



Virgin Daiquiri

A LAST CALL STORY

MOIRA ROGERS

Changeling Press

Last Call: Virgin Daiquiri

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Caitlin Carlson, the only non-witch in the powerful Dumitrescu line, needs to lose her virginity, and fast. A family legend about a pure soul with prophetic visions has put her first in line for a good, old-fashioned sacrifice, and visiting Last Call seems like the perfect way to head off her one-way trip to the altar. Buy a drink, go upstairs, have sex. Simple.

Virgin Daiquiri: Looking for a first lover.

Being a demon isn't as easy as it used to be, especially with the dwindling number of corruptible souls in the twenty-first century. Luckily for Leofric, he's never been particularly concerned with corrupting enough innocents to earn a promotion off of the mortal plane. But when a virgin wanders into Last Call and stirs up competition among the younger demons, Leo finds himself tempted to rethink his stance on mixing a demon's business with a woman's pleasure.

Chapter One

Caitlin Carlson swore when an overly enthusiastic dancer stepped off the floor and into her. Her vodka tonic splashed across the front of her blouse, plastering the thin fabric to her chest. "Terrific," she mumbled. Oh, well. A see-through shirt might draw some attention when she ordered her next drink.

The plain font on the menu in her hand stared mockingly up at her. She could order from the special house menu, let everyone know what she wanted, but it didn't guarantee anyone would be interested in taking her upstairs.

At least I'd get a free drink out of it, she thought grimly and climbed the steps leading to the central bar. She'd teased Ben once, telling him that a complimentary drink was a poor consolation prize if you'd come to the bar looking for a night of hot sex, but he'd just laughed. *Probably because it almost never happens... please don't happen now.*

She waved to Bernie, the bartender, whose friendly smile melted into alarm as he caught sight of the menu in her hands. When she stepped up to the bar, he gave her a stern look. "You'd better be up here to chat, girl, because I know you didn't wait until Ben was out of town to come into his bar and serve yourself up on a platter."

Caitlin rolled her eyes and laid the menu on the bar. "Ben gets weird about it, but what's the worst that could happen? We both know this place is warded to hell and back. It's not like anyone's going to *hurt* me." She stopped talking when she realized she sounded like she was trying to convince herself. "Virgin daiquiri, please."

"Caitlin, come *on*." Bernie braced two large hands on the counter and leaned down until he was face to face with her. "Honey, this is not the place you go to lose your virginity unless you're the kind of magical that could kill your partner. And you're not."

She leaned in, too. "I'm the prophesied daughter of the goddamned Dumitrescu family, Bernie. Whoever has sex with me first is going to piss off a whole line of dark witches. You think that couldn't kill someone?"

"Ben's going to be back in a week. Maybe less. And I thought you had another year before the big mystical planetary alignment or whatever."

That had always been the theory, but a dream that hadn't quite been a dream had told her differently. Even now her family was gathered somewhere, arguing over whether or not they should play it safe and wait out the year, or follow a more dangerous path that would leave her dead inside a month. Time was running out, and so were opportunities. She'd snuck past her family's vigilant guardianship tonight with luck and her ability to see the future, but after tonight...

She met Bernie's eyes. "You really want to argue with a psychic about how much time she's got left?"

He hesitated just long enough for her to know she'd won. His gaze slid past her to the floor, and she imagined he was sizing up the men, wondering if any of them could be trusted with her. "Ben's going to kill me," he muttered as he reached up without looking and pulled down a clean glass. "He's going to kick my ass up one side and down the other."

"If he tries," she said smoothly, "you send him to me, and I'll remind him it could be worse. I could still qualify for black magic sacrifices."

She pulled out a credit card and glanced around as he mixed the slushy drink. People were staring already; they always did when someone ordered from Bernie. She supposed they liked to speculate about what people wanted. What they needed.

If they might be able to give it to them.

Caitlin shivered and tugged at the hem of her skirt. It was too short, even for someone of her scant height, but she hadn't wanted to look like a stereotypical virgin, even if she *was* one.

Damn Ben, anyway. If he hadn't gone and found the love of his life, Caitlin could have eventually worked up the nerve to ask him to do the honors. But he had, and she

couldn't fault him for that. Only now she was stuck finding some stranger to... deflower her? Make her a woman?

She giggled and snorted, then took a deep breath. Three vodka tonics had perhaps been too many, but she'd needed them. She'd sip her daiquiri and wait until someone appropriate came along. She'd be choosy but not picky, and clear about the rules.

It would be fine.

* * *

Leo knew she was a virgin. He knew it before Bernie's voice cut through the music and announced that the cute little brunette at the bar had ordered a virgin daiquiri. Seventeen hundred years on Earth had given him some finely-honed instincts, but he didn't think there had ever been a time when a virgin psychic hadn't stirred the magic inside him. He was, after all, a demon.

And probably the only one in the bar who didn't get hard at the thought of corrupting the woman. The half-dozen demons in Last Call were already winding through the crowd, intent on out-maneuvering each other to win the prize at the bar. Their excitement crackled through the crowd as an undercurrent only another demon could feel, and the whole thing made Leo feel just a little bit old.

Then again, he *was* old. Most demons corrupted their way to a higher -- well, *lower* -- plane well before five hundred years had passed. He'd never understood their desire to leave Earth, not even in the tumultuous years before modern conveniences. And now...

Life as a filthy rich playboy suited Leo. He liked the willing women and the satellite cable and life in a world of both light and dark. And he really liked enjoying sex because it was fun, and not because he'd get frequent corrupter miles that could be traded in for favors from the evil powers.

So he told himself he wasn't interested in the hot little number at the bar, even if he was already halfway to hard and admiring the way her too-short skirt bared a gorgeous expanse of leg.

But he wasn't interested in her. He wasn't.

A bar regular -- Michael, he remembered -- whistled as he walked over. "Bernie's calling an SOS. Says the Virgin Daiquiri is a friend of Ben's, and it's up to you to make sure she doesn't take a demon upstairs."

Being the oldest demon in the northern hemisphere did have its disadvantages, like being expected to keep the rest of them in line just because they were terrified of him. Leo sighed and glanced at the bar, where the huge bartender was watching the approaching wave of demons with a determined look. "None of them will harm her," he felt compelled to point out. "Place is too well warded for that. Worst they can do is whisper some dirty promises in her ear, and Ben can straighten her out later."

The woman surveyed the bar patrons with an almost defiant expression. Her dark eyes met his and widened for a split second before she turned away quickly.

