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The Girl's Guide
to Dating
the Evil Undead

Tryst
His Willing
Captive
Emma Petersen

A Girl's Guide to Dating the Evil Undead

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By

Emma Petersen

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His Willing Captive

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Dedication

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Chapter One

I don't know what made me look up. Usually when I got the feeling someone was watching me, I ignored it. Who wants to be the paranoid chick that looks in the shadows every five minutes for an imaginary villain? In real life you don't have to worry about things like that. Typically when someone is watching you, it's just some guy checking out your tits or ass.

Since I happened to have really awesome T and A, I'm used to men staring, but when the hair on the back on my neck stirred for the second time in the span of seconds it was hard to ignore. Especially since my sister and I were supposed to be alone in my apartment.

My older sister, Nina, was spending the week with me while her husband, Cristian, went to take care of urgent business at their family holdings in Spain. Nearly five months ago, Nina had arrived on my doorstep in the middle of the night. I had been surprised to see her but even more surprised to learn my ultra conservative and responsible sister was pregnant.

Not that I wasn't ecstatic about becoming an aunt, it was just that she usually saved that kind of impulsive life-altering mistake for me. I'd been there, done that. Didn't get a T-shirt, but I did get a healthy dose of distrust for the male species and a nifty hospital gown.

Nina, however, had traded her healthy dose of distrust for men for a wedding ring, a marriage certificate and the possibility of happily ever after. There would still be a hospital gown, but, God willing, she would wear it when she delivered my healthy niece or nephew a couple months from now.

Sighing, I grabbed the butter dish out of the fridge and pushed the lever down on the toaster. I loved my sister but this visit had been especially long with all the talk of cribs, bibs and the great *Desitin* debate. If I had to sit through one more discussion on the merits of breastfeeding...

As if the continuous baby chatter wasn't enough, I had to hear about how much my sister missed her husband. You'd think he'd gone off to war instead of to hire a new land manager. I'm all for love, marriage and all that crap but listening to my sister coo at her husband over the phone was enough to give *me* morning sickness.

Cristian's business partner had seen to any matters that cropped up with their overseas holdings now that Nina could no longer fly. They had been friends since before they were turned but weren't currently on speaking terms.

Nina couldn't get the whole story out of her husband but it seemed after nearly four hundred years as swinging bachelors, his friend took the whole *bros before hoes* philosophy a little too seriously. Sucks for him, because the way Cristian looked at my sister it didn't seem like he'd be seeking the single life again anytime soon. And didn't everyone have to grow up and settle down eventually?

Partying was great and all, but after a while it becomes repetitive. I'd long tired of the club scene and I was only twenty-six. I couldn't imagine what my brother-in-law's friend thought they were missing. Then again, maybe it was different for vamps.

Shrugging, I buttered my toast and ignored the shiver that ran through me. It had to be all the vampire talk that was giving me the creeps. Before Nina's arrival on my doorstep, I hadn't had many interactions with the undead. Now I had one as a brother-in-law and another marrying my cousin.

I didn't have anything against vampires. How could I? I'd only met two, Cristian and Barbara Jean's fiancé, Cypriano, who was a little stiff – formal stiff, not corpse like stiff – but really nice. And I already loved Cristian just because he made my sister happy.

I turned the radio up a smidge, not loud enough to wake Nina, and sang along. Using the dirty butter knife as a makeshift microphone, I

boogied out of my kitchen into the living room only to be brought up short by the sight of a huge, blond man leaning against my bar less than ten feet away.

I clutched the butter-covered utensil tighter. It probably wouldn't do much damage in a fight, but to my way of thinking any damage was better than none.

"Who the fuck are you?" I really hated surprises and this big brute was one hell of a surprise. Anger replaced my shock as he continued to lean negligently against my bar, studying his perfectly manicured fingernails as if he didn't hear me.

I swallowed hard. Lack of saliva made the action difficult. My heart stopped beating. As cliché as it might sound, it seemed to literally stop beating as our eyes met. His eyes didn't look human. They were an odd iridescent and silvery blue that reminded me of mercury that poured out of a thermometer I once broke. His sooty black lashes were so lush he'd be able to sell mascara by the truckloads.

His hands were huge and if the old wives' tale about men with big hands was true...Hoo boy. I tried to resist for all of thirty seconds before my eyes dropped to his crotch. My face heated and I jerked my gaze back up before I could get a good look.

We'd been staring at each other for more than a minute -- well, to be honest *I* had done most of the staring -- so I cleared my throat and spoke again.

"One more time, blondie, since maybe you're too pretty to comprehend basic English. Who the fuck are you and what the hell are you doing in my house?"

Too pretty? Way to show your hand, Isa. The man might be an axe murderer and you call him pretty. Brilliant. Why not just show him where you keep your butcher knives and save him some time?

A smile curved his lips, and I couldn't help but notice how plump the bottom one was. I watched, captivated, as his lips parted to show perfect white teeth. A man this perfect shouldn't be allowed to live. Beautiful eyes, beautiful body, beautiful fangs.

Fangs?

Shit. It took me a moment to grasp what I was seeing as I watched him run his tongue lazily over one elongated canine.

Shit. Shit. Shit.

I shouldn't be surprised. With all the vampires my family seemed to attract what was one more? Throwing a startled look at my closed bedroom door, I prayed Nina wouldn't come out. If he was looking for a meal there was no way I wanted to give him a two for one deal.

I clutched my margarine-coated weapon and slowly lifted it.

He arched an eyebrow and shook his head slowly as if he knew what I was thinking.

"You ar—aren't welcomed here." I cursed silently as my voice quavered. I should have just shouted that I was afraid of him. It couldn't have been more obvious than the stammered words.

He lifted his hand, curled his pointer finger, and made the universal sign for come. If the gesture meant for me to give him the knife or to go to him, every joke I'd heard about blonds being dumb were right on the mark.

Poor baby, so beautiful and so very dumb. Sure, he was a good foot and half taller than me and had at least a good sixty to seventy pounds on me but there was no way I'd give up my weapon.

Before I could think better of the idea, I raised the knife and rushed at him. It was true what they said about your life flashing before your eyes when you're about to die. In the span of ten seconds, every memory I had rushed through my mind. Some good. Some bad.

I didn't see him move, and I'd like to think I wasn't such I wuss I closed my eyes as I launched my attack. Either way, my useless makeshift dagger clattered to the floor as he grabbed me and I could only think of two things.

