



RESURRECTION

By

Celeste Anwar

© copyright July 2005, Celeste Anwar
Cover art by Kat Richards, © copyright July 2005
New Concepts Publishing
Lake Park, GA 31636
www.newconceptspublishing.com

This is a work of fiction. All characters, events, and places are of the author's imagination and not to be confused with fact. Any resemblance to living persons or events is merely coincidence.

They'd drawn blood, but Tara Prince had managed to get an invitation to join *The Club*.

She'd arrived at this point simply enough.

When her girlfriend, Nakia, finally got fed up with Tara's whining about everything—including the lack of a good man--she'd told her to shut up and get laid. She had then proceeded to laud some secretive den of sin and, almost reluctantly, had given her an ebony card which had *The Club* scrawled in ivory cursive across the front and an address printed on the back.

Normally, Tara would've been insulted by anyone else, but Nakia knew what a hard time she had, and she hadn't meant it in a bad way—just a 'get up off your ass' kind of way. Besides, she was intrigued. She hadn't thought Nakia needed any help in that area, so she was definitely surprised by the admission that her friend had actually 'hired' a lay.

Reassured this was for real, she went to the address and suffered more background checks and tests than a visit with the Prez would take. She hadn't quite known exactly what she was getting herself into, but by the time they were done and had approved her for membership, she hadn't wanted to waste all that expended energy and time for nothing. So here she was.

She'd paid her dues, which included a pint of blood, to be paid out every three months if she wanted to remain a member. That seemed strange

to her until she thought about the blood shortage the nation suffered every month (so it was obviously for charity purposes)—that and the fact that she'd need to be tested for STDs regularly for safety's sake.

That wasn't a problem either. She didn't do drugs, and she hadn't so much as played tongue hockey in over a year ... or three ... but she did appreciate the fact that they were so thorough here.

The address she'd finally ended up at didn't look at all like she'd expected. Apparently, they'd moved the red light district out to the boonies. *The Club* was in a renovated antebellum mansion. She hadn't seen much of it or the surrounding grounds, since it was past dusk by the time she arrived for her appointment.

Once inside, she was surprised, although she shouldn't have been. For some wild ass reason, she'd expected scarlet drapery everywhere, lace covered lamps, naked men lounging on chaises for women's viewing pleasure.... Instead, it was a study of understated, modern elegance that bespoke a thriving business. Apparently, it paid to cater to women, at least in New Orleans.

Tara was actually early for her appointment, so she had to wait until they were ready for her. She'd wanted to avoid that, to keep from looking over eager and too much like a horny teenager.

Half reluctant, half anticipatory, her stomach was in knots. The fantasy she'd selected for tonight was one she'd had for years—of a secret, midnight lover. She could hardly believe it was going to happen at long last.

However, the longer Tara sat in the reception area, the more she felt like she should've brought a bag to put over her head. It wasn't like she was in a room full of people or anything—in fact, she was alone—but it was the shame/embarrassment stamped on the middle of her forehead that she wanted to cover up, even if no one was around to see it.

The whole reason for coming here was to do something for herself ... for once. What had started off as an adventure was quickly becoming a regret, and she imagined she could feel an ulcer forming in the knot of her stomach.

Another thought kept rambling around in her mind, as well, and probably had more to do with her discomfort than anything else. She was breaking the law. She never broke the law. Tara had a fear of the police that bordered on phobia.

The hood she'd grown up in had been rife with police corruption up until the big clean up a few years ago. She'd left and gone to college, gotten a killer job, but it hadn't changed anything. Everything about the police scared her, and whenever she saw a police car while driving, her adrenaline started pumping, and she began wondering if she'd done anything wrong to warrant arrest or a ticket, or if the cop was crooked enough to pull her over and demand sexual gratification. If the car got behind her, or if she saw the flash of blue lights, her heart stopped beating and she went into panic mode. It never mattered if they weren't after her.

It was this absolute fear of getting caught doing something that she shouldn't that had kept her basically hidden in a hole for most of her life.

Even now, she kept expecting any minute for a black swathed S.W.A.T team to come barreling through the door, shoving guns in her face, slamming her around before handcuffing her and leading her and naked prisoners outside in front of a long line of cameras and flashing bulbs before the horror of being booked for crimes against morality.

