



DANA
LITTLEJOHN

The Dioni
Chronicles

MIKHAIL'S HUNT

Red Rose Publishing

The Dioni Chronicles:

Book I: Mikhail's Hunt

By

Dana LittleJohn



This is a work of fiction. Names, characters, places, and incidents are products of the author's imagination or are used fictitiously and are not to be construed as real. Any resemblance to actual events, locales, organizations, or persons, living or dead, is entirely coincidental.

The Dioni Chronicles Book 1: Mikhail's Hunt by Dana LittleJohn

Red Rose Publishing

Copyright© 2007 Dana LittleJohn

ISBN: 978-1-60435-038-8

ISBN: 1-60435-038-5

Cover Artist: Tuesday Dube

Editor: Stephanie Balistreri

All rights reserved. No part of this book may be used or reproduced electronically or in print without written permission, except in the case of brief quotations embodied in reviews. Due to copyright laws you can not trade, sell or give any ebooks away.

Red Rose Publishing
www.redrosepublishing.com
Forestport, NY 13338

The Dioni Chronicles:

Book I: Mikhail's Hunt

By

Dana LittleJohn

Prologue

Many, many years ago, war broke out between the werewolves and vampires. The Dioni Vampire Clan was the last surviving clan of the vampire race. During the war with the werewolves Nikolas Dioni, leader of his clan, took a flag of truce to the leader of the werewolf clan, Isaac Miles. Under that flag of truce, they learned that the war between their people had gone on for so long that no one who was still alive knew what the war was about anymore. Both species had suffered great losses including the demise of all the women in both tribes and they were dangerously close to extinction because of it. They came to the decision to turn to mankind to rebuild their races.

Nikolas and Isaac also decided that the truce between their people must be maintained. They entered into a blood oath to be brothers from that day forward, making the truce a part of their pack rules of existence. After that meeting, they went their separate ways in search of the rest their people, who had been scattered across the globe during the war.

The Dioni Clan began meeting in the Mojave Desert once Nikolas started finding members of his clan, 300 years later he was still holding those meetings each turn of the seasons.

Raising his hands, Nikolas made to quiet the gathered crowd. "My people, as you all know, times were difficult for a long while after the werewolf war for the Dioni Clan. We were a scattered people. It has taken a long time for us to unite again as a clan and as a family. These yearly reunions are a way for us to share what we have learned, what is necessary for us to know, and for us to celebrate with our brothers." He received a roar of applause and cheering from his people. He nodded and raised his hands again.

"Tonight, my people, is no different. Tonight we celebrate as we come together to honor one of our own. Mikhail has been chosen to receive a wife, a companion for all eternity to help rebuild our race. Mikhail!"

The crowd roared its approval again and opened like the parted Red Sea to allow a tall, dark-skinned man answer the call of his leader. He approached his leader and went to one knee bowing his head. The crowd quieted quickly as their leader spoke again.

"Mikhail."

"My Lord," he answered.

Nikolas, an older vampire, sat in his chair leaning forward. His hair was pulled into a short, tight ponytail and his handsome strong features were weathered. His barrel chest was stuck out with pride and he looked down at Mikhail, his newest and most deserving warrior.

“Mikhail, have you completed your training with the elders?”

“I have, my Lord,” he replied and turned his gaze toward a woman approaching them.

She was beautiful and untouched by passage of time. Her long red hair was as bright as fire, her skin as smooth and pale as porcelain and her green eyes were like shards of brilliant green glass. She stopped before them and bowed low.

A small smile touched Nikolas’s lips. “Rise, my wife and speak.”

“My Lord, Mikhail has indeed completed his training in the art of pleasuring a woman. He has taken the basic teachings and has made them his own. No mortal woman will be able to resist him. We are pleased with his growth. He is indeed ready to have a mate.”

“Thank you, my wife.”

She bowed her head to him then to Mikhail and turned to leave.

“Mikhail, the elders are pleased with you. You have proven yourself worthy of a mate. Is your current location a sufficient area to find one to your liking?”

“It is, my Lord.”

“Then do so and present her to us at the next gathering. And remember our rules Mikhail, they have kept us alive and have given us this chance to rebuild our race. Be sure not to break them.”

“Yes, my Lord.”

He allowed Mikhail to stand and turned him toward the crowd. “My people, we have but a few hours under the moonlight to celebrate and renew family ties with our brothers. I invite you to do so for some of us have far to travel.”

Chapter One

Mikhail and his clan brother, Jonathan, have returned to Florida. It has been almost two centuries since they were last here. Things had changed. The plantations he remembered were gone. That suited him well. He liked the way things were progressing in this day and age. He scanned the area as he walked the darkened streets of Miami Beach. He noticed the influx of people had changed, too. People of Spanish descent had crossed the waters to settle here. That, too, suited him well. They had just spent the last two hundred years island hopping between Puerto Rico, the Dominican Republic, and Cuba. The music was good, the women were beautiful, and the people generally left them in peace.

Though now he couldn't afford to be left in peace. He was on the hunt, a hunt for a mate. At first, he thought it would be easy to find one, but as time went by, he realized it wasn't. He remembered when Richard was awarded a wife. When he brought his wife to the meeting Lord Nikolas made him covenant leader over the New York area. Ever since the women were all killed during the war, only a select few were given the privilege of having a wife to build our race again and make it strong the way it once was. When you were awarded a wife, it was taken as an instant promotion among the people because only the elders and the few covenant leaders had wives thus far. They were the strongest and most gifted among the clan.

A wife of his own...the very thought excited him. He'd heard Richard tell tales after he received his wife. He spoke of how making love to his wife was nothing like having sex with a mortal woman. He said they all had a thirst they didn't know existed until it was quenched and only mating with a woman of your own blood could fulfill such a thirst. Only then could you achieve ultimate sexual satisfaction and only after she is turned would she share your blood. He could mate with a thousand humans and still never achieve satisfaction like the kind he would have with his wife, Richard had said. No matter how good it was he would never be truly sated.

