

Stalker's Stalker
Angelina Evans

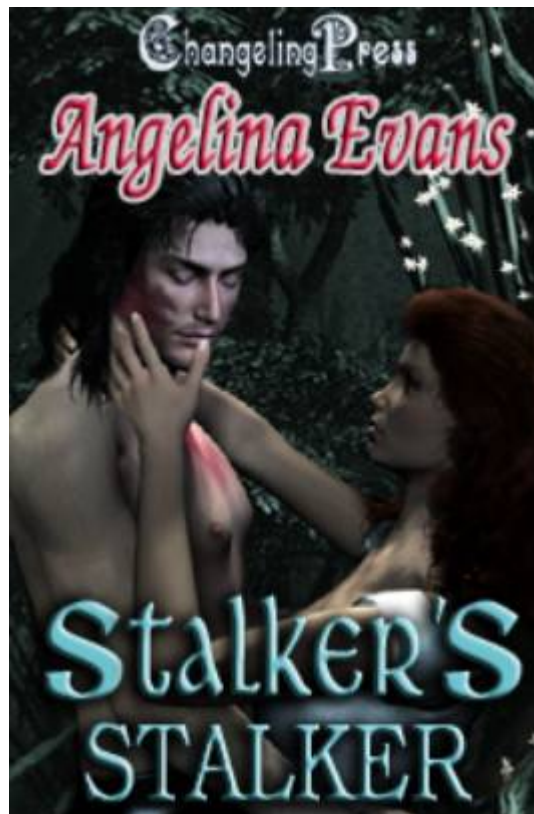
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Prologue

Phaeryn, Vampyryn and a prince, glided down the mall corridor. People rushed and

strolled. Teens congregated in small groups. There was laughter and frowns, the smell of food cooking and, occasionally, the smell of an unwashed body.

His wife loved malls.

He shook his head and smiled. He didn't understand her fascination with malls but if it made her happy... By the time he caught up with her in the food court she would have been in half the shops in the complex. She enjoyed shopping and he enjoyed her.

A sensual smile lifted his lips and his eyelids drooped. The night before he had *truly* enjoyed her. Her taste in his mouth, her cunt clenching around his cock as he fucked her. He loved it when she screamed, her response breaking his control. If he could live with his cock buried in her he'd be hap...

The thought stopped as his nostrils flared. He looked around, searching for the source of the scent. His wife was human with Vampyryn blood. His cousin, Vance's wife, was the same. There was a scent, an essence, to such women that was unmistakable. One of the women near him was Vampyryn.

His black gaze searched each woman's face. He ignored the smiles and open invitations directed at him. If there was a woman available who was compatible with Vampyryn males, he wouldn't let her escape. The future of his species depended on the progeny of such unions.

He dismissed two blond teens who watched him and giggled. There was a mother pushing a stroller, the infant in it wrapped tight in blankets.

The scent started to fade.

He turned and saw a woman walking away from him at a fast clip. Was it her?

Without seeming to, he moved with incredible speed and caught up to within a few steps of her. His nostrils flared again and a predatory gleam entered his eyes. It was her.

Gently rounded hips swayed enticingly with each hurried step. Dark brown hair with red highlights swung around her shoulders in a shining sheet. She was slim, her body fit, and she was of Vampyryn descent.

He used his speed again and stopped several yards in front of her. His eyes raked over her and narrowed. Her features were even, more sweet than pretty. Her eyes were large and gray. And her breasts were more than impressive. Large, with nipples that pushed visibly against her bra and blouse. She was a woman any Vampyryn male would find desirable, but there was one Vampyryn who would find her irresistible. If Angelo saw her, she wouldn't stand a chance, and neither would he.

Chapter One

“Angelo!”

The knock at the door wasn't thunderous but it had a commanding quality that was compelling. The voice demanded attention, reaching through the villa without being raised.

Angelo sat in the dark, his hands white where he gripped the arms of his chair. Of his friends and family, Phaeryn was the only one who persisted in trying to see him. Silently he cursed the other Vampyr.

Phaeryn's voice sounded through the room. “Angelo, you're a stubborn fool. I've got something you would find interesting. I'll leave it by the door. Don't ignore it just to spite me. You'll only hurt yourself.”

Angelo lifted his left hand from the arm of the chair and stared at the rough, scarred flesh.

Monster.

The word whispered through his mind. He didn't have to hurt himself. He lived with pain every day; when he tried to open his hand all the way, when his left eye was exposed to any kind of light, when the past filled his mind. There was nothing Phaeryn could bring that would cause him any more pain by not seeing it.

He felt more than heard Phaeryn leave.

He didn't move but inside he raged. But the rage was impotent, building and feeding on itself with no outlet. Vampyr was moving, the planet's orbit shifting. No one caused it. No one could change it. It was a deadly reality his race had to learn to live with or die.

He wished he had died.

Teeth gritted, he clenched his hands on the arms of the chair. Rescuing Rica and Jaesh wasn't something he would change. They deserved to live and grow. Yet how

did he live with what he'd become because of it? No one could look at him without pity or horror. He couldn't stand to look at himself.

He flew from his chair, kicked a small, ornate table and sent it flying across the room. It smashed against the wall and disintegrated into hundreds of pieces.

Chest heaving, he closed his eyes and his hands fisted. He embraced the pain. What he looked like frightened others; what he'd become frightened him.

He walked to the door and pressed his forehead against it. He wanted the past back. He wanted to be able to sit in the moon's light and spend time with friends. He wanted to walk through a city and have women turn to watch him. He wanted to be able to smile at a child and have them stare up at him without screaming.

Rica and Jaesh's shrieks echoed in his mind. He couldn't stop the sound and the toll on his soul mounted every day.

"Leave me alone, Phaeryn." His voice, rough from lack of use, grated on his own nerves. "I can't hurt or horrify anyone here, but I can survive."

But you can't live.

Angelo's head rose from the door, and he looked around the room. The voice sounded clear and close, yet he was alone.

The right side of his lip curled up in a sneer. Another reason to stay where he was. He was going crazy.

* * *

Time and again he found himself walking toward the door only to stop himself. Damn Phaeryn. He was supposed to be a friend.

He paced to the door and away. He slammed his fist into the wall and the pain blended perfectly with what he felt. He didn't need a mystery. He needed peace. Phaeryn, the bastard, knew his weakness. He'd thought curiosity had died when his life ended. Apparently, Phaeryn had known better.

Cursing the other Vampyrn with each step, he strode to the door and opened it. He flinched from the light of the moon and kept his eyes averted from the star-studded sky. He didn't want to be reminded of what had been taken from him. The nights shared with friends. Beauty.

A picture stared up at him. A glossy five by seven, the woman smiling, her face alight with joy and warmth that reached out and squeezed his chest. Her eyes were soft and dove-gray. Her lips were full; her chin slightly pointed. She looked happy.

He watched his hand reach for the picture and jerked back. Why had Phaeryn left the photo? To torment him with what he couldn't have? The only part of the woman he could ever touch was her image.

Rage, wild and black, was taking over his soul and Phaeryn was feeding it. Why?

He stormed back into the villa and slammed the door shut. If Phaeryn ever showed up again, he would kill him.

Angelo walked to his bedroom and lay down. His mind returned over and over again to Phaeryn's taunt and the picture. She was a beautiful woman. A woman who would never want him. *Monster* .

Finally, he slept but dreams of soft-gray eyes and full, red lips haunted his dreams. She stared out at the night, her dark, fire-touched hair blowing around her face. He followed her, wanted her to turn to him, to smile at him with the same welcome she showed the night sky. Could she love him? Could she accept who he was and what he'd become?

Heart thundering in his chest, he reached for her. The call of a Vampyrin to his mate filled his mind. *You who are mine, come to me. Come to me* .

As if sensing him behind her, she turned. Her mouth opened, but no sound emerged. No sound had to. Her expression said everything. Her face twisted with horror; her eyes filled with terror.

Her fear stabbed through him.

His own roar woke him.

He stared into the darkness. Tears of fury stung his eyes, but he refused to let them fall. Tears would make him weak. Only his rage kept him strong. Without rage he would cease to exist because without rage there was nothing to live for.

* * *

Mya woke with tears on her face and fire in her blood. There was an ache between her legs she'd never felt before. Yet it wasn't the tormenting sexual heat that made her heart race and her throat close.

Hands trembling, she pushed her blankets aside and sat up. She tried to take a deep breath but it turned into a sob. Her nipples, hard, ultra-sensitive points, tormented her as they rubbed against her nightshirt with each gasping breath. What was happening to her? And why in the hell was it happening?

She stared at the red numbers on her clock and tried not to breathe too deep. She had to be up at six-thirty to get to work. Less than four hours and she was scared and sexually stimulated to the point that she was wet. It wouldn't take much more than a hot breath to make her come. How was she supposed to get back to sleep? Carla, her boss, was watching sick time with an eagle eye. There was no way she would call in sick unless she'd lost an arm.

Sighing, she got up, used the bathroom and returned to bed. The light from the street, shining through her blinds, seemed so normal. The same light she saw every night. For some reason, tonight it was the most comforting thing she'd ever seen.

She shivered and pulled her blankets up to her chin. Wherever her dreams had taken her, it was dark and lonely and... sad.

She touched her right nipple and shuddered. Electricity raced through her body and she bit her lip to keep from groaning aloud. Her hands twisted in her blanket as she closed her eyes and told herself to go to sleep. It was all just a dream. A strange -- really strange -- somehow erotic dream.

She forced herself to think about work and soon was asleep.

Chapter Two

Two Weeks Later

Angelo woke to the sound of his own racing blood and labored breathing but it was a child's scream that rang in his mind.

"Alaweea! Alaweea!"

His blood ran cold at the memory. He had raced to the door of his villa, flung it open and stopped. He wanted to stop the memory but couldn't. He was pulled into it to relive yet again.

The sun bit into his skin, tore at his eyes. It was still only fingers of light but in moments it would be deadly rays that would kill everything it touched.

Two children, a boy and girl, tears streaming from red eyes, their exposed skin

already mottled red, ran screaming down the beach. Instead of running toward the safety of his villa they ran parallel to the ocean.

Angelo raced after them. He didn't try to call out. They wouldn't hear him over their own screams.

His eyes started to hurt and tears made everything blur. He could feel the left side of his face and neck burning but ignored it. He had to get the children out of the sun.

Where were their parents? How did they get to his stretch of beach?

The thoughts disappeared as the sun's leading edge crested the horizon. He stumbled and fell to his knees, his skin on fire where it was exposed to the direct light.