She was sick and tired of being a wuss and some totally forgettable mouse that never did anything fun. She just had to remind herself that this was going to be worth it. The bordello, or bordella—or whatever they called these things—was worth going to jail for if she could at least have a good time beforehand.

‘Sides, Nakia had never steered her wrong. She trusted her.

Absorbed with pumping up her bravado, Tara didn’t notice the receptionist had come back into the room until she’d cleared her throat in a polite ‘excuse me’ sort of way.

“If you’ll come with me, I’ll show you to your room for the night,” the receptionist said.

Oh hell.... Tara stood and followed the woman out to the entranceway where a grand curved staircase loomed. As they climbed the stairs, Tara grew breathless, and she kept having to remind herself to calm down and just breathe.

A gallery curved around the stairs in the top hall, leaving a wide circular view of the ground floor below, and an excellent view of twelve evenly spaced doorways through the upstairs hallway.

She couldn't help but listen for sounds of pleasure in progress as they walked the hallway to her room—tell-tale moans and groans—but either she was their only client tonight—doubtful—or the place had damn fine sound proofing going on.

The woman stopped at door six and withdrew a key from the pocket of her jacket, unlocking the door and letting it swing wide.

“Please, make yourself comfortable. A bath has been drawn for you, and you'll find a bottle of wine chilling inside. Your host will be with you in one hour's time unless you wish otherwise. If so, you have only to ring me and we will make adjustments for you. Do you need anything else?”

Just my head examined. “No,” Tara managed to get out, despite the dryness of her mouth and her closing throat.

The woman smiled and left her alone. Tara closed the door behind her, tempted to bar it just in case they were lying on the time frame. She needed more time to get up her nerve—or less, so she couldn't chicken out.

She stood just inside the room a long moment, getting her emotions under control, forcing herself to breathe deeply and slowly to avoid hyperventilating. She had no idea how she'd react when her secret lover appeared, but she suspected if she didn't loosen up quickly, there was no way she'd be havin' a good time tonight.

That brought her attention to the room.

The bed stared at her. It was big. Big enough for a threesome, or maybe more. Sinfully big and decadent and capable of conjuring up all sorts of carnal delights in her head. Like all beds in dens of sin were supposed to

be, this one was king sized, covered in fine Egyptian cotton sheets, a plush jacquard comforter, and lots and lots of pillows in various sizes. All of which she discovered when she collapsed on top of it. The bed was also nicely firm and didn't squeak or smack the wall when she test gyrated on it. That could account for the lack of noise outside. Maybe.

Looking around, she spotted a sitting area with a table and two wing back chairs, beside which stood an ice bucket and a bottle of wine--breathing. Wine glasses were set out beside a crystal bowl of strawberries. Nestled in a small nook behind the table and near a door presumably leading into the bathroom, there was a small silver refrigerator.

Tara crossed the room and opened it, discovering more alcohol, a can of whipped cream, chocolate syrup, sliced fruit, and other sensually edible delights. She closed the fridge and turned back to the table to pour a drink.

She'd never had wine before, in fact she hated alcohol, but tonight she had to have something to loosen up the stick that had permanently lodged (as of late) up her ass. Her first sip left much to be desired, but she forced herself to drink the entire glass and by the time it was empty, found it was tolerable. Obviously, this was one of those things for which one had to acquire a taste.

Feeling better, but not quite tipsy, she pushed open the other door and discovered a claw footed tub filled with water. Red rose petals were scattered across the water's surface, and steam rose in lazy wisps, giving the air a humid feel. Gold, lace trimmed towels hung from antique rings on the wall.

The lighting was recessed in the molding around the ceiling, the same as in the bedroom, leaking golden ambient light in the bathroom. A toilet and bidet, vanity, sink, and tall mirror were located on the opposite side of the room. Before the vanity stood another chair, this one with a creamy silk robe draped over the back for her use.

Far from feeling out of place in the luxurious setting, Tara found she was already loosening up and enjoying herself. She stripped off her clothes, set them atop the vanity, and tightened the barrettes holding her hair up off her neck. The water was the perfect temperature, just hot enough to melt residual tension in her muscles. She wasn't sure how long she soaked before getting out, drying off, and dressing in the silk robe, but she'd begun getting extremely drowsy.