Michael eyed the demons circling the dais. "Who is she? Do you know?"

She did look familiar, but Leo couldn't put his finger on why. "Not a clue. I suppose I should find out, though. For Bernie's sake." *Yeah, Bernie's sake.* It was as good an excuse as any.

Two demons hurried out of the way as he approached the bar, both casting him annoyed looks that were as close to insolent as they would get. Leo ignored them and took the steps two at a time. "What's going on, Bernie?"

Before the bartender could answer, the woman -- who barely came up to his shoulder -- cleared her throat. "Excuse me. Bernie is trying to be subtle about this, and I'm sure you will be, as well, but... Could you both just please mind your own business so I can take someone upstairs and lose my damn virginity?"

Leo pretended to ignore her even as his body vibrated from her proximity. "What's got her so hot to get a man between her legs?"

Bernie grimaced, and the brunette arched an eyebrow at Leo. "I like the prospect of making it impossible for my family to kill me and ratchet up their delicious evil powers." Even as her lush red lips formed the words, she hooked a hand into his belt and pulled him closer. "It makes me hot."

Distracted as he was by her mouth, he didn't notice her lift her glass. He didn't notice anything, actually, until she smiled and poured the frozen drink down his pants.

The music didn't stop, but all movement on the dance floor did. The regulars of Last Call caught their collective breath and watched as Leo stood frozen in place while fruity slush dripped down his legs.

It really should have killed his erection, and he was more than a little pissed off when it didn't. If anything, he was harder than ever. But then, he'd always been a sucker for a challenge.

And she was apparently a good one. The mention of virgin sacrifice meant she belonged to one of the prominent magical families that dominated New York, fighting meaningless little battles to gain the slightest advantage. But human sacrifice was the darkest of all magics, and someone with that sort of blood would never have made it through Last Call's wards, unless...

Leo glanced at Bernie again and lowered his voice, hoping to keep his words from any members of the gawking crowd who happened to possess superhearing. "She's the Dumitrescu girl, I take it?"

"I am," she answered, holding out her hand as though she hadn't just dumped a drink on him. "Caitlin Carlson."

She was a little bit insane, and it was making him hot. He took her hand and teased his thumb along the backs of her fingers in the slightest caress. "Caitlin Carlson. Do you know why everyone's staring at you?"

Her bland expression didn't change, but he felt the slight shiver that ran through her. "Because they figured out my identity before you did?"

"Because you just dumped a frozen drink down the pants of a seventeen-hundred-year-old demon." He turned her hand over and traced his finger along her palm. "Luckily, all of the rest of the demons salivating over you are scared sick of me. Ben considers me a tolerable sort of fellow and fairly trustworthy. So if you're determined to go upstairs, you should bring me with you."

She pulled her hand free of his with a laugh. "Then you must be Leofric." Her gaze roamed over him, and the corner of her mouth tugged up into a smile. "Ben's right. You look like a surfer. Bernie?"

Bernie started a little and cleared his throat. "Tall, blond, built. Surfer, sure."

"Not that." Caitlin held out her hand.

He made a noise somewhere between a sigh and a groan, but he reached under the bar and retrieved a key card. "Why couldn't you have pulled this stunt while Ben was in town?"

"Because destiny is complicated." With those cryptic words, she plucked the card from Bernie's fingers and headed for the back steps, toward the elevators.

Leo shrugged at Bernie and flashed him a grin. "I'll be good, man. Last thing I want is to get kicked out of my favorite hangout."

"Sure, I'll tell Ben that when he comes for my head."

"You do that." Leo winked and strode past the bar, still trying to convince himself he was only going upstairs to save the girl from herself.

It was such bullshit even he didn't believe it.

* * *

Caitlin's hand shook so badly it took her three tries to call the elevator. She dealt with practitioners of black magic every day, but demons were beyond her realm of experience. She tried to stay far away from dark magic as a rule, and demons were about as dark as you could go.

A moment of doubt shook her. Was she mistaken about her vision? Usually, her precognition was reliable, and it had led her to Last Call tonight. The dream had been clear -- a room, Caitlin, and a man above her.

What she hadn't realized was that the tall, buff and naked man in her dream was a centuries-old demon. *Mistaken identity?*

If so, she'd be screwed, in more ways than one.

He stepped up behind her as the elevator car dinged its arrival. The doors slid open, and she felt a warm, gentle hand at her back. "You sure you want to go through with this?"

"I'm sure." Caitlin didn't want to talk about this being the only way to ensure her safety, didn't even want to think about it. She boarded the elevator and slid the key into the panel. "You coming?"

"Mmm, if you let me." He gave her a wicked smile and followed her into the elevator, where he leaned against the wall and studied her. He didn't speak again until the doors closed. "Are you scared of what you're going to do? Or are you scared of me, of what I am?"

"I'm scared of a lot of things." She shrugged and tried to ignore the stab of heat his smile sent through her. "You're the least of my worries at the moment, if that helps."

He pushed off the wall and moved toward her, slow enough to give her plenty of time to avoid him. When she held her ground, his smile widened and he braced one hand against the wall next to her head. "Am I? I'm not sure if I should be relieved or a little bit insulted."

Caitlin swallowed hard and focused on the strong line of his jaw. "Considering most of my worries want to kill me, I recommend relieved."

"Yes, and that's my problem." One warm finger slid under her chin, coaxing her head back until she had to meet his gaze. "I don't make it a habit of going to bed with unwilling women. And I'm not sure this counts as willing, when the alternative is death."

She laughed because she wanted to moan. "That's cute. And terribly condescending. If you're that worried about it, I suppose we can go back downstairs and I can find someone with more flexible sexual morals."

"Condescending?" His hand landed against the wall on the other side of her head, leaving her trapped as he leaned down until his eyes were level with hers. "You like pushing your luck, don't you?"

She'd lived every day in more danger than the demon before her presented; Caitlin knew it on a visceral level. "Is that what I'm doing? The way I see it, I *have* decided. I came here instead of picking up some schmuck off the street. And I'm not..." She felt her calm, vaguely amused façade crack a little. "I'm not unwilling."

His lips almost touched hers, then retreated. "Your body's not. What about the rest of you?"

She caught herself following his mouth as it moved further away. That he could weave a spell over her so easily was shocking. "For someone who's supposed to get off on corrupting innocents, *you* seem rather unwilling."

The elevator coasted to a stop, and Leo straightened with a lazy chuckle that heated her blood. "You don't know much about demons, do you?"

