

Blood & Honey

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Chapter 1

Victor strolled into the opulent hotel lobby, discreetly licking the blood off his fangs. He'd fed, and his cock was stiff with nonspecific lust. A wholesome girl who looked barely eighteen was at the registration desk, smiling at him.

Too young, he told himself, though his cock was less inclined to ignore the pretty smile. He pressed the button for the elevator and waited, surprised to see Claudio come out of the bar. The stocky vampire pushed black curls back from his eyes and hurried to Victor.

"There's a messenger from Sabine."

Victor raised his eyebrows. Sabine was one of the oldest and most seductive vampires of all time. Victor wanted to meet her, but had no luck in tracking her down. Considering his reputation, he thought she must have been turned to dust to not have summoned him by now. He'd seized control of the vampire nation in North America, and it had made him famous in the preternatural world.

"What makes you think the messenger is from Sabine?"

"She said she was. And her fangs..."

"What of them?"

"They're pale violet."

The elevator door opened, and Victor and Claudio stepped inside. Sabine was rumored to have fangs that had a violet cast. No one was sure how she had turned them that color. Young vampires trying to emulate her myth sometimes painted their fangs, but the color was always very opaque and artificial-looking. Claudio would not have been fooled by paint.

"I put her in the suite. She goes by the name Thayla."

"I've never heard of her," Victor said. "What does she want?"

"She wouldn't tell me, but she did say it was vitally important."

Victor smiled. *Vitally important... of course it is.* Most vampires had a taste and flare for the dramatic. *Just let her be beautiful and in need of fucking, and I'll be satisfied.* The elevator stopped on the top floor, and they walked to the room.

Inside the suite, there was a small figure by the window wearing a black cloak, its hood shrouding her face. Victor waited.

"May I speak to you alone, Prince Victor?" she asked without turning.

Victor narrowed his eyes. Her voice was uncommonly lyrical for a vampire. He sensed that she was trying to keep it low, but the lilt couldn't be hidden. It made him curious.

"Yes. Go, Claudio."

"But, Victor, the law."

"I am the law. You searched her?"

Claudio nodded. "But she's been alone here for a while."

Victor shrugged. "If she plans to kill me, she'll find out what everyone else has learned. That it's easier planned than done." Victor slid the enchanted silver-tipped wooden stake from its sheath at his waist. The special weapon was good for killing witches, vampires, and werewolves.

"You take too many chances," Claudio muttered, sweeping out. Too many vampire princes had been staked over the centuries. There were laws that prohibited the nations' princes from being left alone with strangers. But Victor ignored a lot of the old laws. He'd been outcast for years in the 30's and 40's and was used to doing things his own way.

"So, Lady Thayla, where is your mistress? I've been looking for her for months. I was starting to think she was trying to slight me. Maybe to avoid acknowledging my leadership?"

She turned, causing the cloak to flare out. She had a slight, lovely body.

“No, nothing of the kind. She heard that you like cognac. She sent a bottle hoping you and I could toast together to your health.” She nodded to a bottle resting on a chest of drawers.

Victor smiled. He could not be poisoned, and he could not drink anything on two legs so the cognac was a very good gift. Looking at her made him want to spill it over her body and lick it off. Her shoulders, breasts and thighs. From between both sets of lips. Yes, she would probably taste very good doused in smooth liquor.

He re-sheathed the stake. “Let’s drink then,” Victor said, grabbing a pair of crystal tumblers. He poured generously.

The small figure moved close and turned her face up. He stopped for moment to study it. Heart-shaped and surpassingly beautiful. Lips stained the color of dusky pink roses. Glittering blue-violet eyes framed by long lashes. He lost himself in her eyes, feeling strangely aware of the small things, like the air currents in the room. Usually the five senses were dampened in vampires, but at the moment, the room was alive in a surreal way. Victor imagined that this was the way shapeshifters perceived a place, and it fascinated him.

Her skin was as fine and smooth as porcelain. He wanted to stroke her. She took a glass from his hand, never losing contact with his gaze. “Let us drink that when death comes, it shall be quick and painless for us.”

That was a good wish. Though somewhere in his mind it seemed that the original toast was supposed to be different.

“To a quick and painless death,” Victor said softly, drinking slowly, still staring at her.

“You are very tired.”

“I am very tired,” he said, suddenly feeling the weight of his body. He shuffled to the nearest chair.

“The bed will feel very comfortable.”

He changed directions, backing up toward the bed, always seeing her eyes. Rare purplish blue sapphires, the kind he’d stolen once when desperate for money.

He lay on the bed, staring up into her eyes. He wanted to kiss her, but then she might shutter those sparkling pools of light. He didn't want that.

"Can you kiss with your eyes open?" Victor asked.

"You're too tired to talk now. Your voice is gone completely."

Victor opened his mouth to ask her what her full name was, but no words came out. He smiled. She was right about his voice. It was gone. She was right about everything.

She is my queen. I will serve her until death, which I hope will be quick and painless when it comes. Queen Thayla. Beautiful, blue-eyed. Stake. Stake!

His arm shot up and stayed her hand just as the stake skewered the muscle of his chest.

"You're tired. You can't move your arms," she said.

Not right. Not good. He tightened his grip.

"Sleep."

Magic, powerful and warm, knocked him to his side, breaking his grasp on her. *Assassin.* He leapt to his feet and charged toward her fleeing figure. He grabbed the cloak, which slid from her as he yanked.

A slick ponytail of bright red-orange hair swished before his eyes. She dove through the window, glass sprinkling into the night. Victor crashed through the broken window much less elegantly, knocking off part of the frame as he went.

He ran and then flew full speed around the corner where she'd gone. His eyes scanned the night for her red hair. Nothing. No one.

He stopped, landing and looking around. She'd vanished. Witch? Not likely. How could she have grown to such power without his having heard of her? His hand touched the left side of his chest. She'd almost had him... she *had* had him for several moments. An incredibly talented would-be assassin. How the hell had she enchanted him? Who other than a witch of the highest order could do that? But what high witch had flame-colored hair? None. A witch would never tolerate such a color.

His mind ran circles for a moment. When the thought finally came to him, he realized that it had taken too long for him to think of it. It was an obvious answer, and her enchantment had been so strong that it had been able to cloak even the obvious. Faery.

There were rumors of a female avenger with red hair who was killing powerful vampires. Most of the kills had been in Europe where the war had started, but it had apparently spilled over to North America.

Faeries were quick and clever, but physically they weren't more powerful than human beings, let alone shapeshifters or vampires. It would be madness for the average faery to enter the room of a vampire alone. Suicide, in fact, if the faery's intent was malicious as hers had been. But she wasn't average. She was exceptional. For all his strength she'd broken his skin with a stake while he lay quieter than a lamb at slaughter. He glanced at the shallow break in the skin of his chest, which was already closing.

