

# **Wyvern Heat**

## **Ann Vremont**

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**ISBN (10) 1-59596-523-8**

**ISBN (13) 978-1-59596-523-3**

**Formats Available:**

**HTML, Adobe PDF,**

**MobiPocket, Microsoft Reader**

**Publisher:**

**Changeling Press LLC**

**PO Box 1046**

**Martinsburg, WV 25402-1046**

**[www.ChangelingPress.com](http://www.ChangelingPress.com)**

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**Cover Artist: Sahara Kelly**



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## Chapter One

Through the smoke-covered mirror behind the bar at Club Wicked, Lindsay Proust watched the man sitting a few stools down. He made her nervous and excited in the same breath. Every nerve ending in her body told her she was staring at one of the fabled Wyvern males Unit Thirteen was trying to capture.

If only she weren't the bait, she might be able to relax. As it was, she was terrified he'd look up from the drink list he was studying and catch her staring at him. But she didn't know how not to stare at him -- everything about him screamed out for her attention. It wasn't just that he was tall and broad shouldered. It was more the way that, despite his raw size, he was poised over the drink list with a scholarly grace. And yet she'd never seen a scholar with such a face.

Far from being handsome in the classical sense, he had a stone-carved beauty that could only be described as vicious. Catching the light glinting off his blue-black hair and the cobalt flash of his eyes as he summoned the bartender, she was sure that, if the Devil ever decided to go clubbing in New York City, this was the face he'd wear.

Only Lindsay had loved more than her share of devils already, including the bastard who had blackmailed her into working for Unit Thirteen. Taking a hard swallow of her Amaretto, she gave her head a little shake. *Bastard* was right, but she hadn't loved him, only fucked him. And now he was fucking her, with a very embarrassing set of photos she'd rather not have released while her adoptive father was in the middle of a re-election campaign.

Polishing off her drink, she nodded at the bartender for a refill. Dorian had certainly pulled a fast one on her, exploring the extent of Lindsay's bondage fetish all in the name of advancing the Unit's mission. He'd almost killed her in the process. And if

the Unit was right about the existence of the Wyvern, a sadistic race with a longevity factor that stretched into millennia, she still might not make it out alive.

She glanced in the mirror again, unwilling to meet the man's gaze and risk his interest. No matter how many hot tips the Unit had, or how many bondage joints like Club Wicked they sent her to, she only had to appear to comply and only until the election was over. No matter how much the man was turning her on with his mere presence, she wanted the night to officially end.

Not that her string of bad luck with men had a chance of ending any time soon. He had noticed her and, wine glass in hand, was zeroing in. The hair along the nape of her neck prickled. Her hands shook. She picked up the fresh glass of Amaretto with a tight grip and tucked her other hand between the cushioned stool and her bottom. Heat flared along her body and erupted in a cold sweat made colder by the club's air conditioning.

"I thought I'd buy the next one."

His voice was a rich baritone with an unidentifiable accent that made her flesh tingle. It was too old world to be Western European and yet the vowels had the sensuous elongation of France. Fighting her rising attraction, she tried to dissuade him discreetly from an attempt to pick her up, knowing that there'd be at least one operative from the Unit in the club watching her.

"I'm switching to water after this," she said, and offered a plastic smile -- as if she hadn't been watching him for the better part of the fifteen minutes since he'd entered the club and taken a seat at the bar.

He took a sip of his wine, his lips lingering at the rim in a way that teased Lindsay's pussy with the promise of moist licks and kisses. "I have a variety of water in my hotel room."

He certainly was bold! But then, Wyvern males had reason to be confident if the stories about them were true. They were artful lovers who knew how to make a woman's cunt quiver with a well-placed tap along her labia or a sharp nip at the curve of her throat. Their bodies were powerful, too. His certainly was, his dress slacks failing

to hide the heavy bulge of a cock that would quickly bring even the most diehard feminist to her knees.

“What makes you think I want to go anywhere with you?” she challenged.

He leaned forward, close enough that she could smell him past the club’s filter of spilled booze and cigarette smoke. He had the warm smell of pumpkin bread baking and she closed her eyes, mouth watering as the heat from his body centered between her legs. She could have stayed like that for hours, savoring the sense of him, the rich aroma that filled her stomach and left her cunt hungry.

“You’ve been watching me since I came in,” he said. “Of course, the real question is why would I want to take you anywhere?” He looked over his shoulder, gesturing with his head at the other women in the club. “You seem a little cherry to me, and my needs can’t be satisfied easily.”

Lindsay followed his gaze. The bar area was better lit than the rest of the club’s interior, which was a series of dark sections broken by pools of light in red, blue, or purple. The colored spotlights revealed combinations of lovers, masters, slaves, all sexually teasing one another. Young women, collared, sat on the floor, their owners’ hands slipping beneath the whisper of clothing they wore to tug at their nipples and clits.

Her body responded in need for the same rough touch, and Lindsay glanced at herself in the grimy mirror. She had to agree with his assessment. In trying to comply with the Unit’s demands without attracting any media attention to her father’s campaign, she had achieved a certain fragile balance in her clothing that left her looking young and vulnerable.

Dressed in a flowing white blouse and black skirt, she was the picture of demure. Her dark mahogany hair was pulled back in a ponytail and a velvet ribbon around her neck served as a symbolic collar. She wasn’t dressed at all like most of the club’s patrons. But, then, neither was he. And the idea of her being a cherry was laughable. She and Dorian had explored far too many levels of bondage to recount. Yet Dorian’s too needy touch had never satisfied her, not like she knew this man could -- Wyvern or

not. And now that she had talked to him, she couldn't afford to brush him off. Not while she was being watched.

Lindsay took a drink from her glass and then leaned forward to kiss him. Her tongue snaked inside his mouth, giving him a taste of the Amaretto. He took command of the kiss, his tongue clever and dangerous. The surface was raspy, too, like a lick from a cat or a brush against the grain of snakeskin.

She broke the kiss, pushing him away with as much force as her wet pussy would allow. "Do I taste cherry?"

He shook his head, seemingly taken aback by her very non-sub display of boldness. "Are you sure you know what you're looking for?"

She moved close enough to him that her chest brushed against his jacket. Slipping one manicured hand into his jacket, she reached into his breast pocket and pulled his wallet out. She flipped it open and looked at his driver's license. "Right now, I'm looking for you, Renaud Gargouille." She smiled, thinking she'd been right about the source of his delicious accent.

Renaud took the wallet from her and slid it back into his jacket pocket while his other hand traveled between her legs to the edge of her skirt. She reached down, nervously blocking his hand while she tried to reclaim some control of her senses. If Renaud was what she -- what the Unit -- was looking for, she had to get him back to the apartment the Unit had set her up in. There, she'd fix them a drink and he'd be unconscious in less time than it took to unzip his pants. And she would finally be free of this nightmare.

"Not here." Biting at her lip, she suppressed the thought that she was ransoming his freedom for hers.

With a flick of his wrist, he reversed the position of their hands. He pulled her forward until her palm rested against his erection. "Somewhere," he insisted. "And soon."

"My place," she answered. She dropped her gaze and sedately rested the hand he wasn't holding in her lap. It surprised her -- that the hand she kept in her lap wasn't

shaking, that it just rested there without showing any hint of the swirling mix of lust, fear, excitement and anger inside her body. She hadn't wanted a man, most definitely not a dom, since Dorian's betrayal. But Renaud's presence was having undeniable effects on her body. That pissed her off -- at herself, at Dorian, even at Renaud -- as much as it frightened her.

Renaud stood and gently pulled her behind him as surely as if she were collared and leashed. The same eyes that had tracked her unclaimed path from the club's front door to the bar watched them leave. Some of the subs out trolling for a new master hissed as she passed, Renaud's sharp glare instantly silencing them. She felt absurd and victorious at the same time, having finally won what she had been trying desperately to avoid all these months.

Waiting for the parking valet to bring his car around, Renaud gave a short laugh and turned to Lindsay. "You're such a tasty little morsel, I forgot to ask your name."

"M-my name?" She stuttered the question, a disquieting worry settling over her that all hope of controlling the situation would evaporate if she heard him say her name or saw the firm, full lips shape the word. Had she really come close to gloating at those unclaimed subs back in the bar?

