

HEATED HOLIDAY SHORTS BOOK 3



ELFIN
Chaos

EVERLY TAYLOR

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Title: Elfin Chaos, Book 3, Heated Holiday Shorts

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To all of those that struggle during the holidays,
may this book give you a few laughs and maybe a few O's.

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CHAPTER ONE

Holly

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Holly

“You didn’t need to fucking kidnap her, Lillith!” A deep male voice reached me, quickly pulling me from my sleep with its foreign cadence. My head throbbed and I felt a bit nauseous, almost as if I had too much to drink and was waking up with one hell of a hangover. I knew that wasn’t the case though, and struggled to focus and figure out what had happened. Something in his voice sounded familiar, but I couldn’t place where I knew it from. It didn’t matter if I knew him or not, it seemed he was at least on my side, for the moment, anyway.

“There was no other choice,” the one I assumed he called Lillith replied firmly, her tone making even me believe her for a moment. I had no clue who they were, where I was, or why she had taken me. I pretended to be asleep a little bit longer, hoping to gain some sort of information on what they intended to do with me.

“There is always a choice. Did you try just asking her?” the male insisted. “She has just as much a stake in this as we do.”

“Yeah, in the middle of a room full of demons that consider me a traitor. Not to mention her little lovers,” she scoffed. “I had no choice.” Her choice of words had my anger rising, but I forced myself to stay still and keep my breathing even.

“You keep telling yourself that. We both know you could have spoken to her alone. You just like drama and flair,” he sounded exasperated with her, and I made a mental note that he might be able to help me get out of here. Wherever *here* was.

“What can I say? I do like to make an impression,” she chuckled, clearly unashamed at what she had done or his opinion of her.

“Something like that,” he muttered noncommittally, and I wondered briefly what their relationship was with one another for him to be so candid around her. Suddenly, I got that feeling he was looking at me and fought the urge to fidget. Slowly, I opened my eyes, unable to hold back my curiosity any longer. The light was brighter than I expected and I squinted against it, rubbing my hand across my temple in an attempt to relieve the throbbing that had intensified with the light.

When she had appeared in the caves, I had not had much time to see the one they called Lillith. Not before I went unconscious. It had also been dark and foggy in the cavern, so what little I had seen had been shadowed and inaccurate at best. There was no doubt it was the same woman, her demeanor and the way she carried herself gave her away. That stiff but somehow sultry posture she held herself in and the way she all but glided across the ground as she moved, knowing that nothing or no one would stand in her way.

Then there was this other person, and I focused on him, trying to take in every bit I could and burn it into my memory. The others might know who he was, and if there was one thing I had learned lately, people could disappear as quickly as they came.

I needed answers, and that meant knowing who all was involved, despite my desire to get out of this alive. If they were targeting me, they could be targeting the others as well, and I was never going to allow that to happen.

“Ah, she wakes. See, I didn’t hurt her,” Lillith said almost proudly. As I bit back the pain and opened my eyes the rest of the way, I laughed inside. She sounded like a little kid, proud she hadn’t broken her toy. Oddly enough, it reminded me of the way Luka sounded when he had created little hell-possessed toys last Christmas.

They both watched me as I sat up and looked between them, trying to determine what my next move should be. The woman still looked every bit the epitome of walking sex. Taking away the dim lighting and fog had only done more for her beauty. Her dark eyes, and equally dark hair, only enhanced her flawless skin. As for the man that had been speaking, he was a totally different type of stunning.

He had the body of a man, one that was fit and showcased strong muscles beneath a dark blue leather vest inlaid with intricate silver embroidery. While he looked like a human, his skin was the palest of blues, and his head topped with a shock of white hair that shone in the light, almost sparkling as if snow sat nestled into the unruly locks. Stunning blue eyes watched me closely from beneath eyelashes that looked like frost clung to them, despite the room being warm. The same went for his clothing, a soft white hue glistened across the material, almost as if frost encompassed all of him.

“Well, don’t you have the whole Jack Frost vibe going on,” I stated sarcastically, straightening myself the rest of the way, trying to buy myself a little time. Hopefully it would have the added benefit of taking their attention off the fact that I had been gawking at him. My head felt a little dizzy, and I wanted to get my bearings before I stood and hauled my ass out of here.

The Jack Frost wannabe chuckled, “I can see how someone would think that. We all have this vibe though. So not just me. Not to mention Jack Frost is a bit of a myth.” The corner of his lip tilted up at his own humor, and I arched a brow at him. It wouldn’t have surprised me if Jack Frost had been real given everything that I had learned over the past year. In fact, I was kind of disappointed that he wasn’t. It made me want to ask about the Easter Bunny, but something told me now was not the time.

He seemed to study me curiously, waiting for me to say something else, but I remained quiet. Most of the time, when you remained silent people felt the innate need to fill the silence, and it would hopefully give me the opportunity to learn more. At last he dragged his gaze from mine and I fought

the urge to frown when he looked over his shoulder at Lillith instead of giving me any more information. “Well?”

“Nice to meet you, Holly,” Lillith ignored him and addressed me instead, beaming as if she had done me some huge favor.

I met her gaze evenly as she crossed the room and sat on the edge of the low table near me. “I wish I could say the same.”

“I guess under the circumstances, I can understand that,” she nodded in agreement. “I don’t intend to hurt you, if you’re worried about that.”

“That’s good, because you would have had one hell of a time trying,” I answered flatly, making her toss her head back and laugh.

“Oh, I do see what my brother sees in you now. I’ll admit, I never would have pegged you for his type, but I’m certainly starting to get it,” she stated.

I stared at her in shock, “What do you mean, brother?” I asked cautiously.

“Why, Luka, of course,” she smirked as if it were a given. Once she said something, I was surprised I hadn’t connected it sooner. I could clearly see the resemblance between the two. Their hair was the same dark shade, their eye shape identical, though hers were green and his were blue, and even the small accent in her voice was the same as his. Did that mean that Hell had its own accent? Internally I shook my head, again, now was not the time.

“What do you want with me then? If this is some sort of family intervention to keep me from your brother, I think he’s a big boy, capable of making his own decisions.” I lifted my chin, daring her to disagree. I still couldn’t help considering the other reasons she might have taken me, though, each one less pleasant than the last.

“Not a family intervention, just moving things along before it’s too late,” she shrugged as if it were no big thing. I felt myself blanch and twirled the sapphire ring around my finger. What the hell was she going on about? “Not that, silly,” she laughed, clearly noticing the look on my face.

“Then you might as well just spit it out,” I stated, tired of being the one out of the loop in the room.

“There are people after you, and we intend to make sure you can protect yourself. Protect the Worlds,” the frosty guy stated, making my brows furrow together.

“What do you know about that?” I asked, narrowing my eyes at them.

“I, too, have a brother who has his eyes on you. Our kind have been watching the Worlds at war with one another for longer than we care to recall. However, the rift that now threatens to divide them is it

egreater than ever, and I will do anything in my power to ensure that balance is restored.” He narrowed his eyes at Lillith, “Even if that means going along with her crazy idea of kidnapping you.”

“The Sprite,” I stated, gaining a grin from him as he nodded his head in approval. I pushed aside his statement that there was another that had eyes on me. Just because he teased with a few heated kisses I didn’t mean he had his eyes on me. There were way more important things to discuss at the moment anyway. “Wait, if you are his brother, then how are you talking to her?” I nodded at Lillith. From what I recalled, the sprite from Hell couldn’t speak to Nick because of the type of magic they had. It only stood to reason that this frost sprite shouldn’t be able to speak with someone from Hell.

“You are a quick one, aren’t you?” he grinned, considering me for a minute before continuing. “It is true that our kind cannot usually converse with those of another realm, at least not in the conventional ways. However, knowing the importance of the task ahead of us, we enlisted the help of a witch to allow us to do so freely, so we may be of service to you when the time comes. Knowing we needed that communication open if we were to be successful. If you were going to be successful.” The sprite seemed to study me in a way that made me want to fidget again, but I forced myself to remain still under his scrutiny.

“So why now then? Why wait all this time and let things get so bad?” My questions blurted out as they traced through my mind.

“Because we have been waiting for you,” he replied simply.

“And this is us doing something,” Lillith added.

“Kidnapping?” the sarcasm dripped from my voice.

“Think of it more as removing outside distractions so you can achieve your full potential?” It was both a statement and a question. “Look, I’m sorry I knocked you out. But not sorry I took you. This needs to be done. You need to come into your power, learn to master it, before we are all fucked.”

“No pressure,” I murmured. We had spent countless hours trying to find an answer. I wasn’t sure what they thought taking me away from the guys would accomplish that being with them hadn’t. “What about the guys? Don’t you think they will be worried and come to find me?”

“They have no clue where you are, and we are warded, so there is no way to find you when they do look. Not to mention, they would be a lot more worried if the rift in the Worlds grows any larger,” Lillith replied dryly. “Or if you died.” I found myself liking her despite the fact that she had kidnapped me. Like some weird ass version of Stockholm, I laughed to myself.

“So, what now then?” I asked, looking between the two.

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CHAPTER TWO

Luka

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Luka

Two days. It had been two fucking days and we were no closer to finding out where my sister had taken Holly. I paced back and forth across the room struggling to get my temper under control, pausing at my desk, my chest heaving as I forced myself to get a grip. My knuckles turned white and the marble surface cracked, the sharp sound of it snapping the last of my temper.

“Damn it!” I yelled, reaching across my desk and sweeping everything off, sending papers flying into the air and everything else smashing against the wall and onto the ground.

X came rushing in, his big paws bounding across the littered floor as he slid toward me, stopping only a few inches from barreling into me and sending us both flying. His large red eyes blinked at me as he glanced around the room and let out a soft whine. “She’s not back yet,” I reached out and rubbed his shoulder, realizing how big he had gotten. His horns had grown and not only had he bulked out, but his shoulder was already level with my head. I knew he wouldn’t stop there, and I wasn’t sure what we were going to do about it when the time came that he no longer fit in any of our homes. There was no way he was just going to return to the depths of Hell. Not now. It still amazed me the loyalty Holly had gotten from him. Hellhounds were known for not getting attached to anything, or anyone. It was one of the reasons they worked so well as guards. But, X absolutely adored her from day one and was as smitten with her as we all were.

He nudged my hand, his hard horns warm as he bumped against my skin, and another whimper sounded from his throat. He missed Holly. We all did. “I know, boy. We will get her back.” I scratched his chest for a moment as renewed anger rose in me. I needed to get the fuck out of here. Sort my thoughts if I were going to be of any use to anyone.

I left X in my office, knowing he would return to the fireplace to wait for Holly as he always did, and stepped through a portal to exit on the shores of the lake. It was the one place I had always been able to come to clear my head. To get away from the daily torments of Hell and escape my own mind. It only served as my own personal purgatory now though as I watched the ripples in the lake and thought of Holly. Thought of what I would do if I couldn’t get her back.

Not getting her back was not an option. I would move the very Worlds themselves to find her and bring her home safely, and I knew the others would as well. Nick and Bernard had gone with Reginald to the North Pole to see if anyone had heard anything, and I remained in Hell just in case she returned, or if my sister was stupid enough to try to make contact. We had scoured all of the places she was known to frequent, and came up empty handed. No one knew anything, and it wasn’t just because they weren’t talking. They really knew nothing.

I shook my head, still in denial that Lillith had anything to do with taking Holly. She had her issues. But above all things, Lillith looked out for number one. And taking the life of the one person who could save the Worlds, and in turn save her, just didn't add up. I ran my hand over my face. None of it made any sense, and we were no closer to finding out where the hell they were.

Pebbles shifted beneath my feet and ran down the small hill, rippling the water on the edge of the lake. I watched as it settled and hoped for some sign of what my next move should be. I bent down and picked up a stone, smiling as I thought about Holly skipping rocks with me, calling me on my bullshit even from the beginning.

She was fearless. She might not see it in herself, but it was something that we all admired about her. I rubbed the smooth stone between my fingers, thinking about how she was able to gain the loyalty of everyone she came across, just because of who she was.

I pulled back and sent the stone soaring across the water, watching as it bounced on the surface creating ripples with each impact.

Everyone.

The thought crossed my mind and the realization dawned on me that there was someone else who might be able to help. Before the stone finished its journey I exited through a portal knowing exactly who I needed to see to get answers.

The fire sprites were solitary creatures, but somehow one in particular had taken a liking to Holly. If the looks I had seen between the two of them said anything, he would want to get her back every bit as much as we did. I was betting money on the fact that he either knew something, or could find out through his connection with the other sprites. If we hadn't all been so pissed, and eager to get her back, we might have thought of him sooner.

I exited in front of the large cavern, ignoring the succubus as she sashayed toward me. The moment the cave opened up into the library, I shouted, "Sprite!" My voice echoed back at me, bouncing off the balconies of books that towered above me and echoing through the seemingly endless caverns that existed here.

"Damn it! I know you can hear me!" I moved farther into the library around the array of tables and chairs that sat vacant. There was no way he wasn't aware of my presence by now. Unless he too had something to do with her disappearance. The thought pissed me off more than ever as I realized I had willingly left him alone with her. If he had anything to do with this, I had left her in danger and had no fucking clue. I picked up a book, knowing there was one sure way to make him appear, whether he wanted to or not.

I held out my free hand, letting a ball of fire roll around in it before moving the book overtop of it and letting the flames lick at the delicate pages. The book was old, the pages dried out and fragile, it would take mere seconds to catch ahold, even with the sprite magic protecting them.

A small pop sounded in the air. "Okay, fuck." The sprite knocked the book from my hand and sent it sprawling onto the floor, the pages splayed open. "You got your point across, now what the fuck do you want?" I arched a brow at him, surprised at the balls he had to address me the way he did. It didn't matter at the moment though, there was only one thing I was after.

"Holly," I stated simply, letting her name hang in the air.

He let out a sigh, shaking his head. "There is nothing I can tell you that you don't already know."

"Bullshit," I ground out, refusing to believe that he didn't know something.

"I can't tell you what I don't know," he shook his head, watching me curiously in only the way that sprites could. His dark eyes were almost taunting, knowing that he had the upper hand and there was nothing I could do about it.

"You might not know, but you can find out," I balled my hands at my sides, struggling for control. Danger never got me anywhere with them. They were a proud people and though I shared my domain with them, it was more of an agreement and I technically did not rule over any of the sprites here.

"Maybe I could, maybe I couldn't," he shrugged. "Either way, I wouldn't."

"Fuck you and your riddles. Where is she?" I snapped, at last losing hold on the tiny thread of self-control I had remaining. I lunged forward, grabbing his throat, "Answers." I had enough of his shit.

"Where she needs to be," he answered. His feet dangled from the floor, his voice garbled from my grip, though the look on his face showed he was completely unconcerned with my rage.

"What the fuck is that supposed to mean?" I dropped him to the floor with a thud, pacing away before I did something I regretted. I didn't know if I hated his non-answer, or his nonchalant attitude more. The last thing we all needed was an uprising of the sprites for me killing one of their own. Sure, it was within my rights to punish them, as they were in my world, but to do so when it was uncalled for was something they would not tolerate. Not to mention, I didn't make it a habit of punishing those that didn't deserve it.

"She needs to come into her full power if she is to end this," he answered, pulling himself to his feet and brushing off his leather vest.

"So you do know where she is!" I spun on him, his words giving him away though he really said nothing at all.

“No more than you do. Only that she is safe and those who are with her will do everything in their power to ensure that no harm comes to The Spirit.” His words were cryptic and pissed me off, yet somehow soothed me as well. She was safe at the very least, she was safe.

“Why just take her then? Lillith could have come to me. Hell, we allowed you to work with her,” he frowned.

“The confidence you have in me leaves me speechless,” he stated snarkily, but let it go as he continued. “Considering the way you feel about The Spirit, and those involved, no one thought you would actually agree to it,” he shrugged, his words hitting too close to home for comfort.

“It wouldn’t have hurt to fucking ask!” I shouted.

“To what purpose? To give you a heads up that someone was going to come for Holly so you could get her under lock and key?” he scoffed. “So more time could drag by with no answers and no one any closer to ending this? If you had known, you would have stopped it, or worse gone after her while she was training. Holly needs to come into her full power if those after her are to be stopped and this rift in the Worlds is to be healed.”

I met his gaze and knew that he spoke the truth. Though it didn’t make her absence any easier. It still didn’t change the fact that I needed to find her and ensure she was safe. “I will find her,” I stated darkly.

The air popped around him and he returned to the tiny sized flame that danced in the cracks and crevices of the library. “When the time is right.” His words reached my ears just before he disappeared, leaving me standing alone again among the tables.

My first thought was of the others, and letting them know the sprite had assured me she was safe. I stepped out of my portal and into the workshop to find Nick banging away on something at the table. His motions were any indication, he was doing more destruction than construction. I glanced down to see what he was attempting to work on and my gaze fell to his bloodied knuckles.

“Woah, big guy,” I quickly crossed the room and stopped his hand midswing, taking the hammer from him. “I think you have done enough damage.”

“For jingle bells sake, Luka, I can say when I have had enough!” he spun on me, the hurt and anger clear in his eyes.

“We all miss her, Nick. Hurting yourself isn’t the answer to finding her,” I shook my head and tossed the hammer on the table with a clunk.

“Then tell me what is!” he exclaimed, sitting on the bench and putting his head in his hands.

“I don’t know,” I murmured helplessly. I wanted to find her just as much as they did, but I had no clue. Nick had been beating himself up so badly. “Look, at the very least, I just found out she is safe.”

Nick’s head snapped up at my words and he spun to face me as Bernard looked up from the computer. “What do you mean? You found her?”

“Not exactly,” I realized too late how what I said sounded. “I spoke with the fire sprite. The one that trained Holly in the library. He doesn’t know where she is, only that she’s safe and training to gain all of her power.” I hoped the news would bring them some relief as it did me, even if I wouldn’t be happy until she was home again.

“Doesn’t know, or won’t tell you?” Nick snarled.

“With the sprites that is one and the same I would say,” I stated. “I don’t like it any more than you do. But at least we know she’s okay.”

“That doesn’t mean we can sit around here and do nothing,” Nick snapped.

“He’s right, Luka. We need to find her. How can we just take the word of the sprite?” concern laced Bernard’s voice.

“As much as it’s hard to admit, I believe he actually cares for her,” It didn’t sit well with me, but there was no denying it. They stared at me in surprise. “I know, I don’t necessarily understand it either, but there you have it. So when he says she’s safe, I believe he believes she is. That doesn’t mean we won’t keep looking for her, to find her and make sure she is safe ourselves.”

They both nodded firmly in agreement and stood, “Let’s get back to looking.”

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CHAPTER THREE –

Holly

CHAPTER THREE –

Holly

I spun back to face the ice sprite, “What the hell? Warn a girl!”

“Where is the fun in that?” he smirked, circling around me, his arms outstretched and ready for attack. I noticed that he had somehow transported us outside to a vast white field covered in snow. Sharp icy spears shot up around us, the ground rumbling as they grew in size, blocking any form of escape. It reminded me to not underestimate the sprites. Despite their size, they were much more powerful than I had realized. Something told me they were underestimated by more than just myself though.

My breath came out in puffs, and I struggled to not shiver against the sudden intense cold as my mind raced. I didn’t know what my fire could do to him, so I waited for him to make the next move before I acted. Hurting him was the last thing I wanted to do, but if it meant getting back to the guys, I would do it if I had to. “I wonder if you are as good as my brother says?”