She thought briefly of the underwear or not issue. This was a sure thing, but she wasn't sure how forward she was supposed to be, if at all. Deciding she wasn't supposed to care, she flipped off the lights, leaving the bathroom door cracked open slightly for guiding light, and crawled into bed, sans underwear but still wrapped in the robe.

She wasn't certain when she'd fallen asleep but knew she had when the opening of a door other than the bedroom door woke her up.

Her heart immediately kicked into gear, sloughing off her drowsiness nearly instantly. The bed dipped slightly. The comforter tugged as someone moved beneath it. Warmth radiated from the proximity of another person.

Tara lay like a corpse, stiff, tense, with her arms down at her sides, all too tempted to bolt from the room—problem was, it was dark, and she was too close to her *host* to make good her escape.

She just had to remind herself that she didn't want to. She was going to have fun whether she enjoyed it or not.

Calm down. Caaaaalllll down. She was hyperventilating again, and he hadn't done a damn thing except crawl into bed.

Her senses were heightened to his every move, his scent. Her eyes were wide open, staring up at the blackness of the ceiling, waiting for the ravishment to begin with a feeling of terror mingling with dread in potent combination. A whole new set of fears sludged through her mind. What if she was a bad lay? Would the guys here not want to sleep with her then? Would it be more like a job if she was horrible? She was really out of practice. Maybe she should warn him?

Tara felt a gasp well in her throat as an intoxicating cologne drifted to her nostrils and set her rusty libido into gear. A hand brushed against her arm, traveling a lazy path up to her shoulder and the crook of her neck. The thin silk covering her skin caressed and stoked her desire as much as his touch. The gasp she'd held in check escaped when his lips followed his fingers to nibble the tendons of her neck.

A shiver chased goose bumps down her arms and back. Her heart quickened with a rush of excitement.

"Ah, *chere*," he whispered hotly in her ear, evoking another shiver with his heavy accent, "I've been longing to do this." He parted the robe as

he spoke, warm fingers pushing aside the barrier to splay across her breastbone, moving down to cup one breast.

Heat washed over her, blood rushing to her chest to engorge her breasts. Her nipples went instantly hard and achy. He squeezed, tormenting her and dragging his sharp teeth down her neck, over her collar bone, and down her chest.

His hair roughened leg moved atop her silk covered thighs, coaxing them apart until his knee nestled between them and his calf rubbed sensuously against hers.

The abrasion of hair against skin couldn't distract her from his hands and mouth, moving inexorably toward her breast.

Her belly clenched as his warm breath teased the sensitive flesh there. If anything, her nipples restricted more, tightened to rock hard buds, waiting for his tongue to lave her, his mouth to suck her. She dug her hands into the sheets to keep from grabbing his head and forcing it where she wanted it to go, trying to ignore the need that clawed through her belly.

He was taking his sweet time though, massaging her flesh but failing to do more than frustrate her. Tara gritted her teeth to keep from screaming for him to do more than tease her.

His mouth lowered against a nipple, lips teasingly rubbing against it. His touch made her burn. Her blood pulsed in anticipation. "Do you want me to suck your *tétine*, *chere*?"

"Oh god, please. Yes."

His tongue snaked out, lapped the achy bud, driving her crazy. “My name is Michel, *petite*.” He moved over her then, forcing her legs wide apart to accommodate his hips even as he nipped her breast with his teeth, driving a stake of lust into her belly. Her stomach clenched. Hard. “Say it.”

“Michel.”

“Do you want me inside you?” he asked with a husky growl, arching his hips against her until the thick probe of his erection slid against the bare flesh of her cunt. Cream gathered, her muscles salivating to devour him. She jerked involuntarily, shocked at how hard and hot he was.

“Yes, Michel. I want you inside me. I want you to taste me and touch me all over. Please.” She freed her hands from the sheets and clutched his shoulders, fingers digging into the hard, tense muscles to emphasize her desperation.

“You tempt me too far, *chere*,” he growled softly before closing his mouth over the tip of her breast. She arched her back as if it would bring her closer to him, grasping his head, fingers tangling in long, silky hair. Teeth scraped and then tongue, rough yet satiny, moved over tortured flesh, moving fluidly as he suckled her like a man starved.

The entire surface of her skin felt electrified, hypersensitive to the abrasion of him sliding against her, legs to legs, hips to hips, his hard muscled stomach cradled by her belly.

