

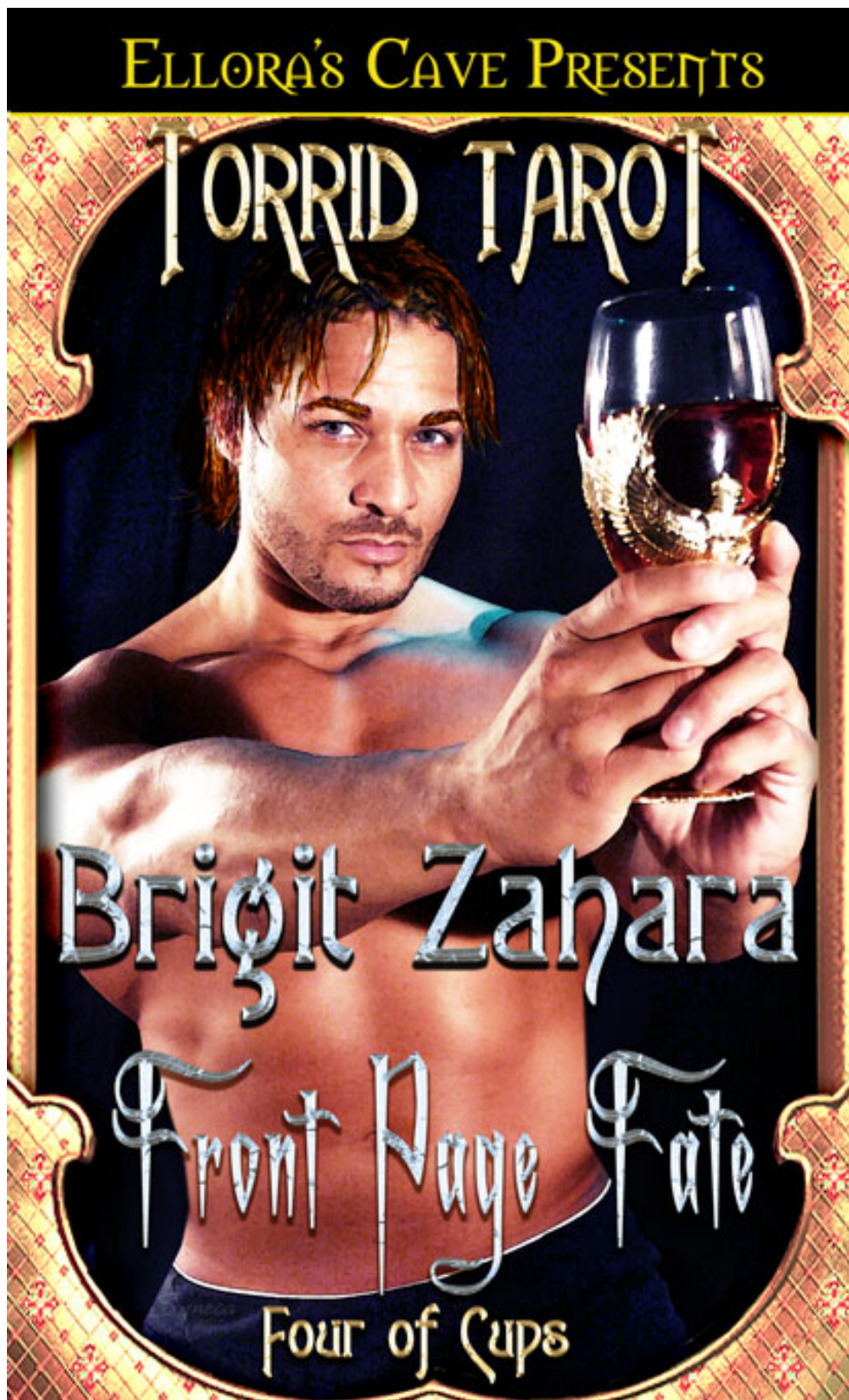
ELLORA'S CAVE PRESENTS

# TORRID TAROT

Brigit Zahara

Front Page Fate

Four of Cups



An Ellora's Cave Romantica Publication



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Front Page Fate

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# *FRONT PAGE FATE*

**Brigit Zahara**

## *Dedication*

*For Stuart. Thanks for the inspiration.*

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## *The Four of Cups*

Dear Reader,

As is the case with all tarot cards, one can often find a number of suggested meanings and interpretations allotted to each image, sometimes conflictingly so. You may even discover you have your own take on a card—something new and uncharted—that magically turns out to be quite prophetic. Either way, throughout the course of seeking a set definition for any given card, you will see a number of common elements emerge which are generally embraced as the true meaning.

With the Four of Cups, there are two related factors to consider—the Cup itself and the contents of the Cup.

Interpreting the androgynous subject's gloomy expression as dissatisfaction and boredom, the Four of Cups card is often thought to indicate a relationship, once fresh and exciting, that no longer fulfills the individual's needs. Additionally it speaks of a time of great disappointment and uncertainty, a need to reevaluate and being stuck emotionally. Seeking stimulation and comfort, the individual often turns to overindulgence in anything from drink and drugs to food and sex, wishing for something or someone better.

That's the bad news.

The good news is what's in the Cup.

Intrinsically linked to all Cups, Water, best known for representing the individual's love life, similarly addresses the issue of self-medicating behaviors. However, being a card of strong emotions, psychic connections and visions, it primarily refers to positive blissful feelings that one comes to surrender to and sink into as well, at the start of a new relationship.

## Chapter One

*Los Angeles, California*

*Present day*

*Liz lay on the bed naked, her arms flung overhead to grasp the spiraled steel rungs of the headboard as she panted heavily, her eyes squeezed shut in obvious ecstasy. Her long slender legs, trembling and twitching in response to the serious tongue-lashing her engorged pussy was enduring, flanked either side of the brown-haired head that moved between them.*

*Parting her saturated outer lips even further to better expose her distended clitoris, her delicious deliverer of orgasms gently closed his lips around Liz's swollen nub. Sucking slowly on the ultra-sensitive flesh, he steadied her hips with his hands as she involuntarily thrust her pelvis against his face. Her low needy moan filled the room as he began to work her over with long leisurely strokes of his tongue, soon moving to fast and furious flicks done at an inhuman speed that quickly brought her to yet another explosive climax.*

*Sliding down, he parted his lips wide to suck the very life force that poured out of her sopping sweet opening, diving his tongue into her hot, trembling core as she came hard. Her body convulsed at the powerful suction of his mouth and the swirls of his tongue that teased the walls of her contracting vagina, his own muffled groan mingling with Liz's searing scream that threatened to shake loose the stucco from the ceiling.*

*Perspiration-soaked and breathless, Liz looked down the length of her body, just as her lapping lover raised his head and smiled a grin that just about made her come on its own strength. Then, with a glint in his dark eyes, he lowered his head and began again...*

*Liz awoke, her eyes fluttering open only to squeeze shut again at the blinding sunlight that streamed in through the living room windows. Shifting on the couch, she rolled over onto her side with a deep, frustrated sigh. For the past couple of months,*

she'd been haunted by dreams of some mysterious vampire who routinely got off on getting her off and for the life of her, she didn't know why.

