



Jade James

You, Me & Dupree

Loose Id

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This book contains explicit sexual content, graphic language, and situations that some readers may find objectionable.

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Dedication

Thanks, Heather, for all of your help on this story. Your valuable advice has given me motivation to move forward with this series and I look forward to working with you in the future.

Prologue

Year 3050

Dupree Cortez entered his bedroom with his partner, Darius Montes, at his heels. Their bodies were wound tight with adrenaline, raw lust burning through their veins. It was a common occurrence, and this last assignment had been no different than the ones before it. The hunger for sex and blood was powerful, and many times they rarely made it to the bedroom.

Dupree and Darius were mercenaries. Dupree understood his job was violent, and at times the intensity of it would get to him. He never missed his target, but he was called for a reason. He was the last choice, the one who went after deranged vampires. He dealt his brand of justice harshly, and he had no qualms about ridding the world of violent creatures who chose to maim, torture, and kill innocents.

Their latest capture had fought them to the death, but that vampire had known the rules, as every one of them did: no feeding on humans without their consent. But it had been worse with this particular rogue. He had murdered three humans in two nights, leaving their bodies drained of life.

It had taken Dupree and Darius two full days of tracking before they found the fucker drinking the blood of another human. Luckily for them, the woman survived her torture and would hopefully heal, both physically and mentally. Unluckily for the rogue vampire, he was disemboweled and left to bleed slowly. Dupree had tied him with a special metallic chain made from titanium, and had proceeded to torture the bastard -- a fitting end for a creature that had shown no signs of humanity within him.

Dupree understood his job was more than brutal, but ridding the Earth of each violent vampire who chose a destructive path was worth any price. The Covenant enforced the rules for a reason, but not all of their species were bad. Most wanted to live in peaceful harmony, which was the major reason the Covenant was formed, and why it chose to work with the human government. The human government had no choice but to abide by the Covenant's rules, primarily because they knew their security forces were nowhere near as effective at capturing rogue vampires. But Dupree knew that, despite such government cooperation, not all humans accepted them for what they were. Perhaps, in another hundred years or so, equality would be reached.

Dupree stripped his clothing off quickly, relieved when he freed his cock from the confines of his pants. He watched Darius do the same, his own dick rigid with desire. His fangs lengthened at the sight, and his mouth watered for a taste of him. They were true partners in every sense of the word. But there was a space in their souls. A strong, undying need to add a third to complete them: a woman who would bring their circle to completion.

"I need you now," he murmured, desire making his voice thick with hunger.

Darius walked over to him, an amused grin on his sexy mouth. "How much do you need me?"

Dupree watched as his partner fell to his knee and rubbed his cheek against Dupree's cock. Darius inched down and gave his balls a leisurely lick. Dupree had to fight back the compulsion to beg, something that wasn't in his nature. He reached down, his fingers threading through his lover's hair as he barely reined in the desire to throw him on the floor

and fuck him. “Enough to know that if you don’t wrap those hot lips around my cock, I’ll explode,” he bit out.

“I’d love to see you *explode*,” Darius replied, before taking the head of his cock into his mouth.

Dupree groaned as the head hit the back of his partner’s throat. Darius always had a wicked way with his mouth. Hot liquid heat surrounded him and he thrust in, helpless to deny the fire of desire rushing through his veins. Darius sucked him with thorough enthusiasm, and the urge to come raced through Dupree’s spine, tightening his balls. His partner must’ve felt it, too, because he slid his mouth off his cock slowly, his fangs tracing the hard flesh. Dupree watched as Darius met his gaze and held the head of his cock between a fang and his bottom lip. *Dios!* The thought of his lover biting his cock sent a tremor through his body.

Fuck! “You wouldn’t...”

He was going to die from this type of pleasure, but what a delicious way to go. Darius winked at him before sinking his tooth into the head of his dick. He groaned as a whiplash of white-hot pain shot through him, and his partner closed his mouth over his cock, enthusiastically sucking the blood.

He was too far gone in his bloodlust and he never felt when Darius unhinged his tooth. He could only concentrate on his partner’s wicked mouth and the pulling sensation that forced his body into a deep euphoria. Dupree roared his lover’s name as he gave one final lunge, thrusting all the way to the opening of Darius’s throat. He spilled his semen, concentrating on the fire as he gave his lover all that he had to give.

Chapter One

Sin Carter rose from her desk and walked to the chalkboard. She pointed to the information written on the board and turned to face her students. They were obligated to take a course in vampirism. It was now a requirement in college, and every student entering the first semester had to take it to gain a better understanding of the vampires that lived among them.

“The first vampire came into contact with humans in the year two thousand. It was human nature to fear what was not immediately understood. It is perhaps still in our nature. Back then, scientists scrambled to come up with an explanation. But the only one who held some of the answers was Van Merck, current leader of the Vampirism Covenant. We will examine Van Merck thoroughly this semester. But first, a little history on the organization of vampires.

“The Vampirism Covenant was created in hopes of forming unity between vampires and humans,” Sin stated clearly. “The organization worked closely with the human government, throughout various countries on Earth. There are different branches of the Covenant in place, to keep peace between the humans and vampires. The current leader of the Eastern Regional Covenant, Van Merck, a five-hundred-year-old vampire, rules with an

iron fist. He is fair but cruel when he needs to be, and he never wavers from his primary goal on each case: justice. It is by no means an easy task, but it is a job that Van Merck chose to take on because he does it well, serving punishment to those that break the laws.”

Sin walked over to the front of the classroom and stood behind the podium. “Then there are the humans who completely hate vampires. They call themselves United Against Paranormals. These humans have politicians working with them, scientists trying to figure out how to wipe the vampires out, and criminals who do their dirty work, like installing pipe bombs wherever they think vampires will be. They stage rallies that turn into ferocious demonstrations, pay criminals to track vampires down and try to capture them. Their bigoted and violent attitudes make life difficult for anyone who strives to make Earth a more peaceful place.

“Just as a police officer’s main objective is to capture criminals and help those in need, Van Merck hires his own kind, vampires whose main goal is the same. There are vampires who are particularly good at capturing, called trackers. They are the ones chosen to hunt down those who break the rules and detain them with specialized titanium cuffs. Those found guilty for their crimes are sentenced to serve time, in a specially made prison where everything is constructed from titanium. There are crimes committed by the crazed vampires that are atrocious in nature, certainly too violent to be handled by humans, and even some vampires. For these, Van Merck obtains the services of those he considers the best. They’re called mercenaries, and they are the last resort.”

“Professor Carter, how do you know Van Merck was the first vampire created?”

Sin turned to the student who asked the question. “What is your name?”

The blonde arched a brow before answering. “Sierra Rand.”

“Well, Sierra, I never said Van was the *first* vampire created. I stated that he is the current leader of the Eastern Region Vampirism Covenant and that he was the first to initiate

contact with us. The first vampire, named Dracula, can be traced back to the early fourteen hundreds. Before that, who knows?"

"Do you agree that vampirism is a disease?" a student called out.

Sin shrugged. "Some say vampirism is a disease. Not a foul, deathly disease, like cancer or AIDS were. But more because of the nature of how it's transmitted and what happens when it merges with your blood. And in my personal view, I can agree with that, since it's been proven that humans can change with a bite. But others have been born that way. So there are two sides to this issue and it's still an ongoing debate."

"In your personal opinion, do you believe that a computer program such as the database can really find a true love match between a female and two vampires?"

Sin turned her gaze to the student who asked the question. He looked fairly young, in his early twenties. She didn't mind giving them her own point of view as well as the curriculum she was hired to teach. "In my opinion, technology has made huge advancements in the past few years. I can safely agree that the physical, medical, and sexual questions can probably assure that you will be introduced to someone who has common interests. But I have doubts that all matches will lead to love. Instant attraction is plausible and we can undoubtedly feel that, when we meet someone we truly want, but love is an emotion that grows."

"So why would you teach a subject you have doubts about?" Sierra asked.

Sin turned to her. "I never said I had doubts about vampires. I believe that they should be treated equally, and that we should give them a chance. My uncertainties are in the area of computers and emotion. My opinion is that the two don't mix. But never construe it as hatred for their kind. I also realize that I can be proven wrong tomorrow, or even years from now. Who knows? I'm open to any type of evidence that will lead me to think otherwise."

"Is there a scientific reason as to why all vampires are born male?" another student asked.

“That is the one unknown factor in the vampire equation. There are only males born. Doctors are trying to figure out why. Perhaps it has to do with the process of mating with a vampire,” Sin stated. “Another topic we are going to cover is the women who are matched. Some agree to appear before the Covenant in a binding ceremony, and they elect to go through the change. It’s not something that is required on the spot. If they choose not to, there is always the option of going through the change further down the road.”

“Don’t you mean *ordered* to appear?” Sierra replied scathingly.

Sin ripped her gaze from the student she had just addressed. She stared at Sierra, who wore a mask of indifference. There seemed to be a lot of pain hidden in her words. “Our government wanted us to live in peace. The database was created for that purpose, and to give vampires a chance to find their mates. All females over the age of eighteen are required to register. There is a series of personal and sexual questions you must answer, along with physical, medical, and genetic testing. The government has deemed it 99 percent accurate. If a match is found, then a secluded meeting at Fantasy House is scheduled. Because of the growth of the Covenant, a mate is selected for every two vampires. A female is necessary for the vampires to breed and continue their line. But the choice is ultimately yours.”

There were whispers among her students. Sin grimaced. This was her second year teaching paranormal studies, and it didn’t surprise her that her students, a mixture of humans and paranormals, tended to jump to their own conclusions.

The world, as her great-grandparents had known it, had changed. And with change came acceptance. Still, a few never accepted that there were vampires living among them. Even though they were in the year three thousand fifty, there were those who let their bigoted beliefs overcome their nature. It was why the subject of paranormal studies had become a new requirement in college, and it was one of the reasons she chose to become a teacher in that particular field.

Sierra turned away from Sin and stared at the blackboard ahead. “How is the choice ours when we are forced to register to begin with?” she asked.

Sin frowned, puzzled at the desolation in Sierra's voice. "If the female does not give consent to the match at the time of the mating ceremony, then there are steps that can be taken to ensure an amicable parting. In plain terms, if the relationship has been consummated between the trio, and one or all choose to part ways, then Van will hear the reasons why. If a problem occurs, there are security measures in place for each of the individuals involved. Legal documents can be filed and Van makes the decision the very next day. Van has never forced a human female and a set of vampires to forcefully mate. He may choose to allow more time, or he may dissolve the relationship right on the spot."

"And yet, if we choose not to register, females are detained for two months as a punishment for not enlisting," Sierra replied. "Don't you think that's a bit excessive and contradictory to what you're saying? We ultimately have no choice."

Sin ran a hand through her curls. The debate was getting a little too heated, and she didn't want to cause an uproar in her class. "The punishment may be a little harsh, but imagine what the situation would be like if women chose not to enlist. It would cause even more chaos between humans and vampires. These rules are in place so both sides are able to seek a harmonious agreement. Contrary to what was first published, vampires are not violent creatures."

"Vampires are known to physically radiate a sexual scent that would enhance the female's sexual submission," Sierra stated loudly. "And still you teach us that we have choices."

"It is true. The vampires do radiate a spicy scent. But that only happens if the attraction is felt between the female and vampires. If there isn't even a spark of lust, then the vampires exude nothing."

