



Fantasy Knights

Marilyn Lee

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Chapter One

The arms of the man holding Devoni Mitchell close as they shared their second slow dance of the night felt wonderfully warm. His lips brushing against her cheek sent a tingle of anticipation and hope through her.

After a month of exclusive dating, she had begun to hope that Jamal Carter was the answer to her prayers. For the first time in months, instead of losing herself in dreams of a faceless, impossibly skilled fantasy lover every night, a flesh-and-blood man was the object of her sexual desires.

True, in unguarded moments thoughts of the sweet dream-lover who had made a relationship with other men impossible before she met Jamal still tended to creep into her head. But these days, she was quick to dismiss such useless fantasies.

Jamal's warm lips moved against her cheek. "Tyler was right. You are one lovely woman."

She smiled. And Jamal Carter was every black woman's dream—a single, straight black man with an excellent job. Lately, she had begun to hope that her ebony knight had finally arrived in her life in the form of the tall, handsome, hunky Jamal.

Nevertheless, after eight dates in just over four weeks, her feelings for him confused her. Although she enjoyed being with him and looked forward to their becoming lovers, there was a part of her that looked beyond him to a future with a mysterious lover who would leave her in no doubt that her heart and her passions belonged exclusively to him. How could she look forward to sleeping with Jamal and still secretly wonder if blind dates were a waste of time when such a date had netted her Jamal?

"Voni?"

She lifted her head from his shoulder and smiled up at him. "Thank you."

His arm tightened around her waist as he maneuvered her across the length of Trina and Tyler Maxwell's living room to an unoccupied spot near the glass doors of their terrace. The soft music and dim lights stirred her senses. When he put a finger under her chin to lift her face, she gazed up at him, her lips parting in eager anticipation of the coming kiss.

He touched his mouth to hers, his lips sweet and persuasive. As he teased her lips apart, he caressed her shoulders and upper back. "You're lovely, and I want to get to know you better."

She felt the tension in the big, hard body pressed close to hers. She knew what he wanted. After a moment of indecision, she decided she wanted it, too. She placed her palms against his chest and smiled up at him. "Hmmm, sounds interesting. What did you have in mind?"

He moved his hips against hers in a suggestive manner that made her tingle. "A little more dancing, either at my place or yours, a glass or two of fine wine, followed by a long night of love. Are you interested?"

Her heart racing, she nodded quickly—before any second thoughts of her fantasy lover could rise to the surface and squash her determination to center her hopes on a real man. It was past time she stopped pining for sweet, but useless dreams.

"I'm delighted to hear it. You are very lovely."

Oh, yes. Just maybe he was her knight in shining armor. “I’m so glad you think so.”

“I do. I do.” He paused and stroked a finger down her cheek. “I’m curious. Have you ever considered how stunning you would be if you lost a little weight?”

She stiffened in his arms, feeling as if he’d tossed ice water over her. “Excuse me?”

He shook his head quickly. “Oh, don’t get me wrong. I’m not talking about a lot of weight. You’re lovely as you are—mostly. I’m just talking about a few pounds here or there, nothing too drastic. I know the pounds can add up over time before you know it.”

The words hit with the force of a fist driven into her stomach. She sucked in a breath and jerked out of his arms.

“Hey!” He caught her hand as she turned away. “What’s wrong? What did I say wrong? I don’t want you to lose a lot of weight, Devoni. I’m only talking about a few lousy pounds. Please don’t overreact.”

She silently snatched her hand away. Fighting back angry, hurt tears, she made her way across the room to the spot where her hosts, Trina and Tyler, slow-danced.

Trina took one look at her face and slipped out of her husband’s arms. “Voni? What’s wrong?”

Her other first cousins, Brandi Donaldson and Shea Howard, dancing several feet away with their respective husbands, cast concerned looks in her direction. She saw that their mutual friend, Erin Benson was also looking anxious. She shook her head and gave them what she hoped was a reassuring smile before turning to face Trina again.

“Nothing’s wrong.” Realizing how terse she sounded, she stopped abruptly. She moistened her lips. “Thanks for inviting me, but I have to go.”

Trina cast a quick look across the room in the direction where Devoni and Jamal had been dancing. “Voni? What’s wrong? Tell me. Please.”

“Nothing’s wrong. Tell Brandi, Shea, and Erin I said I’ll talk to them next week. You and I’ll talk later.”

“But Voni...”

“Please.” She squeezed Trina’s arm and hurried away.

Trina followed her. “Voni. Voni, wait. Please.”

In the foyer, she turned to face her best friend and cousin. She tried to keep her voice level when she spoke. “I need to be alone, Trina.”

“Okay, but what did Jamal ... what did he say or do to hurt you?”

She shook her head. “I don’t want to talk about it just now.”

Trina sucked in an angry breath. “So he did say something to hurt you!”

She shrugged. “It doesn’t matter. Give me a few days, and I’ll be fine.”

“Okay, but let me get Tyler to drive you home.”

“Thanks, but the drive will help me clear my head.” She kissed Trina’s cheek. “Go back to Tyler and enjoy your party. I’ll call you in a few days. Okay?”

“Voni...”

“Please. I’ll be all right—I promise. I just need some time to straighten a few things out in my mind.”

She sighed. “Okay, but you know that my marriage to Tyler hasn’t changed anything between us. Right?”

Trina had met Tyler just before her fortieth birthday, when she’d almost given up hope of finding love. Trina and Tyler’s unexpected romance had given Devoni hope that she, too, might meet a man who loved her as deeply as Tyler loved Trina. “You have

Tyler now.”

“Yes, I do. He’s the love of my life, but having him doesn’t change the fact that you’re my best friend, and I’m always going to be there when you need me. Got it, girl?”

She nodded, warmed by Trina’s words. “Yeah, got it.”

“Good. You only get a few days before you have to open up to me.”

“Promise.” She flashed Trina a quick smile and left the party.

Half an hour later, she stood on the roof of her apartment building, gazing up into the sky. It was a particularly cool September night, but she felt the need for the solitude and sense of belonging gazing at the stars had always provided. Her maternal grandmother, Sadie Rose, born and raised in the Louisiana Bayou, had once told her that if she were ever lucky enough to spot a falling star with her naked eye, she would be granted the one true wish of her heart.

After learning what Jamal really thought of her, she had only one wish. She didn’t long for fame or fortune. She wanted love and passion from a man who would accept her just as she was. Love? She shivered and pulled her all-weather coat closer around her neck. The way things were going for her, she would settle for passion. Just one night of passion with a flesh-and-blood man who would not tell her she would be stunning if only she would lose weight.

Although plus-sized, she kept in shape, and most men found her attractive. She had long since given up trying to change herself to please others and come to accept herself just as she was. She had many good friends, a rewarding job as an editor, and owned her condo. In short, she had everything most thirty-nine-year-old women could want. She had everything—except a man who loved and desired her just as she was.

She had never married, but she’d had a satisfying social and sex life. Three years earlier, at thirty-six, she had decided it was time to settle down, get married, and have a baby. That’s when the heartache had begun. Men who were willing to date and sleep with her balked at the idea of a serious relationship unless she agreed to lose weight.

Refusing to be defined by her body size instead of who she was, she had resisted. If she lost weight, it would be because it was what she wanted. She would not allow men who meant little or nothing to her to issue such ultimatums.

Her friends and family, all well-meaning and most happily married or engaged, had begun to set her up with blind dates. She’d always hated blind dates, but tonight had been the last straw. Recalling the high hopes with which she’d begun the evening, her eyes misted. She looked out over the view of the Philadelphia waterfront far below the rooftop. She was almost forty. If her Granny Sadie Rose had been correct, if she took a leap of faith, she would meet the man of her dreams close to her fortieth birthday.

Sadie Rose’s predictions in Trina’s case had proven true. Trina had spent several thousand dollars on an adult weekend where she had met Tyler, who later pursued her and swept her off her feet.

When things had seemed to be going so well with Jamal, Devoni had hoped she was about to be swept off her feet and into a world of love, desire, and romance. She frowned. Somewhere in the fifth-largest city in the country, surely there must be at least one man who would accept her as she was. How could she feel good about a man or a relationship that required her to change who she was? She was a full-figured woman. Always had been and probably always would be.

She lifted her gaze skyward and caught her breath. There in the east was ... she

blinked and stared. Yes. A falling star! It streaked through the sky towards her.

How had the jingle her grandmother taught her female grandkids gone?

A star fell out of the sky and landed at my feet. We were stargazing, me and my sweet. Me, here and alone. He, there and alone. Longing for me. Stargazing—just for me. Stargazing. Me and my sweet.

She hesitated and then added the words her grandmother had told her were so important. *Flame. Flame. Falling Star. Come to she who awaits you ... she who is stargazing for you. Flaming Star.*

The chorus danced in her head. *Me and my sweet.* All she wanted was someone who loved her. She didn't care what he looked like or where he called home. She just needed someone who would quench her thirst for a man of her own to love and adore.

She closed her eyes and whispered her wish to Flame, the falling star.

When she opened her eyes, the star was gone. At her feet lay a bright reddish residue in the shape of a star—almost as if the star really had fallen at her feet. A cold breeze sweeping off the water sent a chill through her. The last thing she needed was a cold.

Besides, she had two books she was editing she could work on, both paranormal romances. One featured a blond, silver-eyed vampire hero and the other a tall, dark, well-hung psychic healer with mesmerizing gray eyes. Instead of spending the night with Jamal, it looked like she would be spending the night with one of the two paranormal heroes.

“Guys, here I come.” Turning, she crossed the rooftop and went down to her apartment, fighting off depression. So much for wishing on a falling star. Stargazing indeed.

In her unit, she undressed, took a quick soak in a warm bath, dried off, and climbed into bed. She reached over to her nightstand for the manuscript featuring the silver-eyed vampire. She had expected to lie awake for hours editing. Instead, she found herself fighting sleep within minutes. Putting the manuscript on her nightstand, she turned off the light. Curling her naked body against the silk sheets, she closed her eyes. Almost immediately, she drifted into a sweet, sexy, dream world where the vampire and the psychic merged into one incredibly erotic and exciting lover.

Chapter Two

In her dream, she, along with several other women, stood naked on warm desert sands with a cloth awning shielding them from the late afternoon sun. She was pleased and delighted that she had the lion's share of attention. As several handsome blond men came close to touch her breasts and stroke her pussy, a large, dark horse appeared over a rise on a distant hill. She couldn't see the rider because the sun was in her eyes, but he looked huge. He rode the horse hard and brought him to an abrupt halt in front of the open tent. She stood, unashamed and proudly displaying her full-figured, brown body next to the pale, slender bodies of the other women.

The rider vaulted off the horse, and her heart thundered in her chest. He was a very tall, heavily built, naked blond with silver-gray eyes and a mouth-wateringly big cock. He strolled past the other men, threw a huge bag of gold coins at the woman who stood watch over the women on display.

Devoni stared at him, feeling a sense of recognition overwhelm her. The man was a stranger, and yet he was as familiar as a beloved life partner. She didn't know him. And yet she did. She had experienced his love, passion, and devotion on many occasions and given him hers. He had come for her—finally.

She shook her head, rejecting her fanciful thoughts. This man was a stranger to her and she to him.

“This one belongs to me.”

Devoni sighed and looked around. Which lucky woman would get to spend the night with this Adonis-like hunk?

He stalked past the other women and paused in front of her.

Devoni moistened her lips and glanced up to see which woman had stopped him in his tracks.

The breath caught in her throat when she met his beautiful, piercing gaze. “You're here, at last, my Nubian beauty.” He spoke in a soft, husky tone.

Devoni gasped, pointing a finger at herself. “Me? Are you talking to me?”

“Yes, my lovely one.”

As she stood staring up at him with her mouth parted in a surprised “oh,” moisture filled her pussy at the thought of spending the night with this handsome, familiar stranger, he scooped her up in his arms, claspng her against his big, hard body.

Devoni slipped an arm around his neck and pressed her cheek against his chest. She felt his heart thumping against her and only just resisted the urge to reach down and fondle his cock ... his large, thick, wonderfully long cock. Her lover ... her cock. There would be time for love later—after they'd had time to reminisce. She stroked her hand over his body. “My love.”

“Yes. Your love is here.”

She smiled feeling warm and loved, as if she'd finally come home after a long, arduous journey.

Ignoring the protests of the other blond, but smaller men, he set her on her feet by his horse. He mounted his stallion and reached down a hand to her. With a head mixed with lustful thoughts and remembrances of a warm, shared, loving past, she placed her foot

over his in the stirrup. He easily pulled her up on the horse in front of his body.

He removed a hat from the side of the saddle and placed it on her head. He pulled a cool, white sheet from his saddlebag and draped it over her body, wheeled the horse around, and sent the animal flying across the sand toward the distant hill where he'd first appeared.

As they rode, he slipped his free hand under the sheet.

"Oh," she made the soft exhalation at the familiar feel of his hand on her body.

He slid his big palm along her skin, lingering over the swell of her belly.

She pressed back against him. "Hmmm."

His long fingers moved lower over her flesh, almost, but not quite touching her pussy. His cock, hard and thick, rubbed against the length of her butt with the motion of the horse.

