

Night Stalker  
Angelina Evans

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## Chapter 1

### The Meeting

Phaeryn and Vance walked into the Red Light club and were immediately assaulted by music set at a deafening level. The floor of the converted warehouse was a mass of gyrating bodies. Small tables for two to six were built out on platforms, stair-stepped up and down the walls.

“You called this what?” Phaeryn asked. He wasn’t happy to be here. The smells — men’s cologne, women’s perfumes, body odors — made his stomach roll. Why would people put themselves into a situation like this? There was no chance of meeting anyone here. It was like an orgy without the sex.

He looked into a corner where a man and woman were wrapped around each other. They were still dressed, though in the shadows. He could see she had one breast bared and her legs were wrapped around the man. His hips were pumping against her. Maybe he was wrong... *it was* an orgy.

Smirking, Vance watched his cousin's face. The imperturbable prince had lost a bit of his veneer. It was about time.

"This is a club. Some people fondly call it a meat market."

Eyes narrowed, Phaeryn glared at Vance. "A meat market?"

Vance's smile was wicked. "Mmmhmm."

"Humans are a strange species." Phaeryn looked back over the crowd of people. To some of his own race, humans *were* meat. There was an odd irony in the name they gave this meeting place. "Do you think we could go somewhere more appropriate for my search?"

"You said you wanted to go somewhere with lots of women." Vance widened his eyes attempting an innocent look. It didn't work.

"And you immediately thought of this place?"

"It's the biggest gathering of women I could think of on such short notice."

"My earlier question stands. Do you think we could go somewhere more *appropriate* ? I want a woman, not a disease."

"As if you could catch anything from a human woman."

"Vance..." There was a thread of steel in Phaeryn's tone.

Vance grinned unrepentantly. "We're here. Why not try it? What have you got to lose?"

Jaw tight, Phaeryn glared at his cousin. Vance was very young. He also had no concept of the respect his elders were entitled to. Usually it was amusing. At other times, like now, it was irritating.

"Just try it."

Phaeryn's brows rose. Was that exasperation he heard in Vance's voice? Before he returned home, he'd teach his young cousin a lesson in etiquette. For now, though, he'd prove what a waste coming here had been.

Raking the unwholesome crowd with a censorious eye, he opened his mind and sent out his silent call.

You who would be mine, sensitive and pure, come to me. Come to me.

There was no change in the activity going on throughout the warehouse. His call hadn't been a powerful one. It would take someone very receptive to sense it, let alone understand it. In this mess, with the alcohol and no doubt drugs that flowed freely through the crowd, there was little chance of anyone responding to the light compulsion he'd laced through the call.

“It’s time we left.” He gave his cousin an imperious look. He’d had enough of this game. It was time they went somewhere he could begin a serious search for the human woman who’d bear his children.

Vance started to follow. He’d been counting on Phaeryn finding someone here.

He glanced over his shoulder. “Stop.” He grabbed Phaeryn’s arm.

Phaeryn turned, the black depths of his eyes a living inferno.

Vance released his cousin’s arm, lifted both hands in the air and stepped back. “Sorry. I didn’t think before I touched you. Look.” He pointed at the tall, big-breasted woman pushing her way through the crowd toward them. She didn’t look happy. Her lips were a tight thin line and her nostrils flared.

What clued him into the fact that she wasn’t happy was that she kept glaring up at them. Her lips moving in what he was sure wasn’t a blessing. “I think you caught someone’s attention.”

Phaeryn looked over his shoulder. He turned away dismissively when he saw the tall, voluptuously proportioned woman steaming through the crowd below them. She wasn’t the woman he’d come looking for. She was too...too much...of everything. The woman who’d bear his children would be smaller, more delicate in looks and manner.

“You don’t want to meet her?”

“No.” He didn’t even try to soften his response. Finding a human woman was his duty and he would do it — but she would meet his requirements and expectations. This woman did neither.

“If you would accompany me, then do so. If not, stay here and meet the woman yourself. I have a commitment to fulfill and no more time for games.”

Vance shrugged. “Have it your way.”

“I intend to.”

So do I. Vance watched the woman reach the stairs leading to the platform where he and Phaeryn stood. He wasn’t leaving until Phaeryn met the woman.

“Did you hear from the Vampyran today?”

Phaeryn didn’t stop, cleared people from his path with a thought. Vance was pitifully transparent in his attempt to thwart his exit. He seemed strangely enthralled by the woman moving in on them like a shark through shallow water. He’d never liked aggressive women. He certainly wouldn’t like this one. Dealing with her would only waste his time.

“So it would waste your time to deal with me, would it?”

The voice, husky and thick with temper made the hairs on the back of Phaeryn’s neck stand up. He stopped in mid stride and turned to face the woman.

“You arrogant ass.” Her voice was a low hiss. “You send out some sort of siren call and then you run. You can damn well answer a few questions before you retreat.”

Phaeryn straightened to his full, considerable height. He looked down his nose. Let his temper show in the flare of fire in his eyes.

She didn't even blink.

Kayla was almost writhing with anger. She was all hot and bothered because Mr. Chill sent out a mental call and when it touched her mind, had created instant sexual arousal. It made a passage from her great grandmother's diary come to mind.

The first time I saw him it was mystical. I couldn't breathe. My heart tried to pound its way out of my chest. There was an achy feeling low in my stomach I had never felt before. I knew he was meant for me. Even if I had known how it would end, I would not have changed a moment of our time together. He was every dream I had ever, or will ever have.

She'd read that diary a thousand times, dreamed of having a wild, tempestuous, soul-changing romance like that. Then this jerk showed up. Showed her it was possible and before she could do more than look up at him, he was turning and walking away. He was lucky she wasn't stringing him up by his balls.

Phaeryn glared at Vance before looking back at the woman. "What, exactly, do you think I did?"

"Think you did?" Kayla stepped forward. He'd be lucky if she didn't hit him. "I don't *think* anything. I know. You called out to me. You said, '*you who would be mine, sensitive and pure, come to me. Come to me*'. You *touched* me. Mind to mind. Somehow, you imbedded a sexual compulsion in that call as well. You made me ache, and then you walk away? What are you? Some kind of sado-masochist?"

She was hurt but she wasn't going to let him know it. She had her pride. Because she was tall and not built like a doll or thin as a rail, people always thought walking on her feelings was okay. She wasn't going to put up with it. Not this time.

"You want me?" His gaze lowered to her full breasts. Against the material of her black knit dress, her nipples were prominent points. His lips thinned; feeling sexually attracted to this woman wasn't what he wanted, but he was.

"You made me want you. If I had a choice, I wouldn't be feeling this, whatever it is. Make it stop. Now!" If he didn't make the want — the need, go away she'd jump him where he stood and it wouldn't matter if he was attracted to her or not.

"If I could stop it, I would, believe me." This was Vance's fault for bringing him here and his own for letting himself be goaded into it. Why had he sent *The Call*? The fire in her blood called to his, made his blood boil with need. His cock was stirring and he hadn't even touched the woman. She *wasn't* the type of woman he found attractive.

Her eyes narrowed at the insult. She wasn't aware that he hadn't spoken the words aloud. "You don't have to find me attractive. I don't *want* to be attracted to you. Simple. You started it, you make it stop."

Her demanding tone was more than grating, it was infuriating. He gave orders. He didn't take them.

"Then damn well give the order and make it stop." She'd show him demanding.

His eyes narrowed at her growling tone. What did she expect of him? Did she think he could turn off the sexual attraction as easily as she would turn off the lights?

“You turned it on that easily.”

“There is no switch. I didn’t turn on what we’re feeling. I opened a door and it happened.”

“Then close the fucking door.”

“If I could, I would.” His voice was ice.

She shivered. His eyes were even colder than his tone. Well, he could just freeze from the inside out for all she cared. She wasn’t leaving feeling like she did, getting hotter by the moment. He *had* to fix it.

“There is no *fixing* it.”

“Then what do we do?”

“Try and burn it out.”

Her eyes widened before narrowing to glowing slits. “Excuuuse me?”

“I said, we try and burn it out.”

Her lips tightened into a straight line. “Are you suggesting we have sex?”

One side of his upper lip curled. “I was suggesting we dance. Neither of us wants this attraction. Perhaps proximity will help our bodies discover what our minds already know. We’re certainly not meant for one another.”

A twinge she wouldn’t acknowledge as pain made her heart stutter. She didn’t care what he thought of her. He was nothing to her and talking with him wasn’t making her any fonder of him. Maybe if they danced her body would figure out it didn’t want his any more than her mind wanted his.

“We can hope.” His tone was dry. “Shall we?” He stepped back and motioned her to precede him with a sweeping gesture of his arm.

“How gallant.” The asshole, she thought.

Vance watched them walk away. Both stood ramrod straight and led with their chins. They’d either end up in bed, having the most wonderful sex of their lives or, they’d kill each other before the night was through.

Or... They might kill each other with sex. He shrugged and nodded at the thought. They didn’t even realize that half of their conversation hadn’t been spoken. Now, how interesting was that?

Smiling, he turned to leave. A dainty young morsel walked in front of him and looked up with a come-hither smile. He didn’t even try to resist. Unlike Phaeryn he wasn’t going to fight what came

naturally.

He looked over his shoulder. The woman and Phaeryn faced off like combatants on the dance floor. He shrugged and followed where he was led.

## Chapter 2

### Unhappy Attraction

“Do you prefer to lead?” he asked with an eyebrow raised.

Her eyes narrowed. Kayla glared up at the man who stood a full head taller than she did. At five foot eleven inches that didn’t happen very often. His comment stung. She’d heard similar comments her whole life. Because she was not built like a petite doll or beanpole, people assumed she didn’t have any feelings. Well, she did. She was tired of feeling inadequate. Of not being good enough — the right type. *Well, fuck it .*

“What,” she taunted. “Are you afraid you can’t lead a woman who isn’t a simpering idiot?”

Hands clenched in fists, Phaeryn fought the urge to wrap his hands around her neck and strangle her. He could almost feel her neck between his hands. He’d never been subjected to a woman like her before. His life would truly be blessed if he never dealt with her or anyone like her — ever again.

