

ELLORA'S CAVE EXOTIKA



L.A. DAY

Prey

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Prey

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PREY

L.A. Day

Chapter One

Female arms gripped Marcus' shoulders as her body arched up to meet the thrust of his cock.

"Yes. God yes," the female moaned as pleasure overtook her.

Her pussy clenched around his shaft. Heat. Desire roiled off her in waves and while the vampire part of him fed on her emotion, the man in him felt nothing. His cock was hard but incapable. Blocking out the rage within him, he lowered his head and sank his fangs into the pale, vulnerable throat. He hadn't fed in nearly a week and the blood soothed his parched throat but did nothing to extinguish his anger.

He lifted his head and automatically laved the puncture wound on her throat. The female in his arms was well formed and beautiful but she stirred no lust within his body. A small voice within him whispered in his ear but he refused to listen. Leaping from the bed, he threw on his clothes. He wouldn't turn rogue. If the only alternative he had to be able to feel again was to slaughter a human, he would surrender to the council for execution. The beating of her heart teased his senses and he knew he had to leave quickly, before he did something he'd regret.

Before he could exit the room, a familiar feeling crawled up his spine. Recognizing the sensation, he opened his mind to the call from the vampire council. He accepted the mental intrusion long enough to learn of his assignment but cut it off before the probe became more intrusive. He knew he was a concern to the council and he would address their issues soon. However, now a newly sired vampire in his area was in need of instruction. It was his duty to guide the rookie vampires of the northern United States. As civilization had advanced, the vampire nation had realized a need to adhere to strict rules in order to maintain their secret society. Marcus had volunteered for this position and for the past few hundred years he'd moved around the world, training the newly

turned. Fifty years or so ago, he'd taken part of the U.S. as his territory. Of course, he couldn't remain in one home for that long without raising suspicions but he'd become accustomed to the area and felt no need to return to Europe.

Marcus sighed. The nude female lay stretched across the bed just as he'd left her. Emptiness filled his soul. Danger enveloped him like a cloak. An ancient vampire with no bond mate felt little desire for anything. The danger lay in the search to feel again. When the hungers for sex and blood faded, there was little reason to exist. A dark presence in his mind reminded him that taking a life could revive his desire, however briefly.

A growl rose up in his throat and he stalked from the room. Refusing to submit, he turned his mind to thoughts of his next assignment. He wondered how much trouble the newbie would cause him. Initially, he'd enjoyed training rookie vampires. Their awe and vitality had invigorated him but lately he found it tiring. The thought of initiating the new blood didn't stir him any longer and for that reason he knew it was time to give it up. It was time he found a replacement, someone younger, eager. After this job, he would approach the council.

Heaviness settled in his chest. In the beginning, he'd seen every assignment as an opportunity to initiate the newbie to blood lust and vampire lust. In every assignment, he'd seen the potential to find his bond mate. In over three hundred years as an instructor, he'd yet to find his mate. It was past time that he resigned himself to a solitary existence until the darkness became too much for him.

* * * * *

Amber donned a red silk blouse over her naked breasts then squeezed into a mini-skirt that barely covered her booty. Folding back the collar on her blouse, she shifted the material against her naked flesh. The silk lovingly caressed her flesh and with heightened senses, it was fabulous. Peaked nipples dragged against the silk and awareness fluttered in her stomach. Hungers for blood and sex churned in her gut.

Sneaking a peek at herself in the full-length mirror, she was impressed. Her normally pale skin now shown with a translucent glow. Her finger traced the area that should have a jagged scar. No one would guess a psycho had cut her throat less than twenty-four hours ago. Cocking a brow, she appraised herself in the mirror. She'd give herself a thumbs-up. She looked as she had a few years earlier, before life had beaten her down.

Cupping her full, firm breasts, she chuckled. She felt sexy. Her thong shift against her clit as she wiggled her hips and she moaned low in her throat. Her blood roared through her veins. She was ready.

"Enjoying yourself?" Lena silently slid up behind her. Dressed in a purple-and-black velvet mini-skirt and corset top, she resembled a raunchy version of a long ago barmaid.

Amber closed her eyes and allowed sensations to wash over her. "Mmm, I feel alive."

Lena chuckled. "Your senses are increasing. Are you hungry?"

"Starving." Amber hesitated. "But just so we're clear...no killing." Up until a couple of years ago, she'd survived by selling her body. It wasn't something she was proud of but at the time, she didn't have many options. However, she'd never killed anyone. She didn't intend to start now.

"We take what we need and move on. Bodies have a way of piling up and leaving a trail. Taking a little blood here and there goes unnoticed. Dead bodies draw attention."

Amber nodded as she remembered the first time she'd seen herself after the change. At that time, the pink scar on her throat had been vividly noticeable, but considering she'd recently had her throat slit, she shouldn't complain. It was still difficult to wrap her mind around everything.

At first, she hadn't believed Lena at all. Amber's lip curled up as she remembered calling her a crazy bitch. Who would believe such a ludicrous tale? She'd tried to reason

out Lena's unnatural speed and grace. She'd even accused her of having dental augmentation. However, she couldn't deny her fangs or her need for blood.

"Just remember to follow my lead. At first, it's difficult to be around a crowd of people. Practice the control skills I taught you. Control your breathing and concentrate on one thing."

"I feel as if I'm in a bad horror movie." Amber frowned.

Lena chuckled. "Vampire movies are such a joke. Do they really believe garlic, holy water or a cross will stop us?"

"I think most people assume vampires are make-believe like the Easter Bunny or Santa Claus.

"Who says they're make-believe?"

Amber jerked her gaze to Lena's face.

She grinned. "Just kidding. I think even I'd be horrified of a giant bunny delivering candy."

Amber snorted. She didn't know if she could be more terrified of a giant bunny than she had been of Lena that first night. "What happens if we get separated?"

"We won't, but if something should happen, get back here or somewhere safe before sunup. That isn't a joke. The sun will burn a new vampire. It takes a while to kill you but it's not something you want to experience."

She nodded. "Okay. Let's go then." Lena had explained earlier how to feed without killing and while Amber had at first abhorred the thought of drinking blood she'd come to accept it. She accepted it the way a junkie accepted addiction. She'd tasted Lena's blood and experienced the animalistic high that came along with it. Now she hungered for more. Life had thrown many curves her way. This was just another one and she would adapt.

"We'll head to Del Rio. It's always full of hot prey." Lena giggled. "Oops! I meant hot men. You know bars are just a big buffet full of men who are dying for a good suck job."

* * * * *

The bar was packed. Each breath she took inflamed her senses. Feeling claustrophobic, Amber shook her head as she drew in rasping breaths. In the enclosed space, the massive amount of heartbeats echoed in her ears. Her control waned.

Amber's gaze followed a young woman as she walked by, laughing. The smell of blood overpowered the fresh scent of lavender.

She growled. Everyone appeared to move in slow motion as she jerked her gaze from one person to the next, looking for a victim. Gritting her teeth, she felt her fangs extending.

"Amber." Lena squeezed her arm.

Shaking her head, she focused on Lena's face.

"It's too much. Too many noises, too many scents." It all seemed to close in on her. Grabbing Lena's hand, she started to back up. "I can't control it."

"You can! We talked about this. You need to center yourself. Concentrate on one thing and let the rest go."

"I can't."

"Close your eyes and concentrate on the music," Lena whispered. "Feel the music."

Gripping Lena's hand, she closed her eyes and took a deep breath. The song blaring from the sound system was unfamiliar to Amber but it had an upbeat tempo that she liked. Absorbed in the words, the other voices fell away. Amber swayed to the music as she adjusted to the overwhelming assault on her senses.

Opening her eyes, she smiled at Lena. "I'm better." The atmosphere intensified the hungers growing within her but for the moment she had it all under control.

Cigarette smoke, alcohol, blood and lust hung heavily in the air. The first two she ignored, the last two she craved.

"Lust is in the air. Breathe it in but don't let it control you."

Amber nodded, hoping she could control the beast within her. Lena had given her a taste of blood before they left and she hoped it was enough to see her through this.

"Come on." Lena tugged on her hand. She pulled her to the edge of the crowded dance floor. "To the right." Lena whispered in her ear. "Two big, hot-blooded men."

Amber licked her lips as she eyed them. They were blond, athletic looking— attractive in an all-American boy kind of way. She wouldn't mind a taste. She was about to agree when a shiver walked up her spine. Turning her head, she met a man's hungry gaze.

"Ready to meet them?" Lena asked.

"Not those two." She glanced at Lena then nodded her head at two other males. "I want the cowboys."

A grin spread across Lena's face. "Yummy! I bet they're up for a good ride."

They were tall, dark-haired and muscled. Dressed in western attire, they stood out in the suburban bar. "I want a taste." If she was going to feed, she wanted something that would tingle on her taste buds. Why settle for low-cal when you could have full-bodied taste.

Lena nodded. "Then by all means, let's have a taste." A hand at her back shoved Amber forward and she sauntered toward their prey.

The one she'd been eyeing smiled and her pussy flooded with desire. Lena had warned her that her base urges would vastly intensify. She was right! She was ready to wrap her legs around the big stud and ride him bareback.

"Howdy." He nodded his head, his voice a deep baritone.

His voice sent a shiver of desire down her spine. Stepping closer, Amber could hear his heart beat in a rapid tattoo as the scent of lust roiled off him. His blood or his cock—

she didn't know what she wanted more. She let her gaze travel his frame. A heavy bulge pressed against the front of his jeans. She flashed a toothy grin. She'd have them both.

"Hi." Lifting her arms, Amber allowed her lower body to move to the rhythm of the music. Plastering a smile on her face, she winked in what she hoped was a seductive way. Returning her smile, the cowboy wrapped his arm around her waist as he pulled her closer to the warmth of his body. She let her arms drop to his shoulders as her body brushed his. From the corner of her eye, she saw Lena conversing with the other cowboy.

Her cowboy's shoulders and back were firm with muscle and she leisurely ran her hands across them as they danced. They didn't move much. Mostly, they swayed to the music as he whispered in her ear. His name was Colt and he was from some place in Texas. She didn't listen to the rest. Nodding and smiling, she'd told him her first name and little else. Instead, she absorbed his heady scent and her body begged for fulfillment.

Lost in a haze of lust, she wasn't sure how much time had passed, when Lena jostled her. "Dan wants to party privately in their room."

"Cool." Amber nodded.

The men had a room in the hotel that was attached to the bar. Stepping into the empty elevator, Colt pulled her into his arms. His lips slanted over hers and her mouth eagerly opened for the thrust of his tongue. He tasted of bourbon and man. He couldn't hide his reaction as she pressed up against him and sucked his tongue. Pulling powerfully on his tongue, she could feel the blood pumping through the organ. She wondered how it would feel to suck his cock and drain it of cum and blood. Heat raced through her veins and her clit pulsed with need. She was ready to come.

She shifted against him. He was hard and large. Fuck! She wanted to mount him right here. She purred her pleasure into his mouth. Breaking contact as the elevator dinged, they stepped into the hallway.

A warm hand at her waist hurried her along. The room they entered was spacious with two double beds covered in the oddly designed comforters you found only in hotels. Conversation circled around Amber's head but the roars of her hungers drowned out most of it. Their racing hearts tempted her and she struggled with the urge to suck the life out of the two vibrant men.

"We're going to freshen up in the restroom." Lena's hand at her back guided her along the way. As the door closed, Lena bit her wrist and held out her arm. "Take the edge off, before you swallow that cowboy whole. I thought you were going to eat him in the elevator."

Amber chuckled. "I wanted to." Grasping Lena's arm, Amber lowered her head to suck the warm fluid. The blood infused her body and her nerve endings tingled.

Lena tugged on her hair. "That's enough."

Taking a deep breath, Amber licked the wound closed. "I needed that."

"I know. It gets easier. In time, you'll learn to control your appetite. Now, we're going to go out there and give those cowboys a ride they'll never forget. Just remember to take a little at a time. Sexual energy can give you as big a high as blood."

"Got it." Amber nodded but her stomach had jitters. She felt like a rookie about to pull her first trick.

"Let's strip and give them a show." Lena yanked her shirt over her head, baring her large breasts. Her mauve nipples poked straight out from her body. She wasn't sure how old Lena was but she had the body of a twenty year old. The change had definitely added shape and tone to her own thirty-two year old frame.

Biting her lip, Amber giggled as she removed her blouse. She wiggled her hips, dropping her skirt and soaked thong panties.

"Are you ready for this?" Lena asked as she combed her fingers through Amber's hair bringing the wavy auburn locks around to curl just under her breasts.

Amber nodded. "I think so."

“Remember—a little at a time.” Lena opened the door and she followed her into the bedroom. They hesitated by the door and her gaze traveled across the room to find the two surprised men gaping slack-jawed at them.