"What happens to the 1 percent of women who aren't compatible with the vampires matched to them?" a dark-haired girl questioned.

“Scientists base their statistics on proven results. To answer your question directly, the women who are not matched, who feel no spark of lust, and who have declined to go through the mating process, are allowed a two-year reprieve. After the two years are up, those that are still single have to be retested by doctors and entered back into the database. Might I also add,” Sin stated, “that you are not required to have sexual relations. The purpose of the meeting is to get to know the vampires and explore a possible connection. If either party requests extended time to delve into the relationship, then that, too, can be another option. There is no perfect guarantee in this, and that is why there are rules that protect both the humans and the vampires. My class is one of the places you can get a better understanding about vampires. And patience is also a key in all of this.”

“What about the human men who wish to find their own wives?” a red-haired gentleman in the first seat asked.

Sin was glad for the slight change in subject. “Just because a woman has to register doesn’t mean she can’t go out with a human man for enjoyment, or even to find a possible husband. Once she’s officially married or mated, she’s deleted from the database.”

“Why do vampires drink blood?” another student asked.

Sin faced the male who asked the question, seated on the second row. His piercing black eyes settled on her, and Sin felt a strike of heat wash through her. His black hair was unbound; the strands fell to his shoulders and she had the irrational urge to run her hands through them. Sin didn’t budge. She was spellbound, held in place by the aura that seemed to emanate from him.

She blushed, and scrambled to collect her thoughts. “That is another topic I intend to cover. We humans need food and water to survive. The source of nutrition for vampires is blood. The government and Covenant have worked together to provide feeding stations throughout the country where humans who choose to can donate their blood for vampires. And there are those who do, because they believe in giving them a chance.”

“Do you donate?” he asked.

“What is your name?”

He smiled. “Dupree Cortez.”

“I have donated.”

“*Bien.*”

The pitched vibration of that one Spanish word was pure temptation, and it stroked her secret, hot place, melting her inwardly. He smiled, his sexy lips forming a wide grin, and it was as if he knew what she was thinking. What would it feel like to have his lips caress her skin? Would the feeling be enhanced by the neatly trimmed goatee he sported? Sin swallowed tightly as the red heat of a blush crept up her cheeks. And still she couldn't bear to break away from his piercing gaze.

The sound of the alarm on her watch jarred her out of her minute fantasy. “Class is dismissed.” Her students rose from their desks to head out the door. She concentrated on shuffling the papers on her desk, using it as a cover to get a hold of her thoughts. When she was convinced she had a grasp on her emotions, Sin looked up.

The room was empty.

She hitched a breath at the same time she sensed someone behind her. Sin turned. Dupree stood before her, dressed in a white button-down shirt and black jeans, looking more like a model than a student. But that was the only thing that processed in her brain, because she was drawn once again to his brooding presence.

“Professor Carter, I have some questions on vampirism that I'm hoping you have time to answer.”

“What kind of questions?”

Her stomach clenched tightly. What was it about him that called to her so strongly? Being this close to him caused a burning need inside. She had to remember that this man was her student. But she wanted to reach out and touch him with a desperation that scared her.

“Well, I’d like to ask them over a cup of coffee, if that’s all right with you.”

She shook her head. “Mr. Cortez, you can ask your questions here.” He made her anxious, and the last thing she wanted to do was draw out the sensation.

“I hardly think a cup of coffee will put you in any danger from me.”

“It isn’t danger I’m worried about.” Sin silently cursed. She’d left herself wide open for a slew of questions from him.

He laughed. It was rich and deep. She fought the need to close her eyes and relish the sound.

“I don’t think you’re going to have this classroom to yourself much longer,” he replied. He tilted his head to the doorway, and Sin followed his lead.

Two female students entered the room, followed by a male.

“An English class is scheduled to begin in five minutes,” she replied. She grabbed her folders, bent down, and pushed them into her bag. Sin swung her bag onto her shoulder. “Did you drive here?”

“My car is parked outside.”

“Lead the way, Mr. Cortez.”

Chapter Two

Dupree watched, totally enraptured by the sway of Sin's hips. Her perfect, luscious body sent a shot of heat to his groin. Her ass was perfectly framed by her tight skirt; he wanted to fall to his knees and pay homage to her beauty. He had been more than shocked at her exquisiteness when she entered the classroom. She was even lovelier up close than in photographs. Her creamy chocolate skin beckoned him, and he wanted to fall to his knees to lick every square inch.

He hadn't expected his attraction to her to be so fierce. The fact that Dupree's match was found in the database was a surprise to him, and even more of a shock was the immediate attraction between them. He had thought that if there wasn't a spark of desire, maybe they could at least grow into it. But as he laid eyes on her for the first time, all of his expectations flew out the window. She was nothing at all like he had been expecting, and everything he had ever dreamed of in a mate. Like a match to gas, she ignited him in a different way than Darius did, and he was more than compelled to learn everything about her.

Sin's class was held in the evening, which was perfect for him. He had several reasons for meeting her early. He wanted her to be comfortable around him, and Dupree thought

taking her class would be a perfect introduction. He also wanted some one-on-one time to get to know her. It was probably a sneaky, underhanded thing to do. He should just come out and tell her that he was her chosen mate. But if he did, Dupree had a feeling it would have the opposite effect and scare her. And that was the last thing he wanted to do.

Dupree concentrated on his surroundings. The night air was hot, but not uncomfortable. The parking lot wasn't overly filled with cars. There were a few parked, but not many students opted to take classes at night. He stopped right in front of his Jaguar. He fished the keys out of his pocket and pressed the alarm. Two short, loud beeps followed. He opened the door. "Enter."

"Nice car," Sin replied as she lifted her leg, shifted her body, and sat on the seat.

He caught a glimpse of her naked skin, and his palms itched to touch her flesh. With a strong will, Dupree closed the door and walked around the car. He opened the driver's side and slid into his seat. Pushing the key into the ignition, he started the car. "How does the diner on Maverick Road sound?"

She shrugged. "Sounds fine."

* * * * *

The cup of coffee was hot and sweet, just like she liked it. Sin lifted the cup to her lips. She took a sip, the sweetened brew hitting her stomach nicely.

The diner wasn't full. One waitress was at the counter, swiping it clean with a rag. A man stood toward the back, mop in hand, a yellow bucket by his feet. And there were two customers seated at a corner table talking softly to each other. The place seemed nearly empty and the quiet heightened her awareness of the man sitting with her.

Her gaze shifted to Dupree. He was watching her with an intense stare, and an odd pang of desire began to unfurl deep inside her. Her stomach clenched, and it felt like butterflies were fluttering around. She swallowed past the lump in her throat. She was nervous around him, but it wasn't borne of fear. She would admit it at least to herself. She

was more than attracted to Dupree, but the fact that he was her student outweighed any emotion.

“So what was it that you needed to speak to me about?”

Dupree traced the edge of his coffee cup with his finger. Sin followed the movement. His index finger was wide, the nail cut short. She bit her bottom lip. What would it feel like to have him trace her flesh slowly and seductively? She closed her legs tight as soon as her clit began to throb.

He stopped his movement, forcing her to raise her gaze back to his. “Vampires.”

She squashed her tremulous emotions down. “Mr. Cortez, anything you need to know about vampires can be learned in my class.”

Dupree smiled. “The facts are what I assume I’ll hear in the classroom. How far does your knowledge extend outside of the facts? Tell me, what made you decide to teach vampirism?”

“You ask a lot of different questions.” Long-forgotten memories of a childhood friend sprang forth. It pained her to think about the past, but Sin saw no reason she shouldn’t reveal a little of it to Dupree.

“I was twelve years old when my parents decided to move to Miami. It was more of a career move on my dad’s part than anything else. My parents were both workaholics, and in no time at all, I was befriended by a boy who lived next door. His name was Billy Masters. At the time, I never questioned why he would only visit me when the sun came down or why I never saw his parents during the day. I would’ve never questioned it, because he was always there for me. I had no brothers or sisters, so I was grateful to have him in my life. Everything changed a year later.” Her eyes filled with tears. Sin reached for her cup and took another sip, momentarily avoiding Dupree’s gaze.

“Go on.”

She heard the soft plea in his voice, and it gave her a little strength to continue.

“My parents were out for the evening, and I was alone at home. I stepped out into the backyard, waiting for Billy. When he didn’t come around, I went looking for him. The front door to his home was open. There was blood everywhere. I found Billy and his parents with their throats ripped out. The news media had stated that the entire family was vampires and that the murders had happened during the day, when a vampire is at his or her weakest. The murders were forgotten, and I had a feeling it was more to do to the fact that they were vampires. The killer was never caught. I made a silent promise to Billy that I would do everything in my power to educate people about his kind. If we all looked deep within ourselves, we would discover that no one is born the same.”

She stopped, her voice becoming tight with emotion. Sin jumped, raising her gaze as Dupree wiped the tears that spilled across her cheeks. “You are a fascinating woman,” he stated, his thumb rubbing against her cheek. She found it odd that she took comfort in his touch.

“Will that be all?”

Dupree dropped his hand at the same time Sin jerked her head to the side. The bubblegum-chewing waitress who’d interrupted them didn’t wait for their answer. She slipped the bill onto the table and left.

“I would like to hear more about your opinions of the database. You believe a love match is impossible to obtain?” Dupree asked.

“I don’t believe that anything in this world is impossible to obtain, Mr. Cortez. I do, however, believe in full proof, which means I’m not above observing a relationship between a female and two vampires. None of my colleagues have ever gone through it. Sexual satisfaction is one aspect and if it’s there, it can be explosive, but love doesn’t happen at first sight.”

“I disagree. Love is something that can hit your heart, unannounced. And I’m not talking about the attraction a female and male would feel, if they were lucky enough. I’m

talking about an emotion so gratifying that the person you've given your heart to is on your mind twenty-four hours a day. I'm talking about feeling like you would give anything and everything, including your life, to make sure the person you love is completely happy."

He spoke intently, and for some reason, that made her nervous. In her mind, she saw the both of them in bed, her on top, him on the bottom, too wrapped up in their love for one another to pay attention to anything else. Sin licked her lips, suddenly nervous at the thoughts running in her head. Dupree was just speaking hypothetically, and she didn't know why the sudden image of them burst into her brain. And she wasn't going to analyze it now.

Sin lifted her cup to her lips and took another sip. "So, what do you think about my class so far?" She wanted to change the subject...needed to, for fear of where her mind would detour.

Dupree flattened both of his hands on the table. "I have to tell you, I do have a hidden agenda for taking your class besides the basic requirement."

She placed the cup down, suddenly curious as to where this conversation was heading. "Oh, and what would that be?"

"I was interested in learning everything about you. What are you doing tomorrow? It's the weekend; maybe we can go grab some drinks and learn more about each other."

"Mr. Cortez, I..."

"Call me Dupree, please."

"Dupree, you and I aren't a possibility. You are my student, and the only thing you'll be learning about from me is vampires."

"We'll see, *querida*. We shall see."

* * * * *

Sierra left the building and walked over to the parking lot. She was angry with herself for letting her emotions get the best of her. She could've stated her opinion without

involving her feelings. But now probably everyone in that classroom thought she was a lunatic, challenging the teacher with angry rebuttals or questions every chance she got. She was far from crazy, but drawing attention to herself like that wasn't something she needed right now. Not after what she'd been through lately. She wasn't some naïve freshman just out of high school and required to take the class. But instead, she had chosen to sign up for it, to learn more about the vampires who were making such a huge impression on society.