“Make the burning stop and I’ll be more than happy to see the back of you, too.” She put as much bite in her tone as she could. She didn’t want him having any doubts that she found him as repellent as he found her.

Did he think she enjoyed this? Aroused by a beautiful man who looked at her and saw someone he didn’t want. She’d like to kick his ass. Or, she could keep his body. Gorgeous, masculine — big enough, he made her feel feminine. Maybe she could have another brain transplanted into it. Someone, somewhere in the world had to be working on brain transplants didn’t they? They were cloning animals. Brain transplants couldn’t be far behind that. Could they?

“I’ll keep the brain I’ve got. Thanks.” Phaeryn reached out and grabbed her hand as the music turned slow and sensual. He didn’t understand her shocked expression and didn’t ponder on it as her hand burned against his.

He looked up and found her eyes trained on their clasped hands. She felt it, too; intense, radiant heat.

The feel of his hand around hers, so hot and tingling, made all thought leave her mind. Bewildered, she looked up. “What is it?” Her voice was barely a whisper, lost in the low roar of music and voices.

Jaw tight, he pulled her against him and lifted her free hand to his shoulder. Her touch was fire burning

him through the thin silk of his black shirt. He'd never experienced anything like this before.

He settled his hand in the small of her back and pulled her against him. She fit like a glove. Like she was made for him, perfect for him. Her breasts were soft against his chest except for the hard points of her nipples. They poked him through the material of her dress and his shirt. It was the most erotic thing he'd ever felt. But why?

His cock, nestled against her abdomen was hard and ready to plow into her wet heat. He hurt! He hurt with the need to sink himself into her.

Damn. Whyher? She wasn't the kind of woman he was looking for. She was a complication he didn't want or need. He wanted a small, biddable woman. Someone who would be glad to have his attention when he gave it. Someone mild and even-tempered. He didn't want a woman who would demand his time. This woman would never be content staying in her place.

He turned them in a small shuffling circle. They brushed against another couple but neither noticed.

"What you want is a doll. A brainless toy who can't think for herself, who will wait for you to tell her how to dress and behave and breathe." Anger raged inside her and she saw red. She thrust her hips forward against his hot, thick rod. A doll wouldn't do that. A doll wouldn't make him hurt as much as she was hurting from the need he'd started with his little mental game, but she would. She wanted him as miserable as she was. She was wet and aching.

"You want my cock in your tight cunt, don't you?"

She shivered. Why did she find his tone dark and exciting, his words arousing? If another man used the word cunt when speaking with her she would have handed him his head after knocking it off.

"You liked that, did you?" His eyes narrowed. Why hadn't he noticed until this moment that she was pretty? Her eyes were huge and gray, dominating her face. Her lips were full and red; the hair was auburn but pulled back from her face and caught at the back of her head so tight it looked darker. How long was it?

"Don't touch my hair," she warned, her tone menacing. He thought she was pretty? She wouldn't let it go to her head. It was probably just a temporary aberration.

He ignored her, reached up and plucked out the pins holding it.

She writhed against him but didn't fight. She'd dreamed of being with a man, her hair free like she wanted to be.

His breath caught as her hair swirled down past her shoulders to her waist. He caught the glorious auburn mass in his fists and lifted it to his face. There was fire in the depths. He wanted her to rub the silky strands over his chest, and wrap his cock in it.

He dropped her hair and pulled her closer. He looked around them, glared at a man staring at the rich wealth he'd loosened. He didn't want anyone else looking at what was his.

Lost in a sensual haze, it took a moment for her mind to focus. "Yours?" She spit the word. "I'm not yours and that means my hair isn't either. Keep your Neanderthal thoughts to yourself."



His eyes narrowed on her, his hips rocked against her as they turned in a slow circle.

She barely repressed a moan, couldn't stop her hips from moving in counter rhythm to his. She swayed against him, bit her lip as her nipples slid against his chest through the material of her dress and his shirt. *What would it feel like to be naked and doing that ?*

"Come with me and find out." His voice was low and seductive. A dark promise of pleasure.

She didn't resist when he stepped away, never releasing her hand. She followed as he walked through the crowd that parted before him. They went up the stairs to the entrance. Outside she followed where he led, bathed in the damp heat of the New Orleans night.

He pulled her with him into the alley. With the ease of practice, he built the image of shadows in his mind and cast it around them. No one would notice them no matter what they did.

"Is that a trick you can teach me?"

"One of many. Try me."

He lowered his head, brushed his lips against hers. The heat generated by their hands together was a shadow in comparison. He breathed in as she breathed out, took her scent into his mouth and nostrils. Her breath was hot. It tasted of spiced coffee and woman.

He breathed in her scent. The musk of her sexual arousal was a perfume he would never tire of. Her scent was strong enough that he knew she had to be very wet. Would she open for him willingly or would she resist?

She shuddered at the picture that filled her mind. Lying on a bed of moss under a star-bright sky. Legs spread to embrace him. Naked, breasts bouncing as he hammered into her with deep, powerful strokes.

Her stomach clenched and her nipples tightened even more. She wanted him to take her. Or, maybe she would take him. She'd push him to the ground, straddle him then lower herself onto his straining cock. She'd like riding him.

His hips bucked against her. "I'd like you to ride me." He brushed his lips against hers, pressed hard.

She opened her mouth and let his tongue sweep inside.

He took her invitation, pushed his tongue into the wet cavern of her mouth and his senses exploded. She was a fire in his blood. He'd sink his cock in her, taste her sweet woman's flesh, and suckle her breasts — soon. She wasn't who he'd come looking for but she was the one he'd found.

Her tongue dueled with his. She sucked the stroking, thrusting length, followed when it retreated and plundered the dark depths of his mouth.

When he suckled her tongue her whole body jerked. She was ready to come, had been almost from the moment his mind touched hers. Something about him touched her, deep inside, physically, mentally and emotionally. She should be scared but she wasn't. She'd dreamed of something like this since the first time she'd read her great gran's diary when she was seventeen. When his mind touched hers and sexual attraction had exploded through her, she'd known this was her chance.

He pulled back just enough to look into her eyes. He could see her clearly, felt arrogantly pleased by the sexual haze clouding her eyes. If he kept her in a high state of arousal, amenable to his needs and wishes, he might just make it work.

Her smile showed all of her teeth. "Dream on."

For the first time, he smiled. She bit her lip to keep from gasping out loud. No man should have a smile like that. Hot and sweet, pure sex. Damn, she could fall in love with that smile.

He felt her thought. Poignant and sad, aching with longing. He was hearing her thoughts!

"What?" She frowned. Why was he looking at her like that? All serious and strange.

"How do I get this dress off you? I want to see your breasts, to hold and taste them."

"It's a sweater dress. It comes off over my head."

He caught the hem in his hands and lifted it up, over her head and off. He threw it aside and stared. He was surprised by what a simple dress could conceal. It couldn't hide her height or the full globes of her breasts, but it had tricked him into thinking she was sturdy. Instead she was lean and fit. Perfect.

Her body was showcased in a demi-bra, garter belt and hose. His mouth watered and his incisors lengthened in his mouth. He wanted to sink more than his cock into her.

He reached up and cupped her breasts in their half bra. He lifted them, testing their weight. He ran his thumbs under the material and stroked her nipples, smiled when her eyes closed and her breath hitched.

He lifted one breast free of the confining material, stroked the hard red berry tipping it. His incisors lengthened even further. He lifted her other breast free, left the material trapped under the weight of her breasts, lifting them to him.

She couldn't breathe. His gaze was like a touch, never leaving her breasts. She gasped, could barely keep her eyes open as he rubbed her nipples with his thumbs. When had she become so susceptible to his touch?

He stared at her left breast, her nipple, pink and plump. Temptation.

He touched his tongue to one incisor, the sharp tip pricking his flesh. He'd sink more than his cock into her.

"I want everything you can give me." She faced him unflinchingly, even arched slightly offering him her breasts. Was he like the man her great gran wrote about in her diary? Was he more than a man?

He cupped one breast in both hands and slowly lowered his head to it. "I am a man and more." He answered her unspoken question as he squeezed and kneaded the pillow of her breast. "You are mine."

His breath washed over her nipple, warm and moist. She *wasn't* his but she would accept him tonight. She wanted his mouth on her breast, have him suckle her nipple, maybe even bite it. She shivered at the thought. Unlike her great gran, though, her life was her own and would never be ruled by anyone else. Certainly not this man.

He touched her nipple with his tongue, closed his mouth over her breast and suckled, carefully keeping his incisors from penetrating her skin. She was warm and full, her nipple pebble hard. He fought the urge to bite and mark her as his.

Whether she liked it or not, in this battle of the sexes he would win.

### Chapter 3

#### Union

She watched as he lowered his head to her breast. Her breath caught as he took her flesh deep into his mouth. Hot, wet.

Her head fell back as his mouth pulled on her nipple. She felt it clear to her toes, but the sensation was concentrated in her sex. She wanted him inside her, to be a part of her.

He moved to her other breast, latched onto the tip and sucked it deep into his mouth. *Mine and only mine* . No one else would ever touch her again. She *was his* .

She could hear his words, feel the possession he felt. She couldn't deal with it now. His feelings, her feelings, the sensations, it was overwhelming. She grabbed his head, arching into his mouth.

"Bite me." Her body was alive with sensations. Her nipple, caught in the clamp of his mouth, her vagina empty and aching for him. Her mind was filled with his thoughts.

Perfect. She fills my mouth. Her nipple, so hard. So hot. I want her naked and open, ready for me. I want to taste her woman's dew. She'll climax from my kiss before I fill her cunt with my cock and make her come again.

Passages from her great gran's diary helped feed the fire his thoughts stoked.

His mouth, when he bit me. It was fire and ice. Heaven and hell. I felt things in my secret place I'd never felt before. I couldn't hold still. It was shameful, but I offered myself to him. Somehow, something in me knew to spread my legs. He lifted his head, his teeth long and sharp, a drop of my blood glistening on his lower lip. I knew I faced legend, a vampire, but knew no fear. Whatever he asked I would gladly give.

