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Shadow Stalker

Angelina Evans

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Chapter One

Lord, he should be illegal.

Tall, broad shoulders, shiny black hair almost to his waist, long legs and a tight butt in faded jeans.

Allison's mouth watered. Where in the world did they grow men who looked like that? He certainly wasn't the average Spokane male.

And she wasn't the only one noticing. A woman about her own age, dressed in a short skirt and tight tank top parked at the curb. She got slowly out of her car, stretching one long leg out and then the other. She stood and arched her back so her breasts were prominently displayed.

Allison looked down at her own small breasts and wanted to cry. Even if she knew how to arch like that she didn't have anything anyone would want to see. And besides, they'd need a microscope to see them.

She looked back out the window and scowled as she watched the woman walk in front of the man. Her bottom swayed so far right and left she looked like a pendulum. And the man, *the jerk*, followed her!

The man's head lifted. His eyes found hers through the window.

Mortified that she'd been caught staring, she jerked around and dropped her head, pretending to be engrossed in the book lying open on the table. How had he known she was watching him?

She glanced around the coffee shop. She frowned as she saw several women staring out the window. Out of everyone watching him why had he looked directly at her?

Keeping her head down, she stared blindly at the page she'd been reading before he showed up. Behind her she heard the traffic noises escalate as the door opened before disappearing as it closed.

As inconspicuously as possible she turned her head to the left and rubbed her chin on her shoulder. He'd followed the tiny woman and her swaying ass to the counter. Men. Were they all wired that way? All their brains in their pants?

The man turned, looked her in the eye and started walking toward her.

Allison swallowed hard as she looked around wildly. He couldn't be walking toward her. She was just sitting quietly, reading and sipping her coffee.

"Hello."

She almost swallowed her tongue as his voice washed over her. Liquid chocolate, warm and smooth, wouldn't taste better than his voice sounded. Why wasn't he still following the swinging-butt woman? She'd know how to handle a man like him.

His eyes, black and shining, crinkled at the corners. His perfect, slightly full lips tilted up in a smile. His smile had no doubt caused more than one woman to orgasm just looking at him.

Her chin rose and she glared at him. *She* was made of stronger stuff, damn it. No way would she come just from hearing his voice and having him smile *ather*.

"Stronger stuff?"

His voice, low and smoky, made her thigh muscles clench and her vagina go all hot and wet. Even her nipples were responding to him and her thin tee shirt and sports bra did nothing to hide them.

"Very nice." His eyelids lowered to half-mast as he looked at her breasts. He took a deep breath and somehow she knew he was inhaling her scent.

She couldn't believe what he was doing to her. And all he'd done was look at her and say a few words.

Stronger stuff?

His words finally penetrated and she froze. She'd thought stronger stuff then he'd said it. That couldn't be coincidence. Could it?

"Since my voice and smile won't make you come how about this?"

You, who would be mine, come to me. Come to me.

Her hands flew to her head. The coffee shop disappeared. Her body throbbed, her nipples stabbed against the thin material of her bra and top.

She was instantly wet and aching aware of the empty channel between her legs. She wanted him to fill her. Only him.

He'd spoken in her head. He'd heard her thoughts.

It wasn't possible. She was losing her mind. She was a psychopath. No, sociopath. No, it was schizophrenics who heard voices.

Maybe -- maybe the man in front of her was a figment of her imagination as well. She wasn't actually aroused. She was just sick. Turning away from him she picked up her cup and studied the plastic lid. Was it possible to have a reaction to plastic? No. Not plastic. The coffee. With a suspicious glance at the two young girls behind the counter looking toward her table and giggling, she took off the plastic lid. She sniffed. It smelled like coffee and hazelnut. But what else could be in it? Maybe the hazelnut flavoring covered up another scent.

Pressing the lid back on the cup she set it on the table and pushed it away. She wouldn't be drinking any more of that.

He sat down across from her and leaned forward. "I can tell you heard my call."

His low, seductive voice was meant only for her. He took her right hand in both of his and heat coursed up her arm. She fought the urge to grind herself against her chair. She really was close to an orgasm and she'd be damned if her first was going to happen in a coffee shop to the sound of her own imagination.

"Why is it so hard to believe my voice would have this effect on you?"

She snatched her hand back from his, grabbed her book and pushed back from the table. It was definitely time to go home. If she was going to have a nervous breakdown, it would be privately, not in the middle of a public place.

She started to hurry away, turned back and grabbed the cup. As she ran from the shop she tossed the half-full cup in the garbage. If the coffee had been laced with something, she didn't want anyone else getting into it.

You, who are mine, come to me. Come to me.

She dropped her keys as his voice reverberated in her head. She stood unmoving, her body on fire. Her nipples throbbed in time to her racing pulse. She was wet and so horny she wanted to put her hand down her pants and ease the ache.

"Your scent is strong enough even human males wouldn't be immune. It's time we were alone."

His big body crowded against hers. One arm wrapped around her waist and he settled his hand low over her abdomen.

She groaned as her hips ground forward seeking relief from the need ripping through her. *If he would just lower his hand, touch between her legs. Even through her jeans, that was all it would take.*

He leaned down to pick up her keys and his body rubbed against hers.

She shuddered and bit her bottom lip. She was just a nice, normal librarian for crapes' sake. People like her didn't become dangerous, crazy people. They just lost themselves in their books.

He reached around her and unlocked the door of her little Toyota.

“How about if I drive? You seem a bit shaky.” His lips brushed the nape of her neck left bare by her ponytail.

She almost strangled on a moan.

Snatching her keys from him she pulled open her car door, jumped inside and slammed the door behind her. It took three tries to get the key in the ignition as she rocked against the seat to ease the ache between her legs.

You don't want me to drive?

She closed her eyes and let her head fall forward on the steering wheel. “You can't talk to me in my head. It's not possible. Those things only happen in sci-fi movies. And you can't hear my thoughts either.”

She lifted her head, looked out the window and glared at him. “You're a figment of my imagination and I want you to go away. Now.”

His expression, until now sensual and at times almost quizzical, began to smolder. And not in a good way.

Turning on the ignition, Allison backed up with barely a glance, tires squealing. *She had to get home. A hot bath -- NO! A cold shower and she'd feel better in the morning. She had to. Things like she'd just experienced weren't real. She had too much common sense to ever think otherwise .*

She squirmed where she sat, shot through a yellow light and prayed she didn't hit anyone on her way home.

* * *

Vance watched the little car jettison out of the parking lot and winced as another, bigger car hit its brakes to keep from hitting her.

Human women. He would never understand them. Phaeryn, his cousin, had sent out his mating call not expecting any response. And to start with he really hadn't wanted the woman who had answered.

Fortunately, Kayla wasn't the kind of woman to take no for an answer when she wanted something. And she'd definitely wanted Phaeryn.

Now, here was this woman. She heard his call, reacted to it and ran away fearing she was crazy. She couldn't explain what had happened, so she didn't believe it.

Yes, she wanted him.

His incisors lengthened as he remembered her scent. Wet, feminine heat. Pure womanly allure. And she was aroused because of him.

Bending space and time he followed her, a silent, stalking shadow. His heart slammed into the wall of his chest as she sped through a yellow stoplight. A teenage boy in a loud car with big tires and thunderous

music stomped his gas pedal and started to shoot forward.

Vance appeared before him, fangs bared.

The young man slammed on his brakes. The car behind him, also anticipating the light, rammed into him. No one was injured. Vance breathed a sigh of relief, but it was short-lived. Eyes narrowed, jaw tight, he caught up with his woman and stayed with her until she pulled into a parking space in front of an apartment complex.

Invisible to human eyes, he watched and waited as she turned off the engine. She was his mate. His reaction to her was just as violent as hers was to him. He wouldn't wait long to claim her. She would have to get over her silly notions of what was real because she was his and he wouldn't let her get away.

She got out of the car, looked around and breathed an audible sigh of relief.

Vance smiled, the expression predatory rather than humorous. He'd had any woman he wanted and now this woman, *his* woman, was trying to get away.

He watched her lock her car, followed her up three flights of stairs and blew on her neck as she unlocked the door to her apartment. She jumped, one hand flying to the nape of her neck as she turned in a circle. Her eyes were huge in her pale face.

She might think she could ignore him but he would prove her wrong. He might be half-human, but he was pure Vampyrin.

"You're losing it, Rivers," she muttered to herself as she opened her apartment door and walked in. He stepped into the small entry hall behind her, crowding close as she turned to close and lock the door.

She tossed her book on a small table just inside the door, walked across the sparsely furnished living room and into a bedroom with, he was happy to see, a queen-sized bed. Books littered the surface of a nightstand, dresser and even the top of the bed. Science fiction, fantasy, romance. There were a couple of mysteries and one true crime novel.

She didn't turn on a light until she walked into the bathroom. She leaned over the garden tub, turned on the water and adjusted the temperature before straightening.

As he watched, desire knotting his belly, she stripped her tee shirt and bra off over her head.

His incisors exploded to full length. Her breasts were small and pert and perfect. He could take one full globe in his mouth. And he didn't need more than a mouthful -- especially when she had nipples like hers.

His mouth watered. They were plump, long and red. One bite would create enough of an aphrodisiac effect to make her sensitive enough to come just from his mouth on her.

She unsnapped and unzipped her jeans. She wriggled her bottom as she pushed them down her legs and his cock hardened painfully. Her legs were long and slender, her hips gently curved. She had a tiny waist and a triangle of brown curls at the juncture of her thighs to match the dark brown hair caught up in a ponytail.

She turned to the mirror, raised her arms over her head and took the band out of her hair. It cascaded down, just past her shoulders, straight and sleek as an otter's pelt. Her eyes were huge and blue, her skin

pale as ivory. Only her nipples and lips had color and their red was startlingly erotic.

You, who are mine, come to me. Come to me.

He repeated the call and smiled as her body jerked. Her breasts swelled and her nipples grew darker red.

“Where are you?” She turned, hands on her hips, and glared around the small bathroom.

Vance let his form solidify. His eyes raked her naked body before he looked up. He met her eyes and raised one eyebrow. “So you believe I exist? I’m not a figment of your imagination and you’re not a psychopath?”

She combed one hand through her hair and blew out a loud breath before responding. “Schizophrenic. Psychopaths kill people. Schizophrenics hear voices.”

He glared at her. “You’re giving me a psychology lesson?”

“Yes. No.” She shook her head and glared back at him. “I don’t believe I’m crazy. I don’t have any idea who or what you are but I wasn’t the only one who saw you at the coffee shop. What are you doing to make me so... so...” She gestured at her breasts and distended nipples.

“So aroused?”

She nodded.

“I simply called for my mate. Your body responded.”

“How many mates do you have running around?” she demanded, horrified. She didn’t want to be one of a thousand women who responded to his call. *When -- IF -- she ever found herself this attracted to a man again he’d damned well better be just as attracted to her .*

“I am.”