One, he smelled really good.

Two, if I screamed, my pregnant sister would no doubt run to my rescue and that was the last thing I wanted.

Gasping, I struggled against him as he caught my hands and pulled me to him. Backing me against the wall, he lifted my hands above my head and held them with one massive hand. Crowding my personal space

and stealing the oxygen from around me, he leaned down and buried his face in my neck.

I squeaked in fearful surprise as I felt his lips and fangs brush the curve of my neck. Breathing heavily, I bucked against him as his hips pinned my lower body flat against the wall. Something solid and rock hard nudged my belly and a whimper escaped my lips. I didn't have to see what nudged my stomach to know the old wives' tales were true.

My nipples drew tight as he pushed his erection into the soft curve of my belly again. Another whimper fell from my lips, then ended on a moan as the hot warmth of his tongue touched my pulse point.

"Please," I whispered, my voice hoarse. If I lived to tell the story I'd have to remember to say that I pleaded for him to let me go and not the total opposite. I couldn't stop shaking. And my feverish brain reasoned that the trembling in my limbs was due to fear and not to the fact that I was aroused.

Shockingly and painfully aroused.

How sick was I? There was an uninvited vampire in my living room, possibly to feed off of me and my sister and all I could think of were my legs wrapped around his waist as he worked me over with his mouth and cock.

Get it together, Isa.

"Please," I whispered again, uncaring if the pleading in my voice was evident.

He made a sound, one that could only be described as half growl, half purr, and murmured something in a language I didn't understand.

"Please what, little one?" he asked in English, bending slightly and grinding his erection against my mound.

His melodic voice washed over me, digging me deeper into the snare of arousal thrumming in my veins. I cried out, caught between a delicious mix of fear and excitement.

I couldn't think. The heat enveloping me had affected my brain. I closed my eyes and prayed for strength; when all I wanted to do was give in. Give in and beg for him to ease the painfully sharp ache that dug its claws into me.

Begging was unnecessary. He knew what I wanted, what I needed. As he thrust against me, I sobbed for breath and felt my pussy tighten as an orgasm gathered deep in my belly.

Nina. I remembered suddenly that my sister was less than ten feet away in the bedroom. But my body was like, *Nina who?* It didn't want to hear about her or anything else for that matter. All it wanted was one more thrust, one more push to get to the orgasm that glittered behind my eyes.

Wrapping one leg around his waist, I tilted my pelvis to allow him better access. His hips ground against mine and I gasped as he leaned down and sucked my shirt-covered nipple into his mouth. Wetness seeped from my slit as the rough fabric of his pants slid back and forth against me. My head fell back and my breath wheezed out of my chest as my pussy spasmed and an orgasm like none I'd ever experienced whipped through me.

My mouth opened and a scream of pleasure worked its way up my throat when his mouth covered mine, muffling the sound. The orgasm continued to pulse through me.

His tongue stabbed into my mouth, mimicking the movements of his lower body as he continued to rock against me. Blackness blurred on the fringes of my vision as he sucked my tongue into his mouth. Breathless, I couldn't form a coherent thought. The sensation of the orgasm and the exquisite taste of him was too much for me to handle at once.

Just when I thought I'd black out from sensory overload, he pulled his mouth away. Panting, he leaned his forehead against mine. My legs trembled and I was secretly glad he still held my hands captive. If not, I would have surely clutched him to me.

We stood like that for a moment, catching our breath. My heart did a strange little flip flop in my chest as he leaned back and his eyes met mine. The air I fought to draw into my lungs evaporated as his fangs lengthened. He still held my hands captive, so even if I wanted to fight him I couldn't. But sweet mother of all that was good, I didn't want to fight him.

When he struck, it was with a viper like quickness, so fast I didn't even see him move. One minute he was looking into my eyes, the next his fangs pierced my skin and I could only stand in a complete state of undeniable arousal and shock, listening as he drank from me.

He rocked against me, pushing me toward another orgasm and my vision swam. In the recesses of my mind, I knew he was taking too much, but as my body tightened again and my mouth opened in a silent scream, one I presumed would be my last, I couldn't summon one ounce of regret.

Chapter Two

I awoke slowly. The most incredible dream tantalized my subconscious. I could only hope I hadn't sighed or moaned in my sleep. Even though my sister was married and pregnant and I had been pregnant without the married part, Nina still treated me like I was twelve sometimes. So explaining my incredibly realistic and erotic dream wasn't a conversation I wanted to have.

The mattress beneath me was foreign in its softness. Usually I woke to Nina's soft snores but the room was mysteriously quiet. I opened my eyes and confirmed my suspicions. I definitely wasn't in Kansas anymore.

I lay in a huge, walnut four-poster canopied bed with an angel soft feather mattress and glistening jewel tone curtains that blotted out everything else. I held onto denial like a long lost friend and tried to convince myself I was still dreaming but I was never a strong believer in fantasy.

There were only two explanations as to why I had woken up in a room that belonged to a harem scene out of some old *The Sheik Who Boinked Me* romance novel.

A, the huge, Viking vampire I'd found in my living room had killed me.

B, said vampire hadn't killed me, but kidnapped me instead.

Attempting to stretch, I was bought up short by a tether looped around my wrists and secured to the headboard. Hmm...interesting.

I'll take kidnapped for one hundred, Alex.

I guess waking up tied to a strange bed really brings one back to reality. Not that I'd ever woken up tied to a bed before, strange or familiar.

I waited for panic and terror to set in. Even though I didn't have a lot of hands on experience as either an abductor or abductee, I imagined there'd be hysteria, begging and fear. And the kidnap victim would be rather upset, too.

Yet, I was surprisingly calm. I refused to believe this had anything to do with the little game of slap and tickle and the incredible orgasm back in my apartment. Heat crept up my cheeks as I remembered grinding against him, panting and begging him for release.

Damn.

And boy did he give it to me. Right *before* he bit me.

Talk about going from zero to sixty. I couldn't imagine any reason for my *Skinamax After Dark* behavior. I normally didn't jump strange men and beg them to do me against the wall. I'd never begged anyone to do me. I could count my sexual partners on one hand and four of those I wanted to forget. In my mind, if the encounter lasted less than five minutes it didn't, in all fairness, count.

