



**BITE ME**

**SAMANTHA  
REYNOLDS**

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BY

SAMANTHA REYNOLDS

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## Dedication

*My hubby, who is my very own favorite vamp! "143" baby!*

*To Morgan Hawke who shares clove cigarettes and her vast imagination with me! You're the best sweetie and I luvs ya!*

*Pammie & Bonita who love to slug through all my work!*

*Tina and Stef and the staff at eXtasy, you folks rock!!! Thanks for all your support*

*To the SP's of the AK yahoo group, thanks for always letting me come out and play! Special thanks to Angela Knight for all her support!*

## Bite Me

Walking up the driveway to the old house, Gabby took it all in. They had done a fantastic job with the place. It really did look scary and spooky. There were cobwebs everywhere and blinking headless eyes peering out of the shrubs. They had some seriously scary music playing on the speakers. The house was old, and she wondered how Jimmy had transformed the place so quickly. He must have been working for weeks on the decorations. There were gravestones out in the yard, fake bats hanging from the trees, and pumpkins were scattered haphazardly all over the lawn. Where on earth had he gotten enough dry ice to create all the fog? You could barely see your feet. And darn it she wanted people to see her feet with the gorgeous six inch heels she'd bought today for the party. They were killing her, but one had to make sacrifices for beauty.

She loved Halloween. It just killed her budget with all the costumes and parties. Of course when one lived in the middle of nowhere you had to make do. There was a nip in the air and she could feel her

nipples harden in response. Oh well, if she wanted to get laid tonight, she'd take all the help she could get. She'd gone with the Dark Mistress costume she'd found at the Halloween store, unable to resist the daring little bit of fluff. Stopping to kick out a leg behind her she checked the seams of her fishnet stockings. Yep, I'm cool.

The stereo stood on the front porch and she winced at the loud cackling blaring out of the speakers. Reaching down she turned down the volume. Geez a person could lose their hearing with all that noise. A scream sounded seconds after she pushed the doorbell, making her laugh. Jimmy and Nancy had pulled out all the stops for this party.

Laughter bubbled from behind the door while she waited. The door creaked open slowly and a man dressed as 'Lurch' from the Adams family greeted her. "You rang?"

My God, he had painted himself green. Laughing, she smiled at him. "You've got that part down pat don't you?" she asked big, tall, and green.

Laughing, he opened the door wider, "Don't you recognize me? Damn, woman, where'd you get that outfit? I'm going to order one of those for Nancy."

"Jimmy, is that you under all that green?" A hand shot to her mouth as she tried to stop laughing. Jimmy was an idiot, first rate, but an all around nice guy.

Looking bashful he moved aside so she could walk in. "Yeah, but let's not bring up the green thing to Nancy, she's still pissed that I turned the entire tub

green, and now it won't come off. She isn't real happy."

"Whoops. Looks like you better get some Clorox. Not to mention, what you are going to do if you can't get that stuff off in time to go to work tomorrow?"

"Shit, I didn't think about that. Let's drink!" Jimmy shut the door behind her.

"That's your answer to everything. Let's drink."

He gave her a huge smile, "I thought you'd never ask."

Gabby mingled, weaving in and out of small clusters of people. It looked like everyone had already hooked up for the night, damn it. She'd dolled herself up for nothing. She'd left her own black hair down, something she never did and while she got a lot of looks, she hadn't gotten one bite.

The party was in full swing, people were dancing with their drinks in hand to the loud beat of hard rock. Everyone had dressed up. Creatures from books to movies were represented tonight, but she hadn't seen anyone in a Dracula costume. She pouted. He was her favorite.

A hard apple cider in her hand, she moved toward the back of the house. People lounged on the couches and chairs. She said hello and waved to people she knew as she made it out the back door. Maybe someone would let her bum a cigarette. She'd given up smoking years ago, but still craved one when she drank.

She'd always love the backyard patio. They had paved it with bricks that crisscrossed the entire length

of the house. Someone had started a fire in the fireplace at one end and buckets full of ice and beer sat at the other.

Gabby took a swig of the tart tangy cider. She spotted a pack of smokes on the table. "Hey, does anyone mind if I bum a cigarette?" she asked the group of guys standing by the beer.

A low husky male voice responded at her ear. "No. Help yourself."

