

Unforgiven Pleasure

Tempest Knight

M
i
d
n
i
g
h
t

M
o
o
n

C
a
f
é



WARNING: This story contains sexually explicit material, and is intended only for persons over the age of 18. By downloading and opening this document, you are stating that you are of legal age to access and view this work of fiction.

This is a work of fiction. Names, characters, places, and incidents are products of the author's imagination or are used fictitiously and are not to be construed as real. Any resemblance to actual events, locales, organizations, or persons, living or dead, is entirely coincidental.

Unforgiven Pleasure

Copyright© Tempest Knight, 2006

Cover Artist: Silma Pagán

This book has not been edited. It's an "as is" work, and is available as a free download; however, no part of this story or its characters may be used, reproduced, or redistributed in anyway without expressed written permission from the author.

To Cora and Cassandra
Thanks for keeping a light for me...
You guys are the best!

Unforgiven Pleasure

The misty night air in the alley smelled stale mixed with the pungent odor of blood, sweat, and pheromones. The icy drizzle combined with the cool breeze penetrated her sodden clothes making her shiver. Through the haze in her mind, Lara moved her hands slowly to each side and pushed up to lift her body. A cry escaped her as a sharp pain shot through her arms. She fell back to the damp asphalt, her breath ragged. Ignoring the intense throbbing, her jaws clenched, she struggled once more to get up again. Her breathing came in short gasps, her arms quivered with the effort. Warm liquid tickled down her arm, and she looked down. Blood oozed from the deep slashes covering her arms. She cursed softly under her breath. She had to get out of the alley fast. The smell of blood would soon attract unsavory night creatures.

She twisted a bit to the right and cringed. Her body ached everywhere. But these aches were nothing compared to her broken heart. Betrayed. By her best friend. A renewed wave of anger surged inside her. She'd expect this from Lorianne Jones. That red-headed bitch made no bone about wanting to become an Alpha and mate with one of the Alpha males in their pack. She'd do anything — fight anyone — just to get what she wanted. Since she was born Alpha, Lara expected to come to blows with Lorianne at some point. But not with sweet, little Susie.

Scheming traitor!

To think she'd befriended the shy woman when she'd joined the pack about 3 years ago. Susie had been more than happy to tag along with Lara and her friends, and not once took the initiative on their outings. So when she'd proposed they met the guys at the rave party held in one of the old abandoned buildings, Lara had been surprised, but had accepted. As they entered the alleyway, Susie's minions had jumped Lara. Using tasers, they'd zapped part of her energies weakening her.

When Johnny and his friends had shown up, her followers had hidden the guns. With an angry snarl, Susie had claimed a challenge — a mating duel. Then she'd shifted into a wolf and attacked, her claws and teeth ready. Lara had been left with no other recourse but to shapeshift too to defend herself, weak as she'd been.

Yet what hurt the most was that Johnny had been there, prancing around eagerly, enjoying the fight, and done nothing to stop them. How could he do that to her? His own girlfriend? And to think that she'd planned to petition the Alpha leaders of her pack to let her mate with Johnny. Not that she loved him. But she'd felt he was the only male shifter who understood her views that the struggles for supremacy within the pack were barbaric. What a pathetic fool she'd been.

In the end he'd gone with Susie and left her there. She growled. If she ever saw them again... *Never mind that now*, she scolded herself.

The howls of wolves in the distance drew her back to the moment.

Damn! They are coming back.

Gritting her teeth, she tried to kneel, but her right leg refused to move. Perspiration broke on her brow. She cursed under her breath. Mustering the last of her energy, she forced her leg, an agonizing inch at the time, until she lifted herself on hands and knees. A sudden wave of nausea and dizziness overtook her. She closed her eyes and concentrated on taking long, deep breaths. She couldn't pass out. Not now.

Once the worst of the wooziness was gone, she slowly opened her eyes and noticed a pair of shoes before her. Her heart pounded in terror. She hadn't heard anyone approach. Her gaze

drifted up a pair of long, muscular legs encased in black leather pants then higher to a very masculine chest. A soft breeze blew his leather trenchcoat, revealing a black-inked tattoo on his right blade shoulder.

The Eye.

No! Oh Gods!