A heart-wrenching shriek pulled him to his feet. His heart stopped when he saw the girl lying over the smaller boy. Both were screaming, yelling for their mother, their father.

He reached them, grabbed them up in his arms and turned his back to the sun. Small hands clung to him. Tiny fingers gouged into his skin through his shirt. His precious burdens held tight to his chest, he wavered into shadow and seconds later stood in his own home, the door closed against the day's light.

His hold on the children precarious, he set them on the floor before he tried to return to his solid state. His molecules, heated by the sun, almost spun out of his control. How he held his ephemeral state long enough to get himself and the children to his home he would never know.

Sobbing, clinging to one another, the children huddled on the floor. Pain stabbed his left eye. The left side of his face and neck felt like they were boiling. If he couldn't slow his molecules...

"Alaweea."

The pitiful cry pulled him out of himself, made him focus beyond the pain. Every fiber of his being protesting, he focused on his own cells.

Cries and pleas faded to soft, hiccupping sobs. Each sound gave him strength he didn't have in himself. For them he would survive. Until he knew they were safe he would endure. But God above, all he wanted was for the pain to end.

His soul shrieked, his form solidified and he crashed to the floor. A piercing, terror-filled scream ripped through his skull. He turned his head, but couldn't see through his left eye and turned his head even further.

The children clutched each other, their mouths open. Their screams rent the air.

“It’s all right.” He tried to reassure them, could barely make his mouth move to talk. It felt like the left side of his mouth was glued together. The pain brought tears to his eyes, but they only fell from the right side.

“We’ll find your parents. Everything’s all right.”

He reached for them with his left hand, his weight braced on his right. They screamed as they scrambled away from him. They hit the wall but didn’t stop trying to scramble farther away.

He looked at his hand and his stomach coiled. He reached to touch his face but stopped before he did. He dropped to the floor and lay unmoving. His heart hammered in his chest as his mind closed in on itself.

Shutting his right eye, he lay unmoving on the cool floor as fire ravaged his body, the pain never-ending, burning. If there was a God, he would die before the children were found.

Slowly, feeling old and tired, Angelo pushed the memory away. He could feel the rage building; stronger and more potent each time he relived the memory. Phaeryn had meant well but his visit, the picture he’d left, was destroying Angelo’s soul.

* * *

Mya woke with tears streaming down her face. He couldn’t die. He was so alive, so vibrant. She could *feel* the life pulsing through him. He...

He? He who? She pushed the hair out of her face and sat up. A frown pulled her brows together as she looked around the room and shuddered. It was her bedroom filled with her bed, her dresser, her nightstand and lamp. There were two paintings on the walls and the blinds were closed so only a small amount of light could filter through from the street.

In her dream, though, she’d been somewhere else entirely. Somewhere stark and dark with someone in so much pain she couldn’t imagine how they’d survived.

Blowing out a great breath of air, she forced her shoulders to relax. She’d never had vivid dreams until the past two weeks. With any luck she’d go back to her boring, uneventful nocturnal habits soon. Anyone who thought dreaming was fun had a screw loose. What she’d been experiencing was torture.

Lying back down, she closed her eyes and snuggled into her pillow. Dreamless

sleep. That's what she wanted and what she was going to get, by God. Whatever it took; that's what she was getting.

When her grumpy thoughts finally settled and she fell asleep, she didn't know and didn't care. The next morning she got ready for work and the dream only entered her mind once. It was an aberration; that was all. It wouldn't happen again.

Chapter Three

One Month Later

Angelo walked the length of his verandah, his body hard and pulsing with need. He'd had no right to call to the human woman. He couldn't have a relationship with her; she would run screaming if she ever saw his face. She would know that the human myth of the vampire was a child's tale next to the horror of himself, a Vampyrin with all their inherent gifts. A monster by her standards and his physical appearance would prove it.

He slammed his fist down on the rail before storming off the verandah and into the wild undergrowth that surrounded his home. No one came here. No one would dare. He'd proven to his family and friends that he wasn't fit company for anyone. They had given up on him long ago, just as he wanted them to. There was nothing in him to share any longer. What had been good in him had been destroyed the night his face became so deformed.

Even knowing that, though, he called to the human woman night after night, proving himself a monster again and again. *Come to me. Come to me*. He was tormenting them both; torturing them with what could never be.

He thrust his way through the tangled vines, sending luminous white flowers fluttering to the ground as he forced his way through the overgrowth. Verdant walls gave way to rocky ground bereft of anything but the most stubborn moss. He strode across the glistening gray carpet to stand at the top of the cliff... staring down at the inlet churned white in the moon's light by the towering waterfall across the gorge from him.

Arms spread wide, he threw his head back and yelled. The roar of cascading water drowned out his voice but couldn't stop the sound his heart and soul made.

Why couldn't he stop wanting her? He couldn't have her. She was beyond his reach like the moon. He wanted to rip the knowledge of her existence out of his mind, but he couldn't. He would curse Phaeryn until the day he died for opening the door that brought knowledge of her to him.

He pressed the heels of his hands hard against his eyes, trying to blot out the memory of his first glimpse of her three days ago. He hadn't been able to stay away any longer, and now he was paying the price.

She'd been stepping into her shower. Dark brown hair, highlighted with glints of red, tumbled to her shoulders. From behind, her gently rounded curves were perfectly proportioned. Her buttocks were half-moons that made his incisors lengthen and his cock harden. He wanted to squeeze and bite her tender flesh. He wanted to make her blood heat and her desire flow like nectar to pool between her legs for him to taste.

She'd turned and his already burgeoning penis sprang to full attention. Teeth bared, he'd watched her and fought himself and every instinct born into him. Her breasts were full and pale, her nipples long, soft and pink, their areolas slightly darker. Phaeryn had known he wouldn't be able to resist her.

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

He'd no more been able to stop those words than he could stop his own heart with a thought.

She had shivered and sworn as her nipples tightened, their color darkening as blood rushed to engorge them. He'd had to fight the urge to step into the shower after her. He wanted to run his hands over her water-slick skin. He'd wanted to suck her long, hard nipples. He'd wanted to bite her breasts and squeeze the full globes of her buttocks as he lifted her and demanded she wrap her silken legs around him. As his cock pierced her sheath, his teeth would have pierced her flesh. She would be bound to him forever. Mated and sated.

His mouth watered, but there was nothing he could do about it. Nothing he *would* do about it. She was a vision. A dream. And she would never be anything more than that.

His chest swelled with feelings he could barely contain. "Damn you, Phaeryn." His shout was drowned in the constant thunder of the falls.

His strides long, his steps pounding, he walked to the edge of the gorge and cursed Phaeryn with each step. It was Phaeryn who had given him the woman's picture. How the other Vampyrin had known she was meant for him, he would never know, and he would never forgive him for sharing that knowledge.

Slowly, as the first moon sank to be replaced by a second, his blood started to cool and his erection subsided. Exhausted, he sank to his knees and bowed his head. He was tired. Tired of living alone, separate from everything and everyone he'd ever loved. He was tired of hurting deep inside where no one could touch or heal him. What good were all the gifts of his race if he couldn't change his own face? The only way he could ever be with her was in darkness. Complete and utter blackness.

His head rose and his eyes opened. He stared up at the moon as the idea took hold. It wouldn't be a relationship. There would be no declaration of forever. But there could be moments of ecstasy for both of them.

Slowly, he rose to his feet. His jaw clenched and resolve hardened his heart. He would take what was his. She'd been born for him. He couldn't have forever, but he could and would take her darkest hours. The dead of night, hidden in the black folds of a lightless room, the curtains pulled to keep out the moon's light, in those hours she would belong to him.

"You who are mine, come to me. Come to me." He flung the words into the night, a challenge and a promise. Through space and time he felt her response and her desire fired his own. His cock hard and straining once more, he made his way along the path to his home not needing the challenge of the jungle any longer. He would take her and give her the only thing he had to give -- blind, physical pleasure.

* * *

The alarm clock sounded all too early. Mya groaned as she rolled over and hit the snooze button. She blinked warily at the bright red numbers and threw one arm over her face.

You who are mine, come to me. Come to me. The words whispered through her mind. She tried to push the memory away. She'd woken in the night to the sound of a dark voice whispering those words to her and she had felt like her skin was too tight. Every inch of her body had been sensitized. She hadn't been able to keep her hips from undulating or her heart from racing.

It was too damn early to get up after not sleeping well. Who the hell decided on business hours anyway? It certainly hadn't been anyone sane.

Sane. Mentally she rolled her eyes. Sanity wasn't something she should talk about too loudly. Not with the feelings she'd experienced. How weird had that been? Waking up all hot and bothered yet sad and angry at the same time.

She shied away from the pain that had underlain the sadness and anger. None of it made sense. She couldn't think of it as just a fluke and not something she was going to have to worry about again. It had been going on for a month and was getting more

intense every night.

The alarm went off again and she sighed. Rolling onto her side she turned on the lights before shutting off the alarm. She pushed the blankets off and left them in a heap in the middle of the bed as she stumbled to the bathroom. One look in the mirror was more than enough. Her hair, shoulder length and board straight, bunched up in weird bumps all over her head. She hadn't gotten all of her mascara off the night before and it had all migrated under her eyes. She grimaced. So much for being sexy in the morning.

Quickly, she turned away from her reflection and started the shower. She pulled her nightshirt off over her head and winced as it abraded her nipples. Hot wires of sensation zipped down to her sex and her body was suddenly alive, almost tingling.

Turning back to the mirror she looked at her more than ample breasts and her eyes popped open. She was sure they had been open before but now she was truly awake.

Her breasts looked... big. Okay, they were already big, but they looked *bigger*. Fuller, somehow. And her nipples...

She swallowed hard, and stared at the familiar pieces of her anatomy. She had long, thick nipples. Lord, after living with them for a good portion of her twenty-seven years there was no way she couldn't be aware of them. No matter how much padding her bras had, her nipples always showed. And if her breasts didn't bring her enough attention, her nipples did.

Why were they red and swollen? Just the brush of her nightshirt had them throbbing. Not just them, her whole body.

She reached up and touched her left nipple with the tip of her index finger. Sensation zipped from her nipple to her sex and she jumped. Good Lord. What was going on? She'd never felt anything like it before. The couple of times she'd tried sex she'd never experienced anything so... electric. If she had, she'd still be doing it instead of wondering what everyone else was so bothered about.

Something weird had been going on the past month. Why was she suddenly becoming Miss Hot-and-Bothered? Nothing had changed. Well, nothing but her dreams.

She glanced at the clock on the counter and swore. She was going to be late. Damn. At the rate she was going she'd be lucky to have a job if this went on another month.