She'd pricked his pride as well as his skin, and he needed to find her. Now that he knew what she was, he could fight the enchantment. She wouldn't do very well against him when she couldn't bespell him, and she'd learn an important lesson, as would the rest of faery. The American vampire prince would not be easily killed and those who tried to do it would get their just desserts.

He turned and swooped back to the hotel. He jogged into the great room where his vampires were drinking alcohol from tumblers and blood from the necks of willing humans.

"Claudio," Victor called.

Everyone looked up, surprised to see him downstairs.

"My prince," he acknowledged, hurrying across the room.

"Come with me."

"What of Sabine's messenger?"

"She wasn't from Sabine. She wasn't even a vampire."

"What?" he asked as he hurried up the stairs behind Victor.

“She tried to kill me, but I got her cloak. We’re going to use it to locate her. Get our wizard out of bed, and tell him to hurry. She is amazingly quick. If she spots us, she’ll be gone before we can catch her. She’s Fae.”

“Faery? Why would she attack you?”

Victor smiled. “That is the question. Come. We’ll put all the vampires in the air. She’ll be too afraid to pass through the net of them and will try to stay in hiding until sunrise. That’s how we’ll catch her.”

* * *

Fawn sat, quietly fidgeting in her black clothes. She hated to be covered in black; too much like a witch or vampire beast. She removed the glamour from her teeth. No need for violet vampire fangs anymore.

It was still two hours until dawn. There were vampires in the night sky undoubtedly looking for her. Let them look. She wouldn’t be flying by night. She twisted in the closet, pushing a mop away from the overturned bucket she was sitting on. She’d chosen a closet for its darkness and lack of windows. Windows tempted her to look out, and one of the beasts might spot her eyes even from the sky.

Let the blue sky defeat the black, and let it be soon.

When the sun rose they’d have to go indoors or scorch their bloodthirsty hides. Then she’d be free to frolic all the way home. The vampire prince would wake tomorrow and have no idea where in the world to look for her. She smiled at that, but then frowned at the thought of him waking at all.

How had he resisted her? She’d bespelled other princes. None had been strong enough to overcome her enchantment. She shuddered. He’d gotten a hold of her with that icy grip. He’d been so fast.

She thought about his face and shivered. He had light hair and dark eyes, a strange but undeniably handsome combination. He’d have lived his life as a splendid-looking human man, if the vampires had not claimed him for their own. She could understand why they had. There had been a breath-catching sexuality about him, a wide sensual mouth that wanted kissing. If he’d been human she would have.

She imagined him taking young human virgins, first to bed them, then to bleed them. She trembled, thinking of his long body stretched out naked. She'd felt his muscles, his cock. She knew how well made he was. *But he's a monster, a bloodsucker. Beautiful or not, he needs to die as payment for the sins of his kind.*

Suddenly, her whole body tingled. Her ears twitched, listening. There wasn't a sound, and yet she felt something powerful and magical nearby. She held her breath and stood up. Was it a witch or warlock passing by the empty building? She'd crawled in through an open skylight. If the vampire prince landed and tried to get through that way, she was sure she'd hear him. Vampires weren't as slippery at flying as faeries. Old-time small faeries could land on the head of a pin. And even though faeries were human size now, they were still trained in the old ways.

She rubbed her prickling arms. The magic was getting closer. She had to get out. She could go through a ground floor window and creep in the shadows to another building. Taking to the sky would be too dangerous because there were too many of them. She could bespell one if captured, but she couldn't keep eye contact with them all.

She reached for the handle, just as the door was yanked open. A huge hand reached in and grabbed her by the throat. She was pulled out with her legs dangling. She flailed her limbs, coming face to face with the vampire prince who smiled, showing his fangs.

"Well, if it isn't my beautiful little assassin."

She grabbed his forearm with both hands and squeezed hard, trying to get him to drop her. If he'd just loosen his grip, she could slip under his arm and away. She tried to capture his eyes, but he moved them too quickly.

"Cut her shirt. I want to see her back," Victor said.

She kicked her legs out as hard as she could. She struck him several times, but he ignored the blows. His grip tightened slightly. It wasn't painful, but she couldn't catch her breath either.

"I'm not letting go. You've already proven how quick you are. Be still," he said.

She continued to struggle. Someone behind her cut the fabric of her shirt, leaving only a cuff at the collar and the waist. When they separated the fabric, they would see her skin was as thin as wax paper on her back. They would see the faintly raised area beneath it.

She tried to stay awake, but felt her hold on the conscious world slipping away.

“Yes, sleep.” His smooth voice was soft in the darkness, and then she heard nothing else.

Chapter 2

Victor woke many hours later, feeling warmer than he could ever remember waking. He shifted and realized why. The faery was lying on top of him in his coffin. He'd instructed Claudio to put iron chains around it to keep her from opening the lid. It looked like the chains had worked.

She lay still and barely breathing. There would be very little oxygen, if any, left in the coffin after so many hours. He shifted slowly, liking the feel of magic across his skin. His flesh wasn't very sensitive to most things, only heat... and apparently faery magic. It felt like the mouths of tiny fish grabbing at his skin when he'd been a young man swimming in Central American rivers.

She was shirtless, her small round breasts pressed against him. He wanted one of them in his mouth, but there was no room to maneuver. He slid a hand down to the round globe of her buttock encased in thin Lycra leggings. He squeezed the warm flesh, causing her to shift in her sleep, rubbing his cock with her thigh.

He moved his hand under the fabric. Her skin was silkier than anything he'd ever felt. He wondered why nobody had ever told him that the softness of human and shapeshifting females did not compare to that of a faery.

His fingertips probed the warm cleft between her globes and then quested deeper, dipping into the dewy moisture of her delicate little pussy. She was lush and ripe, and she panted as he stroked her. He gritted his teeth against the need to get inside her. The traveling coffin was small, and she was pressed against him. There wasn't room for him to get his cock free.

If she woke up, she might be seduced into helping him, but she wouldn't wake. He slid his hand up to rest on her back. She was light, lighter than a mortal. It was amazing that something so delicate could be so dangerous and so difficult to kill.

As time passed in the coffin, her magic dulled. She was slipping into a deep coma. Living things had to breathe. One of the many disadvantages of not being a vampire.

He moved his arm, and her hair slid across it. He ran a hand over her shoulder to her back. The skin of her back was slightly ridged. He wanted to touch the wings beneath, but he didn't want her to wake up in pain. He wanted to give her a chance to cooperate without being tortured. He was sure she would. A faery waking up in a vampire's castle was certain to be terrified.

