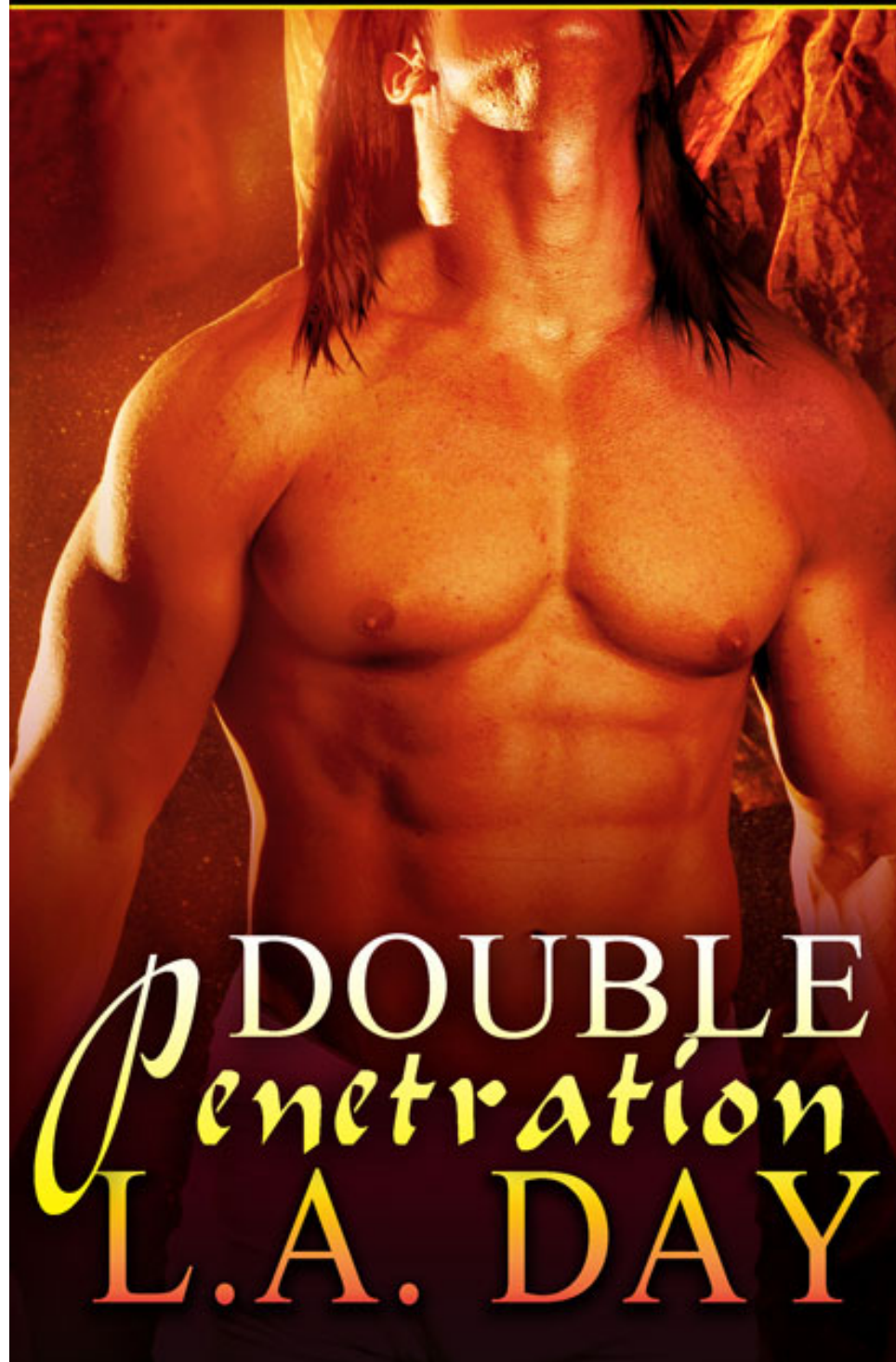


ELLORA'S CAVE PRESENTS



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Double Penetration

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DOUBLE PENETRATION

L.A. Day

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Chapter One

Grey wrinkled his nose at the scent of stale beer and urine as he ambled along a trash-riddled alley. Other smaller creatures of the night that shared his solitary, barren existence scuttled in his wake. The scent of blood was in the air. His acute hearing detected a scuffle down the alleyway and his silent footsteps quickened upon the damp pavement. Stopping abruptly, he took in the violent scene as it played out before him.

“Get that skirt outta the way,” a tall, burly man told another as he loosened his belt. Blood trailed from the lip of a petite, blonde female struggling between the two men. Her blouse gaped open, her bra shoved up to reveal full breasts reddened by rough handling. “We’re gonna have us some fun, Blondie. I’m gonna fuck your pussy. Then I’ll let you suck my cock nice and slow while my friend here has his turn at your sweet ass.”

“No,” she pleaded as the smaller of the two men held the woman and worked her skirt down over her hips. “No,” she said louder, slapping at the larger man’s hand as he squeezed her exposed nipple. Twisting, she clamped her teeth on the smaller man’s ear. Blood squirted across her blouse and chest as she savagely attacked. Grey’s lip curled in pleasure at the sight.

“God damn bitch,” the man yelled, grasping his ear, blood spurting from between his fingers. The female darted to the right as she tried to break free, but was grabbed from behind and swung into the brick wall. Her head hit the unyielding brick with a sickening thud and she tottered for a second before sliding down the wall. Her legs stretched out awkwardly before her as she slumped to one side.

“The fucking bitch bit me.”

“Well, she ain’t biting now. Grab her other leg and spread her out. She don’t need to be conscious. Fuck! She don’t even hafta be alive as long as she’s still warm. I bet she has a nice, tight cunt to go with those big tits.”

An inhuman growl rumbled in Grey’s chest as he moved toward the two men dragging the woman away from the wall, all the while spreading her legs farther apart. He did not often interfere in human matters and he seldom killed...anymore. However, there were exceptions and this seemed to be one.

Moving stealthily behind the first man, Grey grasped his head between both hands and twisted. With little effort, he snapped the man’s neck. The second man froze in place, a look of pure terror upon his face, as his cohort collapsed to the ground. Grey didn’t know if the terror resulted from the sight of his friend dying or the fact that he was in full vamp mode, fangs and all. Few ever saw him this way and none lived to tell of it.

“Pl-please, mister...” the second assailant begged for his life.

Grey’s movement was so sudden the man never saw it coming. Grey simply grasped his chin and jerked it violently to the right. The sound of shattered bones reverberated in the alleyway, followed by a thud as his body hit the pavement.

His eyes darted to the woman at his feet and Grey crouched down next to her. He could hear the blood as it pumped through her veins. She was still alive, just knocked out. He felt the egg-sized lump on the side of her head. She’d have one hell of a headache when she awoke. The assailants’ blood permeated the air but Grey still managed to detect her scent, clean and fresh with just a hint of lavender. His gaze lowered to her lush breasts and vicious hunger gnawed at him. He hungered for her body and her blood.

“You’re a vampire.” Her sultry voice was just a whisper and his eyes darted up to meet the woman’s blue gaze.

Believing her to be unconscious, he hadn't hid his condition. Her steady gaze surprised him. He didn't read fear or revulsion on her face. Obviously, she was concussed and confused. "Shh, everything's all right," he tried to put her at ease.

"Oh." Her hand lifted to her head as she tried to sit up.

"Take it easy, ma'am. Ya got quite a knot on your head."

"Yes, those men..." She glanced to the side. "Oh, they're..."

"There's no need to worry about them."

"You killed them." She batted her eyes slowly and her brow furrowed.

"Don't worry, I won't hurt ya," Grey promised. His incisors had receded and he hoped he appeared more human.

"I'm not worried about that but my head..."

"We need to get away from here." Without further consideration, he hefted her slight frame into his arms. Taking a few steps, he bent and scooped up a discarded purse.

His preternatural speed had them at the door to the downtown warehouse loft he currently called home in moments. Placing his slight burden on the couch, he strolled to the kitchen for some ice. She had nodded off as he carried her and he worried she had a concussion. He considered taking her to a hospital but feared that would arouse suspicion. The last thing he needed was too many questions. If someone became too curious about him, it could be the end of him, or force him to make life-altering decisions.

In essence, he was a normal man. He did his best to fit into his environment, whatever the current environment was.

Wrapping the ice in a new, unused dishtowel, he held it to the back of her head. A low groan escaped her parted lips. For the first time, he let himself study his unwanted charge. She was young, he estimated in her late twenties. A tangle of soft strawberry-blonde hair spread across his leather couch, surrounding her wan but ethereally

beautiful face. Crimson lips stood out in contrast to her pale, flawless complexion. His body ignited with a gnawing physical hunger. The shredded blouse she barely wore revealed more of her soft curves than it concealed and the revelation was mouthwatering. He tugged her blood-splattered skirt back down to cover her to her knees. Not before an imprint of those creamy, firm thighs seared his mind.

His subconscious realized that the man he had once been would have felt guilty over ogling an unaware, half-naked woman. However, he was not that man anymore. Besides, if not for him she would be getting worse than a good ogling.

Unknowingly, she thrashed and he gently smoothed her hair, attempting to soothe the torment in her mind. Instead of soothing, his touch seemed to panic her and one of her arms swung out. If not for his quick reflexes, it would have connected in an inopportune spot. He dodged and she rolled. He almost missed catching her before she hit the floor. Nearly bare breasts pressed firmly against his chest as he lay beneath her on the floor. She moaned and shifted, his cock twitched. It was a good thing he had taken the edge off his blood lust and carnal needs so recently or she might find herself in true mortal danger.

"No," she murmured, swinging her arms.

"Shh, you're safe. I mean ya no harm," he crooned softly, trying to ease her anxiety. Before she could begin again in earnest he shuffled her in his arms. Rising, he carried her down the hall, placing her in a safer position upon his king-sized bed.

Light from the hall spilled onto his bed. A full breast tumbled from a tear in her blouse. Maybe his bed was not the safest place. His tongue glided along his incisors as they began to protrude.

The darkness in his soul reminded him he could suckle her breast—taste her blood—she would never know. He could take anything he wanted and then make her forget, but he wouldn't.

"Damnation, I don't take advantage of the helpless." Resisting temptation, he stomped from the room.

Splashing cool water on his face, he glanced at the mirror. His incisors protruded slightly, branding him the monster he was. Turning the water to warm, he wet a cloth. He might resemble an animal but most of the time, he thought like a man.

The scent of blood assaulted his senses as he reentered the bedroom. It was a temptation he did not need.

A slight curl pulled at the corner of his lips when he remembered her teeth clamping onto her assailant's ear. She was feisty. She didn't deserve this. The blood washed easily from her skin but her clothes were another story. Her blouse was in tatters and her skirt held a good amount of her attacker's blood.

Going to his dresser, he pulled out a black T-shirt. Returning to the bed, he eased her up to remove the blouse. Unhooking her bra, he peeled it away and could not help but notice the bruise marring the pale perfection. Her head rolled back, exposing a long, creamy neck. He licked his lips. Her heartbeat was strong, enticing – a lure to his senses.

Turning his eyes away from the alluring display, he grabbed the T-shirt and pulled it over her head, smoothing it down across her upper thighs. Before he could reconsider, he reached beneath the shirt, finding the zipper to her skirt. He yanked it off and flung the offending garment across the room. A glimpse of red lace panties teased him before he smoothed the shirt back over her thighs, thighs between which a man could find the ultimate bliss.

With an unholy growl, Grey shoved himself off the bed and stalked across the room. He felt the sun rising, he was restless and – damn it – hard. He cursed his already black soul for bringing the woman here. He had not been unwillingly hard in decades. He intentionally kept himself uninvolved with humans. It was the only way for him to exist. Humans asked too many questions and that could get him killed.

He would allow her to stay for now but as soon as she recovered, she would have to leave. Maybe it was time for him to move on, to establish another identity in another state or even another country, though he did prefer the United States. It was the land of his birth, death and rebirth.

