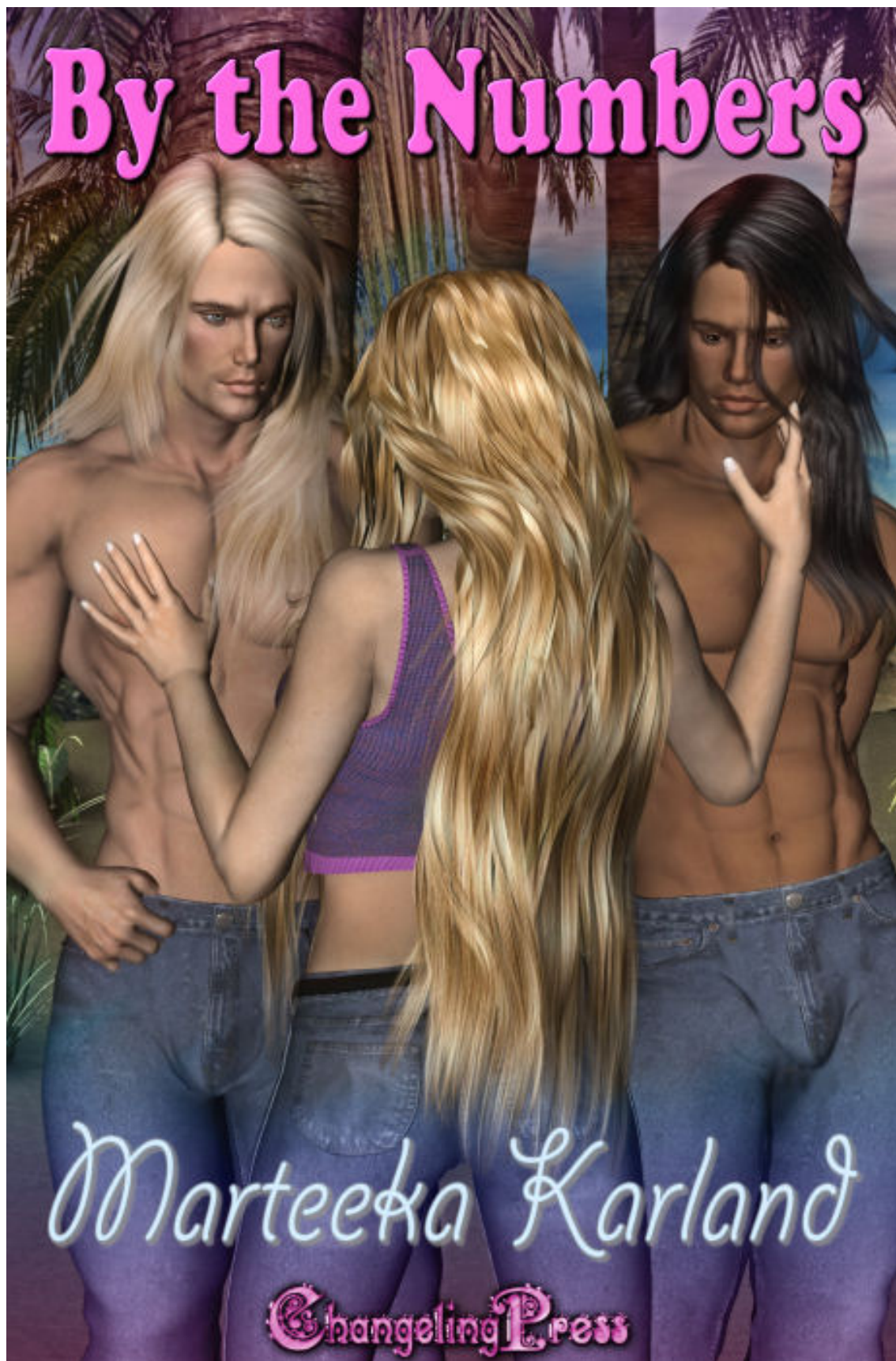


# By the Numbers



*MarteeKa Karland*

*Changeling Press*

# **Executive Decisions: By the Numbers**

## **Marteeka Karland**

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## **Executive Decisions: By the Numbers**

### **Marteeka Karland**

Zoe's asshole bosses have progressed from merely insensitive to complete bastards, and she's not taking it anymore. Time for a vacation, before she kills one or the other of them. She turns to Executive Decisions, an escort service guaranteeing discreet escorts for the professional woman.

Sebastian and Dorian have been with Executive Decisions for many years. Not only do they have a steady supply of women eagerly awaiting sex with no strings, but they can indulge their more exotic tastes, some of which would curl the hair on the pretty head of their office manager, Zoe Carter. That doesn't stop them from longing to have her for themselves. Only their desire to shield her from the sometimes violent and terrifying reality of their lives as vampires curbs their appetites.

They've managed to hang on to her for ten years, but after Dorian's last temper tantrum Sebastian, the psychic vampire, senses her hurt, anger, and her resolve to leave them. Permanently. Dorian, the blood vampire, feels like an ass for lashing out at her, but it's for her own good. She'll be much better off without them.

Too bad a certain nature sprite has other plans for all of them.

## Chapter One

"Good morning, D and S Attorneys, how may I help you?" Zoe Carter answered the phone professionally, as always. She always did her best no matter what job she was doing.

"You can start by making sure the damned coffee is fresh." She grimaced. Unfortunately, her employers weren't so congenial. From the sound of it, Sebastian Collingsworth wasn't in a particularly good mood. "And get me a decent shirt from Julian's."

"Yes --" The line went dead. "-- sir." She sighed. "Good morning to you, too, asshole."

Working for vampires sucked. Literally. Zoe Carter was just thankful she wasn't on the menu.

She was the accountant and receptionist for Dorian and Sebastian Collingsworth, owners of D&S Collingsworth, Attorneys at Law, and had been for the last ten years. Because she was the most senior staff member -- OK, so she was the *only* staff member -- she saw the men at their best and worst. She also knew D&S Attorneys was only part of what the two big vampires did.

As a rule, the pair weren't exactly morning people. Other than that, they didn't seem to have any of the weaknesses she'd always thought vampires had. Instead, they had the arrogant belief they were superior to every being on the planet. Like most men she knew.

One thing the pair had on other men was the second job. They also worked for a very high-class escort service for women with particular and... intense tastes. On more than one occasion, they'd called her to come in before dawn to help one or both of them to their underground chamber at the office.

At first, she'd worried about them getting caught -- and her being trapped in the middle of some illegal prostitution ring. Being paranoid made her hyper aware of the people around her, especially when the local sheriff was a frequent visitor. There seemed to be several people who not only knew about the side business the two vampires had going on, but also that they were vampires. When she'd questioned Dorian about it, he'd laughed at her, saying not everyone was so naive to believe everyone in the world was human. As if the whole friggin' town of Mount Bell was populated with vampires!

There was no denying their sex appeal. Zoe creamed her panties every day she went to work. These men exuded sex. The nasty, raunchy kind. They definitely fit the part they were apparently expected to play. She had heard them talking on more than one occasion about enjoyable bouts of kink. It was definitely the kind of sex nice girls like herself didn't participate in.

Yeah. Right.

Damn.

It was a good thing she was so good at her job. As it was, she had to constantly recheck her figures. She found concentration almost impossible at times. She was too busy trying to catch glimpses of the two sexy men.

The only bad thing was she couldn't stand either of them. Oh, they were nice enough to almost everyone. Just not to her. The only reason she stayed was because every time she tried to leave, they'd give her a raise, or a "continuance bonus."

Aside from that, they were the biggest assholes in the world. They never smiled at her, never told her she did a good job, and treated her like a servant. It was almost like they *wanted* her to hate them.

As to today, she'd had this morning's conversation with one or the other of them several times over the years and she knew better than to come back with only a "decent shirt." Before she left, she put on a pot of dark roast and took the company credit card. She'd get a complete change of clothing for each of them. Julian would know what she needed.

By the time the brothers entered the office via the back entrance, she was back with everything they could possibly need.

"God, I need a Scotch."

Except that.

Dorian looked like he'd been in a barroom brawl rather than on a date with some rich man or woman who needed companionship for the night and didn't want complications. In fact, it looked like there had been plenty of complications last night. Blood and dirt streaked his clothing and face. His hair was a matted mess instead of the shiny, silky black it normally was.

"Just wash up and change clothes, Dorian. Gripping about it isn't helping."

"If I'd known he was a junkie, I wouldn't be in this situation, Sebastian. You're the Psy. You should have warned me." Both men were clearly agitated, and the longer Zoe listened to them, the more alarmed she grew. Dorian obviously expected Sebastian to have warned him about the drugs, but Zoe knew it was very likely Sebastian didn't know. He could sense strong emotions, not read minds, and the strong emotions he could sense was what he fed from. As it was, she was terribly afraid they'd done something awful.

"What did you two do? If you've killed someone, I swear I'll be the first one to go to the police."

Dorian rolled his eyes and Sebastian gave her a scathing look. "Of course we didn't kill anyone," Sebastian snapped.

Dorian barked a sharp laugh. "No, but I may later. Doesn't our contract state that drugs and alcohol are strictly prohibited?"

"Would you two stop for a minute?" As Dorian undressed, Zoe grew increasingly alarmed. When he took off his suit jacket and turned around, she saw nasty gashes on his back. They were deep and angry looking, already getting red at the edges as if infection was imminent. She approached Dorian and carefully touched the edge of one such gash.

"Fucking hell!" He jumped and whipped around. "What the hell do you think you're doing?"

"This happened last night?" Zoe ignored her employer's outburst. She was used to it. When she reached out again to touch the irritated skin to see if it was warm, Dorian rounded on her.

"Don't fucking touch me! The only thing you need to concern yourself with is giving me the clothes I asked for, then getting the hell out!"

Zoe had never seen him like this. Sebastian gripped Dorian's shoulder as if to hold the man back. Dorian looked absolutely furious. What the hell had she done to set him off?

"I was just trying to help. You're hurt."

"When I want your help, I'll ask for it, mortal. Now get the *fuck out!*"

Zoe had never backed down from either of them before, but something in the way he looked at her scared the holy hell out of her. She backed out of the room, grabbed the clothes she'd acquired and tossed them in the general direction of the men. With one last angry look, Zoe turned and walked out the door.

Fuck it. She didn't need this. She had a vacation coming. They'd have to live with her taking it early. Unless a couple weeks of solitude changed her mind, she wouldn't be back.

Fuck it. Fuck them.

\* \* \*

"She's leaving." Sebastian's voice held no emotion, but Dorian knew the other vampire better than anyone. His blood brother depended on the emotions of others to give him sustenance, but it didn't mean he didn't have any emotions of his own. He simply tried to conserve as much emotional energy as he could by holding it inside.

"Good. She's putting herself in danger because she believes us tame. I'm so desperate for blood, I could take her and never bat an eyelash."

"As could I, but I don't believe for an instant you could bring yourself to hurt her, not matter how bad off you were."



"No, but I could fuck the living daylights out of her and you'd do nothing to stop me. The emotion coming from me alone would feed you for a month and I bet I could make her enjoy it just as much." Dorian scrubbed a hand over his face. "Is she angry?"

"Worse than she's ever been, but she's more hurt than anything else. You scared the hell out of her." Sebastian crossed his arms over his chest. "If you wanted her gone, you could have done it differently. You didn't have to yell at her. Do you *want* her to leave for good? Because that's what she's planning."

"Christ!" Dorian felt like an ass. Still, if she left, temptation would be removed. "No. I don't want her to leave, but maybe it's for the best. I know you've been just as miserable as I have. She's not the type of woman who can handle us. And she's *human*. I don't want a human attached to me as anything other than an employee or a fuck toy."

Sebastian chuckled. Dorian didn't see anything very damned funny about it. "You might be right, but personally, I don't think you give her enough credit. I'll bet there's a hellcat in there just waiting to explode. She might not be preternatural, but it takes a special human to accept us as we are, and she does."

Dorian had had enough. He could only take so much of Sebastian's bullshit. "You can't honestly tell me that *girl* can hold her own with two vampires who need a mate so badly, they pimp themselves out to psycho sex hounds? You think she could survive a round of fucking like we did tonight? I might have come out of it worse than anyone, but I gave as good as I got. Besides, she'd probably shit herself if she knew about the others, to say nothing of the Coven at Pleasant Hills."