She turned to see a man dressed as Dracula standing behind her. Well, now her night was complete. She'd always had a thing for vampires and this guy was no exception. Wavy dark hair curled around his high pointed collar and green eyes smiled at her from a pale face that would have given a movie star a run for their money.

"Do I know you?" she asked.

He blinked slowly and purposefully licked his lips. He opened his eyes and then very slowly perused her body from her chest down to her high heels and back up again. "You look delectable."

Gabby smiled. Hubba, hubba, this guy sure knew how to turn over a girls motor. Geez, she would swear her skin warmed wherever his eyes touched her. She smiled and preened at him. "You probably say that to all the girls."

Dracula took a step forward and invaded her personal space, and kept staring at her with those wicked green eyes. Then he leaned down and took a whiff of her neck. *What in the hell?* She took a step back. "Okay, what was that all about?"



"Mmm...You smell as good as you look." He took another step closer. "Don't move. I'm not going to drink your blood," His lips curved upward in a seductive smile showing elongated pearly white canines. "Yet."

Damn, the man's voice played her like a violin. He had to be the sexiest thing she'd seen in weeks, no, make that years, or maybe... ever. She didn't move when he came close again. She didn't want to move, she wanted to see what he'd do next. Her pulse kicked over into double time as a lean finger traced the line of collar bone. Yikes, she felt that one down to her toes.

"Well, um... I don't think I caught your name, I'm Gabby." She leaned back so that his finger fell away from her chest.

He inclined his head to the right in a little nod. "Demonte. I am pleased to meet you."

Eyes wide, Gabby smiled. "You're really into playing Dracula aren't you?" Other than the cape and high collar he could have passed for any good looking guy dressed in black on the street. But he was big and tall with shoulders that would make a girl sigh and her toes curl. Maybe it wouldn't be so bad to play his little game. She was, after all, the Mistress of Darkness for the night.

A mischievous light came into his eyes. "Yes, I think I play the part to perfection. Did you bring a date with you tonight? I believe you wanted a cigarette. Would you rather have it before or after I kiss you?"

Whoa! This guy moved fast. Cocking her head to the side she put one hand on her hip, "Think you can handle a kiss from the Dark Mistress? You might decide that you just can't get enough and go insane. Men have been known to crawl on the ground at my feet after one kiss from my ruby red lips," she purred adding at the last minute, "darling."

He narrowed his eyes and laughed. A smooth, warm sound that poured out of him. "I think I like you." He draped an arm around her shoulders. "I definitely love that dress," his eyes lingered on her breasts "what little there is of it. I'll take my chances on going insane. I've been there already and it's not a bad place to visit."

Gabby shook her head. The guy was smooth, she'd give him credit and his fangs were kick ass. *Wonder where he had them made?* "Well, then I'm ready when you are, we can go together."

Demonte stepped in front of her and took her face in his hands. "Such a pretty little mouth you have, I wonder what delightful things your tongue could do?"

Arching one raven colored brow at him, she responded in kind. "You'll just have to be a good boy to find out now, won't you?"

"I can be a good boy, so good you'll want me to be bad, very bad."

Damn but the man made her hot and bothered. She had to raise her head to look up at him. He had to be almost a foot taller than her five-foot-five inches. "Oh, really? Give it your best shot then, lover boy."

Those green eyes went warm and inviting as he drew her to him. His lips parted and he angled his head to taste hers.

Her heart skipped a beat and not knowing what to do with her hands she decided the hell with it. Why not go for the gusto and put her hands on his trim waist. Muscles tensed beneath her fingers. Soft full warm lips meshed with hers. She traced the line of his bottom lip with her tongue. The flavor of warm scotch made her groan.

His tongue played havoc with her senses and when he nibbled on her bottom lip her stomach muscles clenched. He dropped one hand to stroke the pulse at her neck.

Stepping in closer to his warmth she let her hands roam up to his broad back. Muscles, hard and unyielding filled her hands beneath the cape. Within minutes he had taken the kiss from playful to something deeper, pushing her to give him more. Her head spun and her knees went weak causing her to lean into him.

A very male satisfied sound escaped from the back of his throat. Slowly he ended the kiss.