Mikhail had realized that is what he wanted, and he would know her when he saw her, the one that was to be his wife. She would have fire and would stir his blood at first sight. She would be beautiful. Oh, yes! A beauty he would never tire of looking at over the centuries. Yes, he knew he would know her, but after looking for the last six months, he was getting weary of where he would find her.

His eyes narrowed more as he walked, keeping to his own thoughts not

missing anything that moved, like a panther on the prowl.

Jonathan touched his arm stopping him in his tracks. "What are you doing," he asked with a smile.

"What? What am I doing?"

"You're stalking," he said accusingly with a chuckle.

"I am not.

"Yes, you are. Relax, Mikhail. This is a different kind of hunt."

He sighed. "I know, but it's been six months since the meeting. My patience is growing thin. We've left Puerto Rico, gone to Cuba and back here again, and still I have seen no one I would choose to feed off of let alone worthy to spend eternity with."

He continued walking. "I think you are being too picky, Mikhail."

Mikhail chuckled. "You will be picky, too, when your time comes. Eternity is a long time to spend with the wrong woman."

"What makes you think I will be given a mate? I like the variety of different women."

"Ahh, but they say my friend, to mate with a woman of your own blood, like your wife will be, is like nothing you've ever felt. No matter how good the sex is with a mortal woman, sex with your mate surpasses it by far. It could never compare."

"Hmm, yes, well, you can't miss what you've never had, Mikhail. I'm happy with the variety."

They laughed and continued walking in the warm night air until they came across a crowd outside of an active nightclub.

"Well, here's some excitement. Let's see what they do on Miami Beach now-a-days for fun," Jonathan said heading down the street.

His brother smiled. "Why not?"

They filtered into Club Noir with the rest of the crowd and found a table just off the small stage in front of the room. The club was as dark as the name implied, but found flagging a waitress was easy.

"What's all the buzz about?" Mikhail asked the waitress when she came to them.

"Christina is dancing tonight."

"Who's Christina?"

"Who's Christina?" she repeated shocked.

"Forgive me. My brother and I have just returned from Cuba and don't know the latest news."

"Christina is like our very own hometown star. She grew up right here in Miami and made it big in New York dancing on Broadway," she explained excitedly.

“Oh, and she’s back for a visit?”

“No, she’s back for good. She got hurt or something so she came home. You want a drink?”

“Yes, I’ll have brandy and my brother will have bourbon.” She turned to leave, but he grabbed her hand to stop her. “Just one more thing, when does the show start?”

She looked at her watch. “It should start in just a little while.”

The waitress returned shortly with their drinks and just like she said, a few minutes later, the introduction music started playing and crowd went silent. Two silhouetted people walked across the floor toward the stage. Mikhail’s keen night vision told him they were female. He could see the roundness of their breasts and hips even in the suspended pants they wore as if all the lights were on. The dancers positioned themselves on stage and bright white lights flashed just as loud, bold tap dancing began.

The dancers clapped and tapped rhythmically moving sensually to the tango like beats. Mikhail watched the women enjoying their movements greatly. When the dancing was over the crowd erupted in applause and he and Jonathan joined them. The lights came on across the club and one dancer pointed to the other, and the applause grew even louder and whistling began. Smiling the dancer stepped forward and removed the string that held her hair in a bun and waved to the crowd.

Mikhail sat up. “Well, now that’s a bit more like it.”

Jonathan looked at his brother then tried to follow his gaze. “What? Who are you looking at?”

“The dancer on stage, she’s beautiful.”

“Which one?”

“The one leaving the stage now.”

Jonathan watched the women leave the stage as the announcer took their place.

“Ladies and gentlemen we are so happy whenever Christina graces us with her dancing. I hope you have enjoyed the show. Christina has said she will change and she will remain for the free dance.”

They watched the announcer and a few waitresses move the tables and chairs around to clear the dance floor for dancing. A rainbow of lights spread across the floor and music began. The dance floor filled quickly with happy,

laughing people moving to the lively Salsa beats.

Mikhail scanned the crowd until he spotted the woman from the stage as she stepped onto the dance floor. She wore a beautiful red fitted dress that opened to a slit showing off more of her left leg. It fit her curvaceous body exquisitely. Resting on her full cleavage was a bright red heart and her dark curly hair hung luxuriously around her shoulders. He continued viewing her beauty, pleased with her so far. Her catlike gleaming brown eyes seem to smile as she spoke to her friends and the smile on her full, sensual lips looked genuine.

The music changed to a slower Salsa beat and the woman he had his eye on hugged her choice of partner and pulled him to the center of the dance floor. Mikhail watched the gracefulness of the beautiful woman that has caught his eye. Her every movement enticed him. She had enchanted him at first sight. This was indeed his wife, his future mate. As that song ended and another began, Mikhail left his chair to go to her.

"I know, but I had a great time in New York and Chicago. I have no regrets," she was saying when he approached.

"Well, I'm just glad you're back. Do you want to dance this one with me, too?" her partner said.

Mikhail stepped in front of the man as his hand went out and he took her hand instead. "I think the lady will dance this one with me." He smiled and pulled her away from him.

"You know, that was very rude of you."

"That wasn't rudeness, that was cutting in."

"Really? Well, it looked pretty rude to me. What if I didn't want to dance with you?"

He smiled. "But you are dancing with me."

She stopped moving and realized he was right. "I don't like pushy, arrogant men. You all are the same, and I have had enough of them and you already." She dropped his hands and spun on her heels leaving him on the dance floor.

He watched as Christina returned to her friend and they danced out of his line of sight. Mikhail let out an exasperated breathe and returned to his seat.

"So, she shot you down, huh," Jonathan asked laughing.

"It's ok. I just have to try a different approach with this woman. This is the one, Jonathan. I want her for my wife."

"Looks like you've got your job cut out for you."

“That’s ok. If I have to work a little to have her, she’ll be worth that much more to me when she’s mine.”

“Ok. So what’s your plan?”

“I’m going to talk to her again...tonight.”

Chapter Two

After the club closed, Jonathan went outside to talk to a pretty brunette that appealed to him and Mikhail sat on a car waiting around to try talk to the woman he danced with more.