“You are what?”

“As attracted to you as you are to me.”

“Sure,” she sneered. “You’re just as attracted to this skinny, small-breasted body as you were to that curvy, half-naked woman you followed into the coffee shop?”

“No.”

“See! You admit it.”

“I’m more attracted to you.”

She rolled her eyes, stomped over to the tub and turned off the water. She wanted him. She wanted him to take off his pants so she could see just how impressive the bulge tenting the front of his jeans was. She wanted him to sink his cock into her and ride her hard and fast. She wanted the orgasm she’d always dreamed of. But she wanted him to want her just as badly.

God, she was crazy. A strange man in her bathroom and all she could think about was sex with him.

Vance unbuttoned his shirt and let it fall to the floor. Slowly he unbuttoned the fly of his jeans and pushed them down over his hips. She wanted to see him and he wasn't about to disappoint her. He wanted her to see how impressive his bulge was too.

He touched one fang with his tongue and shuddered. Her scent made his blood race. Her taste, it could make him come.

As she straightened from turning off the water he wrapped his arms around her. He flattened his hands against her abdomen and pressed his erection against her bottom.

"I want to bathe you." He brushed her hair over one shoulder and sipped at her neck.

"You shouldn't even be here." She wanted to tell him to leave but she couldn't. Her body knew his, craved him. Until she had him she wouldn't know if it was real.

"I shouldn't be anywhere else," he countered. He let the fingers of one hand burrow into her curls, and raised his other hand to her breast. He found the slick evidence of her need between her legs as he plucked her nipple. He smiled at the resilience of the hard nub and her choked moan as he rubbed her wet folds.

Allison's head fell back against his shoulder. Her hips rocked in time to his strokes and she arched forward. Lightning arced from her nipples to her clit, every inch of her body sensitized. She rubbed her ass against his cock and unconsciously widened her stance, offering herself to him.

"Step into the tub," he directed, urging her forward with his body.

"Just take me," she half-begged, half-ordered.

"Oh no." He nipped her neck where it joined her shoulder and smiled when she shivered. "One of a Vampyrin's greatest pleasures is bathing his mate."

He caught her chin and turned her face until he could look into her eyes. His black gaze glowed with lust and controlled anger. "A Vampyrin might have sex with many women, but he has only one mate. And once that mate is found there is no other woman for him."

He lowered his mouth to hers, forced his tongue between her lips and plundered. He stroked in and out, swirled his tongue around hers, sucked her lower lip into his mouth and pricked it with his fangs.

She jerked back, her eyes wide. Her tongue peeked out of her mouth to touch the twin pinpricks from his fangs.

"Vampyrin?" she whispered.

Vance smiled, not trying to hide his fangs.

"Mate?"

He nodded. "You're mine."

He urged her forward and she stepped into the tub and slowly sank down. Her knees felt too weak to hold her up.

Vance knelt beside the tub, leaned over and opened the drain. He winced as his cock touched the cool porcelain of the tub.

"What are you doing?" she asked.

He let his eyes trail over her glistening skin. He re-stopped the drain when she lay in only a shallow pool of water. "I want to touch you. I want to see your every reaction. The water is to enhance what is done, not detract from it."

She raised one hand to her face and touched her lower lip. It felt swollen, the touch of her own fingers almost unbearable. *What had he done?* "I don't understand."

His smile, slow and wicked, made her shiver. "You will."

He took the washcloth hanging over a built-in handrail and dipped it in the water between her legs. With his cloth covered hand he stroked from mid-thigh down the inside of her leg to her foot.

She shivered as he stroked her instep, gasped when he circled each toe with the cloth.

"I -- I don't know your name."

He lifted her foot to his mouth. "Vance."

His teeth sank into her instep.

She screamed. Fire raced from where his teeth penetrated to her cunt and up to her nipples. Her breasts rose and fell with each fast, shallow breath. Her nipples lengthened even more. The shallow water lapped against the entrance of her channel, a sensual torment she had never dreamed of.

He lowered her leg into the water and she almost arched out of the tub. The warm, gentle lapping against her skin sent flames darting through her blood. Her cunt clenched, empty and aching.

"I want you inside me." She wasn't sure if she was begging or ordering but she would do either if he would just fuck her.

"I'll fuck you," he promised even as he swirled the washcloth around her other foot, "after I've bathed you."

He raised her other foot from the water. His teeth sank deep.

She bucked in the tub, her hips thrashing as lightning struck again and again. She quivered on the edge of release, strained for it.

She couldn't catch her breath. Her lower body was on fire, her upper body chilled by the cool air on her wet skin. Her nipples felt pinched and cold.

He lifted the washcloth from the water and wrung out the excess water before gently stroking her forehead down over her eyes and cheeks, then rubbing her lips.

Her breath caught. Fire arced from her lips to her nipples and down deep in her belly. She opened her eyes at the rippling sound of his hand in the water. She watched as he swirled the cloth between her legs barely brushing her sex.

He cupped her right breast in his hand, rolled her nipple against his cloth covered palm and her breath caught.

He treated her other breast to the same sensual torture. Her heart thundered in her chest. She couldn't hold still. She hurt, every muscle tensed as she trembled on the brink of orgasm.

And she wanted that. She wanted to fly.

"You will fly," Vance assured her. He lifted her until she knelt facing him, a sensual offering to him alone.

"I thought I liked big breasts," he murmured.

Suddenly self-conscious, Allison tried to pull back, but he wouldn't let her go.

He met her defiant gaze as he pinched her right nipple. "I was wrong. I love small breasts with long, plump nipples."

His gaze lowered to her chest and she shivered. "More than a mouthful would be wasted." He leaned forward and swallowed her breast.

His teeth sank into her small mound even as he sucked her whole breast and crushed her nipple against the roof of his mouth with his tongue.

Her back arched like a bow, her cunt clenched. Her body trembled, tightened. Sensation rolled through her. Lightning struck and this time the thunderclap followed. She soared, her body left behind as his bite, his sucking her breast and nipple pushed her higher.

He moved to her other breast, took her into his mouth, bit and made her writhe in his arms. Pleasure bordering on agony. Her release never ending.

Releasing her breast, he lifted her shaking body against his chest and carried her into the dark bedroom. He laid her on the bed, pushed her thighs apart and lowered himself over her.

Grasping his cock in one hand, he positioned the blunt head against her entrance and thrust forward. Her body jerked at the powerful penetration. There was no gentle introduction. It was a full invasion.

Her inner muscles milked him as he pounded into her. Her head hit the headboard. She reached up, braced herself as he slammed into her again and again.

She'd never been so full. His cock stretched her beyond anything she'd ever known. It wasn't painful but the pressure was amazing. His cock drove in and out of her channel. She could feel him in her belly; it felt like he reached to her throat he thrust so deep.

Penetrated. Impaled.

Reality ceased to exist. Her body disintegrated. She was a spirit, connected to him. One with him.

Hot, thick come spurting inside her.

Her body locked around his. Tight spasms stripped his seed from him.

Head thrown back, teeth bared, eyes closed, Vance gave her everything he had, his soul wrapped around hers. One for all time.

Chapter Two

Allison wasn't sure if it was minutes, hours, or days when she started to regain her senses. *Wow!* She'd never imagined sex could be so powerful, so consuming. She still wasn't sure she believed he was real.

And who was he?

Her eyes popped open and she stared at the ceiling. He was still inside her, not quite soft, heavy, his come filling her. A thick liquidy feeling inside her. He crushed her to the bed, his chest smashing her breasts. And she loved it.

But who was he? How had he gotten into her apartment? And why, when she'd never had an indiscriminate sexual experience in her life had she slept with him? For Pete's sake, she didn't even know his name. And she wasn't scared of him?

"I don't know who Pete is. As I told you, my name is Vance."

Even as his dark, liquid smoke voice melted her insides, her muscles tensed. He was reading her mind.

"Vance who?"

"Vance Fauvian."

"Who can I call to find out about you?" Even as she asked the question she wanted to shoot herself. He didn't come across as a stupid man. Anyone he had her talk to would give him a glowing report.

"My cousin Phaeryn's wife wouldn't. I'm still not sure she's forgiven me for telling him she was pregnant."

"Why would you tell him if she didn't want him to know?"

"She did want him to know. She just wasn't willing to admit it."

Incensed on the unknown woman's behalf she pushed at his shoulders. "What do you mean, she wanted him to know? If she said she didn't, you had no right to take that decision from her." She could add egotistical to his list of poor qualities, the creep. Thinking he knew more than that woman.

He smiled down at her, his teeth white and perfectly even. There was a devilish glint to his midnight eyes that made her insides feel all shivery and warm. “You really shouldn’t call your mate all those names. I was right about Kayla just as I was right about following you.”

She frowned, hoping she looked fierce. He was so sure of himself. Mr. Perfect male. But she did have to admit she wouldn’t have missed her experience with him for the world. When he’d bitten her every sensation had grown. Something about his bite was --

“What happened to your teeth?” He’d had fangs, hadn’t he?

“My teeth?” His brows rose. His expression was the picture of innocence.

And she didn’t believe it for a moment. There wasn’t an innocent bone in the man’s body.

“Yes, your teeth. You had fangs. Like a --” She *wasn’t* going to say vampire. There was no such thing.

“You’re very fond of not believing things are possible.”

She shivered, a chill creeping up her spine and making the hairs on the back of her neck stand up. “Are you telling me you are a vampire?”

“I’m not saying anything. You’re scaring yourself.”

“Then answer the questions you’ve been reading from my mind.”

He crunched his face into what he no doubt thought was a studious expression. And damn it if he wasn’t cute. And she didn’t want to think of him as cute. He was some sort of sex fiend with a knack for making women not protest or call the police when he broke into their apartments and ravished them.

“You’re the only woman whose apartment I’ve ever had to break into. All the others invited me in.”

Jealousy, hot and livid, flashed to life inside her. “Others?” she asked, almost purring. “How many others?”

Vance pushed his hips into the vee of her legs and his cock stirred inside her. His expression was suddenly very serious. “What happened before last night, for either of us, has no part in our lives from this moment on. We are mated. Only you will bear my children.”

Allison’s eyes rounded. “Children? I’m not having anyone’s children. Not for a long, long time.” *Sheesh. The nerve of the man. One night of sex and he had them married with babies.*

She shook her head, shivered and smiled. Not that making babies wouldn’t be fun. It would. Especially if she got to try some of the interesting positions she’d seen in the library’s more exotic books. Almost no patrons even knew the erotic book section existed and the ones who did she wouldn’t want to associate with. But the books. Mmmm. Dark, carnal pleasures she would never have the nerve to try in real life. Her experience was limited to reading about them.

“Dark? Carnal? Pleasures?” Vance’s eyebrows rose. His hips strained against her and his penis hardened inside her. It grew in length and girth until he stretched her sheath tight.