It took a full two minutes for her to realize that he'd stopped kissing her. She pulled back. "Wow." She murmured. *Strong stuff.*

"Still want that cigarette?" he flashed a smile at her, enjoying her confusion.

"What cigarette?"

He chuckled. "I take it you came alone?"

"Yeah." Gabby took a deep calming breath after

the heat of his kiss. "Why?"

"My place or yours?"

"You work fast."

"Problem?" He gave her a strange look. "We can always go grab a room upstairs?"

Gabby smiled. "I like that idea better."

Demonte turned on his heel and began to walk off, but stopped when she didn't follow. "Aren't you coming?"

"Hopefully, I will be," she muttered beneath her breath and took his hand.

They sidestepped all the party goers and headed up the stairs. Once they reached the landing, Gabby stopped him. "I'll take it from here. I know where the spare bedroom is."

Demonte smiled and let her lead the way, never letting go of her hand. They walked down the hallway, and Gabby opened the last door on the right. She'd slept in this room many a night after a wild party. It was a given that on a night like tonight she'd stay. She liked this room plus it had its own bathroom.

He let go of her hand to close the door and lock it. When he turned back to face her, the look of undisguised hunger in his eyes made her stomach flutter not to mention other parts of her body.

Before she had time to utter a single word or even take a breath he rushed at her. Arms tangled, lips met, and a tidal wave of pure hard unadulterated lust overtook them both.

Her fingers went to the ties of his cape and tugged.

She shoved the material off his shoulders. His warm hand found her breast and she shivered in anticipation. She wanted his shirt off *now*. He tweaked a nipple through the crushed velvet of her dress and she pushed forward trying to get closer to him. He backed her up until her knees hit the bed and she fell backwards onto the soft mattress.

Demonte followed her down, catching himself on his elbows so he wouldn't crush her. His eyes gleamed in the soft glow of the bedside lamp. "You're sure?" he gasped out in-between kisses.

She grabbed the opening of his shirt and yanked hard sending buttons flying. *Hot damn, she was gonna get laid tonight!* "Honey, if I wasn't sure we wouldn't be here right now."

"You think you could resist me?" he asked with a sideways look of disbelief.

She grinned, showing off her pretty straight teeth. "Honey, the question is can you resist me?" Reaching up she dragged his face back down to hers and nipped his bottom lip then reached up and turned his head so that she could taste the strong column of his neck.

He hesitated.

Gabby gave him a thoughtful look. "I want to taste your skin. Are we scared of ze Dark Mistress?" She said using her best baby talk voice.

Eyes wide, mouth open in shock he asked, "Are you saying I'm chicken?"

"Don't pull away then. You wanted to know what my tongue could do, so now you're getting ready to

find out." She slipped her hands around his neck and pulled. "Now, come here."

With a groan he gave in and bared his neck. "You are killing me."

"Lust is a bitch ain't it?" she bit down on the muscle leading from jaw to collar bone and didn't let go until she heard his breath catch in his throat. With a long lick of her tongue she soothed the mark. "Liked that didn't you?"

"Too weak of a word." He took her hands in his and put them over her head, holding both wrists with one strong hand. "My turn."

"Oh, goody. I have a feeling I'm going to like this."

With his free hand Demonte pulled the fabric down to expose one lacy covered breast. "Keep your hands there. It's a command." His voice had gone low and hypnotic.

*A command?* She giggled. "Kinky huh? I like it."

Raising one dark brow at her, he very slowly smiled, showing off those damn fangs again. God, but it made her hot. Screwing the brains out of a vampire had always been at the top of her to do list. Who would have thought this Halloween party would be so much fun.

He leaned up and then straddled her hips, his nice tight ass directly over her thighs. Both of his hands free, he leaned down and traced the line of fabric where skin met costume. "You have the most beautiful skin." He then ripped the bodice in one movement. "Turn about is fair play. I hope you weren't attached to this costume."

She smirked. "A little late for that now isn't it?" When his head lowered to her breast she found it extremely hard to breathe. *Oh man*. His hands came to the front clasp of her bra and unhooked it. Her breasts sprang free of their constraints into his open palms.

"A bounty." He bent low and his tongue swirled over the hard pebble of a rosy pink nipple.

"Now who's killing who?" she grated out in between the incredible sensations he created with his teeth and tongue. Strong fingers kneaded and tweaked her neglected breast while he fed.