As Christina and her friend, neared the entrance, she spotted him through the open door and stopped.

“Oh my gosh!” she said in an urgent whisper. “There’s the guy I was telling you about; the one that cockblocked Ramon.”

“The one on the car?”

She nodded.

“He’s cute, Christina. What’s the problem?”

“The problem?” She sucked her teeth. “The problem is he thinks he’s all that. He just sidestepped poor Ramon. What if he was my boyfriend or my husband for that matter? He didn’t care; he just snatched me away as if I was his. It was rude and uncalled for.”

“Christina, it’s called cutting in. Men do that when they want the next dance. You would know that if you went out every now and then with a man. He obviously wants to get to know you.”

“Well, I don’t want to get to know him.”

“Why not?”

“I met plenty of men like that in New York, and Chicago, too. They use their good looks to use the dancers and they never want a commitment. They just want to play. I’ve seen too many women get heartbroken over men like that and I’m not going to be one of them.”

“Oh, Christina...”

“No, no, it’s true. I’ve done just fine without a man to ruin my life with their lies and empty promises. So what he’s good looking, and, and, has a really nice body...”

“Oh, you noticed that, huh,” her so-called friend, asked with a chuckle.

“Yes, I noticed. I noticed he smelled really good, too. But so what,” she added quickly. “I refuse to be one of those strung out dancers who get used by those really, really attractive men.” She looked at her friend and they laughed. “Anyway, it’s going to take more than a pretty face to get me if he wants me, that’s for sure.”

“Ok, Christina, you stay strong because I think he just spotted us.”

Christina looked toward the door and saw her friend was right. He was standing and directing his piercing, honey brown eyes right at her. It felt like he could see right through her. Her body started to heat and she felt strange as she realized she couldn't tear herself away from his gaze. Hard as it was she shook her head and shook off the strange feeling, putting her nose in the air and dragged her friend to the door.

Mikhail stood watching her come toward him. He not only saw them but he had heard their whole conversation as well. It pleased him that this woman found him attractive, that was one barrier out of the way, and now he knew his approach to this woman had to be original. He would have to dig deep into his training to capture her heart... his Christina.

She walked out the door, looked at him, and made a hard left turn right in front of him. He chuckled and followed her.

"I wanted to tell you, you danced the tapping tango beautifully," he said from behind them.

She smiled, but didn't turn around. "We were both dancing. Which one of us are you referring to?"

"You both danced beautifully, but I was talking to you."

She sent a look to Marisol, as if to say, *I told you so*, and turned her head to keep from laughing. "Well, we both thank you." They reached the corner and she turned on him. "You know, you're displaying really creepy stalker tendencies right now. Do you always follow people from work?"

"Only the ones who won't let me talk to them," he answered with humor in his voice. "If you gave me a few minutes of your time I promise I'll leave you and your friend alone to go home in peace."

He moved closer to her, his eyes never leaving hers. She was tall, he noticed. They were almost the same height and he was six feet. Her scent wrapped itself around his senses and suddenly he wondered what kissing her would be like.

Again, Christina felt the strange feeling tugging at her inner core, just being near this stranger was affecting her. She knew her friend was watching the obvious sparks between them and eating it up with a spoon when she all but gagged, trying to break the trance he held her in.

"My car is right here, so I'm gonna go. Ok?"

"Yeah, I think I'm going, too," Christina said trying to grab at her friend who was just out of reach. "Marisol," she yelled, startling her friend, then softened her tone. "I'm going to ride with you." Before Marisol could answer, she ran around the car and jumped in the passenger side slamming the door.

Marisol looked in the car then back to the man and shrugged before getting herself in and pulling away.

Mikhail watch them driving away with a smile on his face, knowing she still watched him, and called to his brother.

Jonathan, I'll meet you at home. I'm going to follow her.

You need to feed, came his reply.

Bring someone for me.

I'll see you at home, and he severed the connection.

Moving with the celerity of his kind, he moved across the bridge back to Miami following Marisol's car to 33rd Avenue and hid on a roof to wait to see which building she entered. Marisol shut off the car and turned to her friend.

"You know you were wrong for that, Christina. Why'd you do that man like that? He is only trying to get to know you. What about your car? You just left it there. Are you going to stay single forever?"

"No, but I'm not going to jump on the first man that takes interest in me. I just got home."

"Just got home? Christina you've been home almost a year, now. That's long enough to get your dance studio up and running, why isn't it long enough to start dating?"

"I don't know. We'll see, and don't worry about my car. It'll be fine until tomorrow. I'll call Carmen and ride with her into town in the morning." She got out the car. "We'll still on for lunch tomorrow?"

"Oh, no, I can't. I have so much to catch up on. Let's make it dinner instead. How about Alberto's, around 7:30?"

"That's fine. I'll see you then. Good night and thanks."

Marisol waved to her and drove away.

Christina went up to the second floor to her apartment. The first thing she did was open the patio doors off her bedroom to let the night breeze in. Exhausted from the night's activities, she striped and turned on the shower before getting in.

Mikhail moved quietly onto the balcony and slipped into her apartment. Going to the bathroom, he pushed the door open slightly to release some steam and watched as she wash herself. Her hands went over her shadowy silhouette seductively and he chuckled to himself wishing they were his hands. He had never wanted a woman so much. He watched until he heard the water stop and slid into a hiding spot on the balcony.

He had been with plenty of women, of course. He only fed on women and only while he mated with them. He would give them the blood wine to stop them from changing and make them susceptible to his will before he took them. Come morning she was just exhausted and had no memory of their encounter or why she was so tired. It made circumstances convenient when you had to move around so much pretending you were your own ancestor, so the locals didn't wonder why

you weren't aging like everyone else.

But he couldn't do that with this woman, not if he wanted her for his mate. He had to do it the old fashion way, so to speak. He had to make her fall in love with him and she had to give herself freely to him, he could not force her or give her the blood wine to make her bend to his will. It was one of their clan rules and he must obey.