“I must be if you found the need to talk about me,” I responded smugly.

Instead of responding, ice shards shot from his hands directly at my heart. I fell to the ground, rolling to the side and wincing as one tore through my bicep sending icy hot pain shooting through my arm. “Fuck!”

“Not so smug now, are you?” he smirked in that cocky way I was beginning to recognize as a spirit’s trait.

I clamped my hand over the slash, the feeling of the warm blood trickling through my fingers making me nauseous. The sprite didn’t let up though and gave me no time to think about it as he fired again. An icy blast of cold air hit my face as he sent shards of ice zooming toward my face, missing me by mere inches as I rolled away and sprung to my feet.

The ground trembled beneath my feet as a long line of sharpened ice spears shot up from the ground in a straight line toward me. I didn’t hesitate this time and stood my ground as I shot a stream of fire toward the attack. The spears melted instantly, sizzling as they met my flames before pooling on the ground, turning to a sheet of ice the moment my fire faded away.

A shrill whistle sounded and the air around me began to pick up, blowing around me, whipping at my hair and tearing at my clothes. Ice mixed with it, nicking my skin as it swirled around me. Tiny drops of my blood fell to the ground, a stark contrast to the white snow beneath my feet, and I shot out a long line of fire in an attempt to protect myself.

“I don’t know what you want from me, damn it!” I yelled above the sound of the wind.

“Fight, Holly!” his voice carried above the howling wind.

“State the fucking obvious would you?” I yelled back, my words being carried away in the wind. No sure how to fight the endless assault, I lashed out again and again, my flames licking at the ice, gaining me only seconds of reprieve before it closed in around me once more. My frustration grew as I failed to gain a foothold, my attacks becoming more and more useless against him.

“Adapt, Holly. Fight!” His words were faint and I squinted against the blizzard that swirled around me. “Don’t just focus on what you already know. Think outside of the box.”

My mind raced at his words, his attack still relentless, the temperature in the air somehow decreasing even more, my lips shivering and teeth chattering. Outside of the box, I needed to think outside of the box. Hell, I needed to warm up some or I wouldn’t be able to think at all. The irony there, I scoffed to myself. The heat was part of me, I wondered if I could somehow use it to keep myself warm.

I focused on the heat I knew lived in me, the feeling I got right before I summoned a portal or shot fire from my hands. Instead of pushing it outward, I let it radiate through me, and instantly I felt warm again, my mind faster.

“Clever, but you are going to have to do more than that. Holly you are of both Worlds. Use it,” the sprite snapped out, his voice barely reaching me above the wind howling like a freight train all around me.

Suddenly, huge spears of ice shot from the ground, this time not right for my face, but to surround me. They crashed together, the grating sound of them hitting each other echoing in my ears as they sent shards of broken ice raining down on my head. I swept my hand around, shooting fire in a wide circle in an attempt to melt them and free myself, but these new spears remained unmoving.

“What the fuck gives?” I snapped. The ice should have melted.

“Apparently not the ice,” he smirked, circling around my new cage.

“You’re a dick. And not even the good kind.”

“Yes, but a free dick. How are you going to get out of this one?” He moved close to the ice spears, his bright eyes meeting mine through the cracks.

I shot a ball of fire directly at his face only for it to rebound and knock me on my ass. For a moment my head spun and I put my hand to my temple to try to clear it. It was no good though and my body grew heavy as I fell to the ground.

Desolation. It was the only word that came to mind as I looked around me. Devastation and destruction were a close second. Bodies laid littered on the ground, their eyes frozen open, staring blankly into the sky. Ash and blood splattered across the white snow, leaving my stomach sick at the sight of so much death.

Slowly I took a step forward, my feet crunching on the icy ground. What the hell had happened to everyone? Their skin was frozen a pale blue, yet fires blazed all around us, the heat doing nothing to thaw out the frozen corpses. Ahead of me a hand raised, a small, hoarse groan for help barely heard above the thundering of my own heart.

I raced over, determined to do what I could to help, shock rolling through me as I saw the face of my father. "Dad!" I dropped to my knees beside him. "What happened? What can I do to help you?" I picked up his hand gently in mine, only to have his frozen fingers break off and fall to the ground as icy dust.

"No!" I cried out, tears freezing against my cheeks before they had a chance to fall. "Dad, I can't lose you too!" I bent over him, sobs wracking my body, afraid to touch him. "I can fix this. I need to warm you up."

Gently I placed my hand on his chest, focusing on the heat inside me. The heat that I knew was a part of me. Slowly I eased it into him, not sure what damage had been done by him being frozen but knowing I needed to do something and fast.

His breath came out in short, painful pants, his weakened state barely making any cloud above his lips even in the frozen air. "Dad, you have to pull through!" I pushed more heat into him and suddenly he caught on fire, flames licking across his skin until the scent of burnt flesh filled the air and the inferno engulfed him.

"No!" I screamed, scrambling back in horror at what I had just done to him, knowing it was too late to do anything about it. "What have I done?" I dropped my head to my hands, not able to think beyond my own grief and guilt.

Suddenly, the sound of a loud, menacing cackle filled the air, making my head shoot up. A shadowed figure stood just on the other side of my father's still burning corpse, the light from the flames shrouding whoever it was in dancing shadows so I was unable to make out who was there.

"You will not be strong enough. They will all die, and it will be on your hands. You are too late, the voice was harsh, but was enough to have me snapping out of my stupor. Their choice of words had been a mistake and I realized suddenly this was not real. None of it was real.

Whoever was running this show seemed to realize I had made the connection and the wind picked up around me, growing until it was a deafening roar. "It's not real! None of this is real!" I shouted ignoring the dust that blew against my face from the man's body who was not my father.

Outside of the box. The sprite said I needed to use everything I had. Everything I was. I took a deep breath and focused on the icy wind around me instead of the heat that was already so much

part of me. Instead of being on the defense, it was time I controlled it.

My skin tingled as the cold air brushed against me. This was mine to control. The wind whipped harder against my body, but I stayed focused, closing my eyes and reaching deep inside me for the connection I knew had to exist. It was there, a tiny small bead that glimmered, and I took hold of it with everything I had, determined to make this work.

My eyes snapped open and my head shot up. Holding onto the new tenuous bond I found with the ice I lashed out, demanding that the winds still and the snow stop. In an instant the winds died down, my hair falling around my face, and the remaining bits of snow and ice falling to the ground. "You will not win!" the cloaked figure screeched, racing toward me. I felt the ground beneath me become the packed snow and ice now as much a part of me as it was of the Earth. I pulled my hand up, creating a wall of ice only moments before the figure shattered through it, closing their long fingers around my neck.

I fought back the panic that began to well up inside me, this was nothing like the time with the fire sprite. Once I had figured it out, he pulled me from my own mind. What the hell was wrong?

Nails dug into my flesh, cutting off my air only allowing garbled protests to escape me. There was no fucking way I was letting them win. I let my skin heat, to a level that was almost unbearable for me, but it did the trick and they released me with a screech as they stumbled back.

"This is not over, Spirit," they snarled harshly before disappearing into thin air.

I stared blankly at the spot they had been standing, trying to register what the hell had just happened. More importantly, what the hell did it mean?

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CHAPTER FOUR

Holly

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Holly

“Holly.” My head throbbed as the frost sprites voice reached me.

“And you thought I was going to break her.” I could hear the smugness in Lillith’s voice, even though she sounded far away.

“I didn’t break her. Something went wrong. Holly,” the frost sprite called my name again. This time he didn’t sound so distant and I forced myself to focus on them.

Lillith let out a small laugh, “You broke her.”

“Shut up,” he groaned. He touched my shoulder, his cool fingers gently shaking me as he called my name again. “Holly, damn it, come on.”

My eyes felt like sandpaper as I forced them open, blinking back the water that filled them as the frost sprite came into focus. He leaned over me, Lillith at his back watching me worriedly. She might have been teasing him, but the look on her face told me she had been worried too.

“What the heck was that all about?” My voice was hoarse and my throat burned like fire as I started to sit.

The sprite held my elbow and slowly helped me sit. “Take it easy.”

I brushed my hair back out of my face and took the glass of water Lillith offered. The cool liquid soothed my throat and eased the burning. I took a second sip, clearing my throat as I looked at them. “Well?”

“I don’t know,” the sprite stood, staring at me in disbelief. “You were fighting back one minute, and the next, you were laid out on the ground.”

“You’re not the one that played mind games with me?” My mind raced with what it could mean. I should trust these two enough to tell them what I had seen. After all, they had kidnapped me. At the same time, I couldn’t help but feel that they could be trusted.

He shook his head, “No, Holly. I was just trying to get you to use more than your fire when you fought back. Mind games are more my brother's realm.”

Lillith took the water from me as I stood.” So, do you want to tell us what happened?”

I shook my head, still not able to really make sense of it. I had no clue what had happened, or who saw. My heart began to race as I recalled the feeling of their long, bony fingers around my throat. The way my throat clenched as I gasped for air. My skin began to heat, the fire fighting its way free.

“Holly, you need to calm down.” I glanced up to see the frost sprite take a step back. “Breathe.”

Lillith surprised me as she stepped forward, taking my arm through the flames that licked across my skin. “You are safe here. Take it easy.” The light pressure of her fingers on my skin helped to ground

me and I took several long, deep breaths. I needed to get control of myself. “There you go.” Her voice was calm, almost soothing, and I was grateful for it as my body cooled and my heart rate slowed.

“Sorry, I kind of panicked.”

“You think?” she smirked, letting go of my arm and again I found myself liking her more, even though she had kidnapped me.

I let out a small laugh, “Yeah, something like that. I’m better now.”

“Why don’t you tell us what you mean by mind games? Maybe we can help figure out what the hell happened,” Lillith suggested. “Maybe even who is behind it.”

The frost sprite surprised me, coming over and wrapping me in a blanket. I hadn’t even realized I was chilled. After making sure I was settled, he handed me a cup of steaming hot chocolate, and I looked at him in question.

He shifted uncomfortably, “Look, it’s just to make you feel better. Nothing else.”

“Mhmm,” Lillith chuckled. “It’s safe though, Holly. The hot chocolate really will make you feel better after your first time taking on the ice.”

“Hot chocolate seems more like Bernard's sort of thing,” I flushed as I remembered a particular session where he had tied me up, spanked me until I couldn’t think straight and orgasmed harder than I ever had before. He had followed it up exactly like this. Blankets, snuggles and hot chocolate.

Lillith smirked, knowingly. “I’m sure it does.”

My ears flushed and I tried to cover it by taking a sip of the hot cocoa. It was thick and rich and the heat that spread through me definitely helped to settle my nerves. I cleared my throat, “So yeah, about what I saw.”

Lillith let out another smirk and I ignored it, as well as the heated look the sprite gave me. There was no way they knew what had happened, or what I had been thinking. So I chose to just keep going and ignore the embarrassment that flooded me.

“At first, it was like I was actually living it.” I explained to them the death and devastation that surrounded me. How I was helpless to do anything about it. Until the sprites words came back to me to think outside of the box, and I turned the tables.

“What then?” The sprite asked, his gaze fixed on me as he listened.

“I thought I would be brought back, like I was with your brother. Once I figured out it was an illusion with him, he brought me out of it. But the person, the thing, attacked me instead.” My hand went to my throat again, the feeling still lingering.

The sprite frowned, “You were actually attacked? Could you describe them?”

I shook my head, "I wish I could. At first, they were just shadowed by the flames. Or, at least that's what I thought. But when they were right in front of my face, they were still shadowed, and I was unable to see anything about them."

"Interesting," Lillith mused aloud. "A shadow, you say?"

"Not so much a shadow, as shadowed. It doesn't even make any sense when I say it out loud."

"It makes perfect sense. I have some stuff to look into, I'll be back." She seemed distracted, but before I could ask about it she was already gone. As her portal closed around her, I noticed it looked the same as Luka's. Likely the reason she was able to touch me when my body was engulfed in flames, as that part of my magic originated in Hell.

"Where do you think she went?" I asked, curious to know more about her, but also what she could be thinking. If she had answers, I wanted them too. It was time to bring this whole thing to an end.

He shook his head. "It's hard to tell with that one. She will be back, though."

"So, what now? Am I free to go? I really need to get back to the others. It's been, what, a day already?"

"More like three, Holly. You were out much longer than we anticipated. If you hadn't woken up, I would have had to call them in." The look on his face was apologetic, but also revealed that he would have hated to face them if that had been the case. What he had done, even now that I wasn't hurt, was already bad enough.

"Shit, I really need to get back then." I pulled the blanket back from my lap and stood, my head slightly dizzy still, but it didn't matter, I needed to get moving.

"Woah, take it easy," he held my arm, gently steadying me. "In that much of a rush to leave me already?"

"You did kind of kidnap me," I shrugged.

"Fair enough," his intense silver blue eyes locked on mine. "The next time you are with me, it will be by choice, Holly." His voice had fallen an octave, and I didn't miss the way his hand tightened on my arm, ever so slightly.

I swallowed hard, not willing to ask what he meant. His tone had made it quite clear. The spirit raised his other hand and gently brushed his thumb over my cheek, the space between us somehow almost non-existent.

"I questioned my brother's infatuation with you. Now I see it," his gaze dipped to my lips and for a moment I thought he was going to try to kiss me. That I would let him. Instead, he dropped his hand and took a step back, clearing his throat. "Until we meet again, Spirit."

Before I had a chance to respond, a portal closed around me and he was gone, leaving me speechless as it opened and I stepped into Nick's workshop, all of them turning to face me at once.

“Miss me?”

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CHAPTER FIVE

Holly

CHAPTER FIVE

Holly

They all rushed forward, but Luka was the first to reach me. He scooped me up and hugged me hard, burying his face in my neck. “I’m fine.” Luka held on for another moment before putting me down and letting Bernard step in.

“We were so worried,” his ears flushed before he hugged me, kissing my cheek. Before he even had a chance to let go, Nick stepped in and pulled me into a tight bear hug. My eyes stung with tears at their outward emotion, especially Nick. I knew he cared, but seeing him emotional like this moved something in me.

“I’m okay, Nick.” My voice was muffled against his chest.

“Of course you are,” he squeezed again, holding on for a little longer than he usually would before he released me, looking me over for a minute. “Your throat,” he turned my neck gently, his large fingers tilting my head so he could study my skin.

“It’s fine,” I rubbed my hand over the marks that must have started forming from whoever, or whatever attacked me. “Let me explain.

“My sister is going to fucking pay for this,” Luka snapped.

I looked over the three guys, noticing for the first time how frazzled they were. I had never seen any of them disheveled and it seemed they hadn’t slept in days. “You guys look rougher than me.”

“Don’t avoid, Holly,” Luka narrowed his eyes at me. “Where is she?”

I shook my head. “I honestly don’t know. She disappeared before, well before I was sent back here.”

“Where did she have you? We did everything we could think of, and we couldn’t find you,” Bernard studied me closely, I was sure looking for anything off, just like Nick did. I felt fine though.

“I don’t know where I was, only that she wanted to help,” I shrugged. “Not really the best way of going about it, but I really think she wanted to help.”

Nick's brow shot up, “You are siding with her?”

“No, Nick. I didn’t exactly enjoy being kidnapped, forced to fight, and mindfucked all at once. I’m not siding with her, just saying I understand why she did it.”

“Do you?” Luka asked.

“Would you have let me go with her?” I echoed Lillith’s sentiment, waiting in silence while he just stared at me. We both already knew that answer. “How is this any different than when you let the fire sprite help train me? To help me realize the power I had inside me. They did the same thing.”

“They?” Bernard questioned. Of course, he wouldn’t miss that part.

“There was an ice sprite waiting wherever Lillith brought me.” I shook my head, seeing the question on their lips before they even asked. “No, I don’t know his name. It seems to be a sprite thing. Anyway, he helped me realize my powers are not just over fire, but ice too.”

“That would make sense considering your portal,” Bernard nodded.

“It still doesn’t make it okay. You don’t know what she is capable of,” Luka stroked my arm. “If we lost you-” The rest of his statement was left unspoken, but I knew what he meant.

“Don’t worry, you didn’t. And you won’t. Luka, I’m fine.” I didn’t need to point out that each of them were just as capable, if not more, of what she was. But I trusted them. Now wasn’t the time to tell them I trusted his sister, too.

“Look, I don’t want to fight. All I wanted to do was come home, but I knew I needed to train. I’m sorry that you were worried while I was gone, but I’m back now, and there is more that we need to discuss.”

“What more could there be?” Luka asked.

I crossed the room and sat on one of the long workbenches, the scent of wood shavings wafting up as it circled my foot around in the small pile at my feet. So much had changed in such a short time, it was good to see that some things never did.

“The frost sprite did the same thing the fire sprite did. He kind of trained me on the fly, forcing me to think outside of the box, so to speak. So I had to use that part of me that was buried deep in order to survive. I paused for a moment, knowing if I said survive, they would go ballistic, “get out of the situation. Only this time, something happened.”

Three sets of eyes were fixed on me, varying from anger to concern and I swallowed knowing what was about to tell them was not going to make it any better. Quickly, I filled them in on what happened after I was unconscious.

“How can you be sure the sprite is not behind this? Or my sister?” Luka asked when I had finished.

I shook my head, “I can’t, not entirely, but I trust them, Luka. I can’t explain it, but it’s like how you knew to trust the fire sprite, even given their usual nature. I know you don’t like it, and I know you don’t feel it’s deserved, but despite whatever happened between you guys, I believe her. She wants to help.”

“I don’t like it one bit,” he all but growled.

“As far as I know, she wasn’t even there when it happened. The frost sprite called her back when she wouldn’t wake up.”

They all looked at me in surprise, “The frost sprite called Lillith?”

n“I assume, because she left as soon as he started his unconventional training. How else would she have known to come back?”

“How?” Bernard asked. “The frost sprites are from a different realm altogether. They would not be able to communicate.”

e“I asked the same thing. They enlisted the help of a witch to allow them to communicate. It seems this whole Spirit thing is bigger than I realized.” It still left so many questions, but I was afraid each one would just lead to another.

l“There has to be something we are missing here,” I mused out loud, trying like hell to figure out what it was. Each answer was just as unlikely as the last, and none of it made any sense.

n“Nothing that we are going to be able to figure out tonight. You need to rest,” Bernard looked at me pointedly and something stirred inside me. I didn’t want to rest.

“So, you want to go to bed?” I asked, biting my lip.

“Rest, Holly,” Bernard narrowed his eyes.

I“If that’s what the cool kids are calling it now,” I laughed and disappeared through my portal sknowing the three of them would know where to find me and follow.

I stepped into our shared bedroom in Hell, and immediately heard thundering across the ground. I spun just in time to see X bounding across the floor, his excitement all but radiating from him as he barreled into me. My breath came out in a woosh, followed by laughter as he pinned me to the ground nudging me with his head.

“I missed you too, baby!” I scratched between his ear and his horn, the place I knew he liked best and laughed as he released me and rolled over to expose his belly. “How have you gotten so big already? It’s only been a few days.”

“They go through a growth spurt at about this age. That’s something we will need to talk about,” Luka laughed from next to me, petting X’s silky coat along with me.

u“What do you mean?”

u“Like he gets substantially bigger at this age,” Luka motioned to him.

o“I know what a growth spurt is. What do you mean we have to talk about it? What is there to talk about?”

