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Sugar on Top

A paranormal erotic romp by

LEIGH ELLWOOD

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Enjoy!

Leigh

Chapter One

Melina Munroe swept through the entrance of the Sweet Surprise ice cream parlor with a confident air that befit such a prominent citizen of Sierra Glade. Tiny bells attached to the hem of her flowing, batik-patterned cape tinkled a disjointed tune with her every step. She turned heads—disembodied and otherwise—as she breezed past a line of booths to the last one in the far corner.

A dismissive wave toward the front counter was her only greeting to her close friend, the shop's owner. "Andora, my usual, but no heavy cream this time," she barked. She didn't bother to turn back and acknowledge the ice cream parlor's owner. "I need to lay off the dairy for a while. It's given me so much mucus I'm coughing up seven shades of green these days."

All around the parlor, spoons clattered quietly to plates and bowls, desserts uneaten as a collective unease spoiled appetite after appetite in the otherwise busy parlor.

Melina, her focus still on the back booth, slid into the bench facing the wall and set down her heavy handbag. A tiny gecko attempted escape but the woman eased it back into the bag's depths.

"Good morning, Sugar," Melina said blandly, and maintained her poker face when a quiet "Shit!" cut the air before her.

"How did you know I was here?" demanded Sugar Pernell's detached voice.

Nobody knew Sugar was in the shop this morning; at least, that had been Sugar's assumption. She slipped through the door behind a visible faerie couple and paced the floor for much of the morning. She avoided bodily contact and listened for any juicy bits that she might incorporate into her next gossip column for the *Sierra Glade Snitch*. After a short while, she grew tired and took the far, vacant bench. Though business at Sweet Surprise

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was active, nobody else approached the booth, until Melina came storming in the diner.

As one who could render herself invisible at will, the job suited Sugar perfectly. The paper's publisher should have been happy to see her, or rather *not* see her, working.

Melina, however, was not smiling. She clicked her tongue. "Child," she admonished. "Surely you should know that the hallmarks of being a good, investigative reporter are to be observant, and *discreet*. How could you think that nobody coming to the back of this shop, presumably to use the restrooms or play a song on the jukebox, *wouldn't* see the obvious impression on the bench seat that your invisible ass is making?"

Sugar looked down and sighed. When invisible, she couldn't see her own body, either. She could, however, see the rounded indentation that gave her away.

"Sugar?" Melina sang, and barely nodded as Andora set down her mug with a smirk in Sugar's direction. "Get any good gossip today?"

Sugar stayed silent. She hadn't, and it appeared Melina didn't need to be told.

"Have you noticed, too, the bare footprints still on the floor?"

Sugar followed Melina's broad gesture toward the spacious dining area, and grimaced. *Damn it*. She'd forgotten to wipe her feet before entering. Tiny footprints, faded but clearly visible, remained in wavy circular patterns.

Melina batted at a tiny blue envelope until the sweetener inside clumped at one end. "Honestly, child," she sniffed, "I don't see the advantage of invisibility if you're going to be so sloppy. *Everybody* knows you're here. The reason you don't have anything for your column is because nobody here is that stupid to open his mouth."

"Fuck," Sugar muttered.

"Believe me, I'd rather be doing that than sitting here with you," Melina muttered. "I wouldn't be, either, if Andora hadn't called. Well, you might as well show yourself. Won't do you any good to sneak away. I can smell your perfume."

"I can't," Sugar said, her voice urgent. "Show myself, that is."

Melina looked at her with a raised brow, then nodded. “Of course, I forgot,” she said.

“Of course,” Sugar mimicked. She was naked, as it was the only way she could go about unseen. Her ability to render herself invisible didn’t transfer to clothes, always a sore spot with Sugar. This morning was particularly cool—the shop’s air conditioning seemed to be turned to high, and Sugar’s nipples stood achingly at attention. Her skin suffered a near-perpetual prickled state.

Melina simply unhooked the silver clasp at her throat and pulled off her cape, the bells chiming in unison. She tossed it across the bench, and Sugar took shape as the fabric draped over her body. Sugar could see easily through the gauzy cape and wondered how much it would hide. As it was, nobody in the shop appeared surprised to see her emerge as she righted the cape around her nude form.

“Much better.” Melina smiled, sipped from her mug, then folded her arms on the table. “I like to look a person in the eye before I fire her.”

“Melina...” Sugar cried, further protests muted by Melina’s scowl.

“Sugar, you’re not giving me much of a choice here. Your gossip column isn’t as good as it used to be, it’s losing readership, and this slapshod manner of finding new material is clearly hurting you. I won’t even tell you the results of the *Snitch*’s latest readers’ poll.”

“That bad?” Sugar said, meek. At the next booth, a waitress set down an enormous hot fudge sundae for a pair of shape-shifters to split. The aroma of warm chocolate and fresh fruit should have been pleasing, but Sugar’s empty stomach roiled.

“Let’s put it this way,” Melina said. “Fifty percent of the readers want you replaced with *Beetle Bailey*, the other fifty want you permanently tattooed in neon ink so they can see you coming.”

Sugar sank into the bench. To think, not three months ago these same readers praised her column for dishing Sierra Glade’s dirt.

“I’ve opted instead,” Melina was saying, “to give your column space to Winkle.”

“Winkle? That conniving fairy?”

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“Now, Sugar. That was just a phase in college, so he says. And I can’t help his tastes in clothing.”

Sugar shook her head wearily. She wasn’t in the mood for jokes. Winkle was, literally, a fairy. His extremely short stature, coupled by a strong pair of wings, had made him an asset at the *Snitch* as a roving reporter—to procure gossip on the sly wouldn’t be a problem for him.