Flutters of desire dancing down her spine, she leaned back against his hard chest, her breathing erratic. This was all so familiar and yet so sweetly new. Still, she knew what was coming ... the joy that awaited her.

A strong arm lifted her, while the other hand pushed the sheet aside. When he settled her again, his hard shaft rested between her legs. She lifted the sheet and looked down. The big head of his cock protruded just below her vagina. The fact that she could see even part of his cock past her less than flat belly was indicative of how huge he was. The muscles in her stomach churned and tightened. Gasping, she pressed her hands against the horse's neck. Lifting her hips, she glanced over her shoulder at him. "Please?"

She saw twin flames of lust and affection in his eyes. Drowning in that look that started a tiny fire burning in the pit of her stomach, she rotated her hips against him. His arm tightened around her waist, and he lifted her hips a few inches off the horse's back.

"Yes. Please."

He pulled her back against his body. As he did, he pushed forward. She felt the big, hard, warm head of his cock against her slit.

She mindlessly shoved her hips back. His dick popped into her body and slowly pushed into her slick, flooded pussy. "Oh my God yes! Oh, yes!"

He was so huge that she felt deliciously stretched with only half his length pulsing inside her. "Oh. That feels so nice ... so nice." She wiggled her hips. "Oh, I want ... I need more."

"As you wish, my lovely." He slowly pushed in and pulled out of her in time with the motion of the horse's gait. Each time he pushed back into her, he slid another inch of hard dick into her cunt.

She closed her eyes, leaned back against him, and reached her hand between their bodies to cup her fingers over his balls. They were big and full. Soon he would shoot his cum deep into her.

With one hand on the horse's reins and the other splayed across her lower body, he rode her and the horse with a confident passion that turned her body into pure liquid heat. Along with his blatant desire, his touch and leisurely strokes left her feeling loved and wanted. This luscious pleasure was why she had been so willing to surrender to her fantasies.

He eased her hand away from his balls so he could flick his thumb against her clit. A jolt of delight shot through her. She threw her head back against him, grinding her butt in a circular motion, wanting to give him greater access to her pussy. He continued stroking

in and out with long, deep thrusts.

Her heart filled with emotion, and her cunt burned as her climax built. “Oh!”

He rubbed his thumb hard against her clit.

“Ooooh!” She was caught up in a vortex of passion and love. He tightened his arm, pulled her trembling body back against his, and surged forward. The luscious movement resulted in his entire length sinking into her aching cunt. She sobbed as a shock of absolute bliss thundered through her at the deep, pussy-pleasing thrusts. He pushed into her over and over—harder and harder.

“Ooooh, God!” she moaned softly and came. Wave after wave of release crashed over her—submerging her. She lay limp and weak against his body, savoring the delightful little aftershocks.

He groaned, scraped his teeth against her shoulder, and shuddered against her back. Cupping a hand over her breasts, he shot jet after jet of warm cum into her pussy.

She’d never actually felt a lover cumming in her before. What a wonderful feeling those hot rushes of seed shooting deep in her body caused. She licked her lips and moaned with contentment.

He kissed and licked her shoulder, sliding his palm down to cup her pussy. “My lovely Nubian—you’re mine at last.”

She smiled and sighed. With the motion of the horse and his now gentle, leisurely thrusts into her soaked pussy soothing her, she closed her eyes.

He kissed her neck. “Sleep, my lovely one.”

“Yes.” She reluctantly surrendered to the warm weariness creeping over her. “Don’t let me sleep long,” she whispered. “I don’t want to waste too much of the night sleeping.”

“Sleep.”

“Yes.”

One moment they were on horseback, the next she was sprawled on her back amongst several large, soft pillows on the floor of a large tent. He knelt above her, those tiny twin flames twirling in his gaze.

She closed her eyes and let herself just feel.

His big, warm hands caressing her naked body, rekindled her desire. He rolled her nipples between his fingers until they were hard, aching peaks. He stroked his hands past her stomach, down to her thighs. Liquid heat spread through her body.

She moaned and parted her legs, exposing her moist pussy.

Eager fingers stroked her clit and found their way inside her, setting her body on fire.

“Oh!” It had been so long since she had felt a man’s fingers in her cunt. Heat and desire filling her, she lifted her hips, inviting deeper penetration. “Please,” she begged, her entire body aching for more pleasure. “Deep. Very deep.”

His cool lips rained light kisses over her face and neck before settling against her mouth. She parted her lips and extended her tongue, longing for a deep, passionate kiss. His hard, heavy body settled between her legs. The breath caught in her throat as his stiff cock head pressed against the entrance to her pussy, which instantly flooded with another rush of moisture.

Oh, God, please. Please, don’t let me wake up before he thrusts his cock into me again, she prayed silently. Just let him fuck me once more, and I’ll die very happy—even if I never get another fuck.

She tilted her hips and closed her arms around his big, hard body. “Do it. Please,”

she begged.

The words had barely left her mouth before he thrust forward, sending the big, thick head of his cock sliding into her body.

He gasped and shuddered against her as her pussy welcomed his shaft back like a long lost lover. She clung to him, her mouth open in a silent scream of delight. She expected him to pause and enjoy the entry. She tensed and raked her nails down his back as he kept pushing and pushing until her pussy was stretched over the biggest, thickest cock she'd ever attempted to accommodate.

That's when she realized he had not fully penetrated her on their trip across the desert. When he finally came to rest between her legs, she feared if she took a deep breath, her pussy would spit in two. Lord, what a sexy feeling!

"Oh, God!"

He gripped her waist in his hands, held her still, fastened his lips over one breast, and began fucking her with deep, powerful, wonderful strokes that felt so good her toes curled. She arched her back, feeling the pleasure throughout every fiber of her body.

He withdrew all but the big head of his shaft from her, rotated his hips, and propelled them downward, sending his thick length surging back into her body. A jolt of pure bliss exploded through her. She shuddered, her pussy pulsing wildly around his cock.

"Oh, God! Oh, God! Oh, God, you feel so good." She thrust her hips up against his, raking her nails down his back. "Oh, God, you're so big and hard, I'm coming already!"

He lengthened and finally stopped his strokes, holding her close, while sucking at her breasts as she gasped and shuddered through the most delicious orgasm of her life.

When the last wave of delight receded after crashing over her, she kept her groin pressed tight against his. Tingles of satisfaction shot through her as he began moving inside her again. At first he moved slowly and then fast and furious, driving his thickness deep inside her as his climax approached. He stiffened on top of her, cried out, and then came, shooting thick, warm streams of seed into her. He rubbed his groin against her clit, and a jolt of pleasure danced along her spine.

Still clinging to each other, they collapsed in a tangle of arms and legs, exchanging soft kisses. Lying there with him, she experienced a feeling of belonging and oneness she'd despaired of ever experiencing with anyone other than her fantasy lover.

Trying to hold onto the dream, she kept her eyes closed tight. She felt so incredibly good she wanted to curl into a ball and purr. "Oh, God, that was so good!"

He kissed her lips with a gentle hunger that made her eyes mist.

She opened her eyes and looked up into his ice-gray eyes. "What's your name?"

"I am called..."

She pressed a finger against his lips. "Wait. Let me guess. Are you Serge, the vampire, or Etienne, the psychic?" She gazed up into his eyes. "Or are you both?"

A hint of annoyance flashed in the depths of his gaze. "I am neither. Unlike them, I am real."

Real? Didn't she wish? She frowned. "What's your name?"

"I am called Flame."

She couldn't recall editing a book where the hero was called Flame. There was only that jingle her grandmother had taught her and her cousins so long ago. "Flame ... the falling star."

"Yes. As I danced along the night sky, you called to me."

“I did?”

“Yes, and powerless to resist you, I had to come.”

“And cum and cum and cum. I’ve never had so much cum in my pussy.” She laughed softly, feeling sexy and wanton. “I love how my pussy feels full of cum.” Dreams were wonderful things. One could say and do anything with no fear of embarrassment and no worries about the consequences. She was dreaming of lying in a blue desert with a handsome blond with silver-gray eyes who didn’t mind her size or skin color. “I don’t care what you’re called ... please love me again.”

He caressed her cheek. “Are you sure you don’t need to rest?”

She’d rest another time when she wasn’t enjoying such a realistic dream. “Rest is not what I want now. I want you.”

“As you wish, my lovely one.”

She smiled. As she wished. Oh, yeah. A woman could get use to a man who wanted to do as she wished.

He drew his cock out of her and eased her onto her stomach. She lay with her face pressed against the pillows, her legs shamelessly parted. This was a dream. She could do and say things she could never dare to in reality. In fact, she could be downright shameless.

Shameless—she’d longed for an opportunity to behave that way all her life. Now she was going to cast all her inhibitions aside and do and say whatever she liked. She rose to her knees, reached back, and spread her ass cheeks as wide as she could. She smiled over her shoulder at him. His cock, still stiff and thick, glistened with her juices. “Take me,” she whispered. “Fuck that gorgeous cock of yours up my ass.”

Although a tiny flame danced in his gray gaze, he hesitated. He glanced at his girth, at her ass, and met her gaze again. “Are you sure?”

It would hurt like hell, but she’d never been averse to a little pain—provided it was laced with sufficient pleasure and was dispensed by a man she cared for—like Flame. “I’m very sure. Just go slow at first.”

He moved behind her, fondling her cheeks. His hands on her butt sent surges of heat and chills through her. How was it possible to be so hot and cold at the same time? None of this made sense, but in a dream, nothing had to make sense.

He started to kiss and lick her neck as he continued to fondle her butt. She closed her eyes, feeling sexy and attractive, enjoying the sensations of being caressed by a man who seemed fascinated with her body with all its imperfections.

After an eternity, when she was on the verge of coming just from the touch of his hands and the feel of his cool lips raining hungry caresses against her neck and shoulders, he kissed his way down the center of her body. Inhaling deeply, he rubbed his face against her ass cheeks.

She shivered. “Hmmm.”

He pressed his open mouth against her ass, nibbling at her flesh.

“Ooooh.”

“Do you like that?”

“Yes. Oh, yes. I like it, I’m aroused, and I’m ready. So give it to me now.”

“Now.” He parted her cheeks and pressed a hot kiss against her puckered anus. She felt his tongue sweeping over it.

She closed her eyes and shuddered. “Oh, lord, yes!”

He pressed several kisses against her cheeks before he rose and moved across the tent.

“Where are you going?”

“We’ll need some lubricant to make anal sex more pleasant for you. Yes. This one will do.”

She opened her eyes and saw him coming back towards her with an oblong tube in his hand. This handsome man who she had known before made her heart race with affection. They had never done this before and yet they had.

She lowered her gaze to his groin. His cock, long, thick, and hard, stood erect in front of his beautiful body. For the next few hours or as long as she could remain asleep, he was hers to love and adore.

He knelt behind her and gently parted her ass cheeks. Eager for his anal penetration, she eased her hips backwards. The tip of the tube entered her. Moments later, she felt the cool gel of the lube sliding into her anal cavity. The tip of the lube was withdrawn.

He leaned over her back and peppered her neck and shoulders with moist, biting kisses. “Are you ready, my lovely one?”

“Yes.” As she spoke, she tensed. Even in a dream this was going to hurt big time.

He knelt behind her again. “Let’s make sure.”

She felt something long and hard penetrate her. It was far too slender to be his cock. Glancing over her shoulder, she realized he had a finger inside her.

Touched by his consideration in the face of her efforts to urge him on, she wiggled her hips. “I think I love you, Flame.”

“And well you should, my lovely, for I love you.” He gently pushed and pulled his finger in and out of her ass tunnel, making small, satisfied sounds with each movement.

She smiled. He seemed to like finger-fucking her ass as much as she liked it. “More.”

He eased his finger out, lubed it up, and then slid two fingers inside her.

“Oh, yeah, Flame!” Grunting with pleasure, she rotated her hips, and slowly pushed her ass back, forcing his fingers as deep up her anal passage as they would go. She repeated the slow movements several times before her stomach muscles started to ripple.

“Oh, Flame, if your fingers feel this good, your cock is going to totally destroy me. I want to feel you inside me. Now, please.”

He withdrew his fingers and gently held her cheeks wide as he pressed firmly forward. The head of his shaft eased into her protesting ass, forcing the tender tissues to spread around the sweet dick taking possession of it.

She bit down on her lip as a flutter of pain trembled through her. She expected him to ask if she wanted him to stop. Instead, he cupped the hand he’d finger-fucked her with over one of her breasts, inserted several fingers from the other hand inside her pussy, and continued to invade her hole.

“Ahhh! Oh!”

He licked her neck and pressed forward. He slowly, but relentlessly slid half his shaft into her stretched bottom.

Satisfied that he wouldn’t attempt to force all his cock up her immediately, she relaxed.

He gave her a moment to catch her breath before he began making love to her. He didn’t thrust or shove, but gently eased in and out, all the while stroking his long, forceful

fingers into her pussy and rubbing his thumb against her clit.

She felt him coming inside her and stifled her disappointment that he was finished just as she was starting to enjoy feeling his thick length easing in and out of her stuffed butt. But he didn't pull out of her after he had come. He continued making love to her bottom, sliding ever more cock in her each time he slid home.