Needing to feel his supple strength beneath her fingers, she instinctively went to reach for him. She tugged. Her bindings didn't move. "Um, I hate to interrupt you, but I have a little problem here." Yanking hard she tried to release her wrists but the restraints wouldn't budge an inch.

He looked up at her while his tongue continued to flick her nipple. He gave her a devastating smile, one without apology.

"Getting a little freaked out here, dude. What did you do?"

He took her breast completely into his mouth, sucked hard then released it with a little pop. "I gave you a command. Very simple really."

"Heh! How'd you do that? Are you some kind of hypnotist?" she was getting a little concerned, and her heart beat out a mean staccato in her ears. She thought he was an ordinary guy, not some weird kind of mind controlling freak.

With a look that said you poor thing, he muttered

some words beneath his breath. "Okay, you are free to move your hands now. I thought you liked kinky?"

Bringing her wrists down to rub them, she thought for a minute. "Well, I thought you meant with the standard bondage type thing. You know fuzzy handcuffs, velvet straps. Normal?"

"And that is normal?" he smirked.

Making a face at him, she added with as much attitude as she could muster under the circumstances, "it's normal for me."

He closed his eyes and nodded. "I understand. I thought you knew who I was. You did say you were the Dark Mistress didn't you?"

"Yeah, duh, it's the name of my costume. So, are you for real or what?"

"Do you want me to be real?"

"What? Am I dreaming?"

Taking her hands he put them back above her head. "Keep them there. You're not really frightened of me are you?"

A tug at her hands proved that her wrists were tied again. Arching an eyebrow at him she slowly licked her lips. "You *won't* hurt me right?"

His gaze became serious and he wrinkled his brow. "I won't hurt you. I promise. Can't believe you'd say such a thing. I'm not into hurting women." He kissed the tip of her nose and gave her a feral smile baring his fangs. "However, I might make you scream." He purred in the sexiest damn voice she'd ever heard.

"Scream in a good way right?" her voice cracked. The man was getting to her and for the first time in a



long while she wasn't sure what to do. She hadn't been this turned on since she'd watched porno flicks all night at her best friend's bachelorette party.

Demonte gave her that hungry smile again. "Yes, in a good way. Trust me?" he asked simply.

"As the spider said to the fly," she finished. Soon, she couldn't think at all. His hands had begun to tantalize her flesh and his mouth should have been registered as a lethal weapon. Demonte had rolled over beside her and he leisurely played with her breasts, lightly tracing one and then the other until her nipples became hard little points.

"Time to get rid of the rest of this garb." He slid her costume lower over her stomach and exposed more bare flesh to his gaze. His breathing became rapid as he uncovered her.

Blood rushed to her cheeks as she remembered that she had chosen not to wear underwear with the costume. Crushed velvet showed every seam.

"What a nice surprise." He muttered as he pulled the dress even lower until it pooled down at her thighs. "I've always had a thing for garters."

Taking in a shaky breath, she couldn't decide whether to laugh or scream. He was driving her wild. "You know this is not fair. I think you should at least lose the shirt."

The shirt gaped open showing the firm flesh of his chest. A sprinkling of dark hair curled and trailed into a V that led down past the waistband of his pants.

"Your wish is my command." Never taking his gaze from hers, he sat up at her side and pulled the

ruined shirt from his massive shoulders.

Galen couldn't help letting out a hiss of air from behind clenched teeth. "Can I have the use of my hands back now?"

His gaze wicked and taunting, he shook his head. "I don't think so. Not yet. I like seeing you spread out before me." He dropped his shirt to the floor behind him and moved down to her legs. Grabbing the offending dress he pulled it clear of her body and tossed it down to join his shirt.

"Why do I feel like dinner?" she asked in a husky voice.

"Perhaps because you *are* dinner."

Still kneeling beside her, he moved her legs apart. "Yes, a very succulent dinner, I think."

*Breathe Gabby.*

"Well, if I'm gonna go, you better make it good buddy," she gasped as his hands lightly traced the inside of her thighs.

Incredibly he winked at her. "I promise you'll not be disappointed. It's so rare that I find a woman who likes to indulge in the same eclectic tastes."

