

# When a Gargoyle Takes a Rose (Gargoyles Book 9)

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When a Gargoyle Takes A Rose

(Book Nine – Gargoyle Romances)

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## Disclaimer

This is a work of fiction. Names, characters, businesses, places, events, species, and incidents are either the products of my imagination or used in a fictitious manner. Any resemblance to humans and gargoyles living or dead is coincidental.

The following story is pure fantasy and, in spite of what you may have heard, is definitely not based on something that has happened to anyone. I dare anyone to tell me that this has happened to the second cousin of their best friend's niece's piano teacher's dog walker – I dare them...

This story is pure popcorn-grade fantasy, and works best when read in the bath – though personal

experience tells me that dropping your device in the bath never ends well.

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Previously

During King Arthur's reign, to defeat his enemy, Morgan Le Fay and her legions of magical beasts, the King, his magician Merlin, and the leader of the dragon race sacrificed themselves to create a race of warriors. They became known as gargoyles.

After defeating Morgan, the gargoyles lived in tentative peace alongside the humans. But not all gargoyles were happy with their place. A female called Ophelia, second in command to Lucifer, a descendant of the first gargoyle, made a deal with the enemy, known as the Noir Clans, and gave them the spell used to bring the gargoyles to life. The armies of the Noir Clans rallied and in an attack, they used the spell on the gargoyles to put them into a stone sleep, that if not reversed within a thousand years would become permanent. Those who were not immediately destroyed were sheltered by the descendants of Arthur's allies - the Blanc Clans. For years, attempts were made at waking them, but they were unsuccessful.

Almost a thousand years later, Lucifer, along with dozens of other hidden gargoyles, was being sheltered by a man called Professor Hardcastle, who lived in a town called Devil's Hang. After his death, his heir and nephew, Andrew held a party at his house. A woman named Kylie Summers stumbled upon the gargoyle Lucifer, and while drunk, kissed the stone gargoyle and awakened him. Kylie was discovered to be a distant (very distant) relative of one of Arthur's allies.

While Kylie and Luc fell in love, a man named Holling, a relative of one of Morgan's allies, was attempting to revive the gargoyles to create an army. He held Kylie hostage to lure Luc to him. When Luc tried to rescue her, Ophelia was discovered to be alive, and she killed Holling. Disgusted at Luc's relationship with Kylie, Ophelia tried to kill her. Ophelia escaped, and it was discovered

that she had been working with Holling, trying to create a new clan of gargoyles.

Luc and Kylie mated and began working to decipher the locations of the other gargoyles Professor Hardcastle hid.

On learning of Holling's death, the Council of Magic Users sent mercenaries to watch the mansion, to try and discover if the gargoyles had been reawakened and report back their findings.

One of the newly awakened gargoyles, Ric, was seen in the surroundings woods by a human called Chloe. They continued to meet in secret, and unbeknownst to Ric she was one of the mercenaries sent to watch them. While Chloe tried to seduce Ric, he fell in love with a human called Brenda.

Ric was kidnapped by the Council of Magic and taken to a medical facility, where he met Twenty-Six – a gargoyle who had been bred in the lab. The council was using gargoyle DNA to try and breed new gargoyles that stay awake in daylight.

Luc, the gargoyles and Brenda's uncle, Chris attacked the facility and Ric and Twenty-Six were freed. Luc confronted the leader of the Council of Magic, Blackthorne, and told him that they would leave him alone if he left them alone.

A few weeks later, while trying to retrieve a new gargoyle, Annis and Chris were kidnapped and hunted for sport. They managed to free themselves and the pair mated.

It was revealed that the kidnapping was engineered by Ophelia, in an attempt to get rid of the male gargoyle, Gracchus. A new clan gargoyle called Lief was working with Ophelia, and he left the clan to return to Ophelia.

Kylie visited the new doctor in town in order to retrieve contraceptive pills, but the doctor gave her fertility drugs instead. The doctor was shown working with Blackthorne, and their plan is for Kylie to become pregnant with Luc's child.

Over Christmas, the gargoyle Brom found a human mate called Joely after her daughter, Daphne mistook him for Santa Claus. Kylie also discovered she was pregnant.

Meanwhile Drago found his mate in Martha – who discovered she was psychic, and that her father (who she had thought to be deceased) was alive and had been kept imprisoned by Blackthorne for many years. He escaped along with a woman called Danica, who happened to be pyrokinetic. Both Martha's father and Danica are now hiding out at the mansion, and her father told the gargoyles how there were other gargoyles at the institution where he was kept, except, they were guards and not inmates.