Venturing a peek out from underneath her sore eyelids, Liz's blurry gaze fell upon the black-and-white poster of Bela Lugosi as Dracula on the wall across the way. Surely to God that couldn't be the motivation behind the sensual visions. Not only had she owned that poster for ages without any erotic reactions, but the truth of the matter was that, while she loved the old bloodsucker movies, she didn't find any of them or their leading men even remotely sexy.

Looking down, Liz winced as last night's "nocturnal aid"—an empty bottle of red wine—came into view before her on the coffee table. It was then that she remembered she had much bigger issues than a handful of hot hallucinations. As if to punctuate the point, her dry mouth and pounding headache served as further reminders of what had become her nightly ritual since the breakup with her film producer boyfriend some eight weeks earlier.

That little surprise, arriving on their third anniversary no less, hit Liz hard. *Really* hard. The cold hard fact that the man she assumed would one day be her husband had ditched her for a twenty-one-year-old blonde bimbo with boobs the size of melons, a fake 'n bake tan and lips like a blowfish had left her unable to eat, sleep or concentrate. In an effort to help ease her tattered nerves and encourage a little shuteye, Liz had resorted to taking a glass of shiraz before bed. After all, she still had her job as a fearless, do-anything, go-anywhere investigative reporter for the *L.A. Times* to maintain.

Or she had.

Her dismay over the breakup permeated every other aspect of her life, including her work, and soon she was dreading going into the noisy bright downtown office. The barrage of ringing phones, keyboards being furiously typed upon as the daily deadline approached and various voices volleying back and forth over the fabric cubicles that sectioned the newsroom into a series of private working spaces just seemed too overwhelming.

‘Course it didn’t help that her one-drink-an-evening pain panacea very quickly turned into two and then three. Granted, it served its purpose in helping her fall into a sort of comatose dreamland, but on the flip side, her habit of getting just shy of juiced each night effectively managed to dry up her own creative juices. While she never drank during the day or went to work drunk, after a pile of missed deadlines and mediocre stories and under the gentle guise of “relieving the pressure” on her, Liz was demoted to writing obituaries.

*How fitting. The dead writing about the dead.*

Any other publisher would have fired her by now, but the man at the helm of the *Times*, Derek Matheson, was an old family friend who was willing to stick with her during this “difficult period”.

But why, she asked herself for the millionth time, was the breakup taking *such* a toll on her? Apart from the sting of rejection, Liz had always known that their relationship had been one of convenience. Sure, she had loved the guy—in a way—settling into a comfortable sort of secure companionship. But how many times had she asked herself if there wasn’t something or someone better?

When it came right down to it, wasn’t romance intended to be thrilling? Shouldn’t you be prepared to go to the ends of the earth for the one you loved? Weren’t you meant to damn near come at the sound of your lover’s voice, to explode at the touch of his hands and tongue, on you, *in* you? Weren’t you led to believe that there was nothing better than making love with the man of your dreams?

Perhaps. Maybe. In the pages of a romance novel. But for Liz, in real life, romance was one of two things—either you had that earth-shattering sexual chemistry but no love and commitment to speak of, or you had the warmth and security of true affection but no fireworks in the bedroom. It just wasn’t possible to get both.

And *that*, she realized in a sudden revelation, was the reason she was finding it so tough to let go and move on. In her association with her now-ex-lover, it hadn’t been



one or the other...it had been *neither*. Translation? She had just wasted three years of her life with the wrong man for the wrong reasons.

Maybe she should have listened to that fortune-teller after all.

Shortly after moving in with her now-no-longer man and long before any disillusionment or boredom set in, Liz had encountered a street-corner card reader on a weekend trip to Greenwich Village. Hinting at problems to come, the flamboyant gypsy had flipped up—what was it again?—ah yes, a card entitled the Four of Cups. With a stern expression, the woman claimed that Liz’s “restlessness in a relationship and curiosity about someone else” was a warning.

Liz, on the other hand, had a radically different interpretation. Focusing on the cup-bearing hand that extended from a cloud toward the lone figure sitting amid three upturned cups, she saw the image as the definitive sign that the individual’s heaven-sent true love had, after a series of failed affairs, finally arrived.

In the end, it appeared as though the tarot lady had been right.

Groaning, Liz got up, suddenly resolved to grab herself by the scruff of the neck and start anew. She may not have a man in her life who could do things to her heart and soul and body that, to date, she had only dreamed of, but by God, she had her career and it could and would be salvaged.

At the time of her demotion, Derek had made the firm promise that when—not *if*, but *when*—she was up to writing features again he would support her one hundred percent. Her first article back, however, would have to be special—a story to die for, something that no one else had ever done or even attempted to do. Top drawer. Front page. Pitching Derek would be step one. If he agreed, then came the hard part—she’d have to go out and nail it. Pure and simple. With that ambitious but enticing plan igniting a fire in her belly, Liz grabbed a shower, dressed and headed into the office.

The usual din of the department barely fazed her as she strode to her massive corner desk to embark on her newfound mission. Painstakingly going through the mountain of papers that had been amassing for some time to clutter the desktop, Liz sat

down and began reading each and every item. Collectively there were several hundred scraps—some handwritten, some printed-out emails—containing notes, numbers, article ideas, leads and contacts dating back to before her meltdown. The pile also included old issues of the paper, and books on grammar, editing and style.

Even after several hours of leafing through the note and memo bombardment, Liz remained hopeful that she would find something among the rubble to emerge as her salvational subject. Granted, it would have to be one hell of a topic—shocking, sensational and groundbreaking—to make Derek reverse his decision so soon but then again, he did dangle the carrot, so his willingness was there. Now it was up to her to do her part.

So far she had come across the usual redirections to the City, Entertainment and Lifestyle desks, along with more than a few suggestions and requests that were better suited to a tabloid than a legitimate daily newspaper. As was the case at least four or five times a year, she received a Loch Ness monster sighting. Sometimes she heard tell of a supposed exposé on one or another of the more renowned serial killers, including Jack the Ripper and the city's biggest unsolved case, the Black Dahlia. Even more frequently came claims of the world's heaviest this, smallest that, miracle what-have-you, none of which Liz ever responded to. Similarly, today she encountered no shortage of crackpot theories and queries.

When she had nearly reached the point where she could actually see the desk's surface, a printed-out email that she herself had marked with a red asterisk peeped out from the bottom of the pile catching her attention. Picking it up, Liz carefully read the message that had been addressed to her personally.

*Dear Ms. Hawke,*

*I have a story for you that I am certain you will find of the utmost interest. More than that, no one else in the world can write this story. Quite the statement—yes? Regardless, it is true because where others have attempted such a sensational subject matter without any evidence, you will be able to present undeniable confirmation of what you state.*

*However before I divulge any details, I implore you yourself to take this note seriously. While my claims will seem unbelievable, possibly even ridiculous to you, I can offer you irrefutable verification of what I am about to say.*

*Moving past myth, legend and fictionalized characterizations, there is an individual presently residing in Los Angeles who has walked this earth for over two hundred years. No longer a mortal, he does exist by drinking human blood, a necessity he has learned to achieve without harming his mortal meal tickets. Even more amazing, at least to the mortal populace, he is in possession of a host of supernatural skills that are nothing short of mind-blowing.*

*To the best of my knowledge, he is the only one of his kind willing to come out into the light. I myself have known him a long time and can vouch for his authenticity as well as your safety in pursuing this story.*

*I know right now you seek something to put you back at the top of your game. Trust me, THIS IS WHAT YOU ARE LOOKING FOR. My writing days are behind me but yours, with this story, will begin again.*

*Entertained by the ambience of a private S&M/goth club in West Hollywood called Bites and Bonds, you can find him there in most Friday nights after midnight.*

*His name is Skylar Tremont.*

*Sincerely,*

*A concerned colleague*

*P.S. Remember, this is no empty assertion. Without any threat to your well-being, when you meet Skylar, he will prove beyond a shadow of a doubt that he is what I say.*

Liz looked at the email address. It was from [aconcernedcolleague@hotmail.com](mailto:aconcernedcolleague@hotmail.com). Checking the date the email was sent she realized the email had arrived the very day she had been switched to penning obits.

