



His Private Dancer by Emma Petersen

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*The Girl's Guide to  
Dating the Evil Undead*

His Private Dancer

By

Emma Petersen

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### **His Private Dancer**

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**Dedication**

For my own NeeNee — I couldn't have asked for a more loving, supportive sister. And as always for my Sisters in Ink, Crystal, Shelli, Feistilicious, Loribelle, Lisa, Lacy, and the newest addition, Clarice "It puts the lotion on its skin" Erickson. I couldn't love you guys if we were born of the same womb.

## Chapter One

It was always the same. When the spotlight moves up my body, blood sings through my veins and the telltale moisture gathers between my thighs. I was caught, just as much as my unseen audience sitting behind the two-way mirror watching me as I slid into my other self.

The transition from Nina, the nine-to-five-me to Lola was effortless and freeing. As I became my alter ego, Lola Wants, everything about me changes — my bearing, attitude, confidence, my *need*.

Lola was sex personified and demanding. She reminded everyone she came into contact with, just in case they didn't know it, whatever she wanted, she got.

Sliding my hands up my thighs, past my stomach, I cupped my breasts and tossed my head back.

A moan slid from my throat as my nipples beaded against the palms of my hands and I pressed my fingers into the soft flesh.

Everything else receded. The stress of my day catering to over privileged, ungrateful teenagers until nothing mattered except for the man watching me behind the glass.

The three nights a week I performed at San Boulos were more for myself than the money. I had a guilty secret. I got off on being watched. There was something that got me going knowing that a man sat watching me, that my movements and pleasure aroused him to the point that he might need to take things into his own hands.

Tonight, the feeling rode me harder than ever and I couldn't distinguish what was different than my other performance days. It was if some part of me knew something about my audience. Which was ridiculous. While some of the girls met their fans from time to time, I had strict rules against it.

Yet, it was if I could feel his eyes on me, caressing me, and it made me do something I'd never done in the five months I'd been performing here. I allowed myself to imagine it was not my hands that massaged my nipples, but his. Tugging and pinching them as I leaned back in the chair and spread my knees, I could feel the hot wet silk of his tongue as he drew it over my pouting nipple.

Removing one hand from my breast I trailed it downward, glancing over my ribs and abdomen before settling it over my panty-clad sex. A lot of the girls performed nude, I never have. It was stupid, but keeping myself covered there gave me a sense of this was still for me, no matter who watched.

I slipped my hand into my panties, running a finger along the seam of my hairless labia and settled deeper into the chair, letting my head drop to rest against its back. Dipping my fingers between the lips of my sex, I rubbed a finger against my clit. My hips arched into the movement and I pressed harder, rocking my lower body in tune to the movements of my hand.

The pleasure gathered, drawing my nipples tight. I could almost feel his hands on me and hear his voice whispering me toward climax.

I trembled as the force of my orgasm struck me. Surprised, I cried out as wave after wave of pleasure washed over me. Thankful for the chair's support, I collapsed against it boneless.

*Damn.*

The lights had gone off, signaling my performance was at an end and I was grateful. Something had gone wrong with tonight's performance. It was true I always showed my breasts and touched myself, but never had I had an orgasm for my audience. I always saved the final culmination for private me time after I fled my glass stage.

Gathering myself, I ignored the heat in my cheeks and stood. My legs felt like jelly and aftershocks of my orgasm still pulsed in my sex.

Sighing, I followed the glow in the dark dots that would lead me out of the room.

"Oh my Gawd! Lola, your performance was so hot!"

I looked up to find Rachel, one of my fellow performers, sprawled on the couch in my dressing room. My cheeks heated even more, knowing not only my audience had seen my slip but so had Rachel.

"Hey, Rach." I resisted the urge to cover my breasts. After coming, it seemed Lola had beat a hasty retreat, leaving nine-to-five-me in her place. I was cold and embarrassed. All I wanted to do was take a shower and go home. It was weird, but until tonight I had never felt ashamed of what I did here. The new feeling confused me.

Unaware of my inner turmoil, Rachel bounced off the couch. She gave me a hug and headed toward the door, brandishing a can of hairspray. "Stopped by to borrow some hairspray. I gotta go. See you later."

Closing and locking the door behind her, I walked to the bathroom for a shower.

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After the shower, I felt better and a little less confused. Dressing in my nine to five clothes, I had just picked up my car keys when someone knocked at my door. Opening the door, I found Ricky, a member of San Boulos security team, standing on the other side.

"Good evening, Lola."

Smiling, I moved back from the door so he could come in.

"Evening, Ricky. How's the family?"

He smiled and it softened the harsh planes of his face. Pulling his wallet from his coat pocket, he opened it. "The family's great. The twins are two now and the new baby should be here any day."

It never ceased to amaze me how appearances could be so misleading. When I had first begun performing here, I had taken one look

at Ricky and assumed he was a goon. At six foot five and nearly as wide, he was intimidating. His baldhead and crooked boxer's nose hadn't helped. But beneath all that was a family man who adored his wife and children and took his job very seriously. He didn't watch the performances; he ignored the come-ons he sometimes got from the girls, and was genuinely a nice guy.

Taking the pictures from him, I couldn't help a twinge of envy as I looked at his gorgeous family. "Your babies and wife are beautiful, Ricky." I sighed and handed it back to him. "You here to walk me out?"

San Boulos' reputation was spotless and its clientele was carefully screened before membership was granted, but just because you were a millionaire didn't mean you didn't have dark predilections. So it was policy that security walked every performer to his or her car.

Ricky shook his head and looked slightly uncomfortable. "I know you said you don't want to meet any of the members, but I got a special request." A blush raced up his cheeks and I couldn't help but wonder what had happened that would discomfort the gentle giant so.

I had already gone against every other rule I'd set for myself, so why not break this one too?

Laying a hand on his arm, I smiled, hoping to put him at ease. "Come on, let's go meet the member and *then* you can walk me to my car."

His smile returned as he patted my hand and turned to walk out of the door. Grabbing my keys and purse, I locked my dressing room behind me before following Ricky down the dark walnut paneled hall.

I had removed most of my make-up before showering, and my thick curly black hair was piled carelessly atop of my head. Whoever had requested to meet me was in for a surprise. Lola had left the building and in her place was the real me, Nina-the-librarian Simmons.

Ricky opened the door that led to the private room where the audience watched my performances. The security guard's large frame blocked everything in front of him so at first I couldn't see who was sitting in the richly appointed seating booth.

"Mr. Trevino, may I introduce Lola?" Ricky stepped aside to reveal a man sitting alone, hidden slightly by shadows.



The man stood and took a step into the soft light glowing down from the ceiling. He stood almost as tall as Ricky, with broad shoulders and hair black as soot. His skin was a golden tan that came more from ancestry than time spent in the sun. But it was his eyes that held my attention. Though I'd never seen eyes such an intense shade of simultaneous blue and green, they were vaguely familiar.

*"Con mucho gusto, Señorita."* He held out his hand.

I hesitated a moment, an odd combination of heat and mortification hitting me when I remembered that this man had more than likely watched me bring myself to orgasm less than an hour ago.

"Nice to meet you too, Mr. Trevino." I quickly withdrew my hand, ignoring the schism of pleasure that washed over me as his palm touched mine.

"Please, have a seat." He gestured to a large leather club chair, waiting until I perched on it before returning to his own.

"Thank you," I whispered, resisting the urge to look down at my hands, which were clenched in my lap.

