

MISTRESS OF MIDNIGHT

By

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The sun dipped into the horizon, painting the sky brilliant oranges and reds, a spectacular natural backdrop to one of man's greatest architectural feats, the *Tour Eiffel*. The silhouette of the black steel structure was a stark contrast to the dance of light and colors against the low hanging clouds.

Paris came alive at night with its legendary electric display. Tourists flocked there year round to gaze upon the Seine from the famous Jules Verne restaurant that towered high above the city.

Some would visit the *Arch de Triomphe* and pay tribute to the former French Emperor Napoleon, but some didn't bother to discover the history. Such visitors would skip the *Louvre*, the greatest collection of art in the world. What a waste.

There was another life in Paris located beneath the bustling streets and towering monuments. A much darker side to this city of lovers thrived in the thousands of tunnels and catacombs built by the dark race that turned from the light centuries ago. There, the vampires existed in a community of darkness.

Tales of creatures that survived upon the blood of the living was only a portion of the real story, immortalized in literature and cinema. There was so much more to the supernatural existence of these vampires that converged in the underworld of Paris.

Mistress Kira, a dark and powerful woman, ruled this Parisian clan of vampires known as the Clan Delaflote. Perhaps it was her age of centuries that aided her wisdom, but few of her inner-circle knew some of her power was inherited through her linage.

Kira was not born vampire. She was born half Fae, half human.

Her mother, a Fae Queen from the green hillside of the ancient island of Eire, appeared to her father, a human. She seduced him and Kira was the result of their union. Never apart of the Fae world, but neither a part of the human society, Kira was shunned by her peers.

Her existence was filled with a magic she could only barely comprehend, until a dark demon awakened her to a completely new existence.

Diablo was the taken name of the creature that snatched Kira into the vampiric

world. He was tall, handsome and his voice could mesmerize any mortal within its range. His blue eyes could entrance with just a glance, and his smile could make a female swoon. To say he was sin incarnate was only touching the surface of his persona. Diablo was a devil that appeared like an angel.

~*~

Kira was captured by his physical beauty, his long black hair falling down around his powerful shoulders, and his chiseled features, sculpted by a hand more skilled than that of a master of arts. She wanted him at first glance, and she gave into her animal needs, only to have him rip away her mortality.

He was a king of their kind, a master of vampires, and she, had become his protégé. She longed to give her body to him, and he took from her the innocence that he craved. Together, they traveled the globe feasting upon the living and building strength for the centuries to come.

Her purpose through the centuries had remained a mystery until they arrived in Paris. There Diablo revealed his intent—Kira was to become the leader of the clan in France. Her immortal blood paired with her magical heritage would aid her in leading one of the largest and most powerful vampire societies on earth.

"It is time for you to fulfill your destiny, Kira, my sweet," Diablo whispered to her one night as they stood together, looking out over the Seine. "I love you dearly, and I wish I was meant to become your mate, but alas, it is not to be. Though we enjoyed our time together, you are meant for another."

"I can't believe you will just leave me, Master. You held my heart the day I first saw you. We must be mates to have been together these three centuries." She wrapped her arms about his waist, his powerful body arousing hers with his closeness.

"You will know when your mate appears. It has been foreseen in the future, my Kira. I wish we were meant to be together, and we stole moments of pleasure along the way, but both our destinies lie elsewhere. Yours is here in Paris. Lead the clan with your wisdom and natural commanding presence. When the true master of your heart arrives, you will know it. Your soul will recognize him as the one to rule by your side."

Diablo's words echoed in Kira's mind as she sat alone on her throne, overlooking the reveling vampires celebrating the summer solstice. Many of them remained steadfast to their Pagan beliefs over the centuries. She was one of them. As the descendant of the Irish Fae, she held strong to her beliefs, and was among the first creatures to show

religious tolerance. The humans were very slow in following suit. Even still, many couldn't bring themselves to allow beliefs any other than their own. Each fought to set their own religion to rein as supreme. Another waste in Kira's eyes.