“Fuck!” The word tumbled from Colt’s lips.

Amber grinned. “You got that right.” He’d unbuttoned his western shirt, revealing his golden, muscled chest and a line of hair down his sexy, tight abs. He looked so fucking good she wanted to eat him...literally. Sauntering toward him with a slow, hip-swaying gait, she enjoyed the sight of his thick bulge growing behind the tight denim.

She sidled up to Colt and saw Lena lead Dan across the room.

“Did ya want a drink?” Colt handed Amber a tumbler of bourbon and she swallowed the amber liquid in one gulp. It burned on the way down and she licked her lips.

Handing the glass back to him, she ran her hands down his chest and flicked her nails across his tight nipples. Strong hands settled on her hips and pulled her close. A moan from the other side of the room drew her gaze and she saw that Lena had Dan stretched out on the bed with his more than ample cock sliding between her lips. Legs spread and ass tipped up in the air gave them a perfect view of Lena’s hairless cunt. She was wet with arousal.

“Does that make ya hot?” Colt whispered in her ear as he nibbled her lobe.

“Mmm,” she muttered as he swept her up in his arms. Running her hands through his silky hair, she licked the strong line of his jaw and her pussy pulsed viciously. He laid her on the bed and she parted her legs, silently asking for his touch.

“Damn, you’re wet.” His fingers trailed her folds as she lifted her hips, thrusting against his touch.

“Fuck me,” Amber requested—actually she ordered. She had some blood and now she needed to feed the other ravenous hunger that tore at her insides.

Leaping from the bed, Colt removed his shirt and Amber licked her lips. She watched intently as he unbuckled his overly large belt buckle. "That's right, gorgeous, show me what you've got."

Colt's lips curled in a smug grin as he unzipped his pants and shoved them down his legs.

Rising to her elbows, Amber arched a brow. He had the right to be smug. Amber had seen many cocks and his ranked toward the top. "They do grow them large in Texas."

"Fuck! Lena!" Dan shouted from the other bed. Flaring her nostrils, Amber absorbed the tangy scent of Dan's release. Gritting her teeth, she fought the orgasm that wanted to erupt. She wasn't ready to give in to the feeling.

Stretching out alongside her, Colt cupped her breast. His thumb flicked her distended nipple and she shivered. "It turns ya on listenin' to Dan."

"You turn me on. You and this big, thick cock." She wrapped her hand around his shaft and stroked it a few times. Blood surged under his flesh. She couldn't wait to have it fill her pussy. His heart pounded and his blood pumped furiously through his veins. Her heartbeat increased to match his.

"Darlin' you're one sexy lady." His thumb strummed her nipple as he shifted his hips.

Pressing him down flat on the bed, she met his lips in a hungry, devouring kiss. Amber trembled in need. She wanted his blood. She wanted his cock. Her hungers increased and her fangs extended. Curling her fingers into his muscled shoulders, she pulled away, breaking the kiss.

Her clit pulsed and her blood hummed in her veins. In a graceful cat-like flip, she spun around and straddled his shoulders. Without hesitation, she lowered her head and engulfed his length.

The smooth, warm flesh slid easily past her lips and down her throat. Swallowing around the thick length, she reveled in the sensation of pulsing blood beneath the

surface of skin. Swiping her tongue along the smooth flesh, she indulged her senses in the musky scent and taste of aroused male.

"Sweet Jesus," Colt moaned. Grasping her hips, he forced her legs wider as he brought her bare cunt down to face level. His hot tongue parted her labia and she shuddered in pleasure as his thumb rotated on her sensitized clit.

She needed blood. She wanted his cum. Sucking hard and deep, she felt both surging under his flesh. Bobbing her head, she used every trick she'd ever learned to please him. Colt's hips bucked and warm liquid erupted in the back of her throat. Biting down, she inserted her incisors in the base of his shaft as he gushed into her mouth.

The flow of blood and sexual energy combined to shoot her over the edge and she came hard, feeding her lover her cream.

Releasing his cock, she licked the wounds closed and swallowed the last drops of his fluids. Rolling to the side, she panted for breath. Through all the years of prostitution, she'd never been a junkie but she could get used to this type of high.

Laying flat on his back, Colt moaned, "Hot damn, woman. That was smokin'."

"I aim to please, cowboy." Raising a hand, she tipped an imaginary cowboy hat.

Lena bounced on the bed between them. "I have an idea."

"Oh lord," Amber groaned.

"Amber's getting over a bad situation and I want her to have a real good time tonight." Lena stroked Colt's long, bare thigh and his cock jerked in reaction. "A real good time, if you know what I mean." She winked.

"Lena?" Amber wondered what Lena planned.

"Relax sweetie." Lena patted her cheek. "These cowboys can give you a ride of a lifetime, right Dan?"

The bed shifted as Dan sat down behind Amber and stroked her back. His hand sent delicious tremors up her spine. "We can give ya a ride that'll make Turbo look like Granny Mae."

"Turbo?" Amber furrowed her brow.

"He's one wicked bull," Colt replied.

"Oh." Her eyes widened with interest.

"You up for a little double or nothin', Colt?" Dan asked as his hand slid around to cup Amber's breast. She leaned back against him. The touch of his calloused fingertips sent a jolt of heat straight to her clit. She'd never been this hungry. She wasn't sure she'd ever be sated.

"Hell yeah!" Colt grinned.

"What's double or nothing?" she asked.

"Our version of ridin' double." Colt wagged his dark brow. "Ya ever rode two at a time?" He stroked his thick length with a fisted hand.

In the past, she'd done just about anything for money but she'd rarely had sex for the pure enjoyment of it. Grinning wickedly, Amber lied, "Can't say that I have."

"You're gonna enjoy this," Colt promised as he plucked at her distended nipple.

"You won't hurt me, will you?" Amber batted her eyelashes. "You're both so big." Over the years, she'd learned men liked to have their egos stroked almost as much as their cocks. Of course, in their case it wasn't a lie. Out of the corner of her eye, Amber saw Lena roll her eyes and she almost giggled.

Wrapping his arms around her, Dan lifted her to kneel between them on the bed. "Sugar, I promise to take ya nice and slow...at first." His hand slid down to cup her ass cheek. "You've had anal?" At her nod, his finger circled the bloom of her ass.

"Honey, will ya get the condoms and lube outta the nightstand?" Colt nodded at Lena.

"For you, sweet cheeks, anything." Lena swatted Colt on the ass.

Amber chuckled. "She's a firecracker."

Colt's dark gaze watched Lena's chest bounce as she came back to the bed. The desire in his eyes stirred no jealousy within Amber. Dan took the lube from Lena and

rimmed her anus. "Oh yeah!" She wiggled on Dan's finger as he penetrated her. There was no reason for her to feel jealous. Leaning slightly forward, Amber enjoyed the slow, sweet burn of anal penetration.

"That's right, enjoy his finger. His cock will be even better." Lena winked at her. "Speaking of cocks." She ripped open a condom package. "Allow me." Lena rolled the condom down Colt's erection. "Amber's in for one hot ride." Her hand leisurely stroked Colt's length.

"And you're next," Colt promised Lena.

"Don't worry sweetie, I'll get mine but this is Amber's turn." Sitting back, with her legs folded under her, Lena combed her fingers through Amber's hair. "Don't those full breasts make you hungry?"

"Yep," Colt agreed.

Meeting Lena's gaze Amber moaned as Colt's large, calloused hands engulfed her breasts. "You're wicked."

"You don't know the half of it," Lena agreed. "But you'll figure it out."

Grasping Colt's head, Amber buried her fingers in his silky hair as she guided his mouth to her breast. His tongue flattened against her nipple as Dan inserted another finger. "Fuck!" Amber called out. She pushed back against Dan's hand, taking his fingers deeper.

"I think she's ready," Dan announced and Colt raised his head.

"Let's settle her on my cock." Colt held his thick shaft straight up and Amber quivered in anticipation.

Dan grasped her around the waist and lifted her over Colt. "Take me," Colt urged as he guided her down his length. "Take it all."

A moan of pleasure burst from Amber's lips as Colt's thick cock filled her deeply. "Damn. That feels good." This was much better than the dildos and vibes she'd relied upon over the last few months, since she'd broken off a lukewarm relationship.

Colt groaned. "It'll get even better."

Biting her lower lip, she peered over her shoulder to see Lena outfitting Dan's arousal with a rubber. "Giddy up cowboy." Lena chuckled.

Colt's hands cupped her ass, parting her cheeks as he leaned back, angling her to accept Dan's penetration. Obviously, it wasn't the first time they'd ridden double. "Relax and let him in." Colt's warm breath fanned her cheek as Dan prodded her anus.

Dan's thick cock head parted her hole and the breath hissed from her body. "Oh my!" Lust coiled in her stomach as he slid deep into her ass. She'd lied about doing this before but she could honestly say she'd never done it with two such well-endowed men. And she had certainly never enjoyed it this much.

Colt chuckled in her ear. "Like that?"

Amber nodded. She more than liked it. Trapped between the two hungry men, she could hardly move. Shifting restlessly, the tips of her breasts rubbed against Colt's chest, sparking even more jolts of sensation.

"I think she's speechless." Dan pumped his hips and shivers of awareness traveled up and down her spine.

"You like being double-stuffed?" Lena laughed as she trailed her hands down both of the men's backs.

"It's good," she managed to say as Colt moved. Pleasure-pain filled her as the men thrust in and out. Her head rolled back to land on Dan's shoulder as she panted for breath.

Her body trembled. "Fuck," she groaned. She felt and heard both men chuckle.

Tilting her backward, Dan supported her with his cock buried up her ass. "Fuck her, Colt. Make her come."

Thrusting deep and hard, Colt stretched her until she thought she'd burst. Reaching behind her, she grasped Dan's hips, digging in her nails as her clit pulsed. "Oh my god."

"Let it out, sugar. Let him have your cream," Dan's hoarse voice rasped in her ear.

Increasing his pace, Colt's fingers tweaked her clit and she shuddered. Her pussy clenched then spasmed in release. "Yes! Oh yes."

Grasping the back of her head, Colt lifted it and took her mouth in a deep, powerful kiss as he swallowed her cries of satisfaction. She still quaked with aftershock as they adjusted her to lean into Colt's arms.

She knew what was coming! Her thighs quaked as Dan slid out until just the head of his cock breached her ass. His big hands gripped her hips, massaging the rounded globes. "Damn! Ya look mighty good stretched for my cock."

Amber groaned as he slid in an inch or so then retreated. Wiggling her ass, she begged for his cock as she anticipated the hot, sweet burn of a hard, fast ride.

"Ya want it, don't ya?"

"Mmm," Amber moaned as she rubbed her face against Colt's neck. The heady scent of his arousal was intoxicating. Drunk on lust, her need for blood intensified and she struggled to control her urge to bite.

Dan thrust forward hard and deep. Her breath hitched in her throat as she swallowed a cry of pleasure.

"Wrap your arm around my neck," Colt demanded as his hands roamed. One hand tugged at a nipple while the other dove between her legs.

Gasping for breath, her blood roared through her veins. Tangling his hand in her hair, Colt tugged her head back. At her ear he rasped, "Sugar, you're so fucking hot, sittin' on my cock whilst he pounds your ass. I can feel 'im ridin' up and down my rod and I'm ready to blow."

"Come for me," Dan ordered slapping her ass cheek.

Her pussy clenched. Her release washed over her hard and fast. "Fuck!" she cried. Her eyes shut as an intense orgasm exploded, leaving her breathless. Hands adjusted

her, roaming her body, grasping, exploring and probing. Held upright between the two men, they took turns thrusting within her as her body hummed in pleasure.

Amber's head rolled to the side. Opening her eyes, she met Lena's gleaming gaze. A mischievous smile tugged at her lips. Amber watched her lube her fingers. It didn't take long to discover why. Kneeling alongside them, Lena reached around and anally penetrated both men. Colt's frame tensed as Dan gasped in surprise.

Lena gave them no chance to protest. "Let's make this real fun, boys."

"Fuck!" Dan called out.

"Does that feel good?"

Amber shivered as she watched Lena meet each of the guy's gazes. She knew what Lena was doing. She had mesmerized them but Amber didn't care as long as they kept fucking her. Lena deserved to share in their fun.

"You like it, don't you, Dan—my finger in your ass fucking you hard and deep? You like the penetration. What about you Colt, you like being fucked?" Lena laughed sinisterly.

Dan's body contorted with pleasure as Colt growled deep in his chest.

"Don't hurt them," Amber warned Lena.

"I'm not going to hurt them. They're enjoying it. Most men enjoy anal penetration, they're just too homophobic to allow it." Mischief gleamed in Lena's eyes. "And it's one hell of a power trip. Too bad I didn't bring my strap-on. I'd give them a hell of a ride."