"Lola."

I looked up at the sound of his voice. It was deep, melodic and had the faintest trace of an accent. He smiled as our eyes met and instead of being reassured by the friendly action, the feeling in my stomach grew. Tonight had gone wrong in so many ways and I had compounded my mistakes by meeting this man.

I knew a lot of the performers were friendly with the members, even going so far as to have dinner with them and date them, but my performances had always been more about me — my secret wants and desires that I never wanted to share with anyone else. It was unreasonable, but I resented this man and the fact that I had let him take away a part of my secret joy.

"I would like for you to perform for me in private."

"I—I beg your pardon?" Perform for him in private? Hadn't I already done that?

"I would like for you to perform for me, *face to face*, in the privacy of my home," he clarified patiently, as if he had all the time in the world and it was just a matter of time before I acquiesced.

"I don't perform outside of San Boulos. And I never perform face to face." I wanted to die. I knew where this was going. The feeling in my stomach turned to nausea. Even though the membership charter strictly prohibited sexual relationships of any nature between members and performers, the bolder members often ignored the rule to pursue their own desires.

"You just did." Mr. Trevino's words were so soft that I thought I misheard him.

"I—I beg your pardon," I stuttered again.

He chuckled and the sound sent heat spiraling through me, only to rest between my thighs. Despite my recent orgasm, my sex pulsed and I prayed he couldn't see my nipples harden through the fabric of my top.

"While I'd love to hear you beg, *niña*, I'd rather it not be for my pardon. Your performance earlier, like all of your performances, was for me and me alone."

Breath rattled out of my chest as desire fought with indignation. I ignored the truth in his words and channeled nine-to-five-me, who was used to dealing with arrogant, spoiled children.

"My performance is to make the audience feel like every moment, every gesture is directed solely at them, Mr. Trevino. Sorry to disappoint you, but it's not." I stood and tried to control the shaking in my limbs, all the while telling myself it was from outrage and not because I was incredibly turned on. "I don't do the kind of private performance you have in mind. Not that I have anything against the working girl, I just don't wish to be counted among their ranks."

He remained silent during my tirade, watching me as if my speech was some kind of performance as well. I doubted Mr. Trevino was accustomed to hearing the word no. With those Bahamian sea blue eyes and impeccably custom tailored suit, he reeked of money and status, but encounters with both were nothing new for me. San Boulos was not your average Gentlemen's Club. It catered exclusively to the rich and famous.

Yearly membership was over a hundred thousand and presidents, kings, CEOs and the like could be counted amongst its members.

Men with money were like children. They didn't understand the word no. So you had to be firm and consistent with them. I could see this man would be no different. No doubt he was used to women with dollar signs in their eyes falling at his feet at the crook of a manicured finger, but not everything was for sale. *I was not for sale.*

"You misunderstand me, Lola." He stood too, drawing out my name and a shiver pulsed through me. "I want to fuck you, but I have no intention of paying for the privilege."

"Good night, Mr. Trevino." I didn't risk saying anymore than that because while his arrogance was beyond belief, I had to admit I was tempted. More than tempted — his bald words had me wet and aching.

Turning on my heel, I made myself walk slowly to the door where Ricky waited. All the while I could feel Trevino's eyes on me.

## Chapter Two

"Ms. Simmons?"

I looked up from the catalog I was perusing to find my second period student aide standing in the doorway of my office.

"Yes, Amanda?" Smiling, I gestured for her to come in. She was one of my favorite students here at Canyon Oak Academy, an all-girl's boarding school where I was librarian.

"Holly Madsen's uncle is here to see you."

I resisted the urge to sigh as I looked into Amanda's worried eyes. Holly Madsen, one of the popular girls here, made it her goal to torment other students she thought were beneath her. And her lucky pick of the semester was Amanda.

Her bullying had gotten so bad that Amanda stayed in the sanctuary of the library whenever she wasn't in class. And though the headmistress had glossed over my concerns, after I caught Holly knocking a stack of books out of Amanda's hands yesterday, I had had more than enough.

Getting up, I patted Amanda's shoulder in hopes of reassuring her. "Show him in," I said before walking to the only window in my office.

Winter was slowly giving way to spring and the school ground landscape was beginning to peek out from beneath the snow. Taking a deep breath, I tried to squash the thoughts of last night that crept into my mind. I was Nina again. Thoughts of San Boulos and Bahamian blue eyes had no business here.

Sometimes keeping the two totally and completely separate exhausted me. More and more, I wanted to be Lola everyday and not just on the days I performed.

It wasn't as if I didn't love my job; I did. I loved everything about it. It was just more difficult than I thought it would be keeping that side of my sexuality hidden. But I had no choice. Canyon Oak Academy had a morality clause in the contract I signed when I started here nearly eight years ago. If I wanted to keep my job, I had to keep Nina and Lola apart.

My job and my students were my life. Well, most of my students. It was students like Holly and her cronies that made me want to take a sick day or two. Spoiled, petulant and disrespectful, they tried to bully me the way they did their fellow students. To them, I was nothing more than hired help, here to obey their every wish and command. I prayed Holly's uncle didn't share her disgusting attitude.

"Ms. Nina Simmons?"

I froze. Oh God, it couldn't be. As if my thoughts had conjured him, there stood Mr. Trevino from last night.

Nausea bubbled in my throat and it was all I could do not to vomit.

*How did he find me?*

He walked further into my office, closing the door behind him before taking a seat across from my desk.

"This is an interesting turn of events, don't you think, *niña*?"

It wasn't my name he said, but *niña*, sort of the Spanish equivalent of baby girl.

Trembling, I didn't move as I watched him settle into the chair, crossing one leg over the other.

"It seems that you have been very bad, *niña*." He chuckled before picking an imaginary piece of lint off his neatly pressed pant leg. "A tad cliché don't you think? The naughty librarian with a secret life. Quite the juicy secret, no?" Those beautiful ocean colored eyes pierced me. "What will you give me to keep your secret?"

There was no use pretending I didn't know what he was talking about. "What do you want?" I already knew what he wanted.

"You know exactly what I want, *niña*," he confirmed as he stood and closed the distance between us.

"So, if I have sex with you, you won't tell anyone..." I wanted to retreat, to take a step back from him to give myself at least a little room to breathe.

Smiling, he shook his head. "Ah, ah, ah. No, *mi niñita*, there will be no forced seduction here. You want me, the same as I want you. And that is all I ask for, you willing and eager in my bed."

"And if I don't, you'll tell the Dean." I tried to be angry, but deep down I knew his answer before he even spoke it.

"No. Even if you turn me down *again*, I won't breathe a word to your superiors."

"Then why are you doing this?" Still the anger was mysteriously absent. This man held my livelihood in his hands and yet I couldn't muster up enough ire to be angry with him. It was almost as if I was relieved the cat would finally be out of the bag. Lord knew the poor thing couldn't breathe in there.

"I'm giving you an out, a chance to give in to your other nature you've been fighting so long." He laid his hand against my cheek.

I closed my eyes, leaning into his caress. How did this man who I'd met only once seem to know so much about me? No matter how many times I tried to convince myself the other side of me was a small facet of me, it seemed like this man knew better and was daring me to face it.

"Say yes, *niña*," he whispered against my lips. "All you have to do is say yes."

"Yes," I breathed and his mouth covered mine. I moaned as heat lanced through me. His arms pressed me closer against his body and I wanted nothing more than to feel his skin, bare against mine.