She jumped in the shower and rushed through even faster than she intended. The brush of the washcloth on her skin made her gasp and moan. Who would have guessed a simple terry cloth square could be a sensual toy?

Drying off wasn't much better. She shivered and groaned and ended up patting herself dry.

As she dressed, she tried to reason through what was happening. Could it be a weird kind of flu? Some sort of virus that sensitized a person's body to any kind of touch?

Grimacing, she fastened the front closure of her bra. As hard as her nipples were they poked into the material and every breath rubbed them against it. If this was a virus, someone should market it. To masochists or sadists. She could see either group loving what it did.

Dressed in a floral print dress, she glanced in the mirror on the back of her closet door and gasped. She couldn't go to work like this. Her lips were full and red. Her nipples looked like they were about to punch through her dress and her eyes were too bright. It looked like she'd just finished a really good bout of sex, or was about ready to have one.

Cursing and stomping, she dashed into the closet, grabbed a white sweater and pulled it on as she ran for the door. She grabbed her purse as she raced past the small table in the entryway and slammed the door behind her as she ran out of the apartment.

It was only seven-thirty and the temperature was already seventy-five degrees. And she was in a sweater. Hopefully, the bank would be cool or she was going to die of heat exhaustion.

Her breasts jiggled with each step she took and swayed as she went down the stairs. Constant friction kept her nipples hard and her sex wet. By the time she got in her car, her breathing was ragged and she was ready to cry or scream.

Hands trembling, she shoved the key into the ignition and started the engine. Did she get a doctor's appointment or stop at a sex store for toys on the way home?

Grimacing, she pulled into traffic. What would she tell the doctor? *I woke up in the middle of the night, horny as hell, and it's just getting worse. What's your prognosis?*

She bit her lip to hold back hysterical laughter. She'd try the sex toys before she tried the doctor. The toys wouldn't talk back and wouldn't give her odd looks or ask questions.

At work, she parked, grabbed her purse and jumped out of the car.

"Hey, Mya. It's seventy-five degrees out and supposed to be ninety-five by this

afternoon. What's with the sweater?"

She looked over her shoulder to see Laurence behind her. He was average height, average build and quite charming when he wanted to be. Could he be the one getting her all hot and bothered at night?

As the thought entered her mind she rejected it. If she'd been going to have hot fantasies about him, it would have happened a long time ago. She had worked with the man for three years.

"Earth to Mya. You all right?"

She blinked and found him frowning at her. She shook her head and quickly changed it to a nod. "I'm fine. Just didn't get much sleep." No one else needed to know about her sudden, strange dream life.

Laurence smiled and his eyes moved over her with insulting thoroughness. "A hot time between the sheets?"

"I wish." Mya's tone was more heartfelt than she intended and heat rushed into her cheeks.

Laurence's brows rose but thankfully he didn't say anything more. He turned and walked toward the bank and Mya followed him. Just what she needed. A co-worker -- a *male* co-worker -- thinking she was sexually frustrated to the point of not sleeping.

The day didn't get any better. With each transaction she processed she had to concentrate harder and harder. Someone was pounding an anvil in her temples and the thought-destroying sensitivity of her breasts and skin wasn't lessening.

By lunch she was ready to cry. She was too young to be going through menopause and sexual frustration wasn't part of menopause anyway, was it? Where was Dr. Ruth when she was needed?

"Mya? Are you okay? You look flushed. Maybe you should take off your sweater and sit down for a few minutes."

She looked up to find Carla, her boss, standing beside her. Looking around she found half the people in the bank watching her.

"Do I look that bad?" Keeping her voice low she focused on Carla. Having everyone watch her made the hair on the back of her neck stand up and that didn't help anything.

"You don't look like you feel well. You've been flushed all morning and you've had

to do several of your transactions more than once. Are you coming down with something?"

"I think I'm already down with it." Inside she cringed but hoped it didn't show on the outside.

Did sexual frustration show?

She moved to turn and face her boss more fully and her nipples rubbed against her bra. She closed her eyes and tried to breathe normally as heat raced through her body and concentrated at the junction of her legs.

"Why don't you take the rest of the day off? Go home and go to bed. I wouldn't want anyone else catching... this."

Mya's eyes popped open and she stared at her boss. In all the time she had worked at the bank she'd never heard the woman give anyone a break. If they were sick they certainly weren't too sick to be at work if they weren't in the hospital.

"Thank you." She stuttered over the words, opened her mouth to say something else and thought better of it.

As fast as she could she closed out her till and signed the appropriate paperwork to end her shift. She grabbed her purse and headed for the door. What she wanted more than anything was to get out of her clothes. Her bra was a torture device and the rest of her clothes weren't much better. If things weren't back to normal the next day, she would be wearing a pad because wet panties were bad. Very, very bad.

The drive home was uneventful and she made it into her apartment and closed the door before she screamed. A thump on the floor from the ceiling in the apartment below made her slap a hand over her mouth. She threw her purse on the entry table, kicked off her shoes and ran for her bedroom, tripping as she went.

Whatever was going on had to stop. Maybe it was like itching powder only it was some sort of sex powder. Her shower that morning hadn't helped but she hadn't really scrubbed. It had been more of a pat and tap thing.

Jumping up and down on one foot and then the other, she stripped off her underwear and threw them in the garbage. She was never going to wear that pair again.

She turned on the water in the tub, keeping the temperature tepid before turning the water to the showerhead. She pulled the curtain, straightened and almost jumped back from the woman facing her in the mirror.

Eyes round, she stared at the red-faced, wild-eyed woman staring back at her. Carla

hadn't sent her home because she looked ill. She sent her home because she looked crazed. And Carla hadn't even seen her with her sweater off.

Mya looked at her breasts and slapped both hands over her face. Her nipples were so long, thick and hard they didn't look real. Her vagina was on fire, the muscles clenching every time her nipples were stimulated, which didn't take much more than a thought.

Turning away from the mirror without looking again, she stepped into the shower and let the warm water wash over her. She gasped and twisted as the spray hit her nipples. She clenched her teeth and forced herself to stay where she was. She didn't know what else to do. Getting dressed wasn't an option. Going to a bar and getting laid for the sake of sex wasn't something she was ever going to do. Even thinking about it showed how desperate she was.

She closed her eyes, leaned forward and rested her head against the tiles and cried. In twenty-seven years nothing like this had ever happened to her and in the next twenty-seven she never wanted it to happen again.

Her nipples brushed the wall and she cried out. Fresh tears streamed down her face mixing with the water. It had to stop. Whatever *it* was, it had to stop.

It seemed like only minutes but was closer to an hour when the water went cold. She shut off the water, stepped out of the tub and quickly, roughly, dried herself off. Wrapping a second towel around her head she hurried into her bedroom and threw herself on the bed.

Emotional turmoil, sexual frustration and lack of sleep took their toll and she fell asleep. Only her body knew when the dark, brooding male appeared. She stirred restlessly as her nipples hardened once more and her own secret rain poured down in response to his presence.

Chapter Four

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

The words whispered through her mind again and Mya sat straight up in bed. She was coated in sweat. Her nipples were hard, and there was an empty ache between

her legs she was beginning to believe would never be filled. It was becoming ‘normal’ and that scared her.

Hands shaking, she pushed the sheet and blanket off her legs and got out of bed. She stumbled into the bathroom, turned on the light and blinked until her eyes adjusted. The woman staring back at her from the mirror was her, and yet not her. The features were all the same but the expression was... different.

Her eyes were heavy-lidded, her cheeks flushed, lips puffy -- she looked like she’d been loved hard, and that was becoming ‘normal’ too.

“Why can’t you look like that around the guys at work?” she asked herself. No, not her. Their good looks and gym-toned bodies with just the right amount of muscle should have been a turn on but did nothing for her.

She looked at her nipples tenting the front of her long nightshirt and shook her head. She was so aroused she felt hot, and it wasn’t going to go away, damn it.

The air conditioner kicked in and she shivered; the sudden rush of cool air on her oversensitive skin hurt. She needed a man. She ached for a man. She wanted to feel him enter her, big and hard and hot. She wanted to feel his lips brush her nipples, feel the tug of his mouth and teeth. She wanted him to thrust into her, hard and fast, making her whole body shake.

She groaned and pressed her legs together, leaned forward and rested her forehead against the cool mirror. She had to quit waking up like this. It wasn’t like her past sexual experiences were so great. She had a better time with herself. So why was she suddenly craving a man? And apparently not just any man would do or she would have become part of the drool pool at work and gone after Laurence or Tim.

She shuddered at the thought of Laurence. The way he looked at her was creepy.

“Go back to bed,” she ordered herself, and glared at her reflection. “Six a.m. is going to get here whether you’ve slept or not.”

A few minutes later she climbed back into bed and pulled the sheet and blanket up to her chin. She either had to find someone she was interested in having sex with or she had to go to a shrink. If she could find a sexy shrink she wanted to have sex with, they could figure out what was wrong with her head while they took care of the physical urges that overwhelmed her at night.

With a wicked smile, she rolled onto her side and went back to sleep.

* * *

From the shadows, Angelo watched Mya succumb to sleep. Her thoughts were as

clear as if she'd spoken aloud to him. She wanted a man. Any man. His muscles corded with the force of his emotions. She wanted a *man* .

Taking deep breaths, he stared at her, rage and desire a hot, combustible mix in his blood. He could have taken her many times and with her full cooperation, but he hadn't. He hadn't taken advantage, but he would tonight.

* * *

The next day Mya put a hastily conceived plan into action. She hadn't had any luck finding answers by not looking for them, so maybe she'd start looking. There had to be a reason for her sudden sexual urges.

Stepping into the library was like stepping into a foreign world. It was big and open with a wall of windows looking out over the river. Shelves were lined from top to bottom with books and a center bank of computers waited for whoever wanted to use them.

Slowly, feeling like she was approaching a sleeping dragon, Mya walked over to the computers, picked one and sat down. Where did she even begin?

She looked around the library before returning her attention to the computer screen in front of her. How in the world did she start the search? Mental illness and the sexually frustrated? Paranormal occurrences that caused unexplained sexual urges? Phrases that could cause orgasms?

She scowled at the computer. If those damn words had caused an orgasm she wouldn't be here. She'd be at home happily thinking them over and over again. Instead she could barely stand her own clothes. Her skin had nerve endings she would never have guessed were there, and a lot of those nerves were concentrated in her breasts, nipples and between her legs.

The word 'pussy' whispered through her mind but she slammed a mental door on it. Sexual terms were definitely not where she wanted her mind right now. She was having enough trouble staying focused.

"Can I help you?"