Terrified, she closed her eyes and tried to transform into the wolf, but her body shook violently. She collapsed on the asphalt, and a new wave of dizziness sent her head spinning. Her vision blurred. She tried and failed to overcome the sense of light-headedness washing over her. She couldn't succumb to unconsciousness. Tears ran down her cheek. The tasers and the fight had left her too weak, and exhaustion had sapped her energy. The last change back into human form had depleted her magick. She tried to get up, but her body refused to obey her. A pair of strong hands grab her shoulders, and she whimpered. Oh Gods, she was going to die.

"Sleep."

The commanding timbre of a masculine voice was the last thing she heard before she gave in and let the darkness engulfed her.

Draken stood before his bed watching the even, albeit shallow, rise and fall of the wolf-woman's chest. After two critical hours, she rested serenely. The soft rays of the moon illuminated her face. It was still pale. Too pale. But that didn't retract from her lovely features. There were dark circles under her closed eyes. Eyes that were a rich shade of green when she was in human form. He'd glanced into them before she'd lost consciousness. Her chestnut-brown hair spread in a wavy mass over the pillow. His gaze drifted down to her arms lying at her side. For a moment anger rose within him and his fists clenched at his side as he remembered how he'd found her — her clothes shredded, her body covered in lacerations, blood freely flowing from several open wounds. At least the bleeding had stopped. Raw scars marred her arms. He took her small hand in his. Her skin was no longer cold.

He sighed. He'd done all he could for her. Now it was up to her restorative sleep to heal her. But he knew it'd be a slow process in her human form. Her levels of magick were depleted when he found her not enabling her to shapeshift. They were still very low. And for all his powers, he couldn't force a shift in her condition without risking her.

Leaving her to rest and heal, he walked up to the massive marble fireplace at the other end of his room. With a twist of his hand, the fire came to life, dispelling some of the autumn chill that had slipped inside. He sat on the leather armchair, stretching his legs before him, and watched the flame danced. His thoughts drifted back to the beautiful shifter naked in his bed, and his cock swelled.

Her skin had been cold when he'd brought her in. Peeling her wet clothes, watching her soft skin revealed before his eyes had been torture. Just like running his fingers over her flesh as he washed the dirt from her, the soapy water heightening his sensuous awareness. But holding her close to his body, feeling every supple curve mold to his, as he'd used his magick to warm and infuse her with energy had truly tested him beyond his boundaries. He could still feel her lush breasts touching his chest, her mound brushing his lap. He groaned and shifted in his chair to relieve some of the pressure from his stiff cock.

Leaning back, he closed his eyes and tried to concentrate on the approaching dawn. Sense the night life — or what was left of it. But the delicate aroma of earth and woman permeated the very air he breathed reminding him of her. Teasing his senses. The image of her delectable body burned in his mind sent a new wave of desire coursing through his body.

He shouldn't have brought her here. He didn't need the distraction her brought. He needed to stay alert. His duty – his very oath to the goddess Isis – demanded as much.

And yet...

She intrigued him. Fascinated him. Tempted him. He chuckled softly. And what a delicately delicious temptation she was. Since his creation, no female creature had captured his senses the way she did. From the first moment he'd laid eyes on her, she'd enraptured him.

A black cat jumped on his lap. He opened his eyes, and gazing down into the orange feline eyes, he raised an eyebrow.

"What am I to do, Kemnebi?"

Lara felt something cushioned her body, a soft fabric rub her bare skin. A bed? The notion slipped through her still sleepy mind, and for a moment she thought she was back in her room, sleeping nude as she always did in her small bed, until she tried to twist to her left. Her muscles protested with her movement, and everything came rushing back to her. The fight, Susie and Johnny's betrayal. But she'd been in an alley then, this was a bed.

She sat up and blinked her eyes in confusion to find herself lying in a strange room. Heavy velvet curtains of the deepest blue draped the French windows behind the elaborately carved wooden bed. A frown creased her brow. Where was she? The last thing she remembered was the Sentinel...no, he couldn't have been one. Otherwise, she'd be dead. She ran a hand through her hair. But what about the Eye tattoo? Maybe she'd been too weak and imagined it.