"Don't you think she deserves the chance if she wants it?"

"No! I don't!" Dorian slammed his fist onto his mahogany desk hard enough to splinter the impact site and leave a crater the size of his fist. "I don't want to be responsible for hurting her! Better a wounded ego than a wounded body."

"I see."

"Besides that, she's a fucking *human*! We're better than that."

"I see."

Goddamn the man! Dorian loved his blood brother more than anyone else in the world, but sometimes he wished the other man would rant and rave and argue with him instead of being so calm and reasonable all the freaking time.

"What the hell is that supposed to mean?"

"It means --" Sebastian crossed the room to grip Dorian's arm in a firm, reassuring grip. "-- you love her just as much as I do and would do anything it took to keep her safe." He snorted. "Human or not."

"So, what do we do now?"

"She intends on taking a two-week vacation with or without our consent before she leaves us. When she books her flight and hotel, we make sure we pick up the tab. When she comes back to clean out her desk, we do something we've never done before." Sebastian grinned.

"You don't mean --"

"Yes. I mean exactly that."

Dorian groaned. Still, Sebastian was right. It was definitely the only way, though it made him want to grind his teeth.

"In all my years as a vampire, I've never apologized."

"Well, maybe it's time you learn." Dorian tried to wave the other man off, more of a token protest than anything else, but Sebastian -- the bastard -- had to drive his point home. "Do you want her out of our lives forever? Can you honestly say she'll be out of mind if she's out of sight?"

"Oh, for the love of --"

"No. You can't say it any more than I can. I want her so badly I ache with it, but I've held back all this time for the same reasons you have. I've done everything in my power to keep her with me until she was ready. She's been with us ten years, Dorian. *Ten years!* Maybe we should stop keeping her at arm's length and embrace the woman she's grown into."

"Bah!" Dorian turned and paced across the office. "I may want to fuck her silly, but that's it. I like her, and care about what happens to her, but that's as far as it goes. If she wants to leave, let her. One less human to deal with."

"So, you don't care that she's planning on leaving. It doesn't bother you she'll be kicking us out of her life?" Sebastian crossed his arms over his chest and leaned against the wall.

"Hell, no! Do you have any idea how much money we've spent on her in the last ten years? I've never wasted so much on anyone."

"I see."

"Would you stop it with the 'I see' business? There's nothing to see! I'm simply making a statement!"

"So, seeing her work beside someone else every day in this town wouldn't bother you."

"Hell, no! Let someone else keep her up."

"And you wouldn't care if you met her on the street and she ignored you?"

"Not even remotely."

"And when she finds a man to share her life with?"

"I'll kill the bastard --" Dorian blinked. "Ah, hell."

"I see." Sebastian smirked.

Dorian knew when he was fighting a losing battle. "I really hate you sometimes, Sebastian."

"No, you don't. You just hate it when I'm right."

## Chapter Two

Damn, she needed to get laid. Zoe tried to relax in the hot tub on her back balcony, but the jets that normally pounded the soreness from her body only added to her misery tonight. Ten years. Ten *long* years she had spent tirelessly doing her best to keep Dorian and Sebastian in business. If it hadn't been for them, she'd be working for a huge accounting firm, making her way on her own. They had hired her right out of college to manage their money, both business and personal, and she had done so without much complaint, but she was tired of being treated like a doormat. She wanted the respect she deserved. Today was the icing on the cake.

Zoe sighed. It had never been easy, though things usually went better than they had today. She'd totally nixed her personal life and worked sixteen-hour days, seven days a week most of the time. Ten years of practically living at work, and this was how they repaid her. They could keep their money. Anything she hadn't earned, she'd give back. She had enough saved from her regular salary to take as much time as she needed to find a good job. She didn't need the Collingsworth brothers.

Zoe settled back into the hot water and let the powerful jets pound her tense muscles. The setting sun painted the sky a brilliant red and orange. A romantic sky. When she thought about all the things she'd denied herself and had no idea why, she wanted to scream. She owed them nothing, yet she had a connection with them she couldn't explain. It was obvious it didn't go both ways, but she didn't really *want* anyone else. Sure, she'd had the occasional fling, but it had been a couple of years since her last sexual encounter and the simple fact was she was horny. Being so close to two so completely gorgeous males only added fuel to her fire.

As the water massaged her body, she caressed a breast absently, tweaking the nipple just how she liked it. Water hit her body beneath the surface in thick streams

from all directions. Spreading her legs, she shifted so one jet was aimed between her legs. She groaned and let her head fall back. Streams of water surged against her clit and she spread her legs wider still, stretching her muscles wonderfully.

Sitting back to enjoy herself, Zoe massaged both breasts and flexed her vaginal muscles as the jets worked their magic. She needed to come.

*She needed to get laid!*

Son of a bitch. Zoe sighed. This wasn't getting her anywhere. She might reach orgasm, but she wouldn't feel any better. For that, she needed a man. Unfortunately, she didn't have time in her life for the kind of relationship that led to sex. She wanted to fuck, that's all. Nothing else.

Oh, well. Having a man would definitely be nice -- and give her the relief she wanted -- but it wasn't mandatory. Besides, sexual tension made her push herself that much harder. She wasn't completely happy with her life at the moment but she had no doubt she could rectify that situation after her vacation. After all, she was a damned good accountant. She could probably start her own firm with little trouble.

Exiting the hot tub, she picked up a nearby towel and dried herself. If she knew what kinky service Dorian and Sebastian worked for, she'd be tempted to use it. It'd be fun to have those two arrogant assholes at her beck and call. She grinned. Yeah. She'd love to take both of them down a couple of notches.

When she finished and placed the towel back on the rack, she noticed the bundle of mail she'd thrown down on the little table beside her hot tub. She started to simply pitch it on her bed as she walked inside from the balcony, but the top piece caught her eye.

*Executive Decisions.* The expensive envelope piqued her curiosity. There was no return address or indication of the nature of the business, simply the name of the company. Automatically, she opened the envelope and pulled out the beautiful brochure.

*Safe companionship for the executive woman. On the go? Need protection or a male escort while out of town? Our service provides the best-trained escorts who cater to your unique*

*needs as a business professional and as a woman. All our men are guaranteed to flatter your senses, yet remain unobtrusive when the need arises. You'll make the best impression by having a companion who is knowledgeable in your field of business, yet knows when to make you the center of attention. For a free consultation and price quote, or for more information, call 800-ESCORTS. Remember, you're the EXECUTIVE. It's your DECISION.*

Zoe reread the thing twice before laughing and tossing it in the waste can. She'd made all of four steps before spinning around, crossing the same distance in two large strides, and snatching it back. After all, what could it hurt to check?

As she dialed the number, the thought that nagged at her was she must be out of her mind.

"Hello, Executive Decisions. My name is Darius Faeman. How may I serve you today?" The voice on the other end of the phone was deep, soothing, and very masculine. *How may I serve you today?* He made it sound like those six simple words held a wealth of meaning. Way more than what glittered on the surface.

Zoe cleared her throat once. This was totally bizarre. "Um," she stammered before pulling herself together. "I'd like to enquire as to the services you offer. Would you have someone available to go out of town beginning tomorrow?" Oh, God! Had she just asked that?

"How long would you require an escort?"

How long, indeed. She couldn't believe she was doing this. "That would depend on how well we got along, I suppose. Potentially two weeks."

"There shouldn't be a problem, Ma'am, and we match our clients with escorts very carefully." The funny thing about this guy was, he didn't sound like this was the company line. He sounded like he genuinely wanted to make a go of this. It didn't escape Zoe's notice that he didn't press her for personal information. "What else can I assist you with?"

"Can you give me an idea of a price?"

"Certainly. Can you hold a moment?"

"Sure."

As the seconds ticked by, Zoe thought about what she was about to do. The longer she thought about it, the more she liked it. There might not be sex involved -- paying someone for sex was illegal after all -- but there was no reason she couldn't enjoy some male company. Yes. She definitely wanted to do this.

"Are you still there, Ma'am?"

"Yes." Her heart pounded.

"Assuming your escort stays the entire two weeks, twelve thousand plus expenses. If either of you decides to terminate the contract before the two-week period is over, you owe nothing and we reimburse you the cost of your trip to that point."

Zoe blinked a few times. "Wait a minute. You mean you'll pay me back the money I've spent on my escort. Right? Food. The second occupant in the suite. Air fare. That kind of thing?"

"Yes. That and your part as well."

"Wouldn't that encourage people to kick their escorts out and complain?" There had to be a catch.

"Absolutely not. Our clients are mostly very wealthy businesswomen who could care less about the cost to them so long as they get what they pay for. Most of them want to be catered to by a man with no strings attached. Our company makes a pledge to provide quality companionship and the men working for us take their jobs very seriously. If they fail, they don't get paid, and we see that the client is compensated for her time."

She hadn't spent a dime on anything other than regular bills, food, and the occasional odd item of clothing in more years than she cared to count. Sebastian and Dorian had managed to take care of just about everything she ever needed. She wasn't rich by any means, but she could definitely afford to splurge. Even if she wasn't reimbursed her expenses if the guy didn't work out, she wouldn't put herself in a bad spot financially. The bonus she'd received at the end of last year alone was fifteen thousand. That, combined with her usual vacation allotment, would more than cover this service and any additional expenses. Even if she didn't dip into the fund the

brothers had set up for her vacations, she'd saved enough over the years to splurge this one time.

"OK. You've definitely got my attention. What's the next step?"

"You said you needed to leave in the morning. We would have to meet tonight in order to match you with a potential escort. In situations like this one, I normally recommend Antonio's on Burbank Street. It's quiet enough, yet has several customers this time of evening. Besides that, there is a police station across the street. If you feel threatened at any time, help would be only a scream away."

"Wow." Zoe was almost speechless. "You've thought of everything. What's the catch?"

The man with the sexy voice chuckled. "No catch, Ma'am. Unless you count the fee, of course. Twelve thousand dollars for two weeks paid in advance."

"I have no problem paying expenses, but air travel may be a problem. I had a hard enough time getting my own flight on such short notice. I'm not sure there would be an extra seat."

"We can discuss the logistics over dinner if you're willing. Are you ready to proceed?"

Good question. Zoe shrugged. Why not? What could it hurt to talk about this more? "I can be there in an hour. Will that be sufficient?"

"I'll wait for you in the back dining room. The hostess will leave the door open."

"OK then. One hour." She hung up the phone.

Zoe broke out into a sweat. What the *hell* was she doing? This was nuts. Even thinking about taking a strange man with her on vacation was ludicrous. Yet here she was, getting ready to meet with a man who would arrange exactly that. She laughed out loud because of the absurdity of the whole thing and was relieved to realize she didn't sound like a maniac. Just excited.

Very excited.

This could be the most exciting thing she'd ever done. If the terms and conditions turned out to be right, if she could guarantee her safety, then why the hell not?



With a huge smile on her face, Zoe dressed in a white blouse and matching black knit jacket and skirt. She checked her reflection in the mirror while she rearranged her long, silky blond hair in a tight bun at the nape of her neck. She slipped on high-heeled black shoes and buckled the thin strap around her ankle before turning around and looking over her shoulder to check the reflection of her back. The heels made her bare legs seem more shapely than they actually were, which was why she wore the uncomfortable things. Turning once more, she nodded smartly at her reflection. She was ready.

## Chapter Three

When she first walked into Antonio's private dining room, the large man sitting at a table in the middle of the room gave her pause. He was dressed in a well-cut suit, and had his hair pulled back. There were purple streaks in his raven hair, the only indication he was anything other than a successful businessman. At this point, Zoe wasn't sure if she'd stay or just go home and forget this whole silly business, but something about Darius Faeman made her stay. She might still decide the whole mess was a huge mistake, but she'd hear what he had to say.

Before the waiter brought their menus, she told Darius a little about herself and her job -- taking great pains not to mention Dorian and Sebastian. He prompted her with a few questions, but mainly he listened. Zoe was encouraged to speak simply by the intensity of his attention on her. By the time their menus came, she knew she'd stay for the entire session. She removed her jacket and draped it over the back of her chair.