“Mmmm.” Her eyes closed and she undulated under him. She loved the friction of him sliding in her

body.

“Tell me about these books. What have you read and dreamed about but never thought you would do?”

His voice was low, husky and seductive. Her nipples peaked and it didn't go unnoticed.

“Tell me your secret dreams.” He rolled the distended nubs with his thumbs. Plucked and pinched as he moved in her with slow, teasing strokes.

She shook her head but didn't open her eyes. “Those books, my dreams, they're too private to share.”

Nothing is too private for a mated pair to share.

“Some things are.” She didn't realize he hadn't spoken the words aloud.

A picture from one of the books burst to full color in her head. The woman on her knees, her head cradled on her folded arms. The man behind her, his huge penis penetrating her dripping pussy.

Vance pulled his cock out of her.

Her eyes flew open. “Why are you stopping?” Her breath caught. His face was a sensual mask. His eyes heavy-lidded, dark color staining his face, his lips fuller.

She looked down and her mouth watered. Another picture from the book popped into her mind, only this time she was the woman and he was the man. Her on her knees, him standing in front of her and his cock, thick and long, disappearing into her mouth as she squeezed and stroked his shaft with one hand and squeezed his balls with the other.

Vance winced. It was almost as if she'd squeezed his cock.

“Try not to think of any more pictures from that book.” His voice sounded hoarse. He couldn't believe how aroused he was.

Allison's eyes flew open. “You can see what's in my mind?” It couldn't be. Her books, her fantasies were hers alone. She couldn't -- no, she wouldn't share them.

“You already did.” He rolled her onto her stomach. “Lift up on your knees and cradle your head on your arms. Just like the picture.”

Allison shivered but didn't move. She couldn't do it. Good girls didn't do things like this with men they didn't know.

His voice was a dark caress in her mind. *Women all over the world do this with their mates. Why shouldn't you do what you've fantasized? Is it hurting anyone? Will anyone but you ever know what we do together ?*

“You'll know,” she whispered. But she wanted to do it. She wanted to feel him taking her from behind.

He helped her to her knees with gentle hands and propped pillows under her belly to help support her.

“You're beautiful.” His voice was awed.

She shivered as he stroked her folds. He found her entrance and pushed two fingers into her.

She buried her face against her arms. She'd never felt more exposed and vulnerable. And she loved it.

“Arch your back.” His hand slid up her spine and back down. His fingers bit into the soft flesh of her bottom.

His cock felt huge against her as he rubbed its thick head in her wet heat before lodging it against her opening. Her breath caught as he pushed. She moaned as he forced the muscles guarding her cunt to submit to his invasion.

She gasped as he surged forward, burying his full length in her, stretching her.

Her body rocked as he pounded into her. The wet, sucking sounds. The slap of his flesh against her as he thrust forward. The way the pressure was at the back of her vagina rather than at the front as it had been every time she'd had sex before.

Her breasts swayed, hanging free. She wanted his mouth on her breast, drawing her deep into his mouth, crushing her nipple against the roof of his mouth with his tongue as he fucked her.

He groaned. *I want that too* .

He buried himself in her over and over.

She couldn't believe the sensations spiraling through her. Fire whipped through her blood. Her nipples felt engorged. They rubbed against the bed as her body jerked with each powerful thrust.

She'd enjoyed sex before. It had been nice. This could never be called nice. Powerful, shattering. Amazing. And then she did shatter. She spasmed around him. Her belly clenched. She cried out, rocked back and forth in the throes of an orgasm as it ripped through her.

He followed her into the abyss. His pelvis hammered against her as he thrust then arched, come spewing from him, filling her, coating them both with his hot, thick, sticky fluid.

She fought for breath. Her body throbbed. She could feel his pulse inside her.

Slowly, savoring the slide of his flesh in her, Vance pulled out of her. “Was it as good as you imagined from the pictures in the book?”

He pulled the pillows out from under her and rolled her to her side. And she let him. She felt boneless. Completely spent. He could do whatever he wanted with her and she wouldn't protest.

Had it been as good as she imagined it would be?

“Better,” she purred, stretching against him as he settled her against him, chest to breast, one of his legs between hers.

“That other image. The one where you suck my cock? We'll try that next.”

His dark voice and wicked words sent heat rushing to her chest, neck and face. No one she knew

talked about sucking things. They talked about books, music, movies, when there was an art show in town or an interesting exhibit at Cowles Museum. They talked about those things. They never talked about sucking cocks.

“I hope not.” He smiled. His dark eyes danced with wicked lights. “If you were talking about sucking anybody’s cock but mine, I’d be upset.”

She hid her face against his chest, felt heat spread to her toes.

“I can’t believe I’m having this discussion. And with a perfect stranger.”

“At least you think I’m perfect.”

She pulled back to frown up at him. “I said perfect*stranger*. As I’m getting to know you I’m finding you anything but perfect.”

He attempted to look wounded but his eyes gleamed. “You’ll hurt my feelings saying things like that.”

She rolled her eyes. “You’d have to prove to me you have feelings to wound.”

He grinned, leaned into her and kissed her.

She pushed against his chest. “No more of that until you answer some questions.”

He rolled onto his back and somehow managed to press his knee tight to her pussy. She moaned and her eyes closed as she undulated against him. How did he know how to touch her just right every time?

Hard fingers closed around her nipple and pinched.

“Oh, yesssss.” She smiled and arched into his touch. Fantasies she’d never thought to experience kept coming to life.

Her eyes flew open and she jerked back, wincing as her nipple pulled free of his pinching fingers. She scrambled away from him, grabbed the throw from the foot of her bed and wrapped it around herself as she all but ran across the room.

“No.” She shook her finger at him when he started to get off the bed. “You stay right where you are. Until you’ve answered my question you’re not touching me again.”

Vance’s brows rose. He stretched languidly, completely at ease with his nudity. His cock, even only slightly aroused, was impressive. *The man was seriously hung*.

Heat crept into her cheeks as his lips tilted up in a slow, sensual smile.

“Stay out of my mind,” she ordered. “My thoughts aren’t for general consumption.”

“Only for mine,” he agreed and winked.

“Are you always so incorrigible?”

“Yes.”

There wasn't an ounce of remorse in his tone. But then again why would there be? The man had probably charmed every person he'd come into contact with since he was a baby.

"Not my cousin Phaeryn," he contradicted with a grimace. He pushed himself up until he was reclining against the headboard, crossed his legs at the ankles and turned serious eyes on her. "You've got questions. Ask them."

Startled, she could only stare at him for a moment. "Do you always get serious so suddenly?"

"When I want something, yes."

"What do you want?"

"You. And since I can't have you until you've asked your questions then ask your questions."

She felt something twinge inside. Guilt? What did she have to feel guilty about?

"You could drop the blanket. I could at least enjoy looking at you while you ask your questions." His expression was sulky, his eyes almost brooding.

She ignored him. If she didn't, she was going to end up right back in bed with him. "Who are you?"

"Vance Fauvian."

"That's not what I meant," she scolded. "Are you a vampire? Did your teeth really grow? You bit me."

"Humans and their myths." He shook his head. "I'm Vampyrin. The vampires of your legends are based loosely, *very* loosely, on my people."

"Vampyrin?" She edged closer to the bed, not even aware she did it.

His dark eyes beckoned. "Vampyr is a night planet. It exists..." He paused. "In another dimension for lack of a better way to describe it."

"You're an alien?" She stepped forward, her eyes wide. That she could almost believe. He'd probably done something to make himself so beautiful, so appealing. Under the human bio-suit he probably had a big head and huge eyes and a small chin.

His expression turned fierce and he glared at her. "Bio-suit? Big head? Small pointy chin? Where do you get ideas like that?"

She couldn't meet his eyes. "*X-Files*."

He grumbled something and crossed his arms over his chest. She noticed his semi-erection had lost some of its starch and had to bite the inside of her lip to keep from smiling. If she needed to tone him down a little bit, she'd bring up the alien conversation again.

"You have other questions?" His tone was icy.

"A bit touchy about your manhood?"

His smile was all teeth but otherwise he didn't respond.

"How did you get into my apartment?"

"I followed you from the coffee shop. When we arrived here I simply followed you inside."

"I didn't see you."

His form blurred and he disappeared.

Gasping, she jumped back and spun in a circle. She pressed a hand to her racing heart and her blanket slipped, baring one breast.

"Lovely." He appeared in front of her. His voice was low and appreciative as his hand cupped the small, firm mound and his thumb stroked her nipple.

"What did you do to me?" She wanted to be firm. Instead her voice was husky and her bones melted at his touch. "You say this thing in my head and I want you so much I'm ready to lie down wherever I am and spread my legs for you. And somehow I'm not afraid of you."

He released her breast, cupped her face and tilted it up to his. "You have nothing to fear from me. You were born to accept my seed and bear my children. Your mind is tuned to mine. What is between us is right and good. Anything we do together is and always will be perfect.

"Yes, my incisors lengthen. And when I bite you your responses increase. The bite of a Vampyrin has an aphrodisiac quality. You're my woman. My mate. Mine." He wasn't going to explain to her yet that his bite also made her more receptive to his seed. That was a conversation better left until later.

"And does that make you mine?"

He nodded as he traced her lips with his thumbs.

Suddenly she felt very afraid. Not of him but of loving him. What if none of this was real? She'd fantasized about uninhibited sex but she'd dreamed of being loved and of loving someone else. What would it be like to feel what she was feeling and wake up to find that none of it was real?

"Can you hold me? Just hold me?"

Vance's heart melted. Tenderness swamped him. He tugged the blanket down and drew her into his arms. He didn't want anything between them. And for the first time in his life, though he wanted her, he wanted something else more. He wanted to comfort and protect her.

He held her cradled against his chest, stroked her back to her buttocks and back up. She was soft and small and while she might not appear perfect to others she was perfect for him.

"It's almost midnight." He pressed his lips to her temple. "Lie in my arms tonight. Not for sex but for comfort. Tonight I just want to hold you."

With a sigh she let him settle them both on the bed. Only three and a half hours had passed since she first saw him. It felt like a lifetime. Who was the docile woman lying in his arms, spooned against him? She

didn't recognize herself.

His hand settled over her breast. He tucked one leg between hers. He nuzzled her hair and enveloped her in his embrace. And she loved it.

"Are you going to be here when I wake up?" Her heart paused. She was afraid to hear his answer. If he wasn't going to be with her she didn't want to know.

"I'll wake you before I have to leave."

His lips brushed her temple as his hand tightened on her breast. *Sleep* .

His voice whispered through her mind and she did as he said.

Chapter Three

Vance held Allison close and inhaled her scent deep into his lungs. She was fresh and warm, a wonderful mix of prude and sensualist. He grinned and squeezed her breast. Satisfaction warmed him as her nipple hardened even in sleep. She'd been horrified that he could pick out the images from her books in her mind. He would have to get copies of some of her more interesting reading. She might not think she wanted to share them with him, but he could convince her it would be fun.