Stretching his long frame out on the bed next to the woman, close but not touching her, he shut his eyes, willing the darkness to take him. Usually, he sank into the pitch-black abyss immediately but today her scent lingered in his mind as the darkness pulled him under.

"Grey," her husky voice whispered as he sank into the crystal blue of her eyes. The shirt and panties had vanished as she sat astride him. His erect cock was nestled in her wet heat. Large breasts with peaked, mauve nipples bounced as she shifted back and forth.

He wanted to gather her breasts for his mouth, he needed to mount her on his cock but he couldn't move. An unseen force held him in place as she slowly danced across his naked flesh, her skin, her breath a sweet caress. Strawberry-blond hair cascaded around him as she leaned forward, her lips just inches from his.

"Please," he heard himself beg. He never begged, he was always in control but this little witch had somehow mesmerized him

"What do you want?" Illuminated as if in a spotlight, she writhed in place.

"You. I want you. I don't want to be alone."

"Accept me, join with me and come into the light." As she spoke, she rose up and lowered herself with painstaking slowness onto his rock-hard cock. A glove of hot, liquid heat encompassed him. He couldn't breathe as she began to move. Her tight inner muscles dragged along his swollen length as she lifted and fell upon his cock in an agonizing rhythm. He wanted to buck his hips, to deepen the possession and quicken the pace, but he lay paralyzed, unable to move or participate as she took possession of his body and mind.

"Come for me." The words whispered across his flesh.

"No. I want to touch you."

"Come for me."

He resisted and her hands trailed across her abs and up her torso to her breasts. Gathering the full mounds, she held them as if in offering, her thumbs flicking the pebbled tips. He strained

to reach her to no avail. He wanted...he needed...her inner muscles rippled around him and he gave up the fight as his cum burst forth in a furious blast.

With a gasp, Grey sat up in his bed and ran a hand through his sweat-dampened hair. “Fuck,” he moaned in a slow pant. He hadn’t had a wet dream in centuries. He cast his eyes to the cause of his problem. The woman still lay next to him but now the shirt had risen to expose the vee between her legs covered only by thin lace. His mouth watered and he swallowed deeply.

The woman next to him stirred and began to awaken, jarring his mind from the haze of lust. A feminine hand landed in the middle of his stomach as she struggled to push herself into a sitting position.

* * * * *

Shannon’s hand crept along firm, cotton-covered flesh. Flesh! She yanked her hand back, opening her eyes. Pain shot through her skull and she blinked rapidly. She raised a hand to her temple, pressing firmly. The pressure didn’t ease the pain and the body in her bed was not a hallucination.

Her eyes darted around—a black bedspread, stark white walls. It was not her room—not her bed. *Fuck. What did I do last night?* she silently asked herself. Next to her in the bed lay a fully dressed man, a very large, fully dressed man. Red cotton stretched tightly across a large expanse of chest. His dusky skin, black hair and high cheekbones proclaimed he had a Native American ancestor. However, he was a stranger to her and her head throbbed mercilessly. Looking down at herself, she was surprised to find herself clad only in her panties and a black shirt. Now she had to wonder exactly how well they were acquainted. Certainly she couldn’t have drunk enough to forget a night in this man’s bed.

The stranger lay still upon his back, unmoving except for the dark eyes regarding her carefully. She tried to rise but the pain in her head overwhelmed her. She collapsed back onto the bed.

"That was quite a blow ya took to the side of your head, ma'am. You'd best lie back and relax awhile longer."

That deep voice seemed familiar. It had a soothing quality to it and just a trace of an accent. Something niggled at her mind, just out of reach.

"What am I doing here?"

"You had an accident and I brought ya home."

She blinked her eyes rapidly, trying to remember. "An accident..." Then it hit her, she had gone out with some co-workers after work to a downtown bar. Tired from a long week at work, she'd left early. She remembered approaching her car, the hairs on the back of her neck standing up at the sound of rapid feet on the pavement. Before she could react, a hand closed over her mouth and another wrapped around her waist.

Her eyes flew back to study his face. The vampire! He'd saved her when those men had hauled her into an alley and ripped at her clothes. She had been terrified. She'd known what they intended but was helpless against the two of them. Her self-defense mechanism had kicked in and she had bitten one of them. Everything was a blank until he'd knelt next to her. Had they...

"Nothing happened, ma'am. I mean other than them roughing ya up a bit."

"I remember." Tugging the shirt as low as she could, she twisted back to look at him. "Thank you. I owe you my life or at the very least my sanity."

"My pleasure, ma'am." He nodded his head and, though he had the outward appearance of an urban man, she could picture him tipping a cowboy hat. Ebony eyes gleamed with a fiery intensity. Then he blinked and the black, blank stare returned.

"My name is Shannon. Shannon McNeal, and yours?" She extended her hand.

He sat up next to her in the bed and she realized how truly large he was. "Grey Hawthorn."

His hand enclosed hers, dwarfed hers and her heart jumped. He was not the first vampire she'd shook hands with but he was the first to affect her so dramatically. "I expect you're wondering why I'm so calm about the whole vampire thing."

"Vampire?" His dark brows shot upward.

"Don't try to pretend. I remember everything." She remembered looking up and seeing her avenging angel, an angel with long, black hair. For a moment she thought she'd died for certainly such perfection could not walk the earth. Even after she'd seen his furrowed brow and fangs, she hadn't felt fear, only apprehension of what was to come.

"I assumed you'd forgotten since..."

"You expected that I'd run screaming from the room at the first opportunity?" Shannon tried to grin but her face felt like it was ready to crack.

"Something to that effect." He nodded his head.

"Please. I work for Schuster and Crane. We handle the estates of almost every vamp and werewolf on the eastern seaboard."

Grey laughed. "Not every vamp. I'm old school. I prefer to keep my affairs private. Of course, I could be persuaded to allow ya to handle my—affairs." His eyes glowed with an inner light.

Shannon's eyes narrowed on him. He was smooth and obviously used to charming and possessing any female he chose. His potent maleness was almost palpable. She wondered how safe she really was, and to her chagrin, a thought popped into her head. *How safe do I want to be?*

He must have read the anxiety on her face. "Don't ya worry, you're safe enough—for now," he said with a wink as he scooted off the bed.

"Just a regular vampire hero and all around good guy, right?" Boldly her gaze roamed his flat stomach and long, muscled legs. A thick ridge of male flesh quite visible beneath his jeans drew her gaze and her eyes paused. A heated blush colored her face as she realized her gaze lingered a little too long in an inappropriate area. *Just great! What kind of freak am I?* she thought as she mentally criticized her judgment. Waking up next to a stranger was one thing. Waking up next to a vamp and creaming your panties over him was quite another. It was a good thing her brain felt ready to explode or she might do something really stupid.

"How's your head?" He grinned, flashing lustrous white teeth. To her dismay, her nipples tightened under the thin cotton shirt. She groaned in dismay and hoped he would account it to her headache. By the gleam in his eyes, she was sure he hadn't missed her body's reaction.

"It has been better."

"I imagine it has." He paced nervously across the room. "How long have ya known about vampires?"

"A long time, my best friend was bitten...turned as a teen. At first, I thought she'd lost her mind. Eventually, I came around."

"Have you ever been bit?" His dark, intense eyes drilled her and she swallowed deeply.

An innocent question inspired thoughts of him biting her, his fangs buried deep as he suckled her flesh. She shuddered. "No, at least not that I know of."

"How did ya get involved with Schuster? He's an old vamp."

"He's also Alicia's sire."

"Alicia...that's your friend?"

She nodded her head. "Do you know her?" Shannon hoped they didn't share an intimate history. She felt sure if they had, she would know. Alicia liked to brag about her conquests. She would have crowed about eye candy as hot as Grey.

"I've seen her, she runs with a young vampire group. I'm more of a loner. It's safer that way."

"Do you get lonely?" Their eyes met as she spoke and her heart turned over.

His eyes turned molten as he looked at her. "Sometimes." He cleared his throat, and a faint, rosy hue colored his cheeks as he dashed for the door. "I'll make us some coffee and get ya some aspirin," he called over his shoulder as he exited the room. She couldn't help but notice his denim-covered buttocks. They looked squeezable.

"Great!" Shannon muttered. *What is up with my hormones? Maybe he used some kind of vampire thrall on me. If he worked some kind of vampire mojo on me, would I remember he was a vampire? Would I be able to wonder if I am under a thrall?* "Oh hell, my head hurts too much to worry about this now." She slumped gingerly upon the bed. She could use a gallon of coffee and a handful of aspirin. For the first time, she took in her surroundings. She was in his bedroom she assumed. Obviously, a bachelor's room sparsely furnished with a dresser, nightstand and this large, comfy bed. No coffin filled with dirt from the homeland. She giggled then groaned as a pain shot through her head. With no windows in the room and without a clock, she wasn't sure if it was day, night or how long she'd been asleep.

Chapter Two

Releasing a deep breath, Grey opened the door with her coffee in one hand. The door creaked slightly and her head swiveled in his direction. He felt the power of those blue eyes all the way to his toes. Heat unfurled low in his stomach. For a moment, he hesitated as he struggled to drag air into his lungs. Grey stared at her. She seemed to radiate light, just as in his dream. He felt like he'd just stepped into the sunlight for the first time in centuries. An image of them entwined entered his head and he almost stumbled as he slowly approached the bed. He sat the cup on the nightstand as she struggled into a sitting position.

"Let me help ya, ma'am." He adjusted the pillows behind her and rested her against them.

"Call me Shannon...please."

"Okay. I didn't know if ya liked cream or sugar."

She sighed a deep breath and her breasts rose and fell under the thin cotton. He needed to focus elsewhere but it was difficult with her so near. "Black's fine." She reached for the cup and he tried to ignore the slight tremor in her hand. It was obvious she felt the physical attraction that welled between them. It was impossible to ignore but now was not the time to act on it. He would not take advantage of her weakened condition.

"Here's some aspirin." Several tablets dotted the palm of his hand and she scooped them all up.

Full lips pursed as she blew into her cup before taking a sip of the hot brew. Internally, he groaned in misery. He needed to get her out of his bed, his house and his life as soon as possible, before it was too late for him and for her.

Her hand brushed through her hair, tangling in the matted length. She pulled the tresses forward, her eyes grew wide and she gulped at the sight of dried blood in her hair. The hand holding her cup shook and Grey snatched the cup from her fingers before she scalded herself.

A look of horror crossed her face before her lips began to tremble. Grey realized it was the shock of her terrifying experience taking its toll.

"It's okay now. You're safe," he promised as he grasped her hand. Their eyes met as he spoke, "They can't hurt you now."

Shannon lowered her eyelids, inhaling a shaky breath. She startled slightly as he settled a blanket over her. Weary eyes opened to meet his and his chest tightened until it was difficult to breathe. If he had a soul, she'd stolen it in that moment.

"You need your rest, settle down awhile."

He flipped off the switch on the bedside lamp. "You won't leave me, will you?"

"Don't worry, Shannon, I'll be here. I'll just drag a chair in here and have a seat." There was no way he was going to crawl into that bed next to her again. He couldn't trust himself not to take her and if he held her in his arms, he would never want to let her go. Nonetheless, she was a creature of light and he couldn't bring her into the darkness. Not even if it gave meaning to his eternal existence.

* * * * *

Shannon watched the news program on the television with growing horror. The news correspondent stood in front of All About Books, her favorite bookstore. To the right of the reporter was a blue bumper with a pink cancer awareness sticker. It was the bumper of her car. The newsperson reported on a breaking story—the grisly discovery of two male bodies found in the nearby alley. The cause of death at this time was unknown but it appeared both victims suffered broken necks. One of the victims had a large bite on his left ear. Their names were withheld until the authorities notified the next of kin.

The screen flashed to an ambulance. Two paramedics loaded a sheet-covered body into the back. Shannon's head began to spin and she grabbed at the edge of the couch for support. Until this moment, it hadn't seemed real. Two men were dead because of her. A noise alerted her to Grey's approach and she spun and looked directly into dark, penetrating eyes.

His eyes narrowed as he watched her. She tried to school her features into an emotionless mask. "Did you see that report?"