Moonlight streamed through the windows illuminating the bed. She looked down at her arms. The gashes were barely pink welts. Her fingers touched her neck. The skin felt smooth. No sign of the canine teeth that had threatened to crush her windpipe. Still her throat felt dry and sore. Her back throbbed dully.

Beyond the bed, the shimmering silver light couldn't penetrate the darkest shadows she'd ever seen. There was something unnatural about them. Almost a palpable entity. She shuddered.

Suddenly something moved under the sheets, and a pair of glowing golden orbs peeked from underneath. She shrieked and pushed back until her back hit the headboard. A soft purred called her attention.

"What the—?" With trembling fingers, she lifted the cover. A black cat with orange eyes slinked out and sat close to the edge of the bed to her right. She let out a nervous laugh. "Well. And where did you come from?"

With a scowl, she noted the malachite ankh dangling from its collar. The bed budged in. Two other black cats, wearing similar collars, had jumped into the bed. One sat to her left and the other at her feet. All three of them remained unmoving, their eyes unblinking.

"Get off the bed. C'mon. Shoo." She waved her hand before them, but the cats just sat motionless, undaunted by her, those gleaming eyes fixed on her. She tasted the air carefully and frowned. They were supposed to smell like cats but their scent was...different. It was unsettling.

“You’re finally awake.”

The deep, rich masculine voice started her. She pulled the sheet close and squinted, trying to pierce the dark recess and shadows enveloping the room. Her heart pounded fast. She’d not heard him move, not even perceived his scent. What was wrong with her? “Where are you? Show yourself.”

A ball of fire burst in the hearth, making the fire roar to life, chasing the shadows away. The room was bathed in its amber glow. Except for the bed and an armchair next to the fireplace, there was no lavish furniture nor tapestries or oil paintings on the wall. A man of imposing height leaned against the mantle. The light cast a soft aura around him. He pushed away from the mantle and strode toward her with the graceful predatory walk, closing the distance between them. His lithe body reminded her of an animal. Raw power bled from him. A soft trembling of excitement ran down her body in response. Blood rushed through her lower part inflaming her clit. Moist gathered between her legs.

Once up close her breath caught in her throat. Dressed entirely in black, the man exuded sensuality...and danger. His leather pants molded his powerful legs perfectly. His half-button shirt revealed the smooth bronze expanse of his streamlined muscle chest and a peek into the leanness of his flat abdomen. Yet his features remained hidden in shadows even though he was barely a few feet away from her.

Except for his eyes. They glowed blue in the darkness.

She licked her dry lips. “W-who are you?”

The shadows parted like a curtain. A mane of shoulder-length black locks — so dark not even the light could penetrate — framed his chiseled face. He was unbelievably sexy. His piercing gaze held hers, and she could see the desire blaze in them. It made every part of her warm. Warmer than the flames dancing in the hearth. The liquid from her folds flowed freely. She could smell her own arousal. The air between them sizzled with electricity. Her breath came in short bursts, her heart beat a fast rhythm.

He moved, and his shirt slightly parted. Her glance fell on the Eye tattoo, shattering the spell the bewitching stranger had cast over her.

“A Sentinel.” She swallowed hard and shook her head. Oh Gods, she’d not dreamed the tattoo. Instinctively, she closed her eyes and summoned whatever energy she could muster. But before she could try to transform, his strong hands seized her arms, and her magick slammed into a wall of power stronger than anything she’d ever felt. Feeling trapped, she struggled against his hold. But he held her arms in a fierce grip.

“Stop.” He shook her until her teeth rattled. “Stop. Please.” This time his voice was soft, barely beyond a whisper.

That last word made her stop thrashing.

“Don’t try to shapeshift. You don’t have enough magick in you yet. If you shift now, you’ll only hurt yourself and remain an animal forever.” His mouth was barely inches from her ear, and his breath fanned her neck. A shiver ran up and down her body.

Slowly she opened her eyes and gazed into his icy blue ones. Yet they weren’t cold. His gaze held a warmth that surprised her.

Still, he was a Sentinel. A killer of her kind. She licked her dry lips, her jaws trembling slightly. Her eyes flickered from the tattoo on his right shoulder to him. A tear slid down her cheek.