And it would be.

His cock stirred against her bottom and his grin grew into a smile. He wouldn't have looked at her twice if her mind hadn't spoken to his. And what would he have missed?

He moved back, rolled her onto her back and studied her. She was tall and slender, her breasts small and firm. His erection grew as he looked at her. He placed his hand low on her abdomen. Her cunt was tight. When he'd sunk his cock into her she had squeezed him.

He'd loved her on her hands and knees, her bottom presented so enticingly, her secrets exposed to him. He closed his eyes and took a deep breath as her image of taking him in her mouth filled his mind.

Her excitement at the thought had nearly undone him. Imagining her in front of him, his cock sliding in and out of her mouth as she sucked and licked, hardened him to the point of pain.

He traced the fine shadows under her eyes. She was tired but he wasn't going to be able to leave her alone. Not tonight, his first night with her.

He got off the bed, padded to the bathroom and turned on the hot water. Getting a washcloth wet, he wrung out the excess water and washed himself. Next time he'd have her tend him. Squeeze and stroke him as she cleaned him.

Rinsing out the cloth he wrung it out again before padding into the bedroom. She'd curled onto her side. Her hand reached out across the bed seeking him. Warmth grew in his chest. She'd become important to him the moment her mind spoke to his. And each new thing he learned about her increased his fascination

and need to know more about her.

With gentle hands he rolled her onto her back again. Her nipples were incredibly sensitive. His expression darkly sensual, he covered one finger with the terry cloth and rubbed one long, swollen nub and then the other.

Her lips parted and her breath sighed out. Her legs clamped together before relaxing, one knee bending to open her slightly. He increased the pressure, rolling her nipples, watching as they hardened, lengthened, reddened.

She moaned and arched into his rough caress. His incisors lengthened as his cock hardened. He couldn't have asked for anyone more responsive. Teaching her the true pleasure of the acts she'd seen in books and fantasized about would be more erotic than sex with other women.

Her woman's scent grew more potent as he worked the sensitive crests of her breasts. He throbbed, got savage enjoyment from the pain of wanting her. Setting aside the washcloth he stroked her inner thighs with his bare hands, moving them apart as he did. Her silky curls glistened, the folds of her sex wet with her own desire.

“What are you doing?”

Her voice was a husky whisper that shot lust through him.

“I'm looking at you.”

A flush started at her breasts, climbed her chest and neck and into her cheeks. She tried to close her legs but he wouldn't let her. She moved restlessly on the bed but didn't fight.

“Why do men find looking at women so fascinating?”

Vance's smile grew from boyish to wolfish. “We're made that way. Survival of the species is our greatest drive and that's accomplished through sex. Women are built to entice us. Your breasts made to cushion and suckle.” He cupped her, kneading her small mounds.

“Mine aren't much of a cushion,” she complained.

His smile was pure sin. “Yours were made perfectly for me.”

He lowered his head and proved his point. He took one breast in his mouth, his incisors piercing her flesh. Allison bucked against him. Fire streaked through her from where he bit. Her breast swelled, her nipple hardened and deep inside the clenching spasms of release began to build. He treated her other breast to the same exquisite torture.

“I'll fuck you,” he assured her. He touched his tongue to one incisor and she shuddered. “First, though, I'm going to feast on you.”

“Wh...”

He sent her the mental image he'd plucked from her mind. The woman, her legs spread, back arched, head thrown back. The man lying supine between her legs, his tongue red and wickedly long lapping at her glistening folds.

“N-no.” She gasped, tried to wriggle away but he was impossibly strong. She couldn’t do those things. They were just pictures. And she didn’t have torrid affairs.

“But you want to.”

She shook her head but couldn’t lie as she looked into his eyes. He knew what was in her mind and heart. She couldn’t lie to him, couldn’t hide her darkest fantasies.

“You want my mouth on you.”

She nodded, hypnotized by his dark, glittering gaze.

“You want my tongue licking you.”

She nodded again and gasped for breath.

“You want my teeth piercing you.”

Her eyes closed and she arched up. She could feel his words. They were physical, her reaction to them uncontrollable. “Your teeth...” Her voice trailed off. His teeth piercing her. She raised her hands to her breasts, touched where he’d bitten her.

“My bite brings you pleasure.”

She nodded.

“Think how much more pleasure I can bring you.” He stroked one finger down the center of her sex. It was a teasing almost ticklish sensation.

“Tell me you want my mouth here,” he whispered, seducing her with his voice and teasing touch. “Tell me you want my tongue and teeth.”

She tried to draw in a breath. It felt like her chest was in a vise, her heart beating wildly. Her time with him wasn’t real. Right now, with him, she could do anything, be anyone.

Vance watched the restraints melt away. Her eyes, half-fearful before, became sultry, her lips lifted in a smile of pure seduction.

He didn’t argue with her. She thought their time together was limited. He would show her she was wrong later. He was part of her life forever.

“For tonight I want everything.”

“Everything,” he agreed and lowered his head to her waiting heat.

His lips brushed, his tongue stroked, his teeth branded.

Allison moaned, cried out, screamed.

He was everywhere. His mouth on her. His tongue in her. He sucked her clit and her world exploded.

She twisted and bucked. Arched closer, writhed as pleasure peaked.

His teeth pierced.

Her mouth opened but her throat closed. She couldn't breathe. Her heart stopped. Her vision dimmed as silver sparks shot through her peripheral vision.

And still he feasted on her.

He couldn't get enough. She tasted like heaven. She was hot and soft. He entered her with his tongue and she strained toward him. He suckled her clit and she quivered, small moaning sounds breaking from her as her head thrashed and her eyes closed.

He bit her and she froze. Her heart stopped. Her breath stilled.

Fear pounding through him, he started to release her from his bite.

Her body jerked. Her heart pounded. She shook, her body quivering, her muscles unable to respond to the overload of sensation.

He couldn't stop. He had to be inside her. And she was ready for him. More than ready. He released her, rose above her, positioned himself and thrust into her.

She was heat and velvet. Tighter than a fist.

He rode her hard, his cock moving in and out, his rhythm pounding. Her body shook with each thrust. Wet, sucking sounds as he moved inside her, never pulling quite free, were more erotic than any music.

His pelvis slapped against her as his penis rammed deep.

He wanted it to go on forever but couldn't stop his response.

She squeezed.

He thrust.

She moaned low and long.

He groaned, rode her with sharp jerking motions of his hips as he came.

Long minutes later he lay on top of her, spent, his come hot and thick inside her.

"Am I dead?" she asked.

He grinned but didn't lift his head. It was quite possible he would never move again. "You're not dead."

"I could be. I'm pretty sure my heart stopped at one point." She shuddered at the memory. His teeth had pierced her flesh and the world had stopped. Her body had been electrified.

He nuzzled his face into her neck, gave her a sipping kiss. "You're very much alive. I can feel you pulsing around my cock."

“That could be the only part of me that’s alive.”

He tweaked her nipple and it hardened.

“There are other parts of you that are alive, too.”

“Maybe it’s only my erogenous zones that are --”

He crushed her mouth with his. His tongue plundered, dueled and conquered hers. He breathed in, stole her breath and left her panting when he lifted his head.

“Your mouth,” he licked his lips, “is very much alive.” He’d have to remember this most effective way to silence her.

She bristled. “Silence me?”

He shrugged. “It worked.”

She’d show him silence. Until they parted company she wouldn’t say another word to him.

Vance smiled. She was a woman. The chances of her not saying anything for an hour were slim.

She pinched him but kept her lips firmly closed. She wouldn’t give him the satisfaction of talking to him. She had to go to work in -- she glanced at the bedside clock and nearly groaned. Three am. She had to go to work in four and a half hours. Not talking would be simple. She was going to pass out and she’d be too busy getting ready for work to talk after her alarm went off.

Vance rolled them over until she lay on top of him, her legs straddling him, his cock still inside her.

“If you have to go to work tomorrow you’d better sleep,” he muttered grudgingly.

She closed her eyes and rubbed her head against his chest until she found a comfortable spot. Taking a deep breath, she sighed and went boneless against him. She could get used to sleeping with a man. This man. His penis was a thick, heavy weight inside her. His heartbeat against her. He was warm, the fine layer of dark hair on his chest a sensual texture.

“Go to sleep, baby.”

Irritation threatened the peace of the moment. She pushed it away. Morning would be soon enough to explain all the reasons she didn’t like being called baby.

His elbows resting on the bed Vance gripped her hips with his hands. She could tell him he couldn’t call her baby in the morning. And she could explain all the reasons she couldn’t see him again. None of it mattered. She *would* see him again. He *would* spend time with her and they *would* explore more of her sexual fantasies. And soon, very soon, she *would* be his bride.

* * *

At six thirty am the alarm clock blared its usual hideous sound. Allison reached out to hit the snooze button but couldn’t. She was trapped. Hard hands gripped her hips. A hard cock filled her.

Her eyes sprang open and she stared down into the slumberous eyes of the man whose hard cock throbbed inside her. He was real. It had all been real. None of it had been a dream.

She sat up and he let her. She tried to lift herself off him but his hands on her hips held her in place.

“I have to go to work.” Her voice shook. She was swollen and more sensitive than she’d ever been in her life. She wanted to close her eyes and keep the fantasy going. But she couldn’t. She had to go to work and the damned clock kept blaring.

Vance released her, reached out, hit the snooze and immediately grasped her hips again. She wasn’t going anywhere until he was sure she’d be back that night. He could track her wherever she went but he didn’t want to. He wanted her to come to him.

“Ride me.”

Her eyelids drifted down and her hips rolled forward and back. She tightened around him and her nipples hardened. Vance reached between her legs and teased her clit as she rocked forward, her hips rising to lift her along his impaling length.

“You are so tight.” His words were half-sworn, half-praise.

“I have to go to work.” Her head fell back as her hips rocked back and she sank down on his cock. He was huge inside her -- bigger, she’d swear, than he had been the night before.

He stroked her clit, groaning as she rose into the caress. He stole her mind with his touch. She couldn’t think, could only feel.

“Did you ever want to be a cowboy?”

Startled, her eyes flew open. She frowned and stilled her slow grind on him.

“No.”

Vance’s lips twitched but he fought not to grin. She was very literal, and he found that charming. “Did you ever want a horse?”

Her expression turned wistful and he wanted to hug her. As a little girl that look had probably bought her the moon on more than one occasion.

“I wanted a pony. Something I could care for and watch after. Seeing movies like *The Black Stallion* made me wish for a companion like that of my own.”

“Have you ever ridden a horse?”

Frowning, she shook her head.

“Why don’t you practice on me?”

“Practice riding a horse on you?”

Vance smiled. He couldn't help it. How many books had she looked through that dealt with sex? Hadn't she read any of them?

