

Rachel's Love Potion 3: Oops, Summoned a Demon
Part Two

"I *told* you I wasn't a succubus," grumbled the naked—

"What did you say her kind are called again, Jerbil?"

"Khamulan."

—grumbled the naked khamulan shackled to Rachel's bed.

His partner glared at me, then at Jerry, then back at me again. "Is there some reason we're not arresting this jerk? He has a naked woman handcuffed to a bed. Are you actually gonna try to catch the bad guy this time, or just mess with my head and make me get them off? Again."

"And suddenly the rookie becomes the expert, huh?"

"Again?" I probed.

Jerry nodded. "She's still learning the ropes, one cock at a time."

"Maybe if my partner were more interested in teaching than shaming, the ropes would be learned by now." She folded her arms beneath her breasts. I didn't bother notifying her that in that tiny little top, it made her nipple pop out of her neckline. Classic Jerry, talking a girl into something skanky and letting her think it was an unavoidable necessity. "You know what? Never mind. This guy is a scumbag, and I'm arresting him. Knox, was it? Yeah. You're under arrest. Please, please exercise your right to remain silent."

"Arrested? For what? On whose authority?" My turn to imperiously fold some arms.

"Human trafficking, for starters."

Jerry stepped between us. "Pipe down, PSV. Knox is having a hard day. Besides, the chick on the bed isn't a human, so I'm afraid you've once again embarrassed yourself with the depths of your ignorance."

"How do we even know those horns are real?"

"Oh, they're real," the khamulan assured her. "They're real, and they're fantastic."

I arched an eyebrow. "Did you just make a *Seinfeld* reference?"

She grimaced sympathetically. "I don't wanna be a b-word, but pretty sure it's a *sine wave*, not a *sine field*."

"I know you heard me right, and what on earth are you even talking about."

"What's 'earth?'"

I shook my head. "So what do I need to know about this thing, Jerry? Is it safe? Hygienic? Powers, vulnerabilities, et cetera."

"Khamulan? Oh, khamulan's no problem on its own. Mid-tier denizen of the Silver Mirror Plane, so nothing you need to worry about, provided it hasn't latched onto anything nasty."

As Jerry's partner bent to cover our captive with her sheet, a nod to modesty she most certainly did not possess, I took Jerry aside into the hall. I left the door open, though, just in case she tried something. Jerry's toy of the week wasn't my concern, but I wanted to keep my eye on the critter situation.

"Hold up. I know the Mirror Plane – identical but opposite versions of everybody, birth plane of the evil twin."

"Or the good twin, if the first twin is a dick bag."

"Right. But what's the Silver Mirror Plane? I've never heard of it."

He clicked his tongue at me reprovingly. "Knoxie, Knoxie, Knoxie. You never did study, you silly son of a bitch. The Silver Mirror Plane is a non-coterminous demiplane, named for its superficial similarity to the Mirror Plane. The standard Mirror Plane has the whole evil slash good opposite thing. The Silver Mirror Plane, however, replicates the Prime Material, except rather than being opposite, contains the *ideal* version of the thing."

"Bingo!" yelled the khamulan over whatever Jerry's partner was trying to say to her. "It's seriously awesome!"

"I see. I think. So... she's the ideal version of Rachel?"

"No, no, no. The Silver Rachel is just another Rachel. A human. This is a khamulan. She looks like Rachel because for whatever her purpose of being summoned here is, that's what she needed to look like."

"Hmm. So she's fucking with me, then."

"Maybe. You don't know who summoned her? Why?"

I leaned back against the railing and took a few slow breaths. "It's a long story, Jer. You see, when I first moved to this neighborhood a couple years ago, I kept getting mail delivered to the wrong address. I live at 2223 Long Street, but I was always getting stuff for 2223 Lincoln, just around the corner, for this girl Rachel. I kept throwing it out, but I guess the reverse had been happening, because one day she came over with some of my mail, and... Blew me away, man. Just about the hottest woman I'd ever laid eyes on. Like that there, only real, not some walking airbrushed calendar girl. And I knew I needed to have her."

"Wow, you weren't kidding. That is a *long* story."

I frowned. "That was like three percent of it."

"Oh god." Jerry's budding smile never touched his eyes. "You know, why don't you send it to me in an email? How about that."

"Never mind. Back to the khamulan. So it's a shapeshifter?"

"Sure. It can be whatever it thinks it needs to be to do its work."