He gently brushed it away. His finger lingered under her chin. “You have nothing to fear from me.”

She didn't know why, but she believed him. She nodded slowly, and he let her go.

"C-can you call off your cats?"

His lips curled into a sensuous smile. "I'd be careful what you call them. You might insult them."

"What are you—?" A growl caught her attention, and she snapped her head to see a huge panther, dark-golden eyes gleaming, sitting next to her. Shadows enveloped the other two cats, then huge black panthers stood in their place. What kind of magick was this?

She stared at the great beasts, afraid one of them might attack.

"Vol netaun." At his command, the panthers instantly turned back into cats, then jumped off the bed and strutted out of the room.

She'd never seen animals shapeshift into other animals before. She didn't even know such thing was possible. Her startled eyes turned toward him. "W-what are they?"

"Catrales. I don't know how to explain them. They are...others."

Still confused, she just nodded.

"What's your name?" His voice was deep. Sultry. Magical.

Biting her lips, she glanced up at him from beneath her lashes, debating what to say.

"Lara. How about yours?"

"Draken."

He sat on the edge of the bed, and she clutched the blanket tighter. She wasn't a modest person by nature, yet the intensity of his gaze made her aware of her unclothed state. Of her renewed arousal. She tried to pull her legs up, but a cramp on her ankle made her cringe.

"You're still hurt." He lifted the sheet covering her legs.

"No, wait. Y-you don't have to..."

But before she could finish her protest, he was already gently cradling her foot with one hand and with the other massaging her ankle. Her skin burned like it was on fire wherever his hand touched. A moan of pleasure escaped her.

Lara's moan reverberated through Draken. His cock painfully stiff. He'd ached to reach out and touch her again since he'd felt her awake. It'd been so hard to stand quietly in the shadows, watching her naked form, when all he'd wanted was to pull her into his arms and taste every inch of her body. Oh yes, he burned for a taste of her. And now that his hands were over her skin, he couldn't get enough. He wanted to have more of her. All of her. Have other parts of him touching her more intimately.

"How does it feel?" he asked, his voice laced with need.

"Really good."

That was how he'd feel with her naked body under his, her legs wrapped around his hips as his cock plunged inside her inner folds. The intoxicating aroma of her arousal wrapped around him like a velvet mantle, and his cock ached to be released.

His hands slid to her shapely calf. Her bare skin was the color of cream silk. His hand traveled over to her thigh, gliding up and down in a gentle caress. Her limbs trembled under his touch.

"I-I don't hurt there."

“But does it feel good?”

“Yes.” Her voice was breathy.

Staring at her lush lips, he desperately wanted to kiss them. He watched her tongue dart nervously over them, and the simple gesture undid him. Just a small taste, he thought as he leaned to kiss her. But the moment their lips touched, hers submitted to his, and he grew more eager to taste her. Where he'd meant to go gently, his mouth moved over hers fiercely. Demanding. Hungrily. Needing to fill his soulless being with her essence.

His thumb brushed her sensitive nipple, and she gasped softly. Draken pulled from her kiss. Her lips were beautifully swollen, her green eyes dark with passion and longing. He reclaimed her mouth, nipping and playfully stroking her mouth to ecstasy. She moaned and parted her lips. He plunged his tongue, and quickly he felt the silky touch of hers mating with his.

His hands cupped her rounded butt and pulled her closer. He groaned at the feel of her soft womanly curves through his clothes.

With her hands on his chest, she pulled back. “I want to see you naked.”

He watched her unbuttoned his shirt one delicious centimeter at the time. Gosh, she was killing him softly. She threw his shirt to the floor, then her eager fingers traced the rippling contours of his sculptured chest. Followed by her mouth. Tasting. Teasing. She suckled his nipples, taunted them with swirling motions from her tongue. He closed his eyes. His breath came in short ragged gasps. With every nip, every kiss, she was pushing him closer to the edge.

With a groan, he grabbed her by the shoulders and pulled her back. At the look of confusion on her flush face, he chuckled. “I think I’m the one who should be doing that.”

His mouth found her taunt nipples and sucked them hard, lavishing his attention equally to both. She arched her back and thrust her breasts fully into his mouth. Her fingers entwined in his hair, pulling him closer. He nipped and sucked them, enjoying the feel of such tender, sensitive flesh.

