A Night Off
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Summary

What would happen if Goliath and Elisa took a night off to have fun and relax together? Would their feelings for one another remain so easy to ignore? Set on a hot and humid night in New York, just after the move from Castle Wyvern to the Library Clocktower.

Pure fun and fluff! Not going to follow *all* of the Gargoyle rules, so if you're a stickler, try to forgive me!

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Notes

Just a few chapters of fluff and fun.

See the end of the work for more notes
Elisa sat on her perch high above the city as the sun dipped lower on the horizon. Thanks to being able to see all of the famous skyscrapers in a spectacular panorama, she considered the Clocktower the best viewing platform in Manhattan.

Not that she was looking at the buildings. With her personal fantasy in stone repose at arm's reach, it was lucky she noticed anything else in the world.

Goliath. Easily seven feet tall, and solid muscle when he wasn't solid rock. The gargoyle stood in a fearsome pose, teeth bared and clawed hands reaching for an unseen foe. The others in his clan barely held a candle to their impressive leader in both size and ferocity.

The current savagery in his countenance belied the kind spirit of the creature when he was awake. Goliath was incredibly gentle in a way that still surprised her. Until someone threatened anyone he cared about, of course. His strength and viciousness knew no bounds if a member of his clan was endangered. Somehow she'd come to count as a member of the tight-knit group, an honor she cherished.

Elisa would never admit it to him, but every minute she wasn't sleeping or working was spent thinking about him. She even went out of her way to arrive at their home early in the evening so she could stare at him without interruption. It bordered on obsession.

He enthralled her entirely. From the square line of his jaw to the heavy plates of his chest, Goliath was a work of art. She had to restrain herself from tracing her fingers over the rough stone surface of his body. Again.

A wash of heat swept over her, but it wasn’t all arousal. Summers in Manhattan were always hot, but this one had been particularly sweltering. She practically lived under a fan at home, and her standard uniform of jeans and t-shirt had given way to shorts and tank tops, even late at night. The lightweight fabric of her blue tank top helped, but she still felt sticky from the humidity lingering in the evening air.

The sound of stone crackling startled her out of her reverie. She leapt from the wall and bolted to the doorway to put on her daily act of arriving just in time to witness the awakening ritual.

The gargoyles burst free of their stone prisons, each one giving a howling cry. Watching the way Goliath’s wings unfurled and the muscles of his back flexed as he loosed a feral roar made her tingle in all the best places.

She wouldn't miss witnessing this moment for the world.

The massive gargoyle stretched and let out the most satisfied growl she'd ever had the pleasure of hearing. His purple-grey skin glowed in the last vestiges of twilight.

“Sleep well?” she asked.

Goliath turned with an exasperated smile. “We don't sleep, Elisa.”

“Right, right,” she said. “You turn into glorified hunks of pottery.”

“Is this supposed to be another one of your clever jokes?”
“Maybe. Do you think it's funny?”

He shook his head, but didn't quite manage to hide the smile twitching at his lips.

“Hi Elisa!” called Brooklyn from the floor below. She leaned over and waved to the red skinned gargoyle. Lexington, Hudson, and Broadway added their greetings as they stretched and yawned.

No two of the clan looked the same, or even similar. Hudson, with his one eye and thick beard, looked and sounded as fierce as a Scottish warrior of old. Temperamental Lexington was small and wiry. Broadway’s girth revealed his love for food of every variety.

A gruff bark and scrabbling claws caught her attention. She turned to see Bronx, the clan’s pet, barrelling toward her. Elisa braced herself in case he forgot his size yet again, but a stern look from Goliath had the animal skidding to a stop at just the right distance to receive a good chin and ear scratching.

His eyes fluttered shut and he made little whimpery sounds of delight. “Did Bronx-y have a good sleep? Did him?” She scratched his leathery skin more vigorously just behind his ear, making his foot tap the ground in rhythm. “Oh, is that your favorite spot? It is?”

Goliath scoffed as he leapt smoothly to the parapet above to survey the city. “You spoil him, Elisa.”

“Because him is a good dog. Isn’t him?” she cooed. Bronx wiggled his stub of a tail and cuddled closer to her.

“He is not a dog.”

She glared up at Goliath. “What would you call him?”

He lifted a brow. “A gargoyle.”

Elisa barely resisted the urge to pull a face. Hudson strode up the stairs with the air of a weary old man. Bronx gave a happy sound and rushed over to greet the gargoyle, who suddenly looked a decade younger as he laughed and patted the creature enthusiastically. The pair disappeared inside the building as Brooklyn shouted, “Race you to the theater!”

“Oh, you are on!” said Lexington.

Broadway clapped his hands. “Last one there buys popcorn!”

Elisa looked over to see the three leaping in unison. Her breath caught as they dropped hard and fast toward the streets below. Then each snapped their wings wide and sped through the air toward their favorite theater, laughing and trading insults as they went.

The floor shook as Goliath landed beside her. “They have been flying as long as you have been alive,” he said. “Why do you worry every time they fly?”

She could feel the blood rushing to her face. He noticed that? “I don’t know. Instinct, I guess. On some level it still feels wrong to watch people dive headfirst off of skyscrapers.”

“Perhaps you have a point.”

Elisa hitched herself onto the wall and dangled her legs over the edge. He came to stand beside her, just close enough that she could feel his heat. It amazed her how quickly his body warmed upon
A blast of wind snaked around them, ruffling his dark hair. Almost automatically, his wings lifted and adjusted, while he flared his nostrils and dragged in a long breath.

Elisa smiled. “Feels like a nice night for flying.”

“The current is strong tonight.”

She expected him to say goodbye and do his own swan dive, but he didn’t move. They stayed silent for a few minutes before he asked, “What are you working on tonight?” The low timbre of his voice made the hair on her arms stand at attention.

“Actually, I have the night off.”

He turned toward her. “You do?”

“Don’t sound so surprised.”

“Then I would be lying, for I am surprised.”

She narrowed her eyes at him. “What are you implying?”

He leaned closer. “I imply nothing. You don’t do well with spare time.”

Elisa lifted a brow sharply. “I’ll have you know I do just fine with spare time. I just happened to have met a ragtag batch of gargoyles who keep me busier than usual.”

“I do not believe you have a usual.”

“Would you prefer I did?”

“I would prefer if you took less risks.”

“If the city wasn’t such a risky place, maybe that would be possible.”

Goliath huffed a breath. “I still do not like it.”

“Aww. Thanks Dad,” she teased, giving him a friendly elbow nudge.

He gave her a sour look and leaned his hip against the wall, glaring studiously at the downtown skyline.

Elisa smiled to herself. *Nice to know he cares.*

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Goliath ached to leap into the strong currents and let them drag him where they chose, but the instinct was firmly throttled by his desire to stay near the smart-mouthed woman. He snuck a look at her from the corner of his eye in time to watch as she gathered her thick black hair into a high ponytail. His mouth went dry as he gazed at the newly bared column of her neck.

In all his years of life, he hadn’t ever found himself attracted to a human. Elisa, with her bronze skin and lithe form, was an exquisite exception. He didn’t know how to process his feelings at the sight of her coming through the door every time he woke. All he knew was that the nights she didn’t come around left him irrationally moody.
Another gust of wind whistled through the balcony, making her sigh. “Oh god, that’s good,” she murmured. “It’s been so miserably hot this summer.”

Temperatures didn’t affect his kind, but he tried to be sympathetic. “Shall I flap my wings to enhance the breeze?”

She laughed and shook her head. He hadn’t intended to be funny, but the sound of her laughter was like music to his ears. A smile slipped across his face at her relaxed expression. He couldn’t remember a night where she’d had all her time to herself. Yet she’d come here, of all places? “Don’t you have things to do on your night off?”

She lifted a brow. “Nothing in particular. Why, are you trying to get rid of me?”

Goliath hastily lifted both palms. “No! I just didn’t think you’d want to be stuck on a high tower when you could go to a...motion picture...or...whatever it is you like to do,” he finished lamely.

A smirk came to her rosy lips. “If anyone needs to get out of this tower, it’s you, my wing-a-ling friend.”

He grunted. “I get out more than enough.” A distant siren caught his ear, making his gut clench in anticipation before remembering that she wouldn’t be racing out to attend to an emergency. He let out a breath and tried to relax.

“Did you have plans tonight?” she asked.