"And what kind of work is that? What's their deal?"

"You guys know I can hear you, right?!" called the creature, then directed a sulk at Jerry's partner. "Rude."

“Hard to be sure. Most of it sounds like hippie bullshit. You ask them, though, and they’ll tell you they’re summoned to help people become their so-called best selves. Deeply subjective, if you ask me. But so far as anyone’s determined, a khamulan is almost pathologically helpful. Not subservient, necessarily, but driven to help whoever summoned them ‘self-actualize.’ Or whatever you want to call it.”

“So they’re good?”

Jerry snorted. “Good? Oh hell no. I said they’re *helpful*.”

“Damn right we are!” cried a voice from Rachel’s bedroom.

“How is that not good?”

Jerry tapped at his temple as if trying to tap loose an example. He soon found one. “OK, so think about it like this. If Hitler summoned one, it would help to make him the Hitleriest possible Hitler.”

The khamulan craned her neck to call out to us around Scarlett. “Who’s Hitler? Does he need help? Uncuff me!”

Jerry gestured at the case in point. “You remember *Weird Science*? Inspired by John Hughes’ own khamulan muse. They’d be just as happy to help those rapey geeks as they would be the cool guys who dumped cherry slush on their heads.”

Jerry’s partner pivoted to us. “You know, Robert was talking to me and Chris – Evans – one time on the set of *Civil War* about that role, and he told us that he and Kelly LeBrock–”

“Nobody’s interested in tedious gossip about your dork friends,” Jerry cut in. “Anyway, Knox-on-wood, that’s not a bad model for thinking about what she is. And if you haven’t seen it, you definitely should. Great movie – though don’t expect the nudity warning in the rating to go the way you want it to.”

“Ah. Aha.” I pulled the door most of the way closed and lowered my voice as Jerry’s partner resumed her name dropping tale for Kammie. “I know you can’t stay, Jer,” I said, hoping he couldn’t stay, “but is there anything else you know about these things? I’m way out of my element here. How do I control it?”

Jerry chuckled. “Control it? Knoxie boy, and you don’t need to.”

Wouldn't you know it? Jerry and his partner couldn't stay. Evidently he was in the middle of playing some kind of detective role play game with the woman, or a prank show, or something like that. They'd taken a break after Primek extended my invitation, but Jerry seemed eager to get back to it, whatever it was. Dawn was underway, and although I was tired, I told myself it was only a touch of dread wraith corruption. I was plenty rested, and there was work to do so I could get back to my leisure.

"So are you going to undo these finally?" asked the creature.

"Jerry says there's no reason not to, so... I guess it's either call him a liar and keep you here forever, or take a step forward." I fished the key out of my pocket. She flinched, reminding me that the last time I'd done so, it had been an excuse to get her hopes up and smack her in the forehead, right between those delicately ridged horns. This time, I reached over her and undid the lock on the shackles. One by one, her slender wrists fell free. The affected skin was reddened and chafed looking, though less than any human's would be after spending most of a week bound like that.

"Thanks," she mumbled, rising to sit upright, then rubbing feeling back into her hands.

First we'd fucked, then I'd held her hostage and threatened to destroy her. Now, it was time to get to know her. "So, what do I call you? I'm Knox, as I'm sure you've picked up by now."

"Hi, Knox. That's an unusual name, isn't it? As for me, well, when you get to be scads and scads of years old like me, sticking to the same name gets boring."

I cut her off. "You don't know what 'earth' is, but you can measure your age in units relative to how often the planet makes trips around the sun."

"I was only being funny. Obviously I know what earth is. Remember, my plane is a mirror of this world. Same orbital cycle, archmage."

Oh. "Oh."

"Anyway, I like some variety. Old names are old. Time for something new!" She flashed a smile on Rachel's face that was far too confident, too aware of its own charm, to be Rachel. "What do you want to call me? Human's choice. Name me, Knox."

"Khamulan zero one."

"Oh come on. You can do better than that."

"I'm not playing stupid hooker games. Tell me your name, or don't. You stole, drove off, or otherwise deprived me of both of my girls, so forgive me if I'm not in the mood. Khamulan zero one, or whatever you give me."

"You'd almost think you were the one who got chained to the bed mid-coitus and left there for days, grump." The handcuffs came a little too hard into my lap, narrowly missing an unpleasant pound on my testicles. "Fine. I'll riff off your quip. How about Kammie?"