A knock sounded on the door and I jumped back, startled to realize where we were and what I risked.

Hurrying to the mirror hanging near the door I checked to make sure my lips didn't look as bruised as they felt before opening the door.

Holly Madsen brushed past me without waiting for an invitation to enter. "*Tio* Cris, what are you doing here?"

I turned to face the two of them and watched as the man who had kissed me so hungrily minutes ago morphed into a stern disciplinarian. “*Bueno pregunta?* What *am* I doing here, Holly Elisabeta Trevino-Madsen?”

We hadn’t had a chance to discuss the reason why he was here, but Holly didn’t know that. As those gorgeous eyes zeroed in on her, she seemed to shrink under her uncle’s gaze.

“I—I—”

She didn’t get to chance to finish her sentence when her uncle cut her off. “Is this how your mother raised you? Do you think you have me fooled, *chica?* That I don’t know how you behave here? Either you straighten up or your spring break trip to Burgos is out, *comprender?*”

“Yes, *Tio* Cris,” she said before looking at the ground.

“Now apologize to Ms. Simmons and get back to class.”

“Sorry, Ms. Simmons,” Holly mumbled before she practically ran from my office.

“Mr. Trevino—” I began.

“Cristian,” he corrected.

“Cr—Cristian I—I”

He shut the door, and took a step toward me. “What, Nina? Did you think you were the only one who lives two lives? During the day I am a father figure to a wayward youth, but at night...” He shrugged. “There is nothing wrong with living two lives. It’s just when you are ashamed of one of them that have to worry. I’ll pick you up at eight.” He brushed his mouth against mine and left.

\* \* \* \* \*

I was worthless for the rest of the day. All I could think about was Cristian and the night ahead of us. It wasn’t as if I was sexually inexperienced. Well, I was, but I was no wilting virgin. I had had my share of sexual partners, but something always seemed to be missing. Until now.

Rushing home, I stood in front of my closet, wondering what I should wear. I didn't know if we were going out to dinner and then back to his place, or if we were going straight to his place.

Finally I settled on a red dress my little sister, Isa, had sent me last year for Christmas. It was made of a slinky fabric that was meant to cling to every curve. After showering and lathering my body up with perfumed body cream, I slipped the dress over my head, shivering as it slid over my body like a second skin.

The thin spaghetti straps prevented me from wearing a bra, but there was no reason to forgo panties. No reason except the illicit thrill of knowing there would be nothing separating me from him except the thin fabric.

The material teased my nipples, causing them to poke impudently against it. Gathering my thick black curls in one hand, I secured them on top of my head with a discreet clip. I left my neck bare, its only ornament the few tendrils of my hair that slipped from the clip to rest against my nape.

Stepping back from the mirror, I admired myself. I had to admit I looked great. The dress did most of the work by accentuating my generous hips and bottom while emphasizing my small waist. I tried not to overdue it with the make-up, just a dab of rouge on my cheeks and lips and a swipe of lip-gloss.

I barely had time to slip into a pair of high heels, the kind Isa was fond of calling, 'do me's' before the doorbell rang. Taking a deep breath, I grabbed my beaded jet clutch and walked out of my bedroom to answer the door.

Cristian stood on my front door step, impeccably dressed once again. Black tailored suit, snowy white shirt and navy blue tie. His breath hissed from between his teeth as his gaze ran up and down my body.

"You in that dress should be illegal, *niña*." He gestured for me to turn in a full circle and I did without hesitation. "Do you have anything else you're bringing?"

I blushed as I turned to face him. "Do I need anything else?"



Shaking his head, he held out his hand. "No, *niña*. Nothing except your incredible body and a willingness to try new things."

Placing my hand in his, I ignored the way my heart began to gallop the moment our skin touched. Cristian plucked the keys from my fingers and locked the door before tucking my arm in his and walking me down my driveway to the street where a stretch limo waited.

A tall man with sandy blond hair and a suit similar to Cristian's held the door open. I didn't think it possible but the man was almost as beautiful as Cristian. It was more of an ethereal beauty with just a hint of wickedness. The look of an angel; a fallen one. I guess I must have looked a bit longer than appropriate because one perfect eyebrow arched above a lusciously lashed grey eye. Blushing, I quickly dropped my gaze.

"*Gracias, Paulo,*" Cristian said as he helped me into the car.

Sighing, I sank into the heated buttery leather seat and waited for Cristian to follow. He stopped to exchange a few words with the driver in a language I didn't recognize. The interaction didn't seem like one an employee and employer would have but more like one between buddies. Odd. Paulo was unlike any chauffeur I'd ever come across. Then again, it wasn't as if I had encountered many.

As the car started down my street, the gliding movements and warmth of the seat cradling me, and lulled my mind away from any suspicious thoughts I had.

I closed my eyes briefly, only to open them to find Cristian watching me. His gaze was intent, the kind associated with a huge predator cat studying its prey before making its move. But it wasn't fear his heated glance stirred in me as it trailed up and down my body.

My nipples stiffened and moisture gathered between my thighs. I didn't know whether I cared anymore if he noticed my obvious arousal. His pupils seemed to dilate as my nipples poked proudly against the barely there fabric. I couldn't help thinking Lola may have written a check I might not have the means to honor.

I must have closed my eyes again, because before my brain could register the movement, Cristian was kneeling before me on the lavishly carpeted limo floor.

"Your scent is driving me to madness, *niña*." His hands ran up the length of my bare legs to my knees, edging ever closer to the hem of my dress. He said something in the same language he'd spoken to Paulo in earlier, something soft that seemed to convey a world of emotion as he rubbed his cheek against my inner thigh before gently pushing my knees apart.

"Come here." He showed me what he wanted as he helped me scoot my lower body toward him. My bottom almost dangled off of the seat as he smoothed my dress upward toward my waist.

The cool air of the climate controlled car kissed my bare flesh as he lifted his head, meeting my gaze before ducking his head and laying a kiss on my mound. "You're bare."

Sinking further into the softness of the leather surrounding me, I didn't answer. It wasn't a question, it was a statement and I didn't know whether he referred to my hairless labia, or the fact that I had no panties on. As he ran his tongue down the seam of me, it didn't matter anymore. Nothing mattered except his wet caress as his tongue probed between my nether lips to touch the tiny knot of flesh that lay between.

My fingers delved into the incredible softness of his lush hair in an attempt to pull him closer, but there was no need to as he licked and sucked at my tender flesh. I couldn't help squirming, whether to get closer or away from the overwhelming sensations he provoked, I didn't know.

Whimpers crowded my throat, and I fought the need to give them voice, remembering the enigmatic Paulo just a few feet away. The thought of him seeing me like this should have distressed me, pulled me back from that ever widening chasm of release that glittered behind my eyelids, but it didn't. It catapulted me over and the feel of Cristian's fingers plunging deep inside of me expanded the feeling until it bordered on painful.

At some point reality and fantasy must have merged. Boneless and satiated, I watched Cristian's mouth widen, his canine teeth lengthening into sharp glistening fangs before he plunged them into my thigh. Arousal whipped through me, tightening every muscle in my body. Crying out, I

grabbed his head, pressing him closer as he suckled me and I shattered again, harder and fiercer than the first time.

### Chapter Three

I woke to the feeling of a cool cloth stroking between my thighs. The surface beneath me was harder than the leather seat but it was infinitely more comforting. As I came awake fully, I snuggled more into what I realized was Cristian's embrace, my head lolling back against his shoulder as his fingers replaced the cloth.