It was times like this when celebration filled the air that Kira missed Diablo the most. He was right to leave. He wasn't her mate. Nevertheless, she missed him all the same. He had been her friend, her confidant, and her lover. And during times like this, she wished for her true mate by her side, to rule the vampires that turned to her for protection and guidance.

Music filled the air, along with the scent of fresh blood, blood brought in from human donors. There were those among the living that longed for immortality and served the vampires in hopes of finding a way into their society. It was only on occasion that a human servant would ever cross over into her clan. The humans served as pets to feast upon, to use to their benefit. They also guarded the entryways into the vampire lair beneath the Paris streets. At night, her clan members were strong, but during the day, they needed to seek the darkness below. The human pets watched over their masters and mistresses, ensuring their safety. For centuries, this pyramid society of humans and vampires worked in harmony.

Suddenly a hush echoed through the tunnels as the vampires stopped in their celebration. A vampire, a stranger to the clan, had entered the underworld.

The silence was piercing to Kira who now rose from her throne. The vampires parted to the sides of the large meeting room, illuminated by thousands of thick, wax candles. Their flames flickered in the darkness, painting the stone and mortar walls with soft light.

He strode through the parting crowd, tall and muscular. His long blonde hair fell free around his shoulders and down his back. His pale skin was flushed from a recent feeding and his clear blue eyes pinned her to the spot. Gorgeous was hardly the best word to describe the sexual vitality this vampire emanated. Some of the female vampires in the crowd sighed and felt his magnetism pull to them.

"Mistress Kira, let me introduce myself," he said with a Nordic accent. It fit his fair looks, but with an Old World suave and grace. "My name is Johan, Master of the Clan Vilhelm."

"Greetings Master Johan. I see you have the advantage over me. I hadn't known about such a distinguished visit from a fellow leader of the clans."

"I'm here for a certain purpose, Mistress." His voice made her intimate muscles clamp down in need. Damn, not even Diablo had made her body come alive with such want, so fast.

"And what is your reason in coming, Master Johan?"

He stepped closer and she could smell the spicy scent of his cologne and the tangy blood upon his breath. Her heart leapt in her chest as he moved closer. His impeccable taste in clothes, a fine silk suit, costly and black, fit his tall, powerful frame to perfection.

"I'm here to take you as mate, Kira," he whispered so only she could hear. He was so close, so intoxicating to her senses.

"What makes you so sure you are my destined mate?"

"Because now that I have seen your beauty, I know that the fates foretold correctly. The Shaman of my clan saw you in a vision, and I was destined to come here for you. Together, our clans will unite into a powerful coven, and we shall rule in wisdom and strength. You will be my bride, and I, your husband for all eternity."

Air seemed to have been drawn out of the cavernous room. With him so close, it was as though they were the only ones there. "What if I don't feel as if you are my destined mate?"

"You are, sweet Kira. I shall have no other. Once we are joined, I shall worship your body each night. I will conquer your heart. You will be *mine*, *mig hjerte*, my heart."

She straightened taller and gazed sharply into his eyes. "Johan, you're presumptuous and arrogant. You cannot order me to join with you. I am Mistress here, and in my lair, you are my subordinate."

He moved in closer, towering over her. She could feel the heat pour off his skin through his clothes, calling to her. "Kira, you will learn I am your lord, and will soon beg for my touch. You will submit to me, your Master. We will join as mates and rule as equals, but in our chambers, you will freely give me your submission."

Now her stomach somersaulted. Damn, he was presuming too much—and her body liked everything he said. She breathed deeply to calm her own nerves, but all it did was fill her senses with his masculine essence.

He leaned into her, whispering right next to her left ear. His breath was warm and intoxicating upon her skin. "I can smell your sweet honey, milady. It calls to me as it oozes from your cunny."

"You are not only impertinent, but vulgar. Leave now before I call my security forces to have you escorted from our lair."

"How about we make a deal then? If I win, then you let me stay. If not, then I leave without resistance." His tone echoed his self-assurance and power to win whatever he planned.

How intriguing.