Tristan found his mate in a young human called Gwen, and after her ex-boyfriend tried to burn her house down, she and her mother moved into Martha's house.

Castor found a mate in Tilly, who also works for the town doctor as a receptionist. While trying to use Tilly to get to the other gargoyles, both Ophelia and her ally Lief were killed. Ophelia's own gargoyle clan were unaware of their fate, or of the other gargoyles, but it appears that they have their own witch to awaken gargoyles.

Meanwhile, Gracchus joined forces with the FBI agent Melissa Sanchez to investigate murders in Portland that appeared to have been committed by a gargoyle. The murders were actually carried out by a 'beast man' – a man who could turn into a wolf, and before being killed he murdered one

of the Noir Council members. They were aided in finding him by Melissa's partner – Colt – who also turned out to be a beast man. Two gargoyles were also rescued from a medical facility run by the (now) deceased council member.

And Ingrede gave birth to a boy.

Now, if you managed to stay awake through that recap, the story is continued...

## Main Characters

### Humans

Kylie Summers – Luc's mate, and technically a witch. Her magical ability lay dormant until she stumbled upon Luc as a statue. She'd like it to be known that she doesn't normally run around kissing statues. She isn't a hussy for stone men, she was just very drunk.

Chris Wyatt – Brenda's uncle, Annis' mate and the local chief of police. A former detective from Portland, he now runs a police force made up of three people and a dog named Bob who refuses to obey.

Brenda Halverson – Mate of Ric and currently a high school senior. Spends her time acting as a referee between her overprotective mate and uncle.

Bea – Kylie's aunt, but not biologically. Also a witch, she has some healing ability. Belongs to the magical community, and is one of many guardians Kylie had while growing up.

Maggie – Kylie's best friend, a goth, and a lover of all things supernatural. Currently helping to track down all the missing gargoyles. Secretly enjoys Boggle.

Andrew Hardcastle – The nephew of Professor Hardcastle, who hid and protected the gargoyles for many years. Owns the Hardcastle Mansion where the gargoyles are currently living. Maggie's fiancé and favorite Boggle victim.

Gustave – Former manservant of Professor Hardcastle. Working with Kylie and the gargoyles to find and wake the others. Does not like to be compared to Alfred from Batman.

Blackthorne – A descendant of one of the original Noir Clans. A member of the Council of Magic made up of other descendants. Involved with creating Twenty-Six and has various other nefarious schemes ongoing.

Melissa Sanchez – An FBI agent in Portland, and Gracchus' mate. Assigned to the 'weird' cases, like UFO and Bigfoot sightings. Her personal preference is for Bigfoot and gargoyles (obv.).

Martha – Maggie’s cousin, and mated to Drago. Recently discovered she was psychic thanks to some very lurid dreams.

Joely – Brom’s mate, waitress and according to Brom, a ‘saucy wench’.

Daphne – Joely’s daughter. Despite being told otherwise, is still convinced Brom is Santa Claus.

Guinevere ‘Gwen’ – Tristan’s mate who works part-time in Bea’s antique store.

Tilly – Castor’s mate, doctor’s receptionist, baker extraordinaire and lover of the color pink.

Dr. Casey White – The town’s doctor and an ally of Blackthorne’s.

Danica – a young woman with pyrokinetic abilities imprisoned by Blackthorne since she was a child. Obviously, she has issues.

Allen – Martha’s father and also a psychic. Had been kept imprisoned by Blackthorne for many years.

Amara Honey – New to town, and Daphne’s temporary kindergarten teacher.

Hank – The new chef at the town diner (the last one quit after an attempted robbery at the diner – which Brom thwarted, managing to win Joely’s heart while doing it – though he was much more interested in the body parts attached to her heart).

## Gargoyles

Lucifer ‘Luc’ – Kylie’s mate and a direct descendant of the first gargoyle created. His interests include awaking his gargoyle brothers and sisters and keeping his human mate out of trouble.

Annis – A female with a deformed wing. Smaller and slighter than normal females, she is unable to fight, hunt or fly like gargoyles, but she makes a mean casserole and is mated to Chris.

Gracchus – A male a few years older than Luc, and second in the clan. Mated to Melissa and currently enjoying tutoring her in many forms of combat.

Amalric ‘Ric’ – A young male, recently mated to Brenda and the first gargoyle to be woken after Luc. Annoyingly cocky but Brenda manages to tease that out of him.

Dragoslava ‘Drago’ – Otherwise known as the thing in the basement. The male struggles to adapt to life after being asleep for so long, and on waking spent a month chained in the basement due to his uncontrolled anger, but is improving now that he is mated to Martha. Though, if any male dares look at her...