“Holly, it’s not practical for us to keep him here. He’s going to outgrow the space,” Luka sighed. I could tell he had been thinking about it for a while and didn’t want to bring it up. I couldn’t deny that he was right. X was getting bigger everyday, and only fit through the doors because they were at least double the size of an average door.

e“Then we just need to figure out how to build bigger.” I was not budging on this one.

“It’s Hell, Holly. We are kind of limited on real estate.”

eI crossed my arms and X rolled over, sitting next to me, gently bumping my shoulder. “We are not sending him back.”

s“I don’t want to, Hell, he’s grown on me, too. But he doesn’t belong here,” Luka ran his hand over his face and looked at X, “Sorry, bud.”

X blew out a breath of disapproval, tendrils of smoke puffing out of his nose. “See, he agrees.”

it“Of course he does, he’s smitten with you, we all are. But that doesn't change the fact that he won’t be able to stay here much longer.” Luka’s tone was apologetic, and I knew he was right, but it didn’t make it any easier. I didn’t want to lose him.

“There has to be a way.” I wasn’t going to accept anything less.

“Look, let’s deal with one thing at a time, okay? If we can find a way to keep him here, we will. I don’t think sending him away is an option anyway. He would just keep coming back.”

l, “He’s right,” Bernard pushed his glasses on his nose. “X has formed quite the unprecedented bond with you.” As if to prove it, X licked my cheek, and I realized exactly how big he had gotten. His tongue was larger than my face, the strength behind it lifting me off my heels as he left a trail of slobber behind.

l, “Eww,” I laughed, unable to help myself as I wiped at it. “I guess that’s my cue for a shower. Love you, buddy.” I hugged him, his muscles rippling beneath me and my shoulders just level with his. “God, I’m going to shower,” I stepped back and patted his shoulder before he bounded down the hall, likely to find his favorite fireplace to curl up in.

“I’m going to grab a quick shower, be back.” When I started to head toward the bathroom they all moved forward, making me laugh. “Guys, I’m not going anywhere.”

“And we will be there to make sure of that. Don’t argue,” Nick growled, already taking his shirt off, the sight of his toned abs making my breath catch and heat spread to my center.

“No argument here,” I smirked, following suit and removing my tank top, noticing for the first time the tears in the material, likely from where the sprite had pelted me with ice. Quickly, I tossed it to the side, hoping they wouldn’t question it. I really didn’t want to go into details about what happened again and piss them off. I slipped out of the rest of my clothes and tossed them into the hamper as I passed, marveling again that the tiles in the bathroom were not cold like they were at home. One of the upsides to being in Hell, I guessed.

Luka stepped into the shower first, turning the water on, letting it heat up. Steam billowed around him as he grinned at me and held out his hand. "Come on."

I bit my lip as anticipation coursed through me. The last time the three of us had been together in the shower had been nearly this time last year. Sure, I had showered with them individually since then but it brought back fond memories of our first night together. What I had ached for even though they had just fucked me like crazy in the workshop.

Hot water sluiced over my skin, the heat of the steam enveloping me only turning me on further as the other guys joined us. The door closed and Luka pulled me closer, my back to him as he ran his hands down my shoulders. "Let us take care of you." His words were barely heard above the shower, his lips brushing against my ear before he moved to my neck and pressed heated kisses along my collarbone.

Chills raced along my skin despite the heat of the shower, and I leaned my head back exposing my throat to him, silently pleading with him to keep going. He reached around and kneaded my breast in his palm, teasing and tormenting me until my nipples were hard aching peaks. I let out a soft moan as he gently squeezed one, the water running over it as he let go doing more to turn me on than to soothe my need.

"Lift your head," Nick said, his voice heated. I looked at him as I did so, my whole body heaving with desire as I watched him pour shampoo into his hand. "A bit of déjà vu?"

I bit my lip in response as he stepped forward, his hard cock pressing against my thigh. He ignored it, though, focused on washing my hair as he lathered the soap until he was satisfied. Bubbles ran down my chest, the silky sensation of the soap running over my skin, Luka rubbing across my slick body over my nipples, across my stomach, and to the apex of my thighs. He continued his torment until I was all but trembling with desire and let out a soft plea for more.

"We are going to show you how much we missed you. How much we need you," Nick's voice was still husky as he looked at me wickedly, tilting my chin so the water ran over my hair, rinsing it.

Luka's body pressed warm against my back as he shifted, angling himself so he could fully reach my pussy, gently rubbing his finger against my clit. I let out a breath as he increased the pressure, slowly building my pleasure until I all but burned with it.

"That's it, take it," Nick murmured before his lips closed over mine. His tongue danced across mine before he nipped my bottom lip, gently pulling it between his teeth before letting go. A large calloused hand closed over my breast, my back arching in desire.

Luka moved lower, his finger dipping into my core, heat slicing through me as he eased his finger in.

Not waiting, he pulled back, thrusting again and again, somehow the two of them in tandem as they present me soaring over the edge with a blissful moan.

“Now I am going to fuck that sweet pussy, and make you come undone all over my dick,” Luka stated darkly, spinning me around and lifting me until my legs were around his waist and my back pressed against the wall.

Over his shoulder the other two watched heatedly. Nick’s hand on his cock, lazily stroking it as he looked on. Bernard sat on the tiled seat, just watching intently, his dick erect in front of him, his gaze telling me he was going to wait until he had me instead.

Luka shifted me forward, angling me to give him access as he ran the tip of his cock over my pussy. The tip of his dick eased in before he shifted to hold me better and he slid back out. “Luka, please,” I begged, my legs tightening on his waist. I needed him.

As if he knew exactly what I needed he thrust upward, and with one smooth move, he slid into me. His fingers tightened on my waist, the feeling of him filling me rocking me to my core. My nails dug into his shoulders as I clung to him.

“For fucks sake, Holly.” He held me tightly, making me stay still as his dick twitched inside me and he struggled for control.

The tile was hard against my back, the heat they put out nothing compared to the heat that ran through me. He thrust hard, again and again, somehow bouncing me and adjusting me so I could take him deeper. I let out a deep guttural moan, my orgasm building strong and fast. His hard dick pounded into me, his fingers digging into my hips, and I knew I was about to lose it. Over and over Luka drove himself deep inside me, pleasure shooting through me each time he thrust upward. My moans mixed with the spray of the shower, being carried away as the others watched, my orgasm about to overtake me.

His dick jerked and he let out a low groan, thrusting hard one last time as he held himself deep inside me, filling me as our orgasm crashed down on us.

Slowly, he relaxed and let my legs go, lowering me to stand in front of him, his still hard dick slipping from me as my feet touched the tiled floor.

He leaned forward and kissed me, “You are incredible in every way.”

Luka kissed me again, and the water sluiced over my skin as he turned me around, passing me to Nick and breaking our kiss.

“Our turn,” Nick all but growled, turning me to face Bernard who still sat watching.

l.“Our?” I questioned, excitement coursing through me.

y“On your knees, Holly,” Bernard sat forward, chills raced along my flesh, I loved the change in him when he got like this. Eagerly, I listened, not caring that the hard tile bit into my knees and practically crawled closer to him.

dHe pulled me up and kissed me, rough and thoroughly until my lips were left swollen and tingling. I moaned against his lips as he reached between us and cupped a hand over my breast, my nipples already pebbled again in excitement. He kneaded it under his palm and sent heat pooling to my core, I was anxious to have more.

Lust hung heavy in the air, and I was eager for every moment of it.

I reached between us and gripped his cock, stroking it, letting his satiny skin slide beneath my hand and I ran my palm down the length of him, coating it with his pre-cum. I hummed against his lips in anticipation as his dick twitched under my hand, growing harder with each stroke.

At last, Bernard broke our kiss, “Turn around, Holly. You’re going to suck his cock like a good girl, aren’t you?” I pressed my lips together, unable to respond in anything other than a nod. He ran his hand over the swell of my ass, “What is that?”

“Yes,” my voice was thick with need, hardly my own.

d.“Good girl,” he praised, lightly tapping my ass. “Open for him.”

My lips tingled in excitement as I ran my tongue over them. Leaning forward, I licked Nick’s dick from the base to the tip, tasting his pleasure. “Holly,” he moaned as I shifted positions and teased his cock with my lips.

oIn one languid, smooth motion I slid him into my mouth, taking in as much of his shaft as I could, reveling in the way he trembled when he hit the back of my throat. I pulled my head back and laved my tongue over the tip, tasting him and teasing him once more before taking him deep into my throat again and again.

Behind me, Bernard took hold of my hips, the feeling of his large hands on me pushing me forward, excitement building, knowing what the pair of them could do to me. Eager for the release I knew they would bring. I could feel him sit up behind me, reaching around my thigh to play with my pussy as he bobbed my head up and down. As I pumped my head faster and faster, he flicked his finger over my clit, rubbing my soaked pussy until my legs were trembling, my own climax begging for release.

Bernard shifted, allowing himself more access, and slid his finger between my folds, dipping inside me before returning to my clit. Again and again, he circled it, applying pressure at just the right moments, the motions driving me crazy as my pleasure built and my control slipped.

Nick groaned above me, his deep guttural pleasure vibrating through his cock as it slid over my tongue. His desire spurred me forward as I took him faster and harder into my mouth, sucking his cock deep, simultaneously stroking him with my tongue. He gripped my hair harder, the slight pain only turning me on more as I knew how much pleasure I was bringing him. I wanted to feel him lose his tenuous hold on his control.

Above me, he trembled slightly, and I knew that his release was close. I sucked harder and faster, driving him toward his climax. Needing the release from him as much as I needed my own.

His dick twitched and with one last stroke of my tongue he found his orgasm just as my own washed over me. Bernard held my hips and made me ride it out against his hand as I sucked and swallowed Nick's pleasure.

I rocked back on my heels and looked up at him, his eyes still closed as he came down from his high. I grinned, unable to help myself as he slowly opened them and stared at me. "I just jingled your balls," I laughed.

Nick narrowed his eyes at me, but didn't have time to respond as Bernard pulled me back, bending me at the hips and guiding me directly onto his dick. In one swift move he pulled me down, fully filling me with his cock, the sudden fullness making me cry out. Without waiting he lifted my hips and slammed me back down on his dick. "Watch them, Holly. See what pleasing that sweet pussy does to you." "kus."

Bernard gripped my hip with one hand and fisted his other one in my hair, making me arch my back to take him deeper. "That's it," he praised as I adjusted my feet and he thrust deep.

Suddenly he shifted from hard and fast to long, slow thrusts that seemed to touch every inch of me. Desire built as the friction of his dick filling me increased until I cried out the guttural sound of our passion.

Relentlessly he continued his motions, thrusts that hit every sensitive nerve inside me and had me clenching around him. I gripped my knees, my nails digging into my flesh as he continued to pull me against him, making me ride it out and building my orgasm to near pain.

Bit by bit he increased his pace, the friction greater each time as he pulled out and thrust into me with abandon. Our mutual groans of pleasure filled the shower as he relentlessly drove me harder and faster to a new climax.

"Watch them when you come for me," he growled, the sound of his hips slapping against my ass echoing around me. I lifted my gaze to see two sets of heated eyes watching me. Luka and Nick both watched, entranced as Bernard filled me with his dick.

yThe walls of my pussy tightened and I clenched around him, feeling the moment he stiffened. He released my hair and gripped my hips with both hands, driving me onto him hard as he held me, making me take all of his orgasm. Heat filled me and I came undone, my own climax taking hold, and my cries of pleasure filling the shower.

He held me still against him for a moment, before kissing the top of my ass and slowly releasing me. I stood, my legs still shaky from the use of muscles bouncing against him, but it was so worth it. "I do love it when you are dirty," I grinned as Bernard's ears flushed. It was no wonder I loved them.

Luka lathered soap between his hands and motioned me toward him, "Let's finish what we started." "Pretty sure you did," I chuckled, my limbs already growing heavy and my body sleepy after everything.

"Yeah, yeah," Luka laughed, running the loofah over my skin gently, taking care to not be rough around the bruises on my neck. I could feel him grow tense as he rinsed the soap away, knowing he was thinking about his sister taking me again. I was too tired to broach the subject with them at the moment though, my body worn out from the time with the sprite, and relaxed from the time I had just spent with the guys.

After they made sure I was rinsed to their satisfaction, Bernard led me from the shower, wrapping me in a towel as the other two finished. "Come on," he led me to the bed and I climbed in, the warm blankets wrapping around me and lulling me to sleep before the others could even join us.

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CHAPTER SIX

Bernard

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Bernard

Over a month had passed since Holly came back to us. We were no closer to finding Lillith again, or any other answers for that matter. As much as we hated to admit it, she was stronger because of her time with the sprite and Lillith, and became more and more so every day.

The bruises around her neck had long since faded, but I could still recall the purple streaks against her skin. I wanted nothing more than to drag her off to a corner somewhere, keep her safe and fuck her into oblivion until all of this was behind us. I knew it was simply that, though, a wish. Christmas was all but upon us, and everyone was more concerned with preparations than with finding answers that seemed.

Holly and Luka had headed to her dad's house to help set up for his annual Christmas party. Reginald went all out every year, but that wasn't a surprise considering he came from the land of Christmas itself. I was glad Holly was helping her dad and taking the time to reconnect. They had been through a lot together.

Nick and I were in the toy room, overseeing a manufacturing issue with some remote control cars. For some reason, none of them were running the way they were supposed to. It was almost as if they had minds of their own. It wasn't unusual to have issues with a toy or two, but an entire line was unheard of.

"Have you noticed anything off lately, Nick?" I mused out loud.

"Yeah, all of the cars are broken. We are never going to make our deadline by Christmas Eve at this rate!" He humphed and stomped down the line, picking up another one of the peculiar toys.

"Santa, I don't know-" the elf at the station started, but squealed at the sudden motion in Nick's hand. The moment he lifted it, the wheels sped up, spinning so fast they became a blur and smoke started to curl from the undercarriage. Just before he put it down the wheels popped off and the car died.

"It's not just these cars. Everything lately has been a bit off." I couldn't put my finger on it, but something wasn't right.

"Well, with Lillith still out there, and whoever the sprite was, we are all still on edge. Not to mention, we are still not any closer to finding who is actually after her, or why for that matter. One problem at a time, Bernard. Christmas is right around the corner. The rest can be dealt with later. If we don't deliver, we will have bigger issues on our hands." Nick frowned as he put the charred toy back on the work table. "Keep at it, Charlie," Nick told the elf. "See if you can figure out what is wrong with the chip. It has to be the reason they are going all wonky."

“Yes, Santa,” the elf scrunched his nose at the charred plastic in front of him before moving it to the back of the table. Something told me it wasn't going to be an issue in the chip. It was far greater than that.

“Nick-” I started but he held up his hand, stopping my thought as he focused on whatever new problem he sensed.

“We need to put a pause on this, they need us in the sleigh room,” Nick stated before opening a portal and vanishing. From the look on his face, I knew it couldn't be good and I followed him, grateful for the magic that allowed me to do so. It was a heck of a lot faster than racing through the huge building to get to the sleigh room.

When I appeared behind him, my jaw dropped. Everything was in chaos.

The sleigh was tipped over on its side, and presents were scattered across the ground. Tinsel and candy covered the floor and the elves ran around tossing streams of ribbon and wrapping paper in the air, their cries of glee echoing around us.

Down each side of the room, the stalls that held the reindeer were in just as much chaos as the rest of the room. The reindeer stomped their feet, their eyes wide in fear and agitation. Elves hung onto their antlers, laughing as the reindeer tossed their heads, sending the elves flying across the room.

“What in the North Pole is going on here?” Nick barked, demanding answers from the first elf that passed us.

“Santa!” he squeaked, and ran off, scurrying behind the sleigh and out of sight.

“Bernard!” Nick bellowed, turning to find me already waiting next to him. “Do you know what in the sugar plum this is all about?”

I shook my head, looking at the scene in front of us with just as much horror as Nick. “I fear the magic is affected more than we realized. It's the only thing that could make them like this.”

“How do we stop it?” he asked, just as one of the elves grabbed another by the ankles and spun him in a circle, flinging him at the last minute and sending him soaring to the chandelier with a cry of enthusiasm.

“Enough!” Nick roared. For the briefest of seconds, the room grew silent and I thought it had worked.

In an instant, they resumed, their new mischievous ways causing pandemonium.

This wasn't going to work. It wasn't just the North Pole magic that was being effected, it was all of it.

“We need Holly.”

“We are not bringing her into this chaos, Bernard. She can stay safe right where she is.” He snatched a candy cane from a passing elf and looked at it in shock, noticing it had been carved down to a sharp

epoint. "What in the-?"

n"Nick, you need to go get her," I repeated.

He let out a long breath, but nodded, handing me the candy cane. Almost as quickly as he disappeared through his portal, he came back, and Holly and Luka exited from her portal next to him.

"You weren't playing," Luka looked around us, the expression on his face one of mild amusement mixed with shock.

r"Why are they like this?" Holly asked, just as confused as we were.

g"I'm guessing the rift between the World's is even greater, the magic mixing and causing pandemonium here." There was no other explanation for not just this, but everything, being off.

"This isn't good," Luka shook his head, watching as a pair of elves went tumbling over the upper balcony.

e"Ya think?" Nick sneered sarcastically. He tried his magic again, on a singular elf, and again, for a moment, I thought it was going to work. The elf sort of froze for a moment, but then shook his head and ran off giggling.

r"I fear it's only a matter of time before Christmas cheer is affected, Nick. If that happens..." I trailed off, not needing to tell him what it meant. If that happened, there would be no Christmas. There would be no more anything.

"I can try," Holly looked uncomfortable, but determined. "I mean, I was told to think outside of the box, and well, this is about as far as it gets."

eShe let out a long breath, and we watched quietly while she seemed to center herself. She raised her arm and power hummed from her. "Enough!" Her voice boomed out, echoing off of the wooden rafters, instantly freezing everyone in place.

Elves floated through the air, literally stopped in their tracks as they drifted around, surprise frozen on their features. Others stood with snowballs in their hands, their comrades next to them with what looked like a snowball launcher.

"How did you manage that?" Nick watched one of the elves drift by, tapping his foot and sending him toppling head over heels.

"The frost sprite helped me find the part of my magic that exists from here."

t."So why wouldn't Nick's work?" Luka frowned, looking around him.

"Because, the Spirit is the only one that can control both," I realized. "Whatever is causing the magic to go crazy is affecting the elves. It seems the two magics are mixing, and Holly is the only one who can control both. The only one who can fix it."

“This isn't good. Not at all,” Nick murmured, watching the still frozen elves. He ran his hand over his face, “Is it just the elves here, or all of them?”

“I don't know,” I answered, my stomach falling as I realized where he was going with his question.

“It looks like you are headed for shelf duty,” Nick grinned. He knew how much I hated shelf duty.

“Why can't you check on them?” I groaned.

“Because I am needed here, and you are the best problem solver of us all. And your magic will work for this.”

He was right, my magic usually worked where Nick needed me, or where he summoned me. We had learned quite some time ago on one Christmas Eve, that included when he needed to send me somewhere. An elf had gotten hurt serving shelf duty, and the others were unable to bring him back they had already used too much of their magic helping with Christmas Eve.

Nick had sent me to retrieve him, not sure it would work, but as he was delivering presents, we had no choice. I was able to complete the task, deliver the injured elf to the North Pole's infirmary, and return to Nick. Thankfully, we had since put an emergency elf crew into place so I wouldn't have to do it again, but we knew it was a possibility if the situation arose. And it looked like that time had come.