*What the heck?*

There simply was no way it was an attempt on the part of her former boyfriend to twist the knife. He may have been a lot of things—including unfaithful—but intentionally mean was not one of them.

And okay, yeah, she had long been a fan of film fangsters and a lot of people knew about it. Maybe someone was just messing with her for the fun of it, but who and why?

Liz read the note again, noting the key points appealing to her.

*A concerned colleague. My writing days are behind me. I know you seek something to put you back at the top of your game.*

Whoever it was certainly knew, either wittingly or not, how to push her buttons.

Taking it from another angle, Liz had to admit it was absolutely ludicrous to accept the note as fact, believing that a “real” vampire—though noticeably not stated as such—was “living” in the City of Angels. Yet there was an undeniable vibe transcending the words on the paper that gave an aura of sincerity. Try as she might, she couldn’t flat out disregard the letter’s appeal. Personally speaking, that is.

While the email was undoubtedly nothing more than an elaborate hoax which would never lead to a story of any kind, on a private note, Liz’s curiosity was stimulated—and it had been a very long time since she had felt any kind of stimulation.

She knew of Bites and Bonds, had heard of its central location, well-populated lounge-like interior and harmless crowd of bloodsucking wannabes and alternative sex seekers. Known for its tongue-in-cheek motto of “No blood? No pain? No way!” it was common knowledge that patrons had to be dressed in vampire or S&M attire to gain admittance.

Friday was only a few days away. With a decisive nod, she easily waved off any trepidation over trudging out in the middle of the night to hook up with a heartbeat-challenged immortal. In her thirteen-year career as an investigative reporter, she had faced far scarier scenarios.

All things considered, what could a trip to meet up with the supposedly supernatural Skylar hurt?

## **Chapter Two**

Bites and Bonds, located within walking distance of Liz's apartment, was situated right on the corner of La Brea Avenue and Hollywood Boulevard. As was the case with numerous other areas in L.A., several hip nightclubs could be found along a single strip, peppered amid the gargantuan palm trees and lush green foliage. The rare drinking establishment was even occasionally recognizable for what it was, an obvious canopy or ornate sign jutting out onto the sidewalk to announce its existence. However, most catered to the celebrity penchant for privacy, making the entrances to their discreet clubs either partially or completely hidden from view. Such was the case with Bites and Bonds.

After walking up and down the block where the club should be, periodically squinting into the dense bush that in its thickness suggested something was lurking beyond, Liz was beginning to wonder if she had written the address down wrongly. It was only when she saw a young woman in a red satin coat stepping into and seemingly swallowed by the shrubbery did Liz realize she had located B&B's entrance. Squaring her shoulders and taking a deep breath, Liz followed the woman's lead, smoothing her new outfit as she went.

Just that afternoon she had visited Sanctuary, a goth-S&M store on Melrose Avenue. Eager to shed her normal journalist attire of loafers, jeans and a blazer, Liz needed an outfit that would let her blend in with the club's regulars.

Once inside the little hole-in-the-wall shop, Liz's attention was instantly drawn to a small black television set that was nestled among the scores of books on whipping techniques, bloodletting and sexual strategies. Playing what appeared to be a homemade porno video, it contained the image of a buxom brunette sporting a gothic-looking crucifix that hung down between her large, swaying breasts. Down on all fours

she intently sucked the cock of the heavily muscled guy who stood in front of her, her head bobbing furiously to slide her red-lined mouth up and down his bulky shaft. Behind her another thick-cocked male, pummeling her glistening anus with a vengeance, suddenly pulled out, roughly jerking his tool with one hand to come all over her back.

Liz moved into a separate area designated for fashion. Her eyes moved around the small room that contained row upon row of garments stretching up to the ceiling. The retrieval of the loftiest items required the handy ladder that stood tilted against one wall. A explosion of primarily black, red, purple and white filled the space, the assorted fabrics represented in the visual collage of clothing ranging from feathers, fur, chiffon, silk and satin to lace and of course, leather, vinyl, latex and plastic. Reaching for a campy high-collared gown, Liz nearly jumped out of her skin at the sound of the clerk's nasal voice behind her, strongly declaring the piece was "all wrong for you".

Not an hour later, Liz walked out in a purple velvet mini-dress with tiny spaghetti straps. The corset-like bodice with its black satin laces running up the middle cinched in her waist and pushed up her ample breasts to practically pop out over top of the lace edge. Barely there sheer black nylons and the hint of a black lace garter belt could be spied atop her thigh-high black vinyl *fuck-me* boots with stiletto heels so high they would be a definite no-no for a person with vertigo. A gorgeous black lace full-length cape with a gently rounded hood let the material fall in a convenient V on either side to frame her plentiful cleavage. Once home, she split her shoulder-length blonde hair into eight sections that she braided and secured into individual spirals that extended from her head. The effect was that of a modern but very sexy Medusa. Pale foundation accentuated by black eyeliner and blood-red lipstick put the finishing touches on her sizzling new undead look.

Now, standing at the veiled entrance to the bar just a little after midnight, Liz fumbled a bit along the apparently impenetrable hedge before she noted a slight gap where the woman before her had just gone through. Moving through the clandestine

channel, she came out on the other side, starting a little at the massive black-leathered figure who fronted the door. Not an inch of his body was unadorned by the dark cowhide, including his face and head. Completely covered by a tight black leather mask, only small zippered slits for his eyes, nose and mouth allowed him to see, breathe and speak. From what Liz could tell, he was looking right at her.

“Coming?”

Liz suddenly felt a little mischievous.

“Hope springs eternal.”

“Huh?”

The joke was obviously lost on the no-necked doorman. Walking toward him, she eyed him seriously.

“Yeah, thanks.”

Wordlessly, the bouncer opened the door for her. As soon as he did, the raw, angry sounds of the house band tumbled out, the sudden volume of the music surprising Liz. Outstanding soundproofed structures were another constant of the L.A. nightclub scene and clearly Bites and Bonds was no exception.

Once inside, Liz stood rooted for a long moment. As she had anticipated it was dark, so she allowed her eyes to adjust to the light, or lack thereof, before moving forward. Slowly the shapes around her emerged, the series of round two-person tables unexpectedly made romantic by the single candle centered on each one, bodies milling about the short bar that sat diagonally against the far left side of the narrow room, the five-person band that rocked and raged directly opposite her. Fronted by a thin black girl with a shaved head and too many piercings to count—all of which were visible, including her jeweled nipple rings which sparkled through her sheer top—she yelled into the mic held in one hand, all the while whipping the air emphatically with the jade-handled crop she held in the other.

