

EXOTIKA

ELLORA'S CAVE

NIGHT OF *Sin*

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Night of Sin

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NIGHT OF SIN

Marilyn Lee

Dedication

Night of Sin is dedicated to all the readers whose emails of encouragement and continued support help keep my creative urges thriving. This is particularly true of the members of my Yahoo Group, Love Bytes. I extend a special thank you to Kenya, Lavern and Nia, who provided invaluable feedback during the writing of this book.

Acknowledgements

“Unchained Melody” is one of the most recorded songs of the twentieth century with over five hundred versions in hundreds of languages. The music is by Alex North and lyrics by Hy Zaret.

Chapter One

If you want to find your friend, go see the Stoner brothers at Club Foreplay just outside the city limits. Go alone or they'll leave the area.

"I'm not letting you go there alone, Chandra."

Chandra Hunt looked up from the few words typed on a single sheet of white paper. The man who had spoken paced the length of her living room. He ran a hand through his dark hair. His dark brown eyes held a worried look.

She folded the note and placed it in the pocket of her suit jacket. She chose her words carefully. "I appreciate your concern but the important thing is to find Valerie and make sure she's all right. And I can take care of myself, Ryan."

"Look, Chandra, I know that but I'm worried about her. She's been gone for nearly a month."

"I'm worried too but she did call and—"

He stopped pacing to stare at her. "If the call you received was as weird as the one I received... It was her but she clearly wasn't herself. She had no explanation for her behavior and she wouldn't say where she was or when she'd return or if she'd call again."

It sounded like the one Chandra had found on her answering machine three days after Valerie's disappearance. Chandra nodded. "Yes, it was weird."

Ryan went on. "She didn't even call from her cell phone. When I asked her why she hadn't been answering it, she said she'd lost it. Then she said..." He stopped and sighed. "She said our relationship was over."

Chandra sighed. "I'm sorry, Ryan—"

He shrugged. "So am I. I'm trying to accept that she really meant that part but I can't turn off my feelings so easily. I'm worried about her. We had six good years together. Even if it's over between us I want to make sure she's okay before I move on with my life. That call of hers... Do you know she's been fired from her job? She worked countless nights and weekends for four years before she got that managerial position. And she just decides to take an unplanned and unannounced open-ended vacation?"

Chandra stiffened. "Are you sure she's lost her job?"

"Yes. I met her supervisor at her company picnic last year. I sat next to him on the train last night. She's been fired."

Oh hell. "That settles it. I'm going to this Club Foreplay to see if I can talk to the Stoner brothers." She held up a hand before he spoke. "And I'm going alone, Ryan." She touched the slight bulge under her jacket on the right side of her waist. "Well, me and my backup here."

"Be reasonable, Chandra. I know you have a rep for being fearless but you don't even know who sent that note. It could be a trap. The next thing I know, you'll be missing too."

She suppressed a sigh of annoyance. When a female officer showed any reluctance to be first through the door at a domestic disturbance call, her fellow officers complained she had no business being an officer. If she went through the door first, as Chandra had always done, they questioned her femininity. When a male detective relentlessly pursued all leads in a case, he was called driven and a great detective. When Chandra had done the same thing, which had resulted in the quick capture of a serial rapist turned murderer, she'd been called unflattering names like maverick and had heard rumors that she was more male than necessary.

The murmurs grew worse after her promotion to detective sergeant. The department had granted permission for her to be one of six homicide detectives profiled on a primetime reality show. She'd appeared in three episodes a year earlier, during which she'd discussed the capture of the serial rapist.

Chandra's three appearances had received the highest ratings of the series. Afterward she'd received numerous offers to appear on various news and reality shows. The producers asked her to host a show that would center on law enforcement from a black female perspective in a large urban city. More money than she'd earn in ten years as a detective had accompanied the hosting offer.

Although she had been tempted by the money, love for her job had necessitated a refusal. The producer had forwarded thousands of fan emails and letters to her, several of which had included marriage proposals. The proposals had given her ego a boost. Her admirers clearly hadn't minded the fact that she was fifteen to twenty-five pounds short of being a full-figured woman. The first anonymous gifts, six dozen red roses in beautiful crystal vases with gold trim, arrived two weeks after her last appearance on the show.

She had put one dozen roses in each room of her apartment with the remaining two going on her balcony and in the bathroom. Shortly after the roses arrived, she often woke from graphic erotic dreams feeling as if she'd enjoyed multiple orgasms with her unknown dream lover.

Her unknown admirer showered her with numerous expensive gifts during the next ten months. All her efforts to learn the sender's identity proved futile. No message accompanied any of the presents. None of the various cameras in her apartment complex had ever captured anyone delivering the gifts to her supposedly secured building.

Strangely, knowing someone watched her created more curiosity than fear since she never felt threatened. What type of man would send so many gifts without making any effort to ask her out? Then an antique gold cross with a garnet arrived.

When she touched the cross, she experienced a multitude of emotions ranging from joy and love to loss and overwhelming sadness. That night she felt compelled to sleep

with the cross under her pillow. She woke the next morning with what felt like memories of a long night of sex with an insatiable lover. Shaken, she slipped the cross back in its velvet box and put it in the bottom of her jewelry box.

"Chandra?"

She blinked and stared at Ryan. "What?"

"I hope you know I didn't mean fearless in a negative way."

She smiled. "I know. And I promise I won't disappear, Ryan. Not only do I carry my service revolver, with which I always hit my target, but I have a sort of sixth sense which tells me when I'm in danger." She also carried a subcompact in an ankle holster. "I've never once been in a situation I couldn't handle." Realizing she must sound very much like the hotdog her last partner had accused her of being, she paused. "I'll be fine."

"I've heard about that club. None of the things that go on there are suitable for viewing by any woman who isn't used to wrapping herself half-naked around a pole in a club full of men."

"I've seen a lot in my fourteen years on the force. While I don't consider myself jaded, I can promise you people having sex in public will neither shock nor dismay me."

"There's probably drug use there too."

"I'd be surprised if it wasn't. After all, it is a club frequented by those with a hedonistic bent."

"So I can't convince you to allow me to go with you?"

"No, Ryan."

"What about Jared?"

She tensed. While the two men weren't exactly friends, they'd met on many occasions during double dates with her and Valerie—before Jared had cheated on her. "This is something I want to check out myself. If I need backup, I'll call a fellow detective from the county where Foreplay is located."

"When are you going?"

She didn't want Ryan showing up at Foreplay in an attempt to protect her. She shrugged. "I'm not sure yet. I'll probably go sometime during the weekend. I'll play it by ear."

"Chandra—"

"I'll call you Sunday night to let you know what I learn and to check in. Okay?"

He sighed. "Chandra—"

"Ryan, you're a damned good accountant and I'm a damned good law enforcement officer. Let's both do what we do best. I'll call you Sunday night."

When he reluctantly agreed, she walked him to her apartment door and said good night. Once alone, she steadied the note.

Go alone or they'll leave the area.

She quickly decided not to call any of the ten detectives she supervised. None of them had any authority outside Philadelphia and she didn't want to ask them to do anything that might end up in their service records as a reprimand, which would then imperil future promotions.

She'd go to Foreplay alone. If things felt threatening when she arrived, she'd call for backup. She glanced at her watch. Seven thirty-five p.m. Wisdom dictated she gather as much information as possible before venturing to Foreplay. She started by calling Joe Receip, a detective who worked in the county where Foreplay was located. "We discovered no illegal activity despite numerous unannounced raids," Receip told her.

"Then what triggered the raids?"

"On at least two occasions, missing women were last reported seen at Foreplay. The owners allowed us to search without warrants each of the two times we arrived unannounced but we found zilch."

"And the missing women?"

"Both later turned up with no memory of Foreplay or what had transpired during the weeks they were missing. So we could never prove anything. What's your interest in Foreplay, Chandra?"

"My best friend has been gone for nearly a month."

"And you tracked her to Foreplay?"

She decided not to mention the note. "Yes."

"Would you like me to accompany you there?"

Clearly whatever went on at the club was very organized. What would a third search accomplish that the first two hadn't? "I appreciate the offer, Joe, but I think I'll take a look there in an unofficial capacity."

"Have you ever been there?"

"No."

"It's on private property and as far as we could determine there was no sex for money going on but holy hell, Chandra. Numerous people were having sex in the open. They seemed to enjoy an audience and didn't bother stopping when we arrived. I've seen a lot when I worked vice but that place... Are you sure you want to go there alone?"

"Yes. I'm sure."

She waited for a hint that he thought she was being more male than necessary. "Okay but call me if you need me, Chandra."

"I will. Thanks, Joe. Tell Eliza I said hi," she said referring to his wife.

"I will."

She hung up, turned on her laptop and went online. Foreplay's official site listed it simply as a private club for discerning and adventurous adults. While membership was

required, Friday was Ladies' Night. Non-members could pay a fifty-dollar cover charge during the hours of ten p.m. to two a.m. They could later pay an additional hundred dollars along with a membership application. Curiously, the site listed no membership benefits.

She was surprised that the wealthy suburbanites allowed such a club in their midst.

At nine o'clock, Chandra stopped surfing to toss a salad and defrost a piece of flat bread. She poured herself a glass of seltzer water and continued surfing various sites while she ate. Many of the sites labeled Foreplay a place for those interested in extreme and alternative clubbing. Just after eleven she decided she had enough information to prepare herself to handle any situation she encountered at Foreplay the following night.

* * * * *

Chandra stood in the entrance to the only room of Foreplay open to non-members. The leering bouncer told her the closed doors on the left and right led to members-only rooms.

She felt overdressed in a tailor-made mauve silk pants suit. The sleeveless silk blouse hugged her breasts. The pants' hidden panels helped slenderize her stomach while making the most of what she'd been told was a bootilicious ass. The jacket ended just below her hips, concealing her gun.

She moistened her lips. There was definitely more than foreplay going on. She cast her gaze around the room with the medium blue walls, lit by strobe lights that seemed to flash in time with a song that urged some woman to shake her booty.

There must be at least one hundred people present, forty percent of them women. A number of the males had their erect cocks exposed. Most of the females were at least partially undressed. She hadn't seen so many bare breasts, naked asses, exposed pussies and cocks since she'd worked vice several years earlier.

The lighting was dim but she noted many people having sex, some of it same gender in nature. The center of the room contained a dais on which an armless leather chair sat. A slender blond male sat on the lap of a naked man with long, dark hair. The blond's eyes were closed, his fingers wrapped around his short, fat shaft. He bounced up and down on the other male's cock.

The music was now low and muted. The air was fragrant with the smell of sex and the sounds of moans of lust. There were at least two other couples having sex but Chandra stared at the couple on the dais, who were clearly enjoying their fuck. They seemed to move and groan as one. The dark-haired male held the blond's hips as he licked the side of the blond's neck. To her dismay, Chandra found that not only couldn't she look away but also that watching the two fuck aroused her.

As if aware of her gaze, the blond suddenly opened his eyes, staring directly at her. Smiling, he released himself, placed both hands on his slender thighs and lifted his hips. He did it slowly so that Chandra got a leisurely view of the thick cock on which he reamed himself. Her nipples hardened.

She felt a tingling sensation in her pussy. She dragged her gaze away from the couple on stage seconds before a male voice intruded on her thoughts.

"Do you like to watch two males fucking?"

Chandra's cheeks burned. She turned to face the owner of the deep, sexy voice that sent a shiver down her spine. She stared at him. Her heart raced and her pussy flooded. He was a handsome, six-foot-plus hunk with short dark hair and intense blue eyes. Their gazes locked briefly. She felt a shock of desire.

His all-black outfit emphasized his tall, muscular frame. He had wide shoulders, long legs, large feet encased in expensive leather shoes and... She bit her lip. The clear outline of a long, thick cock was visible along the inside of one thigh under the tight leather pants he wore. God, he must be all of —

She dragged her gaze away from his groin to his face.

He gave her a long, intense stare, allowing his eyes to caress her breasts for timeless moments before he spoke again. "Can I buy you a drink?"

He was the most attractive man she'd ever seen in person. She found herself staring again. His open shirt revealed an intriguing expanse of hair on an impressively sized chest. She knew it wasn't in vogue but found chest and public hair on a male sexually stimulating. It would be exciting to push the shirt off his shoulders and run her fingers through it.

Standing nearly five nine barefoot, Chandra preferred big muscular men. The male smiling at her had miles of muscles. He was also one of the few males present with his cock still inside his pants. Nevertheless, everything about him screamed hot, mindless sex. She felt the urge to rip off her clothes and beg him to fuck her all night long.

A faint smile spread across his handsome face. "What would you like to drink?"

Chandra averted her gaze, feeling almost as if he were aware of her lustful thoughts. Given the way she'd ogled him, he wouldn't need to be a rocket scientist to figure out how aroused she was. *Get a grip, Chandra. You're here to grill the Stoner boys, not to get laid by some drop-dead-gorgeous, big-cocked hunk.* God, it should be illegal for any one man to be so damned sexy.

"What can I get you to drink?"

"Nothing."

"Why not?"

"I'm driving. I don't drink and drive but thanks for the offer."

"Maybe another time?"

If there were any justice she and Mr. Tall, Dark and Well-hung would meet again when she could afford to devote time to selfish pleasure. "Maybe." She reluctantly turned away.

He caught her hand.

A shock of desire sizzled through her. She bit her lip.

He turned her back to face him. "I admire a woman who doesn't drink and drive."

"You do?"

"I do."

He smiled, revealing, straight, dazzling white teeth. Did he have any physical imperfections? "Dance with me," he invited.

She cast a quick glance at the bulge along the inside of his thigh. Accepting his invitation would bring them into close and intimate contact. If she felt his cock pressed against her body... She shook her head. Centering her gaze on his cheek, she pulled her hand away. "No thanks."

"Why not?"

She suspected he knew the reason for her refusal. "I can't. I'm looking for someone."

"I'm someone."

"Someone I know."

"You can get to know me."

Chandra had never wanted to know any man more. She shook her head.

"It's Friday night and we're in a club which caters to people interested in sensual pleasures," he said.

"That's not why I'm here."

"Isn't it?"

"I didn't come here to be picked up."

"Yet that's what's going to happen."

She stared at him, her heart racing. "No. It's not."

"No?" He shrugged. "You can make time for one quick dance."

Keeping her gaze above his waist proved difficult. "That wouldn't be a good idea."

"Why not?"

Her panties were wet, her nipples hard and all she could think about was the outline of his cock. "I can see the outline of your..."

"You can see the outline of my what?"

"I think you know our dancing would not be a good idea."

"And I think you know I'm not going to take no for an answer."

"Excuse me?"

"You and I are going to dance at least once tonight."

"We are?"

"We are. The DJ is about to play our song."

"Our... We don't have a song."

"Don't we?"

"No. We've just met." Yet he didn't feel like a complete stranger. "How can we possibly have a song?"

"Haven't you ever met a man and immediately known you'd waited a lifetime to meet him?"

"No."

"You don't know what you're missing. That's how I felt the moment I saw you."

"What are you implying?"

"I'm not *implying* anything. I'm *saying* I've waited a very long time to meet you."

"You couldn't have."

"I assure you I have."

The softly voiced words left her longing to fling her arms around his neck and admit she'd spent a lifetime waiting just for him. But she'd done no such thing. Yet... She cast a quick glance around the room. She saw no signs of a DJ. "What song is about to play?"

"Dance with me and find out."

The warm, sensual look in his eyes, the insistent timbre of his deep baritone overwhelmed her senses. His gaze caressed her. He whispered something soft and inaudible that tickled and stroked her emotions in a way no other man ever had.

Some primal feminine instinct responded to his sheer masculinity and confident assertion. Surrendering to her mounting desire felt natural and right. His slow, warm smile enveloped her and swept her up into an intimate world of sensual need where her paramount desire to be woman to his man overshadowed all other considerations. She would dance with him and more.

He took her hand in his, placing it against his chest.

She sucked in a breath, staring up at him. What was he doing to her?

He slipped an arm around her waist. Taking her other hand in his, he drew her into an intimate embrace.

She trembled, feeling his cock against her body.

He slid his palm down from her waist to her ass, drawing her closer to his cock.

Her stomach muscles clenched.

He brushed his cool lips against her forehead. "That's our song."

Inhaling deeply, she savored the distinct, spicy aroma of his cologne. She closed her eyes and slowly swayed with him as the opening strands of one of her favorite songs, "Unchained Melody", began.

Oh my love...I've hungered for your...

Chandra pressed closer, sliding her arms under his leather jacket and around his body. She stroked her hands down his back, lost in him. She felt the impact of the words of the bittersweet love song as if he whispered them directly into her mind...searing them into her thoughts in a deep, romantic baritone.

She was his love, his darling. He'd hungered for her touch.

His raw emotions stroked and fed her deepest sexual hungers and an untapped emotional well of need. She wanted to be the woman whose love he needed enough to beg for it. Confused, she struggled to regain her grip on reality. She lifted her head. His lips weren't moving. He wasn't singing. Yet she felt the words he sang with such emotion.

She gave herself a mental shaking and jerked out of his arms. Her heart raced. Her cheeks burned with heat.

He sighed. "What's wrong?"

"Nothing... I... Nothing... I'm..." She stared at him, struggling to resist the urge to fling herself back into his arms. "What are you doing to me?"

"Nothing you haven't already done to me." *My love. My darling.*

His lips hadn't moved and she hadn't actually heard the words. She'd felt them. Felt them? She had to get away from him so she could clear her head. She turned and walked toward the back of the room, where she'd noted a vacant booth. She'd sit there and get her bearings before she... She stopped. The hunk who had been behind her, now sat in the no longer empty booth.

How had he managed to get past her so rapidly? If she had drunk anything, she would have suspected she'd been drugged.

He lifted a hand, beckoning to her.

Unable to resist the most powerful sexual attraction she'd ever experienced, she stumbled forward. Heart racing, she slipped into the seat beside him.

He slid his arm along the back of the booth.

Although he didn't touch her, he didn't need to. He exuded an explosive sensuality that intoxicated her senses, making thought difficult. "What will you have to drink?"

With her passions already so aroused, she didn't dare consume anything with alcohol. "Nothing."

"I'll order you something nonalcoholic."

"Thanks but I'm not here to..." She slid closer to the end of the booth.

"You're moving in the wrong direction." He patted the seat beside him.

Mindless with desire, she slid closer to him. Her thigh brushed against something. She reached down and picked up a folded, leather-encased cell phone. She extended the phone to him. "This must be yours."

He patted his hip. "Mine is here."

She blinked and lifted the phone closer to her face. The leather case didn't look black in the dim light. It looked red. She glanced up at him.

He stared at her in silence.

She snapped open the phone and found herself looking at a picture of herself and a slender, smiling blonde—her best friend Valerie. She shut the phone and scrambled out of the booth. “Where did you get this phone?”

He shrugged. “I believe it belongs to—”

“It belongs to my friend Valerie Rogers who’s been missing for nearly a month.”

“Missing? Hardly. I know where she is.”

“Is she all right?”

“Of course she is.”

She sighed with relief. “Where is she?”

“She’s spending time with one of my two brothers at our mansion. If you like—”
He slipped out of the booth.

She stepped back, her hand hovering near her right side.

He shook his head. “You won’t need to go for your gun.”

She frowned. So much for having her suits custom made to hide the bulge of her weapon.

“I’ll be happy to take you to your friend.”

“I’m not leaving here with you. Just tell me where she is—”

He lifted his cell phone from a clip at his waist and made a call. “Hello? Is she awake? Good. I have someone who wants to talk to her.” He extended his cell phone. “Here’s your friend.”

Chandra practically snatched the phone from him. “Hello?”

“Chandra? Is that you?”

She sucked in a relieved breath, pressing a hand against her forehead. She sounded breathless but it was definitely Valerie’s voice on the phone. “Oh, thank God, Val!”
Chandra took a moment to catch her breath.

“I’m fine, Chandra.”

“You’re fine? Where the hell are you?”

“In a very happy place.”

Her hand tightened on the phone. She sounded drugged. “What’s wrong, Val?”

“Nothing. Nothing’s wrong. Hmmm. Oh. Come join me.”

Chandra kept her gaze on the man who stood watching her in silence. “Join you where?”

“I have no idea. Ask Sin to bring you to me.”

“Ask who?”

“The guy you’re with. I can’t talk right now.”

“Why not? Are you being threatened?”

“Yes by a big, very hard cock.”

"Val!"

"I'm in the middle of getting fucked. Oh God. His cock is so good."

"Val –"

"I'll see you when you get here, Chandra."

She heard a long, gasping moan of pleasure before the call ended.

Chandra removed the phone from her ear, her cheeks hot.

The man beside her took the phone from her and returned it to its clip. "Did she sound as if she were in any distress to you?"

"Look –"

"You can follow me."

She shook her head. "If you think –"

"Your friend hasn't been harmed." He stared into her eyes and spoke in a deep, compelling voice. "Follow me in your vehicle. I promise you'll be safe."

"And I'm supposed to believe you just because you promise?"

He gazed into her eyes. "Don't you?"

Despite the dictates of common sense, she did believe him.

He smiled, as if he'd read her answer in her gaze. He turned and walked across the room.

There was no reason she should believe him. Nevertheless, as he reached the entrance, she rushed across the club behind him, ignoring everyone around her—including the couple still fucking on the dais. She told herself he was her only lead to Valerie's whereabouts. While true, that was not her sole reason for following him.

He held the door partially open.

Getting out of the door without touching him would be difficult. As she attempted to squeeze past him, he turned to face her. She felt his cock against her body and froze.

They stared at each other in silence. The sentiments of the words of "Unchained Melody" reverberated in her head. She was his darling. He needed her love.

She needed to give it and herself to him. She leaned into him and then jerked back. Oh, God. What was he doing to her?

Nothing's going to happen between us that you don't want.

She didn't want whatever he was doing to her to happen. She pushed past him. In the parking lot, she quickly walked to her SUV without glancing back at him. But she knew he was following. She could feel him behind her.

At her vehicle, he reached out to open the driver's side door after she disarmed and unlocked it with her remote.

She slipped inside and slid down the driver's side window.

He closed the door behind her. "I'm driving that dark SUV parked near the light."

He had a late-model luxury vehicle that made the one she'd purchased six years earlier when she made detective look like a hoopty. But then everything about him whispered old money.

"You can follow me."

She blinked at him. "Follow you where?"

He smiled. "You'll know when we get there."

"What?"

"Follow me."

"I'll do that but as you suspect, I'm armed," she warned.

He cast a slow, deliberate glance over her, allowing his gaze to linger on her breasts for what felt like minutes. "Yes," he nodded, speaking in a soft voice. "You certainly are." He grinned suddenly. "But then so am I and I don't mean with a gun."

There was no mistaking his meaning. She forced herself not to look at his crotch as he stepped away from her vehicle.

Keep it together, Chandra. Just because he has a big cock is no reason to lose sight of your purpose tonight. Keep it together.

She took a deep breath as she watched him get into his vehicle with the license plate missing. She took a quick picture of the SUV with her camera phone before she followed him out of the parking lot. Several times during the next two and a half hours of traveling down countless dark, backcountry roads, she promised herself that until she could afford a new SUV with a navigation system, she'd buy a portable one. Finally, she drove after him through a pair of six-foot-high black, wrought iron gates, which swung open. The gate swung shut behind them.

A long drive ended in front of a large, two-story, modern stone mansion with the lights on in every visible window on both floors. Two other dark, late model luxury SUVs sat in front of the house. Although it was a cool April night, the ornate carved-wood entrance door was open, revealing cream-colored tile flooring and cool green walls.

The man alighted from his SUV.

Although she turned off her ignition, Chandra remained inside her vehicle, scanning her surroundings. Behind the house she noted what appeared to be a large wooded area. It was too dark to see much of anything else. They had not passed another house for at least two miles. So if conditions inside spiraled out of control, she'd be on her own.

The thought didn't frighten her. She'd been on own her since she'd left her last foster home at seventeen for college. She was confident the handsome male standing in front of the house waiting for her had seduction rather than mischief on his mind.

That such a stunning male clearly wanted to sex her up, sent her passion rising. She shook her head. *No sex tonight, Chandra. You're going to find Val and get the hell out of here before you find yourself nude and begging to be fucked. Find Val –*

The man entered the house, leaving the door open.

Chandra remained inside her car. She'd been so filled with lust she hadn't even bothered to identify herself or to ask his name.

A moment later, a pretty, slender blonde wearing a skimpy negligee appeared in the open doorway. Her eyes sparkled. Her cheeks were flushed. She looked excited. "There you are at last, Chandra."

"Val!" Chandra pushed open her vehicle door and jumped out, slamming the door shut. As she ran toward the house, Val moved away from the entrance door.

"Val!"

"Follow me, Chandra," Valerie called from inside the mansion. "You'll love it here."

Chandra pushed her jacket behind her leather waist holster, exposing her service weapon. She slowed to a brisk walk and then mounted the wide stone steps slowly. As she did, she cast a quick, wary glance around. She paused on the top step. "Val!"

The sound of fleeing feet reached her ears.

Damn. Chandra leaned forward to look through the open door into a beautiful modern foyer with several huge gold-framed mirrors. The foyer appeared to be empty.

"Val?"

There was no response.

She waited several moments. When the sixth sense that had always kept her out of danger, didn't sound, she placed her hand on her gun and stepped inside.

The door slid shut behind her.

She swung around, her hand closing over the butt of her gun.

The man from the club leaned against the closed entrance door.

Her lips parted and she stared.

Stark naked and gloriously aroused, he was the most beautiful, sensual male she'd ever seen. He had wide shoulders, curling dark hair adorning his chest, a narrow waist, long, muscular, runner's legs and a long, thick erection jutting from a mass of dark pubic hair. His shaft was so massive her pussy pulsed.

You do not have time for this, Chandra. She tore her gaze away from his groin. Keeping her hand on her gun, she pointed her other hand at him. "I hope I'm not going to have to show you how good I am with this."

He arched a brow but she saw no sign of fear in his gaze. "I think you know you have nothing to fear from me."

He was naked, aroused and blocking the exit. He'd clearly used Val to lure her there. She had every reason to fear him, yet she didn't. "I can see what you have on your mind but I just want to find my friend and leave."

"Before or after?" He slid a hand down to cup his balls.

She moistened her lips. "Before or after what?"

He answered in a soft, caressing voice. "Before or after we fuck."

Her pussy flooded at the thought of an invasion by his long, thick cock. She squeezed the butt of her gun, trying to muster a show of outrage. "We are not going to...fuck."

He locked his gaze with hers. "Yes. We are."

She struggled against a powerful urge to surrender to the desire that blazed in his eyes. It sparked a corresponding hunger in her. Ignoring the sudden ache in her pussy, she shook her head and slowly backed away before she turned and rushed in the direction Valerie had fled. "Val!"

She only covered a few feet before he caught her hand and turned her around to face him. Even as she pressed her hands against his chest, her ability to resist vanished.

"I've waited a long time for tonight," he whispered. "I'll be as gentle as I can."

"I... We can't..." She clenched her hands against his chest.

"I have to have you." He slid his hands over her rear and pulled her against him.

"Oh...God...you should know I'm a —"

"I know you're mine," he told her.

Staring up into his eyes with his cock pulsing against her, she felt a wave of warmth and desire surround her. She sucked in a breath, trying not to let it overwhelm her. "I...don't do one-night stands."

He caressed her cheek. "I hunger for you."

Helpless to resist the fierce passion tightening her belly or his palpable desire, she arched her body into his, parting her lips in an unmistakable invitation.

"Mine," he whispered. "At last."

She linked her arms around his neck, stroking her fingers through the hair at his nape.

Although he had spoken of fucking, he made no effort to grind against her. Instead, holding her close, he touched his mouth to hers in a series of soft caresses that washed over her with the power of a gentle, sweet zephyr. Even as she ached for physical intimacy, he silently made her feel something no other man ever had—safe and cherished.

He nibbled a path from her lips over her throat to that spot behind her right ear that sent a chill of delight through her and sent her desire soaring. She moaned and ground herself against his cock.

He shuddered against her and then lifted his head from her neck. His mouth descended on hers. His hands tightened on her ass. He pressed countless, hungry, demanding kisses against her lips.

She ached to feel his huge cock invading her pussy. She tore her lips away from his and gasped. "Oh, God."

He abruptly released her. "You're overdressed, my lovely."

She opened her eyes, confused. "I... Wait. Please wait."

"I've waited far too long already." He caressed her neck.

She trembled, turning her head to brush her lips against his hand.

"You're here now and I need you."

And she wanted him. She made no protest when he pushed her jacket off her shoulders.

She was so aroused she lost track of time. One moment she was fully dressed and the next moment she stood against the front door in her thong and bra. She blinked. What was happening to her?

He trailed a finger along the top of the thong. "You have expensive and exquisite taste in underwear, my lovely."

"I... They were a present." She bit her lip. Why had she admitted that?

"From?" He slipped his finger into the cup of her bra, brushing his finger against her nipple.

She trembled. "I-I don't know."

He removed his finger and rubbed his thumb against her other nipple. "You have a secret admirer?"

Embarrassed to admit she wore underwear sent by an anonymous admirer, she blushed. Pushing his hand away, she used her arm and hand to cover her breasts and pussy.

"No. Don't try to cover yourself. A body this exquisite should be adorned with only the finest underwear."

She dropped her hands to her side.

"That's better." He stared at her breasts for so long she bit her lip. Did he find them unattractive?

Almost as if he'd read her mind, he spoke to her softly. "You have beautiful breasts."

He stroked a finger between her cleavage. "Do you know what would make them even lovelier?"

Having you suck them until they ache? She shook her head.

He cupped his hands under her breasts, lifting them and pushing them together. "Having a piece of jewelry nestled between these mounds."

"Like...what?"

He shrugged. "Gold would provide an exquisite contrast to your beautiful skin tone."

Would the cross qualify?

Their gazes met and locked.

She frowned. "Did you... You didn't send me anything. Did you?"

"Like what?"

"Like anything."

"You're still overdressed, my beauty."

She stood silent and shameless as he quickly removed her bra and thong.

When she was nude, he stared at her for several moments before he spoke. "We've wasted enough time talking."

He pinched her nipples. "Enough talk. Spread your legs for me."

"I-I...told you I don't do one-night stands."

"Who said anything about a one-night stand?"

"What are you suggesting?"

"That you stop talking." He slid his hands down her thighs to part her legs.

Stop him, Chandra. She pushed his hands away.

Undeterred, he slid a big hand over her breasts to her belly.

She curled her hands into fists as he cupped a palm between her legs.

He probed inside her with a finger.

She ground herself against his finger.

"You're wet." He lifted his head to look at her. He removed his finger. "Do you really want me to stop?"

No.

He smiled, just as if she'd spoken aloud. "Good because I can't stop."

Heart racing, she waited.

He rubbed his length along her slit.

The reality of what she was allowing to happen hit her when he pressed his cock against her entrance. She struggled to drag her thoughts away from sex. She pushed against his ripped abs. "Condom..." she whispered. *Did they even make them large enough to cover his monster cock?*

He nibbled at her neck. "We don't need one."

"We don't need one? Of course we —"

"No, honey." He lifted his head to look into her eyes. "We don't."

"But —"

"We don't need one. We're not using one." He caressed her breasts. "Trust me."

She shouldn't but she did. She reached down to close her fingers around the base of his cock.

He eased her hand away. "No, honey, I want it all in you. You want that too. Don't you?"

Yes.

He eased the big head of his shaft into her slick pussy.

Feeling herself stretching over his girth, she moaned. "You can't...come in me."

"Of course I'm going to come in you."

She was not some love-struck teenager too young or naïve to appreciate the dangers of unprotected sex, yet she knew she wouldn't stop him.

He lifted her chin and smiled down at her. "Get ready, my lovely. You're about to be fucked hard and deep and then filled with my seed."

Oh hell that sounded like a plan she wanted to fully participate in and enjoy. She gripped his taut ass and arched her hips forward, eager to welcome the sweet invader.

He slid in balls deep.

"Oh...oh."

He held himself still to give them both time to savor their sweet sexual clinch.

Chandra stared up at him, her pussy full of cock.

He placed his hands on either side of the door near her body. "You're so tight...so hot and sweet."

And eager to be fucked. She parted her lips, extending her tongue.

Instead of kissing her again, he fastened his lips on her right breast and sucked hard.

She dug her nails into his ass, shuddering.

He withdrew most of his cock.

Her stomach muscles tightened as he slowly sank back into her stretched pussy.

He withdrew and tunneled in again several times.

Oh...yes... He hit depths that had never known the joy of cock. She bit her lip to remain silent as she eagerly welcomed each thrust. He felt so good sliding in so deep, she curled her toes.

He transferred his lips to her other breast and shot his cock back into her.

She gasped, enjoying the hint of pain.

He groaned, withdrew and then repeated the delicious action.

Chandra caught a flicker of movement out of the corner of her eye. She turned her head so she could see their reflection in the ornate mirror opposite the door. She watched his ass muscles tightening as he thrust his cock in and out of her. What a sexy sight to see the contrast of their skin tones as they moved together as one.

He flicked the tip of his tongue around her nipple.

Her moans and his groans shattered the quiet of the foyer. She thrilled to the sexy sound of his cock slamming in and out of her. They began to buck wildly against each other. Their fuck was raw, fierce and utterly delicious. She cried out, dug her nails in his ass and ground her groin against his as she came.

When he exploded inside her, she tightened her vaginal muscles around his cock and did her best to squeeze every drop of his seed inside her.

After he stopped coming, he crushed her against the door with his weight.

Chandra released his ass to hold him close. She liked that he was still hard and still inside her. The movement of his cool lips against the side of her neck kept her aroused.

He turned his head to brush his lips against hers. "I need you again."

Oh damn. Yes! A man who could go more than one quick round before he needed a break.

Keeping his cock inside her, he lifted her off her feet, cupping his hands over her ass.

She wasn't exactly a lightweight but she never doubted his ability to carry her. She linked her arms around his neck, rubbing her cheek against the hair on his chest as he carried her up the wide, spiral staircase at the back of the foyer, still inside her. She bit her lip, loving the sensation of his cock moving in and out of her as he mounted the stairs.

As they neared the stop of the staircase, she heard the strains of "Unchained Melody". She lifted her head to look up at him.

He smiled. "Our song, my lovely."

Their song. *Careful, Chandra. He's handsome and smooth but this is strictly a one-nighter. Don't let his sex lies go to your head.* It was difficult to retain any semblance of reality with him. There was something about him she found that drew her to him.

He carried her into a large room and closed the door. He eased out of her and set her on her feet before he leaned against the closed door with his gaze locked on her pussy. "Welcome to my bedroom, my lovely."

She looked around. The large room had dark blue painted walls and cherry furnishings. Aside from the sleigh bed, there were a dresser, a tallboy and two matching nightstands and a dark leather chair on either side of the floor-to-ceiling doors that looked out onto a balcony. One wall of the room contained two large mirrors which she suspected concealed his and hers walk-in closets.

Was there a she? She glanced around the room again. She could detect no feminine influences. "It's very masculine."

"You can make it more feminine," he invited.

"Does anyone else sleep here besides you?"

His lips curved upward. "If you want to know if I have a special woman in my life, the answer is yes. You."

She smiled. "You're very smooth."

He shrugged. "My mama didn't raise any fools. Now come here."

She willingly walked into his open arms.

He swept her into his arms and carried her to the bed.

Chapter Two

Sin woke to the feel of large, naked breasts caressing his back. A soft hand curved possessively over his cock and balls. Warm lips touched his shoulder. The unmistakable smell of sex filled the air. He felt sexually satisfied and almost drunk with emotional contentment he hadn't experienced since he'd lost Victoria. Victoria.

He felt a rush of delight quickly followed by a cold dose of reality. He was not with Victoria. Thanks to his lack of control, he could never be with her again. He eased away from the woman sharing his bed and rolled onto his other side so that he faced her. He kicked the blanket draped over their lower bodies aside, exposing her body.

Mounds of long, thick hair caressed a dark, exquisitely pretty face before spilling over her shoulders. The tip of her tongue peeked out at him from between full, lush lips.

He allowed his gaze to sweep over her body. She was pleasingly curved in all the right places with smooth dark skin, large, natural breasts covered with bruises and a hint of teeth marks, long legs, a less than flat belly and a shaved pussy with lips that looked slightly swollen and well fucked. Traces of semen adorned one thigh while a load spilled out her dark, slick slit.

He glanced down at himself. His pubic hair and cock were coated with her juices and his cum.

He lifted his gaze to her face. He drank in her beauty and allowed memories of the previous night spent in bed with her after he'd carried her up from the hallway to titillate his senses and rouse his passions.

Their first time, hours earlier, had been an explosive and satisfying standing fuck in the foyer. She'd taken every inch of his cock into her tight, clingy pussy. He smiled as he recalled what had happened after he'd carried her up to his bedroom with his cock still inside her...

She sprawled on her back with her ass propped up on a pillow. He lay between her parted brown thighs, grunting with satisfaction and pleasure as he drove his cock in and out of her hot, tight, slick channel with long, deep thrusts that sent shudders of lust thundering down the length of his cock to tighten his balls.

He eagerly devoured her warm, full lips sweeping his tongue into her moist, lush mouth.

She moaned, grinding herself against his groin as she slowly took every inch of his hard, hungry length inside her body. Although she whimpered, it was with obvious pleasure. Then she repeatedly compressed her already tight vaginal muscles around

him until she held his cock happily hostage within the tight confines of the sweetest, deepest pussy he'd ever fucked.

Overwhelmed by feelings of joy and pleasure bordering on bliss, he tore his lips from hers and fastened them over one of her large breasts. He thrust into her again and slowly rotated his hips against hers, allowing her to feel every inch of the cock about to detonate inside her.

She jerked her hips off the pillow, eagerly drawing him back inside her delicious cunt. "Oh...oh yes."

He propelled his hips downward, shuddering as his cock slid back inside her.

She dug her nails into his ass until he was able to rub his pubic hair against her bald slit.

They fucked wildly, each stroke bringing them ever closer to the bliss of coming.

She unexpectedly slipped a finger down his crack and rubbed it against his ass.

He bit her nipple and rained a flurry of sharp slaps against the sides of her thighs, enjoying the sounds of their fucking bodies meeting.

She gasped, a series of shudders shook her body and then he felt her pussy juices washing over his cock in a seemingly endless flood. He loved a woman who produced a river of pussy juice on his cock when she came.

He transferred his lips to her other nipple. He twirled his tongue around the hard peak before sucking it.

She responded by forcing her finger into his ass.

He tensed and then thrust deep as she finger-fucked his ass. The surge of his impending climax built. He bit into her other nipple.

She thrust a second finger into his ass and fucked harder.

Holy hell. Unable to control himself, he groaned and ejaculated in her before he collapsed on top of her. He kept his groin pressed against hers to ensure he pumped every last drop of his seed into her sweet, wet cunt. When he had, he lifted his head and pressed a long kiss against her lips.

She stroked her fingers over his ass and returned his kiss with a passion and fire that kept him hard and aroused inside her. So he rolled them over onto their sides and fucked her again. He lingered over the fuck, keeping his strokes long and measured.

He savored the texture and taste of her lips and tongue.

She ground herself against him with a greedy pleasure. He loved a woman who didn't feel the need to pretend she didn't like fucking as much as he did. To increase both their pleasure, he spanked her round, brown ass until it felt hot against his palms and she moaned and exploded around his cock.

Smiling at her obvious enjoyment, he rolled her onto her back, rested his weight on his extended arms and slammed his cock in and out of her climaxing pussy until he gasped and jetted his seed inside her already flooded channel.

He sprawled on her warm body, settling between her damp thighs. Then not quite feeling sated, he bent his head, touching his mouth to the side of her neck. He parted his lips and probed with his extended tongue until he located her pulse.