* * *

"My prince, she's awake," Claudio shouted from down the corridor.

"Why are you yelling?" Victor snapped, getting up from his desk.

"She's flying, and they can't catch her."

"Did they unshackle her?"

"No. She managed to pull loose the fabric that we secured to protect her wrist from the iron cuff. Then she just slipped the cuff over her hand."

Victor smiled in spite of himself. They'd been waiting almost two days for her to wake up. He'd expected her to be weak and pliant. The fact that she was flying already hinted at a determined and defiant nature.

Victor opened the door and pushed past one of his vampires to get into the tower. There were a number of shuttered windows, each of which was being blocked by the body of a vampire.

Three stories up, perched on the raised chandelier, was the faery in question. She was shirtless, her long red hair spilling over her chest, pink nipples peeking through the strands. His cock responded instantly.

"Come down," Victor called.

"Make them leave," she called back.

He glanced around. His people were snarling and showing their fangs. She looked like a canary sitting above a roomful of hissing cats.

Victor pushed off the ground, rising two and a half stories. When her wings began to vibrate, he stopped. Her features were remarkably beautiful, as though she'd been etched by the most talented artist in the world.

"They aren't leaving because if they do you'll fly right out a window before we can stop you."

She pursed petulant lips, but he noted that she didn't bother to lie about staying if given the chance to escape.

"Come down," Victor said in a smooth voice that soothed most victims into offering their necks.

"No," she said without hesitation.

He fanged his lower lip to keep from laughing. So much for cajoling her. He watched her remarkable wings. They were moving so quickly they were just a blue blur, nearly invisible like a hummingbird's.

"What's your name?"

"Fawn."

"That's a nickname, of course. What's your real name?"

"Fawn is the only name I'll ever give the likes of you."

"The likes of me?" he echoed with a smirk. He rose higher in the air so that they were at the same height, separated by only a few feet. "I'm the one who nearly got staked without provocation. If anyone has the right to be angry, it's me."

"You've killed me twice since then. I was going to give you a painless death. You had me bound in iron, tortured."

"If you considered that torture, you don't know a thing about it."

"I'd rather be dead than shackled," she snapped vehemently. Her eyes blazed indigo.

"That can be arranged," he said, letting his voice sound ominous when, in fact, he had no intention of hurting her. She had most likely attacked him for political reasons, not personal ones. He did need to teach her a lesson, but the more he saw of her, the less he wanted it to involve violence.

He descended to the ground.

Claudio looked at him quizzically and remarked, "She's very vigorous."

Yeah, and probably wild in bed... if I'm lucky. "We levitate. Faeries fly. Flying takes energy. She hasn't eaten in days. Bring me a plate of whatever bread and fruit we have and a jar of honey."

Claudio nodded and hurried out.

"Where is he going?" she called from above.

"To get you a snack."

"I won't eat anything you serve."

"Starve then," he said with a shrug. Victor sat down in a thick cushioned chair that was covered in dark purple taffeta. He stretched his legs out in front of him and tipped his head back to rest on a cushion as he watched her. She darted gracefully around in the air before sitting back down on the chandelier.

He'd had a couple of days to do research while she'd slept. He knew a number of things about faeries now. Like the fact that faeries could be poisoned, though not murdered with it. They could be made agitated or sleepy like humans under the influence of drugs. So it made sense that she was worried about taking food from him, but she didn't need to be. The plans he had were ones that he wanted her conscious for.

He knew her kind usually ate small meals every hour while awake. All he needed was a dish of food to use as bait and then to wait until hunger got the best of her.

* * *

The coarse dark-haired man, Claudio, came back with a gold dish covered with sliced apples and pears. How she loved sliced pears! She was so hungry, but the beastly vampire was sitting right next to the dish.

Did he have a jar? Yes, a jar filled with something thicker than syrup. It had to be honey. She shoved her fingertips into her mouth and bit her middle finger gently with her sharp teeth.

The vampire bastard dipped his fingers in the honey, scooping the golden nectar out of the jar and drizzling it over the pears. She bit her finger too hard, drawing blood. Some faeries liked the metallic taste of blood, but she wasn't one of them.

She drew her fingers from her mouth and blew the blood off the tip. Suddenly there was a rumble. She shrieked and dove as the window vampires all swooped toward her.

An instant later she crashed into Victor's hard body. He'd risen in a blur of speed when the others darted toward her. She watched stunned as he held her to him with one hand and knocked the snapping vampires from the air with his other.

"Get out! And secure the windows from the outside," he yelled down to them where they lay sprawled.

Her eyes darted toward the shutters. Freedom was just beyond them.

"Don't even think about it," he said. With a firm grip on her waist, he dragged her toward the floor.

The vampires got up and cast malevolent looks at her as they left the room.

"Are you completely out of your mind?" he asked.

"What do you mean?"

"In a room full of vampires you drip blood from your fingers?"

"I was hungry, and I bit myself by accident," she said, pulling at his free arm where his fingers were still sticky with honey. He watched as she brought his hand to her mouth and started sucking. Sweet, delicious honey.

"If I dipped other parts of my body in honey, would you suck them too?"

"I would. And then I might bite them off," she mumbled with his index finger still in her mouth.

She felt his hand slide down to her backside. He squeezed her butt and pushed her pelvis against his. There was no mistaking that there was a very large body part protruding from him there.

She sunk her needle sharp teeth into his fingertip, expecting him to cry out and knock her away. He didn't.

"Spill my blood, and I always return the favor," he whispered low in her ear.

She shivered and dropped his hand. She could hear the shutters being fastened from the outside.

"I'm trapped," she said and frowned. *I'm hungry.* She twisted, trying to reach the small table where the plate of pears was resting delectably. "Put me down."

"Show me you can behave yourself first."

She narrowed her eyes. "Behave myself how?"

"By not flying around the ceiling like a parakeet on crystal meth."

"Put me down, and I'll stay on the ground while I eat."

He moved backward to the chair. "You'll sit on my lap while you eat and we'll talk about why you tried to kill me."

"I wasn't trying to kill you; you're already dead. Dead humans are supposed to turn to ash. I was just righting a wrong of the universe."

He sat down in the chair with her straddling his lap, her legs trapped on either side of his hips by the chair's arms.

"And that's your job because?"

"Because I make it mine," she said with a defiant upturning of her chin. She courted trouble by being openly rebellious with a vampire prince. *Vampires are cold-blooded both literally and figuratively.* But his handsome looks and the chemistry between them, borne of attraction, made her reckless. She kept forgetting that he was the enemy.