"You know mine," he coaxed. "Won't you give me yours?"

"Lindsay."

"Lindsay," he repeated. His gaze focused on her mouth as he spoke and she had the sense of his caressing the outline of her lips, tasting each syllable as it rolled from her tongue. She felt another warm flush between her legs, the heat deepening as his nostrils flared in recognition of her need for him.

Everything about him was primal and sexy, and sucking her deeper into a state of mind she might not survive a second time around. At least she wouldn't survive if she didn't have the safe house with Dorian and the rest of his team lurking nearby.

The valet arrived with the car, a black and chrome 2005 Mustang, and Renaud held the door open for her. Passing him, she caught the warm spice smell of his body again and froze. An intense urge gnawed at her to wrap around him and have him hold

her fiercely in return. Another rush of cream moistened her panties, and she damned Dorian for at least the twentieth time that night. Finished with Dorian, she damned her own weaknesses that had placed her at the mercy of Unit Thirteen and positioned her halfway between the promise of Heaven and the threat of Hell.

Waiting, he smiled at her and the twist of his sensuous mouth seemed to reach into her head and turn her thoughts inside out until she was debating the threat of Heaven and the promise of Hell. Lindsay took a deep breath and exhaled, letting the puff of air carry her with it. Taking his hand, she let him guide her into the car. He shut the door, moved to the driver's side of the car and slid in, locking the doors as he pulled his shut. Another smile played at his lips as Lindsay gave him the directions to the Unit's apartment.

He turned onto a darkened street, pulling to the curb and leaving the engine idling. He switched on the interior dome light; his attention drifted down to her hips and the slight part of her legs. Despite the sensual heat shimmering across his face, his voice was ice cold. "I'm not taking you to your apartment, Lindsay. I'll take you back to the club, if you like, but I'd prefer it if you'd let me take you to my hotel room."

He switched the dome light off and leaned across the center console. When his hand slipped beneath her skirt to stroke the wet crotch of her panties, Lindsay didn't stop him. His finger edged past the lace band of her underwear to explore the moist pocket of flesh surrounding the entrance to her cunt.

His tone melted to warm chocolate. He had to sense already that she was his to command, but he still spoke as if she had a choice. "You will let me, won't you?"

Lindsay was shaking from his touch, her breasts swollen, the lace of her bra like sandpaper against the sensitive tips. It had been six months since she'd been with a man, six months since Dorian had bound her in wet strips of her bed sheet, fisting her to a harsh climax and then leaving her positioned stomach down and staring at the pictures he had taken of all their encounters. For two days, he'd left her like that -- naked, hungry and soiled.



How, she wondered, could her body be so eager to let Renaud take her anywhere, and in any manner, he wanted to? She was educated, a professional who managed multi-million dollar ad accounts. Outside of the bedroom, no man told her what to do -- at least no man could unless there was something about him that made her want to follow his every order in bed. Few men possessed that intangible *something*. But Renaud, from the way he carried his powerful body, to his rough good looks and purposeful gaze -- he was flush with the authority to command her body.

Lost in her reaction to his touch, Lindsay had waited too long to answer and he managed a sharp tap to the swollen flesh ringing her cunt before asking again. "You will?"

"Yes," she whispered, and moaned as he rewarded her with a thrust of three fingers into her pussy.

His thumb found her clit, stroking the rigid button as he flexed his hand inside her, finger fucking her to a quick climax that had her coating his skin in a rich layer of cream. Withdrawing his hand, he brought his palm close to his face and closed his eyes as he inhaled the wet proof of her arousal. His lips parted for an instant, as if he needed a taste as further proof. Lindsay watched him, fascinated and shocked at the possibility, but he pulled a handkerchief from his jacket instead and wiped the rest of her excitement away before tugging her skirt back down.

Below the dashboard's audio controls was a second panel. He pressed a button, a red light appearing and blinking for half a minute before turning green.

"What was that for?" she asked. Whatever it was, thank god it had given the green light, she thought with a shiver.

"Nothing to worry about. I just like to know I'm traveling alone." He put the car in gear and did a U-turn. When they were back in traffic, he gave her knee a soft squeeze and caressed her thigh. "It's going to be a long, hard night, Lindsay, but I think you'll love it."

## Chapter Two

Renaud parked the Mustang at street level in a private garage before leading Lindsay through empty alleyways to the back entrance of a posh but anonymous hotel. She had been in others like it in the city, places where the powerful and privileged shot heroin, snorted coke, fucked under-aged or same sex lovers, tied prostitutes up and whipped them, or otherwise indulged in behaviors a world removed from their carefully cultivated white bread image.

Renaud's suite was on the third floor. A bar hugged one corner of the large sitting area separated from the bedroom by a shuttered bathroom. The shutters were open, allowing Lindsay to see the enormous tub and on through to the king-sized bed.

Lindsay hesitated at the suite's threshold. Renaud, standing behind her, ran one hand between her arm and the side of her stomach. His hand cupped her breast and teased her nipple to a hardened point, rolling the tip between his thumb and index finger. She looked over her shoulder, her own dark longings reflected in his cobalt blue gaze.

"Step inside, Lindsay."

His voice stroked her pussy as surely as his hand toyed with her breasts. Slowly she obeyed his seductive command, moving only far enough into the room to allow him to enter. Once inside, he locked the door and nodded to the room beyond.

"Go stand by the bed."

She moved in a somnambulistic dance. Her hands, hot with the need to touch him, traveled over her body, from nipples to hips to ass. When she reached the bed, she closed her eyes again, this time to hide the truth of her absolute surrender. There was no point in denying it any longer; she had fallen again, as much for the man as for the promise of hard domination. And she had broken the Unit's protocol in the process.

Following her into the bedroom, Renaud shut the door, closing off her last avenue of escape unless she wanted to scramble over the barrier and into the bathroom. In the small room, she could hear his breathing, rough and nearly as uncontrolled as her own. Wild, frightened, she leaned toward the sound but he gently pushed her back.

"Open your eyes," he ordered. When she hesitated, he repeated the command, his voice stern at last with the power he held over her. "I'm not going to let you hide your passion, Lindsay. Open them... now."

Lindsay obeyed, her chest rising and falling in a heavy pant. Anticipation swelled her breasts and she had to ball her hands into small fists to keep from squirming in need.

"Now, your top -- take it off." His back was pressed against the door, his hands knotted behind him, his body a tightly coiled wire.

Unclenching her fists, she grabbed the hem of her blouse and began lifting it. She knew he needed a slow unveiling -- they both did -- and she raised it in half inches, alive to the uneven glide of georgette over her stomach and back. The fabric's edge brushed her nipples and she gasped, her body jerking at the sensation. The reaction loosened something in Renaud and he reached one hand out to squeeze her exposed breast. She leaned into his touch, moaning with loss when he pulled his hand back as if she had burned him.

"Finish it," he ordered. "And don't close your eyes again until I tell you to."

Shaking, Lindsay pulled the top the rest of the way over her head and dropped it to the floor, her gaze focused on his chest. The muscles were bunched, his whole body ready to pounce on her. Swallowing hard, she blinked once in slow defiance. He nodded at her lace bra and she quickly unclasped the front closure, dropped her arms and let it fall to the floor next to her top.

"Turn around," he growled.

She turned her back to him, her movements stilted, her entire being focused on the sexual tension bungeed between breasts and cunt. He tugged once at the band of her skirt and panties and she started to slide them over her hips and bottom.

"Bend... over." His voice was broken thunder when he spoke, his touch lightning when he grabbed her exposed ass and jerked her back against him. The rough pull sent her skirt and panties to the floor. She tried to step out of them but he tugged her again, the fabric around her ankles creating an impromptu binding.

"All the way off," he demanded, holding one hand against the flat of her stomach and the other against her shoulder so that she had to struggle and grind against him to comply.

It was a delicious struggle, too. He was hard, the covered bulge of his erection pressing between her butt cheeks. When she was at last free from the skirt and underwear, he pushed her legs apart with his feet and pressed her stomach first onto the bed. One hand between Lindsay's shoulder blades, he pinned her to the mattress while his other hand explored her wet interiors. Two fingers intruded into her slick pussy, only to withdraw and invade with all four fingers, his thumb pressed against the nervous pucker of her ass.