She jumped and almost tumbled off the tall chair she was perched on. Grabbing the desk, she turned and gave the man behind her a tight-lipped smile. The man's badge greeted her with the name Ivan and identified him as a librarian. She definitely wasn't about to share her search parameters with him.

"No, but thanks." She smiled and hoped it didn't look as mean as it felt. "I'm just trying to decide how to start my search."

“What is your subject?” He stepped closer, his eyes dropping to her breasts before quickly rising to her face once again. His cheeks turned pink.

Mya ground her teeth together. Being well endowed, she was used to a man’s eyes going to her chest. With her nipples hard enough to tent her bra and top, it was no wonder the balding librarian was showing an interest in helping her.

“Mental illness and how a person knows they’re experiencing it.”

She bit her lip to keep from laughing as he blinked several times behind his thick, gold-rimmed glasses. “Presenting symptoms of mental illness?”

Of a sexual nature. She had to bite harder on her lip to keep from saying that out loud. The poor man was already flustered enough. She didn’t want to completely unravel him. “I’ll try that, thank you.”

Turning away from him, she typed in the words -- presenting symptoms of mental illness -- and tapped the enter key. It took a moment for the first ten of over four thousand entries to pop up on the screen. The first two responses, a book on mental illness and an article on psychological terms, made her heart plummet.

Shaking her head, she slumped in her seat. This wasn’t doing her any good. She didn’t have time to read through four thousand plus entries and try and figure out if one of them might help her. It’d been a long shot to start with. If what she was experiencing was common, it would’ve been on a television talk show or at the very least headlined in some tabloid. She could just see the headline -- sexual frustration leads to mental meltdown in women approaching and over thirty -- read more inside.

Just what she didn’t need was to be pictured on the front of a tabloid. Her boss was already giving her strange looks.

She grabbed her purse, slid off the chair and headed for the door. Now she’d have to eat while she walked back to work or give up on eating altogether. Her lunch hour was blown.

Behind her, unnoticed behind the checkout counter, another librarian watched her leave. The woman’s blue eyes were bright, her expression thoughtful.

* * *

Mya couldn’t make her mind shut off as she lay in bed that night. If she fell asleep, would the voice whisper in her mind again? Was she going crazy?

Each time it happened it took longer for the desire to die down. She’d been aroused all day. Even now she could barely stand to feel her light shirt against her breasts, stomach and upper thighs.

She took a deep breath and groaned as her nipples rubbed against the material. Swearing, she sat up, lifted her bottom enough to pull the T-shirt free, pulled it over her head and threw it across the room. Lying back down, she hit the bed with both fists.

How was she supposed to sleep when her nightshirt was a constant irritant and yet the air from the vents brushed over her skin like a lover's touch and aroused her even more?

"Dammit, take me and get it over with, or leave me alone," she shouted.

She slapped both hands over her face and fought back hysterical laughter. She didn't even know who she was shouting at. Herself? Some psychic who had nothing better to do than torment a bank teller? A soon-to-be-unemployed bank teller if she couldn't get some sleep and figure out how to keep her mind on her work.

Rolling onto her side, she closed her eyes and started counting. When she woke sometime later, the last number she remembered counting was one hundred and seventy-two.

Chapter Five

It was him.

Eyes closed, Mya lay unmoving. It was him. Even if something hadn't given his presence away, her body knew him. After so many nights brought to the pinnacle of need only to be left unfulfilled, how couldn't her body know him?

Her chest tight, she waited for something, anything that would give him away. The sound of a breath. The scrape of his shoe on the floor. But there was nothing. No sound. No motion. Only a sense of the presence that filled the room.

"It's you. Every night you come and torment me and I want to know why!" Her voice shook with anger. He'd done that to her, aroused her to the point of coming, only to leave her wanting. She'd never seen his face or heard his voice. She didn't know who he was or what he wanted or why he'd chosen her and she wanted to know all those things.

“Why?” His voice was black velvet making her shiver as it brushed overwrought nerves. How dare he have such a beautiful voice. He was a monster. A stalker. A man who preyed on innocent women.

“You were born for me.”

Cold fingers ran down her back. Heat curled in her stomach. There was rage and pain and need in his voice. There was torment she didn't understand.

She started to turn over. He hadn't even said the words and she craved him. *She wanted him to touch her*.

“Don't.” The order was harsh, commanding obedience, and she froze, not sure what he wanted.

“Don't turn over. If you look at me, you'll regret it.”

A chill crept through her veins. If she looked at him, if she saw his face, would he kill her?

“I would terrify you.”

“What?” She frowned, unsure what he meant.

“I would never kill you, but seeing me would terrify you.” A hand stroked over her hair. He brushed it aside and warm fingers stroked her neck making her shiver.

“Why?” His touch stole her breath and she felt it in the sudden tightening of her nipples and the heat pooling between her legs.

“Why do you think?” His voice cracked like thunder. His rage, a living, breathing demon, beat at her.

She wrapped her arms around her stomach and drew her knees up, curling in on herself. How did she know what he was feeling? Why didn't he leave her alone?

She clamped her teeth together and shook her head. She didn't want him to leave. She wanted him right where he was, in her room and he'd damn well better relieve the ache he'd left her with over the past month.

Her heart stopped as she felt him move closer.

“You want relief from me? Not just anyone?”

His tone was harsh but the hand that stroked down her bare arm made her shiver.

She was afraid of him and she didn't like it. She rolled across the bed away from him and scrambled to her feet. She stared across the room but saw nothing, not even a hint of an outline in the shadows.

"Where are you?" she demanded. She wanted to scream but her voice barely made it past the knotted emotions choking her. Anger. Fear. She wasn't even sure what all she felt but she was feeling a lot of it. "How dare you invade my bedroom, night after night? Who the hell do you think you are?"

"I'm someone who wants you." He sounded furious, his voice low and almost threatening.

"You could have fooled me. You make me so hot, so sexually stimulated I hurt, and then you leave me like that. You've meant to leave me like that haven't you?"

Angry tears flooded her eyes and she blinked fast against them. She would not cry in front of the madman. She wouldn't give him that satisfaction.

"Why?" she demanded.

"Because *I* hurt. Because you are my dream. My cock has been hard for a month. I want to fuck you. I want you to ache for me and beg me to fuck you. I want you in as much pain as I'm in."

She spread her arms and shook her head. "Why didn't you just take me? You made sure I wouldn't say no."

"Wouldn't you?"

She didn't understand the bitterness that made his voice grating. What right did he have to be bitter or angry? *She* was the injured party, not him. "Hell, no. I was ready to go jump on the first available man I ran across because of you."

"You think you're the injured party?"

"Of course I..." She froze and stared into the darkness. "How did you know I was thinking that?"

"I can command your body with a thought. Why wouldn't I be able to read your thoughts?" His voice, silky and cold, made her shiver again.

"Since you announced your presence tonight I assume you came with the intention of doing something about all this sexual frustration you've been causing. I have to tell you, you're ruining the mood." She took a step back and stopped. Where was she going to go? She was in her own apartment. There was no way she could get out without being caught.

“Do you really want to get away?”

She closed her eyes and rubbed her face with shaking hands. She lowered her hands, lifted her chin and glared into the shadows. “You know what I really want? I want my nipples sucked and I want a cock inside me. If you’re going to do that, fine. If you’re not, get out of my life and leave me alone.”

“Leave you alone.” His tone was menacing. The room vibrated with his fury. “You think just anyone could satisfy you? You think just any cock would make you come?”

“I don’t know,” she shouted. “I do know I’m going to try something because I’m not going to live like this any more. You’re driving me crazy. You can’t say whatever it is you say to make me hot and wet for you and then leave. You can’t break into my home and take over my dreams.”

Unseen, Angelo moved across the room to stand behind her. “That’s a lot of cant’ s. I think I’ve already shown you I *can* do all of them.” His voice was silky, a core of steel running through it. He felt her shiver and the darkness in him reveled in the sensation. She feared him and she should. Her body belonged to him. He controlled her physical reactions and there was nothing she could do about it.

He wrapped his arms around her and lifted her off her feet in a purposeful show of strength. He murmured the ritual words in her ear as she fought his hold. “You who are mine, come to me. Come to me.”

He felt her body tense. He smelled her desire, the scent rich and heady.

“Let me go.”

Her voice was breathless. She tried to pull his arms from around her but her body was betraying her, her hips grinding back against his hard cock. He wanted her to know he could do whatever he wanted with her. The power was his.

“What are you doing?” Her fingers bunched up his shirt as she grabbed him.

“I’m showing you what I *can* do.” He laid her on the bed and lowered himself on top of her. “I can make you want me with simple words.” He was careful to keep her in the shadow of his body, unable to see him.

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

Her nipples tightened into hard points. His cock found the cradle of her sex. Her

breath caught and her lips parted. She was pure temptation and she didn't even realize what she was offering.

He could read the turmoil in her mind. She couldn't fight what he did. Her body needed him. She wanted to see him. She wanted to run screaming. She wanted to kill him. She should be afraid and on some level she was. She was confused about why she was sure he would never physically harm her. The way he controlled her body terrified her. She wanted his cock inside her.

"If my words make you feel like that, what will you feel when I bury my cock in your cunt?" Her muscles tightened at his taunt. He could feel her stiffen, hear the break in her breath, could feel the acceleration of her heart, the blood rushing through her veins.

His fangs exploded in his mouth. His own need swamped him. He had fought with himself every night. She'd thought about taking another man into her body. The thought enraged him. She belonged to him. "You who are mine, come to me. Come to me."

She groaned. Her body arched up to him. He smelled the heated musk of her helpless response. He controlled her. In the black night he could have her. The decision he'd made would finally become reality. *In darkness, she would be his*.

He rose to stand beside the bed. His movements faster than she could follow, he closed the drapes, blocking out all light from outside. He stripped off his clothes and returned to her.

"You are mine and you will come for me. You'll come for me again and again, won't you?" He grasped her ankles and pulled her legs apart even as he made her bend her knees, opening herself to him. His tongue swirled over his sharp incisors as he stared at her glistening sex.

He reached out and stroked her folds. He circled the entrance to her vagina and laughed.

She shivered.

He drew the moisture up to her clit, stroking the small knob and growling when she shuddered. He stroked and flicked the tight bud for long moments. His expression savage, he pinched the nub.

Mya screamed. Weeks of torment culminated in a volcanic eruption that threatened to tear her apart. Her body thrashed on the bed as he milked her clit. Her heart felt like it would explode in her chest. Her lungs were on fire. Her blood boiled in her

veins.

Suddenly, his hand was gone and he was over her. There was no foreplay, no soft words. His cock pressed against her entrance and he surged into her.