Twenty-Six – The female bred in a lab who is able to sleep at any time, day or night. She was the twenty-sixth of the experiments to create a superior species of gargoyles. She is considering changing her name.

Brom – A gargoyle hailing from Iceland and newly mated to Joely. Has a much shorter tail than other gargoyles, which he is very sensitive about.

Ophelia (Deceased) – Luc's former second in command who betrayed the gargoyles.

Ingrede – A female, mated to Cai and mother of Wolfe and Fox. Her mating was arranged, but she has feelings for Cai, particularly as she learned he requested to be mated to her and has feelings for her too (even if he has difficulty admitting them). Discovering the joys of shampoo and hair care. Her hair has never been so glossy.

Cai – Ingrede's mate and father to Wolfe and Fox; infinitely smug about his perfect family.

Wolfe and Fox – Cai and Ingrede's sons; insufferably cute and obsessed with a stuffed penguin and polar bear respectively.

Tristan – A bookish gargoyle and formerly a tactician for his old clan. Now mated to Gwen.

Grey – An aggressive gargoyle, nicknamed 'princess' by Danica.

Castor – An old clan mate of Annis and mated to Tilly, and currently enjoying his mate's exceptional baking skills.

Leo – An older gargoyle recently awakened.

Ryia – A scary female who attempted to mate with Castor, but was bested by Tilly when she challenged her.

Aleck – A gargoyle from Ophelia's clan. He is not aware of the other gargoyles, or Ophelia's death – he is pretty much in the dark about everything. Also, he's Gracchus' brother.

Elson, Samson – Members of Ophelia's clan, also totally in the dark.

Merek – A new member of the clan given to speaking his mind.

Ysmay, Jarin – Rescued from a lab.

Rex, Cordon, Rulf, Duraina – Newly awakened gargoyles.

## Other

Colt Hunter – Melissa's FBI partner and can shape shift into a wolf and yes, that is his real name.

Bob – Dog of unknown parentage, he just showed up in town one day. Honorary member of the local police force.

## Prologue

Merek surged forward, roared and slammed his sword into the... pink, twisted metal thing?!

"My new bike!" cried a young, female voice.

"Damn, I knew I should have moved that," muttered a female.

"We will get you another," reassured a gruff male.

"Bikes don't grow on trees," said the female.

"Of course not, why would anyone believe that bicycles would?" asked a confused fourth voice.

"I'm just saying," said the female, "that maybe the bike can be salvaged. There's no need to waste money."

"But he stuck his sword in it," said the young girl.

"Daffy, we may be able to fix it."

"Will you be silent for once?" sneered a fifth and somewhat unpleasant voice.

"Do not speak to my mate that way," growled the gruff male.

"Everybody, calm down," soothed a sixth voice, "we'll talk about the bike later."

Merek tried to take in this bizarre conversation, but he was dealing with quite a bit of confusion of his own. One moment, he was charging forward in battle, about to bury his sword into the empty skull of a troll, and the next...

He stood up straight and looked around him. There was undoubtedly no battle, only a group of anxious faces watching him closely. There was a mixture of both humans and gargoyles.

"What is happening?" he asked slowly.

"I am Luc," rumbled a large, red gargoyle. He stepped forward from the group, dropping the hand of a small, pregnant human. "There is a lot to tell you."

Merek looked between the faces and sensing no danger from them he nodded. "So I see."

"You must be hungry and thirsty. We will get you some food and drink and explain what has happened. If you are amenable, we will eat in the house."

Merek looked up at the large house. It was unlike any building he had ever seen before, but he was not opposed to going inside it. He knew gargoyles who had refused to set clawed foot in human constructions, but he was not one of them.

"Yes," he agreed and tried to pull his sword from the pink thing, apparently called a bike.

It would not budge. It appeared to be stuck. After trying to slam the bike against the ground forcibly, he gave in and just dragged the thing with him.

"Guess we're gonna need a new bike," muttered the female.

## Chapter One

Amara Honey stared out the window into her tiny garden. The roses – once so beautiful – were now dying from neglect. The cold weather didn't help, sure, but they had not been shown any love for the last three months and so had started to give up on life.

Honestly, she wasn't very green-fingered. Her late great-aunt from whom she inherited the house had planted the roses, and they were floundering under her negligible care. Maybe she needed to hire a gardener.

Except, she wasn't sure how much longer she was going to be there. She had to admit it was a charming little town, but this was supposed to be temporary.

Amara worked as a kindergarten teacher in San Francisco, but after her husband died the previous year, she decided to take some time away from work. Then when her great-aunt passed, and Amara inherited her cottage, it seemed like a good time to get away from the city and spend her time clearing out the extremely cluttered house and fixing it up to sell. Not that she was doing much fixing – she could do some very basic things, but she was not very handy – so she hired someone to come in and do the work.