"So --" She took a sip of the fruity drink the waiter brought her. "-- why should I choose your service over a man I know and trust?"

He chuckled softly and the sound warmed her from the inside out. He might not be the type of man she normally sought out, but he was definitely one sexy hunk. "Because I offer you a guarantee of a disease free, no strings attached man tailored to your specific needs." He paused a moment, as the meaning of his words sunk in. "However... unique those needs are."

Zoe thought about playing dumb, but she knew *exactly* what he meant. "What you're suggesting is illegal. If I get caught, my career is over."

"Part of the reason you pay me such a hefty price is so I can ensure not only your safety, but to make sure you *don't* get caught. Look --" He shifted in his seat a little and leaned over the table to look into her eyes. "-- I'm not out to make sure you or anyone

else gets laid. I do this to help people find the happiness they're longing for. If that means you get to spend your entire holiday with the man of your dreams doing the horizontal polka, then that's what I want you to have. If, on the other hand, all you want is companionship or even a bodyguard while you're away, then that's what I'll provide. What happens once you get to your destination is completely in your hands. Nothing will go any farther than you want it to, and whatever happens while you're there, stays there. I personally guarantee no one will ever find out about anything that goes on once you make an agreement with me. If I don't live up to that arrangement, you'll receive a lifetime salary and benefits from my company twice that of your current salary."

Zoe couldn't believe this guy. "You're just asking to get caught, aren't you? Haven't you ever had someone hire their own P.I. or something in order to get the ultimate retirement package?"

Again, Darius chuckled. "Once or twice, but I knew they'd try it. I only agreed to take them as clients because they both needed attitude adjustments. The women who are willing to shell out the kind of money it takes to hire my services aren't interested in playing those sorts of games. They only want safe companionship that leaves in the morning and keeps his mouth shut. *That's* what I'm offering you. The only question is, are you willing to take it?"

Her heart pounded inside her chest. Zoe could feel the sweat break out all over her body. She couldn't believe she was actually contemplating this! "This can be a completely innocent trip. We sleep in separate beds, never even so much as hold hands if I don't want to?"

"If that's your wish, yes."

She studied Darius while she willed her heart to settle down a bit. Taking a couple of deep, calming breaths, she sat back in her chair. "You said something about making sure the man you sent with me was tailored to my specific needs. How do you go about figuring that out? You've hardly asked me any questions the entire time I've been here."

"I've been gathering data about you since the second you walked through the door. I find that asking direct questions can sometimes lead to not so direct answers. I prefer to get my information by observation more than interrogation." If Darius were another man, he might have sounded smug. Darius was only stating a fact.

"And what have you learned?"

He smiled as the waiter stepped to the table with their dinner. "We'll save that for later. Right now, eat. Enjoy. I need to make a few preparations. Will you excuse me?"

"Certainly. But aren't you going to eat?"

"I'll have plenty of time after I get things set up for you. Once I see if it's feasible, we'll discuss if you're ready to take the first step into the world you were meant to live in."

Before Zoe could question him about that cryptic statement, Darius stood and left. *Are you ready to take the first step into the world you were meant to live in?* She shivered. A feeling of falling tickled the back of her mind and she could almost feel the wind brushing her face. This was more than it seemed, but she'd be damned if she wasn't so freaking curious there was no way she could back out at this point. After all, if he could convince her she'd be safe and that there was absolutely no risk to her, why not go for it?

Grinning to herself, Zoe cut into her steak and took a bite. The meat was so tender and flavorful she simply closed her eyes and enjoyed the decadence.

Yes. If Darius could guarantee her safety of both person and reputation, she'd do this. She deserved to have a little fun, and this would definitely be a little fun. Darius was right. Zoe didn't believe she'd worked so hard her entire scholastic and professional career just to make money. What good was money if she never spent any of it? What good was having money if it came at the expense of having a life?

Decision made, she settled in to eat her dinner.

\* \* \*

Darius grinned. He just wished he could be around when the sparks started flying among these three. If ever there were three people who needed to open their eyes, it was them. His magic let him see true love anywhere it sprouted, and they were greatly in love. Sebastian and Dorian were blood brothers by virtue of having been made by the same Master, but they were not biological brothers. They had been the best of friends in their previous lives as well as their vampiric lives. Because of Sebastian's rare need for psychic energy -- mostly from strong emotion -- they had become more than friends. More than blood brothers. They were fierce lovers, taking what they needed without mercy because that was what their nature demanded.

It was their fierce nature that made them want to push Zoe away. Neither of them wanted to subject the young woman to the baser nature of the vampire. Darius supposed he couldn't blame them for that. He'd hesitated in pushing this union at all, but he knew none of them would ever be happy unless they had this chance. Zoe could take it. She already knew what they were and that their sexual encounters were often less than civil. If she truly couldn't handle them, she wouldn't be as interested as she was. Besides, like many preternatural creatures, Dorian thought himself superior to humans. It would be funny as hell to watch him on his knees in front of his "mistress" actually begging her to let him come. He'd probably lash out at her, but Darius just bet little Zoe could handle him.

No matter. He'd keep a close eye on them. If things got out of hand, he'd take Zoe away and wipe her memories of the men, and theirs of her, and simply try again. After all, bringing stubborn lovers together was what he did. Sometimes it just took longer than others.

Darius probed Zoe's mind as he stood in the doorway watching her eat. He knew the exact moment she made up her mind to continue and waited a few minutes longer before returning to her. He was the master matchmaker. King of the Nature Sprites, his business was human nature more than Mother Nature. This one would get all stubborn if pushed.

He grinned. Prime Vampires butting heads with one stubborn human female should be very amusing indeed. All that was left to do was make arrangements for the three to meet in Zoe's bungalow. She was the only one who could call this off -- the two vampires were under contract. If she were in a position where she thought it was too late to request a replacement, or to simply cancel her vacation, she would be more likely to accept the situation and go with it.

She would have them exactly where she wanted them. At her beck and call.

Yes. Very interesting indeed.

\* \* \*

"Dorian." Sebastian ended the call on his cell with a snap as he closed it. "We have a job."

"I don't care." Dorian was pouting, Sebastian knew, but he knew it was more than that. His blood brother had been too long without a woman who could handle a Prime. Sebastian knew Dorian desperately wanted Zoe to be such a woman, but she was just too damned fragile. The type of men he'd seen her with were "safe," and she seemed to prefer it that way. Sebastian and Dorian were anything but safe.

"Look at it this way, you can lose yourself in someone for a while and not think about Zoe."

Dorian snorted. "Right. Just like I won't think about her on vacation. Or who she's with. I bet I could take him, whoever he is. She always chooses wimpy men."

"Would you stop? Sulking is so not your style. Either get off your ass and tell her you're smitten with her, or suck it up! I'm tired of you acting like a sniveling human. You're a Prime Vampire. You're one of the most powerful beings on this planet, and you're whining because your woman left? It's embarrassing!"

Dorian growled. "Prime Vampire. I don't even know what the fuck that means. I never did." The sound was usually enough to send even the most seasoned vampire running for cover, but Sebastian could hear the hurt and confusion in Dorian's voice. "Besides, Zoe's not my woman. She's nothing to me but another body with hot blood flowing through her veins."

“Yeah. Right. If that’s true, why would it bother you if she’s with someone else on her vacation?”

“Details.” Dorian crossed his arms over his chest. “Why is it always details with you?”

Sebastian smiled and punched Dorian playfully in the shoulder. “I just love pointing out flaws in your logic. It makes me feel important.”

## Chapter Four

What the hell had she agreed to?

Zoe had been asking herself that question the entire flight. She shifted nervously in her first class seat, a glass of wine in her hand. She tried to drink it -- needed to drink it -- but her stomach rebelled.

The safety precautions in place would alert not only Executive Decisions, but the local authorities if she felt herself threatened. The contract she signed required her to get a physical, complete with blood work, and provided her with a guaranteed clean bill of health for anyone Executive Decisions sent to her for entertainment purposes. It also guaranteed that condoms would be used at all times, no exceptions.

All the arrangements had been made at the hotel to accommodate the extra visitor, and separate air travel to and from the area had been taken care of. If all went as Darius told her it would, she'd arrive approximately one hour before her escort. She should have plenty of time to prepare herself.

But could she really prepare herself to spend a couple of weeks alone with a stranger? It was a damned good thing she hadn't had time to really consider this, or she'd be headed to a beach-side bungalow alone. She was scared, but also excited, and the latter emotion was really much stronger than the former.

It took her six hours to reach the Big Island of Hawaii and another half hour before she was in a taxi on the way from the airport to the beach house she'd rented. By the time she'd unpacked and freshened up, there was a knock at the front door.

Zoe's heart pounded inside her chest. This was it. She was about to meet the man she'd hired to be at her beck and call for the next two weeks.

She opened the door, a big smile plastered on her face.

And came face to face with not one, but two very familiar faces.



Dorian and Sebastian Collingsworth.

Son of a bitch.

It made her feel better when the two men she fantasized most about stood there just as dumbfounded as she was. She couldn't stop the question that popped out of her mouth.

"What the hell are you two doing here?" Neither man said anything for a moment. Identical looks of disbelief and confusion graced their faces. The men who had tormented her for the last ten years were finally silenced. And it hit her. "You guys are my escort -- err, *escorts* -- aren't you? You're here to do my bidding."

All three of them looked at each other for several moments, the expression on the men's faces becoming disgruntled, and Zoe grinned until she couldn't help but laugh out loud until tears streaked down her face.

"Oh, God!" She laughed, wrapping her arms around her middle in her mirth, and sagged against the door facing. "You've got to be kidding." Dorian growled and stepped toward her, but Zoe was too lost in humor to be properly impressed. "There *is* a God after all!" Zoe whooped and twirled in her delight. *Finally*, she had them. She supposed she should be a little apprehensive, but she couldn't muster the effort. All she could concentrate on was how sweet her revenge would be.

"Witch," Dorian hissed. "You have no idea what you've gotten yourself into. How did you manage this anyway?"

Sebastian snorted. "It was Darius. I'd bet my life on it. The damned sprite set us up."

"Do we have to honor the damned contract? I mean, she can get out of it. Can we?"

"Sure." Sebastian crossed his arms over his chest and leaned against the doorframe Zoe had vacated in her excitement. "We can back out. But if we do, we have to provide a legitimate reason, or we get canned. Somehow, I don't think 'because she's a witch' will work."

Zoe, still giggling, opened the door wide and invited them in. "Come on in, guys. Make yourselves at home."

When Dorian gave her a menacing look -- a look she'd seen too many times to count -- Sebastian thrust an arm out to block the other vampire's way.

"This isn't a game, Zoe. Yes, we're here to do your bidding, but we have ways of making *you* do what *we* want. No mind control. No funny stuff. Just pure sexual frustration. There are things we can do -- together and separate -- that will make you cream your panties. We are masters at seduction. This escort business is our way of snagging prey in the guise of kinky sex. After all these years, you know that. If you go through with this, if you don't call Darius right now and tell him you don't want us as your escorts, we'll be as relentless with you as we are with every other woman we've ever served working for Executive Decisions. Our very lives depend on it."

Zoe narrowed her eyes, her anger starting to rise to the surface above her elation. "You mean you'll ignore my wishes? Are you telling me you refuse to let me call the shots like I was promised I'd be able to? There's no way I'll believe you can't find sustenance with someone else, even while you're here with me. Because, even though sex with the two of you might prove interesting, that's not what I'm after."

"No?" Sebastian lowered his arm and leaned over until his face was inches from her own. "It will be. There's no woman we can't charm into our bed."

Zoe gulped, but stood her ground. Considering how very much she already wanted to be in their bed, she didn't doubt the truth of his words, but he sounded just a tad too cocky for her liking. "I've got news for you, big boy. None of your other clients know you two as well as I do. If they did, it wouldn't have been so damned easy to get them to fuck you. More likely, you'd have met a horrible end a long time ago."

There was a moment of silence before Sebastian straightened, a smile teasing his mouth. "You do have a point, Zoe. Perhaps we should use that as a challenge. If we can manage to get into your bed, we can charm the pants off anyone."