She turned her face to his, still hovering by hers. Turning toward him, her lips

were only a breath away from his. She could already taste him upon her tongue. "What kind of deal?"

"I bet, I can make you come without even touching you."

~*~

He didn't know what came over him, but once he saw this woman he had heard the others whisper about as the Mistress of Midnight, he was transfixed. He knew coming here tonight would be the end of his journey in his search, but he never expected her to be completely enchanting.

It was obvious this woman was used to playing with men. She was wild, untamable, and he was up to the challenge to master her body and her heart.

"I don't think that is possible, Johan."

"I love the sound of my name on your lips. Sounds more like a plea for me to fuck you, than a mere name," he said brushing her ear with his lips and then a quick nip to her earlobe. Her sharp intake of breath just excited him more. As much as he wanted to throw her to the floor and fuck her until sunrise, he had to be cautious. Vampires could be dangerous if cornered, especially one as powerful as Kira. "And it is very possible, milady. I can make that cunt crave me to fill it and not even lay a finger upon your ivory skin."

A large panther growled from behind him. Johan turned to see two giant vampires already shifted into black panthers and ready to pounce. In their cat forms, these two would be dangerous—even to him.

Kira raised her hand and halted the guards advance. They were obviously her means to dispose unwelcome visitors.

"You're causing my clan members to become nervous."

"Then perhaps we should retire to a more private area so we may discuss our deal."

"I don't make deals. My word is law here."

He leaned into her again, able to taste her skin with a small flick of his tongue to her neck. He could smell her excitement along with the increased blood flow running through her veins. "I promise to make you glad that you did, *mig hjerte*."

* * *

Kira knew she was completely out of her mind. She hardly ever indulged in sex

unless it was with Diablo, but this vampire made her want to throw caution to the wind.

Here she was, closing the door to her private chambers, alone with a Master to a clan of vampires, one as powerful as she. She turned to him and saw him fighting the beast within. He was as turned on as she.

"Well, hop to it. Make me come."

"Your wish is my command, mig elske, my love," he said huskily.

Then she watched him position before her, a few feet away. There was a knowing smile on his face, and before she could ask what he intended, she felt hands upon her body. The touch was preternatural and—*oh*, *dear Lord*, *sinful*.

"Can you feel me, *mig elske*?" he asked with a chuckle as she watched him flick his tongue as he stood across the room, but she felt it upon her nipple.

She inhaled sharply as his tongue laved at her breast, causing the nipple to harden and elongate. Moaning, she knew her strategy was crossed. He could make her come without physically touching her.

"Since the moment I smelled your perfume upon the winds, drawing me here to you, I've longed for this moment."

It was as though several hands stroked her, bypassing her clothes and touching her skin. One hand cupped her breast as his phantom tongue feasted on its sweetness, and another hand cupped her bottom, then two others trailed down the back of her thighs and her calves. At her ankles, his thumbs traced small circles upon the sensitive skin. Fingertips moved upward and she gasped as another hand grasped her other breast and teased the nipple into a point.

Never had she felt such worshipful hands—and ghostly hands at that. It was like being pleasured by several men at once.

Then he touched her weeping center, parting her folds to caress the button that would bring her into paradise. No, not his finger stroked the throbbing center of her being, his tongue danced and teased her clit, and she moaned, unable to hold back the ecstasy building within her body.

"Oh, sweet, Kira, you are ambrosia to this hungry vampire." His voice only added to the ripples of pleasure now skittering across her skin, and the excitement pumping with each heartbeat.

She threw back her head and an ethereal purr escaped her throat.

This stranger had awakened the beast she kept at bay in her soul. Within moments of their meeting, she was climbing into a dangerous situation. Her vampire half raged with need—the need to mate with this incredible man. She tried to tell herself he was just another man, but her body didn't listen. With the touch of his tongue to her

straining clit, she lost all reason. Nothing could prevent her from giving into his phantom ministrations.

Another pass of his tongue and a squeeze of his hand upon her breast, she dropped down to the floor onto her knees. Spreading her knees, she opened her thighs and reached down to her center. Even through the material of her tight black leggings, her moisture was evident.