Moaning, I turned my head and licked the exposed flesh of his neck as he massaged my clit. I felt more than heard his groan as it vibrated through his chest. His arousal pressed steel-like against my bottom and as his fingers stilled, I couldn't help arching back into him as my hand covered his, pressing it harder against my flesh.

"Easy, *niñita*, easy. We're less than a mile away from our destination."

Ignoring him, I ground back against him, my hips undulating against him as our mouths met. I could taste myself on his tongue as it delved deep to stroke and tease mine and his hands rose to cover my breasts.

The car must have stopped without me noticing, because he grabbed my hips, stilling their movements as he pulled his mouth from mine. Our foreheads rested against each other as we gasped for breath. He quickly righted my dress before nudging me off of his lap.

Paulo's timing was perfect. The moment Cristian and I were presentable, he opened the limo door, revealing an indistinct ivy-lined building lit with glass lamp lanterns.

Cristian got out of the car first and held out his hand. As I got out of the car, I couldn't help but notice the smirk on Paulo's face. The look told me he had heard everything. Had he seen everything as well? Did he think knowing he had heard and possibly seen me come would discomfit me? If he did, he had the wrong girl. More and more, Lola and I were beginning to merge. Wanting to give him a glimpse of the burgeoning new me, the me who was beginning to embrace her inner kink, I teasingly reached up and trailed my hand down his jaw. His nostrils flared and his eyes widened and I couldn't help but smile in satisfaction.

Marveling at my boldness, I put a little more swing in my step as Cristian laughed, pulling me along after him. Even if I were into the group thing, the invitation in Paulo's eyes wouldn't have moved me. I was too caught up in the small taste of Cristian I had gotten, and determined to satisfy my craving for more.

Before we could get to the large burnished wood doors, they swung open and a grey haired man in full livery stood waiting for us. He bowed deeply at the waist and greeted Cristian by name. "*Conde Trevino*, it is an honor."

"Thank you, Gregorio," Cristian replied, as the Maître d' led us deeper into the candlelight restaurant.

Lifting a heavy velvet curtain, he ushered us into an intimate dinning nook, which held a table and two chairs.

"*Señorita*," he said as he held out my chair. He waited for Cristian to seat himself before brandishing a bottle of wine with a dramatic flourish.

"*Es tu favorito, Conde.*"

Gregorio filled our glasses before draping crisp white linens over each of our laps, bowed and left.

Taking a sip of my wine, I tried not to gawk at the sumptuous surroundings. The place was beautiful and decorated in richly appointed silks and gleaming dark woods.

"Tell me about yourself, Nina." Raising his glass, Cristian took a sip. His wine seemed a darker and deeper red than my own.

"There's not much to tell," I said as I ran my fingertip around the rim of my wine glass. My brain was still fuzzy from my orgasm and flashes of Cristian biting and suckling my thigh replayed in my fog addled brain. Shaking my head, the image dissolved and I tried to concentrate on what my dinner partner was saying.

"*Niñita*, why don't I believe that?" His hand covered mine and I shivered.

"My parents died when I was young. Or at least my father did. It seems to be a trend in my family. He and his older sister braved treacherous waters to get here from Cuba only to die way before their time." My chest ached and tears stung my eyes. Cristian's hand tightened on mine and I took comfort from his touch and continued. "My parents met once my dad got to California. My mom was beautiful and they loved each other so much, maybe too much. Because after my dad passed my mom didn't last very long. She spent more and more time alone in her room. Nothing me or my baby sister did seemed to help. Isa was about seven and I was sixteen when she finally let go. I remember standing over her grave holding Isa's tiny hand in mine, so angry with her because she didn't love us enough to hang on when we needed her so badly." I closed my eyes, and a single tear slid down my cheek. His hand lifted and he brushed it away. Laughing, I swallowed a sob. "I'm sorry, Cristian. I didn't mean to spoil the mood." I couldn't believe I'd just told him all of that. After years of being the strong one, it felt good to let it out.

He smiled back at me. "You didn't, *niñita*. I am honored that you would share your pain with me."

I couldn't help smiling back at him. Only he would see my near emotional breakdown in such a light.

"Are you hungry?"

Nodding, I picked up the menu. I'd never been to this restaurant, never even heard of it but from the menu I could tell it catered to the same type of clientele San Boulos did. "What do you recommend?" I asked Cristian as I set the menu back down.

He hadn't picked up his menu but named a couple of entrées, briefly describing each. I couldn't help a tiny spurt of jealousy. If he knew

the menu as well as he did, did that mean I was just another one of many women he'd bought here?

"What has placed that look on your face, *niña*?"

Crimson blossomed on my cheeks and I took a quick sip of my wine, hoping to deflect his attention. I had no right to be jealous, but logic didn't stop me from feeling it anyway. "Nothing." I silently said a prayer of thanks for the waiter's timely interruption.

Cristian looked at me and at my nod, he ordered for me, speaking the menu entrees in fluid, effortless French.

Platters of steaming food graced the table in less than thirty minutes. It was the fastest I had ever been served at a restaurant of this caliber.

"Mmm..." Closing my eyes, I moaned as I took a bite of petite filet that was so tender and flavorful it melted in my mouth.

A masculine version of my moan echoed mine and I opened my eyes to find Cristian watching me hungrily. If I had been a course on the menu he would have ordered three.

Blushing, I ducked my head. "You aren't hungry?"

"I am, *niñita*, but not for the food you eat."

Everything started to add up. His magnetic presence, the feeling I could feel and hear him, the wine...

"I didn't imagine what happened in the car, did I?" Putting my fork down, I met his eyes across the table.

"No, you didn't." His reply was guileless.

"You are—" I knew vampires existed, had known of their existence like the rest of the world since I was a little girl but still it seemed too fantastical to say out loud. Cristian was the first I had ever encountered.

"A banker? *Si*, I am a banker." He said the words so straight-faced that it took a moment to realize he was joking.

Startled laughter spilled from me and the quirk of his lips ruined his dead panned expression.

"Does Holly know? About—you know, you being a..."

He smiled and shook his head. "Holly knows what she needs to know, that I am her *Tio* Cris. And that's the truth, I *am* her uncle, just her great, great, great, uncle." He hesitated. "Does this change anything?"

Shaking my head, I took another bite, holding his gaze as my lips wrapped slowly around the fork. It didn't change a thing. Even though I had no experience with vampires, I wasn't afraid of Cristian. It seemed silly to be, when the only thing I had experienced with him was pleasure, even when he had bitten me.

The rest of dinner passed in a blur, with Cristian watching my every move. There was something so sensual about the way he watched me, I couldn't help but feel like I was back at San Boulos putting on another show. By the time he led me out of the restaurant, arousal weighed heavily between my thighs.

Ensnared once again in the back seat, I didn't bother sitting on my own side this time. Instead I straddled Cristian's lap, my dress riding high on my thighs as the limo raced toward our next destination. I felt like a teenage girl in the back of her crush's car. Only I doubt any teenaged boy's hand could have elicited one-tenth the arousal Cristian's did as we exchanged kisses and our petting became heavier.

The straps of my dress slipped down to expose my breasts and his mouth covered one turgid tip. I cried out, clutching his head to me, silently encouraging him to suckle harder, deeper.