"Yes," his low voice sent a chill through her spine.

Grey closed the distance between them and Shannon nervously backed up until the backs of her legs brushed the couch. His voice was low, cold and calculated. "Do ya feel sorrow for the ruffians who ambushed ya?"

"Uh...no, not really but they probably had families." Her eyes darted away, unable to hold his unwavering stare. He was between her and the door but it didn't matter. If she couldn't handle those men last night, she knew she was no match for him.

He angled his dark head to the side, his black eyes observing her closely. A purely sinister smiled tugged at his lips and a gleam of white teeth appeared menacingly. "They were vile creatures and they got what they deserved. Their families are better off without them. You, of all people, shouldn't doubt it." The expression on his face as he spoke of them was malevolent. A chill swept her spine. He had killed without remorse but he'd done it for her.

She wet her dry lips with her tongue before trying to form words. She attempted to smile but her lips trembled. "I...uh, of course not. No, I don't," she rattled nervously.

"Do ya intend to go to the authorities?"

"I should probably let them know what happened...about the attack." She tried to concentrate on their conversation but he'd obviously just come from the shower. His wet hair dampened his cotton shirt, plastering it to the muscles beneath.

"This would of course haul me into the middle of it," he snarled and she thought his fangs appeared longer – sharper.

"Not necessarily," she hedged.

"How pray tell would ya avoid telling them about me, about the vampire that snapped their necks?" Dark brows shot upward as he took a step closer.

Shannon twisted her hands nervously. "I could say a stranger came along and I ran. I wouldn't mention anything about a vampire. They'd think I was nuts, even if I tried." She shook her head. "I wouldn't implicate you. You saved my life."

"You'd say ya ran but left your car behind." His eyes narrowed as he considered her words. With a shake, his hair settled around his shoulders. "Too many flaws."

"They wouldn't question it." She edged her way down the couch, feeling exposed with only his shirt to cover her panties. With one long step, his legs brought him within inches. She gasped, jerked backward and tumbled awkwardly on the couch. He stepped forward between her legs, making it impossible for her to draw her thighs together.

"I'm quite sure they've already checked every car in the immediate area." His intense gaze drilled her panties as he spoke and she tugged her shirt lower. Embarrassed heat flooded her cheeks. Did he see how wet her panties were? Could he smell her arousal?

"So they might already be looking for me, wanting to question me." Slowly, she scooted backward. She'd once heard that fear was a powerful aphrodisiac and it must be true.

"Most likely but I can dissuade them if they become too curious." He squatted between her legs and his tongue slowly trailed his lower lip. His nostrils flared as he inhaled deeply, a satisfied smile curving his mouth.

Shannon closed her eyes, her heart pounded. His thumb rubbed the sensitive flesh on the inside of her knee and her thighs trembled. Was he going to rape her? His hand squeezed and a spark of heat ignited in her pussy. *Oh lord, help me.* "I...I have to go to them or I'll look suspicious. Wh...what if they match up that bite?" His hand slid up her leg.

"I will handle it." His long, dark lashes hid the eyes she knew gleamed with feral heat.

"I'm still worried."

"Ya should be worried about me taking a taste of this wet pussy." His finger trailed the wet silk and a moan escaped her lips. He pressed harder against the silk covering her clit, and her pussy fluttered. She couldn't stop the shudder that shook her frame.

"Grey," she gasped for breath as an air of danger hung over them.

Strong hands grasped her hips and pulled her closer to the edge of the couch. Her legs spread wider to accommodate him. "So wet...so needy." His finger circled her clit and her pussy clenched. "Your scent is making me hungry." His tongue traced his lengthening incisors.

"Are you going to...going to force me?" She licked her suddenly dry lips.

"Force?" He chuckled. "Force ya to come? Force ya to beg?" His eyes glittered wildly, his incisors protruded faintly. Her hips arched upward as he dipped a finger under the edge of her panties. With a jerk, he ripped the material, leaving her bare, open to his eyes, his fingers...anything. He growled as his fingers parted her labia. "There'll be no force. If ya want to go—go. If ya stay I'm gonna lick every delicious inch of this pretty cunt."

She whimpered. Heaven help her, she should go, she should tell him no but her body had other ideas. His dark head began to lower. "Oh my god."

The heat of his breath ruffled the curls on her mound just before his tongue lapped her tender folds. Palming her ass in both hands, he lowered his face between her thighs and she forgot to breathe. Exquisite sensation tore through her body. Lately, sex had come in the form of battery-operated self-gratification. "It's been so long," she gasped, but never had it been this good. Her thighs clenched, her fingers dug into the leather beneath her as her insides turned to mush and liquid oozed from her pussy.

"Please..." she begged and his tongue pierced her hole. He thrust hard, fast and deep.

Shannon groaned and arched, grasping at his head. His wicked tongue pierced her repeatedly in a steady rhythm. "More...oh Jesus...now," she pleaded for release.

Her thighs trembled as he settled her on the edge of the couch. "Don't stop...don't stop." Their eyes met as he slipped a finger into her aching depth. A thumb found her clit, pressing and circling the tender nub.

"Come for me." Another thick finger filled her, plunging deep, and Shannon erupted under his talented hands. His head lowered as she bucked and screamed. He fed on her liquid cream and continued to lap as she settled into sweet, sated bliss. Her ass rested on the black leather as he raised his head. Scorching pits stared at her and she swallowed deeply.

"That was..." She couldn't find the words to explain. This was the first time in a long time she felt like a woman, a whole woman.

"It was the most delicious feast I've ever had." His chest rose and fell rapidly as he spoke.

She stared into his glittering eyes and wanted things she could never have. Shannon's lips trembled as she spoke, "Grey, I still need to go to the police."

His hands tightened on her thighs with almost bruising strength. His gaze narrowed for a moment before he replied in a heavily accented voice. "Ya won't be contactin' the authorities." His needy eyes filled with regret. Twisting his lips, he sighed as he shoved off the floor and turned his back.

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He breathed deeply, trying to still the beast within. The scent and taste of her arousal filled his senses stirring lust, need and something else. Something far more primal consumed him and ate at his resolve. A dark voice inside his head reminded him that he could have her. The heavy ache of his cock reminded him that she'd been willing. He had satisfied her need and he was still aching. It would be so easy—with just a look, he could have her spread beneath him. He could bury himself in her tight,

wet depths while he suckled her big nipples. His cock throbbed painfully. She would enjoy it too. He might not even need to mesmerize her—she'd been willing. Later, if need be he could make her forget but he never would. The thought of erasing her memories of him and leaving her behind didn't sit well within him. Fuck, he couldn't do it. It had been a long time since he wanted a woman this much. For that reason alone, he should not take her. Then there were the authorities to consider—they might connect her to the bite, she might need his help. It was his fault. His concern for her had clouded his mind and he'd forgotten to dispose of the bodies. It was not the kill of a vampire but any kill was dangerous and potentially hazardous to his existence.

"Wh-what do you intend to do?"

Her voice pulled him from his thoughts and he turned, seeing her as the scared young woman she was. Hurting her was out of the question. If he took her, it would be with her complete knowledge. "I cannot allow ya to speak to the authorities about me."

"What are you going to do?"

"For now, I'll keep ya here with me." He wasn't ready to let her go. He needed to comfort her, to remove the fear in her eyes, to bask in her glow—to know the warmth of another—to not be alone, if only for a little while.

"You're going to hold me hostage?" She squared her shoulders and raised her chin, staring directly into his eyes.

He moved closer to his brave captive. "I will keep ya here as my guest." His thumb traced her lip, dipping slowly into her mouth. Her fresh warm breath fanned his face. "I will supply ya with everything ya need—everything ya want." He shifted against her and his body burned as never before. He gritted his teeth, reining in his need.

"But I won't be free to leave?" Her eyes revealed no fear, only resolve and determination.

"Maybe—eventually."

"When?" A delicate brow arched. He longed to tell her never, that he would keep her with him always but he didn't have the right, would never have the right.

"When I decide ya are loyal to me and I can trust ya, or when ya no longer present a threat to me."

"And if I try to escape?"

He grinned, allowing just a hint of his fangs to show. "I will tie ya—to my bed." Grasping her waist, he pressed her firmly against him, allowing her to feel his full-fledged erection. His lips grazed her ear as he whispered to her, "I will tie ya spread-eagle, buck-naked to my bed and torture ya. But not like my Apache ancestors. I will torture ya in a different way until ya beg me to take ya."

Shannon whimpered but he didn't think it was in fear. The pebbled tightness of her nipples grazed his chest and he shifted, dragging the tips along his torso. He wanted her to know that he was aware of her desire—of her aching need that echoed his.

Chuckling deep in his chest, he asked, "Do ya wish to try an escape now? I haven't lassoed anythang in a while but I'm willin' to give it a try."

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Heaven help her, this man was deadly and his charm was certainly lethal. "I...no."

Shannon tried to contemplate her options but it was difficult with him so near. Without a doubt, his strength was far superior to hers but she had yet to meet a man she couldn't outwit. He might hold her here against her will but that didn't mean she was helpless. She just needed to discover his weakness. He was a vampire. He'd want her blood. The thick ridge under his jeans proclaimed his desire for her body. To her dismay, she knew her resistance to him was nil. Could she exchange sex for her freedom? Sex with him would certainly be no hardship on her part. Would he agree to it? He could have her anytime he wanted and then erase the memory. Maybe he already had. No, if he'd mesmerized her she might not remember having sex with him but her body would. Her pussy still tingled from his wicked administrations. If he'd possessed her with his body—with the substantial cock straining beneath the denim—she'd know it. She raised her hands to his heavily muscled chest and shoved. Fluid muscles flexed

under her hands but he didn't budge. After a moment, he took a step backward. She had little doubt that he wanted her to know that he allowed her the extra space.

"If I agree to stay here for the time being can we set some ground rules?"

"Do ya think you're in a position to bargain?"

Shannon straightened her back, leveling a haughty stare in his direction. It worked wonders in the boardroom. "I believe my cooperation will make a difficult situation bearable." She raised her chin a notch. *The best defense is a strong offense.*

"And these rules are?"

"First of all, I want my own room."

His eyes narrowed marginally. "All right but I'll set the alarm just so ya won't try to escape, unless ya want me to follow through on my promise."

"I believe that was a threat." She stared into his dark, penetrating eyes.

"Depends on your point of view I suppose. I didn't hear ya crying foul as I ate my fill of ya." He flashed a wicked grin and crossed his arms across his chest. Biceps bulged. She sucked in a shallow breath.

Closing her eyes, she refused to acknowledge the truth of his words. "Nevertheless, I need some of my clothes and I have to call work and leave a message that I've had a family emergency."

"It's nearly dark out—we can go get your things. I'll have to listen to your call and if ya try anything..."

"I know—spread-eagle on your bed."

"You're learnin'. I just can't wait for your first attempt to betray me."

She had this horrible thought that she just might attempt something just so he could catch her. "And if I never try?"

"Darlin', that'd be a real shame."

Chapter Three

Thank the stars he had an underground garage. She could only imagine the reaction she'd get if she went out in public dressed in his oversized shirt, a pair of boxer briefs and her high-heel shoes. Her heels clanked on the metal stairs as Grey led her down the spiral staircase to the ground floor of the warehouse. She was startled to see the vast selection of vehicles at his disposal. Not being a car buff, she didn't recognize one make from another but they appeared expensive. She wondered where his money came from. Of course, if you live forever you can amass a fortune. He chose a black SUV with darkly tinted windows. Before pulling out of the garage area, he assured her that her door and window had the child lock feature engaged so it would be useless for her to attempt an escape.

She gave him her address and he used his GPS to chart the directions. Settling into the heated leather seat, she flipped on the radio. A sports talk station. She groaned and turned it off. She'd expected something else from a vampire. The vehicle filled with heavy silence, he exuded a raw power as an animal caged and yearning for freedom. She struggled to remain composed as she watched his hands on the wheel. The wheel slid through his fingers as he knowingly handled the car and her thoughts turned to his hands upon her – skillfully, touching...caressing...

"...almost there," Grey said.