Taking a seat at the bar, Liz swiveled around on the stool to assess those in the crowd who were embracing the whole undead-and-loving-it thing. More than once, she

had to bite her lip to keep from laughing. Sure, there were a few mildly attractive goths stylishly attired in black. Looking young, chic and—as they wanted—dark, their tattooed, pierced skin and pointed canines made them look pretty darn close to the real thing. But then there were the over-the-toppers ridiculously equipped with paste-on fangs so obviously oversized and artificially colored that you just knew they had picked them up at a corner store for a few bucks. Red-lined black capes and drawn-on widow's peaks were also dead giveaways of the spot's campier patrons.

Perusing the people who posed and pleased themselves about her, Liz found herself wondering if the mysterious Skylar was lurking somewhere in the shadows, drinking in the action.

A few hours passed in which she sipped a single glass of a full-bodied shiraz and mingled, working the room in an attempt to identify the emailer's reportedly legitimate leech. Chatting with a number of frisky folk, she even managed to deflect a couple of offers for a little Master-servant action, the like of which, now that the night had worn on, was going down at various locales around the space.

Just to the left of the stage, a raven-haired female equipped with a cat-o'-nine-tails lightly whipped the chest of her male lover who was horizontally secured spread-eagled at one of the many "torture stations". Moving around to stand behind his head, she crawled over his body, sitting back on her haunches so his face, now perfectly aligned with her pussy, allowed him to lap hungrily between her legs. Stretching her torso over his, she rubbed and jerked and sucked his twitching cock, her fingernails lightly scratching his full balls, a light slap on his sac drawing a low moan from her blindfolded partner.

Things were heating up all right, and still the man of the hour was nowhere to be seen. Not that Liz even knew what he looked like. But in her time there, she had spoken to damn near everyone and no one came even close to fitting the bill. So as the clock struck three and stifling one yawn after another, Liz rose to leave. Prince Puncture, if he did exist, would have to materialize another night.



"Buy you a drink?"

Liz turned in the direction of the male voice to her left, its source very definitely falling into the serious vampire wannabe category. Black hair and eyes jumped out against a pallid face, his long dark overcoat on top of black clothes and boots further emphasizing his light skin.

*Hmm. Cute.*

Now if this particular young hottie had arrived earlier in the evening, Liz would have done her level best to entice him into talking. But as the situation stood, it was late, she was tired and said cutie looked way too young to be two hundred years old.

"No thanks. I'm just leaving."

"Yeah, I hear ya. Walk you out?"

Liz hesitated.

Yeah, he was a total stranger but then again, it was a free country and she couldn't stop the guy from leaving when she was. To his question, she merely shrugged and walked away.

Stepping out onto the street, he emerged at her side, offering a soft "Sorry" when she gasped lightly. "You don't want to be walking alone this time of night."

"It's okay. I don't live far."

"Just the same, I'll see you home."

It wasn't a question.

Again Liz didn't comment. Maybe she should have given the guy a stronger "Fuck off" signal, but it probably wouldn't have made any difference. He was not taking the hint that she was not interested. They walked the relatively short distance to her apartment, the guy making small talk as they strolled. Then only steps from the building's entrance, he grabbed Liz from behind, his hand clamping down over her mouth. Pulling her into a nearby alley, he pushed her up against the structure's brick side, his eyes dancing with a crazy light.

"I want to taste your blood," he growled, "I'm gonna taste it."

Releasing the hand that pressed over her lips and nose, he pulled something from his pocket and with a flick, the blade of a switchblade shot out only inches from her face.

Liz screamed at the sight of the weapon, a second scream ripping harder and louder from her throat as her assailant was violently spun around and arched awkwardly backward into the restraining hold of a second individual. Seconds later, Liz's attacker slid out of the arms of the second person and fell to the ground, his own piteous shriek echoing down the dark walkway. Clutching the side of his neck, he stared up at the dark figure who towered over him, his widened eyes full of fear and pain.

"What the fuck, man?"

Liz's gaze shifted from the pavement up to the person who had saved her, her hand flying to her mouth as she gasped in shock. Panting slightly, the man's lips were spread apart to show a pair of dazzling long, hard fangs dripping with blood, a couple of red drops dotting his chin, his gaze still on the criminal at their feet. Taking a single step toward the cowering shape on the ground, he glared at the horrified supine imposter, his stare seeming to hypnotize and confuse the fallen offender. In a daze, the guy at their feet scrambled up and ran back out onto the Avenue to disappear around the corner.

Wiping at his mouth with the corner of his sleeve, the figure in front of Liz then turned to her.

"Are you okay?"

His low, satiny voice made her pussy immediately react with a sudden throbbing jolt. Shifting slightly, Liz pressed her thighs together as the feminine folds between them continued to pulse and grow wet.

Wordlessly she nodded, stunned by what she was seeing.

"I'm not going to hurt you. I had to stop him, though, or he would have."

He gave a little shrug then that was almost endearing, his warm brown eyes softening slightly.

“By the way, my name is Skylar.”

## Chapter Three

Liz's hand and mouth dropped at exactly the same time and for a lengthy moment she stood openly staring at the being before her. Tall and from what she could tell, nicely built, he was – apart from the fangs and a relatively fair complexion – the farthest thing from a vampire she'd ever seen.

His chestnut hair was kind of loose and lazy, hanging down to brush the collar of his turquoise cotton shirt and his faded blue jeans, though tight, were nothing extraordinary, his beige hiker boots quite common. There was no ruffled shirt, no cape, not even a hint of goth in his attire and yet Liz sensed that she was looking at the real McCoy.

"Skylar Tremont?"

He looked deeply into her eyes, his scorching, probing gaze causing the trickle between her legs to increase with her desire for him.

"Who wants to know?"

Liz's feisty personality rose to the forefront.

"Me. I'm Liz, Liz Hawke, a reporter with the *L.A. Times*. A friend told me about you and well, I'd really love to talk you."

Skylar took a step toward her.

"I just bet you would."

Her large blue eyes bore innocently into his. Her heartbeat deafened his superhuman hearing as it quickened. His telepathic powers reassured him that she found him attractive – no big feat considering most humans did – but more than that, what was really exciting him was that she wanted to know him, *really* know him, her

curiosity and fascination translating into her feminine scent that filled his nostrils and made his cock stiffen.

Now *that* surprised him.

Seldom was Skylar aroused sexually by a mortal and never unwillingly so. And yet, within a matter of seconds this woman had, through her response to him, made him respond to her. The reality of the situation and unintentional power struggle that it implied made Skylar more than a little uncomfortable. Determined to get on top once more, he took another step, the power of his stare and the closeness of his body making Liz's own form tremble with both fear and desire. Skylar let his gaze drop lazily down to blatantly gape at the vicinity of her pussy which he could smell was absolutely dripping. With a knowing smile, he raised his eyes to hers once more, taking note of her flushed face.

"Looks like you'd love something else too."

In retaliation for making his cock so hard, he was going to give her a night she'd not soon forget. It's not what he had planned but after two hundred years, Skylar Tremont had learned to roll with the punches.