He rotated his hand inside her, flexing it as he growled. "Who's been fucking this sweet pussy of yours while I searched the city for you, Lindsay?" The question was nearly breathless and he immediately repeated it. "Who, Lindsay?"

"What?" She moaned the question, her body fluttering around his probing fingers.

"Who did you fuck last night?"

"N-no one," she promised. He had her on the edge of climax, her pussy so wet and elastic that he could bury his thrusting hand up to the split of his thumb and index finger.

"The night before?" He pinched her nipple, drawing it out as the callused pad of his thumb danced around the hood of her clit.

She pushed back against his hand, grunting in need, and shook her head. "No one." He rotated his fingers in her again and she nearly screamed out at the rough promise of his thumb against the tight ring of her ass. "No one in a long time, I swear!"

Applying pressure against her feet, he spread Lindsay's legs further apart, the thrust of his four fingers wide sending her hurtling against the wall of her climax. He kept her there, the pressure stacked too high for her release.

"Does it disturb you, Lindsay, that already I can't bear the thought of another man fucking you?" His voice shook as he spoke and he abandoned her body, stepping back to the bedroom door to watch her trembling half on, half off, the bed.

Lindsay moved her head just enough that she could see him without appearing to have changed the position he left her in. She could see her juices glisten on his fingers and this time he did bring them to his mouth, sucking them clean of the evidence of her arousal.

"Everything about you disturbs me," she gasped, the memory of his plunging hand still rippling through her cunt.

He turned to leave the room and she started to rise up. He crossed back to the bed, forcing her down again. His chest covered her back as he leaned to whisper in her ear, his hands reaching beneath her to massage the sensitive spine of her sex as he spoke, rolling its fleshy hood between his thumb and palm while his fingers stroked the blood-filled length.

"I didn't expect to find you tonight, sweetling," he confessed.

With just a few caresses, he had her back, clinging to the edge of the abyss, begging for just one more stroke along her clit.

"I want..." He caught himself and nipped at her ear. "You *will* wait here, like this, ready for me, until I get back." His mouth moved to her shoulder, the teeth sinking more deeply as he delivered another love bite. "Do you understand?"

"Yes." She squirmed beneath him, trying to coax him to stay, to keep touching her.

"Shh..." he said, his large hand molded tight to the curve of her mound. "We've got all night, Lindsay." He withdrew, slowly exiting the room. "So long as you don't move."

## Chapter Three

Time passed, the only illumination coming from a street lamp. The shadows in the bedroom knitted themselves into a dark blanket as her body coiled and uncoiled in stages of excitement, fatigue, impatience, fear and burning arousal. She tried to measure the minutes that had passed since Renaud left, turning her head at last to check the time.

Eleven o'clock! He'd been gone at least an hour. She started to rise, and then the idea of defying Renaud brought a rush of fresh blood to her muscles and skin -- flushed her cunt with anticipation of his ire. Need burning anew, she relaxed against the bed, her body repeating the cycle of the last hour, her senses attuned to the slightest sound that might hint at his return.

After another hour ticked by, she heard the slide of a hotel pass card and the lock disengaged. Footsteps fell heavy across the floor and there was the rustle of a paper bag as it was set alongside the bed. She tried to see Renaud from the corner of her eye but saw only an imposing shadow. Her voice lost from two hours of waiting, she swallowed. A hand came down, covering her mouth before she could speak. The other hand pushed the hair away from the back of her neck and a warm trail of kisses tickled the top of her spine. And then the hand left her mouth, a fingertip lingering against her lips for an instant to warn against talking. Her tongue darted out, caressed the tip and then retreated.

He was forming a prison with her passion, binding her in place with her need for him. No ropes or cuffs, just a command she was terrified of breaking. She moaned once, lightly.

"There's only one word you can speak," he warned. "And only if you want me to stop."

She nodded, knowing he couldn't see her, and waited.

"No, Lindsay," he corrected. "You tell me what the word is."

She didn't stop to think of the word -- it rose unbidden and spilled from her before she could stop it. "Wyvern."

In a flash he had Lindsay on her back, the lamp on the nightstand on, its shade knocked off and the light glaring in her face. He held her down on the mattress with one hand against her chest. "Why that word?" he asked.

If she still needed confirmation that Renaud was the prey Unit Thirteen hunted, he'd just given it to her with his reaction.

"Please, don't hurt me," she whispered.

"Was it just a little pain you were looking for tonight, Lindsay?" Leaning over her, Renaud's hand trailed to her breast, squeezing it roughly. She arched into it, filling his palm as her pussy pressed against his thigh. "Or were you looking specifically for me?"

He was watching her eyes, or at least tried to; his gaze dipped down to watch her squirming in pleasure against the threat of his anger. His hand slid up to her throat, pressed firmly against the underside of her chin. "Answer me, Lindsay."

"Yes, I was looking for you... f-for a Wyvern male." She wrapped her hands around his bicep, her gaze pleading for something more.

"As the huntress?" He cocked his head and took another long, hard look at her as she struggled against him, her body sweat slicked and twisting sensuously against the mattress. "Or the bait?"

"The bait." The truth left her in a stutter and he relaxed his grip on her throat, his hand lingering in a caress against the reddened skin.

"And the trap?" he asked.

He kept the lamp's light glaring down on her, but his free hand began roaming her body once again.

"An apartment." Frustrated tears flowed down her cheeks as he traced the edge of her sex but prevented her from rubbing against him. She needed to come -- he hadn't

let her since the car. He'd teased her, pushed her up against the wall, her body only one sensation away from a screaming orgasm.

He pulled back, scooping her clothes up and leaving the room. From the bar in the sitting area, she heard water run and then the sound of the blender starting and dying. She guessed he was making sure she didn't have a tracking device on her, though the Unit had told her Wyvern ears were sensitive to even the quietest electronics.

Returning, he flipped her onto her stomach once more.

"Why didn't you have me take you back to the club?" He ran his nails down the center of her back and grabbed one firm globe of her bottom, kneading it with sharp pinches. When she said nothing, Renaud gave her bottom a hard slap. "You will answer my questions immediately, Lindsay. This has gone far beyond a mere bedroom game."

She could feel a hot blush fan across her face and blinked. Fresh tears wetted her cheek. "I c-couldn't. I wanted you." She strained to look at him, gently invoking the safety word as she begged him to take her. "Please, *Wyvern*."

His gaze darkened and he dropped his hand to her wet slit, dipped inside and drew a moist line back up the center of her tailbone. Pleasure trailed at his touch and she lifted her body from the mattress, only to have him shove her back down. "How can you use that as a safety word?" he asked, his body bearing down on her. "Would a Wyvern show mercy? To one so succulent?" He was pulling back on her hair, his other hand finger fucking her in rough thrusts. He nuzzled her throat, his voice a sharp promise of pain that would be smothered by an aftermath of pleasure. "I could drink you up, Lindsay. Why would you want to name the beast in me?"

"*Wyvern*," she repeated.

Renaud planted another hot kiss against her neck, pricking the flesh of her entire body. His weight was heavy on her, her breathing restricted as he forced her harder against the mattress.

"So be it, sweetling," he relented. "But I don't think you understand what you're in for."



He parted the top folds of the bag he had returned with and she braced herself. Even with the safe word, apprehension filled her body. There were no other rules set. She couldn't know what the bag held, what she might be forced to endure if she could not bear to utter the word that would have him send her away.

Renaud pulled an object from the bag and held it close to her face; the crisp leather braids of a flogger danced lightly on her cheek. He let the braids flow over her back and then flipped them until they were fanned across her bottom like a curtain to her inner temple. Reaching into the bag, he withdrew another object. This he used to part the impromptu curtain, and she felt a knobbed cone of latex over a semi-solid invade her pussy in deliciously deep thrusts that had her moaning and bucking in return. When the dildo was buried completely inside her cunt, Renaud switched the vibrating mechanism on. The walls of her vagina contracted like a vise as she pinched off her building orgasm.

