I suggested, adding “please.”

“C’mere,” he ordered.

Pulling me down beside him on the sofa, he looked up at Damon. “You wanna show the Syren her toy?”

Damon rummaged around in the bag, pulling out a huge red butt plug with a pacifier bottom on it, complete with a ring so it could be tugged out on a whim.

“You’ll wear this until I take it out,” Kai instructed me, pulling me down across his lap like he too would give me a spanking. His hand rubbed my bottom, feeling the warmth remaining from Damon’s slaps. I lay docile across his knees, my ass readily accessible to him and the human.

“Where’s the lube?” Kai asked.

His words caused my butt cheeks to clench involuntarily.

He chuckled, running his fingertips between my legs to play over the tip of my clitoris. Still sensitive from Damon’s spanking, I jerked when he touched me. I desperately needed to feel him inside me, fucking me without mercy.

“I’ll hold her, human. You insert the plug.”

Damon sat down beside Kai. I felt his hands on my hips before I felt the cool gel wetness of lubrication being poured down the crack of my ass. Some of the thick liquid dripped onto my pussy, and Kai used it to oil my clit so that his fingers slid around the nub easily, never gaining enough pressure to finish my orgasm.

I felt the skinny tip of the plug being inserted into my anus, stretching the tight ring of muscles as it gradually increased in size. Damon took it slow and I knew both he and Kai were enjoying watching the large toy as it disappeared inch by inch into my

clenching buttocks. Kai's fingers were getting rougher, gentleness forgotten by his arousal as he watched Damon force the thick plug deeper.

I moaned and whimpered, squirming on Kai's legs. He put his hand flat on my back, pinning me down while Damon kept up his forcible entry into my ass. The pressure seemed unreal. My climax struggled back to the surface, fighting the war of pleasure/pain. Somehow I understood that the pain only made the pleasure more intense. At last, when I could stand no more stretching, the plug stopped, and my anal muscles settled around the curve in the bottom of the toy.

Just for fun, Kai gave the ring a little tug, eliciting a gasp of pleasure from me. He didn't tug hard enough to pull the plug out, just enough to put pressure on my exit muscles. They spasmed hard, trying to dislodge the large toy from my ass. I knew the pressure would grow to a nearly unbearable stage.

Kai gently picked me up from his knees, standing me in front of him.

"How does it feel, Syren?"

"It's pressure. Burning, clenching pressure," I whispered. "It hurts good."

"Maybe I should distract you until you get used to it," Kai said huskily, inserting one of his knees between my legs. I widened my stance until I straddled his lap, and he pulled me down to face him.

Sitting on his lap, with the plug filling me, he pulled me onto his erection, dipping the thick tip of his penis into the outer lips of my cunt. "Can you take me in that tight little hole while you're filled with the toy?"

I nodded, desperate to have his cock stroke me to a climax.

"We'll see," he said.

He pushed until the thick velvety head of his cock forced past my muscle barrier. I sucked in my breath, sinking my fingernails into his skin. The pain of my sharp nails inflamed the shark. I saw his beast

liberated within the swirling vortex of stormy waves that filled his eyes.

His human muscles quivered with the effort to hold the shark in control. He was slipping, slipping...and he yanked me down hard against him. I screamed, certain I was torn in two as his shaft buried itself in my womb, relentlessly fighting with the ass toy for space within my body.

He couldn't stop. He didn't give me time to adjust. He began stroking me, his hips bouncing off the sofa with every lunge he made to bury himself deeper. I couldn't move. I felt split apart by the pain, the pleasure, and the need. I'd never felt so desperate. I clawed like a wild thing, tearing at Kai's skin, hardly able to penetrate his thick hide, but leaving marks that seemed to push him over the edge.

Our climaxes crashed together like waves breaking on the shore. We met, mingled and mixed with a liquid violence that opened doors we'd never known existed. For a moment, I could see into Kai's soul. I felt what he felt; riding on the crest of an orgasm so violent it threatened his sanity. I felt my own consciousness shatter, and I think I was screaming when I passed out.

Chapter 8

It went that way for several nights, each inserting a larger plug then demanding their satisfaction before I was allowed to find my own. And at last, we achieved our goal and there were no more brightly colored bags from the toyshop. No more plugs, or dildos, to stretch me for the shark.