"I want you to ride me. Just like you would a horse. Up and down. Rocking a bit with the motion. Lifting yourself off me, sinking back down to impale yourself on me. *I want you to ride me.*"

Allison's breath caught. She clenched around him. It all sounded so naughty. And so exciting. To ride a man. To be in control of the depth of his penetration, the speed and rhythm.

And she was in the perfect position to do it. Straddling him, his cock already hard and long inside her. Her legs folded on either side of his hips.

Experimentally she rose.

His fingers dug into her hips, warning her she would rise so far and no farther. He wasn't going to let her get away.

She sank back down on him, felt his hard length forge into her and felt a sense of power she'd never experienced before. She loved the control. She wanted the experience to go on forever. He didn't have to worry about her trying to leave. If she could stay on top with him under her, a prisoner to her desire, she would never want to move again.

"Except up and down, taking me deep. Lifting up. Coming back down."

He watched her, fascinated and seduced as her expression went between fierce and dreaming. She took him, squeezed him, rose up until only the thick head of his cock was inside her.

"Faster," he begged. He wanted the fast slide, the hard ride. He wanted her throwing herself on him, frenzied and out of control.

She barely heard him. Her entire focus was between her legs. The heavy drag of his cock as she rose. The building pressure as she sank down forcing him deeper inside, forcing his cock to open her. It was a slow burning she never wanted to end.

Vance's teeth gritted. As she sank down he arched up, slamming himself into her. A low, almost growling sound broke from him.

Allison leaned forward, braced her hands on his chest and lifted herself up again. As she started the slow, burning slide down, he slammed up into her again, his flesh slapping hers.

His hands tightened on her hips, moved her faster. And she moved with him. The heavy rasp of his hard length inside her was what she wanted. Exactly the way she wanted him. Hard and fast.

He reached between her legs. Rubbed her swollen, pulsing clit. She jerked. A cry strangled in her throat as her body tightened convulsively around him.

The deep clenching made Vance's sac tighten. Teeth clenched, he lifted her then pulled her back down as he thrust up. Her cream soaked him. Her muscles gripped and squeezed him.

He lifted her again. Penetrated as hard and fast as he could as he forced her quivering body back down.

He didn't want to stop. He wanted to stay in her forever.

She collapsed on top of him.

He rolled them, his cock locked inside her. Pushing her legs up, bent knees to either side of her chest, he pulled back. Watched his thick length slide out of her. Her labia were puffy and dark in the dawn light. The wet sound of his cock moving in and out reverberated in the room. Her nipples were tight nubs cresting her small firm breasts. Her breasts jiggled with each deep thrust. He loved the uh-uh-uh sound she made each time he slammed home.

She was beautiful. Responsive.

He couldn't hold back. He thrust deep, come spurted from him. He pushed harder against her. Touched her womb. He wanted to be part of her forever.

The alarm beeped a loud raucous sound designed, he was sure, to infuriate as much as to wake.

Allison looked at the clock and groaned. She was going to be late for work and there was nothing she could do about it. She hadn't been late once in the five years she'd worked at the library. Until today.

Vance kissed her left nipple. "Why don't you stay home?"

"I have rent to pay, a car payment. Look, I can't just not go to work."

She pushed against his chest and reluctantly he pulled free of her tight sheath and rolled to the bed beside her.

Allison scrambled off the bed but made the mistake of looking at him. He stole her breath he was so beautiful. Perfectly sculpted features. Broad shoulders. Lean hips. Pecs that made her salivate. Well-muscled thighs and calves. And his penis... His balls...

Taking a deep breath she turned away and tried to keep the pictures from *those* books out of her mind. But it was impossible. As clearly as if it were in front of her she could see Vance standing with his head thrown back. Both hands tangled in her hair. She knelt before him, naked, her legs spread so he could see her. Her breasts were huge, her nipples bright red points jutting from her breasts. One hand cupped his balls; the other grasped his shaft, the end of which disappeared into her mouth.

"When you're done with work we'll try that."

His voice, dark and purring, drove her into the bathroom. She closed the door, locked it and collapsed back against it. And found herself facing a woman she didn't recognize in the mirror.

Who was she, the woman staring back at her?

Tentatively she touched the tangled mass of her hair. It would take days to get all of the tangles out. She touched her red swollen lips. He liked to bite and when he did the sensation was mind blowing. Conscious altering.

One hand went to the curls covering her mound, the other to one breast then the other. He'd bitten her everywhere. He'd licked and sucked and bit. And she'd loved every moment. What kind of woman did that make her? For heaven's sake, the man was a stranger. She knew his name and that was it. He could

be a deranged killer.

She turned away from her own reflection and started the hot water running in the tub. She had a big day ahead of her. Inventory of the new shipment of books. Weeding through the old books for the upcoming sale.

Peeking into her favorite naughty stash before she left.

Determined, she pushed the unwanted thought away. She would go to work, do her job and return to her apartment alone. She'd never indulged in one-night stands but that was what her time with Vance was. One night.

She stepped into the shower, washed her hair and scrubbed as fast as she could. It didn't matter that her night with Vance had been the most amazing night of her life. It wasn't real. He was like a fantasy from one of her books come to life.

Wrenching the water off she stepped out of the tub, grabbed a towel and scrubbed herself dry. She built her list of things to do for the day in her mind and tried to ignore the tender spots where his teeth had pierced.

She winced as the terry cloth rubbed over her left nipple. Her breath caught as she dried her abdomen. Her left thigh was too sensitive to touch. She cried out and dropped the towel when she tried to dry between her legs.

Teeth clenched, chin high, she marched into her bedroom and to the closet. Pushing open the flimsy door she yanked out the first outfit that came to hand. She was not going to let what he'd done to her the night before arouse her this morning. She was a Master's prepared librarian, damn it. She wasn't some sex slave or... or... whatever.

She yanked the red wool top over her head. Whoever Vance really was she would not allow him to interfere with her life. And her job was a big, important part of her life. There wasn't a time she could remember when she hadn't wanted to work with books. And librarian positions weren't exactly easy to come by.

She pulled on gray slacks and fastened them then shoved her bare feet into casual brown loafers.

"Did you forget something?"

Startled, she looked at the bed. She'd swear Vance hadn't moved. But he had to have. He held a pair of her underwear in one hand and her bra in the other.

His smile slow and wicked, he lifted her underwear to his face and rubbed her bra between his fingers.

"If you like them so much, you wear them," she snapped. Grabbing her purse she stormed out of her apartment and slammed the door behind her. If the neighbors wanted to complain, let them. She was tempted to go up and slam the door again. Once wasn't nearly satisfying enough.

* * *

By the end of the day she was ready to slam every door in the library and scream while she was doing it. Furious, with herself and Vance, she shelved books with all the frustrated energy that had been building

all day. If she ever got her hands on him again, she'd kill him. Whatever he'd done to her hadn't stopped when the sex ended. She was one big sexual ache. Her nipples, rubbed by wool, had been hard and throbbing all day. And it wasn't just the wool. They were puffier and more sensitive than they'd ever been before in her life. It had been almost impossible to think about anything but Vance rolling and pinching, tugging, sucking and biting them. She shoved a book into place and slapped it for good measure.

And when she hadn't been thinking about her breasts and nipples she'd been thinking about her --

"Uh, Allison?"

She looked up to find Kerry, a young intern working at the library, watching her with a half-fearful expression. And that made her mad. All day long women and even some men had eyed her like she was dangerous. Of course half of those men she'd caught staring at her breasts.

Taking a deep breath she tried to loosen tense muscles. "What is it, Kerry?"

"The library's locked down. Everyone else is gone. I was wondering if you wanted me to stick around and help with the shelving."

Startled, Allison looked out the windows. The sun was starting to sink, shadows spreading as it lost its hold on the day.

Thank God. The longest day of her life was almost over. She slumped against the shelf. Now all she had to do was survive the evening. Hopefully sleep would take care of the night.

"Go home, Kerry. I'm going to finish this cart then head home myself." Home. To be alone and figure out how to get rid of the ache and urges plaguing her.

"Bye, Allison."

Allison waved though she was sure Kerry didn't notice as she dashed for the door. Turning back to the books she shelved one after the other. She really didn't want to go home. Her apartment would be even more empty than usual after Vance's vibrant presence. Television wouldn't help and a book...

She closed her eyes and grasped both breasts. Feeling the way she did, a book would be worse than useless. She'd be lucky to remember the first words she read. Retaining more than that would be impossible.

She shelved the last two books and stood staring at the shelf in front of her. If she wasn't going to go home, and reading and television were out of the question, what was she going to do?

Her gaze strayed toward the adult section. It was in an alcove that was always closely monitored so that minors couldn't have access. She was already hot and bothered. Reading any of those books would only make it worse. Why would she even think about it?

Resolutely she turned away from the shelf where she'd been working and pushed the cart back to its assigned space. It was time to go home, fix dinner and if nothing else sounded appealing there was always housework. Dishes, laundry, dusting.

She settled the cart in its place. Her gaze drifted back toward the sex books. Just one look. She'd been

so determined to experience everything with Vance. Every secret, exciting, forbidden thing she'd ever fantasized or read about, and she hadn't gotten the chance to do most of them.

Slowly, arguing with herself each step of the way, she walked to the section she'd dubbed forbidden fruit. Chills ran up and down her spine. She looked around. She'd never gotten over the fear of being caught looking at the graphic pictures or reading the explicit text. If anyone ever found her she'd die from mortification. Right then and right there, she'd die.

Another guilty glance around assured her she was alone. She'd only look at one thing. Then she'd get home, do routine things like bathe and do laundry and in a day or two it would be like her night with Vance had never happened.

Chapter Four

Her hand went unerringly to the book she wanted. She hugged it to her chest and walked over to a reading table. Sitting down she carefully laid it on the table. Almost reverently, she stroked her hand over the cover. She would love to have a copy at her apartment where she could look and read without being afraid of being caught. But it would never happen. She'd have to buy the book and she'd never have the guts to do that.

Her heart beat faster as she opened the book. The first image was one she turned to often. The man's penis was buried in the woman's vagina. One of her legs was drawn up so his penetration was plainly visible. She had one arm thrown over her head. The man squeezed her breast, her nipple jutting from the crest of her breast, red and swollen.

Taking a deep breath she nearly groaned as her own nipples rubbed against the wool of her sweater. Flipping through the pages she found the picture she wanted. She pressed one hand low over her abdomen and took long, slow, deep breaths.

It wasn't the pictures that aroused her. Well, it was, but it was the fantasy she'd built around them that made them arousing. A man of her own, someone it would be safe to explore all her fantasies with. Someone who could be a little rough but always tender.

"Someone like me."

Allison screamed, jumped out of her chair and tripped over it as she spun around. Gasping for breath she glared at Vance. "What the hell are you doing in my library? And the doors were locked. How did you get in?" And how dare he show up looking like every woman's dream of a centerfold. Low riding jeans, denim shirt, his long, thick hair tied back with a leather thong. No one had the right to look as sexy as he did.