Knowing how it felt to be anally penetrated Amber tended to think they probably did enjoy the mindless pleasure. She'd had clients who came to her just for that. They'd been too embarrassed to ask their wives for what they'd thought of as guilty pleasure. Tipping Colt's chin up, she gazed into his dark eyes. Hunger burned beneath the dazed expression.

"You can feed some if you'd like, they won't know. All they know right now is bliss." Lena grinned, revealing her fangs, just before she leaned forward and sank them into Dan's left nipple.

Licking her lips, Amber kissed the left side of Colt's neck. She could smell his blood...taste it. She licked her lips and her tongue brushed against extending fangs. It would look like a hickie when she was finished. Sinking her fangs into his flesh, the warm fluid flowed into her mouth. Blood! It was life and death. She sucked harder and his hips pumped faster. Pulling her fangs free, she licked the wound closed.

"I'm going to release them and let them finish the ride." Lena had no more than spoken when Colt's hands tightened on her waist.

"Fuck! I'm gonna come."

"Right behind ya," Dan roared near her ear.

Amber rode them through completion, her body so wrung out that she trembled uncontrollably. Colt erupted first. His eyes closed as pleasure washed over him. Dan wasn't far behind and they both leaned forward using each other for support.

Leaning to the side, Amber forced them to collapse onto the bed. Wiggling out from between them, she stretched. She'd expected discomfort but she felt revived.

Rolling to his back, Dan let out a snore.

"Typical men." Lena chuckled.

Climbing from the bed, Amber grinned. Both guys had passed out with content smiles on their faces. "You didn't get your turn."

"I enjoyed myself. There was plenty of sexual energy to feed on." Licking her lips, Lena purred like a satisfied cat.

Standing by the bed, Amber observed their sleeping prey. "They were sweet." But deep inside, a part of her was left unsatisfied.

"Yeah! But there's millions more just like them, all waiting to give us what we need. Let's get dressed. The sun will be up soon."

Amber sighed. Men. Lust. Hunger. Becoming a vampire hadn't changed the basic makeup of her existence. Only now, she would live forever and she wasn't sure that she wanted to. She didn't relish replacing one barren existence with another.

* * * * *

Outside the hotel, Lena hesitated. "Smell that?"

Amber inhaled deeply. A mixture of pine, antifreeze and a wisp of cologne from the man they'd just passed filled her nostrils. "What?"

"If you inhale deeply you can feel the tingle in your nose. The sun's coming up."

She took a deep breath. Her nerve endings tingled and her lungs burned as a soft glow lit the horizon.

"Time's up." Lena grasped her hand as they jogged. Rounding the corner of the building, they took off, and in a matter of minutes, they were at Lena's apartment.

"Wow!" Her head spun. She wasn't acclimated to the preternatural speed.

"You'll get used to it."

Crashing on the bed, Amber stretched out. "I have lots to get used to."

"But forever to do it."

"Is it always like tonight?"

Lena shrugged. "It's whatever you make of it."

There was a whole world of possibilities. "What's next?"

"You have to leave the city."

"Why?"

Lena sat on the edge of the bed. Her dark eyes were troubled. "Your purse and blood were found in that abandoned building."

Fuck! That all seemed like a lifetime ago. In a way it was. "I forgot about my purse. Are the police looking for me?"

"I think they're looking for your body. The amount of blood you left behind —"

"Would have been fatal," Amber finished for her. She was undead. Stretching out her arm, she wiggled her fingers. It was hard to believe she'd nearly died, to be reborn immortal.. She didn't feel remorse. Lena had freed her from a life filled with pain and sorrow. "The worst thing about dying is that I begged that asshole for my life."

Lena laughed. "You are a trip. You don't care that he left you for dead. You're just pissed that you showed weakness."

"Weakness can get you killed. I forgot that for a little while and look what happened."

Lena nodded. "I didn't know you were a prostitute."

Amber flinched as the words jarred her from her thoughts. She didn't think those words had the power to hurt her any longer but they did. She'd worked hard to put that life behind her but some things you couldn't leave behind. "I was, but I changed."

Lena shrugged. "Doesn't matter to me."

She met Lena's gaze. "You're the first person to say that to me."

"I've done worse. Who am I to judge?" Lena chuckled as she pushed her to the other side of the bed and stretched out next to her.

"Where are we going?"

"I'm not going anywhere but you are."

"By myself?" Lord, she sounded pathetic. "I didn't mean it like that." Amber sighed. "I'll be fine."

"I'm sure you will. Marcus will take good care of you until you're settled somewhere."

"Marcus?" Amber rolled to her side to look at Lena.

"Mmm." Lena nodded. "Hope he's not too perturbed that I took you on your first feed."

"What do you mean? Who is Marcus?"

"Marcus works for the vampire council. He finds and trains all newbies in this area in the ways of a proper vampire and on occasion he kills rogue vamps."

"Why can't you train me?"

"Marcus is good at what he does. You'll love him. He is gorgeous and has a hot body. I'm sure he'll seduce you but you won't mind. He has a big, thick cock and he knows exactly how to use it."

"Does he seduce all the vampires?"

"I don't know for sure but I heard he sometimes seduces the males too." Lena chuckled then licked her lips. "I'd love to see his big cock rutting in the virgin ass of a male vamp."

Amber furrowed her brow. She'd never given male on male sex a lot of thought but she could see the possible appeal. "Does he force them?"

Lena shook her head. "No. He doesn't have to. You'll see when you meet him."

"You sound like you have a thing for him."

"I could have but no one gets Marcus forever."

Amber sighed. She was starting over again.

"Hey, once you're settled, I'll come visit."

Amber's thoughts wandered as they lay quietly, side by side on the bed. Finally, she asked, "When will Marcus arrive?"

Chapter Two

"I am here," Marcus announced in a deep, sexy voice with just a trace of a British accent. The drapes billowed on a strong gust of wind and Amber saw the outline of a man.

"Oh my god," Amber murmured as a tall, lithe man stepped into the room. "You are a vampire?" Instant heat stirred within her.

He cocked a blond brow that was slightly darker than the golden hair that slid across his forehead as he inclined his head. Amber's breath caught in her throat. He looked like a fallen angel. For some reason she had always pictured vampires as pale with dark hair and ruby lips. He blew that image to bits. His blond hair and green eyes didn't fit the mold she had inside her head. However, the golden tone of his skin really threw off her theories about vampires.

"I pictured vampires as dark-haired."

Crossing the room, he reached out and his long, tanned fingers twirled a lock of her auburn hair. "Your hair is not dark." Mischief danced in his pale eyes and his smile was full of wisdom and a touch of humor.

Her hair slipped through his fingers but his touch jolted her to the tip of her toes. Her thoughts scattered. "I guess I hadn't thought about that." She hadn't yet come to terms with being a vampire. "But you have a tan?" she questioned.

He nodded. "I can tolerate the sun in wee doses, love." The careless endearment caused her stomach to flutter.

"Marcus is an ancient. He's built up immunities," Lena supplied.

"Oh." Amber's gaze raked the gorgeous vampire Lena had said would be her instructor. She couldn't fault Lena's taste. He was magnificent. Gorgeous, powerful and sexy. His perfect golden skin covered high cheekbones and a chiseled jaw. She

wondered how old he was. He looked about thirty but she guessed you might add a zero to that number. Pale, gleaming eyes regarded her from beneath long, golden lashes.

Damn, he was hot. Her heart beat erratically as lust rose but she fought it down. He'd lived many lifetimes and seduced many women. The thought of being just another body in a long line for this man soured her stomach. She'd had enough of that in her lifetime.

Marcus' gaze roamed over the new vampire and lust coiled in his stomach. The desire took him by surprise. His trainee had the power to arouse him. It was an unexpected and very welcome surprise. Long, wavy auburn hair curled around a pretty face with striking blue eyes. She wasn't breathtakingly beautiful but there was something irresistible about her. He let his gaze travel lower. Her full breasts rose and fell rapidly with her erratic breathing. He was glad she wasn't immune to him. He licked his lips. Her short skirt displayed long, smooth legs. His cock hardened. This time he not only felt ready but able. His body hummed with desire—he was going to enjoy this assignment. Maybe he would train her longer than necessary. He imagined staying with her until he'd sated his lust but he hoped he never would.

A unique scent teased his senses and he leaned closer, inhaling her fragrance. A jolt of pleasure-pain shot through his system, almost doubling him over. His gut knotted as if he'd been sucker punched. Her scent was new, yet familiar. His balls tightened with a need he hadn't felt in years, if ever. It couldn't be but it was. His bond mate. Joy and lust surged within him and he became instantly and unwillingly harder until another scent assaulted him. He snarled, baring his fangs. His feral side raged and the female visibly jumped. "You took her out," he accused. His narrowed gaze flashed at Lena.

"She was hungry, so I took her to a bar for a snack." Lena shrugged as she rose from the bed.

He frowned. "You took her to a pub? You should have fed her your blood."

"She was in control. I taught her what you taught me."

Anger burned in his gut but he couldn't blame anyone but himself. He had taken his time arriving and Lena had taught the newbie as he'd taught her many years ago. He couldn't really fault her. "She is different."

"Different?" Lena's eyes zeroed in on his face. Her nostrils flared as amusement lit her gaze. "Oh this is just too funny. You've finally met your match." She laughed.

"Silence," Marcus ordered. There was a time and place for everything and this was not the time. He sensed resistance in the new blood and he would not play his hand just yet.

He turned his gaze back to the female who watched him nervously. "What is your name, pet?" He struggled to soften his tone.

"Amber." Her breathy voice aroused him even more.

Their gazes touched and the beast within him roared to life. As he starred at her, his thoughts turned to peeling the clothes from her body. There was nothing he wanted more than to spread her thighs and ease his cock into the moist depth of her pussy. It had been a long time since he'd truly enjoyed a woman. Part of him knew that he'd never enjoyed a woman as much as he'd enjoy this one. His animalistic side urged him to live out the fantasy playing in his mind. However, the part of him that still lived by the human code would not allow it. By strength of will, he quieted his beast. There was no doubt that he would fuck her but he wouldn't mount her like an animal, at least, not until she asked him to. "Amber, from now on I will be your instructor. You will do as I say. Whatever I say, whenever I say it."

She raised her chin and her steely blue gaze narrowed. "You might be my trainer but you are not my master."

"Excuse me!" He arched a brow. Lust stirred fiercely within his gut at her challenge.

"You heard me. Lena told me about you. She said you were gorgeous and I have to admit that's true but I'm done with lying on my back on command."

Marcus huffed. "What exactly did Lena say?"

"Oh fuck," Lena murmured from behind him.

Amber watched him warily. "She said you fuck all your trainees, even the guys." Swinging her legs over the side of the bed, Amber stood to face him.

He snorted. From the corner of his eye, he saw Lena dart from the room. "Bloody rubbish! I am far from a saint but Lena has a vivid imagination."

"So you don't plan on fucking me?"

It irked him that the cheeky lass had the nerve to question him. No one had questioned him in hundreds of years. He could smell the scent of more than one bloke on her. He knew she'd just returned from fucking for her supper and yet she had the nerve to question him. "I will teach you to survive—to thrive as a vampire. Feeding on sexual energy is part of a vampire's existence."

Placing a hand on one curvy hip, she defied him. "I know how to fuck. You don't have to teach me that."

Plainspoken, with a temperament as fiery as her hair. He was pleased his mate was not a docile puppet. He would enjoy taming her to please him. "If you have no problem feeding off other men, what is your aversion to me?"

"Men are my prey. I have the power. I take what I want and move on without anyone being hurt. With you, I'd be the prey."

Narrowing his eyes on her face, Marcus probed her mind. It wasn't something he did often but he sensed fear within her and he needed to know the source. Schooling his features not to react, he opened himself to flashes of her thoughts and memories. Panic and arousal churned within her. Her memories were turbulent, as would be expected of someone recently assaulted. Seeing the attack through her eyes was painful. His need to protect her warred with the part of him that was thankful for it had happened. If she hadn't been left for dead... Pulling back from the memories, he concentrated on her thoughts. He bit his inner jaw to control the overwhelming urge to smile. Steamy, chaotic pictures flashed through her mind. Many centered upon her in his arms. If he didn't know better, he'd think he had implanted the visions in her mind. A picture of

him drinking blood from her breast flashed to her bent over a table as he held her arms behind her and plowed his cock through her wet folds.

Clenching his jaw, he determined not to react as he saw her bent over his knee while he paddled her rosy arse cheeks. Damn! She was a woman with definite tastes. Tastes he shared.

He was about to burst into flames. Releasing her mind, he looked away. "You are correct, to a point, but I will not hurt you." She wanted, yet feared, his domination. In time, she would feel no fear, only desire. Then he would teach her everything he'd learned over the many years.