"No. Most of the evil I see is of the human variety." She snatched the key card and checked the room number as she hurried out of the elevator. "Five-twelve. Know where it is?"

"End of the hallway. Last door on the right." She hadn't heard so much as a footstep to indicate he'd followed her, but his voice came from just behind her left shoulder. "Demons aren't inherently evil, you know. We're not scared of holy objects, we're encouraged to take the Lord's name in vain as often as possible, and there's even one demon in New York who volunteers at a church soup kitchen. Most of us have our vices, I admit, but just because our job is to corrupt and cause chaos, it doesn't mean we all do it with equal enthusiasm."

"I stand corrected, then." He was tall and broad through the shoulders, and it felt like he took up the entire hallway. "Where do you fall on the spectrum? Love your job or hate it?"

"Neither. I just flat-out don't do it. Work's a drag. I'd rather play."

Yet here he was, about to spend at least part of his night guiding a nervous virgin through her first sexual encounter. Caitlin wrinkled her nose at him as she opened the door. "Then what are you doing up here with me? There are plenty of better playmates downstairs."

"Sex is fun." He touched her lower back again and nudged her over the threshold. "You're hot. And it's been a few hundred years since someone dumped a drink on me on purpose." The door closed behind them with a soft *click*. "Of course, that means I need a shower first. Fruity drinks are sticky."

Guilt and mortification nearly overwhelmed her. "Sorry about that. Uh, take your time. I'll wait. Or did you..." She cleared her throat and nodded toward the bathroom door. "Did you want to just do it in the shower?"

Leo studied her, his green eyes unreadable. Then he tilted his head to one side. "You can join me in the shower, but I'm not going to fuck you there."

Frustration stabbed through her, but Caitlin just tugged her shirt over her head. "Why not?"

His gaze dropped to her chest, and he smiled as he leaned down to pull off his boots. "Because a shower's a lousy place to lose your virginity. You've been watching too much porn."

"The virginity is technical." *Don't blush, don't you dare blush.* "Just because I've never had a man inside me doesn't mean I'm... untried."

"Uh-huh." When he was barefoot, he padded across the room in the direction of the bathroom, discarding his shirt along the way and leaving her with a breathtaking view of gorgeous shoulders and a smooth, muscled back. "I'm not a mortal man, cutie pie. If anything in your underwear drawer could compare, demons wouldn't get laid so much."

Even in her skirt and bra, she forgot to feel self-conscious as she followed him. "Are all demons as conceited as you, or does it come with age?"

He spun without warning, and she almost collided with his bare chest. His belt already hung open, and he unbuttoned his pants as she watched. "I'm not conceited. I really *am* that good."

Caitlin bit her tongue until it bled to keep from whimpering. She'd planned on approaching the loss of her virginity with practicality, as something that had to be done,

and might as well bring a bit of pleasure. She hadn't dared to hope for the kind of transcendent ecstasy he promised.

The prospect made her wet, and she realized she was staring at his hands and the hard outline of his cock through his daiquiri-soaked pants.

Caitlin jerked her gaze back up to his face. "Okay, you might be that good. Just in case, though, I think I'll go ahead and start. Enjoy your shower." She turned on her heel and stomped out of the bathroom, desperate to get out before she embarrassed herself by grabbing him.

Chapter Two

For one second, Leo considered the possibility that being covered in melted daiquiri might not be so bad. Not if Caitlin was about to shuck her clothes and start a show.

Of course, if he moved fast enough, he could be clean *and* enjoy the show. The thought of her naked on the bed with her fingers between her legs was enough to get him moving. He cranked on the water and got out of his clothes in record time, entertaining himself by trying to imagine what sorts of noises she'd make, and how her face would look.

Now who's been watching too much porn? he chided himself. His instincts about women were usually accurate, and Caitlin's bravado was too forced to be real. If he knew women -- and he did -- she'd still be clothed when he got out of the bathroom. Or, if she was naked, she'd be wrapped in a sheet or hidden under the blankets.

She sure the hell wouldn't be re-enacting a pay-per-view porn special.

With that in mind, he paused to wrap a towel around his waist when he climbed out of the shower, figuring she might need a few moments before being confronted with an aroused demon in all his considerable -- and immodest -- glory.

He found her propped against some pillows on the bed, the covers drawn tightly across her breasts. She stared at him, her eyes wide, and the flush that colored her cheeks spread over her chest, too. She'd laid a single condom on the nightstand, and she offered him the remote control for the stereo. "Do you want some music?"

Skittish, at least, he knew how to handle. He might not seek out virgins, but he hadn't confined himself to experienced women, either. Leo let his fingers brush her hand as he took the remote and set it aside. "You still sure you want to do this? You don't have to, you know. Hell, between us, I bet Ben and I could figure out a way to

keep you safe from your family." The words escaped without thought, which might be something he needed to worry about. Later.

Caitlin ignored his words and eyed the towel. "I'm not some shrinking violet who's going to faint at the sight of your cock." When he sat on the edge of the bed, she dropped the sheet, revealing full breasts tipped with dark nipples that tightened under his gaze. "Should I kiss you now?"

He left the towel in place and stretched out beside her, indulging himself with one admiring look at her luscious curves before returning his attention to her face. "I think I'm going to kiss you instead."

She licked her lips and laid her hand on his cheek. "You're gorgeous. How many times have you heard that in the last seventeen hundred years?"

Her brittle mixture of nerves and bluster had to be getting to him. It was the only reason words he'd heard thousands of times could possibly feel different. Or maybe it was the power in her body, the faint tinge of destiny that probably came along with being the much-awaited child of a dark prophecy.

Or maybe he just really, really wanted to touch her.

He smiled and turned his head to press a kiss against the palm of her hand. "You're gorgeous yourself. And since you've undoubtedly had men trying to crawl into your pants for several years, how about we clarify the technicalities of your virginity? Just so we're both on the same page?"

She hesitated and then grinned wryly. "I've been kissed, but that's it. All my other sexual experience has involved creative shopping destinations."

"Creative, hmm?" He'd been in this room before, and knew he'd find any number of creative accessories in the discreet bedside table, not to mention the vast selection in the cabinet nestled up against the wall. Things that could be interesting, once he'd gotten her riled up and panting for it, once she was begging...

First things first, man. She looked like she was about to reply, so he cut her off with a kiss. Not a chaste kiss, but not too aggressive, either. Just enough to see how she'd respond.