Her long-unused passage was tight. She cried out, arched and twisted to accommodate him, tried to buck him off and forced him deeper.

His impossibly strong hands grasped her hips. He forced her down on the bed and slammed forward. His balls slapped her as his penis filled her beyond comfort.

She couldn't breathe. Her thoughts were chaos. She tried to move but he held her in place. This was heaven and hell. His cock felt welded inside her. He'd never get out. She wanted him to move, to make the burning stop.

Him inside her, hot, huge, throbbing, was the most intoxicating thing she'd ever experienced. He was a drug she could become addicted to.

He...

Her thoughts splintered as he pulled out and drove back in. Her vagina clenched, pleasure and pain twining through her as he pulled out then rammed home again.

She gasped and twisted. Her hands grasped him, the sheets, finally braced against the headboard as he thrust into her, the force of his thrusts moving her on the bed.

Her body convulsed, another orgasm cresting higher than the wave of the first. He pulled out of her, flipped her onto her stomach and lifted her to her knees. Kneeling behind her, he probed her entrance with the broad head of his cock and again gave her no chance to move or protest or plead.

Mya buried her face against her arms as he plowed into her from behind. He rode her hard. She couldn't get above the sensations. Her breasts jerked with each powerful thrust. She was so wet his cock made slurping, sucking sounds as he pounded into her.

A hoarse cry was all she could manage as a third orgasm rocked her. It was only his powerful grip on her hips that kept her from collapsing as his cock powered into her.

He swore and told her how good she was. His motions became more frantic, his penis sliding in and out of her faster than was possible. The friction was too much. She was on fire, her whole body vibrating as an impossible fourth orgasm stole her mind.

His thrusts went even deeper, his penis growing bigger and she felt him deep inside her. His cum hit deep, flooding her already wet channel, hot and lots of it.

Finally, he let her collapse to the mattress and followed her down. He rolled them so he was on his back and she on her back on top of him. He arranged her legs to drape on either side of his and somehow managed to keep his cock lodged deep inside her. At unexpected intervals tremors quaked through her and his cock twitched in response.

His hands stroked up her body. One went to her breasts to squeeze the large mounds and tug at her nipples; the other fondled and stroked her sex. He stroked around the opening he still filled and rubbed her clit. She moaned and tried to stop his hands.

“No!” His tone was sharp, his deep voice commanding. “I want to learn you.” His hands stroked over her shoulders, chest, sides, stomach, hips and thighs. Again and again he returned to her breasts and pussy, his fascination obvious as he played with her.

She collapsed back against him. He was still a thick, pulsing presence inside her. She should be screaming. Instead she felt more content than she had since he first called to her. It didn’t make sense and her mind was too stunned to try and figure out what was happening.

Somehow, even with his fondling and her own inner clenching, she fell asleep.

Hours later, she woke to fire burning through her veins. There was no gentle building, no ascent; she was slammed into it. His voice filled her mind.

Mine. Mine. Mine.

His fingers flicked and rubbed her clit as his cock moved inside her from beneath and behind her. The pressure was different, exciting, his fingers drawing out the tension, making her undulate against him.

“Come for me.” His voice, a dark whisper in her ear, sent her spiraling as his cock jerked inside her and he exploded.

Still reeling, she didn’t know what to do or say as he rolled them to their side and pulled his cock from her pleasure-swollen passage.

She felt something against her temple. A gentle brushing sensation. Had he kissed her?

She rolled over but he was gone. He couldn’t be, but he was. She searched the nearly black room, started to reach for the lamp and stopped. The red numbers on the clock said it was four thirty in the morning. She had an hour and a half, two at the most if she was going to get any more sleep. And she was definitely tired enough

to sleep. She should get up and shower but she didn't want to. What if she found that everything that had happened was only in her mind?

Closing her eyes, she let exhaustion take her. She would worry about reality in the morning.

Chapter Six

Reality sucks. Mya stared at the closed curtains and listened to the buzzer on her alarm drone on and on. She wished she could believe the night before had been a figment of her imagination but she couldn't. She was deliciously sore in very specific places and the sticky evidence of his passion was on her sex and her thighs. The scent of sex was strong in the air.

She closed her eyes and crossed her arms over her face. What the hell had she been thinking? She'd let him take her and she hadn't protested once. In fact, hadn't she begged him at one point?

With a groan, she rolled onto her stomach. Where had her mind gone? Sure, she'd wanted him. He'd made sure of that. That didn't make her suddenly brainless. She could have protested. Dammit, she should have, but she hadn't wanted to.

Rolling over, she jabbed the off button on her alarm and flung the sheet away. The first thing she had to do was wash away any evidence of him. Second, she had to keep her mind from replaying every thrust and moan.

She stomped into the bathroom and turned on the shower making sure the water was hot. Chances were she would never see the man again so she might as well get any thought of him out of her head.

See him?

She pressed both hands over her mouth to keep from laughing or screaming out loud. She wasn't sure which would emerge if she let it. She'd spent the most passionate night of her life with the man and she wouldn't know him if he were standing beside her.

Or would she?

Her eyes narrowed as she thought about her night caller. He'd been tall. For all his strength, and it had been considerable, he hadn't felt like some sort of professional muscle man, and the left side of his face was scarred.

Maybe she would recognize him if he were standing beside her. Smiling, she stepped into the shower and started her day.

* * *

Mya didn't think the day would ever end. Trying to concentrate on money and counting and computers could make a woman insane when what she wanted to be thinking about was the most incredible sexual experience of her life. How many orgasms had she had? Four? And not just any old orgasms. They'd been mind-blowing.

She glanced up and heat flooded her face. The man on the other side of the counter was staring at her. She wanted to cringe but managed to smile instead.

She finished the transaction as fast as she could, handed the man his money and turned away when he didn't immediately leave.

"Carla, I'm taking my break."

Carla looked at her, her expression pinched, and nodded.

Mya walked out of the bank and around the corner. She sat on the grass in the shade and stared up at the cloudless sky. She was going to lose her job. She was going to be homeless and have to live in her car and all because some unknown person was invading her home at night and her mind all the time. What in the hell was she supposed to do? She didn't know his name and he hadn't left a forwarding address.

Who was he?

How had he become scarred?

Her heart squeezed at that thought. She didn't want to think about him ever being hurt. He had been rough and primal and dominating during sex, but he had also made sure she reached orgasm. Again and again.

She buried her face in her hands and tried to clear her mind. If she kept thinking about him she would never get anything done.

How had he chosen her? It didn't make sense and that was what was truly driving her crazy. Could he really read her mind or was he just good at reading people? How

did someone read a person in pitch-blackness?

Blowing a huge sigh, she scrambled to her feet and walked along the sidewalk. Why couldn't she stop thinking about it?

That was a stupid question. The best sex of her life. A mysterious man who made his way in and out of her life at will. What else was she going to think about?

She returned to work and tried to smile and be nice, but after the third man looked at her with open speculation, she was ready to scream. It was as if he had branded her with some mark men could see.

At the end of the day, when the doors were locked, she breathed a sigh of relief. She went into the break room, got her purse and walked back out waving to her co-workers as she went.

"Can I get some of that?"

Startled, she spun around to face Laurence, who had followed her.

"Excuse me?" His gaze, cold and calculating as it moved over her body, made her shiver. He was getting more and more blatant.

"I said... can I have some of that?" His eyes settled on her crotch and he licked his lips.

Mya shuddered and bit the inside of her lip to keep from slapping him. She didn't need a lawsuit against her but she wouldn't put up with his comments either. "You've heard of sexual harassment, haven't you, Laurence? It's against the law."

He looked up from her crotch and the look in his eyes left her cold inside. There was nothing there. They were cold, blank and lifeless.

"If you don't want comments you shouldn't advertise." He gave her one last body-stripping look and walked away.

For a long moment, Mya stood where he'd left her.

"Hey, are you all right?"

She turned at Kim's call. Kim and Trina, two of her co-workers, were walking out of the break room, purses in hand. She opened her mouth, closed it again and nodded. "I'm fine." She smiled. "I just haven't been feeling well."

"Get better," Kim encouraged as she and Trina walked out of the bank.

Taking a deep breath, Mya followed them. What did she do about Laurence? Until recently, he'd ignored her. At this point it would be her word against his. It wasn't a fight she wanted to tackle, not with everything else that was going on.

Getting in her car she sat for a long moment with the key in the ignition but didn't turn it on. Going home sounded like as much fun as a visit to the dentist. Going to a restaurant or bar sounded worse.

Putting her head down on the steering wheel she took several long, deep breaths and tried to calm her racing heart and will the tears out of her eyes. What she really needed was for life to return to normal.

Sitting up, she turned on the ignition, put the car in gear and pulled out of the parking lot and into traffic. When there was nowhere to go, the only place to go was home.

* * *

The hours trudged by. Dinner took three minutes in the microwave and only about five minutes more to eat. Television didn't capture her attention. After reading the same paragraph in her book for the tenth time, she threw it across the room. That felt so good, she was tempted to throw something else. Anything else. Everything else.

Getting off the couch, she paced from room to room. Would he come tonight? Did she want him to? Could she stand it if he didn't?

Desperation drove her to the shower. She started the water, undressed and got in. Closing her eyes she let the water cascade over her. Her hands moved to her breasts and a smile lifted her lips as she remembered his hands on her. Squeezing her breasts, plucking her nipples. His hand between her legs, his fingers invading her vagina. She shivered and sighed. Yes, she wanted him to come back. What he'd done to her had been addictive. If she could have that every night, if she could have him, she would love it.

How long she stood there she didn't know. The water turned cold and she shivered. Disgusted with herself, she turned off the water, got out of the tub and rubbed herself dry. This wasn't getting her anywhere. She had no control over what happened, whether he showed up or not, and that infuriated her. She couldn't find him even if she wanted to.

For the first night in over a month she was able to put on a nightgown without wanting to scream. Her body was nicely warm but she wasn't so hot and sexually charged that anything touching her was torture. If he wasn't going to come, she was glad that he'd at least left her in peace. Maybe she would actually be able to sleep the whole night and not make a fool of herself at work the next day.

She went to bed but her eyes kept popping open at every sound. She rolled from side to side, plumped her pillow, and finally exhaustion won and she slept.

Chapter Seven

Angelo stared at the night sky and battled the beast raging inside him. He wanted to go back and claim the woman. Not just sexually. Completely. He wanted to bring her to Vampyr, to his home, and keep her. She was human. She could never get away and he would never allow anyone to take her from him.

His fangs hadn't retracted since he'd taken her. He wanted to bite her. He wanted to impregnate her. He wanted his cock inside her, a part of her. He never wanted to be out of her. Being inside her was the best thing he'd ever experienced and he wanted more.