He watched as she readied herself for bed. She applied lotion to her luscious body and brushed her hair into two long braids before sliding across the satin sheets of her bed. He waited until her heart and her breathing slowed before he went back into the room. The sheet barely covered her nakedness. Standing over her sleeping form, he spread his hands over her barely touching, and called upon the training of the elders to enter her dreams.

Chapter Three

Christina looked around and found herself at the balcony of an extraordinary bedroom that overlooked a beautiful ocean view, which wasn't hers. She wore a long, sheer, flowing white negligee.

"Where am I? How did I get here?"

"I brought you here," came her answer from behind.

She spun around to see the man from the club coming toward her carrying two glasses of red wine. The black short-sleeve shirt he wore fit him like a second skin, as did the black jeans he wore. They left little to the imagination. She found it hard to turn her attention away from the blatant bulge in his jeans that looked more like a snake in his pocket. Hard as it was she did so and found herself locked into the hypnotic pull of his eyes. She saw many things in that spellbinding gaze...lust, power, passion. She could get lost in those eyes that seem to glow against his dark skin.

He stopped in front of her and she accepted the glass he handed her, and took a sip to wet her mouth that suddenly went dry.

"Why? Why have you brought me here?"

"Because you entice me. The scenery here is beautiful and I'd like to make love to you here."

She choked on her next sip. "What? Really? And just like that you think I'm going let you?" She chuckled. "What kind of girl do you think I am?"

"I don't know what kind of girl you are. I'm trying to find out. But I do know you could be whatever kind of girl you want to in a dream,"

"A dream? So, I'm dreaming, huh?" she chuckled disbelievingly.

"You don't sound convinced. Shall I step off this balcony and prove it to you?"

She looked over the balcony and raised her eyebrow. "We're three flights up."

"I know that. In a dream I wouldn't be hurt, right?"

She looked over the side again and smiled. "Whatever, you're not jumping off..."

Before she could say anything else, he put his glass down on the floor, stepped onto the ledge and stepped off. Christina screamed and reached for him dropping her glass. He hovered in the air for just a few seconds and slowly drifted

to the sand unharmed. She leaned over the side staring down at him trying find her voice, but before she could he jumped back over the side of the railing as easily as a child would hop a hydrant. He picked up his glass and took a sip.

“See, a dream.” He noticed her glass on the floor. “I’ll get you another one.”

Her gaze followed him out the room as she tried to calm herself.

“Ok. I’m dreaming.” She began pacing, trying to rationalize things. “All of this is a dream.” She stopped. “No. He’s not a dream, he’s real. I’ve seen him before. I know him.”

“Yes, you have seen me, but you do not know me.”

She took the glass that he offered upon his return. “You’re that man that was stalking me,” she said with a teasing grin. “Aren’t you?”

He chuckled and leaned next to her on the balcony wall. “Yes.”

“So, why am I dreaming about you?”

“Maybe you’re intrigued by me and you really want to get to know me, but you’re afraid.”

She chuckled. “Really? Is that what you think?”

“I’m not here to think. I’m here to give whatever you need and anything you want to make you happy.”

“You want to make me happy? Why?”

“Because I want you for my wife.”

“Your wife, huh? Well, to be my husband you would have to be strong. Are you strong?”

He smiled. “You have no idea how strong.”

She nodded. “Ok. My husband also has to be brave. You know, not afraid to stand up for me or for what’s right. Can you do that?”

“I am a warrior and an honorable being. It is how we operate.”

She put her empty glass on the stand by a large, round bed and slid on to it. “What’s your name?”

“Mikhail.”

She smiled. “Well, Mikhail, since this is my dream, I can do what I want and say what I want, and you can’t hurt me, right?”

“I would never hurt you. Do what you will, say what you want. Have no fear of me.”

She giggled. “Well, Mikhail, my husband would have to be able to please me in bed. He’d have to be a good lover to keep me happy.” She turned over on her back. “Could you do that?”

“With pleasure.” He put his glass next to hers and moved to join her in bed, but she stopped him.

“Take your clothes off. I want to see you first...and don’t rush. I want to see

all of you.”

He backed up and unbuckled his belt then slowly undid his zipper. Next, he pulled his shirt over his head in one smooth movement.

Her gaze fell over his upper body. She tried not to lick her lips as she surveyed him. His hair was cut close to his head and he was clean-shaven. His jaw line was square and strong. His chest was hairless and without mark. He threw the shirt on the foot of the bed. His pants dropped easily to the floor where he stepped out of them, with just minor tugging on his part. The snake that she spied earlier was now more like a python in comparison.

He stood naked before her in the moonlit room and as her mouth went dry again; she had no choice but to lick her lips openly as she continued her survey of his body. His symmetry was perfection with the graceful lines of a dancer himself, every muscle full and in perfect form. He was tall and lean, but not at all skinny. His skin was as smooth and dark as milk chocolate. Looking at him in his entirety, she found her mouth was no longer dry, but she was almost salivating.

“Do I meet your approval? May I come to you now?”

“Oh, yes, please come,” she breathed out and opened her arms reaching out to him.

He moved forward to go to her and stopped short as if a wall was between them.

“What’s wrong?”

He reached out to her, but as he did so, she started to vanish. Mikhail looked around. The night had gotten away from him. It was too close to dawn to continue this night. He needed more practice. He was tired and needed to feed. He sighed in resignation and they were back in her room. He took one last look at his sleeping beauty and left.

He traveled again with the speed of his kind back across the bridge toward Miami Beach and up to Bal Harbour where he and Jonathan lived. They owned the building and were its only tenants. They took the entire third floor for their personal use. He entered through the balcony.

“You’re running behind, Mikhail,” his brother scolded. “We still need time to get them back and return home before the sun rises.”

“Forgive me, brother. I got carried away.”

“I have already given them the blood wine; they await us in the living room.”

Jonathan led the way with Mikhail in his wake. The two women that Jonathan had for them were on opposite ends of a long couch already naked and feeling the effects of the blood wine. Mikhail and Jonathan striped and mounted each one. Mikhail regretted rushing the process, but time was of the essence, dawn was approaching. He needed to feed and return the woman in a short period of

time.