Liz only swallowed, her face reddening as her heart pounded. The tips of her hardened nipples ached painfully as they strained against the tight confines of her bodice. With a gentle movement, Skylar reached out and with one long index finger traced the curve of her jaw, down her neck to the front of her throat and down, stopping just before the crevice of her cleavage, his touch leaving a blazing fire in its wake. Her breath now coming in sharp shallow gasps and Liz felt her toes within her boots curl with need.

"I'll make you a deal," he proposed, taking one last step toward her, his hard body now crushing her against the wall. "I'll give you what you want if you give me what I want."

Whoever and whatever this being was, he was doing something to Liz she'd never experienced before, something new and exciting, and come what may, she wasn't about to put a stop to it.

Her question came out in a hoarse whisper.

"Wha-what do you want?"

Slithering one arm behind her in a move that raised gooseflesh all over her body, Skylar leaned in until their lips were almost touching. Then he paused, his head tilting to one side as he studied her closely.

"You've been drinking."

Liz's gaze dropped down to the remnants of the blood that marked his chin. Defiantly she raised her eyes to his.

"So have you."

With a grin that registered more in his eyes than on his full mouth, Skylar pulled her hard against him and in one incredible burst of vampiric energy, they flew upward into the night sky.

The speed and force with which they moved frightened Liz to such an extent that she found herself clutching wildly at Skylar's back and waist, her legs flailing to wrap around his.

"You're a leg wrapper, huh?" came the low query that, even above the howl of the wind, worked to make Liz's pussy quiver. The rest of her body shook too, but not only with sexual excitement. It was chilly flying among the stars.

Skylar, in a display of his amazing immortal strength, effortlessly pushed Liz out at arm's length. Spinning her around, he then pulled her back roughly so that her butt was pushed snug against the front of his body, the steel-like rod of his erection pressing into her.

"It's pretty cold up here," he said, his breath hotly brushing her ear. "Let's see if we can do something to warm you up a little."

With the lights of L.A. at their feet and the mists of the evening clouds zooming past them, Skylar pushed one of his knees in and up, effectively splitting Liz's legs. While one hand moved from her waist up to massage the diamond-hard points of her nipples, the other dipped down to do some delightful damage to her now-pleading pussy.

For a time he palmed her up and down over the slick fabric of her thong that had become drenched with her juices, his fingers moving up to expertly locate and stroke the blossoming bud of her clit against the sleek material.

Her head falling back into the cradle between his neck and shoulder, Liz's mouth fell open and her eyes shut as Skylar, true to his word, worked to raise her temperature. But it wasn't enough. Not for her and apparently not for Skylar either because as the world whipped around them, his airy attempt went further.

"That's better. But I bet I can get you hotter."

Abandoning her breasts for a brief moment, Skylar used that hand to glide down her thigh and clasp under her knee, nudging it out to better spread her legs, his free leg moving around to link over it and hold it open in place. While one hand returned to her breasts, the other closed around the thin silk fabric of Liz's thong that stretched over her lower abdomen. With a sharp yank, Skylar ripped the purple panties from her body and let the tattered material fall to Earth, her hot cunt and the saturated soft curls that surrounded it stingily assaulted by the nippy air stream.

Liz gasped, her body stiffening but Skylar held her close, whispering low and hot in her ear as his hand moved to shield her exposed slit from the blustery breeze.

"Don't worry, baby. When I get through with you, you won't even remember that it was windy."

The promise alone just about did the job but there was another unexpected reason for her racy reaction to his words. Never really one for terms of endearment, Liz was more than a little surprised at how the way Skylar said *baby* made both her stomach and pussy ripple.

Squirming, Liz held her breath as Skylar held her even closer and began making slow, long strokes of her cunt with a couple of his long, lean fingers. Stretching from her wildly inflamed clit all the way to her creamy opening and back again, he soon began teasing her with little rhythmic combinations clearly intended to drive her crazy. Three strong slow strokes on her extended nub, followed by two even lazier end-to-end rubs, was completed by four sharp and fast penetrating probes into her vagina as it clamped around his dripping fingers. From there, a very brief pause ensued, just long enough to stave off her orgasm, before he began again.

Her fingernails digging into the skin on his forearms, Liz arched her back, desperately wanting him to ram his fingers hard and fast into her tightening canal until she came, but Skylar only continued to tease her with his two-steps-forward, one-step-back method, taking her right to the edge and then backing off, only to start all over again.

When she could stand it no more, Liz cried out, her own hand sharply directing his fingers inside her as she pushed her hips forward.

"Please."

Skylar got the message.

Stiffening his fingers he thrust them in and out of Liz's aching cunt at just the right angle to give her engorged clit a damn good nudge. With a violent shudder, Liz exploded, her ensuing wail echoing through the heavens as she convulsed in his strong arms, high above the earth.

As her heart rate and breath slowed, Liz opened her eyes just as they touched down on the balcony. Groggily she wiped at the light dotting of perspiration above her lip, a wave of dizziness overcoming her as she felt Skylar's embrace behind her slacken. Nearly stumbling, she was grateful for the feel of Skylar's hand on her arm, steadying her before curving around her shoulders and turning her around to face him. Suggestively he licked the cum from the fingers of his free hand, the expression on his face creaming her pussy again.



“Told you I’d warm you up.”

Lightly dragging his hand down from her elbow and along her forearm to clasp her hand, Skylar wordlessly led Liz into the penthouse suite from the balcony on which they stood. Across the dimly lit living space they went, heading toward a passageway to another room. En route Liz tripped over several books and papers covered with scrawled bits of writing that scattered the floor.

“One of those hybrid reader-writers?” she jokingly asked

“It’s a passion.”

At the word, Liz weathered yet another tremor of her pussy.

Just as they reached the hallway, Skylar turned and edged Liz against the wall. The moonlight from a nearby window was the only illumination in the area but Liz could nevertheless clearly decipher the hunger in Skylar’s eyes.

Letting go of her hand, Skylar unfastened the clasp at her throat, easing the lace cape off her shoulders to let it fall in a heap on the floor behind her. Unbuttoning his own shirt, he took her hand once more while his gaze held hers as tightly as his arms had only moments earlier. Bringing her fingers up to his bare chest, he pressed her palm against his warm smooth flesh. His hand atop hers, he guided her touch down and up his torso, dusting across first one erect nipple then the other before heading down again.

Farther south he went this time, steering her hand over the band of his jeans and onto the massive bulge that strained against the soft denim. Pushing her hand harder under his, Skylar made her rub his throbbing hard-on, Liz finding her touch frustratingly veiled behind the layer of cloth. Liz tried to control her erratic breathing, her mouth and throat suddenly so dry she couldn’t swallow, but her breath would not be steadied.

Not long after, Skylar released his grip on her hand for a brief second to unbutton his jeans and liberate his pulsing cock—a huge, thick rigid pole that practically sprang out of his pants to seemingly reach out for her. Grabbing her hand once more, he closed

her fingers around his jerking rod and, with his hand closed over hers, together they began stroking his stiff staff from base to head.

Liz leaned back against the wall, her pussy now agonizingly pulsing at the sight and feel of Skylar's cock. Through Skylar's hands-on tutelage, Liz adjusted her hold on him, tightening her grip here, applying more pressure there and giving the bulbous crimson head of his now-twitching penis a little twist for extra friction every few strokes. Somewhere in his dark eyes, she could recognize the telltale look of pleasure that, contrary to his otherwise immobile face, told her she was giving him one hell of a good hand job. Harder and faster she pumped, feeling his rod stiffen even more in her hand, her cunt twitching and contracting with the desperate need to fill her hot, soaking channel with his long, thick cock.

