



Praise for the writing of Alyssa Brooks

Spell of Love: Dragon's Desire

Alyssa Brooks writes a charming tale that is sure to please her fans as well as bring her some new ones. Steamy and emotional, pick up your copy of *Dragon's Desire* today.

-- Sinclair Reid, *Romance Reviews Today*

Dragon's Desire is a great follow up to *Lust Upon Roses*. Ms. Brooks creates another captivating and masculine hero in Bryhan... *Spell of Love: Dragon's Desire* is a winner.

-- Sarah W., *The Romance Studio*

Dragon's Desire is a wonderful stand alone with humor and is an enjoyable quick read. I cannot wait for more from the Spell of Love series -- I wonder where Ms. Brooks will take us next?

-- Marina, *Cupid's Library Reviews*

Alyssa Brooks' *Spell of Love: Dragon's Desire* is a paranormal, contemporary set erotic short novella that impressed me. In this fast paced story, we get to meet a hero and a heroine that can be both submissive and dominant in bed... Very nicely done, Ms. Brooks!

-- Mireya Orsini, *Just Erotic Romance Reviews*

Dragon's Desire is an enchanting tale of love finding you when you least expect it. Ms. Brooks has created two strong individuals that are more comfortable holding their hearts back than giving them away

-- Tewanda, *Fallen Angel Reviews*

Spell of Love: Dragon's Desire is now available from Loose Id.

ALL HALLOWS' DESTINY

Alyssa Brooks

LooseId
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This book is rated:



For substantial explicit sexual content, graphic language and mild BDSM.

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All Hallows' Destiny

Alyssa Brooks

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Chapter One

Sorcha was on the hunt for a treat, even if she had to pull a few tricks. It was a night for spooky fun, and she wanted a taste of it. *Halloween*. She loved it. She was going to have fun tonight. She couldn't wait to pick a man from her mother's guests, tie him to her bed, and savor his sexual energy. Some poor guy was going to be awfully tired after she finished with him.

A wicked smile curled Sorcha's lips. She made her way through the fake fog, swinging her hips to the beat of *The Monster Mash*. Such a classic. The music fed her soul, igniting a passion to dance within her.

So many good choices tonight. So many opportunities to feed.

Ah, but she was going to be picky. She didn't just want a man with a strong sexual aura. She wanted one with a good costume as well. Imagination. Best, most original idea won. The prize -- the chance to be her victim.

A waiter breezed past her, and Sorcha shot her hand out, catching his arm. Her blood-red nails splayed across the white, torn sleeve of his dead waiter costume. He turned, gracefully lifting a wineglass of crimson liquid. Sorcha accepted it, fingering the small bat decorations dangling around its stem.

Before anything, she wanted a drink. She sipped at the bittersweet wine, guessing her mother must have had dye added to the drink to make the color stronger. She had gone through immense trouble to make this Halloween party extra special for Sorcha. After all, the holiday was a family favorite and this was her first as a woman. As an initiated sexual vampire.

The need to feed off others was in her blood, the very nature of her soul. She craved sexual energy, needed it to thrive. It kept her young. Lively. Happy. The ability to harvest it came like a sixth sense to her. She had the power to drain others' life forces, through a sensual touch, foreplay, an orgasm, anything that caused pent-up desires.

Now that she knew her ability, there was no stopping her.

She and her twin, Flame, were late bloomers. They had not gotten their periods until nearly eighteen. Until then, she'd had no idea that she was a sexual vampire, a person with the ability to siphon life forces from pent-up desire. Hell, she hadn't even known they even existed. But soon after, she'd begun to notice the glowing, colorful auras around people. The way their genitals would light up, as if on fire, displaying their level of energy to her. The yearning. The hunger. The way it could explode into desperateness so urgent that she shook. Even in public. Morning, noon, or night. If she didn't satisfy her need, it overwhelmed her.

Her mother explained she was one of the Succubi. A child of the mother of all vampires, Lilith. A sexual vampire. Just as a blood vampire needed to drink blood, she needed to draw sexual energy. Since her discovery, her urges had increased and so had her knowledge. Now she had power over her ability. She knew how to handle herself ... and to have a hell of a good time doing so.

Tonight was hers. She was trying out her new leather bondage kit and adding another month of youth to her life. Kicking off her heels, ditching the suit, and getting really wild. She loved being a paralegal, but the job could get stuffy after a while. She needed to breathe.

Curling her lips in amusement, she ran her tongue along her teeth. Thank goodness those at the office were clueless. By day, she disguised her true self. She was a straitlaced paralegal and law student. A bookworm. A workaholic. Prim. Proper. But at night, she was free from those restrictions. She was sensual, a woman who devoured men like candy, and sometimes, she was very bad ...

The sly smile spread on her face as she gazed around. So many good choices to choose from. She could easily tell who had the most energy from the color of the aura surrounding their genital area. Most were yellow -- some faded, others brilliant. Few glowed with a red hue, which was a sure sign of a very strong man, at least sexually. And power was what she was looking for. That, and a good costume. Something different -- manly, wild, even dangerous, just so long as she hadn't seen it five times already tonight.

Sorcha scanned the crowd. There were aliens and commercial costumes, like Freddy, as well as more original costumes, like a door. One idiot had even dressed as a trashcan. She just couldn't imagine herself fucking a door or a trashcan tonight though. Or any night, for that matter.

A dark corner caught her eye. She barely caught the glimpse of red illumination, even with her better than 20/20 vision. She certainly couldn't make out his costume. Whoever he was, he was tucked into the farthest, darkest nook he could find.