Unfortunately, plenty of vampires, monsters that they were, fucked their victims before killing them. Sex was the appetizer; blood the main course. He might be trying to plump her up with honey before the kill. Although, as a faery, he wouldn't be able to bleed her dry very easily. Not like a person. Usually vampires wanting to kill a faery first drank the blood, then used iron to stop the heart forever. She shivered.

Vampires killing faeries. That's how this all started.

"You have very beautiful eyes." He brushed a strand of hair back from her face.

"I know."

"You know?" He laughed.

She fixed him with her tourmaline gaze, trying to bespell him. He smirked and shook his head.

"You'll have to do better now," he said.

She reached for the pears, but he swatted her hand away.

"Tell me who sent you to kill me."

"I sent myself." She snatched a pear slice from the dish and popped it whole into her mouth. Chewing happily, she reached for another pear, but he grabbed both of her arms and pinned them to her sides.

"Fawn is it?"

She nodded.

"You really should cooperate. My vampires are tired of chasing you around. They suggested that we pluck your wings off."

"I'm surprised you didn't let them," she said, trying to sound flippant and brave.

He smiled. "Well, there's no doubt that it would make things easier if you were grounded for a while, but..."

"But?"

"I don't want to hurt you, if I don't have to."

"I can't claim the same."

He tipped his head back and laughed. It was a warm infectious sound. *He's the enemy*, she reminded herself. She tried not to smile with him, but couldn't help herself.

* * *

Victor knew it was ridiculous to be infatuated with a spoiled faery, but so many creatures were terrified of him. It was odd to find one who truly understood the darkness of vampires and yet chose to feign bravado. Certainly he could break her spirit, but he wasn't anxious to do it. She was entertaining. And gorgeous. And sexy. The problem was that, given the chance, she'd probably try to kill him again. He grinned. He liked to take chances... always had.

He wanted her and, enemies or not, he could tell that she wanted him too. Every time he got close to her, like now, her nipples tightened, her pupils dilated, and those moist lips pouted, begging to be kissed.

Using his grip on her waist he pulled her further from the table. He stretched his arm to dip a finger in the honey jar and then smeared the thick liquid on his lips. He lifted a pear slice and held it between his teeth. Her eyes darted to his mouth.

She hesitated, and he remained perfectly still. He wanted a kiss from her badly, more than he could remember wanting anything in years, and he was determined not to scare her off from giving it to him.

She bent her head toward him, slowly, her eyes intent on his mouth. She bit into the pear, her sweet breath resting on the air below his nose. She chewed and swallowed. The tip of her small pink tongue slid past her lips and touched the corner of his mouth. She moved closer and then took his lower lip in her mouth, sucking, tantalizing. He moaned, low in his throat. He wanted her, beneath him, on top of him, beside him. He wanted his cock buried in her body.

She kissed him carefully; sharp faery teeth and vampire fangs made kissing treacherous but heady business. He lifted the jar of honey and then carried her from the room. She didn't seem to notice. She went on kissing him, fearlessly.

Chapter 3

The air had turned cooler, Fawn thought dizzily. The vampire was strong and intoxicatingly sexual. She'd licked away all the honey, but Fawn wanted to keep kissing him. He was like spring, making her head swim, her body tingle. She was fruit ripening on the vine, luscious and waiting to be plucked, to be eaten by an animal with strong jaws.

Suddenly, a sharp pain gripped her ankle. She drew back with a shriek, looking down. He'd shackled her left ankle in iron.

"No!"

"I'm sorry. I have to."

She sat in the middle of his bed. It was covered in indigo velvet, plush and cool.

"I won't fly away."

"Maybe not during, but certainly after. You know you'd try." He dragged his shirt over his head. His muscles were perfect, as though sculpted from marble. Her ankle burned, drawing her gaze away from him.

"It hurts. Take it off."

"I'll distract you in a minute. I promise."

"I don't want to be distracted. I want to be free." She clawed at the shackle. He'd made it too tight to slip her foot out of. She stood, her wings beating frantically. "Take it off. Please. I won't fly away."

"Faeries are natural born liars because they believe the lies they tell. Right now, you mean what you say. In five minutes or an hour, you'll forget your promise."

"I won't." Pain seared her leg. "Please. I can't stand it. I'll do anything."

"Anything?"

"Please. Anything! Hurry."

He bent to the cuff and put a small key in the lock. He turned the key, and the shackle sprung open. She yanked her foot away and then kicked the iron ring from the bed. It landed with a clank on the floor, its chain slack but still tethered to the bed frame. She sat and rubbed her red ankle. The skin gradually faded to pink.

“I want you naked, so I can lick every inch of you,” he said.

She blinked, thinking about her promise to do anything. *Too impulsive*, she thought with a pounding heart. Now that the iron was off, she felt a little strand of fear curl through her. Still, she was Fae and if he couldn't use iron, he couldn't really hurt her. He could use her body, but that might not be so bad.

He stood waiting for her to comply. He was proud and menacing, arrogant like all his kind. Well, she was proud too. She wouldn't be intimidated. She stretched, defiantly making him wait, and then bent and peeled off her leggings.

She posed naked on the bed, her wings beating slowly, her body tight and ready. It had been years since her last lover, a human boy, twenty-two and pretty. She suddenly missed making love very much. She needed to remember, however, that Victor wasn't human; he was a night creature and dangerous. A human lover could not keep her when she wanted to go, could not find her when she didn't wish to be found. A vampire like Victor had connections beyond his own world. She would not be safe from him if he wanted her again.

He shoved his clothes down over his lean hips and her eyes went to his shaft, thick and already swollen. The head was dusky and inflamed, needy, and his excitement added to hers.

He stalked over to the bed, predatory, as if he thought she would break her promise and fly away. She wasn't going to, at least not yet. He knelt on the edge of the bed.

“I want you beneath me,” he said in his husky voice. “But your wings...”

She raised her arms over her head and folded her wings in. In a whisper of magic the skin of her back knit itself over them as protection. He caught her hand and drew her close to him, and his cool, wet mouth pressed against her chest. He captured a

nipple and bit it gently, making her head swirl. She swayed, but he caught her, drawing her body down.

She sank into the velvet-covered feather duvet, closing her eyes, awash in the sensation of his tongue against her flesh. She rubbed her thighs together, the thin sheen of moisture coating her lower lips. She parted her knees, offering herself to the cool air and to him. His hand slid over her belly and down into the curls, teasing them, twirling the strands lazily. She lifted her hips, wanting more.

“Hurry,” she whispered.

He chuckled, the vibration shimmering across her skin. The flush of arousal burned in her belly, knotting between her thighs. Her hips thrust involuntarily. She slapped his shoulder. “What game is this? I want to be taken right now.”