Without thinking, Liz lazily reached down with her free hand between her own legs, the feel of Skylar's fingers lightly closing around her wrist filling her with a flash of disappointment.

"Uh-uh, baby. Only I get to do that. And only when I say. Now get on your knees."

Liz hit the deck in a flash, coming face-to-face with Skylar's cock that now, at eye level, looked huge. The pale color of his skin sharply contrasted with the distended purple vein that coursed down his bobbing hard length. The droplet of cum nestled in the slit on its swollen discolored head made Liz salivate.

"I want you to suck me."

*No kidding.*

He didn't have to say it twice.

Opening her mouth wide, Liz closed her lips over his ten-inch taut tool. Willing herself to relax, she allowed the globe of his smooth sensitive head to slide down her throat as she slowly lowered herself all the way down to the dark curls. She sucked her mouth and cheeks in as she went. A soft sigh met her ears as she reversed her course, her tongue swirling around his cock even while she sucked all the way back up to the tip again. Repeating the same movement over and over again, Liz took her cue from

Skylar's previous assault on her pussy and bobbed her mouth up and down his shuddering shaft at different speeds and rhythms. One pattern in particular that went slow, slow, quick, quick, quick, quick, had Skylar grabbing the back of her head with both hands and driving her mouth harder onto his rod. Cupping her hands to lightly squeeze his balls, she worked to urge the cum out of them and up into his rock-hard cock.

With a snarl, Skylar pulled out of her mouth and grabbed Liz, hauling her to her feet. He picked her up and in a moment they were in his bedroom. Lit by a series of wall sconces around the windowless space, they were soon lying on a gigantic black satin bed with matching pillows, Liz on her back with Skylar kneeling between her legs.

"You think you can just suck my cock like that and get away with it?"

Skylar's fingers trembled slightly as he unlaced her corset-like bodice, his dark eyes blazing as his fangs, now fully elongated, protruded sexily over the curve of his bottom lip, his heated pole dancing above her belly.

With the ties loosened, Skylar's knuckles skimmed her heaving breasts to grab hold of the purple fabric of her dress. In a flash, he tore the garment open, leaving Liz bare beneath him save for her garter belt, nylons and boots. Grabbing the rounded spheres of her ass, he hoisted her legs up, each one over one of his shoulders, the position rolling Liz back on hers.

"Turnabout's fair play. I'm going to lick your pussy like it's never been licked before. And I've got to tell you," he said, as he eyed the sight before him, "*that* is a pussy in dire need of a good licking."

Liz writhed, her legs splayed out on either side of Skylar's head, quaking as he flashed her a devilish grin. Then oh-so slowly he dipped his face down into her drenched cavern. Starting with long slow licks, Skylar bathed her from front to back, riding her bucking pelvis like a pro. When Liz's inner thighs tensed and unconsciously tried to clamp together, Skylar's hands reached up to firmly push them even farther apart.

“Uh-uh,” he said softly, his voice reproachfully sultry, “keep ‘em spread nice and wide.”

He sucked firmly on Liz’s clit that, by now, had blossomed up to twice its normal size. His supernatural tongue vibrated against the puffed-up bud at such a rate it made an electronic device seem sluggish and was more than enough to make her come. But hell bent on reducing her to a flopping, twitching, moaning mess, Skylar plunged his middle fingers in and out of her sopping channel, imitating the sharp, hard thrusting motions of a cock. The orgasm that followed racked Liz’s body, making her howl and spasm, her legs flopping helplessly about his broad shoulders as her pelvis instinctively pressed toward the sweet suction between her legs.

Reversing his strategy, Skylar moved his mouth down to her quivering cavity and covering her inner lips with his own, he French-kissed her eager vagina while his fingers stroked and teased her engorged nub until she came again—faster, harder and louder—the inhumanly fast flickers of his tongue inside her center rocking her very soul.

He alternated his two tongue-tickling tactics, holding her legs wide open, his dark head moving rhythmically from one site to the other, giving her little or no time to rest, pausing only when he had urged thirteen back-to-back, full-blown orgasms from her body.

Gasping and red-faced, Liz lay lifelessly spread out before him, her head whirling, her pulse racing. When her eyes finally opened, she saw Skylar’s gorgeous face still hovering before her well-worked-over cunt and staring up at her from his intimate vantage point.

“Want more?”

*Oh God, please, no.*

And yet at the sound of his voice and the suggestion within the question, Liz felt her pussy contract in response. Almost as if he had heard her cunt’s call for further attention, Skylar looked down as he wiped Liz’s juice from his mouth. Taking note of

the cum that still seeped from her inflamed scarlet lips, he leaned forward and blew very lightly at the entrance to her body. Automatically it seized, contracting in response to him. Skylar grinned.

“Looks like a ‘yes’ to me.”

Gently easing her trembling legs from his shoulders down onto the bed, he stood, stripped off his clothes and boots and then stretched out on top of her, the weight of his cock digging into her pelvis as he reached behind one of the pillows and pulled out a bottle of lube. Rising to his knees, he squirted a gob of the jelly into one hand before tossing the bottle aside and applying the lotion to his gigantic member, which now stuck straight out like a white marble pillar.

“You do this a lot?” Liz breathed, her eyes moving from the lube’s former location under the pillow to his hand which, curled in a tight fist, began a slow steady pump of his insistent pole.

Skylar was going to say “none of your fucking business” but for the second time that night, his words deceived him.

“Sometimes. When I’m alone. But not with someone, never *for* someone.”

Liz couldn’t help but feel flattered.

“So you’re putting on a show for me?”

Skylar’s eyes penetrated hers.

“If you like watching, bonus. But I’m doing this to get myself *real* big and hard for you.”

Liz’s eyes enlarged as her gaze fell down to the mammoth object of Skylar’s attention.

*Could it get any bigger or harder?*

Working the glistening cream up and down along the staggering length of his distended shaft, Skylar then proceeded to tug with more speed and harshness than Liz

would have thought a man could take. But with his eyes glazing over and his breath now coming in heavy hard gasps, Skylar certainly seemed to be enjoying it.

And by God, so was she.

As she watched every yank on his rod, Liz's cunt reacted, clutching and creaming and just one heartbeat away from coming. Worse yet, or better depending on your point of view, his strategy seemed to be working. Responding to the insistent and fierce friction of his hand, Skylar's cock appeared to have both widened and lengthened, the skin stretching to accommodate at least another inch in length and width, the fascinating monster now deeply discolored and positively pounding with the blood that had been urged into it.

"Yeah," he murmured softly. "There we go. *Now* I'm ready for you."

Stretching out over her, his hands finding and raising her knees around either side of his waist, Skylar took hold of his gargantuan tool with one hand, pressing the bulging shape of its nearly purple head against Liz's clit. Rubbing it back and forth, he bent over and suckled the excruciatingly hard nipple of her right breast, his free hand caressing and kneading the full flesh.

Groaning, Liz clutched at his hips, silently willing his cock into her saturated slit, even while she grappled with the uncertainty of how to accommodate his exceptional size.