She stayed still for an endless moment and then curled her hands over his shoulders with a soft moan. Her lips parted just as she tilted her head, and her tongue searched for his, eager and a little clumsy.

He took his time kissing her. It would have been easy to use his magic, to slip into her thoughts and pluck every desire from her head, but Leo had always had more fun figuring out a woman's fantasies the long way.

So he kissed her, kissed her until her moans had given way to whimpers, then lifted his head and traced his lips along her jaw. He moved his hand to her bare stomach and rubbed soft circles against her skin as he found her ear. "Tell me about your creative shopping destinations."

"Being a twenty-six-year-old virgin sucks out loud." Caitlin laughed huskily, molded her hands to the hard contours of his chest, and licked his neck. "I mostly go to the sex shops out in the Village. I just buy vibrators and things like that, but I did find this one gel that was really nice."

He inched his hand up to cover one breast and thumbed the tight nipple. "So I guess you've never had an orgasm with someone watching."

Caitlin made a low noise and shuddered, her nails biting into his skin. "No. Is that something you'd like? To watch me?"

The thought was hot enough to make him groan. "Oh, yeah. But the question is, would *you* like it?"

She laughed breathlessly. "If it encouraged you to make that noise again, I'd like it a lot."

He was more interested in the kinds of noises he could coax her into making, but he obliged her with another chest-rumbling groan that faded into a soft growl as he kissed his way down her throat. She arched her neck and back, the action thrusting her breasts closer to his mouth.

Caitlin hit the bed with a soft cry when his lips skimmed her pale flesh. One hand slipped into his hair, and the other teased over the back of his neck. She didn't speak, just watched him with wide eyes.

Let's see how wide I can make them. He closed his lips around her nipple and teased the tip with his tongue for just a moment before sucking on it hard enough to bring her back up off the bed. She ground out a curse, and he laughed and moved to the other breast to give it similar treatment.

Her hand crept down to stroke his thigh, gently rubbing the luxurious cotton of the towel against his skin. "You like teasing," she rasped. "I can tell already. You're going to make me crazy."

He was going to make *himself* crazy. Especially if she kept talking in that low, husky voice that made him so God damned hard he could barely stand it. He kissed his way back to her lips and covered them again, figuring it would be hard for her to whisper husky things with his tongue curled around hers.

Of course, that brilliant plan went to hell when she whimpered.

Leo groaned and forgot that the point was to go so slow she was begging for each touch before he gave it. He caressed her stomach again and then lower, brushing between her thighs and testing her reaction.

She broke the kiss and stared up at him, her gaze a little unfocused. Then she must have realized he was waiting, because she whispered, "Yes," and her legs parted, her hips arching toward his hand.

If he touched her, if he slicked his fingers through wet heat and explored her, it would be too much. He lifted his head and found her hand with his. "Show me." A soft tug and her fingers joined his, resting over the soft curls between her legs. "Touch yourself." *As if that's going to be less hot. God damn it.*

"Do you --" She blushed and bit her lip. "Do you want me to come?"

"Yes." He brushed his lips over her jaw briefly before rolling from the bed and to his feet in one swift movement. His towel already drooped dangerously low, so he tugged it once and let it fall to the floor. "I want to watch you come. And I want you to see how fucking *hot* it gets me."

Caitlin watched him for an interminable moment, and a small smile curved her lips. "See? I told you I wasn't going to faint at the sight of your cock." Then she licked the corner of her mouth and started fingering her cunt.

It was a damn good thing no one else was near to see the legendary Leofric rendered weak-kneed by a virgin. He took two steps back and sank into a convenient chair, unable to pull his eyes from her fingers and their quick, skillful movements. Any cocky ideas he might have had about introducing her to pleasure disappeared quickly; whatever else Caitlin was, she was damn familiar with her own body.

Which was hotter than it had any right to be.

Leo curled his fingers around his cock and indulged himself with one slow stroke. He lifted his gaze from her hand to her face and found her watching him. "Spread your legs wider," he ordered, his voice sounding huskier than he'd intended. "I want to see every gorgeous fucking inch of you."

She made a quiet, desperate noise, moved her legs farther apart and bent her knees. Her heels dug into the bed, and she caressed her nipples with her free hand even as she thrust two fingers inside herself. "You, watching me, it's -- Oh God, Leo, I'm going to come --"

He struggled to focus on her fingers again, on the rhythm she used as her body trembled on the edge of release. He was supposed to be learning her body, studying her reactions, not jerking his hand over his cock and imagining how much better it would be when she was clenching around him.

Leo dragged in a breath and forced his hands to the arms of the chair. "Come for me, Caitlin. Come for yourself."

Her eyes locked with his as her whole body tensed. Then her head snapped back on a sharp cry, her hips jerking against her hand, her toes curling. She shook and rolled to her side, her hand trapped tightly between her thighs as she shuddered through her orgasm.

Oh God, making her come again was going to be so good.

* * *

Caitlin closed her eyes and panted, not quite believing what she'd just done. She wasn't ashamed of her body or the pleasure she'd brought herself, but to have Leo *watching...*

You never have to see him again, she reminded herself. Not after tonight.

She sat up and smoothed her hair with a trembling hand. Leo still sat in the chair, his own hands clenched so hard his knuckles had gone white. The desire blazing in his eyes was unmistakable, as was the tense set of his jaw and the rigid length of his erect cock.

Before she fully realized what she was doing, she slid off the bed and began crossing toward him. "Your turn," she murmured.

A creaking noise rose from the arms of the chair, and his breathing sounded labored. "My turn to what? Get myself off?"

"No." She admired the muscled planes of his chest and stomach and leaned over to kiss him lightly. "I thought we could cover a few firsts." The tips of her breasts brushed his warm skin as she knelt in front of him, struggling to hide her nervousness.

His cock might be rock hard, but his eyes turned soft, almost gentle. "You don't have to do anything you don't want to," he whispered, his voice sounding hoarse. "This isn't supposed to be about me."

"I know," she agreed, remembering her vision. "It's about us." She lifted one hand and traced her fingertips down his hard length. "And I want to." Her own words surprised her, but she recognized the truth they held. She wanted to taste him. "I want to suck your cock."

Leo's laugh sounded strained. "You've got quite the mouth on you for such a cute little thing. And it would look pretty damn good around my cock. So if that's what you want to do..." The invitation sounded like it was supposed to be casual, but it would have taken an idiot to miss the anticipation in his gaze.