Goliath shook his head. “Perhaps a book or two.”

“What are you studying these days?”

“I haven’t decided. I finished reading the last of Shakespeare’s plays last night.”

“I wish I had the patience to read his stuff. I always found it dry, to be honest.”

“Dry?” He turned to her. “He writes about life, love, death, revenge, grief, jealousy, murder, magic and mystery. I’m not sure there’s ever been a more skilled writer in existence!” His voice got higher and louder as his enthusiasm for the topic ramped up. “He created new words when the current language did not convey his thoughts adequately. As I understand it, his plays are still performed and adapted today. Even this many centuries later, his thoughts and ideas are as relevant as the day he wrote them. Elisa, how can you find him dry?”

She was staring at him open-mouthed. Goliath winced and cleared his throat. “I apologize. I do not often get to discuss literature.”

Elisa put a hand on his arm and shook her head. “Don’t apologize. I’ve never heard anyone talk about anything so passionately. It makes me want to join you in the library for more lectures.”

His skin tingled where hers rested against it. “I would like that,” he said, restraining the urge to immediately catch her by the hand and drag her down the stairs to choose a topic.

She smiled and turned her face into the wind. He copied her and savoured the sensation of the current buffeting against his wings. It really was a good wind. A flock of crows zipped past, intensifying the longing to soar high above the city where nothing but the wind interrupted your thoughts.

Her hand touched him again. “Go. It’s too good of a wind to miss.”
“Only if you come with me,” he said before the rational part of his brain could cut him off. Goliath gritted his teeth and kicked himself mentally. Flying held no appeal to her. The little human tolerated being carried through the air because it was easiest when they were chasing down clues and criminals, not because she enjoyed the way the wind felt as it rushed over her body.

“You really want me to come?” she asked, an odd shyness coloring her voice.

He blinked and shot her a look. Of course he did. He always wanted her around. Didn't she know that? “Yes. I do.”

Elisa tilted her head. “Won’t I ruin your aerodynamics?”

He spread his wings wide and gave each a side glance. “It would take more than a wisp like you to drag down these sails.”

A grin came to her face. “Wait a minute. Are you saying your wings too big for you?”

Goliath laughed and nodded. He held his arms out as far as he could, but they didn’t come close to reaching the same span. “They dragged on the ground when I was a child. I never quite grew into them.”

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The idea that the gargoyle was disproportionate would genuinely never have occurred to her. He always seemed like the perfect specimen compared to the others in his clan. It was endearing to learn that he was insecure about something. His wings, of all things.

He moved closer and held a clawed hand toward her. “Would you like to come with me?”

Elisa nodded and put her hand into his. He curled his fingers around hers, and she couldn't help staring at the difference in size between the two appendages. He practically dwarfed her.

Goliath drew her closer before sweeping her into his arms, hopping onto the edge of the wall, and crouching. Her heart started to pound in anticipation as every muscle in his immense body went tight from head to toe. Then, in one magnificent leap, he rocketed skyward, twisting in a tight spiral before gravity started to pull them back down. His arms tightened around her as he let himself freefall. Her stomach was in her throat and she clung to his neck as they dropped through the air like twin stones.

The windows of the library whipped past them faster than she could count. Just as her nerves were about to get the best of her trust, he flared his wings and they swept horizontal, his back toward the ground while she remained toward the sky.

His delighted laughter filled the air around them as he adjusted and caught a new current that sped them skyward. The sound caught her off-guard, and it occurred to her that she’d never seen him flying for the sheer joy of it. The difference was night and day compared to the flying they did when on the hunt for someone or something.

Despite her initial nerves, she found herself relaxing and releasing the death grip she had on his neck. As they caught new currents and circled higher, she risked a peek at the city below. A gasp escaped her, making his arms squeeze tighter. “Are you alright?” he asked, worry lacing through his voice. “Is it too high?”

She shook her head. “It’s fine. I’ve just never seen the city like this. The view is better than anything I could have imagined.”
Even from their great height, city lights sparkled as far as her eyes could see. Times Square shone like a jewel in the midst of everything, while Central Park was a surprisingly beautiful patch of darkness. Goliath tipped a wing so that they swept in a tighter circle. “It is a lovely view.”

She glanced at him and saw that his eyes were on her, and not the city. Her belly fluttered, but she quashed the feeling. It was coincidence that he looked her way as she looked his. Nothing more.

The gargoyle stayed in the currents, twisting and diving at random while she pointed out buildings and told him their histories. He was a rapt audience as she spoke of the iron workers that crafted the spectacular cityscape at great risk. “Human ingenuity never ceases to amaze me,” he said as they banked around the top of the Empire State Building.

“We have our moments.”

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They’d been coasting for over an hour when she started to shiver. Goliath cursed himself for not catching the earlier signs of her temperature falling. “You are cold. We should land.”

“It’s okay, Goliath, I’ll live.”

But it was too late, he was already making an approach toward the Brooklyn Bridge. As he settled on top of the east tower with a thump, he said, “There will be other breezes, Elisa. Your comfort is more important.”

He set her lightly to her feet. She stretched her arms high above her head, lifting her tank top just enough to reveal a swath of bronze skin at her midriff. The memory of her silky softness cradled in his arms made his heart rate spike. He had to look toward the Wall Street skyline for a minute to cut short the urge to caress that bared patch of skin.

When he looked back, her eyes were locked on him. He lifted a brow. “Is something wrong?”

Elisa went scarlet at his question and started to stammer. “No, nothing. I was just…” Her eyes flicked toward Brooklyn’s waterfront. “I was wondering if you’ve tried ice cream yet.”

Goliath could practically taste the lie, but far from being hurt or annoyed, he was intrigued. Was she embarrassed to be caught in the act of looking at him? If so, why? She wasn’t... what was that human saying... checking him in? Checking him up? No. Out. Checking him out. Was she checking him out?

Goliath dismissed the notion as quickly as it sprang into his head. He wasn’t that lucky. They were friends. Compatriots. Nothing more. He forced himself to focus on her question. “I have not.”

“She had a craving.”

He shrugged. “Food is not a necessity for our kind. They eat for pleasure.”

“And you don’t?”

He stepped to the edge of the tower and peered toward the river below. “Rarely. Why?”

She pointed to a little building. A sign posted on the front said ‘Brooklyn Ice Cream Factory’. “I had a craving.”

He straightened to his full height. “A craving?”
She nodded. “When we were kids, our parents would take us there once a summer.”

Goliath pictured the faces of her family. He had the misfortune of only ever seeing them in worried grief over their daughter’s broken body. The memory of seeing her lying in a hospital bed thanks to the carelessness of his clansman still made him ill. If she hadn’t pulled through, hadn’t survived, he didn’t know how he would have coped.

“Hello?”

He jolted and turned his eyes to hers. She quirked her brow. “You went to outerspace on me there. Everything okay?”

Goliath shoved the fears of the past into the recesses of his mind and mimicked her lie. “I was thinking about ice cream.”

Her dark eyes glowed in the city lights. “You know, if a guy was going to try ice cream, that’d be a great place to start.”

“Then perhaps tonight is the night.”

Elisa’s face broke into a brilliant smile that took his breath away. “Really?”

He moved closer to her. “Absolutely.”
Chapter 2

Chapter Summary

What would happen if Goliath and Elisa took a night off to have fun and relax together? Would their feelings for one another remain so easy to ignore? Set on a hot and humid night in New York, just after the move from Castle Wyvern to the Library Clocktower.

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Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

The flight from the tower to a secluded alley took less than three minutes. Goliath began climbing the side of the brick building as she walked the few blocks down the hill and onto the dock. Thanks to the hot weather, the line-up at the Ice Cream Factory was out of the doors.

Gawking tourists taking pictures of every minute detail surrounding them were in the majority. A few local families scattered through the crowd were easy to spot. The kids were bright eyed and eager, while the parents were clearly holding back irritated expressions at the people clogging their way to dairy goodness.

Nostalgia swelled through her chest as she pictured her family waiting in the same type of line. No doubt her parents had looked just as hassled. Probably why this particular ice cream shop was only an annual treat.

A shadow swept over the line and disappeared. No one else seemed to notice, but she took care to maintain a cool expression as she casually searched the surroundings to see where the gargoyle had chosen to perch. The last thing she wanted to do was accidentally out them before they were ready to reveal themselves to the general public.