She snorted. "Right. Whatever. I've got to finish unpacking. There's a master suite and one guest suite. You two can fight over the bed in the guest rooms as far as

I'm concerned. And --" She looked at both of them, making sure she had their attention. Might as well nip this in the bud. "-- this is the last time you'll disrespect me for the next two weeks. What happens after we get home, I can't control. For the money I'm paying for this trip, this experience, you'll damned well treat me like the most important person in the world."

Zoe didn't wait for a reply, she just spun around and walked to her room. But her heart raced. She'd never stood up to either of them quite so forcefully before, and she'd done all she could in that area for the day. Jet lag was catching up with her, and she needed a nap.

Son of a bitch! How had this freaking happened? True, she'd hired an escort service *knowing* her soon-to-be-former-employers worked for an escort service, but what were the actual odds of her hiring the *exact same service*?

Astronomical. They had to be astronomical.

When she was safely locked inside the master suite, she went to the bedroom and fell backwards onto the bed. What the hell had just happened? Her holiday allowing her time to decide her future had just turned into a nightmare.

More than just Igg and Ook out there waiting for her to drop her panties and bend over, she *wanted* to drop her panties and bend over. When Sebastian had all but guaranteed they'd make her beg them to take her, she'd almost jumped him right there. For ten years, her fantasies had revolved around these two men in one way or another. Resisting them was going to be the hardest thing she'd ever done.

Even now, she knew without checking she was hot and wet. Her clit throbbed and her pussy clenched, needing something inside it badly. It had been a long time since she'd had sex. Longer than she wanted to think about. She was terribly afraid Sebastian was right, and she'd have no power to resist them.

But she had to. If she was going to come out of this with her heart intact, she had to. The worst part was, she knew part of her had been in love with both of them for a very long time. Temperamental as they were, she couldn't imagine her life without either of them.

She was about to dial the emergency number programmed into her cell when the damned thing chirped a horribly cheerful ring tone Darius had uploaded when he'd saved the number she was to call if she needed out of this arrangement. Zoe about jumped out of her skin it scared her so badly.

"Hello?"

"It's Darius. I just wanted to check on you. Is everything to your liking?"

Zoe didn't know what to say. "It's funny you called when you did. I was just getting ready to call you."

"You're having a problem?" It was amazing how Darius was able to project a sense of caring and genuine concern.

"Did you know there's already a relationship among myself and both the men you sent me?"

"Oh, no. Really? This is a disaster! I can't believe this!"

"I just don't know if I can do this, Darius. They're a force of nature unto themselves. I'm afraid I'll lose myself." Zoe knew she sounded small and weak, but she couldn't seem to hold back her emotions. Maybe it was because she had been doing it where these men were concerned for ten years. Maybe it was Darius himself. She'd noticed before how he had a way of making her open up and tell him things she might not have revealed otherwise. It wasn't so much that she told him her deepest, darkest secrets -- it was more like he already knew them.

"Well, obviously I'll reimburse you all your costs. I'll contact the men and have them leave immediately, though I'm surprised they didn't try to make this work for you. They're normally eager to do whatever the customer wants, no matter what."

Zoe barked a laugh. "Not this time. We're not exactly what you'd call friendly. I work for them. I seriously doubt they can put that aside and be at my beck and call." She sighed before continuing. "Look. I think this was just a bad decision from the start on my part. I don't need a man -- or men -- to do my bidding."

"No." Darius's voice had gone from clear and concerned to husky and almost seductive. "You need someone to sweep you off your feet and make love to you with

the passion and wholeheartedness you deserve. You want someone to anticipate your wants and needs in bed and out of it because he genuinely wants you to be happy in everything you do.”

Zoe was speechless. That was *exactly* what she wanted. How had this man managed to read her so clearly and accurately? “It doesn’t matter, Darius. I can’t get that with Sebastian and Dorian. It’s not in them to give.”

“Don’t be too sure, my sweet. Those men are willing to do more than you know. Can you give it a couple of days? All your expenses are covered no matter what. You have nothing to lose and possibly everything to gain.”

“How can you say that?” Zoe had suspected the moment she’d seen the two men that Darius knew more than he let on, but this was over the top. “I’ve worked for them for ten years. Never once have they gone out of their way to accommodate me. No matter what, my career with them is over. I’ll be looking for a new job when this vacation is over.”

“You were planning that anyway, weren’t you?” Zoe almost dropped the phone. How did he know that? “Just give it a couple of days, Zoe. I promise you won’t regret it.”

“I’m *so* out of my fucking mind,” she murmured. “What do I do?”

“First, you have to ask yourself what you want. Do you simply want revenge, or do you want to prove to them you belong with both of them. It’s up to you.”

God, she’d never been so confused in her entire life. She knew she wanted them, but she refused to be treated like a servant, and she didn’t know if Sebastian and Dorian were even capable of treating her any differently.

“There’s something else you should keep in mind, Zoe. Those two might have done everything they could to push you away emotionally, but they always held you close to them. They’ve always taken care of you in the only way they could.”

She couldn’t argue with that, but she wasn’t convinced this would work. “What the hell? You’re right in that I have nothing to lose. Unless you count my heart, of course.”

"They're good men, Zoe. Give them a chance."

Zoe chuckled. "Now, why can't they be more like you?"

"Because if they were, it would take away the essence of who they are, and you wouldn't love them so much."

"How the hell do you know this stuff?"

"It's my job, Zoe." There was no arrogance or cockiness in his voice, only a kind of weariness that sounded as if it went bone deep. She'd bet almost anything Darius was an amazing man himself. "I'll be checking on you. Relax and try to enjoy yourself."

As she snapped her phone shut, she contemplated her options. She could sulk for two days until Darius pulled her vampire employers out, or she could do as Darius suggested. Relax. Enjoy herself.

Sounded like a plan to her. She grinned. It might lead nowhere, but since she was leaving their employment anyway, what did she really have to lose?

At the thought of never seeing them again, her brief good humor vanished. She knew it was the right thing to do, but she felt lost just thinking about it. An unexpected rush of sadness overwhelmed her, and she had to blink tears from her eyes.

No. She absolutely refused to be sad on her vacation. Especially in regard to the Collingsworth brothers. They weren't worth her tears.

But they *were* seriously hot.

She'd dreamed of these two men since the day she'd met them. And why not? No woman alive could resist them. One was dark as the night, while the other was as fair as the morning sun. It was hard to imagine they were brothers, but who was she to argue? Both had hair that flowed down their backs. Dorian's was black as a raven's wing, while Sebastian's was almost snow white.

And talk about built! She'd seen them both in little to nothing when they'd had to change clothes at the office after coming in from a late night, and she doubted there was a man alive who wouldn't kill for their physiques. Cut, rippling muscles seemed to be everywhere, playing underneath their skin as they moved. She itched to run her fingers over them and explore at her leisure.

She'd been so shocked when she'd opened the door and seen them standing there, she hadn't taken time to appreciate what she was seeing. Both of them wore faded blue jeans that molded their hips and legs. It occurred to her that she'd never seen them in jeans. The times she'd seen them after a "date," they'd usually been wearing some variation of leather. They'd always looked sexy as hell, but somehow the jeans made them seem more approachable. She'd never have been able to converse freely with them in that leather get up. They always looked too much like the nasty, raunchy sex she didn't want to participate in.

Yeah. Right.

Shaking her head to clear it of the sudden sexual haze, she continued to unpack. Just thinking about what those two were capable of in bed got her hot and bothered. Unpacking the skimpy lace and silk under things she'd bought especially for this trip didn't help either. She had everything from bras and panties to negligees and camisoles. Anything she could think of.

On impulse, she discarded her pink pedal pushers, simple white cotton shirt, and underwear, and tried on one of the floor-length silk nightgowns. The halter top fastened behind her neck and just barely covered her breasts. The neckline plunged to just above her navel, and the back dipped so that the dimples above her ass were visible.

She stood in front of the full-length mirror in the dressing room and twirled. The silk felt good against her skin as she moved. It clung to her hips and brushed her legs like a lover's hands might. Like Sebastian and Dorian might.

Oh, God.

Her hands wandered over her breasts and down her sides to her hips. She still had a good body. Her belly was flat, her waist narrow, and her breasts full and high. She wasn't sure what they normally looked for in women and didn't really care, but she knew she was hot.

She grinned. What would the men think if they saw her like this? She stepped into the bedroom and crawled up onto the huge king-sized bed. Rolling onto her back, she let her hands wander her body again. What would it feel like to have Sebastian's

hands touching her like she was touching herself? His hands were much bigger than hers. Would they be rough? Would they snag on the delicate material?

Zoe groaned as she cupped her breasts and pushed them together. She squeezed her legs together as the tingling in her pussy continued to build. The room was silent but for her deep, steady breathing.

Sunlight covered her body in warmth where it shone through an open window. Like a lover's body. A pleasantly cool breeze feathered over her, gently ruffling her hair and the lovely gown. Like a lover's breath.

One hand left her breasts to trail down her body to her pussy, covered only in the light material. She rubbed gently, creating only enough pressure to tease herself. Her own moisture seeped through the silk.

"That's it, my lovely." The deep masculine voice startled her, but she recognized it as Sebastian. Though her heart rate now soared, the only movement she made was to turn her head in his direction.

The door stood open slightly where he'd entered, but Dorian was nowhere in sight. Zoe was amazed she hadn't heard Sebastian enter, but it really wouldn't have made a difference if she had.

Sebastian took a deep breath and closed his eyes. "You're creaming so much, I can smell you." A deep rumble emanated from him. "It makes me want to taste."

"No." Zoe didn't move her hand, nor did she make any move to close her legs. In fact, she spread them wider, never taking her eyes from him. "This is about me. Anything you do will be only what I allow." The flash of annoyance in Sebastian's eyes didn't scare Zoe. Unless she'd read him wrong, she had one of her two vampires right where she wanted him.

The only question was, how long could she keep him there before he pounced on her?



## Chapter Five

Sebastian about shot his load when Zoe continued to finger her clit through the clingy silk of her nightgown. Her face was flushed a lovely pink and her deep, rapid breathing caused the creamy material to slip across her breasts very nearly exposing their luscious peaks. Her nipples stabbed the garment, making Sebastian's mouth water with wanting to taste.

She never took her eyes off him. Her hips thrust upward, as if meeting his cock as he rammed it into her. Nothing Sebastian had seen in his long years on the earth affected him as much as the sight of Zoe masturbating in front of him. He didn't have any illusions she was performing for him, but she was making damned sure he understood that if he wanted to play, he had to play by her rules.

That didn't make it sit any better with him. He was all for giving the little temptress what she wanted, but no woman who wanted to be in total control would have stayed with him and his brother as long as she had. He had a feeling Zoe would be perfectly content to follow their lead if they gave her the choice to do so. All she needed was the opportunity to choose.

"I won't ask if you like what you see because the question would be pointless since I'm paying you to be here. The only thing I ask is that you don't do or say anything you don't truly want to. I won't have you two playboys filling my head with nonsense. We're all here to have a good time, but I still have to clean out my desk at work. I don't want any awkward goodbyes."

"I see." Sebastian had a few things to say about that, but now wasn't the time. "Is this your version of 'love 'em and leave 'em'?"

"I guess it is." She didn't stop the manipulation of her clit, but her arousal didn't seem to progress, either. "Mostly I just want to satisfy my curiosity."

"And once you've had us, you'll just leave?" Sebastian tried to pretend that possibility didn't bother him, but it did. He wanted her so badly he burned with it, but if fucking her meant she'd definitely leave them, he'd continue on in frustration. He'd managed for ten years. He could keep on until he figured out a way to have her permanently. This was his golden opportunity, but he had to think carefully about how he wanted to approach her.

Zoe shrugged a delicate shoulder. "You bet I would. I'm leaving anyway, so it doesn't matter if I fuck you or not. I'd just prefer things be no more awkward than they have to be."

"So, for these fourteen days, we'll all pretend the real world doesn't exist. We're here to please you. You're here to relax and get away from the frustrations of your daily life. I think we can manage that."

"You'd better." She stopped massaging her clit and pulled her gown up over her legs until she lay exposed before him. His cock jumped, but he knew she had no intention of letting him fuck her. Yet. "Eat me."

Now, who could argue with that?