"Cris—Cristian"

"Mmm..." The sound vibrated against my nipple, shooting spears of arousal straight to the place where he rested against me. "Say it again," he said as he bit down, worrying my nipple between his teeth before sucking it back into his mouth. "Say my name again, *niña*."

"Cristian."

"Yes, *niña*," he answered against my flesh.

"I need, I need—" Nearly frantic I ground myself against him and I cried out as his hands parted my soaking wet flesh.

"I got you, *niñita*. Come on. Come for me," he coached, sinking his fingers deeper inside of me. "You feel so fucking good."



Tossing my head back, I moaned as wave after wave crashed over. Burying my face in Cristian's neck, he held me as my trembling quieted.

His hands ran up and down my back as I took a shuddering breath, gasping as a mini orgasm pulsed through me.

I don't know how long we stayed like that. Him holding me, rubbing my back as my thighs gripped him and my fingers pressed into the hard muscle of his shoulders, his cock thick and hard between my legs.

"We're here, *niña*."

I shook my head, my lips and breath feathering over his neck as I whispered, "No. I don't mind if we stay here. Besides, after coming like that I think all my muscles have turned to jelly."

His laughter shook his chest and it slowly ended on a groan as I licked the curve of his jaw.

"Paulo's standing outside of the door, *niña*. Waiting for us."

"So." I nipped his jaw and then pressed a kiss to it.

"He's not a patient man, *niña*. It's only a matter of time before he opens the door and although I love him like a brother, I don't plan on sharing."

Pulling back, I looked at him. "Is that a warning?"

"Is a warning necessary?"

Sitting back, I tilted my head and looked at him. "No, I don't like to share either. And I don't have enough of an attention span to handle more than one man."

"Really?" There was something I hadn't yet heard in his voice. He sounded vulnerable, as if he wanted to believe me but was afraid to.

"Yes," I whispered, leaning my forehead against his. "Do you know who that man is?" When he didn't answer I pressed my lips against his. "It's you."

## Chapter Four

Cristian had just finished righting my clothes when the limo door was flung open. "If you two are going to spend the night out here, good for you. *Pero*, I don't plan on spending the night out here in the cold playing *chófer*." With that, Paulo stalked away, mumbling in the language he and Cristian had spoken earlier.

Falling against Cristian, I giggled. "Why do I have the feeling Paulo is not your usual driver?"

Cristian nudged me off of his lap and got out of the car. Bending, he offered his hand, assisting me out of the car. "Because he isn't. Paulo is my *Segundo*. Sort of like my general, my second in command. He likes you."

"Really?"

"*Si*, maybe just a little too much. He'll have to get used to the idea that I won't be sharing you."

"Sharing?" I asked even though I knew the answer. I didn't know how I felt about him sharing something so intimate with Paulo and I didn't know what it meant that he didn't want to share me.

"*Si, niñita*. Sharing. Paulo and I have been like brothers, sharing everything, including women, since before we were turned, so I can only imagine how he is feeling now. But he will get over it."

He shut the limo door and led me up a long flight of stairs.

"What was the language he was mumbling? I heard you two speak it earlier."

Cristian laughed as he opened a huge wooden door. “*Zincaló*. We still speak it because it helps us remember our people who are mostly gone now. There is still *Gitano* in Spain but ours have long since passed on.

“Were all of your people vampires?”

“No,” Cristian answered as he led me up another flight of stairs. “I was turned first and then Paulo. It was a bad time when we were turned. We had left our people, wanting something different and ended up in France. The woman who turned us wanted to keep us as pets, but we had other ideas.”

One part of me wanted to explore Cristian’s home, but the other part of me that wanted to know more about him won out. I ignored my surroundings and concentrated on listening to him.

“When we got home, the people of our band knew we were different but they didn’t cast us out like many would have done.”

Leading me down a long hall he stopped at the last door. The room he led me into was large, dark and a huge wooden canopy bed sat against a wall near another door.

“This is beautiful.” I let go of his hand and walked around the dimly lit room admiring the décor. The bed was covered in lush navy velvet and embroidered with tiny silver thread giving it the appearance of a starry night. Running my hand against the posh velvet, I turned and looked back at Cristian. “Your home is gorgeous, Cristian. Or at least the parts I’ve seen of it.”

He walked toward me, backing me up until my knees hit the mattress. “It’s you who is gorgeous, *niñita*.” Hooking his finger in the strap of my dress he pushed it off of my shoulder before doing the same to the other. As the tiny strips slid down my arms the only thing that held up my dress were my breasts.

Trailing his finger down my arm, he laced his fingers through mine, before picking up my hand and pressing it against his heart. He said something soft in *Zincaló* before brushing a kiss against the back of my knuckles.

After my last orgasm, the arousal that had simmered beneath my skin since I opened the door earlier to greet him returned, and I exhaled softly as his lips touched my skin.

"Will I ever get enough of you?" he asked, his tongue following his lips as he tasted my skin.

If he wanted an answer, he didn't give me a chance to give it as his lips covered mine. I moaned into his mouth as I held onto his shoulders. It seemed the two orgasms I'd had earlier were just the appetizers, because already I could feel heat building quick and immense in my stomach. Only this time, I didn't want his mouth or his fingers to be the catalyst that drove me over the edge. I wanted it to be him.

He had taken off his suit coat and tie when we had gotten back in to the car after dinner, so I only had to contend with his dress shirt. My hands trembled as I undid it button by button. I couldn't wait to feel the planes of his chest and abs against my bare skin.

Shrugging his shirt off, he stood before me. His copper skin gleamed in the silver moonlight as I leaned down to press a kiss against his flat nipple. His chest rumbled against my mouth as he groaned before yanking me up to meet his kiss.

As our tongues tangled, he rested his hands against my hips. He tugged at the fabric of my dress and it slipped all the way down my body until I stood nude before him.

"Tell me what you like, Nina," he ordered huskily against my lips.

Not quite understanding the question, I shook my head. "I don't know what I like."

"Of course you do. You like to be watched, don't you?"

"Yes." The word escaped on a gasp and my eyes fluttered shut.

"Mmm...what else? Do you like to be tied up? Spanked? A little pain with your pleasure?"

My eyes popped open and I stared wide-eyed at him. "Spanked?" I had heard of women who enjoyed being paddled but I never thought to try it myself.

"Yes, I would lay you over my lap and bring my hand down on your bare bottom until you asked me to stop or begged me to continue."

The thought of lying naked over his lap, my ass arched in the air drew my nipples tight.

"And afterward?" I asked, curiosity getting the better of me.

"Whatever you want, *niña*."

He sat on the bed and pulled me to him. Bending me over his knees, he laid his hand flat against my shoulder blades and pressed me against the counterpane.

Tense and unsure, I waited for his hand to fall, but it didn't. Instead he massaged the globes of my bottom, alternatively squeezing and rubbing them until the tension drained out of me.

When the first strike came it was nothing like I expected. It stung but it was a good sting, like the kind you experience from ice cream too cold. That tiny bit of a bite before pleasure melts all over your taste buds.

I groaned as his hand met my flesh a second time, this time a little harder. The heat from the blow spread fire throughout my lower body and it was all I could do not to grind my pussy into his leg beneath me. Moisture pooled between my thighs as another slap followed the first. I cried out as his hand came down repeatedly. By the time he was finished, I was shaking and on the verge of orgasm. He pushed me gently off of his lap to stand before him. "Unbuckle my pants."