Perhaps sensing his hunger for her blood, she trembled.

It's all right, my lovely, he promised.

She stroked her fingers through his hair, relaxing under him.

He slipped his arms around her voluptuous body and held her close and tight under him as he swept his tongue along her pulse, delighting in the feel of it.

She made a soft sound and pushed against his shoulders.

He should probably roll off her but intoxicated by her lush curves and fluttering pulse, he thrust his entire length as deep into her pussy as possible, grunted with a primal and emotional satisfaction he felt down to his toes and drifted to sleep, still inside the pussy now filled with both their cum.

Recalling those amazing fucks and the resultant and unexpected tug on emotions he'd jealously guarded for so long, a wave of warmth swelled in him. He frowned. His feelings were more unwelcome than unexpected. The first time he'd seen her he'd feared she'd play havoc with his life. Why else had he wasted time trying to resist an irresistible force?

She was a beautiful, passionate woman. However, neither her beauty nor her passion accounted for the way she made him feel emotionally. The physical part he understood and accepted. The emotional sway she wielded over him gave him pause.

Even after tasting her passion and exploring the depths of his desire, he continued to be consumed by his need. He longed to feel her pussy sucking at his cock while he again lost himself in emotional bliss.

His body continually responded to the allure of finally having her share his bed after what felt like an eternity. Although he had enjoyed their mental fucks, he wanted the real thing. He needed to touch her, caress her, kiss her and love her while he whispered his need and desire for her in his native tongue.

He glanced down. His cock hardened and spread along one thigh, pre-cum seeping from the tip.

What the hell was she doing to him?

She murmured softly and opened her dark brown, beautiful eyes. She stared at him in silence for several moments before she rolled onto her other side, exposing a large, round, well-padded ass.

He admired the faint fingerprint marks on her booty. Of course an ass that large and lovely had to be spanked. He fondled his cock and balls. It should also be fucked. He smiled, envisioning her bound to a bondage rack or bent over with a bondage bar holding her legs apart. She'd look as sexy as hell, in such a prime position to take his aching cock up her ass.

His smile vanished as a more romantic vision replaced the lustful one. A woman as passionate and capable of giving such sensual pleasure and stirring such deep emotions should be wined and dined, showered with gifts of fine wine and decadent chocolates. She deserved pampering and coddling before he fucked her all night long. Or maybe he'd make love to and cherish her.

Annoyed by his conflicting feelings, Sin slipped across the bed, linked an arm across her waist and drew her back against his body.

She whispered, "No," even as she ground her ass along his groin.

Damn, she intoxicated him. Easily overcoming her insincere struggles, he wiggled his hips and shifted her around until his fully erect cock rested in the crease of her ass.

"Oh..." Her struggles ceased.

Sin smiled. "That's better." He slipped the fingers of his other hand around her body to part her nether lips. He stroked his fingers along the bare, swollen lips. His nostrils flared and he shuddered. There was nothing sexier than the aroma of a well-fucked pussy filled with his seed.

She rocked herself against his hips. "Oh."

The one word overwhelmed him with need. Dipping his fingers inside her, he cupped his other hand over her breasts and rained wet kisses against her nape.

"Ooooh," she moaned, her voice low with desire.

He stroked deeper.

"Oh..." She pushed against his hand and wiggled her hips in a half-hearted attempt to dislodge his fingers from her wet cunt.

He responded by humping on her ass.

Her vaginal muscles tightened around his fingers.

He accepted that as a sign that she wanted him to continue. Before he did, he had an urgent need. He buried his open mouth against the pulse throbbing in the side of her neck.

She reached back to grip his thigh.

As he sank his incisors into her flesh, he luxuriated in the first sweet rush of her blood into his mouth. Intoxicating. Greedily feeding on her, he rolled her onto her belly.

She made a small sound of delight.

Urging her trembling legs apart with his knee, he slipped inside her.

"Oh, God," she moaned, pressing her cheek against the mattress. "You're too hard and big. I can't take all of it."

You already have.

"Oh, God... Your cock is too hard, too big. You're stretching me."

Sensing her need for reassurance, he overcame his desire to feed on her in silence. *We both enjoy stretching this hot pussy.*

She wiggled her ass against his groin.

He shuddered. *Oh...shit....shit... You're tight. You can take it...take it all.*

She shuddered under him. "Oh, God... No more."

When he attempted to pull his cock partway out, she clamped her vaginal muscles down on him with the force of a tight velvet vise. "No!"

He allowed himself a moment of satisfaction at her clear indication that no matter what she said, she didn't want him to stop.

"Don't...stop."

The soft, breathless plea heightened his passions. Satisfied she wanted him as much as he wanted her and burning with hunger, he squeezed her breasts and continued to drive his entire length into her until his groin rested on her big, lush ass.

She gasped and resisted when he withdrew partway.

Hell yeah. This pussy...this woman was born to belong to him. God help him, he might have been born to belong to her. He pushed the thought away. He was too old and too jaded to get too touchy-feely.

Sliding one hand under her body to cup her breasts, he fingered her clit and fucked her hard and fast, savoring her helpless gasps as she began to hump herself on his plundering shaft.

"Oh...yes...yes," she moaned. "It's good. So good."

As she tightened her vaginal muscles around him and blindly reached back to grip his hips, his balls tightened and he probed her thoughts. He encountered a wealth of warmth and passion and a well of need that touched the cold depths in him. Unable to resist the jumble of emotions raging through her thoughts, he tumbled into them, allowing himself to be surrounded and conquered by their magnitude and wildness.

He dropped his mental barriers, allowing her a glimpse into his thoughts and feelings. For a brief time, as their thoughts and needs tangled together, he felt naked and emotionally exposed. He embraced the experience.

"Oh hell yes," she gasped, her entire body shuddering as she came.

Still feeding on both her blood and emotions, he thrust his cock deep in her and exploded inside her.

Shaken by the depth and length of his orgasm, he removed his incisors from her neck and collapsed on top of her, shuddering. He curled his fingers in her hair and licked the drops of blood from her neck. Damn, he'd never been with anyone sweeter or more addictive than this beautiful siren. He dismissed a guilty thought of Victoria.

He wanted to live for the moment with this beautiful woman. If he ceased to exist at that moment, still buried inside the pussy that felt custom-made for him, he'd have few regrets.

"I can't breathe," she whispered in a sexy, husky tone.

Her voice had the lure and majesty of an Aireon-born siren. But as far as he knew none of the sirens, other than the royal family and a few of their close counselors had managed to make it off Aireon before the overthrow of the remaining leadership.

"You're too heavy."

He reluctantly rolled off her. He propped himself on an elbow and slapped her hard several times smiling as her ass jiggled.

She sucked in a breath and bolted into a seated position. She stared at him with parted lips, a wary look in her liquid brown eyes.

Sin dropped his gaze to her parted thighs. What a sexy sight, watching his cum seep out of the dark, bald lips of her pussy and ooze down her crack. Damn, he'd never been able to resist tasting a pretty pussy.

Succumbing to the temptation, he sprawled on his stomach, gripping her hips.

She made a soft, encouraging sound. Extending his tongue, he buried his face against her, greedily licking and sucking at her fragrant slit.

"Don't." Even as she moaned the word, she curled her fingers in his hair and dragged him closer.

He smiled, licking her slit.

Linking her legs over his shoulders, she wildly ground herself against his face. "Don't...eat me."

He shifted his position until he was able to slip two fingers inside her. Drowning in the musky smell of her sexed-up pussy, he dragged the rough edge of his tongue over her clit and finger-fucked her until she moaned and ground herself against him in a wild frenzy.

When he felt the now familiar shuddering of her body, he sucked her clit and then slipped his tongue inside her climaxing slit, lapping up her heavenly fluids. It had been ages since he'd enjoyed such a hot, sweet, addictive woman.

He gave her slit a final lick and rose onto his knees.

She pressed her legs tightly together.

He smiled. She was behaving like a well-fucked woman who wanted to make sure no more of his seed seeped out of her.

She remained like that for several moments before she opened her eyes and rose to her knees to face him. "Who-what are you?"

He tilted his head and bared his incisors. "Whatever you want me to be."

Chandra sucked in a breath, pressing one hand against her neck. She slid the other between her legs to cover her pussy. "I don't want anything from you."

He arched a brow and smiled at her. "Don't you? Why not? Don't you accept gifts from your lovers?"

She remembered her admission in the foyer about the expensive bra and thong and willed herself not to blush. "I don't know who sent the underwear so I couldn't return them."

"You could have given them to charity," he suggested.

"Charity? You can't give away used underwear."

"Ah... So you wore them first and then decided you didn't want them."

She blushed. "I just tried them on... I had to... I... They're... I'd never be able to afford them myself..." She allowed her voice to trail off.

His smile softened. "Then isn't it fortunate you have an admirer who can afford to send you some of the luxuries you deserve? Have you ever met him?"

"No."

"Do you want to?"

She'd spent countless nights fantasizing about the man who continued to shower her with one elaborate gift after another while making no effort to contact her and taking great pains to ensure his identity remained secret. "I'm not sure."

"But you've kept and enjoyed the presents he sends?"

"You're making me sound like a gold digger."

He shook his head. "I'm making you sound like a discerning woman who knows how to inspire endless devotion in a man she's never met," he countered. "That's quite an accomplishment, my lovely."

"For all I know he could be a deranged stalker."

He arched a brow. "Do you feel threatened when you receive a new gift?"

She felt pampered and sexy but she wasn't about to admit that. "I don't want to talk about him."

"What do you want to talk about?"

"Nothing. I just want to find my friend Val and get out of here and away from you."

He leaned forward and stared into her eyes. "Then why are your eyes begging me to toss you over my shoulder and disappear into the night with you as my willing sex slave?"

Why did she find it impossible to control her sexual urges with him? After finding herself the talk of the campus the morning after she'd foolishly surrendered her virginity at eighteen to a drunken college senior at a frat party, she'd vowed never to put herself in the position of allowing her pussy to govern her actions.

That senior had been her first and only one-night stand. She'd held true to her vow never to sleep with a man until after they'd established a real relationship. Until the previous night. There was something about this man that she could not, did not, want to resist. But she'd been shameless enough to last another eighteen years and she wasn't about to admit that to him.

"You're imagining things and you should know that...force is against the law."

"Force?" He stroked a finger down her cheek to her breasts.

She trembled. "Yes, force."

He smiled. "The moment you saw the length and girth of my cock, your pussy flooded, your legs fell open and when I rubbed against your slit, you practically inhaled

my cock. There was no force involved." He shrugged. "But if implying there was makes your quick capitulation more acceptable to you, go on pretending it was force."

Sin noted a hint of rose stain her cheeks. "I am not ruled by my...by a desire for sex."

"You have a body that was made for sex," he told her.

She averted her gaze. "Not with you."

"Didn't we just finish fucking?"

"I didn't... You were the one doing all the fucking."

"Strange. I could have sworn you were fucking me back."

She bit her lip. "If I were...it was only because you-you coerced me."

"Doesn't that imply that you eventually wanted me?"

He watched her dark eyes flash with annoyance. "I didn't want you."

He pinched her right nipple. "And I suppose you don't want me now either?"

She jerked away from him. "No, I don't. I don't sleep with white men."

His nostrils flared. "Then why is your pussy flooding again?"

She shook her head. "What are you doing to me?"

He caressed her cheek and lifted her chin. He gazed in her eyes. "No more than you're doing to me."

"I'm not doing anything to you."

"You're making me so damned hot I feel like I'm on fire."

She sucked in a breath. "You-you do?"

"Yes."

She stared at him, her lips parted.

"Isn't that how you feel?"

She averted her gaze. "No. I'm leaving."

"No you're not."

"Are you...planning to keep me here by force?"

"There's that word again. Call it what you like, Chandra. You're not going anywhere unless I allow it. And I can assure you I have no intentions of allowing you to leave. Unless and until it suits me."

She stared at him. "Please."

He stared back, shaking his head. "You're the first non-fem I've met in years who can take my entire cock without shoving at my shoulders in a storm of tears and sobs of pain."

"You mean you routinely...force..." She shook her head. "No. The word is rape. You routinely rape women?"

He recoiled, his gaze narrowing. "Rape is an ugly word, honey. Be careful how you use it."

"It's also accurate if your partner is shoving at your shoulders and sobbing in pain while you jam that...oversized weapon you call a cock into her protesting pussy against her will just so you can get your rocks off."

"As you must have noticed and felt, I have a large, thick cock and I like having every inch of it involved when I fuck. Besides, it wasn't a question of a lack of desire to take all my cock on the part of my lovers. It was a question of their inability to handle my length and girth." He smiled suddenly, caressing her cheek. "Of course now that I've met you, with your hot, tight, flexible pussy, my days of only having half my cock feeling loved and wanted are over. Aren't they?"

Her lids swept down but not before he noted the excitement dancing in her dark eyes. She was a beautiful, beguiling woman who wanted to be kept there. And he was going to oblige.

"I just want to find my friend and go home. Please."

"No."

"I'm leaving."

The bedroom door opened.

The voluptuous vixen, in the act of climbing off the bed, froze and stared.

A tall, naked male with dark blue eyes and long, blue-black hair tumbling over wide shoulders nearly filled the doorway. His big palms cupped the bare ass cheeks of the tiny blond impaled on his cock. With her arms linked around his neck, she moaned and wildly ground her ass in an effort to force the rest of his cock up into her pussy.

Sin watched, knowing there was no way the petite woman could possibly take Max's entire length into her body no matter how much she wiggled her cute little ass or how vigorously Max thrust into her. There were some laws that even a climaxing vampire couldn't overcome.

"Your cock is good, so good and I'm coming. Oh my God I'm coming again!" The blonde cried.

"Then come, you sweet, sexy little bitch," Max encouraged. He shoved his cock as deep into her as he could get it and then held it still, closing his eyes and parting his lips.

Within moments, a stream of cum and pussy juice pooled in the pubic hair at the base of Max's cock. He sighed and slapped the woman's tiny, heaving ass cheeks. "Damn, you're a sweet, wanton bitch."

The blonde rubbed her breasts against his chest and tilted her head to look up at him. She stroked her fingers through his hair. "I'm your wanton bitch."

Chandra spoke one word in a shocked whisper. "Valerie!"

Sin smiled and scooted across the bed behind her. He cupped his hands over her large, almost melon sized breasts. Damn. What a rush to be able to touch and hold her

instead of lusting for her from afar while he allowed Sebastian to talk him out of killing her weak, insipid human lover.

She trembled in his arms.

He spoke against her neck. "Maybe it's just me, honey but I don't think your friend wants to be found or rescued. I think she's very happy being the current object of Max's lust."

"Max?"

"He's my brother, honey."

Chapter Three

Chandra closed her eyes tightly, taking several deep breaths. This was not real. She was mired in a dream—a nightmare—where tall, handsome, mysterious strangers turned out to be sexually insatiable, bloodsucking vampires with huge cocks that set her blood on fire and filled her with lust while tunneling deeper into her pussy than any other man ever had. But he couldn't be a vampire. She'd clearly seen his reflection in the mirror in the foyer. Vampires didn't cast reflections but they did survive by drinking human blood.

If he was a vampire, was his brother one too? If he was... Val had been with him for nearly a month. Chandra snapped open her eyes and stared at the man who'd fucked her nearly senseless. "I'm a police officer," she warned. Well, technically she was a detective but somehow she thought a uniformed officer might sound more threatening than someone who usually didn't arrive on a crime scene until long after the perp had left.

He stroked a finger down her belly to her pussy. "I'll just bet you look as sexy as hell with your uniform pants pushed below your lovely ass and with a huge, white cock protruding from your dark brown, sinfully delicious pussy." He licked the side of her neck. "I'm hot just thinking about the sight."

She'd known he was big within moments of seeing him. But... "Huge is the right word for your cock."

"Yes, my vixen, and every inch is eager to fuck you again."

A shiver danced straight down her belly to her pussy as she recalled that first slick slide into her—long, deep, thick and so wonderfully luscious. She moistened her lips. "I don't wear a uniform."

"It doesn't matter. You'd look lovely in anything or nothing at all."

"Why do you sound so surprised?"

"Having spent the last fifty or so years with lithe, slender redheads, I'd almost forgotten the delights to be found nestled in the arms of a lush, full-figured woman with dark, sensuous skin and a delectable pussy made for sin. Everything about you is exciting, including the taste of your blood which totally intoxicates me." He pinched her nipples. "I must have died and gone to vampire heaven, Chandra."

Despite herself, the raw, lustful words, spoken in his deep, almost hypnotic voice had the effect of an aphrodisiac. Her nipples hardened and her pussy pulsed. The fact that he'd just admitted to being a vampire was momentarily lost on her as well as what he and his brother might have done to Val. She tilted her head so that her hair fell away from her neck and arched into him.

His warm laughter tickled her neck. The palm of one hand burned a path down from her breasts to her aching slit. Oh to feel that monster cock inside her again, stretching her and tunneling so deep inside her. Her legs quivered apart.

He stroked a finger up and down her slit before he pressed his thumb against her clit.

"Oh..."

"I think I'll have to brand this exquisite pussy as made for Sin."

Chandra struggled to regain a measure of self-control. She could not afford to forget why she was there again. "I don't even know your name but you obviously know mine."

"My name's Sin-Bad."

"Sinbad?"

"No. Sin hyphen Bad, my lovely Chandra."

She shuddered and forced herself to reach down and grab the big hand sending chills of delight up and down her spine. "Stop that."

"Why? Touching you gives me a heady feeling." He continued stroking her pussy and her desire.

"Don't...please."

"I think I should warn you that a naked begging siren gets my cock hard in record time." He licked the side of her neck. "Is that what you want, honey? If you continue to beg me to stop, I'll have to assume your intent is to get me hard and hot for you again."

She could hear Valerie moaning with a raw, almost animal-like lust. The sounds of Max's cock sliding in and out of Val's pussy filled the air. Chandra struggled against the urge to surrender totally to the lust spreading throughout her body from her aching pussy. If she and Valerie were to get out of there with as little trouble as possible, she couldn't afford to succumb to lust again.

"I'm a police officer," she said again.

"You're starting to repeat yourself, honey. That's a sure sign of a woman in need of another deep, penetrating fuck," he taunted. "It's good for the soul and the pussy. Not to mention my cock." He rotated his hips.

She felt the weight and heat of his cock against her ass. Her stomach muscles clenched. "Please. Remove your hand from my pussy and let me go or—"

"Your pussy?" He lifted his head and to her surprise, he released her.

She turned to face him. Noting the determined look in his dark blue eyes, she dropped her gaze. It settled on his shaft. Lord, he was long and thick. A sensuous thrill danced through her as she recalled that she'd already taken every hard, thick inch into her body—more than once. She wanted it again. Damn. Why did he have to be so sexy and impossible to resist?

"Your pussy?" He demanded. He tossed her onto her back and easily overcame her efforts to rise by virtue of placing a big, warm palm against her belly and holding her down on the bed. "I think it's time you learned the rules of this game." He caressed her pussy. "This sweet, hot hole now belongs to me."

Why did his calling her pussy a hot hole sound sexy instead of sexist and disgusting? "But I-I have a man. A lover."

He leaned over her, his eyes glowing, his incisors bared. He radiated an aura of power and control that sent a wanton thrill of anticipation down her body to curl her toes. "You *had* a man."

"Have," she insisted.

"*Had*. The sooner you realize you can't hope to win a contest of wills between us, the smoother and more enjoyable our association will be."

"I have no intentions of associating with you or of surrendering my will."

He smiled and she heard amusement in his deep voice when he spoke again. "No? Then I'll have to change your mind. Won't I?"

"You might not find that as easy as you think."

His smile widened into a grin. "You can say that after having already writhed on my cock three times?"

How like a man to throw a momentary weakness in her face. "It had been a long time since I'd been... I wasn't thinking clearly."

He smiled. "And what excuse will you use the next time you part those luscious thighs of yours and eagerly welcome my cock back into your pussy?"

Damn him and his arrogance. "There's not going to be a next time."

"The hell there won't." His smile vanished. His gaze grew cool. "I think you should know that patience is a virtue from which I have never suffered."

"I have no interest in your lack of virtues although I'm sure they are legion."

His rich, warm laughter filled the room. "So I've been told. But trust me, honey, I always get what I want. Always."

"That doesn't mean—"

His smile vanished. "Silence!"

Hearing the edge of steel in his tone, she decided that this might be one time when discretion was the better part of valor. She swallowed the retort trembling on her lips.

"That's better. As I said you *had* a man. You're mine now. Although I'll share your charms with my brothers, I'll be damned if I'll share this pussy with some insignificant human whose lack of skill has left you starving for the attentions of a male who knows how to really please a woman."

She gaped up at him. "Share me with your brothers?"

"Yes."

"That's barbaric."

"Is it?"

"How-how many do you have?"

"Are you eager to meet them?" He grinned. "Don't worry, honey. Both Max and Sebastian have large, pussy-pleasing cocks. Max there is taking your friend to sensual heaven. You'll meet Sebastian later. They've both mastered the art of seduction and are fully capable of making a woman come again and again until she views being one of their sex slaves a privilege."

"I didn't become the first person in my academy graduating class to make detective and sergeant by being willing to be anyone's slave."

"I'm not just anyone. I'm going to own you, heart, body and soul. Before I'm through with you, Chandra, you'll beg to belong to me."

She shook her head.

"Yes," he whispered the word against her mouth. "I can have any woman I want."

"Then—"

"I want you, my lovely nymph." He licked her lips. "Every inch of you is going to burn for me, as I burn for you."

Burn baby, burn.

"Every inch of you will need and want me as I need and want you. A woman as passionate and beautiful as you are deserves a man who knows how to appreciate and totally satisfy your hidden need to be dominated."

How was she supposed to hold her lust at bay when he kept filling her head with sexy love lies, which filled her with a forbidden longing to let him and his brothers have their wicked way with her? She forced herself to form a mental picture of Jared. Granted he wasn't a sexually sinful vampire with a huge cock. Granted it had been months since they'd actually had sex. But then arriving home early and finding your supposedly committed lover fucking another woman would cool any woman's ardor. Still, that was no reason to surrender to lust for three strangers.

"I have no desire to be dominated. Nor am I sleeping with you or your brothers."

"You still don't get it, do you? You now belong to me just as your friend belongs to Max. That is if he wants her."

She kept her gaze on his face and tried to block out the sounds of Valerie moaning and sobbing as if she were being fucked out of her mind. "Let us both go and I promise there won't be any trouble for you or your brothers."

"You think I'm worried about any trouble you think you can cause?" He rolled her onto her belly. Spreading her legs, he stroked his hands down the insides of her thighs. "You have such soft, warm skin. Dark and beautiful."

She forced herself to struggle.

He easily pinned her to the bed with the weight of his big body. Then she felt the head of his huge shaft poking at her slit.

God in heaven, if she allowed him to enter her again, she'd drown in a mindless haze of bliss...and more bliss. *Resist him, girl. You have to resist him.* "No..."

"We both know you want my cock as much as I want your pussy. Open your legs for me."

"I...can't..."

"Can't? Why not?"

"I-I shouldn't..."

"Of course you should. Open them now."

Why did she have to struggle so hard to resist him? She widened her legs, her pussy flooding in anticipation of the coming invasion.

"Now give me your pussy, my sweet."

She inched her pussy upward. "No..."

He kissed her neck while stroking the sides of her legs. "Your lips are saying no but your parting legs are crying, yes. Yes. Please fuck me again, Sin." He nipped her neck. "Even if you're not ready to admit it, your pussy knows it belongs to me. It would be cruel to deny it the pleasure my cock can give it and you."

"I don't...want...you or your...oversized cock anywhere near my pussy."

He laughed. "I like the way you say oversized cock in that husky, needy voice. It sounds like an endearment."

"It's not!"

He stilled on her. "Then draw your pussy off my cock," he challenged. "I won't stop you."

God help her. Instead of answering the challenge, she pushed her hips upward, greedy to have her pussy stretched over his sinful thickness again.

Instead of laughing in triumph, as she feared, he whispered softly to her in a strange, lyrical language. She frowned. Although she'd had two years of college-level Spanish, she'd never been much good with languages. So why did she feel as if she almost understood the language?

"I...can't understand what you're saying."

"I asked if you still want me to stop."

Tell him yes. Sound as if you mean it and maybe he'll stop. She curled her hands into fists. "Please..."

"Yes?"

"Don't stop."

He licked her ear. "You have a lush, voluptuous body made for Sin. There's no shame in admitting that you hunger for my cock as I do for your sweet pussy, my luscious nymph. I was consumed with desire the moment I saw you and knew I had to have you."

Lord, he knew how to weaken a horny woman's will. "Had to have me?"

"God, yes. Had to." He squeezed her and pressed his lips against her ear. "So I set plans in motion to maneuver you into a position where we'd meet and you'd end up in my bed."

She frowned. "But...we only met last night."

"True but I saw you before last night."

"Where?"

"On television."

"Tele... You watched that reality show?"

"Yes. As soon as I saw you, I had to have you."

"That was a year ago."

"I know exactly how long it's been, Chandra but I don't recall saying whether I saw the original broadcast or one of the reruns."

Was she in bed with her secret admirer? "You know I received a few marriage proposals after the first broadcast."

"I'm not surprised. However, while I was enchanted, I didn't send any proposal."

"Are you going to tell me when you first saw me?"

"What difference does that make now?"

"I was just wondering..."

"If I was your secret admirer?"

"Yes. Are you?"

"I've never been accused of being shy, Chandra."

He wasn't her secret admirer. She swallowed hard. "Are you telling me you planned all this?"

"Yes."

"Including Valerie's kidnapping?"

"Yes," he admitted.

She shoved her elbow into his ribs. "Get off me!"

To her surprise, he obeyed, rolling onto his side.

She bolted into a sitting position. "Kidnapping is a federal offense."

He laughed softly, drawing her back down next to him. "So I'm told. But tell me, who do you think is going to bring charges against me, Chandra?"

"I have a duty to—"

"Your only duty, Chandra, is to do as I tell you."

"There are people who are worried about Valerie."

"So?"

"So? She had a man in her life!"

"Did she? I doubt she'll have much interest in him after spending so much time with Max."

"You have no right to just disrupt her life."

"I have the right to do the hell as I like, Chandra."

She'd see about that. "Did you... Did Max rape her?"

He caressed her breasts. "By your definition of the ugly word? Probably so."

"Probably so?" She pushed his hand aside and attempted to roll away from him.

He reached out and drew her back into his arms. "I said probably so if you use your definition of that ugly word. I have a much different interpretation of the word. So stop struggling before you get me even hotter."

If he got any hotter, he'd set her pussy on fire when he entered her. She struggled with him. "I'm an officer... I can't hide or condone kidnapping and rape!"

He slapped her ass so hard a surge of pain sliced through her. "Don't make me angry, Chandra. Stop using that damned word and do as I tell you."

She stared at him, shaking her head. "I won't. I can't."

He stared into her eyes. "You will do just as I tell you."

She struggled against the urge to surrender her will to his. "I can't ignore a rape and —"

He pressed a finger against her lips. "Silence, Chandra."

When she obeyed, he caressed her mouth. "These lush lips are too pretty to toss such ugly words as rape and kidnap about. Your friend is here with Max because she wants to be. I don't want to hear any more talk of rape and kidnap."

She sucked in a breath and compressed her lips.

"That's better." He rolled her onto her back.

Without conscious thought, she parted her thighs and murmured with pleasure when he slipped between them.

Tipping up her chin, he bent his head and kissed her lips.

Unable to stop herself, she slipped her arms around him, drawing him close and eagerly returning his kiss. His lips were cool, firm and persuasive. Continued resistance was no longer possible.

He slipped out of her arms and turned her onto her belly. He caressed her nether cheeks. "You have a lovely ass made to give countless years of pleasure, my brown vixen."

Chandra trembled. She told herself it was just lust...but it felt more powerful and consuming than mere lust. Lust demanded physical satisfaction. It didn't awaken deeper emotional needs as he'd done during their first three sexual encounters.

He nibbled at the nape of her neck. "You'd like me to fuck it. Wouldn't you?"

She closed her eyes on a wave of emotion she couldn't...didn't want to control—at least at that moment. She'd worry about reclaiming her independence later. "Yes," she whispered.

"And I will, my lovely, but not just yet." He licked her neck while he caressed and massaged her ass. "Now. Make this night complete. Tell me you'll obey me."

That was asking too much. "I... No."

"I'm waiting."

"I... Sin."

"You're not going to win, Chandra. We both know you don't really want to win."

She flushed. Damn him. "I-I...will."

"You will what?"

"I will...obey you."

He rewarded her with a gentle kiss. "Tell me why."

"Why?" What the hell did he want? Her total, abject surrender? "I-I don't understand what you want me to say."

"Tell me you're mine."

"I...am," she admitted. "I am yours."

"As I knew you would be the moment I saw you." The words throbbed with male confidence.

She didn't care as long as he drove every inch of his hot length deep into her pussy.

Capturing both her hands in one of his, he pinned them over her head.

She thrilled to the feeling of loss of control the position provided. *Fuck me...take me...do anything you like with and to me.*

He slowly drove his cock into her.

As the first few inches of hot shaft slid into her slit, she gasped and bit her lip to silence a sigh of pleasure. Val and Max were still in the room and still fucking. She mustn't cry out.

"It's all right, honey. Make as much noise as you like. I like a woman who isn't ashamed to moan with pleasure when I fuck her."

She whimpered.

"That's it, my sweet. That's it," he encouraged. "Let everyone with ears know you want this as much as I do."

"Oh...oh...God. Sin."

"It's okay... It's okay... It's not just you, honey—it's not. I'm feeling it too."

He felt the wonderful emotional connection that went far beyond the physical pleasure she felt?

Yes. Resting his entire weight on her, he fucked her with a leisurely enjoyment.

The sweet friction of his thick length sliding in and out with a slow, sensuous rhythm tugged at her heart, tied it in knots and then threatened to snatch it and claim it as his own.

Sin. Sin. Yes. Yes.

She squeezed her vaginal muscles around his cock, glorying in delight, as he slowly, tenderly fucked her, pushing her into multiple mini climaxes before he whispered softly to her and filled her pussy with his seed.

She licked her lips. Oh God, Sin. Yes, yes.

Yes, my Chandra... He collapsed on top of her, crushing her against the mattress for several moments before he rolled off her. She turned on her side and opened her eyes. The other male, Max, sat on one of the chairs by the patio doors, smiling at Chandra as a moaning Valerie happily bounced up and down on his cock. Each time Valerie lifted her slender hips, Chandra could see her juices coating the cock on which she was so gleefully impaling herself.

Valerie gave little evidence of being a woman who needed or wanted to be rescued. Chandra shook her head and rolled onto her back, staring up at the ceiling. She'd been a fool to assume Valerie had been in danger. But after Chandra's short-lived show of defiance, they might both require rescuing.

Sin urged her onto her side and settled his big body behind hers, cupping a hand over her pussy. She pressed her ass back against his groin and then froze. Holy hell, he was still rock hard. Didn't he ever get enough?

"Not to worry, my sexy siren," he whispered. "I know you've had all you can take for the moment. Take a nap. When you wake, you and I will explore the joys of anal sex."

"Anal sex?" She bolted into a sitting position and swung around to stare down at him. "If you think I'm going to allow you to even attempt to put that...that thing up my ass, you are stark, raving mad!"

"Allow?" He smiled and fondled his cock. "Clearly, you're going to need time to learn the rules of the game." Not only have you already admitted you wanted your ass fucked but you're mine now and I don't require permission to do anything I like to or with you, including making anal love to you and allowing Sebastian and Max to sample your delicious delights." He stared into her eyes as he caressed her breasts. "You do know that you are a beautiful, sexy siren any seasoned vampire would love to own. Don't you?"

She stared at him, overwhelmed by the urgency in his words and the sincerity she saw in his intense blue gaze. "Own?"

"Yes, my luscious brown lovely, own. You're mine until I say otherwise."

This big, handsome, skillful lover wanted to own her? She dismissed her pleasure at the thought. "I'm not."

"Yes. You are." He reached out and drew her into his arms. "Stop arguing with me. You know it makes me horny." He slapped her ass gently. "Unless that's what you want. I can go all day and all night long, honey."

"That's nice to know. While you're going all day and all night, do you ever stop to eat?"

"So you'd rather eat than fuck again?"

"I haven't eaten since seven o'clock last night. I'm hungry and I don't mean for you."

He laughed and slipped out of bed. "Then let me go get you something to eat." He moved across the room to the walk-in closet on the right. He emerged wearing a pair of jeans that hung off his hips and hugged his ass.

At the bedroom door, he turned to look at her. "What are you in the mood for? Breakfast or lunch?"

"Surprise me but bear in mind that I'm starving."

"Take a nap while I'm gone."

She pulled the blanket at the foot of the bed over herself and snuggled in the middle of the king-size mattress, pressing her cheek against the pillow that still bore a hint of his cologne.

* * * * *

"Your breakfast is getting cold."

A delicious aroma tickled Chandra's nose. She turned onto her side from her back and opened her eyes.

Sin sat on the bed beside her with a large tray on his lap. A glass with ice and a bottle of orange juice along with a large covered dish sat on the tray.

She yawned, stretched and sat up.

Sin lifted a shirt from beside him and draped it over her shoulders.

She slipped her arms in the shirtsleeves and buttoned it up.

He laughed.

She ignored him, pushing her hair behind her ears. "I'm starving."

"Then eat." He lifted the top off the tray.

Her nostrils twitched and her stomach rumbled. She leaned over the tray and inhaled. "It smells delicious. What is it?"

"It's baked bacon, sausage, egg, cheese and garlic bread omelet in a cream sauce. It's one of Max's specialties."

"It sounds like it has a million calories and enough cholesterol to cause a heart attack."

He leaned over and kissed the side of her neck. "Eat what you like. I'll suck all that nasty cholesterol out."

She trembled and pulled away to stare at him. "That's sweet but impossible."

"Is it?"

"Yes."

He shrugged. "Are you sure?"

"Yes—I think."

He poured orange juice over the ice and lifted the fork. "Max is an excellent cook. Taste."

"I can feed myself, Sin."

"Why bother when I'm delighted to do it?"

Chandra smiled and parted her lips. She savored the pungent aroma before she bit into the spicy omelet. She chewed in silence for several moments before she opened her eyes. "It's as delicious as it smells."

He lifted another forkful to her mouth. "So are you. Open wide."

"Aren't you eating?"

He smiled at her. "I'm not hungry for food."

She ignored his obvious meaning. "But you do eat...don't you?"

"Yes, Chandra I do eat food."

"But you also have to have blood."

He inclined his head. "Yes."

"How often?"

"I can't go indefinitely without ingesting some," he admitted. "But don't bother asking how much or how often."

"Why not?"

"Because I'm not going to tell you."

She stared at him.

He stared back, shaking his head. "I don't have to kill to get blood, Chandra. Now eat."

After a few more mouthfuls, he lifted the orange juice glass to her lips.

She ate half the omelet and drank a glass and a half of orange juice before she yawned. "That was mouthwatering but I couldn't eat another bite."

He set the tray on the nightstand and removed his shirt from her. "I like you bare breasted."

She yawned again. "Sin—"

He caressed her cheek and pulled her down onto the mattress with him. "Go to sleep."

Unable to disobey, she curled her body against his, deliberately settling her ass against his shaft. That felt so good, she reached between her legs and adjusted his cock until it rested along her slit. That was even nicer.

He kissed her nape. "You totally enchant me."

She smiled. She'd worry about how she was going to get herself and Valerie out of the vampire's clutches later. After she'd made a vain effort to fight off a few more of his lustful "attacks". His...and his brothers'.

Not to worry, my lovely. You'll soon get a chance to fight off Sebastian. The more you resist him, the harder he'll fuck you. Vigorous resistance will lead to a hotter fuck.

She was definitely going to work on getting her and Valerie out of the mansion—after she'd made a valiant attempt to fight off Sebastian. If she was unsuccessful... She shivered with a secret thrill at the thought. If she was unsuccessful, she'd just have to suffer the consequences. If Sebastian was half as talented as Sin, she'd somehow manage to survive losing the fight to him.

Smiling at the wanton thought, she squeezed her thighs over Sin's cock.

He groaned. "You keep that up and I'll have to fuck you again," he warned.

She loosened her thighs and reached down to caress his cock slick with her juices.

Hmmm. She felt very good and surprisingly safe. She drifted to sleep in Sin's arms, her thoughts on meeting Sebastian.

Chapter Four

Chandra became aware of warm lips and caressing hands on her body. She smiled. Nice. Very nice. What a lovely way to wake up – with the sexy as hell Sin caressing her naked, aroused body. She opened her eyes and sat up in the bed where she'd repeatedly surrendered to Sin.

The naked male stretched out on the bed beside her was not the handsome Sin or even Max. This male, equally handsome and as well built as Sin and Max with short dark hair, stared at her with a pair of intense blue eyes. His resemblance to Sin and Max was striking.

"Who are you?" But she knew who he must be.

He rolled onto his back, parting his legs to reveal an erect cock that was nearly as long and thick as Sin's. With her pussy pulsing, she forced her gaze away from his groin to look into his eyes.

He smiled, revealing a dimple in his left cheek. "My name is Sebastian but you can call me Seb. I'm sure Sin mentioned me."

They must grow vamps sexy and irresistible wherever these handsome brothers hailed from. The three looked so much alike they might almost be triplets... Sexy, big-dicked triplets.

She swallowed a rush of desire, remembering Sin's lustful warning about Sebastian.

The more you resist him, the harder he'll fuck you. Vigorous resistance will lead to a hotter, longer fuck.

The harder she was fucked, the more she enjoyed it. *Time to fight him off, Chandra – vigorously.* She cast a last fugitive glance at his groin before she scrambled off the bed and rushed across the room toward the closed bedroom door. As she fled, she made sure to swing her hips suggestively, knowing it would make her ass jiggle.

"Damn you have a nice booty. Come back here!"

"No!"

Moments later, his fingers closed around her arm, bringing her to an abrupt halt. He spun her around.

She lifted her chin, giving him a defiant stare. "Take your hands off me."

He smiled and wrapped an arm around her waist. He pulled her against his body.

His erection pressed against her belly. Oh the joy of being so close to a naked, well-hung male. This was going to be good. Maybe almost as good as losing to Sin had been.

Curling the fingers of one hand in her hair, he rubbed his cock against her body. "Where's the fire, honey?" His nostrils flared. "In your fragrant pussy? Of course it will be even more fragrant after I come in it."

He didn't waste time. Neither would she. She shoved against his shoulders. "Take your big paws off me."

"Why would I do that?" He demanded, sliding a hand down her back.

"Don't...please..."

He slapped her ass. "I have Sin's permission to get to know you."

She balled a hand into a fist and hit his shoulder. "But you don't have mine!"

"I don't require yours." He smiled down at her. "Resist if you like. It will only make your final surrender that much sweeter – for us both."

"You...sadist!"

He laughed. "I like a woman with spirit."

She bit her lip. "Look –"

"No. Feel." He slipped his palms over her ass.

She tilted her hips toward the hard cock just inches from her wet pussy. "Wait –"

"No."

Oh, well. She'd tried. She inched her body to one side until his cock rested against her entrance. "No," she said again.

Before she could provide further incentive to him, he thrust against her.

She parted her lips and with a shock of pleasure, she felt his thick cock slowly sinking into her.

Oh God. Her stomach muscles clenched and she was hard pressed not to arch her body into his. She forced herself to shove against his shoulders. "No..."

"If you actually sounded as if you meant that, I might consider stopping." He bought his hand down on her ass again so hard that the last few inches of hard cock shot into her.