She wanted what her great grandmother had felt. She wanted the pleasure/pain, to have her *secret place* filled with his length and breadth. She couldn't be wrong. He was a legend come to life, a vampire.

"Bite me."

He looked up and the light from a street lamp gleamed on his long incisors.

“You want me to bite you.” It was a statement not a question.

“Yes.” She tried to force his head to her neck. She wanted to experience everything. She was hot, she wanted to be hotter. She was wet, wanted to be wetter. She was empty, wanted to be filled by him.

He resisted the pull of her hands on his head. “Do you know what the bite of a Vampyrin is?”

Frowning, she closed her eyes and bared her neck to him. She pulled his hair. Was she going to have to impale herself on his teeth?

His eyes narrowed and he shook his head. Trust her to try and find a way to circumvent his control of the situation.

She almost growled. The warm Louisiana air was a caress on her wet nipples. The bikini underwear she wore was soaked. His cock was hard as steel against her abdomen and he was worried about who was in control of the situation? She’d show him control.

She leaned forward and bit his chest through his shirt. She didn’t try to be dainty about it — just did it.

Phaeryn froze. He stared down at her, unsure why she bit him. Man or woman, the bite of a Vampyrin was reserved for the person they would have children with. The taste of blood increased their arousal and their saliva made the man or woman highly fertile within a matter of hours. No one had ever bitten him before — just to bite him for pleasure.

She released him. Looked up from under her lashes and smiled, with devilry in her eyes. Leaning into him, she rocked her hips against his cock. She widened her stance slightly to increase the friction against her mound.

She looked up at him expectantly, cocked her head to the side and leaned forward until she could nibble at his neck. She nipped sharply then licked him with her tongue.

He took a deep breath and couldn’t release it. Sharp little teeth stung his neck in quick little bites. Her agile tongue, wet and slightly rough, stroked his skin. Her pussy was hot, burning him through his clothes. He was going to explode. Did she know what she was doing to him? Did she know how he burned, hurt with the need to fuck her?

She looked up and smiled again. “Will you bite me now?”

“Do you know what I am? What you’re asking for?” There was a warning in his tone.

“You’re a vampire.”

“And that doesn’t scare you?”

“My great grandmother wrote in her diary about being bitten by a vampire and having sex with him. It was the greatest experience of her life. One she would never have wanted to miss.” She couldn’t believe they were having this conversation in a dark alley and she was dressed only in her underwear, garter and hose, her breasts bare, her nipples hard and begging for his mouth again.

“Did your grandmother ever say what happened between her and the vampire?” Could it be he’d found a woman part Vampyrin herself?

“*Great*grandmother,” she corrected. “No, she didn’t.”

“Where is this diary?”

She stared up at him. Why would he want to know about great gran’s diary? “It’s at my apartment.”

“Did your grandmother have children with the Vampyrin?”

She frowned but overlooked his strange pronunciation of vampire. After all, he was the vampire. “There were no children that I know of. She married my great grandfather shortly after her last entry in the diary and that was it.” Why were they talking about this *now* ?

She moved restlessly against him. She’d never felt so hot and achy, needing someone to fill her. She didn’t want to talk any more.

He stared at her in wonder. It was all right that she didn’t understand. He did. The reason they were so attracted to each other was because their chemistry matched. The Vampyrin blood that ran through her veins was three generations old but still strong enough, it called to his. She could bear his children. Children who would have half-human genes and the ability to survive the changes happening on his planet. *She* was the one he’d come to Earth to find.

“Even if I don’t look or act like your ideal woman?” *Now* he thought she was the woman he was looking for?

“It might take time but we’ll learn to deal with each other.”

Sure. They’d get along fine, about the same time he learned not to be arrogant and chauvinistic. All she wanted was *now* . Sex with the man — being — she’d dreamed of. If it lasted more than tonight, she’d be happy, but what she wanted was the enjoyment her great gran had tasted, that same experience.

“How long are we going to keep talking?”

Phaeryn looked down at her naked breasts. His incisors, half retracted, sprouted to their full sharp length at the sight of her plump nipples, softer now but still red from his mouth sucking and his teeth biting.

“Will you return home with me?” He wanted her in his home, on his bed. She would be the mother of his children. He wanted to hold her against the wall, pull the scrap of material away from her sex and sink his cock into her channel. He would savor that before he went wild and pounded into her, stroke after stroke of fire burning them both.

He wanted more than that, though. He wanted her in his home, on his bed, naked and open for him. He wanted to reach for her and have her roll into his arms or hold her under him as he forged into her hot cunt from behind.

She gasped at the images alive in her mind. She, on her hands and knees, him behind her, his cock disappearing into her vagina, her pussy lips red and glistening around him as he drove her toward the brink of sanity.

“Yes. Take me home.” It was Friday. She could have the weekend with him before she had to return to work and the real world. If there were more than a weekend between them it would be on her terms.

He carefully shielded his thoughts. He didn’t want her picking up on what he was thinking. *He* knew what was going to happen. She belonged to him and he wouldn’t leave Earth without her.

She smiled to herself. Arrogant and chauvinistic barely described what he was but she could deal with him. Wouldn’t he be surprised when he realized she knew they were reading each other’s thoughts and he wasn’t as good at hiding his feelings as he believed? Actually, she’d get a great deal of satisfaction out of telling him she could read his thoughts when the time came.

She gasped and threw her arms around his neck as he swung her into his arms. She opened her mouth to protest, but quickly closed it again. There wouldn’t be many times in her life a man would hold her cradled against his chest. It made her feel small and dainty, something that never happened to a woman her size.

The world around them disappeared. A kaleidoscope of colors rushed by them. It was like being caught in a tornado of light without sound and only the slight rush of wind that brushed her skin like invisible fingers.

A moment later it stopped and they stood outside a plantation manor house, oaks and sugarcane surrounding the columned white southern belle.

The great front door opened before them, untouched by human hands. She’d find out how he did that as well as traveling untold miles in the blink of an eye.

He walked into the great foyer and the door closed behind them.

She only had a moment to look around the grand entrance. A crystal chandelier hung from the vaulted ceiling. He didn’t pause for her to see more. In a heartbeat they were up the right side of the curved staircase and he was walking through a door on the right side of the gallery.

The huge room was dominated by a great bed with pineapple posts. The covers were turned back, ready and waiting for them.

Phaeryn lowered her to her feet beside the bed. There was wonder in her big gray eyes and questions, but overriding everything was desire.

“Do you still want me?” he asked.

She took his hands in hers and lifted them to her breasts. She moaned low in her throat as he stroked and rolled her nipples with his thumbs. “Yes.” She breathed the word, could barely keep her heavy lashes lifted. She wanted to melt against him — into him. He was everything she’d ever dreamed of, or wanted and she was going to take everything she could get over the next two days with him.

“You want to experience the bite of a Vampyrin?” His tone was all dark smoke and sensual heat.

She shivered as his voice stroked her like a touch, hardening her nipples and drawing moisture from the center of her being as surely as his touch and mouth did.

“Yes.” She didn’t fight as her eyes closed and her head fell back exposing her neck.

“You’ve watched too many movies and believe the myths.”

Startled by the hint of censure in his voice, her eyes flew open. “What...” She choked on the word as his mouth closed over her left breast.

## Chapter 4

### The Bite

His incisors sank into her soft white flesh as he sucked hard on her nipple. He crushed and rolled it against the roof of his mouth, his agile tongue molding her flesh to his will.

Her breath caught in her throat. She stared at the ceiling, her eyes slowly closing as the sharp pain of his bite turned to burning pleasure. Her nipple felt engorged, tighter than it had ever been. Every sensation was concentrated in the hard tip.

She tried moving closer, pushing her breast further into his mouth. She gasped when his teeth sank deeper and her breast caught fire, throbbing, reacting to his mouth, the brush of air, the motion of her own breath.

Phaeryn let the small trickle of her life’s essence fill his mouth, and savored her taste. Nothing had ever felt as right and perfect as his teeth piercing her flesh. His saliva was also affecting her. He felt it in the tight nub of her nipple, the puffy aureole, the heat of her flesh. He was in her blood now as surely as she was in his. They were bound.

Reluctantly, he released her breast, withdrew his teeth from her flesh which closed as he withdrew.

He licked the two small red marks. Forever, she would bear the mark of his passion. No other man would ever see the evidence of his passion but he would know it was there.

He moved to her other breast, lowered his mouth and pricked the tender nipple with the sharp point of one tooth.

“Ohhh.” Her eyes flew open and she gasped. She raised her hand and to cover her breast. There was a wicked, sensual cast to his face that made her nervous. A small frisson of fear made goose bumps rise on her flesh. He looked wild and untamed.

“You don’t want your nipple pierced?”

She shuddered at the dark, brooding tone of his voice. “No.” Her voice shook but there was nothing she could do about that.

He flicked the hard nub with the tip of a finger, watched her breast rise to him. His eyes narrowed as he pinched the ripe berry between his fingers and pulled on it. "You wouldn't want a golden ring in this pouty little protrusion?"

She couldn't keep her eyes open. "No." Yet the thought of *his* ring in her nipple was erotic.

"What do you want?" He stroked the puffy aureole around and around, darker than her breast, lighter than her nipple. She'd feed his children here. They would latch onto her breast, suckle from these nubs.

His cock surged against his abdomen. He'd take her, make her his.

"I want your mouth on my breast. I want you to suck my nipple."

"Do you want me to bite you again?"

She lifted heavy lashes and looked up at him. "You know I do." She caught his head in her hands and tugged him to her waiting, begging flesh.

He lowered his head, closed his mouth over her and drew her deep. He raked his teeth over her breast but didn't bite down.

"Do it," she whispered. "Bite me." She wanted that rush of sensation again. Her left breast and nipple throbbed, tight and sensitive to every caress.

"Can I bite you where I want?"

Oh lord. He wanted to pierce her nipple. Would it be as excruciatingly pleasurable as his bite had been? Fear and anticipation mixed in her blood. It was a dizzying elixir.