Even in my younger days, when I was boozing and partying it up I hadn't been promiscuous. Back then, all I had been after was the next big thing to numb the emptiness and rage the loss of my parents left inside of me.

I'd tried to fill the void with love, but the ending to that story could have been written by the same folks who wrote those cheesy family channel made for television movies. *The Mystery of Isa's Misplaced Virginity* and *The Tale of the Disappearing Baby Daddy*.

Nina had cautioned me more than once about the boy I'd met in my junior year of high school. But I had dismissed her sisterly concerns as jealousy. After all, she had no life; no boy who loved her the way mine did me. Now I knew it was impossible to date or have any kind of life, social or otherwise, when you had bills to pay and a wild ass teenager to chase.

All her warnings had fallen on stupid ears. And of course, she'd been right. When I told him I was pregnant he moved so fast you'd think

I'd offered him a *Watchtower* magazine instead of my pathetic teenage heart.

Still Nina had been there the whole time and not once did she say, *I told you so*. Not when I vomited so much you'd think I was trying out for a revival production of *The Exorcist*. Or when she cried with me when the doctor couldn't find a heartbeat.

After the miscarriage and my ex's vanishing act, I had one more void to fill. I tried alcohol, but being drunk and throwing up reminded me too much of being pregnant. I tried pot, but after I gained twenty pounds from late night runs to the local *Stop and Dime*, I gave that up as well.

I finally stopped trying to fill the void when I realized sometimes life wasn't perfect. So I settled for normal and quiet, yet the ordinarily calm life I'd built and maintained for myself was beginning to take on the quality of an Anne Rice novel thanks to blood breath the kidnapper.

Vampires really did suck. And not only in that delicious, I'm gonna drain you dry but give you incredible yummy pleasure while I'm doing it, kind of way. More like the, I just ran in to pick up my dry cleaning and came back out to find a five hundred dollar ticket on my windshield, kind of way.

It's not as if I hadn't known vampires existed. It was common knowledge since the fang gang came out of the coffin long before I was born. And since they didn't run around killing off humanity, (as far as we knew) they had been accepted into everyday life.

I didn't have a problem with the rigor mortisly impaired, at least before being kidnapped by one. I was okay with my cousin, Barbara Jean's, upcoming Nosferatu nuptials. I was even okay that my usually responsible sister had a baby batty instead of a baby daddy, but I kind of had to draw the line with waking up tied to one's bed. Under the circumstances, anyone would be a little unsettled.

The world had gone mad or maybe it was just me who had gone crazy. After all, I was lying here, enjoying the silence when I should be screaming down the house. Not that screaming would do any good. Didn't vampires have minions? I doubted Renfield would let me go.

I was worried about Nina, but surprisingly more because of her reaction to my disappearance and not because I thought tall, blond and fiendish did something to her.

"You're awake."

Speaking of tall, blond and fiendish, I turned toward the sound of his voice. Standing beyond the veil of the curtains surrounding the bed was my Viking vampire. Well not *my* Viking vampire. Just a vampire who happened to be a Viking, even though from his accent, I knew he probably wasn't really Nordic but because he was big and blond I couldn't help imagining him as one.

Whoa, there, body, settle down. We are tied to a bed here and you're getting all hot and bothered over his voice. Hello! He did kidnap us. Kindly remember we aren't here willingly.

Attempting to ignore the arousal that raced through my treacherous body, I kept my voice calm. "This isn't my bed." *Way to state the obvious, Isa.* "Yep, I'm awake. And while this has been fun, really, really, *really* fun, I have to check on my sister before I head to work. So how about untying me? "

He pulled back the curtain and I swallowed hard as he towered over me, clad only in a pair of loose-fitting silk pajama pants. This man really had a high-end fabric fetish going on. *That's it, Isa. Concentrate on something else beside the scrumptious trail of dusky blond fur trailing into his low riding pants.*

Cold air flowed into the opening where he parted the curtains and whispered over my breasts, tightening my already beaded nipples. The bed dipped as he sat on it and leaned forward to lay his palm flat against my bare stomach...

Bare stomach? *What the —*

Looking down, I squeaked as I discovered not only was I tied to the fucking bed I was completely nude.

"Umm...Viking dude? Is there any reason I'm naked?" I asked, more embarrassed than fearful. I couldn't remember the last time someone without a stethoscope had seen me naked. He hadn't taken advantage of my unconscious state because I didn't feel any tenderness between my thighs. He was big enough and it had been a long enough

since I had had sex that I would definitely be feeling a twinge or two if he had.

He ignored me and continued to trail his hand over my belly. I waged a difficult war with my body, as it got all tingly under the places he touched. My lower body was already throbbing.

Swallowing a moan, I steadfastly held on to my resolve. What he was doing was nice. Hell, who was I kidding? It was *amazing*. But I needed to check on my sister and head to work before I no longer had a job.

“Viki—” I began.

“Paulo,” he corrected.

“Yeah, okay. Whatever. Uh—” I squirmed in a futile attempt to get away from his hand. His touch wasn’t sexual, but my Benedict Arnold body obviously didn’t comprehend that if the wetness flowing from my cunt was any indication. It took a full minute for the arousal in my brain to dissipate long enough for me to realize what he’d said.

Paulo...Paulo...where had I heard that name before? “Do I know you?”

He answered my question with a command. “Say it. Say my name.” He emphasized his order by sliding his fingers down to part the wet folds of my sex.

Panting, I shook my head. Some deep, instinctive part of me knew if I said his name I’d be lost. “Umm...I’m going to pass.”

His fingers played in the moisture between my nether lips and my stomach tightened as he brushed my clit.

“Say it,” he instructed, his fingers dancing lightly over my swollen flesh with just enough pressure to taunt but not enough to satisfy. Tracing a finger down my slit, he dipped into my opening and my pussy clenched at the teasing invasion. A second finger joined the first as he pushed his fingers into my cunt.

Crying out, I writhed as he tunneled deeper, the digits glided over my sensitive nerve endings.

“No means no.” I choked out, even as my legs parted and my hips lifted in an effort to encourage him to go deeper.

And he did. His fingers pushed ever deeper until they bumped my cervix. I nearly screamed as the feeling of pleasure and pain slammed into me.

His fingers flexed and he nudged something inside of me. This time I did scream as my cunt spasmed, moisture flooding it and leaked down his hand.

"Say it." His persuasive voice wound its way through me. I had to be mistaken but I thought I heard a soft edge of pleading.