It wasn't as if she hated vampires. No. She just hated the one that had changed her life forever. But she wasn't going to think about that right now or anytime soon. She needed to get home and ready herself for work.

Sierra pushed the key into the lock, turning it and opening the door. A sense of foreboding washed over her, as if she were being watched. The night was a little too silent, and she could swear she felt a pair of eyes on her. She swallowed tightly and swept her gaze around the parking lot, shifting her body quickly, trying to catch a glimpse of the source of apprehension. She saw nothing and she wasn't going to wait around any longer.

She slid into the driver's seat, threw her purse in the passenger side and started her car, missing the vampire who watched her from the roof of the school.

* * * * *

Sin lay in her bed, wondering about Dupree's last words. He had paid for the coffee and had taken her home. And the only other words he had spoken were of parting. The Spanish endearment hadn't been lost on her, either. She should have cut him off right there, but Sin had been stunned speechless. She had to admit his words on the subject of love affected her just a little too much.

At the same time, Dupree mystified her, and she sensed he was hiding a lot. But to ask what his secrets were would be admitting that Sin wanted to get to know him, in a way, and as she'd told him, that wasn't a possibility.

But she did surprise herself by opening up to him so quickly. He seemed attentive, and other than the fact that she was attracted to him, it had been easy to give Dupree a piece of her past. She had a feeling that another close encounter with him would shatter her.

She sighed and snuggled deeper into her satin sheets. She had never met anyone like him. Nor had she ever experienced such captivating attraction. She would have to force herself to keep a distance from him. And Sin had a feeling that was going to be a hard thing to do.

Chapter Three

“So, you’ve met with our mate?” Darius lingered in the doorway, his body tight with anticipation. He didn’t know what to expect, and that bothered him. He sure as hell didn’t want to hope, only to have disappointment settle in when the match didn’t work. But the mating rules for their kind were all about taking chances. He would be more than a fool not to grab this opportunity.

Darius had received Dupree’s e-mail an hour ago. He had showered to calm his emotions, not willing to believe that after so many years, they had finally found the third to complete them. Darius allowed his gaze to roam over Dupree’s body, and his own instantly heated at the sight of his lover. A fiery warmth crept inside, and it triggered the hunger within him.

Dupree swiveled around in his chair and pinned him with his gaze. “I met with her last night, and I took her out afterwards for a cup of coffee. We talked. She’s a teacher of paranormal studies at Harden College, and I’ve signed up for one of her courses. It was the best way I could think of to get a true feel for her.”

Darius entered the office and sat across from Dupree, spreading his long legs wide, the towel around his waist parted in the middle. "Give me your first reaction. What did you think?"

"She's absolutely breathtaking. Take a look at her database photo," Dupree stated, handing the picture over to him.

He reached for the picture. It was a full body shot. He studied her from the top of her head to the shoes on her feet. He wanted to memorize every little detail of this woman. Her curly brown hair fell to her shoulders in soft waves. Her eyes were light brown, and her smile shone through the photograph. Her brown skin was the color of milk chocolate and he craved to taste it. His gaze wandered down to the suit she wore. It fitted her in a way he wanted to fit her -- tightly.

"Are you sure she's the one?" Darius asked. He couldn't help but be skeptical. They'd been alone too long, and to believe that the time had finally come to choose a mate was hard.

Dupree rose from his chair and walked to Darius in a slow, drawn-out pace. He knelt between his legs. Darius's cock hardened with lust as Dupree pushed the cotton towel aside. Dupree licked the head of his lover's cock and dipped his tongue into the slit.

"Trust me on this," Dupree replied as he grabbed Darius's dick and began a slow stroke of his length. Darius arched forward as Dupree tightened his hand and leaned in, blowing a puff of warm air on his heated flesh before he spoke. "Sin Carter is the one. She's beautiful, amazingly talented, and kind to our species. And that's just for starters."

Darius groaned, his fingers tangling in Dupree's long hair. His fangs lengthened as he anticipated the ecstasy his lover would give him. He trusted Dupree with his life, and if he said Sin was the one, then he could hardly wait to sink his fangs into her.

* * * * *

Sin Carter stared at the invitation that was wrapped up so elegantly in a mocha-colored velvet box. It had arrived by messenger twenty minutes before.

It was an odd phenomenon, when the power of words could change your life within just seconds of reading them.

A match for your database record has been found. You will meet with your mates tonight. Pack your bags and prepare for a weekend stay. A limousine will arrive for you around eight and will drive you to Fantasy House.

Her nerves were jittery and she couldn't stop her hands from trembling. She was a teacher of vampirism studies and knew the way the system worked. There'd always been a chance of her being matched, and she supposed in the back of her mind the prospect had always lingered. But it had been seven years since she'd registered, and all hopes of a match had been buried deep. She had even gone out with human men, hoping she would find the one destined to be hers. But there was never a connection...never a tingling feeling that aroused that sexual side of her.

And now the thought of two men with her sent a spark of fire through her. The idea of two men together as she watched set her body on edge. Her mind was running rampant with thoughts of one male in her pussy, and the other in her ass. Sin pressed her legs together, hoping it would ease the throbbing in her clit.

She had no choice. She had to at least meet with them. But she was worried. Though the database had almost a 100 percent success rate, could love ever be a possibility between her and her mates?

Chapter Four

The investigative work she'd done on Fantasy House had set her nerves on edge. The resort was located on the southwest beaches of Miami. With surrounding walls as high as twenty feet, security cameras that caught every angle, and armed guards of the paranormal kind, the resort was well protected from uninvited visitors. No one had ever dared to break in. And everyone who entered had never felt safer. Their website even listed references and gave photographs of the rooms, which held amenities such as Jacuzzis, full bars, and king-sized, satin-covered beds. The house was built for a purpose. And that was to make everyone who entered feel comfortable in their surroundings. But the information did little to calm her.

She breathed deeply to still the nerves tingling throughout her body. This was her chance to find her true mates. That's what she kept telling herself. If they didn't connect on every level, then she could begin the process of severing all ties with them. The procedure entailed filing paperwork for all parties, and then they would have to face the leader of the Covenant. He would make the final decision.

"My name is Carl Fortes, and I'll be your driver this evening."

Sin watched as the driver bent to pick up her luggage. “It’s nice to meet you.” He rose and nodded his head. He walked to the rear of the limo and placed the bags on the street. The driver opened the trunk and put her luggage in it. He slammed it shut, and then walked back over to where she stood.

The summer heat in Miami was stifling. Her dress clung to her heated skin, and her hair curled with the humidity. She itched to pin it up and give a little relief to her sweltering neck. But she couldn’t concentrate enough with trying to categorize the thoughts running through her mind.

She wanted to ease into this carefully, but they only had a weekend to decide whether or not to continue seeing each other. She supposed the weekend was long enough. Because who the hell wanted to stay with someone any longer than necessary if there was no attraction?

Sin smoothed out her red silk strap dress, working up the nerve to enter the limo. The driver nodded and opened the door for her.

A blast of cool, air-conditioned air shot at her and her nipples instantly tightened against the silk. Sin entered the murky interior and instantly wondered why the limousine was so dim. She sat, slightly disoriented by the dimly lit inside.

The overhead light suddenly turned on, and Sin’s stomach clenched as she stared at the man across from her. She gasped, recognition settling in. A wave of heat washed through her, and she felt the fiery flow all the way to her toes. “Dupree. What are you doing here?”

He grinned, his full lips stretching seductively. “One half of your database match. Darius Montes is the other half.”

Her brain registered that he was one of the two vampires she was matched to, but she couldn’t summon a response. This was the same man who had held her spellbound, and he was doing so once again with his brooding eyes. She ran her gaze over him, assessing his physical attributes. His black, shoulder-length hair hung loose around his shoulders, and

under the lighting she could see the shimmering shininess in the strands. He sported a neatly trimmed goatee, and her mind began to wonder what it would feel like to have those tiny bristles caress her skin.

She had a sudden urge to run her hands over his mocha-colored skin. His eyes were black, and she felt the need to squirm because of the way he watched her. She suppressed the urge and dropped her gaze to his mouth. His full lips appeared to be so soft. And not for the first time, she wondered what it would be like to kiss him.

Her gaze roamed over the rest of him. He looked like a dark god, dressed in black jeans and a white T-shirt that molded tightly to his body. The clothes fit him well, the ripple of his muscles clearly visible underneath the clothing. She clenched her thighs and fought the need to jump him. This effect he had on her was on the verge of being uncontrollable.

“Are you finished staring, *querida*?”

There went that endearment again. His voice flowed over her like liquid chocolate. She felt the red heat of a blush creep to her face. Her gaze collided with his. “What are you doing here?”

“I’m here to escort you to Fantasy House.”

“But you’re my student.” It sounded stupid repeating the obvious, but she blurted it out before she could stop herself.

“Not anymore. I only signed up for your course to meet with you.”

“You’re arrogant.”

“Tell me something I don’t know,” he said with a laugh.

She narrowed her eyes. The situation wasn’t amusing. “Where is your other half?”

“Awaiting our arrival. We thought it would be easier if you met with me first,” Dupree replied as he rose from his seat. He sat next to her just as the limo started to move. The air became too hot as she felt his heat surrounding her. He dropped his hand to her knee and

pressed a little against her flesh. His strength shot through her, like a bolt of electricity right to her pussy.

“It’s required that we get to know each other better and that includes Darius,” she stated, feeling hot all over.

He smiled. “I can assure you, before this night ends, we will have carnal knowledge of each other and Darius will be kept up to date. Do you feel it?”

She licked her lips as she inhaled Dupree’s masculine scent. It was the spicy aroma vampires gave off when the attraction was strong, and it hit her gut with the intensity of a punch. She melted inside and she wanted to crawl over to him, to beg Dupree to take her. She wanted to lick him...wanted to know what it would be like to have his flavor on her tongue. “Feel what?”

“The flow of heat between us, and the bit of anticipation that rushes through your veins at the thought of us coming together. It’s been there since I first laid eyes on you, waiting to erupt to the surface.”

He wasn’t her student anymore. And she had no reason to deny his words, but she never expected to feel like fucking him on the spot was the best idea in the world. “I feel it, and I smell your spiciness.”

Dupree leaned into her. “As you know, the scent only happens when the attraction is mutual. I take it you’re feeling the lure surrounding us. If you don’t give it a chance, you’ll never know if it’s meant to work out.”

“Like I said, that’s why I’m here. But do you seriously think that this thing between us isn’t just attraction at first sight?”

“*Querida*, life is about taking chances. I’d say the chemistry between us gives us a hell of a start. Don’t break things down in your head. Let yourself be free. I want you to let all that sensuality you have bottled up inside loose. Experience the pleasure. You have nothing to lose, and everything to gain.”

“This scent is the beginning to a mating between us. Don’t you think it’s a bit too soon?”

“Sin, the scent is part of the attraction, one we vampires can’t help releasing if the feelings are mutual. But you will never be forced into doing anything you don’t want to do. Your safety will come above ours always.”

His words eased her doubts, and she felt some of the tension release from her body. But the overall need to be with him pounded through her blood. She raised her arms, lifting her hair to rub her neck. Never in her wildest dreams would she have imagined being so close to a man so enticing. Her body felt like it was on fire, her clit throbbing greedily. Her gaze dropped to his hard chest, the outline of muscles visible through his shirt. She looked lower, stopping when she noticed the rigid outline of his cock.