As he moved to her other breast to prolong his torment, Tara couldn’t contain herself any longer. She cried out at the exquisitely sharp

pleasure/pain that his mouth drew from her, wrapped her legs around his buttocks and rubbed him coaxingly.

She wouldn't be ignored. However easily he'd done it, the fire in her blood was stoked and needed quenching. Now.

Recognizing her need, he broke away from her breast and lifted his head until his face was inches from hers. She couldn't see him in the dark, only the rough outline of his head, but she had the eerie feeling that he could see her perfectly. He was tense as he propped on his arms, breathing as raggedly as she, maybe more so.

He lowered, lips nearly touching hers. Her blood thundered through her veins, making her dizzy. If she hadn't already been lying down, she'd have fainted by now. Her chest ached with the effort of breathing, the labor of dragging air into her lungs.

Time seemed suspended, tension whispered in the air separating them. He seemed to be holding back and she wasn't sure why.

Finally, giving up some secret, inner struggle, he descended. Tara whimpered as his lips covered hers. A jolt of electrically charged lust zipped through her body, carrying her desire to new heights.

Dear lord, the man knew how to kiss. There was a desperation there, equal to her own. Hot and needy. Fierce. Overwhelming. His tongue plunged into her mouth as he groaned and pressed his thick erection against her slit, rubbing her swollen clit in sensual promise.

Blood throbbed there, heightening sensation, echoing in the rabid beat of his heart as it pounded against her chest.

He moved onto one elbow, angling his free hand to cup her jaw, as if he could somehow capture her more closely to him than she already was.

The calloused fingers felt delightful, his possession of her unbelievably good. She wanted him to claim her completely, like in some medieval, archaic ritual. Her tongue felt swollen as she kissed him back, sending him into a furor.

He released her face and dug his fists into the bed. The mushroomed head of his cock nudged her entrance. Her pussy spasmed at the intrusion, belly jerking as he plunged fully inside. Tara cried into his mouth at the forceful invasion, muscles clamping in protest, fingernails digging into his back.

He drank her cries, kissing her harder as he pushed to the limits.

Tara arched her back as he surged inside her, bucking in surprise, breaking their heated kiss to gasp and suck in a cool breath of air. Despite the slickness of her sex, his intrusion was tight, the forceful invasion bordering on exquisite pain, making her wetter for him. And hotter still, so hot she felt feverish.

“Ah, *chere*,” Michel groaned, burying his face against her neck, shuddering as he settled in her depths like he owned her. Her muscles quaked, convulsing to release their tight rigidity on his thick shaft so that he could move.

Every nerve ending inside her cunt trembled. She panted for breath, wanting desperately to move but afraid she’d hurt herself on him. She’d

never been filled this way before, so thoroughly, so tightly. He was monstrously thick, but she welcomed it. He felt right inside her.

“Please,” she begged quietly, tangling one hand in his hair. Her whisper snapped his control.

He pulled out as forcefully as he’d entered. Her body reacted violently, muscles sucking at the sudden loss of heat only to jerk in surprise as he drove inside once more, settling into a piston-like stroke that had her crawling up the bed with each thrust.

Michel pressed his chest against hers, an arm locking her shoulders into place, not allowing her to move from the drive of his erection deep inside her vagina. Tender tissue parted, muscles along the channel gripping him for all they were worth.

She trembled, gasping, begging for more, mindless now with the sensation of being filled to unbelievable extremes.

He sucked her neck hard, but she hardly noticed anything beyond the electric glide of his cock through her slick channel. His hair roughened groin rubbed her clit with his thrusts, driving her beyond need. Her pulse quickened. Her blood sizzled, her cunt trembled with impending release. She could feel a climax blooming just out of reach.

Tara fought against it, now wanting the pleasurable torment to continue, but he was too strong, the call of her body too powerful to resist. Her orgasm burst upon her, climbing through the tender walls of her vagina, spreading out, zipping through her bloodstream and muscles. She went rigid all over, toes curling into the sheets, hands clutching him. Currents of

pleasure hummed through her body, lighting her nerve endings like sparklers bursting to life.

If she'd had her mind about her she might've sung the Star Spangled Banner. Instead, she *screamed* in pleasure for the first time in her life, gasping and moaning uncontrollably, tingling from head to foot as rapture radiated to every nuance of her body.