She was intrigued. Very intrigued. Not only was his aura strong, he was a loner. Dark. Mysterious.

She made her way through the crowd, setting her glass on a table that she breezed past. The closer she got to him, the better she could make him out. And it looked like he was dressed as a ... a bear? A big, black, very realistic bear.

She blinked her eyes. Once. Twice. She could feel the heavy mascara that elongated her lashes to ridiculous proportions caressing her upper cheeks.

A bear. Never had she ever seen such a costume. Now that was interesting. Equally as intriguing as the brilliant red glow around his cock, ensuring her that he was as wild and strong and fierce as a bear in bed. Plus, he was rather tall. She loved tall. She bit her lower lip, able to feel herself transforming. Whenever she found prey, something in her clicked. She became suddenly more sexual; something deep within her started glowing.

Her stride changed, becoming longer. In no time, she'd closed the distance between them. Sorcha put her hands behind her back, leaning against the opposite wall so that her hips jutted out.

"So ..." Sorcha eyed him from head to toe. "Interesting costume."

"Wish I could say the same for you." His voice was low, almost a sarcastic grunt.

She raised her brows. He didn't seem happy to be here. And what was wrong with a vampire costume? She knew she looked damn hot tonight.

"You don't care for ... the low-cut top?" She leaned forward, shaking her breasts, before straightening. "Or, perhaps the high skirt." She gave a flick of her hips, flipping the tattered ends of the black slip-over dress. She knew she was acting like a slut, but she didn't care. It was fun. Damn, if only she could see his expression. She bet his jaw had dropped to the floor.

But she could see his aura. And he was getting a lot redder.

"I don't care for vampires. Period. You should have chosen something different. Like a fairy or a princess."

"Something sweet? Not me." Sorcha straightened and stepped forward, so that she was only inches from him. So close she could smell him. A mixture of sweat and spice, topped with something very natural. Woodsy. Masculine. "Besides, I thought bears liked red meat. Maybe I should have chosen to be a happy camper."

* * * * *

Barret bit back a reply. It wasn't her fault she was an ignorant human. They never understood the bear. The bear was not the vicious beast they so assumed. No. Bears were beautiful creatures, loving mates, loving parents. He was proud to share the bear's spirit.

She gave one obviously very purposeful, very seductive bat of her thick, overdone eyelashes. "Well, if you don't like this outfit, perhaps you should take it off."

She reached out, tracing her fingers over his genital area. His cock jerked upwards like it had never done before. It went from limp to hard in a half second, leaving his heart in his throat.

Barret gulped, suddenly breathless. Heavens help him, he couldn't take much more of her. She was the prettiest, most tempting woman he'd ever seen. Or pretend vampire, for that matter. That was for sure.

Bold. Brassy. Annoyingly sexy. *Damn.*

Again his gaze drifted over her, taking in the curves of her petite body. She was slim, with a flat stomach, yet voluptuous at the same time. Tits not too big, but a nice handful.

Sharp features accented her face, but in a very feminine way. Her high cheekbones only brought out her eyes, her angular jaw strengthening her smile. Her lips were crimson red, full and plump. He couldn't tell about her skin, as it was painted a glowing white, but he bet it was perfect.

She stared up at him, her large, almond-shaped brown eyes sparkling with life. And desire. There was something about her. Something striking. Something sensual. Sexual.

Hot. Hot. Hot.

God, he wanted to mate with her.

His mouth went dry as she stepped closer. Her soft body pressed against his, and she raked her nails across his chest.

"You do want me," she said, her hips bumping against his hard cock. "I can feel it. Don't be shy. If you don't like vampires, I can strip the costume off."

He cleared his throat and ended up coughing. Want her? Hell, yes. More than he'd ever wanted anything. And part of him -- damn, it was weird, but part of him felt like he was under some strong spell. Drugged.

Barret had to force the words out. They came out hoarse, and not quite believable. "No. I'm not interested."

He was waiting for his mate. He'd waited this long. He'd continue to wait. Love meant everything to him.

That was why he'd left the secluded cabin to come to this damn annoying party, to look for a partner. Not to mention the way his mother had pushed him, having known the hostess from her work. But this time, he'd let her play bully. Mating season *was* almost over. He couldn't deny that it would be nice to find a woman before winter set in.

But she wasn't it. His morals he would not betray. No matter how pretty or tempting she might be, he would mate only with the woman who would bear his child. Since she was not that woman, he'd do best to get away from her.

Yet, he just *couldn't* bring himself to.

She lifted her chin, her big brown eyes gazing into his. Sparking with energy, vibrancy. He lost himself in them, entranced, unable to look away. Did not want to. They were a beautiful cocoa color, and the party lights danced in them.

He was falling, past her eyes, her appearance, and right into *her*. Her eyes held him, their souls uniting through the windows. He did not know her, yet something spiritual was passing through them. He felt at one with her, and the feeling was strong.

And suddenly, he realized. It hit him harder than a ton of bricks falling from a hundred-story building.

This brassy, annoying, super-sexy woman was his mate.

* * * * *

Satisfaction warmed Sorcha. He'd just fallen like a fool for her.

It wasn't often a man told her no. But if they did, it only made the game all the more intriguing. She had been looking forward to a bit of a battle, indeed. But the fact that they could get on with things was all the more pleasing.

She took his hand, placing it on her backside. He cupped her rear, and she scooted close to him. "Introductions. I'm Sorcha."

"Barret."