"Yeah, I know, baby," he murmured, his lips and teeth moving against the crumpled tip of her nipple. "You want it bad, don't you? Your pussy's just throbbing for my cock, isn't it?"

Liz bit her lip hard, her teeth chattering in excitement and nervousness. Prolonging her agony, Skylar played with her a little more, moving one of her hands from his hips to close around his massive pole and move up and down its length.

"Feel that. It's like steel, huh? Long and hard and thick. Mmm. Imagine what all this will feel like deep inside you."

Liz's eyes fluttered shut, her hips reflexively pulsing forward to make short little thrusts as her aching cunt grabbed at the imaginary rod inside it.

"Yes," Skylar continued. "It's going to feel so good. But you got to tell me what you want me to do. Tell me you want me to fuck you, fuck you good."

Liz could barely breathe with lust, let alone talk.

"Say it, baby, or it isn't going to happen."

With a moan, Liz breathed out the words he requested of her even as he continued to rub the tip of his cock against her eager clitoris.

"I want you to fuck me. Fuck me good!"

Without another moment's delay, Skylar dragged his shuddering shaft down from her clit to the welcoming gap below it. With one slow movement, he eased his hips forward, sliding himself into the chasm of her slippery tight center.

"Ahhh," Liz cried out as the weight and width and length of his immense cock filled and stretched her snug, seizing channel. Scratching at his shoulders and back, she squeezed her eyes shut at the pleasure-tinged pain that speared up the center of her body.

"Easy, girl," Skylar whispered with a tenderness that caught him off guard, "just relax." Lightly massaging her hips and back, he felt Liz unclench her pelvis, allowing him to enter her fully. "That's it. Open up for me."

Withdrawing almost all the way out, Skylar thrust into Liz again, this time a little faster and harder, burying himself in her all the way down to his balls. Her winded groan melded with his own.

"I know, I know," Skylar breathed, his head extending back even as his hips continued to press forward, pushing himself deeper. "It feels good, doesn't it?"

Liz didn't have time to answer, for Skylar, now confident Liz could take him all, began a strong, steady thrusting action, his strong hands clasping her ass to hold her still while his unyielding rigidity pummeled her swollen pussy over and over again.

As her whimpering and tremors hinted at Liz's approaching climax, Skylar shifted slightly, pulling her pelvis a bit higher so the angle of his thrusts would create an even greater friction on her sensitized clit. The movement sent Liz over the edge and she grabbed onto Skylar's shoulders as another series of intense spasms turned her into a bucking rag doll in his arms, her inner core clenching uncontrollably around his thumping cock.

Triggered by the feel of Liz's satiny vagina grasping all around his engorged, ready-to-burst cock and the sight of her face as she came hard, her body quaking uncontrollably, Skylar began hammering into her with rare abandon.

Reaching forward, he bit down into the side of her shoulder as he pumped vigorously, the taste of her rich, hot blood further heightening his intense excitement. On he sucked and pumped while the hot currents fired through his body.

As he felt the mounting pressure in his balls, drawing them up hard and tight within his sac, he held his breath in amazement.

There was no two ways about it. He was going to come and from the heaviness in his groin, he was going to come *real* good.

And a lot.

He knew that his orgasm was imminent and even if he stopped everything right now, his body had taken over and he would still come

But he *never* got off until he was ready. It was like flipping a light switch controlled by him and him alone. Hell, he could even fuck mortals senseless for hours on end and then walk out stiff as a board only to jack off at home later. There was no mistaking the feeling that coursed through him now though. No matter what he did, he was going to come right now and there was nothing anyone could do to stop it. Including him. Despising this ultimate lapse in control, Skylar cursed himself for the feelings that arose



in him. He had never expected to feel so strongly about this woman. It had been ages since he had allowed another to participate in his sexual release and now, here he was, with the situation taken right out of his hands.

His cock was ready to explode into the wet hot chasm of Liz's clutching cunt. Closing his eyes, he waited, moaning a split second later at the sound that only a supernatural being could detect—that of the internal pump propelling semen up from his bloated swaying balls into his jerking rod to be forcibly expelled from the narrow slit on his shaft's head. A heartbeat later he groaned loudly, his body embracing Liz's while he repeatedly erupted into the center of her vagina, a series of sharp, cadenced spurts that seemed to go on forever.

And if anyone knew about forever, it was him.

The pulsing internalized contractions of his body caused him to spasmodically thrust into her, out of control, instinctively driving his cock over and over again into the hot, tight wetness that surrounded him. Drawing Liz to him and delirious with rapture, he hotly licked at the holes his vampire kiss had made as the spasms finally lessened and then stopped altogether.

Collapsing heavily, Skylar allowed his full weight to rest upon Liz's warm, soft form.

"Fuck me," he breathed, his astonishment revealed in his tone.

Liz made a little strangled laugh.

"You got that right. Or was that a request? Either way, you're going to have to get off me because I can't breathe."

Skylar nodded and rolled off her onto his back for a moment before turning onto his side and propping his head up on his hand.

"So, now," he said with a grin that he hoped hid his need to take a step back. "What did you want to talk to me about?"

## **Chapter Four**

The next afternoon Liz awoke in her bed back in her apartment. Extending her arms up to the ceiling and arching her back, she stretched languorously, reveling in the overworked and achy feeling that ran from the tips of her toes up to the top of her head—her breasts and still-not-fully recovered pussy having taken the brunt of Skylar’s amorous attack. At the thought of him, Liz’s mind recounted the events that followed last night’s enthusiastic sex-for-info session.

After a lengthy getting-to-know-you conversation in which Skylar divulged the where, why, how and when of his turning while Liz, lying on her stomach and noshing on grapes, hungrily absorbed every remarkable detail of his two centuries on the planet, he had very graciously flown her home. As he had torn her thong and dress to literal shreds, she was naked except for his turquoise shirt which, on her, was the true epitome of a shirt dress, her black boots, garter and nylons strangely out of place against the cotton fabric of his shirt. On this second flight, Skylar held her close, his arms strong and secure about her torso as she was pressed chest to chest against his hard form, the position allowing her to drink in the remarkable view over his shoulder.

“Will I see you again?” she had asked after they stopped and stood facing one another on her balcony. Smiling, Skylar merely turned and, with an easy leap, disappeared over the railing.

And that was that. Today was a new day and she had a story to write.

After a blistering shower, Liz changed into a cozy lounge outfit that consisted of a pink tank and a pair of black drawstring bottoms dotted with pink sheep. For what remained of the half-gone day, Liz worked away furiously on her laptop while sitting pretzel-like on the couch, transferring all the details of their dialogue from her memory to the computer screen. She stopped briefly only a handful of times to make another

cup of coffee, grab a mouthful of something to eat or take a quick pee—or all three, not necessarily in that order.

As the sun dipped down under the horizon and dusk slowly turned into night, Liz pressed on, anxious to get everything out and down lest she forget one bit of Skylar's amazing admission. It was nearly eleven p.m. when she toyed with the idea of wrapping it up. Glancing up from the screen on her outstretched legs, she started at the sight of Skylar standing just inside her balcony window.

"Jesus! Don't do that."

He tilted his head to one side as he calmly regarded her.

"What are you doing?"

Liz let out a heavy breath.

"Working."