Eyes squeezed shut, Tara fought for breath as his strokes intensified to a near staccato, and then he exploded inside her. Pain bloomed in her neck and vanished with the burst of semen inside her womb.

Dimly, her mind rebelled, but she felt possessed by something not herself. Her hips jerked, driving her nearly insane as another orgasm rocketed her achy muscles, drawing every ounce of pleasure her body would allow.

Michel ceased supporting his weight and collapsed on her, nuzzling her neck with heated, ragged breath. Tara's heartbeat began the descent to normalcy, though every fiber of her being still seemed awakened and ready for more.

She felt more alive now than she had in years. How long had she wandered about in a fog? Was really good sex that much of a balm?

"You make me lose control, *chere*," he murmured, kissing her neck.

It hurt. "Ouch," she said, bringing her hand to the sore spot as he moved off of her by rolling to the side. There were two ragged wounds in her neck, lightly scabbed over.

That wasn't there before and she damned well knew it. Tara scooted away and turned on the bedside lamp, blinking at the sudden brightness as she focused on Michel.

Christ! She couldn't believe she'd just had sex with that--him. Thick, long black hair slung back from his forehead and pooled around his shoulders. His complexion was olive and exotic, slightly lighter than her golden/caramel hued skin. His eyes glinted with male satisfaction and mirth. No doubt. This was one sexy assed man.

Memory, banished by lust, slowly returned and diverted her attention away from how damned hot he looked laying in the bed propped on an elbow, watching her.

She recalled two disturbing facts. Number one, he'd been sucking at her neck right before her injury. Number two, he'd come inside her, i.e. no condom. She felt the sticky evidence between her thighs.

She'd specifically requested condom use when she'd placed the order for her fantasy. What the hell was the point in having a fantasy fulfilled at a sex club if she had to worry about safety? She was scared and that pissed her off.

"What the fuck did you do to my neck?" she demanded, jerking the sheet up to cover her breasts when she noticed him staring at them. She flipped the covers off him to reveal his complete and utter nakedness. Right down to his flaccid cock. It stood up when she stared at it. She gulped. "And where the fuck is the condom I requested?"

His mouth curled into a smile she discovered when she managed to drag her gaze back up to his face. A tiny smudge of deep red at the corner of his mouth confirmed her other suspicion. He *had* bitten her. “Don’ be that way, *petite*. You have nothing to fear.”

Tara felt panic eating away at her calm. Simple words weren’t going to do the trick.

Nothing to fear my ass.

She’d just been exposed. What a moron she was! Always so careful. One big dick and she’d forgotten twenty somethin’ years of having the danger of AIDS and other STDs rammed down her throat. She struggled to get her robe back on, tied it around her waist, and jumped out of the bed. He stayed where he was. *Smart man.*

“Why the *hell* would you think I have nothing to fear? Jesus, you’re a man-whore for God’s sake! I have *everything* to fear.” She couldn’t help the hysterical pitch climbing into her voice.

His eyes darkened to an indeterminate color, his smile vanished. He stood and walked to her. Tara felt mesmerized by his movement, held captive by his eyes. She knew she should get the hell out of there, but she wanted to hear what he had to say—needed to hear it.

He stopped an arm’s length from her, reaching up to cup her face. He rubbed a thumb over her bottom lip. “I did something I wasn’t supposed to, *chere*. I allowed myself to taste your sweet essence. For that I will be expelled from *The Club*, but I promise you’ve not been exposed to disease.”

She blinked slowly, breaking the hypnotic pull of his eyes. Something wasn't right here. A shiver skated down her backbone.

Tara pulled away from his hand, whirling toward the bedroom door before he could react. She opened it and was out, running down the hall, her bare feet slapping against the marble flooring with deafening echoes. She felt him behind her, sensed his reluctance in chasing her, and knew he'd let her escape for now.

She couldn't think of anything but getting away, getting home. Dashing to her car, she ducked to grab the spare key she kept hidden in a compartment under the driver's side door, rammed the key at the door lock and got inside. She thought she'd hyperventilate before she managed to get the car started and was on her way.

It wasn't until she was halfway home that she remembered her purse and clothes were still in the room. *Shit! Shit, shit, shit!*

Maybe in a few days she could go back and get them—and give the owners of the club a piece of her mind ... after she'd taken a day after pill and some tests. Oh god, pregnancy! She'd been so caught up in the disease horror she hadn't even considered he might've made a deposit.