"Your library? I thought it was a public place?"

"It is. During operating hours. After hours, it's mine."

"And what were you reading that had your heart racing? I can smell your heat. Have you been thinking about me today?"

His dark eyes sparkled. He was dangerously handsome, and she was much too susceptible to him. She couldn't let him see the book. He might pluck the images from her mind but she wasn't going to share them with him willingly.

She turned and grabbed the book off the table.

Vance took it from her with ridiculous ease. He looked at the picture and his eyes grew heavy-lidded. His lips suddenly seemed fuller and she could see the sharp points of his incisors.

He looked her up and down, stripping her. His voice, when he spoke, was lower and more resonant. She *felt* it.

"You've been thinking about me just as I've thought about you." He stepped past her and set the book on the table and opened it to the pages she'd been looking at.

Allison grabbed for the book but he caught her hand in his. "What is it you see when you look at these?" he asked, his voice quiet. His hold on her was unbreakable but gentle. He didn't want to frighten her. He wanted to draw her closer. Her mind was open for him to pick up her thoughts but she didn't trust him enough to open herself to his thoughts. Even though she occasionally picked up his thoughts she denied it to herself.

"I'm going to put that volume away and go home. You're not invited."

With his free hand Vance caressed her soft cheek. "What are you afraid of? Me? Or yourself?"

Allison lifted her face away from his hand and tried to wrench her arm free.

He didn't let go.

"My thoughts. My fantasies. My reading material. That's my business. Not yours or anyone else's. All I want is to be left alone." Didn't he realize how embarrassing it was to be caught with one of those books? *Spinster librarian looks at sexual practice books*. There was a headline.

"You wanted me last night and you want me today," he told her, eyes narrowed.

He looked angry, dangerous. A male animal in his prime and he was claiming her. It was exhilarating to have someone want her. To be the center of a powerful man's attention was something she'd always wanted to experience. But Vance was more than that. If what he said was true, he was from another world. He was a Vampyrin. While a fling with a vampire was one thing, more than that was out of the question.

He'd bitten her more than three times and it hadn't changed her so she assumed that part of the legends was wrong. But what parts were true?

"I have the ability to control space and time in a small way. Because I have some human blood I can be up at dawn and dusk. I can move in shadows. Not just the night. And I mate for life."

"Would you quit answering my questions before I even ask them? Stay out of my mind."

"You're my mate. Reading each other's thoughts is as natural as breathing for us."

“For you, maybe. I haven’t picked up any of your thoughts.” *And if I have my way I never will* .

“And I’m just as determined that one day you will. And I’m used to getting my way.” He wasn’t going to point out the times that she’d read his thoughts and answered without realizing what she was doing.

She’d just bet he was. Gorgeous. Charming. Built like a male supermodel. There weren’t many women and probably not many men who wouldn’t be knocked over by his combination of charm and ruthlessness. “What do you want from me, Vance?”

“Everything.” His voice was as much a caress as the stroking his hand was doing at her neck. Deftly, he pulled the banana clip from her hair and tossed it on the table next to the book. He ran his fingers through the long strands with clear sensual enjoyment.

“Define everything.” She tried to keep her tone hard and angry but it was impossible with him petting her as he devoured her with his eyes. He wanted her. Without games of pretense he wanted her and that was as powerful as an aphrodisiac.

“I want your body.” He looked from her mouth to her breasts to the vee of her legs and licked his lips.

“I want your mind. Our thoughts connected. No secrets. No hiding.

“I want your heart.” His voice dropped and he settled his hand over her heart. “I want you to want me. To need me. To love me.”

“Is that it?” She tried for sarcasm but ended up sounding shaky instead.

His gaze met hers. Direct. Intense. Penetrating.

“No. I want your soul. I want the essence of who you are entwined with the essence of who I am. Two halves of the same whole.”

She shook her head, bewildered. “What you’re talking about isn’t possible. Yes, people can love each other and want and need each other. The rest? That’s something out of a fairy tale.”

“It’s the bond every Vampyrin couple shares.”

“I wish I could believe you.” How wonderful would it be to have someone want her to the exclusion of everyone else? Having a man completely devoted to her, no thoughts of straying, what woman wouldn’t be charmed and seduced by that?

“Why won’t you give us a chance?”

She laughed but the sound wasn’t humorous. “Us? What us? We met yesterday. You broke into my apartment and we had a night of sex. That doesn’t make an us.”

His hand enveloped her breast through wool. “A Vampyrin male always knows his mate. You belong with me.”

“No.” She shook her head but couldn’t stop her body’s response to his touch. In truth, she didn’t want to. “My life is here and I like it. Books. The people I work with. My apartment. Those things are my life.

I belong here.”

“What would it take to change your mind?” He squeezed her breast, working the whole mound.

Her eyes half-closed and her mouth opened on a sigh. She’d wanted his touch all day. “You can’t change my mind,” she whispered.

“Are you willing to let me try?”

She tried to concentrate on what he was saying but the blood pulsing in her ears deafened her. “Try?”

He leaned forward and caught her earlobe with his lips.

She’d never realized the ear was an erogenous zone. She moaned and arched into his hand squeezing and stroking her breast.

“Let me stay and change your mind.”

Her mind cleared a little. “You mean try?”

“Let me stay.”

She didn’t notice it was more an order than request as his teeth grazed her neck making her shiver. “Yes.”

“I’ll be a part of every aspect of your life.” He licked the pulse beating at the base of her neck.

“You can’t be part of my work.” Her protest was weak at best as his hands slid under the hem of her sweater and stroked her stomach, sides and back.

“I won’t interfere with your job,” he agreed. “The rest of your time, though, is mine.”

A voice in the back of her mind told her to protest, to tell him no but she ignored it. She wanted Vance in her life. She wanted what he said to be true. And if it weren’t, she’d take what she could get now. She’d done the proper thing her entire life. Followed the rules, paid taxes. Finished her Master’s degree. Never arrived late to work. She would take this time with him. Not just one night but as many as she could have.

“Show me this book you find so fascinating. Share it with me.”

Heat washed into her cheeks and she hid her face against his chest. “Don’t ask me to do that.”

He caught her chin in one hand, tilted her face up to his and kissed her. His lips were hard, forced hers open. His tongue swept inside and mated with hers. When he lifted his head they were both breathless.

“Show me.”

A thrill raced through her. All the forbidden thoughts. All the things she’d read about, the pictures she’d studied, she’d never thought she would share any of it. It made her vulnerable to him.

She shivered. Moisture gathered between her legs leaving her wet and wanting. She would never have

guessed that vulnerable could be erotic.

With gentle hands Vance led her to the table. He straightened the chair and seated her. He stood behind her, his hands on her shoulders, and looked at the picture the book was open to.

“You thought of that last night.”

She nodded, acutely aware of him towering behind her.

“Do you want to take my penis in your mouth?”

She shivered, closed her eyes and nodded.

“Turn to the front of the book.”

Her eyes flew open and she looked over her shoulder and up at him. “Don’t you want me to take you?”

He squeezed her shoulder. “I want it. But we have all night. I want to look at this book with you first.”

Frowning, she turned back to the page open in front of her. Slowly, she reached out and closed the cover.

“Show me the first picture.” His voice was low and intimate. His hands rubbed her shoulders, moved down her back, massaging. The motion moved the wool over her chest, breasts and nipples. It was a sensual torment that had her rocking in her seat.

Show him the first picture! She was going to come where she sat and he’d barely touched her. She opened the book and turned pages until the first picture lay exposed.

“What do you like about it?” His hands slid into the boat neck of her sweater and he rubbed her bare shoulders and chest.

The contrast of sitting at a study table in the middle of the library looking at sex pictures while a man caressed her made her tingle. “I like the intimacy.”

His hands brushed the sides of her breasts. “You can do better,” he chided. “Does his pinching her nipples leave you cold or make you hot?”

She took a deep breath. “It makes me hot.” How many times had she pinched her own nipples? It had been okay but disappointing too.

His hands settled over her breasts and he squeezed. He rolled her nipples with his thumbs before pinching them between his thumbs and forefingers.

Allison gasped and arched into his hands.

“The way he fills her, stretches her, penetrates her. Can you feel me inside you when you look at the picture?”

She squirmed in her seat, the ache between her legs growing as she grew wetter. “Yes.”

“Show me the next picture.”

Allison almost groaned when she saw the next picture. The man and woman were fully clothed. His hand was on her breast and they were kissing.

Vance released her breasts and pulled his hands from her sweater. Before she could protest he caught the hem and raised it.

“Lift your arms.”

She did as he said and he pulled the sweater off over her head. She shuddered. She loved the feeling racing through her. It was hot and tingly. Her stomach quivered and she grew wetter. She was learning more about herself and she wasn't sure how she felt about what she was learning. She'd always loved looking at the books that made Mrs. Martinson, the head librarian, look sour. But it went beyond that. She loved what she and Vance were doing. The chances of being caught were slim but they were in a public place and sharing one of her books.

She closed her eyes and rocked her hips trying to ease the pressure growing between her legs.

Vance's hands stroked down her arms. He circled her right wrist and lifted her hand. “Turn the page.”

His quiet voice and breath teased her ear.

She turned the page. The woman's top was off; her bra straps pushed off her arms and the cups hanging below her breasts. The man cupped her full mounds and her nipples were hard points.

Vance's hands moved up her arms, down her chest, and he cupped her breasts.

“Look at your breasts. They're like firm little apples. And your magnificent nipples are long and red, plump and tight.”

She looked down and her stomach clenched. His big hands cradled her, dark against her pale skin. Her nipples jutted out just as he'd described them. Long. Plump. Tight. *Red*.

“Turn the page.”

Disoriented, she looked at the book. She knew what came next. Would he follow the pictures? Or would he hold her naked breasts while they looked and the ache between her legs grew?

She turned the page.

The man knelt between the woman's legs, his mouth over one breast.

Vance's hands, warm and dry, their texture slightly rough, moved over her breasts and up her chest. He lifted his hands off her shoulders and she bit her lip. She didn't want him to quit touching her. Ever.

He pulled back her chair.

She jumped, startled.

He pushed her legs apart and knelt between them. “Give me your breast.”

Mesmerized, she leaned forward until her nipple brushed his lips. She shivered as she watched the tight nub caress his lips. His dark hair streamed down his back. His face was flushed, his lips were fuller.

His eyes never leaving hers, he opened his mouth. His incisors, long and sharp, gleamed white in the half-light.

She shuddered as she leaned forward, feeding her breast into his mouth. In the hot, humid cavern of his mouth he licked her, concentrating on the sensitive crest.

She shuddered and cried out as his teeth sank into her breast and he sucked her nipple. Fire raced through her blood. Sensation, hot and sharp, exploded through her. Her nipple throbbed as he pressed and sucked. He released her breast and treated the other to the same sensual play.