The only way she spotted him was because his tail had dipped into the light below the thick branch he’d parked himself on. She smirked as he quickly jerked it out of sight, and felt her stomach lurch with delight at the gleam of his pointed teeth as he smiled her way.

The wait seemed to last hours, but finally she had two ice cream cones in hand. By the time she made it to the small wooded area, Goliath was on the ground, wings tucked around his shoulders and hair mussed to disguise the short horns jutting out of the top of his forehead. If anyone walked by, he was just another guy. Another lavender-skinned, monster-sized guy. One looking at the ice cream cones like he'd never seen anything so strange.

She was about to offer one to him when he scooped her up and leapt into the air. His wings caught enough wind to lift them into the higher currents. A few flaps and swoops later, they were back on top of the Brooklyn Bridge and settling in to sit on the edge facing Manhattan.
Goliath took the cone offered with a tentative expression. Elisa dug into hers and mumbled around a mouthful, “It's not gonna bite you.”

He touched a fingertip to it and dabbed it on his tongue before bringing the entire thing to his mouth and nearly devouring it whole. As he chewed and swallowed, his eyes went wide and bright. Elisa smiled. “Good stuff, right?”

“Yes. I will have to tell the clan about it.”

She laughed as she swirled her tongue around the creamy chocolate ice cream. “I’m sure Broadway has a list of favorite ice cream joints already.”

“You are likely correct,” he said.

Curiosity niggled at her. “You can tell me to mind my own business, but how on earth is he so tubby when the rest of you stay so trim?”

Goliath shrugged as he popped the crunchy remainder of his cone into his mouth. “Same way humans get fat, I suppose,” he said between chomps.

“You are the strangest creatures.” After a second, she added, “I mean that in the best way possible.”

He smirked. “I choose to believe you.”

A shiver rippled over her skin as she finished eating her cone. The sensation not unlike that of a warm blanket surrounded her shoulders. She glanced down to see that Goliath had tucked one broad wing around her. Her heart skipped a beat as he gave her a half smile.

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Goliath could feel her pulse racing as sure as he could feel his own speeding out of control. He tried to tell himself it was purely instinctive to guard against any chill she might be feeling, but he couldn’t deny that he’d been seeking any excuse he could find to move closer to the human.

“Hard to believe I was complaining about being too hot barely an hour ago,” she said with a shaky laugh.

“I am grateful my kind do not suffer from temperature issues.”

She scooted closer. “Not gonna lie, I'm a little jealous that you're always comfortable.”

Goliath slid his arm around her and pulled her tighter to his side. “Let’s see if we can’t make you comfortable as well,” he murmured.

They fell into silence and stared at the skyline of Manhattan. He didn’t want anything to shatter the moment or cut short the sensation of holding her for the pure purpose of enjoying the way her body felt next to his. No cases, no clanmates, no criminals. Just him and Elisa, together.

If he was honest with himself, moments like these were what he missed experiencing with his Night Angel. Being quiet together and watching the world go by. When he was feeling nostalgic or lonesome, his memories turned to cuddling on the castle spire as the sun started to rise. They would turn to stone together, and wake up still embraced.

That version of Demona had been like a dream. With time, however, other memories pushed their
way to the surface. The way she had always pressured him to overthrow Hudson’s leadership, and disregarded the elder gargoyle’s vast wisdom. How she played his friends against him in order to get her way. How she loathed his respect for the humans inside the castle. Things had been wonderful in their way, but it hadn’t been all rainbows and sunshine. He could see that now, through the lens of time and space. Sometimes it made the ache of losing her easier to bear. Other times he needed further distraction.

Elisa relaxed and rested her head against his ribs, dragging his thoughts out of the past and into his strange new present. He had Elisa to thank for making a daunting new world easier to accept. He tightened his arm and let out a breath. This human single-handedly restored his shattered faith in humanity.

After an initial shock, she’d accepted the existence of he and his clan and treated them like she treated everyone in her life: with kindness, generosity, and loyalty. After hardly knowing him for a night, she had defended his helpless stone form in Central Park for an entire day, even leading away a battalion of armed men intent on capturing him. When Demona turned on him and the clan, she’d fought on their behalf without question.

The woman also had the fortitude to stand up to him when he was at his most unpleasant. His stubborn pride had put his clan in danger, and she went toe to toe with him over it, forcing him to accept their new reality. It made him cringe when he recalled his harsh reaction.

Without her, the clan would still be at risk from a maniac hellbent on controlling them and using their strength to dominate the world. The loss of Castle Wyvern still stung, but the home she’d found for them was comfortable and secure. He had already respected and admired her greatly, and considered it an honor that she remained his friend after his foolishness. She was better to him than he deserved.

The unexpected sensation of her fingers trailing down the leather of his wing made him jump and twitch it away involuntarily. Her cheeks went pink as she jerked her hands to her lap. “I was curious. Sorry,” she muttered.

He eyed his wing and saw nothing out of the ordinary. “Curious about what?”

The pink brightened and spread to her ears. “If your wing was as soft as it looked.”

His heart started to thud in his chest. “And the verdict?”

She shot him a dirty look. “I get it. Stop dragging out the agony.”

Goliath shook his head. “I want to know. How did my wing feel?”

Elisa sighed and looked away. “Like warm satin.”

His brow lifted on its own accord. “I have never been compared to anything like satin before.”

There was a moment of silence before she said stiffly, “Well it was a compliment.”

“Thank you.”

“You’re welcome.”

Goliath’s head and heart were screaming at each other, each fighting to get their way. It didn’t make sense that the human would return his attraction. No. He was reading into it. She was chilly, and he was warm. Simple as that. Even the compliment mentioned his body temperature.
But what if it’s more than that? What if...

He glanced down. Elisa was staring rigidly ahead, cheeks bright enough to glow, fists clenched tight enough to tremble. It was entirely unlike her to be so tense, and entirely unlike her to touch him unbidden.

And it was entirely unlike him to crave the touch of another being. Yet he did. He wanted her hands on him like Broadway wanted to taste every food New York City had to offer.

What if she feels the same?

His heart started galloping, but after a moment to marshal his courage, he reached over and took hold of her hands.

They felt tiny and delicate in his oversized paws. Goliath ran his thumb over the fine bones lacing the back of her hand and marveled at the contrasting tones of their skin. The desire to press soft kisses to her palms was too strong to ignore, so he didn't.

Elisa wasn't breathing until his lips met her hand. A little gasp brought her back to life. Her eyes latched to their joined hands but, by some miracle, she didn’t pull away from him. Didn't tell him to stop.

He moved his mouth to her inner wrist and kissed it before slowly trailing the back of his fingers up the length of her arm. When he reached the point of her shoulder, he whispered, “I have a curiosity of my own.”

She licked her lips. “You do?”

He nodded and dropped open mouth kisses along the line of her shoulder. “I’ve been wondering what you taste like for months.”

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Every thought hammering inside her head fell silent. “Pardon?” she asked, her tongue hardly cooperating.

Goliath slid a hand around the nape of her neck and drew her closer. “You heard me,” he said, his voice soft and low.

His lips pressed against hers, as gentle as though she were made of glass he was afraid to break.

He retreated and she touched trembling fingers to her lips before swallowing hard and whispering, “Verdict?”

Goliath slid thumb down the side of her neck. “Better than anything I’ve ever tasted in my life.”


He tipped her chin up. “It is the truth, Elisa,” he said before brushing his lips against hers again.

A feather could've knocked her over. One minute, she'd been kicking herself over the stupidity of touching him inappropriately. The next, he was returning her touch, and upping the ante. Pushing beyond the bounds of their friendship. An intrusion she welcomed with open arms.

He released her lips and trailed a hand over her hair. Elisa reached toward him, feeling tentative despite the intimacy of the moment. Once she made contact with his warmth, the shyness
evaporated. Touching him was all she'd wanted to do for months. Her hands smoothed over the swell of his chest and up to the angular jawline she admired every twilight. Their lips met again as she slipped her fingers through his silky hair, another gentle kiss that left her wanting more.

Elisa curled her fingers into his hair and pulled him tighter as she kissed him harder. Like their lives depended on it. It took him a breath to react, but then he matched her passion, his mouth and hands moving with more confidence as they pressed closer together.