Gritting my teeth, I shook my head and clenched my thighs together in hopes of stopping his movements. It didn't, just lodged him deeper. He scooted up the bed, the heat of his body making me hotter and pushing me farther.

He didn't ask again. Didn't still the movement of his hand like I feared/hoped he would. Instead, he laid his other palm flat over my belly right below my pubic bone and pressed down.

Gasping, I arched up and my legs fell apart to allow him deeper access as he curled his fingers inside of me up toward his hand that rested on my belly and rubbed them against that place he'd nudged earlier.

"Oh, God." My cunt contracted around his fingers. Faster and faster he rubbed, and my breath choked out with each movement as the tension coiled tighter. Fire blossomed along my nerve endings and spread out as I came, my body shaking uncontrollably. Pain-tinged ecstasy slammed into me, stealing my breath. And as I fought to drag air into my oxygen deprived lungs, I moaned, "Paulo."

Chapter Three

When I surfaced the second time, I didn't delude myself into believing I had been dreaming. Instead, I rested my head against the mound of pillows at my back and concentrated on breathing. After the orgasm that had just rocked me to my very soul, it took every ounce of concentration I had to pull air into my lungs.

My eyes were closed. I didn't remember closing them. Tiny aftershocks pulsed in my lower body and spread outward, skimming along my skin, raising the hair on my arms and tightening my nipples.

"Your breathing has quickened, Isabelle."

He knew my name. Swallowing hard, I opened my eyes to find him sitting beside me.

"What could you be thinking about that would make your heart beat faster, lil' Belle?"

"Do we know each other?" *Umm...not really a question you ask a man after he's had a couple of fingers in you, Isa.* "Never mind. I have to go."

A golden eyebrow arched and laughter shone in his gorgeous silver-blue eyes. "Go where?"

Wiggling, I sat up as best I could and faced him. "Home. You know, the place you took me from? My sister is probably worried sick."

He held up his hand. "I'm afraid that's impossible. You belong to me now." He tried to push me back against the pillows. "Your sister is unhurt. I have no more interest in her."

"Sorry to burst your bubble, *Count Chocula*, but while I understand you may have been alive during slavery, you may have missed the little announcement about it being abolished. So that means I can't belong to

you or any other man." I shrugged off his hands and sat back up. "I've had a *super* time with you, Vlad, even if we didn't get to the impaling part, but it's time for me to go home. So be a good little, uh big, vampire and untie me."

"Vlad?"

He looked more insulted by the Dracula reference than the cereal one but I couldn't be concerned with that. I lifted my hands. "Untie me. Here we go and we're untying the less than willing captive..." I paused for emphasis "Now."

Pulling on the restraints, I lost my balance and cried out when they dug into my wrists. He reached out to steady me and the warmth of his touch splintered through me and settled right between my thighs.

"Untie me!" I couldn't think when he touched me. Although I'd had an orgasm less than ten minutes ago, a simple unintentional caress and my body burned. My response to him made me think he knew something I didn't, especially after the comment about belonging to him. He *had* bitten me. Did that mean I would be his slave? I knew nothing about vampire policy and procedures. I could very well be on my way to becoming a Renfield.

"Stop before you injure yourself." His calm voice just made me angrier.

How the fuck could he be so calm when I'd probably be eating bugs soon? I didn't even mind the bugs as much as the mindless devotion. I tried that at sixteen and didn't wanna go for another spin on that ride.

Ignoring him, I continued to struggle, the bonds cutting into my skin.

Paulo cursed softly, flipped me onto my stomach, and pinned my shoulders against the bed. I froze as his weight and bare chest touched my naked back.

"You can't just decide you want someone and take them," I screeched. "I'm not a *Whopper* and you can't just have me your way!"

The lady doth protest too much, my mind taunted as my nipples hardened. His lips brushed my shoulder blade, and I clenched my legs together, hoping it would ease the ache growing between them.

"Stop it, Isa. You are going to cut your wrists."

Ignoring him, I pulled at the ties, hoping the pain would banish the need building in me, the need that tempted me to surrender all to a man I'd just met. A man capable of consuming me whole, in more ways than one.

"I will not repeat myself, again. Stop it this instant." He cursed again when I continued to fight the ropes.

I heard the noise before I realized the source. Seconds later, pain radiated from my right butt cheek. I shrieked when I realized the sound was his hand meeting the flesh of my bare ass.

"Isabelle!"

It took everything I had to disregard the obvious warning in Paulo's voice. I had always said if a man raised his hand to me, it would be the last thing he ever did. So I could only hope the slap *wild fang* gave me would banish any warm and tingly feelings I had for him.

Smack.

I grunted as his hand connected with my abused posterior again. I waited for the warm and tingly to go away but it didn't. The heat from the blows seemed to sink into me and to my horror and mortification, I was wet.

"Isabelle?" His voice was hesitant, questioning.

I said nothing as a tear slipped down my cheek. Sniffing, I turned away from him so he couldn't see me cry. The tears were more out of confusion and mortification than pain from the two paltry smacks he gave me. The stupid head over heels girl I had once been probably would have let someone spank her; she no doubt would have bent over happily. But I wasn't that girl anymore and I mistakenly thought a trampled heart and a teenage pregnancy had cured me of a case of the stupidities.

I had once given up my soul in exchange for the way a man made me feel and he had discarded it with absolutely no regard. Sure Paulo might be a couple hundred years older than that carelessly cruel boy, but in the long run would that really make a difference?

"Are you ready to listen to me now?"

"Not really," I ground out.

He made an exasperated sound and I braced myself for another swat. "Stubborn. Maybe I *should* have taken your sister."

The statement didn't bother me as much as it should have. "Yeah. Maybe you should have. After all, pregnant people have weird cravings. She might have enjoyed eating bugs."

"Bugs?" he asked, confused. "What is this talk of bugs? Stop talking nonsense and listen to me."

Bossy, blood-sucking bastard. "Or what? You're going to beat me again?" It was a bit of a low blow, but I was desperate. If I didn't get out of here soon, he'd discover my dirty little secret; that I didn't mind a little spanky with my hanky panky.

He leaned over me and eased his hand between my thighs.

Too late.

"*Si*, Belle. I guess all this moisture must be your body's way of protesting my barbaric treatment of it, eh?"