Then he left a trail of heated kisses as he made his way from her breasts to her mound. Instinctively she parted her legs, and he could see her rosy, swollen clit glittering wet. He breathed deeply the spicy aroma of her juices that permeated the very air he breathed. Like a man dying of thirst, he bent down and licked her from the backhole to her clit in one stroke. She moaned louder and pushed her hips into his mouth. Grounding her hips, he lapped her juices with leisure strokes of his tongue. Oh Great Gods. He'd never tasted something so exquisite before.

He fastened his mouth on her clit and sucked the now erect nub greedily, building her pleasure. His body shook with his own need.

“Draken, I need more. Please.”

When she went for his pants, he grabbed her hand. “Don’t bother.” Magickally his pants disappeared, leaving his erection to her full appraisal.

“I can’t wait anymore. I need to be inside you.” He positioned himself between her legs and braced his arms on either side of her head. His dick stood poised at the entrance of her pussy, then with a little move of his hips, its tip nudge into it. She gasped, her eyes widened. Sweat broke out of his skin as he pushed his cock inside her tight, wet pussy, an agonizing inch at the time. Filling her until it was sheathed up to his balls. She fit perfectly.

“Draken.” The way she said his name made him weak. He gazed into those mesmerizing jade eyes aglow with passion. He knew his glowed too.

“Please,” she whispered.

One word it was all it took. He began to move. A slow tempo at first. Restraining his desire to wildly pump his cock inside her. Making sure she savored the feel of him. Yet it was torturing him. She wrapped her legs over his hips and arched against him, silently urging him to go faster. Without hesitation, he sucked in his breath and plunged deeper and harder. Her nails dug into his back, her teeth bit at his neck. The erotic sensation drove him further to the edge, and he became primal. The sound of flesh meeting flesh, moans, and grunts filled the room. His senses drowned in the scent of woman, sex, and earth. Her lips were so close he felt her breath like a caress in his ear as she repeated his name like a holy prayer with every thrust.

Her pussy squeezed his cock. He felt every contraction to his very soul. A soul he knew he didn't have. He felt the tension coiling inside of her growing until she exploded. She screamed his name and arched against him. At the same time, warmth spread over him. Silvery-blue dots of lights danced before him. He plunged one last time, then held himself still, shuddered, and collapsed on top of her.

Lara lay next to Draken with no strength left after the last love-making session. If someone would have told her that someday she'd spend a delicious night of pure ecstasy with a Sentinel, she'd have laughed. Yet here she was, sleeping with the enemy. His arm draped possessively over her slender waist, making her feel protected and cared for.

A faint trace of pink colored the sky. She lifted her head and looked down at his sleeping form. His features were relaxed, his obsidian hair tousled. His beauty took her breath.

Biting her lip in curiosity, she splayed her hand over his chest. His heart beat to the same rhythm as hers. As one heart.

Mates.

Her lifemate — the one whose heart match hers — was a Sentinel. She couldn't help a tremor of apprehension at the prospect.

"I should be afraid of you," she whispered.

He slowly opened his eyes and gave her his most sensual smile. "Why?"

"You're a Sentinel. You kill our kind."

His eyes scorched her as he stared at her. "Is that what you think I am, Lara? An assassin?"

"No." The word rushed out of her as memories of their love-making flashed in her mind. He'd been demanding, but gentle. But that image conflicted with everything she'd been taught about Sentinels. She shook her head as she tried to reconcile the caring lover with the warrior she knew lurked inside him. "I... ah... It's just that... well... The Alpha-Elders teach us that Sentinels will slaughter us without mercy if they find us."

"I see." He brushed a lock from her face, and that simple contact made her shiver. "As a Sentinel, I keep watch over the night creatures. That was what I was created for."

Her heart sank. "So you're the executioner of shapeshifters."

"And vampires, werewolves, and any other being that might shed the blood of innocent humans and threaten the delicate balance of life upon Earth. Believe me, I've never taken a life that didn't deserve it."

"But you think I'm one of them. Another threat."