Usually he preferred to seduce the woman before he fed from her. The blood always tastes better when it's full of lust and pheromones. Although she won't know the difference with the blood wine in her, he would. He would be able to taste the difference. He entered her and made the best of it, stroking her deeply, bringing her to a quick orgasm. She peaked and he sunk his teeth deep into her neck, drinking enough of her to sustain him for another day, then he let his own release escape...all the while pretending it was Christina beneath him.

Chapter Four

Christina went through her day feeling strange and all but looking over her shoulder. Finally, it was over and she rushed to meet her friend at Alberto's. Marisol was there waiting when she arrived.

"Hey girl. Boy, am I glad to see you," she said hugging her friend.

"Yeah, I got that feeling. You only called me fifteen times to see if I was still coming. What's going on?"

"Wait. I need a drink first."

"I already ordered you one. Now talk."

"Marisol, I had the weirdest dream last night."

"A dream?"

"Yeah, about that guy from the club last night."

"The cute one that you blew off?" She scoffed. "I don't doubt it."

"Yes. In my dream his name was Mikhail."

"Nice. He wasn't some crazed maniac in this dream, was he?"

The waitress returned with their drinks. "Are you ready to order?"

"Can you give us a minute?" The waitress nodded and left. "You were saying?"

"No, he wasn't a crazed maniac." She took a long sip of her drink. "He was naked."

"Naked?"

"Is this supposed to be a Margarita? It sucks. It needs more tequila."

"We don't come for the drinks, we come for the food. Now get back to him being naked. How naked was he?"

She took another sip. "Naked as the day he was born. Although I doubt he looked that good when he was born," she said with a chuckle.

"Mmm. What'd he look like?"

She finished her drink. "He looked fantastic." She smiled at the memory.

"Nice body, strong and tight. Like melted chocolate, you just want to eat with your fingers." She chuckled. "We were this close to doing it, too." She squeezed her thumb and forefinger together.

"You dreamt about a fine, naked man and you didn't do it? Sounds more like nightmare."

She chuckled again. "Yeah. I don't know what happened. I can't remember any more of the dream."

“Maybe you did do it and you just don’t remember.”

This time she laughed. “Oh no, I would definitely remember if we had, even if it were a dream.”

Her friend laughed, too. “Come on, let’s order. A person could starve waiting on you. I’ll take you to your car when were done.”

Outside of Alberto’s, Mikhail peered through the window. He smiled when he saw her inside and called to his brother.

I may have just over a half hour at best. Their food has just arrived. Are you ready?

Yes. We can take them back to our beach so we’re not seen, came the reply.

I’ll meet you there with the blood wine, he said and severed the connection.

Mikhail took another look through the window and walked away. She was right; they had come close, too close. He could smell her lust for him. It was the sweetest scent he ever smelled. He had to go to her again, to try to open her eyes to what was meant to be, but this time he would not let time get away from him. He would feed early so he would have more time with Christina. He’d had time to think of a plan and tonight he would put it into action.

He arrived at the beach stopping briefly inside their place to retrieve the blood wine and glasses.

“Ahh, here is my brother now. Right on time,” Jonathan said as Mikhail walked on to the sand.

“Oh, Jonathan, he can’t be your brother. He looks nothing like you,” one of the women said with a giggle.

“Yes, Jonathan. He is like the night when you are like sunshine with your fair hair and skin,” her friend said agreeing with her.

He smiled. “I’m nothing like the sun, I can assure you and I am aware of our physical differences, but we are brothers all the same.”

Mikhail handed them each a glass and it wasn’t long before it took the desired effect. He could smell the lust building in them. Reaching out to the woman on his left, he slipped his hand under her skirt. She responded to his touches and lay back on the blanket. He pulled her panties off in one quick motion and slid his fingers between her already moist lips to rub her pearl of pleasure. She moaned softly. He lifted her shirt high to expose her breasts and took one into his mouth. Mikhail suckled and rubbed knowing she was nearing that blissful feeling. He looked over to Jonathan, who had mounted his conquest like a stallion on a mare and had already begun feeding.

Mikhail released his hold on the female’s nipple to free his hardening member as he continued to rub her to climax. Smelling the mix of lust and pheromones in her blood, it urged him onward. He wanted to be ready to enter her and begin feeding when she came. Her moans told him to move quickly and he did

so. Just as he entered her, she released her glorious pearled juices onto his rock-hard erection. Mikhail sank his teeth deep into her neck and drank of her, enjoying the wonderful mix in her blood stream immensely. He stroked her hard and fast taking her orgasm to the next level, pulling, and tugging on her neck until he had his fill, then released his pleasure. When he was done, he turned her over to the care of his brother.

“Return them. I’ll be back late again.”

He went back to the restaurant to see Christina leaving with her friend. They got into her car and drove away. He smiled knowing where she would end up and moved to meet them there.

Chapter Five

“Are you coming tonight? I know we don’t dance, but I feel like dancing,” Christina asked when they pulled up at her car.

Concerned, Marisol looked Christina over. “Can you dance like that two days in a row? Maybe we should wait another day or so.”

She sighed. “I’m ok. I mean, my leg hurts, but it always hurts.”

“Let’s wait another day, ok? Just to let it rest, alright?”

With an eye roll, she answered. “Yes, mother.”

Marisol chuckled. “I’ll call you tomorrow, ok,” she said and drove away.

Mikhail came from around the corner. “So we meet again.”

Christina pulled out her keys and dropped them hearing his voice in her ear. She bent to pick them up, but Mikhail beat her to it and handed them to her.

“Thank you. I see you’re still in the stalking business.”

“I just happened to be out walking on this beautiful night and ran into another form of beauty.”

She twisted her lips. “Uh-huh.” She tried to get the keys in the car door again.

“Will you give me a chance to talk to you now, since we had the chance to meet again?”

“I don’t know, Mikhail. I don’t know you.”

“How did you know my name,” he asked pretending ignorance.

She gasped. “Are you serious? Is that really your name?”

“Yes it is, and you said it beautifully. How did you know it?”