The pleasant sensations in her butt, combined with his devilish fingers and thumb rubbing against her clit, served to infuse her body with heat and lust. Just as she began coming, he came again. As he shot his seed in her buns, his teeth pierced her neck.

She stiffened and cried out in surprised fear as her blood flowed into his mouth.

It's all right, my lovely one. It's all right. I won't hurt you. Trust me. Trust me, and let me savor the sweetness of your warm, addictive blood.

His words soothed and calmed her. Closing her eyes again and floating on a natural high, her body sagged. Keeping his teeth buried deep in the side of her neck, he eased her down onto her stomach, lay on top of her, and continued fucking her, now driving his entire shaft into her buns, touching depths which had never had the pleasure of being penetrated by a cock. Nothing she'd ever experienced had been as sweet as this. It was almost more than her mind, numbed by pleasure, could process. Her senses on overload, she drifted into unconsciousness with him still fucking her.

Chapter Three

When she woke again, she lay in a tub of warm water on top of a hard body. She opened her eyes. Overhead a dark, star-filled sky smiled down at her. Big hands cupped her breasts, cool lips pressed against the side of her neck, and a stiff shaft lay against her bruised and battered butt.

For a moment she couldn't remember what had happened or where she was. The tip of his tongue touched the two small marks on her neck. She trembled and attempted to bolt into a sitting position.

The hands on her breasts kept her body tight against his. "You're awake, my lovely Devoni."

She stiffened. "How do you know my name?"

He licked her neck. "I know everything about you, my beauty."

She didn't know if she liked the sound of that. She remembered how she'd often felt she'd been watched in previous months. Had he been stalking her? "Let me up."

He released her breasts.

She sat up slowly. They were outside, surrounded by dark, sandy hills. She looked down and saw they lay in a stone pool slightly longer and wider than a tall man.

Placing her hands on the sides of the stone pool, she rose on shaky legs. She stood on the sands, enjoying the feel of the gentle breeze on her wet skin. This was such a beautiful and unusually long dream. She heard water rippling and turned to find him standing, naked and still aroused, on the sands beside her.

His eyes glowed, and she could see that his incisors were sharpened. She touched the side of her neck. Her fingers encountered two small puncture wounds. "Oh, hell, girl! It's a good thing this is a dream because I think you're with a vampire," she whispered.

"Yes and no."

She blinked. "Yes and no?" She licked her lips. "You are a vampire?"

"Yes, my lovely, I am ... or at least, I am sometimes what you'd call a vampire ... if that means I crave everything about you—including your warm, sweet blood."

She shook her head. "I don't understand. Either you're a vampire or you're not."

"It's not that simple."

She looked around again, this time she saw a large white tent several hundred yards away. Hmmm. A stone pool in the middle of the desert? A handsome, gray-eyed sometimes vampire with an impossibly long and thick cock who had bought her from amongst a group of beautiful, pale, slender women? Oh, yeah, she was dreaming.

"Where are we?"

"Translated into your language, this place is called the Blue Desert."

"How ... how did I get here?"

He moved closer, cupping her cheeks between his palms. "I told you. As I flew through the sky, you saw me, and called to me. I answered and came to you the only way I could—through your dreams. And while you dreamed, I drew you here."

At five-ten, it wasn't often that she encountered a lover more than an inch or so taller than herself. She judged that he must be at least six-five or six. He was also breathtakingly handsome and well-hung. She closed her eyes briefly. *Lord, please let this*

lovely dream last as long as possible.

“Come. Let’s go inside before you catch a chill.” He swept her up in his arms.

She linked one arm around his neck and caressed his cheek with her other hand.

“You are so handsome.”

“I am as you would have me, my love.”

She shook her head. “No! If that were so, you’d be a lot darker.”

“I am as you would have me,” he repeated.

He was strong, passionate, and handsome, but he didn’t know squat about her preferences. She’d never fantasized about a gray-eyed blond lover. She frowned. But then Trina had never expected to fall in love with a white man, either, but she had. Was she destined for the same fate?

No. Tyler was a real flesh-and-blood man. Devoni’s Flame was a product of her overly fertile imagination. She caressed his chest. He was real enough for the moment.

He carried her across the sands to the large white tent. She laid her cheek against his body, rubbing her face against the soft hair on his chest. She loved a man with a fair amount of body hair, and he had plenty ... on his head, his chest, and surrounding the base of his beautiful cock.

Inside, he carried her over to a plush, leather loveseat. He pressed her into it, kissed her slowly, and walked across the room to a large sideboard covered with platters and pitchers. She watched him, drinking in the beauty of his tanned, naked form as he moved along the sideboard, choosing different items. His legs were long and muscular, his buns tight. Faint traces of her nails adorned the length of his back. She bit her lip. His cock was so long, she could see it hanging between his legs as he moved. He was almost hung like a horse.

When he turned, their gazes locked briefly. Face flushing, she allowed her gaze to center on his cock. Lord, he was still hard. She licked her lips and stroked a finger along her pussy.

He walked over to the loveseat and sank down beside her, placing the tray over his thighs. He leaned over and kissed her cheek. “Eat, my luscious, Nubian beauty. Revive your strength. The night is young, and I hunger for your pussy and your sweet, warm blood. They both revive and give me the strength I need to retain this form.”

“Retain what form? What do you mean? Isn’t this ... your form ... your body?”

“No. This is the body I assumed to please you.”

There he went again—assuming she wanted a white lover. “What?”

“It doesn’t matter. We can talk later. Right now I want you to eat so I can love you again.” He slid a hand down her thigh, his breathing quickening. “You are such a lovely woman.”

About to lift her fork and dig in, she stiffened, remembering the disillusionment that had followed the last time she heard those words.

His big hand cupped her mound. Her toes curled, and her heart pounded. His touch sent liquid fire sizzling through her veins.

She compressed her lips and lifted her head. “Go ahead. I’m ready. Say it.”

“Okay. Eat. When you have, I will carry you to lie amongst the pillows, and we will spend the remainder of the night making love. In the morning, we will mount Thunder and ride across the desert to the Crystal Falls. With the roar of the falls as a witness, I will lay claim to you, my lovely, luscious Devoni.”

“Is that it? That’s all you have to say?”

He frowned. “You wish me to say something else? Something different?”

“No, but...” She moistened her lips. “You called me luscious, but surely you’ve noticed that I’m not ... slender like the other women on display.”

“Of course, I noticed.” He caressed her cheek. “Your size is only one of your many charms.”

She stared into his gray eyes and saw no guile. “My many charms?” She smiled. “Name another.”

“Your lovely, dusky skin tone is another.” He stroked a hand over her shoulder. “Shall I name another of your charms?”

While pleased he seemed to find a number of things about her charming, she had other ways she’d rather spend whatever time they had left together. “Not right now. Now, I want something else from you.” She trailed a finger down his chest to his groin. “Are you going to give it to me?”

“Yes, my love.”

His love. Oh, if only this wasn’t a bittersweet dream. “I need you inside me.”

“You have such a lovely body ... such large, lovely breasts.”

“Why don’t you taste them?”

“I will, my love.”

He bent his head and flicked the underside of his tongue along her right nipple. He allowed his tongue to swirl around the small bud several times before he gently sucked part of her breast into his mouth.

“Oh, Flame. That’s so nice.” She stroked her fingers through his hair. “Taste the other one.”

He released her right breast and settled his tongue and lips over her left one.

Jolts of pleasure shook her body at the tender attention he paid to her breast. As he continued to suck her breasts, he reached down to stroke her clit. Her pussy gushed, and she sucked in an aching breath. “Oh, Flame. I’m so hungry for you. I need you.”

He lifted his head to gaze down into her eyes. “What is it that you want? Ask for anything in my power to grant you, and it will be yours.”

“I just want you to make love to me.” She shook her head. “Actually, I want you to fuck that long, hard, sweet dick of yours all the way inside me.”

He smiled, stroking her cheek. “You are everything I knew you would be ... a lovely woman unashamed of your lust for my cock ... your cock. It was forged with your pleasure in mind.” He leaned closer and pressed a warm, deep kiss against her mouth.

When he lifted his lips from hers, he cast his gaze upward. “I do not think I am going to be able to give her up.”

You know the rules, Flame. You will have no choice.

Devoni cast a startled gaze towards the ceiling of the tent, expecting to see ... what? There was nothing there. Yet she had clearly heard a voice. She frowned. Not heard ... felt or sensed.

Flame spoke again. “She is mine ... every smooth, dark, lovely inch of her. I will keep her.”

It is not allowed.

“I will keep her. Now leave me alone with my sheenea.”

Okay, he was a little crazy and had a habit of talking to the ceiling of his tent, but so

what? No one was perfect.

“Eat,” he told her, bringing his gaze back to meet hers.

Who wanted food when there was a handsome hunk lusting for her? She slipped her arms around his neck and brushed her lips against his. As their mouths touched, she decided she didn’t need to exercise any restraint. After all, this was a dream, and she could be as raunchy and shameless as she liked. She reached under the tray and wrapped her fingers around his huge shaft. “Please fuck me, now.”

He swept the tray aside and lifted her in his arms, his eyes gleaming, his incisors bared. Fastening his cool lips over hers, he carried her across to the pillows that served as a bed. He lowered them both within the soft embrace of the pillows without moving his lips from hers.

“Which entrance shall I take this time?” He murmured the soft, provocative question against her lips.

“Oh, lord, take them both! Please!”

He lifted off her, eased her legs apart, and thrust his entire thick length deep inside her, filling her cunt to the point of bursting. She gasped and closed her eyes.

He cupped a hand against her face. “Are you all right? Did I hurt you?”

“Yes,” she admitted. “But I love it. Don’t stop.”

He eased part of his length out of her, rubbed her clit, and then pushed slowly back into her.

Nice. So nice. She wrapped her legs around his body and moved her hips and butt wildly, lustfully meeting each downward movement of his cock. He was hard and thick, and the pleasure radiating out from her pussy was tinged with the sweetest pain imaginable.

“Am I being too rough?”

“No! I love being made love to, but sometimes, I like it rough. So do it to me, Flame!”

“Do what to you?”

She laughed. “Oh, honey, I mean fuck me deep and rough.”

He lowered his head and pressed his lips against hers. Holding her close, he thrust deep and hard, devouring her mouth and pussy with a hunger that took her breath away. She pushed against his shoulders as he repeatedly plunged his huge shaft into her body with a speed that left her gasping and crying as she exploded, again and again. Each orgasm was more intense than the previous one. And still he fucked away, alternatively biting into her breasts and sucking her neck. Finally, he stiffened on top of her and clutched her close. Sinking his incisors into her neck, he shot an unbelievable amount of seed inside her.

Even after he stopped cumming, he remained hard, his incisors buried in her neck.

Oh, lord, what a lovely sensation feeling him feed on her. She cupped her hands over his hair and slowly began fucking herself along the length of his thickness. Within moments, they were fucking and coming all over again.

“Oh, lord, this is such a lovely dream.”

Still lying on top of her, now supporting most of his weight on his bent arms, he brushed his lips against hers. She tasted her blood on his lips.

“This is not a dream, Devoni.”

But it had to be. No way she had lucked out like this in real life. And there was no

way she would welcome a vampire as her lover.

“Luck has nothing to do with this. I’ve visited you in your dreams for some time now.”

“You ... you did?”

“Yes.”

“You’re my fantasy lover?”

“Yes. That relationship was sweet, but I needed more. I wanted to hold you and love you like now. When I saw you standing on your rooftop, so incredibly lovely, I was stunned. Then you called to me ... as if you, too, wanted or needed more. In my joy, I lost my balance and fell through the sky. I knew I had to have you before one of the fools of your world claimed you.”

“This is a dream.”

“No. It isn’t.”

“It has to be. There’s no way a handsome hunk like you would be with me if it weren’t.”

“You underestimate your beauty, my lovely. I am from a world where the females, when they take physical form, are all pale, blond, and slender. I’ve longed for a woman like you—with your lovely dark skin and a big, beautiful body with a woman’s curves—since the dawn of time.”

“The dawn of time? That’s a very long time.” She kissed his cheek. “You don’t look any older than thirty.”

“I am far older than you can possibly imagine. I have longed for a woman like you for eons. Now that I have you, I have to find a way to keep you.”

A world where large, full-figured black women were not only accepted, but prized? *Oh, yeah, sister-girl, you are definitely dreaming.* She sighed and drew his head back to her breasts. “Whatever you work out, will be fine with me. You have no idea how much I want this dream to never end.”

“It’s no longer a dream, Devoni, and I do know how you feel. I can read your thoughts. That’s why I look as I do ... because this is what you want.”

He was wrong there. Her ideal lover was tall, handsome, and ebony-skinned.

He rolled on to his back so that she sprawled on top of him. “Would you prefer that I were tall, handsome, and ebony-skinned, my lovely?”

She blinked down at him. “Would you stop invading my thoughts? It’s disconcerting.”

“I do it so I’ll know how to please you.”

“Please me the old-fashioned way.”

He frowned. “How?”

“By trial and error. That’s how human men do it.”

“But that’s only because they have no choice,” he protested.

“I don’t care why they do it. Stay out of my head.”

“If that’s what you want, I’ll try.”

“I want it. So don’t just try, do it.”

“As you wish.”

Certain he had not invaded her thoughts for the last time, she sighed and settled against him. “Hold me, Flame, and tell me you love me.”