Sugar had known for a while, too, that Winkle wanted his own column, and wondered how he managed to talk Melina into it. She wouldn’t be surprised to hear later that those wispy wings affixed to Winkle’s back could do more than fly. Fly Melina to the moon with a few swats to her clit, more than likely.

“Melina, please, give me one more chance,” Sugar begged, and pulled the cape tighter around her body. The thin drape did little to keep her warm; she could feel her nipples poking through the fabric. “I know I haven’t been at top form of late, but what if...”

She stopped as the bell at the front door signaled the entrance of a dark, handsome gentleman in a white turtleneck and charcoal pants. Warner Doctorow brushed fallen bangs from his forehead and scanned the breadth of the ice cream parlor before his piercing golden gaze settled on Andora. Smiling, he approached the shop’s owner and greeted her with a friendly smile and handshake.

Oh, but he was gorgeous, and one of the most eligible bachelors in Sierra Glade now that Anton Drake was to be married.

“What if,” Sugar repeated, her eye fixed on Warner, “I got you the scoop of the year?”

Melina stirred another packet of sweetener in her mug. “We already have somebody covering the Sweet Surprise Spectacular,” she said, “and there’s really not much gossip attached to that event.”

“I don’t mean a *literal* scoop, Melina. Warner Doctorow is hosting Anton’s bachelor party tomorrow night. It’s supposed to be top secret, but everybody knows about it. They just don’t know what’s going to happen. If I could just get inside...”

Melina looked up and turned, matching Sugar’s gaze to the handsome gentleman now following Andora to the kitchen. “I

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see,” she said, now smiling at Sugar. “Though, looking at you now, you’d probably rather have Warner inside of you.”

Sugar rolled her eyes and didn’t give Melina the satisfaction of flaunting her observational skills. “If I deliver details of the party, can I keep my column?”

“Yes,” Melina said, firm. “And, to be safe, you’d better give me the cape back.”

Sugar grinned and willed her body to fade. Her milk white skin, slender fingers, and long red hair dissolved into nothing.

“Seriously,” Melina said. “The way you look at Warner, you’re probably already about to come, and I don’t want you getting it on my cape. She snatched back the jingling fabric. “And try not to drip on the floor.”

Chapter Two

“Andora, it’s beautiful.”

Hands clasped behind his back, Warner admired the wide tower of frosted cake layers before him, arranged to form a jagged pyramid ringed in ribbons and flowers. Blue and white, to match the bride’s wedding colors. Ceramic bridal figurines perched arm in arm on the topmost layer. Little did they know this cake would be used for an entirely different ceremony.

Yes, Warner decided, Andora had outdone herself with this culinary masterpiece. Such a shame, though, that Anton’s intended would never see this majestic confection. Nor, for that matter, would she ever know of the willowy blonde Faerie Warner hired to pop out of the cake and give Anton Drake a lap dance guaranteed to send his cock exploding through his jeans. That would teach his best friend to leave behind his friends and partying lifestyle to get married, Warner mused with a wicked smile.

His finger barely brushed against the frosting; he didn’t wish to mar Andora’s handiwork. The cake looked so beautiful, he almost felt saddened to know it would be demolished at Anton’s bachelor party. Of course, the hope that much of the confection would be smeared on and eaten off a nude Faerie’s body assuaged the guilt...all for a good cause.

“I like the ribbons around each layer.” He indicated the shiny fabric, waving the finger as a conductor might, tracing the ribbon’s path. “How do you get them to stay up like that?”

“Marzipan,” Andora said.

Warner nodded. He knew nothing of cake decorating, but Andora’s authoritative tone told him not to challenge her expertise. “Fascinating,” he said. “It’s a very versatile confection.”

Andora laughed. “You misunderstand me, Warner. The *ribbon* is marzipan. The flowers, too. Everything on that cake is edible, even the figurines.”

“Really?” Warner liked the sound of that. “And...the other feature we mentioned?”

Though a tall woman, Andora tilted her head back a bit to looked up at him. Warner could feel her knowing gaze study him. There wasn’t much one could put past a Sierra Glade sorceress. “The cake is completely hollow inside, and the bottom layer has a spell attached. This table is enchanted, too, so your gal can slip through the wood surface into the cake without causing a structural breach. You don’t have to touch a thing.” She handed him a white tube. “If any the flowers get messed up, use this tube of softened marzipan to fix them. I’ll hazard a guess that you’re, ah, *friend* will know what to do once she’s in the cake?”

“Indeed she will.” Warner felt the stirrings of an erection teasing him at the thought of it. Once the lovely Fae Falona was secured inside the cake, then it would be *completely* edible. He was certainly going to enjoy licking sugar frosting off her taut breasts and belly as she writhed on his lap. The best parts, of course, would be saved for the groom.

“And I’ll hazard *another* guess,” Andora’s tone darkened, “that this party you’re throwing for my cousin won’t result in anything that will threaten his wedding? Cindy’s a nice girl, and I don’t want her getting hurt.”

“I can assure you I will do my best to deliver Anton to the altar unharmed...and unspoiled. It’s my sworn duty as best man.”

“I hear this bachelor party is supposed to be wildest shindig Sierra Glade’s seen since the Dixie Belle people built that gigantic hot fudge sundae in the town square, to celebrate getting their name back.” Andora smirked, her gaze fixed on a faraway point. “Then hosted an orgy in it.”

“Really?” Warner feigned innocence, but couldn’t resist a smile. He remembered the orgy well, and was certain he still had candy sprinkles stuck in places where sprinkles shouldn’t be.

Anton’s party would be wild, yes, but not to that extent. Select guests were coming by invitation only, no exceptions.