He fought with himself well into the night and finally lost the battle. He wrapped himself in darkness, bent time and space and appeared in her room.

She wore a long, pale green nightgown and he wanted to tear it off. He wanted her naked. He wanted to touch and take her without the interference of clothes. A muscle ticked in his jaw as he stared at her. Her hair was like dark wine on the white pillowcase. Her breasts were full and slightly flattened as she lay there. Waiting for him. Her nipples were long, thick crowns that made his mouth water. But it was her sex that caught and held his attention and pulled him forward.

Slowly, careful not to wake her, he lifted the hem of the nightgown to her waist. Her curls were the same color as her hair. Her folds barely peeked out, her legs parted only enough to hint at the treasure they hid.

He murmured the claiming words, watched her breathing increase, her nipples peak and her sex glisten as she grew wet. That was how he wanted her, always.

He repeated the words again and she moaned and shifted on the bed. Her hands opened and closed where they rested. Her legs opened and exposed her more. Her lips suddenly seemed more plush. She was his, responded to his call and once again, for one more night, he would claim her.

He tried to ignore his own hunger, his need to take her in the most primitive way of

his people. His incisors were fully extended, razor sharp, and he salivated with the need to taste her, to sink his teeth into her pale flesh and brand her as his.

He fought back the primeval urge and the fury raging through him. He wanted to claim his woman but he couldn't.

Spreading her legs he stared at her sex and moved in. He lowered his head, focused on her wet folds and opened his mouth over her clit. In this way, he could have her.

Mya woke screaming. He felt her muscles lock in an orgasm that overwhelmed her. And he just kept at her. He flicked her clit with his tongue, back and forth, tormenting her as he plunged his fingers into her wet sheath. He moved down and his tongue entered her. He took her into him, savoring her taste, her scent, the response she couldn't keep from him.

As her body quaked, he rose over her, grabbed his cock in one fist and positioned the broad head at her entrance. He stared into her wide eyes, safe in the knowledge she couldn't see him, and thrust forward. He penetrated in a hard, heavy rush of male steel into melting feminine heat. Everything inside him urged him on as he pounded into her. Raging, he wanted her and he couldn't have her except like this. He'd rescued children from death and now lived with pain. Why had he been punished? He needed to make her his.

Other emotions swamped him but he refused to acknowledge them. He pushed harder, moved faster. He wanted to lose himself in her. He didn't want to think. He wanted to feel every physical sensation there was. Her tight sheath milking him. Her body rubbing against his as she undulated under him. Her long, hard nipples poking his chest. The wet evidence of her desire making him wet too.

He rode her hard. As her body convulsed around him he found his release in her. Long spurts of hot cum filled her, drained him. He settled himself half on top of her, still inside her, and held her until he slept.

Morning forced him to move. He felt the first fingers of sunlight even if he couldn't see them.

She murmured a protest as he lifted himself off her. A frown drew her brows together and her body arched as his penis pulled from her sheath. He studied her sleeping face, her gently pointed chin and the dark fans of her lashes against her pale cheeks. He wanted to kiss her, to taste her full lips and explore the moist cavern of her mouth. He wanted to ask what she liked and surprise her with small gifts. He wanted...

He rose from the bed and stared down at her, contentment giving way to smoldering anger. He wasn't that man any longer. He didn't give gifts. He didn't make promises. He had sex. Whatever she liked, whatever her dreams were, he didn't

care.

Hands fisted against the urge to tear her from her bed and shake her, he pulled energy around himself like a cloak and disappeared.

* * *

Mya woke alone and it felt like there was a weight pressing down on her chest. It had been an extraordinary night. She'd been loved to the point of losing her mind but she'd woken alone.

Who was he? She didn't even know his name, had no way to contact him. He moved in and out of her life and apartment as if there were no walls. He had complete access to her and she had none to him. If he came to her, they would be together. If he didn't, there was nothing she could do about it.

She rolled over and looked at the clock. It was still several minutes before the alarm would go off. She had to get up and go to work but what about him? Did he work? Did he have his own home? Who was he?

What was he?

She tried to push the thought away but it lingered. Her world held no boundaries for him. Not her apartment. Not her mind. What kind of person could disappear? One moment he was in her bedroom and the next he was gone. Who could do that? Where did she even start to look? The library?

She winced at the thought of her last library experience. It hadn't been helpful but that didn't mean another trip wouldn't be. It certainly wouldn't hurt to look.

She got up, showered and dressed for work with new determination. There had to be something in the library about her night lover and what he was. It would probably be in the fantasy section, she thought ruefully, but there had to be something. If she didn't find it during her lunch she'd go back after work and keep looking until they closed.

There had to be a way to find out about him and his... people? Species? If he wouldn't come to her she had to find a way to go to him. Maybe she'd show up in his bedroom and turn the tables on him. She smiled at that thought. She would like to turn the tables on him. He'd stalked her and tormented her and made her want him. It was her turn to stalk the stalker.

She left for work and even the stupidity of some drivers didn't bother her. She felt good. She'd spent the night with a wonderful lover. She was determined to find out more about him.

She shivered and little jolts of electricity raced through her at the memory of his cock sinking into her and the sensations that ran through her body. Just thinking of it made her hot and needy. Lord, if she kept up those thoughts she'd be on the floor at the bank by noon, writhing and ready for him.

Her co-workers would die of mortification on the spot. Kim might cheer her on and Laurence and Tim would want to know what they could do to help her.

She snorted as she pulled into the bank's parking lot. As if she would let either of them near her. She didn't even want Laurence looking at her.

She stepped out of her car, drew in a breath of smog-laced air and grimaced. The day had truly started.

"So. How is Miss Better-Than-Everyone-Else this morning?"

She looked around to find Laurence walking toward her, his expression more sneer than smile. Why every other female in the bank thought he was gorgeous and wonderful was beyond her, this morning more than ever.

"Good morning, Laurence."

"Did you have a good time last night?"

"Yes. I did." She turned and hurried away. After his comments and the way he'd looked at her the day before, she didn't want to be anywhere near him. It was hard enough to think about working in the bank with him. She definitely didn't want to have to make small talk in the parking lot.

"You must show him something no other man gets to see, Miss Frigidity."

She stopped, turned and glared at the scowling man trailing her. "You may think you're God's gift but you aren't. Just because I don't find you attractive and usually find you anything but charming doesn't mean there's anything wrong with me. Please, keep your snide little comments to yourself or better yet, don't talk to me at all." She turned and all but ran away. If she could get through the rest of the day without talking to the man, she'd be happy.

It was another slow day. Hardly any customers and she was ready to bite her nails by the time her lunch hour arrived. She gathered her purse and waved to the other tellers as she headed out.

She reached the library in minutes and settled in front of one of the computers. She rested her hands on the keys and froze. She still didn't have a clue where to begin. Telepathy and telekinesis? Other species on earth? Aliens are us?

Slumping back in her seat she blew out a disgusted breath. Some stalker she was.

“May I help you?”

She almost jumped out of her seat when the quiet voice spoke from behind her. She half turned in her seat and found one of the librarians, a woman with blue eyes and brown hair, standing there. Her name badge introduced her as Allison.

“I don’t think so.” What could she tell the woman? I’m trying to find out if people who can appear and disappear really exist? The woman would call the police and have her carted to a loony bin.

Coming to the library had been a waste of time. It certainly wasn’t going to help her with her current problem. She smiled at the librarian as she stood up. “Thanks for your help.” She grabbed her purse and turned to leave.

“Some things are impossible to believe, aren’t they?”

Mya froze. Slowly, she turned to face the other woman. There was a half-smiling, half-compassionate look on the other woman’s face. “Why would you say that?”

“Because some things we experience leave a mark.” The woman reached up and touched her neck with her fingertips.

Mya frowned. She hadn’t noticed any marks in the mirror when she was dressing that morning. Had she missed something? She had been busy thinking about sex. It hadn’t even crossed her mind to look for evidence of it.

The other woman’s soft laugh pulled her attention back to the present. “Don’t worry. It’s not something anyone else will notice or even be able to see. Only someone who has experienced it would know.”

Instant fury flashed through her. “You’ve been with him?”

“With Angelo?” Her eyes wide, Allison shook her head. “I’ve got one of my own. My husband, Vance.”

Taking Mya’s arm, Allison led her away from the computers and the people working on them. “Phaeryn told us to look for you. He thought you might show up here.”

Mya felt like she’d stepped into a rabbit hole. “Phaeryn?” Who was he and why would he have this woman look for her?

Allison nodded. “He gave Angelo information about you.”

Mya closed her eyes. Where had the conversation gotten away from her?

She opened her eyes and the other woman was watching her. “Look, I don’t know if we’re talking about the same thing. I don’t know a Phaeryn or an Angelo.”

“You don’t know Angelo?” The woman frowned. “I was so sure. You have a certain look about you. It’s no --” She broke off and shook her head. “I’m sorry. I really thought you were who I’d been looking for.”

Mya shook her head, tried to smile and started to walk away.

“He only visits you at night.”

Mya stopped, captured by the other woman’s soft-spoken words.

“You hear his thoughts and he hears yours.”

Slowly she turned around. Who was Allison? Was Angelo the man who came to her in the night?

“When he calls to you it makes your blood race and when he bites you its like being electrified.”

“He’s never bitten me,” Mya whispered.

Allison’s smile was slow and secret. “He will.”

“Why?”

Allison frowned. “Why what?”

“Why would he bite me?”

For a long moment Allison simply stared at her. Taking her arm, she took Mya to an empty table and sat down. Mya, more slowly, followed suit.

“What do you know about Angelo?”

Mya shook her head and shrugged. “Not much more than what you’ve said. He comes to me at night. He hears my thoughts. He calls to me and I can’t resist him.”

“What did you come to the library looking for?”

How did she answer that without sounding crazy? “I came to try and find out about... I don’t know... special people? People with special abilities. People who are... different.” How in the hell did she explain something she couldn’t begin to

explain to herself?

“People like Angelo?”

Allison’s soft tone eased the tension from Mya’s shoulders and she nodded. “Yes, people like Angelo.”

“Mya, people like Angelo aren’t *people* . They’re Vampyryn.”

Mya sat back in her chair. “Vampyryn? Is that a New Age name for vampires?” Disbelief made her shoulders tense again. Was the woman making fun of her? How gullible did she look?

“No. Vampires are human myths based on the Vampyryn.”

Taking a deep breath, Mya nodded once before reaching for her purse. “Thanks for your help. I appreciate your taking the time to talk to me.” She started to rise from the table but Allison reached across and caught her hand.