Damn, his voice was so deep and velvety. Sexy. Desire sparked a fire in her, coursing through her body. Her nipples hardened into two buds, her lower regions warming. She pressed her chest against him, loving the feel of his thick, soft fur. Through it, she could tell he was a big, brawny, well-muscled guy. She loved a manly man.

"Well, Barret. Intros are over. We officially know each other, what say you we retire to my room?"

His deep, nervous chuckle filled the air. "Wow. I, um ..."

"No time for talking." Sorcha grabbed his wrist, her fingers digging into his thick fur as she removed his hand from her rear, and turned. Pulling him behind her, she made her way through the crowd. She headed across the living room, or tonight rather, the lair. In the kitchen, or laboratory, she took the back stairs to her room.

Once in her room, she pulled him in front of her. He followed her lead like a rag doll rather than a fierce bear, falling back onto the bed as she pushed him. The bed creaked under his weight, telling her again what a big man she was about to ride.

Sorcha pointed her finger, faking a hard look. "Now, be a good boy and don't move. Or I'll be forced to tie you up."

She crossed the room, reaching out to the pole she'd recently had installed and swinging around it on her way. Tonight would be the first time she got to play on it. Since

she entertained here a lot, and had taken strip tease classes, last week she'd decided to have it put in. Dancing was a wonderful way to tease a man, to build him up for her feeding.

Slamming the door shut, she locked it. She left the light off, preferring the glow of the moonlight shimmering through the open windows. The way the scent of autumn drifted through them. The key she placed in the top drawer of her dresser, under a pile of her silky thongs. She didn't want him leaving prematurely.

She pulled out her vampire teeth as well, setting them atop the dresser. She didn't want to turn him off, not if she could help it. Since he didn't care for vampires, they were best done away with. She wanted her bear of a man as hot as she could get him, because that was all the more energy she could siphon.

Flicking on her CD player, she pushed play and sexy, upbeat sounds of Halloween music filled the room. Now *this* she could dance to. Turning, she began to slowly undo the buttons to the flowing black dress she wore. She walked to the pole, leaning against it as she finished opening her dress in a slow, tantalizing way. It fell open.

A low groan emitted from him as he started to sit up. "You need to get over here. Now."

Sorcha shrugged, and the dress slipped from her shoulders, resting on her forearms. "Do not be disobedient, slave."

"Oh, slave, is it?"

"Yes." She cast him a wicked smile. "Slave. My slave. In this room, I am Mistress."

* * * * *

He wasn't sure if he liked that thought or hated it. The thought of being owned and mastered by her was tempting. To have her in control, over him, punishing him. It was something that only happened in his wildest dreams. Real women didn't act like this, did they?

Damn.

His conscience told him his mate should be worshipped. Loved. Kissed all over. Taken care of. But his soul wanted her mastery.

Barret licked his lips, tasting their saltiness. He was hotter than he'd ever been before. Sweat dripped from his forehead, rolling along his cheeks. God, he wanted her so badly. The costume didn't help matters either. He needed to get it off. He'd chosen this outfit because he simply couldn't see himself as some commercialized killer. This felt right. Natural. And now, hot.

Sitting, he reached and began to pull off his muffs. The snap of a whip sliced through the air, the leather hitting the bed directly next to him. He jumped, caught off guard. "What the --"

He looked up at her as she snatched the six-foot leather whip back. It sliced through the air silently, and she caught it single-handedly. "I said, don't move."

A fiery rush ran through Barret. A desperate want. A need. How could he not obey her? Because *damn*, he wanted to.

He leaned back on his elbows, watching her. His discomfort fled. She completely captured his gaze, locking his eyes onto her. Holding the whip vertically, she let it dangle along her body. She swept it upward, the leather caressing her skin. Slowly she draped it loosely around her neck, and then she wrapped herself around the pole. Her left leg slid upward, slowly, her toes pointed forward. She leaned her upper body back, her long dark hair dangling to the small of her back. Damn, how he wanted to reach out and knot it in his fingers. To draw her against him.

She danced around the pole, swaying her hips and making fucking motions with her body. Her dress fell from her arms where it hung, dropping to the floor in a heap. She wore no bra, the hardened nipples of her breasts jutting out. She swung around, so that the pole

was between them. With her right hand, she lifted the coiled whip from her neck. No sooner than it was free, she snapped it forward. It flew through the air, hitting the bed next to him.

She glowed. Looking powerful. In charge. How her brown eyes twinkled with enthusiasm. Again she cracked the whip, teasing him with the notion of being struck. Of the leather cutting into his skin. Stinging him.

His cock hardened so powerfully he thought it might explode. He wanted to yank her onto the bed and end this torture. Now. But as her slave, he could not.

The whip cut through the air again, this time nipping into his leg. His costume shielded him, the pain through the fur only stinging enough to be a hell of a turn-on. Her command followed. "Take off the bottom of your costume. Now."

Oh, damn. She was so hot. He nearly started panting, he was so horny.

He obeyed her, sliding the bottom half of his costume away. The cool, breezy air hit his skin with relief. He looked to her for permission to remove his boxers, and she gave him a nod. His cock popped free as he slid them away. He wanted to be touched there so badly he was tempted to grasp it and pleasure himself. But Sorcha was in control, and he dared not move without her permission.

It was as if she could read his mind. She gave him a coy look, sliding around the pole. She came to the end of the bed, leaning over a large chest, her round ass in the air, readily studying his cock. "I want you to touch yourself."

Nervousness flooded him. Was she for real? It was something he'd done a million times before, but never for a woman. He looked her in the eye, surprised by the seriousness in her gaze. She was for real. And she held the whip.