He lifted his head and stared down at her, dark brown eyes nearly black, blazing with lust. “You’ll be taken in every way I can think of, more times than you’ll be able to stand.”

The darkness in his voice startled her. Despite the coolness of his skin, she kept forgetting he wasn’t human. He moved above her and lowered himself slowly, his cock pressed against her pubis, his sack rubbing her silky cleft.

“Is this what you’re looking for?” he asked, pressing his pelvis against hers. The little nub of exquisitely sensitive flesh ignited.

“Yes.”

His gaze trapped hers, and they tried to bespell each other. She felt their souls lock, a suffocating heat binding them together. He penetrated her with a hard quick stroke, sheathed to the hilt. She caught his shoulders and held on. Ripples spread through her, waves of pleasure, of deep lust being stroked from the inside.

She clung to him as he moved, his thrusts driving her down into the soft mattress, stealing her breath. She tipped over into orgasm, her hungry pussy pulsing, the pleasure throbbing through her bottom. It was glorious, like all the honey in the world melting on her tongue, like sunshine and rain together.

Her spasms milked him. She saw him clench his teeth, and he stopped moving. His cock was buried inside her and he reached down between their bodies. She felt his knuckles brush against the sensitive tissue between her two holes. He was precariously close to coming. She could feel it, and she wanted him to spill the salty fluid inside her. She'd earned it. She realized that he was using his hand to ring his cock at the base, to stop the eruption. She wiggled.

"Don't move," he growled.

"Why not?" she asked, panting slightly. It was strange now that the waves had subsided to feel him still within her, still thick and hard, her folds swollen around him. He reached out for the honey.

"Hungry?" he asked, dipping his fingers in the open jar.

"Always." She opened her mouth expectantly. He smiled down at her.

"You have no idea how provocative that looks. Your mouth all pink and moist and open. I could nearly come just looking at it."

"Why don't you? And then feed me some honey."

He smeared the honey from his fingers on his right shoulder, near where it joined the neck. He lowered his torso onto her, smothering her beneath him in the most wonderful way. She lifted her head, straining her tongue to reach the honey. It was a maddening pursuit, the thick liquid oozing toward her. She licked, the taste sweet and delicious.

She felt a sharp pinprick on the side of her throat, and she struggled to pull away. "No, don't bite me."

"I -- I have to," he husked.

She heard the hunger in his voice and knew he couldn't stop himself any more than she could stop him. Her heart hammered, and she tried to writhe free. He had her pinned down completely, his cock still inside her, the smooth head swelling even further in his excitement.

“Wait,” she pleaded, but he didn’t answer. His fangs sank into her, and the pain shot through her like a hot spike and then eased to a terrible throb. His mouth sucked, drawing blood and magic as he thrust into her with his shaft, hard and deep.

She had never been taken in such a way by another creature. She could not hold anything back. She couldn’t escape. One of his hands held her head, the other gripped her buttock. He had complete control of her body, and it called to something within her, something older even than the land of the Fae. Her body rose, a crescendo of power beating through her, passing between them, until she thought she would explode through her skin.

She shrieked, desperate for something to happen, and then it did. The orgasm shattered her. She was somewhere lush and being pounded into bliss. She moaned, writhing and thrusting against him.

He pulled his mouth free and roared, blood dripping from his fangs, seed jetting from his cock. His eyes blazed black, and he groaned low and long before he collapsed against her body.

She stroked his hair softly, her other hand sliding down to squeeze his tight buttock as it twitched in the aftershocks.

“It was great,” she gasped breathlessly. “But the next time you bite me, I’m going to bite you back.”

His voice was muffled because his face was buried in her hair and the pillow, but she was pretty sure he said, “Go ahead.”

* * *

After a few minutes, Victor staggered from the bed, seeing the room in Technicolor. Not since turning vampire had he seen anything so vibrant, and he’d never felt anything remotely like the way the air touched his skin, as though he felt every atom buzzing by.

“I’m sorry that I tried to kill you. I won’t do it again, but you should be warned that I won’t be the last one to try.” Her voice sounded high and sweet, like wind chimes. She drizzled some honey from the jar into her open mouth and then laughed,

tinkling like music. "The bees that made this honey were free. Do you have your own hive around here?" she asked.

He gripped the armoire to steady himself. Her hair was blazingly red, her eyes sparkling like gems that inspired wars.

"Well, I have to go back now. I hope we'll meet again some day," she said. She climbed naked from the bed and started toward the door. He stumbled to block her path.

"Not yet."

"I have to go home."

"No, not yet."

She kissed his collarbone. "Yes, now. I've already given you all that I can. It'll never be any better." She tried to circle around him, but he caught her waist.

"I don't want better. I just want more... later... when I can move in a straight line again." He hugged her body to his, loving the warm soft feel of her. It would be nice to keep her indefinitely, nestled in his bed, a plush moist place to plant his cock, a white flaming arc of blood to quench his thirst.

"I'm hungry. I need biscuits, butter, and marmalade jam. And I need to go outside. I live under a hill of grass and soil, a place that's alive, not some big gray stone coffin."

"You said you'd do anything. I want you to stay. That's part of anything."

She clucked her tongue. "I'm not a genie. Not your slave. And it wasn't a recurring promise. You've had your gift. You drank faery blood. Don't be greedy."

"I'll get you food, but you're not leaving yet."

"You can't keep me here. I'm a member of the Fae."

"And I'm a prince of the vampires, and this fortress is impenetrable." He tossed her gently on the bed and then slipped through the door, locking it from the outside.

She's going to be one angry faery when I get back, but I don't care. I'm keeping her, he thought stubbornly, his head not quite clear.

"Claudio!" he yelled.

A few moments later Claudio came down the corridor, his hair gleaming blue black, light slithering and fracturing around his head.

“My prince?”

“Find out what’s in biscuits and send someone out for the ingredients. As a matter of fact, take the book I was reading on faeries and buy everything faeries like to eat.”

“You’re keeping her here?” Claudio asked with a grimace.

Victor nodded.

“Do you think that’s a good idea?” he asked and then lowered his voice to a conspiratorial whisper. “She tried to kill you.”

“Just go get her food,” Victor said.

Chapter 4

Fawn had her leggings back on and a sheet wrapped around her body. She should have known a vampire couldn't be trusted. She wondered if any of her own kind knew where she was yet. That was the problem with sneaking off and covering one's tracks. It made one decidedly harder to find.

Still, the Fae would guess where she'd gone. There had been a massacre three months earlier with seven faery knights killed by vampires. No one under the hill spoke of it, but it was understood that the knights must be avenged.