"I need you now, Johan. Please, fuck me before I die from want." Her voice was a whisper as she pleaded with him.

Then the sensation of his mouth enclosing her clit shot through her entire being. He sucked at the flesh and all restraint was broken. She climaxed violently as he touched her with his powers. Hands teased and caressed each part as his mouth worked magic upon her.

Her body convulsed sending floods of joy surging through her veins. The beast clawed to the surface and she screamed with the mating call of her kind. The walls echoed her song as her body rode the waves over and over.

As the contractions ebbed, she reclined onto her back, lying upon the floor. Never had she had such an intense climax, and without the benefit of a cock fucking her. By the gods, this man was a dream lover. What would it be like once his flesh touched hers?

"I won the bet, *mig elske*," he said from across the room.

She glanced up to him, standing there in her chambers. He had pealed away his clothes and stood there gloriously naked. Hard muscle and sinew graced his tall figure. Damn, he was perfection. His blonde hair was a beautiful compliment to his pale skin. His cornflower blue eyes were heated and intense as his gaze roamed over her body. It was as though, he stripped her with those eyes.

"You won the bet, Johan. Now, you have me. What do you propose to do with me?" Her voice was thick with sexual excitement, husky, and seductive. She hardly recognized herself.

"I'm going to fuck you and make you scream for more."

"And then?" she panted.

"We will be joined before your clan, then rule together as it has been foretold."

"I won't be weak before my people."

"I wouldn't want you to be. Only in the privacy of our bedchambers will you be submissive to my touch."

He crossed the room and stood above her. She felt completely at his mercy, just as he wished. Somehow, it was not at all unpleasant. On the contrary, she liked letting down her defenses and allowing him to take charge over the situation. There was

something irresistibly sexy about letting this man take control...becoming her Master.

As he looked down upon her figure sprawled on the floor, she felt powerful. In his eyes, she saw the intensity of his passion, and the rock hard cock that stood proud and erect from the blonde nest at his groin. He was very aroused by her.

She smiled and slowly ran the tip of her tongue over her top lip, testing his reaction. His cock jumped at her subtle action, and she felt the true power in her submissive position. She enjoyed his lust filled gaze raking over her body, and she wanted more. She needed to have him inside of her, filling her core with his flesh, joining them in the ancient dance of mates.

Diablo had taught her the ways between men and women centuries ago, but it was an empty experience. They both knew they used each other to sate the sexual hunger along with the sensual, blood thirst that accompanied the act. This time, she felt something more than she ever experienced with Diablo. Johan was about to complete her. This was going to be more than sex.

Johan reached out to her and said, "Come, sweet Kira. Let us go to bed where we can be much more comfortable."

She took his offered hand and a jolt of heated electricity shot through her arm, and in turn, coursed through her veins. As she stood, she was aware of her own body's response to this blonde Viking warrior. Her pussy was slick with cream from her orgasm, but it still felt empty, yearning for him to fill it to the hilt.

He pulled her into his arms, and her body pressed against his nakedness. Even through the thin layer of fabric, she felt his burning skin and the molten blood pumping in his veins. *Hot and sexy. Untamable. Irresistible.*

"You feel perfect, but you have too many clothes on."

"My thought exactly," she moaned.

A tearing sound and an effortless tug, and she was rid of her blouse and her leggings. Kira felt as if she had come home, standing skin to skin, and flesh touching flesh, within the arms of this Viking. Was this how it felt to have your one true mate?

His lips tasted the soft, creamy skin of her shoulder and her body shuddered beneath his touch. Heated blood surged faster through her body as her heart pounded within.

He whispered words in his native tongue, and she stood mesmerized. Melting into his body, she joined him on many levels. Not just physical, but emotional, and mental.

Her eyes rolled back as his lips danced across her skin and she sighed at the blissful pleasure from such a simple gesture. Then she was lifted into his arms as he

carried her to the bed. Laying her down onto the soft down comforter, he quickly covered her body with his hard one.

They fit together perfectly. His hands mapped each inch of her skin as he studied her form through taste and touch.