She hadn't meant to stay as long as she had, but she was rather enjoying the quietness and going through all of Great-Aunt Saira's belongings had made her somewhat misty-eyed, reminding her of the summers she used to spend with Saira before her mom got married and moved them to California.

Plus, the local school had found themselves without a teacher after theirs – Miss Jones - abruptly eloped. Amara had been more than happy to step in temporarily, and she wished Miss Jones the best of luck. Finding love at age sixty-three was something Amara thoroughly approved of and supported. As she had yet to find love, she knew it was not something at which to be scoffed.

Sure, she had been married, but it had not been happy. Amara had thought he loved her, but in reality, he only had eyes for the small trust fund given to her by her late step-father. Well, to be honest, it wasn't that little – exceedingly generous considering that according to the iron-clad prenup her mom signed, he didn't have to leave her anything. But Amara used most of the money to fund an animal charity in her mom's name – something that had been very important to her when she was alive.

Her mom had married a rich man when Amara was young. He was much older than Amara's mom and already had grown children. They had not been pleased, but he had been smitten with her beautiful mom – and she had signed the prenup without reservation. Her mom didn't really care much for money, but she was glad that she no longer had to worry about making ends meet, and delighted to have a husband who doted on her – unlike Amara's own father who had skipped out on his pregnant girlfriend nine months before Amara was born.

Amara supposed compared to her step-father's net worth when he and her mom died in a plane crash, the trust fund she received was small – small enough that none of his kids cared about it enough to contest it. However, it was large enough to make her a target for gold diggers.

Amara had always been shy around men, not having her mother's startling beauty or ballsy confidence. But she had been happy with her teaching job and had been enjoying a mild flirtation with the school librarian. That was until Tom Goldman III turned up.

Her oldest step-brother introduced them to one another – they went to college together. He was a little older than her, but the age difference wasn't out of this world. Amara had been flattered by his attention, and finding that the librarian was suddenly much more taken by the cute, new volleyball coach, and so Amara had submitted to being 'courted' by Tom. Honestly, it was all kind of a blur – a whirlwind of flattery and gifts until they got married. Then, things changed.

He no longer seemed interested in her. Rather than the flattery, there was criticism over everything from her job to the way she dressed, and the few friends she had. Course, he quickly drove them away. He considered she was wasting her time with teaching, but it was not something that she was willing to give up. He thought the animal charity a complete waste of money, but she was adamant that it was what her mother would have wanted, and refused to bend. That's when he started getting angry with her. He had never hit her, but she had been a little scared of his temper.

Amara suspected he saw other women, but she wasn't sure until after he died and his screaming mistress turned up. She also suspected that he was living beyond his financial means, but again, she didn't know for sure until she had a very uncomfortable meeting with his bank manager after the funeral.

One night, about a year ago, Tom took himself off in his yacht with some friends (and some prostitutes she later discovered), and he got drunk, fell overboard and was never seen again. That was that.

Of course, he was gone now, so she didn't think of him too badly. Well, she could, but she didn't. She was sadder that he hadn't been the man she hoped for.

Amara allowed herself a self-pitying sigh and then pulled herself together. There was no point in wallowing. Regret and sadness just needed to be banished to the naughty corner – a fate that only the worst of her students ever warranted.

Instead, she clapped her hands together and set about the new box of photos she had dragged down from the attic.

## Chapter Two

"Duck!"

Pieces of the practice target went flying, knocking over various statues and singeing unruly bushes.

Absently, Gracchus raised his wings, shielding his mate, Melissa from the debris as he tried to teach her how to use a bow and arrow. Two of the new gargoyles – Ysmay and Jarin – didn't even flinch as they dug for truffles and sharpened an ax respectively. The two of them had been rescued alive from a medical facility and were adjusting well to life on the outside – though they did make a lot of prison jokes – joking was quite an unusual characteristic in a gargoyle. But in the facility they had spent a lot of time watching TV and reading magazines to pass the time, and had become quite au fait with human culture.

"Look out!"

There was another explosion as the second target blew into smithereens. Cai and Ingrede raised

their wings in front of their two younglings. Castor lifted his mate, Tilly and the plate of devil's food cake that she brought with her out of the way, while Tristan and his mate Gwen saved the teapot and plate of sandwiches. It was a mild night, so some of the human mates of the clan had decided to eat outside so they could watch as the gargoyles sparred and trained.