Again, Renaud fished through the bag. She began shaking. The vibrations inside her and the threat of the flogger pushed her senses into overdrive. When he laid the third object on the small of her back, she jerked once and released a long moan. Her breasts ached, swollen with lust, the nipples hypersensitive to the brush of the bedspread beneath her. Her pussy contracted around the dildo, her body at the sharp edge of coming.

"Hold it in, Lindsay," he murmured, pushing at the dildo that threatened to pop from her as she bore down around it. Growling, fingers growing clumsy, Renaud picked up the bag and dumped a fourth object onto the bed. It was a capped tube and he unscrewed the top, running its edge along his fingers. Cream, slick and cold, invaded her ass as his finger slid inside her, lubricating the tight channel.

The pleasure was overwhelming. She moaned, squirmed, wriggled against him, wanting to urge him on, urge him deeper. She wanted to scream out, demand that he fuck her, but he had forbidden her to speak, gagging her with no more than a gesture. And so she buried her face in the mattress and moaned some more.

He left her for an instant, just long enough to click the closet light on, spotlighting her exposed body. She raised her ass higher, offering him anything he wanted.

She felt him lift the heavy object still centered in the small of her back. Slowly, he worked it into her ass. The object was narrow tipped, plumped in the center and then flattening to a round base. As he pushed it in, he would pause to stroke her cunt with the dildo -- rapid thrusts of the vibrator followed by the creeping intrusion into her nether hole.

"Uhh-mm," she grunted when the inflated center breached the tight ring of muscles and was swallowed a second later by her body.

With both toys filling Lindsay, Renaud lifted the flogger and began whipping her bottom and the back of her thighs. The force of his strokes built in intensity, forced more blood to the surface, heated her flesh until cunt and ass and the skin beneath the flailing strips of leather were a fiery volcano. She arched off the bed once, an ecstatic scream escaping her lips as her climax erupted, flowed through her veins and nerve endings until there wasn't an inch of her that wasn't singing with pleasure.

Renaud let out a harsh moan when she came and the flogger landed on the bed beside her. Buttons popped from his shirt and another wave of climax crashed against her at the sound of his belt coming off and hitting the floor. He rounded the bed, unzipping his pants as he crawled up and knelt in front of her raised head.

The tip of his erection had forced its way past the band of his briefs. She could smell the pre-cum, see it beading at the engorged tip of his cock. She moaned, ravenous for a taste of him, and snaked her tongue out. She licked the pearl drops away and then gently probed the slit.

Renaud wrapped his hands in her hair, murmured her name between delighted gasps as her mouth closed around the plumped head. Her cunt and ass, still crazy with contractions and the dildo's hum, tightened in appreciation at the size of Renaud, at the way his manhood made her strain to take half its length into her mouth. It had been over half a year, but she was no novice cock sucker. He was magnificent in size.

Gathering her hair in one hand, Renaud caressed the side of her face, helped her relax her jaw and throat muscles to take all of him in. "You're so beautiful, Lindsay." His voice cracked and she could see his hip and thigh muscles bunch as her lips made their first sliding descent to the base of his shaft. "Like a Ming vase or rare orchid."

Though he knew her nature, he couldn't guess at the expanse of her experience and she shook her head at the idea of being something so delicate. He jerked at the pressure on his cock, a moan breaking free. She reached between his legs, caressed the tightening balls and smooth, hairless perineum. He moaned again and took her face in his hands, his grip a steel vise as he held her head immobilized and fucked her greedy mouth. With one final thrust, he froze. A stream of cum shot down her throat, her body climaxing in time with his release.

Still holding her face, he forced her to climb the rest of the way onto the bed, her body struggling to keep the toys from slipping out. He covered her body as another orgasm palsied through her. His mouth plundered hers as he grabbed the dildo and tortured her pussy to another climax with rapid thrusts that penetrated to the very center of her sex. She scratched deep furrows along his back and screamed her need for more down his throat. He kept fucking her with the vibrator as she came, keeping her at the highest plateau until she cried out, her body reduced to a frenzied mass of live wires. Then he gently slipped the vibrator and plug from her.

Tucking his hands beneath her and rolling onto his back, he pulled her with him so that she covered him, her head cradled against his bare chest. His hands soothed her electric flesh, massaged the muscles already knotted with fatigue.

## Chapter Four

They slept like that, Lindsay on top, cuddled like a newborn infant learning the rhythm of blood and oxygen. Renaud's hands possessively hugged her to him, one cupping her head, the other her ass. Even asleep, they spoke to one another in soft, needful whispers. When daylight glowed around the edges of the room's heavy curtains, she slipped carefully onto the mattress. The light from the bathroom was still on and she stared at his exposed body. His cock, relaxed in sleep, was a plump mouthful of meat and she wanted to let her lips tease it to a more alert state, to taste it once again before he fucked her with it. But she didn't want to wake him, not just then.

A dark line of hair traveled from his cock up to his navel and she ran her finger lightly over the hair, her hand spreading out in appreciation over his rippled abs. On his chest, off center from his breastbone and tinged a blackish blue, was an oval patch of skin. She caressed it. In one direction, it was as smooth as the surrounding skin, smoother even, with a velvet softness to it. In the other direction, it threatened to cut her. From what she had learned with the Unit, it was part of his Wyvern DNA, as much a bull's-eye straight to his heart as it was a birthmark.

She felt him stiffen beneath her touch and she pressed a kiss to the birthmark, raising her gaze to meet his. Her heart sank at his veiled expression and she rolled to one side, her breasts pressed against his arm. She realized a hope had been forming silently in her mind, a hope of rescue from Dorian and Unit Thirteen -- even from the long-suffering presence of her adoptive parents. Just as quickly, she realized it had been a stupid pipe dream. From Dorian's talk, humans were little more than cattle to Wyverns.

"Birthmark?" she asked after a minute's uneasy silence.

He nodded and raised his hand to cover the spot. She wanted to say something, to distract him from the emotional wall she sensed him building. At a loss for words, she decided to let her hands do the talking, running a fingertip along the curve of his neck and down across his chest and stomach. As she reached his navel, Renaud stopped her hand, his grip unyielding.

"Last night was just a taste, Lindsay," he warned.

His lips seemed swollen and, when he parted them in thought, she saw the forward swell of his gums. Her heart did a little backbeat in her chest. The Unit had dozens of unconfirmed details about the Wyvern physique, but had never had a body to study. If what they believed was true, Wyvern had hollow canines, like a rattlesnake's, that they used to inject a quickly dissolving sedative into their victims.

*Victims.* She swallowed hard at the word. The Unit had lost its share of bait and agents. As if acknowledging the threat, he softly told her she had to leave -- that he would be gone without a trace before the Unit could find its way back with her to the hotel.

"You won't be so lucky next time," he said, his gaze blank as he stared at the ceiling.

Lindsay buried part of her face against the pillow, drawing her arms around her as she prepared to resist him. Whatever he was warning her against, she wasn't afraid that he would truly hurt her.

She told him so. "You won't hurt me."

As fast as a snake's strike, he had her on her back, his mouth nuzzled against her throat. She could feel teeth and swollen gums against the artery. With his weight trapping her, Renaud captured her face between his hands and studied her. Tears pooled in her eyes, shaming both of them, and her mouth quivered. Her hands balled into fists, ready to punch him for leaving or clutch him to her.

"What do you want, Lindsay?" He thrust his hips against her and she parted her lips but didn't answer. "Hmmm? Tell me."

"You," she whispered. "I want you." It seemed insane. She'd known him for less than 24 hours, but it felt like she had finally found something she'd spent a lifetime searching for.

He shook his head, croaking out a laugh. "You want the beast in me, some fairytale monster for you to tame with your soft submission," he corrected. "You think you know what that is, but you've only ever played with house pets until now."

"No," she insisted. "I want you."

A smile, cruel and beautiful, surfaced on his face for an instant, and then he crushed it. He slid down her body, grabbing a breast in each hand and pinching her nipples between thumb and forefinger. The rose pink flesh turned an angry magenta and he covered one bud with his mouth, his whole body heaving in a sigh. When he lifted his head, he tumbled away from her to the edge of the bed, showing only his back still streaked by her nails.