“Kammie. Fine. Totes adorbs, as Rachel would probably say. Now tell me where she is.”

It – she – Kammie – bounced into a cross-legged sitting position, taking hold of my hand in both of hers, massaging my palm with subconscious affection. “I’m so glad to hear how concerned you are for your friend’s whereabouts. Now if she were your car keys, your cell phone, your patience... I’d point you right to it. With Rachel, though, it isn’t that simple.”

I glared, snatching my hand away and regretting it immediately. “So simplify it.”

She looked at my withdrawn hand, clearly affronted. “All right, you want to jump to the end, cool by me. Final answer, tl;dr, doo, duh-doo doo do, do, do (bawww-waw): I can’t say.”

“Can’t, or won’t?”

“Take your pick.” She shrugged, then sat there for a moment. “See? See how when you play the ‘tho thimplify it’ card, you get meaningless answers and wind up having to ask more questions?”

I sighed with strained patience. “All right. So tell me the story of why you can’t and won’t tell me where Rachel is while I decide whether or not I need to resort to more extreme measures to get it out of you.”

Her eyes narrowed. “Oh no. No, that attitude won’t do at all. You’re missing your friend, and your girlfriend, so you’re allowed to be a sourpuss. I won’t put up with bullying, though. Thank you no, no thank you. Ask me again, and this time without threats.”

I grit my teeth. It didn’t help that she was being reasonable. “Fine. Tell me your story, please. Now.”

She tapped me on the nose before I could stop her. “Good enough. So there I am back home, minding my own business, training puppies to wag better.” She paused, clearly wanting me to react to the ludicrous statement. I didn’t give her the satisfaction. “OK, and suddenly there’s this pull. I knew what it was immediately. I’ve never been summoned before, but some of my buddies have and they told me what it feels like. Now since you called in your friends Jerry and Scarlett, I’mma assume you’re no veteran summoner.”

“Guilty.”

“Yeah, no shame in that. I’m sure your area of expertise is really interesting and powerful, too.” Kammie nodded empathetically, bordering on pityingly, and gave my shoulder a reassuring squeeze. “I’m no expert either, but I can at least speak to my own experience. Suddenly there’s this presence. A connection, you know? Like I can sense Rachel’s spirit, feel her feelings so keenly they’re almost a voice in my head.”

“And what did that voice say? Something I can put into google maps, I hope.”

Her laugh was annoyingly genuine. “Unfortunately, it’s personal. To her, and to me.”

I was on my feet, ready to retract my decision to cease threatening her. “It can’t be personal – you’re not a person!”

The creature quickly raised Rachel’s hands in defense. “Whoa, tiger! Let me finish. So like I said, I can’t tell you exactly what happened between us, but I *can* tell you that she called out to me with you first and foremost in her heart.”

My fists strained at the shackles, pulling the chains taut. “Of course I’m first and foremost in her heart, Kammie. I fed her a goddamn love potion!”

“Right, so I’m learning. Still, whatever the reason, she was concerned about you, and her concern brought me here. I answered the call, but when I arrived, she was gone.”

“Gone? Gone where? Oh wait, right, you aren’t telling me.”

“Can’t or won’t.” She smiled impishly. “So here I am, new plane, new bod, hanging out in some total stranger’s house. Yours, that is. Only nobody was there, so I thought, that Rachel girl seemed sweet, and she cares about this fella an awful lot. Why don’t I spiff up his place for him while he’s out? I did what I could with what I had to work with. Hopefully it’s up to code.” Mary Poppins couldn’t have done better. That thought left me wondering if that role were informed by a khamulan, too. “Only I was nervous poking around in that spooky basement room. Is that your laboratory?”

“Yes. That’s my laboratory.”

Her lip pursed, twists to one side. “That’s important to you, huh, saying it like luh-BOR-uh-tory. All right. So yeah, I didn’t wanna mess with the scary stuff in the laboratory, but I hope you liked the rest of it.”

“It’s fucking ducky. So then, what, when I didn’t come home, you headed over here to Rachel’s house, waited for your chance to seduce me? What in the hell for? And why didn’t you clean up here?”

“Rachel didn’t call me here to be her maid, Knox.”

“But she called you to be mine?”