"What?" Shannon asked as her eyes focused and she realized they were approaching her building. "That's the one. Pull in there." She gestured at the gated drive.

Shannon lived in an upscale neighborhood and they had to pass through a security gate with an attendant to enter the parking garage. Before Grey rolled down his

window to speak to the guard, he delivered her a warning look that set her nerves on edge.

The guard on duty wore a solemn expression until he recognized Shannon in the passenger seat. "Hello, Ms. McNeal. I'll raise the gate immediately for you."

"Tony, uh, I'm having a bit of a family emergency and will be gone for a few days. Keep an eye on everything for me, okay?"

"Sure thing. I hope everything's all right. If there's anything I can do for you let me know." Shannon smiled at the young guard until she saw the fierce look upon Grey's face.

"Don't worry, she's in good hands." Grey's tone was low, menacing.

Tony nodded his head. "Sir." He backed into the guard shack and pressed the button to raise the automatic gate. Grey's window raised whisper quiet and he edged the vehicle forward into the garage.

"Do you enjoy intimidating people?" Shannon accused.

"Do I intimidate you?" A grin curled his lip.

"No, but I'm not a young, impressionable boy either."

"No, you're certainly not." She felt his dark gaze rove over her. "However, that young boy was fantasizing about how he could help ya in your time of need."

"Oh don't be disgusting, not everyone puts everything on your base level," she huffed, glaring out the window.

"He's male."

"Yes and I'm a sex goddess who has to beat the men off with a stick."

Her eyes flashed back to him in time to see his gaze lower to her chest covered only by his thin shirt and her nipples hardened. "I suppose that's one way to beat 'em off. It wouldn't be my first choice."

"Oh just shut up." Her face heated at her blunder. Open mouth—insert foot.

On the way up in the elevator, Shannon considered her options once again. The ploy to get out of his house worked but so far she had been unable to capitalize on the opportunity. Once they entered her apartment, she would be able to hit the alarm button but should she? More than likely, Tony wouldn't call the police. He would come himself. Then what? Grey would no doubt hurt him. Possibly kill him. No, she couldn't be responsible for delivering Tony to him as a hot meal. She would bide her time. Obviously, if he was willing to bring her here he had no plans to kill her. In fact, he didn't make her feel threatened. Instead, she felt cornered, controlled and she didn't like it. She'd lost control of her life once and she didn't intend to again.

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Shannon unlocked the door and he followed close behind, allowing her no chance to slam the steel door in his face. Entering the empty apartment, he was overwhelmed by her pure essence. The flowery scent that had intrigued his senses last night surrounded them. It was a sunshine and freshness scent, a scent he'd long forgotten.

"I didn't invite you in."

"A vampire misconception."

"Garlic?" she asked.

"Unappealing odor but ineffective." He grinned as she glanced at the hall mirror and his clear reflection.

"If it was that easy to spot and deter a vampire we would have died off long ago. Didn't your friend settle the vampire myths for you?"

"I knew about the mirror. I never asked about garlic and she has a standing invitation to my house. She's not always real forthcoming about vampirism. When I ask questions she says I'm treating her like a freak."

"Vampires—especially female vampires—can be sensitive."

"Sensitive. I believe that's a sexist remark but what should I expect from a man from your generation." Shannon huffed and stalked off.

Grey had to grin, he supposed in some ways he hadn't changed that much over the years. He'd been raised in a male dominant society and he supposed a modern woman would view his values as archaic. His gaze flickered about the room as he took in his surroundings. The room said a lot about her—cream walls accented with bold furniture and prints. An abundance of plants and every possible surface covered in knick-knacks and pictures, a total contrast to his sparse living quarters. It made the differences in their lives apparent.

"I need to water my plants then I'll grab a few things."

Grey gave the apartment a once-over. There was no back exit and there appeared to be only two phones, one on the nightstand by her bed, the other on the island-counter between kitchen and living area. He had confiscated her cell phone from her purse before he returned it to her.

Grey stood in the doorway to her room and regarded her through narrowed eyes. She bent over to water some plants on a lower shelf and the loose-fitting shorts molded to her bottom. His cock took notice, hardening behind the denim. He needed to hurry her along. It was dark now and he was hungry—for more than blood.

He stood stock still, nearly blocking the doorway as she approached. She hesitated a moment, squared her shoulders and marched toward him. She brushed past him with a curt, "Excuse me." Her sweet scent heady with arousal teased his senses.

Opening her double wide closet doors, she snatched a satchel from the bottom of the closet. Tossing it on the bed, she began to rummage through her clothes. "Tell me, what does one pack for a kidnapping?" She pulled a black pantsuit out of the closet.

Grey snorted as he observed her choice. "Darlin', we're not going to a funeral—yet." Grabbing the garment, he tossed it on the floor. "Ya got any jeans in there?" He shoved her to the side and began inspecting her wardrobe. Did this woman own anything besides suits? Disgusted, he turned away from the closet and approached her dresser. He pulled open the first drawer.

"Hey, I don't need your help."

Ignoring her outburst, Grey sunk his hand into the drawer filled with lacy panties. The silks and satins slid luxuriously through his fingers. A grin tugged at his lips. The woman dressed all business on the outside but underneath she was pure feminine. He could imagine her in these. He could imagine taking her out of these, ripping them off with his teeth. His balls tightened with need.

He tossed a handful of the silk panties at the bag.

"Let me." She tried to wedge herself between him and the dresser. Her hip bumped against his groin and a low growl escaped his lips. Wrapping an arm around her, he held her to his side as he proceeded to open the next drawer. It held strappy little barely there bras. He remembered removing one of these. He remembered what was under it. Right now, their fullness rubbed against his forearm. Grabbing two, he shut the drawer.

Next he found nighties—he took his time holding up various ones. There was a short, sheer black gown, a red lace one and even a long, virginal white gown. He tossed several, including the black one, in the bag.

"Do you intend for me to wear anything besides underwear?"

He chuckled, "Only in public."

"Will we be in public much?"

He licked his lips, his gaze roaming her form. "No."

"If you'll let me go, I have some jeans on the top shelf of my closet."

Reluctantly, he released her and she grabbed two pair and a couple of T-shirts. She also produced a sweatsuit, a pair of flannel pajamas and some tennis shoes, dumping it all on the bed.

Something in her drawer caught his eye as she began to fill her satchel. When she reached for the flannel pjs he grabbed them from her. "I don't think so. You won't need those but what about these?" He held up the dildo and vibrator, which had been stashed beneath her gowns.

"Put those down!" Color bloomed on her cheeks.

"Why? We could have some fun with these." He turned on the vibrator and it hummed softly.

"I don't think so."

Grey stalked closer until she backed up against the wall. "Oh but I do. I can fuck you with this while you suck my cock."

"Grey," she mewled. He held the vibe between her thighs and her lips parted on a strangled gasp. He raised a hand to her mouth, rubbing her full bottom lip.

Her eyes flared and his cock stirred to life. "That's right, part those lips for me." He thrust his thumb into her mouth and she bit down—hard.

Growling, he pulled his thumb from her mouth and flipped off the vibe. "Just one scenario, I have many more and by the way, biting a vamp..." He shook his head. "Not smart. It doesn't turn me off, in fact, just the opposite. You're lucky I didn't bite back."

She huffed indignantly but didn't comment. He dropped her toys in the bag before she zipped it shut. She turned, refusing to meet his gaze. "Okay, I'm ready."

"Ready." He arched a brow.

"To go," she announced impatiently.

"Change first."

"What?"

"Change into your own clothes first. Something comfortable," he purred close to her ear.

"Okay, leave the room." Shannon waved an arm in the direction of the door.

"No."

"I'm not changing in front of you." She crossed her arms over her abundant breasts and glared. He found it amusing. She showed no fear of him, she knew what he was capable of but still she defied him. He liked that.

"Why not? I already tasted your sweetness," he reminded her and enjoyed the heat that flooded her face and neck.

"I...uh...I was concussed, hardly aware at the time, so that doesn't count."

"Is that the story? Maybe I need to remind ya. I remember exactly what's under those clothes of mine you're wearing." He moved closer.

Her eyes grew wider as he spoke. "It's really pretty pathetic that you have to force unwilling women to strip for you."

An unholy growl erupted from him and he spun away from her. "Lady, ya have no self-preservation instincts. I could force ya to disrobe. I could force ya to do a lot more."

"I think we both know you're bigger and stronger than I." Her eyes narrowed on him. "But I don't think you're a rapist."

Grey ran his tongue over his teeth. The incisors were just beginning to protrude. He was walking on dangerous ground. The sexual banter they engaged in was increasing his appetite. In a voice barely above a whisper, he taunted her. "I think we both know it wouldn't be rape. I could lay ya down on that bed and within ten minutes you'd beg me to take ya – deep and hard." He hauled her close and anchored her hips to his. "And it would be deep and hard."

She tried to laugh but the sound came out somewhat strangled.

He growled. "I'll turn my back. You have five minutes." The rustle of clothes flayed his nerves.

Grey's control exceeded its limits. As he wheeled the vehicle through the dark city streets, his hunger ate upon him. He grinded his teeth in an attempt not only to relieve his stress but also to stop the protrusion of his fangs.

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"I have a stop I need to make. I have a hunger that I need a *woman* to satisfy. You will be required to stay in the vehicle."

Shannon didn't miss the way he stressed the word *woman* but her mind couldn't get past the fact he was willing to leave her alone in his vehicle. Was it a trap? Did he

expect her to make a run for it? So he could capture her again and fulfill his promise—threat.

She sat silently at his side as he drove farther into the dregs of the city. Finally, he pulled over to the curb and threw the vehicle into park. He twisted in his seat to look at her. “I won’t be gone long. I’ll set the alarm system on the car. If ya try to exit the vehicle, it will alert me. I’ll be here to stop your escape.” He glanced out the front window. “Or they will.” On the corner just ahead, there were several men milling around and Shannon swallowed nervously. “Do you think they would be willing to help ya?” His gaze returned to her and his eyes glowed eerily. “They probably would for a price.” His lashes lowered. “Would ya rather be in my hands or theirs?”

Shannon weighed her options and sadly had to admit to herself that she felt safer with her current abductor than she would out there on the street. “I’ll stay with the car.”

“Don’t leave the car no matter what. If there’s a problem blow the horn.” If she didn’t know better she’d swear that was concern in his voice.

Grey slammed the door behind him. The chirp of the alarm sounded as she watched him dart around the corner.

Shannon’s fingers closed around the door handle, and then she jerked her hand back. Her heart pounded furiously. She glanced at the street sign. Thirty-forth and Central—she didn’t need the gang on the corner to know this wasn’t the best part of town. Grey of course hadn’t hesitated to walk right past the group of young men but he exuded a dark, raw power that not many were willing to challenge. Her mouth became dry when two of the men watched where Grey had disappeared and the other two began to eye the SUV. She knew they couldn’t see her through the tinted, mirrored windows but she leaned over toward the driver’s seat, closer to the horn regardless.

Chapter Four

Down the street, Grey encountered two young women sitting on the stoop of an apartment building. The humid night allowed for their scanty attire. Grey barely noticed—his attention centered solely on the blood that pumped through their veins. His dark gaze roamed over them and then he ducked into the alley next to their building. He didn't have to wait long. The patter of high heels on concrete alerted him of their arrival. Shrouded in darkness only the glitter of his inhuman eyes gave his location away.

"Hey, mister, you lookin' for some fun?" one of the females called to him.

With a wave of his arm, they approached and he tucked a crisp hundred-dollar bill into each of the girls' ample bosoms before pulling the first one into his embrace. He didn't usually pay for sex and he wasn't paying for it now. He paid for their blood and he didn't have the time to give them any pleasure. He stared deeply into the first girl's eyes before sinking his fangs into her throat. While he suckled at her neck, the other girl dropped to her knees and began to stroke his cock through his jeans. Ordinarily, he would have found this situation arousing but now all he could think about was easing one hunger so he could return to the woman who ignited his other hunger.