My vagina clenched as his gruff order washed over me. Hands trembling as I reached out and slowly unbuckled his belt, my knuckles brushing over his cock as it tented his pants.

Skin met hot skin as I pushed down his pants and underwear at the same time. I touched the bulbous tip of him and he groaned. My fingers didn't meet as I wrapped my hand around him. I squeezed gently and he arched into my hand before pulling away.

"Turn around."

I obeyed eagerly, bending at the waist and resting the majority of my weight against the bed.

His fingers slid over my wet flesh, testing, teasing before something thicker and harder replaced them. Fitting himself against my slit he pushed inside of me.

My back bowed as I raised my ass and pressed back against him, sliding him deeper inside of me. My legs trembled as he entered me in one long slow thrust, tunneling into me, stretching me as the muscles of my vagina clamped down tight. Reaching around me, he wedged his hand underneath me and found my clit. Pulling back slightly, he massaged the tiny bundle of nerves.

Pleasure spread up through me as he pressed down harder on my clit. This time he went deeper, stopping only when he was lodged firmly against my cervix and his sac brushed my sensitive bottom.

Pressing my cheek against my comforter, I panted, unable to move with the weight of his hips pressing mine into the bed. He continued to massage my clit, pressed deep inside of me, unmoving.

My nerve endings strung tight, I wiggled against him. "Please," I begged. The combination of the material covering the bed brushing my nipples and his fingers rubbing against my nubbin was exquisite but not quite enough.

Thrusting forward, he tunneled deeper inside of me, nudging my womb and adding a tiny taste of pain to the pleasure already vibrating through me.

"More?" he whispered as his body covered mine and he rested his head against my shoulder blade.

"Yes," I cried out. "Yes!"

He obliged, never quite pulling out of me, only thrusting forward with short digs of his cock that nudged my body up the bed, his movements methodical as he pounded into me. The mixture of constant pressure against my cervix and his fingers on my clit coiled heat deep in my belly.

When the first wave hit me, I gave a startled scream. It hadn't built like every other orgasm I had. One minute it wasn't there, the next it held me tight in its grip, snatching the breath from my chest and drawing the muscles of my cunt tight. Lights flashed before my eyes and I heard a keening, whimpering sound. It took a moment for me to realize it was coming from me.

Cristian groaned and hammered into me, fucking me harder, deeper. With every thrust the pressure built, redoubling until I thought I'd pass out from the intensity. Cristian shuddered above me, thrusting once, his rhythm faltering. He thrust again, groaning as he came, his seed spilling into me warm and thick. My pussy contracted, clamping down on his cock, milking him.

\* \* \* \* \*

Days blurred into weeks and weeks into one month and then another. And every free moment I had was spent with Cristian. Sometimes we would spend hours exploring each other's bodies. At other times just spent in companionable silence just enjoying being together.

I hadn't been back to San Boulos since the night I met Cristian. We never discussed it, but I saw no need to return. Every minute I spent with him fused Nina and Lola into one being, to the point where I rarely even thought of her. The other side of my sexuality was second nature to me now and I was willing and ready to try everything and anything Cristian wanted.

Even work seemed to have changed. Holly had taken her uncle's threats seriously and stopped her bullying ways. When she volunteered to become my student aide during third period, I welcomed her eagerly. I did have an ulterior motive. Well, two, actually. I wanted to get into her good graces because I was falling fast and hard for her uncle and I wanted to learn all I could about Cristian. I didn't plan to quiz Holly about her uncle, but I didn't mind if she confided in me after she and I became friends.

Cristian was in Spain with Paulo on business and I was missing him terribly. So much I thought my loneliness was manifesting itself physically.

The first time I threw up, I thought nothing of it. The fourth time I began to get nervous. That night when I talked to Cristian on the phone, I wanted to confide my fears in him, to take comfort from him when he

assured me of course I was being silly and there was no way I could be pregnant.

The next morning, when I barely made it to bathroom before I was violently ill, I knew it was way past time for me to pay a visit to my primary care physician. I sat in silence as the doctor confirmed my fears. I was pregnant. I wondered how I could have been so incredibly stupid. Cristian didn't have any children of his own, but that didn't mean he couldn't have them.

Cristian called again that night but I didn't answer. Nor did I the next night. I had no idea how he'd react to the news. We'd never talked about a possible future. And now...

Lying in bed that night, I listened as the phone rang for the fifth time, wanting so badly to answer but terrified he'd be able to tell by sound of my voice something was wrong. I didn't want him to find out I was pregnant before I was ready to tell him. I would tell him. It was just a matter of when.



## Chapter Five

"Wow, Ms. Simmons. You must really have a bad flu bug. Isn't this like the third time you barfed today?"

Looking up, I met Holly's eyes and was surprised to see the malicious intent in them. Holly and I had become close during the time she spent here with me in the library, or at least I had thought we had.

Swallowing hard, I grabbed a paper towel and wiped my mouth. We both knew there wasn't a bad flu bug. Realizing I had inadvertently just given her the key to my ruin, I trembled. From the look in her eyes, she was aware of this, too.

Stepping further into the room, a smile formed on her lips that didn't reach her eyes. "Poor Ms. Simmons, did you get yourself in the family way? And who could be the father?"

She moved closer to where I stood and I could feel the animosity rolling off of her. She shook her head and I took a deep, steadying breath to combat the bile rising in my throat. She knew.

"Why look so surprised, *niñita*?" Holly asked, using Cristian's pet name for me, as she trailed her hand down my bare arm. "Like you could keep the fact you are fucking my uncle a secret."

Her crude words jerked me back to reality. This entire time I had been stupid enough to think I was the only one with an ulterior motive, but Holly obviously had one, too. I didn't care what it was, but I wasn't going to let her speak to me in such a manner. I was the adult and she was the child, regardless of whether I was having a relationship with her uncle

and she had information that could cost me my job or not. Part of the morality clause in the contract I'd sign had a specific section cautioning unwed employees against becoming pregnant during tenure at Canyon Oak. Straightening my spine, I knocked her hand away from me.

"Holly Madsen, just who do you think you're talking to in such a disrespectful manner?"

I could see the surprise in her eyes, it disappeared as quickly as it came. "Who do I think I am talking to? I think I'm talking to a whore who'll soon be in the unemployment line." Her smile returned as she turned to leave before stopping at the doorway. "Are you so stupid to believe he'll marry *you*?" She laughed. "Even if you weren't beneath him, there's the fact he's already engaged."

I couldn't breathe. Bile rose in my throat as I gasped for air and gagged at the same time. Tears flooded my eyes as sobs shook my body. I didn't know what I was going to do, but I'd deal with it. I'd raised Isa by myself, and I'd do the same with this baby.

\* \* \* \* \*

"Nina, what are you doing here?"

Isa's hair looked tousled as she rubbed the sleep from her eyes. She was wearing a *System of a Down* T-Shirt and a pair of boxers.

"I'm sorry, Isa. If you have company I can come back later."

"Later? It's two o'clock in the morning, Nina. If you came back any later it'll be daylight." She pulled me into the apartment and closed the door behind us. "Are you okay?" she asked as she hugged me tight.

"You're shaking."

Hugging her back just as hard, I swallowed a sob. "I'll tell you everything in the morning."

She set me back from her and looked at me intently before hugging me again. "Come on, Neenee," she said as she led me to her bedroom.

I think it was her use of her pet name for me that caused the dam to break. Before I knew it, I was full out sobbing. Isa didn't react to my tears,

just helped me out of my coat before pushing me down on the bed and removing my shoes.