Oh yes. She gasped and ground her pussy around his cock.

He laughed and linked her arms around his neck. "Hold me, honey."

She gazed at him. The passion blazing down at her left her breathless. Any lingering desire to pretend to resist quickly dissipated. He had to know she wanted to have sex with him.

A tender smile spread across his face. "That's better, honey." He placed his hands on her hips. "Now let's get to know each other in the biblical sense."

"I-I..." Catching her breath was difficult.

"Shhh. Let's fuck."

She trembled and closed her eyes.

Sliding his palms down to cup her bottom he ground his hips against hers.

She responded by moving in time with him, reluctant to have him withdraw even an inch of his cock from her.

He spent several moments thrusting quickly in and out of her, making her wetter.

She gasped and stood on her toes.

"That's it. Open your hot pussy, baby, and let me all the way in."

"Oh." She leaned into him. He was big but not as big as Sin. Or maybe Sin had just stretched her so much that fucking with Sebastian was easier.

He caressed her ass and lengthened his movements until he fucked her with a slow, delicious precision.

Oh hell his cock felt good. As she arched into him, her pussy clenching around his cock, he slapped her ass and bent his head to taste her lips. "Damn, no wonder Sin is so obsessed with you – you're hot and sweet."

In the process of parting her lips for a deeper kiss, she drew her head away from his. "He's obsessed with me?"

He nodded, curling the fingers of one hand in her hair. He brought her lips back against his. "He's been talking about you since he first saw you nearly a year ago."

She jerked her hips back, managing to dislodge a few inches of his cock. "Nearly a year ago?" The anonymous elaborate bouquets, expensive chocolates, exotic lingerie and jewelry had begun arriving ten months earlier.

"Yes but right now I want sex, not conversation."

God help her, she wanted both. "If he's so obsessed with me, why is he passing me around like some whore off the street?"

"Sin, Max and I generally share our women, Chandra, but we don't do whores." He smiled down at her. "We've all waited a very long time to find someone like you who we can all three adore and occasionally share."

"All three?" Max had not yet touched her. She shuddered at the thought of Max, his cock still slick with Valerie's pussy juices, sliding into one of her body cavities, filling her up and making her come.

"Sin will be your main lover but we'll all three enjoy this sweet pussy of yours from time to time. No more talking now." He jerked her hips, pulling her back onto his cock. Fully sheathed in her, he palmed her ass with one hand, lifted her other leg over his hip.

She stared up at him. "What...what are you doing?"

"I'm going to fuck you."

"Oh..." She wrapped her arms around him. "Shit."

He laughed. "You can do that later. Now we're going to fuck each other."

"Give it all to me," she moaned.

He did, giving her a scorching, standing fuck so intense she moaned aloud as waves of pleasure shook her body.

He fucked her harder and deeper, jerking his hips upward with each thrust so that his pubic hair rubbed against her clit.

Yes. Oh, yes. She curled her fingers in his hair and blindly sought his mouth.

"That's it, fuck me back," he whispered in a husky voice, brushing his cool lips against hers. "Let me know you enjoy having my cock inside you."

She shamelessly obeyed, squeezing and massaging him.

He began to thrust into her with hard, blitzing movements.

She moaned and exploded.

"Oh, yeah, baby. Give me all this pussy and come all over my cock," he encouraged, squeezing her ass. "I love the way your big ass shakes when you're coming."

"Oh...oh... I am...coming."

"And so am I." He groaned, shoved his cock in deep and ejaculated inside her.

"Oh..." She leaned against him, trembling.

He slapped her ass gently. "Damn. That was good. Wasn't it?"

She nodded weakly.

He tipped up her chin and pressed a soft kiss against her lips before he lowered her leg to the carpet. He wrapped his arms around her and just held her while she savored the afterglow of their fuck.

Finally, embarrassed that he still had his cock inside her, she pushed against his shoulders.

He slowly withdrew from her.

She glanced down. He was still hard. She bit her lip and averted her gaze from the enticing sight of his cock, slick with her pussy juices.

He laughed and swept her off her feet to carry her back across the room to the bed.

She made no protest when he stretched her on the bed. He pulled the blanket over her breasts. "Cover up before I'm tempted to dive back into your pussy."

She blushed, resisting the urge to part her legs. Sebastian was almost as handsome and sexy as Sin.

"You're shy?"

Shameless was more like it. But she was not going to admit that. She lowered her lids.

"Never mind, honey. It becomes you." He caressed her cheek. "Thank you." He leaned over her.

She turned her head and parted her lips.

He pressed a surprisingly chaste kiss against her lips before he straightened.

He moved quickly across the floor, opened the door and left the room.

The reality of what she'd allowed to happen assailed her as she lay alone in bed. Telling herself that she'd had no choice but to submit to Sin and Sebastian did nothing to assuage her guilt since at no time had she felt fearful for her safety or life. No. At least to herself, she could admit that she had been a willing recipient of both brothers' lust. She bore the sore cum-filled pussy to prove it. They'd both known she wanted them too. Damn the bastards. She'd probably want Max too. At this rate they'd soon turn her into a willing and wanton hussy.

She rubbed her slit, a reluctant smile tugging at her lips. There were worse things in the world than being the recipient of the lust and desire of three handsome, tireless lovers. They were sexy and capable of scratching her itch any time she wanted.

Given that, who could blame a nearly full-figured thirty-five-year-old for falling under the sexual allure of two handsome, sexy and well-hung vampires who seemed to find her padded ass and less-than-flat belly highly arousing? They didn't even seem to notice or care that she didn't have perky-stand at attention store-bought breasts.

She'd like to see any skinny Minnie inspire the level of passion in them she had. Sometimes being a woman with curves had its rewards. And she'd just reaped them.

Oh yeah, girl. She turned onto her stomach and fell asleep.

* * * * *

When she woke again, she immediately knew something was wrong. With her eyes wide open all she could see was pitch blackness. Her arms were raised and stretched above her head. Her legs were open. She felt something hard and unyielding against her belly. She tugged and found her wrists and ankles firmly bound with what felt like leather cuffs. Her feet didn't touch the floor so she could only assume her naked body was attached to some sort of bondage equipment.

"Sin?"

A hard cock poked her ass, cool lips brushed her ear. Big hands caressed her breasts. "You called, my lovely enchantress?"

"Where am I?"

He rubbed his cock against her ass cheeks. "You're in the Dungeon of Submission."

"Dungeon of Submission?"

"That's what Max named this room because women who spend time here always leave as happy submissives."

She ignored a tingle of anticipation. "What are you doing to me?"

"You're mounted on a fucking cross."

"A fucking cross? A cross? Doesn't that bother you?"

"Don't believe everything Hollywood feeds you about us. No, it doesn't bother me. Hell, I even believe in God."

"You do?"

"Yes. I do but religion is a discussion for another time. Can you guess what's about to happen, my siren?"

She could and she wanted it. To make that clear, she spoke in a cool voice. "Release me."

"Of course. Right after I fuck your luscious ass."

She bit her lip and took a slow, deep breath. "Please."

"You're about to learn obedience."

"Sin."

"You're also going to learn to enjoy the pleasure of anal sex at the end of a very large cock which belongs to a male who adores you, my sweet vixen."

A male who adored her? A wave of heat suffused her entire body and she shuddered with desire and emotion. "Oh...my God...no. Sin...no."

"Remember, begging me to stop only arouses me more, my sweet delight," he whispered, his low, husky voice caressing her senses. "The more aroused I am, the deeper I'll drive my cock up into your tight, warm ass."

In the darkness, she heard movement. Moments later, someone parted her nether cheeks.

She ran her tongue along her lips. "Don't... Sin, please."

"Keep begging me to stop."

She intended to. "Don't."

"You're making me hotter by the second," he taunted.

That's the idea, handsome.

He inserted what felt like a narrow, plastic tube into her anus. She felt some of the oily contents slipping into her anal cavity.

"Don't, Sin."

"Don't worry. I will." He withdrew the tube and slid his big body against her. She felt his hard length pulsing against her right cheek. He reached around her body to finger her pussy. "Are you wet at the thought of giving me your ass?"

"No," she moaned as he slipped two fingers inside her.

"Your nos are sounding more and more like yeses, my lovely captive," he teased. He kissed her neck. "And your pussy is very wet. Get ready, Chandra. Your large, luscious brown ass is about to become mine and mine alone."

Her pussy flooded and she gasped in an agony of anticipation, imagining the sight of his long, pale cock slowly sliding up between her dark ass cheeks to disappear inch by hard inch up into her neglected ass. She mindlessly tightened her pussy around his fingers and thrust her ass back against him. "Sin... No, no."

"You beg so sweetly," he whispered. "I don't know how much longer I can resist thrusting up into your ass."

"Dear God, Sin...don't."

"That's it, honey, here I come." Feeling his cock sliding between her cheeks, she struggled to reposition herself to afford him maximum penetration.

Still stroking his fingers in her slit, he pressed the big head of his shaft against her butt hole.

Instead of pushing into her, he held himself still while he finger-fucked her and rained biting kisses against her ear and neck. He maintained the pressure against her ass.

Impatient to experience anal sex with a vampire wielding such a huge shaft, she wiggled her hips. "Don't," she whispered, certain he would ignore her.

He laughed softly, licking her neck.

What the hell was he waiting for? An engraved invitation? Impatient, she shoved her hips back in an attempt to impale her ass on his cock.

He gripped her hip and held her still. "If you want my cock up your ass, you'll first have to admit it," he instructed in a cool voice.

She shivered. "What?"

"Beg for it," he told her.

"Beg for... No."

"Yes."

"Fuck you, you sadist!" she cried in frustration.

"Beg for it, Chandra."

"Never."

"Never? That's a long time to do without my cock up your large ass, my lovely."

His sexy voice made having a large ass sound like a very good thing. "Never."

"So be it. I'll just go see if your lovely blonde friend with the cute little ass and perky breasts is in the mood to be accommodating."

Moments later, she hung alone in the dark chamber. "Sin? Sin, where are you?"

There was no response.

"Sin! Damn you. Damn you. Come back here, you sadistic bastard!"

The only sound in the room was her loud breathing and panic-stricken voice.

"You stay away from Val! Sin. Sin?"

I'll consider it, if you beg for it.

"No."

"That's the only way you're going to get my cock—by begging for it. And if you take too long, I'm going to fuck your friend instead. Make up your mind now. Are you getting my cock or is she?"

"What? It's that easy for you? All cats are gray in the dark?"

He slapped her ass. "I didn't say that but I've already told you that we're going to play by my rules, not yours. Make up your mind now, Chandra, quickly."

Angry tears filled her eyes. "Please..." she whispered. "Please come back, Sin."

She felt his body pressing against her back.

Beg for it. And tell me who this body, this pussy, this ass, was made for.

Overwhelmed with the need to feel him inside her, she surrendered. "Please, Sin."

"I'm waiting, Chandra."

"It-it was made for you."

Say it in the words I want to hear.

"My body...my pussy...my ass were made for Sin," she whispered in a shameless voice.

I love the way you admit you were made for Sin. He pressed his cock head against her ass. *And tonight I'm going to make you Sin-Bad...very badly.*

She tensed, holding her breath.

"Relax, my lovely, and show me how much you want me in your ass," he instructed.

"After you tell me you don't want to be with Val."

"She means less than nothing to me."

Closing her eyes, she pushed her hips backward.

"That's it. Move your ass back a little more."

She eagerly obeyed.

He eased his hips forward.

She caught her breath. The big head of his shaft pierced her tight anal opening. He paused. *Are you ready for me to continue?*

She licked her lips, pushing her hips backward.

He gave her a few more moments before he slowly eased his cock up into her rectum.

"Oh...ohhhh."

He halted his forward motion with several inches of cock buried in her rear. "Are you all right?"

Her ass was stretched around at least three or four inches of the thickest cock imaginable. She longed for the freedom to reach back and hold her cheeks apart in a wanton invitation to slide further into her. "I want more," she gasped.

He cupped his hand over her breasts and eased his hips forward, forcing more of his slick length into her anal cavity. "How's that?"

She wiggled her ass. "Oh, Sin."

He raked his incisors against the side of her neck. "What are you feeling, my luscious one?"

"Like I want to Sin-Bad," she moaned.

His warm, satisfied laughter filled the room. Slipping his fingers into her pussy, he held her hip and slowly pushed forward. "Let's sin together."

She gasped and shuddered. "Oh, God, you're so deliciously big and thick... Oh, hell stop."

"It's far too late to pretend you've changed your mind, my sweetness. Even if you really had changed your mind, I'm in no condition to stop. I have to have your ass now."

The timbre of the need she heard in his voice aroused her. "Then take my ass and make it yours."

"It is mine. You're mine."

"Yes. I am."

Grunting with pleasure and raking his incisors along her neck, he jerked her hips back, forcing as much of his cock between her cheeks and up her ass as possible.

"Sin?"

He kissed her neck and massaged her breasts while allowing her time to adjust to having her ass slit over his huge cock.

She curled her hands into fists and arched her back, signaling her desire for the fucking to begin.

Beg for it.

"You're a sadist."

Beg for it.

"Please, oh, please, Sin. Fuck my ass."

I intend to. Stroking his fingers inside her, he sank his incisors into the side of her neck.

Feeling the blood gushing from her neck, she moaned with pleasure. "Oh."

While she floated on a high created by his ingesting her blood while he finger-fucked her pussy, his hand tightened on her hip. He fucked her ass with a slow, tender rhythm that allowed her to savor the wonder of taking most of such a huge shaft up her anus.

"Sin, oh, Sin. Oh..." She wiggled herself on his shaft. "Thrust it in again, deep and make me Sin-bad."

She felt his warm, mental laughter dancing along her mind.

I knew you were the woman to delight my brothers and me the moment I saw you, my lovely vixen. He projected the sexy words directly into her thoughts. I adore you. I need you, my lovely, dark, sweet obsession. My Chandra. Mine, mine.

As his hard, sliding cock set her ass on fire, he made mental love to her, conquering her mind and heart with words of dark obsession and endless need that washed over her with the force of a sexy tidal wave, dragging her under a wall of warm, seductive bliss.

Surfacing from her climax, she found Sin was still inside her.

God help her but she wanted more.

You're going to get more.

She compressed her anal muscles around him.

He groaned.

She laughed. Her laughter caught in her throat, as, without warning, she felt a warm mouth moving against her pussy. "Who-who's that?" she whispered.

She felt a wet, probing tongue sliding into her in response.

With Sin still fucking her ass and a skillful mouth and lips tasting and eating her pussy, she moaned aloud. A shudder of delight quickly followed a brief surge of pain when Sin thrust deep into her ass. Cool, firm lips sucked her clit. A jolt of pleasure shook her body. "Oh, good. So good."

Let yourself go and fully enjoy this, my delicious Chandra. Feel how much we adore you. Glory in your sexual power over us. Release all pretenses and be who you were born to be – mine. Mine forever.

His words, combined with the sweet assault on her body quickly sent her to another, almost mind-numbing climax. The relentless tongue and nibbling lips covered her pussy, lapping her juices up with a greedy enjoyment.

Oh hell that was beyond nice. Now she wanted to feel Sin coming deep in her ass. She tightened herself around him as the mouth was removed from her slit. When Sin withdrew and then pushed himself back into her, she ground her rear against his groin.

Sin stiffened behind her.

She tightened her anal muscles again.

He groaned and pinched her nipples.

Smiling, she moved her hips in a circular motion and tightened herself as much as possible around him.

Grunting softly, he jetted his seed in her rear. As the last shudder left his big body, he removed his incisors from her neck but remained inside her now sore ass.

"Sin?"

He kissed her nape. "Yes, darling?"

Darling. The word gave her a jolt of pleasure. "My ass is sore."

"I wonder why."

"Sin!"

He laughed and slowly eased his cock out of her. Moments later she felt his cool lips moving over her ass. Having him kiss her heated cheeks with such tender care after having anally fucked her warmed her.

"Sin. Hey!"

While he continued to kiss her ass, she felt the binding around her wrists being loosened. She rubbed her wrists, wondering who shared the room with them. Max or Sebastian?

Cool lips brushed gently against hers before big hands loosened the restraints around her ankles.

Sin lowered her to the floor and turned her in his arms.

She felt a hard body with an erect cock grinding against her rear. A shaft slid between her thighs. Big hands held her waist. The warm cock probed her vaginal opening from behind.

After what she and Sin had just shared, she didn't want to be with anyone else—at least for a while. But that delicious pussy sucking deserved some recognition besides her coming in his mouth.

With Sin gently kissing her lips, she reached down to close her fingers around the hard cock between her legs. Returning Sin's slow, warm kisses, she massaged and jerked on the cock until its owner groaned, pressed his groin against her ass and came.

Parting her lips to suck at Sin's tongue, she tilted the cock upward and trembled with lust as jet after jet of seed blasted against her pussy lips.

Seemingly not content, big hands grabbed her hips, tilting them. Seconds later, he thrust his cock deep in her pussy and continued to come.

She moaned against Sin's lips and melted in his arms. If she came one more time...

She dragged her lips away from Sin's and shoved back at the man with his cock so firmly imbedded in her. She shook her head, tilting her head in the darkened room. "I can't take anymore, Sin."

He spoke to someone in a foreign language. Then he kissed her forehead. "It's okay."

Cool lips brushed against her cheek.

The hard cock sliced in and out of her several times before being withdrawn from her.

She sighed in relief and linked her arms around Sin's neck. "Who was that?"

"Sebastian."

"Didn't he have enough?"

He slapped her ass gently. "Who can blame him for wanting another taste of your sweet pussy?"

She smiled, rubbing her palms over his wide chest. "You have a point there."

He laughed. "I'll take you back to our bedroom so you can sleep."

Their bedroom?

"Yes, darling. Our bedroom." He swept her up into his arms. Holding her as easily as if she were weightless, he confidently carried her through the darkness.

A curvy woman could easily get used to a male capable of sweeping her off her feet and carrying her around as if she were a ninety-pound skinny Minnie.

She rubbed her cheek against his chest. She was asleep before they reached the bedroom.

Chapter Five

"Chandra? Are you all right?"

Chandra opened her eyes. Through the sunlight streaming into the room, she saw Valerie, still naked, seated on the bed beside her.

Chandra sat up, pulling the blanket covering her body up over her bare breasts. "I'm..." Her pussy throbbed. Her ass and breasts were sore. She had been fucked and sucked by two handsome vampires. Her body was probably covered with cum. She'd never been better.

"Never mind me." She studied Valerie's pretty face. "What about you?"

Valerie smiled, hugging herself. "I've spent four weeks being fucked out of my mind by three handsome vampires. I get such a sexual charge when they drink my blood. I'm great."

"All three brothers? Including Sin?"

"Yes." The normally shy Valerie cupped her hands over her small breasts, licking her lips. "The second night I was here, they bound me to a bondage bed and took turns fucking me. Then I had all three of them at once."

"What? All three of them?"

Valerie nodded, her eyes gleaming. "Max says the vampire brothers that fuck together stay together."

What the hell did Max know?

Valerie ran her tongue over her lips. "Sin thrust that big, hard cock of his into my pussy. He doesn't have much finesse but with a cock that size he can get away with it. Then, while I was still trying to get over having my pussy slit by Sin, Seb slid his hard tool up my ass. Then Max kneeled over me. When I opened my mouth, he gently eased his sweet dick inside. He has the sweetest tasting cock ever." She shuddered. "Oh, Chandra. I came so many times, I think I briefly lost my mind."

Chandra struggled to overcome a sudden, violent surge of jealousy at the thought of Sin pleasuring Valerie. She sat back against the headboard. "They forced you?"

Valerie shrugged. "I'm here now because I want to be with Max."

"Yes but how did you get here? You just disappeared without telling anyone where you were." She paused, aware that lingering jealousy was making her voice harsher than it should be.

"The Friday night as I got in my car, Max walked up to me and asked me out. I couldn't say no. I agreed and he took me to Foreplay. I think you know the rest."

"But why didn't you tell me you had a date?"

Valerie sighed, lowering her gaze. "I didn't want you to think I was cheating on Ryan."

"So you went to Foreplay on your own?"

"Honestly, Chandra, what difference does that make now? I ended up there and then here and I'm not sorry."

"You could have called and saved me and Ryan a lot of worry."

"By the time I could call and let everyone know I was all right it didn't seem to matter. But Max insisted I call. I did. So what are you doing here? I left a message on your answering machine telling you I was all right."

"What am I..." Had all the sex with Max scrambled Valerie's brains or had Max subverted her will? "How was I supposed to know the message was real?"

"I said it was."

"But you didn't give any details or leave a number where you could be reached. And I found your cell phone in a booth at Foreplay. So in the beginning you were kidnapped and rap—forced to have sex with all three of them?"

Valerie tossed her head, sending her long, blond hair flying around her shoulders. "I'm here now by choice and I have no more desire to press charges against them than you do, Chandra."

Chandra's cheeks burned. "I wasn't kidnapped."

"But you were forced or should I use the word you're dancing around so warily? Rape?" Valerie challenged, her green eyes flashing with annoyance.

Recalling the many times she'd told the brothers—particularly Sin—no, she swallowed slowly. Technically if a man had sex with a woman who said no, it was force. But that only applied if the woman's protestations were real. Hers had not been and both brothers had known that before they took her. "They ran a full court press on me and I was royally seduced, not forced. There's a difference between the two, Val."

"Try to dress it up as much as you like, Chandra, everyone else will still call it rape. That's a word you no longer seem capable of pronouncing."

And they'd be wrong. At least in her case. "We're discussing you, Val."

Valerie lifted her chin. "So you were raped too but aren't going to admit it or press charges? You're going to dress it up and call it seduction? Well, I'm not going to do that but I'm not going to press charges either. And there's nothing you can do to change my mind."

Chandra stared at her. "What have they done to you, Valerie? Where's all this hostility coming from? How could you say such awful things to Ryan?"

"This isn't about Ryan. You think I don't know what's going on here?"

"What are you talking about?"

Valerie shot to her feet. "I'm talking about your coming here trying to turn your wiles on them."

While Chandra had always known most men thought her pretty, she'd always had to struggle with her weight and she'd never considered her body sexy. "What wiles? I came here looking to rescue you."

Valerie leaned close and glared at her. "Do I look like I need or want to be rescued, Ms. Detective? No? Well, then you can take your big, happy ass out of here."

"What?"

"You heard me. I have no desire to share them with you, you greedy ass, bitch!"

Chandra gaped at her.

Valerie deliberately leaned close, slapped her face and rushed from the room.

After sitting still for a few shocked moments, Chandra kicked the covers aside and shot out of the bed. As she neared the doorway, Sin, dressed in tight leather pants and a black pullover, stepped in her path. He slipped an arm around her shoulders. "Let her go, Chandra."

She jerked away from him. "What have you bastards done to her that she wants to protect you and stay here after having been kidnapped and gang raped?"

His eyes narrowed. "Gang raped? You think we need to rape any woman?"

"Apparently so because you raped her and me!" she snapped.

He bared his incisors and leaned down to stare into her eyes. "This is the last time I'm going to tell you not to use that word with me again."

"Well what do you call having sex with a woman who is trying to push you away and who keeps telling you no as I'm sure Valerie did at first and as I know I did?"

He curled his fingers in her hair and jerked back her head. "So you feel you've been raped, Chandra? You can level that ridiculous charge after what we've shared?"

Unable to maintain his furious gaze, she lowered her lids.

"You think I need to resort to rape to get any woman I want in bed?"

"You did with Val –"

"To hell with her! I'm talking about you. Do you think I raped you?"

"I-I...I said no. Several times."

"So what?"

"So...yes."

"Yes? You lying little..." He released her hair and stepped away from her. "Then you'd better go and do your Goddamned duty to report it."

She swallowed. "You mean I can go?"

He leaned back against the wall, raking a cold gaze over her naked body.

She resisted the impulsive urge to cover her breasts and pussy and forced herself not to avert her eyes from his hostile gaze. "You're letting me go?"

He jerked his thumb toward the open bedroom door. "The staircase will lead you down to the foyer. Your SUV is where you left it in the driveway with the keys in the

ignition. The bathroom is through the door on the opposite wall. Your clothes are in the closet. You're free to go whenever you like. Immediately would be best since you've overstayed your welcome."

"Overstayed my..." She moistened her lips. "You want me to go?"

"What don't you understand?"

"But... I thought..." She shook her head.

He raked her with a cold gaze.

This time, she pressed her hands over herself.

His lips tightened. "You thought what?"

"You-you were obsessed with me. You called me your dark, sweet obsession. You sent all those expensive presents...the cross..."

"What the hell are you babbling about, woman? I never said I sent you anything."

She stared at him. "It really wasn't you?"

"Why the hell would I send your lying ass anything?"

She blushed. "You called me darling and said I—"

He shrugged. "You're old enough to know better than to believe everything a horny male tells you, detective."

Detective? After all the seductive names he'd called her? "You... They were lies? You lied to me, Sin?"

He pushed himself away from the wall and bared his incisors. "Why the hell are you still here?"

"Sin?"

"Silence, woman!" he thundered.

She moistened her lips.

When he spoke again he made an effort to keep his voice level. "I suggest you get out of my sight now, detective, before I'm tempted to show you the real meaning of the word rape."

"How can you say that after the way you... I-I..." She stared at him, feeling as if he'd sucked the air out of her lungs.

He curled his fingers in her hair and glared at her, his eyes glowing. "Get the hell out of my sight now or suffer the consequences."

She tugged at his hand in her hair. "You're hurting me, Sin."

"Isn't that what you'd expect of a male capable of repeatedly raping you?"

She winced at how ugly he made the word sound. "I didn't expect it of you."

"Didn't you?"

"No." She whispered the word, blinking back tears.

"But then you don't know me. Do you? Because if you did, you'd know a sure way to fuck me off is by making false accusations of rape. Do you have any idea of the

physical pain and damage a human woman would suffer if really raped by a full-blood vampire?"

For the first time, she feared him. God only knew what an angry, vengeful vampire was capable of. She attempted to step away.

He tightened his grip on her hair. "Don't you move."

Her heart raced. "You-you said I could go, Sin."

"You took too damned long and now I've changed my mind, detective."

"What are you going to do, Sin?"

He lowered his gaze to her breasts. "You're about to find out."

She sucked in a breath. What the hell was wrong with her? He'd just threatened her. Why were her nipples hardening and her pussy flooding just because he stared at her breasts? She could almost feel his rage. She needed to be afraid. Not aroused.

"Please...release me, Sin."

"No."

Sebastian, dressed in dark blue pants and a pullover, appeared in the bedroom beside them.

Sin's lips compressed. He kept his gaze locked on Chandra as he spoke. "Leave us alone, Sebastian."

She cast a quick, pleading look at Sebastian and shook her head. *Don't leave. Please.*

Sebastian responded by slipping an arm around her shoulders.

She didn't lean into Sebastian, certain such an act on her part would infuriate the already angry Sin.

Sebastian placed a hand on Sin's arm and spoke to Sin in that almost foreign language.

Sin answered in the same tongue, his voice throbbing with anger.

Sebastian responded in English. "I know but let her go, Sin."

"Stay out of this, Sebastian."

"I can't. Let her go."

"No!"

"Let her go – at least for now."

"I said no."

Sebastian responded in an equally cold, determined voice. "And I said to let her go."

Standing between the two vampires, Chandra bit her lip. Which brother would impose his will on the other?

She had her answer when Sebastian suddenly peeled Sin's fingers from her hair and turned her into his arms, cupping a hand over her hair. "It's all right, honey."

She sucked in an aching breath. How could anything be all right when Sin had threatened her? When he no longer wanted her? Surely he hadn't been serious. She pulled away from Sebastian in time to see Sin stalking down the hallway toward a second staircase.

Good riddance, Chandra. Let him go. She ignored the inner voice. "Sin. Wait. Please."

He stopped and turned to stare at her, his incisors bared.

She swallowed the urge to beg him to forgive her. She hadn't done a single thing that required forgiveness. "What about Valerie?"

"What about her?"

"I'm not leaving without her."

"Then take the bitch and get out of here or else."

Emboldened by Sebastian's presence, she sucked in an angry breath before she spoke. "There's no need to call her names or to issue threats like the big, ill-mannered, six-foot-plus bully you so clearly are."

Sebastian placed a hand on her shoulder. "Careful," he warned. "He's not himself. If you fuck him off any further —"

She shook off Sebastian's hand. "What's the matter, Sin? Not used to a woman willing to stand up to your bullying?"

"When I'm in the mood to take any more shit from you, detective, I'll let you know when that cold day in hell arrives."

She lifted her head. "You can dish it out but you can't take it? You're a classic bully. Fuck you, Sin."

"Bitch!" He flashed down the hall toward her.

Sebastian stepped between them, placing his hands against Sin's shoulders. "Calm down, Sin-Bad."

Sin clasped his hand over the back of Sebastian's neck, his incisors bared. "Get the hell out of my way, Sebastian."

Chandra sucked in a breath, her heart racing. *God, please don't let them come to blows.*

To her relief, Sebastian kept his incisors ascended and spoke in a level voice. "This loss of control and display of anger is beneath you, Sin."

"Anger? You think I'm motivated by anger?"

"I know you're not motivated by anger but you have lost control."

"She'd drive a saint to lose control!"

"Perhaps so but you're frightening her."

Sin turned his head to glare at her.

Chandra bit her lip and stepped back.

"She deserves to be frightened."

Sebastian shrugged. "Maybe so but is fear the emotion you were hoping to inspire in her?"

"I was a fool to expect anything but a one-night stand from such a silly bitch!"

The word, filled with venom, sliced through her like a knife. She blinked hard to hold tears at bay.

Sebastian glanced at her.

She lowered her lids.

"There's no need to talk like that, Sin. I know you're... I know what you're feeling but remember she's a human woman. You know how...fragile they can be. Be careful what you say to her."

"You tell her to be careful what she says to me or..." Sin allowed his voice to trail off before speaking again. "Get her the hell out of my sight right now, Seb, or I swear I'll—"

"Understood." Sebastian turned, urged her away from the bedroom door and closed it in Sin's face.

"Thank you."

He gave her a cool stare. "Your clothes and bag are in the closet on your left, Chandra."

She stared at him, blinking back tears. "Why did he go postal like that?"

"You accused him of rape. Because of his past, that's not an accusation he takes lightly."

"Because of his... What past?"

"Never mind his past. Do you honestly feel as if you've been raped?"

She turned away, wrapping her arms around herself.

He spoke in a cold, commanding voice. "I asked you a question, Chandra."

"So?"

"So I expect an answer," he shot back.

"That doesn't mean you're going to get one."

"The hell it doesn't! You'd better remember that you're dealing with vampires used to having their own way, Chandra. There's only so much shit we're going to take from you. Now answer my damned question!"

So much for thinking Sebastian might be slightly more refined than Sin and Max. They were all barbaric.

"Answer me, Chandra."

She sighed, shook her head and turned to face him again. "No," she admitted.

His eyes softened. "Good. Will you do me a favor?"

"What?"

"Let me call him so you can tell him you don't feel as if you've been raped. At least not by him. You can go on maintaining I raped you. That charge doesn't bother me a bit but as you saw, it bothers him."

Why should she concern herself with Sin's supposed *feelings* after he'd called her a bitch and threatened her? "Being threatened with rape bothers me, Sebastian."

His nostrils flared. "You know damn well he didn't mean it."

She shook her head. "No, I don't."

"The hell you don't. If he'd wanted to rape you, he wouldn't have..." He allowed his voice to trail off.

"He wouldn't have what?"

"Never mind. Will you please apologize to him?"

"No, I won't."

"Why not? Because he called you a bitch? Don't you think you're acting like one?"

Valerie's use of the word had shocked her. Sebastian's use of it annoyed her. Sin's had hurt. "Why? Because I object to being treated like a sex toy? If that makes me a bitch then so be it."

"Oh, spare me your so-called righteous indignation, Chandra. We both know you loved every second of being with both of us."

She flushed. "You...raping bastard."

He narrowed his gaze and bared his incisor. "I'd advise you be very careful, Chandra."

"Meaning...what?"

"Although I find you delightful, I'm not Sin. Your name-calling doesn't sting me as it does him but it can piss me off." He shrugged, smiling suddenly. "Of course I've been called worse and deservedly so."

She stared at him. What could be worse than rape, except murder? "Then why don't you admit all three of you forced Valerie?"

"Did we?" He leaned against the closed bedroom door. "Are you sure about that?"

"Yes."

"How much do you know about vampires, Chandra?"

She struggled. "The usual."

"Which is?"

"You exist by drinking human blood, crosses burn you, you only go out at night. You're godless and soulless creatures."

"With big dicks."

She grimaced.

His laughter held no amusement. "It's just as I thought. You don't know shit about us. So don't presume to accuse us of rape. There's a difference between rape and sexual

coercion, Chandra. Did we rape her or just get her so horny she happily agreed to fuck us all as often as we were interested?"

That's certainly what had happened with her. "Okay. But you kidnapped her."

He shrugged. "So? We're vampires."

"What the hell is that supposed to mean?"

He closed the distance between them and pinched her nipples.

"Ouch!" She slapped his hands away.

He laughed and stepped back. "It means we're used to having our way and we could have done a lot worse to both of you."

She gave him a wary look.

He shook his head, his eyes softening. "There's no need to be fearful of any of us, Chandra. We may be what you'd consider bad boys but we're not vicious nor mean-spirited or you wouldn't still have the free will to give us any of this shit!"

"I have a mind of my own, Sebastian."

He narrowed his blue gaze. "We could very easily have turned you both into mindless sex slaves whose only goal in life was satisfying us. We could even have turned you into blood-craving fems."

So Valerie was still human. Thank God.

"Yes, Chandra. She's still as human as you are. Even if Max or I were so inclined, Sin wouldn't have allowed any harm to come to you. Remember that the next time you're tempted to misuse your *free* will to toss that nasty word at him."

She sucked in an angry breath. "Just because you're vampires doesn't give you the right to—"

"Might makes right, Chandra. That's true whether you want it to be or not!"

"Neither Val nor I should be here, Sebastian."

"It suited us to have her come here."

"Against her will?"

He shrugged. "Never mind her. Do I need to remind you that you came here of your own accord?"

"I know that but only because Sin convinced me he knew where she was."

He arched a brow. "And so he did."

"But why did you kidnap her?"

"So you'd come looking for her and end up here as well."

"Why?"

He narrowed his gaze. "Sin made the mistake of thinking he was obsessed with you but your repeated charges of rape have finally cured him of that foolish notion."

Fearful he'd see the devastation she felt reflected in her eyes, she walked across the room to the bathroom. It was a large, modern room with a double-wide shower with

frosted glass, his and hers dark rose furnishings which included his and hers pedestal sinks, a urinal, a toilet with a cushioned seat, a large lighted cabinet with a long marble counter and a sunken tub with numerous jets. The mirrored wall behind the bath sported gold and rose borders. She recognized some of her favorite salts and oils among the various bottles sitting in the inset along the side of the bath.

Chandra stared at them. If Sin didn't share his bedroom with any other woman, why was his bath so clearly designed to appeal to a woman?

Glancing in the mirror, Chandra saw Sebastian walk in the room. She turned to face him.

He met her gaze and shook his head. "He had the bath remodeled recently."

"Why?"

"It was very austere before. He wanted it to be a place you'd like."

"You expect me to believe he had this done with me in mind?"

"Yes, I do expect you do believe that, Chandra."

"And yet the word bitch came so easily to his lips."

"As did the word rape with you even though you knew it was an unjust charge." He turned and stalked out of the bathroom, slamming the door behind him.

Vampires. Mercurial and unpredictable creatures.

Ignoring the temptation of the bath, she took a brief shower then returned to the bedroom with a large towel wrapped around her body.

Sebastian, still dressed, stretched out on the bed, staring at her.

"I'd like to dress," she told him.

He shrugged, an amused smile on his lips. "So who's stopping you?"

"I'd like to dress in private."

"And I'd like to fuck your ass."

"You are not fucking my ass."

"So Sin tells me." He grinned. "He's getting greedy and selfish in his old age. He's already declared your ass his alone. The next thing you know, he'll be wanting your pussy and your blood all for himself."

"So?"

"So?" He shot off the bed and stalked across the room to her. He tipped up her chin and stared down at her, his incisors bared. "So I like your pussy and I can see no reason why I shouldn't fuck you again," he told her softly.

Her stomach muscles clenched. She moistened her lips and averted her gaze.

"I'll let him keep your ass for himself but I'll be damned if I'm not going to have my share of the sweetest pussy I've had in years." He slipped a hand under her towel and palmed her.

She gasped.

He laughed and bent to press a long, warm kiss against her lips.

She leaned into him, her lips parting, her pussy flooding.

He tugged at the towel.

"Hey." She made a grab for it.

He tossed it across the room and unzipped his pants.

She moistened her lips. "I...just took a shower."

"I don't care. I want you."

"You do?" The idea excited her.

"Yes. And I'm going to have you right now." He removed his cock from his pants and swept her up into his arms.

She linked her arms around his neck. "Sebastian—"

He stared down at her. "Damn, you are a beautiful woman."

"I'm not exactly a skinny Minnie."

"Some males like a woman with real curves, honey."

"Do you?"

Chapter Six

"Apparently so." He carried her across the room and set her on her feet.

She hesitated and then parted her legs, pressing back against the wall.

He smiled. "Show me what you want, honey."

He made honey sound like a sweet endearment instead of an overused word. She curled her fingers around his cock, bringing it to rest against her entrance.

"You want my cock?"

"Yes."

"And I want your sweet pussy. It's a match made in heaven, honey."

"Are you going to talk...or are you going to fuck me?"

He laughed and thrust forward, sinking balls deep in her.

She pressed against his shoulders, enjoying the feel of him inside her. "Oh, Sebastian."

"I like the way you say my name, honey."

She stared up at him.

He smiled, his gaze soft. "I like you, Chandra."

"You do?"

"Yes, honey. I do."

She moistened her lips. "How much?"

"Probably more than I should."

"Do you have a woman in your life, Sebastian?"

"No one special or I wouldn't be so hungry for you."

"Should we do this, Sebastian?"

He sighed. "Given Sin's present mood? Probably not but we're going to anyway. Unless you ask me to stop."

She slid her fingers over the dark hair on his chest. "Would you stop if I asked you to?"

"No. It would take an act of God to get me out of your pussy without fucking you first."

"So your word means nothing?"

He bared his incisors. "What the hell do you think I'm made of?"

"What?"

"It's not my fault you have such a sweet, tight pussy, is it?"

She sucked in a breath. "I'm flattered you think so but I don't want to anger Sin any more than he already is."

He softened. "Neither do I but I'm going to fuck you right now. I'll worry about the consequences later." He curled the fingers of one hand in her hair and kissed her with a gentle hunger.

She slipped her arms around him, returning his kiss.

He fucked her with a tender passion she thoroughly enjoyed. Although he didn't make mental love to her the way Sin did, he still managed to make her feel warm and cherished. As if what was happening between them was more than just a fuck.

Her orgasm washed over her like a warm caress. He came within seconds of her, filling her pussy with his seed.

She pressed her cheek against his shoulder, sighing softly.

He lifted her chin and kissed her lips before he removed his cock and stepped away from her.

She kept her lids lowered.

He sighed. "Shit."

She looked up. "Sebastian?"

He pushed his cock into his pants and slid up his zipper, a frown marring his handsome face. "I don't know what your game is, Chandra, but whatever it is, it's not going to work."

"My game? Are you insane? You're the one who..." She frowned. "You're not my... You haven't been sending me anonymous gifts, have you?"

"Why would I do that?"

"I don't know. I just know one of you has. If it wasn't Sin, it must have been you."

He glared at her. "Do you always use your pussy to get what you want?"

"Bastard!" She swung up her right hand.