“Never, my life.” He pulled her down and he brushed his lips over hers. “From the moment I saw you, I knew you were different.”

“Draken? H-how did you find me?”

“I was doing my nightly rounds when I heard a commotion coming from the alley. I peered over and saw the fight from the rooftop.”

“What?” Surprise shot through her, quickly replaced by indignation. “You mean to tell me you saw the whole damn thing and didn’t do anything to stop it?”

He arched an eyebrow. “Fights are common practice among your kind.”

“It’s a barbaric practice.” Her grandfather, who had risen when her parents died in the fire, had said so repetitively.

“Even in the wild animals fight.”

She lifted her chin, a defiant glint in her eyes. “We’re not animals. We are civilized beings. Just because we can turn into animal form doesn’t mean we have to behave like a pack of rabid wolves fighting over a bone.”

He grinned, and she punched his shoulder. “What is so funny?”

“You remind me of a young white wolf with blue eyes I met many years ago.”

“You knew my grandfather,” she whispered, surprise lacing her voice. Blue-eyed wolves were extremely rare among shapeshifters. They commonly had hazel or light brown eyes when they change into wolves. Her grandfather had been one of the few known capable of keeping his blue eyes even in his wolf form.

He nodded. “He refused to fight a group of Alphas for the leader position. He was a brave man. He never allowed the animal within guide his life.”

“Nor do I.”

“That’s why you refused the mate challenge.”

She nodded. “I promised myself a long time ago that I’ll only mate with the one that love me for who I am.”

“And have you found him?”

Yes. She lowered her gaze and bit her lower lip. “Maybe.”

His finger lifted her chin, and his gaze leveled with hers. “The black night has been my sole companion all these centuries. I don’t want it anymore, Lara. Would you stay with me?”

Her heart leaped at the prospect. She contemplated the sheer enormity of what he was asking. Fear mixed with the tantalizing possibilities. Could she actually go through with this? She searched his eyes, and she could see his love shining through them. She couldn’t deny anymore what was locked in her heart.

“Yes,” she answered undaunted.

“Are you sure you accept this soulless creature to be your mate?”

She kissed the tip of his nose. “You’re not soulless, Draken.”

“Sentinels are created without souls.”

With a frown creasing her brow, she tilted her head. “Then where is your silver aura coming from?”

“Aura? It can’t be.”

Seeing the confusion in his eyes, she took his hand in hers. “Can you see the faint silvery-blue glow?” she asked as she traced the contour of his fingers.

Emotions played on his face. He threw his head back and laughed. The sound of his laughter was like soft music to her. He wrapped her in his arms and claimed her mouth in a searing kiss.

“Thank you,” he whispered.

“For what?”

“For loving me. For giving me a soul.”

THE END

Bio

Tempest Knight writes paranormal and fantasy erotic romance. Her interest in swords and daggers (and anything medieval), folklore, ghosts, mythology, runes, and tarot led her to a fascination with anything related to paranormal and fantasy things.

But living in Puerto Rico, also known as the Island of Enchantment, has held a magic that bespells the author's imagination. The turquoise waters of the Caribbean Sea. The hot breeze blowing from the East, gently caressing the skin. The sensual rhythms of the island's music. It all evokes erotic visions which stir the author's mind.

So nowadays she can be found strolling along the beach under a full moon while plotting her next story, or sitting on the veranda as the sound of the soft tropical rain falling on the leaves rouse her fantasies.

Links:

<http://www.tempestknight.com/>
<http://www.myspace.com/tempestknight>
<http://midnightmooncafe.blogspot.com/>

Books:

Enduring Promise

Blurb:

Before Armand died by the hands of a vampire-hunting mob, he vowed Giselle Dubois he'd find a way to return to her on All Hallows' Eve. But after three centuries of waiting, her hopes have vanished, and feeling lonely, she is about to walk into the sunlight and end her life on All Hallows' Eve.

Until Armand wanders into Giselle's house. Except now he's now thirty-five-year-old photographer Evan Harris. And he doesn't remember her. She must awake his memories before dawn, using every single sensual means at her disposal. But would he be the same Armand she knew and loved?

For an excerpt go to:

<http://www.cobblestone-press.com/catalog/books/enduringpromise.htm>