All the theoretical knowledge in the world was no guarantee of successful practical application, and Caitlin was gripped by the sudden certainty she was going to do something wrong. Still... *You'll never see him again.*

This time the thought didn't reassure her. Instead, it sparked a quiet determination, and she wrapped one hand firmly around his shaft. "Tell me what to do." Without waiting for his words, knowing they'd come soon enough, she drew her tongue over the head of his cock.

He moaned, that same noise he'd made before on the bed. It started in his chest and rumbled up into his throat, and the way it wrapped around her name made her squirm, heat already building again between her thighs.

Leo lifted one hand from the chair to her head, and his fingers stroked over her hair. "That's good," he whispered hoarsely. "Licking's good."

"Yes?" Caitlin tried to remember every dirty blowjob in every porn movie she'd ever seen. Some of it seemed humanly impossible, but she could handle this. She drew the tip of her tongue up the underside of his shaft and circled it around him before parting her lips to take him into her mouth.

"So's that." His voice sounded strained, but his fingers were gentle as they drifted through her hair. "Suck a little, just the head. Move your hand, too. I'll warn you when I'm going to come."

She hummed her understanding and sucked, using her hand to apply pressure where her mouth didn't reach. He sucked in a breath before letting it out in a soft groan, and she slid her lips farther down his cock.

"Fuck --" His fingers curled around her hair and tugged her back. "Honey, if you go at it with that much enthusiasm, I'm not going to last long. Watching you get yourself off was pretty fucking sexy."

Him stopping her shouldn't have frustrated Caitlin, but it did. "Do you want me to slow down? Make it last longer?" All she wanted was to see him come. At this point, she didn't care if he wanted it to take all night.

A low growl escaped his lips, and his free hand left the arm of the chair and curled over hers, stilling her movements. "No. You don't need to spend all day sucking my cock, sweetheart. But if this is your first time doing it, you might not want me to come in your mouth."

"That's stupid." She wrapped her other hand over his, trapping it between hers on his shaft, and bent her head again. His skin was still wet from her mouth, and she sucked him in fast and hard, as deep as she dared.

He swore again and tightened his fingers in her hair. "Look at me."

She peered up at him through her lashes and moaned as the sight of his face sent a surprising throb of pleasure skating through her. Something dark flashed in his eyes, a hint of the danger that surely lurked beneath the blond surfer exterior.

"Tell me," he commanded. "Tell me you want me to come in your mouth."

Caitlin pulled away slowly, letting her tongue flick across the head of his cock as she released him. "I want you to come in my mouth."

"Then that's what I'm going to do. It won't take long if you keep staring up at me with those big eyes while you're sucking me off so fucking good."

She smiled and teased him with a few soft kisses. "I like watching you. And hearing you."

He moved the hand trapped between hers, guiding her fingers up and down his shaft in a slow, teasing stroke. "Yeah, the dirty talking seems to turn you on plenty. You like hearing what I'm going to do to you?"

"You haven't told me what you're going to do to me yet." Anticipation twisted in her belly. "You could tell me while I make you come."

"Won't have time to tell you everything, but I could get started." The hand at the back of her head moved again, insistently this time. "If *you* get started, that is."

She kept her eyes on his as she licked her lips and parted them. She pressed them to the head of his cock and waited for him to thrust into her mouth.

She kept waiting.

Leo gave her a tight smile and shook his head. "Uh-uh, darling. Fucking your mouth is absolutely a second date activity. I'd rather see what you come up with."

Uncertainty welled up again, and she licked the corner of her mouth nervously. "I've pretty much exhausted my limited repertoire of oral sex skills already."

"That's okay," he reassured her, that wicked smile softening a little. "Because the ones you've already used were fucking hot. Just do what you were doing, sweetheart. Trust me."

Quelling the doubt inside her was easy with that sultry look in his eyes. "I do trust you." She didn't hesitate or tease then, just slipped her lips around him and focused on the tensing of his muscles and the soft noise that rumbled out of his chest.

He let out a particularly loud groan and started to talk. "After this, I'm going to send you to that big black cabinet in the corner. It's got every kinky toy you can imagine. I want you to choose what excites you, because it's my turn to make you come."

She had no idea how long he'd torment her before he finally took her. She wanted to ask, but not enough to raise her head to speak. Instead, she lifted her free hand and closed it around his balls, massaging gently.

"Fuck, just like that..." His head fell back, and the muscles of his throat worked as he swallowed. When he resumed speaking, his voice was gravelly. "Maybe I'll go down on you first. Don't know if my tongue is as hot as yours is, but I bet you'll like having it in your cunt."

Caitlin whimpered, the sound muffled by his cock, and moved faster. She wanted to feel his mouth on her, to know that touching her aroused him. The thought made her grip him more tightly, made her slide her tongue up and down his shaft as her mouth worked over him.

His breathing sped, and the fingers curled in her hair tugged slightly. "This is it, sweetheart. If you want to stop --"

This time, her moan was one of protest. She met his eyes with a pleading gaze and resisted the pull of his hand in her hair. *Please. I want this.*

"God, you are so hot. Hot, sweetheart, so fucking --" The word faded in a hissed curse. Leo threw back his head again and moaned his satisfaction as he came.

He tensed, and so did Caitlin. She was prepared for the rush of warmth he spilled in her mouth, but not for the fulfillment that shook her, or the sharp, almost

painful ache in her pussy. Her hand slipped down and between her legs as she tried to relieve her desperate arousal.

"Are you touching yourself?" His voice was rough, almost feral. He dragged her head back with the hand in her hair and stared down at her, his eyes still glazed with release. "Are you aching to have something hard inside you?"

She should have been scared of him. Instead, she shuddered in pleasure. "Yes."

"Move your hand." It wasn't a suggestion.

Caitlin rested both hands on his thighs. "What do you want me to do?"

Leo released her and sat back in the chair. "Stand up and go to the cabinet in the corner. Whatever you pick, I'm going to use it to make you come until you beg for me to stop."

She rose slowly. Her knees felt weak and shaky as she walked to the cabinet. The doors opened without a sound, revealing shelf after shelf of sleek, sometimes brightly-colored toys and accessories.

One dildo drew her eye, and she stroked a fingertip along its length. The longing that gripped her made her eyes drift shut. She'd carry it to Leo, offer it to him.

And then he'd make her lose her mind.

Chapter Three

Leo had counted on having a few minutes to catch his breath and gather his wits. Sending Caitlin to the cabinet had been a gamble, but all her enthusiasm hadn't quite masked her nerves. And her nerves had brought to the surface all of those instincts that made him such a shitty force for evil to begin with.