"Yes." She whispered the words.

A low murmur of satisfaction rumbled from his throat. He sucked as much of her breast into his mouth as he could, let his teeth pierce her flesh. He groaned as the wine of her blood burst to life on his taste buds.

He pulled his teeth from her, drew back and sank deep into the puffy aureole just above her nipple.

She cried out and writhed against him. She was on fire, the end of her breast hot and swollen where he sucked and bit. She'd read of pleasure in pain, hadn't believed such a thing could be real, yet the pain of his bite was a pleasure that was addictive.

He released her, sipped at her nipple before straightening.

"I want you naked," he growled. He looked at the bikini underwear hiding her sex and the garter belt that held up her black stockings. "Not quite naked," he amended. He traced the lacy garter belt with one finger, stroked down caressing her thigh above her hose.

He lifted his eyes to hers as he cupped her mound and pressed against the wet silk between her thighs. "Take off your bra and panties."

Should she demand he take off his clothes, too? No. She reached up and unhooked the front fastening of her bra. There was something exciting about being naked when he was clothed. It fed fantasies she'd



never admit.

She let her bra fall to the floor. "There's no way to take off my underwear without undoing the garter. You'll have to wait for that fantasy I guess." She made her tone taunting. She wanted to drive him wild.

He caught her hand in his as her fingers touched one of the clamps holding her hose up. "There's always a way." He grasped her underwear in his hands and easily shredded the delicate material. He stroked the naked lips, her dew wet on his fingers. He pressed against her opening, tested her resistance before sinking one finger deep.

"You're very wet."

She fought for breath, undulated on the finger impaling her. "I'm very ready."

"Does that mean it's okay with you if I take my clothes off now?"

"No." She smiled as his eyebrows rose. "It's okay if I take your clothes off."

She reached out, unbuttoned his silk shirt as her hips rocked. Her clit rubbed against his cocked thumb, the sensation electrifying.

She breathed hard as she pushed his shirt off. Licking her lips, she bared the broad expanse of his chest. His shoulders were broader than she had thought they were. She pushed her fingers against his biceps testing his muscles. He was hard everywhere it mattered.

She wanted to feel every inch of him and she was going to.

"Do you like what you see?" His voice was low, almost guttural.

"I do." She ran her hands from his waist up to his ribs and across his chest. She circled the small aureoles around his tiny nipples, smiled when they hardened into tight points just like hers did.

Spreading her fingers she flexed her nails against his chest. "What do you like?"

"Bite me again."

Hand over hand, she raked her nails lightly down his chest as she looked up at him from under her lashes. "You liked that?"

"Yes."

The rate of his breathing had picked up. Good. She wanted him as aroused as she was. She wanted to be wanted. She would demand it.

"Do you like your sex rough?" She lowered her head to his chest and swirled her tongue around his nipple, across his chest and did the same to the other one.

"Yes." He groaned the word, grabbed her ass and squeezed both cheeks. He forced her tight against his straining cock.

"Do you ride a woman fast and hard?"

“Yes.” He rocked his hips against her.

“Do you like the slap of flesh against flesh? The wet, sucking sound of your cock moving in and out of a woman’s cunt?” She shivered, felt wicked using the word. Nice girls didn’t say it and for this weekend she wasn’t nice. Everything she’d read, seen in movies, imagined or dreamed about, she was going to do.

She lowered her head and nipped his chest, kissed and laved the spot with her tongue before moving and repeating the process at another spot.

Phaeryn sank his fingers deep in her hair, guided her mouth where he wanted it. “Bite me there. Harder. Harder.” He groaned and arched his neck as she bit him. It was sharp and stinging. Her tongue was wet and rough.

“Sex,” he groaned as her teeth sank into him again. “Sex is earthy, primal, hot and wet. You humans try and pretty it up in your books and movies, but it’s powerful and it’s gritty. I want to sink my cock in your cunt. I want to fuck you until neither of us can stand and don’t care. Are you ready for that?”

Eyes half lidded, he stared into her eyes, challenging her to meet his passion.

Never looking away from his eyes, she reached between them, unbuttoned then unzipped his pants. She pushed the fine material and his briefs out of her way and grasped his huge cock in both hands. It was hot and hard, jerked at her squeezing, pulling strokes.

“You think you’re man enough to take me?” She rubbed her thumb over the head of his cock, spreading pre-cum over the bulbous end.

He grasped her around the waist and lifted her off her feet.

She released his cock and braced her hands against his chest.

“I’m Vampyrn enough to pleasure you beyond your wildest fantasies.” He tossed her onto the bed as easily as he would a child.

Before she could get over the shock of his tossing her onto the bed he was over her. He pushed her legs apart wide, grasped his cock and guided it to her opening.

Her hand covered his. “Let me.”

He released his cock, sucked in a breath when she caught him in her tight fist. With a firm grip she stroked the head of his cock over her nether lips and over her clit. She reached down, opened herself and guided the head of his cock to her entrance. Heat radiated from her, burning him.

“Now, show me what you can do, big boy.” She teased and arched up, pressing herself against him.

His smile was a mere baring of teeth. “Hold onto something.”

It was the only warning she got as he surged into her.

## Chapter 5

### Consummation

Phaeryn pounded into her. Each thrust of his great cock into her willing sheath moved her higher on the bed.

Kayla threw her arms over her head, braced her hands against the wall.

He surged into her with fierce power. He was fire stroking into her, pulling free then striking again. Lightning she couldn't hold, had no control over.

She gritted her teeth and held on. He'd called sex primal and earthy, powerful. It was all that and more.

His cock was a hot wedge splitting her in two. She couldn't breathe, couldn't think. His pelvis slapped against her. His cock rode in and out of her tight channel. She was so full, stretched tight. She hadn't realized how big he was. How powerful.

Her breasts bounced with each thrust. Her nipples felt swollen, felt tight, overly sensitive, especially the one he'd bitten.

His scent was intoxicating. She could taste him, his essence dark and dangerous.

He pounded into her, his rhythm fast, each stroke powerful and deep.

Her whole being tightened; her cunt clenched, trying to hold him inside.

He moved faster, harder, grunting with each thrust. "You're wet, hot, tight. Mine," he growled.

"Don't you dare stop." She bit her bottom lip to keep from screaming. Lightning surged through her veins driven by his hammering strokes.

He leaned forward, opened his mouth and sank his teeth into her neck.

She gasped at the sharp pain, writhed as it became ecstasy. Fire flowed between them where he surged into her, where his teeth penetrated her.

Her body went rigid. Fire burned through her veins. She could feel everything, even the brush of air over her skin was torment.

It was the same as it had been when he bit her breasts. His bite was an aphrodisiac, tuning her to him, making her so tight for him.

She couldn't lie still. The material of the sheet under her felt coarse, rasping against her skin as he shoved her into it with each pounding thrust. The hair on his legs, the rub of his flesh against hers as he pounded

into her, she felt it all in every minute detail.

Explosions of sensation wracked her body. The friction of his cock riding in and out of her swollen channel grew.

He shifted position, pulled her legs up, her knees bent, opening her even more for his penetration. He hit her clit with each forward thrust. His teeth branded her neck. His cock plunging rapidly in and out of her weeping pussy.

Everything inside her clenched. She felt like she was being turned inside out. Her muscles went rigid. Her heart beat in her chest, the sound deafening in her ears.

Sparks flashed inside her, a growing shower of fire burning her from the inside out as his cock drove into her. She opened her mouth, tried screaming but no sound emerged.

He couldn't stand the pressure any longer. Her cunt was a vise on his cock. Her blood mixed with his, an elixir of life and lust. The power raced through him. He couldn't withstand it, didn't try.

His seed jetted inside her, thick and hot, overflowing her vagina. She screamed, arched off the bed.

He didn't stop. He pistoned into her, forged deeper, sought to make them one. He came in great spurts, his body responding to the call to preserve his species. His seed would take root in her. He knew it. She was meant for him.

Chest heaving, he collapsed on top of her. His cock, swollen and spent, was sunk deep inside her quivering sheath. He felt the aftershocks race through her body. His cock firmed but didn't harden. He was too exhausted to do anything more right now, but the night wasn't over. She was in his home, in his bed and open to him just as he'd wanted. He had time.

She picked up his thoughts, but could do nothing but lie splayed under him. She felt like she'd been ridden hard, and she loved it. Loved the feel of him, heavy inside her, his seed filling her. His bite was the most erotic thing she'd ever experienced, and his stamina could become legend. He hadn't come until she was on the rising edge of an orgasm he hadn't let her come down from.

Next time it was her turn. He'd shown her what a vampire could do. She'd show him what a determined human woman could do. As soon as she slept for a week she'd show him all sorts of things.

He rolled them to their sides, pulled her upper leg over his hip so his cock stayed embedded in her.

She snuggled her head into the crook of his neck and went limp against him. Contractions raced through her at unpredictable intervals. Finally exhaustion won out. With a sigh she went to sleep.

His arms tightened around her. She seemed vulnerable in sleep, as she wasn't when awake. If he could keep her like this forever, sated by sex and quiet, they would have a peaceful life together. It would be his job to ensure they had frequent sex.

He smiled as he allowed himself to slip into sleep.

Phaeryn pulled free of her clinging heat, grimaced as his cock stirred. He wanted to sink into her again

and lose himself in her velvet depths, but first he had to care for her.

Kayla roused, frowning at the heavy slide of his penis from her love-swollen channel. She blinked, found him leaning over her, his expression intent as he studied her face.

“What?” she asked, her voice husky.

“I don’t know your name.”

For a moment she looked startled. She started to smile which quickly turned into open laughter. “I don’t know yours either.”

“Phaeryn Fauvian.” He lifted her hand to his lips and kissed her knuckles.

“Kayla Taeney. Nice to meet you.” She tried keeping a straight face but couldn’t. After what they’d done together how ludicrous was it to meet right now?

A smile tugged at one corner of Phaeryn’s mouth. “Ludicrous indeed.” He stroked his hand over her hip, over the curve of her thigh and between her legs.