He licked the small wound closed and set the girl to the side, hauling the other girl up into his embrace. He had taken about as much as he dared when he heard the first blast of the horn. He yanked his fangs loose, still dripping blood from their white tumescent length. It was a good thing the young woman's head rolled back or she would have been horrified. He hastily licked the wound closed and shoved her at her friend. "Sorry ladies, that's my call." He spun and beat a speedy retreat toward his vehicle—toward Shannon.

His unnatural speed had him rounding the corner before the second blast of the horn ended. The scent of the undead hung in the air but he saw nothing terribly amiss, except the men appeared to be glancing at his vehicle apprehensively. Quickly, he unlocked the door and yanked it open. Relief flooded him to find her unharmed but apparently frightened.

"What happened?"

"Those men began approaching the car and suddenly they stopped. They were looking over there." Shannon gestured to the side of a building and Grey's eyes followed. "There was a man standing there...staring at them. Then he turned and looked at me, his eyes were almost white and glowing. I think he was a vampire but he was different...scary. He was so pale and his hair..." Shannon shuddered. "His hair was long, reddish blond. I didn't know what to do so I freaked and blew the horn."

"You did the right thing. I know you're used to dealing with vampires but not all vampires can be trusted." Grey pulled her to him for a moment, offering comfort, seeking comfort in return. His heart pounded as her description set his nerves on edge for it matched his most hated enemy. *Grigore! If he had returned that spelled trouble for them all, and he'd seen Shannon. Now he had no choice but to keep her with him, to keep her safe.* He would have to be careful. Pulling back, he looked into her trouble-filled gaze and couldn't resist lowering his mouth to her parted lips. Her taste besieged his senses. Never had the taste of a woman's lips ignited him so. He deepened the kiss, sliding his tongue between her lips, seeking solace, redemption.

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She had been scared and a little put out that he would leave her sitting here while he satisfied his animal urges. It was odd how her vampire captor managed to inspire her trust, while the other one rattled her nerves. Once Grey enclosed her in his arms, she felt safe. Nothing could hurt her while he was near. Then his lips descended and her world turned on its axis. Heat seared her insides. She shifted, moving closer, her arms wrapped around his shoulders, burying in his long, silky hair. Parting her lips, she

wasn't disappointed as his tongue penetrated and met hers in a silent duel. One hand moved from her waist to just under her breast. She moaned and arched, begging for his touch, but he didn't immediately comply. Instead his fingers teasingly caressed her stomach and abs. Her breasts ached and her pussy clenched, his hand needed to go up or down. Shifting in his lap, she felt his erection prodding her side and she rubbed shamelessly against it. She gasped at the sharp sensation of his teeth nibbling her lip and finally his large hand engulfed her breast, massaging the aching mass. Oh sweet lord! Her panties dampened with drizzling wetness. Ardent fingers found her nipple, squeezing, rolling the tip. Toe-curling need flooded her pussy and she arched farther, offering him—everything.

With a growl, he ripped his lips from hers. "Sorry, I didn't mean to do that." He gasped for breath, settling back into the leather seat. Shannon slithered off his lap, her head spinning. Shame flooded her, if he hadn't stopped she'd have let him—right here in the front seat. He had only to touch her and she lost the will to resist. Her gaze settled on the white-knuckle grip he had on the steering wheel. At least he wasn't unaffected but still he had managed to stop when she had not.

Shannon closed her eyes—her wits were scattered. She was out of her depth. Her impenetrable fortress breached. The gates were open, let the looting begin. She huddled into her seat, hoping he had not read her like an open, needy book. For so long, she'd fought to be a successful, independent person and now she found herself wanting...needing things she couldn't have with a vampire of all people.

Deathly silence companioned them on the drive back to his lair. As soon as they reached the warehouse, Shannon hopped out of the car and ran up the stairs ahead of him.

She glanced furtively at him then away. Unerringly, her gaze flew back to him and his loose-gaited swagger as he ascended the stairs, satchel in hand. Her gaze swept over him once then narrowed in on a spot on his shirt. "Is that a spot of blood?" she asked.

His eyes lowered, a brow arched and he shrugged. "No, must be ketchup," he murmured, stepping up onto the landing next to her, invading her personal space.

Ketchup my ass, she thought. He'd been feeding off some helpless victim, probably a female he'd hypnotized with those dark, mesmerizing eyes. *Womanizing bloodsucker*. When would she learn, she knew what he was. He'd gone from sucking some woman's blood to sucking face with her. She glowered as he set the elaborate alarm system but she only managed to see him enter two numbers of the four-digit code.

"I'm tired and my headache has returned. Can you show me to my room?"

"Running, Shannon?" Grey purred in his sweet as sin voice.

"Tired," she muttered, rubbing the tender area on her head for effect. Surprisingly, his eyes softened.

"This way." She followed him down the hallway to a room across the hall from his. Once again, the decor was sparse and basic but it would suit her needs. With a rueful smile, she noted the lack of a window – she wouldn't find escape that way. At least the door had a lock. Flipping the lock mechanism, she waited for him to set her bag down and leave.

A chuckle escaped his lips. "Ya think a flimsy lock would stop me if I wanted in?"

She glared but didn't reply.

"Don't think of tryin' to escape. I've set the alarm."

Shannon glowered at his retreating backside but didn't comment.

"I have excellent hearing so don't even think of using your toys unless you want me to break down the door." He gnashed his teeth. "If I have to suffer so do you."

"I thought you found a woman to satisfy your needs earlier."

"That was a different need. My baser urges take much longer to satisfy. When I take you it will take hours – days to satisfy my hunger." Without another word, he turned and left the room.

She slammed the door behind him. "Arrogant and insufferable, that's what he is — not to mention sexy as hell," she murmured to herself.

"I heard that."

"Oh fuck off."

Eerie laughter echoed down the hall.

The door to his room cracked open and he lay sprawled across the bed. A sheet molded his lower body and she jerked her eyes from that sight. Now was not the time to get distracted. A pile of clothes lay next to the bed. She stole quietly into the room, inching closer to the bed. He didn't stir. The room was dark and she dropped to her knees to locate the shirt. She had to know if it was blood on his shirt. The morning news had reported the finding of two dead prostitutes near Thirty-fourth and Central. Had Grey killed them? It had to be the other vampire, the one who watched her from the shadows. The report said they'd suffered massive injuries to their throats and there appeared to be a lack of blood at the scene. If he'd ripped out their throats, there'd be more than a spot of blood on his shirt — wouldn't there?

She found what she was looking for and glanced up into eyes that gleamed. He lounged on the side of the bed, his face mere inches from hers. The sheet was nowhere in sight. Rolling gracefully to his feet, he stood towering over her. She glanced anxiously at him. Her face was on level with his prominent erection and she jerked backward, falling awkwardly on her bottom. *Oh lord, he hadn't lied when he promised deep and hard.* His thick appendage jutted proudly from between his muscled thighs.

"Are ya looking for something?"

"I...uh, thought I would do some laundry." She licked her lips, struggling to tear her gaze from his cock.

"Because ya have so many dirty clothes." It was a statement not a question.

"Well, I only brought a couple changes so I figured I better keep everything clean." She managed to look at his face. In the faint light his eyes and teeth gleamed.

"And did ya find the laundry room?"

"I haven't looked yet."

Squatting down in front of her, he grasped her chin. His eyes probed hers. "Why don't ya confess ya were looking for a key?"

"I..." She was afraid to mention the news report and that she was looking for blood. Grasping at straws, she nodded her head.

"Do ya remember your punishment for tryin' to escape?"

"No...no, I wasn't trying to escape. I was..."

"Too late, ya already confessed. It's time for the punishment—or should I say your reward."

"Grey," she squeaked as he scooped her up in his too powerful arms. Her face pressed intimately to his hairless chest and a sigh escaped her lips. He tossed her into the middle of the rumpled bed and followed her down. His large, firm body pinned her to the mattress. She tried to wiggle loose and he laughed.

"Go ahead, struggle, it excites me all the more as ya squirm beneath me. I wonder which panty set ya chose to wear for me. I'll soon know." His breath fluttered on her cheek as his lips met hers.

A maelstrom of emotion rocked her to the core. Relaxing, she parted her lips for his invasion. In the back of her mind, the thought of the deaths lingered but she knew in her heart, he hadn't killed those women. If she were honest, she'd admit part of the reason she'd entered his room was for this. His hand settled between her damp thighs and she groaned. This was what she wanted. Her hands left his shoulders, traveling down his smooth, muscled back.

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She looked as if she belonged on his bed, her hair spread out across the black velvet spread. Lips temptingly swollen from his kisses parted on a sigh. "Grey."

His lips traced her neck to her ear, biting at the lobe, not hard enough to pierce. His tongue entered her ear and she shuddered. "My tongue will enter every nook, cranny and crevice." She whimpered helplessly as his tongue thrust back into her mouth.

He needed a taste, just a sip of her blood. His tongue played with hers, encouraging it to enter the unholy cavern of his mouth. Unwittingly, her tongue followed his, licking its way past his lips. Her tongue rolled across his and he suckled the torrid appendage.

At her answering groan of submission, he parted her legs for his thigh. She writhed against him, grinding her jean-covered cunt against his bare leg. Her hands gripped his hips as she rode his leg. He silently cursed the clothing that separated their flesh.

Closing his mouth around her tongue, he allowed his fangs to gently pierce the tender flesh as he continued to suckle. Her sweet essence engulfed him. Hot blood flooded his veins, filling his elongated cock with heat and obsessive need. She bucked on his thigh, her pussy becoming liquid heat. Long nails raked their way up his back, leaving shallow gorges. He arched, grinding his fiercely aching erection into her hip. Her muffled scream of release awoke him from the sensual haze and he released her tongue.

Their mouths parted and they both gasped for breath. She swallowed deeply, raking her teeth across her tongue. "What the hell was that? I've never—jeez." She shuddered as her luminous eyes held his steady gaze.

"You didn't enjoy it."

"I didn't say that. It's just...I've never come from having my tongue sucked but I've never had my tongue sucked quite like that either. You bit me, didn't you?"

Reaching beneath her shirt, Grey gathered her full, pendulum breasts in his hands. "Just wait until I suckle these." He flicked her nipples with his thumbs as he continued, "And I'll suck that hot little clit that is pulsing against my thigh."

Her eyes widened, her lips parted. "I don't think..." Her pink tongue snaked out and wet her lips. "I couldn't survive it."

Grey's dark, sinister laugh filled the room. "Ohh, you'll survive and beg for more."

* * * * *

Shannon blinked at his bold statement but didn't argue. His penetrating gaze as much as his body pinned her to the bed. Dark eyes narrowed in scrutiny as his thumbs drew torturously slow circles around her nipples.

She bit her bottom lip to silence her pleas. She didn't want to prove him right, at least not so quickly. Sinewy muscles flexed under her hands as he shifted his weight. His skin warmed under her touch as she trailed fingers up his spine. Shannon was pleased to see fierce need flicker in his eyes. She might beg but he wouldn't get off unscathed.

Sliding her hands down his back to his ass, she squeezed. Taut muscles flexed. She cupped the bunched muscle and then reached between to brush against his heavy sac.

"You're a bad girl," he moaned as he ripped her shirt off.

His head lowered and she watched as his mouth absorbed a nipple. His tongue rolled the peak and she forgot to breathe. "Fuck!" she gasped, finally able breathe.

He chuckled against her skin. "An invitation?" Raising his head long enough to speak, he switched to the other breast. Rasping the tender flesh with his teeth, he sent pinpricks of pleasure straight to her clit.

Her pussy was slick with need, as he would soon discover. A hand flicked the snap of her jeans and lowered the zipper. The loose jeans easily slid down her legs, leaving her clad in a silken pink thong. His thumb ground the wet, silky material against her slick folds. She drew a sharp breath.

"I like your choice but I think I'll enjoy tearing it off you even more." Magnetic eyes found hers as his finger slid beneath the material. She shut her eyes and swallowed deeply.

"Look at me," his voice rasped with heated desire. "I want to watch you come as I claim your body."