As my head hit the pillow, I let the tears flow, thinking of how badly I'd messed things up. Responsible, mature, Nina Marie Simmons had ended up on her little sister's doorstep in the middle of the night, pregnant and unemployed. And just when I'd thought things couldn't get any worse, the man I was in love with belonged to someone else.

I cried harder and Isa lay next to me, her arms wrapped around me, holding me until I cried myself to sleep.

## **Chapter Six**

I woke to the smell of coffee and frying bacon. I sniffed appreciatively for a moment before the baby reminded me of our current love/hate relationship with food. I barely made it to the bathroom before I was sick.

“You’re pregnant.”

I looked up from the commode and into the shocked face of my little sister.

Nodding, I closed my eyes and waited for the spasms to fade. I groaned as I felt a cool cloth wipe over my face.

“Come on, Neenee. I’ll make you some tea to help soothe your stomach.”

Tears welled in my eyes and once again I thanked God for Isa. She was loving and supportive no matter what. Treating me with kid gloves, after I brushed my teeth she led me to the living room where she bundled me up on the couch.

She pressed a mug of warm chamomile into my hand and sat a plate of dry toast on the arm of the couch before taking the seat across from me. “You wanna talk about it?”

I shook my head. “No, but I will. I need to.” Taking a sip of the tea, I closed my eyes and let it slip down my throat, praying it would settle my churning stomach. “He’s the uncle of one of my students,” I said softly as I opened my eyes. Ours met and hers were blank, without censure or judgment.

"Umm...there's a lot that I've kept from you, Isa. I've judged you harshly and wrongly more than once." I paused and took a deep, steadying breath, realizing with relief that the tea was working.

She held up her hand, interrupting me. Isa wasn't fond of talking about the good old bad days. The days where she had been determined to do and experience everything and anything. "So you're pregnant, Nina. Come on. It was bound to happen sooner or later." She shrugged. "Hell, you should be glad it happened later." A look came across her face and I knew she was thinking of the baby she had lost when she was a teenager. Just as I knew she wouldn't want to talk about it now.

Taking a cue from her I continued our conversation. "Isa, that's not the worst part of it. The baby's father—he—he's different."

Isa looked at me and shrugged. "Different? Different how? Like we're Catholic and he's Buddhist different? Or Whitney after marrying Bobby Brown different?"

I laughed, I couldn't help it. Only Isa could make such a serious situation a little lighter. Just another reason why I loved my baby sister. "Umm...neither. More like he's a vampire different."

Isa's face lit up and she jumped up. "That's all? I thought you were going to tell me he had broken into your house and sold *abuelita's* jewelry for crack. What is it with this family and the rigor-mortisly impaired?"

Laughing again, I shook my head. "No, no one's on crack, *mensa*. Rigor mortisly impaired? What are you talking about?"

She sat back down. "You haven't heard?" She crowed, it was a sound she always made before she told a particularly juicy bit of gossip. "I can't believe you haven't heard."

"Isa," I whined, knowing she planned to drag out the suspense as long as she could.

"Okay, okay! It's cousin BJ! Her boyfriend is one!"

Confused, I shook my head again. "Is one what? A crackhead?"

"A vampire." She got up and ran from the room.

I didn't bother to follow her because I knew she'd be back as fast as she left. And she was, only when she returned she had the cordless phone cradled to her ear.

"Barbara Jean? Hey girl! It's your cousin, Isa." She flopped back onto the couch. "Girl! We need your help. No! I don't only call you when I need something."

My head spun as I tried to follow the one side of the conversation I could hear. I felt kind of guilty because I hadn't called Barbara Jean as often as I could have.

"No! Seriously, we *really* need your help. Nina got herself knocked up." She paused. "The better question would be who's her baby's batty? Yes! Yes! Nina got herself in trouble by one of the evil undead! Okay, okay. I'll see you in ten. No, he can come as long as you feed him first. Ha! See you soon."

She set the phone down and looked at me. "They'll be here in ten minutes."

"They?" I questioned, fearing her answer.

"Yes, Barbara Jean and her squeeze." She leaned forward and in a stage whisper said, "He's a vampire."

"You already told me that, Isa. Remember, less than five minutes ago?" Huffing, I crossed my arms over my chest. "Aren't you gonna go get dressed?"

She was still in the T-shirt and boxers she'd greeted me in at the door in last night. This morning I noticed on the back it read, *'My cock is much bigger than yours.'*

"And please, change your shirt."

She bounced up off of the couch and stuck her tongue at me. "You must be feeling better. The bossy you has resurfaced." Pecking me on my forehead, she headed into the bedroom. "I kinda missed her."

My mind raced as I waited for Isa to finish changing and Barbara Jean to get there. I didn't know what good, if any, Barbara Jean's vampire would be able to do. Unless besides drink blood, he also did magic tricks and could make Cristian's fiancée disappear?

The doorbell rung and Isa ran to get it.

I listened to her greet our cousin, afraid to move and not just because it might upset my recently settled stomach.

"Nina," Barbara Jean said, leaning down to hug me. I held on a minute longer than I planned to and so did she. "It's going to be okay," she whispered, before releasing me and stepping back. For just a moment I believed her. Stepping back she grabbed the man's hand that stood next to her. "This is Cypriano San Nicolo, my —" She hesitated and looked up at him.

"Fiancé," he filled in as he took my hand in his. "And I hear you are having a bit of a problem, Nina."

He, Barbara Jean and Isa took seats on the larger couch opposite to the one I was on.

"Not a problem exactly," I said and tried not to stare at him. Like Cristian and Paulo, he was striking. He had the most unusual ice blue eyes, which warmed when he looked at my cousin. Watching him and Barbara Jean I couldn't help rubbing my tummy. I missed Cristian so badly.

"*Cara* tells me you're having a problem with one of my kind."

"Not exactly," I hedged. I wasn't lying, exactly.

"Okay," Cypriano said patiently. "Have you been bitten?"

My cheeks were bright red. I knew it and I could only pray in vain the three sitting across from me wouldn't notice. "Yes," I whispered, but didn't elaborate. The fiery blush on my cheeks should tell the whole story.

"Did you bite him?" Barbara Jean asked, her face flushing as she and Cypriano exchanged looks.

"No." Shaking my head, I became fascinated with my hands. "And he only bit me once, if that matters."

"Do you have a number where I can reach your man?" Cypriano asked.

"He's not my man," I said quickly.

"*Si*, he is," Cypriano said just as quickly. "If he got you pregnant, he'll do right by you or face the consequences. I don't let anyone trifle with those under my protection."

"Hold on, Cypriano. I love it when you get all old school vampy on me but we're no longer in ancient Rome. Nina doesn't have to marry this guy just because she's pregnant."

*"Cara, it's not only because she's pregnant. It's because of who she is pregnant by. We don't know if the baby will be fully human. If it's not, she is going to need the child's father."*

Fear lanced through me and I held my hands tighter against my stomach as if to protect my child. My mind was racing and I could feel the bile rise in my throat as Barbara Jean and Cypriano debated whether I would need Cristian in my life once the baby was born.

Standing, I staggered toward the bathroom, hoping I'd make it and not disgrace myself any further than I already had.

*"I got her,"* Isa said, as everyone stood at once.

I barely made it to the bathroom. Moaning, I retched but nothing came up. I held onto the commode, sobbing as spasm after spasm slammed through me.