Lindsay drew a deep breath, felt a drop of moisture roll from her chest. She hadn't cried yet, hadn't spilled a single tear as much as she wanted to, but there was the trail of one. His? It made no sense and she threw a pillow at his back.

"You, you, God damn it! That's what I want." And more of last night -- what Dorian had never given her with his awkward need that seemed to leave him more in submission to her than she was to him.

When Renaud didn't turn, didn't even flinch, she curled into a ball and closed her eyes.

"I'd break you, Lindsay," Renaud whispered softly.

She screwed her eyes tighter and shook her head, hands fisted against her face.

Fishing his cell phone from his jacket, he called the hotel desk and sent the concierge in search of a set of clothing for Lindsay. He pulled a clean set of his own clothing from a suitcase and dressed, his sharp gaze tracking her every movement. When he was dressed, he sat down and touched her shoulder. He seemed on the verge of saying something but remained silent, knowing, perhaps, that the words he wanted

to say would be of no comfort. Lindsay whipped around, coiled her arms behind his neck and buried her head against his chest.

"You want me to stay," she whispered fiercely. "You do!"

He held her tight and she felt a lover's tremble run through him. She raised her mouth and he took it, savagely kissing Lindsay until her lips felt hot and swollen.

"Stay," she demanded, and devoured his mouth in return.

Renaud broke the kiss, his upper lip curling back in hunger as he brushed the hair from her neck. There was no mistaking the meaning of his swollen gums, with the already sharp canines pushed further forward than was natural. Feeling the scrape against her skin, a primitive fear rose in Lindsay but she shoved it away, flinging her head back and waiting for him to claim her with a bite deeper than the sensual nips he had given the night before. When he hesitated, she fisted the fabric of his shirt and held him tightly.

"Do it!" she hissed, arcing up so her throat met his lips, knowing that, if he did, he would not send her away. "Do it."

"You don't know what you're asking for, Lindsay."

The heat was still in his voice and she grabbed his hand, bringing it to her bare breast and the nipple with its unfaded flush from his earlier torture.

"I'm asking for you," she moaned and pushed against him. "Take me, Renaud."

He jumped up, dropping her to the bed. When she opened her mouth to protest, he cut her short. "I can't do this to you, Lindsay." He reached out to touch her cheek, jerking his hand back the instant before contact. "Not to anyone, but especially not to you."

"You want me."

"Chaos, every inch of you," he whispered. "Yes, Lindsay, I want you."

"Then why won't you take me?" She was begging by that point, the tears flowing at last. He wanted her -- she was willing to give him everything -- so why in the hell would he make her leave? "Love me one last time," she pleaded. "And then send me away if that's what you still want."

"It's not what I want," he said, groaning as he watched Lindsay caress her thighs open and expose her cream soaked pussy to his hot gaze. "I won't let you stay and be hurt by me."

"One last time," she coaxed. She spread the warm juice of her aroused cunt across her thighs, knowing his ability to scent her excitement was far stronger than the human male's. "Let me be yours for just one hour."

"Mine." He growled the word and the idea of possessing her was his instant undoing.

He stripped and jerked her to the edge of the bed, his muscular thighs forcing her legs wide. The head of his cock, swollen with ownership, pushed against the swollen entrance to her cunt and she tossed her head back, offering him, once again, her exposed throat. One bite, one real bite, the skin breaking, blood flowing from her throat to fill his mouth... she sensed and welcomed his need to take her that way.

"Damn it, Lindsay, I..."

"Don't you dare say you can't do it," she hissed and strained against him.

He leaned in, his shaft sliding between her labia until the head of his cock was wet and wedged along the length of her clit. He ran his hands through her hair, draped it so that it cascaded in front of her face, screening her vision so she could not see the emotions raging through him.

"You can't ever really be mine." His voice cracked with pain.

"I already am," she told him.

He dropped to his knees, his mouth dipping to taste the cream coating her labia. He jammed two fingers inside her, finding more of the syrupy liquid. She jerked, already at the verge of climaxing.

"Please, Renaud, I need you in me. I want you to fuck me."

"Mine," he growled and ran his tongue over her clit. "Mine to touch."

He rammed his fingers into her again and she cried out as an orgasm fanned like a fire across her body. Less than 24 hours with him, without even the weight of his cock



in her, and she had already climaxed more times with him than she had with all her lovers combined.

"Mine to taste." He flicked the end of her clit with his tongue and she wrapped her legs around his neck.

"Fuck me, please, Renaud." She was thrashing, writhing, dizzy from the heights he had brought her body to so quickly, so effortlessly.

"Don't tell me what to do with what's mine," he warned and flipped her onto her stomach.

"Please." She held her ass high in the air, her exposed cunt wet with arousal. She loved the easy strength of him, loved him putting her into this position. "I want to feel you come inside me, feel you take me, claim me."

His fingers invaded her again, his other hand working the tight hole above her slit. She was pumping against him, delirious with need as she forced his fingers deeper inside ass and cunt.

"Mine, I said," he growled and roughly pushed her to the edge of another orgasm.

"Then take it!" Her nails dug deep furrows into her palms as she resisted the pleasure that threatened to wash over her until she was a senseless heap.

"No!" He barked the word out and she could feel his whole body jerk as he shook his head.

Why wouldn't he relent -- why couldn't he?

"You don't understand what you're asking for," he said.

It was no comfort to her that she could hear a need as great as her own... a lust to match hers -- love even. He would not relent.

"Wy...vern." Her voice broke as she cried out the safety word.

"No, Lindsay," he said. She looked back, saw the muscles of his chest bunching tight. "You --"

"Wyvern," she repeated. She felt weak in her need for him, ready to faint, swimming in the irony that to be his to command she first had to disobey him.

Renaud rolled Lindsay onto her back. His hands were on her thighs. Both of their bodies trembled. "I don't want to hurt you, Lindsay."

She pressed her hand tight against her breast. Her heart felt like it would explode. "But you already are."

Renaud moved up the length of her body, capturing her hand and bringing it to his lips. "You can't possibly understand what you're consenting to."

"Loving you," she answered, pressing her knees against his hips and urging him to enter, to spear her with his engorged shaft.

Feeling the head breach the entrance, she wrapped her arms around his neck, lifting her body until the full length of his cock was inside her eager pussy. She rocked beneath him, teetering between control and a complete loss of self as he filled her. She moaned, squirmed, clasped him more tightly to her only to fling her body back against the mattress and pump him in wild abandon.

He kept filling her, his cock perfectly contoured to her clasping interior. His hands found her breasts, masterfully squeezing them until they were swollen with need.

"Harder," she ordered and jerked beneath him as he pinched the nipples to crimson beads. The muscles of her cunt stretched until every nerve fiber danced in raw joy.

Grabbing Lindsay's hips, Renaud delivered pounding strokes, the swollen head of his erection leaving her body for an instant before ramming back inside. Friction heated her cunt -- making the flesh hypersensitive -- and yet she screamed for more, demanded it, pleaded for it, until, with a final grunt, she collapsed against the mattress as Renaud buried his cock in her with one last thrust and came.

As his semen filled her, her nails found his back, marking him with new scratches as she stiffened against him. And then her heart did explode.

"What?" Pain spread through her, squeezed the air from her lungs and buried itself deep in her groin. Her insides felt as if they had been dipped in acid.

"Shhhh..." Renaud coaxed.

He held her while the fire raged inside. Sweat beaded on her forehead and he wiped it away. The air in front of her shimmered until she could see nothing but the blue halo of light around his body -- a rainbow of colors crackling from the electric ecstasy of her fading climax. He kissed her eyes closed, but the colors only intensified.

"Shhh... it'll be over in a few seconds."

And the pain did pass, wiped away like a hand moving over sand to erase some obscene scrawl. Lindsay relaxed beneath him, eyes fluttering open only to shut again in exhaustion. She had the sense of Renaud easing himself off her and gently tugging the bedcover free before spreading his long frame alongside her again and pulling the blanket around them. His finger found and stroked a roughened patch of skin on her neck. She forced her eyes open, saw a confused frown dragging the corners of his mouth down. She wanted to comfort him but couldn't raise her hand.

"I didn't mark you," he said, more to himself than to Lindsay. "I didn't mark you."