"Ah yes. The story. Well, you know what they say," he posed, strolling slowly toward her. Reaching down he took the laptop from her and set it on the coffee table opposite the sofa. "All work and no play..."

Standing only inches away, he removed his clothes until he stood completely nude before her. Grasping her wrists, he pulled Liz to her feet, peeling the tank over her head and dragging the pajama pants from her hips, his lips and hands leaving feathery trails of heat over her breasts, stomach, pelvis and thighs.

Pushing her back onto the couch, Skylar surprised Liz when he took a seat beside her and pressed himself flush against the sofa's back. Stretching his legs out before him, his enormous cock on display. He patted one thigh.

"Come here."

Liz bent down, stretching out a hand with the intent of petting his delicious tool, but lightly catching her fingers in his, Skylar pushed her hand away. Instead he spread his legs slightly and pulled his cock straight up with his other hand to extend in front of her.

“Nah-ah, not this time. Tonight I want you to climb on and ride me.”

Liz’s thighs started trembling at the thought of impaling herself on Skylar’s gigantic cock.

“But first,” he smiled slyly, “let’s get you good and ready.”

Reaching over, he grabbed Liz around the waist to lift her smoothly onto his knees, her legs opened out on either side of him. Letting his large strong hands drift down and around to cup her ass, he again exhibited his freakish strength when he lifted her, spread-legged up to his face. There he held her out while he began earnestly tonguing her already soaking pussy. Extending her arms to place her palms on the wall behind the couch and Skylar’s head for support, Liz shuddered, hanging on for dear life as Skylar performed his oral acrobatics on her twitching pussy, pushing her to half a dozen orgasms within a matter of minutes, her trembling body held easily in his grasp.

When he finally retreated, Skylar’s mouth and chin were glistening with the product of his work. Easing her down his chest, he then guided her onto his epic shaft, Liz once again wincing as she struggled to adjust to his unbelievable span and girth. Immediately Skylar slowed his entry, his satiny voice urging even more honey from her as he said, “Be patient, baby. Take it slowly.”

Tossing her head back, Liz gasped for air as Skylar crammed his cock into her. Another climax lusciously loomed as her g-spot got a good workout thanks to his huge organ. With a shattering shriek, Liz came hard, jolting and jerking as Skylar slammed her down even faster and harder upon his cock which packed her pussy like no one had ever done before.

Feeling her clutch and close all around him, Skylar dove forward and dug his fully extended fangs into the soft flesh of Liz’s breast. He continued to drive her down onto his now-jerking rod as her hot blood spurted fast and hard into his mouth. Her orgasm intensified the speed and force of her pulse.

Groaning, Skylar shuddered, squeezing her close to him, stunned once more at the impending sensations and overwhelming awareness that it was happening again. This woman with her pretty face, bright mind, keen intellect and enticing body had the power to make him drop all his age-old defenses and in the most vulnerable way possible, let go and give himself to her. With the feel of her arms wrapped around his neck and her lips nibbling on his earlobe, Skylar surrendered to the moment, his engorged cock jerking inside her as it spurted his seed into her flaming-hot clutching canal, her blood spurting into his mouth to complete the circle of their corporal love.

Taking one of her hands and using her long, sharp fingernails to split the skin on his neck, Skylar guided Liz's mouth over to where his own blood now flowed.

"Suck me," he whispered, his own lips returning to the puncture on her breast. Liz's head curled down and around to comply with his request. As the very last spasms of her climax subsided, the hot, strong taste of his blood filled her mouth and her senses, giving her even more pleasure.

Liz clutched Skylar's head to her chest, panting. She was both physically and emotionally spent and tears welled up in her eyes.

Sensing her emotional shift, Skylar eased her back and looked at her.

"What's wrong?"

Liz turned her head away, wincing slightly as he tenderly wiped the streaks from her face.

"I don't know how much longer I can do this."

"What do you mean?"

"I just think things are, well, a little one-sided here."

Skylar's face fell.

*Not the power thing again.*

"Oh?"

"It's just that you do these incredible things to me and yet I-I just worry that I'm not going to be enough for you."

Skylar relaxed.

*Was that all? Damn him and his stoic manner. In two short nights, this woman had rocked his world like none before her and yet here she was, questioning the effect, if any, she'd had on him. Time to spill the beans.*

"Liz," he said slowly, drawing her name out in a gentle tone. "Of course you're enough for me. More than you know. Why else would I have chosen you?"

"Chosen?"

Skylar looked a little sheepish as his gaze dropped for a spell before returning to her face.

"I sent you the email about me. I was the one."

"You? Why?"

He shrugged.

"I wanted to find a reason to be in your life. I saw you first years ago and wanted you, but you were involved with that whatshisname."

"But that ended."

"Uh-huh, and what was I suppose to do? Just waltz right up and introduce myself? Like you would have believed me."

"I might have."

Skylar gave her a look that conveyed his own disbelief.

"Besides, you were struggling, at home, at work, so I came up with a way to get near you *and* help you. But first you had to be open to me."

Liz worked to comprehend his meaning for a moment before it finally hit her.

"The dreams?"

Skylar nodded.

"It was a way of testing the waters."

"And?" She smiled. "Were they warm enough to come in?"

Skylar pulled her into an embrace as his hand dropped down between her legs where he began stroking her dampening folds. "Very warm."

"But hang on here." She grinned, pulling his fingers from inside her. "What about my story?"

Skylar deadpanned her.

"Go ahead and write it."

Liz frowned at him.

"Don't be silly. How can I? I'm not going to expose you, not after everything that's happened between us."

Skylar nodded in mock seriousness as if weighing her words.

"Yeah, I understand. Good point. Of course, I do happen to know about a multi-million-dollar embezzlement going down in one of the nation's biggest corporations right now. That might work for a front-page feature too."

"No!"

"Yes!"

Liz bolted even more upright, her hands resting lightly on Skylar's chest.

"Who is it? Tell me. Please!"

Wrapping her in his arms, he flipped her over and, stretching out, pressed the length of his body along hers.

"Later."

Leaning down, Skylar tentatively brushed Liz's lips tenderly with his—their very first kiss—that in an amazing and inexplicable way, was so much more intimate than anything they had shared. As Skylar's mouth moved more passionately over hers and trailed down her neck, the whispered admission of *I love you* escaped from his lips as he

nuzzled her ear. In that instant, Liz knew the fortune teller had been dead wrong and she had been right.

Wrapping her arms and her heart around her finally arrived true love, Liz let her Four of Cups runneth over.



## About the Author

A former operator for the CIA, Brigit Zahara unleashed her passion for excitement and adventure through her work, spending a good deal of her early adulthood traveling throughout the United States and Europe, with lengthy spells in New York, Los Angeles, Louisiana, Venice, London, Florence and Malta.

In her early thirties Brigit retired, looking then to her closet habit of writing fiction as a means of indulging her need for pulse-pounding action. From there, her taste very quickly turned to the tantalizing arena of erotica.

These days, Brigit lives in a seaside villa in Majorca, spending the steamy days penning even steamier stories and the cool, ocean-breeze-kissed evenings researching love scenes with her heart's destiny and husband of nearly eight years. She welcomes hearing from fans.

Brigit welcomes comments from readers. You can find her website and email address on her author bio page at [www.ellorascave.com](http://www.ellorascave.com).

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