Tara practiced breathing slowly, willing her white knuckled fingers to loosen up on the steering wheel.

Strangely, as the possibility of having gotten pregnant seeped into her mind, the thought of having a baby that could look like him made her warm and fuzzy inside. That was enough to pull her up short from fantasy land. She'd surely gone over the edge.

Tara arrived at her apartment a nervous wreck. It was late so she hadn't had trouble with traffic on the road or nosy neighbors wondering why she was running around in nothing but a silk robe.

Thankful for that at least, she trudged inside and collapsed on the couch, wondering what she should do with herself. Everything had been good up until that one point. Why hadn't she thought to make certain he was wearing protection? And what was up with the biting?

She shuddered, feeling cold and achy. Her sex was still miserably sticky, and she could smell his cologne and scent all over her skin. Far from feeling repulsed, it made her wet all over again.

Tara wasn't certain how she'd lost her mind, but she figured it had probably started when he'd shoved his man-thing inside her. She'd pretty much lost touch with reality at that point.

Hell, at the moment, she felt like she was coming down off a buzz or a high. Drained. Weak. And, inexplicably, craving more of the good stuff.

She knew she shouldn't want to get up and go back to the club, but she did. One mind blowing experience tonight wasn't enough.

Deciding to rid herself of the temptation, she got up and went into her pitiful little bathroom—pitiful when compared to the luxurious one she'd recently left. The shower could do the job though. She turned the water on as hot as she could stand it, squirted raspberry body wash on a loofah pad, and scrubbed her skin until she'd taken a few layers off.

The hot water soothed her nerves and achy muscles, relaxing her hysteria into a dull roar and then into nothingness. Knowing it wouldn't get

any better than this without sleep, she finally turned the water off and crawled out. Her knees were rubbery, her fingers wrinkled as she dried herself off and slipped into a short cotton camisole and panties. She dried her hair and worked a conditioner into it and her scalp before combing and styling it into braids. Tomorrow she'd go to *Tanya's* and get her hair styled into something radically different. This would have to do for now.

Opening the door and flipping off the light, it wasn't until she stepped out, closed the bathroom door, and walked into her dark bedroom that she realized she wasn't alone.

"I thought perhaps you'd drowned in there, *chere*," a voice spoke from her room, the tone teasing and all too pleased. The deep voice and heavy accent were immediately identifiable.

Whatever calm she'd collected fled immediately.

Tara's head snapped up. Her gaze locked on Michel, standing in the doorway of her bedroom, the light from the hallway behind him limning his black clad form. He moved his right arm. The lights came on as he flipped the switch and engulfed the room in a mellow gold light. He crossed his arms and leaned against the jam, studying her.

"I like this look," he murmured, arching a fine black brow, drawing his gaze down her body with deliberate slowness before returning to her face.

That long look awakened her body, returning desire warring with alarm. She felt naked. Exposed and vulnerable. She went wet and weak inside.

“How’d you find me?” she asked before noticing her purse swung from one of his fists. He dropped it with a thud to the floor, pushing it forward with his foot.

“You left some things.” He straightened and moved further into the room. “I thought I’d bring them for you when I came so we could finish what we started.”

“We’re done,” she said on a hard swallow. Her breathing quickened. There was no way to get out. She could duck into the bathroom, but the lock was busted and the window was too small for her to squeeze her ass through anyway. The only thing that would save her this time would be to fight him, and she wasn’t sure she could do that ... or that she even wanted to. “Get the hell out of my house.”

Maybe she could trick him and run around. He was blocking her only escape route. Tara moved from the bathroom door, working her way around the room.

Michel stalked her, crossing the room in rapid strides until only the bed stood between them. It wasn’t much of a barrier. In fact, she felt pretty certain that he was playing with her.

Tara allowed him to move around the bed, tensing to spring. At the moment when he was furthest from the door and her, she leapt onto the bed and jumped across it. He grabbed at her, catching the back hem of her camisole. She heard seams pop and one shoulder strap snapped. She kept going, but he had her now.

He caught her arm as she reached the doorway, twisted her around, trapping her between the jam and his hard body. He forced his knee between her legs to keep her from attacking his groin when she lifted a knee to strike.

Foiled, she pushed at his chest, hoping to overbalance him enough to get away.