“I do love you, my Devoni. If you could read my thoughts and know the depth of my

love and devotion, you would know I am now your slave.”

“Yeah. Right.” She smiled and fell asleep.

* * * *

Still in the humanoid form he had assumed to approach Devoni, Flame stood in the hall of living spirits, facing the one called Bentia, the living barrier spirit. “I will have her. Do not attempt to interfere.”

Bentia, in a non-corporeal form, flickered in front of him. *If you attempt to forge a lasting relationship with her, I will have no choice but to interfere.*

“Just because you were cast out of your last host is no reason to think I will allow you to meddle in my affairs, Bentia. Before she called to me, I waited long, lonely eons. I will not give her up.”

If you persist, you will risk being expelled to Earth. That body might give you temporary pleasure, but what will you do when you can no longer assume your natural form and return home?

“I have no wish to return to a place that does not include her. She is my sheenea, the one living creature who completes me. If being with her means being cast out, so be it. I will not give her up, and anyone who interferes will feel the wrath of Flame.”

You would threaten your own kind for a mortal with a life expectancy that is but a brief moment in time? You cannot even be yourself with her. She requires you to take on a corporeal form.

“If I must spend most of my time in this body, so be it. I will have her.”

When her life has flickered out and you are again alone and unable to return home, where will you go to seek the solace all living spirits require?

“You’re assuming I plan to allow her to die.”

He felt the shock radiate from Bentia before she continued. *You are forbidden to extend her life, Flame.*

“I will do as I please—as I must.” He leveled a finger at Bentia. “Do not interfere, and we will not have to test our resolve or power against each other.”

Even if I do not interfere ... the others will.

He cast an angry look around the room. “I warn you all, do not try to come between me and the creature for whom I have spent my entire existence searching. As it was written, she called out to me and made me tumble from the sky at her feet. I will have her. Do not challenge me, or the sky will burn with my fury.”

He turned and stalked out of the Hall of Spirits, aware of the resentment he left behind him. If any of them came after him, he would show them just why he was called Flame.

Chapter Four

When Devoni woke, the dream had ended. It was daylight, and she was alone in her own bed. Disappointed tears pricked her eyes. She turned her head. Her bedside clock read 11:20. Groaning, she sat up, swinging her legs over the side of the bed. Feeling groggy and tired, she made her way towards the bathroom. As she passed the full-length mirror in her bedroom, she stopped and studied her reflection. There were faint bruises and hickeys all over her mocha-colored skin. Her pubic hair was matted and covered with traces of semen. A hand shot up to her neck.

She bit her lip, tracing the shape of two small puncture wounds on the side of her neck.

Something slick rolled down the inside of one leg. She looked down to see a steam of semen. Oh, lord! Had it been a dream or not?

She rushed into the bathroom and into the shower. As the cool water poured over her body, she allowed her thoughts to dwell on the dream and the man. She had never had any particular interest in dating a white man. So why should she dream of one in such graphic detail? And why was she covered with love marks?

A sudden thought sent a shudder of horror through her. Had someone broken in and raped her? She dismissed the fear. Whatever had happened had not been rape; she had welcomed her fantasy lover's attentions.

She reached for the soap. Forcing her thoughts away from the previous night and what might or might not have happened to her, she showered. As she did, a steady steam of cum oozed from her body. Finally, she got out of the shower, got a douche, and stepped back into the shower.

After flushing the remaining semen from her sore pussy, she continued her shower. Noting that her rectum was also sore, she sighed. Lord, what had happened to her? Wrapping a large towel around her body, she padded barefoot into her bedroom.

She pulled the blanket off the bed and frowned. From the amount of seed she had secreted while on her feet, she had expected the sheet to be covered in cum. Only a few telltale stains were visible.

She frowned. Either she'd managed to keep a surprising amount of seed in her pussy ... or none of the lovemaking had taken place on her bed. If he had loved her there, surely if he had come so copiously in her, more than a few drops of his seed would have spilled onto the sheet when he withdrew from her.

She had a vague memory of lying amid a riot of soft pillows with a handsome man lying between her legs fucking the most incredible cock in and out of her pussy. A shudder of half-remembered pleasure shook her.

Devoni sighed. Regardless of what had happened to her, she wasn't going to find the answer staring at her bed. She changed her bedding, made the bed, slipped on a pair of baggy sweats, and headed for the kitchen. Maybe a couple of cups of coffee would clear her head. She had finished her toast and soft-boiled egg and was on her second cup when the phone rang.

She reached behind her and lifted the receiver from the kitchen wall. "Hello?"
"Devoni! Thank God, you're there!"

“Of course, I’m here. Where else would I be, Trina?”

“That’s what Tyler and I have been wondering. Brandi, Shea, Erin, and I have been worried sick!”

She frowned. “Why? I know I was upset when I left your party last night, but...”

“Last night? You’ve been out of touch for a week!”

Devoni sucked in a breath. “What? A week?” She glanced at her watch. Her gaze widened as she noted the small number in the small white box in the “3” position on the watch face. The party had been on a Friday, the fifth. According to her watch the current day’s date was the twelfth. “I ... I don’t understand.”

“Neither do I. Why didn’t you at least call and tell us where you were?”

“I ... I...”

“We’ve been taking turns going to your apartment every night. We decided if one of us hadn’t heard from you today, we were calling the police.”

Devoni blinked. “But I just saw you last night at the party!” She glanced at her watch again. “Well, I mean...” Uncertain what she meant, she trailed off.

“Oh, hell, girl! Please tell me you’re kidding. The party was a week ago! We knew you were upset when you left, so as soon as the other guests were gone, we called your place. The phone kept ringing. We decided you were just tired and had turned the ringer off. But when you didn’t answer any of the messages we left during the next two days, we were so worried. But since there were no signs of anything wrong, we didn’t want to call the police if you’d just gone off for a few days.”

A week? She’d been with Flame for a week? She shook her head, no longer able to differentiate between her fantasy-dream and reality.

“Voni? Are you still there?”

She nodded. “Yes.”

“Are you all right?”

“I ... I don’t know,” she admitted. “I’m feeling a little disoriented. I think I need to go back to bed for a bit.”

“I’ll get Brandi and Shea and Erin, if she’s available, and we’ll all come over. We’ll let ourselves in.”

She wanted to be alone, but she knew from the desperation in Trina’s voice that she was coming—no matter what Devoni said. “Okay, but I’m really not in the mood for a party of five.”

“Okay. I’ll tell them you’re all right and will call them as soon as you get some sleep. But if you think I’m not coming, you’d better think again.”

She smiled. “I thought as much. I’ll see you when you arrive.”

“I’m on my way.”

Forty minutes later, as she stood in front of her bedroom mirror, staring at herself, Trina rushed in and gave her a bear hug. “Oh, girl, am I glad to see you!” Trina pulled away and stared at her. “Tell me what’s going on and where you’ve been. And I warn you, you’d better have a good explanation for worrying us.”

She bit her lip, shaking her head. “If I told you, you’d think I was crazy.”

Trina arched a brow. “But I’ve always thought that. So tell me anyway.”

Devoni laughed. “Cute, girl.”

“So? Where have you been, and why didn’t you at least call?”

“We’d better get coffee and sit down. This is going to be very hard to believe.”

“Okay.”

“Have you eaten?”

“No. I’ve been too busy worrying about you.”

Devoni hugged her. “I’m sorry. Let’s go get coffee.”

In the kitchen, Trina whipped up a Spanish omelet and made French toast. They sat at the kitchen counter. While they picked at their food, she told Trina of her dreams.

Trina listened in silence, her gaze never wavering from Devoni’s face.

Finally, Devoni sighed. “The ... the dreams were so graphic and so real.” Her hand fluttered over her neck, not quite touching the two small puncture wounds.

They were real enough, as were the bruises covering her body. As were the incessant hunger she felt for Flame and the fear that she might never see him again.

Trina sighed. “Girl, what you need is a real, live man.”

“I had one, Trina. I know I said it was a dream, but it was real.”

“I’m sure it seemed real enough, but look, I know just the man to take your mind off ... whatever it was.”

“Another blind date?” She shook her head. “No thanks.”

Trina sighed. “Okay, I know my last attempt at fixing you up turned out badly. And believe me, I gave Jamal a piece of my mind.”

She frowned. “Jamal?”

“Yes, Jamal.”

She gave Trina a blank stare.

“Come on, Voni! You’re scaring me! Jamal. Jamal Carter. He’s the one who sent you from the party close to tears.”

“Oh. Him.” She waved her hand in dismissal. “I’ve already forgotten him.”

“Obviously. Brandi was afraid he’d broken your heart.”

“He pissed me off, and he did hurt my feelings, but I was in lust, not in love with him.” Whereas she was in lust and in love with Flame.

“That’s what Shea said, but Brandi and I weren’t so sure. Since Shea was right, we’ll forget all about him and start again. I just know things will work out this time. Before you start shaking your head, hear me out. The guy I have in mind is an old friend of Tyler’s...”

“So was Jamal.”

Trina took a deep breath. “I know, but girl, believe me when I tell you this man is a hunk and a half. If I weren’t so crazy in love with Tyler, I’d want him for myself. Let me set up a date.”

She shook her head. “I appreciate your efforts, Trina, really, but no more blind dates.”

Trina placed a hand over hers. “I’ve met this guy, and believe me, Voni, he will knock your socks right off. Just give it this one last shot.”

“Trina...”

“Come on. One last blind date and then I promise I’ll leave you in peace.”

“For how long?”

“Forever.”

She tilted her head and stared at Trina.

Trina rolled her eyes and released an exaggerated sigh. “Okay. I’ll leave you alone for at least two ... maybe three months.”

“Promise.”

“Cross my heart.”

“All right.” Even as she gave in, she knew no man could compare to what she had experienced with Flame. How could any mortal man measure up to a handsome, well-hung man who loved and desired every inch of her just as she was? Fat chance of that ever happening in real life.

“His name is Marcus Starling, and...” Trina blew on her bent fingers. “...he is *hot*, girl, with all caps.”

“Yeah. Sure.”

“Trust me, Voni. You are going to be glad you met this man.”

Recalling again how complete she felt with Flame, she shook her head. “Trina, I don’t think I can do it after all.”

“Voni! You promised.”

“I know, but ... I don’t think I can.”

“Okay, I won’t push it. Just think about it. Okay?”

“Okay.”

* * * *

Two weeks later, after Trina, Brandi, Shea, and Erin’s pleas to try one more blind date, Devoni nervously paced her living room, waiting for her date for the night to arrive.

Although both Brandi and Shea had admitted that their marriages were on the verge of breaking up, they were as determined as Trina to fix Devoni up. So there she stood in the expensive new dress they’d convinced her to buy. It was a soft, pink silk dress that cupped her breasts before falling into caressing, flattering folds around her calves.

She knew she looked her best. But would it be enough? Her doorbell buzzer sounded, and she jumped. Gulping in a deep breath, she walked over to the intercom. “Yes?”

A warm, deep voice that sent shivers down her spine responded. “Devoni? It’s Marcus Starling.”

He had a sexy voice. Would the rest of him live up to his voice? And if it did, would she live up to his expectations? She hoped Trina and Tyler hadn’t made her sound too good to be true. After two weeks of sleepless nights, her biggest hope for the evening was that he would be able to help her forget Flame. “Hi Marcus. I’ll be down in a moment.”

“May I come up?”

“Ah ... well ... sure.” She released the lobby’s locked door. Once she had, she took slow, deep breaths in an effort to calm down. She had nearly succeeded when a firm knock sounded on her apartment door.

“Here goes nothing.” Taking one final, deep breath, she walked to the apartment door. “Yes?”

“Hi, Devoni. It’s Marcus.”

She peeped through the peephole and saw an empty hall! Where had he gone? She unlocked the door, pulled it open, and gasped. Standing directly in front of her was the most incredible man she’d ever seen. He was tall and handsome, with smooth ebony skin, and an enchanting, dazzling white smile.

She moistened her lips, certain, without glancing down, that he was well-hung. Her ideal man stood in front of her, waiting to take her out. So why did her thoughts turn to a

handsome blond with silver-gray eyes?

Flame was pure fantasy. Marcus was pure reality. She forced a smile to her lips. "Hi."

He extended a dozen red roses. "These are for you."

"They're beautiful. Thank you." She took them, nodding towards the living room. "Have a seat and help yourself to a drink if you like, while I put these in water."

He smiled, revealing perfect, white teeth that provided a breathless contrast with his skin color. She'd always had a thing for a lover with beautiful ebony skin.

In the kitchen she closed her eyes and took a deep breath. *Ok, girl, get your act together. That is one fine-looking brother in there, and I will be damned if you're going to blow it because you're obsessing with some fantasy guy who doesn't exist. Even if he does, he's a damned sometimes vampire. You are going to forget Flame and give this flesh-and-blood hunk your full, lustful attention. Maybe Flame won your heart, but you're going to work on getting into the frame of mind to give Marcus your lust.*

With the roses placed in a vase, she entered the living room to find Marcus standing by the window, staring up into the sky.

She studied him in silence for several moments before she spoke. "It's a beautiful night."

He turned, his gaze locking with hers. "Made all the more so by your presence."