Tears raced down my cheeks and when Isa placed her hand in mine I held onto it for dear life.

Once the retching stopped and I was able to stand without swaying, Isa helped me washed my face and brush my teeth. Our roles once again were reversed and I could remember doing the same for her when she was a toddler. Bowing my head, I choked back the sobs that threatened to double me over. *"What am I going to do, Isa?"*

*"You're going to have a beautiful healthy baby, Neenee. And you're going to raise it in a loving, caring home just like you did me."* Leading me out of the bathroom she made me lay down and covered me with a blanket.

*"He's engaged, Isa."* A sob escaped and I turned onto my side away from her. *"How could I have been so stupid? How could I have fallen in love with someone who belongs to someone else?"* Hugging the pillow, I wept.

Isa stood over me for a while, before she left the room and closed the door behind her. When the door opened again, I didn't bother to look up.

*"Nina, I need his name."*

It was Barbara Jean's Cypriano. Clutching the pillow tighter, I shook my head. I didn't know him well enough but I could hear the anger



in his voice. There was no way I was going to tell him Cristian's name, just in case he planned to hurt him.

As if he read my mind, he gently reassured me. "I give you my word, I will not harm him. I only want to talk to him."

"It's Cristian Trevino," I whispered, too tired to fight him or the sleep that was calling me.

\* \* \* \* \*

The next morning, I woke to Isa chattering on the phone in the other room. I lay staring at the ceiling. The sound of my sister's muffled voice coming through the door was comforting. It reminded me of waking up to my parents talking in the other room as they prepared breakfast.

Sitting up gingerly, I waited for the nausea to hit me. I sighed in relief when it didn't and made my way to the bathroom. As warm water pelted me I thought about what I'd do next. I couldn't stay here with Isa forever and since I'd quit before I could be fired, I had a reference from Canyon Oak Academy.

Humming, I left the bathroom wrapped in a towel only to stop short at the sight of Cristian standing in the doorway of Isa's bedroom. I trembled, closed my eyes, and hoped when I opened them he'd still be there. When I opened them to find he was still standing there, I took a deep shuddering breath fighting the need to go to him. Touch him.

"Where is Isa?" Clutching the towel tighter, I tried to skirt around him.

"She's safe, *niñita*. I just needed her gone for a moment, so we could clear the proverbial air."

My hands were shaking so badly, the towel slipped. Priorities warred in my mind. I was worried about my little sister, but I knew Cristian wouldn't hurt her. I also worried about myself, if in my nervousness, I accidentally flashed him there was no way he wouldn't notice the slight swell in my belly.

"Why did you leave me?" The question was soft but the anger was clear in his voice.

"Did Cypriano call you?" He must have; there was no other way Cristian could have known where I was.

"He did," he confirmed. "It was an interesting conversation, *niña*. It started with a master nearly four hundred years older than I challenging me because he said I had dishonored someone who belonged to him. He was really angry, and it didn't help when I laughed, thinking he had the wrong number." Cristian took another step into the room and I took a step back, only to hit the wall behind me. "Then he said your name and I didn't hear anything else because rage blotted out everything and all I could think of was how I was going rip out his throat if he had dared to touch you. Wisely, Paulo took the phone from me before I could do any irreparable damage."

"Wh—what did he say to you?"

"Drop the towel," he ordered, ignoring my question and closing the distance between us.

Forcing a laugh, I clutched it tighter. "I'd rather not."

"And I would rather you not have left me, *niñita*. But we don't always get our way, do we?" He stopped less than a foot from me. "Drop. It."

Shaking my head, a tear spilled down my cheek. "No."

He pressed his lips against the trail of moisture, kissing it away before moving his head down to nuzzle the curve of my neck. "*Por qué, niña?*" He laid his palm flat against the tiny swell of my belly. "Are you afraid I'm going to discover your *secreto*?" Sliding his hand down, he ran it up under the towel and covered my mound.

Moaning, I resisted the urged to arch into his touch. My nipples drew tight, aching and pouting against the fabric as his hand slipped between the lips of my sex.

"Do you really think anyone else had a chance to see you dance, *niña*?" he asked as he massaged my clitoris.

As an orgasm gathered quick and deep in my belly, I gave into my need for him. Panting, I rested my head against his shoulder, spreading my trembling legs wider to give him better access.

"From the first time I saw you, I knew I wanted you and I also knew there was no way in hell I was going to let anyone else look at you." His hand left me and I cried out, on the border of that shimmering plateau.

When he reached down to unbuckle his belt, I dropped the towel and moved his hands out of the way, undoing his belt and sliding the zipper down. All the while my mind warred with my body, reminding me that what I was about to do was how I had gotten into this situation in the first place.

The fact that nothing had been resolved surfaced but the need to have him inside of me stomped it back down as his cock sprang hot and heavy into my hand.

Grabbing my ass, he lifted me and I guided him to me, rubbing him against my wet slit before he slid home with one deep thrust. Crying out, I wrapped my legs tighter around his waist.

"The night we met and I told you that you had only danced for me, I told the truth. Every time you danced, I sat in the audience *alone* watching you, wanting you, needing you." His head dropped and his face nuzzled my neck. I felt his fangs graze my skin and I cried out again.

"Please," I whimpered, trying to move against him but he held me tight.

Ignoring me, he backed us up until the back of his legs hit the bed. As he sat, the movement slid him deeper and I tightened my thighs against his waist and ground my lower body against his.

"Nina," Cristian cried out, falling back against the flat surface of the mattress, I followed him, rolling my hips and grinding them down harder as I rode him.

His hands clutched me against him and I buried my face in his neck.

"Nina," he moaned again as my movements quickened and my tongue darted out to taste the salty skin of his neck where a fat vein throbbed just beneath the surface.

I bit down, not breaking the skin, and reveled in the way he cried out my name. I could feel his cock twitch inside of me as his orgasm vibrated through him, propelling me into my own.

Wrapping his arms around my back, he held me as I shuddered.

"This solves nothing," I said, as soon as I could breathe again.

He held me tight to him as I tried to get up. "Yes, it does. I love you. You love me. You're carrying my child. There's nothing to solve."

"What about—"

He cut me off. "My fiancé in Spain?"

Angry, I tried to pull back but he held me fast.

"I'm still wondering why you would believe a petulant rebellious teenager instead of just asking me."

He pushed me back so our eyes could meet. "There is no fiancé, *niñita*. For the better part of a year there has been no one but you and there will never be anyone but you." His hand cupped my belly. "You, me and our baby."

A tear slid down my cheek. My hand covered his and I pressed it against the place where our child rested. For so long, I had resisted the other side of me. The side I had called Lola. Now I knew without my other side I wasn't whole. Without Cristian I wasn't whole. He had shown me that and I was so thankful. But more than that, I was thankful Lola was finally getting what she wanted. This man.

"I love you, Nina."

"I love you, too, Cristian," I whispered, covering his mouth with mine.

The End

### **Author Bio**

Emma Petersen wrote her first Romance in high school after falling in love with Historical Romance and has been writing ever since. She's the Paranormal Co-Liaison and Moderator for the award winning author's resource website and forum RomanceDivas.com. She's a member of RWA, RWAOnline, as well as Passionate Ink Chapters, where she serves as Vice President. She shares a tiny shack with her cat, Toussaint, and is currently recovering from shoe addiction.

You can find more information about Emma and her work at [www.emmapetersen.com](http://www.emmapetersen.com).