"You'll just use me and move on. I've had enough of that. Now, I'm the user."

He raised an eyebrow but didn't argue. He would never move on, as she put it, and she would have no need to use other men. Telling her, at this point, would serve no purpose. She wouldn't believe him so he would show her how it would be from now on. Hunger as he'd never felt before surged through his veins. He would lay the world at her feet but first he must teach her how to survive as a vampire. "I will teach you many ways to feed off sexual energy but I will not fuck you."

Her eyes widened with what he hoped was disappointment.

"I will not fuck you until you beg me."

Amber snorted. "I guess you'll never have the pleasure of fucking me because I don't beg."

Throwing back his head, he roared with laughter. Fucking, spanking, it didn't matter, she *would* beg. It would be his pleasure to find out but he wouldn't probe her mind again. Now that he knew she wanted him, he would discover the rest of her secrets the natural way.

"Bastard," she murmured.

"Do not push too hard or you might find out how hard I can bite. Now, take a shower. You reek of men and sex."

"Leave and you won't have to smell me."

He leaned closer. "Until you are fully trained, I will be at your side, night and day. I will not rest next to a female who reeks of other men."

"But..."

"First lesson, listen to your instructor."

* * * * *

Amber tossed restlessly on the bed as memories of the last couple of days tumbled through her mind.

Yesterday she'd awakened nauseated, head throbbing. She remembered the acidic taste that had filled her mouth as she awoke in an unfamiliar bed. The taste had been Lena's blood and she'd been sleeping in the vampire's bed.

Her mind flashed to her last memory as a human. Lena had bent over her and tasted her blood. Confusion and horror had chilled her. Little time had past and she was still confused.

Rolling onto her side, Amber plumped the pillow under her head as she yawned. Her mind drifted and she remembered Lena's words, *I changed you. It was that or let you die.*

Die! That word swirled around in her head as her eyelids fluttered. Darkness overtook her and a soft whimper left her lips as nightmares invaded her sleep...

~ ~ ~ ~ ~

The bar was crowded—suffocating. She thought people were looking at her, that they knew her secret. Every man who smiled at her reminded her of a past customer. Part of her knew she was paranoid. She'd left that life behind in Chicago. Regardless, pleading a headache to her co-workers, she took off. On the short walk to her car, unease traveled up her spine. She felt as though someone was watching, that she was being followed. Before she could open her cell phone, strong hands wrapped around

her shoulders. Muffling her mouth with one hand, the assailant dragged her toward a deserted building. The building appeared to be boarded-up but the door opened with ease. Obviously, the assailant had planned an attack and she was just the unfortunate victim.

The horror of the attack overwhelmed her. Thunder crackled overhead as a drop of rain landed on her upturned face before he dragged her inside. She didn't know why she'd looked up to the sky, as if for help. If there were a God, he had abandoned her at birth.

"If ya scream I'll kill ya. Understand?"

She nodded and he released her mouth.

"Give me your jewelry bitch, if ya want to live." The cold, deliberate voice still echoed in her ears as he snatched her purse from her fingers.

"I don't have anything of value."

He snorted as his hand wrapped around her throat holding her against the brick wall. She hadn't begged for anything since she was a young child but she couldn't stop the pleas that erupted from her lips, "Please don't hurt me."

The bastard laughed—a chilling, hollow sound. Releasing his grip on her, he held up a long-bladed knife for her to see. He tugged her forward. "Get on your knees."

Her legs trembled but she complied. She knew what to expect and she could handle it. He circled behind her. Kneeling, his body pressed against her backside. She held her breath as she waited for him to tear at her clothing. Instead, the cool blade pressed to her throat.

"No. Please. Please don't hurt me."

He laughed as the blade pierced her flesh and ripped across her throat. He pulled the knife free and her blood pored from her body.

Rolling to her side, she coughed and blood spewed from between her lips. The pain faded as her heartbeats ticked slowly away. She remembered opening her eyes as her

attacker pulled her money then dropped her wallet on the ground. Turning, he walked toward the door but she was too weak to scream. He walked leisurely, as if nothing was amiss. As if he hadn't just brutally robbed and killed a woman, for surely she was dying. When he opened the door, a streetlight flickered and with each flash, the darkness settled more firmly over her. Her eyelids grew heavy and drooped.

Her life was slipping away and she expected her past to flash before her eyes. Not that she wanted it to. There was nothing worth remembering. She tried to recall happy times, good times, but nothing came to mind. She knew how the story of her death would be reported. Her past record would make for a lively headline. Prostitute found murdered in abandoned building. On second thought, it probably wouldn't even make a headline, just a small article tucked away on the back page. It wouldn't mention that'd she'd put that life behind her and lived the straight and narrow for the last two years. Even her co-workers at the restaurant would believe she had been turning a trick and it had gone badly. She wasn't close to them. She wasn't close to anyone. She would die cold and alone. She thought it a fitting end, considering her birth mother had left her newborn body wrapped in a dirty blanket, in a bathroom stall.

Shivers racked her body as the cold from the concrete floor seeped in and her blood seeped out. From the corner of her eye, she saw movement but she knew it was too late. The movement took shape as a woman leaned over her. Pale skin and dark eyes stared at her.

Amber licked her lips. A gurgling sound emerged as she tried to plead for help.

Ruby red lips parted as the woman leaned over her. Amber's vision blurred and she thought she saw fangs. She wanted to recoil but she couldn't. Soft lips brushed Amber's as the woman's black hair curtained them. "You're mine now," the female whispered.

Was this death come to take her home?

The woman's head lowered and her tongue darted out to lap at the gash in Amber's neck...

~ ~ ~ ~ ~

"Wake up." Marcus' hand gripped her shoulder as he shook her. "You are having a bad dream."

"What?" Opening her drowsy eyes, Amber looked around. "It was a dream?" Her heart thundered inside her chest.

"Or a memory." Marcus shrugged his naked shoulders as he leaned over her in the bed.

By force of will, she kept her eyes on his face. She couldn't allow herself to indulge her senses with his naked beauty, especially not now. Not while her insides trembled in vulnerability.

His glittering gaze watched her and she realized a golden band rimmed his eyes. She inhaled shakily as she struggled to control the riotous emotions that bubbled inside her. Gripping the sheet with fisted hands, she pulled it up to her chin. She had the right to feel unnerved. It wasn't everyday you were robbed, left for dead and turned into a vampire within the space of a few hours. Now, she lay naked, next to the sexiest man she'd ever seen. Part of her longed to turn to him and lose herself in the pleasure she knew he could provide. However, an inner voice warned against it. She couldn't become dependent on him.

Closing her eyes, she tried not to think about anything but him. He shifted in the bed next to her and his musky scent filled her nostrils. Arousal hit her hard and she shivered.

His hand lightly brushed her temple. "Shh, you'll be fine. Keep your pecker up," he said in a husky rumble.

Amber blinked and turned to look at him. "My what?"

He chuckled. "Sorry, love. Keep your courage up. You are not alone."

She settled back in the bed as she considered his words. He thought she was afraid. She wasn't, not really. She'd been alone her whole life. For the time being, she had him but she knew it wasn't for long.

Lena had said no one got Marcus forever and she needed to remember that.

A strong arm came across her, scooping her up to lie nestled against his warm body. Unused to comfort, Amber stiffened. His unique scent surrounded her and she relaxed. She knew it wasn't wise to trust him, or anyone for that matter. However, she convinced herself that just for tonight she could accept comfort. A deep sigh escaped her as she buried her face against his side. Her left hand settled in the middle of his chest and she didn't protest when his hand closed around it.

"You're warm," she muttered.

He pursed his lips and smiled faintly. "Very."

She hadn't noticed that her body or Lena's still felt warm. Of course, she hadn't been this close to Lena. "There's so much I don't understand."

"Most of what you think you know of vampires is untrue. Our bodies are warm blooded. However, young bloods especially, need to renew their blood often. There is much for you to learn and I will teach you, but for now, you need rest."

She had to stop assuming everything she saw in movies about vampires was true. She sighed and a shroud of warmth settled over her. She was too tired to examine his affect on her. For tonight, she would accept his soothing embrace. Tomorrow, she would worry about the consequences.

Chapter Three

"Did you dress up for me?" Marcus asked. Dressed in tight jeans and a partially open shirt, Marcus leaned against the wet bar and swirled a glass of bourbon. He wasn't dressed-up but he looked good enough to eat.

Amber soothed her hand over her short skirt as she tried not to stare. "I assumed we were going out to...dinner."

"I think you'll be eating in." Marcus unfastened his cuff and rolled up his sleeve. "Take my blood." He held out his golden, muscled forearm. Amber's eyes darted away as she fought the urge to lick her lips.

"No. I'll go out with Lena." She wouldn't feed off him. He already had too much control over her. She couldn't depend on him for food. She turned and walked back the way she'd come.

"Lena is out," he announced from behind her.

"Already?" Amber looked over her shoulder. "Where did she go?"

He shrugged. "She is around."

The shrugging action opened his shirt enough for her to see part of a tattoo on his chest. She couldn't make it out but it only added to the sexy, mysterious air about him. Realizing that she was staring, she averted her gaze. "When will she be back?"

"Lena is not your instructor. I am." Finishing his drink, he set the glass down and stood up straight.

She refused to let the towering vamp intimidate her. "So, I can't hang out with her? Is that against the vampire rule book or something?"

"No need to start a row, love. However, it is my words you must follow."

"I didn't think vampires followed rules," she quipped.

"Have you known many vampires?" Even in casual attire, he moved with graceful elegance.

She shrugged. "It's hard to say."

"Cheeky miss." He grinned. "Assuming that you haven't, it is my duty to prepare you. You should not have fed without proper instruction. You could have lost control and caused an incident."

"I'm not allowed out in public? What do you think I am going to do?"

"At this point, the most important thing for you to know is that you must listen to me. This is standard procedure for the safety of our kind. Shift in the wrong place and lives will be lost."

"If it came down to war, wouldn't the vampires win?"

"Possibly, but if we destroy our food source, eventually we'd all die." The corner of his mouth quirked.

She crossed her arms over her chest. "Okay I get it. I only shift in private. How hard is that?"

"It can be very difficult. Anger, fear and arousal can trigger a shift."

She nodded. She had to admit, at least to herself, that there were a couple of times she'd had trouble controlling the urge to bite. "I understand."

"Do you?" His hand snaked out to catch her elbow.

"Let me go." She fought as he tugged her closer.

"Why?"

"You said..." She hesitated to suck in a shaky breath. "You said you wouldn't." His touch set off a swirl of desire in her gut and she struggled to form coherent thought.

"I said I wouldn't fuck you." His voice was thick with desire. "There are many pleasures we can share before I fuck you. I can show you how to feed your hungers."

His other arm wrapped around her. His hand settled low on her spine and gathered her to his rock-hard frame. Heat engulfed her. "No," she moaned. Her knees wobbled. No one had ever affected her quite this way.

His hips shifted against her lower stomach and he chuckled. "Don't fight me." His warm, bourbon-scented breath teased her senses as he brushed his lips over her cheek.

"No." She struggled in vain.

"You think I don't feel your arousal? The poker-hot tips of your breasts are as hard as my cock. You need me." Tangling his hand in her hair, he anchored her head in place for his descending mouth. It wasn't a gentle exploratory kiss. It was an all-out assault on her senses.

When she parted her lips, his tongue didn't hesitate to take possession of her mouth. She met his penetrating thrust with a husky moan. Grasping his shoulders, she pressed up against him. Energy soared through her system as she fed on the heat they generated. His hands tightened on her. If she weren't a vampire, her bones would shatter.

Dragging a hand down his back, she pressed against his shirt, feeling his warmth and strength. Flexing her fingers, she shredded his shirt with her nails. The scent of blood filled her nostrils and she knew she'd broken his skin but he didn't seem to mind.

His hand tore at her blouse, sending buttons flying and then one hand was on her breast. His fingers teased the sensitive outer curve. She moved, following his hand, begging for his touch. A groan erupted from her lips as his tongue caressed the soft inner tissue of her lower lip.

Parting their lips, they both panted for breath as his eyes blazed down at the skin he had exposed. "Beautiful."

His thumb flicked the tip of a distended nipple and her pussy dampened with need. His lips and hands were a testament to his skill. He'd taken her higher than any man ever had and she was still half-dressed.

Needy eyes devoured him. He was more man than she'd ever touched and she wanted him with a passion that was never-ending. When he fucked her, she knew she would find heaven.

A shiver rode down her spine.

"I want you so much," he whispered as his finger and thumb closed on her nipple. "We will be so good together."

She nodded in agreement. It would be so good, a life-shattering experience. A weak moan escaped her lips. Her hands tightened on his shoulders. She wanted to drag him beneath her, mount him and ride a rollercoaster of pleasure but she couldn't. "No," she murmured weakly.