Her head fell back, her neck too weak to support it as she moaned. Her hips undulated in the chair. His mouth was magic. His bite made her whole body thrum. He could do anything to her and she wouldn't protest. She was his.

He lifted his mouth from her breast. "Look at how beautiful you are. Swollen nipples crowning the small, flushed mounds of your breasts."

She managed to lift her head and look down just as he cupped her, rubbing her nipples with his thumbs.

A cry strangled in her throat as she arched into him. His touch sent electricity arcing to her vagina. Her muscles clenched. Her body quaked. His bite had primed her for his every touch. Even the brush of his breath against the swell of her breast as he breathed sent frissons of sensation jolting through her. He pinched her nipples, tugged and rolled.

Her inner muscles clamped hard. Her body quaked. The release shook her, left her wet and panting, her eyes unfocused as she stared at the upper mezzanine. Her entire focus was inside.

His fingers manipulated her nipples, drove the storm higher, left her weak and moaning.

Vance wrapped his arms around her and cradled her against his chest as the aftershocks raced through her. When her body calmed, he lifted her away from him. "You were looking at the picture of the woman servicing the man. Is that what you want?"

She closed her eyes, unable to meet his intent stare. *Yes. She wanted to take him in her mouth. She wanted to give him pleasure, to drive every thought from his mind just as he'd done to her. She wanted to taste the essence of life.*

She felt the brush of air as he stood up, heard the rustle of clothing as he removed it and let it drop to the floor. Her imagination filled in other details. The broad expanse of his shoulders. Well-defined pecs and biceps. The flat abdomen. The fine dusting of hair across his chest that arched down the center of his body. His large testicles and long, jutting penis that filled her body and stretched her almost to the point of discomfort.

"It's going to be difficult to do this if you don't look."

She blinked, heat rushing into her cheeks. The reality of him was a thousand times more vibrant and virile than the memory. More than once as she worked she'd thought of him naked, of kneeling before him and

pumping his cock with her hand. She would lean forward and open her mouth wide to take him inside. She would swirl her tongue around him, take him as deep as she could and then try to take more.

And now it wasn't a thought. It was reality. He stood in front of her, naked, his cock hard and jutting from his body.

Slowly, she stood up and pushed the chair back. She sank to her knees in front of him, reached up and touched his hot flesh with trembling fingers. His skin was soft, ridged with veins, his cock hard as steel. It was amazing, he was so big, yet he never hurt her when he plunged into her, forcing her to open and accept him.

“Wrap your hands around it. Squeeze and pump.”

She did as he said. Her fingers closed around him. He filled her hands. She could feel his pulse pounding. His cock jerked in her grasp like a living thing.

Need pulsed between her own legs. She wanted him inside her, out of control. Thrusting hard and fast, his power overwhelming her.

Chapter Five

Vance gritted his teeth. He had never forced a woman to do anything and he wouldn't start now even though his cock throbbed with the need to bury itself in her. Her hands gripped him lightly, more teasing than pleasing. Her mouth was inches from the broad head of his penis, her lips parted. Her eyes were huge in her flushed face. She stared at his penis as if it were a one-eyed monster but he couldn't tell if she was horrified or fascinated. The thought that kept circling in her mind was, “Oh, my.”

He moved his hips, his cock sliding in the ring of her fingers. Her grip tightened and he groaned. “Squeeze him,” he growled. “Squeeze him hard and pump him.” He wanted to drive into her mouth, to watch her cheeks hollow and feel the drag and pull as she sucked and moved on him. He would settle for her hands, today. They would have time to explore further later.

“You've thought and fantasized about this.” He kept his voice low, talked to her mind to mind. If she didn't do something soon, he'd have her on the table, spread open, and plunge his cock into her so fast and hard she'd be branded forever. He wanted to protect and care for her but he wanted to claim her too. And he wanted her to claim him. He craved that.

Her small hands tightened even more around him. She leaned forward and her breath bathed him.

He groaned and his hips thrust forward. His penis bumped her mouth. The sight of her full lips touching him, the feel of her silky flesh on his sensitive skin had him clenching his teeth not to shoot his come right then. She was the most sensual sight he'd ever seen. Her full lips against his cock, her hands holding him tight as if she was afraid he would try to get away.

He reached for her just as her tongue peeked out and licked the head of his cock.

His hips moved back and forth. Her hands pulled on him. His hands clenched into fists in her hair.

His breath hitched. "Take me in your mouth," he half-ordered, half-begged. "Lick me. Suck me. Take me as deep as you can."

Her mouth opened and she tried to take him inside her small mouth.

He winced, his expression one of pain as she screwed her mouth against the head of his cock trying to force it inside.

She pulled back, licked her lips and looked up at him. "Your cock is too big."

He wrapped his hands in her hair and smiled savagely. "Your cunt is tight too but it opened for me. Your mouth can take me too." He was barely in control. Need raged through him. If she didn't take him, it would be too late. He'd be inside her, his come filling her.

Her eyes widened at his crude words. Her nipples seemed to get tighter and darker, engorged as her need grew. She wanted him inside her mouth. Other women did this. She could too.

She opened her mouth. Opened it wider. His cock pressed her lips wider. She rocked her head against him, her eyes closed. Her tongue fluttered against him.

Her mouth closed around him, swallowed him inside. The slurping sounds she made, her tongue working his cock like flame on a log, tightened his penis even more.

Allison tried to take him deeper, pulled back, moved down on him again. His heart beat in her mouth. His cock all but vibrated. She could feel him growing in her hands just as he did when he was inside her just before he came.

She swallowed and licked. She slurped and nibbled with her lips.

Vance couldn't take his eyes off her. Her mouth opening over him, her head bobbing up and down on him as she made her own rhythm.

Hot. Wet. Suction. Sound. Her hands squeezing.

His hands tangled in her hair.

He pumped into her, out of control and yet somehow still gentle.

She gasped, tried to catch her breath, tried to move her head in time with his thrusts. She sucked hard.

Vance groaned. His face contorted. He ejaculated, his cock lodged in her mouth, his heart pounding in his chest.

For long moments they didn't move except for her throat and mouth nursing on him, her eyes closed as the fire in her belly grew. She felt powerful, womanly, exotic. She'd taken him, pleased him, tasted him. And she wanted to do it again.

Vance lifted her hand from his still hard penis. He winced as he pulled out of her mouth, her teeth raking his sensitive cock. She was everything he could ever have wanted. A sexual woman willing to explore and learn. And he had so much he wanted to teach her. She would get better at pleasuring him orally but

tonight her inexperience had been as exciting as the act itself.

He caught her up in his arms, laid her on the table and stripped off her pants. He pushed her legs wide, sank two fingers into her, lowered his head and sucked her clit.

She screamed and bucked against him, her orgasm raging through her.

He wanted more. He wanted her to throb for a week, to feel him even when she walked. His teeth scraped, pierced.

She writhed, her body convulsing, liquid heat pouring from her.

He licked and sucked. He pulled his fingers out of her, licked her moisture from them and sank three fingers deep.

Her breath came in gasping sobs. Her body shook under the lash of his tongue. She couldn't see, couldn't think and didn't care. All she could do, all she wanted to do, was feel.

Vance rose to his feet, pulled her to the edge of the table and pressed her knees to her chest. He grasped his cock, pressed the broad head against her opening and thrust inside.

She cried out, her hips rolling to take him deeper or get away from him he didn't know. But she would never get away from him. He'd claimed her, had branded her with his teeth and had brought her to orgasm with his mouth and cock.

He thrust into her, his rhythm fast, almost brutal. She would come for him again. And again. Her thoughts would never be far from him, day or night. He would own her as thoroughly as she owned him. They were meant for each other and he would prove it to her.

Allison gasped for breath. Her body shook with each pounding thrust. She couldn't move, could only feel. And the feelings were too much. Her nerve endings screamed as her orgasm crested, crested higher, higher...

She felt him come but the hot, liquid feeling blended, became part of the rising wave. He stopped moving, collapsed on top of her, his cock wedged deep inside her. But she couldn't say when he stopped. Her vagina ached as it gripped him tight, the tiny muscles quivering, clenching, exhausted.

He stirred, his cock dragging inside her.

She made weak, mewling sounds and flinched.

Vance looked down at her and his heart swelled. He'd used her harder than he'd ever used a woman and her body trembled with the aftershocks. Her eyes were glazed; her mouth open as she gasped for air yet tried not to breathe too deep.

Tenderness mixed with male satisfaction welled inside him. No other man would ever satisfy her as completely. When she thought about sex, when she looked at her books, he would be the one in her mind. Him and no one else.

He didn't want to leave her wet, clenching, quaking heat but he needed to get her home. If she was going to walk in the morning, she needed a hot bath and gentle care.

He would soothe her with his mouth until she slept and keep sucking her to pleasure himself while she slept. He would claim her so completely she would know clear to her soul that she belonged with him.

He pulled out of her and she glared at him as her body started spasming again. He tried to look contrite. He really did. But from her narrowed eyes and tight lips he must not have pulled it off.

“It’s time we were home,” he said as he lifted her into his arms.

She rolled her eyes. “If you think there’s any way I can dress myself, you’re crazy. And driving? I don’t think I could walk two feet.”

“You don’t have to drive or dress. Just wrap your arms around my neck.”

“And what? You’ll wriggle your nose and we’ll just be there?”

“Not quite.” He smiled and the room disappeared. Light flashed by, images, faces, they blurred and ran together. Before she could take a deep breath Vance was standing in the bathroom of her apartment.

“I don’t suppose you want to explain how you did that.” She wasn’t really sure she wanted to know. He was different enough already without adding to it.

“There’s a technical explanation. Folding space and time. Dimensional shifts. It’s an ability Vampyrn children are born with.”

“Good Lord. How do their mothers handle that? They could be anywhere at any moment. Are heart attacks common among Vampyrn mothers?” She couldn’t imagine having a child who could travel the fourteen miles from the library to her apartment in the blink of an eye. When she had children they would be nice and normal. The only way her children would get anywhere was to walk or run.

Anger flared deep in Vance’s belly. He wanted to shake her. She was his mate. The only children she would be having were his. And that made them Vampyrn.

“Why aren’t you afraid of getting pregnant,” he demanded.

“I’m on the pill.”

“Why?” Had she been thinking of having sex with someone? Who was he?

“My periods have been so irregular the doctor put me on them to regulate my hormones.”

Anger and jealousy transitioned into fear. “What’s wrong?” he demanded. She looked healthy. Thin, but healthy. And she had lots of energy and stamina. It couldn’t be anything serious.

“Heredity and a type A personality.”

Relief quickly turned to determination. “We’ll work on relaxing and slowing down. Your health isn’t something I’ll risk.”

Allison wasn’t sure whether to be indignant or charmed at his concern. She shivered as another aftershock raced through her. Emotions of any kind took too much energy. All she wanted to do was

sleep.