He caught her wrist and leaned close to stare down at her. "I'm not Sin. Don't try to entrap me."

"I didn't try to entrap him! I didn't even know either of you existed two days ago!" She tugged at her wrist. "Let go of my wrist, Sebastian. You'll leave bruises."

He released her immediately and stalked away from her. He raked a hand through his hair. "Get dressed, Chandra. Quickly."

"I need to shower again. I can feel your cum seeping—"

He swung around to face her, his eyes glowing. "Shower later. Get dressed now before you cause trouble between us."

"I'm not walking about with your cum oozing out of me!" she snapped and walked into the bathroom. She closed the door and prayed he didn't follow her.

When he didn't, she quickly washed her vaginal area. She stared at the towel warmer. Recalling Sebastian's unfair charge of her trying to entrap him, she stalked back into the bedroom, nude.

Sebastian stood by the balcony door, glowering at her.

Chandra turned her back to him and crossed to the closet. Pushing her hose and her underwear into her shoulder bag, she fastened her blouse over her bare breasts.

Sebastian sucked in a breath.

Feeling impish, she turned and flashed her pussy at him. "See anything you want, Seb?"

He bared his incisors. "Sin was right. You are a bitch."

She lifted her chin. "A bitch neither one of you horny bastards can get enough of."

He clenched his right hand into a fist. "Don't push me too far, Chandra or it will take Sin and Max together to pull me out of your pussy after I've ravished it and you."

"Is that a threat, Sebastian?"

"Yes, bitch. It is."

She tossed her head and smiled. "With a little effort you could make the word bitch sound like an endearment."

He flashed across the room and gripped her right wrist. "Stop fucking with me, Chandra."

She shoved against his chest. "Let me go, Sebastian!"

As he had before, he immediately released her. He turned away, raking a hand through his hair. "Don't do this, Chandra. There are enough problems between me and Sin without your doing this."

The desire to tease him vanished. She touched his shoulder. "I'm sorry, Sebastian."

He turned to look at her. "Get dressed, please."

She nodded and slipped on her slacks. She pushed her bare feet into her heels and pulled her brush from her bag. She quickly brushed her hair, pulled it back, slipped a band around it and allowed it to fall in a ponytail nearly to her shoulders.

Aware of Sebastian staring at her, she quickly applied foundation and lipstick. Returning to the closet, she lifted down the leather belt to which she attached her self-locking leather holster. Her service revolver lay on an overhead shelf. She fastened the belt around her waist and checked her gun before she slipped it in its holster. She listened for the distinct click that indicated the gun was properly holstered.

She frowned. Where was her sub-compact? She opened her shoulder bag again. At the bottom, she found her ankle holster with the sub-compact still inside.

"If you're ready, I'll walk you to your car."

She closed her shoulder bag and pulled on her jacket. She then slipped the bag over her shoulder before she turned to face Sebastian. His expression gave no indication of

his present mood. The last thing she needed was two vampires angry with her. "Are you still mad?"

"No."

Then why did his voice sound so clipped? "Is Sin likely to... Is he likely to—"

He shook his head, his blue eyes cool. "You no longer need to concern yourself with Sin or me." He opened the bedroom door and gestured toward the hallway. "After you, detective."

So he was still angry. "Seb—"

"After you."

Unable to think of a single excuse for prolonging her stay, Chandra crossed the room and preceded Sebastian out the bedroom door. The hallway was empty and silent.

Sebastian gestured to the staircase. "This way."

She walked down the stairs. As she did, she noted that the wall leading down into the foyer held several watercolors of various landmarks such as the Golden Gate Bridge and Philadelphia's historic City Hall. At the bottom of the staircase was a picture of a striking woman with dark skin the color of cocoa and silver gray eyes. She wore a dark blue bodysuit and seemed to stare directly at the artist.

In the foyer, lit by a beautiful crystal chandelier, Chandra paused and turned to look up at Sebastian. "Are we going to part with you still angry, Sebastian?"

"What makes you think I'm angry?"

"You're giving off a chill colder than dry ice."

He laughed suddenly, his gaze warming. "I like you, Chandra."

"You make that sound like a bad thing."

"Sin likes you too."

"You think he still likes me?"

He shrugged. "Time will tell."

"Sebastian—"

"Chandra!"

She turned.

Valerie and Max stood near the entrance. Valerie rushed down the hall to her with Max following more slowly.

"Chandra! Girl, I'm so happy to see you. Let's get out of here."

Chandra briefly submitted to Valerie's embrace before she turned to stare at Max. "What have you done to her?"

He arched a brow. "Returned her free will." He shrugged. "Well...most of it anyway. Isn't that what you wanted when you came looking for her?"

Chandra shook her head. "If you think you can get away with—"

"Watch your tone, woman." As Max leaned toward her, his incisors bared, Sebastian stepped between them. "I'll see the ladies to Chandra's SUV, Max."

Max shrugged and turned away.

Sebastian ushered her and Valerie to the entrance and opened the door.

Valerie turned to stare after Max as he ran up the staircase.

Chandra compressed her lips and met Sebastian's gaze.

He shrugged. "I'll see you out."

She touched Valerie's arm. "Come on, Val."

Outside the mansion, Sebastian opened both doors on the driver's side of her SUV.

Valerie slipped inside immediately and slammed the door.

Chandra glanced back at the house. Was Sin watching from one of the many windows that looked out onto the courtyard? Would he make no effort or plea to keep her there with him?

Sebastian cupped a palm under her elbow. "You should go now, Chandra. While he's still prepared to allow it."

What would he say if she admitted she didn't want to go? That she wanted to rush back inside and into Sin's arms? Sin would probably make her grovel. He might even bind her to the bondage cross again and make her beg for his cock but—

Almost as if he'd read her mind, Sebastian urged her into the car. "You have to go now."

"Sebastian—"

"I don't have time for this, Chandra. Just get in and leave. I need to go talk to Sin."

"About what?"

"You."

"Me? But—"

"But shit! Do as you're told and get your ass inside."

"Or what?"

"Or risk our not allowing you to leave at all. The choice is yours, Chandra but make it quickly."

Gathering what was left of her pride, she slipped into the driver's seat. She put on her seatbelt before she started the engine and slipped down the driver's side window.

"Ladies. Drive safely."

"Sebastian, will you tell him I said..."

He bent and pressed a quick, hard kiss against her lips before he straightened. "Go now, Chandra, or else you'll be stuck here to tell Sin whatever the hell you think he might want to hear from you yourself."

"Fine. I need directions. It was dark when we arrived and Sin—"

He told her where they were and gave her directions to get to the interstate that would take her back to Philadelphia. "Do us all a favor, Chandra."

"What?"

"Don't come back here without an invitation."

"From who? You or Sin?"

"Sin!" He turned and seconds later, the front door closed behind him.

Chandra sat with the engine running, sucking in deep breaths in an effort to calm her pounding heart.

"Are you all right?"

She turned to study Valerie's face. "Are you?"

Valerie sighed. "I'm sorry I slapped you, Chandra. I wasn't myself and —"

She nodded. "It's okay. I know..." She remembered the previous night with Sin. The wanton, sexy things he'd made her believe. She had enjoyed her night of sin and that last forbidden fuck with the sexy Sebastian. Dear God, how had she permitted herself to be so overcome with lust that she'd so readily allowed herself to be pawed and fed on by the parasitic brothers?

"Chandra?"

"It's all right, Val. I wasn't myself either." She shook off a wave of regret and drove toward the closed wrought iron gates.

They swung open.

She glanced in her rearview mirror but the driveway was empty except for three SUVs. For the first time, she noted what looked like a stable behind the mansion on the left and a small, two-story building on the right. Did the brothers ride or have servants? She'd seen no evidence of any one else in the house but surely they didn't do their own cleaning and the mansion had been spotless.

"Let's go, Chandra."

She nodded and drove through the high, black, wrought iron gates. They slid shut with a resounding clang that she felt down to her toes. She bit her lip, swallowed hard to dislodge a lump in her throat and drove down the winding driveway.

* * * * *

Sin stood at a second-floor hallway watching Chandra's SUV move down the driveway beyond the gates, his jaw clenched. He balled a hand into a fist.

Sebastian placed a hand on his shoulder. "While she dressed, she admitted to me she didn't feel she'd been raped."

He bared his incisors and swung around to glare at Sebastian. "Why should she admit anything to *you*?"

Sebastian arched a brow. "Oh, I don't know. Maybe because I didn't lose my temper and threaten to really rape her?"

He slammed his fist through the wall near the window. "You know damned well I didn't mean that."

Sebastian cast a quick, annoyed glance at the hole in the wall before he shrugged. "Yes, Sin, I do know that but how the hell did you expect her to?"

Infuriated, he leveled a finger at Sebastian. "I am not in the mood for any of your holier-than-thou shit and don't even think about mentioning who brought who over. I don't give a shit! I'm the oldest. And the next time you forget that, it sure as hell had better not be in front of her!"

"Look, Sin, I think you should know that —"

"That you fucked her again as soon as my back was turned? You think I didn't hear the two of you going at each other like —"

"I was only trying to —"

"You were trying to what, Sebastian? I saw you kiss her." He grabbed Sebastian by the collar. "You're lucky I don't kick your ass all over this place."

Sebastian's gaze narrowed. "You think you can?"

"I *know* I can."

Sebastian slapped his hands away. "Don't try me, Sin."

"Don't you try *me*." Sin backhanded him, slamming him against the wall near the window.

By the time Sebastian bounded to his feet, Max had flashed down the hall and stood between the two of them, facing Sin. "What the hell is wrong with you, Sin?"

He shoved at Max. "Get the hell out of my way, Max."

Max didn't move. "Since when do we fight over women?"

"I said get the fuck out of my way, Max."

For a moment, Max's eyes flashed and Sin half expected to have to backhand Max out of his way. Finally, Max bared his incisors but silently stepped aside.

Sin turned to find Sebastian staring at him.

He stared back. "Chandra belongs to me, Sebastian. Don't you go anywhere near her again without my permission or I'll show you once and for all which one of us is the strongest."

Sin watched an angry flush spread across Sebastian's face before Sin turned and stormed into his bedroom, slamming the door shut.

Inside the room, Sin moved over to the window and stared out. He heard Max speaking to Sebastian in the hallway. "Why the hell did you fuck her again, Seb?"

Sebastian answered in an angry voice. "Don't start any shit with me, Max."

"The only one starting shit around here is you. You must have known he didn't want you fucking her again."

"Look, Max —"

"No, Seb. You listen for a change. Sin is right. It's time you remember your ass is the youngest. You can't go fucking her without his permission."

"I didn't intend to."

"Then why did you?"

"I couldn't help myself."

"Well you'd better learn to help yourself. I haven't seen him like this since Victoria died and I'll be damned if I'm going to be caught in the middle while you two fight over a woman."

"We're not going to fight over her."

"Then either keep your cock in your pants or go find a woman of your own."

"You're making it sound as if you think I'm trying to take her from him."

"Aren't you?"

"No."

"Then the next time you want to make love, do it with your own woman."

"What?"

"It's okay to fuck her with his permission but it is *not* okay to make love to her. Leave that to Sin or you'll have to worry about both of us kicking your ass. Clear?"

"As crystal."

"Good. Now just so you know, the cross is gone."

Sebastian spoke after a long silence. "Are you sure?"

"Yes. When I went to borrow his gold cufflinks two weeks ago, I noticed it wasn't in its usual place. Do you think he gave it to her?"

"She wasn't wearing it."

"Which doesn't mean he didn't give it to her. If he did, he has it bad, Seb. What the hell are we going to do if she keeps playing hard to get?"

"I think part of what attracts Sin is her strong will. It's been a long time since any woman has been able to walk away after spending a night with him. But for all her outward defiance, she'll be back."

"How do you know?"

"Because he touched her."

"And you know that how?"

"I know she enjoyed having me fuck her but I knew I wasn't touching anything but her body. The look in her eyes when I told her Sin was no longer obsessed with her, told me he touched more than just her body. If Sin doesn't want to bend her will to his, he'll just have to work to win her but he will win her."

Sin walked over to his tallboy where he kept the jewelry box his mother had given him for his twenty-first birthday. He opened it. The two-inch antique gold cross, which

had lain wrapped in velvet at the bottom of the box for hundreds of years, was no longer there.

Sin nodded slowly. Yes. He would win Chandra. God help anyone who tried to come between him and her, including Sebastian who he suspected felt more than he should for Chandra.

A knock on his bedroom door disturbed his thoughts. He knew it was Sebastian. "Come in."

The door opened. Staring at the reflective window, he was able to watch Sebastian cross the room to stand behind him. "You were right. I was wrong. I had no right to touch her again without your permission."

He sighed and turned to face Sebastian. "Then why did you? Am I going to have a problem with you and her Sebastian? Am I going to have to shadow you or risk your sleeping with her again?"

Sebastian compressed his lip. "No. Of course. I admit I got a little out of hand this afternoon but that won't happen again."

"See that it doesn't, Sebastian."

"Did you give her the cross?"

"What I did with my property is my own business, Sebastian."

Sebastian's gaze narrowed. "This... She doesn't need to become an issue between us, Sin."

"Then keep your cock in your pants when you're around her and there won't be any problem."

"Fine, Sin." Sebastian turned and stormed out of the room.

* * * * *

Two hours after they'd left the Stoner mansion, Chandra sat in Valerie's living room watching Valerie down her third drink since their arrival. "Do you want to talk about it, Val?"

"Do I want to talk about what?"

"What they did to you?"

"They didn't do anything I want to discuss or report, Chandra."

"Oh, come on, Val. You can't want them to get away with what they've done."

"Why not?"

"What?"

She shrugged. "I admit that I was unconscious from being fucked almost into exhaustion when I was taken from the Foreplay but after the first day and a half at the mansion, I was there by choice."

"They're vampires, Val. How can you be sure they didn't just make you think you wanted to be there?"

Valerie shook her head. "I'm sorry if you feel trying to help me ended in your being raped but I'm not pressing charges, Chandra. I'm over Max Stoner and I'm going to move on. I suggest you do the same thing."

"I know they're as sexy as hell and wonderful lovers but that only makes what they did to you – to us –"

"To us? So now you *have* been raped?"

Chandra took a deep breath before she responded. "Their actions are all the more outrageous because they were so unnecessary. They don't kidnap and rape because they need to. They do it because they can. Because women allow them to get away with it." She glanced at Valerie. "You lost your job because of them."

Valerie shrugged. "So I'll get another one. I've been working too hard anyway. I could use a break."

"What about Ryan?"

Valerie sighed. "That's over."

"Val –"

"You know we were having problems before I met Max, Chandra."

"But you were planning to try to work them out."

"Well, that won't be possible now. Will it?"

"I think you should give yourself time to think before you make that decision."

"It's already made, Chandra. As is my decision not to press charges."

Chandra rose. "Well maybe I will."

Valerie shrugged. "If you want to drag it out, go ahead. I just want to forget them all. I'm never going anywhere near Foreplay again and I'll be very careful the next time a tall, handsome, well-hung vampire tries to pick me up."

"What about Ryan?"

"It's over between me and Ryan. What are you having a problem understanding?"

"He's a good man."

"Then you date him."

"What?"

Valerie laughed. "You know I've just realized I was only a pawn in Sin's plan to get you into his clutches. You are one lucky, lucky bitch."

Chandra clenched her right hand into a fist. "Bitch? You're calling me a bitch because he wanted me and not you?"

The blood drained from Valerie's face. "Go ahead. Rub in the fact that both he and Sebastian have the hots for you and will probably kick each other's ass to see which one of them will get to fuck you the next time they get you at their mansion."

Chandra shook her head. "You're wrong about Sebastian and I wasn't rubbing anything in."

Valerie glared at her. "You know what? You're right. Bitch isn't the appropriate term. You actually behaved more like a back alley whore in heat when you were on the bondage cross in the basement begging Sin to ream your ass. And then when Sebastian got jealous and couldn't keep his hands off you, you really went wild."

Chandra stared at her. She and Valerie had been best friends since they'd been placed in the same foster home when they were both fifteen. For the last twenty years they'd shared each other's good and bad times. Both their efforts to discover their identities had ended in frustration. Neither had ever done or said anything to hurt the other.

Valerie's angry words cut like a lash. Chandra blinked back a mist of tears. "You know, Valerie, it doesn't matter how you know about what happened between me and Sin and Sebastian in the basement but it does matter that you chose to use that knowledge against me like a weapon."

"What do you have to complain about, Chandra? He was willing to rob me of my will for an entire month just so he could spend a single night with you. I guess we now know one or both of them are your secret admirers. That must be some good pussy and ass you let them bust open. How does it feel being the object of two vampires' lust?"

Afraid she'd say something unforgivable, Chandra turned and walked from Valerie's apartment. She resisted with great difficulty the urge to slam the door. She drove home, fighting to hold back tears. At home, she undressed and slipped into a hot bath. Recalling how she had begged for Sin's cock and how easily she'd succumbed to Sebastian, she flushed with humiliation. Damn them if they thought she'd allow them to continue preying on unsuspecting women. If Valerie was still too under the sway of Max's big cock to press charges, Chandra would do it herself. If the Stoner brothers wanted sex slaves, they'd have to find another way to acquire them.

As the water of her bath cooled, the phone mounted above the tub rang. Chandra sighed and reached for it. Noting the number on the caller ID she hesitated briefly before pushing the talk button and lifting the receiver to her ear. "Hello, Jared."

"Hi, Chandra. How's your Saturday night going?"

"Very exciting."

"Oh?"

"I'm having a soak."

"Oh. Sounds nice. Can I bring a bottle of red wine and join you?"

She glanced down at herself. One look at her naked body with the bite marks on her breasts and fingerprints on her ass and Jared would know she'd been royally fucked. She licked her lips, closed her eyes and imagined she could feel Sin's cock sliding into her pussy, feel his big hands caressing her body, hear his deep baritone whispering that she was his sweet, dark obsession.

His sweet, dark obsession? It had an undeniable ring to it.

"Chandra? Are you still there?"

She blinked and sat up in the cooling water. "Yes but I'm tired."

"Have you heard any news about Valerie?"

"As a matter of fact, Val's home."

"That's great news. Is she all right?"

Was she all right? After having Valerie slap her and call her a bitch twice, Chandra felt certain Valerie was not all right. Hell, for that matter, neither was she. "I'm not sure."

"What happened to her? Where was she?"

"I'm not sure about that either."

"Chandra? Are you all right? I called you several times last night."

"I wasn't home."

"So I gathered. Why weren't you home?"

His question suggested Ryan had not told him of her plan to go to Club Foreplay.

"I'm not sure why you think you have the right to ask that question," she told him.

"Oh... I see... Did you... You're not seeing anyone else are you?"

Sin's only interest in her had been sexual. He'd expressed no interest in romancing her. Nor had he made any mention of having been her secret admirer. She doubted he wanted to *see* her. Fuck her senseless until he'd had his fill of her? Undoubtedly but not romance her. "No. No but that's not to say I won't, Jared."

He sighed. "How long are you going to make me pay for a meaningless one-night stand, Chandra?"

Males. Both he and Sin expected her to excuse their bad behavior, while being unwilling to bend for hers. "You're making yourself sound like the innocent party, Jared."

He sighed. "I know this is going to sound nuts but I swear I don't know what happened. Hell, Chandra, you know I like curvy women like you, not women who are skinny like her. I don't know what happened. How we ended up in bed. It was almost like I had no control over what was happening."

She rolled her eyes. She wasn't in the mood to hear his crazy story again. Why couldn't he just admit he'd willingly strayed and was now sorry? "Look, Jared, I've had a long night and a trying day. I'm going to hang up now and go to bed with a glass of wine and a book. Good —"

"Chandra I swear it's the truth."

He just didn't quit. "Good night, Jared." She pushed the off button, ending the call. Then she turned the ringer off and returned the receiver to its mount. She was inclined to give Jared another chance, but he'd damn well have to work for it first and he'd

better be prepared not to expect her to devote all her time to him to the exclusion of other men.

Chandra climbed out of the tub and dried off. She moved into her bedroom and stared at her naked body. What was it about her that had driven a handsome, accomplished lover like Sin to scheme to get her into his bed? And why had he allowed her to go so easily? More important, what lucky woman would share his bed and his passion that night?

Remembering her promise to Ryan, she called him. She was relieved when she got his voice mail. She left a message.

"Ryan, this is Chandra. I found Valerie tonight. She's probably going to need a little time to... She's home and... She's home. We're both home. Give her a few days. Bye."

She hung up. Moving naked through her apartment, Chandra poured herself a glass of wine, carried it back to her bedroom and slipped into bed. She sipped it slowly and then turned out the lights. She lay awake for over an hour before she climbed out of bed to get her laptop.

Turning it on, she slipped on a robe and sat up in bed. Before she went after the Stoners, it was just as well to learn as much about her opponent as possible. After bringing up her favorite search engine, she typed in one word – vampire. Three hours later, she turned off her laptop, rolled onto her stomach and closed her eyes. She had a lot to think about.

According to the information she'd read on a website called everythingvampires.com, vampires could ejaculate on command, they could retain an erection for as long as they liked, some had reflections, some didn't. Some were nocturnal, some were diurnal. Some vampires turned their lovers into vampires. Others simply extended their lovers' lives. Some were born vampires but most were turned as it was very difficult for a vampire female, called a fem, to get pregnant. Despite the vast quantities of sperm they could produce on command, most vampire males were sterile. No wonder Sin had stiffened at her question about kids.

Still, she wasn't sure what she'd read of vampire lore was real and what was based on movie legend. She knew vampires, or at least Sin and his brothers, shared their lovers as they'd shared her and Valerie.

She also knew that knowledge aroused her rather than turned her off. Sleeping with Sebastian after Sin had been sinful in a good way. She sighed. Maybe Sin had been right about her needing to explore the *real* Chandra. She'd try to sort it all out later. For now, she needed to sleep.

Chapter Seven

Ryan called her in the morning from the lobby of her building. She reluctantly buzzed him in. When he walked into her apartment, his eyes had a devastation that nearly disheartened her. In the living room, she handed him a cup of coffee.

He sat on her love seat, sipping it in silence.

She stood by her patio doors, watching him. "Ryan? I suppose you've talked to Val?"

"Yes. I was talking to her last night when you left your message." He put his coffee cup down on the end table and raked his hand through his hair. "What happened to her? She said some awful things to me."

"Like what?"

"She said...my... I was too small. That while she'd been gone she'd developed a taste for a man with a real..." He flushed.

What the hell had they done to Val to make her say such mean-spirited things to a man she'd dated for six years who had never been unfaithful?

"I don't think she meant that, Ryan."

He stared at her with a bleak look in his eyes. "Oh she meant it all right."

"Okay, then she didn't mean to be deliberately unkind."

"I think she did. Where did you find her?"

Chandra turned to stare out onto her balcony. "Didn't you ask her where she'd been?"

"Yes. She said she'd been with men with real cocks."

Chandra closed her eyes briefly. "I'm sorry she was unkind. She's just not herself yet."

"She said men, Chandra, not a man. Did she participate in some kind of orgy?"

"I don't—"

He rose and stormed across the room to grip her arm. "I know you know more than you're telling me, Chandra. Was she raped?"

"She said she wasn't."

"Did you believe her?"

"I... She's confused and not herself at the moment but she's not a liar, Ryan." She glanced down at his hand on her arm.

He released her and stepped back. "I'm sorry. I didn't mean to manhandle you."

She squeezed his hand. "It's all right. You didn't."

He sighed. "So... It's over between us. Just like that she's throwing six years away. You know I was never unfaithful. Not once after we became a couple. Yet she can just disappear with God only knows how many men for a month and then toss it in my face that they had bigger cocks?"

"I-I don't know what to say, Ryan, except that she's not herself."

"She's a mean-spirited whore!"

Chandra recoiled at the unexpected venom in his voice and eyes. "Ryan, she's been—"

"If she thinks she can just piss all over me after I've spent six years romancing her, she'd better think again. You can tell her that for me. Never mind. I'll tell her myself." He turned and stormed across the room.

Fearful of what would happen if Ryan pursued Valerie before Max was finished with her, she rushed across the room after him. She gripped his arm. "I know this is a very hard time for you, Ryan but please give her some time."

"The whore's had all the time she's getting." He jerked away from her.

She sighed when she heard her apartment door slamming. This had the potential of getting very ugly.

She picked up her cordless phone and called Valerie, who listened in silence for several moments before she spoke. "If he comes, I won't be here."

"Why not? Where are you going?"

"Out."

"Where?"

"Shopping."

Chandra didn't believe her. "Give me half an hour to dress and we can go together."

"You're not invited, Chandra."

"I'm coming anyway."

"I'll be gone before you arrive. Bye."

She hung up.

Chandra closed eyes. *God, please watch over her. Watch over us both. Please.*

* * * * *

"Seb and I are going to Foreplay. Come with us."

Standing by the balcony doors in the darkened bedroom where he'd spent those too brief hours with Chandra, Sin turned to find Max leaning against his bedroom door. He noted the worried look in his brother's eyes. He crossed the room to place a hand on Max's shoulder. "I'm not in the mood for Foreplay tonight."

"Are you sure? There's rumors Drei Forester is interested in buying Foreplay. You know if that happens he'll ruin it with his no-public-fucking-in-my-club shit. Who's any crazier than he is? Yet the moment he buys a club, he starts with the no fucking and no being yourself. He takes a perfectly good vampire club and tries to turn it into a place where we have to play nice to accommodate humans."

Sin shook his head. "I don't care what happens to Foreplay."

He saw Max's surprise at his statement. "Okay. Name the place and we'll go somewhere else instead like Eternity or Midnight Shadows. I hear Drei Forester has finally met a woman he can't have. It might be fun to track him down and watch him trying to play nice to win some insignificant human woman."

Sin clenched his jaw. Sometimes Max could be dumber than a damned red brick. Why would Sin want to crow over Forester's misfortune when he found himself in the same position? "I'm not in the clubbing mood. You and Seb go enjoy yourselves."

"What are you going to do?"

He shrugged.

"You've spent five days and nights brooding over her. Surely that's enough time. If it's not, do something about it, Sin."

He raked his hand through his hair before retracing his steps to stare out the balcony doors. "She thinks I'm a rapist."

"Why do you care what she thinks?"

Why indeed? Why should a vampire who'd long since lost track of the number of lovers he'd known, care what one of so many thought of him? Why had he spent months crafting a plan to get her to Foreplay when he might just as easily have walked up to her on the street and simply asked her out? What the hell was it about Chandra Hunt that made her so unforgettable and gave her the ability to turn his well-crafted world upside down with so little effort? Why did he ache to hold her and have her think well of him?

He thought briefly of how disastrously his relationship with Victoria had ended. *Stop it, Sin. You can't change the past so you have to stop trying to relive it.*

"Sin?"

He turned to face Max. "I don't know. I just know that I do."

Max sighed. "Then go get her."

"You mean kidnap her?"

"Why not? Why not live down to her expectations?"

"I want her to think well of me." That was an admission he couldn't make to Sebastian.

He saw the acknowledgement in Max's gaze. "Seb doesn't have to know, Sin."

He sighed.

"Look, Sin, she has more than one friend. I'll go snatch one of them."

"Not Valerie?"

Max shook his head. "She was just an easy lay, Sin. She meant less than nothing to me. If and when I really fall for another female, it sure as hell won't be for some short-lived human woman who I'll either have to watch grow old or turn against her will. Who needs that shit? When and if I want a permanent relationship, I'll choose a fem."

Max made relationships sound so easy.

"Shall I go get her or one of her friends, Sin?"

"No."

"Are you sure? I could make her want you."

He shook his head. "No. I won't have her or any of her friends brought here against their will."

"Then what are you going to do?"

"I'm not sure yet. She really fucked me off and I have to make sure I don't do anything I'll later regret."

Max frowned. "Okay. New plan. Why don't we all go to Club Rueben?"

Club Rueben was a human strip club where full-figured women danced.

"I hear there are some very lovely honeys there these days."

"Maybe I'll check them out some other time. Right now I just want to be left alone, Max."

"Sin—"

"I'll be fine. You and Seb go enjoy yourselves."

"I can't convince you to come with us?"

"No."

Max sighed. "She's just a woman, Sin. There are more where she came from and many of them might actually know the difference between rape and seduction."

The muscles in Sin's jaw clenched. "Maybe she was right. She did... They both said no and it wouldn't be the first time I—"

Max narrowed his gaze. "The past is over, Sin. You can't keep beating yourself down for a mistake you made when we were newly turned. As for Chandra and Valerie, cocklust consumed them both. Once they got a look at our cocks, they were all too eager to part their legs and beg for it."

"Did they beg for it because they really wanted us that badly or did they beg for it because we used our superior will to bend their wills to ours?"

"What difference does it make, Sin?" Max clasped a hand against the back of his neck. "We're too damned old to allow any female—especially a human one—make us question the rights and privileges attached to being centuries-old vampires. As far as humans are concerned we are far superior. If we have to bend their wills to ours to get what we want, so be it. If it's one thing we learned from what happened at home, it's to the powerful go the spoils and there are few creatures more powerful than we are."

Sin sighed and nodded. "You're right. Just give me a day or two more and I'll get back in the swing of things."

"I can't convince you to come with us?"

"No."

Max sighed. "We'll be back sometime tonight."

He nodded and watched Max leave.

When he was alone in the mansion, Sin went to the Dungeon of Submission. It was a huge room with a bondage bed, which had strategically placed openings in the bedding to accommodate sex in every conceivable position, the bondage cross he and Seb had pleased Chandra on and several other pieces of equipment designed to give pleasure to both the dominant and submissive partner.

Placing his palms on the rack where he'd had anal sex with Chandra, he closed his eyes and inhaled deeply, reliving her sweet surrender. Overcome with the feeling the memories conquered, he snapped open his eyes and stalked out of the mansion. He slipped into his SUV and left the estate.

Ninety minutes later, he stood silently in Chandra's darkened bedroom, watching her sleep. He pulled the cover back. He felt his cock harden as he allowed his gaze to feast on her lovely, naked flesh. Memories of her whispering that she would obey him teased him.

As he reached out a hand to caress her ass, he recalled her accusations of force. What would she think if she woke and discovered him inside her apartment caressing her? He balled his hand into a fist and jerked it back. He'd make her take back the accusation and welcome his dominance. But he needed to keep his distance until he could control his feelings and desires. He would not lose her as he had lost Victoria.

Sucking in a breath, he turned and left her apartment as silently as he'd entered it. He went to an after-hours club on the pier frequented by vampires where he encountered a pretty, newly turned redhead fem. He accepted her invitation to return to her apartment with her.

Two other fems joined them. When he left ten hours later, he'd come multiple times, none of which had been powerful enough to lessen his hunger for Chandra Hunt. Damn the silly bitch for her holier-than-thou attitude! And damn him for being foolish enough to care what the fuck she thought. Max was right. One of the advantages of being a vampire was having the power to take what one wanted. And God help him he wanted Chandra Hunt. He would have her. On his terms.

He thought briefly of Victoria again. He shook his head. Chandra was not Victoria and things would not end for her as they had with Victoria.

* * * * *

"I know I should have called and I won't blame you if you say you don't want to see or talk to me."

Chandra stepped back from her apartment door, allowing Valerie to walk past her. She followed Valerie down the hall to her living room where she offered her a drink.

Valerie shook her head. "Thanks but I think I've had one too many drinks lately."

Chandra sat down on her sofa, gesturing toward her love seat.

Valerie sank down into it, staring at her with wide, green, beseeching eyes.

Chandra sighed, softening. "It's been four weeks since we left *them*. How are you?"

Valerie shrugged. "Honestly, Chandra, I don't know. Sometimes I just want to forget everything that's happened for the last month. The next moment, I want to relive and savor every second I was with Max. Is that how you feel about your time with Sin?"

Chandra hesitated. "I share some of that confusion," she admitted. "But I'm going to move on with my life."

"Just like that? How are you going to avoid comparing your next lover to him?"

"I've decided to give Jared another chance."

"You have?"

"Yes. Why do you look so surprised?"

Valerie shook her head. "No offense, Chandra but how can you possibly be satisfied with him after having been with Sin and Sebastian?"

That's a question she'd spent several days trying to answer before she invited Jared over for the night. "They're not... It wouldn't be fair to expect Jared or any other man to live up to them...in bed. I hope that's not why you won't consider trying to work things out with Ryan."

"Work things out with him? Chandra, he was on the verge of stalking me until I told him in very explicit terms I wasn't interested in any man with such a small cock."

Oh hell. "It was unkind to tell him that, Valerie."

She shrugged, then nodded. "I know but I wasn't feeling particularly kind and it's the truth. I can't see how you can possibly be interested in sleeping with Jared again. Admittedly Sin has little sexual skill but his size and girth alone—"

"Little sexual skill? Valerie are you out of your mind? He's a fantastic lover."

"He's a brute who depends on his size to get by."

"That's not true."

"Sure he has a bigger dick but Max is the more skilled lover. But we were talking about you and Jared."

Although Chandra had not had any sexual contact with Max, she doubted he was half as skillful in bed as Sin. Even with a much smaller cock, she suspected Sin would still have rocked her world.

"Chandra?"

She blinked. "Sorry. I had no complaints with Jared as a lover before I met Sin." Of course the fact that he'd so easily bedded another woman indicated she might have left him less than satisfied. But she'd decided that was water under the bridge.

"Have you reported them or Foreplay?"

"No."

"Why not?"

Chandra shook her head. "You said you didn't want to and...I...just didn't. If you don't want to file a complaint—"

"I don't but you said you were going to."

"Well, I didn't."

"Then we'll just avoid Foreplay and move on," Valerie said.

"So you haven't heard from Max?"

"No." She sighed. "But then I didn't expect to. I know he only picked me up to accommodate Sin."

"I'm sorry, Val. Everything that happened to you was my fault."

"No. No. It might have been because of you but it was not *your* fault. It was that damned Sin's fault."

"You don't like him. Do you?"

"No, Chandra. I don't. He's a cold, selfish bastard."

Chandra swallowed the urge to take issue with Valerie's assessment of Sin. "Did he hurt you physically?"

Valerie shrugged. "He-he's very big and thick and...he really didn't make much effort not to hurt me, but I'm sure he went out of his way not to hurt you. Didn't he?"

Tears pricked Chandra's eyes. "Did he...rape you, Val?"

"Ra... By the time he entered me I wanted him. Or thought I did. Until I... He could have been a lot gentler, like Max."

So he hadn't technically raped her. He'd just been rough. She sighed. No wonder her use of the word had angered him.

"What about you, Chandra? Have you had anymore anonymous gifts?"

"No." Which probably meant Sin really was over whatever obsession he'd felt.

"Not even flowers?"

"Not even flowers."

"Did you want to receive more gifts, Chandra?"

"Part of me did but I'm sure I'll get over that quickly enough once Jared and I resume the physical part of our relationship." Ignoring the amazed look on Valerie's face, she glanced at her watch. Seven fifteen. "In fact he should be here any moment now. If things go well, I might allow him to spend the night."

"And you think Sin is going to allow that?"

"He has no say in who I sleep with."

"Surely you don't think he went through all that trouble for a one-night stand, Chandra."

She shrugged. "I don't know. Besides, I'm sure he's now obsessed with someone else." *Lucky bitch.*

Valerie bit her lip and averted her gaze.

Chandra frowned. "What?"

"Nothing. It's just that Jared cheated on you."

"I know but I've been thinking that might have been partly my fault."

"He cheats and it's your fault? How does that work?"

"I said partly. I never wanted to try anything new. I was so focused on climbing the career ladder and making sergeant, our sex life became too routine to keep him from straying. And I just wasn't willing to go the extra mile to keep him hard and hot for me."

Valerie stared at her. "So what happened to Ms-Why-should-I-have-to-wear-uncomfortable-nose-bleed-high-heels, suck-his-cock-like-a-whore and-have-anal-sex-when-I-don't-enjoy-any-of-those-things?"

Chandra compressed her lips. "All those sentiments got me was cheated on. Well now I've decided to spice things up. I've read articles, visited adult websites and rented videos."

"So now you're willing to suck his cock?"

"Well, maybe." She dismissed an errant thought of Sin's cock. "It'll be a cold day in hell before he goes looking for strange pussy again." She frowned. "Why are you looking like that?"

"You asked me what they'd done to me. I should ask you the same question, Chandra."

"I just realized there's a lot more to fucking than —"

"Fucking? Since when do you use that word instead of having sex or making love?"

Chandra shrugged. "Okay. There's a lot more to sex than the missionary position."

"Like bondage, forced submission and a lover who makes you beg for his cock?"

Chandra flushed.

Valerie studied her hot cheeks. "You enjoyed having him ignore your pleas to stop. Didn't you?"

"I... Well..." Was she so transparent?

Valerie shook her head. "I don't think they're above it but they didn't rape you anymore than they raped me. We both wanted it. They knew it and they gave us both what we most wanted."

Chandra averted her gaze. "Okay. So I enjoyed my night with Sin — a lot."

"I'm thinking you enjoyed your time with Sebastian as well."

"What if I did?"

Valerie shrugged. "I just never thought you had a capture fantasy."

She sighed. "Neither did I."

"Well, you're not alone. I never thought I'd enjoyed being fucked senseless and kidnapped but I did. I just wish Max still wanted me."

As she wished Sin still wanted her. "They're not the only males in the world."

"Why can't I accept that? Can you?"

"I'll have to. Won't you, Val?"

"I guess I will. After last night."

"Last night? What happened last night?"

Valerie shrugged. "Have you been back to Foreplay since that night?"

"I've been tempted to visit a time or two but I've never actually gone back."

"I wish I had your strength. I couldn't stop myself. I went to Foreplay last night looking for Max."

"And?"

"He wasn't there."

Chandra moistened her lips. "Were either of the others there?"

"Sebastian and Sin were there."

Chandra glanced down at her polished nails before looking up at Valerie with what she hoped was a disinterested air. "Were they...alone?"

"Sebastian appeared to be having a great time with this gorgeous, statuesque brunette."

"And...Sin?"

Valerie lowered her gaze. "Sin? What about him?"

"Was he alone?"

"I didn't notice. I—"

"Oh, Val, don't. We both know you noticed if he was alone or not. Was he?"

Valerie sighed. "Okay. He wasn't alone but I don't think you should try to make anything out of that."

"Who was he with? What was she like and why shouldn't I make anything of his being with another woman?"

"Because she didn't mean anything to him."

Which meant they were doing more than talking or holding hands. "How do you know that? Was he fucking her?"

"Chandra—"

"I'm a grown woman, Val. I don't want or need to be shielded from the truth. Was he fucking her?"

"She was seated on his lap, facing him. She seemed to be very happy but I could tell it meant nothing to him."

"It's all right, Val. You don't have to try to make this easier for me to hear by saying things you can't possibly know."

"I could tell by his eyes. While she ground herself against him, his eyes were as cold as they were when he fucked me. When I saw him with you in his bedroom, his eyes were on fire. You touched more than just his cock."

While Chandra appreciated Valerie's attempt to spare her feelings, she doubted Valerie had been aware of anything while she'd been bouncing off Max's cock in Sin's bedroom. "What was she like?"

Valerie shrugged. "I don't know."

"Val!"

"Okay. She was a pretty, slender redhead but I know she meant nothing to him."

"Neither did I."

"I don't think that's true, Chandra. I mean he schemed and plotted to get you in his bed. I'm sure that bitch probably just hopped on his lap the moment he looked at her without any effort on his part."

All that mattered was that he'd been fucking another woman as if their night together hadn't meant a damned thing to him.

"Chandra, I really do think he cared about you."

"He has a funny way of showing it."