It should have taken her a few minutes to peruse the contents of the cabinet, time enough to get himself back under control. Time to *find* some damn control.

Instead she turned around a few moments later, her hands curled around damn near twelve inches of shining steel that should have had a quivering virgin running in the opposite direction.

He swallowed as she walked back toward him, shamelessly naked and the sort of tempting that could make a man crazy. "You don't play around, do you?"

"On the contrary." She stopped and held out the dildo. "I play around a lot."

The curved rod was so heavy he arched an eyebrow as he lifted it from her hands. "And you play hard."

"Mmm." Caitlin crawled onto the bed and propped her head up on one arm, staring at him. "No one else was going to teach me what I liked, so I figured it out for myself."

Her casual statement managed to make him hard again in three seconds flat. Leo groaned and followed her to the bed. "Well, you should be glad you came upstairs with me, then, cutie. I doubt many of the men downstairs were packing this sort of firepower."

"Still would have gotten the job done." The desire in her eyes gave lie to the nonchalance of the statement.

He planted his knee on the bed and reached for her ankle, rubbing his thumb along the inside. "There's your first mistake, Caitlin. This? Should never be a *job*."

"Figure of speech." She sat up and bit her lip. "You know this is dangerous, right? Even for you."

Leo dropped the dildo to the bed and leaned down, urging her body back to the bed with his own. His hands hit the bed on either side of her head, and he lowered his face until his lips almost touched hers. "You underestimate me, Caitlin. A lot. And if your family is stupid enough to do the same, then I pity them. Because I will wipe them off the planet if they try to fuck with me... or you."

Her eyes locked with his for a breathless, electric moment. Then her brow furrowed and she laughed. "Did you call me stupid somewhere in that extremely sexy speech?"

He liked her laugh. He liked her smile. He liked way too much about her.

And I'm going to love sinking into her...

His cock took immediate interest in that thought, but he resisted temptation and kissed her chin. "No." More kisses, nipping down her neck and shoulders as he talked. "Your family are dark magic practitioners who should know damn well who I am." He licked the curve of her breast and felt intense satisfaction when she sucked in a ragged breath and slid her legs against his. "Enough of them have tried to strike bargains with me over the last few centuries, after all."

"Thwarting their evil plans by fucking me should be especially enjoyable, then." Her small hands trailed up his sides. "What if I tried to strike a bargain with you?"

He froze, his lips hovering just above one gorgeous nipple. "Depends on if it's magical or sexual."

"Neither." She arched, and her nipple brushed his mouth. "If you buy me breakfast, I'll send your clothes to my dry cleaner. The woman's a miracle worker. Maybe literally."

Relief seized him, so hard and fast he didn't know what to do but distract himself by nipping the side of her breast. "Deal," he whispered, and sealed it with another bite, this one at the base of her ribcage. "But it's a long time until breakfast."

Caitlin laughed again. "Damn. I was hoping you wouldn't notice that the crux of my plan involved keeping you in this bed for hours."

He tickled around her belly-button with his tongue. "That was a given. A good de-virginizing takes hours."

She wiggled under him, breathing faster. "Since this is my first, I'll have to take your word for it."

"Hours," he repeated, mostly to hear that little hitched breath again. He glanced up, knowing his eyes had gone dark with lust, and watched her face as he kissed low enough for his chin to barely brush the soft curls between her legs. She seemed to like the coarse words, so he didn't hold back. "Do you have any idea how much time I could spend just tasting you?"

Her hands curled into the plush comforter. "I'm eager to find out."

As if he could have any doubts with her aroused scent clouding his brain. He lifted off her completely and slid to the floor, then hooked his hands under her thighs and dragged her to the edge of the bed. "Watch me, Caitlin. Watch me until you can't keep your eyes open anymore because my tongue in your cunt is that damn good."

She rose up on her elbows. "Five seconds, then. Got it." Her legs slipped over his shoulders, and she stared down at him expectantly.

Leo bit the inside of her thigh with a growl. "You've got a smart mouth." *And it is far, far too sexy.* "Just for that, I should let you stew a little bit."

She only smiled. "Playing denial games with a precognitive psychic only goes so far, baby. I already know how the night goes."

That brought his head up. "You've seen this?"

"Not this," she murmured, fidgeting a little. "I saw us. Here, having sex."

The moment of recognition in the bar suddenly made sense. Leo nuzzled her thigh again, gently this time. "Then why'd you dump a drink down my pants? Didn't I perform well in your vision?"

"From what I remember, you were doing very well. But the visions are tricky." She seemed to be struggling for words, and her voice went hoarse. "What made you want to come upstairs with me?"

There were too many ways to answer that question, and none of them seemed safe. He rubbed his thumbs along the backs of her legs and tried to answer carefully. "I love women. I love sex. You're a woman who needed sex... and I didn't want to let anyone else have you."

Caitlin touched his cheek. "It's hard to know, sometimes, how or why things happen the way I see them. How much of a role my actions play in how things turn out. So I try not to overthink it." She smiled slowly. "I dumped the drink down your pants because you were flippant and deserved it. Was I taking a chance? Maybe. Or maybe you wouldn't be here if I hadn't done it."

"Maybe not," he agreed. Because the conversation was treading dangerous ground he wasn't ready to walk, he did the one thing he was sure would shut her up. He turned his head and curled his tongue around her clit.

"Jesus Christ." She jerked under his mouth, but kept her eyes on him. "God."

"Not God, honey. Most certainly not God." With his fingers curled around her hips to hold her steady, he had time to indulge himself with a slow, teasing exploration. And, dangerous though it was, he reached inside himself for that spark of power, the magic that let him taste a person's darkest desires.

She gasped again, and her fingers threaded through his hair. "You could just *ask*, cheater." Still, he met no resistance, and her soul opened to him...

And revealed desire. Clean, burning need and the desperate wish that he'd stop teasing and fuck her. There were no hidden motives, no secret wishes, no yearning for him to use his power on her behalf, and it was only then that he realized why he'd

waited so long to read her. He'd been dreading the discovery that this sweet, gorgeous woman who put herself so trustingly into his hands was nothing but bait.

He worked his way back to her clit and tormented her for several heartbeats with teasing licks before lifting his head. "And how am I supposed to ask with my tongue in your cunt?" He slipped a finger inside her instead, and groaned at the clenching heat. "A smart man uses his advantages."