“You need to soak in a hot bath before you go to bed.”

She shook her head. “I’ll set the alarm early and bathe in the morning.”

Vance set her on the commode and cupped her sex. “Sore?”

She winced and slapped his arm. “You know I am.”

“Do you want to go to work tomorrow?” He turned on the water in the tub, adjusted the temperature and set the stopper.

Chin raised, she glared at his back. “I am going to work tomorrow.”

“If you want to be able to walk, I suggest you soak. I worked you hard tonight.”

A thrill chased up her spine. She wasn’t used to such blunt talk. It was unsettling and strongly arousing. And what she didn’t need right now was to be aroused.

When the tub was full, Vance turned off the water. He lifted her off the commode and laid her in the tub.

The hot water stung her sex. She almost jumped out, would have if he hadn’t held her there.

She swore and glared up at him. “Let me go.”

He just looked at her, his expression neutral.

“If this is how the sex is going to end, tonight’s our last night.”

Vance ignored the spark of anger her words ignited. She was tired, her body was still responding to sensation overload.

As the soreness eased she leaned back against the tub and sighed. He’d been right about the bath but she wasn’t going to tell him that. His ego was already oversized.

Vance grinned. He leaned forward and kissed her forehead. “As long as you know I’m right that’s what counts.”

Her eyes popped open. “Stay out of my head.”

He kissed her pouty lips. “Just relax and soak. I’ll get our clothes from the library and be back in a few minutes.”

Allison groaned and sank deeper in the water. She covered her hot face with her hands. “If Mrs. Martinson found my clothes and yours, I’d lose my job.”

He lifted her hands from her face and kissed her again. “I’ll get our clothes. Don’t worry about your job.”

“Thank you.”

He smiled and stroked her face. "I protect what's mine."

Before she could yell he disappeared.

She slapped the water. "Protect what's yours. I'm not yours, damn it. I don't belong to anyone but myself."

Well, she wasn't going to change his mind. Especially when he wasn't here. She leaned back in the tub and with yet another sigh closed her eyes. What he thought really didn't matter. She would enjoy the time she spent with him and when it ended she would walk away without regrets.

Exhausted by their lovemaking, lulled by the hot water, soothed by her own thoughts, she drifted to sleep.

* * *

Six months later she found herself in the same situation. A feeling of déjà vu enveloped her, poignant and strong. She couldn't believe Vance had been part of her life for that long.

They'd shared another of her books at the library after closing. She sank lower in the water as memories replayed in her mind.

Vance had caught her studying a fascinating image. A woman standing though bent over holding her ankles as the man held her hips and fucked her from behind.

They'd looked through many of those books together but he'd been particularly forceful tonight and she'd liked it. Heat flooded her cheeks as she relived the evening.

He'd stripped her, told her what to do, and she'd done it.

"Put your hands over your head and grasp the top bookshelf."

She stretched up almost on tiptoe to do as he said. The books and shelves against her breasts, stomach, abdomen and thighs were cold. She tried to step back but he crowded her forward.

He radiated heat. He stroked her back, squeezed the round globes of her bottom. He stroked down the curve and between her legs.

"You're always wet for me, aren't you?"

His whispered words sent a shiver down her spine as he stroked her labial folds. He sank two fingers into her and her hips rocked back and forth as much as they could with her stretched against the bookrack.

"Habit and training. Every time you touch me is magic. You bite me and I'm ready to come right then."

His teeth grazed her neck as his fingers pumped into her. His other hand glided over her hip, down her abdomen and between her legs. She jerked as he rubbed her already throbbing clit.

“You were made for me but you don’t believe that, do you?”

She shifted in the tub, water slapping the porcelain. She’d been so caught up in the sex she hadn’t realized he sounded sad.

His fingers stroked and plunged as his teeth pierced her neck.

She shook with her release. Her hands clenched on the shelf above her head. Her nipples jutted against the books. Her pleasure was a tangible wetness between her legs.

“One more night. I’ll have you in every way, one more night.”

Her eyes wide, Allison sat up sloshing water over the side of the tub. What did he mean “one more night”?

He lifted her against him, half-walked, half-carried her to a metal stand used for displays. He knocked the plastic display to the floor and bent her over the small table.

She gasped and tried to straighten, the cold metal almost painful against her hot skin.

“For tonight, trust me.”

She got out of the tub, pulled the stopper and grabbed a towel. What had he meant? *For tonight, trust me*. She trusted him every night. There hadn’t been one night in six months that she hadn’t spent in his arms. She could count on one hand the number of nights they hadn’t had sex.

“*Grasp the legs of the table.*”

She did as he said, wincing and shivering. Her nipples were hard as pebbles.

He pushed her feet apart and petted her sex. “Even if we had a million years, I couldn’t convince you of how beautiful I find you.”

“Even if we had a million years?” She paused in rubbing the towel over her arms. Her heart stuttered then started to race. Something was wrong.

He pressed and rubbed her clit, beginning the push to make her orgasm again. Then she felt the head of his cock against her entrance. She shuddered, tried to push back, but his hands on her hips held her immobile.

“Tonight is my turn. I want the memory of you naked and open to me, trusting me even when you’re most vulnerable.”

His words heightened her excitement. She was wet and open and she wanted him.

“But tonight is about what I want.” He was hard as stone against her. “You want me, too.”

“Yes.”

He thrust into her. Hard. Fast. Pure power. His hips pistoned against her, the friction a burning, building pleasure.

She came, gasping and shaking at the force rolling through her.

His thrusts became more powerful. He, somehow, sank deeper. He filled her fuller.

Her third orgasm made her scream.

“Only I will ever make you scream. No other man could ever touch you and make that happen.”

He grunted as he pounded against her, into her. She held onto the table legs, the small table the only thing keeping her upright. Her inner muscles milked and squeezed his hammering length.

“You would have loved Vampyr.”

She stared at her own pale reflection in the mirror. Her body quivered with remembered passion but fear was growing in her mind.

He arched into her, his penis growing impossibly thicker, longer. She gasped, had no breath to scream as her orgasm crested higher. She closed her eyes against the black stars exploding in her vision.

He thrust into her, his cock wedged deep. She felt the pulse travel from the base to the head of his cock. He ejaculated hot, thick come inside her.

She shook as sensation exploded along her raw, exposed nerves.

He collapsed over her, his chest heaving. “I wanted my seed to take root inside you. I wanted forever.”

Wrapped in a towel Allison sank to the bathroom floor. He was leaving. Pain stabbed through her chest. She couldn't breathe. Her eyes burned but were dry. How could she have lied to herself all these months? He did mean something to her. He meant everything.

She pulled her knees to her chest and collapsed over them. Hot. Burning. Unrelenting. Pain. She was dying. Not physically, God help her. Emotionally. And she'd made the wounds herself. All Vance had ever done was care for and cherish her.

Images raced through her mind.

Vance taking her to dinner. Holding her and wiping away her tears when she cried during a Hallmark commercial. Laughing as he caught a toddler racing wobbly away from his parents. Sharing with her his love of children. His love of her.

Tears filled her eyes and flooded down her cheeks. What had she done for him? She'd given him her body, shared her sexual fantasies and reveled in every physical moment they'd spent together.

But she hadn't opened her heart.

A fling with a vampire was one thing, more than that was out of the question.

“I haven't picked up any of your thoughts.” And if I have my way I never will.

She couldn't imagine having children who could travel miles in the blink of an eye. When she had

children they would be nice and normal.

Her own words and thoughts taunted her. And weren't her thoughts the same as words to him? Air washed over her as he appeared in the room but she didn't look up.

"Allison? What is it? Are you hurt?" He lifted her in his arms, rushed into the bedroom and laid her on the bed. He pulled the towel away and searched for injuries.

She caught his hands and pressed them to her chest. Through eyes blurred with tears she stared up at him. "You're leaving me."

"I have to return to Vampyr." *I couldn't miss the birth of Phaeryn and Kayla's first child.*

"Couldn't you take me with you? I wouldn't interfere with your celebration for your cousin." She didn't want to beg but she would. She wanted to be with him.

"It's not a matter of interfering. You --" Vance's words trailed off. *She couldn't know about the baby's birth. I haven't told her.*

She frowned. "You just did."

Vance closed his eyes and bowed his head. For the first time in his life he felt the sting of tears in his own eyes. She loved him. He'd known that for a long time. Finally, though, she accepted him. Alien though he was, with abilities she didn't understand and that he would pass on to their children.

"I want your children." Her voice sounded shy and hesitant, not at all like her.

He drew in a deep breath and looked up.

She gasped at the fire blazing in his eyes.

"You'll throw away that round box of reprehensible little pills?"

"Reprehensible little pills?" She glared up at him and tried to push his hands away from her chest. "I'll have you know those reprehensible little pills are responsible for preventing hundreds -- thousands -- of unwanted pregnancies every year."

Vance grinned and grabbed her, pulling her against his chest, and hugged her tight. "That's not something we're worried about anymore, is it?"

"No." She wanted to feel his child growing in her.

"I'll enjoy putting it inside you." He pulled back and looked down and wriggled his eyebrows at her.

She couldn't help but smile back.

"And you'll love Vampyr. It's the perfect place to raise children."

"No." Her smile disappeared. She would not live on an alien planet. Visit it, yes. Live there? Absolutely not.

Vance smirked. He'd convinced her to love and trust him. He'd convince her to live on Vampyr with him.

"Don't bet on it," she snapped.

Laughing, Vance snatched her off the bed and whirled her around the room.

Allison wrapped her arms around his neck and held on. Tenderness mixed with love welled up inside her. She would do anything for him. But she wasn't going to tell him that. His head was already big enough.

Vance just smiled as he laid her back on the bed and covered her with himself. Where they lived really didn't matter as long as they were together. And he wasn't going to tell her that, either. At least not out loud.

Allison shook her head. "It's a good thing I love you."

Vance's expression sobered. "Yes. It is." His eyes traced every line of her face and his expression brought tears to her eyes. And when he kissed her, she knew she was loved.

Stalker's Stalker

Mya has *heard* him for years in her mind. A whisper of need. A summoning. Yet when she wakes there is no one there and no way to find him.

Angelo has touched the mind of the woman who could be his. Her lure is strong but he refuses to bite. He won't bind a woman to the being he has become.

But Mya has other plans. The man of her dreams -- the only man for her -- won't come to her so she will find him. And once she does she'll chase him until he catches her.

Angelina Evans

Romance. Who can live without it? Certainly not Angelina Evans.

Born, raised and still living close to the Canadian border, she enjoys visiting her neighbors to the north when she's not busy writing. Writing has been a part of Angelina's life since she could first string words together. Seeing her books in print is a dream come true. Her sincerest wish is that readers will enjoy reading her stories as much as she enjoys writing them.

Angelina loves to hear from her readers -- you can contact her at angelinaevans1@yahoo.com