“Maybe. I don’t think she’d mind. Now do you want to hear the rest, or do you want to keep being a buttinsky?” When I didn’t interrupt again, she continued. “So yeah, I waited for you two to come back. Rachel had a lot of mixed feelings where Jo’s concerned, but I think love would win out if push came to shove. Then you sent Joanna over ahead of you, and... wow.” Suddenly Kammie was jabbing me in the chest with a slender finger. “Now let me ask you a question.”

“Didn’t you just tell me to shut up so you could tell your story?”

“Right, and my question is, what in the heck is going on between those two? Because I have an innate sense for what a person needs, and that woman needed Rachel like a goth girl needs a tattoo over their hip. And my goodness. That girl just drank me

in, never mind that I wasn't the real thing. I think she suspected something, but for some reason she didn't even care enough to hold back. I told her the new look was a makeover, and she decided to believe it. Isn't that sweet?"

"No. That's Joanna being under the control of another love potion. The lust part is tied to me, the love part is tied to Rachel. Why? Because Rachel is an idiot, and has once again meddled with powers beyond her comprehension."

She giggled at that, piercingly. "Powers beyond mere mortal comprehension! Lo, I am Knox, brewer of perfect potions! Do you even hear yourself?"

Clank. The chains rattled audibly that time. "So why did you fuck us then? Did she summon you here as my booty call? Because I've fucked the body you're wearing – wearing poorly, might I add – more times than you can count."

"Yeah ya have." She grinned. "I know you didn't ask, but for my two cents, maybe you're not in Rachel or Jo's league, but you're not a terrible lay, Knox. Cock's pretty solid, big but not huge. That pissed off face you have, like right now, looks a little hot when you're all thrusty and sweaty. Almost enough to make a girl forget those freaky bushy eyebrows. You look more hypnotist than warlock with those things. Very impressive stamina, too, though I can only assume that had something to do with those little shot glasses of blue potion I saw you taking."

"Thanks for the critical review. Again, why fuck me in the first place?"

"I dunno, I guess I wanted to see what she saw in you. Ordinarily I wouldn't want to make my summoner jealous, but I knew Rachel would cheer on any kindness I showed you. Plus Joanna needed it so bad. I'm still not a hundo on what broke her brain like that, but I could feel her drifting off deeper and deeper the more we rutted. Some kind of weird feedback thing from love potions and summons and me looking like Rachel but not actually being Rachel..." She shook her head despondently. "Not sure. But glad to see she bounced back once she got what she needed from you."

"You sounded so sure. That was a guess?"

The khamulan nodded confidently. "Yeah, I'm really good at sounding confident about something when I barely know what I'm talking about. It's a gift."

"Must come in handy. 'Who's Hitler.' At least you're not that stupid."

"No, that was genuine confusion. Why, is he someone really bad? He's bad, right. Don't help him then. Yeah? Or no he's good? No. No, definitely bad."

"Don't be obtuse. If your home is a mirror of this world, obviously you know. If you know what *Seinfeld* is, you know that one. Can't appreciate the soup nazi if you don't know what nazis are."

She stood, crossing the room and perching on the bench in front of Rachel's makeup stand, where she helped herself to a tube of lipstick. Considering she'd been chained up for days, she still looked absolutely fucking incredible. Maybe she simply wanted to remind me, as if I could forget. "Nah. That's just the coolspeech."

Much as I wanted to demand she get on with the answers I needed, I was beginning to appreciate that they might not be immediate. And that Kammie may well be more of a hindrance than a help. “What in the fuck is that.”

She finished turning her lips a bright pink, smiling at the effect. “Hmm? What’s what?”

“That thing you said.”

“Huh? Oh, you mean coolspeech? You don’t know what coolspeech is? Come on, surely you know what coolspeech is. You’re a warlock, right? Don’t they make you take classes to call yourself that or anything? Is there no accountability or accreditation?”

“There’s no official licensing bureau, no. But yes, I’ve taken classes, and no, somehow they never mentioned your entire freaking plane, much less your made up language.”

“What? Coolspeech isn’t a language. Do you at least know what truespeech is? I guess not. It’s—”

That one, I did in fact know. “Yeah, lets you speak in a language any listener readily understands. Can speak to animals, machines, all that jazz.”

“Well hey, look at you, knowing stuff! Good job. Anyway, if truespeech lets you speak with anybody, coolspeech lets you be cool with anybody. Fills in pop culture, historical references, cooler ways of saying uncool stuff.”

“That is absolutely not a thing.”

“You know, you’re right, Knox. If there were such a thing, a guy as cool you would be cool enough to know it, huh.” Her eye literally sparkled.