Fawn had avenged three. A Fae knight, Leander, had done the same by killing three other vampires. That left one vampire to kill. A prince was preferable, because it showed just how vulnerable vampires were to Fae assassins. But Fawn wasn't inclined to kill Victor anymore... though she wasn't beyond maiming him for locking her in a room.

He'd been gone awhile, and she was irritated and bored. She'd already made a mess of the room, smashing all his breakables and tearing up his clothes. There was nothing left to damage. She didn't want to go to work on the furniture. That would be exhausting, and it would only make her hungrier.

She glanced angrily at the door's keyhole, which, at some point, had been sealed shut with molten metal. No way for her to pick the lock. She tossed herself back on the bed and tried to fall asleep. She was halfway through naming the human wars alphabetically when she drifted off.

The smell of food woke her. A platter was perched on a small table that had been wheeled in. Victor leaned against the wall, studying her.

She ignored him and hopped off the bed. She advanced on the tray. The biscuits were still warm. She feasted, humming happily between bites. She ate uninterrupted for thirty minutes and felt wonderful.

"You're not forgiven," she said, sitting on the edge of the bed and swallowing one last blackberry.

"I love you."

She chuckled. "All right, I forgive you. But only if you let me go right now."

"I love you," he said seriously.

"How old are you?" she asked, cocking her head.

"Twenty-five when they turned me eighty years ago."

"So more than a hundred. You're not young enough to fall in love in five hours."

"I know." He shrugged. "I don't have an explanation for it."

"It's Fae magic. We made love, and you drank from me. Now, you're smitten. It'll wear off."

"I don't want it to wear off."

She wrinkled her nose. "Now, listen to me. You're a vampire. Your kind is at war with my kind and always will be." She pointed at him sternly. "It won't work between us."

"It already does work between us. We found that out earlier." He smiled, his fangs showing. "If I put my cock in your mouth will you promise not to bite?"

She folded her arms across her chest. He was trying to shock her with his crude talk, but she wasn't going to give him the satisfaction. "It'll be tangy and salty like the others I've tried. I don't care for the taste. So no, I won't give you pleasure with my mouth."

He moved to the edge of the bed, and bent to kiss her. His mouth tasted like smoked whiskey. She liked it, which was strange. Faeries hated actual smoke, but the flavor was good on his mouth.

"How about if I dip it in honey? You don't have to swallow when I come," he said.

Shocking! He must scandalize the old ones. Ancient vampires, she was sure, partook of all the sexual acts, but to her knowledge, they never spoke of them in such a way. How had he risen to power with such blatant disregard for the old ways?

"No," she said.

"What if I lick between your legs until you wail and then flip you over and bury my cock in your bottom?"

Her mouth dropped open. "You are a fiend," she said, feeling herself cream at his wickedness.

"Guilty," he said without a thimble of remorse.

She smiled at him and shook her head. "You are beautiful but I must go home."

"Later. Give me another kiss with that honey-soaked tongue." He pulled her against him and bent his head.

"If I let you make love to me again, will you promise to let me leave?"

He nodded. "In the morning." He slid the leggings down over her hips, pushing her knees apart as she fell back onto the bed. His breath was cool, his tongue long and sure as it dipped between her lower lips. She raised her hips and felt him spread her open with his thumbs. She arched at the sensation, bringing her labia more fully to his mouth. His tongue delved into the heart of her sex, making her breathless, and he moved a thumb to her clitoris. She bobbed wantonly, tension building.

"You're so wet and ready for me."

"Victor," she said, tugging on his hair. She wanted his thick cock inside her, stretching and filling her.

"Are the Fae knights as ravenous for this? Do they spread you open and eat from you day and night? I would. I'd devour you until you were too weak to stand."

She moaned, thrashing under his attention, and felt a sting as one of his fangs nicked her. She gasped as he lapped at the scratch, sucking on her lower lips.

"Victor, please, I need you."

He climbed from the bed and shed his clothes. His cock was full of blood, the head shiny and flushed deep plum. It looked just like a tasty piece of fruit. She rolled

onto her side and caught him with her hand, bringing him to her mouth. She sucked the tip, vaguely aware of the cool salty taste on her tongue, more aware of his fingers between her thighs, stroking.

He teased her, until she leaned back to pant and moan. Then he tossed the pillows into a mound and draped her over them, face down. He rubbed his cock between her soft pouting labia, stroking her open vagina. He slid in with a deep thrust, making her cry out. She was swollen, sore, and tight.

He nudged her thighs further open and spread her bottom cheeks then thrust slowly. The thought of him watching his cock go in and out of her wet richness made her tremble. She struggled with the tide of emotions and thrust back against him, coming from the sheer pleasure of being laid open and fucked deeply.

"Victor," she whimpered as he lifted her hips so that her thighs dangled and the weight of her body pressed down on her chest and elbows. She clutched fistfuls of the velvet comforter, gasping.

"Ever been taken this way?"

"No."

He drove into her mercilessly, tension spiraling inside her. He moved faster and then slower again, alternating, but never letting her catch her breath during the hard pounding.

"Victor, please..." She wasn't sure if she meant please stop or please continue. Whichever she meant, it didn't matter. He knew what he wanted, and he would have it.

"You need to learn who you belong to," he said.

She was stretched around him and consumed by the burning friction, aware of no other sensation except where his cock speared her. He pushed further, and her nails tore at the velvet, and she begged him to help her.

His shaft was slippery with her juices, and he slid in deeper until his furry sac was tucked against her.

"I can't, please I can't take any more." She could feel herself stretched around his aggressive cock, so unrelentingly hard. A slow throb beat through her pelvic muscles as

he pistoned into her. She was a proud faery, centuries older than him, but she was powerless. He could tear her in two or make her come, but whatever he did, it was beyond her control. "Please," she sobbed.

He paused, lowering her knees to the bed, still holding her hips. He lowered himself so that the weight of his body pressed her down into the mattress, worsening her feeling of being breathless and trapped.

His tongue licked her earlobe. "Relax, sweetheart. You're safe," he whispered. He moved his mouth, and it was cool on the back of her neck, soothing her as he started to thrust again, slow and deep.

"You're crushing me," she whimpered.

"You think it's hard to breathe now? Wait until I make you come."

She struggled, but she was pinned.

"No, you can't escape. My cock likes its new home. The best thing for you to do is surrender." His fingers quested under her body, rubbing her clitoris, intensifying everything... the force of his thrusts, the fierce claiming, the maddening pins and needles prickling through her lower body.

As she wept, she felt her body open to him.

"That's it," he said, his voice cool and soothing. "Feel me inside you. Come with me."