I stayed stubbornly silent. He could think what he wanted. I may be on my way to becoming a bug-eating goon but I'd fight every step.

Cringing, I could hear the sound of my own wetness as he pulled my legs apart.

"*Si, mi Belle Isa.* So very, *very* abused." The bed dipped as he placed his legs on either side of mine.

Paulo's hand traced the curve of my spine, his mouth following the path his fingers created. His breath feathered against my ear he whispered, "Give in to me, Belle Isa."

I tried to resist. I pictured roaches, spiders, flies and as many other gross insects I could think of but nothing I imagined helped banish the heat he conjured in me. I didn't know if it was his play on my name or his lips as they caressed their way to the curve of my bottom.

Before he braced his arms on either side of my head, he untied my wrists. Trembling, I left my hands exactly where they were even though he had freed me.

I gasped as he aligned his body with mine, his cock brushing against me. Incredibly he felt larger, thicker, than he had earlier. I wanted him. I'd no doubt regret it, especially when I was sautéing spiders, but at that moment, nothing else mattered.

Arching my back, I tilted my ass upward before settling most of my weight on my knees. The heat of his hard body soaked into my own as I

waited, empty and achy, for him to fill me. He tensed against me as my wetness touched him, yet he made no move enter me. Shamelessly, I bowed my back and pushed my bottom out, tempting him to come into me.

Still he didn't move.

Grinding my hips back, I undulated my lower body, pumping against emptiness in silent demand as frustrated whimpers edged up my throat. He wanted me to beg. I could feel it. This was his game and I didn't know the rules, so I'd make some up of my own. Reaching between my legs, I wrapped my fingers around his thick cock. The thrill of feminine power washed through me as he shuddered.

Holding him firmly, I rubbed the tip of his penis against my drenched opening. Moaning, I rotated my hips against the movements and rejoiced silently as I felt his arms tremble.

Slowly, I pushed back. It was my turn to shiver as his thickness drilled its way into me. My stomach clenched as the pressure of his entry turned to a sting. I was wet, wetter than I'd ever been, but still I had to bear down just to get the head inside me.

Inch by torturous inch, my vaginal muscles gave against the massive intrusion. My legs shook as if they wouldn't be able to hold my weight for much longer and my cunt clenched on him in a series of tiny caresses. Panting, like a mare that couldn't outrun her stallion, my head dropped forward to rest against the bed and I waited for him to ride me.

His hands spanned my waist and pulled me closer. I gasped as he tunneled deeper, bumping my cervix and filling me so completely I thought I'd never be empty again. He murmured something in the language I couldn't understand as his hand dropped from my waist to curve over my stomach. I froze as he pressed harder against my belly as if he sought to feel life there.

My eyes welled with tears, and I squeezed them shut in an attempt to banish the impossible dream of a baby with blond hair and silvery ice blue eyes. After my miscarriage the doctor had said there wasn't any reason why I wouldn't be able to have a normal, healthy pregnancy...but I never allowed myself to hope.

Not everyone is meant for happily ever after, Isa. Don't make this more than what it is. Don't set yourself for heartbreak again by confusing a great fuck with love.

I cried out as Paulo withdrew, only to ram home, distracting me from my thoughts. Burying my face in the pillows to muffle my moans, my hands clutched bedclothes as he set a rhythm of deep, driving thrusts.

I was falling, not physically but emotionally and mentally, but I was helpless to stop it. Each delicious, branding stroke of his cock, each internal caress that set my nerve endings vibrating, *all* of me responded. My heart, my soul, my brain and not just the place he stimulated.

The searing sensation crossed the thin line between pleasure and pain. I wanted to beg him to stop tormenting, to finish me. But I refused. I had already unwittingly surrendered so much; I wouldn't relinquish the last of my pride by begging him to make me come.

"Isa."

It took me a moment to realize Paulo had stopped moving and had said my name. Not knowing how to respond, I stayed silent.

He pulled out of me and I cried out in frustration as my cunt clenched on emptiness, already addicted to the thick fullness of his cock.

Don't beg, Isa. He wants you to beg.

It was a refrain in my head, and I held onto it like a drowning person would hold on to a life preserver.

Paulo drew me up, pressing my back along his front until the only thing separating us was a fine sheen of sweat from our exertions. His hand pressed against my belly the entire time. I kept my eyes closed, afraid he'd look into them and every emotion ricocheting through me would be bare for him to see.

"Mi Isa?" His voice was soft, imploring like the hand that had stroked my stomach.

My Isa.

Shaking, I swallowed hard, my hands clenched at my side against the need to touch him.

His lips touched the vein in my neck and my head fell back to rest against him as his fangs scraped against my skin.

"Sweet, sweet, Isa. What are you doing to me?"

My eyes opened. Surely I had to be mistaken, but my big bad vampire sounded...vulnerable. Just as vulnerable as I had felt minutes before. Turning to face him, I pressed my lips against his and whispered, "The same thing I suspect you are doing to me."

Murmuring something too soft for me to hear, his mouth covered mine.

Pushing me to lay on my back, he followed me down and covered my body with his. I parted my legs and made room for him in the cradle of my thighs. Our eyes met and held as he gathered my hips in his hands, spreading me open. I gasped as his cock tunneled into my swollen sex.

"Paulo." I whispered his name prayer soft and he answered by pushing deeper.

He kissed my lips, my cheeks, and the vein in my neck, his strokes deep and sure.

Grinding against him, I wrapped my legs around his waist. Trembling, I clutched his shoulders as he pounded into me, stroking the uncharted place he'd discovered earlier.

"Paulo!" My cunt clamped on him like a fist before a series of body shaking spasms hit me. I held onto him as he fucked me through it, driving deeper and harder, the sounds of my wetness intoxicating.

His rhythm faltered as he buried his face in the curve of my neck, whispering my name repeatedly. His tongue caressed the throbbing vein as if asking permission. I moaned encouragingly, needing him inside of me in every way possible and cried out as his fangs sliced into the softness of my neck.

My pussy tightened again and another orgasm, stronger than the first, nearly snatched the breath from my chest. "Paulo, please." Unashamedly, I begged, not exactly sure for what. But he knew.

Greedily, he clamped his mouth over the wound, drinking as he pounded into me, ramming against my cervix. He stiffened over me, my cunt milking him as darkness frayed along my vision. Thrusting once, twice, he tore his mouth away from my neck, groaning, his body trembling as the heat of his release splashed my womb.