Ecstasy bubbled beneath the surface as her vampiric blood boiled for his to mingle in the ancient ritual of the clans. The Joining Ceremony —the ultimate bond between vampires. Through this sexual exchange of blood and orgasm, they would be "married" in the eyes of the clans.

Her joining with Diablo was similar, but there was one difference. To complete the Joining Ceremony, each would open their entire being—heart, body and soul—and complete the mental bond that links their essences for all eternity. To ever break this joining would mean the destruction of the other. Two halves of one whole was achieved with this ritual. She didn't share such a sacred link to her mentor, but her soul cried out for Johan to complete her.

His tongue laved at her erect nipple and a moan escaped her lips. Her hips moved of their own volition, and when his fingers dipped into her honeyed folds, she bucked up against his palm.

"So slick and sweet, my Mistress of Midnight, you slay me with your responsiveness to my touch."

"I can't help it," she whispered as his thumb stroked her straining clit. A finger entered her wet passage and she nearly fell to pieces.

"Hold off, Kira. Don't come yet. We have an eternity of bliss to explore. Don't rush this."

"But I need you, Johan." Her hips moved against his fingers in beat with his strokes. "Want you..." Dare she tell him how much she truly wanted everything he could give? That she desired his heart, body and soul. To complete the Joining and link them beyond mere lovers?

His penis was poised outside her entrance, and he moaned, "I want you more than anything I've ever known, Kira. Fear not, the desire for your sweet body runs deeper than a physical satisfaction." With a grunt and a thrust into her channel, she cried out as he recited the ancient vow of the "Joining," "I claim you, Kira of Clan Delaflorte. You are mine—heart, body, and soul—in exchange for my complete devotion of a mate. I hereby pledge my eternal love to you alone."

She screamed aloud as her climax rocked her entire world. Crashes of emotions, her own as well as Johan's flooded her brain. They were exchanging the ultimate bond in the midst of orgasm. Only then was she aware of the sharp pain at her neck. As Johan

pumped his seed into her womb, he drank from her the rich essence of blood. Each drawing of blood from her vein sent her higher into orgasm, one wave crashing into another as her body celebrated this animalistic and bestial intimacy, yet, her heart sang in joy at the sheer unbelievable euphoria.

"Johan, yes, take me as yours," she panted as he emptied the last of his seed into her body.

* * *

It was the moment he had awaited his entire existence. She succumbed to his loving such as none had ever done before. His heart nearly burst when he entered her tight sheath and she moaned beneath him. Nothing could keep back the "Joining" vows, even if he had wanted to. She was his mate for all eternity, and when he sipped her life elixir, he nearly completed the ritual. Drinking from her luscious neck, he transferred his memories and established the mental connection that would bond them as true mates.

All that remained was the ceremony before her clan, marking her as his woman, and he as her man. She would drink from him and they would finalize the "Joining," assuring the entire vampire clan no doubt of their destinies. Only the purest trust and devotion could bind them together to rule.

He slipped out of her body and immediately missed the wet heat. She whimpered at the loss too. "Soon, Kira, we shall be joined again soon," he whispered then kissed her forehead gently. Who would have known he held such tenderness within his character? Certainly not after all these centuries of living as a vampire.

"I can't believe this is happening," she mused softly.

"Neither can I. Such emotions are foreign to me, but with you, it seems natural, completely right."

She gazed up into his face in wonderment. "I feel the same. It is no secret that I was Diablo's consort for centuries, but this...this is different."

He stiffened. He knew about her and Diablo, but to hear her speak his name, it bothered him. Jealousy over a long past affair?

Her fingertips traced his jaw and she reassured, "Johan, my heart is yours. I think you know that already." Then he heard within his mind, "*Everything that I am belongs to you, my Viking lord*."

Kissing her was his response. He plunged into her mouth as though denied sustenance for a century, and he drank her into his soul. Her tongue met his in a frenzied dance, and he moaned in ecstasy.