She smiled. Maybe working up some lust for this hunk wouldn't be such a chore after all. "Thank you. I'm looking forward to getting to know you."

"I'm delighted to hear that." He crossed the room to gaze down into her eyes. He offered her his arm. "Shall we have dinner?"

She slipped her arm through his. "Yes."

He squeezed her arm against his body, and a shiver of desire danced down her spine. She caught her breath. "I think we should go."

He turned her to face him. "Or we could stay here and spend the night making love."

A rush of desire washed over her at the huskily voiced suggestion. A memory of Flame flashed through her thoughts. She dismissed it. It was time to forget him and stay firmly grounded in reality. "I don't sleep with a man on a first date."

"Why not?"

"Why..." She stared at him, annoyed at the question. "Just because I don't. If that's going to present a problem for you..."

"It's not."

"Are you sure?"

"Yes. Shall we have dinner?"

After his suggestion that she sleep with him within minutes of their meeting, she should have shown him the door. Instead she gathered her coat and evening bag, and they left her apartment.

In the parking lot, he paused by a beautiful luxury car. He turned to look at her, and to her surprise, offered her the keys. "Would you like to drive?"

The car had probably cost a small fortune, and it looked new. "Would I ... are you serious?"

"Yes. Would you like to drive?"

"Yes!"

"Then do." He opened the driver's door, and she eagerly slipped inside.

He got in on the passenger side.

“Oh, nice,” she said as she felt the expensive leather seat seeming to yield to the contours of her body. “Very nice.”

He smiled at her.

She fumbled around with the driver’s seat controls until she got the seat in an optimal driving position. Then she studied the dashboard to familiarize herself with the various gauges and controls.

She turned to smile at him. “So? Where are we headed?”

He named an exclusive restaurant on the outskirts of the city, one of her favorites.

“I love eating there.”

He inclined his head briefly, and for a moment, she almost expected him to say, *I know*. Instead he said, “I’m very glad to hear it.”

She felt none of the shyness she normally felt on a first date. They’d never met, and yet, she felt very comfortable with him—just as she’d felt with Flame. But she was imagining things again. She fastened her seatbelt and started the car.

They talked about books on the forty-minute drive. Several times he seemed to be really in tune with her—finishing her sentences with surprising accuracy. When he did it for a third time, she laughed. “If you keep that up, I’ll think you’re a…” She thought of Flame, flushed, and trailed off.

“A mind reader?”

She sucked in a breath. “Yes. How are you doing that?”

“Doing what?”

“Finishing my sentences.”

“I guess we’re just in tune with each other.”

Or, like Flame, he could read her thoughts. She gave an annoyed shake of her head. Flame was not real. She cast a quick glance in Marcus’ direction and found him staring at her. She turned her gaze back to the road, feeling a tiny knot of heat and warmth forming in her belly.

Despite his attempt to get her into bed on their first date, she enjoyed the meal. They slow-danced after dinner. He held her close, but made no attempt to grind against her—as she’d half expected, half wanted him to. After dancing for half an hour, they returned to their table where they discussed movies over coffee.

Although she enjoyed their conversation, she had to work hard to keep thoughts of Flame at bay. Each inflection in his voice, gleam in his eyes, and smile reminded her of Flame. Finally, the effort to concentrate on Marcus took its toll on her. Afraid she’d slip and call him Flame, she glanced at her watch. It was just after eleven. “I’ve had a great time, but I think we’d better go.”

He nodded and gestured to the *maitre d’*.

He allowed her to drive back to her apartment. She gave him the keys to his car as they stood together at the elevator bank in the lobby of her building. She hesitated. Should she offer him a cup of coffee?

He smiled at her suddenly. “Thank you. I’d love a cup.”

She blinked. “What?”

“I’d love a cup of coffee.”

“You would?”

“Yes. Why do you look so puzzled? Did you expect me to say no?”

“I don’t know what I expected you to say had I actually gotten around to asking you.”

He shrugged. “But you were going to. Weren’t you?”

“I was; still... Sure.”

“Then what’s wrong?”

“What’s wrong? I feel like you’re reading my mind. That’s what’s wrong.”

“Would that be a bad thing?”

“It would be something I’d prefer you didn’t do.”

“As you wish.”

Her heart raced. She stared at him. Just for a moment, he sounded so much like Flame, it was almost a shock to look at him and see a beautiful, ebony complexion, instead of a much lighter one. *Voni, girl, you’d better get a grip on yourself.*

“Is something wrong?”

“No. Let’s go upstairs and get that coffee.”

In her apartment, she gestured towards the living room. “Have a seat and I’ll make coffee, but it’s going to be instant,” she warned.

As she started to turn away, he reached out and caught her hand.

When she turned to face him, he caressed her cheek. “Are you sure you wouldn’t like to make an exception in my case?”

“Make an exception in your case?” She frowned. “It’s nearly midnight, and you want me to brew coffee?”

“I don’t want any coffee.” As he spoke, he cupped his big palms over her breasts.

She caught her breath in surprise, but made no attempt to step away from him. She was alone in her apartment with a strange man who clearly wanted more than coffee. Why was she excited instead of afraid? Where was her anger? “I ... ah ... I told you I don’t have sex on a first date.”

“I want you to sleep with me.”

His voice, deep and sexy, washed over her senses, inflaming them as only one other man—male—had done. “I probably will.”

His eyes gleamed, and a satisfied smile spread across his handsome, dark face.

She stepped away from him.

He frowned. “What’s wrong?”

“I...” She swallowed hard, unable to stop herself from getting wet at the look of desire in his gaze. “I probably will sleep with you, Marcus, but not on a first date.”

He drew her into his arms. “Make an exception for me.”

She looked up into his eyes, mesmerized by the silver highlights shooting through his gaze. Her thoughts turned to Flame. In the face of this handsome hunk’s interest in her, why couldn’t she stop thinking of her sweet, sexy, fantasy lover? “No,” she whispered.

He tightened his hold on her, urging her against the hardening bulge between his legs. “Don’t you want to?”

“Yes! Yes, damn it! And I think you know I do, but I’m not going to.”

“Unless I change your mind.”

She shook her head. “No. Marcus, please. I think you should...”

“Why waste time thinking, when we could be making love to each other? I’m going to fuck your sweet, hot pussy.” He slid his hands down to cup her ass and pulled her hips

tight against his. "And then I'm going to make love to your large, dark ass and make it and you mine forever."

"Yours forever?"

"Yes, my love."

"Your love?"

"Yes."

She had to struggle hard to retain her resolve. She shook her head. "Please. It's going to happen. We both know that, but does it have to happen tonight?"

"I'd really like it to." He sighed. "But if you don't want it..."

She bit her lip to resist the urge to surrender to her desire.

He pressed a warm kiss against her lips. "Tomorrow night? Same time?"

"That would be very ... yes."

"Good night."

It was difficult to watch him leave. When she was alone, she took a cool shower, got in bed, and called Trina.

"Oh, I'm so glad you liked him, Voni."

"Oh, I do."

"So you're going out with him again?"

"Yes."

"Great! When? Maybe we can double-date. Tyler can probably get tickets to..."

"No offense, Trina, but I'd kind of like to have him to myself for a few dates."

"Oh." Trina sounded pleased. "It's like that, huh?"

"Big time, girl."

Trina laughed. "Sounds great. So. When are you seeing him again?"

"Tomorrow night."

"Really? Want to go shopping for a new outfit?"

"I shouldn't. I've spent a small fortune on clothes."

"It'll be my treat. Okay?"

"You got it. I think having a cousin married to a rich guy is going to pay big dividends."

They shared a laugh before saying good night.

Early the next evening, after four hours and a trip to two upscale department stores, Devoni stood in front of her bedroom mirror studying her reflection. She stepped into a pair of two-inch heels, put the final touches on her make-up, and decided the sleek, silk two-piece dress with its scooped neck was rather flattering.

When Marcus arrived half an hour later, the appreciative look in his dark gaze made her glad she'd allowed Trina to buy the outrageously expensive outfit. They had dinner at one of Philly's premier five-star French restaurants. The prices were outrageous, the portions small, the food fabulous, and Devoni spotted several celebrities sharing the dining room. But once she met Marcus's dark gaze across their table, she lost her appetite and only had eyes for him.

Even though beautiful, svelte women surrounded them, the look in his eyes made her feel as if she were the only woman in the world worth a second glance. There was no way he would ask her to lose a few pounds.

"Why would I when you're perfect just as you are?"

She compressed her lips. "I thought I asked you not to do that."

He didn't pretend to misunderstand her. "I can't help that I can ... sense what you're feeling."

"It gives you an unfair advantage."

"I won't ever use it to hurt you."

About to ask how she could be sure of that, he radiated a warmth that seemed to surround her and infuse her with a sense of well-being—even as she felt his desire for her. "I know that, but I have a feeling you already know that."

He smiled. "Would you like to go dancing?"

"That would probably be very nice, but what I'd like is for you to stay out of my head."

"And?"

"And I'd like to go to the top of my roof to stargaze."

"Sounds like a plan." He signaled for the waiter.

An hour later, they stood on her rooftop, staring up at the sky while he pointed out numerous stars and the various constellations.

"You're very knowledgeable."

He tore his gaze away from the sky and looked at her. "I've spent a lot of time examining them." He smiled and caressed her cheek. "And now I'd like to examine you—very closely ... *au naturel*."

She met his gaze. "I don't usually have sex on a second date."

He nodded. "I know, but I'm hoping you'll make an exception in my case."

She hadn't last night, but she was going to tonight. Even though she knew he was aware of her decision, she nodded. Then she bit her lip. It was too soon. She would probably be sorry in the morning.

He cupped her face between his palms and gazed into her eyes. "I won't give you any reasons for regrets."

"Oh yeah? Well, if you don't stay out of my head, you're going to be the one with regrets—starting tonight." She poked at his shoulder. "Get my point?"

"Yes. I do."

"Good." She slipped her arm through his and took a deep breath. "Then let's go down to my unit and have a drink."

Her heart beat a wild tattoo against her ribs on the trip to her apartment. Inside, when she'd hung up her jacket and her coat, she turned to face him. "Let's have a drink."

"Do you need a drink to lower your inhibitions or strengthen your resolve?"

"No. I just thought..." She shook her head. "No to both questions. I know what I want and what I'm going to do with you tonight."

"Yes, but no more talk, my lovely one."

"Your lovely one? But that's what he called me."

"Yes, I know."

"You do? How? How do you know?"

"No more talk. Just love now."

Marcus cupped her face between his palms and lowered his head.

She closed her eyes. His lips, cool, firm, and hauntingly familiar touched hers. A surge of hunger for his love and his lust rushed through her. Sleeping with him was not a good idea, but she had to ... just as she'd had to sleep with Flame the first night they met. She leaned into him, her lips parting under his, her tongue streaking out in search of his.

The kisses that followed overwhelmed her senses and her ability to do anything but surrender to the fire burning in her blood for him. She clung to him, longing to feel the thick cock pulsing against her body, sliding into her pussy. He wouldn't be as big or as thick as Flame, but he felt big enough to partially quench her thirst for Flame.

She dismissed thoughts of Flame and concentrated on Marcus. Now that she was fully aroused, she couldn't wait to feel his naked body pressed against hers.

Almost as if he'd read her thoughts, he abruptly drew away from her. "And now my dark, lovely one, it's time to take off your clothes."

"Yes. Oh, yes, Flame!"

"As you wish." He smiled and stripped her slowly, pausing to stroke and caress her breasts, stomach, and thighs.

When she was naked, she stood before him with her nipples taut and her pussy wet. Fingering herself, she licked her lips. "Now you. I want to see that big, dark body of yours naked and aroused."

"You like men with dark skin?"

"Yes! Oh, yes." She grinned. "So let me see some dark skin and that big cock of yours."

Locking his strangely intense gaze with hers, he undressed, moving so fast, one moment he was fully dressed, the next he was buck-naked.

The sight of his sleek, dark, bare body took her breath away. Her surprise at how quickly he'd moved was dismissed. She'd worry about that later. Just then she had other concerns. She sucked in a breath, dropping her gaze to his cock. He was huge ... long and thick ... like Flame. Oh, Lord, she was going to enjoy the coming fuck. It might not touch her heart as her time with Flame had done, but what the hell? She couldn't have everything.

"Yes, my lovely one, you can."

She blinked at him. "What?"

"You can have everything."

She shook her head. "Please. Don't do that."

"Why not?"

"Because when you do, you make me think..."

"Of him?"

She nodded. "Yes," she admitted and waited for his fury to kick in.

Showing no signs of anger, he took her hand in his and placed it over his fully erect cock. "Think of me now."

A shudder of desire and need invaded her heart and senses. She felt as if he was about to consume her, and she'd never wanted anything more. "I am thinking of you ... needing you ... wanting you..." *Loving you.*

He released a small, satisfied breath. "Loving me—as I love you."

This couldn't be happening. She was not in love with him. She loved Flame. At the moment, when Marcus dominated her thoughts and desires, it was difficult to remember they were two different men.

"Tell me what you want ... what I need to do to make you happy," he urged.

"You can read my thoughts—just as he could. You know what I want and need."

"Yes, but I need to hear it. Tell me, my lovely one."