She gasped as he stroked the swollen knot of her clit. She was wet with his come and her own need.

“Is my finger too rough?”

She let her head fall back against the pillow. Eyes closed, she shook her head.

“My tongue would be gentler,” he murmured as he rubbed her cunt. “Would you like my mouth here?” He cupped her sex, delved into her with the tip of his middle finger.

“Yes.” She couldn’t hold still. Her hips arched up to meet him, seeking more than the teasing caress he was giving her. She’d never felt anything so delicious.

“Rest for a moment. I’ll be back.” He withdrew his hand from between her legs, stood up and walked away from the bed.

Outraged, she stared after him. How dare he touch her like that, make her ache then walk away? She’d get even with him for that.

I look forward to it.

Startled, she looked around. They’d picked up each other’s thoughts since first meeting. This was the first time, though, that they’d communicated mind to mind. Did he realize that?

Of course I do. Now close your eyes and rest while you can.

She started, shook her head and settled back against the pillows. Without realizing it she dozed off, thoughts of Phaeryn bringing making her smile.

Phaeryn ran the water exceptionally hot in the oversized tub. She’d need the soothing heat to ease the

soreness his passion, no doubt, had left behind. He wanted her comfortable when he took her again.

Before he lost himself in her again he would taste her. He'd polish her clit with his tongue, sip at her most vulnerable flesh until she climaxed and then he'd force her again even higher.

He turned off the water in the tub, took a washcloth from a stack on a shelf above it and wet it in the waiting water. As he walked back into the bedroom he rubbed the nubby cloth with his thumb. How would it feel against her labia, her clit, the entrance of her cunt?

He stopped beside the bed and looked down at her. Her hair was spread around her head, an auburn halo he wanted to wrap himself in. She lay half on her right side, half on her back. Her right breast was plumped against the bed. Her nipples were pink and puffy without being hard. Seeing her like that, naked and waiting for him made his cock stand at attention.

He pushed her left leg back, smiled when she mumbled a protest. His face darkened with sexual intent as he stared at her sex. Her pussy was flushed and swollen from his use and her arousal. The jewel of her sex peeked from the apex of her folds. She was wet with his come. The musk of sex was heavy on her.

Reaching down, he parted her folds with the fingers of his left hand. He couldn't resist the urge to rub her clit with his thumb.

"What are you doing?" Her voice was breathy. She looked up at him from under her lashes.

"Bathing you. Spread your legs."

She did as he said, entranced by the sensual heat darkening his face. Her breath caught in her throat as he stroked the wash cloth over her labia. She shivered and moaned as he stroked and delved over and around the outer folds of flesh then down the center. The washcloth was wickedly rough. She couldn't hold still, rocked against his stroking fingers. The pleasure he gave was driving her insane.

He tested her entrance with one cloth covered finger, pushed against her, barely penetrated. Her gasp fed his desire. He wanted her whole being concentrated only on him and what he was doing to her.

He withdrew and her hips followed. He stroked upward, found her clit and rubbed the swollen nub with one washcloth-clad finger.

Her hips undulated against his tormenting finger.

She caught his wrist with both hands, tried to pull his torturous finger away from her exposed sex. "It's too much."

Eyes heavy lidded, he looked up. "Do you think so?" He pulled his hand free of hers, caught her arms and lifted them above her head. With practiced ease he bound her hands using the mosquito netting attached to the pineapple posts.

"What are you doing?" she demanded. She tugged against the binding cloth, tugged harder when she couldn't free herself.

He didn't answer. Calmly, without pausing, he caught one ankle and tied it. Too late, she kicked out with her free foot, but he easily caught it and bound it.

She lay on the bed fighting her bonds and glaring up at him.

He sat down between her spread legs and trailed his fingers up her thigh to where her leg joined her hip. He stroked the sensitive flesh, watched as she fought her response.

"I have no intention of hurting you," he assured her. "But when the experience becomes too much for you I won't let you roll away and hide from me." He rimmed her opening with his finger, around and around. The feel of her against his finger, the resistance of her cunt to his penetration, was the most arousing thing he'd ever experienced. "You're going to fly higher than you ever dreamed."

She shivered at the dark promise in his voice. "You think you're that good?" she challenged, hiding her fear and excitement behind bravado.

With a smile of sensual promise, he lay down between her legs. He looked up at her from the vee of her thighs. "I know I am."

The first touch of his tongue on her pussy was electric. She froze, tense and half-frightened. She'd never let anyone do this to her before.

"You'll think you're dying." He breathed in her unique scent, a hint of his own musk still evident. "You'll beg me to stop, plead with me not to. And I won't stop. Not until you've given me every response that's in you to give."

Kayla's eyes narrowed. Her lips thinned and she lifted her chin. "You know you're full of yourself don't you, Mr. Phaeryn Fauvian? No one's as good as you think you are."

He trailed his tongue up her left thigh and down her right one, skipping her sex. "You've only been with human males and not many of them unless I miss my guess."

He nipped her thigh, his incisors lengthening as his arousal grew. His cock was hard, throbbed with the need to be buried in her. He wanted to bite her. Needed to sink his teeth into her soft, pink flesh — her clit. He needed to taste the essence of her life, to feel the surge of desire as his body absorbed her into itself.

He caressed her white thigh, his hand dark against her pale flesh. He ran his fingers through the nest of curls over her mound. *Auburn, he suddenly was addicted to auburn.*

He parted her nether lips more, licked his lips as he studied the nub of flesh that was the nerve center of her sex. The urge to bite, bred into his genes for generations, was almost overpowering. She wasn't ready for the full sexual intimacies of his people. She might never be.

Kayla shivered. Fear and excitement grew and curled in her stomach. What did his people do that she wasn't ready for?

Phaeryn turned his head, nuzzled the firm flesh of her inner thigh with his lips. "We call them love bites. We'll start slow and progress as you're willing. You're not ready for the full intimacies of the Vampyrin sex act. In time I hope you will be."

"What's involved in the full intimacies of the Vampyrin sex act?"

"You don't want me piercing your nipple. I'm sure you don't want other, more delicate areas, pierced

either.” He stroked the pinpoint ends of his incisors with his tongue, opened his mouth and sucked at her thigh. It quivered under his mouth. He loved how responsive she was to him.

She was wet and growing wetter by the moment. She’d never been so exposed and helpless with a man. She didn’t like it. Yet, at the same time she loved it. At some point she’d turn the tables and want him at her mercy. And she wanted him to bite her, wanted him out of control for her. Just thinking about it made her squirm.

Phaeryn smiled as he turned his head and sucked at her other thigh, higher up, closer to the junction of hip and thigh.

He gave no warning. Opening his mouth, he sank his teeth deep in her flesh.

Kayla jerked against him, against the bonds holding her. Fire raced from where he bit her through her bloodstream and centered in her breasts and sex. Every bite, the sensations were more intense. She wouldn’t survive a more intimate bite than this.

He released her from his love bite, nuzzled and licked his way to her pussy. She glistened with her own dew. He blew on her clit, watched her shiver, heard her breath break.

He lowered his head, extended his tongue and slowly, thoroughly licked her.

She moaned, tried closing her legs. The ties kept her spread and open for him. The feeling was so intense. His tongue was wet and slightly rough. The feel of his tongue, licking her secret folds, poking into her vagina, it was too much. He was burning her alive.

He moved his attention to the apex of her sex and the pearl he found so fascinating. If she thought what he’d been doing was too much, she was in for a shock with what came next.

He flicked her clit with his tongue. Repeated the gesture, fast lightning strokes that had her arching and crying out.

She couldn’t believe it. There was so much pressure. The desperate ache he was building in her. His tongue was a whip lashing her.

“Stop, Phaeryn. I’ve had enough. Stop.” There was a sob in her voice. She fought her bonds, had to get away from him, from what he was doing.

Her hips pulsed up and down, driven by his tireless torture of her clit. Her thighs quivered, her stomach felt jittery. Her cunt tightened and desire soaked her.

“It’s too much, Phaeryn.”

Never too much. He opened his mouth over her clit, circled the small protrusion with his lips and sucked.

Kayla screamed, arched off the bed. Her whole body shook under the onslaught of his wicked mouth. She writhed and begged. Wanted him to stop, threatened him if he did.

He feasted on her sex, savored her cries and screams, her writhing response. She was responsive beyond anything he had ever imagined or dreamed. She was perfection.



Orgasm after orgasm rolled over her in ever building waves. She couldn't get enough oxygen into her lungs. He never stopped sucking, drawing on her clit with steady pressure. Torturing her. Pleasuring her. Killing her.

Color exploded behind her closed eyelids. Her body contracted and kept shuddering. Her mind closed in on itself. Her body went limp. Her chest heaved to pull oxygen in. Like a light being turned off, consciousness faded.

## Chapter 6

### Aftermath

For long moments Phaeryn continued suckling her clit. He didn't want to give up his treat. Finally, he lifted his head enough to study her pussy. The lips of her sex were swollen and red, as was her clit. He smiled, felt more than satisfied. She wouldn't soon forget this sexual lesson.

He levered himself off the bed and shed his clothes as he walked into the bathroom, then tested the water before turning on the hot water tap. She was going to be sore, more so before the night was over.

Steps muffled by the thick rug covering the floor, he walked back and untied her arms and legs. He lifted her into his arms, cradled her against his chest as he walked back into the bathroom. He'd have expected a woman of her height to weigh more, to feel more substantial in his arms.

"What are you doing?" Her voice was drowsy. She rubbed her face against his bare chest.

The motion, trusting and sweet, went right to his heart. He hadn't expected emotional involvement with the Earth woman he found. He wasn't sure he wanted it. "We're going to soak before we continue our night."

She didn't know whether to thank him for his thoughtfulness about soaking or punch him for not wanting to be emotionally involved with her. She didn't have a chance to decide as he stepped into the huge sunken tub and lowered them both into the hot water.

With a yelp, she sprang out of the water and glared down at him. "That's hot."