Her mind brushed across his in a loving caress, and he relished the sensation. It was a much more intimate connection than the physical, sexual bond. Nothing he ever

experienced could match the pleasurable touch of her thoughts reaching out to him.

He broke the kiss then muttered, "Let us go out to your clan members and finish the ritual, *mig elske*."

She nodded, and as he lifted off her, he missed the closeness of her. Skin to skin was the only way he wanted Kira. *She will be naked and beneath me every time we are in our chambers*, he thought. *But then again, having her ride me is a nice image too*.

"I heard that," she laughed as she slipped from the bed and padded across the room to her armoire and pulled out a red silk robe.

He pulled on his discarded pants, and smiled, "Having you read my thoughts...I'll have to get used to that."

Striding over to her, he took her into his arms, cherishing the cool silk against his skin and the heat radiating from her skin beneath. "Let's go and lead our clans into the future."

~*~

Kira felt secure and safe within his arms, and the connection they now shared was not only pleasurable, but also euphoric. She understood the seriousness of the Joining as they strode into the grand room where many of her clan still gathered, dancing and drinking into the early morning.

A shiver of fear ran down her spine at the thought of her next move. She must drink from Johan and then allow him to claim her before her clan. That last part was the most difficult to prepare for. Before all of her friends, she would mate with Johan and allow him to mark her as his possession. This ritual was barbaric and dated back to the early days of their creations, but it was necessary in their world. If she was not marked as Johan's, it could indicate his power was weak and others may try to take his position within the clan. Even though she was powerful in her own right, this was tradition, and that was hard to break from those days when ritual was a way of life. To many of the vampires, they stood strict to those beliefs of the code of the Joining.

She just hoped she had the strength to endure his marking in public.

"Don't worry so. I will make this as pleasurable and tolerable as possible. Do you think I want to make you uncomfortable?"

"*No*." She knew he wouldn't. Call it instinct, or blind trust. Or maybe her heart was already his after such a short time. Could one fall in love so quickly? She had told him of her feelings moments ago, but did she truly believe it?

The room fell silent as they entered. Johan left her side for a few moments to talk to one of Kira's security forces, now back in their human forms.

Drakkar nodded to her to confirm Johan's order. He was a large African male vampire whom Kira had found one night on the streets of Paris. He had been left to fend for himself after being turned by a stranger in the area. Drakkar had become Kira's trusted guard and aide, and she wondered how he and Johan would get along. How would any of her clan accept Johan?

Johan strode over to her and clasped his hand in hers. The fire that burned in his blue eyes was undeniable. She felt engulfed by the sheer heat radiating from them,

penetrating deep into her being.

"And now, Kira we shall complete our destiny and become one before the clan. None would doubt our bond after tonight."

He lifted her hand to his lips as his mind brushed against hers, reassuring and caring.

Her breathing quickened as she became more aware of her thirst for his blood. It pumped through his veins, urging her on to taste its tangy essence, and she unconsciously licked her lips. He moaned as he drew her closer to him, and she inhaled his masculine scent of spice and sex. Their encounter still clung to his body—sweat and sexual fluids. Combined with his natural scent, it was an intoxicating mixture.

"Johan," she whispered as he brought her wrist to his lips. At that moment, no one else existed. It was only the two of them. She was unaware of the others looking on as she and Johan proved their loyalty and devotion.

"I take you into my body, Kira, and pledge my soul and heart to you alone. For the rest of eternity, I will be your mate, your immortal lover." Then, a sharp pain pinched the inside of her wrist as he sank his fangs into her flesh.

She nearly had an orgasm from the sensation of his action, but there was more to these final steps of the Joining.

He soothed over the wound with his tongue and the holes closed before her eyes, just as any wound to her body had done for centuries. Only this time, a mark was left behind—the mark of her mate.

It was time for her to mark him, drink from him. He enclosed her into his arms as her silk covered skin became taught with the awareness of his closeness. His bare torso was well muscled and smooth with erect nipples surrounded by tanned aureoles. His skin was pale, but it suited him. His long blonde hair fell down his back in silken waves that she longed to study at length with her fingers. Her cunt reacted for this perfect specimen of a vampire, and she longed for his cock to pound into her.