He moved back and forth by inches. A terrible pleasure started to beat in her womb. She could not be still, and started to push into his thrusts, making him groan with pleasure. His hips slapped against her buttocks, grinding the front of her pelvis into his hand until the night exploded, her whole body convulsing around him, her walls sucking at his cock until it erupted, filling her with milky seed.

* * *

She slept in his arms, his body warm with the sips of blood he'd taken from her wrist. She woke once to find him also awake and staring at her with those dark eyes. Her wrist prickled slightly with the dried blood at the bite site. She raised her arm and offered it to him.

He shook his head. When he spoke his voice was soft and tender. "It makes me drunk with life, and it's hard to concentrate. I want to remember the way you look lying next to me."

"Are other vampires like this in private?" she whispered. The only others of his kind that she'd crossed paths with had been vicious and murderous.

He shrugged. "We're like any other race of creatures. Our natures vary from individual to individual... although I can't claim I've felt or acted like this since I was turned. It's like my humanity was sleeping inside me, buried in my subconscious. And then you woke it up."

"How do you feel?"

"Alive."

"Is it better to feel that way?"

He nodded. "What about you? Do you feel any different?"

She smiled. "I feel sore."

"I'd imagine," he said, smiling too. "Not too hurt, I hope?"

She shook her head. Her lids drifted down, and she yawned.

"Stay with me a few more nights."

"I can't. They'll come looking for me. If they found us, I'd have to pretend I was a prisoner the whole time, and they'd attack you and yours."

He glanced at the ceiling for a few moments and then back at her. "Tell me something about yourself."

"What?"

"Anything... how about your full name so I could summon you to me whenever I wanted to."

She laughed softly. "Not my whole name. Never that."

He brushed his lips over hers. "You could trust me with it. One day you will."

She shook her head at him. He seemed to think they'd be meeting again in the same way, but she couldn't see how. She'd have no excuse to see him unless he was to

be killed. She shivered at the thought. "Fawn's the name my friends gave me for riding deer when I was young."

"What else?"

"I'm half human. My mother lived eighty years under the hill and never aged. Then she got a message that her sister was sick and she wanted to go to her. She left the hill and followed a faery path, but when she stepped off it, she turned old. She made it to her sister's bedside, and they died holding hands. I'm soft for humans because of her. I always protect them when I have the chance." She blew out a breath. "Because of what happened to her and since I was part human, I wasn't supposed to ever step off the paths, but I did. Being impulsive... it's the faery way, and I guess I'm mostly Fae, not very much human."

"Whatever you are is what I wanted without knowing it. And I'm glad you're impulsive. I probably wouldn't have had you otherwise." He brushed his lips against hers, and they kissed.

"Have me again before dawn then," she said, stretching out against him.

"There isn't enough time. Sunrise is coming. I feel it."

"And then you'll sleep?"

He nodded.

"We're all bound by what we are. I love the sunshine. Things are so green by day," she said.

"Tell me about your home. Is it green there?"

"In places. The streams aren't, of course, but in the thicket it's a tangle of all the shades of green anyone has ever seen." She closed her eyes and pictured the world under the sun. As she talked, he held her close, asking an occasional question until he stopped talking altogether, and she knew it was first light.

She left while all the vampires slept. They were as vulnerable as she had been under Victor's body during the night, and she could have avenged the last of the slain knights, but she found she didn't have a taste for it.

Her body was sore, but she didn't mind. With every step she took, she felt the way Victor had possessed her. Even as she released her wings and flew, she felt his imprint on her body.

She arrived home flushed and worrying that she might falter in her lies and that the others might guess what she'd been doing all night. But no one asked any questions. There was a bright celebration under the hill. A European vampire prince had been shot through the heart by a Fae archer. The knights had been avenged.

Everyone danced and laughed, and no one noticed that she didn't join them. She went to her place, lying under the canopy of trees, and let her fingers dip into the water. She closed her eyes and dreamed of him.

Chapter 5

Six days had passed when someone found a hawk in a faery circle with a message for her in its beak. She stood just inside the dark grass ring and tore open the envelope. The note said that the hawk would come again the next day with a package. She should meet the bird at noon.

She did go to the circle the next day and waited. The hawk shook its umber feathers and landed with a small box tied with twine around its neck. She took the envelope that was taped to the outside of the box and drew out the note.

Fawn,

I've asked around and learned that you like yellow and white flowers, silver jewelry, marbles and sea glass, and gold coins. I tried to find out which you liked best, but no one seemed to know so I had to make the choice of which to send you myself. Open the box.

Yours, Victor

She opened the box and laughed at his "choice." A crown of daisies, a trio of lilies, scattered dried and pressed dandelions, a pair of silver hoop earrings, an antique Spanish doubloon, a bright green marble, and two small pieces of smooth sea glass.

"Can a vampire be smitten? Can he be sweet?" she wondered out loud. She never would have believed it.

The following day, the hawk came again with another box and note. She found soft biscuits sealed in plastic and a vial of fresh raw honey. Her fingers were sticky as she ate and tore the envelope open.

Fawn,

I am in Europe, working. I saw a painting that looked like you. It was dated 1714. I'd like to hear the story that goes with it, unless it would make me jealous. I thought you might be curious about me. We were too busy to talk much the last time I saw you.

I was the youngest of seven children, born in New England, America. My father was an industrialist. With several serious older brothers, I was spoiled and left to my own pursuits. I got my way a lot, which might explain why I think I should own the world now.

I followed a girl to Italy and met Claudio. After a night of heavy drinking, he took me to see his master. By morning, I'd been bitten and more. Six weeks later, I was tired of being a plaything. The old Italian wasn't interested in letting me go, so I had to kill him, thus disproving the myth that killing the sire kills the line. (A lot of the old ones want their progeny to think so for obvious reasons.) The killing made me infamous, and I was ostracized. I went home to America. It was the Great Depression then. I suffered less than most, since my food wasn't scarce, but the blood of miserable people doesn't taste particularly sweet.

On the subject of blood... I haven't had a drop of fresh blood since yours. And I haven't taken another body in lust. Claudio finds this all surprising and amusing. My appetite for blood and sex usually needs to be fed daily, but it's not as hard to be faithful as I expected since I've got work to distract me. Still, I miss your silky hair and skin.

Yours, Victor

"Wait," she whispered to the hawk. She dug into the beaded pouch at her hip and pulled out a small razor-sharp knife and two small rubber bands. She gathered a strand of hair and braided it. She sliced it off, and put a band on either end to keep the braid. "Take this back to him."

* * *

Two days passed without a note. She searched the faery rings and paths for the hawk, but didn't find it. It was Wednesday, the day of rest, when Leander came to visit her near a stream where she was lounging.

“The Seelie Court is going to Paris. The American vampire prince has seized control of Western Europe’s vampire nation. And he’s asked for a meeting with the Fae. Certainly a trap. You and I will join the court and kill him as needed.”