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How often those select guests would *come*, was anybody's guess.

"We're just going to eat cake and play Texas Hold 'Em all night," he said.

"And the naked Faerie, Miss Falona? Is she on the menu?"

"Somebody has to deal the cards, Andora."

Andora frowned. "Yes, well, hear this, Mr. Best Man. Cindy believes *Anton* is the best man around. Let's keep him that way, eh? And speaking of delivering..."

Warner already had out his checkbook. He added an extra zero to the fee in hopes of buying Andora's silence, as she was the only other person to know about the cake's secret. "No worries. My SUV is waiting outside. I've had a special charm set on the house so there are no unexpected guests, particularly the media. This is a private affair, and I'm afraid your deliverymen won't make it very far if they try." He paused, then added, "Did you hear something?"

"Just you talking," she said. "You know, before I took on this project, I hadn't realized how anal you werewolves can be." Andora took the check, but didn't register any emotion upon seeing her generous tip. "I'll have to remember that the next time one of *your* kind comes in here with a special order."

Warner leaned in close, buzzing her ear with a low-throated moan. He knew the lovely shopkeeper to be married now, but she was still as delectable as any dessert served under her roof. "The devil's in the details, my dear. And I *love* giving anal." His gaze panned down her scoop-necked blouse and took in her generous breasts. "What is that lovely perfume you're wearing?"

"Marizpan."

"You know, love, if you'd give me a chance..."

Andora playfully pushed Warner away. "There aren't enough zeroes in your bank account for that, wolfie. Try not to get indigestion tonight, eh?"

Chapter Three

Ugh! Was Warner taking the shortcut through the quarry or purposely hitting every pothole in the street for sport?

Sugar huddled inside the hollow cake, her knees tucked under her chin, her arms wrapped around her crossed legs. It was a very uncomfortable position, and the surrounding aroma of sugar and cake was overwhelming, but Sugar didn't dare move. The space was quite narrow; large enough for the petite Fae Falona, perhaps, but not so much for a taller gal like herself.

That Warner's SUV seemed to be rolling and bumping over a miles-long path of gravel did little to ease the trek to his house. Sugar bounced along with the cake in the back, ducking her head and trying not to dent the cake from the inner chamber. *Slow down*, she admonished the werewolf silently.

One would think a wealthy werewolf like Warner Doctorow could afford to buy good shocks. The party wasn't until tomorrow night, what was the rush?

Sugar sighed. Her back ached, her neck ached, and her butt was asleep. It was dark inside the hollow dessert, and she felt short of breath. She wanted to sneeze, but didn't dare do anything to attract attention to herself. Werewolves had a keen sense of hearing and smell, and Sugar wondered if Warner noticed her perfume as she slipped, invisible, through Andora's kitchen into the cake per the baker's instructions. She feared being caught when it appears he'd heard her shuffling around.

She felt grateful to get this far, and would feel much better once the cake issue settled. At the first free moment, she would slip away unnoticed, and hide out somewhere in Warner's behemoth mansion until the party hit full swing.

If only she could move about right now, and ease the aching in her body. Thinking of Warner enhanced the feelings as thoughts of his strong hands massaging away the numbness

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surfaced. She imagined his hands rubbing away the kinks in her neck and shoulders, then dipping low to play with her labial folds and clit. What she could feel of her thighs grew moist with her quiet excitement.

Ugh. She had to get out of this cake now before the bottom layer soaked up too much of her juice. Sugar doubted this cake was meant to be actually eaten, but surely Warner would detect *that* in the first bite if he did.

She tapped the cake floor with a toe, and burrowed her foot deeper into the moist, edible sponge until she hit...table.

Shit. Everything stood solid now, and she remained trapped. Had she voided the charm after slipping inside?

Then it hit Sugar as her head raised slowly and she peered into the inky black in search for a light that couldn't be seen...unless she did one thing first. The spell placed on the cake was one-way, meaning that the only way out would be to jump out of the cake.

As meant to be the plan for Fae Falona at Anton's bachelor party, before a horde of drunken, horny werewolves, vampires, and other assorted menfolk. Every girl's dream.

How could she escape without blowing her cover, and without destroying the cake? Sugar knew no counter spells, none that involved bakery goods, anyway. Worst case scenario would have her stuck here for a whole day, then squeezed inside the cake with a half-naked faerie stripper. Granted, Warner might not object to *that*, but once he sobered and learned of her true intent...

Sugar exhaled slowly, feeling dizzy. How could she survive in here until tomorrow night without going insane, and not eating her way to freedom?

* * * *

Warner couldn't get home quickly enough. The ache of impending change tingled his every nerve. The full moon wasn't expected for hours, yet Warner felt the wolf inside him jockeying for premature release. His gums were sore, a precursor to the monthly return of his fangs, and as he turned the steering

wheel sharply to plow his SUV into his home garage he noticed the beginning of the telltale extension of his fingernails.

He sighed. His time of the month.

Well, best to have the wolf come out early, he decided, if it guaranteed a premature exit. He silently cursed his best friend for his hasty engagement, then scheduling the wedding for the day after tomorrow, consequently leaving Warner with such a short window for hosting this party. He had intended for Anton's last night as a free man to be wild, but the added unpredictability of a werewolf running amok among the inebriated was not in the plans. He didn't want to be let loose, as was his wont in the past. He needed to remain close to home to ensure the success of Anton's party. To say nothing of discretion.

There were methods, of course, of curbing the transformation, even postponing it entirely until the next full moon. A delicious smile split Warner's face as his sport utility vehicle eased to a stop inside his spacious garage. Two things, in particular, worked best: sex and food, and he was well-prepared for this month's eventuality. The pantry was overstuffed with party snacks and other favorite treats, in the event a binge became necessary to keep the wolf from emerging.