“Angelo needs you.”

The stark simplicity of the statement caught Mya and held her where she was. He did need her. She’d felt it before she’d ever met him. The rage and pain that tormented him lessened when he was with her. He needed her and she needed to be needed. That’s why she hadn’t protested or fought. Yes, she wanted him, he’d made sure of that, but there was more. For her there had to be.

She sank back into her chair. “What happened to him?”

Allison leaned forward, her elbows propped on the table. “If you’re going to believe any of this you have to accept that Vampyr is another world and the Vampyryn are the people that live there.”

Allison held up a hand and nodded. “I know it’s hard to believe. It took a long time for me to accept. Sometimes I’m still not sure I believe it all.”

“I’ll listen,” Mya said. She wouldn’t commit herself to believing anything but she could listen.

“I can’t ask more than that. Vampyr is a planet several million light years from Earth.”

Mya swallowed, blinked and nodded. “Of course it is.” Did she really expect her to believe that? Several million light years from Earth? It would take millions of years for anyone to travel from one world to the other. Angelo wasn’t a million years old. Not unless they aged really well there.

“I didn’t believe it at first either,” Allison stated quietly.

Mya looked at her and frowned. “And now you do?”

Allison nodded. “I’ve been there and it’s hard to deny what you’ve seen with your own eyes.”

Mya laughed. “You’ve been to a planet *several million light years* from Earth?”

“Yes. I have.”

“You expect me to believe that, don’t you?” She had gone to the library to look up... something, but not vampires. She’d just been searching for answers. Instead, she’d found a very strange woman.

“You’ve already agreed that Angelo appears and disappears. He talks to you mind to mind. He calls to you and you can’t resist him.”

Mya stared at Allison as she listed all the things that had been happening. “I don’t deny those things have been happening but they don’t make Angelo an alien from another planet or a vampire.”

“They don’t make him quite human, though, do they?”

“No.” She couldn’t argue with that. Angelo was definitely not the average male running around, in more ways than one. “How was he scarred?”

Allison shook her head, her expression grim. “Vampyr is a night planet. It has three moons and, until recently, no sun.”

Mya opened her mouth and quickly closed it again. What was she going to ask? How did a planet without a sun suddenly get one?

Allison’s eyes narrowed and her smile was thin-lipped. “The planet’s orbit is shifting. Sunlight has become a deadly reality for the planet’s people. Angelo was burned saving two young children who would have died in the sun’s light.”

Mya sat back in her chair and blew out a long breath. “How am I supposed to believe all this? A sunless planet. Vampires. Shifting orbits. That’s all science fiction, not life.”

Allison reached across the table and caught her hands. “I know it’s a lot to take in and it doesn’t seem possible. All I ask is that you listen and, as much as possible, keep an open mind.”

“I’ll listen,” Mya conceded. She’d always considered herself open-minded but this was asking far more than that. This was asking for blind faith.

“That’s all we can ask.” Allison repeated her earlier words and sat back in her chair.

Mya tried to imagine Angelo as an alien and couldn’t.

“Phaeryn saw you at the mall and knew you would be compatible with Vampyryn males. He also knew that Angelo would find you irresistible. He counted on it and he was right. Angelo hadn’t been out of the heights in over a year until he visited you.”

“He’s that badly burned?” Her stomach rolled and her chest felt tight. If he’d been burned it explained everything she felt when his mind touched hers. Rage, bitterness, pain.

“The left side of his face. His left hand. He will always wear the results of rescuing those children.”

“You’ve seen him?”

Allison shook her head. “He won’t let me see him.”

Mya looked down at her hands clasped together on the table. They weren’t perfect but they were whole and unscarred. What would it be like to wake up every morning and face someone in the mirror you didn’t even recognize? “Is there anything that can be done?”

“Everything that could be done was done at the time.”

Mya nodded. She wanted Angelo in her arms. She couldn’t tell him that everything would be all right. It wouldn’t. Being scarred didn’t end life. Life was still worth living and she wanted to share his life, not be a diversion for a few hours each night.

She picked up her purse and smiled at Allison. “I don’t know that I believe everything you’ve said but I’ll think about it.”

Allison grabbed a piece of paper and a stubby pencil from a tray on the table. She scribbled numbers and handed the paper to Mya. “In case you have questions or just need to talk. My work number and home number are there. Please, call if you need to. Even if you don’t need to.”

Mya looked at the paper as she stood up. “I will.” Quickly she walked away and hurried out of the library. Her mind refused to deal with what had been said as she walked back to work. She would think about it later.

Chapter Eight

After work she drove around for hours. Her mind would touch on her conversation with Allison for only a moment before flinching away. None of it could be true. It just couldn't.

The sky was shrouded in clouds, the night lit by streetlights. Her thoughts kept going round and round until she pulled into her parking lot. She went up to her apartment and unlocked the door. Going inside, she closed and locked the door behind her. She set her purse on the entry table and kicked off her shoes.

She wanted him to come to her. She wanted the ecstasy he'd brought her each night he'd entered her home and she wanted the mindlessness of passion.

She started to unbutton her shirt and pulled it out of the waistband of her suit. She wanted to feel his mouth on her breasts, sucking her nipples as his teeth pierced her and sent fire racing through her blood. When he entered her it was heavy and hard; the friction as he pumped in and out of her was heaven. If she...

"I see you're ready for me."

Shocked, her hand stilled on the last button of her blouse. She lifted her lashes and stared at the man standing in the door of her bedroom, a pair of bikini underwear in his hands and a look she could only describe as evil on his face.

"Laurence. What are you doing in my apartment? How did you get in?" Fear closed her throat as jumbled thoughts raced through her mind. Could everyone come and go as they pleased in her apartment and rifle through her personal possessions? Didn't locks count for anything?

He stalked forward, his eyes on the swell of her breasts pushed up by her bra and bared by her open shirt. "You can't flaunt yourself every day, smelling like a woman in heat, playing with the men around you, and not expect someone to take you up on the invitation. A boyfriend? Who is he? A battery operated toy you get yourself off on? I'll show you how a real man can make you feel."

She backed up as he walked forward, clutched her shirt in both fists. This couldn't be happening. She had never really liked Laurence but he was a benign man. He worked in a bank for God's sake. What did he think he was doing breaking into her

home and threatening her?

“Why don’t you leave now before you do something that can’t be undone? Have you been drinking? Doing drugs? Can I call someone to come help you?”

Desperately she tried to think of all the television shows she’d seen where a woman had successfully talked a man out of assaulting her. None came to mind.

He lifted the underwear he held to his nose and breathed in. His smile was slow and cold. “I’m drunk on your scent. I smell the sex on you every day. I see your nipples go hard when you get this little smile on your face. Then I drive by your apartment and I don’t see any new cars. Day after day you come in hot and wet and ripe. Night after night I see you’re alone. You do it to tease me, don’t you? You want me hot, my cock hard, and then you turn me down, playing with me. Tormenting me.”

She bumped into the wall not even aware until that moment that she was still backing up. There was a wild expression in his eyes. His hands were fisted around her underwear and spittle flew when he talked.

Her heart pounded in her chest. Her stomach knotted tight. Oh God, what did she do? He was truly crazy. Insane. And he could hurt her. He would hurt her.

“Laurence.” Her voice quivered and there was nothing she could do about it or the tremors of fear shaking her body. She had to stay calm. How in the hell was she supposed to do that when she was looking into the face of a madman?

“Laurence. Think for a minute. You’ve got a good job. You’ve got friends. Family. If you r...” She couldn’t say the word. “If you h-hurt me you’ll lose everything. I’ll go to the police. I’ll tell them what you did. You won’t get away with it.”

He laughed, the sound grating to her ears. “Do you think I’m stupid? You think I would let you live to tell the police anything?”

Ice slipped down her spine. “You can’t mean that.” Her voice was barely a whisper. She felt numb, frozen inside and out.

He laughed again, the sound mad. “You won’t be my first but you’ll be the best I’ve ever had, won’t you? I’ve never killed anyone but I find the thought exciting. You’ll like my cock in your cunt better than your little toys. Where do you keep your toys, Mya? We might want to play with them before we’re done.”

She gagged.

“Bitch!” He slapped her, making her stumble, but she stayed upright.

Her back pressed to the wall, she tried to move away from him. This couldn’t be the same man she’d worked with for three years. No one could hide this kind of

malice. "Laurence, think about what you're doing." Her face throbbed where he'd hit her. What had happened to her life? Everything had been so normal and sane until Angelo appeared.

Angelo! Please! If you're coming tonight get here. Now! Her mind screamed the plea even as Laurence advanced on her. He licked his lips and she shuddered. She couldn't let him touch her. She wouldn't survive being raped.

"Are you thinking of all the possible ways you could get away? Run. Fight. Surrender and possibly survive. You know that's not going to happen, don't you, Mya? I won't allow you to go to the police and we both know I'm in control of the situation, don't we? There's no one to come if you scream. You can't run and if you fight, it only makes it better."

He reached for her and she lashed out slapping his hand away. She tried to kick him but his fists exploded against her face. Black dots swam in front of her eyes. He grabbed her shirt and ripped off the last button. She pushed, scratched, hit. "Coward. Low life scum. No woman in her right mind wants you so you have to rape them? You're not a man. You're a worm." She yelled insults at him, desperately fighting.

His fist crashed into her jaw. She hit the floor and for a moment she didn't know anything.

A roar of rage pulled her back from the black hole threatening to swallow her. She blinked, squinted against the pain shooting spikes into her head.

Laurence flew through the air. The furious man behind him rushed forward, his movement a blur it was so fast. He caught Laurence a second after he hit the floor. A big hand wrapped around his neck and squeezed.

Mya opened her mouth but didn't know what to say. She didn't want him to stop. She didn't want Laurence to live to do this to her or anyone else ever again.

Angelo turned his head, his one good eye filled with killing rage. *This creature will never harm another living being. You have nothing to fear from him ever again.*

The two disappeared as if they had never been there.

Mya's body shook uncontrollably. She tasted tears and realized she was crying and collapsed on the floor. She curled into a fetal ball. Her face throbbed. Her jaw felt like it was broken, every movement shooting pain through it.

He'd come. She'd called and he'd come.

Her face crumpled and she sobbed. Oh God, thank you. He came. He came. He

came. She wanted him back. She needed him to hold her. She needed to know that she was all right, that someone cared. She needed him.

* * *

How long she lay there, Mya didn't know. She heard a doorbell ring and froze, everything broken down to the animal instinct to freeze until she knew if there was another threat or not.