Sebastian crossed the distance between them slowly, savoring the sight of her. He'd always hoped, but never dreamed to see her this way. Zoe was a precious thing to him. There had always been something different about her than in women they usually chose. Something innocent. Pure. Whatever the reason, he and Dorian never tried to take her. With Dorian's gift of seduction, and his own gift of mesmerizing his prey, they could have had her many times over the years. Even if they had been that ruthless and callous, just looking at her angelic face stopped them in their tracks. This was a woman to be wooed and treasured.

Sebastian knew this from the moment he first met her. Dorian took a little longer to convince, but he eventually came around. Mostly, Dorian just wanted her from the first, and he wasn't a man known for his patience.

Now, Sebastian saw his chance to begin the wooing. Zoe needed to be in control, but realistically, he knew that was an arrangement that couldn't last. He and Dorian as

a team were Prime Vampires -- the most powerful preternatural creatures in existence. They didn't get to be that powerful by taking orders from anyone. Sebastian didn't want a total submissive, but having one in bed was a must. He didn't think it would take too much to bring her around. After all, had she been an Alpha female, she'd have left them a long time ago -- something else in their favor.

Now, Sebastian knelt between Zoe's creamy thighs and lightly traced the contour of her legs from ankle to inner thigh before slipping his arms around her legs possessively. He noticed that she quivered in excitement and he reveled in it. Sebastian vowed to himself in that moment to take her to heights of pleasure she'd only dreamed about.

Gently, carefully, Sebastian lowered his head to her pussy and blew on her heated flesh, followed closely by a wet lick from her opening to her clit. Zoe cried out softly, and the muscles of her legs and abdomen clenched in anticipation.

"Do you like that, little flower?" His words were soft and low. "Is this how you want it? Us worshiping your flesh like the goddess you are? Do you want us on our knees?" She gasped when he licked her cunt again. "Do you actually think to tame us?"

She took a couple of deep breaths before responding to him. "I don't think any woman could tame you. I just want to fuck you."

"Then what?" He licked again, this time sucking her clit gently.

"Then I'm gone." She groaned the response more than said it. "Sweet God, don't stop!"

"I see." He latched onto her clit again, licking around the sensitive bud several times. "Then, I think we'd better get started. If you intend to get your fill, we've only got a few short days to make up for ten years of abstinence."

Sebastian settled himself in for a long stay. He intended to draw this out as long as he could. The woman beneath him quivered, just like most every woman he'd pleased had. She sighed and whimpered, just like every other woman. What was not like every other woman, every other time he'd ever spent between a woman's legs, was that he quivered and moaned, too. He'd always liked oral sex as a way to generate

sexual energy in his partner, but this was completely different. Her energy was pure and strong. As strong as his own. If he chose, he didn't have to deny himself total release when the time came. She would replace any energy he lost if he let himself totally enjoy this experience. He'd waited so long for this one, perfect woman, and now that he'd found her his own sexual energy begged him for release.

At first, he didn't know if releasing his own energy was such a good idea, but soon his body began to project his energy just as Zoe's energy was projected to him whether he wanted to or not. Psy vampires were so rare, he'd only met one in his five-hundred-year lifetime. The only advice she had given him was to beware of expending his own energy unless he was able to ensure he could absorb more readily. Especially during sex. Only once had he forgotten that advice, and if it hadn't been for Dorian, it would have been his last mistake.

Losing his own energy during sex drained him beyond belief because sex involved all the senses in heightened proportions. It was like a blood vampire severing a main artery. Because of that, he didn't let himself get attached to his prey, or allow himself to enjoy many experiences too much -- especially sex. It was funny, really. Sexual energy filled him like no other type of emotional energy from humans or other preternatural creatures, but if he enjoyed sex too much, it drained him almost to the point of death.

As he lay there between Zoe's legs, Sebastian experienced the greatest sexual pleasure of his life. He could feel the energy building and building, begging for release. All he could think about was plunging himself deep inside this lovely woman and spending himself there.

He would have crawled up her body and done just that, but she tangled her fingers in his hair and held him to her. Sebastian swallowed a growl and did his best to concentrate on giving Zoe the pleasure he so much wanted her to give him.

Zoe whimpered when he ran his tongue around the silky wet folds of her labia and rewarded Sebastian with a warm gush of moisture. She had a slightly musky taste and smell that drove him wild. He tried to focus on her pleasure and not his own but a

wash of sexually charged energy rushed into him, replacing his own essence faster than it could bleed away. It was like the ultimate high. His head spun in giddy excitement. The rush of energy was only part of it. The feelings layered within the energy in a delicate balance of awe, wonder, excitement, fear, and anger meshed into something more nourishing to him than a mother's milk to her baby. Strength filled him as it hadn't in all his preternatural life. The greater Zoe's pleasure, the greater the energy flowing into him. No other lover he'd ever taken had experienced such pleasure from him.

Nothing like solid proof you're normally a lousy lover to take the edge off. Thank the Maker Zoe chose that moment to prove he was the best lover she'd ever had in her life. At least, he hoped that was what she meant. She let go a scream that would have done a banshee proud. It was a moment worth any amount of self-doubt because of the woman he now held in his arms.

Zoe.

*His* Zoe. "Mine." He uttered the single word before he could stop himself.

Gods above, he must be mad.

## Chapter Six

As Zoe floated down from the orgasm that had just sent her flying into outer space, she sighed contentedly. Oh, my! That vampire certainly had a talented mouth. She lay there trying to catch her breath, her fingers still tangled in Sebastian's hair. The tendrils slid free when she relaxed her hands. His spicy, wonderfully masculine scent wafted around her in the clean ocean breeze.

She wasn't sure she could keep her eyes open long. The orgasm had totally drained her. It had been a long time since sex had so completely worn her out. Or satisfied her. Hell, it hadn't even been "sex." He'd eaten her out. There had been no penetration of any kind, a fact her pussy reminded her of when she felt Sebastian crawl up beside her and pull her into the hard planes of his body.

Zoe spooned against him, and the muscles of his hair-sprinkled chest caressed her back with every breath he took. In that moment, she could almost suspend her disbelief and imagine they were a couple who had just made passionate love and now cuddled together for sleep.

No! She sat bolt upright and practically jumped out of bed and headed toward the sitting room vanity. He couldn't know how he affected her. If he did, her heart was as good as broken. He and Dorian would press any advantage they thought they had. Her feelings be damned.

"You may leave now." She waved a hand as she picked up a brush and began brushing her silky locks. "I'll let you know if I have need of you again."

She could see him in the mirror, but pretended to concentrate intently on her own reflection. Sebastian went from stunned, to angry, to perfectly obedient in the space of about five seconds. "Stunned" and "angry" she expected. The "perfectly

obedient” she didn’t trust at all. He was definitely up to something. She’d have to be on her guard at all times or he’d snag her in a trap she’d never be free of.

When the door clicked shut softly behind Sebastian, Zoe sagged against the vanity table. Son of a bitch. This wasn’t a good idea at *all*. She was in way over her head. This had to stop before it got out of hand.

Then the door flew open. “What the hell is going on in here? What have you done to Sebastian?” Dorian looked positively furious.

If she were going to call this off, she’d have kept silent. Instead, she spouted off. “I didn’t give you permission to enter my rooms, Dorian. You will leave, or I’ll have Darius remove you. Sebastian made his choice. It’s your turn now.”

“Like hell.” Dorian moved toward her menacingly. “I don’t take orders from you, human.” He snarled. “I am a law unto myself and I obey no one.”

“Then I don’t want you here.” Zoe was surprised she sounded so calm. Inside, her heart pounded and she trembled. “Leave and do what you want. I don’t care. But I paid too much money to spend my entire vacation arguing with you.”

“I won’t leave without Sebastian. Release him to go and we’ll be on our way.” Dorian raised his chin a notch and Zoe was struck with what she was hearing. Dorian, the great vampire, was *pouting*.

She took a breath before she spoke, wanting to choose her words carefully. “Sebastian is free to do as he wishes. I’m not holding him here.”

“Then you’ve bewitched him. I’m not sure how we missed you as a preternatural, but it’s the only reason for his actions.”

“Dorian, you know I’m not a witch. If Sebastian stays, maybe it’s because he wants to. Unlike you, maybe he thinks I’m worthy of being pampered for a couple of weeks.”

Dorian snorted. “Or maybe he just doesn’t want to lose the perfect set up with Executive Decisions because of one puny human woman.”

Zoe felt as if Dorian had slapped her in the face. Of all the things she imagined they thought about her, them seeing her as inferior because she was human wasn't one of them. Rage boiled within her. Rage and hurt.

"Is it your purpose in life to cut out my feelings and stomp on them? What have I ever done to you for you to have such a personal grudge against me?"

"I'm just laying out the truth as it is. You don't belong with us. Call Darius and have him pull us out."

"No. I don't belong with you. After this vacation is over, I'm gone. But something I want to know is why, if you didn't want me working for you, did you keep me on? I quit the first time less than a year after I started. Yet ten years later, here I am." She spread her hands out in front of her as she faced him. "Why didn't you just let me go then? Why didn't you fire me when I didn't leave?"

Dorian moved so fast, his image was a blur. Before Zoe realized what was happening, he gripped her upper arms, holding her tight against his body. "Because, my beautiful witch, you've ensorcelled me, as well. All I can think about day and night is plunging my cock deep and hard inside your pussy, and I don't like it." And his lips descended on hers with brutal strength.

Zoe felt like she was falling into some gaping chasm with no end in sight. Dorian's tongue plunged between her lips to plunder and savage her. It was as if he wanted to hold her to him without touching her any more than necessary. His hands gripped her upper arms tightly like a vise. He held her against his much stronger body, trapping her against him as if he knew she'd try to struggle free.

She didn't.

She wanted to, but she knew it was useless with his superior strength. Unfortunately, *this* was how she wanted the man. *Both* men. But not now. She couldn't afford to let either of them have the upper hand. Still, she wasn't willing to simply push Dorian off her -- even if she had the physical strength to do so. She needed to somehow wrest control of the situation from Dorian. This physical contact with him felt too good to give up because of some principle she'd resolved herself to. Also, if she simply



submitted to him, Dorian wouldn't respect their relationship. This was a man used to giving orders, not taking them. He'd done this with more women than Zoe wanted to think about. She had to make this experience with her different than it had been with any other woman.

If she accomplished this and he still saw her as inferior because of her race, she'd turn her back on him and not shed the first tear. But she didn't think it would come to that. She'd worked next to these men for ten years. There was no way she could have missed such a fundamental flaw in their character. More likely, he was simply protecting himself just as she was. She'd hold on to that theory until he proved her wrong. It was easier than thinking he was a preternatural bigot.

She met his kiss with her own, and the struggle for dominance began. Dorian fought with brute force, but Zoe waited him out. No matter how strong he was, Zoe knew Dorian would tire eventually. That was when she would make her move.

He fluttered his tongue inside her mouth, brushing her own tongue with each movement. Every once in a while, he'd dive in deep and fuse his mouth with hers. Dorian pulled Zoe's body close, and her breasts were mashed almost painfully against the hard contours of his chest. His kisses were meant to conquer, to show her who was in control, and there was nothing personal about them.

When he would have pulled back, Zoe attacked. She tangled her fingers in his long, lustrous hair and pulled him to her only to stop him just short of her mouth. "Now that you're done, let me show you the proper way to execute a kiss."

He tried to pull away from her, but she held him fast. She was sure he could have broken her feeble hold if he'd really wanted to, but he let her continue as she would.

Her tongue darted delicately inside his mouth to play. His retreated, but she coaxed him back, and it wasn't long before the kiss was just as passionate as before, only now it was filled with emotion and lust. Their lips sucked at the other's lips and tongue, and try as they might, they simply couldn't get close enough. Dorian's grip on Zoe's body was just as tight, but now he had snaked his arms fully around her and held

her as if he'd never let her go. Zoe's whimper was echoed by his deeper, masculine groan.

She slid her hands from his hair to frame his face as she ended the kiss gently. They looked at each other for several moments. Zoe wanted to say something witty, something to make him acknowledge how he'd felt kissing and holding her. Instead, she looked at him unable to say anything because of her passion-fogged brain.

Dorian shook his head slowly and backed away from her. The look in his eyes was one of lust and disbelief. He touched his lips lightly with his fingertips as if he couldn't quite believe what had just happened. Still looking slightly shell-shocked -- Zoe knew she felt shell-shocked -- Dorian turned and damned near fled her bedroom.