"You may not admit it but it's true."

Pushing against his shoulders, she shook her head. "I can't."

"What?" The heat in his eyes turned to anger. "You want me," he insisted.

"No. I've had enough of your lessons for now." Yanking free of his hands she ran from the room. The sound of glass shattering against a wall echoed in her head. Collapsing on the bed, she sobbed softly. She was wrong to do that to him – to herself – but a little pain now was better than an eternity of pain later.

* * * * *

"Amber." A knock rattled the bedroom door. Jarred from her thoughts, she looked at the clock. An hour had passed.

"What do you want?"

He made a rough sound under his breath. "You can't hide in the bedroom forever. I still have much to teach you."

"Is that all you want?" she questioned.

"No. However, if I intended to force you, this door would not stop me."

"Just a minute." She still wore the torn blouse but instead of changing, she tied the loose ends together. If he planned to seduce her, it really didn't matter what she wore. "Okay." She opened the door. He'd changed and she wondered where the clothes came from. She hadn't seen a suitcase when he arrived.

"Do you want to talk in the living room?"

Nodding, she led the way down the hall. Taking a seat in a reclining chair, she curled her legs under her. "May I ask some questions?"

He inclined his head and took a seat on the couch across from her. He seemed at ease, sitting with his legs spread wide and his arm stretched across the back of the couch.

"Where did your clothes come from?"

A blond brow shot upward. "Leave it to a woman to worry foremost about fashion."

She shrugged then gasped as his shirt changed from blue to red in the blink of an eye.

"There is power that comes with time. I have only to think of the clothing I wish to wear and it appears." His clothing shimmered and turned almost transparent. "Or disappears."

She arched a brow. "That's convenient. Can I do that?"

"In time."

"That figures." She sighed. "I know you said we are warm blooded but why does my heart beat. And, why do I have to breathe?"

"Vampires are immortal, not dead. You must feed and you must breathe. There are a few ways to kill a vampire. Beheading, removing the heart and burning to ashes by either fire or sun. A vampire will heal from most injuries."

"No silver bullets or stakes?"

He shook his head. "Once the stake is removed from the heart, it will heal."

"Interesting." Another thought popped into her head. "Are werewolves real too?"

His lips curled upward at one corner. "Yes, but contrary to popular belief, they are not our mortal enemies and it takes more than a scratch to change you."

"What else should I know...fear?"

"You must learn to blend into society, to hide your abilities no matter what happens. In time, you will develop the ability to erase memories or to block what others see. Until then you must be careful. Mental shields are used to block your mind from other vampires."

"Block my mind?" she questioned as dread filled her. He couldn't—could he?

"I can."

Don't think about anything. Don't think, she chanted in her head.

"I can but I won't."

"How can I trust you? Are you reading my mind now?"

"No. Your thoughts are obvious." He leaned forward. "Do you think about things you don't want me to know?" His voice lowered an octave. "Do you think about making love to me?"

"You're a bastard."

A sexy grin spread across his face and she cursed herself for noticing because he might know her thoughts.

"I read your mind once when we first met. I won't do it again."

"How do I know that?"

"Remember when you said men were your prey? I needed to know what you were really thinking."

Amber thought back to that conversation. She had just told him she didn't need him to teach her how to fuck. At the time, she hadn't realized what was happening but now she remembered feeling a tingling sensation traveling up her neck and into her head. "I felt you but I didn't know what it was."

"It is another acquired skill but not one I use often. Although, I do entrance my prey before I feed."

"Lena did too. Well, not to feed." Amber averted her gaze. She didn't want to start that conversation.

"It is an easy trick. Entrancing another immortal is impossible but you can entrance your prey. I will teach you when you are strong enough."

She huffed. That was always the answer. She needed to grow stronger, older or complete her training. When would she be independent? She wasn't used to relying on anyone. "When will that be?"

He shrugged. "A few weeks, perhaps."

"Until then?"

"I will take care of you," he drawled.

Amber shifted in her seat. "What did you see when you read my mind?"

"I saw your death." His gaze locked onto hers.

"Oh."

"I saw images of us."

"U-us?" she stuttered as she remembered some of the images he might have seen.

"You fantasized about having sex with me."

Her cheeks flushed and her stomach clenched. "I didn't."

He cocked a brow. "And you fantasized about me turning you over my knee." His palm stroked the length of his thigh.

Oh my god! Did he have to pick her most wicked thoughts out of her head?

Moving quickly, he scooped her from the chair and sat down with her across his lap.

"What are you doing?"

"Fulfilling your fantasy...and mine."

"What? Hell no." She arched her back and kicked out, trying to break free.

"You need your arse whipped for what you did earlier *and* since I know you'll enjoy it."

"No. Don't." She'd fantasized about him tanning her ass but she couldn't allow it. She couldn't allow him to feed her secret desires.

"Too late." His grip was much too strong. It was useless to fight as he held her easily across his lap. "Go ahead and fight. It will up the energy flow."

"Pervert. Is this how you get your kicks?" she hissed, feeling the growing erection pressed against her hip.

He chuckled as he pinned her legs between his. Her belly lay across his thighs and he held her down with a hand to her back. His free hand slid along her bare upper thighs causing a shiver to race up her spine.

"I'm not the only one who fancies this." Material ripped as he tore the mini-skirt out of his way. He let out a harsh breath and it fluttered across her naked cheeks.

"That was Lena's skirt," she admonished.

His hand cupped one cheek. "She has many more." His fingers wrapped in the wisp of material that comprised her thong. He tugged and twisted the material, dragging it across her sensitized clit.

Her breath drew in sharply at the powerful sensation. "Don't." She glared over her shoulder at him.

"Fine. I will attend to other business."

Her breath hitched in her throat at the first stinging swat to her ass. Gritting her teeth, she refused to utter a sound as he applied four more slaps to her bottom. Each slap sent a ripple of sexual energy through her body. By the fifth slap, her thighs clenched together. Amber sighed when he stopped, until he tugged on the thong again.

"Please don't." Closing her eyes, she fought for control of the beast within her.

"As you wish." Another series of slaps landed on her ass. Her whole body tensed and she fought not to arch upward to meet the descent of his hand. When the blows ceased, she trembled but she feared relaxing.

He shifted beneath her and she clamped her thighs tighter. The last thing she wanted was for him to sense how aroused she was.

"Your arse is as red as a rose." He cupped the rounded flesh. "Rosy and hot." He tugged gently on the thong. "You might even say blood red." He chuckled.

His breath brushed her upturned ass just seconds before his tongue lapped the fiery flesh. Unable to help herself, she arched up to meet his mouth. Sharp teeth grazed the tender flesh and she moaned with need.

If she were human, she would have cried in pain. However, she was no longer human and the pain only added to her pleasure. He pulled on the thong and pitiful mewls escaped her lips.

"Come for me." The words were a command.

She shook her head, refusing to submit.

"You cannot fight it. You are mine to teach. Mine to taste." He growled as he sank his fangs into the curve of her ass.

"Marcus," she hissed as she lost the battle with the inner beast. Her fangs extended. The relentless torture to her clit combined with his bite was too much. Every muscle in her body tightened as she fought release. Her body quivered as he sucked her blood through her veins. Her blood pulsed furiously. He might as well have bitten her directly on her clit, for each pull of his mouth seemed centered between her thighs.

She couldn't hold back any longer. An intense orgasm vibrated through every muscle and pore of her body. Tense muscles shook as if they were jelly.

She didn't protest as he shifted her to kneel on the couch. There was no fight left in her. Her body hummed with pleasure as small quakes of aftershock teased over sensitized nerve endings. When he spread her thighs, she knew what was coming. He

was going to fuck her with the large cock she'd felt pressed against her hip. If she had the energy, she'd arch her back and welcome him into her body.

"What a pretty, wet pussy." He tugged and snapped her thong. "You smell delicious and now I will taste all of your sweetness."

His tongue lapped her inner thigh before working its way to her clit and labia. Heat sizzled along raw nerves with each swipe.

"Mmm," Marcus slurped. Flattening his tongue, he lapped her from clit to anus. "So good."

Trembling, Amber pressed back against his mouth as he dipped his tongue into her canal. Damn! He was too good at this, just as Lena had said.

"You are mine now. Mine," he murmured.

Mine? *He has a big thick cock and he knows exactly how to use it.* Lena's words tumbled through her mind. She shook her head and cursed herself for a fool. She had let him get to her. He had broken her to his touch and now she would crave it. Soon she would spread her thighs and beg him to mount her. Inevitably, she would surrender herself to him and then he would walk away. Pressing her hands into the softness of the cushions beneath her, Amber pushed upward. "Fuck you."

Marcus licked his lips. "Are you begging already? I am disappointed. I thought you would be more of a challenge."

She stiffened at his words. "I'll never beg you."

His fingers slipped through her moist folds. Stopping, one finger pressed against the opening of her canal. She couldn't stop her body from pulsing under his touch. "Don't be a bloody fool. Admit that you want me. You want to be fucked."

She twisted on the couch to glare at him. His eyes shimmered with need as he licked lips glistening with her cream. "I might want to fuck but it doesn't have to be with you."

His eyes flared and the ring of gold intensified. Once again, his hand came down hard on her ass. "It would be in your best interest not to mention fucking another bloke."

Pushing off the settee, he stood and marched out of the room. It was his fault and he knew it. He'd pushed her too hard too soon. She was so delicious and he wanted her so much but she didn't understand yet. Overwhelmed by so many new emotions, she had no idea she was his mate. He needed to give her time but he couldn't delay too long. The council would already sense that he'd found his mate and not everyone would be happy for him. He had to keep her safe. Maybe it was partially an excuse. It was difficult to resist her, now that he knew she would melt under his touch, it would be nearly impossible. He licked his lips, still tasting her essence. She'd melted into a puddle of delicious cream and he could not wait to feast again. Lifting his fingers, he inhaled the fresh scent of her arousal. His fangs and cock instantly lengthened.

* * * * *

Near dawn, Marcus found her curled up in the window seat in Lena's bedroom. She'd changed into a pair of sweat pants and a T-shirt but she still looked beautiful. "It is time to close the draperies. I do not want you harmed."

Accusing eyes glared at him as she rose and tugged on the cords. "I can smell it. Lena taught me that."

He nodded. "I have been remiss in my duties. Teaching you is difficult."

"Sorry to be such a problem. Maybe you should send for another instructor."

"That will not be necessary." Already he could feel his beast warring with his reason.

"I guess you are used to whispering instructions while you are fucking your pupils."

He clenched his jaw. He would not let her anger him to a point where he'd lose control. "I have lived for over five hundred years. I've been an instructor for over three

hundred of them. In that time, I have had sex with countless individuals but I have never raped anyone."

"I guess not, since you can mesmerize them."

He exhaled heavily. "Do you think that is the only way I can attract my prey?"

She shrugged. "I guess not."

"I mesmerize prey to take their blood, not to have sex with them." He stepped closer to her. "I have no need of tricks to seduce my prey." He grasped her hips and pulled her up against the firm length of his erection.

"Let me go," she pleaded in a husky tone.

"You still need to feed."

"Did you go out and feed? Did you go out and seduce some—"

He shook her hard. "No. I can go a long time without blood but you cannot." Lifting one hand, he unbuttoned his shirt. Earlier, he'd offered his arm but now he would make her feed from a gash on his chest.

"You have a tattoo." The touch of her hand seared his chest.

"Yes," the word hissed from between his lips. "A bird of prey and he has you in his sights." Scratching a semi-circle cut above one nipple, he cupped the back of her head and forced her mouth to his chest.

Her tenseness eased at the first taste of his blood. Growling, she latched on and sucked.

It took all of his willpower not to take her right then. "That's the ticket. Suck me."

Plastering her body to his, she drank his blood. Her tongue laved his nipple as she drew blood from the cut. As she fed, she ground her body against his, trying to sate more than just bloodlust. Arousal hummed through his veins.

"You still intend to deny that you want me—need me?" His fingers tweaked her distended nipples through the thin material of her shirt before trailing across her abs.

Lazily, his fingers circled patterns on her stomach, traveling increasingly closer to her mound.

“Marcus, please,” she groaned against his flesh.

“I will if you will just admit that you want me.”

Tired of playing around, he shoved the sweats out of his way and his hand dipped between her folds. Parting her labia, his fingers slid easily along her wet pussy. She was hot, wet and ready for his cock. Lifting his slick fingers, he lapped the moisture, tasting her essence. He would savor her taste for the rest of eternity.

“Ask me to fuck you.” The words were as close as he had ever come to begging. He knew she wanted him. He hadn’t lived for hundreds of years without learning something about women and desire.

Amber shook her head but she couldn’t stop her insides from melting at his touch. Glancing up, their gazes connected and time ticked away as she stared into his eyes. The air charged with electricity and goose bumps coated her flesh. The look in his eyes was one she’d never seen before.