Legs trembling, she tried to remain calm, which was extremely hard to do when the most gorgeous man she'd ever laid eyes on slipped down to lie between her thighs.

One lean long finger slid beneath her fishnet hose and unhooked her fishnet stocking from her garter belt. Then he proceeded to do the same thing all the way around and then the other leg.

The warmth from his hand seeped into her skin as

he moved his hands up and down her thighs. *Just get on with it before I pass out cold.* He was killing her softly with that gentle touch.

He looked so yummy with all those bulging muscles, she could hardly swallow, and the fact that her hands remained restrained, drove her crazy. She wanted to run her hands over the dips and planes of his abdomen, rake her nails over his back and she couldn't do a thing. She pouted in frustration.

"What's that look for?" he asked, knowing full well why she was aggravated.

"It's not fair, that's what. I want my hands back."

"Tsk, Tsk, Tsk. Your time will come. Tell me what you want."

Tell him? No way. Uh-huh. She wasn't that brave. She shook her head. "Nope, you're going to have to wing it."

Dipping his head low he licked the flesh below her belly button. "Wing it huh?" he asked. "Before tonight is through you'll tell me what you want. I must insist."

Closing her eyes at the moist touch of his tongue so close to where she really wanted it, she bit her bottom lip. Why did men always want you to voice your wants? Why couldn't they just do it? "Well, I hope you can read minds because that's about the only way that it is going to happen."

"Do I have your permission?" he asked looking up at her.

"Sure, go for it."

An evil look came into his eyes. "Just remember

you told me I could read your mind. No backing out now."

"Ugh! Will you let go of my friggin' hands?"

"No. Now stay still."

He moved lower between her legs and positioned himself at her center. With a soft touch he parted her delicate folds and flicked her clit with his tongue.

A bolt of intense pleasure shot straight through her. "Great Stars in heaven."

She could feel him slowly inserting a finger between the folds of her moist wet flesh burrowing deeper until she could feel the width deep inside of her. Her body writhed, unable to remain still.

His finger stroked upward against something soft and the pressure increased, and her hands fisted above her head. "Too much, too intense, I'm gonna pass out now."

He laughed, his warm breath falling on her nether curls. "No. you won't. I wonder how many times I can make you come only with my finger."

"You are evil incarnate." She gasped out at him.

"Yes, I know." His face was lit with the pleasure of torturing her body. His eyes were hot and sexy. Oh, God, she really wasn't going to survive the devastation he wreaked on her body.

His slipped her another finger, pushing deeper, moving in and out, scissoring his fingers and stretching her. That sweet mouth of his devoured her clit, his tongue lapping and flicking until her groans rose in the air.

"Come for me, my sweet." He ordered as he

continued to barrage her with sensation.

At his words, her body simply obeyed. She couldn't escape his mouth, his fingers or the smell of hot sex in the air. She gasped as tremors shook her. Her body bucked, and still he continued, as wave after wave of exquisite pleasure washed over her and transported her to a place of mindless passion.

"Stop, oh God, I can't take any more." She pleaded with him.

"Oh, but you can."

She tossed her head back and forth on the bed. "No, can't. Nope. I'm a goner."

Removing his fingers from within her depths he pulled back to sit between her legs.

Gabby let out a soft sigh of relief. Never in all her years of sexual activity had anyone given her such an orgasm. "Okay, I might be able to catch my breath now. Whew, wow, man. I'm rambling. Gonna shut up now. Where did you learn to do that? No, don't answer that question I really don't want to know."

She cracked open one eye to see those beautiful hands of his at the waistband of his trousers. He knew she was watching and gave her a sinful smile. Yep, he had to be a sin. How many Our Fathers and Hail Mary's would she have to say for tonight? *Oh, hell, I'm gonna skip confession on this one.*

Lean, hard, perfect male skin appeared as he lowered his zipper. Man, oh man. She'd died and gone to heaven. Nobody in their right mind could possibly look this good. Hooking his thumbs on either side of his waistband, inch by inch he lowered

the material.

*Great Stars.*

The trousers dropped down past his waist and he stood up on the bed.

Gabby licked her lips at the spectacular sight before her.