She couldn't answer. The flood of pain had been replaced by endorphins dragging her down into sleep. She couldn't answer -- she could only think of how many ways he had marked her forever.

## Chapter Five

When she woke, Renaud was gone. A neatly stacked set of clothing and a travel kit rested on the pillow beside her, along with more cash than she would need for a week of taxi rides within the city. An uncharacteristic fury gripped her, held her tight while she quickly showered and dressed.

She took a cab to her own apartment, not the one the Unit kept in case she found a Wyvern male. Tossing her spare key onto the accent table in the hall, she turned to find Dorian looming in the open doorway to her galley-sized kitchen.

"Congratulations, Linz," he drawled. "You met a Wyvern male and lived to tell about it."

There was a heat in his gaze that she hadn't seen since they'd first confessed their mutual thirst for bondage. He reached out, grabbing her by the throat. She could feel his thumb caress the same patch of skin Renaud had stroked. His touch burned and she pushed against him. Memories of his abandoning her naked and staked to her bed for two days added a strength she didn't know she possessed.

The added strength wasn't enough. Dorian strong-armed her until she was pressed face first against her front door. She could feel the thin rod of an erection jabbing at her back. He jerked back on her head, shoving her forward until her face met the solid wood of the door. She tasted blood, her own, and brought her hands up behind her head, trying to find soft flesh and eyes to gouge.

"No, bitch." He slammed Lindsay down again and her hands fell limp at her sides. Her vision grayed and her knees buckled. Dorian wrapped an arm around her waist, holding her. "That's okay, Linz. I know where the bed's at."

When she opened her eyes again, Lindsay found herself handcuffed to her bed and staring up into the face of an elderly man. He was dressed in an expensively

tailored suit, his gaze hidden behind lightly tinted glasses. When he saw she was awake, he checked his watch, the familiar design of a Rolex face flashing at her. "You said she was last seen yesterday at 8PM?"

He turned away. Lindsay's gaze followed and she saw Dorian ensconced in her reading chair, his leg dangling over one arm. "That's right," Dorian answered.

The man turned back to Lindsay and tilted her head to the side. Once again, the skin along her throat burned at another's touch and she moaned softly.

"When did he bite you?" the man asked.

*Bite her?* God knows she'd instinctively wanted him to, but he hadn't. "No one bit me," she answered.

"Don't lie, Ms. Proust. You're in a very bad situation." He looked to Dorian for collaboration. Dorian shook his head, a hard gleam in his eye. "If we don't capture the thing that bit you, you could very well die."

Lindsay had tucked her chin toward her collarbone and he forced her head back up, pressing on the soft underside of her chin until she had trouble breathing. Just as Renaud had done the night before, he pulled an unshaded lamp close to her face. "Her eyes..."

Dorian finally rose from his chair and stood alongside the older man. "Huh." He leaned close enough for her to smell the rank sweat of their earlier struggle rolling off his body. "They're lighter."

The man rose quickly, crossing the room as he punched numbers into a cell phone. He didn't close the door and she heard short clips of what he was saying. *Dougherty... infection rate... more men... telepathic link.*

Her eyes went wide as the last of his conversation faded away. He re-entered the room, drawing a syringe from his breast pocket and squirting a clear liquid into the air. An acrid smell scraped at the tissue lining her nose and she struggled to move away from the needle as he bent toward her. Dorian held her down, his weight bruising her. She felt the needle penetrate her skin and bit out a cry. Before the drug claimed her, she heard Dougherty's worried voice.

"We've got to move her *now*, before it shows up!"

\* \* \*

This time she woke on a cold concrete floor in the middle of a warehouse. The building was dark, only a circle of light showcasing her condition. The handcuffs had been replaced with leather restraints that held her naked body spread eagled, chains running from the restraints to concrete bolts. Dougherty, if that was the old man's name, was there, a whip in his hand, while Dorian looked on with a pout. Lindsay tried to shift her weight, her skin tight and screaming in pain. She lifted her head, staring down the length of her body. Welts, days old from the looks of them, slashed across the surface of her pale skin.

Dougherty jabbed the whip in Dorian's direction. "Record that," he barked at the younger man. "It's only been three hours since the injection."

Turning back to Lindsay, Dougherty shook his head. "You lied, Ms. Proust. You said he didn't bite you." He punctuated the accusation by bringing the whip down across her shins.

She cried out, denying that she'd been bitten.

"Why are you wet, Ms. Proust?" Dougherty asked, and ran the whip head up her thigh.

She swallowed and blinked, tears stinging her cheeks. Heaven help her, she was wet. Her body pulsed like waves on a stormy ocean, riding peaks of pleasure one second, plummeting into deeply gouged troughs of pain the next. High or low, she felt the need for Renaud clawing at her cunt.

This, then, was the sadism she'd heard of, the Wyvern's callous disregard for the women they fucked, infected and left behind.

"Stay with us, Ms. Proust!"

Another slap, higher up her leg. Anger flared side-by-side with the pain and she snarled at him. She saw Dougherty's eyes widen with surprise the same instant she felt her gums swell with a carnal rage to sink her teeth into him.

"This isn't supposed to be happening," Dougherty said, his voice softened by a confused awe.

"Congratulations, gentlemen." A familiar voice cut through the shadows of the warehouse. "You've caught yourself a Wyvern female."

Dougherty spun on his heels, staring past the circle of light as he shielded his eyes. He stepped closer to Lindsay and she twisted against her restraints, ready to sink her teeth into the closest patch of exposed flesh she found. Dorian rose, a gun in his hand. He shot a round into the dark, only to have a faster bullet hit him in the chest, spinning him around. He fell to the ground, face first. She blinked against the sensory overload, the smell of blood, the spike of light from the single bulb, the soft rapid movement of a body through the shadows.

Backing up, Dougherty tripped over Dorian just as Renaud's massive frame launched from the shadows. He gripped the old man by the hair, snarling as he ran a blade across the convulsing throat.

Suddenly, her senses were filled by the scent of blood and nothing else. There was the snick of a knife blade against the restraints and then she had one arm free. Another snick and her arms were wrapped around Dougherty's rapidly cooling body.

"He's a little dry, love, but the other's diseased."

Lindsay growled at his apology, the sound a wet rumble against the blood and gore of Dougherty's slashed throat. He had no right to call her *love* -- he'd lost that back at the hotel.

She growled again, the sound more feral, as Renaud pried the body from her and forced her to her feet. He took his jacket off, wrapping her in it before he slung her over his shoulder. She caught his scent, the warm, earthy spices insinuating themselves alongside the sanguine traces of Dougherty that clung to her skin. A warm flush spread over her and she wriggled against him, her body odor rising up to subtly match his but with a moister, more pungent scent he couldn't help but answer.

Setting Lindsay down on her feet, Renaud pushed her against a wall. He kissed her, his tongue snaking inside her mouth to war with hers. She reached for him,

spreading her legs, but he pulled back, his face bloody. He wiped a shaking hand against his mouth.

"There are more dead bodies outside, Lindsay," he said. "More men like them coming."

Her pupils pulsed, the amount of light increasing and decreasing in rapid flicks. She could smell that he was telling the truth. She didn't care. Last night she'd wanted to kneel at his feet, feel the flogger against her skin as he teased her flesh with its sharp bite before fucking her delirious. Now she wanted to rip his throat out.

"I'm not going anywhere with you," she said, her voice sounding foreign to her ears.

"Sorry, love, but you don't have a choice."

Renaud's hand darted out, Lindsay's reaction a split second too slow. She felt the jab of his fingertip in the soft valley of flesh at the top outer edge of her collarbone. She slumped forward, conscious but unable to move. He picked her up again, his pace doubling when they exited the warehouse. She watched the ground bounce beneath them, and then realized they had passed into a growth of trees. Branches reached out, scratching her exposed skin, tearing the protective covering the jacket offered and snarling in her hair.

Pulling Lindsay forward into the cradle of his arms, Renaud slid down an embankment, coming to a stop a foot away from a hunter green Mercedes with black tinted windows. He threw the back door open and dumped Lindsay onto the seat. Another jab, just as hard as the first, and he released Lindsay from her paralysis. Then he tucked her legs in, shut the door and slid behind the steering wheel.