“Are you ready?” His question broke through her thoughts. His hand rose and he traced the top swell of her breasts with his fingertips.

She swallowed. “As ready as I’ll ever be.” She presented a brave front, when she was jittery as hell. But she couldn’t deny the powerful sexual need that drew her to him. His scent thickened the air and it heightened her lust.

She watched as his thumb grazed her nipple, the sensation great against her silk dress. She bit back the moan as heat shot through her womb and cream dampened her thong. This man had a way of breaking down her defenses with a simple touch.

She raised her gaze to his face and Dupree’s fangs lengthened, the teeth looking sharp and deadly. But she wasn’t afraid. She’d spent years studying their race to gain a better understanding of them. The differences between them were astounding, too many variations to count. But it wasn’t enough to break the spell surrounding them both. She truly believed that vampires weren’t violent by nature, and it was curiosity that motivated her to reach up and touch the ivory tip of one fang.

It was hard and sharp, distinctively smooth. Sin knew they were his deadliest weapons. But she continued to run her finger across the point, discovering the difference that made him unique. A sharp zing against her flesh had her pulling back. A small bubble of blood oozed to the surface. She moved her hand toward her mouth, intending to lick the blood away.

Dupree wrapped his hand around her wrist, forcing her to return her gaze to his as he pushed her finger into his mouth. His hot, wet tongue touched her flesh, circling around her digit. She hitched her breath, unconsciously holding it in, and watched as he sucked, torturously slowly. Within seconds, she was panting like a bitch in heat, but she didn't give a damn about the repercussions. The feelings were too hard to ignore. She needed him now. He must've seen something in her gaze, because he pulled out her finger and growled, "*Bien*. Now smile for the camera."

Dupree's gaze roamed over her hot body. The color of her skin accentuated her light brown eyes, giving them a piercing look. He inhaled deeply. Her lilac scent filled the limousine and drove him insane with need. Her tongue slipped out, and she swiped her bottom lip. It glimmered with wetness. He reached up and slid his thumb across. Her eyes darkened with need and lust. Excellent. She felt the attraction sizzling between them, and he intended to use that to his advantage.

Sin moaned, her head falling back against the seat as he touched her nipple. The tip was rigid, and he rubbed his finger against it. His gut clenched and his dick hardened, lengthening in his jeans as a hungry need rose within him. *Dios*, she was the part that would complete them. There was a feistiness in her that he wanted to master, and he felt a strong urge to fall on his knees and taste her essence.

Soft, radiant curls fell over her shoulders, and he silently wondered if she had the same soft curls below, or if she shaved her pussy.

That line of thinking only hardened his cock to rock-solid and he shifted, his nakedness rubbing against the hard denim. His lust rose, his fangs distended, and he craved her with a ravenous need that threatened to engulf him. He was positively enthralled by Sin, and now that she was in front of him, he wanted to devour her slowly. What would she taste like?

“Camera?” she asked, a curious hint in her tone of voice.

He smiled. Darius’s plan instantly came to mind. It was the other reason Dupree was here to meet with her. He had a special surprise for her, and he could only pray that she would be a willing participant. Dupree wasn’t above using every persuasive method he knew to get what he wanted. He would even beg if he had to, because she was worth any price.

He brought his hand up to her chin and nudged it softly to her right. “Look over there.”

She turned her head. “Where?”

“By the champagne cooling in the bucket of ice. Do you see the small black box beside the bucket?”

Sin nodded.

“It’s a wireless camera that transmits a perfect view to Darius in our room. The round button acts as a one-way voice transmitter. He’s seen and heard everything.”

Sin turned and faced him, her eyes round and wide. “I take it Darius is the other vampire I’m supposed to meet.”

Dupree nodded.

She licked her lips again. “Why would Darius put a camera in the limousine?”

He smiled. “Because we’re going to give him a fabulous show.”

Chapter Five

“A show?” she murmured.

She asked the words, needing confirmation, but she knew exactly what Dupree meant. And the thought sent a shot of tingling awareness throughout her body. Dupree stared at her like he could feast on her body, and she was at the point where she could deny him nothing. He wasn't her student anymore, and she couldn't think of any reason why they couldn't take their attraction a step further.

“A tease of the future,” Dupree replied and dropped his hand to her knee. His skin made contact, and her nipples tightened under her dress. Her breath hitched as his fingers softly inched up to her thigh. His hands were roughly callused, and his fingers wide. The touch of his hands heightened her passion, and she memorized each sensation. There was nothing sexier to her than a man who worked with his hands.

The temptation to fuck Dupree while Darius watched caused her clit to throb and her cream to spill. This man made her feel certifiably depraved.

“You're going to fuck me right here?” She phrased it as a question, in an attempt to get hold of her emotions. It was all too much, and if he made her feel this way with the barest touch, what would it feel like when he was inside her?

“Who said anything about fucking?” Dupree grinned as he twisted his body toward her, knelt down, and maneuvered himself right between her legs. She gasped, the position leaving her vulnerable to him, and it left no doubt as to what he had in mind.

He watched her, and her heart beat faster when he didn’t remove his gaze from her face. He grabbed her thighs and pushed them apart, spreading them wide open. She whimpered as he pulled her dress up and his fingers reached her thong. He hovered over her pussy a slight second before he traced the fabric around her clit. She moaned, fiery heat shooting through her at his touch. Everything melted away into sensation.

He removed his fingers and wrapped his hands around her waist. He pulled her body to the edge of the seat, and she felt even more exposed. He dropped his hand between her legs, and with a strong tug, he ripped her thong off. Adrenaline raced through her, and her body rose from the seat.

“All I want is a taste...for now,” he murmured.

Oh, God, but his words set her insides aflame and she felt like she was melting into a puddle. He drove her wild with his words and aggressiveness -- and that was one of her secret fantasies, being dominated by an aggressive man. Sin enforced her façade at work, to be commanding, yet gentle. But behind the bedroom doors, she wanted to give herself to someone entirely.

His gaze dropped, slowly traveling down her neck, to study her swollen nipples beneath the silk. He stared for a second and then lowered his eyes to her stomach. He drew his seduction out, and it wrought havoc with her emotions. The outrage she should have felt was replaced with a powerful emotion she couldn’t name.

He growled, right at the moment when he realized her pussy was completely bare of hair. His fingers tightened on her thighs. The squeeze triggered a moan. The way he watched her, like she was the most important thing at this moment, made her feel energized. And the fact that Darius was party to this furthered her desire.

Dupree leaned in and inhaled. “*Dios*, but this has got to be the hottest pussy I’ve ever seen.” He followed that statement with a lick directly to her clit. She was lost completely in the feelings he created. Her hips arched up toward his mouth.

“Tell me that you like this. Tell me this is what you want,” Dupree murmured.

She held her breath, her body tightening as he blew a puff of warm air on her clit. She bit back the plea threatening to erupt from her lips, quickly recognizing Dupree as a man who took pleasure in foreplay.

She couldn’t take her gaze away from his. She let go of the breath she held in and spoke her true feelings. “I want you to eat me while Darius watches.” Sin didn’t know where the strength came from to speak what she truly wanted, but she did it. And she would deal with the consequences later. Right now, she needed Dupree like nothing else in the world, and just the thought of having his mouth on her was enough to make her moan.

His mouth twitched. The answer seemed to satisfy him. He lifted her legs, placed them on his shoulders, and held her even more open for him. His head dipped and he opened his mouth, pressing his tongue around the lips of her pussy. The goatee on his face felt like sharp bristles against her skin, and she had to fight back the need to rub herself against his mouth. The edgy sensation felt delicious, and she wanted it to last. Her hand flew to his hair, the silky strands twining through her fingers as she grabbed hold tightly.

She laid her head against the seat, her limbs weak with sensation. A growl erupted from his lips as he ate her. He swirled his tongue, licking all of her cream. She felt her body melt, the pleasure bordering on pain, and she screamed as he took her clit between his teeth, sliding his tongue over it in a back and forth rhythm. Her body became rigid, her thighs tightening around his head.

His fingers dug into her skin. He circled his tongue around her clit. His lips closed over it, and he began sucking hard. Her fingers constricted in his hair as the orgasm erupted. Through the haze of desire, she felt his teeth sink into her inner thigh. That little bit of pain

doubled her rapture. Her hips arched toward his face as he sucked her blood. “Dupree!” she screamed, lost in the web of ecstasy.

* * * * *

Fuck!

Darius wanted to draw this out, but his hand automatically tightened around his cock. He stroked hard and fast, the sight of Sin and Dupree together causing his body to erupt. As soon as Sin shouted Dupree’s name, he lost it. His orgasm ripped through him like a freight train; his seed spurted over his hand and onto the floor.

He leaned back in the chair, his own breath heaving in and out. He could almost feel the flow of heat that sizzled between them as he watched. Even through the screen, he could sense the electric chemistry.

Dupree rose from his kneeling position, licked his lips, and sat next to Sin. “Next time, you’ll be screaming both of our names,” Dupree stated, before turning and winking at the camera.

Darius smiled. Lust rushed through his veins, hardening his cock. The next couple of days were going to be the hottest of his life.

Chapter Six

Sin held on to Dupree's hand as they walked through the gates of Fantasy House. The trees swayed softly, the breeze pulling her dress tight against her skin. She stared in awe at the façade of the huge, white mansion. The grand architectural design was spectacular, and the mansion looked like a castle.

Sin settled her gaze on the various people who walked about, some totally naked, while others chose to cover themselves with minimal clothing. They all acted as if it was the most natural thing in the world. She considered herself in tune with her sexual side, but what would it feel like to give in to it 100 percent? This was the perfect opportunity to hand over all reins and let her body just feel. She longed to experience what it was to be carelessly free and submit fully to desire. Dupree would give her that, and the oral sex in the limo was just a taste of it.

Dupree tightened his hand around hers and pulled her to a stop. She turned to face him. His eyebrows were drawn together. "Are you okay with this?" he asked. She smiled as she heard the concern in his voice.

"If I wasn't okay with this, I wouldn't be here."

"I want you to be comfortable."

She laughed. “Comfortable? That’s the last word I would probably use to describe what I’m feeling. But I like the way I’m *feeling* right now. I’m on edge, and I love not knowing what to expect.”

Sin watched as he bent his head and dropped a kiss on her cheek. His lips lingered against her skin, and she felt the bristles of his goatee. The touch set her body on fire. “*Bien*. I’m glad.”

He broke the contact and pulled her hand. She was tempted to ask for another kiss, but as they walked up the stairs to the entrance, a doorman appeared. He bowed and held the door open. “I hope you enjoy your stay at Fantasy House.”

“Thank you,” Dupree replied. He led the way into a long hallway before stopping.

“How do you feel about the possibility that I’m your match?” She spoke the words without a second thought.

Dupree maneuvered their bodies into a dark corner in the hallway. “You dare ask, after that mind-blowing orgasm?” he whispered.

Sin shrugged. “I’m not naïve. Sex can be casual. I wanted to know where I stood.” She knew what they shared was far from casual, but she did want to know if it meant something to him.

“You think licking your cream is an everyday thing for me? Or that tasting your blood was an informal occasion?” He was irritated, but he softened his tone of voice. “I’ll answer exactly how I feel for a kiss.”

“And if I say no?”

Dupree smiled. “Then you don’t get to know anything, and curiosity will probably get the best of you.”