He gritted his teeth, caught her hands and pulled them together, manacled them with one of his own above her head. She was thoroughly and utterly at his mercy.

She should've screamed the house down and alerted the neighbors.

She didn't.

He nipped the air in front of her face, as if wanting her to see the fangs that protruded from his gums. She hadn't seen them before.

At the alarm in her eyes, he whispered in a tortured voice, "Vampire."

She squeezed her eyes shut, not wanting to see. It all made sense now. The bite, the mesmerizing gaze, the blood the club needed every quarter. They were all vampires. Ludicrous as it sounded, there was no way she could believe any differently.

That's why he told her he was safe, and she had no need to fear. At least not anything that affected humans.

She'd just come out of the rabbit hole into a world wholly alien from everything she'd thought she'd known. And still, it didn't frighten her nearly so much as succumbing to this one man—a stranger who'd

resurrected something long hidden inside her. She shouldn't feel so addicted to someone she'd only known for a few hours, if that long.

Michel leaned his forehead against hers, his breathing rough and matched to her own. Her heart threatened to beat her to death, blood roared in her ears.

He caught her bottom lip with his teeth, tugged it as he tightened his hold on her wrists and touched a hand to her belly. Her stomach quivered, muscles jerking as he smoothed calloused fingers down, pushing beyond her cotton panties and into the cleft that waited there. Her eyelids fluttered open.

"You're wet," he said with husky approval. "You liked being chased, didn't you?"

Tara swallowed, her mouth seeming to have developed extra salivary glands. "No."

He pinched her clit, rolling it between his fingers. "You did."

So damned confident.

His husky purr made her wetter even than his knowledge of where to touch to get the most response. She whimpered, struggling against his binding hand. She shouldn't want this. He'd tracked her down, broke into her house—forced himself on her. Her belly jerked as he played with her clit in a stroking slip and slide. "I did." She gasped when he prodded the tender edges of her vaginal hole, sucking in a harsh breath. He pushed two slim fingers inside her, curling them upwards to stroke her g-spot. She moaned the moment he touched it.

“Michel ... you make me so wet.” She whimpered softly.

“I noticed.” He grinned darkly before sucking her bottom lip into his mouth. He released it and claimed her lips, his mouth slanting over hers, his tongue dancing with hers.

Alarm had fled moments ago, but desire had quickly taken its place. Adrenalin pounded in her veins. His kiss drugged her, leaving her intoxicated. His fingers pumped into her while he held her possessively, trapped and helpless to fight his wants and needs.

Fascinated by the fangs that had appeared, Tara eased around them with her tongue.

He broke free from her mouth. “Careful. I bite,” he growled, removing his hand from her cleft. He kneed her legs apart, catching her under the ass and bringing her up to ride his leg. His hard thigh felt sensually rigid against her moist slit. Tara bit her lip, fighting back the moan in her throat.

“I can do anything to you, can’t I?” he murmured against her ear, nipping the lobe with his teeth. She shivered, breathing raggedly through her open mouth. There wasn’t enough air in the world to keep her from feeling light-headed around him.

He rubbed his thigh roughly against her warm slit. “You’re helpless.” The dark promise inherent in those words made her wetter than she thought possible. She felt drenched from every pore. Heated beyond endurance.

“Yes,” she hissed in pleasure, hands clenching and unclenching, arm muscles tired from too much tension.

“So glad you agree, *petite*.”

He freed her arms then, hurriedly unfastening his pants and struggling to push them off his hips.

His movement drew her eyes.

“No underwear? How’d I know that?” she said with a grin, pulling his shirt up and over his head once his hands were free of the fly. She wanted to touch him everywhere she hadn’t had a chance to before. His skin twitched under her fingers, muscles reacting and fascinating her.

He chuckled darkly. “I couldn’t let you get away from me.” He snapped the sides of her panties, dragging off the thin barrier between them.

The little ways he showed his strength, tearing off her clothes, trapping her, holding her up ... they made her so hungry for him. She felt tiny compared to him, womanly in every way, and the experience was as addictive as his lovemaking. Giving up control was oddly empowering.

If anything, it felt like they hadn’t sated their lust once already this night. Tara couldn’t seem to contain herself, nor Michel. As soon as they were free of restrictive clothing he was kissing her again, hungry and fierce. His fangs had barely receded when she plunged her tongue into his mouth.