He was beautifully firm, yet soft against her mouth. The lingering taste of chocolate enhanced the saltiness of his lips. A growl vibrated through his chest as he deepened the kiss, and traced the tip of his tongue along her lips. She met him eagerly, and before she knew it, they were making out like teenagers at Lover’s Lane.

When they finally broke apart to breathe, his chest was heaving. She shifted onto her knees so she was at near eye level with the gargoyle. “Is this really happening?”

His eyes, dilated and dark with hunger, met hers. “Unless you don't want it to.”

Elisa dragged the back of her knuckles up his bicep, over his collarbone, and up the side of his neck. “Oh I want this,” she said softly. “I just never thought you'd see me that way.”

He caught her hand and pressed a kiss to her palm. “See you what way?”

A nervous laugh escaped her. “Come on, you're...” She mimed the breadth of his shoulders. “You. And I'm just a little pipsqueak human.”

Goliath shook his head. “You are far more than that. I am not sure I have ever met a woman of any species more resourceful or clever.” He dipped closer and kissed a trail up the side of her neck before whispering in her ear. “Nor have I met one more beautiful.”

She turned and kissed his lips with the fervor of a woman starved. He responded in kind, and they lost themselves in exploration long enough that Elisa’s knees started to ache on the hard stone wall.

Goliath gathered her onto his lap and rubbed her knees with one broad palm while his other hand caressed her back. Elisa skimmed her hand over the heavily muscled plates of his chest and leaned into him. “You're magnificent, you know that?”

He dropped a kiss on the top of her head. “You are too kind to an old gargoyle.”

“You're not that old.” She twisted to look at his face. “Wait, are you?”

“Are we counting the thousand years I spent as stone?”

“No.”

His brow furrowed. “Then...I believe I am 1056 years old.”

She coughed and choked. “Did you just...one thousand...I...what?”

He gave her an odd look. “Gargoyle years.”

“What is that in human years?”

“Approximately 28.”

The air left her in a rush before she cuffed him on the shoulder. “Why on earth would you lead
with gargoyle years?”

He lifted both brows. “Because I am a gargoyle.” Then a smirk touched his lips and he kissed her. “And because I knew how you would react.”

Elisa swatted him again, making him snarl playfully and twist so that they toppled off their high perch. As his wings unfurled, he said, “Are you sure you want to play this game? I will not go easy on you, Elisa Maza.”

She giggled and poked his ribs as he swooped higher. “Piece of cake! You're an old man gargoyle, remember?”

He kissed her temple before tossing her high in the air. Elisa tucked into a tight roll before allowing herself to tumble. Less than thirty feet later, he wrapped around her and swept toward the Financial district.

She nipped his ear. “Real nice, throwing your weight around.”

“You enjoy it,” he retorted softly as he kissed her.

After a narrow miss with a very surprised pigeon, Elisa gripped his chin and pointed it forward. “Eyes front, driver.”

He pulled a face at her and zoomed impossibly close to the nearest building, dragging his tail along the edge of the roof.

Elisa rolled her eyes. “Show off.”

He grinned and did a tight barrel roll before launching along the side of another building close enough that she could touch it. So she did, kicking the stone surface and shoving him off-course. He pretended to careen wildly out of control before they both broke into laughter.

Playing in the sky with Goliath was a whole new experience. The high wind made him a flying machine, and he was making daring moves that might have sent him crashing to the ground on a weaker current. After a streak through a tight set of flying buttresses, they started game of their own creation where he'd drop her on a random rooftop and zip around while she raced to the other side and leapt like a crazy person.

Goliath never failed to be waiting for her.

When she was safe in his arms yet again, she burrowed closer to him and took a moment to bask in his glow. The crushing truth of his past and present had sent him into a deep depression, leaving him withdrawn and sullen. Elisa couldn't blame him. In short order, he'd lost his mate and his home along with the entire world he knew. She would have admitted herself to a mental health facility. Seeing him finally pulling free of that dark abyss made her heart sing.

Elisa caressed his cheek. “It's good to see you having fun,” she said as they spiraled toward Times Square.

Goliath’s lips pressed against her temple. “I have you to thank for the ability.”

He flared his wings and landed them on the antenna of the Empire State Building. “Where should we go next?”

Elisa nuzzled into the crook of his neck. “I have an idea.” At his questioning glance, she said, “My
place.”

His chest deflated slightly. “Yes. You must be tired. I shall take you home.”

Before he could move, Elisa guided him to look her way. “I meant together, Goliath.”

His eyes widened. “Oh.”

She bit her lip. Had she been too bold? Maybe this type of thing wasn't done in his culture. “I mean, we don't have to. It's a big city. We could do some-”

He cut her off with a kiss that left zero doubt about what he wanted to do.

Chapter End Notes

More to come! Hope you're enjoying it so far!
Chapter 3

Chapter Summary

What would happen if Goliath and Elisa took a night off to have fun and relax together? Would their feelings for one another remain so easy to ignore? Set on a hot and humid night in New York, just after the move from Castle Wyvern to the Library Clocktower.

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Chapter Notes

A little bit of action, because what would Gargoyles be without a little bit of action?

Goliath cut through the city, fighting to stay cool and calm. The human was interested in him. In him! It didn't feel real, even though his lips still tingled from kissing her until his head spun.

He landed them at the roof beside her window and set her down. She turned to fuss with the latch on the window and he took the opportunity to admire her slim curves.

Just as she turned the handle, a sound caught his ear. He hesitated, unsure if it was a trick of the wind, but then he heard it again. Panicked breathing and rushing steps.

He stepped to the edge of the roof and searched the streets below. A woman hustled into view from an alleyway, her steps quick and her head down as she moved. A new sound joined hers. Rough laughter and heavier steps.

Three men exited the same alley. “Hey sweetheart, come on! What's your hurry?” one called.

The woman's shoulders hunched and she sped up. This was clearly not wanted attention. Goliath gritted his teeth. Did he step in, or would his intervention be unwelcome? This world was always difficult to read.

“Don't walk away from us! Why are you being so rude?”

The woman spun back and pointed at them. “Leave me alone!”

After an exchange of glances the men laughed. “Looks like we've got one that thinks she's tough,” said the first speaker.

“Oh good. I likes it when they fight back,” said another with a cackle.
The woman gasped and turned to run. The men broke into sprints, jeering and catcalling.

Anger burned through Goliath’s veins and a low snarl broke free. New world or not, he would not stand as silent witness to these three bringing harm when he could stop it.

Elisa shouted, but he was already diving. He came to street level just as the men caught up to the woman. He swept his wings back and picked up speed as he plowed into the group, scattering them like chess pieces. He rebounded off a brick wall to land between the men and the woman.

Two of the men were on their feet and staring at him with horrified expressions. “What the fuck are you?”

He bared his teeth and crouched lower. “Your worst nightmare if you do not leave this instant.”

The third man got to his feet. “There’s three of us, and one of youse, freakshow. I think I like them odds.”

Goliath curled his hands into fists. “So be it.”

***

Thank god for the fire escape!

Elisa couldn't leap down the levels of stairs fast enough. By the time she got to the bottom, pandemonium had erupted. Goliath bellowed and men shouted as flesh and bone connected.

She ran toward the mayhem, and felt her heart stop as one of the men staggered back to his feet and yanked out a gun. He was just taking aim when she tackled him from the side. A shot rang out as they collided with the ground.

Fear and adrenaline spiked through her body, making her hits harder and faster than normal. A couple good punches to the face and a knee to his inner thigh left the guy wailing and curled into a ball.

Elisa scrambled to her feet and kicked his gun away. Someone collided with her from behind. “Stupid bitch!” hissed a male voice in her ear.

She thrashed and writhed like a trapped animal, and slammed her elbow into the man's nose, making him yelp like a wounded dog. She spun to face him just in time to see the knife flashing her way. Elisa leapt back a step, dodging narrowly. The man cursed and made another wild swing, missing her by a country mile.

Elisa gave a mocking laugh. "Is that the best you've got, big boy?"

He shouted incomprehensibly as he attacked again.

***

His ears were still ringing from the gunshot. As much as he hated seeing her in danger, Elisa had likely saved his life. The only thing the bullet struck was a nearby car.

Goliath smashed a fist into the face of one man, only to have the other leap on his back. He snarled and flipped the man over his shoulder with bruising force and returned his attention to the original attacker. “Only a weak fool attacks a helpless innocent,” he hissed.