This was so unlike her, bargaining with a sexy-as-hell vamp. But she enjoyed it and this weekend she wanted to go with the flow, to see where it led her. God, she loved the way he smiled. He was positively arrogant, sure of himself, and she could not deny him.

Sin reached up and grabbed him by the collar. The impulse to kiss him was strong. He leaned into her with a surprised look, and she took advantage. Their gazes clashed as she slipped her tongue out. She licked his lips, tasting rather than kissing them. They felt sensuously soft, and she enjoyed the flavor of spicy male. Dupree groaned and took over the kiss, sealing their lips together. He took a step forward, forcing her to take a step back. She felt the wall behind her at the same time his tongue slipped into her mouth. He ate at her lips with his teeth and tongue. Sin whimpered, her pussy spasming, and she arched her hips toward his cock. He ground his dick against her, and she silently wished he would fuck her right then and there.

Dupree was the first to break the kiss, and he leaned his forehead against hers, gasping for breath. “*Querida*, for a kiss like that, everything in my possession is yours.”

Her heart pounded hard, and Sin had to close her eyes to calm herself. It took a couple of seconds before she regained her composure.

Dupree wrapped his arm tightly around her waist, and they walked toward the elevator. “Darius has been my only lover for fifty years. What happened between us today was far from casual. It was because my body recognized yours as mine. And I’m betting that Darius feels the same way.”

Could she hope there could be more?

Dupree pushed for the elevator, and when the doors opened, they both stepped in. Sin watched as Dupree inserted a metal key into a slot and pressed the penthouse button. The doors slid closed, and that was when he pounced.

* * * * *

The need to fuck her burned through his veins. Her taste had ignited an onslaught of emotions he had never felt for anyone other than Darius. As the elevator started its slow rise to the top floor, Dupree pinned her with his gaze. She squirmed under his stare, and he smiled. It was more than obvious that she was just as attracted to him as he was to her. He

was tempted to lift up that skimpy dress and sink his cock into her. She was such a complex contrast to what he thought he needed, and he wanted to slowly unravel her mystery.

He walked close to her, and pinned her against the wall of the elevator with his hard body. Her nipples poked against his chest. He rubbed up and down once, relished in the feel of her breasts through his thin shirt. The hard tips sent a wash of heat racing through him. She hitched a breath, holding it in. He raised his hand and traced a finger slowly to the pulse beating wildly against her neck. "What's going through your mind right at this moment?" He wanted to know everything about her.

She swallowed, and his index finger traced the movement of her throat. "Right at this moment?" she repeated.

He nodded, not trusting himself to speak. His hand wandered down to her hips, and his fingers dug into her flesh.

"I'm anticipating how good it would feel to have your cock deep inside of me."

Oh, and heaven help him, he wanted that more than anything in the world. He closed his eyes, struggling for composure, but her words unleashed a fire in him. He unzipped his pants and released his throbbing dick. Then he grabbed her by the waist and lifted her. Sin wrapped her legs around him, and he rubbed himself against her pussy wildly, relishing the feel of her cream coating his cock. White-hot heat surged through him at the contact, and he growled. She twined her arms around his neck and lifted herself for a kiss. He tongued her mouth and swallowed her moans as he continued to rub himself.

"I can't believe I've missed this much."

Dupree froze as Sin broke the kiss. Darius's voice came at them with a hint of curiosity in his tone.

Chapter Seven

He had asked for the best suite in Fantasy House, and his request had been granted. The exclusive access key Darius had given Dupree awarded them the privacy of the top floor. No one other than the people who worked in the mansion could get in.

As the doors slid open, Darius felt his fangs erupt and his shaft lengthen at the sight before him. Sin's legs were wrapped around Dupree's body. The air thickened with heat as Darius watched them kiss. From his position, he could see Dupree's shaft between Sin's legs, not quite fucking her, but rubbing her with fiery hunger.

His dick throbbed to the point of pain, his body one aching mass of desire. Darius forced his emotions down before he joined their coupling. The last thing he wanted to do was scare her with too much too soon. And that's exactly what would happen if he joined them.

Sin turned to face him and unwrapped her legs from Dupree's waist. There was a wary look to her gaze, and he couldn't blame her for it. He was barefoot, shirtless, his six-foot frame tight with anticipation, and he knew she probably read the intent in his gaze. He wanted to eat her alive with a desperation that terrified him. He had not expected to feel so strongly about her so soon.

Movement to his left broke him out of his trance. Darius turned to Dupree, who was in the middle of putting his still rigid cock back in his pants.

Sin lowered her dress and took a step forward. "I'm Sin Carter." She held her hand out toward him.

He stared, amused by the fact that she thought a handshake would placate the energy that pulsed within him. "I know who you are. My name is Darius, and I apologize."

"What are you apologizing for?"

"For this." Darius reached for her. He snaked his arm around her waist, and hauled her to his body. He felt the softness of her breasts next to his skin. She gasped in shock as her hands hit flat against his chest. He had a second to realize how perfectly she fit him before he placed his lips over hers. Her mouth opened, and he took his time tasting her. He ran his tongue over her lips, and she moaned as he twirled his tongue around hers before he sucked it into his mouth. She tasted sweet, and her scent ensnared him. She was the one, the mate they had been waiting for. It shocked him how a kiss could make such a permanent mark on him. But now he was sure that Sin was the one they had been waiting for.

Darius continued to kiss her, but opened his eyes as he sensed Dupree aligning himself right behind Sin. She whimpered as he tasted her, and his own insides were aflame with heat. She was the first to break the kiss.

She stared at him and her hands wrapped around his neck. She kissed him softly. "You have nothing to apologize for. That was extremely hot."

* * * * *

How in the hell would she survive such pleasure? She felt every inch of Dupree's cock pressed against her ass while Darius had his rigid dick against her belly. All of her insecurities fled, her lust kicking into overdrive, and she couldn't wait to get hot and heavy with them. She was on the verge of begging them to fuck her right then and there.

Darius stepped back and swung his arm sideways. "Come in. We'll be staying here for the weekend."

Sin walked ahead, but sensed the two predators at her heels.

She tamped down her need and forced herself to concentrate on the room before her. The living area was huge, fully equipped with everything a person could require. A flat panel TV was built into the wall, a minibar stood in the corner of the living room, and a white leather sectional took up the middle space of the room. She turned her head, noticing a kitchen to the side. She walked to a closed door and opened it. The bedroom was enormous. A king-sized bed was placed in the middle of the room, covered with red satin sheets. It was big enough for the three of them, which was a good thing, considering Darius and Dupree were both over six feet tall.

She had to admit that she was a little unnerved to be the center of attention in the presence of such blatantly alpha males. But the sexual need she felt overpowered anything else.

"Would you like to relax in the Jacuzzi while Darius and I order dinner?" Dupree asked. "The bathroom is right through the bedroom."

She turned around at the sound of his voice. "That sounds like a lovely idea."

Dupree slowly walked to her. "Is there anything you'd like me to order for you?"

"A glass of red wine," she replied. She needed something to calm her nerves.

Darius smiled. "Go. We'll take care of everything."

Sin turned away and walked toward the bedroom. She entered, closed the door, and made her way to the bathroom. She looked around in awe at the massive size of the room, decorated in gold and ivory. The tub looked especially inviting.

She sat on the edge of the tub and turned on the faucets, setting the water temperature to warm. There were bath salts lined up on the corner of the tub and she reached for one jar. She added a generous amount to the water and rose to her feet.

She stripped off her clothes, stepped into the tub, and lay down, her head cushioned with the pillow on the ledge. The water felt good, and she needed this time to think. The orgasm she had shared with Dupree had been intense. It had felt never-ending, and the expertise with which he played her body tempted her to seek more pleasure from him. Her body heated at the memory. There was definitely more than an attraction between her and Dupree.

She just never expected to feel like that with Darius. As soon as the elevator doors had opened, she had sensed the fire within him. His body had been in a rigid stance, and she had seen him struggle with the need to come to her.

She should have been afraid of the unknown, but she had never been one to back down from a challenge. The prospect of being matched to two vampires unnerved her, but at the same time, it excited her. The vision of both of them inside her kept replaying in her head. Sin closed her eyes and silently wondered if Darius would be just as aggressive as Dupree.

* * * * *

Darius ordered a meal and a bottle of wine for Sin. Vampires didn't need food, and with the feeding stations filled with fresh blood, Darius and Dupree never lacked sustenance.

His species was acknowledged now. Blood was provided, and his kind no longer needed to hunt. In a world primarily run by humans, it was a small step to the attainable. Darius more than admired Van, the current Covenant leader. He was strong and fearless in his beliefs, ensuring that their people had a fair chance in the world.

His thoughts strayed as he watched Dupree undress. His cock went hard with awareness. The hunger for sex and blood rushed through his veins. His hands flew to his own pants, and he removed them quickly.

He loved Dupree with all of his heart. They had been together for more years than he could count, but he finally had to agree with him that Sin was their missing link. He just hoped to hell she had no problems with that and accepted the relationship with them.

He kicked his pants off and walked over to his lover. Darius threaded his fingers through Dupree's hair.

"Are you okay?" Dupree asked as he fisted Darius's cock.

Darius moaned and licked his lips. "Just a little worried that she won't accept us."

Dupree leaned in and kissed him slowly. They sucked on each other's tongues, extending the intimate sensuality of the kiss. They rubbed their cocks together, both groaning at the fire that spread through them. Dupree broke the kiss and ran his hands over Darius's body.

Too caught up in the heat of the moment, neither of them heard the bathroom door open.

Chapter Eight

Without wearing a stitch of clothing, Sin opened the bathroom door. Though it was time to take the relationship to another level, she knew she didn't have to take it this far. The spicy scent of mating filled the room, causing the air to thicken. She inhaled it and her body began to burn for them. But it wasn't so overwhelming that she didn't know what she was doing. If the only thing that had ever happened between them was conversation, there was always a choice to take it further outside of Fantasy House. But this was her decision. Sin couldn't help the overwhelming attraction she felt for Darius and Dupree. Her body felt electrified with lust, and the want was driving her to madness. She was woman enough to know this decision was ultimately hers, and she chose to do this, to take it a step further with them.

She stepped out of the bathroom, but shock held her immobile at the sight before her. She didn't expect to see this so soon. Dupree and Darius were grinding their cocks together, sharing a heated intimate moment with each other.

The sight thrilled her; the vision stirred her craving. They were both gorgeous in their own right, and she had the strongest urge to join them. She moved forward with thoughts of pressing herself to Darius's back.

She was just a few steps from them when the doorbell rang. Dupree and Darius broke apart and she stepped back. They turned to the sound of the bell. Their gazes strayed from each other to her, and both wore surprised looks on their faces.

“Room service,” the voice called out behind the door.

Dupree bent, picked up his pants, and pulled them on. He walked toward her and stepped into her line of vision. “I hope we didn’t shock you,” he whispered. Before she had a chance to respond, Dupree turned from her and walked away.

Darius edged closer to her and placed his hands on her waist. She gasped as he nudged her forward. His rigid cock was wedged tight between them, and her pulse skyrocketed in response. She heard Dupree answer the door, but was too engrossed in Darius to give it any further thought.

He placed his arm around her waist, the other under her legs, and lifted her off the floor. She gasped at the strength and speed of his movement. He moved fast and placed her on the bed.

She felt breathless with exhilaration. “What are you doing?”