Her eyes fluttered to his and with a sharp jerk of his hand, he tore the material that shielded her pussy. She released a shaky breath as skilled fingers parted her labia. Parting her legs wider, she opened herself to his fingers. She wanted his penetration, needed his deep possession to feel whole.

"Grey," she cried. Her hands found his erect shaft and it branded her with its searing heat. Her hands were her eyes as she grasped his cock, gauging his girth, his length. "Oh lord." Her pussy throbbed, ached, wanting what his fingers promised.

She circled his rod with both hands. He was hot, hard and vein riddled. Her thumb rode the slit in his fleshy head and pre-come dampened her finger.

"Please," she begged.

"What do you want?"

"You. This." She gave his cock an extra yank.

An unholy growl left his lips. "You may get more than you bargained for." He arched, displaying perfectly sculpted pecs, a chiseled six-pack and she licked her lips.

"I hope so."

She felt the vibrations of his chuckle more than she heard it.

* * * * *

Grey knelt between her thighs. Her hungry gaze lowered and his cock grew impossibly heavier under her wanton eyes. Her parted thighs revealed her flushed, swollen pussy. Cream coated her lips and the heady scent of arousal lifted to his nose.

"Do you have condoms?" The question was innocent but reminded him of his shortcomings.

There was no need for condoms since he was incapable of producing a child. Nor would his body tolerate a disease. He shook his head. "No need, I can't get you pregnant and vampires don't carry venereal diseases."

He wasn't sure what he expected, certainly not the tears that filled her eyes. Her lips trembled as she smiled. "I can't...I can't have a child anyway."

His heart pounded, he shouldn't feel joy to know she was sterile but part of him rejoiced. If she couldn't have children, she wouldn't mind that he couldn't...not that even the darkest recesses of his mind could conceive a beautiful, vibrant woman such as her wanting a future with him.

The throb of his cock thrust aside any thoughts of a future. He licked his lips. His gaze drilled her cunt as his shaft soon would, but first, he needed to taste her sweetness again before he marked it with his essence. He bent her knees to her chest, leaving her open, vulnerable.

He lowered his head and her hands groped his hair. "No...no...no..." Her cries weakened as he tongued her tender folds.

"Sweet," he panted, his cock twitched with want of its turn. Her thick cream as delicious as her blood warmed his soul. He held her gyrating hips still as his tongue pierced her tight hole, seeking more of her heady juices.

"Please...please." A fierce yank of his hair wouldn't stop him. His lips curled to a grin against her wet, needy cunt as he tongue-fucked her. Finding her clit with a thumb, he ground the tender flesh in tight circles. She writhed. Her inner muscles quivered and pulsed against his thrusting tongue. "Oh fuck...oh fuck." Her climax shuddered through her as she rode his face.

While she still vibrated in the grips of ecstasy, he shifted and thrust full length into her quaking depths. His breath hissed from his lips, she was hot, tight and oh-so wet. She rippled around his cock and he gritted his teeth in sweet agony. With superhuman strength, he held himself immobile.

Misty eyes opened to meet his and he growled with need at the emotion burning in her gaze. Holding her stare, he eased back and thrust forward, seating himself balls deep in liquid heat. Her eyes rolled back as she gasped to breathe.

He lowered his gaze to where her body stretched wide to swallow him. Between her plump folds, her swollen nub peeked at him. Tweaking the tender flesh with one hand, he arched forward. Gathering a breast to his mouth, he slowly began to pump his hips. He wanted...needed double penetration – fangs and cock!

“I could drown in you, in your sweet, wet heat.”

His fangs protruded – erect, needy, he allowed them to sink into her nipple as his hips rapid-fired his possession. The double penetration put her over the edge and she gasped and bucked.

“Grey.” Her pussy clenched his cock, creamed and began a pulsing, milking rhythm that shot his control to hell and back.

“Fuck.” His fangs released her breast as his cock thrust endlessly, deathlessly erupting hot cum deep in her welcoming depths.

He collapsed, gasping for breath, sated for the first time in years. He licked his lips, her taste upon his tongue souring. He closed his eyes as realization dawned. In his sexual haze, he hadn’t noticed the slight taint to her blood. He knew the cause – cancer. His heart pounded. Did she know? Was it curable? Was that why she couldn’t have children? He had to know. If she was ill, he could offer her a cure of sorts.

As his breathing returned to normal he couldn’t stop the question, “Why can’t you have children?”

“I had a hysterectomy – cancer,” she didn’t hesitate to reply. Her answer was quick and precise, a standard, emotionless retort. One she’d obviously given many times. He needed more.

“Are you cured?”

She shrugged her shoulders and cast her eyes away. He had his answer. She knew or suspected the cancer was back.

Chapter Five

A hysterectomy and two rounds of chemo had taken their toll on her body and mind. Her hair had grown back. For all appearances, she was normal but felt like less than a woman. What man would want a wife who couldn't give him children – maybe a man who couldn't have children either?

She turned to meet his steady gaze. For once, his eyes were warm and unguarded. He could be perfect for her if he wasn't a deranged killer. A man who didn't expect children, a man who didn't make her feel as if she were half a woman. A man who couldn't walk in the light of day? Okay, there were some issues but they weren't insurmountable. Not if he wanted her as much as she wanted him.

His hand caressed her stomach. "No scar."

She shook her head. "It was a vaginal operation." Her scars were not the physical kind.

"What will you do if the cancer returns?" Worry softened his eyes.

"I don't know, I guess it would depend on the type of cancer, the treatment options." This wasn't something she wanted to discuss with a new lover. It certainly wasn't the way to start a relationship. Especially not when you've been putting off your check-up because you've been unusually tired – the same as you were before.

* * * * *

He had to tell her. She had to know so she could make a decision. She could seek help or he could offer her an eternal cure. If he told her and she refused he would have to erase her memories of him and implant an impulse to seek medical help. It was the only way. It would leave his existence a bleak one, filled with a vivid hunger that would

never be sated, but he would do it for her. He could not force her to accept him or his way of life. He would not force this existence upon her the way it was forced upon him.

It was a cool night. His bedroll lay near the crackling campfire. A branch snapped and he knew he was no longer alone. His senses had always been astounding. He supposed it was his Indian blood. It had served him well, he needed to be alert, half-breeds didn't have many friends.

His hand closed around his Colt .45. His eyes opened mere slits, his long lashes shielding the fact that he was awake. Then he saw her, the surreal beauty that seemed to float toward him from the darkness. He thought it was a trick. No woman such as herself would be traveling alone. She had to have a male escort. Everyone knew women were defenseless.

He rolled gracefully from his blankets to stand in front of the woman. Without fear, she moved closer until they stood toe to toe. Her long dark hair, multicolored, flowing skirts and abundance of jewelry proclaimed her gypsy blood. He knew he couldn't trust her, holding her as a shield in front of him as his dark eyes searched the surrounding area for her accomplice.

The woman was cool to the touch but as she wiggled against him, he was anything but. She began a low sultry purr as she started to kiss his throat and jawline.

He tried to keep his senses focused on what was just outside the firelight but found it difficult with her ripe curves covered only by a silky blouse pressed tightly to him.

"Woman, where's yer man?"

A tinkle of laughter met the question. "I have no man."

He spun her around in his arms, his hand holding the Colt nuzzled against her full breasts and his fully erect cock grazing her bottom. "I know ya can't be alone. Where is he?"

With surprising strength, the woman broke his hold on her and danced to the other side of the fire. Her black hair and skirt fluttered around her as she danced and then his breath caught in his throat. Her fingers parted buttons, revealing full breasts. They swayed and bounced as she moved to an inner music. His cock throbbed behind its buckskin covering.

Turning her back, she bent and shimmied her hips as she lowered her skirt. An upturned ass with legs slightly parted had given him a tempting view of her damp pussy. If she hadn't

immediately twirled around the fire, in his direction, he would have walked right through the flames to get to her. He wouldn't have felt the heat.

The gypsy hellcat didn't stop until she wrapped her arms around his neck. "So, breed, you do anything on those blankets besides sleep?"

Thoughts of an ambush fled his mind. He was well liked by the ladies, though many of them would never admit to lowering themselves to bedding a half-breed savage. However, this was unusual even for him.

His low chuckle came from deep in his chest. "Ma'am, my blankets been used for many thangs," he replied in his heavily accented voice.

Once again, she danced playfully away from him and settled herself upon his bedroll. "You mind sharing?" Glittering dark eyes bore into him.

It had been a long time since he thought of that night, his induction into the dark. Selena had been a beautiful gypsy vampire. She had told him afterward that she had been lonely, though not quite alone. She had watched him and thought he would make the perfect vampire mate for her because he was an outcast with no real family to leave behind.

In some ways, she had made the perfect choice. He had been weary of life as a half-breed, never accepted as white or Apache. The problems had arisen when she taught him of their powers and their needs. Almost immediately, he rejected the idea of killing innocent people to feed his hungers. She tried to convince him it was necessary but he proved he could take blood without killing.

Through trial and error, he had learned to take only enough blood to sate his ravenous hunger while leaving his victim alive and unaware of what he had done. He had discovered the easiest way to accomplish his task was by seducing women. In the heat of passion, a stray bite here or there was not suspicious. If done in this way, he did not have to concern himself with mesmerizing his victims or erasing their memories. Of course, he did not seduce all his victims—sometimes he took sustenance from males

and occasionally he lowered himself to feeding from animals such as deer. The blood of an animal was not quite the same, sometimes making him queasy. Never did it quench his hunger the way warm human blood did.

No matter the argument, Selena was not willing to change her ways. She thought it was too much work. If you didn't kill, you had to limit the amount of blood you took and you were still hungry, therefore you had to hunt more. For her it was easier just to kill and drain the body dry and then she was sated. Eventually though, the trail of dead bodies she left behind caught up with her.

It had been a bright, sunny day when they finally caught her. He had sought his sleep nearby and sensed the commotion but had been unable to help her—or them. The hunters believed the common vampire lore. Thinking if they approached her during the day she would be defenseless. Wrong! It was true most vampires slept by day, only because they were awake all night. Since they could not tolerate direct sunlight, they preferred the night but were just as strong by day.

It had been a bloodbath. Five men were down before someone managed to shove her out a window. Her unholy screams as sunlight seared her flesh still woke him on occasion.

He had stood in the shadows of a cave entrance not more than fifty yards away but there was nothing he could do. She had not burst into flames immediately as many believed would happen. She could have survived the burn and recovered if she had escaped but while the sun distracted her, a holy man had pierced her heart with a stake.

If she had been willing to change, it could have been different. Grigore, her sire, had been livid at her death and wrought destruction on the townspeople. Grey had refused to participate. Although he mourned her loss, he thought it justified, even necessary. For that reason, Grigore hated him and from time to time over the years, he'd sought Grey out. Always, he left a trail of destruction in his wake. This time Grey had to stop him, he wouldn't allow Grigore to harm Shannon.

Grey would never force the darkness upon Shannon but he could offer her a choice. Offer her immortality at his side, but first he had to eliminate Grigore.

"There's something I have to tell you," Grey announced.

"You don't want a relationship with a woman who could get sick at any time," her voice quavered with emotion.

He frowned. "No. That's not it...when I tasted you, I discovered...the cancer's back." He regarded her closely.

Her eyes closed and she spoke softly, "I expected as much."

He gathered her closer, nuzzling her cheek, her neck, wanting her to know she was not alone. "I can cure you."

"You mean turn me." Blue eyes stared directly into his. There was no fear, only resolve.

"Yes. Vampirism is a disease, a regenerating disease. You will crave blood but there is no need to kill. I don't kill people—not usually." He resisted the urge to add a compulsion for her to accept his will. It would be her choice either way.

"You killed the men who attacked me." It was more a statement than a question.

"Yes but..."

"What about the prostitutes last night? I know you took their blood but did you kill them?"

"No. There was no need for that."

"Two female prostitutes were found dead near Thirty-fourth and Central Avenue with their throats ripped out."

"Grigore."

"Is that the vamp I saw?"

He nodded his head. "I think so. He has a grudge against me."

"What happened?"

Grey explained about the death of his sire Selena. "He never forgave me for not seeking revenge. Over the years, our paths have crossed a time or two with bloody results. I should have ended this sooner. If I had, those girls would still be alive."