Taking several deep, calming breaths, Zoe assessed the situation. It was definitely possible to work with what she had. Maybe it was possible to bring these vampires around. They might not love her, but by the end of her vacation, they'd at least respect her and treat her as an equal. That much she knew she could accomplish, and maybe then she wouldn't have to leave. She didn't really want to quit her job -- she loved the work she did. Maybe this weekend was a better idea than she'd first thought.

\* \* \*

Dorian felt like he'd been hit in the head with a hammer. He'd heard Zoe's scream and had rushed to investigate and kill whatever bastard had hurt her. That was when he'd caught Sebastian exiting her room with a resigned, contemplative expression.

"What the hell happened? Is she all right?" He'd grabbed Sebastian as he started down the hallway.

"She's fine. I'm just not sure about me."

"Huh?"

"I need to think. Just let me think." Sebastian had walked down the hall and out the back door to the beach.

Now, after confronting Zoe himself, Dorian knew how his blood brother felt. He was completely at odds with himself. He firmly believed Zoe couldn't handle what she

was getting into. He didn't think humans were inferior, but he did believe there were some things they couldn't handle. True, other women had taken a lot from them and enjoyed themselves, but there were so many things involved where Zoe was concerned that no other woman he'd bedded had to worry about.

Every concern centered around his stupid lack of self-control. He'd completely lost himself when Zoe decided to teach him a lesson. If she'd insisted on continuing where that kiss was leading, he would have been powerless to control himself. The damage and pain he could have inflicted on her was unthinkable. If he hurt her, he'd never forgive himself.

Damn.

Sebastian was right. He needed to think. He needed to decide if what Zoe obviously wanted -- what he wanted as well -- was something he could give her. He also needed to decide if he could do this without losing himself. For too long he'd lived without a permanent mate other than Sebastian and he needed a woman like he needed blood.

He found Sebastian sitting in the sand watching the sun set. Dorian sat next to his blood brother, his arms resting on his knees in an imitation of the other vampire.

"I suppose she taught you the same lesson she taught me." Dorian watched the reflections of the brilliantly red sun and sky on the water.

"I doubt it." Sebastian appeared to be watching the water, too. He stared at the horizon as he spoke. "You needed to realize she was something more than a human you looked down on. My guess is she made you see her as a woman and that you truly could feel more than simple lust, though I doubt she set out to do that exactly. I, on the other hand, needed a lesson in obedience. This is her time to be in control. I had to realize I could give her what she wanted and still call the shots."

"You totally lost me."

Sebastian looked at him then. "Don't worry about it. Just listen to me." He shifted himself in the sand to look more directly at Dorian. "I know you're not really serious about all that shit you've been spouting about her not being good enough

because she's human. That's not like you and I've known you since we were boys. Be honest with me, Dorian. Do you love her?"

"No, I don't love her! Are you crazy?"

"Dorian..." Sebastian was obviously not in a mood to read between the lines.

"All right, all right. I love her. Satisfied?"

"Totally." He grinned. "Then we make the most of these two weeks. We convince her to stay with us, and we apologize as nicely as we can. From here on out, we treat her like we know she deserves to be treated."

"I agree with you, but there's a problem." Dorian sighed.

"I don't see one."

"Oh, really? Then how do you propose we suppress our nature and become submissive to her every whim? I can't do that. I *won't*. She needs to know how things are, and there's not a submissive bone in my body."

"She doesn't want a submissive man in bed, Dorian. Surely you're not that dense." Sebastian chuckled. Dorian didn't see anything so damned funny.

"OK, mister-psy-vampire-know-it-all. What does the little princess want?"

"She wants us. In all our glory."

"She's had that for ten years, and she's leaving. She wants us muted, and I won't subdue myself for anyone. Preternatural or human."

"You really are dense, aren't you?" Sebastian looked and sounded annoyed. "She doesn't want us any other way than as we are. She's leaving because we're frigging *mean* to her." He scrubbed a hand over his face, a sign he was weary beyond measure. "I don't know what she did to you, Dorian, but at any time did you get the sense she wanted to take over? Or was it more like she simply wanted to work through your anger and annoyance?"

"It doesn't matter." Dorian stood. He absolutely did not want to talk about this anymore. Yes, he loved Zoe -- he hadn't wanted to admit it, but there it was -- but he knew there was no way Zoe could handle him at the peak she had driven him to earlier. "If you want her, go for it. I don't think you'll be satisfied, but who am I to argue?"

"So you're leaving. You're not going through with this."

"I've done all I'm going to. I won't leave because I need Executive Decisions. With Darius's organization, I can indulge myself without fear of being discovered. But I'm done with this assignment."

\* \* \*

As Dorian turned to leave, Sebastian sighed. Sebastian knew his blood brother was making a mistake. Being a psy vampire, Sebastian couldn't read minds, but he could pick up emotions even if they didn't provide the energy he needed to survive. The other vampire was seriously mixed up. He wasn't exactly sure what Dorian was thinking, but he was sure it was some unfounded nonsense. Dorian was like that when someone got too close. He had been like that with Sebastian, as well. The only thing that helped him break through his own barrier was the fact that they had known each other all their lives.

Sebastian was sure he'd come around -- Dorian needed Zoe as much as he needed Sebastian -- but he had never let Zoe get as close as Sebastian had. Probably because he was afraid of losing her to her eventual death. No matter. All they had to do was convert her. It wasn't a simple procedure by any means, but it would ensure she'd be with them forever.

He smiled. That was something to work through later. Right now, Sebastian had a woman to woo. If Zoe wanted the illusion of control for the moment, he was more than willing to give it to her. Hell, he'd gladly give control to her in full for these two weeks if it would help, but he knew it wouldn't. For now, he'd give her exactly what she wanted, just not in the way she expected.

## Chapter Seven

The breeze from the ocean smelled of Hawaiian lilies and salt water. It was early and Zoe was exhausted. She'd hardly slept at all that night. There was a world of possibilities ahead of her in the next thirteen days. The two encounters had left her totally drained but excited. Maybe Darius really knew what he was talking about. For the first time since she'd met these two men, she knew there was a real chance of breaking through their exterior to the people beneath. She didn't know what she'd find there, but given all the things they'd done to keep her in their employment, she couldn't believe they were as horrible as they'd made her believe.

She wanted to get up and get moving, but a night spent contemplating all the delicious temptations she'd put them through was working against her. She had thirteen days. Perhaps she'd start this one on the beach in the sun. She could catch a few rays and a few Z's, then she'd be clear headed enough to deal with her vampires.

Digging through the drawers in her room, she found her swimsuit. Once she'd put it on, she admired her reflection in the mirror, turning and looking over her shoulder at her firm backside. The cream-colored bikini barely covered her breasts, and she'd had to shave her pubic hair to practically nothing because of the thong bottom which had little more in the front than the back. Normally, she'd never wear something like this anywhere but a tanning bed, but the beach house she'd rented had a private beach. She wasn't particularly worried about prying eyes. She took good care of her body -- she was just shy. And if she did say so herself, she looked damned good in the thing.

She grabbed a towel on her way out and stepped into the sunshine. A short way from the veranda, two beach chairs and a large umbrella awaited her. The pristine sand

and crystal blue water capped by white waves looked exactly like the picture on the brochure. Utter paradise.

Deciding to leave the umbrella closed, Zoe smoothed sunscreen over her skin so she wouldn't burn. God, the sun felt wonderful. She closed her eyes and let herself be lulled by the sound of the ocean breaking against the shore. This was the life.

She sighed contentedly.

Just as she was about to doze off, something blocked the sun. She opened her eyes expecting to see a cloud hovering over her glorious sunshine, only to find a hugely muscled silhouette standing in front of her. Her heart rate accelerated but she tried to act nonchalant. "You're blocking my sun."

"I have a proposition for you." She might not be able to see his face, but she'd recognize Sebastian's voice anywhere.

"OK. Tell me."

"Let's talk. Frankly. You tell me what you expect. I'll listen intently. I need to know exactly what you want because I think I know what you need."

She blinked several times. Was Sebastian... nervous? He was sure rambling like he was. "What are you talking about?"

"Look --" He sat on the beach chair next to her. "-- I'm going to be honest with you. Dorian and I have been awful to you, but there was a reason behind it. You've seen the end result of some of our 'dates.' You just don't seem the type to be able to take that kind of kink, and we thrive on it. We've both been attracted to you with unreasonable strength since we met you. We just didn't want to subject you to our darker side."

"Good Lord! Do you mean the people you had sex with come back in that shape or worse?" For a terrible moment, Zoe was horrified. Had these men she'd worked with and thought she knew really hurt someone? More than one someone?

"No! Absolutely not! We always take the brunt of rough rounds of sex. But even though you'd never get hurt -- and quite frankly, we prefer not to get hurt either -- sometimes it takes over the top for me to get the necessary energy from our partner to

sustain me. Over the years, I've grown quite fond of it in some instances. Dorian's addicted to it."

Zoe was silent for a moment as she sifted through what he was saying. "Are you saying that pain is what turns you on?"

"No. Not me. Most of the men and women we get through Executive Decisions seem to need it, though. I suppose because of the very nature of the business. These are people just as jaded as we've become. It takes extremes to get them excited sometimes. We allow them to explore any kind of kink they want. Dorian likes the pain sometimes. Me? I just take what I can get."

"So, if your sustenance is dependent on your partner -- in this case me -- how do you know it will take the same amount of kink to turn me on? I was pretty turned on when you ate me out, and that's not kinky at all."

"True. And if it were just me, I'd be fine with simply crawling between your legs and doing the horizontal polka until we were both spent. But I've got Dorian to think about, too." Zoe didn't miss the automatic inclusion of Dorian into this nonexistent relationship. The funny thing was, she couldn't imagine a relationship without him included, either.

"OK. So Dorian can't have a 'relationship' --" she made quotation marks in the air with her fingers, "-- unless his partner is willing to include S&M with the sex. You're sure about this?" She was willing to try almost anything with her two vampires, but she'd seen the way Dorian came home to her sometimes. There was no way she could ever allow anything like that to happen to him while she was present. She'd helped nurse him back to health too many times.

"Well, that's what he thinks. Personally, I think if he'd just let things happen as they will, he'll find he just needed the right woman to satisfy him."

Zoe giggled. "You might have a point there. Where is he, by the way?"

"Inside somewhere. Trying to decide what he really wants."

Zoe stood and held her hand out to Sebastian, an invitation. It was past time they did this if their earlier encounter was any indication. "Come on. Dorian knows what he



wants. He's just too stubborn to admit it, and that's OK with me. If he can't accept me for who and what I am, I don't need him, anyway."

"I need him, Zoe. He's been part of my life for more than five hundred years. We have the same last name, and every human in Mount Bell thinks we're brothers, but we're not. Assuming the same last name made it easier to emerge in this century together. We just let everyone think we were related. We don't often have sex and never get all mushy or anything, but I can't -- won't -- continue without him."

Again, Zoe giggled. Let the fun begin. "Then you and I will have to seduce him. I don't know where I'll stand after the next thirteen days are over with, but I know one thing. I'm not giving up until I know for sure our differences can't be resolved." She stepped closer to him and his arms closed around her gently. "Are you going to continue treating me like a servant?"

"No." Sebastian answered her without the slightest bit of hesitation.

"Yell at me for no apparent reason?"

"Absolutely not."

"Ignore me when I walk into a room and speak to you?"

"More likely, I'll pull you to me and kiss you senseless so every other man and woman in that room knows you belong to me."

She giggled. "You're so possessive."

"You object?"

"It turns me on." She wrapped her arms around his neck and pulled his face to hers for a slow, seductive kiss. "Take me to bed, my masterful vampire."

"What about Dorian?"

"We'll get to him. Don't worry. I have plans for the stubborn man."

"I like a woman who takes what she wants." His grin was positively wicked.

"Then I'm taking you to bed. Now. I want to fuck." She winked at him and squealed when he swept her off her feet and hurried toward her veranda. The rest of the day was going to be interesting.

\* \* \*

Sebastian was more excited than he could remember being in a very long time. He had been with more women than he cared to think about, but knowing he was about to have sex with the one woman he'd denied himself in his five hundred vampiric years was somehow heady. She was the perfect woman. There was nothing about her he wanted to change.