I hated knowing he was right, but maybe it wouldn't be so bad. Maybe it hadn't reached them yet since they were deployed and hopefully away from the tainted magic.

“Alright. Let's get this over with.”

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CHAPTER SEVEN

Holly

CHAPTER SEVEN

Holly

“Wait, what is shelf duty?” I had never seen Bernard look so irritated at the idea of doing anything that had to do with Christmas. Bernard rolled his eyes in response, making Luka laugh.

“You know those little elves that sit on the shelves, or wherever really, and report back to Santa if the kids have been good little girls or boys?” Luka laughed. “They are drafted for shelf duty. One of Bernard’s least favorite things to do.”

“That’s actually real?” my brow shot up. “Of course it is,” I answered before they had to. “Why do you hate it so much?”

“Elves are drafted into the service. Each elf has to serve, based on their skill set, for a certain number of years. Considering I am sort of Nick’s assistant, for lack of better terms...”

“Nick’s bitch,” Luka feigned coughing to cover up his teasing and making me laugh.

Bernard ignored him and continued. “I wasn’t required to serve as long as most. Only five years. But it was enough to make me realize it was not for me.”

“Why?” I asked, curious. There wasn’t anything that I knew Bernard to not be enthusiastic about.

“Because it’s boring for one. You just sit there all day, watching people do things inefficiently and are completely helpless to do anything about it. Come back to the North Pole, only to be magically sent back before the next morning to sit in a different position all day to watch their uselessness all over again.”

Laughter bubbled up in my chest, “Really? Of all the reasons you hate it, it’s because of the inefficiency?”

“Judge me if you want. You wouldn’t last a day, Holly,” Bernard stated matter of factly.

He wasn’t wrong, but I also wasn’t going to tell him that. “Good thing I don’t have to find out,” smirked. “I guess while you go play shelf elf, Luka and I should head back to the library and see if we can find anything else. Maybe try to find that sprite again and get him to give us some answers we can actually use.”

“Shouldn’t you go back to Reginald’s?” Bernard frowned.

“We kind of finished. I thought he would want to do it all old school, for traditions sake, but he wanted me to use my magic. Luka said it would be good practice, so his house is lit up brighter than ever before. We were just promising to come back on Christmas Eve for part of the party when Nick showed up.”

“It is quite festive,” Nick beamed with pride as he spoke of his old friend’s house. “Stop stalling. I will do what I can here, but we need to know what’s going on out there.”

Bernard grumbled but he took a step back, “Keep her safe,” he said to Luka before he vanished from where he was.

“He doesn’t have to use a portal?”

“Elf magic is different from ours. Especially Bernard’s. His magic is connected not only to the North Pole but to Nick as well.”

Nick interrupted him, “Short answer, no. Elves can kind of just kind of pop in and out. Bernard uses portals mostly when he is doing things for me.”

Luka made a face at him as he reached down and laced his fingers with mine. “We have a sprite to see.”

“Don’t you let her out of your sight, Luka,” Nick warned. “For jingle bells sake, being the Devil, you are no way to trusting.”

“And for being Santa, you’re way too grumpy,” I winked, taking a step back.

“Hey, Nick,” Luka called as the portal opened behind us. “Be careful, we don’t need a ninjabread man incident again.”

“I’ll give you ninjabread men,” Nick growled, stepping forward, but Luka pulled us through just as

Nick threw a candy cane after us. Luka’s laughter followed us as we exited in front of the huge opening and I couldn’t help but grin.

“You really egg him on,” I chuckled.

“Of course I do. He’s too easy sometimes,” Luka shrugged, a huge grin still plastered to his face.

“Come on.” He guided me across the wide platform.

“Think he will be straight with us?” I asked as we walked toward the entrance.

“With me, no. But at least you have a chance,” Luka stated knowingly.

“What’s that supposed to mean?”

“I saw how he looked at you. There is more than a passing interest there, Holly. Not that I can say I blame him,” he shrugged. “As long as he doesn’t push his limits too far.”

His words made me realize that I had never told them about the kiss, if it could be called that. It more than made up for him devouring me whole, and me letting him. Right after it happened, Lillith took me, and by time I got back there was too much going on, I forgot.

“About that,” I started, guilt eating at me as I recalled how much I enjoyed it. “He kissed me,” I blurted, before I could chicken out of it.

Luka glanced at me, his brow raised, “And?”

“And what? I should have told you guys.”

“And, did you like it?” he smirked.

“You’re not mad?” I stopped, wanting to see his face.

He held my hand, turning me to face him. “Holly, we figured when he helped you that there would be something more. We all saw the way he looked at you. Hell, even your reaction to him, if I’m being honest. If it’s what you want, none of us are going to stop it. It will take us some time to get used to it but we won’t deny you someone else who cares for you.”

I blinked in surprise, realizing he was serious. “I can’t believe how incredibly lucky I am to have you guys.”

“Damn right. Now, no disappearing acts on me when we are in here.”

“Noted,” I smiled, taking the moment to kiss him lightly before we entered the cavern.

It still took my breath away when I saw it. Stories upon stories of books rose up as far as the eye could see. The soft glow that illuminated the space, making it feel homey, despite the fact that we were in Hell. I knew the glow was the fire sprites that lived in the walls and between the shelves, but it still didn’t take away from the feel.

“Well if it isn’t little Ms. Ho Ho Ho. You know, I thought I got around, but you, you should have been born a succubus.” The succubus that was stationed at the entrance sashayed over, sneering at me the entire way.

“Jealousy doesn’t suit you.”

“I’m not jealous, just calling it how I see it,” she all but purred as she turned to Luka, running her finger down his chest.

I started forward, surprising myself with how bad I wanted to end her for touching what was mine. Instead, Luka grabbed her fingers and squeezed until she cried out in pain. “Let me hear you talk to her like that again. There are fates far worse than death.”

Her jaw dropped, and I wasn’t sure if it was from the pain, or his comment. Either way, it looked like she got the point as he dropped her hand and she clutched it to her chest, scurrying away.

“She will leave you alone now.” He squeezed the hand he had never released, dismissing it as he led me further into the library.

“How do we get him to come to us? Do you know his name to call him?” I had no clue how you actually found a sprite.

“As far as I know, no one does. They guard it closely. It’s said that they even eat their mothers once o age to keep her from telling anyone their name to be used against them.” Luka whispered.

“Oh, do tell me you don’t believe that rubbish.” Suddenly the fire sprite appeared before us, growing to the size of a full grown man.

“Did you eat your mother?” I asked in mock horror. Part of me was afraid of the answer though, but ghad an idea.

“Of course not. Most of us are vegetarian,” he smirked. I couldn’t tell if he was joking or not, so I le it go.

“Prove it. Tell me your name,” I dared.

“I don’t have to tell you my name to prove to you I didn’t eat my mother. You could just meet her.”

“How would I know that you were not lying?”

“How would you know if I gave you a name, that would not be a lie as well?” he retorted.

I frowned, thinking it over. He was quick, I would give him that. And he was right. I would have n away of knowing.

“It doesn’t matter, we didn’t come here for your name, sprite. We came here for answers. You know more than you told me.” Luka’s tone showed his irritation, and I wasn’t sure if it was from the fact th nsprite kept something from him, or that he was all but flirting with me in his own way.

“I told you everything I knew,” he shrugged, almost apologetically. But there was something in hi tone that told me there was more to it than that. If there was one thing I had learned about the sprites they liked their riddles and half answers.

“Everything you knew, but not everything you know.” I watched him closely as he smiled, and i struck me again how stunning he was.

Slowly, he shook his head, “Not everything I know now. No.”

“Stop playing your games, sprite. If you know something, tell us. You of all people have to feel th shift in things. The unbalance in the Worlds.” Luka’s agitation grew and I could tell the only thing ekeeping him rooted to the spot was his hand in mine.

The sprite ignored Luka, his gaze never wavering from me. He studied me until I wanted to fidget, bu dat last he spoke. “I truly knew no more than I told you last time. However, there has been a recen visitor to the library. One who was most curious indeed.”

The fire sprite paused as if he were thinking it over and I thought Luka was going to snap, but th sprite raised his hand with a shake of his head. “Before you ask, I am not certain who it was, nor thei purpose here.”

“How the hell does that help us?” Luka growled.

“Each magic leaves its own trace behind. A fingerprint, if you will. This one was quite old, and only a few creatures are known to carry it. Whoever it was, was likely up to no good as they kept themselves hidden their entire time here. We only know where they spent the most time, and that they left empty handed as nothing is missing.”

“That you know of,” Luka added.

The sprite conceded, “That we know of.”

“We already know that someone is up to no good. I’m with him on this one, I fail to see how any of this is actual news. It doesn’t bring us any closer to finding out who is after me. For all we know, it could be a good guy that kept themselves hidden so no one found out they were here.”

“You have a big heart, never change, Spirit.” He grinned before looking at Luka, “You are a lucky man.”

“Thank you,” Luka squeezed my hand gently. “Can you show us where this visitor spent their time?”

“Certainly,” he nodded, turning to lead us through the maze of shelves, deep into the library.

As we walked through the tall rows something occurred to me. “You said only a few creatures are known to carry that old magic. Who?”

“Yes, that is what is most perplexing of all. The magic I speak of, the magic we sensed, is the same as your mates, Holly.” He glanced over his shoulder to see my reaction, nodding as he saw it register.

“It couldn’t have been them. They have no reason to hide themselves here.” I jumped to their defense.

“Exactly,” Luka reiterated. “So who else does that leave?” Her name flitted through my mind just as she said it, “Lillith.”

“There has to be others,” I suggested, and the sprite affirmed that with a nod of his head. “It doesn’t make sense for it to be her, Luka. She doesn’t want to hurt me. As much as I know you hate what she did, if she wanted to hurt me, she had plenty of time to do that while I was unconscious.”

“My brother would never have allowed such a thing,” the fire sprite scoffed.

“Your brother? Of course it was your brother,” Luka rolled his eyes as if he should have seen it sooner.

“Here we are,” the sprite cut off any other response Luka could have had about finding out it was his brother that had been involved in training me. To be fair, he had scolded Lillith for taking me. It didn’t seem like it had been in the plan. Luka wouldn’t care because ultimately he went along with it. Exposing me to whatever it was that had come after me.

“Any idea what they were looking for?” I happily changed the subject.

“Only that their magical presence is strongest against that wall. Whatever they were looking for, they seemed convinced it was over there.” He gestured to the left wall, covered in old, dusty volumes. Nothing extraordinary stood out, but then again, when the book had done its glowy thing before, we hadn’t seen it until that moment.

I moved closer with Luka, studying the shelves. There didn’t seem to be a single thing out of place. So what had been so interesting about this particular wall? What had they been looking for?

“What books are kept here?” Luka asked, scanning the faded, illegible spines.

“There is nothing remarkable in this section. Mostly documentation on creatures across the Worlds. A few journals of interactions with them, but nothing that would stand out.”

“Any creatures here that could help bring the end to the Worlds?” Or kill me? I left the last paragraph unsaid, I didn’t want to go there, but I also knew it was a possibility and the more time that passed the more it was becoming my new reality. I just needed to be quicker than them and figure out what they were up to and who it was.

“I would tell you if I thought there was.” His words were sincere as he met my gaze. “The problem is we don’t know how they intend to use said creature, or how to find it.”

Luka nodded, “Unfortunately, Holly, he’s right. It could be anything from using the creature itself, to sparts of it for a potion to meet the same end. There is no telling. And until we know what they are looking for, we can’t get ahead of them on this.”

I let out a breath, “Well, fuck. So what now?”

“Now, we find the others, let them know, and hope like Hell we find something soon.” Luka looked at the sprite, “Thank you.”

“Anything for the Spirit,” he smiled softly, his skin already starting to glow, and I knew he was getting ready to disappear back into the shelves.

“But not your name?” I teased.

“Not today,” he chuckled.

I shrugged, “Can’t blame a girl for trying.”

“Holly,” the sprite called as I turned to follow Luka out. I turned back around and he took my hand running his thumb over the back of it. The soft way he touched me had me remembering his lips on mine and my cheeks flushed. “Be careful. The magic is old and powerful. The Worlds cannot lose you.” His gaze dipped to my mouth and for a moment, I thought he might try to kiss me again, but instead, he cleared his throat and squeezed my hand. “Be safe.”

He let my hand go, and shrunk to his tiny self, before whizzing away and back to the shelves. .

y“What was that all about?” Luka asked when I joined him.

l.“He just said to be safe.” I glanced back over my shoulder, but I couldn’t find him. Despite not being able to see him, I could feel his eyes on me and his words echoed in my mind. What the hell were we missing?

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CHAPTER EIGHT

Holly

CHAPTER EIGHT

Holly

Holl

“Why are you after her?” Nick yelled, his voice reaching me as we stepped from the portal. Quickly, I scanned the room, trying to figure out what the hell was going on. “Stop playing games!”

Nick had someone pinned to the wall in front of him, his forearm at his throat. I couldn't see around him to tell who it was, but he clearly thought they had something to do with this. Bernard appeared at his side and we rushed forward to join them and figure out what was happening.

“Nick, stop!” I pulled at his arm when I realized he had the frost sprite all but choking on his own spit. “Stop!” I tugged again, but his huge muscles were immovable.

He turned to stare at me, “He’s the one?”

“He is the one that trained me, yes. But he didn’t hurt me,” I tried to position myself between them the best I could, forcing Nick to look at me. “He was trying to help.”

“He hurt you,” Nick growled.

“I’m fine!” I shoved against his chest. “Let him go.”

“That’s not the point!” He shoved his forearm into the sprite's throat again, his long blue tinted fingers grasping uselessly at Nick's skin.

“Isn’t it? He did what he had to in order to make sure I could protect myself. To be ready when the time comes. If it weren't for him, I could be dead already.”

The air grew tense as he let my words sink in and I hoped like Hell that it worked. Slowly, he turned back toward the sprite, “Hurt her again, there will be no saving you.”

Visibly the sprite swallowed, unable to even nod from the pressure against his neck, but gradually Nick released him, letting him fall to the ground, gasping for air. I helped him stand back up as Nick paced away and spun on him once the sprite was on his feet again.

“That wasn’t exactly the greeting I was expecting,” the sprite half grinned, straightening his vest earning a glare from Nick.

“Don’t mind him, he has resting grinch face, he can’t help it,” I smirked, as Nick narrowed his eyes on me.

“Watch it, or you are going to end up on my naughty list,” Nick met my gaze heatedly.

“Promises, promises,” I rolled my eyes playfully. Relieved that some of the tension had finally left the room, I turned back to the sprite. “What are you even doing here?”

The sprite shrugged, “He called me here,” he motioned to Nick. “I never had a chance to hear why.”

We looked at Nick, waiting for his answer. “Well, now that I know who he is, I take it back,” he crossed his arms.

“What did you need him for?” Luka asked.

“It doesn’t matter, I’ll figure out another way,” Nick turned to leave, but I reached out and stopped him.

“No, you don’t get to storm off and have a tantrum, Nick. If you called him here, there was a reason. Just because you realized he’s the one that trained me-”

Nick cut me off, “Kidnapped you. He kidnapped you and put you in harms way. There is a difference.”

“Technically, I didn’t kidnap her,” the sprite shrugged.

“But you went along with it,” Nick retorted. “You could have brought her back, but instead, you made her vulnerable with her training and put her at risk for whatever attacked her.”

“The only one to blame here is my sister,” Luka interjected.

“We are getting off topic again. Why did you bring him here, Nick?” Leave it to Bernard to get us all back on track.

“He has helped us in the past and I thought he might know something. Figure out how to get this under control before Christmas is ruined. Looks like he knew more than I realized.”

I knew he could speak to Lillith because of the witch, but him helping them in the past explained why everyone could understand each other now, too. Unless the witch gave them an all encompassing spell. I wasn’t really sure how that worked, but didn’t have time to get into it, I was just glad it did.

“Don’t be so grumpy.” I told Nick before turning back to the sprite, “Is there something more that you know? Like was it Lillith in the library?”

“I haven’t spoken to Lillith since she left after you woke up. She is avoiding me, but I think she knows something more. She just isn’t ready to reveal what it is yet. If she was there, I have no clue about it.”

He finally took a step away from the wall, seeing that Nick had calmed down.

“I’m going to find my sister. Keep her safe.” Luka disappeared, the frustration clear on his face. We all let him go because she knew more than she was saying, and we needed answers.

“It must be pretty bad if you called me here, Nick.”

“Let me show you, the sleigh room will be a perfect example,” I suggested. “Meet us there?” I asked Nick and Bernard before taking the sprites hand in mine and pulling him through a portal. He lost his balance with the sudden movement and tumbled into my chest, sending my heart racing as he righted himself.

e“Sorry, I-” I stammered, cutting myself off when he reached up and tucked a strand of hair behind my ear.

“Think nothing of it,” he murmured, the portal opening for us to exit. The other two were already waiting and I quickly separated myself, the heat still flushing my cheeks.

“So yeah,” I motioned to the room, the elves frozen in place, several of them still floating through the air, ribbons trailing behind them.

“It certainly looks like you have your powers down,” the sprite looked on in astonishment. “How long have they been like this?”

I scrunched my nose, “Maybe a few hours?” The others agreed with me.

“We need to figure out how to fix them before she lets them go. You see what they did in here.” Nick looked around the room worriedly. “Now you can see why I called you.” It wasn’t an apology, but at least the beginning of acceptance, and I would take it. We could all understand why he reacted the way he had, so really, no apology was necessary.

“I fear there is nothing I can do,” the frost sprite stated. “If the mixed magic has already reached the North Pole, then I fear it’s not much longer until it reaches everywhere else, too.”

“About that,” Bernard spoke at last. “Things are worse than you thought, Nick. The elves are out of control, but it’s a little different than here.” His ears flushed and I knew exactly where it was going.

Nick asked anyway, “How could it be worse?”

“They aren’t just causing mischief. It’s more-” he paused trying to think of the words to use, his cheeks turning crimson as he shifted on his feet. “It’s kind of hard to explain.”

“Are they doing the dirty, Bernard?” I laughed.

“Oh for the love of all that’s Christmas! I don’t have time to deal with a bunch of horny, out of control elves.”

“If I might make a suggestion?” the frost sprite stepped forward. “As Holly is the only one that can control both types of magic, maybe she should join Bernard in damage control, while you continue to stay here. If my hunch is correct, you might not be able to control the elves as they are affected by both magics, but you should still be able to take care of other things here at the North Pole to prepare for Christmas.”

“Absolutely not,” Nick shook his head. “She doesn’t need to be out there chasing down horny elves sputting herself at risk.”

“Are you jealous, Nick? Don’t worry, I’ll suck your candy cane anytime,” I winked, making him let out a low growl.

y “Don’t push your luck, Holly.”

“I kind of think I want to. After all, I am aiming for that naughty list this year.” The frost sprite cleared his throat, pulling my attention from Nick. The bulge in his pants showed that the direction our conversation had taken did not leave him unaffected. Interesting.

“I should be going. I’ll check in later, and Nick knows how to call me if it’s needed.” Not waiting for our response he shrunk to a tiny glowing blue light and disappeared, the same way his brother did.

g “He’s right, Nick. Holly is the only one that can control both. She needs to come with me.” Bernard looked apologetic, he knew it was going to piss Nick off. There was nothing that could be done about it though.

k “Then I’ll come along.” Before Bernard or I could protest he continued, “I won’t stay long. At least let me check on what kind of trouble they are up to, and then I will need to get back here if we have any hopes of saving Christmas.”