His hand inched down slowly, grazing the delicate skin of his cock. It immediately jerked under the touch.

"No," she commanded. Her hands gripped his ankles and spread his legs apart. "Grasp it. Fuck it with your hand."

He obeyed his Mistress, gripping his cock and pumping it up and down. Lust took control, and he couldn't help himself. Before he could think about it a second more, he was happily pleasuring himself for her, swept away by the sensation of his cock being touched, of the sight of her before him, whip in hand. He stared into her dark eyes, locked in by the depth of her soul. The sensual curve of her lips.

If only he could kiss her. Touch her. Taste her. But he couldn't; he was her puppet, her toy. He loved it.

Suddenly her whip cracked through the air again. It sliced dangerously close to him, hitting the mattress with a hard threat.

"Cease!"

His hand immediately fell away in obedience. He stared up at her, waiting for her command like a dog waiting for a bone.

"I want you to remove the rest of your costume and lie back. Then don't move." Her voice sounded so sweet, so dear. He could never deny or argue with her. No matter how innocent she sounded, he knew she was the Mistress.

He stripped away the thick fur, throwing it to the floor and lying back, waiting. Anything to please her. He needed release, and badly.

Chapter Two

Sorcha dropped her whip, reaching into the chest at the end of the bed. From it she pulled her new restraints, four black leather strips with eyeholes and a hook for fastening. She crawled on the bed between his legs.

Turning to the left, she grasped his big-boned ankle, covered in dark hair. He was such a large, manly man. She loved it. She strapped the leather around him, fastening him to the bedpost. Slowly she ran her hand up his thigh. She could feel his muscles tensing, but better yet, she could see his red glow intensifying around his large cock.

Ah. She was so hungry. She was ready to feast. She was tempted to feed from him now, to steal his energy from him, rather than wait. But, it would be such a waste. Given the proper foreplay, he could really provide her with a filling feed.

Turning, Sorcha grasped his other ankle and strapped it. Then she moved upwards, sliding her body over his so that her hardened nipples brushed over his body hair. The coarse feel of it rubbing against her nipples sent a wave of heat through her. She clenched her pulsing pussy, loving the feel of it getting wet. Just the thrilling thought that she was about to feed had her crazy for him.

She straddled his face and strapped his wrists to the headboard. He let out a chuckle as she did. She gave a wiggle over his face once she was finished.

“Vixen.”

“Don’t speak. Save your energy. Don’t even move.” She slid back down over him, running her fingers through his chest hair. She made her way down to his cock, gripping it in her fingers. She ran her palm up and down the shaft, bringing her mouth to the tip. She kissed it, enveloping it with her lips. She swallowed him, circling her tongue around him. She licked and fucked him with her mouth, enjoying his salty taste. The way his glow heated her mouth.

She traveled farther south, to his balls. She licked each one, taking them in her mouth and sucking gently. He arched up, moaning. That only made her increase her attentions. Her fingers joined the fun, caressing the soft spot just behind his balls. She could feel him tense under her exploration, his cock giving a jerk. Barret liked it, and he’d like even more. Most men did. They’d just never admit it.

She slid her fingers down to his tight anus. She inserted her pinky, just to the knuckle. He arched again, groaning. She continued to suck on his balls, loving the fact that she was driving him crazy.

Sorcha slid her tongue along his shaft, licking upwards to the soft spot underneath the head of his cock. She could taste his precum; his glow was brilliant, and she knew he was ready.

She pulled her finger free. Straddling him, she used his rod to play with her clit. The nub pulsed, her pussy lips tightening as they dripped with desire for him. She was just as ready as he.

Slowly she slipped him in. He groaned aloud as she did, such a deep, gruff groan he actually reminded her of a bear. He filled her, his cock head so deep inside her he nearly

touched her womb. She tightened around him, loving the silky feel of her juices dripping over him. She was so wet she could smell herself, an erotic salty sweet scent of her arousal.

Positioning herself so that she was on her knees, she rode him. He grunted, bucking his hips against her. He fucked her hard and fast until she reached the verge of climaxing.

Sorcha could feel him tensing as well, every muscle in his body growing tighter. Ready to explode. She slammed her pussy against him, knotting her fingers in his hair. He jerked within her and she knew it was time. His cock exploded, filling her with warmth, and propelling his energy within her. She tightened her lower muscles, concentrating on gathering his sexual strength inside of her. Feeding from him, she drained him of all she could handle.

A rush ran through her, lighting her with life as he collapsed under her. At that moment, she burst with her own orgasm. She went into spasms, pleasure radiating through her body.

Gasping, she panted with satisfaction. Sorcha pulled herself off him, feeling so alive with energy she could burst. She felt strong enough to lift a car. She wanted to dance. To sing. To play.

She was going back to the party. She swung around to look for her dress, but a sudden notion struck her mind, hard. Suddenly she wanted to see his face. The shadows of darkness had prevented her from really seeing what he looked like. Before, she hadn't cared, but now, she felt differently.

She flicked on the bedside lamp, illuminating the room with a subtle glow. She wanted to know who had just given her this wonderful gift. Needed to. She was drawn like a magnet to metal.

Kneeling at the side of the bed, she ran her fingers over Barret's face. Her breath caught in her throat. *My God*. He was breathtaking. Dark hair and lashes accented his darkly tanned skin. She reached out, touching his firm jaw. He was so handsome, in a rugged yet sweet way

that immediately touched her. Damn, he really looked like a bear. Not a wild one, no. More like a teddy bear. He was huggable. The kind of guy she could wrap her arms around and cuddle with. Stare into his eyes. Feel safe. Protected.