"He's male. They think with their cocks." Valerie sighed and rose. "I'll be on my way. I just wanted to apologize. I'd hate to lose your friendship because—"

"Lose my friendship? After all we've been through together?" Chandra rose. "There was never any question of that happening, Val."

They embraced and Chandra walked Val to the door. As they reached it, her intercom buzzed. She reached over and pushed the talk button: "Yes?"

"It's Jared, babe."

She swallowed her momentary panic. It was too late to decide resuming their relationship was a mistake. "Hi. Come on up." She pressed the buzzer to release the entrance door.

Valerie kissed her cheek. "I'll talk to you tomorrow."

She nodded. After Valerie left, she leaned against the closed door. A few minutes later, she sighed when Jared tapped on her apartment door.

She glanced down at herself. Jared liked her in pastel colors so she wore a pink silk pantsuit that accentuated her breasts and hugged her ass. She tossed her head, allowing her hair to cascade around her shoulders in what Jared fondly called a wild cloud. Then she opened the door.

Jared was tall and handsome with smooth, dark skin and a dazzling white smile. He transferred the bottle of wine and bouquet of roses he carried to the crook of one arm and slipped the other one around her waist. "Hi, gorgeous."

She smiled up at him.

He pulled her close, kicked the door shut with his foot and kissed her.

His lips felt almost feverishly warm after the coolness of Sin's lips. She dismissed the errant thought and closed her eyes. She opened them quickly when a picture of Sin's handsome face and dark blue eyes superimposed themselves on her lids.

She curled her hands into fists to keep from pushing Jared away. *Sin. Don't do this to me. Please.*

Jared released her. "What's wrong, babe?"

"Nothing." She pressed a quick kiss against his cheek before she took the wine and roses. "Make yourself comfortable in the living room while I take care of these." She turned away.

He reached out and slapped her ass. "Don't be long."

She compressed her lips to stop the urge to tell him to keep his hands off her ass. She nodded and hurried down the hall to the kitchen. Once there, she closed her eyes, pressing her forehead against the wall. She couldn't do this.

Not only can you do it but you will do it. You are going to forget Sin even if it means fucking every man who winks at you until you do. That's clearly what he's doing.

Chandra straightened her shoulders. After she put the wine away, she arranged the roses in one of the beautiful crystal vases with the elaborate gold leaf she'd received from her secret admirer. She touched the vase, her thoughts on Sin.

Forget him. She nodded and joined Jared in the living room.

He'd turned down the lights and put on soft jazz. He smiled and opened his arms. "Come dance with me, Chandra."

She pasted a smile on her face and waltzed across the room and into his arms. She linked her arms around his neck.

He slipped his hands into her waistband and over her ass cheeks, left bare by the expensive satin thong – another present from one of the Stoner brothers.

She felt the outline of Jared's shaft against her body. After enjoying Sin's monster cock, Jared's cock seemed far too short and not nearly wide enough.

She angrily dismissed the comparison. It was neither fair nor helpful.

"I love your ass," he whispered against her lips. "I know you cooked dinner but let's put that on hold and have dessert first. It's been so long and I need to make love to you."

Make love? Who wanted to be made love to when fucking was so much more arousing and delicious? A pussy – her pussy – was made to be fucked and ravished until it overflowed with forbidden vampire seed. God help her. The big-dicked bastard had ruined her for sex with ordinary males who had neither his length, his girth, nor his stamina.

No, Chandra. He's only done that if you allow it. Jared has always pleased you in bed. Sleep with him and let him fuck Sin out of your system.

Chapter Eight

She stroked her fingers over Jared's short hair. "I'd rather be fucked," she whispered.

"Fucked? Did you say fuck?"

"Yes, I did."

He stared down at her. "Since when do you talk about sex in terms of fucking instead of making love?"

Since Sin had had shown her the true beauty of being fucked. "Does it matter?"

"Well, no but are you sure?"

Why the hell should he sound so surprised by her request? When she'd walked in on him being unfaithful, he'd had his cock up the hussy's ass demanding to know how she liked having her tight ass fucked by a hard, black cock, like someone out of a porno flick.

"I'm very sure, Jared. I want to be fucked – hard, deep and all night long."

"You're making me hot."

"That's the idea."

He squeezed her ass and ground his cock against her. "Then I'll fuck you." He released her took her hand in his and led her toward the bedroom.

Sin would have swept her off her feet and carried her there. *Stop it, Chandra!*

She closed her eyes briefly. If she kept comparing Jared to Sin the night would be long and unfulfilling for them both.

In her bedroom, when he tried to take her in his arms, she danced away.

"Chandra? Please don't tell me you've changed your mind?"

"I haven't but we're not having vanilla sex tonight, Jared."

"No vanilla sex? What kind did you have in mind?"

"Tonight we're going to fuck – my way." She pushed him down onto the single chair in the bedroom. "Comfy?"

He nodded. "And horny."

"Good. I want you hard and horny tonight, Jared."

"I'm already there, babe."

"Let's put on some mood music."

"I'm already in the mood, babe. I'm so hot for you I'm burning."

Burning for her. Like Sin?

Stop it, Chandra.

She turned on her bedroom stereo and kicked off her heels in his direction.

He reached out and caught her right shoe.

As she did a slow striptease for him, he rubbed her shoe against his groin.

She smiled as he hardened and lengthened. She'd always been satisfied with his size and hardness. She rubbed her hand against her pussy before she peeled off her thigh-high hose bumping and grinding in time to the music which had swelled from soft jazz to a rapid, pulse-pounding rhythm.

"I can see your nipples hardening under your blouse. Take it off, babe. Take it all off."

Running the tip of her tongue along her lips, she slowly unbuttoned and removed her blouse, revealing her bare breasts.

Jared ground her shoe around the tent in his trousers.

She flung the blouse on her bed behind her and then turned to peel her pants over her hips. She turned her back to him and slowly inched the silk pants over her ass and down her thighs.

"Damn, babe, you have a nice ass. Take it off. All of it."

Encouraged by his husky tones, she removed the pants and turned to face him. Standing before him in nothing but one of the expensive thongs one of the Stoner brothers had sent, thrilled her.

What would either of them think if they could see her now, wearing it for Jared instead of Sin or even Sebastian?

She swung around, facing away from Jared. She wanted to do this but not for him. For Sin.

Sin doesn't give a shit about you, Chandra. He's probably somewhere fucking another skinny, redheaded bitch into submission. Stop torturing yourself.

Glancing over her shoulder, she began to rotate and shake her ass at Jared.

"Damn, baby, bring that big ass over here."

Thinking of Sin, she turned and sashayed across the room to him. She leaned over Jared, loosened his tie, unbuttoned his shirt and then unzipped his pants. "Let's get reacquainted."

She smiled at the amazed but pleased look on his handsome face as she reached into his trousers and drew his cock out. He felt warm and hard against her fingers. He was already leaking pre-cum.

She turned her back to him. Squatting, she tilted her hips so that her ass was on display. Then she reached between his legs and massaged his cock.

"Damn. That feels good, babe." He slid one hand over her breasts while sliding the palm of his other hand over her ass. "Please tell me I can fuck this round ass."

If she had any real hope of getting over Sin, she'd need to be as wanton and sexually open with Jared as she'd been with Sin and Sebastian.

"Can I?"

"We'll see, Jared." She rotated her ass and continued pumping and massaging his cock. When he was fully erect, she sat on his lap with his cock standing at attention between her legs. She pushed her thong aside and deliberately rubbed herself against his shaft.

It felt nice but that's all. Still, if she closed her eyes and pretended the cock between her thighs was longer, harder, thicker, maybe she could convince herself she was with Sin.

She pressed it lengthwise between her slit. "Hmmm."

He cupped her breasts. "I need you."

Abruptly, words from "Unchained Melody" filled the room. The song now felt like their song—hers and Sin's. He hungered for her touch. She hungered for his. Sin. Sin. She stiffened and glanced over her shoulder toward the window. Her bedroom was five stories up and looked out over a surrounding park. She squinted through the slats of her vertical blinds, half expecting to see Sin glaring in at her with bared incisors and glowing eyes.

Jared squeezed her breasts. "Babe? What's wrong?"

"Nothing." She dragged her gaze away from the window and leaned against his chest. Sin was not outside her window. "Condom?"

"It's in my pocket."

A ringing cell phone startled her. She shot off Jared's lap.

He groaned, grabbed her left hip and pulled her back down, slipping an arm around her waist. He reached down to lift his cell phone off his pants holster with his other hand. He glanced at the caller ID, groaned again and then lifted the phone to his ear. "Hello. Yes. Yes. Where? I see. I'm on my way. I'll be there as soon as possible. Yes."

Jared ended the call and leaned his forehead against her back.

"A homicide?"

He nodded. "Yes, damn it."

She climbed off his lap, trying not to look relieved. "Then you have to go."

"Yes." He stood up and pushed his cock into his pants. "Damn."

Since she couldn't shake the feeling that Sin was near and filled with a murderous fury, controlling her relief proved difficult. She picked her robe up from the foot of her bed and slipped it on over her thong. "I'll walk you to the door."

He adjusted his clothes as she followed him out of the bedroom to the apartment entrance. He took her in his arms and kissed her lips warmly before he released her. "I'd better go before I change my mind."

She flashed him a quick smile. "Good luck."

"I have no idea when I'll be finished." He paused.

Certain he expected an invitation to return to her apartment when he finished, she moistened her lips but remained silent.

He sighed. "Well, I'd better go. If it's not too late I'll call you before I head home."

She nodded and closed the door behind him. She hugged herself and closed her eyes, leaning back against the door. *Chandra, girl, you've made a mess. You can not go back to being his lover. Not while you're thinking about Sin every other second. You're going to need to find a way to end your relationship without Jared thinking you're being a bitch and trying to punish him all over again.*

And you're going to have to stop imagining you can feel Sin. He's probably somewhere fucking some lucky bitch.

She pushed herself away from the door and walked down the hall to the kitchen. She warmed her baked potato and steak in the microwave, tossed a salad, sliced two pieces of garlic bread and placed her dinner, along with the bottle of wine Jared had bought on a tray.

With her thoughts still on Sin, she carried her dinner out to the balcony. She ate slowly, wondering who Sin was with and if he'd even thought about her during the last two weeks.

Her thoughts turned toward the cross. She touched her neck. Would sleeping with it under her pillow result in more erotic dreams? She glanced up at the full moon. Were vampires affected by a full moon? Or was she confusing her movie monsters?

Sin. Oh, Sin. Where are you? What better way to spend a beautiful moonlit night than with Sin. But God only knew where he was or who he was with.

She sat sipping a second glass of wine when she caught movement out of the corner of her eye.

She felt a tingle down the back of her neck and looked over her shoulder. She gasped and jumped up so quickly, the glass and bottle crashed to the balcony floor and shattered as Sin dropped down onto her balcony.

He looked as sexy as hell dressed in black leather. His shirt was unbuttoned almost to the waist, revealing the dark hair on his chest. Her gaze dropped down to his groin. Her heart raced and her pussy flooded. His fully erect cock protruded from the open crotch of the tight leather pants he wore.

Chandra swallowed and forced her gaze away from his cock. She suppressed the impulsive urge to rush forward to toss herself at him. She lifted her chin and gave him a cool stare instead. "I wondered how long you were going to lurk in the dark."

He tilted his head. "What makes you think I haven't just arrived?"

She shrugged. "I felt this...chill earlier. You were around."

"So now you're implying I leave you cold?"

Didn't she wish? "What are you doing here?"

"I've come for some pussy."

A wave of heat suffused her. She fought the urge to lean against the balcony wall, open her robe and part her legs. The coming battle would be sweeter for them both if she resisted. "You have such a charming way with words, Sin."

"There's no point in our playing games, Chandra. I want pussy and you're going to give it to me."

"I told you I didn't want you."

"Then how do you explain the come-fuck-me-aroma your pussy is emitting?"

"It's your imagination."

He laughed. "I've come for pussy, my lovely, and pussy I'll have."

"Clearly you're not much for winning a woman over with romance."

He sighed. "I'm not in the mood to play games, Chandra."

"Or even to pretend to understand anything about romance?"

"Chandra—"

She shrugged. "Forget it, Sin. If it's just pussy you're looking for, as in generic pussy, my neighbor down the hall is into arrogant white males with oversized cocks. She's even a redhead."

"If I wanted anyone but you, I wouldn't be here."

"Why don't you go fuck the redhead you were with at Foreplay last week?"

Even as his gaze narrowed, he smiled. "Your friend talks too damned much."

"That's it? That's all you have to say about fucking her? You're not even going to deny you've been with other women since we..."

"No I'm not going to deny it. Why should I?"

She definitely had not expected that arrogant response. She stared at him, speechless.

"Are you going to deny you were about to allow your ex to fuck you?"

So he *had* been watching. "No, I'm not going to deny it. Why should I?"

"Because if he had actually fucked you, it would have been his last fuck."

She sucked in an angry breath. "Don't you threaten him, Sin!"

"It's not a threat, Chandra. It's a promise. If you allow him to touch you with such...intimacy again, I'll kill him."

She shivered, certain it was no idle threat. It took several moments before she could summon a response. "You do anything to hurt him, Sin, and I swear you'll never own me. Even if you managed to outwardly break my will, inside I'd hate you and never, ever forgive you."

"I'm at a loss to understand why you think I care about your forgiveness, Chandra."

That stung almost as much as his threat to Jared. "If you think I'm going to listen to your...shit...think again, Sin!"

He laughed suddenly and the mounting tension between them dissipated as quickly as it had risen. "I didn't come here to argue with you, my lovely. Just keep your clothes on when you're around him and neither one of us will have to test the other's resolve."

"You're a fine one to talk. Why don't you keep your cock inside your pants? How many women have you fucked since we last saw each other?"

He shrugged. "What difference does that make?"

"Are you insane? You can fuck as many women as you like but you expect me to sit alone waiting for you to show up?"

"Yes. That's exactly what I expect, Chandra."

The bastard was serious. "I'm not really interested in what you expect, Sin. I'll undress for anyone I like."

"You do that and I'll have to assume you want that *anyone* dead."

She gave an angry shake of her head. "What's the matter, Sin? Couldn't any of your skinny Minnies take all of you?"

"As a matter of fact, a few of them could."

His answer infuriated her. "Then go fuck one of them or all of them, you arrogant bastard!"

"I'm here to fuck you."

"Why? Didn't they satisfy you?"

His answer, after a short silence surprised but pleased her. "Apparently not or I wouldn't be here taking this Goddamned shit from you, Chandra!"

She heard a balcony door sliding open. She glanced past Sin. Paul, the accountant who occupied the apartment across the courtyard, sat on his balcony facing hers. He waved.

The possibility of Paul seeing Sin's exposed cock excited her. She waved back before turning her gaze back to Sin. "Don't expect any sympathy from me."

"I don't want your sympathy. I—"

Buoyed by his admission, she narrowed her gaze. "Do you want to apologize for calling me a bitch?"

"That depends."

"On what?"

"Do you want to apologize for accusing me of rape?"

Her annoyance kept her from apologizing. "No."

"Then let's move on."

"Fine. You're not touching me."

"I've had enough of your shit to last several lifetimes."

"Really? Then why are you here practically begging to fuck me?"

"You bitch!" He bared his incisors and stalked across the balcony.

Her heartbeat quickened but she didn't retreat. Although she could almost feel his fury, he'd already admitted that none of the women he'd slept with since he'd seen her had satisfied him enough to keep him away from her. He wouldn't hurt her.

He curled his fingers in her hair and forced her head back. "Don't push me any further, bitch."

She grabbed his wrist with both hands. "I don't like being manhandled or called bitch by a man who wants to fuck me. And I didn't pay a hundred and twenty-five dollars to have my hair done so you could pull it out by the roots. Let go of my hair, Sin."

He spoke several terse sentences in the same language he'd used before. She suspected he was swearing and probably calling her a bitch or worse but he released her hair and stepped away from her.

She patted her hair. "Now we can talk about —"

"No, Chandra. No more damned talking. Open your robe."

"Open my... We're outside."

"I know where we are. I also know I've waited about as long as I intend to. Open your robe and show me the body that was made for Sin."

Even if her neighbor couldn't see Sin's cock, he'd certainly notice her opening her robe to reveal her almost naked body. "No."

He lowered his voice. "It's been four long, lonely weeks empty of passion and warmth since I've had a glimpse of your beautiful body, my lovely siren, and I find my need and obsession for you consuming me again. Open your robe and put me out of my misery."

She sucked in a breath, his words touching a deep-seated inner hunger that wanted to believe that despite the women he'd bedded since their night together, he still wanted...still needed her...still thought of her as his sweet, dark obsession.

Do it, my Chandra. Obey me. Open your robe and let me feast my hungry eyes upon your dark, lovely flesh.

Oh, God, how could she resist him when part of her wanted him to dominate and control her? More important, he'd awakened a hidden streak of voyeurism of which she'd been unaware.

Open your robe.

She bit her lip and glanced across the balcony. Paul seemed to be looking in their direction. Did she dare open her robe with him watching?

Shall I go first?

"What?"

I'll go first. He moved in a blur of motion. When he stopped, he was buck naked.

She caught her breath. God he had a big, beautiful body.

Made to please you, my siren. Open your robe and remove your thong. I want you naked and ready to be fucked.

Her pussy flooded. She tore open her robe and scrambled out of the skimpy thong. She cast a quick glance across the courtyard. Paul was still on the balcony. Well, he was about to see her get fucked.

Enjoying the thrill that knowledge gave her, she leaned against the wall next to the balcony doors. She rubbed her pussy and parted her thighs.

Sin sucked in a breath. With his eyes glowing, he closed the distance between them. He bent his head and touched his mouth to hers.

She closed her eyes to savor their first kiss in weeks.

He ran the tip of his tongue along her mouth.

She parted her lips.

He pressed close and slid a hand down her belly to finger her pussy.

She trembled, hungry for more intimate contact.

He slipped an arm around her waist and pulled her close.

She arched into him, rubbing against his erect cock.

He kissed her mouth before dragging his lips across her cheek to her neck. "You're fragrant and wet and ready to give me my pussy."

Determined to get maximum benefit out of the coming fuck, she balled her hands into fists and shoved against Sin's shoulders. "I...don't...want...you. Let me go."

I will. After I've fucked you all night long.

Yes!

He bent his head to suck her right nipple between his lips.

Oh yes. Yes. She hit his shoulders—even as she ground her hips against his. "Don't...oh...please don't. Don't put that...oversized thing you call a cock inside my pussy."

That's it, my Nubian beauty. Get me hotter and harder. Pretend you don't want me as much as I want you. Make our fuck even more memorable.

With his cock so enticingly close, her ability to pretend not to want him vanished. With the danger he'd present to any man she dated, she decided this would be the last time she accepted him into her body so she fully planned to enjoy it. She streaked her hand between their bodies. His cock felt smooth, thick and very hard.

She ran her thumb along his head, encountering pre-cum. She closed her fingers around him, positioning the big head against her entrance.

Cupping her ass, he tilted her hips and bent his knees.

She licked her lips and tensed. She whispered his name. "Sin."

He thrust forward.

The head of his cock slipped into her slit.

She released his cock to allow her to slide her palms over his back to grab his taut ass. She tugged at it relentlessly until she felt his cock slowly tunneling into her, stretching her. Dear God his cock felt good.

Chandra rotated her ass in a circular motion so she could feel every inch of his shaft pulsing inside her.

He held himself still as his lips burned a path across to her other breast.

She pushed her nipple into his mouth and released his ass. Pulling back, she linked her arms around his neck and then lifted onto her toes.

You are mine and I want what's mine. He lifted her off her feet.

She wrapped her legs around him.

He thrust his hips upward.

"Oh, Sin, Sin. I don't want this. I don't want your cock. I don't want you."

Then I'll just have to make you want me, won't I?

She lifted her hips until only half his cock remained inside her. As she leaned close to kiss his hair, she realized Paul was still on his balcony watching them fuck.

"Oh God, Sin. Paul's still on his balcony. He can see us."

"Then let's put on a show he won't forget, at least for awhile." He reached inside the open balcony doors to switch on the balcony light, then he turned them so that Paul would be able to see his cock sliding in and out of her wet pussy.

Thoroughly aroused by being fucked in front of Paul and whoever else might be on their balconies or looking out their windows, she slammed her hips downward, driving his cock up into her pussy.

"Oh my God. Sin, take your cock out of me, please. I don't want this." *At least not much.*

He fucked deeper and harder.

Yes. She tightened her arms around him and bounced herself up and down on the long shaft now slick with her juices. They were soon fucking with an urgent passion that made every inch of her ache with the need to come. She shuddered each time he pushed upward into her again. She felt tension in his big body as he attempted to maintain a level of control.

The certainty that he struggled so hard so he would not hurt her, endeared him to her. She curled her fingers in his hair. She tugged until he dragged his mouth from her breasts. His incisors were bared and his eyes glowed when he looked at her.

She felt a wild hunger for her in him. Felt it in his surging cock, his trembling hands cupped over her ass. She smiled and leaned forward to kiss him. She half expected him to devour her lips. But he didn't. She realized he was going to allow her to determine how passionate their kiss would be.

Closing her eyes, she enjoyed the cool, firm feel of his mouth against hers. She stroked her fingers through his hair as she pressed warm, open-mouth kisses against his lips.

He tightened his fingers on her ass and fucked her harder. Then he thrust his tongue between her lips as he slammed his entire length up into her.

A jolt of bliss sizzled in her belly, quickly shooting down to her pussy, setting it ablaze. She tore her lips away from his, arched into him, tossed her head back and sobbed as wave after wave of ecstasy radiated through her entire body.

He grunted, crushed her breasts against his chest and exploded deep inside her.

Feeling the powerful detonations in her pussy, she moaned and laid her head against his shoulder, panting with pleasure. "Oh, Sin, Sin."

Still inside her, he carried her across the balcony. He eased her off his cock and sat her on the edge of the table.

Spread your legs for me. Show me how much you want me, darling.

She loved it when he called her darling. She shook her head. "I don't want to."

Too damn bad. He caressed his palms up from her ankles to part her thighs.

Chandra gripped the end of the table and opened her eyes in time to see him stepping to the side. She frowned and then realized he wanted Paul to view his cum seeping out of her.

She flushed with pleasure at the thought. Pushing her legs further apart, she dipped her finger into herself, stared across the courtyard and deliberately sucked Sin's seed from her finger.

She smiled, watching Paul rise. His balcony light was now on. She could see him pulling his cock from his pants and massaging it.

Sin blocked her view of Paul when he stepped back between her legs. "You are so beautiful and sexy."

"You couldn't stay away?"

"No..."

She lifted her leg, rubbing her toes against his abs. "Why not?"

"What difference does it make?" He bent to kiss her toes.

"I want to know what you thought of when you were with them."

He lifted his head to stare into her eyes. *You.*

The soundless word reverberated all through her, warming her, thrilling her. How could she resist him or the need he managed to infuse in that one word? "Sin, you can be so sweet, making me want to forget all, forgive all."

"That's as it should be between a vampire and his woman."

A vampire and his woman. She could be the woman of the handsome, passionate Sin, secure in the knowledge that no matter who else he slept with, she'd be the one he couldn't resist, had to have and always thought of. "Sin."

He brushed his cheek against the sole of her foot. "Say my name like you need me as I need you."

"Sin. Sin."

He lowered her leg, allowing it to rest across his hip.

She felt lost in a world where no one existed except the two of them. It didn't matter what he was, who he threatened, how many people he'd killed, would kill. She wanted him. Wanted to belong to him.

She slipped her other leg around him.

He dipped his fingers in her pussy and then eased them into her rear end.

"Hmmm." She smiled up at him, pressing her hands against his rippled abs. "I don't want any more," she whispered.

Ignoring her protests, as she'd hoped he would, he parted her cheeks, opening her asshole.

She trembled in anticipation. "Oh, no. Not that. Please, not that."

He smiled and positioned the head of his shaft at her rear. He ejaculated directly into her chute.

"Oh..." That felt sinful. She licked her lips.

He slid his hands up the insides of her thighs, rubbing himself along her ass. "You have a large, beautiful ass, my lovely vixen. Give it to me while he watches, filled with jealous despair that you're mine and not his. Give me your ass."

She felt hot and wanton. She lifted her hips off the table and reached down to press his cock against her rear. "I don't want this."

"Neither do I, my lovely siren."

She braced herself for his first thrust.

Instead of the painful shove she expected and half wanted, he eased forward, slowly pushing the head of his cock into her anal opening.

After the heated words they'd exchanged, his tenderness surprised and touched her. Was it possible that he did care for her and wanted something more than the explosive sex they both craved?

"Sin?"

He shook his head. *No more talk, Chandra. Not now. I've been too long without you. I need sex now. We can talk later. Give me your ass.*

She gripped his forearms and quickly pushed herself onto his cock. She gasped and shuddered as his length slid into her ass. When she'd taken as much of him as she could, she leaned her forehead against his chest. "Take it out, please."

He kissed her hair and pushed in deeper. "You're making me so hot." He reached between their bodies to finger her pussy and thumb her clit.

She sank her nails in his forearms, her lips parting in an ecstatic, silent moan.

Holding himself still inside her, he pressed a soft, sweet kiss against her lips.

She enjoyed the cool feel of his mouth moving against hers but she wanted to be fucked. She tightened her anal muscles around him.

Removing his mouth from her, he fucked her with a slow, tender rhythm. *Mine. Mine. My woman, my ass to fuck and enjoy, to lose myself in. Mine, all mine.*

She closed her eyes, licking her lips.

He kept his movements slow and measured, frequently ejaculating inside her to help keep anal sex as painless as possible.

His thoughtfulness was sweet but she was ready for more. She gently rocked herself on him, gasping each time she felt his hard length easing back in her. "Sin..."

As he eased back inside her, she compressed her anal muscles around him.

He groaned and quickly pulled out.

She pushed her hips downward.

He responded by pushing back inside her. *You're sweet, tight. Your ass is made only for me, my siren. Only for me. My ass.*

Combined with the raw, lusty words he flooded her mind with, her desire spiraled quickly out of control. She cried out his name when her climax thundered over her.

He thrust in deeper and leaned down to suck her right nipple between his lips.

"Oh, God. Sin, Sin." She arched into him, drawing herself partway off his cock.

He pulled her hips down, sliding back inside.

"Oh..." He was hard and thick.

He slid his arms around her and held her still as he shot his seed in her. *Chandra, my Chandra. Mine.*

His. At that moment, with him still inside her, she couldn't imagine wanting to be anything else but his. She released his forearms and linked her arms around his neck. She smiled up at him, feeling sated. "Yours, Sin."

A slow smile spread across his handsome face. He eased out of her and lifted her into his arms, cradling her close to him.

She pressed her cheek against his shoulder. "Yours."

"And now I want you all to myself without an audience."

"Whatever you want, Sin."

"Whatever I want? Hell. How long is that going to last?"

She laughed and sank her teeth in his left nipple.

"Stop that."

Instead, she bit his other nipple.

Chapter Nine

He slapped her ass and carried her inside and into her bedroom without asking for directions. In the bed, she lay in the circle of his arms with her back to him. His cock nestled between her legs. He was still erect. She reached down to fondle him. "Tell me about you."

He nibbled her nape. "I'd rather talk about you."

She sighed. "I'm sure you already know more about me than I want you to know."

"Such as?"

"Such as I have no idea where I was born or who my parents are—were. I don't have any family except Valerie. I was raised in a series of foster homes but the records of my early years were somehow lost. They don't know when I entered foster care or even how I entered it. In short, I might have come from anywhere."

"Such as Aireon?"

She frowned. "Aireon? That sounds familiar but I can't recall where it's located."

He sighed. "It's located on another planet. It has a culture similar to Earth, although it's far more advanced."

"How could I possibly have been born anywhere but on Earth? We haven't exactly mastered space travel, Sin."

"There are civilizations who have the ability to travel around the galaxies via portals."

"Portals? There aren't any such portals on Earth. Or are you going to tell me that targates actually exist?"

"We called them portals but they do exist, my lovely siren."

"On Earth?"

"Yes." He brushed his lips against hers. "Shall I share a secret with you?"

"Yes. Please do."

"They are all over the known galaxies. Countless thousands are on Earth. It's one of the way vampires of our order appear and disappear."

"Your order? Since when do vampires have orders?"

He slapped her ass. "You can't believe what Hollywood tells you about us. They have no idea how diverse our many cultures are or who we really are. There are those vampires who were born on Earth and those who were not. Although Sebastian was born on Earth, Max and I were not."

His story didn't sound nearly as outrageous as it should have. "Were you ever there?"

"Aireon?" He hesitated. "Yes."

She turned in his arms to face him. "Is that where you were born?"

"Yes. Until its overthrow, our parents traveled back and forth between Earth and Aireon."

"Have you been able to return home?"

"All the known portals between Earth and Aireon were locked, trapping us here."

"All known portals?"

"The portals are invisible to the naked eye but most of them emit a faint electromagnetic pulse that those born on planets that have them can usually detect."

"Why can't we detect them?"

"Earth is not yet advanced enough."

That explained why the portals were unknown to humans. "I'm sorry, Sin."

He sighed. "We still miss Aireon but Earth has been home for several hundred years now."

"Is that the language you sometimes speak?"

"It's our native tongue."

"Why does it sound familiar?"

"I'm not sure. Your voice has all the majesty and power of one of the Sirens of Aireon."

"Who?"

"The ruling class on Aireon were predominately beautiful women with dark skin and silver eyes. They came to be known as The Sirens of Aireon."

"Silver eyes? Like the woman in the picture at the bottom of the staircase at the mansion?"

"Yes."

"It's a beautiful picture of a beautiful woman. The artist did an excellent job."

"Max painted it."

"He cooks and paints?"

"Max has many talents."

"Clearly but in case you hadn't noticed, Sin, my eyes are brown."

He smiled. "Yes, I've noticed that. I said the ruling class generally had silver eyes. Not all Aireon women had silver eyes. The sirens had varying abilities ranging from just a sweet, addictive voice to the ability to heal or compel with their voice, like the Sovereignique, the ruler of Aireon."

She had never detected any of the portals he'd mentioned. "How could I possibly be one of those sirens? How would I have gotten here? What happened to Aireon? Why are you and your brothers here?"

"Aireons have longer life spans than humans but not so long that you could be one of the original sirens. It is possible that you are a descendant of one of the sirens who escaped before the portal was disabled." He slapped her ass. "That would explain your stubborn streak."

"I'm independent, not stubborn."

"Same thing."

"Oh really?" She pushed him onto his back and straddled him. "Is there any way I can find out if I'm one of these siren descendants?"

"None that I'm aware of."

She sighed. "That figures. I guess I'll never know who I am."

"If you like, I could create a past and make it real for you."

"No I wouldn't *like*."

"It was just a suggestion."

"No thanks."

"Then why can't you be satisfied to be the woman I'm obsessed with? Isn't that enough?"

She frowned. "I...think it is. That's not very Aireonic of me, is it? I guess I must have been born right here on old Mother Earth."

"No matter who your ancestors were, you're my woman."

She grimaced. "What a one-track mind."

"Tell me about your childhood, Chandra. Was it...unhappy?"

She sighed. "My earliest memories are of when I was about six or seven. I lived in a foster home. While I don't recall feeling loved, I was well treated. I remember trips to the park, carnival rides, learning to roller skate and learning how to ride a bike. But at night, there were no hugs and kisses when I was tucked in. I used to lie awake at night wanting them to love me, wondering why they didn't. I knew they weren't my parents but they were always kind. Just not loving. And I wanted so belong to them and have someone – them – love me."

His gentle hands caressing her offered silent comfort.

"Then Jill came to live with us. She was three years younger than I was. They treated her well too." She smiled. "Jill had these gorgeous green eyes and soft, curly blonde hair. The moment we saw each other, it was love and affection at first sight. She used to call me Annie because she couldn't pronounce my name. We'd both always wanted a sister so we were happy to have each other. We shared the same room but had our own beds. When it would storm, she'd climb into bed with me. I'd hold her and promise to protect her. No matter how tired I was, I remained awake until she fell asleep. She was my little sister and I would have done anything for her."

"With Jill there the house started to feel like home. I lived there until I was ten and she was seven. We used to dream of the Mitchells adopting us but looking back, I think

they fostered for financial reasons. They never loved either of us. Then they were killed in a car accident."

She closed her eyes and balled her hand into a fist against his chest. "I came home from school that day and found my whole world turned upside down. The Mitchells were dead and Jill had been whisked out of my life before we could even exchange goodbyes. I ended up in a group home with about six other kids. I never saw Jill again."

He lifted her fist to his lips.

She swallowed. "I spent the next two years in a very sterile environment where I learned I had no one to depend on but me. So by the time I left the home at twelve for yet another foster home, I'd become very independent and driven. By then I knew I had no one to care about me and that it would be me against the world—alone. Then Val came to live there. Even though we were the same age, I looked at her and I saw Jill, the other person in my life who had loved, needed and trusted me.

"She was in a similar position to mine. Her records had been lost as well and she couldn't remember her first five years either. So we became each other's family. When we left the foster home at seventeen, we'd both earned academic scholarships. I stayed in Philly and went to Drexel. She went to Berkley but we never lost touch. When I graduated with honors with a degree in business administration, I had a number of lucrative job offers."

"But you turned them down to join the police force and risk your life for less than thirty thousand dollars a year. Why?"

"Because I thought it would give me the skills to find my parents. Once I'd done that, I planned to find a more financially rewarding job. But I fell in love with the job. I was good at it. I liked the adrenalin rush I got when an emergency call came through. I was never afraid no matter what situation I found myself in. I think I was born to be in law enforcement. It's probably in my blood."

"It's a very dangerous job, Chandra. More and more criminals are shooting at police officers."

"I know."

"You've done it for fourteen years. Isn't that enough time to risk your life for so little compensation?"

"I like what I do, Sin. I'm good at. I know I could make a lot more money if I left the department but I wouldn't be happy."

"But you'd have more money to buy some of the things you deserve and you wouldn't be in danger."

She lifted her head and smiled up at him. "True but you seem to have forgotten that I have a secret admirer who showers me with all the expensive gifts I can't afford, like the beautiful leather holster I keep my service weapon in and the latest bulletproof vest that's far superior to the one the department supplies."

He slapped her ass, hard. "It's a dangerous job, Chandra. Some of the nuts on the street have armor-piercing bullets. You could get injured, or worse."

Her smile vanished and she responded to the concern in his voice. "I love my job, Sin. I'm not giving it up but it's not nearly as dangerous as it used to be when I was on patrol. I'm in major crimes now. Most of my job is investigatory. By the time I arrive on the scene, the bad guys are long gone. I'm very good at taking care of myself, Sin. I've developed a sort of sixth sense. I know when I'm in danger. I've only been shot at twice—years ago—and I've only had to draw my service weapon three times in my entire career—all years earlier.

"I can usually talk my way out of any situation I get into without resorting to force. My captain wants me to consider going into hostage negotiations or to consider taking training to join the bomb squad. He says I could talk a bomb out of exploding."

Sin stiffened. "The bomb squad? Is he out of his fucking mind? Did you tell him no?"

She didn't bother asking how he knew her captain's gender. "No, I didn't, Sin. I'm considering it."

"You're considering which one?"

"Both of them. I like helping and protecting people and I'm still a little bit of an adrenaline junkie."

"Chandra—"

She pressed her fingers against his lips. "Why else would I snowboard at my age?"

He swore. "I suppose you bungee jump too?"

"No, Sin, I don't. The possibility of snapping my neck has never appealed to me. And if it makes you feel any better, I've even decided it's probably time to give up the snowboarding and maybe even the rock climbing. I'd hate to get hurt pursuing either hobby and end up stuck in a desk job."

"So you're giving up dangerous pursuits?"

"Well...not all of them. If I had, I wouldn't be lying here having just allowed a creature of the night to fuck his massive cock up my sore ass, would I?"

He caressed her ass cheeks. "I didn't mean to hurt you."

"I know." She spoke with a quiet satisfaction.

"So you don't know who you are?"

"That's my life, Sin. I have no family but Val that I know of. Despite all my efforts, I've never been able to learn anything about my parents or even where I spent my first five years. The records at DHS were lost in a computer crash and the paper backup in a flood. So I could be anyone. But I don't think I'm one of your sirens. I know I was born on Earth. I can feel it."

"What about the Mitchells?"

"What about them?"

"What were their first names? Do you remember?"

"Yes. Helen and Jim."

"Where did they live?"

"In Oak Lane. Why? Are you writing a book?"

"Don't make me slap your sore ass," he warned. "What color were they?"

"White."

"What street did you live on with them?"

"Gottfried Avenue just above Fifth."

"East or West?"

"West. We lived in a big Tudor style house."

"And Jill? What was her last name? Do you remember?"

"Hyatt."

"What about your parents?"

She sighed. "I have no memory of them."

"Not even faint ones?"

She shook her head. "I don't know if I ever actually knew them. Why are you asking all these questions, Sin? Believe me there's nothing to find out or I would have found it."

"I'm sure you're right."

She turned in his arms, settling her rear against his groin. "I don't want to talk about me and my nonexistent past anymore. Let's talk about you, Sin. How did you become a vampire? Were you born that way or did someone turn you?" She stroked her hands down his chest to his abs. "I want to know everything about you."

"I've told you all the important parts."

She rocked her ass against his cock. "How old are you? Were your parents vampires too? Are they alive? Do you have a job? Are you married, Sin?"

He reached up to pinch her nipples. "Married? No. I'm not married, Chandra."

She moistened her lips. "Have you ever killed anyone?"

"Yes. I have."

"How many people?"

"Far more than you want to know about."

"Have you killed anyone recently?"

"Yes, Chandra, I have."

Oh God. "How recently?"

He arched a brow. "That's a need-to-know basis and you don't need to know anything more than I've already told you."

"Well you haven't exactly told me much, have you?"

"I didn't come here to talk. I came here to —"

She pressed her fingers against his lips. "Does everything have to be about you and what you want, Sin? What about my need to know something about the male who thinks he can just waltz into my life and fuck me in front of one of my neighbors?"

He gave her a long, silent stare.

She stared back. "If you were born and raised on Aireon with a female ruler, shouldn't you be more submissive to someone who might be a descendant of one of the ruling sirens? Weren't you taught to respect your betters?"

He slapped her ass so hard it stung. "Even on Aireon I was inclined to rebel, which is why our parents spent so much time on Earth. They were afraid of the consequences if it was discovered I wasn't sufficiently impressed with believing I should bow to any woman—even the Sovereignique. So you shouldn't hold your breath waiting for me to submit to you, Chandra."

She scrambled off his body.

He reached out and hauled her back onto him. He stared up into her eyes. "I've taken shit from you that I've never taken from any other woman but I warn you, Chandra, I am not in the mood to take any more of your shit, no matter who you are."

How could she be so attracted to a male who thought normal conversation was shit? "How am I supposed to face Paul the next time we meet at the pool or the gym?"

"If you think that's going to be a problem, I can always kill him."

"Be serious."

"I am serious. I'll kill him and then you won't have to worry about running into him."

"No, Sin!" She balled a hand and hit his shoulder. "Don't you dare."

"I won't have him or anyone else annoying you." He grinned up at her. "That's my job."

She took a deep breath and rolled onto her side with her back to him. "That's actually very sweet but I can take care of myself."

He slid behind her, slipping his arms around her. "That's not necessary anymore. Taking care of you is now my pleasure."

He spoke in a low, almost reluctant voice, as if an invisible force ripped the words from him against his will.

She relaxed against him. "I'm a detective. You can't threaten people in front of me."

"Can't I?"

"No!" She sighed. "Does killing bother you?"

"No."

"Never?"

"I can't afford to be sentimental about doing what's necessary, Chandra."

"How can killing be necessary? You said you didn't have to kill to get blood."