“I had this dream...” she started, but changed her mind.

“A dream?” He smiled. “So you’re dreaming about me, huh?”

She turned her back on him and swung open the car door. “Ok, this is all too weird. I have to go.” She jumped in her car and drove away.

Mikhail smiled, waited a few minutes, and then followed her.

Christina went home, turned on her music, changed in to her lounge pajamas then poured herself a glass of wine and tried to make sense of the situation.

“How did I know that guy’s name? You don’t just dream about someone and it comes true.” She drank the first glass quickly and poured another half a glass as she pondered some more. “Are my dreams coming true?” She laughed as soon as she finished the words. “Yeah, right. If that were true, I’d have dreamed this bad

leg away a long time ago. It would be back to normal.” She took a few sips and topped off her glass again and thought some more. “Maybe...”

She paused a moment longer then put her glass down, turned her music up, and started dancing around the room. At first, she smiled as the notion tried to enter her head once more that it could be true, but then her dancing ended abruptly when her leg gave out on her. Stumbling, she caught herself with her hands before actually falling. She went back to the sofa, picked up her glass, and sighed.

“Damn,” she said softly and finished her drink.

She sat there for a long while listening to music and drinking wine before she readied herself for bed.

Mikhail watched her from his hiding spot on the balcony and when her calm, rhythmic breathing began, he stood over her again and entered her dreams.

Christina found herself back in the beautiful bedroom with the balcony and wearing the flowing white negligee. She took in her surroundings and smiled. She turned her back to the view and waited for Mikhail to come through the doorway, and as if on cue, he did, carrying two glasses of red wine.

“Is this how we’re always going to meet?” she asked as she accepted the glass.

“I must come to you in your dreams because you won’t let me talk to you to plead my case.”

She nodded and sipped her wine. “Plead your case, huh? OK, go ahead. Plead your case.”

“I want you for my wife.”

“Ok. Why me?”

“I always knew I’d know my wife when I saw her and as soon as I saw you I knew you were she.” He pulled her close to him. “I can offer you things no other man can offer you.”

“What’s that,” she asked breathlessly.

He smiled and slid his finger across her cheek. “I can offer you eternal beauty. You will never grow old with me. You will always be as lovely as you are today, forever.”

“Eternal beauty...” she whispered.

“I offer you eternal love. No one will ever love you the way I will love you.”

“Eternal love...” she whispered.

“Give yourself to me, beautiful Christina, and I will be yours and yours

alone. I offer you eternal passion. I will make love to no other for eternity and our lovemaking will be like none you've ever experienced before. My passion and my lust will never die out and it will only burn for you."

"Eternal passion..." she whispered.

"With me, beautiful Christina, you will never experience pain again."

She gasped.

He grasped her chin with his fingers. "You will dance forever in my arms never again to feel the pain that hinders you from doing that which brings you such joy. I offer you an eternity of no more pain."

"How did you know..."

"I know you better than you think. I want to know all about you." He brushed his lips against hers. The smell of her building desire for him wrapped itself around his senses.

Christina's mind was in a fog. All the things he offered her pulled at her heart and her soul. It was everything she'd ever dreamed of...dreamed of...

"*This is a dream, that's why it sounds like a dream,*" her mind screamed and she backed out of his embrace. "*That's why it sounds so good,*" her mind repeated and she chuckled aloud at her foolishness.

"What? What's wrong?"

"This is a dream, Mikhail. That's why it sounds so good. That's why you can offer me everything I want and need. None of this is real."

He stepped closer, bringing her back into his arms. "What if it weren't? What if it were all true? What if I could offer you everything I say?"

"Then there'd be a catch. So tell me what the catch is."

"For me to give you everything I offer, you must give this life to me, never to return."

"What does that mean, exactly?"

"I will take your life from you so you can live with me for eternity."

She gasped and turned away from him. "Whoa," she whispered.

He wrapped his arms around her from behind and kissed her neck. "The life I offer you is much better than this mundane existence you call life. Trust me and believe that so much more can be yours if you give yourself to me."

"But Mikhail, if this isn't a dream, you're asking a lot of me." She leaned into him, giving in to the butterfly kisses he placed on her neck.

"I offer you much in return." His breath was hot and sultry on her neck.

Her knees weakened as he grinded against her and she succumbed to his kisses. "But this is all a dream, Mikhail," she whispered.

"What if it weren't? What if what I offer was as real as you and me?" He turned her to him. "Let me give you a glimpse of what I offer to you."

He bent her head back and kissed her hungrily. His teeth grew and gave her the tiniest of pricks so he could taste a few drops of her forbidden blood as it seared his tongue. The taste of her set his senses instantly on fire surprising him. He broke the kiss and carried her to an over-stuffed patio chair not wanting to wait. It would have taken them too long to walk across the room to his bed.

Quickly he tore at the button and zipper of his pants and lowered her onto his bulging erection. She gasped at the sudden intrusion of her body, and he felt the quick intake of her breath. It was exquisite, like nothing he'd ever felt. He grabbed her face and kissed her again wanting to taste more of her, kissing away her moans of delight. He filled her completely and it felt glorious to him.

She moved on him slowly at first, savoring the amazing feeling. She moved faster...up, down, back and forth...it was all incredible. The orgasm she sensed coming would be like no other. She knew it. She could feel it. The joy of it would kill her, it was too good, too sweet, but she wanted it anyway. She grabbed his shoulders and reached for it. Moving over him, she rode him faster and faster, caught in a haze of euphoria until her head fell back and she released a cry of utter joy.

Mikhail longed to sink his teeth into her neck and take her at the instant she released her cry of delight. How wonderful her blood would taste right now with such a powerful orgasm flowing through it. The sweet, tiny droplets he stole told him so. But he couldn't, not now. It wasn't time. He watched her face as she continued to move on top of him. She was even more beautiful in the glow of this pretend moonlight with lust and desire trapped on her lovely features. How he wanted this woman for his own!

She moved over his still hard lance, enjoying the slick friction of the head sliding in and out of her as it pierced her over and over again. That delicious feeling wasn't one she wanted to lose anytime soon.