Guilt sank into her stomach like stones falling into water. Suddenly she was sorry for draining him. Sure, she didn't kill her victims like blood vampires, just left them very, very tired. But still, Barret was more than a meal. He was ...

Sorcha gulped. Hard. Her hand shook as she reached out and touched his lips. They were so full and kissable. She ran her fingers along them, then bent and kissed them. Instant magic sent shockwaves through her.

Not lust, but a different feeling. A ...

The book she'd finished reading yesterday suddenly flashed through her mind. The words echoed in her heart. *There is someone special for everyone. Your heart knows them, though your mind does not. You are connected, lovers from another time, destined by the heavens. Though new life may separate you, you always meet again. When two united souls reunite, they know it. Your stomach turns upside down. Your arms are gooseflesh. Everything outside this moment loses importance. You feel the bond.*

Dear God. If she didn't know better ...

Surely the book was influencing her. Making her imagine the bond. It couldn't really be this simple, could it? She'd had lots of men, and they always meant nothing. Just a meal.

Her whole body was shaking. Her arms *were* gooseflesh. She dropped his mask to the floor with a thud, and stood. Slowly she backed away. Something didn't feel right. *She* didn't feel right.

Oh God. She needed a drink. Quickly she dressed, and fled the room. But not before looking back once more.

* * * * *

What the ...? Barret jerked awake suddenly, his gaze searching the dark room. The curtains had been drawn, allowing none of the moonlight through. The music was off, leaving the air around him eerily quiet and dark. He didn't need to reach out to know that his little vampire was gone.

What had she done to him? Drugged him? Every ounce of his energy was gone. Could he even lift his arms? He doubted it. But damn, he had to try.

He certainly didn't remember her biting him. But had he blacked out before she did? Could she really be a vampire? He had heard of their powers of seduction. Of the way they could drain a body. Steal one's power.

Slowly he lifted his arm, only to find it still tied. Sorchia must have loosened it though, because he did have some freedom. But he was so weak. His fingers stretched and found his neck, feeling around. Nothing.

Thank the heavens. A sigh escaped him.

But of course she hadn't bitten him. Sorchia wasn't a vampire. She was his mate. Why was he panicking now? He swallowed at the knot forming in his throat. Perhaps because he was so tired, tied up, and left alone. Where was she?

They had *mated*. To him that equaled forever. Destiny. He had to trust in her, because deep down he knew they were meant to be. It was only his human subconscious speaking up with worry. He had to push it aside and listen to his soul. His soul said she was his mate.

Barret stared into the darkness, his eyes drifting open then shutting. They were so heavy. Sleep was fighting a winning battle, yet he wanted to hang on so badly.

Suddenly a door creaked open. He turned to see her locking the door. The scratching sound of the drawer opening followed, telling him she must be putting up the key again. Why did she do that?

She turned, stopping in her tracks as she saw that he was awake. Her mouth parted slightly, her eyes filling with surprise. "I, um ... darn. Your lips were enough. Those eyes ..." Stuttering and hesitant, her tone relayed her nervousness. "Geez. I can't stop staring."

He let out a weak laugh. "Thank you. I think."

Sorcha looked more flabbergasted than he felt. And stricken.

She took a slow step forward, her eyes not letting go of his. "They're so dark. So soft."

Barret wished he could prop himself up, to see her better, to be nearer to her. "Come closer and stare into them. See my soul."

Her eyes veered away. Damn. He'd lost her. Spooked her. She was no longer thinking with her heart, but with her mind. "I can't."

"Why?"

"Because ..." She gulped, twirling her dark, curling hair around her fingers. "I'm not the marrying type."

"I didn't ask you to marry me. *Yet.*"

"Yet? Excuse me? That's absurd. We just met." Sorcha sounded surprised, but he'd bet she was trying to sound that way.

"Hey, you brought it up." He swallowed, wondering if he was pushing something he should let be. Not everyone thought like him. It was likely he'd do nothing more than freak her out. And yet ... he couldn't hold his tongue. "You know it, don't you? You can feel it. I can tell you do. Your mind is resisting, but your soul knows. You're my mate."

"That's ridiculous." She spoke through her teeth. A sure sign he was right.

"I agree."

"You agree?"

"Sure. If there's one thing about life I know, it's that it can be quite ridiculous."

She gave a little laugh and nodded. Her eyes found his once again, softening as they fell into his gaze. “You look really tired.”

“I am.”

Slowly she walked to him, inching off her dress to reveal her beautiful curves. Damn, he wanted to lick her all over.

She slid into bed next to him, pressing her warm body against his. She felt so soft, so comforting. So right. He wished his hands were untied. He wanted to hold her. He was about to ask her, but she spoke again.

“Shhh ... sleep now and I’ll be here with you.”

A part of him dared not speak and interrupt her promise.

Chapter Three

What a weird night. Barret was the first and only man she'd slept next to after feeding. Usually she let them rest, then sent them on their way.

Sorcha splashed cold water on her face, leaving it to drip as she looked into the mirror. Her pale skin was glowing, her eyes sparkled with life. She looked so alive and she knew it was more than just his energy. She had to pull it together. What was with her? Even now she wanted to fall into some sort of love fantasy. To believe the impossible.

And that damn book she'd read kept replaying in her mind. Over and over she'd thought of it and wondered if it were possible.

No way. Right? She knew that was the answer any sensible person would give her.