"Soon," he caressed in her mind.

"I hereby take you as my mate, my immortal lover. You shall reign beside me for the centuries to come as equals. I give you my heart, my body and my soul. My love will be for you alone." She leaned in and her lips touched the warm pulse at his neck, then she bite into his vein.

An explosion of sweet blood and powerful emotions flooded her body and mind. With each gulp of his life-elixir, she felt her entire being bond with him. This strange, handsome man had quickly become the one to hold her heart in a matter of hours. As she drank, her soul recognized him as her missing half, the one she longed for all these

centuries. Never again would she pine for love, for Johan was the only one that could truly answer every desire of passion and caring. She was in love with a vampire, destined to rule by her side, and to dominate her body in the darkness of midnight.

He wrapped her in the protection of his arms as she drank, and she hated to break away, wanting to continue to take him into her. But, she didn't want to drain him completely. There was one last step to this ritual.

She drew her tongue across the wounds and they healed in a moment, but leaving behind the customary marks of a mate. He nuzzled her neck and murmured low, "Kira, I love you. I will always love you."

"Johan, I can't explain it, but I love you too. I can't imagine the centuries without you."

"We may not know each other well, but through our love, we will survive."

They kissed deep and caring. Kira was swept away by the emotions bombarding her heart. Yes, they would make this work. Love could see them through anything.

He turned her in his arms and she felt his hardness mold her against her backside. His cock found the crevice of her buttocks, and she wiggled against it. He chuckled as he lifted her robe to expose her ass.

He had to take her before the clan as the final part of the ceremony. Somehow, her nervousness fled. Having his skin glide along hers was beyond anything she had ever felt before. He bent her over and with a swift thrust, pushed into her slick feminine passage. Holding her steady with his powerful hands, he pumped into her with ease.

She whimpered as his cock slammed into her to the hilt, filling her. Thrust then retreat, then repeat. It was erotic and bestial.

Then she realized her eyes were closed, so swept away in the ecstasy of him fucking her. She briefly opened her eyes to see her people had turned away. Their backs to them, Johan and Kira were fulfilling their ritual, but without the discomfort of voyeurism. She smiled and as he thrust into her again and yelled aloud his release, she joined him in a mutual climax.

He cared so much for her, he had instructed Drakkar to have her people turn away. Johan knew of her nervousness of this last part, and he made it tolerable for her. Oh, how she loved him already!

"For all eternity, Kira. For all eternity."

* * *

The scent of sex and blood filled Diablo's nostrils even up upon the *Tour Effiel*. Kira found her mate and the Joining Ceremony was complete. She was now Johan's.

Somehow, he disliked the entire thing. Yes, he knew Kira was not his destined

mate, but he had loved her from the very beginning. She was a woman hard not to love. She was probably the closest thing to perfection he had ever encountered.

But now she belonged to another.

"My friend, you knew this day would come," said a voice with a thick Eastern European accent.

Diablo turned his head to see the dark figure of his mentor. "Vlad, what are you doing here?"

"I felt your loneliness and pain, Diablo. I came to see why, but then I heard of Johan claiming the fiery Kira, and I knew." The ancient vampire stood upon the steel girders of the tower with ease and grace. He practically floated in the air. His dark straight hair was pulled back away from his face in an antique queue and his dark eyes glimmered in the night. He was a mixture of beast and class, and at the moment, the human side of the vampire reigned.

"Perhaps it is time to leave Europe and visit America. I haven't been there in a long time."

"Ah, yes. America is full of opportunity." Vlad paused, then added, "Mayhap, I should go with you, my friend. It would be a nice change in the vintage and taste."

Diablo studied the young face of the famous vampire. If the humans only knew, their tales of Count Vlad Dracul Tepes were much more than mere folk tales.

"New Orleans is a wonderful haven for those such as us, Diablo. Let us go there first."

He nodded. "Sounds perfect. I know of a club there that caters to the dark side of the city. It's called the Devil's Talon."

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