“Fine, but you need to accept our help on this, Nick. Holly will be safe.” Bernard linked his finger with mine. “Ready?”

Traveling with him was different than with the others. There wasn’t flame or ice, just simply the feeling of flying before we were on solid ground again. When my feet touched down, my head spun and I laughed, “Well, guess it didn’t matter if I was.”

“It’s kind of better to just get it over with.” He glanced over my shoulder as Nick joined us.

s “Why did you choose this house first?” I looked up at the building in front of us. Nothing seemed off at least not from outside. A tall brick building that looked like it had shops on the lower level and apartments on the upper two. There were small alley’s allowing access to the backs of the buildings but nothing looked amiss. All was calm.

“We have two elves deployed to this family. One for each of the children. Chuck and Penny. That’s not always the case, but these two are high on the nice list. Anyway, they have also been deployed the longest, and I think they are feeling the effects the most.” Bernard led us down an alley and around the back of the buildings and I wondered how the hell we were going to get in this time.

r “Are they actually small? Like to fit on a shelf where the kids can see them? Or do they go invisible like creepers?”

l, “We are not creepers,” Bernard defended. “It is our duty.”

“To creepily watch little kids all day?” I smirked, knowing I was riling him up, but he was too easy.

t “It’s not like that,” he frowned, thinking it over.

“I’m just fucking with you,” I patted his arm playfully. “So how do they get small, to, you know become voyeurs?”

He sighed, ignoring my voyeur comment, “Christmas magic, of course.”

“Of course.” Because that was the most obvious answer in the world.

“Wait,” Nick stopped us halfway down the alley. “Holly, come here.”

“Nick, we don’t have time,” Bernard started, glancing behind him.

“Oh no, this one wanted to make candy cane jokes. She is going to pay up.”

“You have been thinking about it, haven’t you?” I teased, moving closer, his eyes twinkling as I stopped in front of him. This side of him made me all but hum in anticipation.

I reached forward and gripped his dick firmly through his velvety pants, stroking down his length as he shuddered out a breath. “You want to feel my mouth wrapped around your cock? Let me stroke it for you?” I increased the pressure, continuing to move my hand up and down.

He leaned forward and pressed a hard, rough kiss to my lips. “On your knees, Holly.” His voice was gruff and demanding and I loved every moment of it.

“You better hope I don’t kneel in piss,” I joked, unable to help myself.

I was throbbing, my core aching. Pleasing him turned me on as much as it did him, and I wanted to give him exactly what he asked for. I slid my palm over the precum at the tip and slicked it back down to the base before returning to the tip, playing with it for a moment. Again and again I let it fill my palm, moving in short, slow motions, pressing with my thumb against his already pulsing dick.

Leaning forward, I licked the tip, teasing him with what I knew he wanted. I closed my mouth over just the head, and wrapped my tongue around him. Sucking gently and flicking my tongue over him and licking the precum before it had a chance to drip down his dick.

He gripped my hair, fisting his hand tight and urging me closer, my lips opening and wrapping around his cock. As he slid into me, I opened the back of my throat so I could take him all the way to the base. Bobbing back and forth, building faster and faster, the feel of his satiny dick over my tongue made my pussy ache in ecstasy.

A low moan escaped me, the vibrations running down the length of him, pushing him that much closer to his release.

“Sweet sugar plum, Holly. Don’t stop,” he groaned above me, his grip tightening on my hair as he leaned against the wall.

His cock stiffened, his release imminent as I pulled back and he relentlessly pistoned his cock into my mouth. I gripped the base of his dick squeezing as he slammed against me, each thrust driving him

,closer. At last, he growled out his climax, his orgasm overcoming him as I took him deep and his pleasure slid down my throat.

I held still for a moment, reveling in what I could do to my grumpy Santa. Sucking one last time milking him for every last drop before I finally sat back on my heels.

“Too bad we don’t have time for more,” Nick stated thickly.

“It really is,” I grinned as he helped me to my feet and pulled a silk square from his pocket.

“Here, let me.” He gently wiped my face, before sticking it back in his pocket.

“Now, if you two are done?” Bernard growled, his hard dick apparent through his pants, and his desire thick in his voice.

“For now,” I chuckled.

“And you once called us insatiable,” Bernard shook his head with a smile.

Nick opened a bottle of water he must have conjured and passed it to me. “Thanks.” The cool liquid was soothing on my throat. “I guess that puts a new meaning on candy cane lane,” I laughed, handing the bottle back to Nick. He finished it off, and tossed it in a dumpster as we passed.

“You sucked my candy cane alright,” Nick actually laughed. A full, deep laugh that left me grinning as he tugged a lock of my hair.

“You have no clue what that makes me want to do to you, Holly,” Bernard murmured heatedly when I caught up to him.

“Guess you will just have to show me,” I winked, stopping with him when he looked at the backside of the building.

“As the first opportunity,” he promised. “Ready?”

I nodded as he linked his fingers with mine, holding on as he brought us into the apartment, the sight that greeted us not even close to what I had been expecting.

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CHAPTER NINE

Holly

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Holly

“This is what I mean,” Bernard motioned to the two elves on the coffee table. They were small shelf sized elves as I had imagined. The boy dressed in green and the girl dressed in a red skirt, with white and red stockings. There was nothing out of the ordinary other than the boy holding a red and white wrapped box in front of him, a large silver bow on top.

“Isn’t that what elves do?” I looked on in confusion. “Maybe they are just setting up for tomorrow.”

“That paper is not North Pole issued,” Nick frowned. “What are you up to?”

“Santa,” the girl elf covered her mouth, looking worriedly at the box and back at Nick with a giggle

“We-uh-”

“She was just unwrapping my gift,” the boy elf said proudly, wiggling his eyebrows at Bernard.

“Of course she was,” Bernard rolled his eyes and stepped forward. “You two need to stop. Shelf duty first, these kids are counting on you. After, you can-” he motioned to whatever it was they were doing. Suddenly it dawned on me and I couldn’t help the laughter that bubbled up from inside me. His candy cane was inside that box. “They can take their trip down candy cane lane!” The more I tried to stop it the more I laughed. I couldn’t help it, though. Not only was it ironic, but it was funny as hell.

“Okay, take your trip down candy cane lane after Christmas. There are presents to deliver and without you at your stations it could all go horribly wrong.”

“We are just having fun, Bernard,” the boy elf wiggled his hips suggestively. “Come on, Penny. Want to see your gift?”

“Well, that’s one way to deliver a package.” My freshly recovered composure was lost again as Nick met my gaze flatly.

“Really?”

“Take it off,” Bernard ordered.

“No,” Chuck lifted his chin indignantly.

“Chuck,” Nick warned, stepping forward.

Penny took a step back and Chuck froze for a moment. I thought they were going to listen but instead he spun and took off across the table, the lid flying off the box as he leapt to the ground. From the height difference I could see inside the box, and he really was trying to give her a gift. His candy cane poked through the box, erect and ready for his own holiday action.

“Are you for real?” Bernard lunged for the elf, trying to stop him before he left the room, but was too late as he ran through the doorway, still clinging to his package.

“They are going to wake up the family,” Bernard muttered. “We have to do something.”

Nick raced through the door, shooting his magic at the elf, attempting to stop him. It didn't do anything other than make the elf let out a high pitched scream, and take off again. This time he dropped the box his penis straight ahead of him as he jumped on the leg of a chair and scrambled up.

He reached the seat and spun to us, his laugh filling the air as he wiggled his hips. "Now that's a Christmas toy!"

"Oh my," Penny giggled, watching from the door.

Nick attempted to use his magic again, but this time, it just turned Chuck's dick into an actual candy cane. The red and white striped shaft jutted out from his pants and Chuck looked down in horror. "My candy cane!"

"We know what you were thinking," I smirked as Chuck tried to cover himself without success.

"Holly," Bernard whispered harshly. "You have to stop them."

"Oh right," I frowned, hoping like hell I didn't mess it up. I directed my magic at Chuck instantly freezing him in place, the look of horror permanently fixed there. Behind us, Penny let out a squeal and disappeared from view trying to make her escape.

I followed her out, just as she ran into an end table, the lamp teetering precariously on the edge. Quickly, I wrapped it in my magic, stopping it from toppling to the ground. As I chased after Penny, I plucked it from the air and returned it to its place on the table.

"Stop!" I whisper-yelled, already knowing it would do no good, but I had to at least try. Penny raced across the room, scrambling under the Christmas tree. Her foot caught in the tree skirt and she went tumbling forward, grabbing a low hanging string of lights to catch herself.

"Damn it," I muttered, seeing it before it even happened. The line of lights pulled loose and she continued to try to grab at them to keep upright. It was no use because instead of keeping her from falling, she was pulling the tree down on top of her. Instantly, I froze her and the tree in place catching it before it could begin its downward descent.

Bernard entered the room, carrying a still horrified Chuck, though his parts were now covered, and glanced at Penny as I returned the lights to where they had been. "What do we do with them now?" he asked. The kids would be expecting to see their elves in the morning, and we couldn't just let them do whatever they chose at the moment.

"We can't leave them here," Nick echoed my thoughts.

"If we don't the kids will begin to lose their spirit, and that's the last thing we need right now,"

Bernard gently put Chuck on the shelf, taking care to make sure he was settled comfortably.

g“That’s it! They don’t move during the day, anyway, right?” I asked, an idea coming to mind. It was a short term bandaid, but at least we could buy a little time to deal with the issue at hand.

Nick shook his head, “They aren’t supposed to.”

a“So, I just freeze them in place, they can’t move and the kids have no clue.” The elves I had frozen at the North Pole remained that way, so these ones should too.

“One problem with that plan,” Bernard frowned. “I don’t exactly think the kids will be excited to see a horrified Chuck in the morning.”

y“Oh right. On it.” I released Chuck, noting the momentary confusion on his face. Good, that would do better than anger. “Hey, Chuck. Nice package,” I winked.

He smiled instantly, “You bet it-” His sentence remained unfinished as I froze him again, his grin frozen in place.

yWe did the same thing for Penny, gently pulling her from beneath the tree and setting her next to Chuck.

k“There, all better.”

“Usually these two leave small gifts, like candy or something,” Bernard stated, trying to think of an idea.

I“I got this covered,” Nick stepped forward, and I didn’t miss the glint in his eye as he pulled a handful of candy canes out of the air.

d“Nick has jokes tonight,” I chuckled.

it“Fitting,” Bernard replied dryly.

“It has to be worse than we thought for the magic to be altering the elves this far from the North Pole.” Nick looked at the frozen elves in concern.

n“What do we do about it?” I had no clue what the heck we did. We were no closer to answers than we were when everything started.

“Damage control for now, and hope that Luka finds some answers with his sister,” Nick sighed. “If something doesn’t happen, and fast, I fear for Christmas.”

IThe room was silent for a moment as we each thought over the implications. At last, Bernard spoke.

o“Come on, there are still a few other elf interventions needed tonight.”

“Clearly, I am not of much use. I am going to head back. I need to take care of what I can at the North Pole anyway.”

”“Sure, come along to get your dick sucked and take off,” Bernard grinned.

“You liked watching, and you know it,” I laughed, patting him on the chest.

a“Something like that. See you soon.” Without waiting for Nick to answer he pulled me against his chest, and we flew away from the apartment, to the next naughty elf.

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CHAPTER TEN

Holly

CHAPTER TEN

Holly

Holly

Instead of us landing outside this time, Bernard brought us straight into the house. When we stepped into the living room, though, there were no elves in sight. “Maybe they are actually doing what they should?”

Everything looked in place. The mantle was decorated, and the stockings were hung neatly. The Christmas tree twinkled, its bright colorful lights splaying color across the hardwood floors. It was all as it should be.

Bernard shook his head, “Through here.” He led us into the kitchen and the childish part of me couldn’t help but laugh at the antics before me. An elf had positioned himself on the edge of the stove bent over as he farted toward the open flame. For all intents and purposes, it looked like he was literally trying to light his farts on fire.

There was another pair on the edge of the counter, pouring tequila shots, but it seemed the one at the stove had Bernard’s attention.

“It’s not funny,” Bernard stated sternly.

“It’s not like he can actually do it.” My grin faded away as I realized with the elf magic, he possibly could.

“Paul!” He directed his attention to the elf on the stove first.

“Hey, Bernard! You’re just in time!” His face lit up with glee as he backed up until his butt was almost directly over the flame.

“No!” Bernard rushed forward to stop him at the same time Paul let out a long fart. At first, I thought nothing would happen, and let out a sigh of relief, but suddenly the fire rose higher and Paul braced himself to fart again. The grimace on his face made me worry that he would actually shit himself instead of farting. Internally I kicked myself, I wasn’t sure if I wanted to see this work or not. I mean it would be pretty cool to see him light a fart on fire.

The fire sparked as his second wind hit it and as his laughter filled the air, the flame shot backward directly toward the elves laying on the counter taking tequila shots off of one another.

“Holly!” Bernard pointed toward the elves, completely oblivious to the flame that blew toward them.

“On it,” I absorbed the heat from the flame, extinguishing it before it had a chance to reach the alcohol. “I can’t believe he actually did it.”

“Such is the Christmas magic,” the elf, Paul, said proudly.

“Not how it’s supposed to be used,” Bernard chided, crossing the room and taking the tequila bottle from the others. “You three are supposed to be at your stations by now.”

“Aww, Bernard. We were just having fun,” the girl elf pouted, sitting up and letting the tequila run over her stomach.

“You are going to expose all of us,” he shook his head with a sigh. “Christmas is right around the corner. Have fun when you get back to the North Pole.”

“Just one more!” Paul giggled, squatting and getting ready for the next one.

“No more,” Bernard shook his head. “Holly.”

“Oh right,” I motioned to the room and froze them. There was no need to try to change their faces this time as they were enthusiastically watching Paul take his stance again. “Sorry, my inner child kind of wanted to see it.” Bernard shook his head, but I didn’t miss the small quirk at the corner of his lips as he pushed his glasses up on his nose to look at the two elves in front of him.

“This is worse than I thought,” he muttered.

“We can just put them back like the others. We will get it under control, don’t worry.” I tried to reassure him, but it didn’t seem to do any good. He looked more concerned than ever.

“That’s just it, Holly. These two shouldn’t even be here. Only Paul is assigned to this family.”

“Oh,” I looked at them, I’m sure just as confused as he was. “So what are they doing here?”

He shook his head, “It shouldn’t be possible. But we need to get them back to the North Pole for the time being. They have deserted their positions, so the magic will not allow them to return to duty.”

“Can you take them back?”

“I don’t have time to do that, there are already others we have to stop. I’ll just send them back, and Nick will take care of the rest. They are frozen so there isn’t much they can do right now, anyway.”

He picked up the first elf gently, his large hands making her already small frame look even tinier. “Off you go,” he patted her bottom, and she turned into a ball of light and zoomed toward the door disappearing into thin air.

“Did you just yeet the elf back to the North Pole?” I wasn’t sure if I was amused or stunned.

“Yeet?”

“Yeah, you know. A verb. To yeet,” I mimicked his motion of bouncing the elf off his hand, sending her flying.

“I guess I did.” He nodded and picked up the second elf, removing the lime and salt shaker from his hands before he turned him around. This time, as he hit the elf’s bottom he grinned, “Yeet!”

I doubled over in laughter, tears streaming from my cheeks, “You did not just-” I was breathless and unable to finish my sentence, reminding myself I needed to be quiet. “I can’t believe you did that.”

Bernard grinned as he passed me, picking up Paul and turning off the burner. “This one will have to miss out on the yeeting fun.” He winked at me and returned to the living room, putting Paul on the mantel and laying a few candy canes at his side. “I figured we could stick with the theme of the night.” “A strong choice,” I grinned my approval as he linked his fingers with mine.

“Let’s get to the next house, things are escalating.”

The sensation of flying wasn’t quite so bad now that I had done it a few times. When we landed it was almost as normal as stepping from my own portal. We stood in front of a large two story house with the yard covered in snow, the lights beneath the pillowy white shining through, casting their soft light outward.

“Any clue what they are up to in there?” I asked as we walked up the shoveled path.

“No, only that it’s no good.” He still held my hand and walked with me right through the front door. The living room was just as cozy as outside. A well designed Christmas tree, something straight out of the movies. The whole living room was lit with the gentle glow of twinkling lights.

“It looks like they are really up to no go-” I was cut off by a scream from the back of the house before I could finish my sentence.

“No! I swear I didn’t have anything to do with it!”

“You might lie now, but when we get to your holly berries, you will be singing a different tune!”

We rounded the corner into a large mud room. The floor was littered with what looked like- “Are those marshmallows?”

The small elf had a much larger snowman pushed against a cheese grater, running his bottom back and forth across the sharp edges. Each time he pushed down, marshmallows flew from the bottom, tumbling across the floor.

“How is that even possible?”

“Jimmy!” Bernard called, hoping to stop him.

“Oh good, just in time to get to the good stuff! Come help me hold his arms, those sticks can do some damage.” The elf looked up and I could see the small trickle of blood at the corner of his lip.

Not sure how much damage it could actually do to a snowman that melted anyway, I froze the elf. He might melt eventually, but he was alive at the moment. I couldn’t just let him be shredded to death.

The snowman sagged against the cheese grater. “Thank goodness you came when you did. He almost reached my holly berries!”

“What did he think you did?” I asked, careful not to step on any of the mini marshmallows that littered the floor before I helped him from the cheese grater, not sure what to do next.

“He never said. Just kept telling me he knew I had something to do with it.” The snowman adjusted his stick arm, lodging it back in place.

“How are you even so small?” Bernard asked, looking around the room. “Did he build you?”

“No, I was in the front yard, right where Charlie left me. Next thing I knew, that crazy elf showed up saying it was my fault. He shrunk me down, and dragged me in here. Threatening my berries!”

“How do we put him back together?” I asked, looking at Bernard. I didn’t need to say how bad it was; that much was already apparent.

“This is a new one for me. I didn’t even know they shredded into mini marshmallows.”

“For good reason. We don’t typically like to be shredded,” the snowman huffed.

“Noted,” Bernard pushed his glasses back on his nose. “Holly, you are going to have to try.”

“I don’t know if I can,” I looked around.

“You have to try. If not-”

“You will not melt me down!” The snowman put his tiny twiggy fingers against his chest in indignation, looking every bit a diva in the moment.

“Not if she can fix you.”

The image of a puddle of water on the ground with two little stick arms flopping around and lumps of coal blinking up at me flashed through my mind and I let out a shudder. “Let’s put Frosty together again.”

“My name is actually Bill.”

“Okay then, Bill.” I ran my hand over my face, not sure exactly where to start. Only the words of the frost sprite echoed in my mind. To think outside of the box. How the heck did you even think outside of the box when it came to putting a snowman together again?

Snow was frozen water, and marshmallows were, well, in this case, magic. That didn’t help me at all. I needed to try something. I pictured the marshmallows all moving across the floor, joining back to the spot where they had been shredded off. With a deep breath, I opened my eyes and to my surprise, the marshmallows started moving slowly across the floor toward Bill.

Suddenly, they increased their speed and instead of joining him they started pelting him. Flying into him hard, sticking into his snow packed tummy, dislodging his buttons of coal and pelting his face.