Besides, even if it were true, how could she ever commit to one man? She'd likely kill him. Which meant, in simple terms, being faithful was not a possibility for her. She could love him, yes. Feel passion for him. But when the sun set, she could not always come home to him.

Sorcha stared at herself a second more. Perhaps the truth was the easiest way to deal with this. She could answer herself, and wrap it up with a neat bow at that. If she told Barret

what she was, then he was either going to be angry and leave, or, if they were really meant to be, he'd stay.

She let out a sharp breath, and left the bathroom. The early morning sunrise had begun to filter light into the room. He lay on the bed, looking half asleep. His dark eyes slanted open, his head lolled to the side.

"Good morning," he said. His look brightened, suddenly coming awake.

So, he had his energy back.

"Morning." She walked across the room, coming to stand between his thick, tree trunk legs. She leaned forward. "How do you feel?"

"Great. You make me feel like a million. I don't know what was with me last night." He tugged at his arms. "Untie me. Unless you have another escapade planned."

"No."

"No, you won't untie me? Or no, no more sex?"

"I suppose either way is disappointing news to you." She brushed her fingers over his darkly haired thighs. "I want to tell you something." She'd release him once he heard her out. He raised his brows and she continued. "I am a sexual vampire."

"Wha-- you bit me?" His hands flew to his neck, searching for a bitten spot.

She shook her head. "No, don't be silly."

He raged, yanking at his bonds and arching his back. "Let me up. You damned bloody witch. Let me up."

"It's not how you think. I didn't drink your blood. I siphoned your sexual energy as you came. I needed it. I cannot live without it."

"Are you a child of Lilith?" he gritted out through a hardened, angry jaw.

"Yes," she whispered in answer.

"Let me up!" he roared.

She should just let him go. But suddenly, she felt desperate. Panic rose in her, along with a deep need to make him understand. Fine if he didn't stay, but she wanted him to understand.

"I'm not a bad person. I don't hurt or kill people. In fact, I've never hurt or killed anyone. Please understand, I was born who I am. I only stole your energy. I promise I won't again." Her voice softened as she spoke. "It's true. I can't ever be faithful to you, but that doesn't mean I cannot care."

Almost as if he hadn't heard her words, he roared again, "Let me go! *Now!*"

He raged against the loosened leather bonds, struggling to free himself. She stepped back, a little fearful but even more shocked by his anger. Shocked by ...

She couldn't believe her eyes. His naked body began to expand, thick black hair filling in rapidly on his body. Everything contorted, twisting into almost a blur that made no sense to her. His roars and grunts filled the air.

She took another step back, and another.

And suddenly Barret was no longer on the bed. In his place ... a bear. One with such strength the animal immediately broke the leather straps. They dangled off his paws as he rolled from the bed.

Fear bubbled up in her, like a pot boiling over. Her whole body became hot, a scream forming in her throat. But she could not utter a sound. Her throat was closed. Sweat immediately began to drip from her forehead.

He moved closer, his roar filling the air. Jumping back, she ran with everything in her to the door. She grabbed the knob, turning it. Damn! She'd locked them in! Flinging open the door, she searched for the key amidst her underwear. She could find it easily enough any other time!

Finally her fingers met the cold metal piece and she snatched it up. But in the same moment, the bear's hot breath ran down the back of her neck. She knew she was dead.

* * * * *

Barret had never shifted out of anger. This time was no exception. Yes, he'd been angry. But, in the end his decision to shift was because he realized he hadn't quite been honest with her either.

She'd *shared*. So would he.

Then perhaps she could see why he could not be forgiving. Such surprises were not nice.

He blew another hot breath down her neck, roaring. He knew he was scaring her, but vampires scared him. And he wanted out of this room.

Slowly she turned, the key in her shaking hand. "Barret, please."

He inched his face close to hers, so close he could taste her breath. He stared into her eyes. Hard. Again he felt their souls connect, now bared and stripped to their pure core. Something passed between them, something so strong he could almost see it float through the air between them.

Barret let go, releasing the bear in him as he once again melted into human form. The hair disappeared and he could literally feel himself shrinking. During the whole process not once did his eyes leave hers.

When he was fully human again, he reached out and snatched the key from her hand. "Now ... now, my dear, you know how it feels."

With that, he let himself out of the room.

* * * * *

Barret bolted out of the house, taking the back door through the kitchen. The cool, moist morning air greeted him with welcome. He sniffed it, blowing away his anger and enjoying the scent of nature. Where he belonged. Where he was going back to.

The pull of Mother Nature, of his now matured libido and mating season in progress, had pulled him from his cabin in the woods to find a mate. At the time, it had seemed such a brilliant idea. A woman to love ... to bear his children ... to keep him company in his loneliest times.

He'd sworn to save himself for his mate. It meant everything to him. Sorcha had ruined him. His life plan.

Darting across the backyard, he fled into the woods. No sooner than he reached their safe, dark confines, he gave concentration to shifting. For a moment he felt as if he were being turned inside out as his body went through the metamorphic process.

He turned, ready to hasten to his cabin deep in the woods. But something in him pulled, knotting in his stomach and striking straight up to his heart. And did not let go. His soul fought his mind, winning the battle over reason. He knew he should run. Disappear. And yet, he was so very drawn.

Slowly, he faced her home once again. Through the tree line, he could see Sorcha gazing out the window, so beautiful and seemingly innocent. Yet, dark. How could he want someone so very dark? But he did. Oh so much.

All at once it seemed nothing else mattered. His heart cared not who she was or what. Only that he had her.