“So Rachel summoned you here for me so I’d have an easy fuck, but let you insult me whenever you like. That’s what you expect me to believe?”

She pivoted gracefully, but not delicately, casually flashing Rachel’s pussy. “No. I only fucked you for Joanna’s sake. Misdiagnosed what she needed was all. You, my good sir, clearly do not need my help to get laid. I dare say, you could stand to have a little less sex in your life.”

I rolled my eyes. “All right, you’ve convinced me you’re not a succubus, at least.”

Kammie giggled. “About time.” Then suddenly her smile vanished, and she hastily strode out into the hallway and took in one of the photo collages there, lit up by the early morning light filtering through the open door. I followed, curious, and watched as she studied it.

When I’d first come here, that had been an ordinary photo collage of pictures Rachel took on a trip to Disney World with some of her friends, Joanna among them. During a phase in which I’d done some experimenting to see what limits my love potion had, if any, I’d had her replace most of her wall photos, of which there were dozens, with digitally altered versions in which we replaced her with shots I’d taken of her in the nude. At the moment, Kammie was looking cock-eyed at a shot of Rachel posed

alongside Minnie Mouse, wearing her own set of mouse ears, her left arm around Minnie and her right providing a shelf for those cute little tits of hers.

“Should I ask...?”

We’d had a party then, her and a bunch of her friends. Rachel had started taking them down, only I hit her with some ludicrous line about how proud I’d been of my photography work, and how she must not be proud of me. All evening long she’d bragged to anybody who’d noticed that it was a very impressive and artsy bit of work done by one of her closest friends, winking at where I was watching the party on webcam every time she told it.

“What? Girl likes mice.”

Another giggle. “Right. So I know I didn’t answer everything you wanted to know. Now let me tell you what else I can tell you.” She set her hands on my shoulders, leaning in until both her flawless and her chipped horn rested against my forehead. “I’m going to help you.”

Hot as she was, as tempting as trying to fuck her again was and had been every single goddamn second I’d been looking at her, the presence of those horns was somehow even hotter. Coolspeech was undoubtedly bullshit, but hothorns? Those I could believe in. “Help me how? Because so far, you’ve refused to tell me where one of my pets is, and driven off the other.”

(Not that I was all that worried about Joanna. Rachel’s potion was in her very bones. A few days, a week tops, and she’d be crawling back to me to satisfy her. No sense letting Kammie off the hook, though.)

“I’m going to help you,” she repeated. “And once I’ve helped you all I can, then we’ll get your girls back.”

“Or, we could skip that first part and get right onto the second, and you can go back home and get back to sucking on some dog’s wagging ass or whatever it was.”

“Gross. So gross.” She bumped me with her horns again. Was it gay to want to suck her horns? Whatever. Call me gay. “I sense a lot of anger in you, Knox. A lot of loneliness, and a lot of anger.”

“Bring my girls back, then. No more loneliness, no more anger.”

She laughed. “You’re still funny, though. Maybe not funny enough, but you make me laugh some – when you’re not being a Salty Stanley. I am going to help you, like it or not, because more than anything, that’s what Rachel wanted me to do here.”

I planted my hands on my hips. Did she really expect me to believe that Rachel called her here and then vanished? Only, I thought back to how I’d treated her before Joanna and I abandoned her. If there was a woman in this world who might respond to her best friend and fuck buddy rubbing his hot new slam piece in her face by summoning him an even hotter one, it was Rachel.

Kammie went on. “Tell you what, though. You’re tired. Let’s get you some Z’s. Then, when you’re rested, and fed, and have had some time to process, maybe enough to not be quite so prickly about everything, we’ll talk about next steps. I promise you, I absolutely will help you get your girls back, and things will be even better than before. I’ll do for you like I did for your house, make everything inside *perfect*. Just don’t rush things. Rachel wanted you to have me, which means like it or not – though I think you’ll come to like me – you’re stuck with me until it’s time to bring her back.”

I want to say I was thinking it over but mostly, I was enjoying the warm tingle of those horns on my bare skin. She probably knew it, too. “Just promise me she’s safe.” I cleared my throat. “I have a lot invested in her, you know. Ingredient-wise, that is.”

“I promise you, she’s almost certainly very safe. OK? Now come on, lie down.”

I let her drag me into the bedroom. “Almost certainly?”