The door of the next apartment opened and closed. Relief made her boneless. Her whole body protested as she forced herself to get up. Her right hip was sore from her fall. Her jaw throbbed and her head felt like someone split it in half.

Gingerly, she touched her lip. It was split and swollen. Tears welled up in her eyes and rolled down her cheeks. There was no one to call. No family. No close friends. She was alone.

Shivers shook her and her teeth started to chatter. Feeling like an old woman, she shuffled into her bedroom. She stripped off her clothes, pulled on a flannel nightgown, and climbed onto the bed and cocooned herself in blankets.

A knock sounded at the door and she tensed again.

“Mya?”

She recognized Allison's voice -- it was inside her apartment. She might not be Vampyrn but apparently she had some of their talents.

The thought stunned her. When had she accepted what Allison had said as fact?

“Mya? Are you in here?”

Allison walked into the room and a tall, beautiful man walked in behind her. When he saw Mya was by herself he quickly turned and left the bedroom.

“Oh my God. What happened?” Allison rushed over to the bed and sat down.

Mya flinched away when the other woman reached out to touch her. “A visit from a co-worker.”

“Angelo told Vance you needed us. We'll get you home where we can take care of you.” Allison stood up and started to hurry from the room.

“No.” Mya's voice stopped her. When she turned around, Mya shook her head. “Thank you for offering, but no. All I want to do is stay right here.” She wanted Angelo to come to her and when he did -- if he did -- she wanted it to be here where

everything was familiar.

Allison walked back and sat down on the edge of the bed. “Are you sure?”

Mya nodded and winced.

All business again, Allison stood up and took charge. “Where do you keep the aspirin?”

“In the bathroom, in the medicine cabinet.” Mya didn’t protest as the other woman walked into her bathroom. Allison needed to help, and she needed the medicine.

Mya took the pills Allison offered her. “Thank you.”

“Are you sure there’s nothing else we can do?”

Mya tried to smile but quickly gave up the effort when her lip and jaw protested. “You’ve already done more than you know. You came,” she stated simply.

Allison nodded as she stroked her hand over the blankets. “If you need us, call. You’ve got my work and home numbers and Vance can get us here at a moment’s notice.”

Mya closed her eyes and laughed in spite of the pain it caused. “That’s a very handy trait.”

“It is,” Allison agreed. “If you need us, call,” she said again and walked out of the room.

Mya didn’t know if they left. Knowing there was someone to call if she needed them helped her sleep.

Chapter Nine

The feeling of being watched woke her. She lay unmoving, afraid to open her eyes. It couldn’t be Laurence. It had to be Angelo. *It had to be* .

“Angelo?” She said his name and waited.

“It’s me.”

“Please hold me.”

The bed sank under his weight. He positioned himself behind her and pulled her back against his chest, his arms wrapped around her.

She fell asleep again feeling safe and warm and comforted.

The next time she woke it was to the feel of a warm, moist tongue touching her mouth. She tried to turn her head away but he wouldn’t let her. Everywhere she hurt he touched.

She slept. A soft touch woke her. She murmured and lifted her face into Angelo’s hand. “You stayed.”

“I wanted to see for myself that you were all right.”

“I’ll be okay. With you here, I already am.” She smiled as he settled behind her and pulled her against him as he had the night before. “Aren’t you going to say your secret words to me?”

She felt the muscles in his arms and chest tense.

“You’re not up to that, are you?”

“I don’t know. Are you?” Where the teasing came from, she didn’t know. What she did know was she wanted him. She wanted the clean, untainted passion he’d shown her. She wanted to feel alive and wanted, and she wanted the nagging fear to go away.

“I don’t want to scare you.”

She shook her head. “You couldn’t. I’ve known from the first moment you touched my life you would never hurt me.”

“I want to cherish you,” he murmured. He pushed the blankets away and a frustrated sigh feathered her neck as he encountered the flannel nightgown she’d put on before going to bed. “Body armor,” he muttered.

Unbelievably, she laughed. It was good to know he had a sense of humor.

“I didn’t think I still did.” He sounded surprised. *If I have any humor it’s because of you .*

Warmth stole over her as his thought stole through her mind. She'd caught impressions and emotions from him before. This was the first time she'd heard a full thought and it had to mean something.

His tension made her pause as his thoughts touched her mind again. It did mean something and that scared him.

With her help he stripped the nightgown off her. His hands smoothed over her breasts, down her abdomen and between her legs. He nuzzled her and she arched her neck, baring it to him. She wanted to experience his bite. She wanted to know what Allison had spoken of.

"No bad moments?"

She shook her head. It felt wonderful to have someone worry about her. It meant he cared.

I care too much.

She shook her head. It could never be too much.

With gentle hands he lifted her leg up and back to drape over his. His hips found the notch of her sex and his penis pushed against her opening. "You're sure?"

She nodded. She'd never been more sure of anything in her life.

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

He said the words as he pushed the broad head of his cock into her. His arms circled her as his penis slid in and out of her. His movements were slow but incredibly forceful.

"Please let me see you," she whispered.

He closed his eyes and his face contorted in pain. He didn't want her to see him. He didn't want to see revulsion on her face.

"Please."

He couldn't deny her. Not this time. Not even if it meant it was the last time he touched her.

He pulled out of her and allowed her to roll onto her back under him. He hung over her, his heart braced for her reaction to his face. She'd caught a glimpse of him when he'd caught the man attacking her, he knew. This time what she saw wouldn't be fleeting.

She touched his face, the scarred, twisted ruin of what had been the left side of his face, and she smiled.

His heart broke.

Tears ran down her face. For him. For herself. Cleansing them both.

She reached between them, caught his penis in her hand and guided him to her entrance. As he pushed against her, he watched her face. He watched the joy that filled her eyes as his cock pushed through the small ring of tight muscles guarding her opening and felt an echo of that joy in himself.

He pushed forward, forging his way into her tight passage, her wet heat bathing him, her silken walls squeezing him. Her eyes closed. A frown came and went on her face as she arched into him.

He thrust forward, slow but inexorable. Her sheath opened to his blunt invasion until he was buried inside her, his balls pressed tight to her bottom.

“Yes,” she gasped.

She opened her eyes and he was humbled to see the beginnings of love in her eyes. Love. For him. Triumph made his chest expand. The seeds of love in his own heart made him gentle.

He pulled back. Pushed forward. He found the slow, forceful rhythm he'd started before. He groaned as her cunt squeezed him. He lifted his torso off hers and watched her breasts as she lifted into his thrusts. She was impatient for the heavy pressure of his cock.

He lowered himself to her, his chest to her breasts. Her nipples poked into him, hard points rubbing against him, exciting him, inflaming her. He could hear the rush of blood in her veins. The fast rhythm of her pulse was an erotic beat. Her scent was soft, sweet, carnal and innocent. Lowering his face to her neck, he licked her as he surged into her. The slow, heavy friction made them both burn.

Mya turned her head, baring her neck to him, and he couldn't resist the temptation. He didn't want to. He opened his mouth and bit. His teeth pierced. Her taste exploded in his mouth like the first shock of flavor in a fine wine. She was salt and sweet. Warm spice and creamy skin.

Mya couldn't hold still. She cried out as her entire being condensed down to his mouth at her neck, his teeth binding them. The heat grew unbearably fierce.

Her mouth opened but no sound emerged as the heat flashed out to consume her whole body. She felt everything and more. The drag of her nipples against his chest as his hips thumped against her and pulled back. The drag of his cock against the soft walls of her sex.

She moaned, the only way she could tell him she welcomed each fiery advance of his cock. She groaned a protest as he pulled out.

He pushed into her, held himself tight against her. As he released, he lifted his mouth from her neck.

“No.” She shook her head and glared up at him. “I want more,” she demanded. She tried to move her hips. She was on fire but she needed the friction. She needed to feel her vagina being opened by his penetration, left bereft by his withdrawal. She needed the tide of passion.

“Please,” she begged. “Bite me.”

He smiled and lowered his head to her breast.

Her back bowed as his breath bathed her nipple. He licked her and she shuddered. It felt like a cat’s tongue, his bite had sensitized her so much. “Yessss.”

He licked her other nipple and her vagina clamped down in response. They both cried out as her muscles milked his thick, invading cock.

He opened his mouth over her other breast. Moist heat bathed her before his lips closed over her. Her body tensed. His tongue rolled her nipple against the roof of his mouth. His teeth sank deep into the soft pillow of her breast.

There was no moment of building heat this time. Fire raced from where he fed to every cell in her body.

Desperate, she tried to move her hips. His cock branded her from the inside, hot and impossibly huge, expanding inside her, stretching her as his passion peaked.

Her orgasm exploded through her. Every muscle locked and released.

His cum shot into her, bathed the mouth of her womb. The wave of orgasm followed the rhythm of his mouth, crested when he sucked her nipple, eased with each minute release of pressure.

She went limp under him but he continued to feed. His essence entered her, hers entered him. His cock, lodged inside her, wasn’t as big but was somehow heavier. She loved the change, loved that he’d been inside her for her to feel it.

He released her breast and she caught his head in her hands. Her eyes devoured his face as she looked up at him.

“Why did you wait so long?” she asked, her thumbs brushing over his mouth.

“I couldn’t bind you to a monster.” The remnants of pain laced his voice.

She smiled as she lifted herself enough to press her lips to his. “I was already bound,” she whispered. “How did you pick me?”

“Someone showed me your picture.”

Mya’s heart stopped before it started to race. “My picture?” She wasn’t beautiful. There was nothing extraordinary about her looks. Why would her picture intrigue him?

“It was your joy.” There was a hushed, reverent quality to his voice.

“My joy?”

He nodded. “In the past year the darkness has grown inside me. Rage. Pain. Hopelessness. I didn’t think any light could touch me, but it did. *You did*. You looked at me out of that picture and touched my heart. No, you touched deeper than that. You touched my soul.” He lowered his head and pressed his forehead to hers. “You saved my life.”

Angelo lowered himself to her. He wrapped his arms around her as he wrapped them both in pure energy and took her home.

Epilogue

“Mya?” Allison called out from the small living. When no one answered, she hurried into the bedroom. She wouldn’t forgive herself if something had happened to Mya.

“Vance!” Her shout filled the apartment and had someone in the apartment below banging on the ceiling.

Vance appeared beside her. "What?" His eyes searched for any sign of danger.

"She's gone."

He walked over to the bed and a slow smile lifted his lips. The scent was unmistakable and fueled his own need for his wife. He turned to her and his eyes traced over her body as he advanced toward her. "Angelo has her."

"You're sure?"

His smile grew. "Very sure." As he took Allison into his arms one thought passed through his mind.

Phaeryn would be happy.

The End

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.