He *knew* she was his fate. One his mind would not let him live out.

Chapter Four

Barret studied the mailbox, surrounded by brilliant orange mums and little pumpkins left over from the holiday. Only a few days had passed since Halloween and their encounter, yet it seemed like an eternity.

Again, he'd been driven from his peaceful place in the woods. He could not rest. Sleep. Think. He was constantly drawn. Like a magnet to metal, he was pulled back here again. He could never tuck away for the winter with her on his mind.

He wanted Sorcha so very badly. Like a drug addict needed a fix. He craved her, able to taste the sweetness of her skin on his very tongue.

He knew he had to do something about it. Much as he wanted her, he was even angrier. She'd had no right to do what she'd done to him. No right to take what she had.

He wanted it back. Grabbing the pen and paper lying on the passenger seat, he jotted down her last name and house number. *Blade, 49 Meadow Lane.*

He wanted her. He couldn't have her. That left him with only one choice. Revenge.

Never had anyone slapped him in the face and he'd backed down. He fought his battles. He won. Fierce as the bear, he never tucked tail and ran.

* * * * *

Days had passed. She missed him. She thought of him. She didn't know who he was, or where he was. She didn't know why. But he had sunk into her like he was oil and she a dry sponge. He would not squeeze back out.

Sorcha set aside the papers she was reading, propping her elbows on the desk. Resting her forehead in her palms, she rubbed at her temples. She really needed to stop this silliness.

Barret was a shapeshifter! A bear! *Dangerous!*

Of course, he thought her dangerous as well.

A knock sounded on her door. Immediately Sorcha straightened.

"Sorcha?" Cindy, her blonde, all-business, no-nonsense boss, stuck her head into her office. "I have a client here. I'd like you to get his info, etc. See if we have a case. Tom just called and wants me to meet him for lunch to discuss the Landry case."

"Okay. Sure. Send him in." Sorcha smiled and nodded, while patting her hair to make sure the strands were all in place. The wild curls were always escaping.

Cindy stepped aside, and allowed the client to step in. Sorcha nearly gasped, her jaw literally dropping in shock. It was *him!*

Stunned, she could do nothing but just sit there at first. Then she realized Cindy was scrutinizing her, so she closed her mouth and stood. She held out her hand. "Sorcha Blade, at your service."

His dark eyes stared into hers, accusing. This was not good. How angry was he still? What if he revealed her to her colleagues? Her boss? A knot tightened her in throat.

"Enjoy your lunch, Cindy. It'll all be on your desk when you get back." She threw Cindy a quick smile and turned back to Barret. "And you are ...?"

Still he did not answer. Sorcha was sure she was sweating, panic heating her whole body like a match held to her heart. All she could think about was the scary way he'd turned into a bear. Roared at her. Broken free from the restraints with strength unknown to man.

Not to mention the things he knew about her. In one swipe, he could ruin her life. It left her with no choice but to smile prettily at Cindy, and face a bear.

She'd missed him for some odd reason, yes, but now that she was near him, she realized how much she had to fear. She sat down in her plush leather seat, picking up a pen and pad with shaking hands. What she needed to do was remain calm. Handle it.

Cindy looked puzzled, her blonde eyebrows furrowed deep across her all-knowing gray eyes. No doubt she could sense the tension. God help Sorchia if she confronted it.

A few seconds passed with Sorchia on her toes, but finally Cindy nodded her goodbye. "I'll be back this afternoon. Thanks."

The door slammed shut as Barrett took a seat. Sorchia blew a sigh of relief and looked him straight in the eyes. "Why are you here?"

"Not for the reasons you think." He shifted in his seat, obviously uncomfortable. "I actually do have a case. You cost me days of work. My job. You ruined my life plan."

"You were ... are ... going to sue me?"

He gave a quick nod, avoiding her eyes. "Sure. It's how the world spins these days, now, isn't it? I sure can't eat you."

Sorchia was speechless. She couldn't believe her ears. Sue her? Eat her?

She should be mad. Outraged. Hell, she should kick him out. Or sue *him*. Not that she had any sort of legal standing, but if asked, neither did he. The whole thing was ridiculous.

She sucked in a wayward breath, calming her tongue from spewing all sorts of things. The thing was ... despite it all, even now his big dark eyes were playing her the fool.

Damn. Hadn't she spent days wondering about him? Wishing she knew more? He'd been driving her nuts twenty-four hours a day. If she was going to put any stock into fate, how lucky was it that he'd ended up in *her* office? Wasn't that a little too coincidental to be an accident?

And those dark eyes ...

Sorcha leaned forward, staring into his cocoa gaze with no shyness. To her pleasure, he did not look away. Reaching out, she laid her hand over his on the desk.

"Barret," she whispered. "Isn't it a little funny you're here, in my office? Do you believe in luck? Or destiny?"

"Destiny." The word was husky. His full, kissable lips moved slowly as he mouthed the word, teasing her with notions of naughty things. Suddenly she completely lost reason. The sensations of desire rippled through her fast and hard. Her nipples tingled, her clit awakening with need. She wanted him. She was hungry. But this time, not for his energy. No. She just wanted him.

She leaned forward, not letting his gaze go. "I believe in destiny too. Not all those that are destined are compatible. But you and I, we are connected."

"Damn, woman," he murmured. "You have no idea what you do to me."

"I know exactly what I do."

Suddenly, all at once, he came lunging across the desk. She flung aside her papers as his mouth came down on hers. Their tongues twisted in fiery battle. She stood, not letting go of his mouth as she did. Wrapping his arms around her, he pulled her up into his embrace, swung her around, and laid her out on the desk.