Her jaw dropped open. “What if it’s not a trap?”

Leander shrugged, the metallic silver sheen of his skin catching the light. “This new prince fancies himself invincible. I say he’s just an opportunist. After all, he didn’t kill West Europe’s prince... I did. The American is foolish, inviting us to a banquet in a land he’s just taken over. He’s bound to have enemies everywhere already. Now he’ll be surrounded by more.”

Oh, Victor, no. “That is dangerous,” she agreed.

Chapter 6

She landed on the balcony of Victor's room and picked the lock. As she entered though, she found an iron dagger at her throat.

"Wait, Claudio!" Victor snapped as he turned on the light. "Let her go."

Claudio narrowed his eyes and hesitated. He finally released her with a small shove toward the balcony.

"It's good to see you," Victor said to her with a smile. He was shirtless, showing off lovely muscle that looked like it had been carved from alabaster.

"Hello," she said.

Claudio cleared his throat, making Victor look over at him briefly. "You can go. Unless the lady wants you to stay and watch the welcome I give her."

"Wicked," she said with a cluck of her tongue.

Victor grinned. "That apparently means no. Go, Claudio," he said with a wave of his hand.

"The others are in the hall. I'll wait here," Claudio said, stepping out onto the balcony. He closed the door with his back to the room.

"He can't stay there," she said with a frown. She could well imagine the kind of greeting Victor had in mind. She didn't want a hostile vampire for an audience.

Victor ignored her protest though and strode to her. He dropped to one knee and slid his arms around her waist, pressing his lips to her bare navel. She'd worn a backless halter with ties at the neck and low back beneath her wings. He held her tight, and the affection of the gesture touched her, making her throat constrict. She bent and pressed her lips to the top of his head briefly.

"What dangerous games are you playing, Victor? I'm your enemy."

“Not if I have my way.” He traced a circle on her stomach with his tongue, making her body tingle with wanting him. “I’m seeking a truce between nations. On the night the seven faery knights were killed, the European vampires stole Arthur’s sword from them. I’m going to offer to trade it back.”

The sword stolen?! The queen never said. Hoping to avoid panic, no doubt. “Trade it? For what?” she gasped. The sword was incredibly powerful, and therefore valuable.

“A faery assassin.” He untied the lower straps of her shirt and slid the fabric up. “...with perfect breasts.”

“Victor,” she said, attempting to take a step back. “The army that carries that sword is nearly unstoppable. The vampires will be furious if you give it away.”

“They would if they knew. I’ve had an enchanted copy made.”

She smiled at his cleverness. Fae would know a magical trick, but the vampires weren’t magical in that way. He was right. They wouldn’t know the difference, unless... “And what will you do if you need the sword to fight shapeshifters or some other enemy?” Like faeries, she thought, but didn’t say it.

“I’ll send you to steal it back for me. I’ve heard,” he began, pausing to flick his tongue over her nipples. They tightened, becoming hard as gumdrops. “...that you’re one of the best thieves in the world. Talented in so many ways,” he mused.

Her breasts throbbed, but she tried to concentrate. She twisted her fingers in his hair and pulled his head back, looking down into his eyes. “What makes you think I’ll steal from my own kind?”

“A hunch,” he said with a soft smile, only a hint of fangs showing. His hands gripped her buttocks, making her gasp in surprise. “Your bottom is shaped just like a ripe peach, seam and all.” He squeezed the firm cheeks, spreading them slightly. Her head swirled with erotic memories, making her belly knot. He bent his head and bit the fleshy pad of her mound through the thin material of her stretch pants. “Let’s slide these down so I can press my wet mouth to your sweet juices.”

Her heart raced, cream already coating her lower lips. He dragged the fabric over her hips and planted his tongue into her melting cleft. Her breath caught in her throat.

His tongue licked her clit, making her knees buckle. He caught her and lifted her body as he stood, sliding the pants off her and tossing them on the floor.

He carried her to the bed and sat with her straddling his lap. She felt his full erection beneath the thin black silk of his pajama bottoms. He swung his legs onto the bed and untied the top of her halter. It fell, exposing her breasts to the cool air. He loosened his drawstring and freed his cock, which jerked, excited to be loose. Then he lay on his back and stared at her, looking her over as the length of his cock nestled between her hot damp labia.

He smiled. "I've been dreaming about this. I want to lie here and watch you move. Those brilliant blue wings spread behind you, fluttering, while you ride my cock."

She slid forward and back, pressing her clitoris along his rigid shaft. "You want me on top?" she asked with a breathless voice.

His eyes were dark with passion, but his lips curved into a delicious smirk. "I want you up, down, and sideways. I want you with your ass in the air, with your legs over my shoulders, hanging upside down and sucking my dick while I tongue your pussy. I want you over and over, until you shake and cry in my arms like you did last time, until there are no walls left between us."

She laughed softly. "You don't want much, do you?"

He put his hands behind his head, looking thoroughly cocky. If the faery queen had seen that look she'd have ordered him killed on the spot.

"Not much. Just the world. And to be inside you so I can feel alive and enjoy it," he said.

She reached down and held him, lowering herself until he was sheathed inside, her pelvis flat against his. "How's that?" They locked eyes.

"Nearly perfect. Now all you need to do is let me watch you move."

She slid up and then settled back down. "Like that?" she teased.

"Exactly like that."

She started to move forward and back, up and down, circling her hips slowly. The rhythm got faster and faster until the bed creaked and they were both gasping and coming. She fell forward, her palms flat on his chest, but still perched on his pelvis with their interlocking parts joined.

She panted to catch her breath and stared into his eyes. Magic sizzled in the air. “You know, I liked your letters. Especially the way you signed them. I’m glad you understand.”

He nodded with a smile. “Yeah, sweetheart, you’re mine. And I’m yours.”

Alexa Aames

Formerly from the Midwest, Alexa Aames was forced south by snow and slush. She now lives in a place where the only things frozen are the margaritas. Her first stories were written on loose-leaf and passed secretly to her best friend in their grade school's hallway. The early tales featured characters who could hold down multiple jobs at the same time: Dallas Cowboys quarterback on game nights, president of the United States the rest of the time. That same character was also an alien (a space cowboy) and a scientist. He had affairs with supermodels and was married and divorced about eight times. This early freedom in storytelling prepared her to write... well, just about anything. It also made her love writing more than chocolate, more than rain, more than boys. Well, maybe not more than boys.

After her first published story appeared, several terrific women wrote to her and asked her when she would have something new. She wrote her first Changeling story, *Blood & Honey*, for them. She hopes they like it, and that you do too.