Wide shoulders and broad chest tapered to a narrow waist. The strong ropes of muscles in his leg flexed and moved as he kicked his trousers to the floor. But the most impressive thing was the raging hard-on he wore. He had more inches of pulsing, throbbing hard cock rocking back and forth in front of her than she'd ever seen.

*Gimme...*

He dropped back down to his knees and flashed her a fanged smile. "Are you ready for me?"

"If I was any more ready I would be dead, now get over here and give me some of that. Can I have my hands back now?"

With a toss of his head, dark curls hanging to his shoulders he shrugged. "I guess that's fair."

Suddenly her hands had been released. Flexing her hands to get some circulation back into her limbs she gave him an 'I'm gonna get you back look'. "My turn now, lover boy."

He sat back on his heels. "Go ahead. I can take whatever you can dish out."

"Really?" she asked coming up on her knees to face him.

"Indeed."

"Good." She put both her hands on his chest and

shoved hard.

He went sprawling backward onto the bed. "Eager?" he asked with eyes hooded and mysterious.

"Let's just say its payback time."

"Sounds interesting."

"You're about to find out."

Gabby wasted no time. She ran her hands over his strong lean torso, smiling when he flinched. "Ticklish?"

"A little."

"Good thing to know. I don't want you laughing right now, though."

Letting her hands slip lower she found the hard length of him. His cock twitched in her hand. Sliding lower she bent her head to taste the head of his cock. Oh yeah, she thought, while watching him fist his hands in the covers on the bed. She wanted his body twitching and writhing before she was done.

Palming the length of him she took him into her mouth—deep, and then deeper still, while relaxing the muscles at the back of her throat so she could take him fully.

He groaned.

She sucked hard and flicked her tongue over and beneath the purple head. One hand crept lower and cupped his sac. She squeezed gently while he remained in her mouth.

The muscle of his jaw flexed and his lips thinned, while he tried hard not to move. Coming up for air, she ran fingernails along the inside of one thigh. "If you move I'll stop."

"I won't move." He gritted out behind clenched teeth.

She continued to move up and down the length of him using her hand to rub and twist and generally drive him insane.

His hips were rocking into her now, his rhythm deep. A throaty sound escaped his mouth and his abs were flexed tight. *Yep, he's about ready to blow.* She increased her pace, wanting him to lose control.

He opened his eyes and growled. "Any more and I'll embarrass myself." He ground out. Sitting straight up he reached and grabbed her to pull her over on top of him. "Take me now. Take all of me."

Exactly the words she wanted to hear. Throwing one leg on either side of him she lowered herself. Reaching down she grabbed his thick cock and sighed when the head slipped inside of her. Moving slowly, she eased down, taking and taking, and then took some more. *Damn but he was big.*

His hands came to rest on her hips and he urged her to move, his strength guiding her as she leaned forward, her dark hair spilling over both of them. Lean hips rose beneath her thrusting upward in a frantic move to go deeper.

Resting her hands on his chest she leaned forward and began to ride him hard. Up and down, circling her hips to increase his pleasure.

Heat enveloped them, their bodies grew moist, and her heart beat so fast she thought she might have a heart attack.

Slowing her pace, she leaned down and nipped at



one dusky dark nipple.

He gasped and his fingers dug into her hips.

"Not good enough." He reached up and wrapped his arms around her waist. "Close your eyes. I've got a treat for you."

"Oh goodie. Another one?"

"I think you'll like this one."

Doing as he asked she closed her eyes. She felt giddy and lightheaded and slitted her eyes to peek at what was going on. Holy shit, they were floating above the mattress. They began to rotate while he was locked deep inside of her. Her mouth fell open in shock. Lover boy was talented. She wasn't sure if she should be scared or thrilled. Maybe a little of both.

"I told you not to peek."

"Well, crap, I couldn't help it."

He lowered his head to suckle her breast, and she felt a tiny pin prick as his teeth grazed her flesh. The speed of their rotation grew and he had somehow moved above her. Nothing held her suspended in mid air, and turning her head she saw they were now about three feet above the bed.

A strong thrust brought her face back to his and he took her lips in a mind blowing kiss. His hips rocked her as he pulled back and then thrust forward again. All she could do was hold on for dear life. This certainly took the term great sex to a new extreme.

Her mind shut down and as he began to move faster, tiny ribbons of pleasure floated around her. Her stomach muscles jumped with the impending orgasm. Her body tightened, her breath caught in her

throat.