She closed her fingers around his cock. "Put this inside me and I'll be a very happy

woman.”

His eyes gleaming, he surprised her by sweeping her off her feet and into his arms.

“Put me down,” she whispered. “I’m too heavy, and I don’t want you to injure yourself.” Strangely, she had never feared that Flame would injure himself lifting her.

“I can easily carry you.”

“But…”

“Shhh.” He carried her to her bedroom without asking for directions or getting winded. Instead of lying on the bed, he led her over to one of the chairs on either side of her bedroom windows. He sat down with his legs open, and his cock pointing upward. Placing his big hands over her waist, he drew her down onto his lap.

She felt the thick length of his cock against her ass and shuddered. She had to feel him inside her. With her last ounce of reasoning ability quickly deserting her, she struggled to clear her head. “Condom?” she whispered. “Where are your condoms?”

He rolled her nipples between his fingers. “We won’t be using condoms. They’re not necessary.”

She stiffened. “Really? Have you heard of pregnancy and a little thing called disease?”

“Yes, I have, and if we needed to be concerned about them, I’d use a condom, but we don’t have to be concerned about them.”

He sounded so certain, she believed him. “Why not? You can’t father kids?”

“That would be very difficult, if not impossible for me.”

He sounded sad. She stroked his cheek. “I’m sorry.” She paused. “And STDs?”

“I haven’t had unprotected sex in eons.”

“Eons?” She smiled at the obvious exaggeration. “Don’t you want to ask me about my sexual habits?”

“Is there any reason I need to be concerned about you?”

“No. I don’t do unprotected sex.”

He cupped her breasts and gazed into her eyes. “So we’re…” He paused and frowned before he continued. “So we’re good to go?”

Her smile widened. He didn’t sound as if he was sure he was using the right terminology. She rotated her butt on his lap. “Yes. I think we are.”

“Good … because I really need you.”

“Need?”

“Yes.”

She liked that he talked of need instead of want. “I need you, too—right now.”

He lifted her off his lap, positioned her pussy over his cock, and gave a quick, powerful downward jerk on her hips.

She barely had time to moan a soft, panicked *wait* before she felt the head of his cock parting her slick folds on its way to shooting deep up into her already drenched pussy. He wrapped his arms around her waist and held her still on his lap, buried balls deep inside her.

“Oh, my God!” she moaned, closed her eyes, and ground her ass around on his lap, savoring the cock filling every inch of her cunt. “Oh, my God, Flame, you feel so good!”

Bringing his hands up from her waist, he cupped his palms over her breasts, pressing his lips against her neck. “You are mine.”

“Yes. Oh, lord, yes!”

“For how long?”

“Forever.”

Licking and kissing her neck and shoulders, he gave her a long, tender fuck, easing his hard length in and out of her aching pussy with agonizing slowness. “You’re mine, and I can’t live without you. I don’t care what I have to do to keep you. I don’t care who I have to hurt.”

With her eyes closed and wonderful sensations spreading out from her pussy to flood her entire body, her thoughts turned to Flame. She imagined the cool, firm lips nibbling at her flesh were his ... the cock slicing through her pussy with such a hungry, yet sweet passion, his ... the voice whispering so possessively in her ear, his. She was his. Forever.

She linked her arms around his neck and rotated her hips, savoring every inch of the hot, hard dick fucking her. Oh, God. This was more than just wonderful in a physical sense. With each movement of his thick length, he conquered a piece of her heart. Making her his. His.

She moaned and tossed her head back, feeling ripples of pleasure spread out from her pussy and shoot down to her toes. Lord, she was in love with this wonderful man ... yet she loved Flame.

Flame. Flame. Where are you, my love?

Marcus growled against her neck and thrust his hips forward, sending his cock slamming up into her pussy in a series of rapid, powerful thrusts. Her climax roared through her belly and down to her cunt. She moaned and exploded, coming over his plundering cock.

Just as Flame had done, he kept fucking through her release. Moaning from her climax, she slumped against his chest, slowly grinding her ass against his lap while he continued pumping into her shuddering cunt.

The power and speed of his movements ignited the flame in her pussy again. As she shattered through another climax, his grip on her breasts tightened, and he propelled his cock into her with powerful, painful strokes just before he jetted his seed inside her.

Happy and replete, she turned her cheek against his damp chest. “Oh, hell, that was too damn good.”

He eased her off his cock, rose, and picked her up. He carried her to the bed, and they tumbled into it together.

She lay on her back, staring up into his dark eyes. Only they were no longer dark. They were now a silver-gray. She lifted a hand and touched his hair. Her fingers encountered soft, silky hair. She blinked. Silky, blond hair.

She squeezed her eyes shut, afraid that she would commit an unforgivable sin by calling him Flame if she continued to look at him.

“Go to sleep, my lovely one,” he whispered.

“But you were going to take my ass.”

“Later. We have all the time we want. Sleep now and regain your strength.”

Afraid she was losing her mind, she turned away from him, curling her body into a ball, and stared at the wall opposite her bed.

He moved behind her, burying his lips against her neck. “Close your eyes.”

Unable to resist the soft command, she obeyed.

She felt his incisors piercing her neck. As she drifted to sleep, her blood ran into his mouth. What a perfect aftermath to the most incredible sex of her life.

Chapter Five

Devoni woke confused the next morning. She lay still for several moments, frowning as she attempted to recall the events of the previous night. She'd had a date with another one of Tyler's friends. The one the night before had been named Marcus Starling.

A memory of him fucking her on the chair invaded her thoughts, and she groaned. He'd taken her without a condom and come inside her. Oh, Lord, what a mess! Her contraception would hopefully protect her against an unwanted pregnancy, but not sexually transmitted diseases. She was just too damned old for such irresponsible behavior.

She groaned and made her way to the bathroom. While the water from the shower cascaded over her head, she gave herself a douche. Although she knew it would do nothing to prevent an unwanted pregnancy, it made her feel better.

After she left the bathroom, she stripped the bed, her cheeks burning as she noted all the bodily fluids staining the sheet.

She remade the bed, dressed, and went into the kitchen. Ravenous, she had several slices of bacon, two eggs, two slices of French toast, and a cup of black coffee.

After breakfast, she returned to her bedroom, noted the stains on the chair to the side of the bay window, blushed, and sat in the other chair. How did one get semen stains out? For the life of her she couldn't recall ever having an occasion to know such a thing.

She grimaced. "You're almost forty. You've picked a fine time to start losing your mind, woman." Shaking her head, she picked up the vampire manuscript on the table near the chair and settled down to edit.

An hour later, she sighed and laid the manuscript back on the table, unable to concentrate. After a few moments, her thoughts turned to the night before with Marcus. Only in her thoughts, Flame had been the lover lighting her fire the previous night.

What the hell had she gotten herself into? As a lover, Marcus had matched Flame in every way. Hell, he might even have been a slightly better lover. And, unlike Flame, he was real. Recalling the feel of Marcus's huge dick ripping into her cunt, hurting her as he came, she shuddered with remembered pleasure and lust. Damn, the man knew how to use that big, ebony stick of his. She'd never be as close to paradise with anyone else—not even Flame. So why couldn't she stop hungering for Flame? Why did her heart ache for him? Her body might soon forget him with a steady diet of Starling loving, but her heart? No. That ungrateful organ wanted Flame. And yet it also wanted Marcus. Why couldn't she forget one of them? Why did she hunger for them both?

Because I love him. The words danced in her head. How could she be in love with a figment of her lust?

She gave an angry shake of her head and picked up the manuscript again. Keeping a tight rein on her thoughts, she picked up her editing pencil.

Trina called two hours later. "So. How did your date with Marcus go? Was he everything I said he was?"

She didn't have the heart to tell Trina the truth—that it was going to take several Marcuses to make her forget Flame. "He was all you said he was and more."

Trina gave a satisfied sigh. "So where did he take you for dinner?"

“To bed,” she admitted.

“Wow! No dinner? He works fast.”

She laughed. “Oh, we had dinner and then came back here for dessert.”

“I said he was hot, didn’t I?”

“Yes, you did, and he is.”

“I just knew he’d rock your world. Are you seeing each other again?”

“I have no idea. He was gone when I woke up this morning, and I haven’t heard from him yet.”

“Well, I’m sure he’ll call.”

Devoni didn’t share that certainty, but rather to her surprise, the thought that he might not call her, didn’t bother her. He was a great lover, but she was in love with Flame. If Marcus called her again, she’d give him a piece of her mind for having come in her, after refusing to use protection.

As much as she’d like to have at least one child, she didn’t plan to get pregnant because some selfish lover didn’t want to wear a condom. He was definitely going to be told off—before she whipped out a box of condoms and took him to bed for a repeat performance.

“I’ll be okay either way.”

“Tyler and I are scheduled to leave for the Bahamas tomorrow, but...”

“But nothing. Go and enjoy yourselves. I’ll be fine. I’m sure Brandi, Shea, and Erin will make complete nuisances of themselves by repeatedly sticking their noses in my business. So don’t worry.”

Trina sighed. “I almost feel guilty being so happy when the four of you aren’t.”

“So Brandi’s and Shea’s marriages are definitely over?”

“Brandi said Barry filed for divorce this morning, and Shea asked Rodney to move out after she caught him with another woman. And you know Erin’s still getting over her failed relationship. Why should I be the only one to be happily married?”

“Maybe because you deserve it. Now go have a great vacation with Tyler.”

“Okay, but...”

“No buts. I’ll be fine. I promise. And so will Brandi and Shea—eventually. None of us would begrudge you your happiness with Tyler.”

“I know, but...”

“But nothing. Go on vacation and don’t you spend a minute worrying about us. We’ll all be all right.” She thought of Flame. Even if she could only have him in her dreams, it would be enough. “I think Granny S was right. You took your leap of faith and landed Tyler. I’m sure I’ll land a Tyler of my own.”

“You’d better. I’ll call you when I get back.”

Later that night, Brandi, Shea, and Erin each brought a dish, and they had dinner at Devoni’s apartment. When she told them about Flame over coffee, Brandi nodded. “I can believe it. I think part of the reason Barry and I broke up was because he discovered I was faking it during sex.”

Devoni arched a brow. “How long were you doing that?”

She shrugged. “Almost from the beginning. When he made love to me, I’d close my eyes and pretend he was someone else.”

Shea frowned. “Who?”

“I don’t know who ... probably the man who’s been haunting my dreams for the last

few years.”

Voni blinked. “You, too? You have a fantasy dream-lover?”

She nodded.

They both looked at Shea.

Shea sighed. “Okay. Since I turned thirty-eight, I’ve taken fantasizing to a whole new level. This break-up is probably mostly my fault.”

Devoni frowned and looked at Erin. She was nearly ten years younger than the rest of them and no blood relationship. Still, there was a sadness about her that made Devoni wonder. “And you? Got a fantasy lover hidden in your dreams, Erin?”

Erin hesitated, bit her lip, and then spoke in a rush. “Not a fantasy lover ... exactly, but ... well, actually, I guess I do have one. I know it’s crazy, but sometimes I feel as if I’ve ... lived before and lost the love of my life.” She laughed. “Crazy isn’t it?”

Brandi shook her head. “No. It’s not crazy at all. Who’s to say you haven’t lived before?”

“If that’s true, why can’t I remember him?”

Shea shrugged. “Who knows? I sure don’t know what’s happening to me.”

Devoni spoke. “Then Granny S was probably right. With the exception of Erin, we’re all in the vicinity of forty. Trina found Tyler. I found Flame.” She looked at Brandi. “What’s your guy called?”

Brandi shook her head. “I’ve never seen him, and we’ve never talked, but I think he’s called Vader.”

“Vader?” Devoni’s lips twitched. “As in Darth?”

“Yeah. Weird, isn’t it, having a thing for and with Darth, but then, you know I’ve always liked men in black.” She grinned and turned to Shea. “And yours?”

Shea sighed. “I think mine is called Winder.”

They all looked at Erin. “Do you know anything about your lost love?”

Erin sighed and shook her head. “Don’t I wish. I don’t even know if what I’m feeling is real or true.”

Devoni grinned. “We’re quite a foursome, huh?”

They stared at each other and then burst into peals of laughter.

Devoni wiped tears from her cheeks. “We’re all nuts. Dream-lovers and long lost lovers. Granny S has a lot to answer for.”

Brandi sighed. “Maybe so, but it’s getting late. I’m going home to take a shower and go to sleep. There’s a handsome hunk waiting for me in dreamland.”

Shea rose. “I need a lift.”

Erin sighed and got to her feet. “Me, too. Erica has my car,” she said of her twin sister.

Devoni got to her feet and saw them to the door.

After they’d left, she took the coffee cups to the kitchen, put them in the dishwasher. She then went into her bathroom where she undressed and took a quick shower before going to bed. It took her a long time to fall asleep. When she did, she dreamed of Flame making love to her and woke up sexually sated, but a little sad. She was heartbroken that her dream of Flame had actually felt like a dream again instead of like reality. Then, there was the annoyance that Marcus hadn’t called.

Two nights later as she finished dinner, her phone rang. She put her plate in the dishwasher and picked up the cordless phone, which lay on the counter beside her.

“Hello?”

“Hello, Devoni.”