Slamming his foot down on the gas pedal, Renaud sent the car hurtling forward along the dark road. The sound of gravel kicked up and tires squealing against the old pavement made an irritating cacophony to Lindsay's hypersensitive ears. She pulled herself into a sitting position and glared at the back of his head.

"How'd you find me?" she demanded.



"We're mates now, Lindsay," he answered, risking a glance in the rearview mirror. "I don't know how it happened -- but I'll always know where to find you."

"Mates?" She tested the word. Was he fucking telling her they were buddies?

Hearing the hard confusion in her voice, he took his eyes off the road, swiveling to nail her with his blue gaze. "Mates -- you're my woman now, Lindsay." There was a possessive purr in the way he said it. He turned back to the road, slowing down as they approached an on-ramp for the freeway. "Just like I'm your man."

## Chapter Six

Lindsay paced the bedroom she'd spent the better part of the last week holed up in. Below her, the house buzzed with tension, its occupants unsure of what they should do with her. At some point in the week, it had all been patiently explained to her. Not all Wyvern stayed within the clan they were born to. Some disappeared into the human masses. Others scattered their seed with non-mates. Whether fully Wyvern or part human, the Wyvern DNA remained camouflaged until they entered a sort of second puberty, their bodies responding to a flood of newly released Wyvern hormones. At thirty-two, Lindsay already was seven years past the average turning point for a Wyvern female.

And so they had quizzed her endlessly, disgruntled that her parentage was as much a mystery to her as it was to them. Worse yet was the opalescent paleness of her irises and the patch of milky white skin that had disappeared from her throat only to resurface on her breast. No Wyvern clan had carried that color for centuries. She was, in short, a freak among freaks. Their veiled gazes told her as much.

All but Renaud's. His gaze begged forgiveness -- for what she wasn't sure, though she had a ready list in her own mind. For not recognizing her for what she was, even if she didn't know it herself. For making her his mate no matter how accidentally and then abandoning her. Most of all Lindsay blamed Renaud for the raw need that savaged its way through her blood whenever he was near.

She stopped pacing and looked at the door, feeling how close he was. Screaming, cursing, she'd driven him from the room a few hours ago, demanding at the top of her lungs that he leave the house or at least stay out of the same wing and off the same floor. She snarled in the door's direction, knowing he was on the other side, and aware she'd sensed him. The same crackle of electric blue electricity that had rippled around

Renaud as he pumped his cum into her rose from Lindsay as a bright white, hotter and more directed. The paint on the door began to blister, startling Lindsay. She stumbled as the energy sprang back toward her. Catching herself on the mattress, she collapsed onto it as Renaud threw the door open.

"Enough of this," Renaud warned.

His voice rumbled in his chest and she could feel her body vibrate in response. The patch of skin on her breast felt like a match head had been drawn across it. She pressed one hand flat against the mattress, the urge to reach up and test the mark all but overwhelming. His gaze narrowed, focused like a laser on her covered breast.

He turned abruptly and locked the door. With his back to Lindsay, he started speaking. "I know you didn't want to see me --"

"I *don't*," she said.

"I... I want to help you, Lindsay." He tightened his grip on the door handle.

"Then leave." It sounded simpler than it felt and she glanced down at the mattress, glad he couldn't see the need tearing through her even if he could feel it.

His hand slid from the doorknob and he turned to Lindsay. "Your body is still reacting to the transformation, Lindsay. I feel the pain tearing at you... Even if you hate me now, I'm the only one who can take it away."

Pride nestled beside the pain, and she turned to look at the bedroom's balcony door. "I'm willing to test that theory," she said. "Who was that young man in the study this morning?"

She knew damn well who the man must be. He had the same black hair and blue eyes, nearly the same scent as Renaud. Nearly, not quite, not enough to make her skin burn with the need to fuck him, not enough to make her feel anything more than revulsion at the thought.

"My brother," Renaud answered tersely. "You're only prolonging your pain, Lindsay."

"You can feel my pain?" Again, she already knew the answer. "The pain that you caused?"

"Yes," he answered with the barest escape of air through his tightly set lips.

Would he feel her pleasure the same way, she wondered? And how she resented having to take it from him?

Renaud blinked, the granite façade crumbling at her unvoiced question. "Yes," he answered.

"Turn off the lights," she said, uncurling along the bed and switching off the bedside lamp.

"Lindsay --"

"Do it," she ordered.

"You should understand that your reaction might fade if you wait this out... that I didn't mark you --"

This time she was the one to scream "Enough!" Hadn't he just been telling her she had to yield to him? Now he was telling her to sweat it out! And still standing by the damn door.

"If I were to mark you properly..."

She shook her head, the motion vehement enough to send a flicker of her energy across the room to spark in front of his face. She wouldn't let it go that far -- wouldn't let him bite her, drawing blood as chemicals shot through the hollow canines and permanently bound them to one another. She would fuck him this last time and then leave him like he'd left her.

She fisted her hands in the bedspread, then tossed it to the floor, her gaze sharp as she answered, "You won't mark me. I won't let you."

And she could stop him. She'd learned that, too. A woman in Renaud's clan had tended to her, told her how the Wyvern females had once been a threat to their mates, the women filled with the dual need to submit for breeding and then destroy the male to keep him from competing with her offspring. That was when the first Wyvern males had gone outside their race, mating with human females. The force they had once used in subduing the aggressive females of their race they turned on their human mates, searching out those most submissive to their needs. But she wasn't human -- not

anymore, not completely. She still needed to submit, but he would be fortunate indeed if she didn't devour him afterwards.

Renaud seemed to sense the thoughts running through her mind and he moved quietly around the room, shutting off the lights until he was standing next to the bed. The moonlight profiled his body, showing her his bowed head and humbled posture as he waited for Lindsay to command him.

"Strip," she said and rose on her knees to remove her robe.

The dark clothes that had covered him gave way to the flash of his pale skin in the moonlight. After his pants dropped to the floor and he kicked them out of the way, she pressed her chest against his. She felt the rough glide of his birthmark against her nipple and the soft skin of his chest against her own mark. She edged away so that only the tips of her breasts touched him.

Placing her hands on his shoulders, she leaned her head back and spread her legs. "Touch me."

Passion built in her voice and she tried to suppress it, to keep the lie of indifference hidden, but her body betrayed her when Renaud slid his hand between her legs, Lindsay's need for him coating his fingers.

He moaned, probing deeper into the warm pocket, stroking the inside of her labia before dipping into her cunt. Her body sent up a heavy scent, the smell still an earthier, wetter imitation of Renaud's. He bent down and ran his teeth lightly along her jaw line. With his free hand, he reached up to trap her breast, to tease the nipples to harder points, but she eluded his grasp and pushed his hand down to her hip.

Wrapping her hands around his neck, Lindsay relaxed her upper torso and arched her back, the weight of her body bearing down on Renaud's thrusting fingers.

"Lindsay, I'm so sorry, love --"

She curled her fingers in the hair at the nape of his neck, tightened her grip in warning. "Don't," she said. The speed of her thrusts quickened. She sorted through the emotions she was feeling, pushing aside pleasure and more to focus on her anger.

"What do you feel from me?" she asked, the ice in her question a sharp contrast to the heat that steamed off her body.

"Lindsay, please, love."

She jerked her hands in his hair, her body tightening with the first wave of climax. "You're not feeling love from me," she persisted, shaking his head when he didn't answer. "What is it?"

"Stop it," he growled. He searched for her elusive mouth, his fingers still pumping inside her.

For a moment, she thought of nothing but complying, of tendering a submission that was complete and binding with no more than the tilt of her chin and exposed throat. "Tell me you can feel the hate, then I'll stop."

"No, there's no hate." His thumb covered the hood of her clit and manipulated it with tight circles that left her gasping as her climax peaked. "Anger, hurt, fear -- but no hate." He was dominating her cunt, physically weakening her so that he had to place his hand between her shoulders to keep her from collapsing. "Please, Lindsay. There's no hate in you. I'll do anything, just admit it."

"I don't know that I can." Unwrapping her arms from his neck, she dug her nails into his back. Her lips nuzzled his neck for an instant before peeling back as she sank her teeth into the bend between his throat and shoulder. She felt her gums swell for an instant and then Renaud stiffened beneath her as venom filled the bite wound.