He put his hand on her stomach and pushed her down slightly onto the mattress.

“Relax,” Darius murmured.

Easier said than done. Her body was tense with anticipation. The position he’d put her in left little doubt as to what he planned to do next. She lay back, but pushed herself up on her elbows, wanting a close view of what he had in mind.

“Well, you can’t expect me to be satisfied with Dupree doing all of the tasting.” Darius grinned and stretched her legs wide open. He leaned in, and made a great show of inhaling her scent. She watched, spellbound, as his fangs erupted. But it wasn’t fear that caused her to spill her nectar. “You smell like candy, and I’m all about drinking the sweetness in.”

She moaned, his words hitting her like a fist to her gut. The first flick of his tongue landed on her clit, hard and powerful. Her strength dwindled, and her elbows gave out. She

closed her eyes just as his lips surrounded her clit. He sucked twice before she realized she was on the verge of an orgasm. Darius must have felt it, too, because he backed off and teased her, softly licking at her pussy. Her hips arched off of the bed in a silent plea for him to give her the ecstasy that lay just out of her reach. But Darius tightened his hold and proceeded to lap her cream, delivering his strokes slowly.

The pair of warm hands that landed on her breasts startled her and forced her to open her eyes. Dupree stared at her, desire filling his gaze as he tugged at her nipples. She felt the pull all the way to her pussy. His incisors were distended, and he licked his lips as if to say he couldn't wait to get a taste of her.

"How does she taste, Darius?"

"Delicious," Darius growled against her skin. She panted loudly, the rumbling vibrations almost strong enough to take her over the edge.

"Please."

As soon as she said the word, Dupree bent and took her mouth in a hot kiss. His tongue dipped inside, warring with her own. She swiped her tongue across his fangs, and he groaned deeply in response.

Dupree broke the kiss and bent his head to her breast. His lips closed around her nipple, and he raked his teeth over the distended tip. The sharp-edged scrape forced a moan from her lips. The heat built quickly, sending her teetering close to the edge. Darius pursed his lips over her clit and sucked hard. The dual sensations sent her soaring overboard. She screamed as a climax was pulled from her body, her muscles locking rigid.

She felt a shot of hot pain at her thigh, followed by one at her breast. The slight pain intensified the pleasure, tipping her over the rim of ecstasy.

Chapter Nine

The orgasm left her body soft and her muscles pliant. The need to dominate rose within Darius. Images of fucking her pussy filled his mind, and the visions left his body boiling hot, taut with desire.

Darius rose from his position with heated lust burning through his veins. The luscious taste of Sin was still heavy in his mouth. He coated his cock with the wet heat of her pussy, rubbing the head of it in her thick, scorching juices. Dipping his dick in her essence sent a pulsing fire throughout his body. He reveled in the fact that he was able to touch her this way, with no barriers between them. A vampire had many advantages, which included the fact that their species never contracted any diseases. There was also the added benefit that a vampire could scent when a woman was ovulating, so there was absolutely no need for condoms.

And that was a good thing, because he didn't want to wait another precious second.

Darius watched heatedly as Sin wet her lips in anticipation. Dupree straddled her face, facing Darius. There was a raw hunger in his gaze, his fangs already emerged. Dupree positioned his cock over her lips.

"Open your sweet mouth, Sin," Dupree murmured.

She did and twirled her tongue around the head of his cock. The sight was too much for Darius, and he exploded with a quickness that surprised even him. He grabbed hold of Dupree's hair, fisting his hands in the strands, and pulled him forward for a kiss. Their tongues met, a tasting of each other's flavors. The kiss was filled with tongue and teeth, the sharp, biting edge building the hungry desire higher. Darius growled as he nicked Dupree's tongue with his fang, blood filling quickly in his mouth. The scent of hot sex filled the air. The taste of blood made his body tight with urgency.

Darius felt like he would explode any minute. Sin must have taken her lips off of Dupree's cock, because he heard her plea through the hazy, sexual fire. "Fuck me, Darius."

The erotic haze was mind-consuming, and he could think of nothing else but their pleasure. He was helpless to deny the fiery call of her flesh, the desperate request that burst from her lips. He broke the kiss and pushed the head of his cock in. White-hot cream slathered his cock, easing his way in, and he didn't stop until he was balls-deep. He stopped moving and savored the tightness of her pussy. He tightened his hands on her thighs as she arched her hips in an attempt to hurry the bonding. He wanted this special moment to last and he was in no rush.

Darius groaned as Dupree placed his hand on Darius's neck, pulling his mouth close. This time the kiss was slow, a leisurely tasting of tongue as Darius started to move, thrusting his cock in Sin slowly. She enveloped him like a wet, hot inferno, and he had to fight back the need to come right then and there. The feeling was so different from when he and Dupree made love, but nonetheless powerful.

The bed rocked with their movement, and he lifted her higher, grinding her clit against the hair atop his shaft. Darius broke the kiss as Dupree groaned, throwing his head back. His gaze dropped to the mouth working on Dupree's cock. The sight made him an animal, and he fucked her harder as he ran his tongue under the tips of his fangs, anticipating the taste of her blood. Each thrust sent him higher and higher. A whiplash of heat raced up

his spine, the urge to come becoming forceful. Her hips curved up, her legs tightening around Darius's waist.

"Fuck, I'm coming," Dupree roared.

It was as if they were all linked, and his shout sent a tidal wave of power racing through them. Darius rammed himself into her as her pussy clamped tightly down on him. His body stiffened, his seed spilling as her muscles clenched around him.

The bloodlust rose within him to a feral point and he reached out, quickly grabbing Darius's wrist. He sank his fangs into his lover's skin and sucked his heated blood.

* * * * *

Sin's jaw ached slightly, and the delightful residue of Dupree's cum overwhelmed the taste buds of her mouth. It had been worth the slight pain for the extreme pleasure they had given her. Dupree swung his leg to the side, and she edged herself up to her elbows. Her gaze clashed with Darius's as he continued to drink Dupree's blood. It was an intimate moment, and she was honored that they would share it with her so early in the relationship.

Her gaze drifted down his powerful body. The strength of Darius's release hadn't sated his erection, and Dupree wrapped his hand around his lover's cock, stroking in an up and down motion. Sin watched them both, mesmerized as Darius arched into his hand, mimicking the way he wanted to fuck. Her pussy spilled more cream, and her clit throbbed heavily at the sight. She was more than ready to go another round with them.

Darius lifted his head and licked the wound closed. "Sin has to eat before we continue."

She shook her head. Food could wait. She needed them again.

"*Querida*, he's right. You're going to need energy for what we have in store for you," Dupree replied as he crawled over to her. His hands settled on her waist, his cock jutting full and hard, inches away from her belly. "But first, let's get you nice and prepared."

Sin wondered what “prepared” meant, and she was on the verge of asking, but Dupree moved lightning fast. He flipped her around, and she landed facedown on the bed. She moved to get up, but a slap landed on her ass, sending heat radiating through her skin. The smack wasn’t hard, but had enough strength to still her motion. Dupree tightened his hands around her waist, a sure sign that he had no intention of letting her go yet.

Sin heard drawers opening and closing, as if Darius were searching for something.

“What are you doing?”

“Darius, do you have it?” Dupree asked.

“Yes.”

“Have what?” Sin questioned as she squirmed.

“Hold still, *amor*. We’re going to prepare that sexy little ass for our pleasure. Darius is going to lube it, and then insert an inflatable dildo. He’ll inflate it to about seven inches long.” She moaned helplessly as Dupree stroked the opening of her ass. “It will help stretch you, so you can take one of us, while the other is buried balls-deep in your tight cunt.”

His words were followed by a wet, cool sensation in her rear. She gasped and squirmed as Dupree thrust his finger into her. Memories of a previous lover attempting to convince her of anal sex filled her mind. She had told him no, because she felt it was an intimate step to take with a lover. So why was she letting Darius and Dupree do this to her when she didn’t have any idea if they would still be here tomorrow? She hadn’t known them long enough to trust them, but she did. And that was one of the reasons she lay there without putting up a fight.

Her body trembled slightly. Dupree tried to calm her with light strokes against her heated skin. “Easy, *querida*,” he murmured. “Darius is going to push the dildo in now. He’s already inflated it. I want you to try to relax. When you feel him at your entrance, push down and open for him.”

Leaning her forehead against the soft mattress, Sin whimpered as she felt the dildo at her opening. The sensation was weird, but not unbearable. She pushed down instinctively, and Darius inserted the plastic cock, steadily pushing it past the tight ring of muscle. She expected him to stop, but he kept on, until he had her filled with all of it.

Dupree gently flipped her over. She gasped as a shot of awareness raced through her. Laying down, she felt all seven inches of the plastic cock in her ass, wedged deep inside. She gritted her teeth, determined to see this through. Up to this moment, they had provided her with pleasure, and she had a feeling that the best part was still to come. She stared at them as she tried to ease the discomfort by getting on her knees. Both wore identical ravenous grins on their faces. They must have known where her mind was.

Darius leaned forward, tilting her chin to meet his gaze. "Now you can eat."

Chapter Ten

She felt comfortable with them, so it didn't bother her that she was totally naked. Attempting to sit down outweighed any other anxiety she could have had. She never figured sitting would be the hardest thing she had ever done. As soon as her ass hit the chair, the dildo forced its way deeper, sending an odd feeling throughout her body. She whimpered and jumped to her feet. The pressure eased off immediately.

Quickly working the dynamics out in her brain, Sin swung her leg underneath her, using it as leverage to hold some of the weight off her ass, and gingerly sat on the cherry wood chair.

"Uncomfortable, darling?" Darius asked with a devilish gleam to his gaze.

Dupree smiled at his taunt. Sin clenched her teeth and attempted to ignore his banter.

She lifted her hand to the table and removed the metal dome covering her plate. A warm stream of air lifted from the plate, hitting her nose. The food spread out before her looked delicious. Her mouth watered at the sight of well-done steak tips and two baked potatoes, topped with butter.

She speared a piece of steak with the fork as her gaze lifted to Darius, and then Dupree. “I want to know more about the both of you. What do you do for a living?” She pushed the food into her mouth and chewed, waiting for an answer.

“We’re mercenaries,” Dupree replied. “We’re hired by the Covenant, and sometimes the government, to get rid of the vampires that commit crimes.”

She took a sip from her wineglass. “Rid, as in kill?”

Darius shrugged. “That depends on the crime.”

“Don’t you think that brand of justice is unfair? If a human kills, they’re entitled to a trial. But if a vampire does, you just go in and murder them?”

Dupree reached under the table and placed a hand on her knee. “We are called in as the last resort.”

“What does that mean?” Sin asked.

“It means we go after the dangerous ones, the vampires who take lives as if they were nothing,” Dupree replied. “Try to understand where we are coming from. Most of these rogue vamps are merciless. You can’t blame us for getting rid of the ones who don’t value life. A lot of research and evidence is taken into account before we even go on the hunt.”

Sin placed her wineglass on the table. “I understand that vampires have supernatural abilities that humans can’t handle. Your strength alone surpasses any human being. It makes sense that the Covenant works with the government to go after the rogue vampires. But I have serious doubts that executing a vampire that commits crimes without a trial is fair justice.”