“Lie down, close your eyes, and relax now. Yeah? That’s it. I’ll even join you. I don’t sleep, but I don’t mind prolonged sleepy-time cuddles.”

She was suddenly all hands, and my clothes were coming off faster than I knew what was happening. She snickered as my erection became obvious beneath my underwear. “Somebody’s... *horn-y*.”

She might not be Rachel, but apparently the two shared a taste in puns. Still, this wasn’t Rachel. As she practically pushed me down into Rachel’s bed, I finally resisted. “No. Hold on. You can’t keep looking like that. You can’t take her away from me and then walk around in her skin like you’re her.” Jerry had said something about her being able to change shapes, hadn’t he? Had that only been hours ago? It was like as soon as she’d told me I was tired, suddenly days of communion with Primek were crashing down on me, my body succumbing to the exhaustion I’d staved off for so long.

Kammie fought a pleased smile threatening to steal onto her – Rachel’s, that is – face. “Yeah. Yeah, you’re right. But what’s the right form?” she asked herself, tapping Rachel’s lip. “It’s always best to go with one you know, I find, so you don’t let any wrinkles show. But who... Hmm. Not Joanna. Same problem with copyright, and plus she’s bound to be back at some point with that potion of Rachel’s in her. If she was freaked out over you being a warlock, walking in to find her own face looking back at her isn’t going to help.”

“I don’t care. Just pick something.”

Then, in a flicker of moving tissue so sudden that if I’d blinked I would have missed it, she was Jerry. The horns were missing, though. “Oh yeah? This seems pretty solid,” she said in Jerry’s gravelly voice. With Jerry’s flaccid penis dangling between her still-naked legs. Did he really have an ace of spades tattooed on his thigh, or was that her embellishment? It suited him so well, I’d have to recommend it to him if he didn’t. Then I tried not to scowl as I realized she was indeed actualizing him. “All right then,

Obnoxious, let's you and me climb into that bed, huh?" He clapped his hands, prompting me into my place.

I wasn't about to spoon with a replica of my old buddy, but it was hard coming up with a palatable excuse for why she ought to shapeshift back into something feminine again. Not like she owed me a vista. So much time with Rachel and Joanna, I might have gotten a little too used to barking orders without even needing to make excuses for my urges. Kammie might want to help me – or at least to say she does – but I didn't control her.

Then, Kammie burst into an impressive rendition of Jerry's mocking laughter, but in the middle of it the sound transformed into a smoky, sultry laugh that reinflated my cock in a flash. She was Jerry's partner, now. It was true I was less tapped into pop culture than most, but I'd seen those leaks when they lekt. Suffice to say, Kammie had made a few improvements on ScarJo 1.0. "Sorry, I couldn't help it. Is this better?"

"It's fine," I said as casually as I could, slipping into bed.

When I rolled back over, I saw she'd let the horns back into place. "Better? She said she was some kind of performer or something, so maybe I should make it clear I'm not the real her. Don't want to tarnish her brand or anything."

"Suit yourself. I don't pay much attention to the tabloids. And I could give two shits about branding – hers, yours or anyone's."

"We'll see," she said cryptically, then crawled into the bed next to me. "Now do you want to pretend you don't want to cuddle me first, or do you want to just get on with the cuddling?" She nuzzled my shoulder with those horns, so firm but so delicate, yet so primal, so otherworldly! Whatever retort I might have shot back died in the drafting stage. She whispered into my ear as she wrapped her body – or what passed for 'her' body – over mine. "OK. That's it, let's... yeah. That feels good. Do you feel good?"

"It's fine."

Her fingertips grazed my erection. "Fine,' he says." When had she gotten my underwear off? "Now come on, close those eyes. We can talk about our sexual relationship going forward when you wake up, but it's sleepy time now, my guy. Go on."

The lights in the room dimmed and then went out, something the lamps on the nightstands definitely weren't capable of. There was still some light creeping in through the blinds, but suddenly that dimmed, too. Had she turned off the sun? What was I dealing with? Why was I dealing with it?

Goddamn Rachel. Just my luck, I had to enslave the one insanely gorgeous woman in American suburbia who wasn't quite too dimwitted to complete a summoning ritual. Why, though? Was this even close to what she'd imagined?

Kammie gently licked at my neck, planting soft, sweet kisses at intervals. With every pass, that slightly chipped nubbin grazed my temple. "I told you. They're real. And they're fantastic." I was asleep in moments, and came in my underwear moments later.