"I don't but those who overthrew the Sovereignique weren't content with that. They wanted to break or kill her as well as remove all traces of those she ruled. The portals on Earth were locked so that those of us who were on Earth were trapped. The portals from Aireon remained operative."

"Why?"

"To enable the usurpers to travel around the various planets to kill any surviving Aireons they could locate."

Her heart raced with fear. "Did they come after your family?"

"Yes. After Sebastian's birth, my mother retired from the Sovereignique's service. Before she did, she appointed my father to a minor position in the Aireon court."

"What happened to him?"

"The Macarae slaughtered them both." He paused and took a deep breath before he continued. "Their knees were broken, probably because they refused to bow to anyone but the Sovereignique and they were beheaded."

She sat up and turned on the light, her heart aching for him.

He remained on his back, staring up at the ceiling with a cold look in his eyes, his jaw clenching.

"Oh, Sin. I'm so sorry." She stretched out beside him, slipping an arm around him. "Can you talk about it? Did they come after you and your brothers?"

"Yes but unfortunately for them, they didn't find us until after we were all vampires. There were five of them. Since I'm the eldest, I killed them all. Very slowly and very painfully. I made those butchers scream with pain and beg for their miserable lives before I took great delight in slaughtering them. But afterward, our parents were still dead."

She blinked back tears. "What were your parents like?"

She felt some of the tension leave his body. "My mother was a beautiful, gentle woman with the bluest eyes and the blackest hair I've ever seen. It fell halfway down her back. It was quite startling against her pale skin. When Max and I were young, she used to let us brush it. We thought it must have been at least a mile long. Her name was Ambelle."

"Ambelle."

"No. Am-be-elle."

"That's a beautiful name. Tell me about your dad."

"My father was a huge man nearly seven feet tall and very muscular. Like my mother, he was gentle and very religious. Both of them were devoted to the Sovereignique."

"Had he been less devoted..." He paused and sucked in a breath. "But I couldn't wish him to be anything other than what he was. He was a great father and a good man who received a fate he never deserved. It's been over three hundred years since their murder but I still miss them both like it was just last night."

She kissed his shoulder. "What was his name?"

"Sin-Bad."

"So that's your real name?"

"Yes, Chandra. It is. Did you think I'd given it to myself?"

"The thought had crossed my mind." She frowned. "After you killed those... What did you call them?"

"Macarae."

"Were there any repercussions?"

"From time to time more come."

She sat up, folding her arms over her breasts. "Why?"

"It's the Macarae way, to conquer or slaughter. They conquered Aireon but our people's spirit isn't so easily subdued."

"Are you and your brothers the only Aireons on Earth?"

"As far as I know we are the only first-generation Aireons on the East Coast. There are others scattered over the Earth in various countries and cultures. We scattered so it wouldn't be too easy for the Macarae when they came to Earth with slaughter on their minds."

"Can they kill you?"

"They can hurt us but as they find out each time they come hunting us, we are not so easy to kill. They've been trying for centuries now and we're all three still alive and still on Earth."

He pulled her back down to his side. "Don't worry about us, Chandra. It's been a few years since the murdering bastards came to get their asses killed."

"But they'll come again?"

"Probably but we can take care of ourselves."

"You'd better."

He kissed her hair. "I always do, my lovely siren."

"So? How old are you? Have you ever been married? Do you have any kids?"

He stiffened.

She decided not to linger on last question. "What do you do for a living?"

He licked her neck. "I'm a lot older than you."

"How much older?"

"Several hundred years, give or take a hundred or so. Now let's do something more exciting than talking." He caressed her ass.

Her desire for answers to her many questions outweighed her hunger for him. "Who turned you?"

"Why does that matter?"

She stretched out on him. "Is was Sebastian. Wasn't it?"

He tensed again. "What makes you ask that?"

"Because of the power struggle going on between you two."

"I don't recall mentioning any power struggle."

"I'm a detective, Sin. I detected a power struggle between you two."

He pulled the blanket over her body. "Go to sleep."

So now he didn't even want to fuck. "No. I want answers, Sin." She reached back and grabbed at his wrist as he lifted his palm. "You're not going to slap my ass again just because you don't want to answer."

"Do you have any idea how annoying your questions are?"

"I don't care. I want answers."

"Sebastian turned me. Satisfied?"

Did that mean he was physically stronger than Sin? Was that why Sin— It didn't matter who was the stronger of the brothers. "Do you have any regrets that he did?"

"That I'm a vampire? No. Had Sebastian not turned me, I'd have been dead long before I had to chance to meet you, probably at the Macaraes' hands."

She smiled, rubbing her cheek against his shoulder. "You can be very sweet, Sin."

He slapped her ass. "Yes I can."

She teased him by rubbing her pussy against his still-erect cock. "Are you in love with anyone?"

His answer was satisfying and prompt. "No."

"Is sharing women normal with you and your brothers? Is it mandatory?"

"No. Some vampires share with others and some don't. There is no one rule that applies to all vampires. We're as diverse as any other males."

"I can't think of a single one of my lovers who'd want to share me with anyone."

He laughed and pressed a warm kiss on her mouth. "Spoken like a woman with full confidence in her beauty and sex appeal."

He certainly had a way with words. "So?"

"So what?"

She lifted her head and looked down at him. "Why do you share me with your brothers?"

He curled his fingers in her hair and drew her back down on his body. He sighed. "It's become a... Over the years it's become part of who we are. There was never a problem before because none of the other women we shared mattered. Just because I share you with Max and Seb doesn't mean you don't matter."

"Doesn't your sharing me with them put me in the same category as all those other women you say didn't matter?"

"No! It doesn't." He lifted his head and pressed his lips against hers. *You are not like any of the others. You are mine...and I am yours.*

And I am yours. She savored the admission briefly before she shook her head. She pulled away from him and sat up. "You can't keep refusing to answer my questions, Sin. I want answers."

He turned his head, giving her a cool stare. "And if you don't get them?"

"Just answer my questions please."

He gave an infinitesimal nod of his head.

"Did he hurt you when it happened?"

"Did who hurt me when what happened?"

"Sebastian. He had to kill you to turn you. Didn't he?"

"An individual who becomes a vampire doesn't always have to die. The change from human to vampire can be a slow process that doesn't require actual death or one can be born with vampire blood and over time become a full-blood."

"But he killed you. Didn't he?"

"What difference does it make, Chandra? I'm a vampire now and I have few regrets."

"But he killed you. I know he did."

"How can you possibly know that?"

She shook her head. "I don't know. I'm not clairvoyant or anything but I've always had a sort of...sixth sense and I sometimes know things I have no rational way of knowing. I know he killed you to turn you."

"It happened a long time ago, Chandra and as I said I have few regrets."

"Did he...kill Max too?"

He stiffened and pushed her off him. He sat up in bed. "You're making him sound like some mad dog killer. It wasn't like that."

She sat up to face him. "But he killed you both, Sin!"

"I never said he killed either of us."

"But I know he did." She caressed his cheek. "Even if loyalty to him prevents you from admitting it."

"Then know this as well, Chandra. Sebastian is loyal, considerate, fearless and would gladly die to protect either Max or me. Of the three of us he's retained the most...humanity. Whatever he may have done was not done out of malice or any desire to hurt or inflict pain on either of us."

"So—"

"So that's all I have to say about the subject, Chandra." He stretched out on his back.

She lay beside him. "You know a thing or two about loyalty yourself, Sin."

"He's my little brother. Don't expect me to say anything negative about him."

"Understood." She kissed his shoulder. "Now relax and tell me if you'll do something for me."

"If I can."

She stroked his abs. "Help Valerie."

"Help her how?"

"She's miserable. Help her forget Max."

"That's not my job."

"You mean it's beyond your power to help her?" she suggested.

He laughed. "Don't try reverse psychology with me. I mean it's not my job to clean up Max's messes."

"She's my friend. She's more than a friend. Val's the only family I have. She lost her job because of what you did to her because of me. Will you please help her?"

"No, Chandra. I won't. That's Max's job to release her. Not mine."

She balled a hand into a fist and hit his side. "You selfish bastard."

He caught her hand and uncurled her fingers. "Don't hit me, Chandra."

"Or what? Are you about to threaten me again, Sin?" She sat up, turning her back to him. "Your lack of romance leaves a lot to be desired. Have you been a vampire for so long that you think all you need to win a woman is a big dick?"

He shot up in bed and curled his fingers in her hair. He turned her to face him. "Why the hell do you go out of your way to fuck me off, Chandra? What do you hope to accomplish?"

She closed her hand around his wrist. "How many times do I have to tell you to stop grabbing my hair like this, Sin?"

He released her hair but locked a cool gaze on her. "Do not push me any further, Chandra," he warned. "There's a limit to the shit I'll take, even from you."

She sucked in a breath. "And there's a limit to the times I'll forgive your threats."

"Trust me when I tell you that you do not want to fuck me off."

"I'm not afraid of you, Sin."

He bared his incisors. "You should be."

"Well, I'm not! No matter how much you glower and threaten, I know you won't deliberately hurt me."

He leaned close, his eyes glowing. "No, Chandra, you don't know that. You only think you do."

"I do know it. There's nothing you can say or do that will ever make me fear you again." She placed her hands against his shoulders and pushed him down onto the bed. She straddled him, stroking her hands over his chest and abs. "You've ruined her life, Sin."

"There wasn't much to ruin."

She longed to slap him but that might be pushing him too far. Instead, she decided to try psychology again. "Fine. So all you want from me is sex."

He gripped her hips. "I never said that, Chandra."

"But it must be true if you don't care enough about me to care that I hurt when my best friend hurts. If you had any real feelings for me, you'd help her because I asked you to."

His Adam's apple's bobbed and his lids swept down, concealing his expression.

So he wasn't indifferent to her feelings. Satisfied that she'd made her point and hopeful he'd eventually either help Val or prevail upon Max to do it, she let the subject drop.

She stretched out on top of him, rubbing against his erect shaft. "Why won't you use a condom when we make love?"

"It's not necessary, Chandra. I can neither catch nor transmit sexually transmitted diseases."

She moistened her lips. "What about pregnancy?"

"What about it? You're taking precautions."

"That's not what I meant. Can you get me pregnant?"

"Why do you ask? Are you interested in getting pregnant?"

"No but —"

"Then why are we wasting valuable time talking about something you have no interest in?"

What the hell was his problem? Why couldn't he just answer a simple, damn question? "If you don't answer my questions you won't be welcome back here."

"It's not as if I need an invitation."

"The hell you don't, Sin!"

"No, I don't."

"Yes you do and if you try to take me again by force —"

He pushed her off him and sat up, his eyes glowing, his incisors bared. "I told you not to use that word with me again."

"And I told you —"

"Silence, Chandra!"

She swallowed the urge to disobey and stared at him.

"Don't you give me anymore shit tonight!" He lifted a hand and pointed a finger at her. "You are mine. I don't need or require permission to enjoy or take what's mine whenever I like, regardless of who's watching. Besides, Chandra, we both know you enjoy having sex while someone watches."

She flushed. "That's not true."

"Yes. It is and it's time you accept who you are and that means accepting the beautiful, sensual warmth you've kept hidden inside all your life." He caressed her cheek. "That, along with your passion and beauty, is what first attracted me to you."

She slapped his hand away. "You don't know me, Sin. I'm not like that. I'm no exhibitionist."

"You are a sensual creature made to please me. You're mine, which means you enjoy what I enjoy. And I occasionally enjoy making love to you while other men watch—wishing you were theirs instead of mine."

Growing up in a series of orphanages had taught her the value of independence. So even as part of her responded to the possessive words, the independent spirit that had enabled her to become the first president of the newly formed Black Females Law Enforcers Association of PA three years earlier rebelled.

"You don't own me, Sin."

"Don't I?"

"No one owns me."

He narrowed his gaze. "Is that the way you want to play the game, Chandra?"

"It's not a game and you do *not* own me."

"Are you sure that's the position you want to take?"

She nodded, lifting her head. "Positive."

"When you can no longer ignore your need to belong to me and come seeking me—in vain—remember that this is the way you wanted to play the game."

"You must have been drinking some bad blood, Sin. I'm not going to come looking for you."

"No?"

"No. I don't chase men. That includes vampires."

"I told you once that you would not win this game, Chandra. That has not changed. You will submit to me."

"No. I won't."

He sighed. "I had hoped you were ready to admit you're mine but I can see you're going to have to learn submission the hard way."

Now that sounded like a game she wanted to play. "Are you threatening me, Sin?"

He stretched out on his back, pulling her on top of him. "Go to sleep."

She wanted to insist he answer her question but she suddenly felt very sleepy. After a brief nap, she'd keep asking questions until he answered them. She closed her eyes, quickly falling asleep.

Chapter Ten

Just before dawn, Sin returned to the mansion he shared with Max and Sebastian. He ran up the staircase and strolled down the hallway to the suite at the back of the landing. Halfway to Max's bedroom, the sounds of moans reached his ears.

He paused outside the middle suite. He hesitated and then opened the door.

Sebastian, dressed in dark sweats sat at his large oak desk, covered with paperwork. He glanced up, a wary look in his eyes. "What can I do for you?"

Sin closed the door and leaned against it. "It's time we settled our differences over Chandra."

Sebastian narrowed his gaze. "I haven't been anywhere near her since she left here, Sin."

Sin nodded. "I know."

"Then what's there to settle?"

"We both know you like her too damned much, Seb."

Sebastian's lids lowered and he rose from his chair. He moved behind his desk to stare out the window. "What do you want me to say?"

"You could say it's not true. You could tell me she means nothing to you—like her friend Val."

Sebastian nodded. "Yes. I could tell you that."

"You could but we'd both know it wasn't true."

Sebastian sighed and turned to look at him. "What do you want from me, Sin? I haven't been near her."

"Are you finding it difficult to stay away from her?"

"I've managed."

Sin sighed. "I know how hard that can be."

Sebastian shook his head. "No, you don't. When did you ever stay away from her? You were in her apartment weeks after you first saw her...spending hours making mental love to her."

"You think that's the same as the real thing?"

"No but it's better than nothing. Nothing is what I get."

"So you admit you want her."

Sebastian bared his incisors and flashed across the room to glare at him. "Yes, Sin. I admit I want her. What are you planning to do about it?"

Sin shoved him out of his face. "Nothing. Unless you cross the line."

"And where is the line?"

"Her ass, her heart and her blood are mine alone until such time as I'm ready to share those. Anything she's willing to let you enjoy beyond that, I'll learn to deal with. Go see her. Romance her. Get her out of your system. Just don't ever forget she belongs to me, Sebastian and Max won't have to worry about losing his little brother again."

"Are you threatening me, Sin?"

He backhanded Sebastian, knocking him across the room. "No. I'm warning you. Stay within the limits I've laid down or else I will beat you to within inches of death. Is that clear?"

Sebastian rose to his feet, wiping blood from his mouth, his eyes glowing. "I love you and I respect you but that is the Goddamned last time you're going to do that and get away with it, Sin."

"I love you as well, Sebastian and you know I would willingly die to protect you from the Macarae or anyone threatening you, but it's time you understood that you are not the stronger of the two of us."

"Vampire culture—"

"We were Aireons before we were vampires, Sebastian. You know as the firstborn, I possess the lion's share of father's physical strength. Vampirism made us all stronger but under the need for blood, we are still and always will be Aireons. It's because we are Aireons that we can do many of the things Earthborn vampires can't. We can wear crosses, sunbathe, eat and procreate more readily than most of them can."

"We are Aireons, Sebastian, and I will always be physically stronger than you, which is why the Macarae always try to take me down first. I am always their first target, then Max, then you. They know I am the strongest of the three of us. Don't make me prove it to you, Sebastian."

"I won't lose Chandra to you or anyone else. Love her if you want, just don't ever forget she's mine and don't ever cross the boundaries I've laid down and you and I will never need to test our strengths against each other. Do we understand each other?"

Sebastian sucked in a breath and then nodded. "Yes."

Sin sighed in relief. "Then go see her if you like. All I ask is that you don't bring her here or anywhere I'm likely to see you two together."

"You're sure?"

Sin nodded. "I'm positive. After all, it's not only the vampiric way to share—it's what father would have wanted and expected. Do you remember what father told us when we walked in and found Reston having sex with mother while father was away on official business?"

Sebastian nodded. "He said that as his brother Reston had a right and a duty to protect and cherish mother and provide for all her needs in father's absence. He said that because they shared the same blood Reston couldn't help but love mother just as he did."

"Father said Reston couldn't help wanting and needing mother any more than you can help how you feel about Chandra." He sighed. "Thank God Max is the black sheep and doesn't feel anything but lust for her."

Sebastian sighed. "I'd never try to take her from you, Sin. I swear it."

Sin nodded. "I know that. It's just... This whole thing with her has been crazy. It's been so long since I've had to acclimate myself to these feelings again. I know I can trust you with her, Seb. I'm sorry I've been such an ass."

"I won't forget she's yours."

"And I won't forget again that you have feelings for her as well."

"Does that mean the restrictions you placed on her blood are lifted?"

Sin started to shake his head before he sighed. "If she allows it."

"I'd never take anything from her by force, Sin."

Sin opened the door and left Sebastian's office.

In the hallway he could hear a woman moaning and Max grunting. He waited until the sex sounds subsided before he strolled down the hall. He opened the door and stepped into Max's bedroom.

A dark-skinned full-figured woman, in the process of peeling herself off Max's cock, gave an embarrassed cry and reached down to snatch the cover over her body.

Both Max and Sin laughed.

Sin strolled across the room and lifted the cover off the woman.

She stared up at him with wide, dark eyes.

Sin smiled at her. *It's all right. There's no need to be embarrassed. Go to sleep.*

The woman slipped off Max and turned onto her side with her back to them, falling asleep.

Max settled the cover over her body and slipped out of bed.

He and Sin walked over to the window, which looked out onto the housekeeper's house.

"I need a favor, Max."

"Name it."

"I need you to find someone for me."

Max nodded. "I'm listening."

* * * * *

Chandra woke alone in the bed just after ten the next morning. Rolling onto her stomach, she stared up at the ceiling, certain Sin had compelled her to go to sleep. Damn the stubborn bastard. She got up, slipped on a robe and checked the apartment. There was no sign of him. Why had he left without waking her? When would she see him again?

She recalled their conversation. Had it been real? Or had she dreamed he'd been with her? Perhaps the cross was responsible for her dreams. She returned to her bedroom and went to her jewelry box. The cross was there. She removed her robe. Nude, she turned slowly in front of her closet door mirrors. There were fingerprints and evidence of her having been with him covering her body. Sin had been there and they'd made love while Paul watched. Love? They'd fucked while he watched. Paul. She scrambled back into her robe and raced through her apartment to the living room.

She opened the balcony door and sighed in relief. Paul sat on his balcony with a cup of coffee and the paper spread in front of him.

He glanced up.

She tensed.

He gave her a casual wave and went back to reading his paper.

She stared at him. Where were the smirks? Where were the long, insolent stares that would make her squirm as she remembered how shamelessly she'd behaved by allowing him to see her getting fucked by a vampire?

Taking care of you is now my pleasure.

Sin had clearly made Paul forget what he'd seen. It was the least he could do since he'd been the one to turn their encounter into an exhibition. She returned inside to shower.

Standing in the stall with the warm water cascading over her body, she imagined she could feel Sin's hands stroking over her breasts, her belly. Cupping her pussy. Making her burn for him as he claimed he burned for her.

After her shower, she scrambled eggs, made toast and coffee. She carried her breakfast out to the balcony along with her paper and her cordless phone. Maybe Sin would call. Or was he asleep during the day?

She frowned. Why hadn't she taken the opportunity to search the Stoner mansion while she'd been there? She hadn't seen any evidence of where he might keep his coffin. But then she'd only seen the foyer, the hallway and Sin's bedroom. How many bedrooms did the mansion contain? And what had been in that Dungeon of Submission? For all she knew, she'd been fucked within inches of three coffins.

She was sitting with her breakfast untouched and her paper unread when the phone rang. She glanced at the caller ID screen. Oh, hell. She sighed and lifted the phone to her ear. "Good morning, Jared."

"Hi, babe."

"How are you?"

"Fine. How did things go last night?"

"Last night was like something out of the twilight zone. I was halfway to the scene when I got a call from the lieutenant telling me he'd given me the wrong location—on the other side of town. So I turned around and headed in the opposite direction. I arrived at the scene to find there was no homicide. I called the lieutenant only to have

him claim that I'd woken him up out of a dead sleep and that he had not called me at all.

"I started back to your place and got another call from the lieutenant about another nonexistent homicide. I spent four hours driving around and trying to chase the lieutenant down. By the time I turned off my cell phone, I was in such a bad mood I didn't want to visit it upon you so I went home. I got another call at one this morning, which also turned out to be a prank. Someone had a damn good time wasting my time."

Chandra sighed. She knew Sin had somehow been involved. "I'm sorry you had such a bad night, Jared."

"It wasn't your fault."

She felt responsible but was thankful Sin had just wasted Jared's time and not killed him.

"Do you have any plans for the day? I'm still tired but I'd like to pick up where we left off last night."

"Jared –"

"But let's have dinner out first and then we can go for a drive or go dancing and –"

"Ah...we need to talk, Jared."

He was silent for several moments before he responded. "I don't think I like the implications of your tone, Chandra. What's there to talk about? I'm asking you to have dinner with me."

"I know and I'm saying we do need to talk."

"When I left last night, I thought –"

She'd made two big mistakes the previous night. The first had been allowing Jared to think they could resume their sexual relationship. The second had been sleeping with Sin again.

"Last night was... Let's do as you suggest and go out to dinner."

"Oh, hell, Chandra"

"Dinner was your idea."

"Yes but not if you just want to end it. If that's what you want, I'd just as soon you not drag it out. Tell me now."

She closed her eyes. "I don't want to do this over the phone."

"Why not?"

God. Men. Why did they all have to be so difficult? "Jared –"

"Just speak your mind, Chandra. I'm an adult. I can handle the truth."

"I know you can but certain things are better said in –"

"Spit it out, Chandra."

Fine. "I thought we could resume our physical relationship."

"We nearly did."

"I know but that would have been a mistake."

"Why? What the hell happened after I left?"

"I'm sorry, Jared but I..." This was so hard.

"So you can't forgive me? I swear I was always faithful to you – until that night. And I don't know what made me cheat with her, Chandra. It was like I was possessed. I couldn't stop myself."

"It's not that, Jared. I think part of what happened was my fault because I wasn't more willing to keep you interested but –"

"That's not true, Chandra. I never lost interest in you. Not for a moment and I haven't been with anyone since that night."

She swallowed and decided to be at least partially honest with him. "Unfortunately, I can't say the same, Jared."

"You mean you've slept with someone else since then?"

"Yes."

"When?"

She pressed a hand against her forehead. "This is not a conversation we should have over the phone."

"When, Chandra?"

"Jared –"

"Stop beating around the damned bush and be straight with me, Chandra."

She sighed. "Fine."

"This man you slept with. Was it serious?"

How like Jared to ask a straightforward question without any recriminations or suggesting she was trying to get even. Jared was worth ten of Sin. So why couldn't she forget Sin and give her relationship with Jared another chance? "It was."

"When did all this happen? A few weeks ago you told me you weren't seeing anyone."

"I wasn't. It happened very suddenly. It's not something I planned. He visited me last night after you left." She had no reason to feel as if she were about to confess to cheating.

"Last night? You slept with another man last night?"

And enjoyed every second. "Yes."

"What would have happened if I hadn't gotten that bogus... You didn't have anything to do with my getting those calls. Did you?"

"No. How could I? I was with you."

"Then you called him after I –"

"I didn't call him."

"Then how did he get there, Chandra? Did he just drop out of the sky?"

She sighed. "He came uninvited."

"Why didn't you send him away?"

"Because... I didn't want to."

"You slept with him last night?"

"Yes."

He swore. "Fine. You slept with him. It's not the end of the world. We can get past last night."

"No. We can't, Jared."

"Why not? Are you in love with him?"

Did her feelings for Sin extend beyond the raw primal passion he inspired in her? She feared so because she'd never been a woman governed solely by her passions. "I'm not sure what I feel for him."

"Then there's no reason you and I—"

No reason except Sin's reaction if he learned she'd slept with Jared. "I need time to explore my feelings."

"For him or me?"

How could she make the breakup easier on him while still making it clear it was over between them? "Jared, I—"

"I know my infidelity hurt you but I really need you to be straight with me now, Chandra."

"I'm sorry, Jared."

"I guess that answers my question."

"Please understand it's not because of that night. I actually think you're too good for me. I'm not the person you think I am." Recalling how she'd enjoyed having Sin fuck her in front of his brother and Paul, she sighed. Hell, she might not even be the person she'd thought she was.

"Well, damn, Chandra. That's a dear Jared moment if I ever heard one."

"I'm sorry, Jared."

"Are you sure we can't work this out?"

"Yes."

"Why? I mean if you really don't hold any grudge—"

"I don't but the one thing I am sure of is that it's over between us, Jared."

"Why are you so quick to end our relationship over a one-night stand?"

"This decision isn't an easy one for me, Jared, but I know it's the right one."

"For God's sake, Chandra. How serious can it be? We were seconds away from having sex last night."

"I know that but—"

"You weren't planning to get me all hot and bothered and then toss me out on my ass, were you?"

"No. After two and a half years you should know better than to ask that, Jared."

"Then how serious can one damned night be, Chandra? Hell. Was your night with him that potent?"

Potent wasn't a strong enough word to describe how much she'd enjoyed her night with Sin. "It was... It's over between us, Jared. I can't sleep with you both."

"Then don't see him again."

Why was he making her be so blunt? "I want to see him again."

"Oh God, Chandra. Are you sure?"

"Yes."

"I see. Then it really is over?"

She nodded. "Yes."

He sighed. "I see. Well...goodbye."

"Goodbye." She ended the call and leaned back in her chair, blinking rapidly to keep tears at bay. She knew he was hurt but at least he was still alive. Something he might not be if she kept seeing him.

She shook her head. Oh who was she kidding? She didn't want to sleep with Jared or anyone else but Sin. Sin. Sin. Damn him. Damn her for allowing her greedy pussy to dictate her actions and dominate her thoughts. But then he was a vampire. Maybe that's why she couldn't stop wanting him. It was time she found a reliable source for vampire lore so she'd have a better handle on what she was dealing with the next time Sin and his big cock came looking for her. It would be a cold day in hell before she chased him. Once he could no longer contain his hunger for her, she knew he'd come for her.

How much of what movies portrayed about vampires was true and how much was myth? Who could she call? There was no one. She sighed and then frowned as she recalled her first meeting with one of the members of the Black Female Law Enforcement members, Assistant District Attorney Madison Savoy.

After Madison had congratulated Chandra on winning the first election for their newly formed organization, Madison had casually mentioned that she was from Louisiana and if Chandra ever wanted to discuss things that went bump in the night to contact her. At the time, Chandra had wondered if Madison had been slightly inebriated. Now she decided she might have been a Godsend.

Returning to her bedroom, she checked her PDA, found Madison's phone number under her BFLE contacts. She made another cup of coffee and called Madison. Two and a half hours later, she sat in Madison's living room, facing the full-figured ADA and a tall, handsome male with curly dark hair and sky-blue eyes. Madison had introduced the man as Detective Sergeant Jordan Guidry-Sonnier. "Jordan and I work together on a very special project so when I received your call, I thought it would be appropriate to introduce you two."

Chandra had heard of Guidry-Sonnier but had never met him. She nodded at him. "I don't want you to think I'm nuts, Sergeant."

"Because you happen to know that vampires exist?" He shook his head. "Madison and I know they exist as well."

Something about the way he pronounced Madison's name led Chandra to believe there was something more than shared professional interests between the two of them.

Chandra sighed. "How do you know vampires exist?"

"I happen to have met one. Well, I've met and come to know a man who's in the process of becoming a vampire."

Chandra sat forward. "How is he becoming one? I don't understand. I've spent countless hours on the internet doing research but I'm still confused about what's real and what's myth." Sin hadn't been much help. She wondered if perhaps Sebastian might be more helpful. Of course she and Sebastian hadn't actually parted on the best of terms either. Besides, she had no way of getting in touch with him and he'd warned her not to return to the mansion without an invitation from Sin.

"What's your interest in vampires?"

She felt both he and Madison probing her thoughts. Clearly both had some supernatural abilities or some type of hyper-sensibilities. After a brief hesitation, she decided not to make any attempt to shield her thoughts. "I've actually met three of them," she admitted.

Jordan and Madison exchanged a long, silent look.

Madison rose. "Listen, I can't really add anything to the discussion so I'm going to make a quick run to the market and leave you two to talk in peace."

Jordan rose and walked her to the door.

When he returned to the living room, he sat across from Chandra. "How did you meet them?"

She hesitated, uncertain how much of what had happened between her and Sin she was prepared to acknowledge.

He leaned forward, locking his gaze with hers. "As a detective, you know how hard it is to solve any case when the victim is less than forthright."

Chandra sighed. "I meant them at an adult club just outside the city limits called Foreplay."

"Foreplay?" Jordan arched a brow. "You've been to Foreplay? I'm told that's a vampire gathering place."

She flushed. "I didn't go there for personal reasons. I was looking for a missing friend who'd last been seen there. While I was there, I met a vampire named Sin-Bad. When I followed him to his mansion, I found my friend there."

"Was she held against her will?"

"She'd been missing a month by the time I tracked her down. By that time..."

"She wanted to be there?"

Chandra nodded. "Yes."

"Is she still there?"

"No. We left together the next day."

"So you spent the night there?"

"Yes." She averted her gaze. Now he was probably going to attempt to force her to admit she'd had sex with vampires or that she'd been bitten by one.

"Were either of you physically injured?"

"No."

"Are you both still yourselves?"

"I'm me and I think she's okay as well." Why was she so reluctant to cast Sin in the appropriate light? He made no apologies or excuses for what he was or what he did. Why should she try to excuse the inexcusable?

"Are you pressing charges?"

"No."

"Is your friend okay?"

"Physically? Yes."

"Are you physically okay?"

"Yes." Her emotional well-being was another matter.

"What would you like to know about vampires, Chandra?"

She brought her gaze back to his. "I'm fairly certain one of them plans to return."

"To see you? Did he..." His hand hovered over the side of his neck.

"He... I... Well, yes."

He sighed. "I see. And yet you feel you're still yourself?"

"I know I am."

"Are you seeking protection from him?"

She blinked. "Am I seeking protection from him?"

"Yes. I can introduce you to a group of vampire hunters who are skillful enough to put him out of his misery."

"Put him out of his... He doesn't want to hurt me. He wants to own me."

"Do you want to be owned by him?"

"No." She shot to her feet. "Of course not."

He rose and crossed the room to look down at her. "If you're not afraid of him and you're not pressing charges, I'm not sure..." He frowned. "Are you planning to try to kill him? Did you want to know how to kill him? You do know that shooting him with your service weapon will just piss him off?"

She caught her breath, feeling a jolt of pain at the idea. "I figured as much but I'm not interested in trying to kill him."

"You can do that by a direct and powerful blow to his heart with a pure silver weapon and then cutting off his head. Or so I've been told."

"Cutting off his head..." That's what had been done to his parents. She shook her head. "No."

"Then what's your interest? If you've spent a night with him, you must have some idea of how powerful and ruthless vampires can be." He studied her face. "Do you want to see him again?"

"No." The one terse word lacked the ring of truth. She moistened her lips. "I just want to know who and what I'm dealing with when he shows up again."

He sighed. "You want to be careful. I understand they have mercurial tempers and no inhibition against murder."

She shook her head. "He presents no physical danger to me."

"How do you know that? Did he imply you were his bloodlust?"

From her research she'd learned that a vampire's perfect mate was considered his bloodlust—the one person who inspired an insatiable lust for sex and blood in the vampire. "So that's not a myth?"

Jordan shook his head. "I'm told it's the most powerful force in a vampire's life."

"Like an obsession?"

"I suppose." He smiled suddenly. "Not being a vampire I can't say for sure. But I am sure you should be very careful. If this Sin considers you his bloodlust, there's no telling what he might do if you decide you don't share his feelings."

She feared she did share his feelings. Acceptance of them would require her to surrender her independence. That wasn't something she was ready to do even for another chance to share a night of passion with Sin. "I need to know what I'm dealing with."

"You haven't mentioned making any effort to avoid him."

"I know he'll follow me and avoiding him isn't an option."

"Then what are your plans?"

"Plans?"

"Yes. If he pursues you and you're not interested. Or are you interested?"

She swallowed hard. "I'm not sure what I feel."

"I see."

She compressed her lips. "I need to know some of the basic vampire truths."

"There are different kinds of vampires. Some are reflects, meaning they cast reflections and are diurnal. Others cast no shadow and are nocturnal. I've heard some can choose if they'll cast a reflection or not. I'm not sure any of them are above killing to

get what they want. Some do it even when it's not necessary. Whatever you decide to do, you have to be very careful."

Sin had admitted he'd killed many times. "I understand." She extended her hand. "Thanks for meeting me and answering my questions."

He shook her hand. "You're welcome. If you get in a tight situation and need help or advice... Or if you just want or need to talk, please call me any time." He reached in his pocket and gave her his card. "Call me and I'll help in any way I can."

She accepted his card. "Thanks. I appreciate your time and understanding."

He nodded and smiled.

Chapter Eleven

After she left Madison's apartment, Chandra took a drive in Fairmount Park before returning home at dusk. She was surprised to find Sebastian slipping out of an SUV parked in her second space.

She could only imagine one reason for his presence. She rushed to him and grabbed his arm. "What's wrong? What's happened to him? Is he all right?" She dug her nails in to his arm. "Please tell me he's not dead."

He sighed. "That's not exactly the welcome I was hoping for, Chandra. The last time I saw Sin he was fine."

"Oh." She released his arm and stepped away from him, her cheeks burning. "Then what are you doing here?"

"Aren't you the damned ball buster?" He removed his right arm from behind his back. He held a bouquet of roses and a bottle of red wine. "You're a detective. Detect, Chandra."

She cast a quick glance over him. The dark rose colored silk tie he wore had probably cost a hundred dollars or more. It complimented the crisp white shirt perfectly. He wore a dark suit she felt certain had probably cost more than she earned in a month.

He looked like a handsome man dressed for a date with a woman he wanted to impress.

She glanced at the roses and wine. "Are those for me?"

His nostrils flared.

She'd injured his pride. She smiled and slipped her arm through his. "They're beautiful."

"I was hoping you'd have dinner with me."

She hesitated. "I'd love to have dinner with you but—"

"But what?"

"Does Sin know you're here?"

"Do I look like I'm young enough to need anyone's permission to ask a woman out, Chandra?"

Like, Sin and Max, he appeared to be in his thirties. "Of course not but he's a little on the jealous side."

Sebastian's gaze narrowed. "Not to mention selfish and insecure but he knows he has no reason to be jealous."

She arched a brow and met his gaze. "I wouldn't be too sure of that if I were him. You're a very handsome male, Sebastian."

He grinned, his gaze warming. "It's about time you noticed."

"I'd love to have dinner with you but there's something I have to make clear first."

"And that is?"

"If you ever call me bitch again, it will be a cold day in hell before you get anywhere near my pussy," she warned.

He bared his incisors.

She pressed her fingers against his lips. "And don't bother trying to give me any shit about your not needing permission to fuck me. This is my pussy and I'll share it with whoever I like and I don't like sharing it with males who call me a bitch."

He made a low, angry sound.

She reached between their bodies, slipping her hand between his legs. He was already hard and she couldn't resist sliding her palm along his length. "Now if you're ready to erase that nasty word from your vocabulary, let's go to my apartment and I'll consider giving you some pussy."

Without waiting for his response, she moved toward the building entrance. By the time she reached it, he'd moved past her in a blur of motion and held the door open.

She deliberately brushed against his cock as she entered the building. She smiled when he sucked in a breath.

In the elevator, he stood staring at her, his incisors bared.

She glanced at his thigh. The outline of his erect cock was visible. Fortunately they had the elevator to themselves. "Someone's feeling horny," she teased and waltzed out onto the fifth floor hallway when the elevator door opened.

Inside her apartment, the moment the door closed, he put the wine and roses on the hall table under the mirror and put his hands on her arms.

"Hey."

He stared at her, his eyes cool. "If you think you can play games with me like I'm some damned human male, think again, Chandra."

Before she could reply, he'd stripped them both naked and held her pressed against the wall near the door with the weight of his body.

Her pussy flooded and her heart raced. Eager to feel him inside her again, she pressed her hands against his shoulders. "Sebastian! You said you wanted to take me out to eat."

"Later. Right now I need to be inside you, Chandra."

The look in the blue eyes blazing down at her sent a shiver of apprehension thorough her. "Sebastian..." She slipped her right hand over his shoulder to curl her fingers in his hair. "Should we do this? Maybe you should go find someone else. Someone who —"

"This is the pussy I want," he whispered in a hoarse voice. "Give it to me."

"If you want it, you'll have to take it," she whispered in a soft, encouraging voice.

He brushed his lips against hers, crushing her breasts against his chest. Like Sin, he had a delicious sprinkling of hair on his chest and surrounding his cock. "I want you to want it, Chandra. To want me."

"I do want you," she admitted. She slid her other hand down his back to his ass.

He thrust against her.

She closed her eyes and tossed her head against the wall as he slipped balls deep inside her.

"Open your eyes and look at me," he ordered. "I don't want you closing your eyes pretending you're with anyone but me."

She opened her eyes to gaze up at him. "I know who I'm with, Sebastian."

He placed one hand against the wall and wrapped his other arm around her waist. Moving his lips over hers, he fucked her with long, sweet thrusts. His gentle lovemaking touched and confused her. He could never make her forget Sin but the depth of the sweetness of his possession of her pussy couldn't be denied.

She opened her mouth and welcomed his thrusting tongue between her lips. She held him close and moved her hips, matching his rhythm and glorying in the delight she felt each time his cock slid back inside her.

Kissing and caressing each other with a feverish heat, they shared a long, toe-curling, standing fuck. Moments away from coming with her pussy aching for the release her climax would bring, she found herself wanting the interlude with Sebastian to last.

But when he shortened his strokes and released her mouth to fasten his lips and tongue on her left nipple, she gasped and shuddered. Moaning and digging her nails into his ass, she came all over his cock.

Sinking his teeth into her nipple, he gripped her hips, held her still and flooded her pussy with his seed.

"Oh, yes." She slipped both arms around his body and ground her groin against him. She tightened her vaginal muscles in an effort to extract every drop of his seed. Knowing the brother of the male she adored was coming in her added a touch of the forbidden, which heightened and prolonged her pleasure.

She held him while he shuddered through his climax. When he finally stopped coming, he removed his lips from her breast and pressed his mouth against her neck.

Chandra smiled. A woman could get used to fucking a vampire with a big, hard cock that didn't wither and slip out of her the moment it stopped ejaculating.

She felt his incisors raking against her flesh.

Nice. She tilted her head.

He lifted his head and jerked away from her.

She opened her eyes.

He stood staring at her with his incisors bared.

She frowned. "Sebastian? What's wrong?"

He shook his head and looked away. "Nothing."

She pushed herself away from the wall and touched his shoulder. "Sebastian?"

He turned to stare down at her. "There are restrictions on what Sin will allow, please don't tempt me too far."

She dropped her hand and frowned. "You know, Sebastian, I'm beginning to think you're not playing with a full deck. You keep pressing me for sex. After you get it, you try to imply that I somehow enticed you instead of the other way around."

He stared at her and then laughed. "You're right. I apologize. Let's shower—alone—and then go out to eat."

He showered and dressed within minutes and then went to wait in his SUV while she took her time showering and dressing.