He cupped her ass, bringing her flush against his crotch. His cock strained against her mound. As she kissed him, she tightened her legs around his hips and tilted herself enough to part her labia for his entry.

Michel groaned into her mouth, thrusting forward, his cockhead ramming inexorably into her tight hole. He felt bigger this time. Maybe it was more swollen, and maybe not, but he felt so good sliding in. Tara

whimpered into his mouth, nudging his ass with her heels, needing to ride him to ecstasy.

He tore his mouth from hers, leaving them both gasping for breath. “Hold on,” he ground out, grasping her ass as he drove into her and withdrew, setting a rhythmic pounding that spun her pulse out of control. Her vaginal muscles clenched, tightening on his thick shaft with each thrust.

She clung to his shoulders, their bodies slick with a fine sheen of sweat, molded together in heat, barely moving save for the soul shattering rhythm.

She felt the climax closing in on her fast. It erupted suddenly without warning. Her muscles seized on the sudden explosion of pleasure through every nerve ending. When her muscles desperately clutched him, Michel released a ragged cry, driving into her until his own climax joined hers. The orgasm eclipsed everything--every thought, every other sensation--for a mind blowing experience. Darkness clouded her mind in that moment.

The next thing she knew, she was lying in bed, Michel draped across her naked body. Every part of her screamed in pleasurable agony—especially her groin. She hadn’t had this much loving in way too long.

Briefly, she wondered how long she’d been out, for surely she’d fainted. That was a first, but then, she’d pretty much left familiar territory behind tonight. And how far she’d gone!

Tara watched him sleeping, feeling warm inside and wondering how long it would last. He was really too good looking for her. She’d probably have to beat women off him with a stick.

Hell. That was assuming he'd want her. Actually, she had no idea what they were doing, how much had been real ... how much had been crazed hallucination....

"You gonna just stare or do you plan to do something 'bout that?"

She startled, giving him a frown as he lifted his head and looked at her. "I thought you were asleep. And what exactly is it you think I want to do?"

He looked at her pointedly, propping on an elbow as he moved his left hand under the sheets to her groin. He rubbed a sensitive spot on her mound, making the mouth there water in anticipation. "You know."

Yeah, she did. Her greedy little pussycat wanted some more din-din. *Down, beast. Down.* "Why are you so damn good? You're like a drug I'm addicted to," she said when she finally found her voice again, resisting the impulse to squirm under his expert touch.

"That's what it is to love a vampire. I feed off of, and give back sexual ecstasy."

Tara laughed. "Put that way you sound totally full of it."

He arched a brow in response, fingers climbing down to tease the lips of her sex and knock the laughter right out of her. Tara was finding it hard to have a rational thought in her head with him around. She clamped her legs tight, giving him a look.

"I thought vampires drank blood?" she asked on a gasp as he tickled past her clit. "What was with the biting?"

“Most drink blood, but not all. ‘Sides, I told you I couldn’t resist tasting your essence. You’re so sweet, *petite*. Every inch of you.”

The heat in his eyes conjured visions of entwined bodies—hers and his. She slipped down in the bed, unable to resist him for so long. “Please tell me you don’t need to sell your body to make money, and I’ll be happy.”

“Never. I go to *The Club* to feed off sexual energy.” He removed his hand and crawled toward her--like a stalking hunter--until he’d mounted her and she lay helpless beneath him once more. Her legs parted for him, and she discovered he was already hard when the giant head of his cock pushed into her tight entrance.

She arched her neck, moaning. “You must ... really be ... starving ... then.”

“Famished,” he murmured, nuzzling the column of her throat.

She wrapped her arms around him, lazily playing with his hair as he pushed deeply inside her, gently scraping the column of his erection against her g-spot. “Mmmmmm. Who are you really, anyway? I don’t know anything about you except that you’re not human. Oh...” He ground against her clit, sparking nerves to exquisite life. “And ... really ... good in ... bed.”

He kissed her gently, letting her feel his sincerity, holding still inside her until she opened her eyes to look at him. “I’m yours, for however long you want me.” He placed soft, feathery kisses along the edges of her lips. “Does anything else matter?”

She thought about it a minute. “Only that you keep your fine ass in this bed and love me forever.”

He smiled, sensual promise in his eyes. “As you wish.”

The End