Dupree tightened his hand on her knee. “Van makes the ultimate decision on whether a vampire will be sentenced for his crimes or deserves to be executed. We are the ones who carry out the punishment. A lot of investigative work and collection of evidence is taken into consideration. There are times we even catch the vampires in the act of torture or death. We

tolerate no one who chooses a path of destruction. Our job isn't an easy one and it never will be. But Darius and I chose to do this, to help bring some sort of balance in this world."

Sin thought his words over as she ate. Dupree's opinion had merit. Life was supposed to be valued, and anyone who thought they were playing God by taking it away should be punished. On the other hand, mistakes happened. Did Dupree and Darius have enough evidence to justify the criminal's punishment? She took another sip of her wine. "Do you ever feel like there isn't enough proof to validate murder?"

"We've been doing this for a very long time," Darius answered. "The types of rogue vampires we deal with are the most dangerous ones. We've seen children bled to death, women raped, and men mutilated. For the vampires already in our custody who are charged with committing crimes, their cases are prepared, and they are assigned attorneys before the case goes to the head of the Covenant. But, for those on the run, Van Merck hands down the sentencing if the proof is already there. And even then, the rogue vampires leave behind a trail of death and devastation."

Sin swallowed the last of her meal, suddenly nauseous at the idea of the crimes the crazed vampires committed. A picture formed in her mind of an injured child. At the thought of children suffering, Sin could understand that vicious humans and vampires deserved the ultimate punishment.

She forced that out of her mind. Dupree had several points. The world wasn't ever going to be safe enough, where children could run free and mothers or fathers not have to worry about them constantly. Sin could argue with Dupree and Darius about what was right and wrong another day. She was here for a reason, and she wanted to know more about the intimacy between Darius and Dupree.

"How long have you and Dupree been lovers?"

Darius turned to her. He pushed his chair closer to her, and placed his hand on her thigh. She reached for her wine, slowly taking a sip as she struggled to concentrate with both

of their hands so close to her pussy. “We’ve known each other for sixty years. Fifty of those have been as lovers.”

She narrowed her eyes, just realizing the age gap. “How old are you?”

She turned to Dupree as he stroked her knee. “I’m three hundred years old.”

“Good God, it never occurred to me...” she bit out. “I mean, of course it’s occurred to me. I just meant...”

“We know what you meant,” Darius replied, laughing. “I’ve been around for two hundred eighty years. And though you are a teacher of vampirism, the age difference can still be shocking. It takes getting used to.”

“It does,” she acknowledged, setting her glass down. “So how long do your assignments last?”

“The time varies. But our latest assignment didn’t take more than three days,” Dupree answered.

“Do you have any brothers?”

“I have an older brother,” Darius replied. “He’s an advisor to the council. His name is Nick.”

She turned to Dupree. “And you?”

He shook his head. “No brothers. What about you, *querida*? Any family?”

“My mom passed away of a heart attack two years ago. My dad lives about ten miles from me, in the same house I grew up in.”

“We’re both here for you whenever you need us,” Darius stated, giving her thigh a gentle squeeze.

Sin wet her lips and forced herself to ask the question that lingered in her mind, ever since notification of the fated match. And now that Darius’s words hinted of a future, she needed to know. “Do both of you think that there will be a tomorrow for us?”

“*Querida*, you wouldn’t be sitting here right now if we weren’t sure of the way we feel about you,” Dupree replied softly.

His words touched her heart. She wanted to believe desperately that there was something more than sex between the three of them. She had a feeling Dupree wasn’t the sort to play with words and was the straightforward type. And that thought gave her a spark of hope. Darius also seemed clear-cut and to the point.

She turned away from Dupree’s assessing gaze as Darius rose. He pushed her chair back, reached for her arm, and tugged gently. “Get dressed.”

She rose to her feet. “Where are we going?”

“I want to show you something.”

Sin nodded and headed for the bedroom.

Darius watched her leave. He fought the compelling need to follow her into the room and have his way with her once more. But he needed to spend some one-on-one time with her to see if this was the right thing for him.

He turned to Dupree. “I need some time alone with her.”

“You’re having doubts?” Dupree’s tone of voice was soft, but compelling. He walked over to him and placed his hand on his thigh.

Darius shrugged. “You’ve had your time with Sin. I need to make sure this is the right thing for me. I don’t want anyone to get hurt in the long run.”

Dupree reached for his hand and tangled his fingers with his. “I’ll respect that. There is nothing I wouldn’t do for you. But believe me when I say this match is permanent.” He gave his hand a squeeze before walking away.

* * * * *

Sierra stared out the window in her bedroom, with a mixture of desolation and wariness. The feeling of being watched last night had had her rushing to the comfort and

privacy of her home. But as she'd gotten out of her car, on the verge of opening her front door, the feeling had multiplied. And that had led her to believe that whoever it was had followed her home.

She had spent the weekend in familiar surroundings, taking comfort in the presence of her brother, Alex. But she couldn't hide there forever. She would have to step out into the real world soon, and that possibly meant confronting whomever it was that made her so terrified. But then again, it could've been just a one-time thing. She pushed the thought away. Thinking like that would be stupid. No one followed a person just once, and she sure didn't believe in coincidence.

But who could she trust? She had attempted to call Professor Carter at home, but Sierra only got her answering machine with a message indicating that she would be away for the weekend at Fantasy House. And that meant her instructor had been matched to a set of vampires. But Sierra couldn't worry about that now.

Someone out there wanted her for a reason. And she needed to find out who before they caught her.

* * * * *

The elevator ride to the roof was quick. The doors slid open and they stepped out into the sultry night. The rooftop had been transformed into a lush pad filled with decadence. There was a massive heated pool in the middle, along with lounge chairs and a self-serve bar filled with all types of beverage bottles aligned on the front table. There were eight massage benches, with oil bottles displayed on a desk that stood to each table's side.

Darius grabbed hold of Sin's hand. He turned her to face him. She had thrown on a strapless white dress that fell to her knees. Her complexion appeared flawless against the pale color.

His thoughts strayed, and he silently wondered if she still wore the butt plug. His cock hardened beneath his pants. "How about I pour you a drink?"

Her lips stretched into a wide grin. "That would be divine."

He let go of her hand and walked over to the bar. "What would you like?"

Her gaze scanned the bottles. "A glass of the red passion Alize."

He retrieved a glass and poured the drink. He handed it to her and watched as she sipped it. After several sips, she set the glass down on the table. "So tell me about yourself. I already know you're a teacher. Is that something you always wanted to do?"

"Since I was twelve. Billy Masters was a friend of mine who passed away. I walked over to his house one day and found him and his family murdered. The killer was never caught. I made a promise to him that I would try to make a difference in the world."

"I'm sorry. Dupree mentioned to me what a difficult time that was for you."

"I feel a lot better knowing I'm doing something in the world to educate people about vampires. Just because we're born different doesn't mean we have to be ignorant."

He reached for her hand and twined his fingers through hers. Her heart was kinder than anyone's he had ever known. "I agree with Dupree."

"About what?"

He pulled her arm close to his, forcing her body to lean into him. "You're remarkable."

Sin pulled back slightly and tilted her head up to stare into his eyes. "Tell me how you feel about us and the concept of the threesome. I couldn't help but catch Dupree's question to you. Do you have doubts?"

"My doubts don't personally involve you, Sin. Dupree and I have been together for a long time. It just seemed a little sudden that a database match for us was found."

She stepped back from him, giving herself space. Her heart felt like it skipped a beat. She didn't expect his words to hurt so much.

Darius reached out for her once more. He placed his hands on her waist and tugged her closer to him. "Don't get me wrong, Sin. Just because all of this was sudden doesn't mean it wasn't wanted. I can fully see why Dupree is convinced that you are the third who holds our

hearts. I'm speaking about my own feelings. You are a deliciously wonderful surprise to me. I never expected to feel this close to you so quickly. But the feelings are there and I hope it's mutual."

Sin nodded and was on the verge of telling him how she truly felt. But instead, she reached up and ran her thumb across his bottom lip. He pulled the digit into his mouth, sucking heatedly. He ran his tongue over her finger and gave it one last suck before releasing it. Her eyes darkened.

He let go of her hand. "How does a massage sound to you right now?"

"Heavenly," she replied, turning from him, taking the lead and walking over to the tables.

He thought he would have to suggest to her to remove her clothing. But the vixen did it in a slow, seductive way, without so much as a hint of shyness. His heart pounded fiercely, the blood rushing to his cock. He wanted to peel away his clothes and make love to her, slow and soft. But this wasn't about him. This was about her, and making a connection with her that would last a lifetime.

Chapter Eleven

The drink had made her body warm, but it was Darius who made her stomach clench with anticipation. He looked sinful, his body locked rigid in need.

Sin stripped her dress off, slipping the material off slowly. It pooled by her feet as she watched Darius's eyes narrow in feral lust at her naked body. The heat was there, building between them, and she wanted to draw it out. She felt the precious link she sought with Darius, similar to what she already had with Dupree, and that was important to her. His gaze roamed over her body at a slow, lazy pace, and the hunger she saw in his eyes made her tremble.

She watched as his incisors lengthened, and she thought he would initiate a closer contact, but instead he fisted his hands and growled, "Lie down."

She placed her hands on the table, swung her leg onto it, and did as he ordered. She tilted her face to the side and wrapped her hands around the headrest.

She heard an odd clicking sound and knew Darius had reached for one of the glass oil bottles beside the table. Moments later, she felt his heated hands on her back, rubbing the lubricant into her skin. He started from her shoulders, digging his fingers into her tense muscles. She moaned, feeling herself relax, the tension drifting away. She closed her eyes,

relishing the feel of his hands on her. He drifted down to her lower back at the same time her flesh became warmer.

“This is heated oil,” Darius stated, as if he could read her mind. “How does it feel?”

She wanted to tell him it felt enticingly erotic. But she could only moan in response, because his thumb was doing a delicious dance right above her ass. He kept his pressure hard enough to relieve the tension in her body, but at the same time used great care to cause her no harm.

Her clit began to throb as his hands lowered.

“You’re still wearing the plug,” he whispered, satisfaction laced in his tone.

His hands circled the plastic bottom, and before she could ask what his intentions were, Darius slowly began to pull it out. The sensation hauled her senses into overload, and she arched her ass, loving the feel of his magical hands on her.

She closed her eyes as he finally pulled the plug out while stroking her skin softly. Heat spread throughout her body, her cream spilling like a rushing river.

“You’re so beautiful,” he murmured. “Inside and out.”

His hands moved to her waist and, with a speed that left her breathless, he flipped her over. He squeezed his hands around her waist and pulled her halfway down the massage table. He placed her legs on his shoulders and leaned into her, his wavy hair falling forward. His face was inches away from her cunt, and her gut tightened in anticipation.

“I’m going to enjoy this,” he stated in a low tone.

He lapped at her from the top of her pussy, slowly trailing his tongue down. He passed her clit, gave it a slow circle, then drove his tongue into her opening. She arched her hips toward him, and he responded with a delicious growl. Her world edged away, and she could only focus on the pleasure he was giving her.

She wanted this with every fiber of her being. He ate at her, eagerly sucking all of her. Her stomach clenched in arousal as the orgasm hovered. “Please, Darius,” she begged.

He didn't make her wait long. Stars exploded behind her eyes as her breath left her in a whoosh. She screamed in pleasure as he sucked long and hard. She felt a sharp, tingling pain on the inside of her thigh, but it only lasted a second. Through the haze of ecstasy, Sin felt her connection with Darius grow strong.