And, if that didn't work...

Warner chuckled as the garage door lowered behind him. He killed the engine and flipped open his cell phone. The lovely Fae Falona picked up on the second ring.

"That wasn't part of the deal," she told him after hearing his proposal. To her credit, however, Falona didn't sound put off by Warner's invitation.

"I'm not suggesting you prostitute yourself, my dear. I hired you to jump out of the cake, only," Warner purred seductively. "Consider everything else that happens a fringe benefit." How he'd like to see her dripping in fringe, then shedding it for a marathon fuck in his king-sized bed.

Falona giggled. "I've always wanted to fuck a werewolf in transition, but you never call when it happens."

"Well, now's your chance. The closer to the full moon, the better the sex," Warner drawled. He shifted in his seat to better allow his cock to harden and expand in his pants. He stroked the shaft lightly over the fabric seam and pictured Falona's long,

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blonde hair draped over his thighs as she perched between them for better oral access.

“You fuck a werewolf, you transcend doggie style. I’m talking about hanging from the ceiling, limbs twisted like a master yogi.” He flicked his tongue against his growing fangs. The ladies loved especially how they scraped lightly against skin as he sucked their clits. “You’d be doing me a great service by aiding in certain, ah, preventative measures, *and* you get the experience the six best orgasms of your life in one night.”

“Just six?”

“Six squared?” Warner proposed.

“Mmmm, sounds delish, but you wouldn’t scratch me with your claws, would you? I can’t have any marks on my body, it’s my livelihood.”

“Trust me, my lady. You’d be surprised with what I could do to your body. What’s more, when you fuck a werewolf in transition it gives all-new meaning to the word *shag*.”

“Ew. Not that I haven’t enjoyed being with you in the past, I just don’t think I could handle all the hair.”

Warner laughed out loud. Before transformation, he maintained a smooth chest, rippled hard along the planes. Having sex in transaction would keep growth at bay, he assured the faerie. “Better for traction anyway, my love.”

“Ah, well. You should have said something earlier.” Warner could clearly picture Falona pouting on the other line. “I lined up another gig tonight.”

“Cancel it. I’ll double your fee for Anton’s party.”

“Sorry, sweetie. You know what they say. So much cake...” And Falona rang off without a goodbye.

“Bah.” So much for having his cake and eating her, too. Calling other women to bide this time was not an option this month. He had promised Anton discretion as far the party was concerned, yet word leaked out around Sierra Glade anyway. Speculation followed him everywhere, and Warner imagined more than a few of Sierra Glade’s eligible young gossips would be happy to spread their legs for him...if it meant an opportunity to slip away and look for clues.

Warner snickered. Women like Sugar Pernell, he mused, the queen mother of Sierra Glade gossip. He recalled seeing her at

the shop today, but thankfully hadn't detected her while in the kitchen with Andora. Gossip had a specific scent that wasn't very pleasant.

Warner skulked into the house via the gourmet kitchen and left the retrieval of the party cake to the help. Beautiful as it was, he didn't need to be tempted by the many layers and sugar and flour, not with his transformation imminent.

"Lock it in the cooler," he ordered one short gentleman in a crisp black uniform, crooking his neck toward the kitchen's walk-in refrigerator. "I'll be in my rooms the rest of the evening."

The man named Gale nodded, and Warner smiled sadly. His devoted valet knew the measures that needed to be taken. Shortly before the witching—or rather, *wolfing*—hour, Gale would have the rest of the staff dismissed for their safety, and the contents of the pantry moved into Warner's private parlor for the werewolf's consumption. Had Gale the resources to arrange the alternative method of postponing transformation at such short notice, well, Warner would reward Gale to such an extent that he wouldn't need to work for him anymore.

"Will there be anything else, sir?" Gale's staid voice floated behind Warner as he ascended the stairs.

Warner turned back and paused, his hand gripping the rail. Tiny dark hairs that hadn't been there an hour ago grew in tight curls on his knuckles.

"Can you grow a pussy in the next hour?"

Gale's expression remained deadpan. "Pussies, I'm sorry to report, are not in season at this time."

"Same with raises for smart-assed employees. Good night, Gale." Warner trudged up the stairs, shoulders drooped, and dismissed the fleeting notion he entertained of switching teams. He doubted Gale would be *that* willing to serve, raise or no raise.

Chapter Four

Fifteen minutes before the hour, Warner lay shirtless and itching like mad on his bedroom floor. Candy wrappers and potato chip bags, spent and shining with grease, littered the carpet and his clothing. He had eaten—no, inhaled—everything in sight, to no avail. His jaw ached, his cock ached, and as Warner lay perfectly still he could feel the tingling sensation of a billion follicles about to simultaneously explode.

He tested his fangs with his tongue. They had grown in the last hour, and would soon take over his entire mouth, assuming they didn't succumb to cavities from all the crap he'd eaten.

Damn it. The binging hadn't worked. It usually did; what went wrong? It wasn't like he needed to eat things in a particular order. Perhaps it was the growing pull of lustful thoughts, the wondering of what sexual passions could have been enjoyed with Fae Falona, that voided everything he did tonight to curb the wolf.

As Warner crawled across the carpet, his upper body bathed in sweat, he fought to keep a rational mind. The wolf became stronger, poised to take over his being and urge him over the balcony to roam the outskirts of Sierra Glade. He clutched the red velvet drapes dusting the floor, allowing himself only a glance through the slivers of fabric that teased him with shots of the rising moon.