"Oh, Mikhail, that was incredible. Is that what you meant? Will it always be like this between us," she asked breathlessly.

"No, my darling Christina, it will be better, so much better," he replied, sliding her gown down to kiss her torso.

She moaned her approval, still moving over him. "Better?"

"Oh, yes, so much better. It is said that when we become one, we will feel orgasms and delights from each other beyond anything we've ever felt before...ten times what you are feeling now." He caressed her breasts planting a kiss on each one.

Her nipples hardened at the thrill of his words and the kissing. "Oh, Mikhail, I would die if it were any better than this. The joy would kill me for sure the next time."

"Some things are worth dying for, my love."

“Mmm, I feel it building again.”

“Then let me show you how much better it could be.”

He took hold of her hips, lifted her up, and started plunging his hardness into her softness for a second time. Back and forth, he moved her around as if she were as light as a feather. Up, down, back and forth, pressing himself deeper into the sweetness of her core.

She grabbed his shoulders and held on. It was all she could do to keep herself from fainting from the strong, lovely sensations that began to claim her again.

Mikhail was caught in his own haze of emotions. He rode the wild and wonderful waves of sheer ecstasy to completion taking his sweet Christina with him. The pleasure of it all washed over them at the final threshold of his passion.

Looking into his honey brown eyes, Christina saw fire, passion, and strength. “No one could be this, perfect, everything I ever wanted,” she whispered. “This has to be a dream.”

Exhausted, she fell forward onto his shoulder, finally giving in to her body’s extreme elation and weariness. Mikhail carried her to the bed and whispered in her ear, “Give yourself to me and this and so much more can be yours.”

Chapter Six

Mikhail visited Christina in her dreams each night for the next two weeks. Leaving her sexually sated each night, and confused and dazed during the day. As she dressed for a show at Club Noir, she finally mentioned it to her friend.

"I tell you, Marisol, I think I'm going crazy."

"Why, what's going on?"

She sighed. "I probably should've said something a while ago. I'm still having those dreams about Mikhail."

"Still? How many have you had?"

"I've had one every night since I first laid eyes on him."

"Hmm, is there sex involved finally?"

"Hell yeah, some serious sex, too."

"Wow."

"Yeah, and I haven't even seen the man since I called him a stalker. I mean, when I'm awake."

"Well, that kind of sucks. He's been making love to you every night since you've met him, but only in your dreams. How come you won't let him talk to you when you're not dreaming?"

"I don't know."

"Well, I do. You're just gun shy. Let the man talk to you. Did you ever think it was your subconscious telling you he was ok, letting you feel comfortable with him?"

"Well, I definitely feel comfortable with him in my dreams. That man has me doing all kinds of things," she said with a chuckle. "I could swear I know him already, Marisol, everything about him. He makes all these promises to me that call to my heart and soul, like he knows me and what I need."

"Hmm, maybe you should stop running from him and see what kind of guy he is. Go out with him."

"Go out with him? I haven't even told him my name yet," she said with a chuckle.

"Well, maybe you should start with that. Tell him tonight."

"Tonight? What if he's not here?"

This time Marisol chuckled. "Christina, he's been here every night that you have danced. Everyone knows when you're dancing, I'm sure he'll be here."

A head popped in the room. "Show time, ladies. Your music is about to

start,” it informed, and popped out.

Marisol smiled at her friend. “It’s show time.”

Mikhail and Jonathan sat at their regular table just to the side of the rounded stage. He wanted a perfectly clear view of his Christina when she danced. She was weakening to his charms and succumbing to his efforts, he could feel it. Soon she would be his. He went to her every night promising to give her everything she needed, and every night she moved closer and closer to saying yes. Just last night she said she wanted to be with him forever and asked him to take her...but that was in the heat of passion. Much is said during those heated moments. He needed her to be sure before he took her for his mate.

Christina and Marisol took to the stage. In the darkness he knew everything about her form...the way she moved, the graceful stride of her walk, and the beautiful, fluid lines of her body. He knew all about her body now. The feel of her, the smell of her...he could smell her from where he sat and his member hardened as his body recognized the scent.

She began her dance and caught sight of him. Their eyes locked and for a split second she froze, but picked up the beat and continued. She danced with her heart. She danced with her soul. Her gaze stayed linked to his and she danced only for him, a slow, sensual ballet-like duet.

Mikhail watched her intently. Christina was his. He knew it and could see that she now knew it as well. He would claim her tonight.

After the club closed, like déjà vu, Mikhail sat outside on a car and waited for her as Jonathan entertained a pretty brunette across the street. Christina could see them as she and Marisol made their way to the doors.

“Ok, Christina now is your chance to put up or shut up. There he is waiting outside. Talk to him or let it go.”

She nodded and took her friend’s hand for support. “Ok, let’s go.”

They walked out the front doors and down to Marisol’s car with Mikhail meeting them part way then walking behind them.

“I’m going to get in my car and go home,” Marisol announced. “And you’re not,” she added, dropping Christina’s hand and rushing to slam the car door behind her, leaving her stunned friend on the curb with Mikhail.

Christina took a deep breath and spun around to confront the copy of the literal man of her dreams. “Is your name really Mikhail?”

He nodded. “It really is.”

“Why do I know that? For that matter, why do I know you? I feel like I

know you, really know you, not just your name.”

“If you are ready for the truth let’s go to my house and I will explain everything to you.”

She hesitated and raised her eyebrow as she looked at him.

He smiled. “I told you, I never will hurt you. You will always be safe with me.”

Something in his words eased her fears. She led the way to her car and followed his directions to his home. When they arrived and she entered his bedroom, she chuckled disbelievingly.

“Why am I not surprised that your bedroom would be the same bedroom from my dreams?”

“Because I brought you here moving quickly, more swiftly than any human can move. Your conscious was in a dream-like state, then I used my gift to awaken you, but you were not dreaming. Everything you felt was real.”

“What?” She sat on the bed stunned at first as she went over all her dreams in her mind’s eye.

“Every time I made love to you was real. Every feeling, every sensation, every orgasm you felt here was the real thing.”