Sebastian took her to a small but exclusive Italian restaurant in Center City. They discussed movies over dinner. She was surprised to learn he liked musicals. His personal favorites were *The Wizard of Oz* and *The Sound of Music*. "When I hear 'Somewhere Over the Rainbow' sung with just the right tone, pitch and fervor, I get chills and can imagine myself finding my own particular rainbow."

She smiled and reached across the table to touch his hand. "A handsome, sexy vampire with a romantic streak. Who'd a thunk it?"

He smiled, squeezing her hand. "I have hidden depths, Chandra."

"I'll bet. Have you ever been in love, Sebastian?"

"Not for a very long time. Why do you ask?"

"I'm just curious why you, Sin and Max don't seem to have special women in your lives."

He released her hand and sat back against his seat. "Why would we want a special woman?"

"Isn't life lonely without a special someone by your side? Do you want someone who needs, loves and cares if anything happens to you?"

"Special relationships are problematic."

"Why?"

"We don't mind sharing—unless the woman is special—and then *special* women cause problems between us."

"But surely you don't have to share."

"It's part of our upbringing." He shrugged, lowering his lids. "We've managed quite nicely without anyone special for either of us, until now." He raised his lids and met her gaze.

She stared into his blue eyes, feeling her cheeks burn. "Are you speaking for yourself...or Sin?"

"I'm not speaking for anyone but myself, Chandra."

"Are you implying that you're in love with me, Sebastian?"

He sighed. "I don't know. It's been a very long time since I was in love. I'm not sure what I feel for you, Chandra."

"I don't think it would be...wise for you to fall in love with me, Sebastian."

"Why not?"

"Because of Sin."

"He knows I'm with you and he knows I'll respect the boundaries he laid down. Besides, I can't control how I feel about you. Does knowing how much we both want you make you uncomfortable?"

She sighed. "I'm afraid I'm not the person I thought I was. I like the idea more than a decent woman should. I like the idea of having you both."

He lifted her hand and kissed her fingers. "You might get us both, provided we don't kill each other."

"Please don't joke about that, Sebastian."

He arched a brow. "Who's joking?"

She jerked her hand away. "Please, Sebastian."

"Okay. I'm joking."

"Are you?"

"Of course I am. I'd never do anything to hurt him."

"And yet you killed him."

She watched a play of emotions rush across his face. She saw anger, regret and guilt. "He told you that?"

She reacted to the hurt she heard in his voice. "No. He told me death wasn't the only way to become a vampire and refused to say how he became one. He talked about how loyal, considerate and humane you were but I know you killed him, Sebastian."

He sighed. "I'd been a vampire for ten years. My family thought I was dead. I was supposed to forget them and move on with my new life. But I couldn't. Max is five years older than me. Sin is eight years older. I'd always looked up to both of them. They were ideal older brothers. When we were growing up, they never tired of my tagging along or answering my endless questions. Everywhere I went I saw someone who reminded me of the two big brothers I no longer had. One night I returned home and saw Sin and Max. They were home alone, drinking and talking about how much they missed me. Sin said he would give anything to see me again."

He clenched his jaw. He met her gaze, a defiant look in his eyes. "So I granted their wish."

"You killed them?"

He swallowed several times before he nodded. "New vampires are nearly always drunk with power and headstrong. It was only later – when it was too late – that the full implications of what I'd done hit me. Not only had I killed both the brothers I'd always adored but I'd robbed my parents of their only surviving children. I don't know how much Sin told you about our background..." He paused.

"I know they weren't born on Earth. I know your parents were killed."

He sucked in a breath. "In their old age when they should have had Sin and Max to take care of them and protect them, they were alone and defenseless. If Sin and Max had been there, they would have protected our parents with their lives. Our parents paid with their lives for my selfishness."

She reached across the table to squeeze his hand. "Oh, Sebastian...don't."

"Why not?" He pulled his hand away. "I'm not nearly as worthy as Sin made me sound. My only thought and consideration was for what I wanted. Even now, knowing how Sin feels about you, I still want you. I'm as selfish now as I was then."

"Sin doesn't regret what he is, Sebastian, nor does he consider you selfish. If you want to talk about selfish, let's discuss my wanting you both." She reached for his hand.

After a slight hesitation, he brushed his hand against hers.

"Maybe neither one of us is selfish. Maybe we just march to a different beat."

"I think you're being overly generous in my case but I don't consider you selfish or indecent. You're just a beautiful, intelligent woman who has the strength of character to take advantage of everything you're entitled to. That includes the affection and adoration of both Sin and me."

She smiled at him. "I like that explanation. Can I ask a personal question?"

He nodded. "I can't promise to answer but you can ask me anything you like."

"Who brought you over?"

His smile vanished. "That's a conversation for another time."

"Okay but do you regret being a vampire?"

He sighed. "I have a number of regrets, Chandra, but let's not get maudlin."

She'd clearly have to wait to discover if being a full-blood was among his regrets. "Okay. Let's discuss dessert."

He grinned. "I'd love dessert. Your place or mine?"

"Isn't Sin there?"

He shook his head. "We share the mansion but we all have our own condos for the occasions when we've had our fill of each other and when we want to be alone."

"That's interesting but when I said dessert, I actually had something like cannolis in mind."

"Damn."

Their gazes met and they both laughed.

After dessert, he took her home and surprised her by leaving her at her door with a rather chaste kiss on her cheek. "Good night."

"Good night."

Chandra wondered why he didn't mention seeing her again as she changed into her favorite cotton nightshirt. She poured herself a glass of wine and sat at her desk in her bedroom with her laptop.

After checking her emails, she went online in search of information about the Stoners. She was surprised to find Max's face staring at her from a website called Maximum Heat. Browsing the site, she was struck by a digital picture of Max's erect cock, inches from the pussy of a slender redhead. Cum dripped from her slit and his cock head. The caption under the picture read, "If you're ready for a deep fuck, call me."

A further search found several other adult sites starring Max and his weapon but none featuring either Sin or Sebastian. Thank God. She did a search of phone records and found a number listed under S. Stoner outside Philadelphia. She entered the number in her cell phone.

She turned off her laptop, poured another drink and went out onto the balcony. It was cool. Halfway through her drink she decided Sin wasn't going to show up. She went inside and went to bed. She drifted to sleep with the certainty that Sin's need for her would drive him to seek her out again.

* * * * *

Chandra encountered Jared in the lobby of the Criminal Justice Center on Wednesday afternoon as she left court. After an awkward moment, they both stopped. She spoke first. "Hi."

"Hi, Chandra. In court? How did it go?"

"I think it went well."

"Good. How are you?"

"I'm okay. How are you, Jared?"

"Fine." He looked beyond her. "Well, I'd better go."

She nodded and watched him leave in silence. She was going to miss him and the ability to discuss cases with him. She couldn't imagine Sin having any interest in her job.

"He'll be okay."

Chandra swung around. "Sebastian! What are you doing here?" She glanced out the floor-to-ceiling glass windows of the lobby. "It's daytime."

"So? Do you expect me to burst into flames?"

"Well..." She shrugged.

He grinned and slipped his arm around her shoulders. "I told you not to believe all that movie shit, Chandra. Can I buy you dinner?"

While she was happy to see him, she found herself wishing he were Sin. "Thanks but I think I want an early night."

"How about a drink?"

"Okay." She stepped away from him.

"What's the matter?"

"Nothing." She looked around the lobby, noting several female officers giving Sebastian long stares. "I spend a lot of time here. I don't want people to start talking."

He gestured toward the exit doors. "Fine."

A few feet from the exit, a tall, pretty brunette stepped into their path. "Long time no see. Sarge, isn't it?"

Although she spoke to Chandra, her gaze was locked on Sebastian, who turned a slow, killer smile on her.

Chandra gave him a cool stare. Flirting bastard. She cast the woman a brief smile. What the hell was the woman's name? "Ah...Karen, how are you?"

"I'm fine," she replied, still staring at Sebastian. "Who's your friend?"

Sebastian extended his hand. "Sebastian Stoner."

"Karen Willard."

Still smiling, Sebastian took and held her hand for far longer than was necessary.

Chandra was hard pressed not to elbow him.

Karen Willard gave Chandra a quick look before smiling at Sebastian. "You're still dating the detective from the Eighth, aren't you?"

"No. I'm not."

"Good," she replied. "It must be nice to have a steady relationship. I'm between men at the moment."

Chandra glanced at Sebastian, who arched a brow, a smile playing around his lips.

"Are you seeing anyone, Sebastian?"

"No. I'm not."

Annoyed at the woman's obvious play for Sebastian, Chandra turned to face her. "He's with me and we're running late. It was nice seeing you." She glared at the smiling Sebastian. "I'm ready."

Clearly amused, Sebastian took Karen's hand again. "It was delightful to meet you, Karen."

"Well, I'll be here tomorrow at this time," she volunteered.

"I'll remember that."

"In case you can't make it you can call my cell." She gave him her number.

Sebastian repeated it. "Got it."

Chandra tugged at Sebastian's elbow.

He inclined his head to Karen and walked to the exit, holding the door open for Chandra.

She pushed past him, deliberately stepping on his feet.

"Ouch."

But he still sounded amused and Chandra rounded on him, furious.

"A little on the jealous side, aren't you, honey?" He spoke in a soft, taunting voice.

"Don't you call me honey, you cheating..." She shook her head. "Cheater."

"Cheating?" His smile vanished. "Do you feel you have some claim on my attention, Chandra?"

The perfectly appropriate question pissed her off. "Fuck off," she said and walked away from him. To her chagrin, he made no effort to follow her. When she reached her SUV parked two blocks away, there was no sign of him. He'd probably returned to the Criminal Justice Center to talk to the overeager Karen. God, she hated fickle vampires.

Fifteen minutes after she arrived home, a dozen roses arrived. Without reading the accompanying card, she tossed them into the trash, changed into sweats and went to the gym. When she returned home an hour later, she showered, slipped on a nightshirt and made herself a salad. She ate at her kitchen table while listening to soft jazz.

She went to bed. After lying sleepless for half an hour, she got out of bed and went to the entrance hall. She left the roses in the trash but retrieved the card.

She meant nothing. Sebastian.

Apparently neither did Chandra or he would have followed her and... *And what, Chandra? He was right. He doesn't owe you his attention.* She walked to the mirror to study her face. *If you expect to sleep with him and Sin, you can't throw a jealous fit if he flirts with other women.* If he flirts...or worse. If Sin, who claimed to be obsessed with her slept with other women, how could she expect any less from Sebastian who had never made any such claims?

Noting the jealous gleam in her gaze, she turned away from the mirror. She returned to her bedroom. Just as she drifted to sleep her phone rang. Turning on her bedside lamp, she sat up and reached for the phone lying on her nightstand. Although she didn't recognize the number, she felt certain it was Sebastian.

"Hello?"

"Still mad at me, honey?"

"I hate vampires, Sebastian."

"Does that mean you don't forgive me?"

"Why? What have you done that requires forgiveness?"

Instead of commenting on her obvious jealous streak, he spoke in a soft, reassuring voice. "I'll tell you what I haven't done and that's sleep with her."

"Are you sure?"

"I think I'd know if I'd slept with her or anyone else tonight, Chandra."

"She really liked you."

"How could you tell?"

"Do you always flirt like that when you're with someone else, Sebastian?"

"You have no need to be jealous of her, Chandra...or anyone else."

She moistened her lips. "I don't know what to say to that."

"You don't have to say anything. I just wanted you to know I didn't spend any time with her. Good night, honey."

"Good night, Sebastian."

* * * * *

Chandra spent the next week waiting for either Sin or Sebastian to call her. When neither did, she called the phone number she'd found on the web and the number Sebastian had called her from, only to find both had been disconnected. She waited a few days and then drove to Foreplay the following Friday night. She briefly considered calling Jordan and asking him to accompany her. In the end, her reluctance to reveal she was chasing Sin won and she went alone.

Seated in Foreplay's parking lot, she saw no signs of Sin's late model SUV but she suspected he had more than one. She checked her gun, slipped it back in the waist holster underneath her jacket, heard the click and walked into the club.

The bouncer, whom she now knew was a vampire, looked directly at the faint bulge made by her gun and leered at her. "Not making any effort to fit in tonight?"

She gave him a sweet smile. Arrogant ass.

"What can I do for you?"

She flashed her shield at him. "I'm looking for Sin-Bad."

He grinned. "The sailor?"

She compressed her lips. "No, the vampire."

"Vampires?" He tilted his head. "Are they real?"

"You know damn well they are." She shoved the fifty-dollar cover charge at him and stepped around him.

"Oh no you don't, bitch." He stepped in her path and placed a palm against her breasts.

Before she could decide how to respond, Max appeared at her side. He faced the bouncer with a smile on his handsome face. "Take your hand off her."

The bouncer immediately dropped his hand and stepped back. "I'm not looking for trouble, Max. I'm just doing my job."

"In the future, do it without manhandling her." Max deliberately turned his back to the bouncer and treated her to brief smile. "What brings you here, Chandra?"

In the face of his cool reception, she wasn't about to admit she'd come looking for Sin. "I'm investigating."

He put an arm around her shoulders and led her inside the main room where the lights were dim. With a palm under her elbow he steered her toward a booth near the middle of the room.

She slipped inside, her gaze moving to the back of the room where Sin had sat the night they met.

Sebastian occupied the booth. He waved and turned his attention back to the bare-breasted blonde cuddled against his side.

Chandra stared at him, feeling her cheeks burn. She had no right to be jealous but he could at least have pretended that —

Max slipped into the booth across from her, still unsmiling. "And just what are you investigating, Chandra? And on what authority? In case you haven't noticed, this club is not in Philly."

She tore her gaze away from Sebastian to look at Max. "And since when have you been so stuck on the law, Max?"

"Are you sure you want to give me shit when Sin isn't around to object if I pull down your pants and spank your big ass?"

So Sin wasn't there. She swallowed a lump of disappointment. "If you touch me —"

"You'll be touched. Period." He leaned forward and smiled at her, baring his incisors. "I haven't had any pussy tonight. If you keep giving me shit, I'll be enjoying some of yours — with or without."

"With or without what?"

"Your permission."

"Are you threatening to use force, Max?"

His smile turned into a grin. "I'm not Sin. You can toss the word force and even rape around all you like. It doesn't bother me. It'll just make me fuck you that much harder and deeper."

She balled a hand into a fist. She lifted it above the tabletop.

He shook his head. "I wouldn't do that unless you're in the mood for a deep, penetrating fuck — up your ass."

Chandra gave him a cool stare. She doubted he would disrespect Sin enough to follow through on his threat. Besides, Sebastian was there. She leaned across the table and deliberately slapped Max's cheek "Fuck off," she told him and rose.

He leaned back in his seat and laughed so hard tears streamed down his cheeks. "Damn, woman, you have a pair of balls almost as big as mine."

She slipped out of the booth and went around to sit on his lap. She linked an arm around his neck. She wiped at his cheek with the other hand. "Where is he?"

He shook his head. "It's not my turn to watch him, Chandra. When I see him I'll tell him you asked about him in the course of your investigation."

She curled her fingers in the long, dark hair spilling over his wide shoulders. It was sinful for a man to have such beautiful hair. "Is he with another woman like Sebastian?"

"Probably. He really likes pussy and ass, Chandra. If you're not woman enough to admit you want to belong to him and let him enjoy yours whenever and wherever he wants to, you can't expect him to sit home beating his meat. There are plenty of women willing to give him what he wants without his having to chase your ass around."

She bolted to her feet. "Fine. Then when you see him, tell him to fuck as many spineless bitches as he wants – until his cock falls off!"

"Check that bitch out. She needs a good fuck to set her straight," A male voice called out.

Chandra sucked in a breath at what she perceived as a real threat.

"What the fuck!" Max jumped up and stared toward the back of the room where the voice had come from. "Insult her again and I'll cut your cock off, you bastard!"

Chandra glanced toward the booth Sebastian occupied. Although still seated, he'd pushed the woman away and was staring in her direction. She could almost feel the tension in him. She relaxed. She had nothing to fear with him and Max there.

Max slipped an arm around her shoulders. "I'll see you to your car."

Aware of the angry murmurs surrounding them, she nodded. Her continued presence might trigger a physical confrontation that would leave Max and Sebastian outnumbered as they tried to protect her.

Max lifted her chin. "No one's going to hurt or threaten you while one of us is standing, honey. And we Stoners don't go down early or easily."

She curled her fingers in his hair. "Thanks, Max."

He smiled. "We'll talk about that ass fuck you need another time."

It was strange that although all three brothers looked enough alike to be triplets, Max's smile, while charming, didn't have the same effect on her that Sin and Sebastian's did.

She released his hair. "In your dreams, Max."

He laughed and slapped her ass. "You're a sassy number. No wonder you've thrown Sin and Seb into a tailspin."

"But not you?"

He shook his head. "I'm made of sterner stuff. No offense, honey, but it will take more than a beautiful face and a big ass to make me fall for a human woman."

"Really? I'll have to see what I can do about that."

He laughed and turned her toward the entrance. When she would have turned to look in Sebastian's direction, Max shook his head. "Don't give him the satisfaction of knowing you're two shades of green."

"I'm not jealous."

"Of course you're not. Besides she's just a bed warmer, honey."

"She's very pretty."

"So are you."

They walked to her SUV in silence. He opened the driver's side door and ushered her inside. "Seb and I will make sure no one follows you but don't come here again. This is not a safe place for human women, even those packing guns."

She clenched her hand on the steering wheel. "Fine. Is he going to come and see me?"

"Who? Sin or Seb?"

She'd sound as greedy as she felt if she said both. "Sin."

"How should I know?"

"Max!"

"I wouldn't count on it if I were you."

She sucked in a breath and turned to stare up at him. "Why does he want to break me, Max? Why? Does he really want me to be a mindless sex slave he can command?"

"I don't think he expects anything of you anymore. It's over."

She bit her lip. "What about Sebastian?"

His lips tightened and his gaze narrowed. "What about him? He has feelings, Chandra. He's not some damned consolation prize you can choose if you can't have Sin. If you think for one damned moment I'll stand by and watch you hurt him, you —"

She recoiled at his fury. "I didn't mean it that way, Max."

He gave her a long, hard stare. "Didn't you?"

"No! I put that badly and you misunderstood me, Max."

"Did I?"

"Yes! You did."

He softened and leaned down to kiss her lips. "Go home, Chandra," he said gently.

"Does he want me broken like you broke Valerie?"

His face hardened. "I'm not going to apologize for being who I am and doing what I've done for far longer than you can imagine. If your friend is broken, she'll just have to learn to cope."

"You hurt her, Max. She still wants you."

"But I don't want her and that's all that matters."

She caught his hand as he turned away. "It's not all that matters. You can't just leave her all broken and disheartened like that, Max. Please. Help her."

"Don't butt into things you don't understand, Chandra. She can learn to cope, just as you'll have to do now that Sin's decided to move on—without you in his life."

His words had the effect of dousing her with a bucket of ice-cold water on a winter day. She shook her head. "You're wrong, Max. He hasn't moved on."

He brushed the back of his hand against her cheek. "What do I know? Perhaps you're right, honey." He straightened, closed the door and stepped back.

Chandra started her vehicle and drove away. She struggled to keep tears at bay the entire drive home. Despite her denial to Max, she feared both Sin and Sebastian had lost interest in her.

When she arrived at her apartment building, she found Valerie seated in her car in her second parking space. They both got out of their cars and met in front of the side entrance.

She smiled. "Hi, Val."

Valerie frowned. "What's wrong?"

She sighed. "Nothing."

"Something is wrong."

"I just saw Max."

"Max? Max who?"

"Max who? Max from Foreplay."

"Fore... Isn't that the gay club outside of town? What were you doing there?"

"Gay..." She stared at Valerie, noting the spark back in her eyes. "You don't remember Max?"

Valerie shook her head, slipping her arm through Chandra's. "No. Have we met? If we have, I can't remember where or when." She grinned suddenly. "You're not seeing Jared tonight, are you?"

"No."

"Are you in the mood for some good news?"

"You have no idea how much I could use some good news."

"I was going to call but I had to share in person."

"What? Did you win the lottery? Or did one of the temp agencies ask you to work full time?"

"Better than that. I got my old job back."

"No!"

"Yes. Mr. Bonner called and said the new person wasn't working out. He asked me to return to my old position. Of course I'll be on probation for a while but I got my job back, Chandra."

Chandra was both shocked and delighted. "That's great news, Val!"

"The news gets better."

"How?"

"I met this tall, blond, handsome hunk at lunch today."

Clearly one of the Stoners had finally decided to play fair and do right by Valerie. She suspected one of them was responsible for Val getting her job back as well as wiping the memory of Max from her mind. She didn't think Max had cared enough to do it, which left either Sebastian or Sin. Her heart wanted to believe Sin had done it—for her. Her common sense told her it was probably Sebastian, who seemed to be the most reasonable and considerate of the three brothers.

"A tall, blond hunk, huh? Sounds great. Let's go inside and you can tell me all about him."

She listened for the next hour as a clearly excited Valerie gushed about a blue-eyed blond she called "Hunky Mike," who she was having dinner with the following night. "What do you think I should wear? Or do you think I should buy a new outfit for the occasion?"

"I think you're a knockout no matter what you wear but you look more exquisite than usual in that slinky black strapless sheath with the slit that runs half way up your thigh. Add a pair of three-inch heels and he won't know what hit him."

Valerie stood up and catwalked the length of the living room. "I do look rather nice in black."

Chandra nodded. "Yes you do but then you look good in anything, Val."

Valerie sank down next to Chandra on the sofa. "So do you. So what's wrong?"

"Nothing's wrong. Why do you ask?"

Valerie shrugged. "I don't know. You've asked all the right questions and shown the right amount of interest but you seem as if your mind and thoughts are a thousand miles away. Is everything okay with you and Jared?"

"Jared and I aren't seeing each other anymore."

"Oh, Chandra!" Valerie gave her a quick hug. "I thought you'd decided to forgive him."

"I did but..." She bit her lip. Valerie didn't remember Max and she was excited to start dating again. It would be cruel to say or do anything to jog her memory. "I just don't feel the same way about him anymore but it's okay. I think we ended our relationship on a friendly note." Yeah. Right.

"I'm glad. He's a nice guy."

"Yes. He is."

"Are you seeing anyone else?"

"No. I'm not."

"Are you okay, Chandra?"

She would be as soon as she managed to forget Sin. "Yes. I am." She smiled. "So. Why don't we make plans to spend tomorrow morning pampering ourselves? We'll get facials, pedicures, manicures, massages, the works."

"Sounds like a plan." Valerie glanced at her watch. "Look at the time. I've been rambling on and on and we haven't even had dinner."

"How about pizza?"

"Great. Let's have pepperoni and extra cheese."

"Extra cheese?" Chandra frowned. "You are one lucky hussy to be able to eat like a horse without gaining an ounce."

Valerie grinned. "If you have the genes, eat like a horse and enjoy it."

Chandra grimaced and they both laughed.

They spent the rest of the night discussing Hunky Mike.

Several hours later, after lying sleepless for over an hour, Chandra got her laptop and went online. This time her search for Stoners turned up the rather surprising information that Sin and Sebastian were partners in a personal injury law firm called Stoner and Stoner. Their website listed Sinbad as simply S. Stoner and indicated both he and Sebastian had graduated with high honors from different Ivy League law schools.

Chandra entered the law firm number in her cell phone. She retrieved the cross from her jewelry box, placed it on the other pillow and went to bed just after two a.m.

Chapter Twelve

"She looked very unhappy."

Deep in a legal brief, with the only sounds in the room a CD of The Righteous Brothers singing "Unchained Melody", Sin sat back in his chair as Sebastian walked into his home office. "Who?"

Sebastian sank into one of the two chairs in front of his desk. "Chandra."

Chandra. Just the sound of her name sent a jolt of longing through Sin. He lowered his eyelids but remained silent.

"She showed up at Foreplay tonight looking for you."

Sin pushed the brief away and rubbed his temples. He hadn't had a headache in a good hundred years. "God save me from *independent* women who don't know their damned place in a relationship."

Sebastian grinned. "Isn't that part of her attraction? That she is independent and makes you work for her submission?"

He found Sebastian's amusement highly annoying. "I'm too damned old to start working for a woman's attention."

"You already have her attention and her lust."

He tightened his lips. What would Sebastian say if he admitted he wanted more than lust from her? "Did you have a point? In case you haven't noticed, I'm working."

Sebastian arched a brow. "It's her love and submission you have to work for. That's my point."

He ground his teeth. "What makes you think she's worth the trouble?"

Sebastian shrugged. "I don't know that she is —"

He stiffened. "What? You can say that after you've been fucking and romancing her? Now you want to disrespect her? Watch it, Sebastian, or —"

Sebastian shook his head. "For God's sake, Sin, you're so thin skinned when it comes to her. I meant no disrespect. My remark was just a comment on your feelings for her. You clearly think she's worth the effort."

He relaxed. "What makes you think that?"

"You haven't had any pussy since the night you were last with her and you visited her friend and made her forget Max. I hear her friend also got her old job back."

"Her friend's *name* is Valerie and don't you have anything better to do than shadow me, Seb?"

Sebastian smiled. "Why bother if not for your thinking she was worth all the trouble she's causing?"

The last time a woman had given him this much grief...hell. He'd never allowed any woman after Victoria to get under his skin but Chandra was different. He'd known that the moment he saw her. "I don't want to talk about Chandra, Seb."

"Fine. I just thought you might want to know she looked very unhappy when you weren't at Foreplay tonight."

Sin frowned. "I'm sure you were only too happy to brighten her disposition."

Sebastian shook his head. "I was with someone else."

Sin stared at him. "Did she see you?"

"Yes."

"You allowed her to see you with another woman after romancing her and then didn't even speak to her? Why the hell would you treat her that way, Sebastian? If you hurt her—"

"I have no desire to hurt her, Sin, but I think I need to put a little distance between us."

"Are you in love with her, Sebastian?"

Sebastian lowered his gaze. "Probably."

"I don't have a problem with that."

Sebastian's gaze swept up. "You don't? You wouldn't let me anywhere near Victoria."

Sin sighed. "And look how well that bit of selfishness worked out for her. Had I allowed you to—"

Sebastian shot to his feet and leaned across the desk to clench Sin's hand. "Don't do that, Sin! If anyone's to blame for what happened, it's me. Not you. I should have done more to try to impress upon you the need to stay away from her until you—"

Sin pulled his hand away, shaking his head. "You weren't the one who raped her, Sebastian."

"It wasn't rape, Sin. It was—"

"Yes. It was." Sin sighed and raked his hands through his hair. The memory still had the power to provide enough sting to make it difficult to keep tears at bay.

"She loved you."

"Which made what I did to her worse."

"Please, Sin. You have to learn to let it go. I know it might always hurt but you can't undo it. Besides, you have other considerations now."

"Such as?"

Sebastian resumed his seat. "Marcello suggested Chandra needed a good fuck to straighten her out."

Sin sat forward in his chair, his nostrils flaring. "Bastard. Did he touch her?"

"Of course not. Max followed her home and I stayed close to Marcello to ensure he didn't follow her. You know that stupid fuck. As soon as he sees a curvy black woman who belongs to another vamp, he goes into stalker mode."

"The stupid bastard has needed killing for a while now. Are you sure he didn't follow her?"

"I'm positive, Sin." Sebastian frowned. "You know neither Max nor I would allow any harm to come to her while one of us is around."

Sin nodded. "I know. Where's Max now?"

"Probably still watching her place."

Sin hesitated before he spoke again. "Did she say why she was there?"

"Max said she claimed to be investigating."

"Really? What was she investigating?"

"Apparently your whereabouts. She seemed abnormally interested in what you might be doing and who you might be doing it with. But unwilling to admit it or so Max told me."

Damn her defiance. Why the hell wouldn't she just admit she wanted him to dominate her? Why couldn't human women understand nature had intended a woman to be submissive to her lover? Why the fuck were they always going on about equality when most of them longed for an alpha male capable of fucking them into happy submission? How much longer would it take for her to accept the inevitable? What the hell had she been thinking going to Foreplay and subjecting herself to the dangers of vampires such as Marcello? The blond bastard thought only with his undersized cock and had a nasty habit of raping and tormenting human women when he thought he could get away with it.

It was time someone did the human and vampire world a favor and killed his useless ass. Sin rose and walked toward his office door.

"Where are you going, Sin?"

"Out."

"I thought you had work to do."

He turned to find Sebastian looking at him with a smile playing around his lips. "I'm not in the mood for any shit from anyone, Sebastian, especially you. It's none of your damned business where I'm going."

Sebastian's smile vanished. "Sin—"

"Do me a favor and just this once, don't challenge my status as the elder brother. Leave it, Sebastian."

Sebastian nodded. *I didn't mean to make this harder for you, Sin.*

Sin turned and exited the office. He stalked down the hall to the front door. He left the mansion and got into his SUV. Ninety minutes later, he stood outside Marcello's apartment building. As he neared the entrance, he sensed a familiar presence.

He turned. Max crossed the parking lot to him.

"What are you doing here, Max?"

"I've come to take care of Marcello."

Sin shook his head. "He presents a threat to Chandra. It's my job to kill his useless ass."

"Ordinarily yes but she's a cop. If she found out you'd taken him out, things might get sticky between you. Let me handle Marcello."

The two brothers stared at each other in silence for several moments before Sin nodded. "Make sure he understands why first."

"I will." Max placed a hand on his shoulder. "I know you have a plan with Chandra but she was really down tonight, Sin. She was almost in tears thinking you want to break her. I'm sure she's feeling abandoned by both you and Seb. Maybe you should remind yourself that she's human and she has a strong will, Sin."

"I know that but I'm not having her dictating the terms of our relationship, Max."

"Fine." Max removed his hand. "But she was very unhappy tonight. Is that what you want?"

"No."

"I didn't think so."

Sin glanced up at the windows of the third floor. Marcello would know they were there. He looked at Max again. "Be careful."

"Don't worry. I have a very good reason not to get my ass killed tonight."

"And what's that?"

Max grinned. "I haven't yet had the pleasure of fucking your lovely Chandra senseless. You don't think I'm going to die before that, do you?"

Sin laughed and slapped the back of Max's neck. "Come back in one piece."

"I always do, Sin. You go see your woman and leave Marcello to me."

Sin nodded and retraced his steps to his SUV.

As he slipped inside, Max entered the building. Sin hesitated for several moments before he drove off.

An hour later he stood silently in Chandra's bedroom, watching her sleep.

The moment he lifted the cover, he saw the cross lying on the adjacent pillow.

He reached down and stroked a finger along its familiar lines. Memories of Victoria and all he'd lost assailed him. He closed his eyes as they welled with tears. The endless years after her death, during which he'd had countless lovers, had nonetheless been lonely and filled with regret and torment. Other than Max and Sebastian's companionship, there had been no hope of anything worthwhile in his life until Chandra.

He opened his eyes and pulled the sheet covering her nude body aside. She was so beautiful. His cock hardened. The desire to slip into bed with her was difficult to

overcome. But he would not bed her again until she demonstrated her readiness for the total submission he ached for. Only then would he risk admitting the true depths of his feelings for her. Only then would the fear that he'd never know emotional contentment and happiness with another woman vanish.

She rolled over onto her back, her lovely legs parting.

Damn he wanted her. He longed to extend his hand to caress her soft, warm flesh. It would be ecstasy to burrow in her arms and have her hold him as she admitted she belonged to him. Instead, he gently settled the covers over her shoulders again. Then he bent over her.

Fear not, my beautiful, stubborn siren. You are and always will be my sweet, dark obsession. Forever and beyond, my darling.

She murmured something unintelligible in her sleep. He thought it was his name in response to his presence.

He sucked in a deep breath and quickly left the apartment before his need for her overwhelmed him.

* * * * *

Chandra woke the next morning with the confidence that she still held Sin's interest restored. Although she heard nothing from either him or Sebastian, she spent the day reading the latest mystery from her favorite author. Before bed she lit several lavender-scented candles and took a long soak. With soothing jazz relaxing her, she remained in the bath until the water cooled. After drying off and applying her favorite moisturizer and lotion, she placed the cross on the adjacent pillow. She slept soundly that night but woke feeling agitated. Why didn't Sin contact her?

She called Sin's law office on her way to work.

"Do you have an appointment, Sergeant Hunt?" The receptionist inquired.

"No but I'm sure if you tell him I'm on the —"

"If you don't have an appointment, I'll have to take your name and number and pass it on to his assistant. He has a full calendar today but I'm sure Ms. Clarke will contact you as soon as possible. Thank you for calling Stoner and Stoner. Have a pleasant and safe day, Detective Hunt."

Chandra swore angrily. Damn automaton. Her cell phone rang late that afternoon as her shift ended. She answered. "Hello?"

"Sergeant Hunt?"

"Yes."

"This is Talia Morgan from Stoner and Stoner. I'm Ms. Clarke's assistant. She asked me to return your call and inform you that Mr. Stoner's calendar is full but if you'd like to discuss the case in question with her, she has half an hour free on Friday afternoon and —"

"Thanks but no thanks!" Chandra ended the call and sat at her desk fuming. So she was relegated to his assistant's assistant. Damn the arrogant bastard!

She called Valerie. "How about I buy dinner tonight and you can tell me again how much you enjoyed your date with Mike?"

"I'd love to—"

"Great. Where do you want to meet?"

"I need a rain check. Mike called an hour ago and asked me to have dinner with him but if it's important—"

"It's not. I was just at a loose end. I'll talk to you tomorrow."

"Are you sure, Chandra?"

"Positive. Have a great time."

"Thanks. I will."

Chandra went home changed into sweats and went to the complex gym. She saw Paul as soon as she entered. Her cheeks burned.

Paul smiled and sauntered over to greet her. "Long time no see, Chandra. How are you?"

Nothing in his voice or gaze indicated he retained any memory of masturbating while he watched her and Sin fucking. She forced a smile. "I'm fine. How are you?"

"Great."

"Great. Well, I'd better get started." She flashed him a brief smile and walked away. After warming up, she put her digital player headphones on and sat on an recumbent stationary bike. She closed her eyes and lost herself in the mellow tones of Nat King Cole singing "Unforgettable". If only Sin hadn't found her so easy to forget.

She did forty minutes, cooled down and then left the gym.

"Chandra."

She turned.

Paul ran to catch up with her.

"Yes?"

"I was wondering if you'd like to have a cup of coffee."

She met his dark green gaze. In the three years since she'd lived in her present complex, he'd always been friendly but had never shown any personal interest in her. Why was he asking her out now? Was he starting to remember what had happened on her balcony? There was only one way to find out. "I'm not really up for going out but why don't you give me an hour to shower and change and then we can have a steak and a salad."

He nodded. "I'll see you in an hour."

She nodded. "Great."

Chandra found a folded sheet just inside her entrance door when she returned to her apartment. She picked up the sheet of paper. Locking her door, she unfolded the note. There was a phone number scrawled on the sheet. Under it were two words: Sin's cell.

She leaned against her door, nibbling her bottom lip. Who had left this and why? She smiled suddenly. It didn't matter. She finally had a number she could reach him at. She pushed herself away from the door. On the way to the bathroom, she took out her cell phone. She punched in the number.

Her heart raced when she heard Sin's deep voice. "Hello?"

She licked her lip. "This is —"

"Chandra." He didn't sound exactly pleased to hear from her. "How did you get this number?"

"Does that matter?"

"No. What can I do for you?"

"I wanted to talk to you."

"Talk?"

"Yes, we —"

"I have no interest in talking, Chandra."

Why did he have to be such a hard ass? "Sin —"

"Are you ready to discuss your total submission?"

"No, I'm not but —"

"Then you're wasting both our time. I don't expect to hear from you again until you're ready to give me what I want, Chandra."

"Sin —"

"Goodbye, Chandra."

He ended the call.

She sucked in an angry breath. Why the hell couldn't he bend just a little? There was no point in calling him back. She folded her cell phone and went to shower.

* * * * *

An hour after hanging up on Chandra, Sin stood in the corner of Chandra's balcony, watching her charming the insignificant human male whose will Sin had so easily bent to his. What could she possibly find attractive in such a man? And why did she think he'd permit her to see him or any male other than Sebastian?

It would serve her right if he grabbed this Paul by the neck and made her watch while he choked the life out of him. He bared his incisors. Then he'd put an end to her endless shit by fucking her into submission.

He stepped forward then swung around.

Sebastian stood behind him.

They're just having coffee, Sin. If you'd seen her at Foreplay, you'd know she has no physical interest in him or any other male besides you.

Why the hell are you following me, Sebastian?

Sebastian placed a hand on his shoulder. *To keep you from doing something her law-enforcement background and conscience will make it hard or impossible for her to overlook.*

Sin shook his hand off. *Get out of here and mind your own damn business.*

Sebastian shook his head but held his hands up, palms outward. *Sin. Don't do this. Just look at her. There's no spark between them. It's not necessary to kill him.*

That's what you said about Jared. I let him live and the next thing I know he's moments away from fucking her!

Keeping in the shadows of the balcony, Sebastian stepped in front of him. *But they didn't fuck. You can't go around killing every man she looks at, Sin. She came looking for you. She's yours. Just reel her in but let's not have any unnecessary killing.*

Get the fuck out of my way, Sebastian.

Sin, please. I'm begging you not to do this.

He closed his eyes briefly. It had been a long time since Sebastian had begged him not to do anything. For the last few hundred years, he and Sebastian had been locked in a battle of wills to determine who was the dominant vampire and brother. Sin felt his position as elder brother gave him dominance, whereas Sebastian felt his having been a vampire ten years longer made him physically more powerful as well as having earned him the prestigious position that would normally unquestioningly belong to Sin—had he been turned first.

To have Sebastian defer to him gave him pause. He glanced around Sebastian's shoulder. The man was on his feet. "Don't bother getting up to see me out, Chandra. Thanks for dinner. Have a good night."

She nodded, smiled briefly and remained seated as he left.

Sin turned his attention back to Sebastian. *Why the hell did you give her my cell number?*

I didn't.

He frowned. *That leaves Max. Why would he give it to her?*

Sebastian shrugged. *I don't know. I just know I didn't give it to her. Are you all right?*

He nodded.

Sebastian squeezed his shoulders and left.

Sin watched her put the remnants of the meal on a tray before he followed Chandra off the balcony and into the kitchen. After she cleaned up, she went to her bedroom. She removed her makeup, washed her face and then undressed. She got her laptop and slipped into bed, nude.

Sin sat in the only chair in the room, staring at her bare breasts. Recalling what they felt and tasted like in his mouth, against his tongue and teeth. He clenched his hands into fists. To be so close to her and not be able to touch her after he knew the delights making love to her offered felt like torture.

She surfed the internet for over an hour, searching for information on him before she yawned and turned off the laptop. She put the laptop on the nightstand, turned off the lights and lay down.

When her even breathing indicated she was asleep, he unzipped his pants and drew his cock out. Slowly massaging himself, he closed his eyes and reached out to probe her mind.

Chandra. Chandra.

Chandra trembled and sat up in bed. She stared around her darkened bedroom. It took several moments for her eyes to adjust. Then she saw Sin, with his large cock protruding in front of his nude, buff body, standing in a corner of her bedroom. As she stared at him, her heart pounding with anticipation, he stepped forward. He held a pair of fur-lined handcuffs in one hand and some type of bondage bar with handcuffs on either end in his other hand. He smiled, his eyes glowing. "Come to me, my lovely siren."

She kicked the blanket aside and bolted out of bed. She rushed across the bedroom to him, linking her arms around his neck. "Sin. Oh, Sin." She lifted her face to smile up at him, her lush lips parted, exposing the tip of her tongue.