“Hey, if I wanted to kick my own ass, I would!”

“Sorry,” I squeaked, letting the magic die down. The marshmallows fell back to the ground, pooling around him.

“You can do this, Holly,” Bernard encouraged.

Outside the box. I looked around him trying to figure out what to do. I had so much magic, but none of it was of any use if I couldn't figure out how to save him. “That's it!” I said suddenly inspired. “I have two kinds of magic, right? It took two kinds of magic to make him into this mess, it will take both to fix him.”

They remained quiet, watching me closely as I focused on both the heat and the ice inside me. Too much of one, Bill would be done. “Well, here goes the marshmallow world in the winter,” I shook my head, hoping like hell it would work.

I used the heat to soften the marshmallows, moving them with the cold, arctic winds that existed within me, cooling them moments before they made impact with Bill's backside. One by one they were absorbed, his bottom rounding out until he was no longer sitting at an angle, but upright as he should be.

I let out a breath as the last of the marshmallows wiggled its way in and let the magic go. “I can't believe it actually worked.”

“Of course it did. You are brilliant.” Bernard kissed the top of my head before picking up the lump of coal that had tumbled free. He passed it to the snowman, who secured it back in his midsection.

“We are going to carry you outside this size, and then she will finish fixing you up,” Bernard stated reaching down to scoop him up carefully.

We followed the trail into the back yard, noting where the large depression in the snow was. “This must be where you were.” When Bill confirmed it, Bernard set him in the middle and I used the snow from around us to bring him back to full size.

“My holly berries thank you both.”

I picked his hat up from the ground, and placed it back on his head, watching him closely, “What do you expect? For me to dance around?” His coal eyeballs somehow mocked me.

“I have learned to stop expecting anything,” I smirked. “Nice meeting you, Bill. Enjoy your winter.”

We went back in the house and Bernard picked up Jimmy. Quickly, we returned him to his shelf, left some treats and were ready to leave before we risked making any more noise.

“Think you are up for one more stop before we head back to the North Pole?” Bernard asked, linking his fingers with mine.

“Sure,” I told him, not admitting how much putting Bill back together had taken out of me.

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“Alright, let’s go.”

CHAPTER ELEVEN

Luka

CHAPTER ELEVEN

Luka

Luka

We'd had no luck tracking my sister down so far, but tonight I was going to demand answers. Holly was safe with the others, and as much as I hated it, it was time to use who I was. There were a few places I knew my sister to hang out. It would have been dumb not to keep tabs on her all these years. Not after what she had done.

Previous searches had come up empty handed, but then again, I hadn't pushed too hard either. I didn't want to scare Holly. But if push came to shove, I would do whatever I needed to get answers and keep her safe.

The sprite had said it was someone with magic as old as my own, and there were few others that fit the bill. Six of us in total. Nick and Bernard of course. Then there was myself and Lillith. I knew the other two were one from each world. One of Hell, and one of the North Pole. For the life of me, I couldn't remember who they were and it was frustrating as Hell. I knew I knew them, I just couldn't figure out why I couldn't remember them. Something told me magic was involved somehow, I just needed to get to the bottom of it.

I pushed the thought aside as I portaled to one of the deeper levels of Hell. They knew me well here and knew what I was capable of. Without Holly at my side, they would realize there was no holding back. The guard at the door stammered and bowed at the same time, his grip slipping on the door handle as he tried to open it.

There was no waiting, I kicked the door in, letting it slam against the wall, getting everyone's attention. Good. "If any of you know where my sister is, I highly suggest you tell me."

The room was silent enough for me to hear their rapid heartbeats. To sense the fear that poured off of them as I slowly entered the dimly lit bar. "Sit, Gravtral." I pointed to one of the fiercer demons as he stood to make his exit. "I am well aware you are wanted, but I am not here to collect."

He pursed his lips together, but slowly returned to his seat, watching me closely. "Now, no one leaves, until I have my sister." I flicked my hand toward the door, slamming it shut. "Try to portal out you will be dead before you have a chance to take a step. Is that clear?"

Some of them were lesser demons and I knew there was no way they could tell me where she was. It didn't matter. They were here, and they were going to help one way or another.

"What if we don't know where she is?" one of the succubi from a nearby group asked.

I let a ball of fire roll in my hand before shooting it directly at the wall behind her. She jumped letting out a shrill scream, before falling silent again. "Then I suggest you find someone who does."

Casually I walked to the bar, helping myself to a shot of whatever was closest. The liquid burned like hellfire on the way down and I enjoyed every moment of it. I couldn't get the image of Holly's bruise out of my mind and whoever had done it was going to pay dearly.

"Brother." Lillith's voice came from directly behind me. Slowly, I poured another shot and drank it down before turning to face her.

"Out!" I bellowed, opening the door so they got the point.

"Is that really necessary?" she rolled her eyes.

Everyone scrambled to get out, portaling away the moment I ordered. The ones that had to leave through the door, kept their distance as they fought to be the first out.

"I don't think you want anyone overhearing what I have to say to you," I snarled, turning back to the bar and pouring another. "Where the Hell have you been?"

"Trying to find answers, just like you." She slid onto the barstool next to me, "Pour me one, would you?"

I did as she asked, if only for the fact that I needed to busy my hands before I throttled her. I passed it to her, "How can I trust you? After everything you have done?"

"I had my reasons," she downed the amber liquid, her glass clinking as she put it back on the bar.

"Humor me," I growled, turning to her at last.

"You wouldn't believe me if I told you."

"Holly seems to trust you. Her judgment goes a long way in my book. Why did you take her?"

She let out a short laugh, taking the bottle from me and refilling her own glass. "Would you have let me?"

"No, but that's not the point."

"Isn't it?" She cut me off. "Isn't that the point, Luka? She needed to be trained and someone had to have the balls to make her see it. It's not just her life at stake here."

"Don't you think I know that?" I half yelled. "I see the damage that is being caused. I see what it's doing to the Worlds. Not that you ever gave a fuck. So I don't know what the Hell would change that now."

"That's what this comes down to, huh? What you think you know."

"And what is that, Lillith? That you are a backstabbing cunt? One who can't see past her own desire for lust and power that she is willing to betray her own brother?" The past came rushing back. We had been so close. Inseparable even. Then the day came that I was told what I was meant for. That I was to be the Devil, despite not wanting the position.

She had disappeared for months, only to come back, harsh and mean. Ignoring every attempt I made to speak to her. Even going as far as killing some of those closest to me. It was something that I would never forget.

“Is that what you think?” Her voice dropped an octave, and for a moment, I thought I could hear the hurt behind her words. She was a master manipulator though, and it would be best to not forget that.

“You have given me no reason to think otherwise,” I seethed.

“Did you ever stop to ask yourself why I went away that day, Luka? Why I disappeared for months? We were all of age. You, me, Nick and Bernard. You were all given your assignments. What makes you think I wasn’t?”

“Even if that were the case, you killed my friends, Lillith. You turned your back on me!”

“Did I? Or did you fail to see that those closest to you were after your position?” She watched me closely, waiting for my reaction. “Look, in the beginning, I was told not to say anything to you. I needed to distance myself from you. From everyone, if I were to have a clear perspective. Over the years, it became easier just to let you keep thinking what you wanted. To protect you and your throne at a distance. I know you hate me, but your hate was easier to accept than your death.”

I stared at her in shock, not sure what to say. As much as I believed her to be a traitor all of these years, there was one thing I knew about her growing up. Lillith might be a lot of things, but she never lied. “I don’t know what to say,” I admitted.

“You don’t have to say anything. It was the way it was for a reason. Now, are you going to let me help you, or not?”

“I haven’t had a choice this whole time, why change that now?” I grinned, taking the bottle from the counter and pouring us both another shot.

“Facts,” she clinked her glass against mine, pausing before she drank it down. “I missed you, Luka.”

“I missed you too, Lil.” It wasn’t an apology, we likely never would. It wasn’t who we were, but it was a start. And it was good to have her back. “So, tell me what you know.”

“Straight to the point like always,” she grinned.

“It’s not like we have much time.”

“Fair enough. I don’t really know much. Holly is incredibly powerful and there are those that seek her for her power. Or to destroy her. Or both. I’m not really clear why they are after her, only they have been since she was conceived.”

“Holly said you took off, seeming to know something when she was done training with the sprite. What did you suspect?”

“It was more of a hunch, one that didn’t really pan out.” She looked into her glass, seeming to think it over.

“Want to run it by me?”

“It was the way Holly was attacked in her vision. There are not many that actually have enough magic to do something like that. It had to be—”

“One of the olds,” I finished for her.

“You know?” She looked surprised.

“I don’t, and that’s what’s frustrating. I can recall there were six of us, but—” I stopped, feeling even dumber if I said it outloud.

“But you can’t remember two?”

My head snapped up. “How did you know?”

“Because it’s the same with me. The only ones I can remember are you, me, Bernard, and Nick. I have memories with two others in them, but their faces and names don’t exist. It doesn’t make any sense.”

“We need to find the others and see if they remember anything.” I stood, waiting for her.

“You want to bring me back there with you?” She looked astonished.

“They knew I was looking for you, and it’s unlikely they would kill you on sight. They want answers too,” I joked.

“Har, har,” she said dryly.

“It will take us some time, Lil, but they will come around too.” I tried to reassure her. “Come on.”

I pulled her through the portal, and stepped into the sleigh room, finding Nick struggling to right the sleigh.

“Why don’t you just use your magic?” I asked, crossing to help him.

“With as wonky as everything is around here, I’m likely to turn it to tinsel,” he huffed, trying again.

I pushed my shoulder against it, straining as we hefted against it. Next to me, Lillith joined me, putting her muscle into it and helping us rock it back and forth until it flipped back over, landing on its runners.

“Thank you, Luka. That thing is a beast.”

“It wasn’t just me,” I gestured behind me, as he turned.

“What in the North Pole, Luka? Are you out of your ever-loving mind?”

“We all need to talk. But first, I need Holly and Bernard.”

“I can’t leave here,” Nick growled.

“Okay, just call Bernard to you,” I suggested.

Nick shook his head, "He's on shelf duty. It doesn't work like that right now."

"Okay, so we'll go get him," I answered.

"No. She stays." Nick pointed at Lillith. "She might have blown smoke up your nether regions, but I'm keeping my eye on her."

"It's fine, Luka. Go get them, so we can start finding answers."

I let out a breath, "I won't be long."

"Keep her away from your candy cane, or else you will be a lot longer than you expect!" Nick shouted behind me as my portal closed. There was no telling what that was all about when it came to Holly.

Hopefully I would catch them at a good time and we could get back to start figuring this shit out. I

Nick was hesitant to use his magic, at the North Pole of all places, things were getting bad, fast.

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CHAPTER TWELVE

Bernard

CHAPTER TWELVE

Bernard

My mind reeled as we made our way to the next house. I had no clue what to do to make this stop, short of finding the one responsible for everything in the first place. And that was proving to be easier said than done.

The elves had never been this far out of control. Sure, they got a little crazy when they indulged in too many sugar cookies. But it was nothing like this. This was next level.

I brought us out in front of a small ranch style home, smiling at how homey it looked, despite it being a bit run down. It wasn't the looks of the house that gave it the feeling, it was the love that poured from it. This family knew the true meaning of Christmas.

There wasn't much in the way of decorations, but they still tried. A string of lights wrapped around a bush and a lone reindeer clung to the window. Through the window, I could see the soft glow of the star atop the tree.

"Let's see what they are up to," I pulled her through the door with me, stopping in my tracks at the sight. Heat went straight to my center and I swallowed hard, willing myself to not grip Holly's hand any tighter than I already was.

"You okay?" Holly looked at me curiously, raising a brow at the elves splayed out on the couch. He had her tied up with ribbon, her arms above her head and a series of ribbons wrapped over her chest and around her breast, exposing them to the chill air in the room. I swallowed as I pictured Holly exactly like that, her perky nipples pebbled as I brought them to near painful peaks.

"Well, this one is right up Bernard's alley, isn't it?" Luka laughed, making me whip around to see him grinning from ear to ear.

Holly looked at me, her cheeks flushing, "Really?"

"Ignore him," I grumbled, moving toward the elves. "Time to break it up, you two."

"Please, just let me-" the girl all but moaned, the breathy sound of her voice making me clench my teeth. "Holly."

I turned to her, the look on her face doing worse things to me than the images in my head. She actually looked like she was interested in what they were doing. My dick stirred at the thought of having her tied up and at my mercy.

"Someone's candy cane is showing," Holly smirked knowingly, as she froze the elves behind me. "Do you think 'O' face is appropriate for shelf duty?"

"Keep it up," I warned, not sure if I were hoping she would, or wouldn't.

“Why did you come to find us?” Holly asked, as I quickly untied the female, hoping Holly didn’t notice that I was quite skilled in removing the bonds.

“I found Lillith,” he stated simply. “She’s with Nick, so as soon as you two are done here, you need to get back.”

“We were planning on returning after this stop, so that won’t be a problem,” Holly stated. I noticed she looked a bit tired, but it had been a long night.

“I’m going back before Nick does anything to Lillith. Hurry back,” he kissed Holly’s cheek and disappeared.

“Let’s get them moved,” I stated, lifting the male elf. Holly picked up the female, and we carried them to the entertainment center, sitting them gently against the sides of the television. “Holly, about what you saw-” I wasn’t sure how to address it, but I needed her to know that if she didn’t want that, I was more than okay with it.

“I look forward to it,” she stood on her toes and kissed my cheek. “Let’s get back to the others.”

My ears flushed as I dropped some candy canes on the wooden surface between the elves and grinned as I took her hand. “You are something else, Holly.”

She squeezed my hand and I transported us back to the sleigh room, the air thick enough to cut with a butter knife.

“Lillith!” Holly greeted her, “It’s good to see you!”

“Likewise. I hope these three have been treating you well?” she arched a brow in question.

“Always,” Holly squeezed my hand before letting go, and crossing the room to get a drink. “So what’s the rush? Do you know something?”

“First, there is some old business to discuss, then we will get into that.” Luka filled Holly in on the betrayal and why none of us trusted Lillith as far as we could throw her. But then, he shocked everyone, by saying he might have been wrong and misjudged her.

As he told Lillith’s side of things, and she filled in the holes, I couldn’t help but believe what he was saying was true. Every single time I started to get an off feeling about one of Luka’s so called friends they disappeared, or were murdered. “It was you.” I stated when they had finally finished.

She nodded. “It wasn’t easy. You are my family. But I had to protect you.”

Nick let out a humph, crossing his arms. “Likely story. If that’s the case, then why come back after all this time?”

“Because there is much more at stake here than my pride,” Lillith admitted.

“The Spirit,” I concluded.

t“Yes, exactly. Luka and I both realized the same thing and we wanted to see what you two could remember. How many of the old are left? How many do you know of?” she asked.

oI thought about it for a minute, “Six.”

Nick narrowed his eyes, nodding in agreement. “That proves nothing.”

d“How many can you name?”

We both thought about it, my brow furrowing in confusion. Each time I got past the four names in the droom, I came up blank.

“You can’t remember past us four, can you?” Luka questioned.

nI shook my head. “I can picture them, but not really. I know they are there, but I can’t figure out who they are.” I looked to Nick to see if he could.

s“What have you done?” he snarled at Lillith.

“Nothing. I can’t remember them either. It was why I have been gone for the last few months. Trying to figure out who those two might be.”

d“Were you in the library in Hell the other day?” Holly asked.

“No, I haven’t been there in ages. That might be a great place to look though.”

a“Someone else already had that thought and apparently is powerful enough to cloak themselves against the sprites. They were looking for something, but from what we can tell, they came up empty handed,” Luka filled her in on their trip to the library. Their trip there left us with more questions than anything.

s“We are missing something,” I mused out loud.

“Yeah, like who is going to be missing their yule log when this is over,” Nick snarled.

e“Does that mean what I think it does?” Holly half laughed, looking at him in shock.

n“Yeah, he’s pretty mad,” I shrugged. When it came down to it, Nick wasn’t actually a violent guy. Grumpy, sure, but not really violent. Considering whoever was behind this had threatened Holly, sbelieved his threats this time.

l;“So how do we find them?” Holly questioned. “Can magic undo whatever it did to erase them from your memories?”

lshook her head. “They are too powerful to make a slip up like that. It’s going to have to be something else.”

When I glanced at Holly for her response, I noticed how pale she looked. The night had taken its toll on her. “Nick, we are going to need some hot cocoa to help her. She has used too much magic tonight.”

“I’ll be fine,” Holly insisted, even as her eyes struggled to stay open and her words began to slur.

“Damn right you will. We are getting you into bed,” Luka agreed, nodding to me as I was the closest to her. “I’ll be right back, Lillith.”

“If she wasn’t as tired as she is, I would doubt that,” she chuckled. “I’ll be right here.”

I scooped Holly into my arms, and she snuggled into my chest. She was already falling asleep the moment I picked her up, but we needed to wake her up. Even Nick needed the boost from hot chocolate when he over extended himself. “Holly,” I murmured softly as we reached our shared room.

“I need you to wake up and drink some of this.

“Hmm,” she muttered, her eyes flicking open before closing again. I kept her upright, gently shaking her awake again.

Nick came speeding into the room, “Here, it’s warm, but it will do the trick.”

“Holly, I need you to drink some of this,” I pressed the cup to her lips, letting the liquid touch it until she opened. “Good girl,” I praised, watching her drink a few sips. “A little more,” I urged. She needed to drink at least half of it, or there was no telling how long it would take for her body to restore. Especially with this being her first time. After a few more swallows, I was satisfied she had enough and passed the cup back to Nick. Luka had already turned down the bed sheets and I scooped her back up, laying her beneath them as he covered her up.

Instantly she snuggled down into the blankets, the soft hum coming from her lips telling me she was already falling back asleep. “She will be okay, she just needs sleep,” I said out loud, not sure if I was trying to reassure the others, or myself.

“Let’s go figure out what we do next, so we can get moving when she wakes,” Luka suggested.

“Good idea.” Keeping my mind busy was a great idea, and we needed to find answers so we could stop putting her through this.

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CHAPTER THIRTEEN

Holly

CHAPTER THIRTEEN

Holly

Holly

I woke up feeling groggy, but well rested. Whatever had been in that hot chocolate had done wonders toward making me feel better. The last thing I could remember was Bernard whispering ‘good girl,’ as I drank it down, and being too tired to be horny. Now that I was more rested, though, it was an entirely different matter.

The heat that had flashed in his eyes when he saw that elf tied up, it had done things to me. Crazy, delicious things, and I wondered what it would be like to have him do the same to me. I let out a low groan, my center heating at the thought. There would be time for that later, right now, I needed to see what they were able to come up with last night while I was passed out.

Quickly I washed up and changed my clothes, slipping into a pair of comfy jeans and an oversized sweater. The others, including Lillith, were already gathered in the kitchen, everyone talking at once, their laughter filling the air.

“It looks like we are all on better terms,” I grinned, taking a seat as Nick put a plate heaped with food in front of me.

“Eat,” he ordered.

“It’s too much,” I protested, knowing there was no way I would finish everything.

“Eat,” he said again, putting a glass of milk down next to my plate. Such a Santa thing.

“We came to an understanding. While some things are still unresolved, it’s good to have Lillith back.” Luka winked at me. “You were right.”

“Mark the calendar,” Lillith smirked. “Good morning, Holly.”