Except maybe making her like him and Dorian. With their gift, she'd never age. She'd have the blessing of immortal life. She'd be with them forever.

He carried her to her bed and gently laid her upon it. Removing her bathing suit was just as easy as slipping out of his shorts, and in the space of a few heartbeats he lay naked on top of her. She closed her arms around his neck, pulled his face to hers and kissed him, and he felt more alive than he'd ever felt before.

Her mouth pulled at his, and her tongue played across his lips in feather light touches. She arched against him, rubbing her breasts against his chest, and he took the caress as an invitation to lay flush against her body. She whimpered and deepened the kiss, opening her mouth and plunging her tongue inside him.

Zoe's hands slid down the length of his back to grip his ass with both hands, pulling him into her pelvis as she pushed up against him. Her legs wound around his waist and locked at the small of his back.

"I need you inside me, Sebastian. I've wanted this for so long." Her voice was breathy and full of passion. This wasn't a woman simply out for a good time. This was a woman who wanted *him*. Not just any man, or any situation. She chose him. She controlled the tempo.

It was her decision.

Sebastian hesitated a moment. It was a contractual agreement that condoms would always be used, but he wasn't sure what she wanted. When he would have asked, she got some kind of leverage and, with surprising strength, pushed him onto his back.

He laughed for the pure joy of laughing. She straddled his hips and rubbed her cunt the length of his cock until he was wet and slick. He pulled her to him so he could

suck the ripe peaks of her breasts until she moaned. When she sat back up, she had a condom in her hand from the nightstand. Sitting back on his legs, she opened the packet and sheathed the length of him before rising to her knees once again and enveloping his cock inside her.

They both cried out. Sebastian gripped her ass with bruising strength before easing up and guiding her up and down his shaft.

It wasn't long before she took up the steady rhythm he coaxed, using her lovely, powerful thighs to rise and fall over and over again. Sweat covered them, only to evaporate with the ocean breeze.

Their movements grew quicker with each passing moment, and Sebastian met her downward plunges with thrusts of his own. Their flesh slapping together echoed loudly in the great room, broken only by their sighs and grunts.

It was then Sebastian noticed Dorian at the door. He was about to say something when Zoe slapped him full across the face.

## Chapter Eight

If Dorian hadn't been watching, Zoe would have laughed out loud at the dumbfounded look on Sebastian's face. Which would have ruined the mood completely.

"What the hell --"

She smacked him again, this time on the other cheek and just a tad harder. "Shut up and fuck me."

Sebastian took the hint. She squealed when he slapped her ass cheek before surging up into her with new vigor. He growled and flipped her over, throwing her ankles over his shoulders and gripping her thighs. Sebastian pounded her hard and her breasts shook each time their bodies knocked together.

The look on Sebastian's face was one of animalistic lust. So. There was more than one of them who enjoyed the rougher side of sex. To be honest, she was enjoying herself quite a lot, as well. The second his hand had landed with a stinging swat on her bottom, something inside her roared to life. Her belly fluttered like it had butterflies bouncing around inside. Yes, the stimulation was just really cool, but more than anything, it was the look of utter ecstasy on Sebastian's face.

It took all her concentration to look from Sebastian to Dorian, who had taken a step inside the bedroom. His eyes sparked with interest.

OK, so he looked positively ready to jump in and take what he wanted. From the way he looked from her to Sebastian, Zoe wasn't sure which of them he wanted first.

Zoe pulled her attention back to Sebastian. If this was going to work, she had to suck Dorian in with her enjoyment of everything she told Sebastian to do to her. Now that she had Dorian's attention, it was time to focus on Sebastian. He and Dorian were too close for Dorian to leave now. The only thing holding Dorian back now was Dorian.

"You like it rough, don't you, Zoe," Sebastian grunted. "You like a little sting to your sex." The staccato sound of flesh slapping into flesh punctuated his words. "How far will you go, I wonder?"

"As far as I have to," she whispered for Sebastian's ears alone.

Several more thrusts, and Sebastian's growls grew in volume until he gave one final, powerful surge and buried himself just short of painfully deep. With a final shout, he pushed Zoe back and used his hold on her to flip her over to her belly.

Before she could so much as wiggle her ass in encouragement, Sebastian covered her with his big body and probed her pussy with his cock once again. They both cried out when he slammed home.

"That's it," he whispered close to her ear. "Let me fuck you until we both scream for mercy."

His arms framed her head, and the warm weight of him caressed her back. She was in a totally submissive position, yet she knew she was in total control for the first time in their relationship.

Until a man's huge, erect cock nuzzled her lips.

Dorian didn't ask for a blow job so much as he simply pushed his way into her mouth. She had a hard time adjusting to the width of him because he wasn't a small man. Still, she did what she could, wrapping her lips around the front of his dick where the ridge ran the length of him. She fluttered her tongue all around the head and the small opening. Pre-cum exploded on her tongue, salty and slightly sticky. She nuzzled her way under his cock to suck his sack into her mouth one gland at a time. Dorian didn't make a sound, but he wrapped his hands around her neck and head, guiding her carefully, but insistently.

She rested on her forearms as Sebastian continued to fuck her from behind. The sound of his grunts and breathing in her ear was a beautiful turn on while she sucked Dorian. She could only imagine what they looked like.

"Get off her, Sebastian. I want to taste her." Dorian's order sent chills through Zoe. She was sure her pussy creamed an extra gallon just hearing his husky voice. She'd never heard him like that.

When he and Sebastian flipped her over onto her back, she understood why. His eyes glowed an eerie red and his lips were pulled back to reveal his fangs. Had she seen anyone other than one of these two men in this state, she'd have run away screaming at the top of her lungs. As it was, this situation, knowing what these men were, only added to the dangerous excitement of the moment.

Dorian pulled a couple of times at his cock, the engorged member sticking out from his body hard and ready for action. He hissed, looking very much like the vampire she knew him to be.

"Now, my little treat --" He knelt between her thighs, his chest resting on the bed. "-- you're going to get a taste of our world." His head descended to her cunt, and he never broke eye contact with her.

His tongue darted around her clit before his lips closed around it. She screamed when he sucked, not exactly gently. Another gush of moisture raced from her pussy. She had to be completely soaked. She ceased to care when Sebastian guided her head back and offered his condom-sheathed cock.

She took it without hesitation. He guided it into her mouth until she pushed back at him with her tongue. After several tries, she had him all the way to the base and he began a slow rhythm, fucking her mouth as he had her pussy.

While Sebastian accustomed her to giving him head, Dorian didn't let up on eating her out. Several times, he thrust his tongue inside her followed closely by two fingers. Or three. Or four. He stretched her to the limit and pushed her to take more.

Their groans, sighs, and whimpers filled the room, and it was the sweetest music Zoe had ever heard. She found Dorian's head with one hand and tangled her fingers in his hair, urging him closer. Deeper. Her other hand grasped Sebastian's ass, and she did the same with him. She tilted her head back as far as she could to allow him deeper

penetration. After a time, relaxing her throat muscles became easier, and she began to enjoy the mere thought of what was happening.

The more Dorian stretched her pussy and played with her clit, the more excited she became. She realized, at that moment, these two men could do anything they wanted and she'd never object. She was totally at their mercy.

Without warning, Dorian lifted his head from between her legs and howled a terrifying, exhilarated shout. When his breath ran out, he dove back in only to latch his mouth not onto her pussy, but at the juncture of her thigh and groin. A sharp, stabbing pain told Zoe he'd bit her, but strangely, though it hurt, it didn't mute her pleasure. Instead, she felt a rush of excitement, the same excitement she'd begun to feel when Sebastian had smacked her ass. Only this was more than anything she'd experienced thus far.

She screamed around Sebastian's cock and found Dorian's head with her hand once more. Her grip on his hair was surely hard enough to pull it out by the roots should he try to raise his head. She urged Sebastian to move faster, but he pulled out of her mouth with his own shout.

Zoe couldn't hold back any longer. God, how had she held back this long? This had been the most erotic thing she'd ever experienced in her life, and she wanted more. Sebastian, as if sensing she was on the verge of climax, found her clit with a finger, and Zoe exploded into a million fragments. She pushed through her orgasm, feeling the liquid heat gush from her cunt. Dorian let go where he'd bitten to lap up the liquid. Now, Dorian grunted and moaned as much as she and Sebastian had. The man was definitely into it.

\* \* \*

Dorian couldn't believe what he'd just done. In all the years he and Sebastian had worked for Executive Decisions, he'd never fed like this. He always chose the jugular vein to feed from because it was the easiest to access. For some reason, while he was drinking his fill from Zoe, the need to feed, to sate himself, had overpowered him

and he'd drunk from her femoral vein. It wasn't taboo or anything, but it was just too... personal.

Blood and sex usually happened together, but it was like having sex while eating. It wasn't something one did often. When he fed, he might have to seduce his prey into letting him, but he seldom enjoyed the sex. It was a means to an end.

Now, he'd fed. He'd drunk what he needed and more. He knew Zoe was in no danger from blood loss, so he wasn't the least bit concerned about her. Not because he was the callous bastard most people saw him as, but because he could see the rabid excitement in her eyes. She not only enjoyed this, she was thriving on it.

"I want your pussy." He growled his words. It was the only sound he seemed capable of making. If he didn't get off soon, he was afraid his balls would explode. Zoe struggled to her knees, obviously trying to figure out how he wanted her.

Grabbing a condom from the nightstand, he sheathed himself and lay on his back. Zoe climbed on top of him without hesitation and sank onto his cock. She closed her eyes and let herself stretch a little before trying to move. Dorian didn't want to wait, but he held himself still by sheer force of will until she began to move. Once she did, however, he couldn't stop himself. He gripped her ass and pumped into her hard and fast.

He knew he should stop -- knew he should let her control the pace, but he couldn't. He couldn't stop fucking her if his life depended on it. Fortunately, Zoe didn't seem to mind.

"That's it, Dorian. Fuck that pussy." She looked straight into his eyes, daring him to do his worst. "Make me beg for mercy."

His limbs trembled with the excitement of what he was doing. Zoe was the one woman he wanted with a passion that left him weak, and here she was. Doing the most erotic dance on his cock he could ever imagine. Her breasts bounced enticingly, her skin was flushed with exertion and sexual excitement, and sweat covered her skin. She was the perfect picture of lust.



It wouldn't take him long to come, and he knew Zoe would come again easily enough. He could see it in her eyes. When he saw Sebastian with the bottle of lube behind her, he held himself back.

Sebastian didn't say a word, he simply used his fingers to work Zoe's opening. The more he readied her for his cock, the wilder she got.

"Oh, my God! Oh, yeah! Are you gonna fuck my ass, Sebastian?" she panted as she continued to rise and fall on Dorian's cock. Dorian groaned. Holding off wasn't going to be easy.

"Hell, yeah, I'm gonna fuck that ass. I've wanted to get inside it since the moment I realized you were our client." Sebastian worked her ass with his fingers. "I'm going to stick my cock in here and fuck you until I'm tired of you." His eyes had a wicked gleam about them. "Which could take a very long time indeed."

"Then don't just stand there, do it! Fuck me. Stretch me. I want you both inside me. Now!"

Dorian grabbed Zoe's ass cheeks and spread them. He watched in fascination as Sebastian spread lube all over his cock -- still encased in latex -- and guided it toward Zoe's ass.

It took some time before both Sebastian and Zoe seemed comfortable with the penetration, but before long, Zoe started moving at her own pace. Slowly at first, then with more vigor. Before long, all three of them were moving as their passion led them. Sebastian thrust upward in slow, powerful thrusts. Dorian moved like a madman, grunting and growling, his hands gripping Zoe's ass hard. Zoe simply moved to get the maximum pleasure from the two vampires taking their pleasure.

Dorian tried to control himself, but once he started, it was impossible to stop. The sensations were overwhelming. Pleasure. Unbelievable pleasure. She gripped his cock tightly, milking him to the breaking point. Somehow, he managed to hold back his orgasm, but just barely.