Full...sated, it was, as his appetite should be now. Instead his feet scraped inside designer shoes, close to transforming to spike-nailed paws. His thighs and cock rapidly expanded and contracted, testing the resilience of his slacks. He fumbled with awkward fingers to cast them off before the threatening changes to his body did just that for him, thereby forcing him to throw away a very expensive pair of pants.

He needed to stop the transformation, by any means necessary. Sucking wind through teeth that hadn't yet sharpened, he scuttled out the door on all fours, grimacing as he went. This type of behavior normally indicated that he was past the point of no return. He could only hope Gale was still around, puttering in the kitchen with a sponge and spray can of oven cleaner.

He hoped the valet was indeed bent into the oven, it would save some time. Warner could slam his cock into the Gale's taut little ass and satisfy some of the wolf's desire. Never mind waiting for Gale to undress, either; Warner was certain his cock was hard enough to plow through just about anything. Pants, walls, force fields...

The kitchen was deserted, like the rest of the house. Warner tried his best to nod and hold onto rational thought. Of course, Warner knew Gale to be no fool. The valet no doubt bolted for the front door after delivering Warner's emergency rations. To his credit, he had also left the auxiliary pantry unlocked for Warner to raid.

So he did raid it. Five minutes to the hour saw Warner slouched against the pantry threshold, tearing through a pillow-sized bag of hard pretzels.

Still, it wasn't enough. A normal human, having eaten this much, would likely be vomiting for hours. Warner's enhanced system merely processed everything into an energy that only boosted the wolf...and his sexual desires.

The food slowed, and helped a little, but only a woman could curb the transformation. With minutes to go until the moon reached peak position, the only woman with whom Warner stood a chance was the fake one perched atop Anton's cake.

The cake.

Warner slipped further into the pantry and eyed the stainless steel door of the walk-in refrigerator. The solid green, lighted pinprick indicated that Gale had forgotten to set the lock.

And the wolf, hungry and having all but conquered rational thought, stalked toward the door licking his lips.

* * * *

Wha—?

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Sugar woke, still naked, shivering, and miserable, curled in a fetal position. By some miracle, she could see the outline of her hands in a faint light—in sleep she couldn't control her invisibility. Her knuckles ached from the cold, and she imagined her skin now bore a bluish tint.

Hopelessness had given way hours ago to fatigue, leading Sugar into a deep slumber. There, freedom—and blood circulation—was just a delicious dream. What she felt now, though, might normally be described the same way, but Sugar felt too out of sorts to be certain. What *was* that scraping against her ass?

She tried to move, but her entire body was numb due to its confined position. She felt close to bodily atrophy, the only sensations breaking through being the chill from the surrounding temperature of the cooler and the twitching ecstasy that accompanied every teasing touch to her sensitive flesh.

Ooh. She tried to cry out, but fatigue had also taken her voice.

She felt a tongue, though. Most definitely a tongue licking the broad curve of her ass...and prodding the cleft in search of her anus. That was a tongue rimming her right now.

“Oh!” came a high-pitched croak as her limbs spasmed in response. One arm shot through the bottom, thickest layer of the cake. She would have expressed some despair at having ruined the cake, but the knowledge that somebody else had torn into it to get to her lifted the guilt.

To say nothing of flooding her pussy. Teeth, tongue, lips...nibbling and licking and kissing her through crumbling cake and frosting. Sugar managed to shift her lower hip and thrust her ass backward to enhance this wonderful dream.

It wasn't a dream, though. Sugar realized as much when she managed to prop her head on her elbow, scraping away more of the cake's inner wall, to see who was spoiling his dinner with dessert. So many people lived and worked at the Doctorow mansion, and she couldn't begin to guess which of them would help her escape by eating...and eating. How would anyone know she was here, anyway?

Light filtered slowly from the open door of the cooler. Sugar squinted to make out the grunting form feasting on her

cunt, gasping at first sight of Warner's unmistakable profile, shadowed in the foreground.

Warner. Had he detected her scent?

Sugar felt her heart slide to the cake floor. Warner lifted his head momentarily to catch his breath, and Sugar noticed his brows were thicker, and his mane of dark hair unruly and coarse. Was tonight a full moon? The *Snitch* reported the lunar calendar. Sugar sighed. She really needed to read that rag for other things besides her byline.

One thing she *did* know, without having to read the paper, was that sex with a werewolf in transition could be quite exhilarating, having dated a werewolf in college. Fortuitous, it would have to be, for the cake to be here. They'd need the extra energy.

Slowly, with every broad stroke against her anus, then up her pussy lips to her clit, life sparked throughout her body. She quivered and twisted her body, easing slightly onto her back and parting her knees as wide as possible. Warner had eaten away a large enough hole to allow her to stretch her legs forward, and she brought her heels together behind Warner's neck.

He seemed not to notice, but was lost in his own little world, teasing her pussy lips and clit with rapid oral prodding.

That's it. Sugar moaned softly. More where that came from. Sweets for the sweet.

Above them, the rest of the cake teetered to the point of collapse, but Sugar didn't care. Let it avalanche.

The fervor with which she welcomed her orgasm was all that was needed to encourage the cake to topple. The remaining, intact layers fell noiselessly to the floor around them. Cracked sugar frosting flakes and marzipan ribbons rained gently down, covering them like new fallen snow.

No matter. Warner would lick her body clean, and she would return the favor, she decided as Warner doused her fading fires with broad swipes up her pussy lips.

When instead he leaned back with a sticky, satisfied grin, Sugar gasped. The cock that sprang forward, its tip shining with pre-cum, was the largest she had even seen. Yes, she would return the favor, assuming she survived.