Her heart raced at the sound of the deep, warm voice. Then she frowned. Was this Flame or Marcus? She shook her head. Despite the puncture wounds on her neck, Flame was not real.

Her heartbeat slowed. “Marcus? Is that you?”

“Who else would it be?”

Tears pricked her eyes. “I don’t know. I didn’t expect to hear from you again. So where are you?”

“I’m outside your building. Can I come up and see you?”

Remembering how he’d refused to use a condom and then came inside her, she shook her head. “I’m sorry, but I’m busy tonight.”

“I have to see you, but I won’t stay long.”

His tone, low and urgent, proved difficult to resist. She moistened her lips and decided to be honest with him. “I’m not sleeping with you again.”

“I’m coming up, Devoni.”

“Don’t.”

“Why not?”

“Because I’m not letting you in if you do.”

“I’m on my way up.”

“I’m not releasing the door for you.”

“I’m on my way.”

He broke the connection, and she found herself listening to a dial tone.

She swallowed and placed the cordless phone on the table. Moving through her apartment, she paced the living room. How was she going to keep him outside when he showed up outside her door? Did she ignore him? Try to reason with him through the closed door? Open the door and give him a piece of her mind?

She shook her head. What was she thinking? If she didn’t release the door lock, he couldn’t get in. If he made a nuisance of himself, she’d call the police. There was no problem and nothing to worry about. She didn’t think he was the stalking kind, so she would just get on with her life—such as it was.

Her apartment doorbell rang. She jumped. “Who is it?”

“Devoni? It’s Marcus. I need to see you. If you don’t want me to stay, I won’t, but I have to see you.”

Who the hell had released the door for him? “How did you get up here?”

“Devoni? Let me in. Please.”

She moistened her lips, taking slow deep breaths. She shook her head. “No. Leave now or…”

“Open the door, my lovely.”

She closed her eyes. Oh, Lord, he reminded her of Flame when he spoke like that.

“Please leave, Marcus.”

“Open the door. Now.”

Even as she shook her head, she found herself moving across the carpet to unlock the door. Instead of the tall, dark, handsome Marcus, she found herself staring into a pair of silver-gray eyes.

She blinked rapidly and closed her eyes. When she opened them again, she still saw

Flame instead of Marcus. Was she dreaming again? Or was she losing her mind?

“Am I awake?” She whispered the question.

“Yes.”

“How can I be? You’re Marcus, but you look like...”

“Who?”

She shook her head and stumbled away from the door, fighting a feeling of panic.

He walked inside and leaned against the closed door. “You’re not asleep. Nor are you losing your mind, my lovely Nubian beauty. I am Marcus Starling.”

“No.” She clenched her hands into fists at her sides. “You’re not. You’re...”

“Flame?” he queried softly.

She stiffened, staring at him. “How do you know about him? Oh, my God! Did I call out his name while we were having sex?”

“Yes. Several times in fact.”

She flushed. “Oh, Marcus! I’m so sorry.”

He shook his head. “There’s no need to be.”

“Isn’t there? Why not? I mean...” She frowned, trying to unscramble her thoughts. Who was she talking to? Flame or Marcus? She was no longer sure. “Who are you?”

“I can be whichever man you want me to be.”

“What? What are you talking about?”

“You’re trying to decide if I’m Marcus or Flame, so I’m telling you I can be whichever male you prefer.”

She pointed at him. “I’m wide awake now, and you just ... Flame could read my mind.”

He pushed himself away from the door and stood close to her. “Yes, my lovely? Go on.”

Her heart beat a wild tattoo against her ribcage. “Oh, God!” she said softly, trembling. “It really is you! Oh, Flame! I thought I’d never see you again.”

“How could you think that when I told you, you are mine?”

“Where have you been, and who ... who is Marcus?”

He caressed her cheek. “I am Marcus and any other man you want me to be.”

“Are you saying he’s not real?”

“He’s as real as I am.”

“But ... you’re supposed to be a friend of Tyler’s, just as Marcus is. How could ... I don’t understand.”

“I’m afraid I planted memories in his and Trina’s mind as a means to meet you again.”

She blinked at him. “I don’t understand.”

“We can talk about that later. Right now I need to hold you.” He slipped an arm around her and smiled slowly, revealing sharpened incisors. “I’ve come to finish what we started, my lovely Nubian beauty. And this time you are wide awake.”

Chapter Six

“Flame! Oh, God, Flame. It’s you. It’s really you!”

“Yes.” Still smiling, he began moving in a blur. She felt big warm hands touching her body, invoking liquid heat. Moments later, they faced each other, both nude. Her eyes gravitated towards his cock, long, thick, and already dripping pre-cum. That made him a perfect match for her because her pussy was already flooded.

When he took her in his arms, he thrust into her, hard and deep. Gasping as pain and pleasure danced through her body, she arched into him, driving her hips forward until she could grind her pubic hair against his. He wrapped his arms around her body and fastened his deliciously cool lips on her right breast. And slowly thrust in and out of her.

Oh, lord! That felt so good. Moaning, she slipped her arms around his neck. He slid his big hands down her body. Cupping her ample ass in his palms, he lifted her until her feet left the floor. As he lifted her, he kept up a steady, rhythmic thrusting into her pussy that turned her entire body into one sensitive nerve ending.

Lust, passion, and love radiated all through her. Her moans turned into a scream of fright as she kept rising into the air until his feet were also off the floor. She looked down and saw they hovered at several feet above the carpet.

I have you, my lovely. You are safe with me. Murmuring the words directly into her mind, he tightened his hands on her ass and rocked against her, sliding his cock in and out of her with a possessive hunger that overwhelmed her.

A coil of heat and love tightened her belly and shot down to her cunt, setting it on fire. Lord, she had never felt anything like the climax rapidly approaching, threatening to make her lose her mind. As the intensity built, she went wild, raking her nails over his broad shoulders and down his back while she ground her hips against his, her pussy convulsing around his plundering cock.

Growling softly, he raised his cool lips from her breasts and sank his bared incisors into the side of her neck.

“Yes, my Flame. Yes!”

The combination of the sweet sex, hovering above the carpet while he fed on her, and knowing she was being fucked out of her mind by a handsome vampire sent her senses on overload. Sobbing and overcome with sweet sensations, she exploded, her juices flowing over the thick, hard cock stretching her stuffed channel so deliciously. In a word, fucking him was absolutely cockalicious!

As her senses returned and she stopped cumming, she found herself sprawled on her back in bed with Flame between her parted legs, eating her with a greedy enjoyment that sent her into ecstatic delight within moments. Just as she wallowed in her liquid release, he withdrew his mouth from her pussy, slid his big body up hers, and settled between her legs.

Resting his weight on his extended arms, he lowered his head and kissed her. His cool lips tasted of her pussy. She parted her lips, and his tongue plundered her mouth.

Moaning softly, she jerked her hips up. Centering his cock against her slit, he plunged into her with a fury and desire that sent the breath rushing from her lungs and pain slicing through her.

Sucking at her tongue, he lowered his full weight onto her body, fucking her with slow, delicious strokes.

Lord, he felt so good, but she wanted him to take her with more force.

Delving into her thoughts, he lifted her legs over his shoulders and dug his hot length into her with a speed and intensity that catapulted her into a series of mini-climaxes that washed over her like a sensual tidal wave.

He dragged his lips away from hers to nibble at her neck.

She clutched him close. "Oh, Flame! Flame! Flame, my Flame."

As she sobbed and cried in an agony of unmitigated bliss, raking her nails down his lower back, he thrust his powerful hips forward and blasted a hot, creamy load of seed deep into her willing and eager pussy.

Inundated with what felt like a thousand points of ecstasy, she slipped into a happy, dazed stupor. When she regained her senses, she bolted up in her bed. The light was on, and she glanced in the mirror. She was alone. Although sexually sated, she ached all over.

Groaning, she rose and headed towards the bathroom, wondering when or if she would ever see her handsome vampire again.

When you want me, my love, you have but to call me.

"Flame!"

"You called, my love?"

She swung around. He stood by her bed, naked and gloriously aroused. She sucked in a breath. This was crazy. Vampires did not exist.

"Keep telling yourself that, my lovely one," he whispered as he closed the distance between them. When they were close enough to touch, he rose into the air until his huge, big-headed cock was on a level with her mouth. "Taste me?"

"Taste you? You mean you want me to suck you?"

"Yes. I want you to lick and suck my cock until you make me come. But only if you want to."

She'd never wanted anything more.

"Then do it, my lovely one. Suck my cock." He placed his hand on the back of her head, but made no move to push her head closer. "Take me between your sweet lips and suck me until I come for you."

She moistened her lips. "I've never tried to suck anyone as big as you, and I've never swallowed."

He threaded his fingers through her short hair. "Then this will be a double first for you, my Nubian beauty. Suck me now and taste yourself on my cock."

Closing her eyes, she leaned forward, pressing her nose against his shaft. She felt and smelled the sexy aroma of their combined juices and arousal on his hard length. His pubic hair tickled her nose. Hmm. Nice. Very nice.

She opened her eyes and looked up at him. "It's so beautiful, Flame."

"I modeled it according to your desires, my lovely Devoni."

"It's been a while since I made oral love to my man."

"I know."

"It looks so good."

"Are you ready?"

"Yes." She drew her head back, parted her lips, and extended her tongue. Slipping

her hands around his waist, she touched the tip of her tongue against the head of his big dick, in search of the small indentation that allowed him to ejaculate into her.

She licked the head of his dick with her tongue. The movements elicited a soft, husky groan from him. She removed her lips and cast a lecherous smile up at him. "You like that?"

His eyes glowing, he inclined his head. "More."

Eager to please him, she fastened her fingers around the base of his shaft and applied gentle pressure while sliding her tongue along the veined underside.

With his soft groans filling her ears, she closed her eyes, concentrating on the sweet sensation of his hard cock lying against her tongue. He felt smooth, hard, and wonderful.

She compressed her cheeks, sucking at his dick with a greedy gentleness.

"Yes! Yes, my lovely one."

Encouraged by the hand resting on the back of her head and his hoarse voice, she eased another inch of sweet dick between her lips. Hmmm. Wonderful.

He pressed forward, allowing his thick, pulsing cock to slide between her lips, over her tongue, and down her throat.

Oh, yeah! Cupping one hand over his heavy balls, she closed her free hand over his tight ass.

Hmmm. Delicious. She closed her mouth around him, totally enthralled by the feel and taste of him in her mouth. His scent, filling her senses, made him the center of her world. His groans heightened her pleasure.

She sucked him deep and hard until a series of shudders danced through his body. Certain he was about to come, she increased her efforts, gently squeezing his balls. Feeling wicked, she moved her hand from his waist down to the crack of his ass. She found his anus and rubbed her thumb against it.

"Ahhh! My lovely one!"

She tightened her lips around his shaft and thrust her finger against his puckered hole. It gave beneath her probing digit, and she forced her finger in his ass up to the first joint.

He shuddered, thrust hard against her face, groaned, and spilled his seed down her throat.

Overcoming the urge to rip her lips away from him, she swallowed and pushed another few inches of her finger up his ass.

A new shudder shook his big body. Now this, she thought, as she greedily gobbled his warm seed, was a blind date! She continued to finger-fuck his ass as he shot another load of seed down her throat.

She kept her mouth wrapped around his cock and her finger stimulating his prostate, until he groaned in protest, and pushed against her shoulders.

She eased her finger out of his ass and slowly peeled her lips away from his cock. She opened her eyes and smiled up at him. "I had no idea swallowing cum could be so sexy and exciting. I want to suck you again and again."

He floated downward until his feet rested on the floor. He took her in his arms and stared down at her. "It's the combination of seed and blood you find so addictive."

"Blood?" She swallowed hard, her stomach roiling in protest. "You mean I swallowed some of your blood?"

"Does the idea disgust you?"

The idea should have been revolting. While it was unnerving... “I can’t imagine anything about you disgusting me,” she admitted. “But why did you bleed in my mouth? Did I suck to hard and hurt you?”

“When I am a vampire and my cock is sucked, and I’m sufficiently aroused, I secrete blood along with my seed. If the practice disturbs you, I do not need to be a vampire. For you, I’ll be a normal male ... Marcus. Is that what you want?”

She had found Marcus very exciting and a great lover. Why wouldn’t she want him to be Marcus? She smiled at him. “I’m a greedy woman. I want you both.”

“And the secreting of blood when my cock is sucked?”

“I want that, too,” she admitted.

He smiled and brushed his lips against hers. “Good. It’s one of the means I plan to use to keep you by my side.”

She kissed his lips before shaking her head. “You won’t need any tricks to do that. I was yours from the moment I saw you and realized you were prepared to accept me—just as I am.”

“Why wouldn’t I accept you just as you are when you are so perfect? I never imagined I’d actually meet someone who makes me feel as you do, my lovely one. There’s nothing you lack that I want or need.”

She gazed up into the depths of his silver-gray eyes. “You ... oh, Flame! You’re serious.”

“Yes, my lovely one, I am. If I told you how long I’ve waited for you and what I’ve given up to pursue you, it might frighten you away from me.”

She shook her head. “Nothing could frighten me away from you, Flame.”

“The universe is filled with many things you would find impossible to believe. And there are others like me, powerful creatures who do not approve of what I’ve given up to be with you.”