“Morning. So what did I miss?” I asked, before I started eating.

“Not really much, we are all in the same boat. We can’t remember who the other two are, only that they exist,” Luka started, his frustration in his voice. “We can’t protect you if we don’t know who we are protecting you from.”

“The other issue lies in the fact that we can’t even figure out a possible solution to remember. I spent the whole night contacting every witch I know. Some more powerful than you could imagine, only to come back with the same answer. Whatever has been done, we cannot simply undo, not unless those that placed it on us does so, or we find someone who remembers them.” Lillith added.

“A nearly impossible task, as we cannot remember who we have forgotten,” Bernard frowned.

“Okay, but that’s good, right? We might not have answers, but we at least have less unanswers,” I stated optimistically.

“That hot cocoa certainly brought you back,” Bernard grinned.

“Something like that,” my gaze met his heatedly and the moment he flushed, I knew he realized where my mind had gone.

He pushed his glasses up on his nose, “Yes, well,” he cleared his throat. “After breakfast there are a few houses that we need to swing by. The alarm has been raised and you are the only one that can get them in line.”

“They are acting out during the day?”

“Timezones, Holly,” Luka winked.

“Oh, right.” One day I would get used to this whole thing. “When do we leave?”

“Not until you are done eating,” Nick pointed at my plate.

“Nick,” I sighed. “There is enough to feed all of us here.”

“Eat.” He ignored my protests and left the room.

“It’s his way of showing he cares. He was worried last night that you were too drained,” Bernard explained.

“I’ll be back.” I followed Nick from the room, finding him leaning against the balcony looking out at the small town nestled around his workshop.

“It’s going to be okay,” I went up behind him and wrapped my arms around his waist.

He pulled me around him and wrapped me in a hug, resting his cheek against the top of my head. I could feel his worry laced with fear, and I wished there was something I could do to fix it. “Come back to me,” he murmured, kissing the top of my head.

“How could I not? I have a taste for candy canes now.” I wiggled my eyebrows suggestively, making him chuckle.

“Go, help Bernard. We are going to see what we can do to stay on track around here.” He patted my ass as I walked away.

“Ready?” I asked Bernard.

“Let’s do it.”

“Be safe,” Lillith warned, as Bernard wrapped his fingers around mine.

“Don’t worry, I won’t leave you to deal with these surly men by yourself,” I winked, her laugh following us as Bernard brought us to the first stop.

“There is no telling what we are walking into, Holly. Stay alert,” Bernard squeezed my hand depositing us into the living room.

“Are all elves usually this horny?” My brow shot up as I took in the sight around me. For all intents and purposes we had walked into an elf orgy. All around us, elves were in various positions, clearly having a good time in their sexcapades.

The first elf looked up at me, a can of whipped cream in his hand, “What are you looking at?” he sneered, before filling the mouth of the blowup doll in front of him.

“What do you plan to do with that? Isn’t her mouth a little bit big for you?”

He frowned at his miscalculation, ignoring the fact that the doll was also inanimate. But to each their own. “I’ll shrink her,” he nodded matter of factly.

Opposite from him was an odd looking elf, the first one I had seen with a mustache actually. Next to him, he had posted a sign, ‘Free Mustache Rides’. Surprisingly, there were two elves waiting next to him, a huge grin on his face. “It’s the handlebars, gets them every time.”

Laughter bubbled up as I looked around us in disbelief. “They are having an orgy in the living room like their own elf sex club. The only thing missing is some ribbon.” I laughed again when Bernard flushed red all the way to the tips of his ears.

“You will see what someone can do with ribbon,” he cleared his throat. “Let’s get this all tied up, so we can get back.”

“Tied up, huh?” laughter bubbled up again.

“Keep it up,” he groaned.

“Alright guys, back to your stations, or to the North Pole, what’s it going to be?” I asked, everyone stopping simultaneously to look at me. The tiny, beady sets of eyes staring at me while they were fucking was almost unnerving. I froze everyone the moment they started protesting, they couldn’t say didn’t give them a chance.

“Which one is assigned here?” I asked, scanning the room.

“No one. This house doesn’t have any kids,” Bernard stated grimly.

It was really really bad if that was happening. “Fuck. Okay, let’s get them back, we will clean this up and then head back to do what we can.”

We worked together, Bernard yeeting the elves back to the North Pole and me cleaning up the mess from their orgy. “Why is it only affecting some elves and not others? Not that I’m complaining, we would never be able to keep up if it were all of them. Maybe figuring out why they are the first to feel the effects of everything would be a good start.”

“I have been thinking about that too, and I can’t seem to discern who is being affected the most. The elves at the North Pole make sense. They are near the center of the North Poles’ magic, being in the

workshop. Why those on shelf duty are changed, I haven't been able to figure out." Bernard tapped another elf and sent it flying.

"Do they have anything in common? These guys?" I looked around the room, the few that were left still in their various positions of pleasure. "Other than the obvious," I smirked.

He studied the room and his eyes lit up, "They do! Everyone here is in their last year of service. All of the elves so far have been those serving longest for shelf duty."

"What about that would make them vulnerable?" There had to be a connection.

"The longer they are on shelf duty, the more connected to the North Pole they become. It's why we require service. So the magic becomes part of them, and they are able to excel in their particular skillset. But we limit it as well, so no singular elf becomes more powerful than another. A balance in you will." He straightened the skirt of the girl in front of him before picking her up. Even in their frozen state he was gentle and respectful. It was no wonder I liked him.

"Okay, so that has to be something, right?" I thought it over as we continued in silence. "There is still something that doesn't add up."

Bernard paused and looked up at me, pushing his glasses back up on his nose. "What would that be?"

"If both magics are affected, tainted, if you will, then why is nothing really off right now in Hell? Wouldn't there be issues there too?"

Bernard grinned, "Your brain is something else." I flushed under his compliment, but he kept going. "Things are off there, though, not as bad as the North Pole. The magic is the strongest there at this time of year, but things never fully went back to normal after the party in Hell. Luka didn't want to tell you so you didn't worry because things were bad enough here as it is."

"So what happens if we make it through Christmas? The Christmas Spirit dies down, does Hell take its turn?" There was nothing good that could come of that. He looked worried for a minute, as if he were keeping something from me, so I pressed further. "I can take it, Bernard. I need to know."

"If we don't fix this, and Christmas is ruined, there won't be enough Christmas Spirit left to balance the Worlds. That's why this rift is so dangerous. There will be no controlling what happens."

My stomach sank, "Oh." That didn't give us much time at all.

"Alright I guess we should finish up and get back. There are only a few left." I looked down at the blow up doll, halfway shrunk, her mouth wide open and filled with whipped cream. I couldn't help but cringe. "Umm, what do I do with that?"

"Put it back," Bernard suggested.

"I'm not touching it," I made a face.

Bernard grimaced, “Neither am I. Did you see what he was doing to that thing?”

“Guess this guy is just going to have to think she got lost, because there is no way I’m putting it back.” I used my magic, floating her through the air to the big trash can outside, careful to cover it with one of the bags already inside the bin. “That’s so gross.” I scrunched my nose as the lid closed.

“Alright, that’s it for now, let’s get back to the others and see if they came up with anything.” Bernard suggested, linking his hand with mine.

“Wait, Bernard!” I stopped him as he took a step forward, getting ready to take us back. My gaze met his as a thought occurred to me. I had no clue how we hadn’t seen it before. “You said that we could undo whatever was done if we found someone that remembered?”

“Possibly,” his brow drew together as he attempted to figure out my train of thought. “Our magic works in odd ways, but it could be the key.”

“What if I know someone that might remember?” I grew enthusiastic as the thought solidified. This had to work.

“His brow shot up. Who?”

“My father.”

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CHAPTER FOURTEEN

Holly

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Holly

Holly

Bernard flew us back to the North Pole the moment the realization struck him. “Our girl is brilliant.” He beamed as we stepped into the sleigh room.

The elves had all been taken from the air and sat against the wall and it looked like they had started cleaning up, getting what they could ready in the sleigh. Everyone stopped and looked at us expectantly.

“Tell us something we don’t know,” Luka winked at me. “But what did she do this time?”

“She might have figured it out.”

“There is someone that might not have been affected by whatever spell was used on you four. Someone that might remember the other two, because he wasn’t here when the spell was cast, but he was when you were all still together.” I waited a beat, letting them process my train of thought before telling them. “My dad.”

“Reginald?” Lillith’s eyes widened. “Of course.”

“What in jingle bells sake are we waiting for?” Nick scooped me up and spun me around. “Bernard is right, you are a genius!”

I laughed as he put me down. The walls above the reindeer held clocks with every time zone, and I scanned it to find my dad’s. “Let’s go pay my dad a visit. He should be up already.”

We all arrived at the same time behind the guest house, again decorated like a gingerbread house. This year the sight of all the decorations didn’t leave my stomach sick. Instead, I remembered my mother fondly and appreciated how the traditions and decorations my dad carried on after her helped keep her memory alive. She would have loved this.

I led everyone into the house and down the hall to the kitchen where I knew I would find my dad having his morning coffee. Some things never changed.

He looked up from his morning puzzle, surprise and delight on his face as everyone filed in behind me. “Good Morning! What a surprise! I wasn’t expecting you back until Christmas Eve.”

“Good morning, Dad.” I crossed the room and gave him a hug. “We need your help.”

He nodded, “Anything.” He glanced over my shoulder at the others. “Lillith, it’s great to see you again. It’s been far too long. Things are better?”

“You knew?” Luka asked, shocked before looking back to Lillith, “He knew?”

“Holly’s mother did, as I confided in her, and she told Reginald.”

“Don’t get butt hurt, Luka. She had her reasons,” I chided, knowing he would understand, he just needed to be snapped out of it.

“What is it I can help you with?” he looked concerned, knowing we wouldn’t have all shown up here for nothing.

I took the seat opposite him. “When you and Mom lived at the North Pole, you were friends with them, right?” I motioned to the others standing around the table.

Slowly he nodded. “They are the ones that helped us get out. You already know this.”

“When they were there, you said they were inseparable? Like a group of people with something in common? Maybe the fact that they were all of the old magic?”

“Okay, sure. But where are you going with this?” He looked perplexed.

“How many of them were there, Dad?”

He blinked in confusion for a moment, thinking back. “Six.”

Everyone let out a collective breath. He remembered at least that much. Maybe there was hope he knew who. “Who were the six, Dad?”

“Well four are in this room, Luka, Lillith, Bernard and Nick.”

“The others?” I held my breath, hoping like Hell he would remember.

“That would be Respen and Ferno. Though, they were never with the others quite as much. What does that have to do with anything?”

The room went silent and I could see the moment they all remembered. “Damn them!” Luka slammed his fist on the island.

“You remember?”

“Remember what?” Dad looked confused.

“Who made them forget everything. They could remember there were six of old magic, but when it came to the two you just named, they came up blank. Their memories included them, but they couldn’t put a face or a name to them. We think they are the ones behind all of this.” I informed him, while the others ran a gambit of emotions from betrayal, to anger. I couldn’t imagine how much of a shock this was.

“They will pay dearly for this,” Nick seethed.

“Me first,” Luka growled.

“It makes no sense, why would they help her?” Bernard looked for the good, trying to make sure it was all the way thought out before anyone acted.

“Who are they? Who helped?”

Luka met my gaze, “The sprites, Holly.”

My brow shot up. “There’s no way,” I breathed. “They-” I stopped myself, unable to say anything as an emotion caught in my throat. I had kissed one. Flirted with the other. Entertained the idea of being with one of them even. “Are you sure?” I asked at last. I couldn’t deny it though, as soon as they connected their names with the fact that they were sprites, I could clearly see who attacked me in my vision. His usually charming expression was dark and shrewd, determined to take my life if the opportunity arose.

“They are the only ones with our level of magic, Holly.” Lillith stated apologetically.

“There was never any witch,” the realization dawned on me.

“No, we were all played,” she agreed.

“But to what end? Why the hell would they help me learn my magic? And why do they want to bring an end to everything?” It didn’t make sense, and yet it did all at the same time. The angry fire sprite’s face danced in my mind again.

“We can only hazard a guess,” Bernard started. “I would assume at first it was to see if you were actually the Spirit. Then, when they saw your level of power, and your capability, they needed to come up with a way to gauge what they were actually up against.”

Lillith picked up where he left off. “They convinced me to kidnap you from the party. It was easy to pin everything on me, considering. But, they had not been prepared for you being such a good judge of character and trusting me.”

“Clearly I’m not. I never thought anything was off. Hell, I even let the fire dude kiss me.” I wiped a smudge from my lips, disgusted with myself. “It makes so much sense. That’s why they would never tell me their names.”

“In our World, names are a powerful thing. I assumed they guarded it simply because they didn’t want their names used against them.” Luka stated.

“If that’s not an understatement,” I said dryly. “So what now?”

“They will be fed to Luka’s hounds,” Nick snarled.

“Eww, X would never,” I grimaced and Luka chuckled.

“Nick, it might be easier said than done, but we need to calm down. They don’t know that we know and we need to use that to our advantage.” Bernard was right. We were all feeling hurt and betrayed right now, but we needed to use the upper hand we had finally been given.

“So, how do we do that?”

“Whatever we do, it needs to be fast. Christmas is right around the corner, and if we don’t stop this snow, it will be too late.” Nick paced, not liking being held back, but he knew just as well as we did that we needed to play this the right way if we were going to stop it.

“We need to make them think we are still searching for answers. Convince them that they still have us in the dark.” Luka ran his hand over his face.

“The two of them were always very close. I think closer than any of us realized. Possibly polar twins,” Lillith stated. “If that’s the case, that means whatever we do to one, the other will know about.”

“Polar twins?” I questioned her term.

“Yeah, it was something I always suspected growing up. I don’t know why I didn’t see it before.” Lillith sighed, berating herself. “Polar twins are rare, but they do exist. They are each other’s exact opposites. Another form of balance to the Worlds, if you will. It would make sense considering they are fire and ice. Also, it would explain why Ferno was able to enter your mind, under a spell placed by Respen.”

“Okay, so if we end this, what happens to that balance?” I didn’t want to make things worse. People like them could be martyrs at best. See themselves as heroes if they died for the cause. Their death could be the final trap laid out for us.

My dad set down his cup. “If ancient texts are correct, nothing. New polar twins will emerge and the balance will continue as it should.” He shrugged as we looked at him in surprise. “What? I did a lot of reading these past few years trying to find answers for Holly.”

“So how do we defeat someone with magic as old and as strong as your own?” My mind reeled with the possibilities.

“We don’t.” Bernard stated solemnly, his words making my stomach sink. What good was any of this then.

“They do,” my dad finished for him, making my head snap back up.

“The polar opposites have existed so long, their magic will feed off of one another. The only way to destroy them is to have them destroy each other. It was part of my light reading,” he winked at me, earning a small smile.

“Because what’s one more impossible feat?” I shrugged. “Ideas?”

We sat with my dad for hours discussing options. As far as continuing without them picking up on anything, we had that down. But when it came to them destroying one another, we all were equally clueless. After what seemed like hours, we decided to call it a day and get back to the North Pole. We

had already been at my dad's house long enough, and if we wanted to keep up appearances, we needed to get back.

It was decided that Lillith would return on her man hunt, keeping them thinking that they were still at odds with one another would only play to our favor. Now that Lillith knew who they were, it was possible she would hear something that would help us as she continued searching.

"Check in tonight," Luka reminded his sister as she stood.

"Aww, you do care," Lillith put her hand on her heart, teasing him.

"We just need to make sure they don't find out you know, and ruin everything," Luka joked back.

"I missed you too, Luka," she laughed. "See you all later."

After she left, I turned to my dad. "Thank you for all your help." I kissed him on the cheek. "See you at Christmas Eve."

"You better." He watched as I stepped back with the guys, opening my portal and waving goodbye.

"I wouldn't miss it." I stepped through, and my dad disappeared from view. It was time to get to work.

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CHAPTER FIFTEEN

Holly

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Holly

Nick returned to the sleigh room, to continue prepping for Christmas. There was a lot to do, and without the elves, or his glitchy magic, the task seemed almost monumental. Bernard returned to shelf duty, making his rounds and checking to make sure everyone was where they were supposed to be, with the agreement that he would let me know if there was anything he needed my help with. Luka and I were returning to the Library in Hell, to keep up appearances, and continue our search for answers. It would be very telling how Ferno acted when we arrived, if he knew anything was different. Now, we just had to play the part.

When we exited in front of the cave, Luka lightly squeezed my hand. "You got this."

I gave him a small smile, and took a deep breath. "Let's hope so."

It was hard to convince myself when all I wanted to do was punch that asshole in the dick for the way he manipulated everyone. For the way he made me feel.

When we passed through the cave, I expected the succubus to greet us as she usually did, but she was nowhere in sight. I guessed she took Luka's threat seriously and vanished when she sensed our arrival.

Instead of calling the sprite, we had decided to let him come to us. Knowing he was the one behind it there was no doubt he would. He wouldn't be able to resist showing up to figure out what we knew. As we passed through the rows of books I could feel someone watching us, but forced myself to play it out. For all I knew, it could have been any number of the sprites that lived in the walls, but I knew in my gut, it was Ferno.

"There has to be something we missed at that wall. It won't hurt to check it out," I stated at last.

"I think it's a waste of time, Holly."

"With things getting as out of control as they are, it doesn't hurt to double check. The fire sprite said there was something off, but nothing missing. Maybe there is something there that none of us saw."

"It's worth a shot, at this point, anything is possible," Luka squeezed my hand in reassurance and willed myself to relax. We needed to keep up appearances.

No one bothered us all the way to the back corner of the library where the fire sprite had told us someone had spent a great deal of time. At the time, I had assumed it was his connection with the library and the other sprites. Now that we knew, it all seemed a little too obvious.

"Are there any creatures that you know of that are capable of messing with the magic like this? Creatures that would somehow benefit from ending the Spirit?" I scanned the shelves as if I were looking for something. Not a thing was out of place, not that I thought it would be.

I stepped down the row, looking now more out of interest as I thought of how many books a library this vast could hold. How much information was held down here. Just as I was about to move on, a book slid outward from the neat rows. Poking out far enough to draw my attention.

"Luka, over here," I called out. He was at my side in an instant, looking at the book with me. The spine read *Hellhounds*.

"Do you think?" I didn't have to feign the shaking in my voice. I had no clue what picking up the book would do, but I also knew hellhounds had nothing to do with what was going on. They only wanted me to think so because it would make me get rid of X. What was it that they had against him?

"I guess we will have to find out," Luka reached up and took the book from the shelf, laying it on the long wooden ledge.

"You don't think X?" I said it outloud, hating myself that the words even had to leave my lips.

"There has to be a reason this book revealed itself to you, Holly. You are the Spirit."

I nodded my head, "Well, here goes nothing." I slowly opened the book, letting it fall open where it would. Images of hellhounds covered the pages and I remembered the first time I had met X. How I thought it was some weird, Halloween thing. Things had changed so much since then.

There had to be a reason they used this particular book, but why? I scanned the pages as if I were searching for something, hating that I had to play their game. I wanted nothing more than to summon them to me and end it once and for all.

"Find anything interesting?" The fire sprite appeared behind us, making me startle. "Jumpy?"

My heart hammered in my chest as I looked over my shoulder, forcing myself to remain calm. "With everything going on right now, it's hard to not be." I turned another page, scanning the images surprised at how easily I could tell one hellhound from another.