“And your promises? Everything you said to me.”

He sat next to her. “All real,” he confirmed.

“And the catch? Was that real, too? I have to give up my very life to be with you?”

“Is what I’m asking you to give up worth more than what I have made known to you?” Her expression told him she was going over his question. He slid his hand across her face. “What I offer you is eternal. Eternal beauty, eternal life, passions untold, and an eternity of no pain, that’s what I can grant you, so we can start our new life together as one. Isn’t that life better than the loneliness you have now?” He saw her inner struggle and kissed her. “What do you have now that is better than the love we already share? Give yourself to me and all that is mine will be yours, all that I offer will be yours.”

“How Mikhail? How can you offer what you say to me?”

“I am a creature of the night, one that will live for eternity. It is within my power to do so. Once you relinquish this life to me it is within my power to give that eternal life I offer you.”

She looked in his eyes for a long time. She knew this man, he loved her. She could see it in his eyes. Every fiber in her being told her it was true, could feel it too. She loved him and trusted him, he would not hurt her. She didn’t know how she knew, she just knew.

“I love you, Mikhail, take this life from me. I want the life you offer.”

He leaned her back into the bed passionately kissing her along the way. She tore at his clothes until his beautiful body was bare to her gaze. He tried to remove her clothing just as fast, causing a few limbs to tangle. Christina watched as he caressed her breasts. Mikhail took them into his mouth, seeming to savor the taste of her skin. He touched her all over as if wanting to feel every inch of her.

Mikhail had had his fair share of women before, but his Christina was different. She was softer; the feel of her was so much better than anyone else he had ever touched. She tasted better too. He relished the sweet tang of lust building in her body as he licked and kissed her. Sliding his fingers between her legs, he felt her wetness and brought his fingers to his mouth to sample her essence. He returned his fingers to her moist heat and began stroking her sensitive flesh.

Starting slowly, Mikhail's strokes became faster as she neared her first orgasm. He gave her the first one quickly, as if he knew she was capable of many more. From her dreams, she knew this to be true.

Looking into her face filled with the glow of passion, Mikhail was hard-pressed not to sink his teeth into her right then and make her his, but not yet. She wasn't ready.

Christina was delirious with ecstasy. Her skin was on fire with his touch and her mind was racing. Her heart and mind were in complete agreement and that didn't happen often. She felt right being with Mikhail. After dreaming about him and then finding out he was real and everything she felt was real, she wanted what he could give her, a future with him. Her body clamped down on his fingers as he stroked her, wanting more of him each time he entered her. Each entry was magnificent and each exit was sweet torture. She opened her mind and body to what he had to offer. She was ready.

Finally, after wanting her for so long, it was becoming a reality. He could hardly wait to join with her as he replaced his hard fingers with his even harder erection and pushed himself into her until he could go no further. He wanted to be there forever. This was reality, not the dream state her body had been in before. When she was a mere shadow of what she really is. He wanted this to go on forever...but the formalities must be dealt with first.

She couldn't catch her breath, her release was near, and she had no fear in her heart. Christina was locked in bliss. With each delicious thrust he gave her, she arched up to meet him, moving as frantically as he did, blatant with her desire for him. With each of his thrusts, she arched up to meet him, moving as frantically as he did, her desire for him was evident.

All too soon, this precious moment would be at an end. This would be the last time he would make love to her like this. The next time they made love she

would be his life mate and it would be better, oh, so much better. That thought spurred him onward.

She opened herself to him, tilting her head to the side giving easy access to him. Mikhail sank his teeth deep into her neck and drank her life's blood. Reaching for the bright light, she came with soul-shaking intensity. He continued stroking her orgasm-soaked core, as it endlessly throbbed and pulsed around him. Christina matched his fluid movements and the end moved closer. Bucking and colliding with her, they moved in a perfect rhythm.

Mikhail continued to drink from her until her heartbeat stopped. He brought his thighs and hips to a standstill and released her throat. He bit into his own wrist making the blood flow like a stream.

Christina was held captive by her climax and couldn't move. She tried to speak, but nothing came out...so many emotions at one time...so many feelings...the sensations...then darkness.

"Drink, my darling, so that we can become one...and you'll be mine for eternity." He put his wrist to her lips letting the blood run and pool into her mouth.

After a few moments, Christina heard his words and weakly reached up and pulled his wrist to her, drinking deeply. She let his arm fall away following a few more swallows and lay unmoving beneath him, as his blood worked its way through her system. He picked up where he left off, and began loving, cherishing her again.

Suddenly, Mikhail seemed to combust within. Every inch of him was aware of her. His senses were more alive than they'd ever been, on high alert and attuned to her body. He could hear it calling to him, knowing exactly what to do to entice it, to enflame her deepest desires. That knowledge became exactly what he needed to pleasure himself and moved his body to answer the call.

Christina's eyes flashed open with new life. She had never felt so connected to all of her senses than she was at this moment. The very smell of Mikhail was intoxicating her. Their combined scent flowed through her nose and enflamed her sexual urges even more. She could hear Mikhail's heart beating faster as he became more aroused, blending with her own rapid pulse as she looked upon him with new eyes. He was more beautiful to her than ever. She smiled and reached up to touch his face and he moved his cheek into her caress.

It was all true. All the stories, the gossip, the whisperings... It was exquisite, like nothing he had ever felt before. It was bliss beyond belief. It was a phenomenal joy of being so intimately inside her.

Mikhail pumped her harder, faster as she came to life. She moved to meet his every thrust, sending him over the edge to ecstasy and he howled his pleasure to the four winds. He collapsed on top of her spent, but satisfied beyond measure.

Mikhail regained himself quickly, rolled them to the side, and looked at his new mate.

“Are you ok, my darling? How do you feel?”

She smiled lustily. “I feel rejuvenated and whole again, not to mention completely satisfied. Like I should be dancing,” and she demonstrated the point by flinging her once injured leg out of the sheet and across his hip.

He returned her sexy grin and kissed her.

“Mikhail?”

“Yes, my wife.”

“My name is Christina.”

The End