* * * * *

Darius hadn't taken her on the rooftop. He wanted to wait until they had reached the room. As soon as he opened the door, she spotted Dupree walking toward the bedroom, deliciously nude.

She stripped once again and followed Darius into the room. Dupree and Darius were both naked, their cocks rigid, sticking straight out. They walked over to her in a slow, drawn-out pace.

She leaned into Darius and placed her hand around his shaft. She fondled him, reaching down with her other hand to knead his full sac. It was tight, pulled hard against the base of his cock.

She gasped as she felt the heat of Dupree's body against her back. He rubbed his stiff cock alongside her ass, inciting a wave of passion in her. She moaned as Darius took her mouth in a heated kiss. They engaged in tongue play, stroking each other's warm recesses. Darius broke the kiss. "It's time."

Chapter Twelve

She was on fire, her pussy spasming as Dupree stepped in front of her and dropped to his knees. He lifted her right leg over his shoulder, and Darius placed his hands on her waist, holding on tightly.

Dupree leaned forward, making a great show of inhaling deeply. “She smells delicious, Darius.”

He followed the statement by licking her skin on the inside of her thighs. She arched closer to him as she reached behind her, circling her arms around Darius’s neck. She was at a loss for words, wrapped in the fiery sensation. Darius’s big hand grabbed her breast, pulling and squeezing at the distended nipple. A soft, hungry sound escaped her when he bent and scraped his teeth against her neck. She wanted to feel Darius suck her blood, knowing the pleasure the bite would give her. But before she could beg him, Dupree’s hands dug into her ass, hauling her pussy closer to his face. He plunged his tongue into her channel, drinking every drop of cream. Dupree sucked hard on her clit, growling around her pussy. Volatile pleasure rushed through her as the orgasm stole her breath.

She unwrapped her hands from Darius’s neck. Dupree rose to his feet and placed a kiss on her mouth. She tasted her juices on his lips and tongue with eagerness. Dupree broke the

kiss, and Darius turned her to face him. He pulled her over to the bed, and he lay down quickly, a hungry look etched onto his face.

Sin straddled him and reached down, rubbing the head of his cock in her juices. She moaned hungrily as she sank down to the root, holding herself still, savoring the sense of fullness embedded deep within her. The bed dipped behind her, and she turned her head as Dupree climbed on, straddling Darius's legs.

Dupree twined his fingers into her hair and pulled her head back. "Lean down, *querida*, and keep Darius busy with your mouth," he whispered into her ear.

He let her go, and she did as he asked, more than ravenous for the mating to begin. Darius plunged his tongue into her mouth, and she flicked her own over his vampire teeth. His hips arched, and he growled into her mouth, giving her a sure indication that his fangs were an erogenous zone. She continued to tease Darius as she felt Dupree's fingers thrust in and out of her anus, coating her with lube.

She broke the kiss, panting, on the verge of pleading for them to fuck her, when she finally felt Dupree at her entrance. Darius placed his hand on her waist as Dupree pushed into her steadily. She clamped down, instinctively struggling against his entry, even though she wanted this more than her next breath. Darius's hands tightened around her waist as Dupree thrust the last inches of his cock into her. The pain/pleasure was mind-consuming, and she whimpered as Darius pulled her down for a kiss. "Now we can begin."

She heard Dupree groan as he began to shaft her. Darius moved, fucking her in rhythm with Dupree. She felt the tension in their bodies as they shoved into her with a precise thoroughness that had her hungry for more. The tight fullness took her breath away, and she began to move slightly, anticipating the movements of their cocks. Dupree's thrusts became harder, his testicles swinging against her thighs. Her body burned with feverish lust. Darius's fingers dug into her skin. She writhed between their bodies as Darius became more aggressive with urgency. The urge to come built deeply, like a wave trying to reach its highest peak.

“Come down here, love,” Darius whispered. She bent, knowing he wanted to bite her. His eyes darkened with desire. “Do you accept us as your mates?”

She didn’t need to think about it. Her heart spoke the truth. “Yes.”

She wanted to give these two alpha men her complete submission, but more than that, she craved to love them forever. She turned her neck to the side, wordlessly offering herself to the both of them. She felt Dupree adjusting himself, leaning against her back more fully, but still holding his full weight off her with his arms. In this position, she felt their cocks deeply, and nearly screamed when Darius scraped his teeth against her neck.

Darius licked her flesh and her heartbeat accelerated. She knew that in seconds she would feel his bite, and the thought sent a wash of heat rushing through her. He sank his fangs in just as Dupree bit her inches away from him. She clenched her pussy and ass around both cocks, milking them as the orgasm pounded through her fiercely. She heard both of them grunt and felt the flood of their seed wash into her like scorching lava. The dual sensations robbed her of any thought as she screamed, thrown into a fiery-hot eclipse. It was a never-ending orgasm, and Sin felt the heavenly blackness claim her.

Chapter Thirteen

Sin placed her briefcase on the table by the door. This particular day at class had been wrought with emotion. Sierra had continued to ask her frequent questions with an animosity that surprised Sin. She could only conclude that something serious had happened to the young woman. When she tried the direct approach, asking Sierra what had happened to make her angry, Sierra simply packed up her bag and walked out of the classroom.

Sin sighed, pushing the memory away. She would visit with her student sometime later in the week. But for now, she wanted to concentrate on the two men who meant more to her with each passing day.

It had been four months of intense courting. Dupree and Darius promised her they would give her time to get to know them better. They had both taken a month off from work, taking her out several times a week. The months that followed were filled with spontaneity and tender loving, and the bond that formed was unbreakable. It had been Darius who had asked her to move in with them, and she had quickly accepted. She hadn't wanted to spend another night without them. Now they all lived in a house within walking distance of the campus.

Sin removed her shoes and walked to the kitchen. Opening the refrigerator door, she bent and moaned in surprise as a pair of hands grabbed her hips, pulling her back into a hard cock. She felt its rigid length against her backside. Darius appeared at her side, while the hands at her hips quickly rose to her breasts.

“Dupree,” she whispered as he began to unbutton her blouse.

She lifted her hands to Darius’s neck and pushed herself up on her toes. She placed a kiss on his lips, slipping her tongue inside. She ate at him, but before it got any further, Sin broke away from both.

Darius breathed heavily, his chest heaving in and out, while Dupree stood shirtless, his eyes darkening with lust.

“I want to tell you something first,” Sin murmured. “I want to go ahead with the bonding. You both have proven to me that love can be a wonderful surprise, and I can’t see myself living life another day without making our bond permanent.”

“I love you, *querida*, with all of my heart,” Dupree replied, before placing a kiss on her lips.

“You mean everything to us,” Darius murmured as he knelt before her. He stripped her of her skirt, ripped her panties, and they both proceeded to show her how they truly felt.

* * * * *

The leader of the Covenant didn’t look a day over thirty, but was, in actuality, five hundred years old. Three vampires flanked his chair, armed with Ninja-style swords.

Sin watched as Van Merck took his seat. His shoulder-length blond hair was loose around his shoulders. It shone in the overhead lights, but it was his pale grey eyes that caught her attention. His gaze was filled with a sadness that tugged at her heart, and before she could wonder what would have caused such a look, he spoke.

“We are here to acknowledge the mating of Dupree Cortez, Darius Montes, and Sin Carter.”

Her two vampires knelt, one on each side of her, both holding onto her hands. Her heart rate accelerated as she thought of the great love she had found with them. Both had hearts of gold, and she didn't think twice when they had asked her to go through the change.

Sin went to her knees, touching Darius with her body. “Get closer, Dupree,” she replied.

The circle was now complete. She wrapped her arm around Darius's neck, and then Dupree's. She pulled them close together, their lips inches from each other. “I will love you both for an eternity.” She kissed them, their lips and teeth eating at each other. She whimpered, her body heavy with lust and seconds away from begging to leave to an empty room.

“The Covenant recognizes Sin as part of our family, and, furthermore, declares the trio bonded forever,” Van stated.

She broke the kiss at the sound of Van's voice.

“We will love you forever, *querida*,” Dupree stated in a deep tone of voice.

She turned as Darius leaned over and whispered into her ear, “Forever, my love.”

Sin smiled. Living the life of a vampire was nothing like she had expected. Her daily strength was invigorating, her sex life a union each time they came together, and what held Sin spellbound was the fact that she had an eternity with them.

The world as she had come to know it had changed, but what could be better than a ménage with two hot men and a love that would last a lifetime?

Epilogue

Sierra lifted a hand to her dresser in an attempt to steady herself as her vision dimmed with angry tears. Her fingers tightened around the ivory invitation she'd just received, elegantly wrapped in a mocha-colored velvet box. She inhaled deeply in an attempt to control her tremulous emotions, but the effort did no good. Reality was crashing down on her in waves, and she felt helpless knowing she could not stop the inevitable.

Memories of her past threatened to consume her. She closed her eyes as a recollection of her parents came to mind. She had left them, eager to run an errand for her high school newspaper office. And in that one hour, her life had irrevocably changed. She had found her parents drained of life, two puncture wounds found on their necks, their bodies still warm.

With a great effort, Sierra managed to push the memory back. She could not concentrate on that part of her past. Not now.

This can't be happening. Not when she had a stalker to deal with. She had only caught glimpses of the man who kept following her from place to place for the past few of months. But he never made a move toward her. She pushed the thought away.

Her gaze dropped down to the invitation again. The scripted words hadn't changed. A match had been found for her. Two vampires by the names of Van Merck and Roman

Trance. And the thought of being face to face with the leader of the Vampire Covenant sent shivers throughout her body. They were scheduled to meet with her in one night.

It didn't matter that she had objections. Nor did it matter that she had never wanted to register her information into the database. All females over the age of eighteen were required to register, and she had done exactly that over three years ago. With each year that passed, Sierra had hoped it meant that she would never be selected as a mate. But the invitation now crumpled in her hand stated differently.

Her teacher, Sin Carter, had said the accuracy rate was 99 percent, which meant these vampires were supposedly her ideal mates in every which way, including physically and sexually. She at least had to meet with them, according to government and Covenant regulations. But Sin had also reinforced the idea that the female did not have to submit to the vampires sexually. They could use the time at Fantasy House to get to know one another, without sex. But she wasn't going to take that chance.

Fuck the rules.

She wasn't going to give in that easily. She wouldn't provide them with a chance to destroy her. She dropped the wrinkled invitation heedlessly onto the beige-carpeted floor.

The urge to run was overwhelming. She forcefully tamped down the yearning. She had to write her brother a note. He was at work, and she wouldn't dare call him with her decision. With his overprotective ways, Alex would suggest a confrontation between him and the two vampires. Sierra couldn't handle that. It could end up badly for Alex. He was only human.

But she wouldn't leave her only relative without telling him what was going to happen.

Sierra walked over to her desk and pulled out her chair. She opened the top drawer and dragged out a notepad and pencil. She sat down and tried to get a hold on her scattered thoughts.

Alex,

I am going away for a while. I do not know how long I will be gone. There are life-changing events that have recently occurred, and I must reevaluate the circumstances surrounding them. I apologize for being so vague, but the less you know, the better. I will contact you as soon as I'm able.

With love,

Sierra

She ripped the note from the pad and folded it. She would tape the letter to his bedroom door and leave before he got home.

 THE END 

Jade James

I was born and raised in New York City, and I'll probably live here for the rest of my life. I'm 30 years old and have been married to my husband for seven years, and I'm a mother to two adorable children.