"Maybe. Some people say when it's your time, it's your time."

"It was my time long ago and yet I am here."

"I'm glad."

For the first time in a long time, he was too. "So will you allow me to help you? Not all vampires are like Grigore. He is a sick, twisted vampire because he was a sick, twisted man."

"You don't have to explain. I know vamps aren't crazed bloodsuckers, at least not most of them, but I'm not sure..."

"If you weren't sick I'd be content to stay with you, to allow you to age, knowing someday I'd lose you but I can't...I don't want to lose you now. I don't want to watch you suffer." A fierce emotion burned in his eyes. "I have to protect you from Grigore, he'll come after you. He'll try to turn you but in such a way as to make you his slave, just to punish me. If I turn you it will prevent that, at worst he could..."

"Kill me."

"He will try but I'll protect you. You'll have a better chance as a vampire."

She nodded her head as she considered his words. "What about my ass?"

"Your ass?" His hand ran up her thigh and squeezed. "What about it?"

"If I'm a vamp, will it be firmer? You know, lose the jiggle."

"I like the jiggle," Grey replied, squeezing the two generous mounds of flesh.

"You didn't answer my question."

"All of your muscles will be firm, strong."

"No more squats and leg lifts."

"No surgery, no dieting, no squats—as for the leg lifts. You'll be lifting and parting these pretty legs for me—for eternity."

“That’s my kind of exercise.”

Chapter Six

What did she have to lose? Another surgery and more chemo, hell, she could even keep her job...she might have to adjust her hours. Nuzzling her face into his neck, she muttered, "Bite me."

"What?"

"Just do it."

"It involves an exchange of blood—I suck you—you suck me," his voice lowered an octave.

"Ohh, I like the sound of that!"

"Do ya now! Where do ya want the bite?" He trailed his tongue down the vein in her neck. "Here?" He gathered a breast in his hand and his tongue flicked the nipple. "Maybe here...or how about I sink my fangs into your hot little clit."

Her heart thumped, every nerve in her body screamed. "I don't think..."

"Ya want it. Ya know ya do." His gaze smoldered with intense heat. He grinned, fangs gleaming, and she swallowed deeply.

His breath was hot and heavy as he shifted down her body, spreading her thighs. Hunger flared fiercely and her heart pounded. "G...Grey."

"So wet and ready." His dark eyes devoured her pussy. His fangs gleamed, he looked like the dangerous predator he was. However, he didn't want to kill her. He wanted to save her.

His tongue parted her folds, sifting through her slit. "Oh my god!" She writhed, begging for release. The tip of his tongue flicked her clit and her hands burrowed in his silky hair. "Please, Grey."

She felt the coolness of his fangs on the hood of her cunt. Their eyes met, his flared with hunger as he growled. The vibration teased her pussy then his fangs pierced and she screamed, bucking against his mouth. Pain turned to pleasure as the sweetest sensations built. His tongue rasped her clit as he suckled deeply, powerfully. It felt as if he sucked her soul out through her pussy. She rippled with pleasure and gushed cream to join with the blood.

She whimpered helplessly as his fangs released. Rising up, his fangs dipped with her blood, he slammed his thick cock into her aching depths. A long nail raked a gash above his left breast and he drew her mouth to the wound. "Suckle me."

His hot blood filled her mouth and she groaned. Fire flowed through her veins and her pussy clenched. His exotic taste consumed her and she sucked deeply, vigorously drawing his blood into her body as she devoured him. It was an addictive, gnawing hunger. He yanked her mouth from his chest as his fangs pierced her neck and his cock plunged repeatedly. Her blood boiled and she convulsed, liquid fire pulsed through her body. White light erupted behind her eyes and her head fell back as everything went dark.

She gasped, drawn back to wakefulness as a cool cloth brushed her face. "What?"

"I thought you might want to get cleaned up."

Her eyes roamed his nude form, noticing the absence of a gash to his chest, though blood still smeared his flesh. Her eyes darted down and her head spun. She lifted a hand. "Wow."

"Take it easy, your body needs to adjust."

She felt high, as if her eyes were too wide, taking in too much. "Did we do all this?" Blood splattered her thighs, stomach and the bed.

"Yeah. Somebody got a little carried away." His mouth curved in a sexy grin.

"Sorry."

"How do you feel?"

"Hungry," she purred.

"I'll teach you how to feed without killing," his voice took on a serious note and she giggled.

"I'm not hungry for food." She raked her gaze across his well-developed abs to his cock. It twitched under her bold stare then surged to life and her blood burned at the sight. "I wasn't thinking about sucking—blood." She licked her lips before wrapping them around his shaft.

"Mmm," she moaned. He tasted salty, musky as she worked her tongue on the sensitive underside of cock.

"Saints blood," Grey hissed, his stomach flinched as he settled back on the bed.

His hands wrapped in her hair, guiding her mouth. She swallowed around his thick cock, taking more, deeper into her mouth, her throat. Her senses reeled. All of her senses...taste, touch, smell, heightened to the extreme.

"Fuck, Shannon," he growled. "Take it all." He thrust upward, holding her head in place, and she swallowed his length. Laving his cock, devouring his turgid length, she grasped his balls and felt them tighten. Her teeth grazed his flesh as her tongue circled his pulsing shaft. His hips pumped and he growled deep in his chest. She rolled his balls in her hands. Grey roared and his cum shot down her throat.

Slowly, her head bobbed as she drank all he had to offer. His semi-erect cock slipped from her mouth and stretched along his stomach. "Tasty." She grinned as she felt her incisors protrude.

* * * * *

The sun had set on the second day after Shannon's rebirth and Grey couldn't wait any longer. Grigore had slaughtered three college kids last night and unless Grey stopped him, he'd kill again tonight. The news report suggested the killings were cult or gang related. They said it would have been impossible for one person to commit such heinous crimes.

Grey's eyes turned to Shannon as she rested in his bed. She'd taken to the change extremely well, though she had yet to feed from anyone but him. She found the prospect of biting a stranger disquieting but he didn't mind. She could feed from him for eternity. Truthfully, he would prefer it. The thought of Shannon sinking her teeth into anyone else inflamed him, especially if it were another male.

She was his. He would protect her and provide for her for all eternity. His lip curled into a smile. Immortality used to be a bleak sentence of a doomed existence but now it held the promise of an everlasting paradise. Now he had a reason to survive and he would do whatever it took to protect their future.

"Shannon, I'm going out—for dinner. I'll be back soon."

"Okay." She rolled over and stretched. "I'll get a shower while you're out."

"Don't leave the loft."

"Yes, master."

"Mmm, I'll let you be my submissive bitch when I get back. Make you work for your supper." He winked and headed for the door. He hadn't told her that he intended to hunt down and kill Grigore. He'd left a note with an explanation, a key to his safe and his bank account numbers on his desk. If he didn't return, he knew she'd find it. As an estate planner he had no doubt she'd be able to take care of herself if need be. His only concern was killing Grigore. Even if he had to sacrifice himself, Grigore would die and Shannon would be safe.

It didn't take Grey long to find what he was looking for. In an abandoned warehouse two blocks over, he found Grigore feeding on a young woman while a naked, entranced man greedily sucked his cock. Revulsion rose in Grey's throat. He had seduced many a woman and taken their blood but he'd never enjoyed the games Grigore played.

Obviously, the rumors about Grigore were true. He'd heard he took pleasure in mesmerizing men and forcing them to commit sexual acts unnatural to their nature.

Then partially removing their memory but leaving them with glimpses of what they'd done, just enough to drive them crazy.

"Grey, how nice to see you again."

Grey's lip curled up in a snarl.

"Would you like a taste? I know you prefer females but this lad has quite nice lips and his ass has only been used once or twice." Grigore's lips pulled back in a semblance of a smile, revealing his protruding fangs.

"No thanks."

"That's right. You have a bitch at home warming your bed."

"Leave Shannon out of it." It took everything in Grey to keep his cool but he knew the key to victory was to stay in control. If he allowed Grigore to goad him, he'd lose.

"Shannon. A lovely name, do you think you can protect her better than you did Selena?"

"What happened to Selena was not my fault. I warned her..."

"You wanted her to be a lap dog instead of a huntress." Grigore's pale eyes gleamed. "I made her what she was...she was perfect until you came along."

"She would be alive if she'd listened to me."

"Half alive." Grigore shoved his slaves away. "I'm going to enjoy your bitch when I'm through with you." Grigore growled, his fangs flashed, his claws extended.

Grey was ready for the charge and met him head on. The two males clashed in the middle of the room. Grigore was nearly fifty years his senior and possessed more mental capabilities than Grey but not more physical strength. Grey stopped the fist that went for his chest, his heart, with his own talon-tipped hand.

Grey couldn't hope to use his mental capabilities to his advantage, so he committed all his resources to a mental shield, allowing Grigore no opportunity to work his wiles. He felt the probe as Grigore attempted to enter his mind. Fear flashed in Grigore's eyes when he realized he couldn't control or access Grey's thoughts. Their hands were

locked in battle but Grey's superior strength pushed them increasingly closer to Grigore's chest. One opportunity was all Grey needed to rip out his opponent's heart.

Grigore roared, saliva dripping from his fangs as he leaned forward in an attempt to bite Grey. A bite wouldn't kill him, wouldn't do permanent damage but it could weaken him. Grey bent Grigore's arm backward and spun him around, holding him with one arm behind his back.

"This is what you've always wanted, isn't it?" Grigore hissed.

"To kill you – yes."

"No. To have your cock nestled in my naked ass."

"Fuck you," Grey growled but stayed calm. He wouldn't lose it now, the mind games wouldn't work.

"That's what I always wanted but Selena stole you from me."

"What? I wasn't yours."

"You would have been, I had you selected to be my bitch and she stole you." Grigore's sinister peal of laughter echoed in the abandoned room.

"Thank the saints."

"You both betrayed me. She stole you and you let her die. That's when I knew you really wanted me or you wouldn't have allowed her death."

Grey couldn't believe the words that spewed from Grigore's mouth. "You think that I..."

"I'd let you be the dominant." Grigore wiggled his ass against Grey's crotch and he thanked every saint he knew that he didn't grow hard.

"Sorry, but that's not in the cards." Grey pulled up on the arm he held and eased his hips backward, away from the disgusting contact. He'd have to make a grab for Grigore's heart.

"I could please you." Grigore strained his neck to meet Grey's gaze. "Give me a..." Grigore coughed once, his eyes widened as he turned to dust.

Shannon stood in front of Grey, holding Grigore's black heart in her hand. "Well, it's a good thing that wasn't a vampire myth. I'd had about enough of listening to him beg for my cock."

"Your cock?"

"Yeah, you heard me. Now do something with this disgusting...thing." She held out her hand as her nose crinkled in distaste.

"We need to burn it."

"Okay."

"First, we need to see to them." The female was groggy from loss of blood but the man was alert, huddled horror stricken in the corner.

"Don't touch me." Wide eyes turned Grey's way and he locked onto them. He would take it all away, Grey couldn't give him the time back but he could make him forget what had happened to him. He wouldn't remember the fight or his own rape at Grigore's hand.

Grey could only be thankful that it hadn't been him. Selena had never told him that she saved him from what for him would have been a fate worse than death. A sex slave to Grigore—the thought sickened him.

"Are you okay, Grey?"

"Yeah, it's just to erase the memories, you have to see them." Grey shuddered inside at the thoughts in his head. Grigore had not only sexually abused the man but also mentally tortured him. He had forced him to perform degrading acts and then had released his mind at times to feel the full horror of anal penetration—forced anal penetration. Grigore was a sick bastard who got what he deserved. Grey only wished he'd done it sooner.

"Ohh, and his memories were..."

"Grigore's sex slave."

Shannon bit her lip. "Will he be okay?"

"He won't remember anything. We'll get them dressed and drop them off somewhere safe. They'll be a little confused, they'll have lost a day or two of time but that's better than letting them remember."

"Is that what you do...I mean...not with men but..."