He lay back against the tiles. Eyes half closed he watched her. Did she know how enticing she was, her big breasts heaving with each outraged breath she took? "Where does it feel hot?"

"On my..." Heat washed into her face. So she felt embarrassed. So what? She could feel embarrassed. There was nothing wrong with that.

She lifted her chin and met his eyes squarely. "It's hot on my pussy."

He reached up and insinuated his hand between her thighs. He stroked her smarting flesh, fought the urge to push his fingers into her cunt.

"I used you well and I want to do it again. A soak in hot water will help take away the soreness. I want you ready for me, not hurting. Ever." He didn't care if she thought he was talking about the weekend. He knew he was talking about the rest of their lives.

Sex didn't last forever. She widened her stance, giving him free access. His fingers playing over her pussy were addictive. Her head fell back as she reveled in his touch.

He touched her clit and her hips jerked. He pushed his finger into her and she moaned.

"Sit down in the water," he instructed as he pulled his finger out of her. "It will soothe you where you need to be soothed the most." He circled her clit but refused to apply enough pressure to do anything but tease.

She lifted her head and even heavier eyelids. "I'll soak if I can play while I do."

A sexy smile tilted his lips. His face, so beautifully sensual, flushed. His lips were fuller, his eyes half-lidded. "What is it you want to play with?"

The broad head of his cock stood above the water. It jerked as she looked at it. He was hard again for her. "You've got the best toy a woman could have. I want to play with it." She licked her lips, saw his cock bounce against his abdomen, his chest heave with a heavy breath.

"What do you want to do with him?" He lifted himself out of the water and settled on his back on the tiles around the tub.

She lowered herself into the water, winced as the heat stung her pussy. She settled on her knees, up to her waist in the water. Never once did she look away from his penis. A slow, wicked smile curved her lips.

Phaeryn frowned. "What are you thinking?"

She grasped his cock with one hand and squeezed. Looking up, she met his worried gaze. "What's wrong? Can't you read my mind?"

He started to reply, drew in a deep breath when her mouth closed over the head of his cock. His eyes closed and his neck arched as she drew on him. The sensation of her hot, wet mouth sucking him was almost more than he could stand.

Her tongue, wet and soft and slightly rough, swirled over the rounded head of his cock, down the underside of his long rod. She loved the taste of him. The feel of his cock in her mouth was amazing. Satin over steel, his pulse against her tongue.

His penis jerked, eager for her to take him deeper.

She watched him from under her lashes. His face was flushed, his eyes closed. He looked like he was in pain, his mouth twisted in a grimace.

He sucked in a breath as she took him deeper. His hands fisted at his sides.

She released him and took a breath.

Eyes narrow slits, he caught her head in his powerful hands and guided her mouth back to his cock.

“You liked that, did you?” She looked up, hoped her expression was innocent.

“You know I did.” He growled as he grabbed his cock with one hand and rubbed the weeping head against her lips. “Finish what you started.”

She licked him, murmured with pleasure as she tasted the essence of life yet to be created. When he pushed against her lips she refused to open to him. Serious, she looked at him. “We do this on my terms or not at all.”

He glowered at her, ready to force her. He *had* to be in her mouth again. “What do you want?”

“Keep your hands behind your head. You’re not to touch me. It’s my turn to play.” She waited, sure he wouldn’t give her complete control.

For a long moment he said nothing, just watched her, his expression unreadable. Finally, he released her head and his cock, which sprang tight against his abdomen. He lay back against the tiles, closed his eyes and stacked his hands behind his head. “He’s all yours. Remember, though, that turnabout, as I’ve heard, is fair play. You can do what you want now. Afterward it’s my turn again.”

She studied the flushed pole of his sex. When she was done with him, she wanted him inside her again. “I wouldn’t have it any other way.”

She grasped his cock in both hands, squeezed from root to head. With one fingertip she massaged pre-cum over the end as it bubbled up. A smile lit her face as he groaned. Leaning down, she swirled her tongue over the head of his cock.

“Mmmm. You taste like salt and musk.”

With fierce strength he linked his hands behind his head. From barely slitted eyes he watched her head lower toward his straining cock. Her full, red lips parted, her teeth gleamed white.

“Fuck.” He swore as she sipped at the very end of his erection. “Take him into your mouth,” he ordered, then moaned as she licked him, around the broad end then down the shaft to his balls.

Her mouth closed on the right side of his sack, her hands squeezed and slid over his cock.

Teeth gritted, he arched off the tiles, fought to keep from coming. He wanted to be in her mouth, to see her full lips wrapped around him.

She lapped the underside of his cock, along the vein pulsing there. Like a lollipop she licked around and over the end of his straining member. She parted her lips and slowly went down on him, took him deep into her mouth and throat one slow inch at a time.

He’d never seen anything more erotic, her lips enveloping his cock. Her mouth, hot and wet, latched on tight as she sucked him deep. Her tongue undulated against the underside of his cock, the roof of her

mouth all hard ridges. And she kept taking him deeper. Into her throat, squeezing him until he couldn't hold back.

His fingers tightened around each other. His hips arched up. *Intense. Her mouth so hot and tight. Her throat working to swallow him deeper. Her mouth was black magic. He couldn't stop the power surging through him.*

His cock jerked in her mouth. Come spurted from him into her. Waves of pleasure kept rising from him as she sucked, swallowing everything he gave her.

Her mouth and throat never let up sucking, pulling, demanded his response until he was limp and spent in her mouth.

It was a long time before either of them could move. She was shocked and half-disbelieving at what had happened. She'd never done that with any man before, couldn't believe she'd done it with this man.

He half slid, half rolled into the tub. "I never imagined anyone like you existed. I'm glad you do. Glad I found you."

She opened her mouth to remind him he hadn't been happy to see her at the club. Now wasn't the time to bring that up.

He took a washcloth from the stack and rubbed lightly scented bath soap into it. Starting with her arms, he washed her with brisk efficiency until he reached her breasts and nipples. He rubbed softly around the softened tips, smiled with satisfaction when they hardened under his caress.

When he reached her pussy he slowed down again. There wasn't a breath of an inch he missed as he cleaned, swirling his hand and the washcloth over her flesh. His expression darkened when she moaned.

"My turn." She moved away from his hand with more haste than grace. Plucking a washcloth from the dwindling pile she bathed him.

His chest was fascinating. Broad, strong with a thicker mat of hair stretching from one small male nipple to the other and arrowing down. She rubbed his left nipple, fascinated when it responded like hers did. She treated the other to the same thorough washing and it hardened, too.

"There's more lower," he reminded her gruffly.

"Is there?" Her tone was pure innocence, her expression pure devilry. "Where would that be?"

"Be careful how you tease me," he warned. "I always get even."

Unconcerned, she smiled. "Would this be, by chance, the more that's lower?" She closed her hand around his shaft, polished the broad head with the washcloth.

His penis twitched and grew in her hand.

I want to taste him again.

He couldn't let her mouth close on him again. He wouldn't be able to walk let alone do all the things to her, with her, he still wanted to do.

With easy strength, he pulled her to him, lifted her into his arms and rose to his feet. He stepped out of the tub and lowered her to the tile floor, never releasing her completely. He never wanted to let her go. “Why don’t you rest? You’re too sore to take me again comfortably.”

She glared up at him. “I’m not too sore. I want you inside me. I want your cock buried in my cunt.” She pressed her hand to her abdomen and closed her eyes. “I love feeling you inside me. The power as you stroke into me, the drag of your cock against me as you retreat. I want that again. Now.”

He hadn’t known he could hurt this bad and still stand upright. His dick had never been so hard, ached until it throbbed. He wanted to bury himself in her to the hilt. He’d have her again — soon. Right now he needed her ready to go home with him. He had the woman he’d come for; he had to return and take over the responsibilities he’d put aside for this search.

“What do you mean, now that you’ve found me it’s time to go home?” She didn’t want to hear what he’d said but she needed to. If he meant what she thought he did, he would destroy everything. It would take away the rest of the weekend. A weekend she’d given herself permission to be anything and do everything she’d ever dreamed of.

“I’m Vampyr. My place is on Vampyr and your place is there with me.”

She shook her head and pushed against his chest until he released her. “You’re a wonderful lover. You’ve given me more pleasure in the time we’ve spent together than I’ve had in my entire life. That doesn’t mean I’m willing to give up my life for you. I’ve got a job, friends, an apartment I love. Damn it. You’re asking me to give up my world. Would you give up your world for me?”

“That’s different. You’re not important to your world. You won’t be missed when you leave. I would.”

She grabbed his shirt from the floor and thrust her arms through the sleeves. If she didn’t do something, she’d punch the man and that wouldn’t accomplish anything except making her feel better. And her dress was in that alley, damn it. She was stuck wearing his clothes if she wanted to wear anything.

Her voice shook with rage when she could finally talk again. “Telling me how unimportant I am isn’t a good way to influence me to go with you. Because I am important. I’m important to my friends and coworkers. I’m important to the children I work with at the hospital. I have a life that is no less important than yours. I thought you were an arrogant, chauvinistic jerk when I met you. I was wrong. You’re an arrogant, chauvinistic, self-important jerk.”

He reached for her but she stepped away. If he could hold her, he could make her understand what he meant. “I didn’t mean to insult you. Of course your life is important. But I’m a prince of my people. It’s up to me and others like me to ensure that my species survives the changes happening on my world. The days are getting longer, the nights shorter. The climate is changing and with it the landscape of my world. The changes are happening too fast for my people to adapt. We need children with the genetic ability to survive. Your genetic abilities.”

“What are you talking about?” Was she supposed to understand anything he said?

He raked his fingers through his hair, ruffling the dark strands. “My eyes, the eyes of my people have evolved genetically to see well at night. I’m almost blind in the full light of day.”

He held out his arm. “My skin absorbs moonlight the way yours absorbs sunlight. I can’t be in the sun

for any length of time without burning. My children need your genes if they are going to survive on Vampyr. But I also need someone who can bear my children. You're compatible. One of the few Earth women who are. Your children, my children, will grow and thrive on Vampyr." He looked at her flat stomach, possessiveness stamped on his features. "You might already be carrying my child."