SUGAR ON TOP

“Warner.” Her voice was still small and barely audible in the dim, yet gained profound strength as Warner launched forward, punching holes into the bottom cake layer with his fists for support. Cradled between her parted thighs, Warner shifted his hips upward and rolled his cock over her quivering flesh. He teased her slick core and sensitive inner labia, then thrust upward and scraped her clit with the bulging head of his cock. Sugar was powerless to move, as Warner’s upper body pressed against hers. She managed to squirm a bit, synchronized to his touch, feeling dizzy from each gust of warm breath tickling her breasts and setting her nipples to peak.

“You bastard,” she groaned, and arched her neck upward to meet a pair of dripping fangs that lightly skimmed twin lines down her throat. She meant it, of course, in the nicest possible sense of the word.

“Yummy,” was the werewolf’s response, and he thrust his cock into her waiting pussy unaided.

* * * *

Conscious thought returned in full the second Warner entered her. He felt the wolf’s grasp on his mind slide away as Sugar’ pussy clamped around his cock. Tightened muscles pulled him deeper inside her, and rapid, urgent thrusts smoothed into a steadier rhythm that he could enjoy as well.

“So yummy.” Mashed, moist cake oozed between his fingers as he fisted his hands, and he smeared the result over Sugar’ smooth, flat belly. Mingled with her own unique taste, Andora’s recipe could only be improved.

He had an idea of how Sugar got into his house. She had been hiding in the cake! Somehow, she eluded him at Sweet Surprise and slipped inside the cake as he paid for it. She knew of the spell and triggered it, and his keen sense of smell hadn’t detected her. Then he remembered he’d *heard* something.

The bitch. The sneaky, deliciously tight bitch.

She nearly scared Warner to death when he tucked into the bottom layer of the cake and hit skin on the third bite. Briefly, in his wolf-addled mind, there had been the thought to howl his displeasure at the breach of security, but a few seconds of

rimming Sugar' beautiful rounded ass convinced the wolf that he had no reason to be displeased. She tasted sweeter than anything on Sweet Surprise's menu.

A mouth full of pussy, too, trumped a mouth voicing displeasure any day. And Sugar' pussy was the perfect tonic to quelling his anger over her presence in his home...and the cake's destruction. That he couldn't blame on her, of course, but once the euphoria of this fuck subsided he was going to have to take issue with her being here.

First, he closed his eyes and focused on his cock, memorizing every ridge and curve within her tight vaginal walls that kept his cock hard and ready to come. When he did, he thought he could go on forever. He could swear his cry rattled the jars on the surrounding shelves.

His cock was still hard when he pulled out; sugar frosting and cake crumbs clung to his shaft as he rubbed away the ache. "Come here," he ordered a limp Sugar, and grasped her by the waist. "Take me in your mouth."

Sugar complied quickly. The dimmed light might have been a hindrance for the lovely reporter, but Warner's keen wolfish eyesight allowed him perfect night vision. It wasn't difficult, therefore, to detect the sly grin on Sugar' face or the glint in her bright eyes as her face lowered toward his cock.

Grasping him at the base of his shaft, Sugar licked him clean. She kissed away crumbs and rolled his aching head in her mouth, working his shaft as one would a Popsicle. Given his good vision, though, even he couldn't tell where his cum ended and the cake began.

"You like that, babe?" he moaned.

"Mmm." Sugar smacked her lips and pressed them to his throbbing head. "Sorry about the cake."

The cake. Warner sighed. Five thousand dollars, *poof*. Still, it wasn't the most expensive fuck he'd enjoyed. "No matter," he sighed. "Anton had no idea what to expect, so no harm done. I'll think of an alternative, ah, snack.

"You," he continued, taking Sugar by the back the neck and lifting her to meet his eyes, "will also have no idea what to expect."

Chapter Five

The heavy door leading back into the pantry opened further on its own, and now Sugar could see clearly the wicked gleam in Warner's eyes. She didn't feel so comfortable with this hungry look, one that implied he would chew her up and spit her out in another sense.

She doubted she'd enjoy that as much. She tried to ease away from Warner's grasp but his hold remained steadfast.

"Warner," she said, the tremor in her voice evident, "let me explain."

"Explain? What, you took a wrong turn leaving the ice cream shop and ended up in my cake by accident, thinking it was your car?" He clucked at her. "Granted, I've seen that matchbox you drive, and given your sloppiness in reporting of late I can understand how you might be confused."

"I got by you, didn't I?" she snapped.

Warner said nothing, only snorted his displeasure. Sugar noticed how quickly his wolf-coarse hair and eyebrows had receded as he shook his head at her. Primitive desire, however he tried to mask it behind his anger, was still there.

"Besides," she said, irritated, "if not for me you'd have wolfed out completely, or whatever it is you call it. I know that can't be good the night before Anton's party. So, I did you a favor, whether you want to admit it or not."

"You did, and I thank you, my dear," Warner conceded with a slight grin. Easing off of her, he brushed away what flakes of frosting and marizpan still clung to his marvelously chiseled body. His cock still stood high. Sugar closed her thighs together to quell the soreness that resulted after their coupling, and hoped Warner wouldn't take the gesture as refusal of another round.

"Normally I'd have you upstairs so fast you'd wonder how we got there without moving," he was saying as he helped her

stand. Sugar was conscious of his gaze inspecting her every curve; she was sticky with marzipan and sugar paste. “As it is, my dear, I appear sated enough not to have to worry about changing tonight. I can’t have you here in the morning when the caterers and planners arrive, either. So, you’ll have to do me the favor of leaving.”