"You've been managing --" Her words dissolved into a cry, and she thrust her hips up at him even as her head fell back on the bed. "Okay, any time you want to stop teasing me, I'll be eternally grateful."

On the list of things he wanted, not many things ranked more urgently than thrusting into her body. But she was so damn tight, even around his finger, and the very, very top item on his list was making her feel so good she wanted him back in her bed.

And that was the most dangerous thought of all... but he didn't care anymore. She was gorgeous, she was tough, and she was trembling beneath him with so much need he imagined it could take months to satisfy every craving. Maybe years.

The steel dildo rested a few inches to the left of her hips. Leo replaced his finger with his tongue as he curled his fingers around the heavy weight of it and traced the outside of her hip with the narrow end. He knew plenty of ways to make her ready, make her *desperate* --

And he'd use every damn one of them if it meant earning the right to see her again. And again. And again...

I am so fucked.

* * *

Caitlin's already shaky control vanished when Leo slipped his tongue inside her and teased the cool steel of the dildo she'd chosen along her heated skin. She tightened her fingers in his hair and murmured an unintelligible plea.

The metal tip drifted across the front of her thigh and paused. Leo lifted his head again and watched her face. "Ready?"

"I was ready before you touched me." She covered his hand with hers. "Make me come."

He touched her clit first, the barest brush that disappeared and returned with no rhythm she could find. Each stroke took longer as he slid the end of the dildo through her folds, slow and patient and aggravating as hell.

And his eyes stayed locked on hers. He licked his lips and ventured lower this time, barely teasing at her entrance before retreating for more of those strokes around her clit. "Say the dirty words," he whispered. "Tell me how you want it."

"I want you to put the dildo inside me." Just saying the words made her feel bolder, sexier. "I want you to fuck me with it. Slow, at first. That's what I like."

"Is it?" Another wandering exploration, and this time the flared head eased inside her. "Is this what you do at home?"

"I don't tease myself so much." She had to let go of him and drop her hands to the comforter again just to keep from digging her nails into his skin. "Deeper."

"Teasing's half the fun. Maybe two-thirds." But the dildo eased deeper with tiny, gentle thrusts. "I want you ready, Caitlin. I want you so wet, so needy... When you've got my cock inside you, I want you to feel as good as I do. Nothing but pleasure."

"I --" The steel heated quickly inside her, feeling less foreign. With his hands on her and his voice rasping in her ears, Caitlin could almost imagine Leo was already inside her.

Then the blunt steel head nudged her G-spot, and the pleasure that streaked through her almost brought her off the bed. "Fuck, that's -- There, right there."

"Right there, huh?" His voice had gone raspy, and his free hand rose to rest on her stomach with his thumb brushing her clit. "Need to remember this spot."

"Hard, I need it hard --" She'd spent too long on the edge, aroused by his words and fingers and tongue. "God *damn* it, Leo, please. Please fuck me."

A growl escaped him, low and dangerous, and he pressed his thumb hard against her clit as he withdrew the dildo and thrust it back in with a strong, sure snap of his wrist. "Come." Another thrust, this one harder, and he didn't miss her G-spot as he

did it again. "Come, and I'll fuck you. I'll sink into your body, feel your cunt hot around my cock --"

The orgasm exploded through her with a strength that mingled ecstasy with pain. Caitlin screamed and writhed, though she didn't know if she was trying to get closer or trying to escape. Surely no one could live through such intense, unflagging pleasure.

She couldn't breathe, but maybe she didn't need to. Maybe all she needed was the way Leo twisted her up in knots all over again even as she still rode hot waves of bliss.

Maybe all she needed was him.

Pleasure still trembled through her when his hot, heavy body slid over hers. Leo's elbows hit the bed on either side of her head, and his fingers curled into her hair. "You're fucking beautiful when you come," he whispered as he pressed his lips against her forehead and her cheek. "So gorgeous."

"Leo." She drew her legs up around him and clutched his shoulders. Her mouth sought his, and she shivered as she kissed him. "Make love to me."

"Shh." His mouth brushed over her cheek and sought her ear. "I've got you, sweetheart. I'm going to go slow, because weird things can happen the first time with psychics and witches. If you need me to stop, just tell me."

"I will." She took a deep breath. "I trust you."

He lifted himself just enough to stare down at her as his hips shifted. The blunt head of his cock was far larger than the dildo had been, but he pushed into her with slow, deliberate care, his gaze never leaving her face. "Okay?"

"You're not small," she whispered, then bit her lip. "It's going to be a little rough, but I'll be okay."

He moved slowly. Caitlin felt the tiniest bit of discomfort, but she tried not to let it show, not after Leo had been so careful to make sure she was ready. She bit her lip harder, and finally hid her face against his shoulder.

"Hey." Leo froze, his body suspended over hers. "Look at me, Caitlin."

Instinct drove her hips up even as she met his concerned gaze. "It doesn't hurt. I just needed a minute."

"I know." He kissed her, soft and deep, then ruined the tender moment when he shifted his lips to her ear with a wicked laugh. "I'm unnaturally gifted, after all."

"Unnaturally conceited, you mean." She wiggled a little and moaned when the movement rekindled the desire he'd assuaged. "Doesn't it work better if we --"

The words vanished with her sight, melting into a vision of Leo standing between her and one of her aunts. Her aunt was speaking, trying to convince him to do something...

No. *Threatening.*

Threatening Caitlin.

As she watched, Leo lifted a hand, a tiny cold smile on his lips. "You want dark magic?"

His voice rose, the language harsh and foreign, and power rose with it. The world swirled in dizzy circles as a hot wind whipped around them, tugging at her hair and clothes.

Thunder roared overhead, and her aunt fell to her knees with a cry. Leo's voice faded, until the only sound was her aunt's harsh, panting breaths.

"Dark magic," Leo whispered. "The strongest any of you will ever see. And the day Caitlin's blood is spilled by one of her family, every last one of you will die."

She snapped back to herself with a gasp and found Leo staring down at her, his gaze worried and soft. "The prophecy is true," she murmured.

Confusion filled his eyes, and he rocked his hips against hers in a tiny movement. "Honey, you're not a virgin anymore."

"No, I'm not." There would be plenty of time to explain later, so she just kissed him again. "It's not important."

He shifted his elbows and twined his fingers in her hair. "Doing okay?"

A flood of exasperated affection washed through her. "If you ask me that one more time, I'm going to bite you. Then I'm going to roll you over and ride you until you beg for mercy."