Chapter Four

I ran my hands up and down Paulo's back, while my body continued to contract, eliciting his soft groans.

"Isa, *por favor*. You are going to be the death of me," he whispered, his cock hardening despite his protests. Grinding against him, I pushed him deeper, clamping down hard as he tried to pull out.

"You're already dead," I whispered. "But I'm not. I need you."

"Insatiable Isabelle." Pulling me against him, he thrust hard.

"Yes." Moaning, I dropped my legs from around his waist and spread them wide. I was tender but it was a delicious soreness and nothing another orgasm or two wouldn't fix. "Harder."

"Fuck," he gasped, as the slickness of our co-mingled essence made it easier for him to tunnel deeper.

Panting, I planted my feet flat on the bed's surface and bucked my hips up at him, meeting him thrust for thrust. He was right, I was insatiable but only because he made me that way.

His pubic bone ground against my clit as he rammed deep. Crying out, I held on as he pounded into me, driving higher.

I buried my face in the crook of his neck and bit down, hard, but not enough to break the skin.

Paulo grabbed my hips and worked me on his dick. Each slamming thrust harder than the last until he pummeled my pussy fast and deep. The sound of skin slapping against skin propelled me over the edge and I screamed as he dug deep one last time before exploding inside of me.

* * * * *

I'd have bruises tomorrow. After that little romp, I'd be surprised if that's all I escaped with. My heartbeat and breathing slowly returned to normal and I tried to keep my mind blank. Not contemplate what made me act the way I had.

I could chalk it up to great sex, but what transpired between Paulo and me went beyond that. It was almost...animalistic. Like I wanted him to brand me, mark me and I wanted to do the same to him.

He started to pull out of me and I groaned as his cock dragged against my overworked muscles. "Shhh..." he soothed as he kept our bodies joined and rolled us over onto our sides. "Did I hurt you?" His lips pressed against my closed eyelids.

Shaking my head, I snuggled closer to him. "No." I hesitated, not knowing how to explain how it felt to have him pounding against me, inside of me. The perfect mixture of pleasure and pain. "Not in a bad way."

A noise sounded deep in his chest, reminding me of a lion's purr I once heard. I gasped as I felt him grow thicker and harder inside of me. "Now who's insatiable?"

His mouth covered mine as I swung my leg over his hip, bringing us closer.

"Isa," he breathed, gathering the cheeks of my ass in his hands. "Shower first and then..."

I giggled and wrapped my legs around his waist as he stood and walked us into an adjoining bathroom. He shifted my weight to one side before reaching into a walk in shower and turning it on. Water streamed out of six strategically placed shower nozzles and heat fogged the glass and mirrors.

I held onto his shoulders as my feet touched the cool tile surface, my legs still shaky from my recent orgasms.

Picking up a bottle of sweet smelling shower gel, Paulo lathered my arms, chest and shoulders then spent an inordinate amount of time on my breasts and nipples.

My legs steadier, I poured soap into my palm and ran my hands up and down the muscles of his arms and back.

I froze as the bathroom door opened and a voice called out, "*Conde Bascón.*"

Paulo cursed and grabbed a bath sheet to cover my nakedness.

The man didn't wait for permission but stepped further into the room. "*Perdóname, Conde, I know you said you were not to be disturbed pero Conde Trevino is on the line. It is his seventh time calling.*" I couldn't see the person through the steamy glass but he swallowed so hard I could hear it. "He says it's of utmost importance. That you have taken something that did not belong to you and he needs to speak to you before anyone loses their head."

"Finish bathing, Isabelle. I'll be right back." Paulo got out of the shower, wrapped a towel around his waist and followed the anxious little man out of the door.

I kind of felt sorry for the man. It must really be difficult to be a Renfield.

The hot water and fragrant soap had relaxed my mind and body. It took me a moment to realize who the man had said called for Paulo.

Conde Trevino.

My brother-in-law's name was Cristian Trevino. I knew good dick could make you stupid, but damn. Not this stupid. It couldn't be a coincidence that a man with my brother in law's last name was calling Paulo about taking something that didn't belong to him.

Maybe I should have taken your sister, after all.

Your sister is unhurt. I have no more interest in her.

No more interest in her...

I rinsed off and gingerly stepped out of the shower, the sudden realization of who Paulo was heavy in my chest. My brother-in-law's lifelong friend who wasn't adjusting to Cristian's married life as well as he should.

Had he come to kidnap my sister but taken me instead when he realized one sister probably rode as smoothly as another? Nausea bubbled in my stomach. I guess one doesn't outgrow stupidity, after all. Not only had I let a man take me from my home, I'd practically encouraged it.

A chill ran through me as memories of me wrapped around him and begging him to fuck me harder ran through my mind. I'd actually started dreaming of silvery blue-eyed babies.

Well, I wasn't sticking around this time to get my walking papers when Paulo—the-not-so-Nordic vampire tired of me.

Rushing back to the bedroom, I searched for my clothes. Unable to find them, I started pulling open drawers until I was able to find a pair of sweat pants and a T-shirt. I dressed hurriedly, ignoring Paulo's scent on the clothing, only wanting to be as far away from this place as possible.

I crept to the door and opened it. Peering down the hallway, I prayed I didn't run into one of Paulo's Renfields. Taking one look back at the bed where I'd left a big part of my heart, I walked out the door and shut it behind me.

Chapter Five

Thankfully, Paulo only lived on the outskirts of the city. After hitchhiking and walking for miles, I was dirty and exhausted. I missed Paulo, not that I would ever admit it. I had tried to call my place collect, hoping Nina would answer, but only got a busy signal. From Cristian's relayed message earlier, my sister had obviously noticed I was missing and knew who was responsible. Hopefully that's *all* she knew.

Even though Paulo was an asshole, I didn't want to be responsible for a wider rift between the two friends. So I could only pray my brother-in-law was still in Spain and my telephone line had been busy all day because he was assuring my sister I was okay.

I pushed in the entry code to my apartment complex gate and waited as the buzzer sounded. In case of emergency I had hidden a copy of my house key in a fake pile of dog doo on the side of the complex's lawn. As I searched for it, I prayed I didn't encounter the real thing.

Key found, I dragged my tired self up the stairs and opened the door to find my apartment had been taken over by a cult. The members sat in a circle in a room lit by candles. I thought I was in the wrong apartment until I recognized some of the faces. My family.