"Do you know much about hellhounds?" I questioned.

"I'm sure the Devil would know more on the subject. I haven't spent much time with them myself." He stepped closer, peering at the pages with us. I felt Luka shift a tiny bit closer, the tension palpable as he stiffened next to me.

"Why do you think the library would suggest this book?" I turned to another page. "There has to be something." This page was different from the others. The writing seemed newer, but I couldn't be sure. I swore one of the images blinked at me, and I leaned closer to inspect it, shocked when someone pushed my head down from behind and the book glowed, all but blinding me as it opened up into a portal and sucked me into the pages.

yl landed on my ass in the middle of a field I didn't recognize. At first I thought I was alone, but as astood, I realized I had company.

The sprites stood on either side of me, making it almost impossible to watch them both at the same time. "You are a clever girl, Holly. It really will be a shame to end it." Respen, the frost sprite, shook his head almost regretfully.

k"How did you know?" there was no use in pretending anymore. If they brought me here, they knew.

d"You see, the training we so eagerly provided you, was more for us than it was for you. You would have come into your powers eventually, despite what we did or not. That was only a matter of time. Our training allowed us to not only gauge where you were in your abilities, but it allowed my brother here to enter your mind, to have access to it, if you will."

"And what did you find out?" I glared at the fire sprite.

"That you are indeed insatiable," he took a step forward, desire in his eyes. "It really is a shame."

t"Why?"

I"Something tells me you don't care why I think it's a shame," he smirked, his usual charming grin only nauseating me this time.

e"Why are you after me? I did nothing to either of you but stand up for you and try to be your friend." I forced myself to keep a blank mind. I wasn't sure how the whole seeing into my mind thing worked.

"You are clever," Ferno chuckled. "Keep that beautiful mind blank. You know, when you first came to the library, I thought you still remained blissfully unaware."

h"What gave it away?"

, "The moment you thought about X, I realized our cover was blown."

"You underestimate how much I care for him." I retorted.

"He's a hellhound, Holly. He will never care for you the way you do for him. It's not in their nature." "He's an abomination, and so are you," Ferno sneered, his true self showing.

e"Is that why you want me dead? You see me as an abomination?"

"We represent the balance, Holly. Polar twins, created for one purpose. To keep the balance between the Worlds. And yet, you were created. One being capable of doing it alone. You should not exist. From the day you were conceived, things started changing." Respen stepped closer, closing in on me with his brother on my opposite side still.

p"Did you ever think things started changing because of you?" I snapped. "I was a baby, how was I capable of doing anything close to that?"

"It was your mere existence," Ferno started glowing, his anger building.

I “You created the imbalance and needed to be destroyed. But before we could take care of it, they helped you disappear.”

e “All of this for your pride? You thought I was going to be better than you?”

k Respen started to shine, the frost on his skin growing thicker at my accusation. I needed to keep them going. I had no clue what the hell I was going to do, but considering Ferno could read my mind, it was probably better that way.

d “Worried a girl would knock you off your high horse? You must have been pissed when you found out I was back.” I goaded them, hoping they would slip.

r “You have no clue what an abomination you are,” Ferno seethed, his skin almost molten lava, his hair singeing at the tips as his rage grew.

“For an abomination, I seem to be doing pretty okay for myself,” I feigned my nonchalance at his statement.

“This ends now,” Respen ground out. His skin was now almost a glowing blue, barely visible beneath the amount of frost and ice that covered him. They both raised their hands at the same time, and I knew what was coming. My body shook, knowing this was going to be the end. There was no need to fake the tear that rolled down my cheek as I thought about leaving everyone behind.

“Pathetic,” Ferno growled, a fireball rolling in his hand. “End her.”

o At the same time they both shot their magic toward me and I rooted my feet in the ground, forcing myself to remain where I was. If this had to end with me, then so be it. I would do what was necessary to save the ones I loved. Ferno’s face showed he had read my thoughts and he pushed harder, the magic from the two of them greater than anything I had ever seen before.

Just as the sprites magic singed my skin, I was barreled into, getting knocked down, their magic whizzing over my head as X pinned me to the icy ground. I looked on in shock as the full force of their magic hit one another, the blend of fire mixing with ice, swirling around one another until it filled the air above me as they fought to take it back.

n “Nooooo!” Respen screamed, his brother’s magic tearing through him.

t “Brother!” Ferno’s pain echoed Respen’s, both of them unable to do anything to stop it. I remained crouched low, clinging to X’s coat, the air above us ablaze with the force of their magic.

“Stay low, baby,” I held on, hoping he would listen.

l I glanced at Ferno, his face slowly cracking with blue. A glow that burned through his fiery orange flesh, the light blazing outward, shock frozen on his face. Opposite me, Ferno’s magic tore through his

brother. The icy blue skin I had once admired burned from within, the fiery glow taking over and destroying him from the inside out.

Suddenly, the magic stopped and both stood still, frozen in shock. I was almost too afraid to move as I waited for something to happen, but they stood where they were, the magic glowing outward from them.

X nudged my arm and slowly, I risked standing to my feet, wondering what the hell I did now. I couldn't leave them, not if they were going to- My thought was cut off as they both suddenly exploded, filling the air with a mix of snow and ash. As it rained down on us I laughed, wishing the guys were there with me to see it. It was finally over.

As my laughter filled the air, Luka, Nick and Bernard all ran through a portal, surprising me. "How did you find me?"

"A portal opened and we knew it would lead us to you," Luka scooped me in his arms, hugging me tight. He looked at X, surprised to see him already there.

"I have no clue how he knew where to find me. If it hadn't been for him, I wouldn't be here." I stroked his soft coat affectionately. There was no way he was going anywhere.

"Are you okay?" Luka pulled me back to scrutinize me.

"I am now." I looked toward the sky, watching the magic drift down to the ground and slowly fade away.

"How did you destroy them?" Bernard looked around us.

"I didn't. They destroyed each other. I'll explain everything, but first, I need a shower. That ash and snow might be pretty, but I can't get it out of my mind that it might actually be their flesh." I cringed at the thought.

"Let's go home," Nick grinned, pulling me tight against him. It didn't matter where they took me because as long as I was with them, I was already home.

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"I have no clue how he knew where to find me. If it hadn't been for him, I wouldn't be here." I stroked his soft coat affectionately. There was no way he was going anywhere.

"Are you okay?" Luka pulled me back to scrutinize me.

"I am now." I looked toward the sky, watching the magic drift down to the ground and slowly fade away.

"How did you destroy them?" Bernard looked around us.

"I didn't. They destroyed each other. I'll explain everything, but first, I need a shower. That ash and snow might be pretty, but I can't get it out of my mind that it might actually be their flesh." I cringed at the thought.

"Let's go home," Nick grinned, pulling me tight against him. It didn't matter where they took me, because as long as I was with them, I was already home.

CHAPTER SIXTEEN

Holly

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Holly

I quickly showered and was going to head out to unfreeze everyone before we all passed out for the night, but when I entered the room, it was to find all three looking at me hotly.

“On the bed, Holly,” Bernard said thickly.

“What?” I asked, needing him to repeat it as heat shot through me.

He reached down and undid his suspenders. “You heard me.” he tugged them free and watched me heatedly. “On the bed.”

I swallowed as he twisted the elastic in his hand, forming a knot and instantly I remembered the night with the elves. How he looked at me, and how much I wanted it.

I did as he said and climbed on the bed, my naked body fully exposed to them. I shivered in anticipation as he brushed his fingers over my hip and across the side of my breast, before moving to my hand. He laid my hands together across my stomach and gently wrapped the knot around them, binding them together.

“We can stop at any time,” he stated thickly.

I nodded, my whole body already aching with need.

“Mistletoe,” his voice was rough. “Repeat it.”

“Mistletoe.” My voice was not my own and I quivered when I said it.

“Good girl,” he lifted my arms above my head. “If you want to stop, that’s the word you use. Got it?”

I nodded, my breath catching as he secured my hands above my head to the bed, lightly trailing his fingers down my arms again. The other two stood next to the bed, watching heatedly as Bernard continued his slow torment.

He leaned down, kissing his way across my shoulder and over the swell of my breast before sucking a nipple into his mouth. I ached as he gently nipped it, grinning against my skin as a soft moan escaped me.

“Bernard,” I moaned, arching my back in pleasure. He didn’t give in though, instead, he reached toward Nick and I saw the shine of glittery red ribbon. Letting it brush against my skin, the featherlight touch building the sensations. Expertly he wrapped it around my back, and across my chest, twisting and turning it until he had the ribbon wrapped around the outside of my breasts, each one jutting outward from the slight pressure it applied.

Every time I shifted, I could feel them rub against my skin, and despite him doing nothing more than taking another ribbon from Luka, I was more turned on than I had ever been before. The way he had it tied around me, somehow had even my nipples throbbing.

Bernard created another knot in the ribbon and gently fed my foot through the hole, tightening it until it was snug around my ankle. He passed the free end to Luka and he slowly pulled my leg open, and Bernard repeated it with my other foot, passing the free end to Nick. Together they tied the ribbons to the bottom of the bed, fully exposing me to all of them.

“Such a beautiful sight,” he murmured before he worked his way lower, kissing and teasing my flesh as he went. Bit by bit he moved closer to the apex of my thighs, kissing each one, the sensation of his hair barely brushing against my aching pussy driving me insane.

“Please,” I wiggled, wanting more.

“Mmmm,” he murmured against my thigh before kissing it. He turned his head, his mouth barely making contact with my pussy before he moved on to my other thigh. Again he repeated it, driving me crazy with need and anticipation. “Such a pretty pussy,” his gaze met mine over the swell of my breasts.

He ran his hand over my pussy, letting his finger dip between my folds, the contact with my clit all but non-existent. Without warning, he slapped his hand against my skin, the sharp sting against my pussy making me suck in a breath. The shock both stung and aroused me at the same time.

“Oh, you like that?” he grinned, knowingly.

I bit my lip, my breath catching as he raised his hand again and repeated it, the sharp contact echoing in the room. My whole body ached with need as he repeated it once more, every bit of me on edge as she leaned down, kissing the sting away.

He reached up and ran his finger through my folds, the simple contact making me clench. Bernard shifted on the bed between my legs and settled, before licking the entire length of my center. My stomach quivered as he licked me again, spreading my lips and sucking my clit into his mouth.

Luka stepped next to me, leaning down and covering my mouth with his, swallowing my gasps as Bernard sucked and licked my clit. Luka pinched my nipple, the already pebbled peaks sending waves of pleasure shooting through me, building my orgasm startlingly fast.

“Cum for him,” Luka whispered in my ear, his demand my undoing. My whole body trembled as my climax took hold and I screamed out, the heady feeling overtaking me.

Relentlessly Bernard continued through my orgasm. Slipping a finger inside before I had come down from my first one, he was already sending me spiraling toward a second. Again and again he slammed his finger into me, adding a second and curling them to hit my g-spot as he sucked my clit into his mouth, flicking his tongue over it as he pulsed along with his fingers.

"Fuck!" I moaned, the pleasure almost too much to bear. My nails dug into the backs of my own hands as I struggled to cling to any sort of control, but it was no use. He nipped down delicately on my clit and with another thrust of his fingers, I was lost all over again.

He pulled himself to his knees, watching me come down from my climax, "Beautiful." The way he said it sent butterflies through my stomach as he moved closer, positioning his already hard dick at my center.

"Don't forget your safeword," he muttered, before slamming into me with one hard thrust.

I cried out at the sudden fullness, moaning as he pulled back and slammed into me again. Thrust after thrust he ravaged me, the pleasure nearing pain. I didn't care, I wanted more. I needed more.

Again and again he thrust into me, relentlessly building my orgasm until I was breathless and gasping for air. I writhed against my bonds, the pressure and helplessness from not being able to move only served to increase what I felt. I moaned again, "Please."

"Please what?" Bernard pulled my hair, arching my neck back, my breasts straining through the ribbon confines.

"I don't-" my words were lost as he slammed into me again.

"Tell me what you want, Holly," he growled.

I panted, trying to form words, but none would come. My mind went blank, replaced with nothing but the pleasure and sensations that flooded my system.

He pulled my hair again, reaching between us and pinching my nipple until I felt it would bruise. "More," I gasped.

"More what?" he tweaked my nipple again, and I gasped as he thrust again.

"More, please," I pleaded.

"Good girl," he let go of my nipple and braced himself on either side of my head, leaning low so he could whisper into my ear. "Come for me, Holly." His dick twitched inside of me, and my orgasm crashed down over me. Again and again he kept going, seeking his own finish, until at last he let loose and cried out his own climax against my shoulder.

After we both gained our composure he slowly slid from me, my sensitive pussy sending one last quiver through me. "You are incredible."

I grinned, "You are not half bad yourself." It was cute the way his cheeks flushed and spread to his ears. I would never get tired of that.

He moved to my feet and deftly tugged the ribbons, freeing my ankles. My muscles ached from straining, but it was a good ache. One that would remind me of the pleasure we had together. He

sreached over my head and unfastened his suspenders, releasing my wrists as well.

tGently, he pulled them toward him, kissing each one before letting me go and standing. “You’re not quite done yet.” He winked, leaving my breasts wrapped in the ribbon.

eLuka helped me sit up, moving so he could sit behind me, kissing my shoulder as he pulled us back y“
y“You think you are up for more?” He moved my hair off of my shoulder, his heated kisses making me eager for exactly that.

“Definitely,” I grinned over my shoulder at him. His eyes lit up with pleasure, “Remember that safeword? It stays the same. We are going to try something new.”

Nerves danced in my stomach, but I trusted them, so I nodded. He lifted me, shifting so he was beneath me and his cock pressed against my ass, cold from the lube he must have already applied.

yI swallowed hard from the pressure, “Relax, Holly,” he coaxed letting my weight ease me down on his shaft at my own pace. Slowly he lifted me, my tight hole clenching around his cock as he slid me back up his dick, letting my weight pull me back down again. The instant friction drove me crazy and I was surprised at how fast my body begged for another release.

He shifted back a little as Nick moved onto the bed, spreading my legs further apart, the air on my exposed pussy sending shivers across my skin. He positioned himself between my thighs, his dick pressing at my center.

“Wait, both of you?”

:Luka gripped my hips, struggling for control just as much as I was as Nick paused, watching me. “Do you want to use your safeword, Holly?”

I shook my head, biting my lip. “No.”

Nick kissed me lightly, and moved closer, leaning me back over Luka’s body to give himself access eHe eased himself inside me, the feeling of fullness almost pushing me over the edge as the two filled me. I let out a long throaty cry, as they held still and pleasure pulsed through me.

eThey held still, giving me time to adjust to the sensation of them both buried deep inside me. I could feel the way their cocks twitched, eager for their own pleasure, but they held on until I relaxed.

tThe moment I did, they began to move together, long slow thrusts that seemed perfectly timed with one another. Desire built in me as the friction of the two of them pressing against me increased until I screamed out, unable to hold back as our passion built hard and fast.

Relentlessly they continued their motions, thrusts that hit every sensitive nerve inside me and had me clenching around them, desperate for my release. I clung to Nick’s shoulders, nails digging into his flesh, reveling in the way he watched me as they fucked me together.

He bent over, his breath ragged against my cheek as he gripped my waist, his back arched as he drove himself into me again and again. They shifted movements, this time alternating thrusts so the friction was greater as they each pulled out and thrust into me with abandon. Our mutual groans of pleasure filled the room as they relentlessly drove me to a new climax.

At the same time, I felt both of them stiffen, their cocks throbbing inside me before they drove themselves deep inside me at the same time, pushing me over the edge as wave after wave of pleasure drenched me.

“For Jingle Bells sake, Holly, that was incredible,” Nick jerked his hips one last time before easing himself back, the sensation of his still hard cock making me quiver on top of Luka.

My knees were weak as I eased myself off Luka and he shuddered beneath me making me chuckle knowing that he was fully sated.

“Well, that was one way to celebrate,” I chuckled, hoping my legs didn’t cave when I attempted to walk back to the bathroom. I was exhausted again, but I needed to unfreeze the elves at the very least before we headed to bed.

After a quick shower. Again.

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EPILOGUE

Time flew after the sprites were defeated, and before we knew it, it was Christmas Eve. Thankfully, the moment I unfroze everyone, it was as if nothing ever happened for them. They were dazed, but ready to return to duty and quickly, things were back on track for Christmas.

We were in our shared room at the North Pole, getting ready to go to my dad's Christmas party and stopped, still undressed, noticing the way they watched me. "What? Do I have something on my face?"

"No, just thinking how incredibly lucky we are," Luka smiled, kissing me softly.

"Oh no, don't start that. We have a party to attend." I tugged my ugly Christmas sweater over my head pulling my staticy hair through the neck, laughing when the guys looked at me in shock.

"You can't possibly be wearing that?" Lillith was horrified as we joined her in Luka's living room.

"Of course I am." I turned to study the bright red, green and gold that swirled to make a giant cupcake with red icing, complete with strung lights that actually lit up. To think just a year ago, I found it revolting. "It even sings." I wiggled my eyebrows making Nick groan.

X bounded across the living room, licking my face as he stopped just short of barreling me over. Luka was right, we couldn't keep him here, he grew with each passing day. After Christmas was over, we agreed to find new real estate and have a house built big enough for all of us. X was one of us, if his saving my life hadn't proved that, I didn't know what would.

With Lillith's help, I had figured out the magic needed so we could all be together. Nick and Bernard would still have to work at the North Pole, and Luka had to be here, in Hell, but at least we would all be together. We would consider it more like a commuting situation. It sure as hell beat them fighting over where we would be every night.

"Come on, we have a long night." Bernard chuckled, linking my hands with his. We were going to take the sleigh there, but considering we were already on a time constraint we had agreed portaling

there would be the fastest way.

The party was already underway when we arrived, Christmas music blasting from the speakers and the lights twinkling brightly against the house. “He really does go all out,” Nick shook his head, with a smile of affection on his face.

“I wouldn’t have it any other way.”

I led them into the house, greeting old friends as we headed for the kitchen where I knew I would find him playing Santa. He sat with a young boy on his lap, his face lighting up the moment he saw us.

“You made it!”

“Of course we did, Dad.” I grinned as he whispered something to the young boy, and passed him a candy cane.

“You wore it!” His eyes twinkled with amusement. “Let’s hear it.”

“Please, no,” Nick groaned. Some things never changed.

As I pressed the button and “All I Want For Christmas Is My Two Front Teeth” played from my sweater, I was filled with complete joy. The tinny sound filled the air and I felt completely whole for the first time since I lost my mother. With them by my side, there was nothing we couldn’t do.

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Everly Taylor is a Fantasy author and is often called crazy for the things that come from her imagination. She took that crazy and turned some of it into words for you to enjoy.

She loves spending time with her three boys and niece, filling their heads with fantastic stories to expand their imagination.

She is the proud mommy of a sasshole husky named Suki. No, she's not named after that show, or the place, or that person. And a black cat, named Blue. She is often mistaken for a witch by her neighbors, but of course she encourages this belief with the utmost enthusiasm.

She has what might be termed an unhealthy obsession with Jackie Chan, but owns that to the fullest still hoping one day to rock his world.

Born to be a pirate she prefers rum over wine, and has a mouth to match a sailor. You can often catch her telling dirty jokes with her brothers if she isn't writing even dirtier scenes for her readers.

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Standalones

Blue Summer

Wicked Stone

For the Love of Death

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