Over the years, many men had looked at her with lust—desire in their eyes. However, no one had ever looked at her quite the way Marcus did at this very moment. Studying him closely, she exhaled heavily. She wanted him and she was tired of denying it. “Fuck me.”

“Yes.” Lifting her in his arms, he carried her to the bed and dropped her in the center.

Growling, he descended, taking her mouth in a hungry kiss. His tongue thrust past her lips, demanding a response.

Her legs wrapped around him and she tangled her hands in his hair. Tugging her shirt up, she gloried in the feel of his naked chest against her breasts.

Yanking her mouth free of his, she sucked in a deep breath. Wildly dilated eyes met her gaze. “Fuck me now,” she growled.

Spurred into action, Marcus untwined her legs from around him and pulled off her sweats. Unfastening his jeans, he freed his erection. He was hard, hungry.

The breath hissed from his body as she wrapped a hand around his cock, urging him toward her wet cunt.

"Easy."

"Now," she demanded.

In the throes of lust, there was no reasoning with her. Cupping her ass, he lifted her as he pressed forward. Leaning back, he watched as the head of his cock breached her wet passage. It was beautiful to see.

Supporting her with one hand, his other moved to toy with her swollen clit. He'd planned a longer, slower seduction but the fierceness of her arousal allowed for nothing but a hard, deep fuck. However, he would make sure she found release before he lost himself in her heated depths.

His thumb and finger strummed her clit as he surged forward, filling her with his cock.

"Bloody hell." He shuddered. She was so hot and wet.

Her hips rocked up against him. "Harder."

Gritting his teeth, he pulled back and slammed forward. Deep and hard, he took her as her nails gouged his flesh. Her legs wrapped around him, anchoring him deep within her and he rotated his hips.

"Yes," she cried out. "God yes."

Her inner muscles spasmed around his shaft and he couldn't hold back any longer. Throwing back his head, he moaned as his cum erupted within her body.

Rolling to his side, he held her close to his frame, cursing the fact that he hadn't even removed his jeans before taking her.

He brushed damp hair from her cheek. "Amber."

Her eyes opened and she blinked rapidly, clearing the sheen of emotion. "Guess Lena was right."

He shook his head. "No." He lightly caressed her smooth, silky cheek.

"It's okay. It's not as if I haven't been used before."

"I was not using you. You are my mate."

She shoved against his chest. "Look, it was sex. Great sex but that's all."

"You do not understand about vampires —"

"I understand perfectly. You feed on blood and lust. I was handy. That's okay, I got mine."

"Amber."

"Sorry." She squirmed away. "I need a shower."

Chapter Four

The scent of vampire immediately assaulted Marcus' senses as he stepped onto the balcony but he felt no concern. "Lena."

Stepping out of the shadows with her hands held up as if in surrender, Lena grinned. "Sorry. I just wanted to grab a few things but I didn't want to interrupt. I thought you all would be out feeding."

He strummed his fingers on the waist high brick wall. "Have you sensed any unusual activity?" He was intentionally vague. He didn't want to frighten Amber if she overhead them.

Lena glanced at the closed balcony door. "No."

"You should go inside before the sun rises."

"Still trying to give me orders?" Lena commented.

Marcus snorted.

"It's early yet and cloudy. I don't have your immunities but I'm okay for now." She narrowed her eyes on him. "So, things aren't going well?"

"That is an understatement." He pursed his lips.

"I thought you'd have her screaming in bliss in no time."

He frowned. "That is not the problem."

"What is?"

Leaning against the wall, Marcus gazed at the horizon. "I always loved the sunrise. Even in the beginning, when I could barely tolerate the rays, I had to watch."

"Avoiding the issue won't help. I heard a bit of what was happening."

"You were watching us?"

Lena shrugged. "You were in my bed. Sexual energy is sexual energy and you all were putting it out for anyone to feed upon."

"I am sure you formed an opinion."

"Sure. You're still hot in bed." She winked.

Marcus glared but with no real malice.

Lena hopped onto the ledge and swung her legs over the side. "Not what you were looking for. Truth is, you know nothing about women."

"The hell you say."

"You know a woman's body but beyond that you're clueless. I would have thought, by your age, a man would learn something about how females think."

Marcus chuckled. "Until now, I never cared."

"Touché."

"So, in your esteemed opinion, what am I doing wrong? She thinks she is just another body in my bed – thanks to you."

"Have you told her she's your mate?"

"I've attempted telling her. I assumed when we made love she would feel the intense connection."

"You attempted?" Lena repeated. "You would think, since vampires mate for life and she's the only mate you'll ever have, that you might have made it a bit clearer. Amber is a newbie. Overwhelming sensations are coming at her left and right. She doesn't know that those sensations aren't normal for a vampire."

Sensing his departure, Amber returned to the bedroom. Marcus' voice drifted to her ears and her eyes widened as she tried to wrap her mind around their conversation. When Amber first heard Marcus and Lena talking, she had thought it was a sexual liaison. But now...

Controlling the rapid beat of her heart, Amber struggled to hear their words.

"Damn it, Lena. I am not good at talking about my feelings. Until recently, I had no feelings to discuss. I could hardly remember human emotions."

"Well, you better get used to it."

"What if she does not fancy a life with me? She said it was just sex?" Amber's heart flipped over in her chest as she wondered if he really cared.

"She's covering. You're both emotionally shut down. If you keep waiting for the other to crack first, you'll both be miserable."

"I will try to speak with her. However, she is not the easiest person to converse with."

"You could try loosening up a bit—you speak in that proper, clipped tone—and you could try smiling occasionally. You have that silent bad-boy thing going but it's not very endearing."

Perching on the edge of the bed, Amber nodded, even though he couldn't see her.

"I have never had a complaint."

Amber grinned at the offense in Marcus' tone.

"I'm sure you haven't, but a mate will want warmth and affection, not just great sex."

Marcus sighed. "Tell me what you know about her."

No! Please don't, the words screamed inside Amber's head but she was helpless to stop Lena.

"She was assaulted by a mugger and I happened along as she was dying. I could feel her loneliness and despair. She didn't want to die, so I changed her."

"No husband? No kids?"

"In a lot of ways, she's lived her life like you've lived yours. You seduce people to feed your hungers. She seduced people for money."

Holding her hands to her ears, Amber chanted, "No. No. No." Jumping to her feet, Amber ran into the bathroom. Turning on the shower, she dove under the spray before

it warmed. She grabbed the bar of scented soap and scrubbed. The filth clung to her no matter how hard she scrubbed.

* * * * *

Amber belted the terrycloth robe at her waist and opened the bathroom door. Her gaze landed on Marcus. He sat in a straight-backed chair near the bay window, his long legs incased in jeans, crossed at the ankles. His upper body was bare and she felt as if the eyes of his bird of prey tattoo were watching her.

"We need to talk."

"Do we?" She would rather not hear how much she disgusted him.

"Lena was here and she said some things..."

Amber nodded. "Yeah. Lena says lots of stuff. I shouldn't complain though. If it wasn't for her, I'd be dead."

"She means well."

"I suppose. She's taught me more than you have. She explained that vampirism would intensify my desires and she taught me to feed."

Standing, he moved the drapery and looked out upon the early morning sky. "I do not wish to talk about that."

He couldn't even look at her. "What? Me and other men. It's okay to fuck for blood but not for money, is that how it goes?"

"Amber!" He sounded exasperated.

"You don't have to worry. I won't hold you to the mate comment. You're free to go. I can manage by myself. You see, things haven't really changed. I just take my payment in blood now."

He moved fast, faster than she could see. "Bloody fool! That is not what I want." He touched her arm. She could feel his gaze on her but she couldn't look at him.

"It isn't always about what you want. What about what I want?"

He removed his hand and stepped back. "What do you want?"

She took a deep breath. She wasn't sure what she wanted. Everything was complicated and she was exhausted. "Right now, I need to sleep."

"Of course, you are exhausted. This is new to you."

"I don't want you in bed with me." It was a lie but she knew if he slid into bed with her, she would want him. She couldn't have sex with him again, not now that he knew.

"I can sleep on the settee. When you awake, we have much to discuss."

Amber nodded.

"Sleep well," he said as he closed the door behind him.

His soft tone tugged at her heartstrings. Slipping off the robe, she slid between the sheets. The bed seemed big and empty without Marcus. She heard the outer door close and wondered if he was going out to feed one of his hungers. Tugging up the sheet, Amber rolled to her side and gasped at the sight of Lena perched on the edge of the bed.

"Jesus! What are you doing here? Marcus said you were gone."

"I'm looking for my fucking diaper and a bow and arrow." Lena released an exasperated sigh.

"What?" Amber asked.

"Obviously, I'm cupid."

"I'm tired, Lena. Haven't you done enough already?" Amber closed her eyes, hoping Lena would go away.

"Guess you heard me talking to Marcus."

"Thanks for helping me out there." She sat up in bed, resigned to the fact that ignoring Lena wasn't an option. "Did you have to tell him I was a prostitute?"

"He needed to know where you're coming from."

"And if it disgusted him it might help your cause, right?"

Lena patted her hand. "Sweetie, he's a hottie and, under different circumstances, I'd have made a play for him. However, I'm not his mate, you are."

"He won't want me now." Amber sniffled.

"You didn't stick around for the whole conversation did you? Marcus isn't disgusted. A bit jealous, maybe." Lena grinned.

"How could he not be?"

"He's a vampire not a saint. He's fucked thousands of women."

"Thanks for reminding me."

"Get a grip! His past is in the past and so is yours. Now, if you'd both get your heads out of your asses, you could have a happy future."

"But..."

"There's no but about it. Vampires have only one bond mate. Once mated there is no one else for them. Marcus has waited five hundred years for you."

"Five hundred years?" Amber echoed.

"Yeah! You were lonely for thirty years. Try to imagine five hundred."

"It just... He deserves so much more."

Lena shook her head. "Silly woman. You're looking at him through the eyes of a mate. He isn't perfect. You aren't perfect but together you can be."

Amber smiled. "Do you think so?"

Lena nodded. "Loverboy is out walking the streets, trying to figure out how to handle you."

"What should I do?"

"Put him out of his misery, I suppose. I kinda like the new Marcus."

"What do you mean?" Amber eyed her curiously.

"You have him off balance. When he trained me, he was like a drill sergeant."

"But you said he had sex with you and thousands of others."

"Sex. No emotion. He trained me and fucked me. He was like a machine."

Amber remembered him saying that he'd forgotten human emotions. "That's sad."

"I'm not saying it was all bad." Lena winked.

"You had better be right about this."

"Trust me."

* * * * *

Marcus watched James for any signal of a disturbance as he spoke with Finlay. James stood guard on Lena's balcony as he stood below on the sidewalk discussing the situation with Fin. He couldn't take a chance on Amber hearing their conversation. She had enough to deal with without needless concern.

"I will settle it tomorrow, one way or another."

Fin snickered. "The wee lassie be tae much for ye. Ye be losing yer touch."

"That's doubtful." Marcus eyed Fin closely and shook his head. "Fucking hell! What part of fitting in didn't you understand?"

"I dinnae wear a kilt."

"The plaid trousers might be worse."

Fin looked down at the trousers that hugged his massive legs. "The lassies love these breeks."

"You are in America." Marcus shook his head. Fin and James were longtime associates. They were the only vampires he'd trust with the life of his mate, other than Lena, because she'd sired Amber and had bonded with her.

"Aye! I willnae let ye down. Ye do yer job and we'll do ours. Somehow though, I think we're being screwed. Ye get tae enjoy a bonny lassie and we get tae guard ye from a jealous bloodsucker."

"If only it were that easy." Marcus sighed.

"Aye. Make it easy." Fin looked over his shoulder. "Something dinnae feel right."

Flaring his nostrils, Marcus sniffed the air. "I don't sense anything but stay alert."

"Nae problem. I willnae do anything else, with me pecker as hot as a poker."

"My mate's life is at stake. Don't think with your cock."

"I willnae let ye down."

Marcus sighed. He had thought that finding his mate would solve his problems but it had only created new ones. Not that he was complaining. The news of his bonding had traveled rapidly and not everyone was pleased. A couple of prominent council members felt threatened by his new status and it was rumored they intended an attack upon him or his mate.

Protecting Amber was his first concern and that was why he had contacted Finlay and James. As ancient vampires, they were exceptionally strong but the council members were ancients as well. However, he had one thing in his favor. The disgruntled council members were not mated. Neither were James or Finlay but he felt confident they would stand at his side. He needed to discuss the situation with Lena too. She knew something was amiss but he hadn't given her details. He would rectify the oversight immediately. When he returned to the apartment, he would introduce her to James. It wouldn't hurt to have another vamp solidly on his side. The most important thing was to protect Amber. She was too young to protect herself against a serious threat.