Leo lowered his hand to her hip and rolled them over, landing on his back with a laugh. "That is the hottest thing I've heard in almost five minutes."

Caitlin braced her hands by his head and sat up slightly. "So, should I do... this?" She rolled her hips a little, just enough to tease them both.

"Oh, yeah." Large hands curled around her waist, but he didn't urge her to move. He watched her through narrowed eyes. "God, you have no idea how good you feel."

"I beg to differ." She began to pant. "I know exactly how good I feel." Moving her hands to his chest afforded her better leverage. Her next movement was clumsy but enthusiastic, and drew a low moan from her throat.

He echoed it a moment later. One hand drifted to her thigh, then up her stomach until his fingers brushed her breast. "You have no idea," he repeated, his voice a low rasp. "No. Damn. Idea."

The look on his face made her clench tight around him. She caught his hand and pressed it to her breast, curling his fingers over her nipple. "Maybe we could strike another of those bargains."

Leo pinched her nipple and met her next rolling move with a short thrust. "I'm feeling generous."

Fire licked along her nerve endings. "Since I'm not a virgin anymore, can we have sex in the shower next?"

He groaned again and inched his other hand over to slip between her legs. "This feels good now, honey, but in a few hours you might want a break. But if you're not too sore..." His thumb found her clit and took up a steady rhythm that made her legs shake. "We'll have sex any damn place you want."

Caitlin opened her mouth but couldn't speak, could only grind down against him as she rode him harder. She tried to keep her eyes on him, their gazes locked, but her head fell back and she choked back a scream.

"That's right." His voice curled around her, tense but coaxing nonetheless. "Come for me, Caitlin. Come."

The shaking gave way to shudders, and she scratched her nails across his chest. "I can't move. I can't --" She leaned down and caught his mouth, biting his lower lip. "Help me."

The hand on her breast dropped to her hip, and he turned them over again. Her head hit the bed and she opened her eyes to find him hovering above her, his harsh panting breaths stirring something deep inside her. "Come," he whispered, and punctuated the command with a rolling thrust that hit her G-spot with expert precision. So did the next thrust, and the next --

This time, the world bent around the edges. Pleasure pressed in on her, a heavy wave of bliss that made her clench her teeth and shriek. Then everything lifted, including her, lighter than air and flying. Leo managed one more unsteady thrust before his voice joined hers, rising in a hoarse cry that almost sounded like her name.

There was nothing to do but cling to him and try to catch her breath, to move with him when he eased carefully to the bed beside her. She lay there, the pillow soft against her cheek, and watched his face. "Thank you."

A gentle smile tugged at his lips, and he lifted a hand and rubbed his thumb along the line of her jaw. "Oh, honey. It was my pleasure. A couple of times."

Her own smile faded, and she traced her fingers lightly over his shoulder and arm. "I wasn't kidding before, you know. This was dangerous for you."

"I'm a lot scarier than you might think." His arm hooked around her waist and tugged her closer, until she was nestled firmly against his side. "And I wasn't kidding either, Caitlin. If your family gives you trouble... I can help you."

"No." She propped her chin on his chest. "That's what I mean, Leo. I know how scary you are. I saw it. And it's not dangerous because they could hurt you. It's the opposite, okay? Because you could hurt them, and you would. Over me."

His eyebrows came together. "Why's that dangerous for me? Sounds dangerous for them."

"The strongest dark magic any of them would ever see. That's what you said." A chill shivered through her. "You're not in the habit of doling that out. If you were, Ben would never let you through the doors."

Leo's fingers trailed up her back and over her shoulder, then returned to do it again. On the third gentle stroke he sighed. "I'm not a good guy, Caitlin. I've got the power to do terrifying things. And if I were a hero, I'd be out doing them to people who deserve it. Last time I really used my power was seventy years ago." His fingers drifted up to touch her hair. "And I'd do it again tomorrow, to keep you safe. I don't know if it says anything good about me, but it's the truth."

"I don't want to be someone who makes you do awful things."

"Honey, if someone hurts you, you're not going to be able to stop me." He tugged on one strand of her hair, and his smile looked almost self-conscious. "I'm already fond of you. And I get protective over people I'm fond of."

Would she do anything different if someone hurt him? *Doubtful*. She traced the line of his lips with one finger. "I don't want to be someone who hurts you, that's all. No matter how that happens."

"Oh, I expect you might hurt me a little." He grinned and tugged her hair again before his other hand landed on her ass in a gentle smack. "You dumped booze down my pants forty seconds after meeting me. If you make it a week with me without throwing something heavy at my head, it'll be a miracle."

With me. It made no sense for either of them, but it felt right. People wouldn't understand. They'd think Leo was taking great pleasure in corrupting and molding an impressionable young virgin, one who meant little, if anything, to him.

Let them think it. I don't care.

"That was a virgin daiquiri, Leofric," she reminded him blandly. "So I didn't dump booze down your pants. Though I feel I should warn you that I do have a great throwing arm."

Leo just tightened the fingers cupping her ass and dragged her closer. "Make love, baby. Not war."

"Mmm." Caitlin bit his chin. "Even if it takes that miracle you mentioned?"

"Especially then. And if you're good, I'll show you how dirty sex in a shower can be."

She pretended to consider it for a moment as she stretched out on top of him. "And what if I decide to be bad?"

Leo's grin was lazy and downright wicked. "I've got a few ideas."

"Of course you do, you cocky bastard. Give me a kiss."

"Just one?"

"For now," Caitlin allowed. Happiness warmed her, along with a sleepy contentment that made her want to curl up beside him. "One kiss, and then I want a nap. You exhausted me."

His lips felt warm and soft, but his kiss was anything but. Heat filled her. Dangerous heat and a hint of promise. "Take a nap," he whispered against her lips. "Rest. Because in a few hours, I just might fuck you in the shower."

"Mmm. If you're good."

Moira Rogers

How do you make a Moira Rogers? Take a former forensic science and nursing student obsessed with paranormal romance and add a computer programmer with a passion for gritty urban fantasy. Toss in a dash of whimsy and a lot of caffeine, and enjoy with a side of chocolate by the light of the full moon.

By day, Bree and Donna are mild-mannered ladies who reside in the Deep South. At night, when their husbands and children are asleep, they combine forces to unleash the product of their fevered imaginations upon the page. To learn more about this romance writing, crime fighting duo, visit their webpage at www.moirarogers.com. (Disclaimer: crime fighting abilities may appear only in the aforementioned fevered imaginations.)