He guided her out of the cooler, through the pantry to the kitchen. Sugar marveled at its expanse and technological majesty. It put the kitchen of Sweet Surprise to shame. The rest of Warner’s mansion was certainly no less opulent, she imagined. She had to wonder where the main event would take place.

She had to *know*. She had to stay and see it for herself, and get it on paper for Melina.

Warner reached for a wall phone. “Gale isn’t far. I’ll have him get the car and drive you home,” he said.”

“If you insist,” Sugar said. She toed a circle on the marble tile floor. “But you’ll have to do something for me first.”

Warner looked up from dialing Gale’s number. “That is?”

Sugar smiled. “Catch me.”

* * * *

Just like that, she faded into the air with a light giggle. The sound of bare feet skidding against the kitchen floor signaled her hasty escape.

Warner disconnected before Gale could answer. “I can still see cake sticking to you,” he called after her. “You won’t be that difficult to find.”

“Catch me if you can, wolf boy.” Sugar’s voice was distant now, taunting and mirthful. Warner looked down at the kitchen floor, streaked with frosting prints. No, she wouldn’t be difficult to find at all. Andora’s magnetism may have distracted him enough not to detect Sugar at the ice cream parlor, but here her unique scent would take prominence over more familiar surroundings. How silly to run from a werewolf; Warner would sniff her out in no time.

Then, he mused silently, she’d do him the favor of...doing him.

SUGAR ON TOP

* * * *

She managed to get as much of the cake off her body as possible. Her skin still felt sticky and uncomfortable, but a chance turn down a long hallway led her to a guest bathroom. There she wet a rag and swabbed her limbs, breasts, and backside, before slipping quietly back to the main foyer. She had to find a good place to hide; more than likely she wouldn't make it long, but she wanted to give Warner a good chase.

Though she enjoyed the chase, she wanted to be caught. Warner only seemed angry with her for running, she knew. She relished the punishment to ensue from this chase as much, if not more, than chasing the story for the *Snitch*.

Once in the foyer, she ascended the main staircase slowly, so as not to creak on any steps. A cursory search of the main floor yielded no doors leading to a basement, leading Sugar to guess Warner had no basement rec room. Sugar could only guess that the party would encompass much of the house rather than be limited to one room, with the main event taking place in one of the bedrooms.

The main event, certainly, would involve the lovely Fae Falona, but who else? Warner? The groom? Both? The notion disturbed Sugar, and as images of Warner bent over Fae Falona surfaced she felt all the more unnerved.

Sugar shook the thoughts away. *Come on*, the reporter inside her urged. The sex was fun, but she wasn't Warner's girl.

Whom was she kidding? The sex was more than fun. The sex was better than cake, tastier than even Andora's majestic tribute to matrimonial pastry.

She hurried down the hall. A man, a werewolf, obsessed with appearances like Warner no doubt had living quarters suited to his libido. If Warner were astute enough to track her down, fine, but she wanted to at least see his living quarters once. Despite how much Warner appeared to enjoy their coupling, she doubted she'd ever receive a formal invitation. And, if she had to be caught, she could think of no better place.

She checked every door, looking constantly over her shoulder and listening for Warner's heavy, wolfish panting. It

wasn't long before Sugar found the correct entrance, and her suspicions of Warner's tastes were confirmed as she stepped carefully across the lush carpet into a bedroom fit for a film star. On the far end, an open balcony door exposed through the curtains a twinkling Sierra Glade, her lights alive like distant fireflies and fairies against the inky black.

The bureau and dresser were ominous, nearly taking up one wall with an impressive mirror that seemed more like a portal into an alternative universe. Of course, given the nature of Sierra Glade, it could be one.

Befitting of a man with impeccable taste in wardrobe, Sugar decided. Certainly, Warner wouldn't wear the same pair of underwear twice; he probably had a year's supply of briefs folded neatly in these drawers. Assuming, Sugar realized with a smirk, the werewolf wore underwear at all.

The bed stood huge, draped in ivory sheets so smooth Sugar imagined a headfirst dive would feel like falling into a vat of milk. The bed lay positioned in the middle of the large room atop a platform, Sugar guessed, to emphasize the importance of Warner's sexual prowess. Mahogany bookshelves lined the wall supporting it; Sugar silently ticked off titles of numerous classics and spell books. Who knew that Warner was so literate? She noticed bends and wrinkles in the covers and pages...these books weren't for show.

"Interested in borrowing something? Perhaps you see something else in the room that suits your fancy."

She started at the sound of Warner's bemusement, and on instinct checked her arms. She saw nothing, therefore Warner shouldn't have, either. Had she inadvertently read aloud a book title without realizing it, or maybe he could hear her breathing?

"I know you're here, Sugar," Warner said, his voice as smooth as the sheets she now gazed at with longing. The husky tone of each spoken word chilled her, while her nipples stood to attention and her pussy ached for that mouth. Her toes curled into the carpet, and she didn't doubt she could pull up some of the shag fibers.

Shag. Remembering the earlier confrontation with Melina, she glanced down at the carpet. Two deep indentations in the shag marked where she stood, and though the room was dimly lit

SUGAR ON TOP

she was certain Warner's wolfish eyesight caught it right off the bat. *Damn it.*

"I followed the wet spots," Warner continued, drawing closer. Sugar felt the heat of his desire resonate and envelop her, stoking the fire smoldering in her pussy. "A bit of advice, Sugar, when you hose yourself down—or whatever it was you did to get the cake crumbs off—it helps to dry yourself before you take off running."

Sugar remained still. He was practically on top of her now, presumably using her footprints as a guide. She flinched when a hand brushed her backside. From her point of view, Warner appeared to make odd hand gestures, sizing up a woman's shape. Her shape.