Dazed, he staggered back, his hand going to his throat. The blood looked black in the moonlight, but she knew it would be the same blue that danced in his eyes. He stared at it for a second and then caught her, exposing his throat to her once again as he kissed her temple.

"I was trying to protect you from this, at the hotel," he said, repeating the phrase as she pressed her lips to the wound, her tongue snaking in to taste the mix of muscle and blood. "I was trying to protect you."

## Chapter Seven

Waking up next to Renaud was like a reverse déjà vu from her experience at the hotel room. Lindsay hadn't intended to fall asleep in his arms, or to even allow him to hold her. But he had wrapped her in his tight embrace, his kisses falling along her hair and face, the protective circle of his arms feeling so right that she lied to herself that a few seconds would not weaken her resolve. Somewhere in those few seconds she forgot the need to be furious with him and melted against his chest, letting him rock her and love her while she sobbed uncontrollably.

And now, here she was, on her back with Renaud cradling her head with one arm while he stroked the opalescent patch of skin at the innermost edge of her left breast. If she'd felt like she was halfway in his head last night, the sense was overwhelming this morning. She knew the instant he realized she was awake, felt him reaching for her chin before he moved a single muscle.

Pressing two fingers against the side of her chin, he tilted her head until she was looking at him. "A late start," he said, studying her changed irises, "but already complete, I'd say."

"How long does it usually take?" She didn't really care, but wanted to delay the other conversation she sensed building inside him.

"Months," he answered. "And the way you're wielding energy -- uncontrollable, yes, but --"

"It went exactly where I wanted it to," she interrupted, still hoping she could gain some distance from last night's capitulation.

"Well, they'll want to draw some blood," he said, reaching down to scoop her robe from the floor.

*Blood?* Lindsay jumped back along the bed, catching herself before she fell off. She didn't think she could stand to watch her blood, as white as her irises, filling a bag.

"No," she said, taking the robe from him and hurriedly putting it on.

Renaud tried to take her in his arms and she struggled against his attempt at calming her. Finally, he settled for trapping her face between his hands and kissing her.

"It can wait," he assured her. "I won't let them do anything until you're ready."

Her struggles stilled for a second and then she shoved at his chest. "You?" She could feel her lips bunch up into an angry pucker and she pushed again until he let go of her face. "You're going to leave me alone," she said, his late offer of protection re-triggering last night's anger. "I don't want to see, hear or smell you anywhere near me!"

"I can't leave you, Lindsay," he said, grabbing her before she could get off the bed.

"You've already proven yourself a liar on that point," she bit out. She fought for her release but he only pulled her tighter to him, the edges of her robe falling open so that her breasts and pubic mound rubbed against his still naked body.

Renaud groaned, his arms encircling her completely, one hand reaching down to clasp her bottom while he ran his lips over the hollow of her throat. "And it was a mistake, Lindsay," he said, his teeth grazing her skin. "I won't make that mistake ever again."

"I don't want you here," she protested. She tried to wedge her arms between their bodies even as she exposed more of her throat to him.

Renaud lifted her higher, her arms sliding free at the same time his fingers followed the curve of her thigh to stroke the moist, pouting lips that guarded her cunt. She stopped struggling, her defense down to four words.

"I don't want you!"

He shook his head, his smile hungry and relentless. "Then why did you bite me last night as if you were claiming me?"

"No." Tears, frustrated, rolled down her cheeks. "I didn't know that would happen... what I was doing... I just had to do it."



The smile solidified, grew more confident. "Instinct?" he asked.

"Yes." She was squirming against him now, trying to cut off the need to impale herself on his probing fingers. "Instinct," she repeated.

"Your instinct told you to claim me as your mate," he said.

"No!" Panic filled her voice. She tangled her fingers in his hair, her legs wrapping around his waist. The tip of his erection rubbed against her clit, deepening the insanity that clouded her thinking. "No, that wasn't it," she argued, panting, trying not to kiss him, biting down on her lip not to do so, her gums swelling with need.

"You certainly weren't marking me as prey," he pressed, and slid her higher. The hand that curved around her ass parted her labia so that he could wedge the engorged head of his cock against the fluttering opening of her pussy. "You weren't about to devour me."

"I was," she moaned and wrapped the rest of her body around him, grinding against him. She was ready to devour him now, starting with his cock, and she arched backwards, letting her cunt swallow the puffed tip. She moaned again and curled, compressing her center around his shaft, absorbing him in one extended pull.

"I don't want to feel like this," she cried out, shaking, her body pulled in opposing directions by need and indecision. Did she even have a choice, she wondered? Outside of a Wyvern compound, she would become a target of Unit Thirteen. And what clan would take her in if she rejected Renaud? If she *could* reject him. Right now, it felt impossible.

Renaud laid her on the bed, his feet still on the ground, her ass hovering at the edge of the mattress. He unwrapped her arms from around his neck so he could stand over her, his cock filling her cunt with sharp thrusts as his hands roamed her body.

"Don't fight it, love," he coaxed, kneading her breasts, teasing the nipples until they were thimbles of arousal. "Listen to your body."

He scooped one of her legs up, his arm under the crook of her knee. With his other hand, he pressed against her pubic mound, his thumb firm against her clit while his cock pounded into her.

"Please, baby," he begged. "I tried to run from my nature and you almost died -- worse, you almost became one of *their* experiments. Don't fight it."

Even with passion thrumming through her ears, she could hear the emotion choking his voice, could see his mind and body lost in loving her. He pulled her leg up higher and his mouth pressed against her ankle in a kiss. The strokes he delivered -- strong and full -- fed every inch of her cunt, while he massaged the plump lips, his thumb never leaving her engorged clit. His whole being was focused on delivering pleasure to her, to wiping away, if only for the length of her climax, all the pain she had suffered because of his mistake.

With one soft moan, Lindsay stopped fighting him -- stopped fighting herself. She tightened and then relaxed her perineum, the walls of her pussy caressing his shaft, her clit pushing up against his thumb in heated delight. Grabbing her breasts, she squeezed them and lifted her ass from the mattress as she offered him all that she was. He took the offering, tendering his own with a final thrust that sent both of them crashing against a wet wall of pleasure. His seed shot into her, filling her without the hot torment that had spread like a chemical spill throughout her body back in the hotel. Bringing her leg down, she pulled him to her, kept him locked inside her while her cunt worked his shaft, making him fill her again until they were both plastered to the mattress in an exhausted heap.

Drifting off to sleep, she thought about the house full of people made nervous by her unknown origins and the threat of Unit Thirteen, not just to her and her new family, but to her old family, as well. Looking at Renaud and seeing the promise of forever, or at least millennia, in his deep blue gaze, she thought that it didn't seem right -- to be surrounded by so much change and danger and yet feel at peace for the first time in her life.

Renaud brought his hand up and gently caressed her eyelids shut. "Sleep, Lindsay," he whispered. "Those are tomorrow's worries running through your head."

The last thing she saw before he closed her eyes was the pink trace of the bite mark on his neck, his Wyvern DNA quickly healing the wound. The fast disappearing

scar was a reminder that she had given him the right to command, even when the order did not come in the form of a gentle whisper.

Snuggling deep within the circle of his arms, her hand brushed simultaneously against his Wyvern mark and her own. Two marks, two different meanings, she thought, tumbling into sleep.

His -- *I command.*

Hers -- *I obey.*

## **Ann Vremont**

Ann Vremont is a mother, wife, licensed attorney, technical writer, high school dropout and former Russian linguist for Army SigInt. She's called Bingo for a living, waitressed at a strip club, scooped ice cream and conducted political surveys -- including for the wrong party. She maintains that, if she hadn't dropped out of high school, she would probably be a mineralogist or a geophysicist. Ann further maintains that if she had never met her husband of seventeen-plus years or had their son when she did, she would probably be making her living illegally -- or, if unsuccessful, sitting in jail. She has a large collection of minerals and a growing collection of lighthouses. Having been born and partially raised in Arizona, the mineral collection doesn't surprise her, but she's still puzzling the source of her lighthouse fetish. You can find her on the web at [www.annvremont.com](http://www.annvremont.com).