The feral beast inside him clamored for release but he did not intend to scare Amber unnecessarily. However, he did intend to warn her. He didn't know how she'd handle his shift to feral form. It wasn't the most attractive sight.

Marcus had only seen a vampire in complete feral form once. Tomas, their council leader, had found his mate some thirty odd years ago. A power struggle had ensued and thankfully, Tomas had prevailed. He remembered Tomas' shift. His muscles had bulged, his jaw extending until he was as much beast as man.

Only a mated, ancient male had the power to complete the shift to feral form. All vampires held part of the beast within them. Their power, speed and fangs were proof

of it but a feral vampire was doubly strong. Now, he held the power of the feral beast. It was both exhilarating and frightening.

* * * * *

Amber yawned. The sun had yet to set but she wanted to make sure she was ready before she saw Marcus. Thumbing through Lena's closet, she searched for the perfect outfit. It needed to be sexy, sensual and easily removed. She thought about how Marcus could change clothes at will. She was glad Lena preferred to have a closet full of clothes. Lena was a clotheshorse and she had something for every occasion. Pulling out a sheer, faux spider web gown, she considered it but decided it was too obvious. A fabulous red gauze and lace, tiered corset and skirt caught her eye but she thought it might clash with her hair.

Finally, a buckled corset and slit-sided mini skirt in royal blue drew her gaze. Pulling it out of the closet, she held it in front of her. The color made her eyes gleam and enhanced the color of her hair. She'd found the right outfit. Now it was time for a seduction.

* * * * *

Marcus watched as she sauntered across the room. It was in her walk and the way she moved. Arousal scented the air. Stopping at the end of the wet bar, she stretched out her arm and ran her hand across the mahogany surface. Leaning to one side, her corset dipped, displaying an abundance of creamy cleavage.

"Bloody hell," he murmured. The heavy scent of her arousal teased his senses. He'd planned to have a discussion before he attempted a seduction but the conversation could wait. Fin, James and Lena were alert and intent on protecting Amber. He was confident they were safe and he could enjoy some time with his mate.

Her tongue dampened her lips and her blue eyes twinkled as they locked onto his. Her fingertips just reached the stereo controls and she rolled the knob until a sultry beat

filled the air. Pushing off the bar, she turned her back and swung her hips in a slow steady rhythm. His pulse jumped.

The heels she wore made her shapely legs appear exceptionally long as his gaze raked the smooth surface. Wiggling her hips, she let the mini-skirt fall. Stepping out of the material, she turned. Clad in thong panties and a low-cut corset, she was the hottest vision he'd ever had the pleasure of seeing and his erection saluted her performance.

Her eyelids lowered in a dreamy seductive manner as her fingers worked on the buckles of her corset. The first fastening revealed her belly button and his temperature climbed. The second revealed more of the smooth, silky stomach he longed to taste. The third buckle brought him out of his chair as she parted the material and let it drop.

The about-face she'd taken toward their relationship was sudden but he wouldn't question his fortunes. "If I didn't know better, I would think I had died and gone to heaven."

Amber chuckled. Shaking her head, she let her hair fall down to curl around her nipples.

"Sweet seductress." He circled his prey.

Running her fingers under the waistband of her thong, she played with the wisp of material but didn't remove it. "You like?"

A low growl escaped his lips and he palmed the thick ridge of his denim-covered cock. "I love it."

Amber grinned. The song changed and Amber spun around, keeping time to the music. She loved her vampire body. Everything was firm. Nothing jiggled. She felt as if she were twenty again. Lifting her arms, she turned in a semi-circle and ended up in his arms.

Silently, he lifted her and carried her from the room. The bedroom was cool and dark but with excellent night vision she could see every pore in his flesh as she snuggled her face into the warmth of his neck.

Kneeling on the edge of the bed, he placed her in the middle before straightening. Her eyes devoured him as he disrobed. The shirt came off first as buttons gave way under his hurried fingers.

Rising onto her elbows, she watched the play of muscles across his magnificent chest as he worked to remove his tight jeans. He bent forward and the tattooed bird of prey appeared to flap its wings as if to take flight.

He shoved his jeans down his legs and she forgot the tattoo. Beautiful was a far too modest description of his body. He had the whole package. Golden skin, rippled abs, long, muscled legs and a perfect cock. "Hurry up," she demanded.

"Patience, love." He stretched out on the bed, his upper body leaning over her. His hand landed in the middle of her stomach and moved upward to engulf her breast. Practiced fingers rolled the tip of one breast between his thumb and finger, while his gaze held hers steadily.

Shifting restlessly, she trembled with desire.

"You want this?"

"Yes," she replied with certainty.

His head lowered to brush her lips in a light, brief kiss. "This is not just sex."

"I know."

"I've waited many lifetimes for this moment. We will join as one."

His soft-spoken words jolted her heart and she arched against his hand, begging for more. His nose brushed hers as he tilted his head and met her lips in an open-mouthed, carnal kiss. The rasp of his tongue against hers was more than a physical possession.

Breaking free of her lips, his mouth roamed her neck and chest before latching onto a peaked nipple. The sharpness of canines contrasted with the soft brush of his tongue. A gentle nip preceded the powerful suction as he drew her nipple deep into his mouth. Heat surged through her veins as she realized he wasn't just sucking her nipple, he was drinking her blood. A powerful pulse of energy throbbed low in her stomach.

When his thigh dropped between her parted legs, she welcomed it with an arching caress. The rough brush of hair felt marvelous against her moist pussy. Arching repeatedly, she gyrated against his leg until tremors shook her form.

Lifting his head, Marcus growled. His eyes shown red in the darkness and his fully extended fangs should have stirred fear but all she felt was lust – need.

She fisted the sheet beneath her as he shifted, lowering his head to lick a path across her lower stomach. Sharp fangs raked her belly and the soft skin of her mound.

“Please. Oh please.” She arched upward as her cunt swam with liquid heat.

“You smell so good. Hot. Sweet. Hungry.”

Amber groaned.

“Do you want my tongue?”

“Yes please.” She bucked up against his mouth. He ripped the wisp of material from her body before his tongue parted her folds.

His tongue circled her clit and then blazed a trail of heat through her creamy folds. Holding her firmly, he buried his face between her thighs. His tongue did things to her that no one else had ever managed.

Her stomach clenched as a wave of lust roiled over her. “Marcus?”

He raised his head enough to meet her gaze and his expression stole her breath. A predatory light gleamed in his eyes.

“Mine,” he whispered. Determination laced the word and destroyed any self-control she possessed.

She had no desire to argue. Hunger gnawed at her insides and only his touch could sate her. She bucked against his mouth, her reward a sweet burn of anal penetration. First one, then two thick fingers parted her ass.

Pleasure rippled through her and she panted for breath.

“Come, love.”

She whimpered as heat crawled through her veins.

"Come for my fingers. Willingly accept me as your mate."

"Oh god."

Marcus chuckled. "Your pussy is so sweet and your arse is so hot and tight."

She stuttered as he added a third finger, "M-Marcus please."

The rake of his fangs against her clit was the only warning he gave before he bit the swollen nub.

Amber sucked in air but couldn't breathe as white-hot pleasure erupted from her clit. Every muscle in her body tensed as the intense emotion built to a crescendo. One more thrust of his fingers sent her spiraling into darkness.

Rocked to the core of his very being, Marcus cuddled Amber as she lounged in darkness. Accepting the bond mate had taken its toll on her already taxed system and she dozed.

Unease traveled up his spine as he recognized Fin's irate voice in the other room. Throwing the sheet over Amber, he climbed from the bed. Unconcerned about his state of undress he opened the door.

"Fin," Marcus barked at the wide-eyed male who argued with James. Lena, he noticed, circled behind him, moving closer to the bedroom where Amber rested.

"I cannae trust anyone. Ye tried tae keep me from me wee lass," Fin accused. "Did ye think tae hide my mate form me."

"What the hell are you talking about?"

An unholy growl erupted from Fin as his shirt shredded under the growth of his form. From the corner of his eye, he saw the shocked look on James' face and he thought it must match his own. How could Fin turn feral without a mate? Marcus took a deep breath and allowed the shift to overtake him. Turning his head, he met Lena's startled gaze. "Amber," The one word plea directed at Lena left Marcus' lips as his feral formation completed.

* * * * *

Floating back to consciousness, Amber was surprised to wake up alone in bed. Raised male voices in the other room brought her fully awake. Grasping the sheet, she held it up as the bedroom door burst open. Lena flew by and grabbed a gown from the closet.

“What the hell is going on?”

Lena yanked the loose gown over Amber’s head and pulled her toward the balcony door. “We have to move. It’s a two-story drop but I got you.”

“Why?”

Something crashed in the outer room as a blood-curdling growl erupted. “No time.”

“Marcus?” Amber caught her breath at the look of fear in Lena’s eyes.

“Believe me, he can handle himself.”

Amber opened her mouth to argue but before she could speak, they were airborne. The ground rushed up to meet them but Lena steadied their landing.

Chapter Five

"Who are you working for—the council, an individual?" Marcus rasped. Saliva dripped from his mouth as he struggled to speak while in the form of an ancient feral beast. Both his hands gripped the neck of another feral beast. His long, razor-sharp nails cut into the flesh of a vampire he had long considered a friend. It was hard for him to imagine Fin turning against him and even harder for him to accept Fin's shift to feral form. He had no idea how he'd managed it but he knew Amber was his mate, not Fin's.

"I dinnae work for anyone. I am here tae protect my mate, the lassie ye claim as yer own," Fin answered.

Marcus roared and would have snapped Fin's neck if he were a lesser man. "She is mine."

Fin's nails raked into his hands and arms as he fought to free himself from Marcus' grip. "Nae. Ye are forcing her. I scented her need of me. I see it shimmer in the darkness of her eyes."

"Liar!" Marcus denied the accusation.

"Stop it," James yelled and tried to force his way between the two males. "Think about this. You're both feral, you both have a mate."

Off-balance the two feral males fell to the floor but Marcus didn't loosen his grip. "Leave us," Marcus hissed. "Amber is mine."

"She is. Amber's eyes are light. Lena's eyes are dark." That meant nothing to Marcus, in his current state.

Unable to break his hold, Fin changed tactics and reached for Marcus' throat. A sharp thumbnail sliced into Marcus. Using his weight to his advantage, he rolled to the side and tried to dislodge Fin's grip.

"While you fight each other both your mates are in danger."

Terror tore through Marcus' gut but releasing Fin would place Amber in more danger.

"Damn it, listen to me. Lena is Fin's mate." Marcus saw a triumphant smile erupt on the distorted face of his friend as the words sank in. "Amber *is* Marcus's mate. And both women are in danger," James explained what the predatory males were too jealous to see.

Releasing Fin, Marcus rolled to his feet. He centered his energy on his mate. Finding her essence not far away, he threw out an open link through space and time. What he saw chilled his blood. Amber and Lena were not far but at least four vampires surrounded them.

"Our mates are surrounded." He threw an apologetic look at Fin and read the remorse in the other male's eyes. "Follow me." Throwing out a broad-spectrum mental shield Marcus disguised them as he threw himself through the sliding glass doors. Another beast and a vampire in human form followed.

* * * * *

"We're in trouble."

Standing back-to-back with Lena, Amber thought the statement was a bit redundant considering very unfriendly vampires encircled them. Knowing little to nothing about how to protect herself, Amber knew she was doomed. "Save yourself."

"What's the fun in that?"

Two of the vamps moved forward and Lena tensed. Locking gazes with the vampire closing in on her, she knew one thing—this time she wouldn't beg. A strong hand circled her throat and she struggled to breathe.

Unable to turn her head, Amber didn't know what was happening to Lena but from the sound of it, she was fighting. The hand tightened, forcing her head to tilt as the rogue vampire's tongue licked a path from her shoulder to her jaw.

Revulsion churned in her stomach.

"Maybe I'll have some fun with you before I kill you."

"Fuck you," she forced the harshly whispered words through a throat that was closing.

The vampire laughed. It was a hollow sound. His fingers tightened, his nails broke her skin and blood poured down her neck. Blackness closed in on her but as she began to lose consciousness, a powerful force surged within her. Marcus filled her mind and body with strength and knowledge. Grasping the hand at her throat, she pulled back the fingers. Using the other hand, she delivered a powerful blow to the vampire's chest, sending him flying across the warehouse.

"Well done," Marcus spoke within her mind. "I will be with you about...now."

A sound similar to thunder echoed inside the warehouse as a large overhead door collapsed inward. A redheaded vampire and two beasts stood in the entrance.

Amber tumbled backward. "Oh my god! What now?"

"Do not fear me," the words echoed in her head and she realized she was looking at another form of Marcus. Even in that form, there was no doubt in her mind which vampire was Marcus.