We snuggled in bed together, me sandwiched between the two males like the creamy middle of a familiar brand of cookie. “This is it, Syren,” Damon said a little breathlessly. “Tonight you take the shark and me both.”

I felt a little twinge of fear shoot along my veins along with the anticipation of pleasure.

“I’m ready,” I whispered, running my hand down Damon’s chest, feeling his muscles bunch and tighten as my fingers trailed a burning path straight to his raging hard-on.

I wrapped my hands around him, playfully squeezing and pumping him up and down while Kai spooned my body from the rear, reaching his hand over my hip to dip his fingers into my damp pussy. I wasn’t wet yet, but I was getting there. Just the thought of having two men inside me at once definitely turned on my faucet.

“Hey, you’re the backdoor man,” Damon reminded Kai. He trailed his hand down over my breasts, rolling and pinching them between his fingers before he traveled down my belly to put a fingertip on my clit.

“Yeah, you’re right. I forgot for a minute.” Kai removed his fingers and inserted one in my ass. “You think we should give this a test run before we both try to get inside?”

Damon inserted a finger into my vagina. “Oh man, she feels tight.”

“She’s always tight,” Kai answered, kissing the side of my neck tenderly, “but she stretches for us. Don’t you, Syren?”

I mumbled something incoherent, rubbing my back against Kai’s lightly haired chest, feeling his wonderful muscles down the length of my back. They both played with me, circling their fingers, so that I could feel them against the thin membrane of flesh that kept them apart.

“Two,” Kai said, inserting another finger into my anus.

My muscles flinched, but let him inside. I pushed back against him, rocking back and forth so that my clit rubbed against the heel of Damon’s hand. Damon pushed another finger into my pussy, grinning at whatever he saw in my eyes.

It felt incredible, the experience of their fingers working together to push against the inner membrane and find those spots that drove me insane. Kai found his golden spot at the same time Damon’s finger hit my trigger point, and I jerked, hissing with pleasure, rising off the bed with the powerful sensation.

Kai pushed me back down, holding me in place by sucking on my nipple so hard my lower muscles began clamping around his and Damon’s fingers. Damon took the other breast, sucking and biting until I drowned in the satisfaction washing over me.

They didn’t stop until I grabbed both of them by their hair and jerked hard enough they knew I needed a break. Both males gave throaty laughs of triumph, but they let my nipples rest while they dropped soft kisses on my face, shoulders, arms and finally my mouth. Each took a turn at my lips while the other trailed gentled fingers across my flesh until I stopped trembling.

“Ready?” Damon asked. His words caused goose bumps to dance across my heated flesh.

He didn’t allow me to answer. Instead, he drew one of my legs up over his hip and put his cock at the entrance of my pussy. “Are we

going to do this together? Or one at a time?" he asked, looking over my shoulder at the shark.

"Together," Kai answered, pulling my butt cheeks apart and nudging the head of his erection against my hole. He had already generously lubricated himself, and I wondered when he'd had time to do that, but I had been a bit distracted at times.

We lie on our sides, Kai behind me with his cock at my ass, Damon in front with my leg pulled up over his hip, making it easier for him and Kai to enter me simultaneously. Our legs tangled together collectively as we united into one.

Both males began pushing together, and my body protested the joint invasion. As two thick cocks breached my holes I tightened in fear and instinctively tried to draw away, but there was no place to go. Trapped between them, they kept pushing at me to let them enter.

Kai, the most insistent, penetrated first. His bulging head spread me until I stiffened from the pressure he delivered. And suddenly, the muscles of my ass surrendered to him. He rushed inside, burying deep, pushing fire through my body as his thick shaft relentlessly bore downward in its quest to reach the limit. He groaned with such raw gratification that I felt a wave of climax cresting to meet his enjoyment and suddenly I understood. I was the shark's true mate. I swam in his ocean of pleasure, feeling his tides as if they were my own. Even our heartbeats had synchronized, and I pushed back to take him completely. Groaning softly, trying to let him know what I felt.

"I know," he whispered hoarsely in my ear. "I feel it too."