"Did you guys turn uh...religious while I was gone? Not that I'm against religion or anything but walking in to my apartment to find you guys holding a prayer meeting is kinda...creepy." I looked around for Kool-aid and thankfully found none.

The members of the creepy prayer meeting turned around and some of the members of the group gasped. I self consciously patted down

my hair, I knew it looked like a rat's nest but you try keeping up with basic grooming when you're running from Renfields.

"We thought you were dead," said Cindy, my cousin Johnny's wife.

Walking further into the room, I looked at the group, speechless. Dead? Damn. Did the fuckers even bother to look for me before holding a wake?

Cristian stood up. "I did not think you were dead. I tried to tell them Paulo would not hurt you."

"But there was blood," Nina said. "How do you explain the blood?"

"Si, there was blood," he agreed. "But there was also the smell of..." He trailed off.

Nina's face turned bright red and she smacked his shoulder. "I told you to stop saying that! There was no smell of...you know. Isa would never have sex with a strange man only minutes after meeting him."

I looked at the floor, praying the look on my face didn't say, "Oh, yes, she would!"

"Cypriano, *por favor!*" Cristian implored, "Tell them that there was a distinct smell of..."

Barbara Jean's fiancé looked at Cristian and then back at Barbara Jean. I guess the look on her face spoke louder than his fellow vampire's request. "Umm...Barbara Jean said I didn't smell anything."

Johnny, Barbara Jean's brother, laughed, then covered his mouth, pretending to cough as he stage whispered the word whipped.

Barbara Jean and Cypriano both shot him looks that promised later retribution.

My sister ignored the exchange, poked Cristian and said, "You apologize this instant for calling my sister a hoe!"

"*Niñita*, when did I say such a thing? All I said was that I distinctly smelled sex when I came into the living room."

"Anyone got a stake?" I asked.

"Oh, my poor Isa, you must be starving." Nina stepped around a beleaguered looking Cristian and hugged me.

So pregnancy did make you crazy. How the hell she could be talking about food at a time like this? "Huh?"

"You asked for a steak." Nina spoke slowly, as if I'd escaped from a little yellow bus instead of Paulo's house.

"Yes, I did." I planned on heading back to Paulo's and sticking it where the sun didn't shine. "A stake or even a lighter will do."

"Isa!" she scolded. "You want to barbeque a steak right now? How about I fix you a nice sandwich until we get you cleaned up and rested?"

Shaking my head, I stepped back. "I don't want to barbeque the stake, I want to stab him or his buddy with it, either one will do." I pointed at Cristian. If I couldn't maim Paulo, I'd take the next best thing. Cypriano looked a little nervous and he should have. Vampires weren't really at the top of my likable list anymore.

Nina gasped and stepped in front of Cristian as if needed her protection. "Isa! He apologized for calling you a hoe!"

"I did not call her a hoe!"

"You might as well have. You insinuated she had sex with Paulo in this very room when she first met him."

"*Niñita*, I don't know much about pregnancy, but does it make you forget? Even if she did have sex with Paulo on that couch the minute she laid eyes on him that would *not* make her a hoe." Cristian ignored Cindy and Johnny who popped up off the couch he gestured to and continued. "I know this is your baby sister but she is also a woman, the same as you."

"I know, but—"

Cristian cut her off and continued, "What happened on our first date?"

Johnny scurried around the couch, covered his ears and repeatedly sang something that sounded like, "I'm not listening."

I watched, amazed, as my sister blushed and looked down at the ground. "That's different."

"No, *niñita*. It's the same for people who love each other."

I nearly swallowed my tongue. "Whoa! Whoa! Whoa! I hate to interrupt this touching *Hallmark* moment but who said anything about love? Patty Hearst may have been down with the whole Stockholm

syndrome and such but it'll take more than a day or two tied to some vamp-on-steroids' bed to make me believe in such dribble."

"Oooh!" Cindy squealed, plopping back down on the couch, imaginary cooties forgotten "Tied to a bed? That's hot."

"Deny it all you want, Isabelle, but I have known Paulo for a very long time and I've never heard him talk of any woman the way he talked about you." Cristian looked at me and then beyond me at the front door. "Dribble? Do you think love is dribble, *amigo*?"

I froze, because I knew exactly who stood in the doorway of my apartment.

"Wow. Cristian is right." Cindy laughed and winked at me. "If I found him in my living room..."

"Good evening." Paulo stepped into the living room and closed the door behind him. I flinched at the sound but didn't turn to face him.

"Hi, Paulo," my treacherous family chorused back. Not an outraged one among the bunch.

"And here I thought because he *kidnapped* me there'd be an angry mob, a couple of torches, at least a pitchfork? Something?" Silence. *Bastards*. "You know decent people would leave the room and give us a few minutes of privacy," I groused.

Barbara Jean settled deeper into her seat and crossed her legs before saying, "Yes, but we've long established there isn't a decent one among this lot. What with the knocked-up librarian slash stripper, the secretary who shagged her boss for Christmas presents, three vampires, one of them a kidnapper, and the couple who can't keep their hands off each other and breed like rabbits." She looked around the group and shook her head in mock sadness. "Nope, not a decent one among us."

"Someone was getting it on for gifts?" Damn, I missed all the good gossip. Wait, there was only one librarian in our family... "Librarian slash stripper?" I gaped at my sister, who turned tomato red and hid behind Cristian.

Barbara Jean nodded before singing, *a la* Martin Lawrence, "Your sister's a freak!"

"Am not!" Nina replied in a muffled voice.

Everyone started talking at once. Johnny, who wanted to know what his baby sister meant when she said she was shagging for gifts. Cindy, who was insulted because she only had three kids and rabbits usually had way more than three. Cristian, who wanted to know what was so indecent about being a vampire. And Cypriano, who wanted to know what a freak was.

When Paulo grabbed my hand, I snatched it back but followed him into my bedroom and away from the bedlamites occupying my living room.

Backing away from my bed, I stood near the entrance to my adjoining bathroom. He closed the door and stood silently in front of it.

"Uh, sorry about that. My family's a little *different*." He didn't say anything, just continued to stare at me. Nervous, I wrapped my arms around myself. "I'm pretty sure my cousin didn't really mean she was having sex for gifts. Not that there's anything wrong with having sex for gifts," I stammered and flushed as I realized what I said. "Not that I have sex for gifts. I don't have sex at all. Well, I do. I mean I did. With you. You were there."