The ensuing fight didn't last long. Marcus wasted no time in snatching up a vampire as he attempted to flee. Burying his teeth in the vampire's throat, Marcus shook him as if he were a stuffed animal until he severed the head.

The other beast attacked the vampire who had first approached Lena. He pinned him to the floor and made short work of him.

The redheaded vampire who had entered with Marcus fought with another vampire but she had no idea where the fourth one had disappeared to.

"Amber." A mutated version of Marcus leaped across the room to land on the floor in front of her.

She stared at him and his features softened. Oddly proportioned or not, he was still Marcus. Lunging at his chest, she wrapped her arms around his neck. "You saved us."

His hand stroked her back and she sighed, turning her head. "Lena."

She tore free of his arms. Ignoring the blood that seeped from her throat, Amber raced toward Lena. She looked like a broken ragdoll on the floor. Before she could reach her, the other beast scooped her up. The gentleness of his arms surprised Amber as he cradled Lena.

Amber hesitated. "Marcus?" She wasn't sure what to do. "Is she alive?"

Marcus moved behind her. "He is her mate. He will help her."

"Lena never said she had a mate."

"She didn't, until now."

Amber watched as the beast opened a gash on his hugely muscled chest and pressed Lena's mouth against it. "Will she be okay?"

"Fin is an ancient blood. As her mate, his blood will heal her quickly."

"But I assumed you weren't mates until..." Amber's words trailed off as she realized the beast's intent. Although the animalistic features had softened, he still looked like a body builder who had overdosed on steroids. Naked and hugely aroused, Fin laid Lena on the floor. Adjusting Lena's skirt, he stretched out over her. "Marcus?" Did he intend to rape her?

Marcus' hand wrapped around Amber's arm to draw her away from them and she took comfort in the sight of Lena reaching up to touch Fin's face.

"He is initiating the life bond." Marcus' tongue swiped at the injury on her neck.

"But she's so weak. He'll hurt her."

"He is coming down from the feral shift. It takes a while when you go that far and the feral blood is demanding." He pulled her closer and his erection pressed into her stomach. Her gaze met his glowing, hungry eyes. "Lena's strong and his blood is

already healing her. Mating with her will speed the healing." His hips shifted against her.

"Marcus?"

"Am I repulsive to you?"

Her eyes scanned his face and form. He wasn't the Marcus she'd come to know and crave. His features were sharper and his muscles more pronounced. Her eyes lowered. His erection was even larger than normal. Her gaze scuttled back to meet his familiar eyes and she smiled. "You could never repulse me. I love you."

"Good, because I need you—now!" He tugged her toward the other end of the warehouse.

"Where is the other vampire who was with you?" She looked over her shoulder.

"James is cleaning up any mess we left behind." Marcus swept a desk clear of its contents before bending her over it.

Yanking up her dress, he spread her thighs and surged into her. "Oh my god." His thickness stretched her to capacity and she loved it.

"Sorry if I am too rough but I need you so much. I thought I'd lost you."

"You're not hurting me," she said in a keening wail.

Marcus chuckled. "I might be sated by sunrise but it is doubtful.

Curling her fingers into the side of the desk, Amber tried to push back against him. "I might never be sated again," she agreed.

Lifting her feet off the ground, Marcus angled her hips for deeper penetration. "And do not think I forgot where we left off earlier. I still intend to fuck your arse."

Amber moaned.

"Your pussy. Your mouth. Your arse. They all belong to me."

"Yes!" She had no intention of arguing.

Amber's insides clenched around his massive erection as her orgasm built to gargantuan proportions. Right before the dam burst within her, Amber heard a keening

wail from across the room, followed by a fierce growl. It appeared that Lena was finally getting hers.

Behind her, Marcus roared as release washed over him. Collapsing over her, his big body pinned her to the desk top but he supported his weight on his arms. Turning her face, she looked into his intense eyes. He rocked his hips, causing his cock to move inside her. "My mate." The words seemed torn from him. "Did I hurt you?"

"Mmm," she moaned as she arched against him. "Not at all."

"I shouldn't have taken you until I came down from the shift."

"I loved it." She wiggled back against him.

His length thickened again. "Are you saying I'm not normally enough for you?"

Amber snickered. "You know you're more than enough but occasionally..."

His hips slammed forward, pinning her to the desk. "Occasionally, you want me to take you like a bitch in heat."

* * * * *

Leaning against the pillows, Marcus reveled in the feel of his mate sucking his cock. His hand cupped the back of her head, guiding her mouth, but truthfully, she needed no assistance. She was damn good at sucking cock. The thought unsettled him but who was he to judge her.

"Fuck," he moaned. Her tongue circled his glans before opening her mouth wide and engulfing most of his shaft.

Pulling back, she smacked her lips together. "You like that?"

He snorted. "You can suck my cock anytime."

She smiled and he saw her extended fangs before she raked them along his sensitive flesh. "I like sucking." She winked.

His hand tightened in her hair. "Have I told you how glad I am that you're my mate?"

"A few times. Let me show you how glad I am." He had to grit his teeth when she cupped his balls in one hand while stroking his cock with the other. At the same time, her tongue lapped at the underside of his shaft. Riotous sensations built in his gut. If he didn't stop her, he was going to come in her mouth and he wasn't ready for that yet.

"Stop." The command sounded like a plea.

If anything, instead of stopping, she tried harder to make him lose control.

"Bloody hell!" He tugged on her hair. "I'm not ready to come."

Raising her head, Amber wiped the back of her hand across her lips. "I was enjoying myself."

"You'll enjoy this too, love." Spinning her around, he placed her on her hands and knees in front of him. He cupped her nicely rounded arse, slapping one cheek and then the other.

"Have I been a bad girl?" Looking over her shoulder, she pouted.

"You're always bad and I love it."

Spreading her cheeks, he found her folds drenched with arousal and he wasted no time in surging forward filling her with his cock. "Damn, I love the feel of your pussy."

Arching her back, Amber pushed back against his thrusts, forcing him deeper into her welcoming heat. "It feels so good," she agreed.

Grasping her hips, he plunged hard and deep. Repeatedly, he thrust while keeping a tight rein on his emotions.

"Marcus," she cried out.

Her inner muscles tightened around his shaft. The rapid succession of pulses nearly put him over the edge but he held back. When the last ripple of her release died away he slipped free of her pussy. Looking down, his cream-covered cock glistened. Growling in his throat, he tipped her hips and pressed the tip to her anus. Leaning forward, his cock head breached her arse. Her head snapped up and she snarled at the pleasure-pain sensation.

He plunged fiercely, landing balls deep in her hot, tight canal. "Fuck! I love watching you take my cock in your arse." In the past couple of weeks, he'd taken her every way imaginable and he knew she enjoyed anal penetration as much, or more, than he did.

Shifting his hips, he slid slowly back and forth.

"Damn it, quit teasing."

He chuckled. "You want it hard, love?"

"Yes." She nodded. "Hard and deep."

It was a request he could never deny. "Finger your clit, love." One hand dove between her thighs. "That's the ticket. Play with your nubbin while I fuck your arse."

"Yes. God yes," she moaned as she wiggled her ass back against him.

His balls tightened and he knew he wouldn't last much longer. "Come, love. Come for me." Sweat dripped from his brow as he plundered her arse repeatedly.

A keening sound escaped her lips and she stiffened in his embrace. She shivered, then trembled.

"That's it, love. Come for me." His pace slowed as his release washed over him. Sagging with relief, he rolled them to their sides and snuggled against her. In five hundred years, he'd never experienced anything close to the feelings Amber aroused. She was the other half of him. His mate. His love.

"That was nice."

"Nice?"

She giggled. "I'll give you a nine out of ten."

"Nine?"

She pursed her lips. "Nine and a half. Almost perfect."

A grin pulled at his lips. "What does it take to get a ten?"

"You have to love me," she said in a breathy whisper.

Marcus sucked in a startled breath. "I do love you. You're my mate."

Her eyes searched his. "Really love me."

Closing his eyes, he squeezed her tightly. "I do. I always will. I should have told you but I was afraid of rushing you."

"No more instructing newbies?"

"Never again. I'd grown tired anyway."

"I'm sure."

His hands roamed her back. "You brought joy back to my life. I had given up before I met you and my days were numbered. There was no pleasure in my life."

"But..."

"I could perform if I wished to but I found no pleasure in it. Over time, my desire for sex faded. I hadn't wanted anyone in several years until I looked at you."

The solemn words rang true to her ears. "I love you too."

"Forever and always, we'll be together."

"You're sure we're safe now?"

"As safe as we can ever be. By now, the rumors have spread within the society. Everyone knows Fin and I have found our mates. It is unlikely anyone will challenge two ancient feral vampires."

"I'm still unsure how all this works."

"That is because I have neglected my duty to teach you the finer points of vampirism."

"Why is that?" Amber grinned.

He strummed her nipple with his thumb. "I have been teaching you the finer points of pleasure."

"Mmm, don't suppose I should complain too much."

"Marcus." Fin pounded on the closed door. "Tomas is requestin' a web conference."

"Bloody hell! Did you tell him we're still on our honeymoon?"

"Aye. He willnae go away. He thinks two weeks with our bonnie lassies is enough."

"We'll be there shortly." He heard Fin move away from the door. "You'd better throw on a wrap. Tomas will demand a look at you."

"Isn't it risky to communicate over the Internet?"

"We are careful with our words."

* * * * *

Dressed in tight leather pants and a cami, Lena squeezed into the chair with her. After meeting Tomas, via the web they'd left their mates to discuss business.

"Aren't they hot?" Lena asked.

"Mmm." Amber never tired of looking at Marcus. His tight jeans hugged his ass as he leaned forward to pick up a folder off the desk. Fin wore his outfit of choice, a plaid kilt. It did look good on him though. "So, you found a man who would let you wear the pants," Amber teased.

Lena grinned. "Aye," she imitated her mate.

"He looks good in a kilt. He has massive thighs."

"That's not all that's massive."

She elbowed Lena in the ribs. "I wish I could understand half of what he says."

Lena chuckled. "Maybe we can teach him sign language. He's good with his hands."

"Are you ladies discussing us?"

They jumped when Marcus spoke. Neither of them had heard the men approach. "Us?" Lena asked innocently.

"Aye." Fin grabbed Lena's hand and pulled her to her feet. "Come lassie, I cannae wait tae show ye the convenience of me kilt."

Sliding into Lena's vacated spot, Marcus lifted her to sit on his lap. "Tomas likes you."

"Does he?"

"He finds you beautiful and he hopes you'll keep me out of trouble."

Amber rubbed her temple. She'd expected Tomas to look older, but just like Marcus and Fin, he appeared to be a man in his prime. Marcus had said Tomas was the oldest vampire known to exist and she wasn't surprised. His eyes had peered into her even through the computer. The conversation she'd witnessed had been vague in many areas but she'd been surprised to realize the vampire society operated a huge conglomerate. Moonlight Madness, LLC owned hotels, resorts and casinos all over the world. It was a brilliant disguise and a huge moneymaking corporation. Marcus held the title of sales director of the northern United States. It was the perfect cover for his often-erratic travels.

Of course, now that he'd found his mate, he'd given up his position as instructor. Part of the telecommunication was the official announcement of his promotion to vice president of worldwide marketing. Finlay had also received a promotion to chief of development. The new titles would give them freedom to roam and enjoy their newly mated status.

A crawling sensation worked its way up her spine and she shivered.

"Are you okay?"

"I feel odd. Are you trying to read my mind?"

"Tomas," Marcus growled. Pressing his lips to her forehead, he held her tightly and the sensation vanished. "I will have to teach you how to raise your shields. Your open mind is a delight to Tomas."

"He's reading my mind?"

"He was. Until your shields are fully developed, I'll have to keep you occupied with thoughts of me. Thoughts of sucking my cock should keep him from your mind."

"You're naughty." Amber grinned. "He might enjoy those thoughts."

Throwing back his head, Marcus laughed. "He might and so will I."

About the Author

L.A. Day exists only in the mind of Laura. An avid reader since early childhood, she began writing romance in her teens. Now, 20+ years later she's progressed to erotic romance. Supported by her husband of many years, she spends most of her time in front of a computer weaving tales of love and lust.

Multi-published in erotic romance, her stories have been tagged imaginative, steamy, and even one of the most erotic stories ever read. Her favorite genre is erotic romance with a paranormal or sci-fi twist. She feels that if you're going to create an alpha male character, why not make him bigger, stronger, more well endowed than any human man could ever be? It is fantasy after all.

Remember, alpha males are only a "Day" away.

L.A. Day likes to hear from her fans, so email her and let her know what you think.

The author welcomes comments from readers. You can find her website and email address on her author bio page at www.ellorascave.com.

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