“You need to learn to mind your own business, freakshow! You'll live longer!”
“I have survived much stronger foes than you,” Goliath said, his voice a low hiss.

A sharp laugh caught his ear. He looked to see Elisa narrowly dodge a knife attack and taunt the knife-wielder. His heart leapt into his throat. “Elisa!”

Something slammed the back of his head hard enough to stagger him a step. He howled in fury as pain seared through his skull. His vision cleared just in time to register a plank of scrap wood in the man’s hands. The man surged toward him again, but Goliath was done playing games. He caught the plank in his fist and shattered it with his entire strength before twisting and snapping the man’s arm in three places.

Goliath left the man screeching on the sidewalk and launched at the man attacking Elisa. She was stumbling away as he smashed a fist into the man’s face hard enough to shatter bone. The man sagged to the ground with a whimper.

Goliath spun to Elisa. “Are you alright? Are you hurt?”

Her hair was in disarray and there was a slash in the front of her tank top. She fingered the line tentatively, but no blood coated her fingers. Goliath felt a rush of air leaving his chest as he swept her into a tight hug.

After a few seconds she tapped his arm. “Can't breathe,” she squeaked.

He released her and skimmed both hands over her shoulders and back before walking a tight circle around her. Aside from some scuffs and scrapes, she was whole.

When he came to a stop, she did an examination of her own. She gasped and touched the nape of his neck. “Goliath, you're bleeding!”

He shrugged. The back of his head ached, but it was a small price to pay for the safety of the woman in danger.

“What the hell is that thing?” cried a new voice.

He turned to see the woman in question staring at him with pure revulsion. He'd come to expect such reaction, but the sting of it didn't get easier with time.

Elisa stepped in front of him. “You mean the guy who saved your life?” she asked, acid dripping from every word.

He put a hand on her shoulder, but she shrugged it off and marched toward the woman who cowered back a step. “At the very least you could say thank you. Without Goliath, you'd be in a world of trouble.”

“Elisa,” he said softly, trying to pull her away from the stranger, who was now openly terrified.

She tried to jerk free again, but he held fast. “Enough,” he commanded. “You have made your point.”

Her entire body started to shake. “You could’ve died for her sake,” she said, her voice pitchy and sharp.

He wrapped himself around her and rubbed her back. “But I did not die. Come, let me take you home.”
She snuffled and nodded. He shot one last look at the woman, but she was already scurrying away. Goliath held back a scowl as he lead Elisa to the fire escape. “Climb,” he said. “The exercise will make you feel better.”

***

Elisa heaved herself onto the ladder. By the time she made three rungs, Goliath had made one tidy leap to the first level. She glared up at him. “You just wanted to show off.”

“Guilty,” he said, a smile creeping over his face.

She shook her head and concentrated on the climb. With each level, he bounded without effort to wait for her. At the fifth and final floor, he reached through the trapdoor and offered his hand. She took it, and found herself hoisted through the air as though she weighed nothing.

Goliath caressed her cheek. “Thank you for defending me.”

She shrugged and cuddled into his chest. There, listening to the steady beat of his heart, it was easier to process the storm of emotions raging in her body. “You are so good to people, and they treat you like garbage,” she whispered.

He sighed and trailed a hand down her back. “They fear what they do not know. I am used to it.”

“Well, I'm not,” she retorted. “I don't think I'll ever get used to seeing someone look at you like you're a monster.”

Goliath squeezed her gently. “And that is why we have come to see you as a member of our clan. Your faith and trust in us is a rarity. I hope you understand how much we appreciate it.”

The clan. We. Us. How did he feel? Was she simply a passing curiosity? Could she handle it if she were? Judging by the sudden roil in her gut at the thought alone, the answer was a solid ‘No’. *Why am I even thinking like this?*

He tipped her chin up. “Elisa? Are you alright?”

She cleared her throat and nodded. “I'm fine. Just adrenaline wearing off.”

He looked troubled, but he followed without comment when she dropped into her apartment. She let out a long sigh as he closed the window behind him.

He turned to face her and winced. Elisa tutted and pointed to a nearby chair. “Sit. I want a closer look at your skull.”

Goliath gave her an amused look but didn't argue. She parted his long hair and found a deep abrasion that still oozed blood. “I know you don't need stitches, but I'm going to clean it up anyway.”

Before he could respond, she was in the bathroom and soaking a clean rag in cold water. She bustled back to find him still seated, and his dark eyes watching her every move. “Didn't your mother tell you it's impolite to stare?” she asked.

He shook his head. “I do not have a mother.”

Elisa cringed. “Right. I'm sorry.”

He shrugged and tipped his head forward as she gently daubed the wound and did her best to get
the dried blood out of his hair. "You are still learning about us. It is easy to forgive when there is no fault."

She leaned closer to inspect the wound. It was still raw, but it wasn't bleeding anymore. "Almost good as new," she said.

His hand strayed back and circled her calf, caressing lightly. "You always take such good care of us. Thank you, Elisa."

There he went again. It was almost like he was avoiding the expression of his personal feelings. "You're welcome," she said shortly.

After a few more dabs, she retreated to the bathroom to toss the rag into her laundry. She came back to find him gazing out the window in the direction of Castle Wyvern, his lips twisted into a melancholic frown.

***

The castle was still whole. It was something to be grateful for, Goliath supposed. He rarely allowed himself the indulgence of looking at the towering stone structure, but after a night of letting loose and relaxing, he found the sight comforting rather than painful.

He turned to see Elisa standing with her arms tightly crossed and her face wan. Goliath frowned. He'd taken too much of her energy.

He crossed and covered her shoulders with his hands. "You are tired. I will not stay long."

Elisa scowled at him. "I'm not tired. But if you're looking for an escape, you can go. I won't hold it against you."

His eyes widened. She hugged herself and looked away. Goliath reached out and turned her to face him again. "What does this mean? Are you angry at me?"

Elisa shook her head. "No. I'm not angry at you. I just don't..." She made a helpless gesture with her hands.

Goliath guided her to sit on the couch and knelt in front of her. "Talk to me, Elisa Maza. I am many things, but a mind reader is not one of them."

She stared at him mutely for a long moment, her expression unreadable. Goliath kept a tight grip on his patience and waited her out. Waited for her pretty lips to part and tell him to leave. Lips that had been making their acquaintance with his not twenty minutes ago.

"Goliath," she started, making his gut go tight with dread. Elisa touched his chest, just above his heart. "I like you. A lot." A scoff escaped her. "More than a lot. Too much to risk ruining our friendship with a fling."

The relief at her pronouncement was tempered by confusion. "What is a fling?"

Her face went red. "Oh. Uh, it's like a one night stand." At his blank look, she muttered a curse. "It's when a couple has sex once and never again."

Goliath felt his face go hot and cleared his throat. "Ah. I see."

She curled into herself. "I'm sorry. I'm just not wired that way."
He made a low hum and brushed the pad of his thumb over the line of her jaw. “Have I not been clear enough?”

Her brow furrowed. “What do you mean?”

He kissed her on the forehead. “One night could never be enough to sate my desire for you.”

She blinked. “Oh.”

Foolish creature. How could she think he'd be satisfied with just a taste? Hadn't she looked in a mirror? Goliath took hold of one of her hands. “Elisa, I have been fighting the way I feel about you for a long time. I am tired of fighting. All I want is you. As much as you are willing to give. But we do not have to rush. If you are not comfor-”

Without warning she flung her arms around his neck and crushed her lips against his. The hunger that had been lingering in his belly flared to life with a vengeance. Goliath couldn't get enough of her petal soft lips or sweet scent, nor did he ever foresee getting tired of the way her silky soft skin felt to his fingertips. It made him wish his talons were blunted so he could grip and touch without worry of any accidental damage.

They broke apart, both fighting for air. Her dark eyes hunted across the room before focusing on something. He was about to follow her gaze when she gave him a fierce smile. “Just checking.”

Goliath tilted his head. She put both hands on his cheeks and caressed. “Not even midnight.”

He didn't need to ask what she meant.
(The Smutty One)

Chapter Summary

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Chapter Notes

Getting to the good stuff, everyone!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Elisa got to her feet and offered him a hand. He took it and rose to full, impressive height. Without words, they headed to her bedroom.