Immediately he began pushing up her prim gray skirt and tugging aside her white tights. Once he freed her, he ran his calloused fingers over her sensitive skin. She moaned, arching her hips.

Barret caught her legs, running his hands around her hips to hold her by her bottom. "My turn."

Sorcha almost opened her mouth to protest. She didn't give men control. Let them please her. She pleased *them*. But Barret was different ...

She opened her legs for him, and he lowered himself to his knees. He caressed the delicate skin of her rear, bringing his mouth to hover over her pussy lips.

“You know, anyone could walk in. At any time,” he whispered. He blew hot air against her clit as he spoke. Hot need washed over her. God, he was so right and it made her so horny. Just the thought of the naughty danger ... damn, it was so freaking wicked.

Ever so slowly, he brought his thick tongue to her nether lips. He stroked her clit, working around it in one big circle rather than going in for the feast. He suckled at it, showing no mercy as he teased with his teeth and suction. She arched up, stifling a cry she knew would be heard otherwise. His tongue traveled downward, running over her hole and the tender spot between her sex and anus. He swirled his mouth around, making her clit pulse. Her pussy yawned to be filled. Her anus puckered to be touched.

Again her hips jerked. She could barely keep herself on the desk. Never had she been so tortured.

“Please ... I need ...”

“Shhh ...” His mouth left her hungry and needy as he spoke. “I know what you need.”

His fingers stroked her thighs slowly, running down them and over her ass. Slowly he slipped between her cheeks with his hand, his pinky finger finding her anus. He slipped it in slowly. Immediate ecstasy filled her. She could not hold back her cry. Her scream pierced the air, suddenly silenced as he slapped his other hand over her mouth.

As she quieted, he lowered himself once again to lick her pussy. His tongue was magic against her, creating sensations she did not know she could feel. She was literally going crazy under his attentions. She couldn't take much more. It was like a roller coaster ride, the rush of tickles in her stomach. Feeling hardly able to stand it, she was sure she'd burst. Yet she enjoyed it so much.

Barret licked her from front to back, even slowly rolling his tongue around his finger where he pierced her anus. She went spinning, falling over the pinnacle into an orgasm like she'd never experienced. Her pussy contracted, pulsing and going into convulsions. As she came, he fucked her anus with his finger, nibbling on her clit.

She threw her body upwards, arching and trying to avoid the scream forming in her throat.

Falling fast, she came, spinning down from the orgasm. Everything around her faded into black for a moment. As the light worked its way back in, he pulled his mouth and hand from her. He cradled her, pulling her upwards. She obeyed him, standing and bending over the desk as he guided her. He spread her legs, pushing the small of her back so that she laid her face on the desk. Her rear stuck up in the air, the air conditioning in the window behind the desk blowing cold air right onto her most private parts. She felt so exposed, so naughty.

Unbuckling his pants, he pulled down his zipper. His hands gripped her cheeks, spreading them apart. Sliding his cock against her pussy, he found his entry spot. With one hard thrust, he drove into her pussy. Again desire escalated in her body. Pushing against him, she met his every plunge. He rammed into her hard and fast. Bringing his hands around, he played with her clit. She whimpered at the pleasure; he groaned like a man dying.

Several more thrusts and she spun over the edge once again. Gripping the edge of the desk so that she didn't totally lose it, she came in a series of pulsating explosions. Barret jerked, yanking his cock from her to spill his come all over her ass.

Several moments passed before either of them budged. He straightened, laying his palm on her lower back. "You make me an animal."

She almost laughed.

"You make me a lover." Sorcha pressed her eyes shut for a moment then opened them. She might as well be out with it now, before things became even more entwined. "I cannot be a faithful partner. But I want to be with you."

He began to wipe the come from her, using tissues from a box on the desk. "I cannot let you have all the fun alone then, I suppose."

He actually sounded serious, humored, but serious. Why the sudden change?

Sorcha twisted around so that she could look him in the eye. “I thought you hated vampires.”

He shrugged, but to her pleasure he did not look away. “I do. Very much so.”

“But ...”

“But I like you. Enough to try it, to trust in destiny, and besides, I can reason that you aren’t exactly a *blood* vampire.” He reached out, stroking his fingers across her cheekbone. “We both believe in it. I say that’s a start. Who knows what will happen, but at least we can say we tried. Be with other men if you must, but never lie to me. That’s all I ask. That, and, maybe, you’ll let me join in a time or two. I’m a man, after all. I have my fantasies.”

Sorcha shuddered and leaned into his caress. His arms wrapped around her, and everything else disappeared. Never had a man said anything more wonderful or romantic to her. He could accept her as she was. She certainly could do the same.

What the future held, they did not know. No one did. But they had now, and now just felt so right. Maybe their minds did not agree, but their souls did. That was all the reasoning they needed.

 THE END 

Alyssa Brooks

If there is one thing Alyssa Brooks believes, it is that the world is at her fingertips. She wants to touch, taste, and experience everything, from haunted castles to tropical islands, to skydiving or swimming with the dolphins. Knowledge is her power, and books are her escape. Everyday, writing takes her on a new adventure to wherever she wants to go. But wherever it may be, she likes it exciting and she likes it HOT.

At the age of twenty-four, Alyssa has multiple erotic romances e-published. When she isn't writing new fantasies for her beloved fans, her time is spent freelance editing. In those rare moments when she isn't working, she pleasures in her number one hobby, her husband. She also enjoys gardening, and hiking.

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