But given that Danica was trying to practice her ability to control her pyrokinetic skills, it perhaps wasn't the best night for an outdoor tea party. Still, none of them seemed to mind much – they were quite adept at dodging. Well, almost all of them.

"Will you watch what you are doing?!" snarled Ryia, picking pieces of the wooden target out of her hair.

"It's not my fault!" howled Danica in return, throwing up her arms, making everyone duck again. "How is it my fault that everything in the world is so flammable!"

Cordon waved his battle-ax at Danica in a menacing way. Cordon was a newly awakened member of their clan. He was born mute but made up for it with glares. He did, however, take an immediate liking to the cantankerous female gargoyle, Ryia. It became clear that what he liked in a female was someone scary, prone to violence and willing to do all the talking. While she wanted a male who would allow her to be in complete control of both of them. Ryia had become almost coquettish on meeting the male, and the two quickly mated – much to the relief of all the other unmated males in the clan.

Danica – who could never be described as a shrinking violet - stuck out her tongue at Cordon. His eyes flashed with rage, and he started advancing on Danica.

"Don't even think about it," grumbled Grey, appearing at Danica's side.

His usually red skin was covered with black scorch marks – he had apparently been quite close to the exploding target. He looked like a hamburger that had been left on a barbecue for about two hours too long.

Danica's eyes widened at his appearance before her usual stubbornness kicked in. "I don't need your help."

"Never said you did," snorted Grey.

"Then keep your knight in shining armor antics to yourself," she sniffed.

"Him? A knight in shining armor?" balked Twenty-Six as she poured herself a cup of tea. "Sure! Sir Misery Guts to save the day!" She was laughing so hard she spilled the tea.

"Careful," murmured Tilly, dabbing at the mess and directing the teapot back to the cup.

"Yes, do not ruin my beloved's beautiful cake," added Castor, shielding the devil's food cake.

Tilly beamed at him while Gwen and Tristan snickered.

He glared at them in turn. "What is so amusing?"

"Nothing," denied Gwen.

"Other than the fact that you are starting to get – what do humans call them? Love handles?"

Tristan waggled his eyebrows.

Castor's jaw dropped furiously. "I most certainly am not!"

"No he isn't, he's perfect," said Tilly with adoring loyalty.

Castor gave them a triumphant look.

"Well, they say love is blind," muttered Twenty-Six as she grabbed two sandwiches and not so daintily smushed them into her mouth.

"Ignore them," cooed Tilly patting Castor's chest.

Castor caught her fingers and brought them to his lips. Most of the gargoyles and humans around them exchanged varying degrees of amused glances, while Grey made choking noises. Castor was a brusque gargoyle who, until a few weeks ago, had claimed to dislike all humans – he had grudgingly respected a few humans, but liking them was a definite no-no. But since meeting his tiny, infinitely cute and pink loving mate Tilly, he had started displaying a hitherto un-guessed at romantic streak, that both entertained and startled all of his clan mates. As they watched, he produced a rose – presumably from the recesses of his loincloth, and therefore not something anyone wanted to think about too much – and presented it to Tilly. Her cheeks bloomed in delight as she took it from him, while the other males around him started looking decidedly sour. They were all for Castor's improved mood, but they didn't want him making them look bad!

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Awakened after years of enforced slumber, betrayed by one of their own kind, forgotten by humans, and forced into the shadows; Still, can't complain.

Merek is a gargoyle who certainly looks on the bright side of life. Determined to find a mate and woo her, he takes a rose from a garden; because a gargoyle with a flower is a much more appealing prospect than a gargoyle without one. But when he catches a glimpse of the beauty to whom the rose belongs, he knows his short search for a mate is finally at an end. She's the first woman he has seen and as luck would have it; she's his!

Amara is a shy schoolteacher, quietly nursing her wounded heart and pride after losing her no-good husband. So when a gargoyle crashes into her life, adamant that she is his mate, she doesn't know what to make of him. She also doesn't know what to make of the gifts that keep turning up supposedly from her late husband.

Can clumsy, sweet-intentioned Merek keep his foot out of his mouth long enough to show Amara they are meant to be? And can he keep her safe from someone determined to do her harm?

Please note this is a novella and approximately 36,000 words in length. It contains swearing and a brief scene of a sexual nature with m/f interaction between a gargoyle and a human intended for mature readers. If you would like to find out more about Elizabeth Ann Price's stories, please visit the website:  
[www.elizabethannprice.com](http://www.elizabethannprice.com)

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unhinged debut novel, a burn once he has been transformed into the gargoyles of this book's title. He finds it fitting that she wants to take a badly burned man on a The free-range erudition of books like "Possession" and "The Name of the Rose" also come to mind.

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