Goliath hooked a finger into the new tear on her tank top. “Close call.”

She nodded. “Lucky for me, a hero kicked the guy's ass.”

A pleased smile came to his face, though he bit his lip and looked away. She'd almost believe he was bashful if she hadn't witnessed he and the rest of his clan boasting about their conquered foes.

Elisa put her hand at the center of his chest and spread her fingers. Her deep copper skin tone contrasted beautifully against the dusky violet tone of his. He set a hand over hers and said, “We look good together.”

A smile touched her lips. “I thought you weren't a mind reader.”

He dipped his face closer and kissed her until the only thing on her mind was more. More.

His arms hooked around her as he carried her to the bed and set her in the middle. After another lingering kiss he paused and pulled away. Elisa’s eyes snapped open. “Goliath?”

He fidgeted with the edge of her bedspread. “Elisa...I have never been with a human. I do not...” He made a vague gesture. “I do not know what to do.”

She gave a soft laugh. “If it makes you feel better, I've never been with a gargoyle.”

A wry smile came to his lips. “Good point.”
Elisa slipped closer and kissed the line of his jaw before nipping his earlobe and whispering, “Why don't we work together to figure each other out? I mean, how hard could it be, right?”

A low growl rumbled in his chest. “Agreed.”

In a blink, his shyness was gone, leaving nothing but the bold creature she'd come to adore. He pressed her to lay back as he crawled over top of her. His hand traced under the hem of her tank top, skimming over her belly before finding and stroking the knotted furl of scar tissue over her bullet wound.

Elisa took the opportunity to run her hands over his acres of satiny smooth skin. It was perfect. Free from all scars and blemishes thanks to his daily beauty-sleep. He made a soft purring sound when she kneaded her fingers into the muscled flesh of his shoulders.

Goliath brought his mouth back to hers and took a languid taste of her lips before shifting to lay on one hip and adjusting so his wings weren't bent. He gazed at her with a hungry look before running his palm from her knee, to her thigh, to her belly, to her sternum. He lingered there before tracing a finger over the cloth covering each straining nipple in turn.

Elisa moaned and arched into the contract. His pupils dilated as he watched her respond. “I want to see you,” he said on a hoarse half whisper.

It was her turn for a moment of shyness, but the way his breathing had gone ragged from touch alone had her throbbing in places she didn't know existed.

She sat up and dragged the torn tank top over her head, baring both breasts in one fell swoop. The absolute silence in response made her worry until she glanced at his face and saw the entranced look in his eyes.

“You are…” He stopped and put a hand to his heart. “Is this real?”

She reached out and gave his forearm a sharp pinch. He yelped and scowled at her. She shrugged. “Seems real to me.”

“You little brat,” he said on a growl before surging over her and pinning her hopelessly beneath him.

Elisa giggled and pretended to squirm until he dipped his head low and laved his tongue over each nipple. A moan shuddered free as he took a deeper taste and dragged his teeth enticingly over each hard bud.

She moved to bury her hands in his hair, making him hiss and flinch away. “Oh, I forgot, I'm sorry!” she said, raining kisses on his face.

He gave her a rueful smile as he touched the back of his head gingerly. “I will be glad to sleep that one off.”

***

The sting was a momentary distraction, one he didn't waste any time on, not with such a delightful creature waiting for his next touch.

He'd always seen Elisa as beautiful, but with every new inch uncovered, he realized how much of an understatement that was. She could easily have been sculpted by the same people who crafted his kind so many years ago.
And the way she responded to his every move...it was enough to make the feral creature inside him beg for the freedom to ravish her.

Goliath forced himself to remain in control. The cop liked to claim how tough she was, but he wasn't going to take any chances on damaging her sweet little body. The scar on her belly was a stark reminder of her fragility.

He resumed his downward exploration, kissing and nipping and touching every inch of her along the way. Her hips were already lifting in anticipation.

Had he known this was waiting for him, he'd have acted on his feelings months ago.

Goliath reached the snap on her shorts and stared at it before glancing at his hand. The button wasn't even as half as big as his claw.

A soft laugh reached his ears. “Need a hand?”

“I can take care of them myself.” He waggled his claws suggestively.

She sat up and planted a kiss on his forehead. “I'm a little partial to these. I have other clothes you can rip off another time.”

Another time. He was going to get another time.

She was barely done undoing the button when he caught her in his arms and kissed her until they were both senseless. She whimpered his name and clung to his shoulders, absolutely submitting to his voracious appetite.

Goliath gripped the waistband of her shorts and shucked them and her underthings down her legs in one move. The musky scent of her was almost enough to push his self-control off a cliff. “It has been a long time since I had the pleasure of this,” he murmured as he urged her knees apart.

To his secret relief, there was very little difference between Elisa’s pretty little pussy and that of his Night Angel. He would have to take far more care with his clumsy fingers, but at least the buttons all appeared to be in order.

With the pad of his thumb, he traced the honeyed line from top to bottom. She was already sleek and wet, and when he licked his thumb clean, more delicious than any ice cream. He slid his thumb more boldly and sought her clit.

At the barest hint of contact with her most sensitive spot, her back arched. “Oh fuck, Goliath.”

His name on her tongue turned him on even more. “Tell me how good it feels,” he commanded as he upped the pressure and pace, making looping circles over the place making her react like some wild thing.

She moaned as she panted and writhed under his steady touch. “It's so fucking good. You're hitting every spot just right.” Her words hitched as he bent lower and took over with his mouth.

After a long taste for his own enjoyment, he settled in to push her into climax. She was gasping and trembling as he planted a palm on her lower belly and began sucking at her clit. The results were immediate.

“Holy shit, holy shit, oh my god,” she said on a long, keening cry.
He growled against her, and then rode along with her helpless quivers as she came on his face. She was still twitching when he rose above her and wiped his face on his forearm so he could lick off every bit of her sweetness.

A faint sheen of sweat made her glow in the city light. Goliath felt his heart rate increase as he gazed down on her naked body.

His cock was starting to ache from the strain of pushing against his loincloth. A new worry sprang into his head. She was tiny. He was decidedly not. And he couldn't do anything to ease her body into accommodating his, not without blunted claws.

Her hands skimming down his abs startled him back to the moment. Elisa had a determined look on her face as she reached for his belt, but he caught her wrists. “Wait,” he said, the word strangled.

She looked up. “What's wrong?”

He bent lower and kissed her knuckles. “I do not wish to hurt you.”

“Well you haven't, so—”

He shook his head. “Your body is not prepared.”

She twisted her hand in his grip and dragged him to her pussy. It was hot and soaked, making his cock pulse as the words on his lips faded into a hungry growl.

“I'm as prepared as it gets,” she said as she tugged away and went for his belt again.

He watched as she stripped his clothes without hesitation. His heart nearly leapt out of his chest when she made a hungry growling noise at the sight of his cock springing free.

“You just get better and better,” she said as she stroked the length of him.

Before he could say anything, she crouched lower and traced her tongue around the head of his cock. A grunt burst free from his chest. Whatever he might've said faded to garbled groans as she wrapped her perfectly pink lips around his cock and began to suck and bob her head. Goliath curled toward the incredible sensation and clutched helplessly at her hair.

Within minutes, he was ready to pop his cork. As tingles spiked their way down his spine, he gasped and pulled his hips away. With a desperate grip on the head of his cock, he staved off his climax. Only just.

“Aww, spoilsport,” she said, her lips pouting.

A raspy laugh escaped him. “I shall do my best to make up for it.”

Chapter End Notes

What a tease...#sorrynotsorry

Stay tuned...
Chapter 5

Chapter Summary

What would happen if Goliath and Elisa took a night off to have fun and relax together? Would their feelings for one another remain so easy to ignore? Set on a hot and humid night in New York, just after the move from Castle Wyvern to the Library Clocktower.

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Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

His cock was thick and rigid, with a delicious shape that had her swooning. She’d hardly managed to take a few inches into her mouth, though she’d desperately tried her best. Elisa wanted it inside her in the worst way, but the gargoyle was keeping a careful distance with his stunning hunk of manhood. Every move she made to grind against him found him smoothly shifting his thigh in the way.

She reached for his cock again, only to have him make another careful dodge. Elisa huffed and sat up, planting both hands on his chest. “You know who else isn't a mind reader?” she asked.

He grimaced. “I am sorry.”