She shivered. “Can they hurt us?”

He brought his clenched right fist up near his face. “If any creature tries to come between us, I will turn him or her or whatever into cinders.”

She moistened her lip, feeling the heat coming from his fist. “So you’re not just a vampire?”

“I am what you would call a living spirit. I am very old with a life force nearly impossible to extinguish—except by one of my own kind.” He unclenched his fist and stroked her cheek.

She sucked in a quick breath. “Oh...”

“Does the knowledge of what I am frighten you?”

Her cheek tingled with warmth from his touch. That had never happened. It was strange and a little frightening—in an exciting way. “Yes, but that fear only makes me want you more.”

He smiled. “I knew if I waited long enough, I would find you ... my sheenea.”

“Sheenea?” She poked at his shoulder. “Hey, guy, the name is Devoni or Voni, remember?”

He tipped up her chin and gazed down into her eyes. “Sheenea means soul mate. You are the one creature in the known universe who completes me and empowers me to forsake my own kind to be with you.”

She shook her head. “I don’t want you to forsake your people, Flame.”

“I fear they might never accept you as my sheenea.”

“Why not? Because I’m black or because I’m full-figured?”

The question seemed to surprise him. “You have a lot to learn about me and my kind, my lovely Devoni. Although, like all creatures, we have what you would call prejudices, they are not based on skin tone or body size, since we have neither in our natural forms. Instead of turning off the males among my people, your beautiful brown skin and your lovely, voluptuous body would turn them on. I told you where I come from the females, when they take a corporeal form, are slender, blue-eyed blondes.

“For my people, as it does many times with yours, opposites attract. You, my Nubian lovely, would cause quite a stir among my people.”

She frowned, recalling the Blue Desert. “Those other males in the desert ... were they ... like you?”

“Yes, and they arrived before I did and attempted to steal you from me.” His jaw clenched. “Had they been successful, I would have scorched the entire planet until I found you again, my love.”

She laughed. “Flame! Be serious.”

“But I am being serious. I won’t let anything or anyone come between us. You are mine for all eternity.”

She swallowed slowly. “And what if I ... didn’t want you?”

He shook his head. “Then you would not have called to me that night. When I heard your voice and saw you, I knew you were my sheenea.”

Although she suspected she was in over her head, she responded with her heart. “And you are mine, my Flaming Star. My Marcus Star-ling.”

“That’s how it should be, my lovely Devoni.”

She frowned. “Flame? Do you know someone named Winder?”

He stiffened. “Why? Has she been here?”

“She? Winder is a she?” Poor Brandi.

“Winder is a living spirit with no permanent corporeal form. When Winder chooses one, it’s that of a female. How do you know of her? Has she touched you? If she has, I’ll...”

She pressed her fingers against his lips. “No! I don’t know anything of this Winder, but one of my first cousins does. She comes to her in dreams ... only it’s not dreams, and Winder isn’t female.”

“So Winder has taken a male form and finally discovered the joys of female sensuality.” He smiled. “Bentia will not be happy.”

“Who’s Bentia?”

“A living barrier spirit who likes to delude herself into thinking she has a duty to impose her will and beliefs on others.”

“Does she want you?”

“Bentia? Want me? No, and the feeling is mutual.”

“Good. Now about this Winder. Will ... he hurt my cousin?”

“Winder can command the wind, among other ... talents. If ... he is so inclined, he will sweep her off her feet.”

“She’s never actually seen him except in dreams. Will he come to her as you came to me?”

“I don’t know. Winder and I aren’t close.”

“He’d better not hurt her.”

“If he wanted to hurt her, he would have done so already.” He gave an impatient shake of his head. “But after having waited so long for you, I have no wish to discuss him or your cousin.”

“Flame!”

He sighed. “All right. In times past when we have visited your world, we were considered knights.”

“Knights? Like Knights of the Round Table? King Arthur-type knights?”

“You like the idea?” He smiled. “Some of us were rather fond of rescuing damsels in distress.”

“As you rescued me? Oh, Flame, when I saw you riding on Thunder, I should have known you were my knight come to rescue me from men who couldn’t see past my size.”

“The men of your world are very foolish.”

“Maybe. Do you think my cousin could be the sheenea of Winder?”

“That is for the two of them to decide. I want to talk about you and me.”

“Okay, we’ll talk about each other as soon as you tell me a little something about Darth?”

“Darth? I do not know any Darth.”

“Oh.” She slapped a palm against her forehead. “I meant Vader.”

“How do you know of Vader?”

She shrugged. “I have another cousin.”

“And Vader has been coming to her?”

“Yes.”

“Do your cousins welcome their attentions?”

“I think so, but will they have the opportunity to make their own choices?”

“We do not take females against their will. If we did, I would have taken you when I first saw you.”

“Really? And when was that?”

“Nearly twenty of your years earlier.”

“What? Are you telling me you’ve wanted me for nearly twenty years?”

He shrugged. “Twenty years is but a moment in time to one of my kind. There is one of my kind who has been waiting several hundred of your years for the right time to reconnect with his lost love.”

She thought immediately of Erin and felt an excited chill. “What’s his name and is his lost love named Erin Benson?”

“I have no idea who his lost love is.”

“Oh. Well ... what’s his name? Is he a vampire or a shifter?”

“He has taken many names over the years.” He paused and shrugged. “As have we all, but his chosen physical form has often been that of an avian.”

“An avian? He’s a bird ... he has wings?”

“His wingspan is rather impressive.” He frowned again. “But I have no desire to talk about your cousins or friends.”

“Okay. Let’s talk about how long you would have waited for me.”

“I would have waited twenty more years if I had to.”

“But in twenty years, I’ll be sixty.”

“You think that would matter to me? I do love your beautiful body, but the beauty of

your spirit is what first drew me to you.” He brushed his fingers along her cheek. “No matter how old you grow, you will always be my sheenea.”

“You are so sweet, Flame.”

“I only say what I mean.”

“That’s the beauty of it. I know you mean what you say.”

“I do.”

“And this Vader and Winder, are they vampires as well?”

“I do not know either of them well, but I believe Vader is a shifter.”

“What’s a shifter?”

“I believe you would call him a werewolf.”

“A werewolf? Oh, no! You have to keep him away from...”

He pressed a finger against her lips. “Shifters are sentient creatures, not savage animals as pictured in your movies. He will not want to rip her apart.”

“You’re sure?”

“Yes.”

“Why are you smiling?”

“Because if he wants to rip her apart, it will be with his cock.”

She grinned. “She might like that.”

“Good. Now are you satisfied? Can we stop talking about your cousins?”

She nodded. “Yes.”

He lifted her in his arms and stared down at her. “Will you return to the Blue Desert on Denhari with me, sheenea?”

“I thought you said we couldn’t go there?”

“That’s not my home, but it’s close to home. It’s a place where you can expect to find all manner of life forms. There you will see things you will find wondrous.”

“It sounds exciting, but...” She glanced around her bedroom.

He turned her face to his. “I know this is a lot for you to accept at once. I’m not asking you to stay there with me—at least not yet. Just come for one of your weekends. We can ride along the desert at night on Thunder’s back and make love during the day under the Crystal Falls.”

Hadn’t they already made love under the Crystal Falls? She couldn’t recall, but it didn’t matter. Nothing mattered except being with him. She pressed her cheek against his chest. “Making love under the Crystal Falls sounds divine, but I’ll have to think about it.”

He hugged her. “What I ask of you won’t be easy. There are those who will do their best to separate us.”

She stiffened and realized she’d never asked him about himself ... or anyone who might have a right to resent their relationship. She drew away from him. “Are you married or engaged or whatever you call belonging to someone else?”

“There is one of my kind who wanted me, but I did not want him. How could I when I was waiting for you?”

“Him? Another man wants you?”

Her surprise seemed to surprise him. “Since we do not reproduce as humans do, my people have grown accustomed to taking their sensual pleasure with one of the same inclination.”

She blinked. “Your people are gay?”

He hesitated, and she felt him gently probing her thoughts. “Not as you would mean

it. As spirit creatures, we have no corporeal form so we are neither male nor female ... until we take corporeal form. And then the choice, of which form we take, is a personal one. He has always chosen that of a male.”

“You mean you can choose to be either male or ... female?”

“Just as I can choose to be what you’d call black or white, I could be male or female.”

She had never envisioned her knight being female. “Have you ever taken a female form and been with a man?”

“No.” He sighed. “Although it is encouraged, unlike most of my kind, I have always known what I wanted.” He cupped her breasts. “And that has always been females of whatever species I’ve been with over the eons. You don’t need to fear that you’ll wake one morning and find a female Marcus or a female Flame making love to you. Unlike Winder, no matter what form I take, I have always been male.”

“Thank God! I don’t do women.”

“And I don’t do males, my lovely one. If you’ll be mine, I’ll be whatever man you want me to be.”

The idea of having both Flame and Marcus and any other man she might want, sent a thrill of unadulterated lustful glee through her. She smiled at him. “You sure know how to close a deal.”

“Yes?”

“Yes. I’m all yours.”

He arched a brow. “There was never any doubt of that, my love.”

His love? She wasn’t sure if she was dreaming again or even if he was capable of love as she knew it, but she didn’t care. She was going to follow wherever he led.

He lifted her in his arms and carried her to the bed. Lying on her back, she parted her legs and sighed with pleasure as he thrust his cock balls-deep into her.

“I’m going to make love to you. Then...”

She wrapped her legs around his body and pulled him down to her. “I don’t want to be made love to. I want to be fucked.”

He smiled and settled his full weight onto her. “I’m going to fuck you—hard. Then you’ll sleep. When you awake, we’ll be in the Blue Desert.”

The Blue Desert where she’d fallen in lust and in love with him. She had a feeling a wondrous world of adventure awaited her in the arms of her gray-eyed vampire, spirit lover in the Blue Desert.

“Love me, fuck me—hard, and I’ll be a very happy sheenea.”

Pressing his cool lips against hers and holding her hips, he pushed his cock in and out of her in rapid succession, sending endless waves of bliss crashing over her. Gasping, she clung to him, drowning in an ocean of delight. “Oh, Flame. I love you!”

“I love you, too, my sheenea.” He thrust deep into her pussy, shuddered, and then came, shooting jets of cum inside her.

She held him, licking her lips, and relishing the feel of the explosions in her pussy.

When he stopped shaking, he lay in her arms. “Sleep. When you wake, we will be in the Blue Desert.”

“Cool,” she said and closed her eyes.

Even before she opened her eyes, Devoni knew she was no longer in her apartment. She lay on impossibly soft pillows. A gentle desert breeze filled the air.

She opened her eyes and sat up. She was in the white tent. Rising from the pillows, she crossed the tent towards the entrance. Stepping out into the cool night, she caught her breath, stunned at the beauty surrounding her.

Blue sands of the desert sparkled under the light provided by the silver moon and star-filled sky above. To her right, she saw what looked like a soft, flickering flame. She'd never seen anything more beautiful. She frowned, glancing towards the pool. Although she saw Thunder on the rise of the hill, there was no sign of Flame.

"Flame? Where are you?"

She felt a sudden, fierce heat all around her. Instead of searing her nude flesh, she felt enveloped in a warm, sensual cocoon. The soft flame flickered around her ... adored her ... caressed her ... loved her.

I'm all around you, my love. Feel me feeling you ... needing you ... loving you for all eternity.

She smiled and closed her eyes. Tiny pricks of heat brushed over her breasts. As her nipples hardened, the pricks expanded until they surrounded and cupped her heavy breasts. The heat rippled down her body, over her belly to the coarse hair around her cunt.

She parted her legs and moaned softly as what felt like a warm, hard rod parted her outer folds, and slid up into her pussy, one tantalizingly sweet inch at a time.

She bit her lip and dropped to the sands. She cupped her hands over her breasts, bent her knees, and parted her legs. "Love me, my Flame," she whispered.

I do love you. I always have. I always will.

The heat in her pussy dissolved, and she felt the weight of his physical body between her legs.

Her eyes flew open. Flame, back in his human form, lay between her thighs with his cock pressed against her entrance.

She smiled, slipping her hands down his body to his waist. "Make love to me, Flame."

"As you wish, my sheenea. Everything will be as you wish."

Hot damn. No matter what awaited her, with her fantasy knight Flame by her side and her ebony lover Marcus to warm her nights, she would eagerly welcome each new day and experience in this wondrous Blue Desert.

The End

About the Author:

Marilyn Lee lives, works, and writes from the East Coast. She enjoys spending time with her large, extended family, rooting for all her hometown sports teams, and walking her dog. Her other interests include collecting Doc Savage pulp novels from the thirties and forties and collecting Marvel comics from the seventies and eighties (particularly "Thor" and "The Avengers").

Her favorite TV shows are forensic shows, westerns (*Gunsmoke* and *Have Gun, Will Travel* are particular favorites), mysteries (she loves the old Charlie Chan mysteries). She has a passion for most things vampire. She particularly loved *Forever Knight*.

She's always thrilled to hear from readers who can email her at Mlee2057@aol.com. Readers can also visit her website, <http://www.marilynlee.org>. She has a Yahoo Group called "Love Bytes" that readers can join by sending an email to marilynlee-subscribe@yahoogroups.com

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