When she threw her head back and screamed, bucking and thrusting her ass onto him and Sebastian, Dorian gave himself the mental OK and let his orgasm wash over

him. His scream rivaled hers and, soon after, Sebastian's. The pleasurable waves pulsing through him went on and on. When his body finally began to fall from the wave crest, he rolled them to their sides, both men still deeply embedded in Zoe.

"Holy shit," Sebastian breathed. "That was..."

"It certainly was." Zoe giggled, then sighed like a contented kitten. She pulled Dorian's hand around her waist and snuggled into Sebastian's shoulder. Dorian couldn't help the possessive squeeze he gave her. He wanted to hold her close to him for the rest of his unnatural life.

And the thought terrified him because it simply wasn't possible.

As long as she was human.

## Chapter Nine

Over the next several days, Sebastian lived in a dream world. The three of them developed an easy relationship in their new roles. Neither he nor Sebastian yelled at Zoe or ordered her about in any fashion -- except the occasional demand in bed -- and she laughed more than they could ever remember hearing. And they had sex in every room of the bungalow. Three times.

The chemistry among the trio continued to build. Their sexual encounters grew more and more passionate every time. Zoe was happier than she could ever remember being and Sebastian smiled and laughed more than he could ever remember. Dorian, however, though very happy with their situation, grew more and more restless as the end of this magical time got closer.

Zoe noticed his strain, and tried several times to get him to open up to her, but he usually took her into his arms and kissed her until she simply didn't care anymore.

Like now. She lay in his arms after wonderfully tender lovemaking and thought she couldn't be happier than she was in that second.

"I've been thinking." *Uh oh*. When Dorian had started a conversation that way in the past, it invariably meant he was getting ready to say something incredibly... *male*. "We need to get you ready for the transformation."

Zoe blinked. What was he talking about, transformation? "I don't understand."

"The transformation. You know --" He shrugged. "-- from human to vampire."

Yep. *Incredibly* male indeed. She jumped angrily out of bed, grabbed the comforter and wrapped it around herself. "I *cannot* believe you just said that. No wait! I *do* believe it because you *always* say something that insensitive and insulting every single time I start to like you. Without exception."

"Well, you didn't expect to stay human in any kind of permanent relationship with us, did you?"

"You're arrogant to assume number one, that I'd want to be anything other than human, and number two, that I'd want to be in a permanent relationship with you. This arrangement is for my vacation only. Two more days. That's it." Zoe was shaking, she was so angry.

And hurt. She'd thought they'd worked past the whole "she was human" thing. Apparently Dorian's prejudice ran deeper than she'd thought.

Damn him.

"Look, I'm just saying it would be better for all of us if you were a vampire. You'll have an ageless existence, near immortality, and immunity from every disease known to man. It's to your advantage." The son of a bitch seemed not to realize how much he was insulting her with the very notion.

"Well --" She gathered her clothes, which were strewn all over the room. "-- I guess it's just something I'll have to learn to live with, because I'll be damned if I change who I am for any man."

"Now, Zoe --"

"No! You go to hell, you son of a bitch." Tears threatened to spill if she didn't get out of there. Scratch that. She was definitely going to cry, but she refused to let it happen where Dorian could see. On the way out, she ran into Sebastian. Literally.

"What happened?" She knew Sebastian could only gauge her emotions, not read her mind, but it was still disconcerting.

"Stay out of my head!" she snapped at him. "When I want you to know what I'm feeling, I'll tell you!"

At that moment, Dorian stormed out the door after her. "This is for your own good, you little wench." His growl didn't impress Zoe. "Even if you don't want to stay with us permanently, becoming a vampire would be much better for you than life with such limitations. I'm only looking after your well-being."

Zoe didn't bat an eyelash before she smacked him.

She did look at Sebastian, only half expecting him to come to her defense. Once again -- just like back home -- the other vampire stood mute. Granted, he had a horrible, shocked look about him, but he didn't make a sound to defend her either.

Enough was enough, and Zoe had had all she was going to take.

Too bad she'd sacrificed her heart before calling it quits.

\* \* \*

Sebastian had been certain everything was going to be fine. Zoe would stay, and their happy little dream would continue. Then Dorian started acting like Dorian again.

"This is your fault, you know." Dorian jerked on his clothes. Sebastian knew he was angry and frustrated, but he had no one to blame but himself. He was blaming Sebastian because he hated being wrong and refused to admit it without a fight.

"My fault you told her she had to become a vampire if she wanted to be with us? How the fuck do you figure that?" Sebastian was more furious at his blood brother than he could ever remember being. "You single handedly destroyed all we gained these last few days. What were you thinking?"

"We deserve a vampire mate." Dorian bit out each word. "We deserve forever."

"And thanks to you, now we don't even have a year. Or a month. Or even one more friggin' day! The whole point of her letting us stay in this arrangement was for us to stop treating her as an inferior."

"She *is* inferior! We'll spend fifty or sixty years with her, watch her health fail as she ages, and then she'll die. We won't share that fate." He snarled. "We're immortal. We don't need a human woman to be happy. Besides, we have each other."

Sebastian rounded on Dorian. "In five hundred years, I've never seen any evidence to suggest you were such an asshole. Had I known, I would have left your sorry ass a long time ago." He paced away from Dorian and scrubbed a hand through his hair before turning to face him again. "I'm going to get her back. I don't care how much I have to beg and grovel, but I'm going to convince her to stay with me. If you can't accept her the way she is, maybe it's time we went our separate ways."

There was silence as they stared each other down, neither giving an inch. Then Dorian looked away. "I can't, Sebastian," he started quietly. "I can't have her only to lose her to her human lifespan."

Sebastian blinked several times, then laughed. "You sorry son of a bitch." Dorian snarled as Sebastian finished his thought. "If you wanted her to volunteer for the change, you should have approached her with that revelation. We *had* her. She would have done it if you'd just kept your big mouth shut."

"You've got to be kidding. If I admit how weak I am where she's concerned, she'll have the ultimate hold on me. I won't give her that kind of power."

Sebastian wanted to slap the man silly, and hold him close and comfort him all at the same time. "It's called trust, Dorian. I know you have trouble with that word, but it's something you have to learn if you really love someone. Now." Sebastian put his suit jacket on. "Let's get to the office before she cleans out her stuff. If we're lucky, you can apologize, and she'll give us another chance."

\* \* \*

Zoe spent her first night back crying until there were no more tears left. It had been just as she'd warned herself time and time again over the last ten years. Sebastian and Dorian had taken her heart and torn it to shreds. She'd never be good enough for them.

At least Dorian had had the decency to tell her outright he wanted her to make the transformation and become a vampire. Sebastian had just stood there not saying a word. She'd left that night and called Darius to send someone to pick her up. Thank goodness the man had complied. She couldn't stand the thought of going back to the bungalow.

Now, she had her personal effects packed and she'd leave this office and Mount Bell forever. Good riddance to bad rubbish.

"Zoe?" Dorian startled her so badly she screamed and dropped a box she had just picked up to take to her car.

"What the hell are you doing here?" It was a stupid thing to say, given the fact it was their office, but the question popped out before she could stop it.

"We came to try to make things right, Zoe." Sebastian stepped from behind Dorian. Both men looked suitably contrite, but she wasn't buying it.

"You can't." She turned back to her packing. "You've made it perfectly clear I'm not what you want, and I refuse to go back to the relationship we had before."

"Look --" Dorian placed a hand on her shoulder and spun her around to face him. "-- I was an ass, OK? I didn't mean to imply you weren't good enough, just that your human lifespan isn't something I want to contemplate. I can't have you only to lose you, Zoe. You mean as much to me as Sebastian does, and your death isn't something I care to think about."

"Then don't think about it." She knew she sounded snippy, but she couldn't help it. "I could die from any number of things. So could Sebastian. Neither of you is immortal, you just don't age. If thinking about something happening to me bothers you, think about how you felt when we sat on the beach and laughed, about the look on Jake Landon when Laura Ashton spilled beer all over that expensive shirt he was so proud of when she ran smack into him at the Fourth of July celebration at the fair two years ago. Or my reaction when you told me all the patients at Pleasant Hills Nursing Home were really paranormal creatures in retirement who love to change the nurses and aides into animals every now and then." Despite her resolve, tears brimmed in her eyes. "Think about the happy times we've had over the years, not what might be. That would drive anyone insane. Even the great Dorian Collingsworth can't see what the future holds."

"I know that, Zoe, but I can make it so you live a long, wonderful life."

"And I really like being human."

"Which is totally OK with us." Sebastian -- bless his soul -- elbowed Dorian out of the way. "We just want you to know that you have the option. If you ever decide you want that particular gift, all you have to do is say the word."

Looking at both men -- Sebastian silently pleading with her to accept their apology and Dorian all down-faced and sad as a whipped puppy -- it was really hard to stay angry with them. Yes, they'd hurt her feelings -- again -- but one look at them and she was convinced they both were simply thinking in the long term. Maybe there was hope for them all yet. Besides, it was a proposal she'd probably take them up on.

In time.

"Why not let this rest for a while?" She grinned what she hoped was a wicked smile. "I know a bar just up the street where the food's good, the music loud, and the beer ice cold. Why not go there, grab some supper, and discuss which of you two I get to spank tonight."

Identical looks of surprise graced the faces of both men before Sebastian threw his head back and laughed. Dorian rolled his eyes and grumbled. "Don't encourage her or she's liable to find a reason to spank us both."

"She might at that." Sebastian reached for Zoe and pulled her into a tender embrace. "But I'll gladly take whatever she needs to dish out if it means I get to spend some quality time between those lovely thighs."

"OK, you have a point."

Sebastian kissed Zoe softly, carefully, as if he treasured every second spent with her. His kisses left her head spinning, and before she knew it, Dorian cupped her chin in his large hand and turned her face to his for more kisses. It was delicious.

Both men caressed her with hands and body. She found herself sandwiched between them and purred like a contented kitten. When Sebastian scooped her up, breaking contact with Dorian, she whimpered and would have protested but he was heading toward the private back office. She didn't complain.

With the door shut on the outside world, the three of them lost any inhibitions they might have had left. Clothes were discarded hastily, breath came quickly, and it wasn't long before the room sang with their moans, sighs, and whimpers.

Zoe cried out when Sebastian guided his condom-encased cock into her ass. She'd straddled him, facing away from him, and once he'd settled himself inside her,



she lay back against his chest. Sebastian kissed the side of her neck and massaged her breasts as Dorian sheathed himself before entering her pussy.

Once situated, the trio began to move as one. Their movements were perfectly attuned to each other, and the result was phenomenal for all of them.

Zoe was the first to crest. Her climax rolled over her like a roller coaster on a downhill plunge. When her cunt and ass began to contract and squeeze the men, they followed. Their shouts of completion mingled with her screams in beautiful harmony.

It was a glorious moment.

After a brief rest, Dorian cleansed Zoe tenderly. "I'm so sorry about before, Zoe. I didn't mean to imply I wanted you to be something different. I was only thinking of myself and trying to justify my carelessness. I'll accept any decision you make and be thankful for the time we do have. No matter how long or short."

She smiled and caressed his cheek. "I have every intention of giving that matter a lot of thought, Dorian. I'm perfectly happy with my life as it is now, but there will come a time when I'll think more about my mortality. Right now, let's just roll with what we have. By my calculations, it's much more than many people ever have, and I for one am thankful."

"She's right." Sebastian lay on his back on the plush carpeting lining the floor of their private office. "She *is* the number cruncher. If she says we're rich, then we are."

"Oh, definitely rich." Dorian pulled her into his embrace once again. "Beyond my wildest dreams."

Later that evening, the three headed out the door and into the night. Their lives might not be settled forever and ever, but the here and now looked very promising indeed.

## **Marteeka Karland**

Marteeka is an ordinary woman with an overactive imagination. Thank God for a computer, or tape recorder, or pen and paper... whatever she can create a story with! Her husband sometimes thinks she's nuts and asks her every time she gets frustrated with her latest deadline, "Is it really worth all this?" And every time, she answers, "HELL YES!"

Apart from writing, Marteeka's alter ego has worked in the Emergency Room for more years than she'll admit. She has a loving husband, who still chuckles when he tells a buddy exactly what that Goddess of Water T-shirt is all about, and a son who is blissfully ignorant to anything other than he's not allowed to "push buttons" on Mommy's computer.

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