Elisa scooted closer and cupped his face in her hands. “What's wrong?”

He frowned and displayed his clawed fingers. “I cannot prepare you, and the risk of injuring you is too great.”

In her determination to get the gargoyle naked, she'd brushed off his protest. Now it made more sense. She winced and wrapped her arms around his neck. “I'm the one who’s sorry. I should've listened to you the first time.”

After a round of soft kisses and apologies, Elisa’s body reminded her about their current dilemma. “Is that all that's worrying you?”

He nodded and touched the gunshot scar just under her ribs. “You do not have the luxury of turning to stone and becoming whole.”

She nipped the side of his neck and whispered, “What if I told you I had a solution?”

His fingers twitched and he stared longingly at her body. “I would be very interested.”

Elisa twisted and crawled to the edge of the bed, ignoring the gargoyle’s curious look. The top drawer of her night table contained her badge and gun. The bottom drawer contained her modest
collection of adult toys.

“They probably didn't have these in your days,” she said as she selected her favorite dildo. It had nothing on Goliath and his luscious cock, but it would be the perfect substitute for his fingers.

She held it up between them. His eyes narrowed as he took in the brilliant pink toy in the vague shape of a penis. “You...use this on yourself?” he asked, an odd note in his voice.

Elisa scowled at him. “Like you've never rubbed one out.”

Goliath made a choked sound. “Fair enough,” he said in a strangled voice as he reached for the toy.

If Elisa thought he was going to be shy or confused about the application of her toy, she was happily mistaken. After turning it over in his hands a couple times, he pointed at her and then the bed. She obeyed and found herself rewarded by the gargoyle’s face returning between her legs. A few languid swipes with his talented tongue later, she was right back to behaving like a wanton slut.

He worked his magic with his mouth as he slowly trailed the toy around her pussy. It created a pang of desire so intense it ached, but Goliath ignored her pleas for mercy.

His eyes lifted to watch her face as he finally, finally, slipped the very tip of the dildo past her pussy lips. He hovered it there, circling her entrance and groaning when she rocked her hips against his face.

Ever patient, he slowly pushed the toy deeper, twisting and rolling it to maximize the stretching effect. By the time it was fully inserted, Elisa was almost sobbing in anticipation of having the gargoyle fuck her into the mattress.

He growled against her clit and worked the toy inside her until she sailed over the edge of climax again.

Goliath rose on his knees. As she came out of the blur of orgasm, she reached out to caress his cock. “Can I please have this inside me now?”

***

He wanted her under him so that he could thrust and fuck his way into blissful oblivion, but fear of injuring her had him paralyzed. His eyes kept locking on her scar, and bringing her broken body back into his mind.

Elisa sat up and took her little toy from his numb fingers. “Goliath?”

“I am sorry,” he whispered hoarsely.

She curved her hand along his cheek. “You know I trust you, right?”

He brushed her hair away from her face. “Thank you.”

“Do you trust me?”

His tongue wouldn't work, so he just nodded. Elisa pointed to the bed. “Then lay on your back and get comfortable.”

Goliath tensed for a moment, but then he shifted and eased onto his back.
Elisa’s eyes lingered over his rock hard cock. “I’m going to ride this beast,” she said, her voice leaving no room for doubt.

As she straddled his trim hips, Goliath started to sit up. She wagged a finger. “You said you trusted me.”

“I do,” he said, his voice tight and terse.

“Then turn off that beautiful brain and let me take the lead.”

His heart was in his throat, but finally he lay back. “Please be careful. You are more precious to me than words could describe.”

She swooned toward him and pressed her sweet lips against his in a lingering kiss that turned the moment from tense to tender. He threaded his fingers through her soft curls and slid his hand over the satiny skin on her lower back. She finally pulled away and took a leisurely stroke of his cock. "You keep saying nice things to me, I might get attached."

"Don't you dare," she said as she took a bolder grip of him, smiling at his sharp intake of breath. Then she was lifting herself and dragging the head of his cock along her sleek crease. A hungry groan rumbled in his chest. It had been so long...

And then, slowly, she was letting gravity drag her down, whimpering as his thick shaft began to impale her. His hands clutched at her hips, but he didn't stop her. Didn't interfere with her mission.

“Goliath,” she breathed, her chest heaving sharper and harder the more his cock filled her pussy.

His eyes rolled back in his skull. Her pussy tasted like heaven, but it felt fucking sinful as it gripped him. The flesh surrounding his cock was hot and pulsing, and impossibly tight. There was a moment where she winced and paused, but after a few breaths, her body relaxed, and she rolled her hips to take his last few inches.

Goliath watched as she started to rock herself against him, seeking any hint of discomfort. He found none, and the more she lifted and sank down his length, the harder it was to focus on anything but the sheer pleasure of being fucked.

“Elisa,” he groaned.

The hungry sound seemed to encourage her, and soon she was fucking him at just the right rhythm to send his nerves through the roof. Instead of just clutching her hips, his hands started to guide and support her. To urge her. He sat up just enough to taste and tease her nipples and grip a hand into her hair so he could tip back her head and access the delicate bit of skin at the base of her throat with his lips and teeth.

Goliath moved one hand to massage against her clit which each thrust of her hips. She shivered and leaned forward, putting more pressure over his fingers. He reached up with his free hand to pinch and roll each coppery brown nipple in turn. The pulse surrounding him quickened as she neared climax. “Yes, pretty girl. Come for me,” he rasped.

Her fingers clawed into his biceps as she thrust frantically. With a sharp cry, she stiffened before melting into a twitching heap of human. Goliath bit his lip until he tasted blood to stop from following her into that delicious abyss.
As her tremors eased, he sat up and wrapped an arm around her. With utmost care, he turned over and lay her on her back, leaving himself buried in her stunning little pussy. He brushed a lock of hair from her face and slid his thumb along her lips. “You are an addictive little thing,” he whispered.

He might have believed her shy smile in response if she hadn’t immediately wrapped her lips around his thumb in a most obscene manner.

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She had been right. She had been so right. His cock was the best thing to ever go inside her, and he was still there. Still rock hard, and ready to go.

Goliath toyed with her tits as he slowly slid himself inside her, and then back out. Long, smooth strokes that made every nerve in her body zing with pleasure. For a guy worried that he hadn’t ever been with a human, he was performing like an expert. He played every note of her body like he’d been born to do it.

She wanted to kiss that stunning mouth of his, but the height difference made that impossible. So she contented herself with licks and nibbles along his chest and biceps.

With every thrust of his cock, Goliath’s control started to slip. A feral sense of satisfaction roared to life as he shifted on his knees and began to thrust with less care and more urgency. Finally the man was seeking his own pleasure, and not worrying himself sick!

His hands and wings gripped into the bed as he started rutting into her, harsh grunts accompanying each hard thrust. Even his tail got into the act, curling around her calf and gripping tight.

“Yes,” she crooned, spreading her legs wider to give him full access to fuck her as hard as he wanted. “I want you to feel so good, Goliath.”

He gave a low growl that rivalled the satisfaction of his waking. Everything was going white hot and fuzzy with each stroke. “Don’t stop,” she begged, over and over. His pace quickened. As another orgasm washed through her, his body jerked and he made a long trembling groan.

Elisa's entire body was one pleasant buzz as Goliath collapsed onto his elbows. Then he muttered a curse. She popped her eyes open to see him examining one clawed hand. Fluff and shreds of fabric clung to the talons. She peeked to the side to see six gouges through the bedspread, through the sheets, and into the mattress. A look at his wing found more fluff clinging to the claw tipping the far edge of it. He followed her gaze and winced. "Oops?"

A snorting giggle escaped her lips before she could clap a hand over her mouth. A smile slowly spread across his face. "I am glad you see the humor in it, Elisa."

"Small price to pay for such an impressive performance," she said, making his smile widen. Elisa wiggled and scooted until she could wrap her arms around his neck and kiss the lips she'd been denied throughout the most delicious fucking she'd ever experienced. It wasn't until neither of them could breathe that they broke apart.

Goliath kissed her forehead and turned onto his back. Elisa stretched her arms and legs before letting them sag back to the bed and sighing with contentment. Just as she was about to relax, his wing scooped under her back and rolled her into his side. She poked his ribs. "No fair, you've got two extra appendages."