"Before I met you I mostly seduced women and took blood in the heat of passion, they didn't even realize it. Recently, I've used a temporary entrancement while I take blood. They lose minutes, not days, and I've never raped anyone."

"I didn't mean it like that...it's just the thought of you entrancing women. I don't like the thought of you holding beautiful, sexy women in your arms while you suck their blood. It's so intimate when I take your blood and to imagine..."

"It's not the same with them. You can accompany me while I hunt if you want."

"Will you let me suck...men?"

Grey growled at the thought. Although he realized it might be necessary for her to feed off another man it was not something he wanted.

"See what I mean? You don't want me to touch other men either."

"We'll take our blood together – from older women."

"And men."

"Impotent men."

"Grey."

"We'll be known as the geriatric bloodsuckers."

Shannon laughed. "We probably don't have to carry it that far. I trust you. I'll just keep you exhausted."

"It takes a lot to exhaust me."

"Let's get these two out of here and we'll see."

Chapter Seven

The small fire Grey built in the corner of the warehouse to burn Grigore's heart flickered as the last of the old files and rubble turned to ash. They'd managed to get the victims dressed and had been lucky enough to find their identification still with their belongings. Now they only needed to drop them off at their homes before they would be free to seek their pleasure.

"So ya hungry?" Grey asked as they rounded the corner, heading away from the last victim's house. Grey had released each of them from his thrall as they headed for their homes. He'd assured her other than mild disorientation and a loss of their memories for the last few days they'd be fine.

"I think we had this conversation before." Shannon giggled, lowering her gaze.

"I've already eaten so if ya wanted to nibble while I drive...go ahead."

"If I take your blood, you'll wear out too easily. Teach me how to hunt."

Shannon waited in the darkness of the alley. For once in her life, she felt no fear at being alone in the dark. Grey stepped into sight followed by a man, a young, handsome man. Shannon blinked, not believing her eyes.

A sexy grin split Grey's face as he approached. "I brought ya a treat."

"A treat? Mmm, he does look tasty," Shannon replied sassily, looking at the guy standing at Grey's side seemingly unaware of the conversation around him.

"Keep it up and next time ya get an old lady."

"Okay, I'll behave." She batted her eyes. "I prefer young blood." She ran her long red nails along the man's chest.

Grey shook his head. "Behave or you'll be getting your blood by sucking it out of my cock."

"If that's the case I'll have to be very bad." Shannon bit her lip, eyeing the man but thinking of Grey. Of what he could do to her — of what he would do to her.

Their eyes met. "Grey," she whispered, heat churning low in her belly.

"Soon I'll ease that ache. First, I teach ya how to feed without killing. How to know when to stop. Next time, we'll work on ya mesmerizing your prey."

"Prey!" This was all new to Shannon and it still seemed odd to think of people as — prey. She supposed vampires were actually the top of the food chain.

"As you know, there are many places you can take blood. One of the less intimate is here." Grey raised the man's arm, turning his wrist upward. "In the heat of blood lust you can forget the time. That could be fatal but I'll be here to help ya."

Shannon licked her lips. She could hear the blood pumping in his veins, causing her to salivate. Her stomach rumbled.

"I know you can bite, but the trick is learning to stop." Grey held up the man's wrist and she sank her teeth into her victim. The warm liquid filled her mouth and she swallowed. She couldn't control the growl that emanated from her throat. Closing her eyes, she savored the rich, heady flavor.

"If I'm taking from an average adult male I count to one hundred but I also listen to the steady beat of their heart. If it changes pattern or you reach one hundred, stop."

With each beat of the heart, more blood surged into her mouth and she greedily swallowed.

"That's enough. Stop and seal the wound."

Reluctantly, Shannon pulled away and licked the wound closed, glancing up into the nameless man's face. "He won't remember anything?"

"No."

"What do we do now?"

"We take him back to the bar. There is outside seating and when he awakens he'll think he drank too much."

"Did anyone see you leave together?"

A feral grin spread across Grey's face. "Yeah, a young lady who sidled up to me. Wanting what I have to offer." He wagged his dark brows at her. "I turned her down and picked him up. She thinks I'm gay."

"How'd that sit with that ego of yours?" she asked as they neared the bar.

Grey shrugged. "You're the only woman I need and I wanted to prove that I trust ya. We can feed from anyone as long as we're together."

"Together," Shannon agreed.

"Now that your blood lust is sated, I have other needs."

"Yes, master," Shannon replied, her own needs were dampening the insides of her thighs.

"I like the sound of that." His intense eyes drilled her to the spot and her knees weakened. If she didn't know it was impossible she'd think he mesmerized her because she could happily stand here gazing at him for centuries.

"Let's get home and we can try out that scenario I mentioned."

"Scenario?" Shannon questioned her heart pumping at the possibilities.

"Yeah, you suckin' my cock while I fuck your pussy with that dildo."

"Grey!"

"I think the correct response is yes, master."

* * * * *

Grey relaxed against the headboard, awaiting his vampire bride to appear in the virginal white gown he'd packed. Of course Shannon wasn't a virgin but she was his bride and she'd confessed on the drive home that she'd never experienced anal sex. So technically, he was going to take his bride's virginity tonight.

His cock lengthened at the thought. He grew hard just thinking of Shannon but thinking of being the first to pierce her anally was stirring, in a primal, stake-your-claim-on-your-woman way.

The door opened and she glided into the room. His breath froze, his heart stuttered. She was a vision in white, the tight bodice overflowed with creamy flesh and her pebbled, mauve nipples poked wantonly at the lace. His hands trembled. It almost felt as if it were his first time.

Raising an arm, he gestured her closer. "Come."

"Yes, master." She lowered her eyes, a nervous smile on her lips.

Reaching the foot of the bed, she leaned forward, her ample breasts nearly tumbling free. She crawled up the bed toward him, with each movement the fleshy mounds shifted. "Do ya have any idea what ya do to me?" Grey asked.

Shannon's eyes trailed his body, resting on his erect and needy cock. "I think I have some idea."

"I don't want to ruin this gown but I have to get to these." His fingers tore at the laces holding her bodice together and she shrieked.

"That's right, squeal like an outraged virgin while I have my way with ya." He chuckled, nuzzling her neck and chest. The scent of arousal engulfed his senses as his tongue trailed a blue vein across her breast. She tasted sweet and he couldn't wait to feed between her thighs again.

Finally, the elaborate ties came free and her breasts burst from the restraining material. Gathering them for his mouth, he growled. Shannon moaned in delight as he suckled first one then the other. He nipped her nipple and she squeaked and shuddered as need wracked her body.

Smoothing the silken gown along her curves, he caressed stomach, thighs and buttocks. Arching her upward, he ground his cock into the hollow of her stomach. Fire burned in his veins. He could take her now, fangs and cock in a double penetration that would blow both their minds.

"Grey, help me get this gown off."

"No."

"No?"

"I'm gonna take ya like a virgin maiden with your gown still on hiding your charms. I'm gonna flip you over and raise your gown just enough to part your cheeks."

"Grey."

"Then you're really gonna squeal when your man claims your virgin ass. You'll scream when I stretch ya wide and mount ya and you'll cry in ecstasy when I push ya over the edge with my cock and fangs."

"You talk a good game, but can you produce?" Shannon taunted, pursing her lips and giving him a once-over.

"Roll over."

"What?"

"You heard me. Your master said 'roll over'."

Fighting her gown, Shannon rolled onto her stomach and he began to slowly inch her the garment up her legs. Kissing and licking a trail across her calves and thighs. Finally, he reached the rounded curve of her ass and he settled the gown at the top of her hips. Her pale, rounded cheeks peeked from beneath the lace. He couldn't stop the growl that passed his lips.

"Sir, lordy be, I do believe you're revealing too much of my virginal body," Shannon whispered, impersonating a southern belle.

"Missy, I do declare I have to see my target." Grey parted her cheeks and she shrieked and trembled slightly. He wondered how much of it was an act and how much was nerves at taking her first cock up the ass. "What a target I've found." His tongue trailed her crack and rimmed the virgin rosebud.

"Grey!"

"You didn't think I was gonna take ya dry. I'm gonna tongue-fuck and finger-fuck ya first. When I finally give you my cock, you'll be ready to come."

Kneading her buttocks, he worked the tender bud with his tongue. Trailing his tongue far enough just to brush her tasty cunt and hear her gasp before returning to his treasure hole. He rimmed her repeatedly until she bloomed enough to thrust one finger into her hot, tight depth. His breath shuddered from his body at the sight.

Her hips jerked and she thrust back. "Fuck," she gasped.

"That's the idea. I'm gonna fuck your ass. Claim it as mine. Claim you as mine."

"G...Grey," she stuttered as he filled her with another finger, spreading her wider, preparing her to be mounted.

"You're mine!" He worked her ass harder, deeper as she writhed.

"Yes."

"Your ass, your cunt...your heart and soul." A third finger joined the play and she screamed. Pushing back against his hand she took his fingers deep. His cock throbbed as his pre-come leaked from the tip.

"Oh god, yes. Grey, I love you."

He closed his eyes, his head spun. Love, the ever-illusive emotion he never thought to receive or feel. He often laughed at the concept of love, believing it only existed in fairy tales. There was no stopping him now as lust, desire, love all poured from him. He removed his fingers, his cock lodged in the tight rim of muscles. "I love you too." He thrust forward, breaching her body as he swallowed back tears of joy.

She arched upward driving him deeper. "Shannon, take it easy."

"Grey, I'm a vamp. I can take it."

"Fuck," he hissed and drove deep, parting the tightest, hottest flesh he'd ever entered. "You're killin' me. I won't last."

"Let loose, Grey, give it all to me, we have all night."

The words no more than left her lips before his hips set in motion a blistering rhythm of plunge and retreat. His blood roared in his veins and he struggled to breathe. The pace, the fierce power would have damaged or severely injured a human woman without lube, but Shannon reveled in his possession. Taking everything he offered and begging for more.

"So good, Grey, so good."

Sweat poured down his face, dripping onto the sheer fabric covering her back. With one hand, he ripped the cloth from her body. Reaching around, he gathered her heavy breasts, tugging the nipples. She arched and screamed driving him deeper still. Lowering a hand, he found her clit, rolling it between thumb and finger. "Come for me, Shannon—come," he begged as he struggled for control. He refused to come until she found release.

"Now, Grey...now."

He plunged deep and wrapped an arm around her body as he pulled her back to his chest. With fangs extended, he bit down on the flesh between neck and shoulder, sucking her blood. Her inner muscles sucked at his cock, milking his cum from the turgid shaft as she rippled around him. Double penetration in all its glory. His body fed on her blood but his soul fed on the energy and emotion they emanated together.

Licking the wound closed, he collapsed, pinning her to the bed. "I love you."

"I know. I love you too."

"You don't understand, in over two hundred years I've never loved anyone. I didn't think I was capable. I thought being a vampire meant I couldn't love but now I fear it means I will love, incessantly, compulsively, deathlessly."

"Mmm, eternally, faithfully," Shannon stressed the last word.

"There'll never be another. If I lose you I'll meet my death on the first sunrise."

Shannon's stomach chose that moment to interrupt with a noisy growl. Grinning, she asked, "Tell me again, where I get to suck my blood from?"

"My cock."

She lowered her eyes. "Somebody needs a shower."

Grey chuckled. "I've created a monster."

She licked her lips, running her tongue over her fangs. "Indeed you have."

About the Author

L.A. Day exists only in the mind of an ordinary wife and mother. An avid reader since early childhood, she began writing romance in her teens. Now, 20+ years later she's progressed to erotic romance. Supported by her husband of many years, she spends her evenings in front of the computer.

She now has a chance to bring her stories to life for everyone to enjoy. Her favorite genre is erotic romance with a paranormal twist. She feels that if you're going to create an alpha male character, why not make him bigger, stronger, more well endowed than any human man could ever be? It is fantasy, after all. Thanks to Ellora's Cave, L.A. Day can live her fantasy, making money for thinking about sex 24/7.

L.A. welcomes comments from readers. You can find her website and email address on her author bio page at www.ellorascave.com.

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