"I followed the wet spots, through the foyer, up the stairs and down the hall. Naturally, I assumed water, but I have to wonder what else is wet." Warner sized up the space she filled and waved his hands until he touched skin. Sugar let out a pleased gasp; no point in remaining quiet, and willed herself to be seen.

"Now that's cheating," Warner admonished, turning his head. "Have you fucked anyone while invisible?"

"No," Sugar said. Odd that she hadn't, she surmised. Then again, there hadn't been many men in her life, nor many men she wanted to fuck. Now, she thought only of the one standing before her.

Moved by Warner's piercing gaze, she rendered herself invisible again. He palmed her belly. "Much better. I know what this is, so if I move down..."

Slowly his fingers danced down her quivering abdomen into the valley that concealed her slick core. "So this is what an invisible pussy feels like," he chuckled. "Does it feel any different invisible?"

Words failed Sugar. The sensation flooding her pussy and shooting through her veins felt ten times better than any touch, kiss, or caress she'd ever enjoyed. This mere dabbling of her pussy lips as Warner explored her, surpassed nearly everything he had done to her in the cooler. She wobbled in place, certain her legs would give out if he continued.

“And this,” he said, delving a finger deeper into her labial folds, “must be...”

Sugar cried aloud. The touch to her clit set off fireworks. Record time for an orgasm...now *that* was an exclusive the *Snitch* would never print.

“It must.” Warner tested his hands and soon had Sugar’s unseen body in his arms. Sugar felt herself lifted high as he carried her toward the bed. The room became a blur. The arousal she experienced now seemed magnified by her invisibility, as if her skin were stripped to leave Warner to sample a more sensitive body.

She could only hope, she decided as he lay her gently against the top sheet, that he’d have no trouble finding the right hole with that thickening cock. Warner lay on top of her, rubbing his cock against her thighs, belly, and cunt, in search of that secret cove. It felt good, and given this enhanced state, she could only imagine how his cock would feel inside her.

“Little help here, darlin’?” Warner rocked his hips from side to side, parting her legs enough to allow the tip of his cock to tap against her parted pussy lips. Sugar breathed slowly, feeling her chest expand and thrilled by the fact that she couldn’t be seen. That Warner appeared to be humping the bed might have looked amusing to anybody else, but Sugar found the primal stretching of his body, his muscular arms braced on either side of her, very erotic. He appeared to hover, but she felt his heat as they touched, and as Warner slowly entered her...oh!

“Incredible,” he said on a sigh. “I’m fucking you, I’m fucking you while you’re invisible. I can actually see my cock...and you’re so damn tight.”

“You’re so thick.” *Wonderfully thick*. Cake frosting should be so thick. It could stand up on its own.

She tilted her head back to accept Warner’s kisses. For the most part he was on target, and she had to giggle every time his head dipped low and missed. Sugar could only imagine, too, what kissing her while invisible must have looked like from his point of view. As it was, watching his hips pivot as he slammed his cock into her pussy was a sight that would never bore her.

SUGAR ON TOP

When his orgasm neared, he slid out quickly and came on her belly, making patches of skin visible with his seed. That soon disappeared as his body crushed against hers for one last kiss.

“Come out, come out, wherever you are,” he sang. “Rather, just come.”

In seconds, Sugar was visible again, and eager to respond as Warner pulled back the sheets to guide her into bed. “I thought I was going home,” she challenged him, her tone light.

Warner pulled the sheets over them and drew Sugar close, easing her to her side and spooning her. “You are, in the morning,” he said. “Right now, I’m going to need your help.”

“Really? What good could a soon-to-be out of work reporter be to you?” No way was Melina keeping her at the *Snitch* after this. Her job was to report gossip, not personify it. Sugar had no doubt word of this would spread.

In fact...Sugar tilted her head toward the open window. She could have sworn she saw something tiny fluttering against the curtains, tiny like a nosy fairy reporter’s wings.

Let him watch, she thought, if Winkle was indeed out there.

“I can think of one thing.” Warner said as he nipped her ear, eliciting a giggle from Sugar. “Before we get to that, however, I’m going to need some ideas on an alternate party plan for Anton. With the cake destroyed, most of the party’s agenda goes with it.”

Sugar closed her eyes and focused on Warner’s hands exploring her length. She was thinking of a number of things herself, nothing to do with Anton’s bachelor party. “Too bad, for Anton, anyway,” she said. “But won’t he be disappointed if you change plans?”

“Probably not,” Warner said. “In truth, he’s probably the least enthusiastic about the party. He’d be happy with a group outing at Sweet Surprise, splitting one of those ice cream boats instead of getting a lap dance. He’s in love with his fiancée, you know.”

“Good to know, considering he’s about to commit to her for the rest of his life,” Sugar said. Good to know, too, Warner seemed less and less disappointed himself that the party, and the lovely Fae Falona’s performance, wouldn’t happen.

LEIGH ELLWOOD

Then, she said, “What are you doing?” She smiled as he leered at her.

Warner slid a hand over her hip and between her legs. “Me? Oh, I’m just ready for a midnight snack.”

Sugar eased onto her back as Warner moved over her. “Is the wolf in you ever satisfied?”

“For your sake, darling,” Warner said, brushing his lips against hers, “you better hope not.”

About the Author

Leigh Ellwood writes spicy romances and sassy mysteries. She is the creator of the award-winning Dareville series for Phaze Books, as well as numerous shorts for Phaze and other small publishers. Readers are invited to visit LeighEllwood.com for more information on Leigh's books, and to follow Leigh's writing adventures via her blog at leighwantsfood.blogspot.com or through her Twitter at [Twitter.com/LeighEllwood](https://twitter.com/LeighEllwood).