A smirk touched his beautiful lips as he arranged his arm and wing around her. "Three, actually."
She frowned until his tail wrapped around her upper thigh. Elisa reached down to trace her fingers over the soft skin of his tail. "I didn't realize it was prehensile."

He shrugged. "It's more for flight control than anything."

"Like a rudder?"

He laughed. "Exactly like a rudder."

She cuddled into his side and took the opportunity to run her fingers over the soft leather of his wing. "There are so many things about you that I don't know yet."

"Do you have questions?"

She nodded. "About ten thousand."

He laughed, the sound vibrating in his chest. "Perhaps we could start with a little less than that."

She giggled and pressed closer. "Fine. Were you actually little once?"

"Yes. Not as small as a human infant. More like large toddler."

"I can't even begin to imagine you as a child."

"If you ask Hudson, I was a terrible brat for the first ten years of my life. And then I became somewhat bearable."

"And now you're like his son."

"I am his son. His rookery son."

Elisa frowned. "What does that mean?"

Goliath shifted so they were facing one another. "Gargoyles do not have families like the humans. We have a rookery. Eggs are laid in clutches-"

"Did you say eggs?"

He nodded. Elisa shook her head. "Wow. Talk about different species."

A smile touched his lips. "Shall I continue to explain the rookery?"

Elisa nodded. "Sorry, Goliath."

He kissed her. "Questions are to be expected. Alright, so a clutch of eggs are laid, one per mated couple. All parents of that clutch are the rookery parents. All the children of that clutch are rookery siblings."

"Are the rest of the guys your siblings?"

Goliath shook his head. "No, they are younger, which makes them my clanmates. I was too young to have been a parental part of that clutch."

She hesitated, and then asked, "Do you have siblings?"

His eyes dropped and the muscle along his jaw twitched. "I did. A dozen of them. Brothers and sisters."
Elisa stroked his cheek and whispered, "I'm so sorry, Goliath."

He tightened his wing around her and trailed his fingers through her hair. "I am trying to find peace with the loss, but it is not easy."

She kissed him on the forehead. "I can't imagine it would be. I'd be a wreck if something happened to my brother or sister."

Goliath cleared his throat and spoke in a voice that didn't quite hide his emotions. "What else would you like to know?"

Elisa played along with the change in subject. "Did you know that I come early and stare at you every evening?"

His cheeks flared bright red. "You do not."

She put her palm at the base of his throat and dragged it down his chest, over his stomach, and then lower. As her hand circled his cock, she whispered, "Are you calling me a liar?"

The human tucked against his side and wrapped in his wing snored softly. Goliath smiled as he listened. She'd fallen asleep after two more rounds of sexual exploration. His initial assessment had been correct: one taste of Elisa Maza was nowhere near enough. He couldn't conceive of a time when he'd be fully sated of his desire for her.

Everything about the night had been unexpected, yet perfect. From their flight in the strong currents, to the ice cream, to the realization that his confusing feelings were mutual. He still had no idea how to process any of it, but at least he was no longer alone in wondering what it all meant.

Orange light brightening the walls interrupted his comfortable haze. The telltale tingle of his morning petrification immediately followed. He jolted upright, making her squeak as his wing jerked away and sent her tumbling. "Sorry!" he gasped as he shimmied to the side of the bed and fell to one knee.

As the stone crept from his toes to his knees to his hips to his chest, Elisa scrambled to the edge of the mattress and pressed her lips against his. The last conscious thought in his mind was how sweet she tasted.

The first thing he saw when the spell released him from sleep was Elisa at her bedroom doorway. The bewitching creature was stunningly, beautifully naked. Her bronze skin glowed in the last vestiges of the sunset. He couldn't think of a better sight to see upon waking.

Her eyes were locked on him, with an unmistakably hungry expression. "That is my favorite part of every day. Nothing is more sexy than watching you come to life," she said.

"Nothing?" Goliath strode toward her. "That sounds like a challenge."

The human was as insatiable as he felt, and met his every kiss and touch with an eagerness that left his heart racing. She thrust her hips against his and made breathless whimpers. "Please fuck me, Goliath."

Who was he to say no to such a polite request?

In the afterglow, she gave a long sigh. "Too bad I have to work tonight."
Goliath agreed. He could spend another entire night getting familiar with the woman's body. And then another. And then another. "It is probably for the best. We would wear ourselves raw."

She laughed and heaved to her feet. "Probably."

As she crossed to her closet, a knock came at the living room window, followed by the sound of the latch being opened. "Elisa? You home?" called Brooklyn.

Elisa jolted and stared at the door. "Uh, yeah? Hang on, I'm just getting dressed."

Broadway's voice joined the conversation. "Do you have those chips I like?"

"Can we watch your TV tonight? There aren't anymore new movies at the theater this week," said Lexington.

"Yes, in the pantry. And yes, you can. You know where the remotes are." Elisa crossed over to Goliath and whispered, "What now?"

Goliath tilted his head. "What do you mean?"

She waved toward the door. "I mean your clanmates are here."

He lifted a brow. "I know. I heard them."

She grimaced. "I mean, do you want them knowing that this," she pointed from herself to him, "is going on?"

Goliath started to shrug, but stopped himself. "Do you want them to know?"

Elisa tugged on a form-fitted white t-shirt. "You kidding? I want the world to know."

His belly fluttered and he pulled her into a hug. "Then my clanmates should probably be the first to find out."

After finding and slipping into his loincloth, he drew her over for one last private kiss, lingering for an extra few moments. Then he lead the way out of the bedroom, ducking through the low doorway. Brooklyn, Broadway, and Lexington were in the living room. It wasn't exactly how he imagined revealing any relationship, let alone his newfound relationship with a human, but it was a moment that had him fighting not to grin like an idiot nonetheless.

Brooklyn glanced over. "Hey Goliath."

Broadway barely paused in between mouthfuls. "Hi."

Lexington didn't even react. He was too intent on scanning for just the right movie.

Goliath slipped an arm around Elisa and cleared his throat. "Just so you are aware, Elisa and I-"

Broadway pumped a fist. "Yes! You both owe me twenty bucks!"

Lexington rolled his eyes. "Lucky guess."

Elisa and Goliath exchanged a glance before he glared at the impertinent trio. "You had a bet?" he asked.

Broadway was accepting cash from the other two. "I guessed it would happen before the end
of summer. Lex thought it would be in the winter. Brooklyn thought you'd be stubborn enough to hold out until next summer."

Goliath gave them all a dirty look. "What if-

Brooklyn cut him off with a wave of his hand. "Oh please. It was just a matter of when."

Elisa laughed softly. "Then I take it this isn't a problem for you guys?"

They gave a collective shrug. Lexington said, "As long as you're happy together, we're happy."

Brooklyn snickered. "Hudson isn't going to be happy."

At Elisa's worried look, Goliath squeezed her closer. "Hudson is a little more...conservative."

A smile tugged at her lips. "I see. Well, good luck with that. I have to get to work."

He laughed and guided her to the window. As he hoisted himself out, he said, "Your support is overwhelming."

Elisa took his offered hand. "I try not to be overbearing with my partners. It's a perk, really."

She stepped to the edge of the roof and cursed. Goliath joined her. "What is wrong?"

Elisa crossed her arms and gave a little huff. "Looks like I'm not getting out of seeing Hudson tonight."

Goliath frowned. "Why?"

"My car is still at the library."

The idiotic grin finally burst free. "Quite the dilemma."

She crossed her eyes at him. "Funny guy."

"I have been told I have a good sense of comedic timing."

"Whoever said that lied to you."

He bared his teeth in a mocking growl before nipping at the side of her neck and stealing a kiss. When they parted, Elisa traced a finger over his heart. "What do you say, big guy? Give a girl a lift?"

Goliath slipped his arms around her and pressed his lips against hers. "Anytime, Elisa Maza."

As they swept through the air, Elisa whispered in his ear, "I think I might start taking more nights off."

Chapter End Notes

And that's the end of it! I hope you enjoyed my little smutty adventure in 1990's TV! I certainly enjoyed it!
If you like what you read here, you can check out my Dragon Age fanfic here: http://archiveofourown.org/series/456538

You can also check out my website! http://www.lexibanner.com I post a free weekly romance serial!

Thanks for reading!

End Notes

I hope you enjoyed! More Goliath and Elisa fun to come!

Please drop by the archive and comment to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!