Paulo's mouth twitched and I slammed mine shut before I stuck my other foot in it.

"You are adorable when you are flustered, Belle."

I puffed a lock of hair out my eyes, shook my head, and tried to remember I was mad at him. Plus, I was a lot of things at that moment...dirty, hurt, grubby... Adorable wasn't one of them.

"Your property is very beautiful," I said, for lack of anything better to say.

"Our property," he corrected as he took a step toward me.

"And I hope you're not angry with your Renfields. I'm sure they would have tried to stop me from leaving if they'd seen me."

He stopped mid-step and looked at me quizzically. "Renfields?"

I swallowed and nodded so hard I almost gave myself whiplash, "Yes, your servants. You know like Dracula's assistant in *Love At first Bite*?"

Paulo shook his head. "You have the strangest preoccupation with Tepes. Am I going to have to kill him? Because I am not willing to share you with anyone."

"You mean there really is a Dracula?" It was my weak attempt to try to change the subject.

Paulo took another step forward and I took one backward only to have my back meet the wall.

"Are you hungry? With all the vampires in the other room I'm sure someone stocked up on Vita-Sangre."

"*Mi Belle*, there is only one who can satisfy my hunger." Another step forward. "Are you ready to come back home?"

With the wall at my back, there was nowhere to run. "I am home."

Paulo shook his head and closed the distance between us. He raised his hand to touch me and I shrank back. Hurt clouded his expression but he didn't back down.

"You fear my touch now?"

I scoffed. "Of course not. It's just when you touch me my sanity usually flies out of the window." My face burned at the unintentional admission.

Laying his hand against my cheek, he leaned down until our foreheads met. "This is a bad thing, *mi vida*? I do not want to be the only crazy one in this relationship."

"Yes. No. Wait—" I planted my hand against his chest and pushed. "You came here for my sister." I closed my eyes, knowing he could hear how my heartbeat sped up. "You didn't want me."

"Are you so sure about that?" His mouth brushed mine, and then pressed against the moisture on my cheek.

"I'm not sure of anything anymore, except when I put everything together, it hurt." I opened my eyes and met his. "I've been hurt before. I didn't like it."

"I didn't mean to hurt you, Isabelle. I am as confused and scared as you are."

"Really?" The thought of him being confused or scared was wondrous to me.

"I came here with a convoluted scheme to get my best friend back. One look at you and I forgot everything else. I've never been in love before."

"You're in love?"

He nodded. "And I don't know how she feels about me, especially since she'd rather walk home barefoot than give me a chance to explain." He looked pointedly at my feet.

"Well, if I would have given you a chance to explain, what would you have said?"

Paulo's mouth covered mine and we both were breathing heavily by the time he lifted his head. "That I now know what my best friend was talking about when he said his woman consumed his every waking thought. All I could think of was touching you, loving you, making you cry out my name. It's like an addiction that grew stronger with every touch. I need you, more than I ever needed anything or anyone else."

It was as if he took those words out of a book labeled *All The Right Things To Say*. Part of me wanted to believe him so badly, believe he could be mine and I could be his and we could spend the rest of our lives playing pillaging Viking and the wanton maiden.

"I love you, Isabelle."

Knees weak, I started to slide down the wall. Paulo wrapped his arm around my waist and pulled me against him. I resisted a moment before clutching his shoulders and resting my weight against him. Burying my face in the crook of his neck, I licked his pulse point and giggled as a shudder ran through him.

"I need to know I'm your man."

"My man? You mean Dracula?" I squealed as he swatted my bottom. "I meant you. You! I love you too, Paulo." Dragging my tongue against the vein throbbing in his neck, I wiggled against him as he massaged the place he had smacked.

"Mmm..." I moaned, as he leaned me back and gently bit my nipple before sucking it into his mouth.

Clutching his head, I tightened my legs around his waist. "Paulo."

"Mi Isa."

He made short work of my shirt and I was returning the favor when the bedroom door opened. Paulo cursed and turned his back in an attempt to hide my nakedness. I patted his shoulder so he could let me down. As my shaky legs hit the floor, he stood in front of me as I righted my clothes. He lifted my chin and placed a chaste kiss on my lips before grabbing my hand. Stepping from behind him, we turned to face Cristian.

Cristian cleared his throat. "I was sent to collect Paulo before he could compromise your virtue any further. Your sister's words, not mine."

"Hey." I gave him a little wave and hoped he wouldn't notice the pink in my cheeks.

Cristian stepped further into the room and said something in the language I'd heard Paulo speak earlier before saying in English, "I have missed my friend."

"And I mine. But since our *mujeres* are sisters, I have the feeling you'll be seeing a lot more of me."

"*Bien*." Cristian walked back toward the door, but whatever he saw when he looked out of it made him grimace. "*Amigo mio*. I'm sorry, but until her sister sees a marriage certificate..."

Paulo laughed, hugged me to his side and whispered, "Will you be crazy too when you are big with our child?"

"Only one way to find out."

The End

Author Bio

Emma Petersen wrote her first romance in high school after falling in love with Historical Romance and has been writing ever since. Her favorite response when people ask her why she writes is, "Because it stops the voices." This answer gets her two reactions usually (as do a lot of things she says often do)—startled laughter and worried looks. The truth is that Emma does write to stop the voices. The voices of demanding heroes and kick-sass heroines who want their story told. So Emma does as she's told and does her best to weave stories of passion, love and adventure.

Her love of the written word comes from her mother. As a child, Emma and her mother would spend Saturdays lost in their local library, researching and reading everything and anything that caught their fancy. From pirates to vampires, no realm or possibility was left unexplored.

The youngest of three girls, Emma grew up in beautiful Southern California where she spent almost as much time at the beach as she did at the library. The love of the ocean is something else she inherited from her parents and, since she cannot stand to be far from it, she has continued to live not too far from where she grew up.

In her spare time, Emma designs book covers for Cobblestone Press, where she is Managing Cover Artist, and for her own graphic design company, Designs By Emma.

She is also the paranormal co-liaison for the award-winning author's resource Web site and forum RomanceDivas.com. She's a member of RWA and RWAOnline, as well as Passionate Ink Chapters, where she serves as vice president.

She writes what she loves to read, paranormal and contemporary romance/erotic romance.

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