"Damn, give me some room," Damon said, pushing his own way inside with an insistence that made me draw in a sharp intake of breath.

Kai moaned as if he were in pain, causing me to shudder. We were feeding off one another now. Pleasure paid back double then triple. I felt Kai's groin against my hips and knew he had buried himself to the limit. I wiggled lightly, feeling him jerk and swell with the movement.

Tired of waiting, Damon shoved hard, pushing himself all the way in, and I screamed with the pain of so much pleasure. It radiated outward, rushing into my anus, my nipples and my throbbing pussy. I felt too full, too hot, too desperate, to take any more sensations.

Then they both began moving.

I thought I would die.

I wondered if they could feel each other moving through the thin membrane of flesh that separated them. I could feel the swollen heads of their cocks traveling both channels, one stroking in as the other pulled out, a constant battery of pleasure generated by their simultaneous strokes.

And then the tsunami hit my shores.

My climax started somewhere deep inside me building to an unbearable level. I could feel Kai's wet heat as he thrust against me, pushing his huge cock into my ass in a rhythm that matched the plunging determination of Damon's erection. Together, they stretched me to my boundary, till I had no more to give, or take. Yet they both gave and took from me until I began trembling like a leaf clinging to an autumn branch. It was with the barest of holds that I managed to cling to my sanity.

At last, I let go, shattering like spun glass into a thousand pieces as my orgasm exploded over the three of us. I moaned softly, not screaming, because I had already past the screaming stage. All I could do was hold on to the both of them like my life depended on it.

Damon stiffened, his body becoming as rigid as stone as he groaned like a man in pain and muttered, "fuck." He began shooting into my body with hot spurts of cum that mingled and mixed with my own.

As Damon released his essence into my womb, Kai's heart rate accelerated, his skin roughened, and he jerked against me, his hips pushing me harder into Damon with his every thrust. "Hold her human," he growled as he began to pump his seed into my ass with violent motions that tested the human's strength.

It hurt, it released the need, it brought me to another hard climax.

I screamed this time, vaguely aware that both Damon and Kai groaned out their own pleasure/pain through clenched teeth as they tried to hold me steady between them.

Like the shark he is, Kai swam through my body. His emotions and sensations merged with mine, swirling into a whirlpool of pleasure that captured not only me, but Damon as well through our joining. Sucking us into a climax that melded our three souls into one raw nerve of awareness and affection.

We lay exhausted, the three of us in each other's arms, silent, knowing something beyond our understanding had just taken place.

* * * *

"So, what just happened in there?" Damon asked. He looked out over the ocean as the three of us stood side by side on the front porch of my island bungalow. He was barefoot, wearing jeans and an open shirt that fluttered softly in the ever-present breeze.

Kai had his arm draped around my waist, possessive, but not completely territorial. He didn't feel as edgy as he normally did, and I knew the sex had mellowed him. At least momentarily.

"The Akua have a word for it, human, but you wouldn't understand the bonding of mates."

"But I felt it too," Damon said so quietly the wind snatched his voice from the air, scattering it across the waves that crashed upon the beach. "Maybe not as hard as you and Enlora, but when you climaxed..." His voice trailed off. He couldn't talk about it.

"And so you have bonded with a shark and a Syren. You may leave Gypsy Cay, human, but your heart, your soul, will forever remain on the island."

Damon thought about it and began to chuckle.

"You find a life bonding amusing?" Kai asked in surprise.

"You're telling me the three of us are..."

“Linked as one. Yes.”

“Do you think you could call me Damon?”

Kai grinned lazily. “I kinda like calling you human.”

Damon grinned back. “Whatever you say, shark.”

Kai pulled me away from the railing, gently heading me back in the direction of the doorway to the bedroom. “I say I’m not sharing the Syren with you every time, Damon.”

I could hear the human laughing softly as we shut the door behind us.

THE END

ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Being a paranormal investigator, my thoughts are often focused on the otherworldly. I imagined what it would be like to have a society based on all paranormal entities, a community where mankind was the outcast. From those thoughts, Syren Song came alive. I've always loved the legends of exotic cultures, and with those in mind, I've created characters you won't read about often, but have a solid basis in folklore. Gypsy Cay is a series about humans and paranormals indulging in their most sensual desires.



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