Then it broke over her. She dug her nails into his back to ride the wave. He moved faster, and then faster still until she thought she might die from the speed of it. Smashing waves of pleasure tore into her until she thought she might go blind. Her body tensed and then trembled with aftershocks.

A low roar escaped his lips as he joined her in a warp of passion so big the house should have exploded from it.

Demonte held her tight as they floated back down to the mattress.

Gabby couldn't think—he'd blown her mind so many times in one night; it was a miracle she could move. Sleep tugged at her consciousness while he nestled her into the crook of his arm.

"Go to sleep little Gabby." He whispered into her hair.

The last thing she felt was his lips on her forehead.

\* \* \* \*

Gabby woke up and reached for Demonte but only found an empty pillow beside her. *Where had he gone?* She had slept on top of the covers naked as the day she was born. Had he left? Panic seized her. He couldn't have left without saying goodbye. Damn if she would let the best lay of her life escape that easily.

On the pillow beside her there was the imprint of where someone had slept. She looked down at her watch. Crap! It was nine-thirty. She was late for work.

She'd have to call in sick. No way could she sit and type all day. Oh, no. She had to find him.

She looked down to find her dress on the floor where he'd thrown it last night. Crap, she couldn't wear that. It was ruined. Walking to the closet where she knew Nancy kept her summer clothes she opened a door and grabbed a big t-shirt and a pair of nylon running shorts. Damn it, she still had the damn heels on. She'd never taken them off.

Gabby walked down the stairs to the smell of fresh brewed coffee. Nancy was in the kitchen humming a tune under her breath.

"Coffee? I love you." Gabby said walking up to Nancy and giving her a big hug. "Hey have you seen Demonte?"

Nancy gave her a puzzled look. "Demonte? Who is he?"

"The guy I was with last night. I thought he was a friend of Jimmy's"

"Nope. I've never even heard of someone named Demonte, what kind of weird name is that anyway?" Nancy grabbed a cup of steaming coffee and pressed it into Gabby's hands. "Sure you weren't having lurid dreams?"

Gabby shook her head. "This guy wasn't a dream. I had crazy, extreme, wacky sex with him last night. I've got the marks to prove it."

"I don't know what to tell you. What did he look like?"

"A very good looking vampire. You wouldn't have missed him, I can tell you that."

"Geez, Gabby, you had to be dreaming."

Gabby sat there and thought. No, it couldn't have been a dream. A man that could rock your world like that couldn't just disappear into thin air.

"Hey," Nancy pushed Gabby's long hair away from her neck. "What did you do to your neck?"

"Nothing why?"

"I hate to tell you this, but you've got two little puncture marks on your neck."

Her heart turning into a thundering drum roll in her chest, Gabby ran for the bathroom.

\* \* \* \*

Purse on her shoulder she trudged down the drive to her car. Men, they love you and then leave you. What? Did he think she wanted a meaningful relationship? Okay, she thought shaking her head. It wouldn't be that far of a stretch, but damn he could have at least said good-bye after doing all that weird stuff and leaving two very distinct marks on her neck. Now she'd have to wear turtlenecks for a week to work and hide them.

*Really, I'm a modern girl, and I've had my fair share of one night stands. But never like a night like this one.* Nope, that boy would be addicting. Maybe it was better that he had taken off and disappeared. No muss, no fuss. So why didn't she feel any better?

Hitting the unlock button on her car keys she opened the door and stopped dead in her tracks.

A dozen long stemmed blood red roses sat in a

beautifully wrapped white box on her front seat. There was a card attached to the scarlet ribbon.

Her stomach lurched. Oh, God, it had to be him. Leaning over she picked up the card and opened it. Big bold masculine scrawl grabbed her attention.

*I'll see you tonight at your place,  
Love, Demonte*

She giggled, did a silly dance while pressing the card to her lips. She felt a little goofy, and she was incredibly happy that no one was around to see her. Halloween had just become her new favorite holiday!



## About the Author

Samantha Reynolds lives in North Carolina with her husband of 14 years, one precious daughter and her two dogs. She loves romances of any type, but especially sinfully sexual stories.

Having written all of her life, this year she decided to take the big plunge and found a home at Extasy Books.