"What do you mean by that? What makes you think I would sign up for your brood mare? If I have children they'll be mine and no one else's and raised on Earth, not some place where they might or might not survive."

"My children will be raised on Vampyr."

"Fine. As long as your children aren't my children."

He grabbed her, put his hand low over her abdomen. "My child could already be growing inside you. My child." He wouldn't let her walk away, especially if she was pregnant with his child. His home was on Vampyr. Her home and the home of their children was with him.

She tried shoving his hand away. Her nipples hardened when he touched her and she didn't want that. She didn't want him touching her. It wasn't fair that she was so susceptible to him. "There's no reason to think I'm pregnant. For criminy's sake, we only fucked once." He was really stretching the bounds of reality, trying to make her think she was pregnant.

"No, I'm not stretching anything. You asked me to bite you, begged me to."

She glared up at him, not happy remembering how wild she'd been for him.

"You didn't let me explain what the bite of a Vampyr means. Well, you'll damn well listen now."

A sinking feeling grew in the pit of her stomach. What had he done? What had she done?

"I'll tell you what *we* 've done. More than likely, we've created a child. My bite stimulates ovulation and increases the susceptibility of your egg to my sperm. My sperm, the sperm of my kind is exceptionally long-lived and potent. I'd be surprised if you weren't pregnant and with more than one child."

Kayla stumbled out of the bathroom and sank onto the side of the bed. She felt dazed, completely out of touch with reality. She could be pregnant? With twins?

"Pregnant with *my* twins."

Anger flared to life, burned away the haze blurring her mind. She jumped up, stepped toward him and started poking him in the chest. "Who the hell do you think you are? You can't just come to Earth, pick a woman and impregnate her. Then you expect her to come with you to another planet? You're crazy. Go with you to a vampire planet? Not in this lifetime."

"Vampyr," he corrected through gritted teeth.

"Whatever." She poked him again because she felt like it. "You can damn well take me home or I'll find my own way there. And once I'm home I never want to see you again."

There was no reasoning with her right now. He might as well take her home, give her time to calm down and think about all he'd told her.

“I’ll take you home.” He stepped away from her and her poking finger, went to his closet and dressed quickly in jeans and a sweatshirt.

She tried not to watch the bunch and play of his muscles as he stepped into his jeans and pulled his shirt on over his head. He’d used her and she couldn’t forgive him for that. He had no right making her pregnant, not without asking her. It didn’t matter how good-looking he was or how wonderful he was at making love. He was a first class idiot.

His face expressionless, he walked across the room and pulled her against his chest.

She tried pushing away but he stopped her.

“If you want me to take you home this is how it’s done.”

She stilled against him, closed her eyes as the swirling kaleidoscope of colors swept them away. When she opened her eyes they were standing in front of her apartment and the door was standing open.

Before she could protest, he dropped his head to hers and captured her mouth with his. “I’ll see you tomorrow.”

She pushed out of his arms and turned away. “Don’t come back, tomorrow or ever. I don’t have anything else I want to say to you.”

He caught her upper arms in his hands and turned her to face him. “What if you’re pregnant with my child?”

“If I’m pregnant, it’s with *my* child.”

Furious, more at himself than her, he lowered his head again. He kissed her with the full force of all the emotions surging through him.

She didn’t want to respond, fought not to. Emotions, his and her own, swamped her. She melted against him, moaned and arched into him when he cupped her breast and plucked at her nipple.

He lifted his head, watched her eyes open, hazy with desire. “I’ll be back tomorrow.”

She opened her mouth but he disappeared before she could say no. She wouldn’t see him, the next day or ever. He was using her, might already have made her pregnant. She couldn’t trust him. To him, she was nothing more than a vessel for his future children. That wasn’t how she was going to live. She was an intelligent woman and she had a lot to offer a man, vampire or not. She wouldn’t sell herself short by accepting a man who didn’t acknowledge her worth.

From his place in the shadows, Phaeryn watched as she stepped into her apartment and shut the door. What she’d thought was right. He hadn’t been seeking a mate, a woman who would be his partner and equal. He’d come looking for a body capable of carrying his children. He’d wanted a woman he could put on a shelf and take down when he’d need her.

He closed his eyes, felt a sharp pain in his chest and a gnawing sensation deep in his gut. Shame. He’d never felt it before, barely knew what to name it. He didn’t deserve Kayla. She was too good for him. Sharp tongued and prickly, too honest for her own good. She deserved a man who valued all of her. Not



someone who would have used her for his own ends.

He stepped forward, pressed his hand against her door. The pain in his chest was a knife cutting him open and leaving him bleeding.

Silently he wished her happiness in her future. For her sake he hoped she wasn't pregnant even while he wanted his seed growing inside her. If she was pregnant with his child he might have a chance.

He'd have Vance watch over her and report to him. Even if she wouldn't return to Vampyr with him, if she was pregnant, he'd take care of her until the child was born. And whether she wanted his help or not, he'd provide the only thing she might possibly allow. Financial security.

"Goodbye — for now," he murmured as he disappeared to find his cousin.

## Chapter 7

Two months later

Kayla drove up to her apartment building and parked. It wasn't a surprise having Vance opening her door before she could reach for the handle.

"What do you want today, Vance?" she asked, emphasizing her exasperation with a long suffering sigh.

"Just checking on you. Friends and family do that. Where have you been? You weren't at the hospital when I stopped by to see you."

She really wanted to be furious with him but couldn't. He was so openly obnoxious it somehow came out endearing. "Where I was is my business. Not yours or anyone else's." It wasn't something she wanted to share...not yet anyway. The knowledge was too fresh and new, though she'd suspected it since her night with Phaeryn. If she was honest, she'd actually hoped for it.

She was pregnant. Her doctor gave her and the baby a clean bill of health and instructions on staying that way. Next visit would include a sonogram and she couldn't wait for that.

"Don't you have someone else to bother?" She unlocked the trunk of her car, lifted out two sacks of groceries and shoved them into his arms. She took the last sack herself and closed the trunk.

He plucked the last sack from her arms and smiled. "You're the only one on my to-be-bothered list today."

"Lucky me." She scowled and wrinkled her nose at him before leading the way up the stairs and into her apartment. She threw her purse on the table and turned to grab grocery sacks from him. She didn't see her purse wobble, fall over and spill its contents on the table.



“Thanks for your help but it’s time you left. You don’t need to check up on me. I’m fine and I’m going to stay that way.” She was tired of living afraid. What would Phaeryn do if he found out she was pregnant? She wouldn’t give up her world and she wouldn’t let him take her child away from her.

“Checking up on you is currently my major source of daily entertainment. Why would I want to give that up?” A white paper sack with a national pharmacy logo stamped on it had spilled from her purse and caught his attention. He set the last two bags of groceries on the counter, walked around the table and read the label on the prescription stapled to the bag. He was through the kitchen door so fast, that she wasn’t aware he’d done it till he said goodbye.

“See you tomorrow.” He disappeared before she could turn from the refrigerator where she was putting up milk and butter.

Kayla glared at the spot where he’d been. There was no hope she wouldn’t see him again, damn. He might not carry out Phaeryn’s wishes exactly the way he was supposed to — but he did carry them out.

She walked to the table, looked down and froze. Closing her eyes, she sank into a chair and pressed one hand over her softly rounded abdomen. There was no way he hadn’t seen the bag and the attached prescription. No doubt she’d find out very soon just what Phaeryn’s reaction to her pregnancy would be.

Damn it, why was she being such a wimp? She stood up, squared her shoulders and started pulling cans out of a sack. Phaeryn could damn well come if he wanted to. This was her baby and she would take him apart if he even thought of taking it from her. She wasn’t any shrinking violet who couldn’t take care of herself.

Feeling better than she had in two months, she slammed cans into cupboards and slammed the doors shut when she was done.

She’d give him war if he wanted one.

\* \* \*

The next morning she was groaning and cursing before she ever opened her eyes. Morning sickness was definitely something she could live without.

Opening her eyes, she shrieked, sat up, then lay back down with her hand over her mouth. Phaeryn sat on the side of her bed staring down at her.

She closed her eyes and started praying. She couldn’t be sick in front of him.

With casual ease, Phaeryn lifted her into his arms and carried her into the bathroom.

“Go away,” she groaned.

“No.” He held her hair out of the way, and after, washed her face when her stomach decided there was nothing left in it.

Carefully, he lifted her into his arms again and carried her back to the bed. He settled her on the mattress and pulled the blanket over her.

She rolled away from him. She needed to be strong when she faced him, not weak and sick. "Go away."

She didn't look to see if he'd done as she asked him.

When she woke up he was still there.

\* \* \*

Two weeks later she was used to Phaeryn being a fixture in her life. He was always touching her, making sure she was comfortable. He pampered her until she wasn't sure whether to scream or give up.

"Don't you think it's time you cut back your hours at the hospital?" he asked as he drew a bath for her.

His ass was perfectly displayed as he leaned over. The muscles across his back and in his arms rippled as he turned on water faucets checking the temperature. His dark hair was adorably messy. If her child looked anything like him, she'd have to keep him locked up forever. Girls would never leave him alone.

She wanted him so bad she was ready to jump him and he hadn't so much as looked at her except to make sure her ankles weren't swollen.

"Your ankles are never swollen and you can jump me any time you want to."

"Stay out of my mind," she growled, more out of reflex than anger.

"No." He drew her up off the commode, pulled her against his chest and wrapped his arms around her. "I like being in your mind almost as much as I like being *in* you."

She grinned, didn't fight as he undid the buttons of her sweater and pushed it off her shoulders. "I like being in your mind, too, almost as much as I like you being in me."

He unfastened the front closure of her bra and freed her full breasts. He touched her nipples, stroked the areolas around them. "They're darker. Are they more sensitive?"

She shivered. "And how." She couldn't stop her response. Her nipples hardened and she started getting wet.

He breathed in the scent of her passion. *She wanted him* .

"Suck my breasts," she ordered.

"Anything you want." He leaned forward and drew hungrily on her supple flesh. He'd only had her one night yet he craved her. Needed to feel her against him and know that he could have her.

He pushed her pants down over her hips, taking her underwear with them.

She stepped out of her clothes and opened her legs, enticing him to touch her where she needed him most.

He didn't hesitate. Reaching between her legs he stroked her pussy, rimmed her opening with a fingertip before pushing it into her.

“You’re tight on my finger,” he murmured. He moved to her other breast, closed his mouth over her nipple and sank his teeth into her.

She jerked and writhed under the lash of passion his bite whipped through her. His mouth, drawing on her pregnant sensitive nipple, almost made her come.

He released her from his love bite. “Don’t come. Not yet. I want to be inside you when you come.”

He shut off the water before lifting her into his arms, carrying her into the bedroom. Carefully, treating her like she was made of spun sugar, he laid her on the bed.

She watched as he ripped his shirt off, unbuttoned his jeans and pushed them off. His cock stood tall and hard against his abdomen. Pre-cum was already welling from the end.

“Do I get to taste you?” She licked her lips at the thought.

“Not this time. I need you too much.” His tone was dark, almost harsh. He rolled her to her side away from him, cupped her left buttock, squeezed, then pushed her upper leg slightly forward.

She moaned as hard, agile fingers stroked her pussy. She wriggled, rolled halfway onto her stomach and rocked herself against the bed. When he slid two fingers into her, she started rocking her hips, riding his invading digits. She liked his fingers, but she liked his cock more. She’d never tell him, but everything he did was perfect.

He smiled, reading her thoughts as easily as if she’d spoken aloud. He lay down behind her, grasped his cock with one hand and guided the head to her cunt, sliding into her welcoming heat. He wanted to hammer her hard, force her to a quick climax and never let her come down. When the baby was safely delivered he would do just that. Until then he could and would be gentle.

He rocked his hips back and forth. Almost pulled free before pushing back in with slow, steady pressure. It was like sinking into wet, black velvet. Her channel squeezed, almost painfully, his entire length.

He forged into the narrow tunnel of her cunt, the head of his cock stretching her. Teeth gritted, he fought the need to explode inside her. He didn’t want it ending. He couldn’t stop. Lowering his head to her neck, his hips slapping her ass with each powerful motion of his hips, he sank his teeth into her.

She stiffened and screamed, arched back into him, into his penetrating strokes, into his piercing bite. Her senses were heightened almost to the point of pain. His cock, hard and soft, silk over steel. She could feel every ridge in its texture. His teeth piercing her neck. It was too much.

He drilled into her, forced her into the bed. Her right nipple rolled against the mattress until she was ready to scream. Her breasts were tight and exquisitely swollen.

She wanted him stroking her clit and rubbing it. His mouth would be heaven. The threat of his teeth... She shuddered at the thought.

He pulled out of her, rolled her farther onto her stomach, and moved her upper leg farther out of his way. “I want to be inside you. So tight and deep we’re part of each other.”

He pushed into her.

She screamed as he drilled deep.

“Yes!” she gasped. The moist, sucking sound as he rode her, the slap of his flesh against hers, she loved it all. Her breasts rubbed against the bed with each pounding plunge into her. Her neck stung where he’d bit her. She wanted him to bite her again.

“Come for me, Kayla. Show me how much you like this.” He rammed into her, reached around between her legs and rubbed her clit.

She exploded. It felt like she was flying, on fire, burning up, like her body was squeezed in a giant clamp. Her muscles tightened, released, then tightened again as her hips bucked back, riding him as he plowed into her.

Jaw tight, breathing hard, he couldn’t hold back any longer when she collapsed under him. He spurted stream after stream of come into her, grunted as he pumped himself in and out of her. When there was nothing left in him, he collapsed behind her, still inside her.

A long time later he lifted her into his arms and smiled when she didn’t protest but lay quietly against his chest, eyes closed, trusting him. They’d find a way to make it work. He wouldn’t live without her, hoped she didn’t want to live without him.

\* \* \*

Six and a half months later, Kayla glared at Phaeryn as she was wheeled into the delivery room. “This is all your fault,” she growled, sweaty and in pain. “If you’d kept your potent sperm and your sexy bites to yourself, this wouldn’t be happening.”

Phaeryn smoothed her hair back from her face and distractedly smiled at the nurse who looked curious about what sexy biting he’d been doing. They’d get through this together, too.

Five hours later he held his sons, with tears in his eyes as he looked down at his mate.

She couldn’t believe he’d stayed with her the whole time, through pregnancy and now delivery. He’d made trips back to Vampyr but he’d been with her every moment he could. He’d been loving and tender, never once snapping at her when she’d taken her hormone fits out on him.

Watching him as he looked down at the two tiny boys held in his arms, she felt like crying herself. Their children really did mean the world to him.

He smiled as he leaned down, placed the babies in her arms and kissed her. “The children mean the world to me, but you are my world.” He kissed her again, pressed a piece of paper into her hand and disappeared.

She started. Called out. She looked everywhere, but he was gone. Falling back against the bed she hugged the babies, her hand tightening on the paper he had pressed into her hand.

Blinking back tears, she opened the sheet and stared at the writing on it. It was information regarding a bank account in her name. She blinked at the amount in the account. She’d never have to work again if she didn’t want to. Anger boiled up inside her. Did he really think money would make up for him

deserting her the moment their sons were born?

There was a note, too.

Kayla, my love,

I can't stay on Earth and I won't take you from it. I will care for you and our children in the best way I can. Financially. You've taught me so much. To love, to want what was best for you and for our children above my own needs. That is a love I'd never understood if I hadn't met you.

I'm a better person because of you and for that I thank you.

I will always carry you in my heart and love you.

# Phaeryn

Tears streamed down her face. The big jerk. He was a coward, too. Why didn't he tell her all this to her face? Didn't he know how much she loved him?

Well, he wasn't getting away from her that easily. And he'd damn well take more than financial responsibility for his sons and any future progeny they had. He'd just have to make room in his life for her and his family.

\* \* \*

It had been a month since his sons were born. He couldn't quit thinking about them and about Kayla. Were they safe? Did she miss him?

He walked up the path from the lagoon, lifted his face to the moonlight. She would like his world. He wanted to share his home with her, to see his children grow and play, but he wouldn't take the choice from her.

Kayla watched him walk up the sandy path bleached white by the moon's light. He was so big, his hair black in the night light. He looked weary and sad. It was the least he deserved for leaving her like he had.

"I like your home."

He didn't believe his ears, looked up and saw her as he'd dreamed so many times. He was finally losing his mind.

"You know what I thought when I couldn't find you here?"

He shook his head.

"I thought, he'd better not be looking for another mother for his children. I'd have to hurt him and her."

"I'll never look for another woman. I thought I'd lost the only one I'd ever want. Have I?"

She glared down at him from the verandah that ran all the way around his home of open-air galleries and archways. "You haven't lost me yet, but you almost did after that little disappearing act of yours. I was ready to kill you."

He took the steps two at a time to reach her, pulled her into his arms, holding her tight. "How did you get here?"

"Vance."

He smiled and kissed her, once, twice. "You're here."

She hid her face in the crook of his neck. She didn't want him seeing her tears or knowing how much she loved him until they had everything straightened out between them.

"You're too late." He nuzzled her neck, his fangs sprouting as desire hardened his cock.

She pushed away from him despite wanting him so badly she ached. "Before we go any farther we're working out the terms of this relationship. And they're going to be my terms."

He pulled her back into his arms, lowered his head and sipped at her neck. "Whatever you want."

Her eyes closed in spite of herself. "We can live on Vampyr but our vacations will be on Earth."

"Mmmhmm." He bit at the base of her neck then soothed the sting with his agile tongue.

"I've got friends — a life — and I'm not willing to give that up entirely. I want the boys and any other children we have to know what Earth is like and feel comfortable there. And if..."

He pressed his lips to hers, increased the pressure until she opened for him. He stroked into her mouth, his tongue dueling with hers. Carefully, he lowered them to the floor of the verandah where they were bathed in the silvery light of Vampyr's triple moons.

He stripped her clothes away, kissed tenderly her nipples then shed his own clothes. He couldn't resist her swollen breasts, latched onto one taut nipple and sucked. He tasted her milk before lifting his head and tasting her other breast as well.

With licks and nips, he made his way down the center of her body to her mound. Her legs were already parted, her sex open and wet, ready for him.

"Whatever you want. However this will work, I want you and my family. Now that you're here, I'll never let you go again."

She smiled at his words, gasped when his tongue stroked her pussy, insistent and demanding. He latched onto her clit and she came, her orgasm a powerful clenching that went on and on.

He moved up her body, kissed her as he thrust deeply into her.

She wrapped her arms around his neck and smiled sweetly. "As long as you realize I'm in charge as much as you are, everything will be fine."

He smiled back, his expression anything but sweet as he surged into her. He rocked them both to orgasm. When it was over they both lay limp and sated, bathed in the moonlight.

“I love you.”

She snuggled against him. “I love you, too.” She knew it would take a lot of work keeping him in line but she was up to the task. She wouldn’t be a mouse. She was going to be a part of his whole life, not relegated to pieces of it.

He cradled her to him. She was in his arms, and that was all he could ask for now. He’d let her believe what she wanted. *She* was his world. As long as she was with him and safe, he’d let her keep him ‘in line.’ He’d be sure to give her every opportunity to practice. After all, he wanted her to be happy.

He smiled at her outraged expression and started loving her all over again.

Angelina Evans

Romance. Who can live without it? Certainly not Angelina Evans.

Born, raised and still living close to the Canadian border, she enjoys visiting her neighbors to the north when she’s not busy writing. Writing has been a part of Angelina’s life since she could first string words together. Seeing her books in print is a dream come true. Her sincerest wish is that readers will enjoy reading her stories as much as she enjoys writing them.

Look for the release of her book, *Night Stalker* with Changeling Press. She loves to hear from her readers — you can contact her at [angelinaevans1@yahoo.com](mailto:angelinaevans1@yahoo.com).