He pressed a long, hungry kiss against her warm mouth, savoring their first kiss in what felt like months instead of weeks. If they spent the rest of eternity together, he would never tire of the feel, taste and texture of her lips. She pressed her breasts against his chest, rubbing her already wet pussy against him.

He loved the way her pussy flooded the moment she saw his erect cock. He dropped the handcuffs to embrace her.

She moaned, deliberately grinding herself against his cock.

He groaned, tightening his arm around her waist.

She reached behind her to push his arm from her waist. He released her. She took his hand and guided it down to her big, warm ass.

His need for her consuming him, he dropped the bondage bar, curling his fingers in her hair as he sucked her tongue into his mouth and devoured her lips.

Chandra snaked her hand between their bodies to close her fingers around Sin's hard flesh. She rubbed him along her slit, enjoying the tingles of pleasure shooting down her spine at the contact. Hungry to feel him inside her again, she parted her legs and moaned against his lips while she slowly impaled herself on several inches of his hard length.

There was nothing in the world half as wonderful as feeling herself stretching over his girth. She slipped her hand down to cup his big balls and continued driving her hips forward.

She murmured in protest when he abruptly pulled out of her. She opened her eyes and stared up at him. "Why are you stopping? I need you inside me. Please...oh, please, don't stop, Sin. It's been so long and I need you."

"Tell me how much, my lovely siren."

"More than I can explain. Just please don't stop, Sin. I'm burning for you."

She was burning for him. Her skin felt almost feverish. Her need for him washed over Sin with all the emotional impact of a gale-force wind. Was she finally ready to become his? He probed her thoughts and stifled an exasperated sigh. He detected unmistakable traces of her attempts to hold on to her independence. Damn, she had a strong will.

"Please, Sin."

He allowed his gaze to sweep over her. She was one of the most beautiful women he'd ever known with her dark skin and lush curves. He particularly liked that her breasts were naturally large. When he sucked them, there was just what God had blessed her with in his mouth, no unpleasant awareness of silicone or other manmade substances.

She stroked her hands over his chest and abs. "I need you, Sin."

"Do you?"

"Yes, Sin. Oh, yes. Please."

"Prove it, Chandra."

"How? What do you want me to do?"

He bent and picked up the bondage bar. He met her gaze, arching a brow.

Her cheeks burned but she didn't look away. He smiled. Part of her charm was her ability to be totally uninhibited with him one moment and to blush so prettily the next. She completely enchanted him. But he still wanted obedience.

"Prove it, Chandra."

She sighed and then turned her back to him. She parted her legs and bent over.

"That's it, my lovely. Submit to me."

She palmed her cheeks, spreading herself.

What a lovely sight.

He kneeled behind her, placing the bondage bar next to their feet. Closing his eyes, he rubbed his cheek against her ass. It was so round and so warm. Everything about her from her sexy, husky voice to her natural but less than perfect breasts to her round booty delighted and excited him.

"Sin?" She wiggled her booty against his lips. "Love me," she whispered.

Opening his eyes, he slid his hands down the inside of her thighs, easing her legs farther apart.

She caught her breath. "Sin?"

He gently bit at each cheek before he picked up the bondage bar. "Are you ready?"

"Yes," she whispered.

He locked the cuff of one end of the bondage bar around her right ankle.

She her breathing quickened.

"It's all right. I won't hurt you, darling."

"I trust you, Sin."

He licked a path up from her right ankle to her thigh. His nostrils flared and he inhaled deeply as he reached her cunt. Extending his tongue, he sucked at the bottom of her pussy before pushing his tongue inside her.

"Hmmm...yes... Yes, Sin. Make me Sin-Bad."

Pleased, he withdrew his tongue and kissed a slow path down the inside of her left thigh to her ankle.

"Oh yes, Sin."

"Yes, my lovely. I'm going to make you Sin-Bad." He clasped the other cuff around her ankle and rose. He moved across the room to place the single chair in front of her with the back facing her.

He kissed her nape.

She turned, with her lips parted.

He cupped her breasts and kissed her. "Grip the top of it with your luscious ass thrust toward me," he instructed.

"Are you going to—"

He smacked her cheeks gently. "Do as you're told."

She obeyed.

He stood behind her, fondling himself while he admired her bent over with her legs held open and her ass in a prime position to welcome his cock. Damn she had one big, beautiful booty.

"Sin, please. Take me. Stretch my ass, make it yours."

He moved behind her and slapped her left cheek so hard it jiggled.

"Oh!"

He spanked the right cheek and then the left one again. Each time his palm descended on her lovely flesh, she moaned with pleasure and his dick hardened. She was so incredibly sexy. He spanked her until each cheek held a hint of red, along with his palm print and she mewled like a majestic she-cat in heat ready for her male to mount her.

He reached around her body to probe her wet pussy. She was ready to be fucked. He pressed his groin behind her, bent his knees and thrust against her.

She shuddered and arched her back as he slid balls deep into her slick slit with one powerful, greedy plunge. "Yes. Oh God yes, Sin."

He smiled with satisfaction, allowed her a few moments to savor having his full-length buried deep inside her and then slipped his hands over her hips. He withdrew all but the head of his shaft and then slowly pushed it back into her warm, tight, delicious cunt...so good...so welcoming.

"Yes. Oh, yes. Fuck me."

He slipped his arms around her waist, closing his hands over the top of the chair, outside hers.

She tilted her head. Her long, dark hair fell aside, exposing her neck in an unmistakable invitation.

His incisors descended. He rained warm, biting kisses along her shoulders before he accepted the invitation. With his tongue extended, he licked the side of her neck, seeking her pulse. A jolt of pleasure shot down his abs to his cock as he located it and quickly sank his incisors into it.

Her blood flowed into his mouth, intoxicating him. He closed his eyes and fucked her slowly, lost in the wonder of the sheer majesty of sex with her, which touched emotional depths no other woman had since he'd lost his humanity so long ago. The feelings she invoked in him exceeded those he'd felt for the only woman he'd ever loved, the beautiful, slender redhead named Victoria. Like Chandra, Victoria had been a human female who resisted his domination.

But Victoria was long dead. She was a part of his sad past. Chandra was alive. She was his future. His first chance for emotional contentment in hundreds of years. Chandra, Chandra, his Chandra. His dark, sweet obsession. Although he was impatient for her complete submission, he would not make the same mistake with her, he'd made with Victoria.

Chandra reached back to grip his thigh. She ground her luscious booty against his groin, in time with his thrusts. Her response to him drove thoughts of Victoria from his mind. There was room in his emotions for only one woman—this seductive siren driving him slowly insane with pleasure. Admitting that he could no longer control his feelings for her, he lost himself in her warmth. A riot of long-suppressed needs surfaced, reaching out to her with a rapacious hunger he feared would frighten her.

Instead of fear, she extended a warm acceptance of his need, reveling in its depth. As he drilled her pussy with deep, ravenous movements, she embraced and surrounded him with a mental warmth that shattered the last of his control.

He felt as if they were one mind and one body. They were two halves of one whole that fitted perfectly together. He dropped all his barriers, exposing his deepest lusts, needs and fears to her.

She welcomed them even as her pussy clamped down around him, bathing his cock in her warm fluids.

He cupped his hands over her breasts and exploded, firing jet after jet into the warm channel that gave such pleasure and generated such contentment it must have been formed to receive his seed.

When he surfaced from his climax, he realized he'd splintered the back of the chair and was crushing her against it. He eased out of her and gently lifted her into his arms. "I'm sorry. Did I hurt you?"

With the bondage bar holding her legs open, she smiled up at him. "Oh, Sin. That was incredible. I want more."

He bent to kiss her lips. "And I want your ass."

"Oh, yes. Please." She turned her lips against his chest.

Sin carried her through the apartment to the living room. He sat on the love seat and put her on her feet, facing away from him. "Part your cheeks for me, my darling."

He watched a shudder shake her body as she reached back and spread her cheeks, revealing her tight hole.

He rose and ejaculated directly inside her rear slit, filling it with his seed to make his entrance more comfortable for her. He slipped a finger inside, pushing his cum as deep as he could. When he was satisfied, he sat back on the love seat with his legs open. "Come give me your ass, my addictive siren."

She obediently reached behind her to grip his cock. Aiming it at her bottom, she pressed her hips down.

He resisted the urge to shoot his hips upward and spear her with one, greedy thrust. He wanted this to be enjoyable for her, not painful.

Feeling his cock head pressed against the tight ring of her anus, he placed his hands on her hips. "Sit on me and take me in your ass."

She pushed her hips downward, driving the head of his shaft up into her.

What a wonderful sensation. He'd always enjoyed anal sex but each time he entered her, whether he slipped into her pussy or her glove-tight ass, he teetered on the brink of ecstasy. Sex had never been this amazing – not even with Victoria.

She paused, taking deep breaths.

He felt her thighs trembling with the effort to impale herself on him. He opened his eyes, slipping his palms under her rear. Leaning forward, he kissed her back and gently ejaculated inside her again.

"Hmmm. I love it when you do that," she whispered and thrust her hips down again.

A few more inches of his cock slid into her cum-filled ass before she moaned, going still on him. "That's it. I can't take anymore."

He swung her off her feet, holding her in the air with his hands on her ass. "You can take a little more," he encouraged, surging gently forward.

"Oh, God, Sin." She reached back to push against his abs.

He eased out of her.

She breathed easier.

"Get ready, darling."

She tensed.

He licked her back and lowered her onto his cock, not stopping until half his length nestled in her warm, tight booty. Damn. That felt so fucking good. "You are such a beautiful, sexy woman. I love your ass," he whispered.

She raked her nails along his abs. "Oh, Sin..."

He moved gently in and out of her, pushing a little more of his cock into her bottom each time he slid back inside her. "Your ass is so tight and warm."

"Oh, God Sin. You're so hard and thick."

"You're doing fine," he told her. "Tell me who this ass was made for."

She arched her back and forced nearly three-quarters of his shaft inside her. "For you."

"Say it the way I want to hear it," he instructed, sliding in and out of her.

"Oh, God. My ass was made for Sin."

He thrust his hips up.

"Oh, shit." She gasped as he slid balls deep in her. "You're going to split me open."

He held her on his lap with her legs extended and held open by the bondage bar. Brushing his lips against her neck he gently rocked his hips. "This ass was made for my cock alone." He slipped his fingers between her legs to stroke her pussy, from which his cum seeped. "Tell me who you belong to."

"To you, Sin."

"Who else are you going to allow to fuck this ass?"

"You, only you."

"Damn right. You're my woman. Now you're full of my seed and my cock."

"I'm yours, Sin. I have been from the moment our gazes met in the club."

He smiled, pleased by the admission. "This ass is my private possession. I won't share it with anyone else."

"It's yours exclusively," she promised. Then she delighted him by lifting her hips and slamming them all the way down.

He shot balls deep back into her. "Holy hell, Chandra! You take my breath away and rob me of my ability to think," he groaned. "I need you."

"Prove it. Take me and make me yours." She tilted her head.

Fucking her with deep, hard thrusts, he sank his incisors into her neck.

She moaned, leaning back against him. "Oh, Sin. Make me Sin-Bad."

He slipped another finger in her pussy while he rubbed his thumb along her clit.

She rocked on his lap, shuddering with pleasure each time he powered his cock back into her tight rear.

"This ass is yours, Sin. Take this ass and brand it and me as your own."

Aroused by her words, he rose. Holding her with an arm around her waist, he unlocked each ankle cuff and tossed the bondage bar aside. Keeping his cock in her ass, he reluctantly removed his incisors.

"Don't stop. I feel such an incredible rush when you feed on me, Sin."

"Your blood makes me feel drunk. I don't want to ingest too much and right now I need to really fuck you." He turned her in his arms so that she faced him.

She linked her arms around his neck. "Then fuck me with your big, hard cock. Make me scream with ecstasy."

He buried his face in her breasts and shot in and out of her with deep, satisfying strokes. His balls tightened and he struggled to keep his climax at bay. Sex this sweet and satisfying was meant to be savored and extended, not rushed through.

She made that impossible when she bounced herself up and down on him, making small, breathless sounds. He felt her stomach muscles tightening. She arched into him, tossing her head back.

He shot his cock in and out of her with short, powerful movements.

"Oh, Sin!" She sobbed his name as she came.

He groaned and exploded in her warm, snug ass. "My ass. My Chandra. My woman. Mine. Mine."

"Yours," she confirmed, collapsing against him, her lips moving against the hair on his chest.

Holding her close, he eased her off his cock and sank down onto the love seat. He felt physically satisfied and emotionally sated.

"Oh, Sin. You make me very happy."

"As you do me, my addictive Chandra."

Chapter Thirteen

Sin opened his eyes, blinking rapidly. He was briefly unsure where he was until he saw Chandra sprawled on her bed. She lay naked on her back with her legs spread, her pussy exposed.

Memory quickly returned. He was in her bedroom. He realized he was holding his cock. He glanced down. Cum covered the crotch of his dark business suit pants. Oh, damn. She would be annoyed if he'd had sex with her while she slept. He studied her pussy, his nostrils flaring. There were no signs of cum seeping from her. Nor did her pussy lips look swollen as they always did after they'd fucked.

Thank God he'd done no more than enter her dreams and enjoyed mind sex with her. He pulled his handkerchief from his suit pocket and wiped himself. He pushed his cock back into his briefs and slid up his zipper. He rose and silently walked over to her bed.

God she was so lovely. The mind sex had been good but he needed real sex with her. He shook his head. That would have to wait until she was ready for total submission.

Please don't make me wait much longer, my siren.

He pulled the blanket up to cover her and slipped from her apartment and into the night.

* * * * *

Chandra woke feeling surprisingly rejuvenated from a dream of hot, wanton bondage sex with Sin. She stretched and rolled onto her belly. With her eyes closed, she inhaled. The dream had seemed so real and so full of erotic detail that she imagined she could almost detect a hint of Sin's cologne remaining in the room.

The dream had been so intense she could remember bits of sad memories. They centered around a woman who had been important to him. Someone called Victoria. She shook her head, aware of a jealous hurt. If this woman was so important to him, why didn't he go to her instead of coming to Chandra?

Oh get a grip, Chandra. Even if he can read your thoughts, you can't read his. It was a meaningless dream. Yet if the dream had no significance, why was she so certain he'd loved a woman named Victoria?

She turned onto her side. The culprit rested on the adjacent pillow. Each time she put the cross on her pillow, she had these intense dreams. What was it about the cross that had such an effect on her subconscious mind? She touched it and experienced a sudden strong conviction that Sin had sent it to her. But why?

She touched it again and remembered the other woman in his life. Why hadn't he given the cross to her instead? Did she know about Chandra? Confused and fearful of losing Sin to this woman, Chandra rolled onto her other side and glanced at her clock radio. Six twenty. *It's time to stop imagining strange women in his life and get your butt in gear. If there were anyone else he cared about, he wouldn't be so consumed with you. There is no Victoria.*

Before she could remind herself that he might not be so consumed with her after all since he'd hung up on her, she slipped out of bed. Padding into the bathroom, she quickly braided her hair.

In the shower, she struggled to keep her thoughts off Sin and sex while the warm water cascaded over her body. She had a busy day planned and she wasn't going to waste any more of it thinking about Sin.

After dressing, she tossed a cereal bar into her shoulder bag, gulped down a cup of coffee and left for work. Sitting at a red light fifteen minutes away from work, she caught a quick movement out of the corner of her eye. She turned her head in time to see a tall, well-built, handsome male with dark hair disappearing around a corner.

It wasn't Sin, yet the sight of the male generated an ache in her.

A car horn sounded behind her.

She blinked. The light had changed. Ignoring the continued beeping and the inner voice that urged her to proceed cautiously, she put on her turn signal. When opposing traffic allowed, she made a left turn. Instead of driving to the district where she worked, she drove into downtown Philly.

After being lucky enough to drive down Chestnut Street just as a car was pulling out of one of the few on-street parking spots, she parked her car. She put three quarters in the meter and quickly walked two blocks to the new high-rise building where Sin and Sebastian had their law offices. Entering the elevator, she pushed the twentieth floor button.

She exited the elevator to find herself facing gold lettering on the wall opposite the elevator which read Stoner and Stoner, Attorneys-At-Law.

She crossed the carpet to speak to the beautiful brunette seated at the reception desk.

The woman smiled up at her. "Good morning. Welcome to Stoner and Stoner. How may I help you?"

"Good morning." She flashed her shield at the woman. "I'm Sergeant Chandra Hunt of the Philadelphia Police Department. I'd like to speak to Mr. Stoner."

"Which counselor?"

Chandra frowned. Oh hell. Surely he didn't call himself Sin-Bad in the office. "S," she said, hoping she didn't look half as foolish as she felt.

"Both counselors' first names start with S, Sergeant."

So they did. "The elder Stoner."

"I'm sorry but Simeon's scheduled to be in court all day today."

So he called himself Simeon. She preferred the more naughty Sin-Bad. Chandra gave the smiling reception a cool stare. She told herself that backhanding her was out of the question. Besides, she could hardly blame an employee because Sin was determined not to see or speak to her until she lost her backbone. And he might actually be in court. He was an attorney.

"I see. Thank you." She flashed the receptionist a smile and turned away.

"Would you like to leave a message?"

It would probably suit Sin to have her humiliate herself in front of his staff by leaving a message he had no intention of returning. Well, it wasn't going to happen. She cast a quick glance over her shoulder. "No. Thanks. Have a great day."

"You also, Sergeant."

Oh, she'd have a great day when it started off chasing Sin—unsuccessfully.

* * * * *

Sin sat by his bedroom window in his parents' nearly empty country house watching Victoria stand with an arm across her breasts and a palm placed between her thighs. He was nude with his right hand massaging his already erect cock.

This wasn't the first time he'd seen her naked or even the first time they were going to make love. Yet her shyness continued to enchant him as much as it had done the first time he saw her. She was tall and slender with pale skin. Her long, thick auburn hair covered the tops of her small, pointy breasts. She had long, shapely legs. He loved to watch her part them for him and then watch this lovely, slender woman close her eyes and take almost all of his cock into her body.

Once she became a fem, he'd be able to slide the last few inches of his cock inside the pussy that so enchanted and delighted him. The thought of the delights in store once he introduced her to anal sex made him harder. She was a beautiful, sensual woman he'd had fallen hard for the first time he walked into the schoolroom where she was teaching his young cousins, who were wards of his father.

Five weeks after their first meeting, he'd convinced her to slip out of the house to meet him. The first time he tasted her warm, sweet lips, he'd known he wouldn't be satisfied until he fucked her. But she was shy and determined not to surrender her virginity until her wedding night.

He'd been just as determined to take it. She'd made him work hard for her surrender. Two months later, she'd shyly lifted her skirt and allowed him to tongue her pussy until she experienced her first orgasm. It had taken another two months before he convinced her to touch his cock.

The first time he'd unsheathed it, her eyes had widened and she'd stared at him with her lips perched in a silent "o." It had taken an additional three months of eating her pussy and having her jerk him off before she finally gave him her virginity.

He'd only managed to slip a few inches inside her before she gasped and sobbed in pain. Consumed with lust, he'd been unable to withdraw. Fortunately, he'd come within seconds of entering her. Afterward, he'd held her in his arms, whispering to her, trying to comfort her with words of love. It was only after he'd walked her back to her room that he realized he had fallen in love for the first time in his life.

Two weeks later, he'd given her the ring his grandfather had given to his grandmother and asked her to marry him. She'd given him a gold cross with a garnet that had belonged to her mother and said yes, through a storm of tears. They had only been engaged for five months when Sebastian, who the family had thought died ten years earlier had turned up one night when Sin and Max were drinking. At first they had thought he was a product of their intoxication until Sebastian had brought them both over.

Tonight would be the first time Sin and Victoria made love since his conversion. Even while he hungered for her, he feared he might not be able to control himself. Yet, he'd been unable to stay away from her any longer. She was the only woman he'd ever wanted to spend the rest of his life with. Now instead of a few insignificant years, they could spend all eternity together.

He smiled at her. "Come to me, Victoria."

She stared at him, her green eyes wide. "Your father said you were dead, Sin. How could they have made such a horrible mistake?"

He knew she wasn't ready to be told he was now a vampire. He'd explain everything to her—after she was his mate for life—his fem. "I'm here now and I need you, Victoria, my love. What does anything else matter?"

"I don't understand," she whispered, her lips trembling.

He could feel her fear and confusion. But she had still come to meet him. "You are the only woman I have ever loved or wanted to marry. Do you still love me? If you do, come to me."

"I do love you, Sin-Bad. I'll always love you."

"Then come to me."

She bit her lip. "I'm afraid."

"Why?"

"You're so different, Sin. You seem darker and almost dangerous. I'm afraid of you."

He had a sudden powerful urge to rush across the room and forcibly take her in his arms and ravish her. He overcame it and spoke in what he hoped was a soft, reassuring voice. "You don't ever need to fear me, my love. Please. Come to me and let me love you."

"I was at your funeral. You were dead."

"I'm here now. I want and need you as much as I ever have, my love. Please. Come to me. Without you I am dead for an eternity. Don't damn me to a life without you. Please. Trust me. Show me you still love me. Come to me."

She dropped her hands and rushed across the room to fling herself into his arms.

He caught her and pulled her down onto his lap. He wrapped his arms around her waist, pressing his lips against her shoulder in an effort to resist the urge to sink his incisors into the side of her neck and feed on her blood.

"You're so cold," she whispered.

"Warm me as only you can," he encouraged.

She made a small, indistinct sound before she spread her legs and reached down to close her small hand over his cock.

He trembled at her touch. No other woman had ever aroused him so easily and made him ache to be a part of her. Keeping his cheek against her shoulder, he slid a hand down her flat belly to palm her.

She rose and turned. She reseated herself on his lap with her back to him. Reaching between his legs, she cupped her hands over his cock and balls. "Oh Sin. You make me do such wicked things that shame me once we're no longer together."

He kissed her shoulders. "There's no need to be ashamed, Victoria."

"There is. I shouldn't be with you like this. It's sinful."

"It's not wicked or sinful if we only do them with each other and we're going to get married."

"It's wicked to let you do these things to me before we're married but I love you so much."

"And I love you," he whispered. "That makes it all right."

"No, Sin, it really doesn't but I can't resist you. I was lost the moment I saw you."

"And I you, my love." He stroked his fingers into her. Her tight channel flooded quickly. She signaled her readiness for penetration within moments by lifting her hips and easing herself down on his cock. She kept pushing down until she suddenly froze, made that small, tiny gasp she always made when she felt full.

She was hot and incredibly tight, almost as if she'd never had a cock inside her. He struggled not to shove the last remaining inches into her. He was so aroused he feared if he didn't keep a tight grip on his desire, he'd rip her open. He held himself still, waiting for her to adjust to having him inside her.

It seemed to take an eternity before she moved her hips in a circular motion against his groin.

Her fear had vanished and she was ready to be fucked.

He streaked a hand up from her waist to cover one of her breasts. He eased in and out of her slowly, straining to retain control of himself.

She tipped her head back. Her fragrant hair fell across his shoulder. She moved in time with his gentle thrusts. "Oh, Sin. Sin."

He pressed his thumb against the tiny button at the top of her sweet, tight pussy.

She whimpered with pleasure, reaching down to slip both hands over his balls.

I love you. I love you, Victoria.

She stiffened and half turned, jerking her hips upward. "What are you doing?"

He opened his eyes. *What's wrong?*

"You're doing it again."

He put his hands on her hips and eased her back onto his cock. *Doing what?*

"You're talking without actually speaking. You're making me feel your words in my mind." She pushed back against his stomach. "Let me up. Please, Sin."

He felt the return of her fear but he was beyond the point of trying to reason with her or himself. In a fever to make her his in a new and exciting way, he jerked her hips down, driving his cock back into her tight pussy.

As she gasped in pain and pushed back against his stomach, he overcame her struggles. Still pushing into her, he sank his incisors into her slender, lovely neck and forced the last inches into her body.

"Sin, no. Please."

At the first taste of her blood, he fucked her hard and deep. He ignored her cries of pain while enjoying sliding in and out of her tight channel. Her struggles heightened his pleasure and within minutes of slamming his entire length into her for the first time, he thundered to his release. As he came, he did something he'd promised her he wouldn't do again until after they were married. He'd greedily and selfishly ejaculated in her, filling her pussy with his seed.

"You promised, Sin." She tried to struggle off his lap.

He jerked her back down, shooting back up into her pussy, and jetted another stream of his seed into her where it mingled with her juices.

She shuddered and collapsed against his chest, sobbing softly.

Still erect and consumed with hunger, he rose. He kept his cock inside her as he turned her to face him before he stumbled over to the bed. He lowered them onto it, pushed her trembling legs as far apart as he could and raised his weight onto his extended arms. He then fucked her hard and fast.

With her hands balled into fists against his back, she sobbed and shuddered each time he ruthlessly drove his cock as deep into her pussy as possible. "Oh Sin please stop. You're hurting me, tearing me up inside."

I'll make this up to you, my love. I promise. I promise, my Victoria, but I can't stop. I have to have you now.

"There's something you don't know. Something I need to tell you. Please stop now. I can't bare anymore, Sin."

He thrust his cock back inside her. *Just a little more, my love. Just a few more strokes and I'll listen to anything you want to tell me. Just let me fuck you a little more. I can't stop yet. Forgive me. Forgive me.*

She trembled, tears streaming down her cheeks from her closed lids.

Taking her silence for assent, he continued fucking her until he exploded inside her again. Then he collapsed on top of her trembling with the force of his release.

She whimpered and pushed against his shoulders. "Please let me up."

He eased out of her and glanced down. He swore softly as his cum, tinged with blood, seeped out of her body. God in heaven. He'd made her bleed.

She turned her back to him, curling her body on her side.

He reached out to touch her trembling shoulder. "Victoria..."

She recoiled. "No. Please don't touch me. I can't bear anymore, Sin."

* * * * *

Sin bolted up in his dark bedroom. With the return of consciousness, he was able to vanquish the memory of the next to last time he'd seen Victoria. The night she'd learned he was no longer human or even alive as you understood the word. The night he'd practically raped the only woman he'd ever loved. Practically? She'd been in physical pain and had begged him to stop. He'd refused. If that didn't constitute rape, few things would. Some three hundred years later, the ugliness of what he'd done to her that night when she'd come to him so trustingly still haunted and tormented him.

Sebastian had begged him not to see her until he'd been a vampire for several months and had learned how to control himself during sex with human women. But with all the swagger of a newly turned vampire, intoxicated with power, he'd ignored Sebastian and written the note that had brought her to him that night.

Now, raking a hand through his hair, Sin slipped out of the bed and went to stare out his bedroom window. Victoria was long gone. He couldn't change what he'd done to her. Reliving that night was unpleasant but necessary. It gave him incentive to ensure he never lost that much control again so that no other women would suffer Victoria's fate. It also gave him additional reason to be patient with Chandra. At least for a while longer.

He clenched his hand into a fist. He would not do to Chandra what he'd done to Victoria, even if she never offered the submission he craved. He was older now and more able to control himself. If necessary, he'd walk away from Chandra or allow Sebastian to have her. But he would not hurt or destroy another woman he cared about.

* * * * *

During the next few weeks, Chandra struggled to function at work while spending most of her free time trying to devise a plan that would enable her to be with Sin

without surrendering her independence. Although she occasionally received roses from Sebastian, neither he nor Sin contacted her.

Her efforts to track Sin down were unsuccessful. No matter what time she visited his law office, she was told he was in court. If she asked for Sebastian, he was in court or in a conference with a client. She went to the mansion one Sunday afternoon, only to find the wrought iron gates locked and no response when she pushed the intercom located in front of the gates.

She glared at the gates and compressed her lips. If she weighed less, she might attempt to climb the fence. Of course the way her luck was going lately, the fence was probably electrified.

She remained outside the gates for nearly two hours before deciding to leave.

Her vehicle didn't respond when she turned the key in the ignition. Great. Just great. After several unsuccessful attempts to start the SUV, she reached for her cell phone. She couldn't get a signal. She got out of her vehicle and paced back and forth along the drive. Now what was she supposed to do?

She made two more attempts to get a response from the mansion using the intercom. She glanced at her watch. Three fifty-five. If she wasn't going to be stuck there all night, she'd better go in search of a house where she could ask someone to call her auto club.

She'd only gone half a mile when she heard a vehicle approaching. She stepped to the side of the road and waited. Minutes later a tow truck with her auto club's logo appeared and stopped next to her. The driver's side window slid down. "Did you need assistance with your vehicle, ma'am?"

"Yes but how did you know?"

"I'm responding to a call for assistance for a Silver SUV that won't start."

She stared over her shoulder in the direction of the mansion. Clearly there was someone home who had called the auto club but ignored her attempts to make contact.

Damn Sin.

Sin stood at the second-floor corridor window of the mansion watching Chandra walk away from the gates. After using his cell phone to call for a tow, he sighed and raked a hand through his hair.

Max came down the hall and placed a hand on his shoulder. "Seb is following her to make sure she's okay."

He nodded and turned to face Max. "Go ahead. Say it."

Max shrugged. "Okay. Maybe you should give her a break, Sin. She's a modern woman. She's come here when she's been warned not to. Isn't that enough of a concession?"

"No, it's not, Max."

"Where's the harm in allowing her to at least keep a measure of her independence? You know she's had to acquire it in order to survive."

"I know that, Max and I will ease up as soon as she stops trying to be a hard ass."

Max shrugged. "I don't know about you but I think she has a pretty nice ass."

Sin stared at him and then laughed. "Damn she's stubborn."

Max nodded. "But don't the ones worth having always make you work a little for it?"

"No."

Max laughed and slapped a hand around the back of Sin's neck. "Well, there's a first time for everything, Sin. Now, I'm off to England."

"England? You have a lead?"

Max nodded.

Sin, aware that Max preferred to reveal information in his own time, refrained from asking questions.

"While I'm gone, do me a favor, Sin."

"Of course. What?"

"Go easy on Seb. He's having a hard time dealing with his feelings for Chandra as well."

"I know. I'll try to bear that in mind."

"Good. Because when I get back, I expect to find you both in one piece or there'll be hell to pay." Max turned and walked down the hall to the stairs.

Sin sighed and stared back out the window, his thoughts on Chandra again. Just how long was she going to hold out? More importantly, how long could he hold out before his desire and need for her became unbearable?

* * * * *

Chandra's erotic dreams continued and increased in intensity until she frequently woke imagining she could detect a faint but unmistakable hint of Sin's cologne in her apartment. The only thing that seemed to go right in those weeks since she'd seen Sin was Val's romance with Mike, which Chandra watched develop with relief. Although Chandra herself was despondent and longed for someone she could discuss Sin with, she was delighted that Val seemed happy and content.

She started working overtime and taking work home with her. She even bought a new, low-cut black dress and three-inch heels and went out to a club one Friday night, promising herself that she'd go home with the first man who asked her. But the moment she stepped into the club, she knew she'd be leaving alone. Even if she met someone she might want to slow dance with or even give her number to, she feared Sin's reaction if he ever found out.

She ordered seltzer water and sat at the bar. She refused three offers to buy her drinks before she left and drove home. After undressing, she took a long soak in her favorite scented bath oils.

She remained in the bath until the water cooled and she realized her eyes were filled with tears. She closed her eyes. *Oh, Sin. Why can't you meet me halfway?* She climbed out of the bath, dried off and took a bottle of wine and a glass to her bedroom.

She drank two glasses of wine and went to bed. It took over an hour before she became drowsy enough to fall asleep.

In the morning she woke with damp cheeks and a feeling of hopelessness weighing her down. For once there was no hint of Sin's cologne lingering in the air, teasing her senses. That night she placed the cross on her pillow when she went to bed. After a restless night filled with frustrating erotic dreams that each ended before she could achieve orgasm, she knew she would soon reach the end of her endurance.

Chapter Fourteen

Three months after she'd last seen Sin and had almost resigned herself to never seeing him again, Chandra decided it was time to face reality. Just after eight one Friday night, she walked into Club Foreplay. The vampire bouncer Max had warned to treat her with respect, leered at her but waved her in without asking for a cover charge.

"You sure you want to go inside?" he taunted. "You might not like what you find."

She pushed past him.

Although he snarled, he made no effort to stop her.

She touched the cross she wore under her blouse. A tingle ran down her spine. She paused in the doorway, her heart racing. She closed her eyes. Sin was there. She knew it. She could feel his presence before she opened her eyes and looked across the main room.

Sin occupied what she'd come to think of as his booth along the back wall. The faint smile tugging at her lips vanished. A slender redhead sat on his lap. Although she appeared fully clothed, Chandra felt certain he probably had his cock inside the bitch, who had her arms linked around his neck.

The cheating bastard had his hands on the woman's almost nonexistent hips while he... His lips were buried against the woman's neck. He was fucking and feeding on her!

As if he had felt the words and the hurt behind them, Sin lifted his head from the woman's neck and looked at her.

Although his blue gaze revealed nothing of what he thought or felt, Chandra felt a measure of relief. His incisors were ascended. While he was fucking the woman, he wasn't drinking her blood. Thank God for small favors.

Sin looked away and buried his face in the woman's hair.

Chandra's eyes filled with tears and her heart ached. She turned and rushed from the club, a hand pressed against the cross. Halfway to her SUV, a cold, jealous anger replaced the desire to sob. The day she allowed some slender, grabby hussy to take her vampire and send her running away in tears was the day she turned in her shield.

If the bone-thin wretch wanted to fuck a vampire, she could damn well snag her own. Chandra swung around and stalked across the lot and back into Foreplay.

The bouncer leered. "Back so soon?"

She glared at him. "Unless you want your tiny cock crushed, fuck off!"

The bouncer bared his incisors. "You fat ass —"

No matter who Sin was fucking, she knew he wouldn't allow the vampire to hurt her. "Whatever!" She pushed past him but paused in the door, staring across the large room.

Sin still sat in the booth. He now had his big hands cupped over the shamelessly naked hussy's tiny, pale ass, bouncing her up and down on his cock. He lifted his head and gave Chandra a cool stare.

This time his incisors were visible. Damn the selfish bastard. She stormed across the room.

Max suddenly appeared in her path. He smiled down at her. "Hi, honey."

With Sin fucking the woman just feet away, she was in no mood to be polite and or to waste time making small talk. She shoved at his shoulders. "Get out of my way, Max."

Rather to her surprise, he silently stepped aside.

She scanned the main room quickly. She spotted Sebastian several booths to Sin's right. He had his arm around a pretty redhead. He flashed her a smile but made no move to rise.

Turning her attention back to Sin and his hussy, she stalked across the room.

Locking his gaze with hers, Sin continued to bounce the woman up and down on his cock.

His cock? After the way he'd gone out of his way to bring her to her knees, hell would ice over before she allowed him to get away with sticking *her* cock into anyone else! She supposed she'd reluctantly learn to share him with whoever Max and Sebastian settled down with but damn if she'd share him before she had to.

She stopped at the corner of the booth and tapped the woman on the shoulder. "Excuse me but you're enjoying something that belongs to me."

The woman turned and blinked over her shoulder at Chandra. "Who are you and what are you babbling about?"

Chandra sucked in an angry breath. "You're riding my man's cock and have the nerve to tell me I'm babbling?" Chandra reached out, grabbed the woman by the shoulders and jerked her off Sin's lap.

That's when she realized she could see the clear outline of Sin's long, thick cock, safely zipped inside his pants. He hadn't been fucking the woman after all. She saw no traces of blood on his incisors. He hadn't fed on the hussy either.

"What the fuck is your problem, bitch?" The redhead demanded, jerking away from her.

Max appeared beside the booth, swept the protesting woman off her feet and swiftly carried her across the room toward the entrance.

Sin arched a brow. "Chandra. What brings you here tonight? An investigation?" He allowed his cool gaze to briefly rest on the low-cut dark dress she wore. "Or are you in pursuit of jealous pleasure?"

God, she hated him. "You know why I'm here," she told him, moistening her lips.

He tilted his head. "Do I?"

So he was determined to strip her of her last vestige of her pride. She glared at him.

He arched a brow but remained silent.

She sighed, then shook her head. If she'd learned anything over the previous lonely three months, it was that pride was cold comfort when she lay sleepless at night longing for the handsome, well-hung vampire who had first conquered her body and then her heart. "I've missed you," she whispered.

"And?"

"And? How much do you want me to grovel, Sin?"

"And?" He repeated, his gaze still cool, his voice totally lacking in warmth.

"And I... Please, Sin."

He shook his head. "If you're not prepared to do this my way, why the hell are you here wasting my time, Chandra?"

"Why do you have to be such a hard ass, Sin?"

"You're wasting my time, Chandra."

She swallowed several times. "And I need you."

"Need or want?"

Damn him. "Both."

"Are you sure?"

She nodded. "Yes."

He sucked in a deep breath. His nostrils flared and his firm lips slowly turned up into a warm, welcoming smile. "Finally." He extended an arm. "Come to me, my wayward siren."

"I'm not sure who I am but I am sure I'm not a siren or even the descendant of one, Sin."

He shook his head, his hand still extended. "I don't care who you are or aren't. I want you. Come."

She stumbled forward.

He reached out, gripped the bottom of her dress and deliberately ripped it up to her waist. Tearing the ripped skirt from the untouched blouse portion, he tossed it aside, leaving her standing in nothing but a pair of thigh-high black hose and a skimpy silk thong that left her ass cheeks exposed. Then he deliberately reached out and ripped the bodice of her dress away from her body.

She gasped but overcame the urge to slide into the booth in an attempt to cover herself. If he wanted everyone to see her ass, so be it. With her cheeks burning, she stood with her gaze locked on Sin, ignoring the catcalls and raunchy whistles filling the air.

He nodded. "That's right. If you want me, you have to play by my rules, my lovely vixen. Are you finally prepared to do that?"

"I'm here, aren't I?"

He arched a brow. "Defiant to the end, huh?" He shrugged. "So be it."

She blinked. "What?"

He smiled. "I wouldn't want a woman without spirit."

She lifted her chin and glared at him. "Fickle bastard."

He laughed. "That's the spirit, my lovely. Now that you have that out of your system, take off your bra."

"What?"

"Take off your bra."

"Now? In here?"

"Yes, Chandra, now. In here."

She glanced around. Without meeting anyone's gaze, she noted the many heads turned in her direction. She shook her head. "Sin, please."

"Take it off now, Chandra, and let me feast my eyes on the lovely breasts I've been longing to bury my face in and suck for the last three, frustrating months."

Aroused by his words, she reached back and unhooked her bra. She hesitated and then removed the bra. Her cheeks burned and she closed her eyes briefly. Her breasts, with the cross nestled between her cleavage, were revealed.

She watched Sin's gaze lock on the cross before he looked into her eyes with a small smile spreading across his handsome face.

He parted his lips.

Before he could speak, a series of wolf whistles filled the air. A male with dark blue eyes and a flashy white smile appeared at her side. "Hey, mama, give me a taste of that brown sugar," he whispered.

Sin shot to his feet, his incisors bared, his blue eyes glowing. "Touch her or disrespect her again and I can promise you a slow, incredibly painful experience that will only end once you're as dead as Marcello, Lover."

The male glared at Sin, baring his incisors. "So you killed Marcello. You bastard."

"You want to join him?" Sin demanded.

Lover leveled a finger. "Don't think you can get away with that, Sin."

Sin leaned close to stare into the other vampire's eyes. "If I were you, I'd worry about what's going to happen to your sorry ass once Jacoby learns where you've been hanging out."

"Jacoby? You'd tell him my..." The other vampire turned and abruptly raced across the room toward the exit.

Chandra frowned. Had Sin killed again? "Sin—"

"Never mind Lover and Marcello. Before you ask, yes, Marcello is dead and no, I didn't kill him."

She looked into his eyes. "I believe you."

Sin sat down and studied her in silence for several moments before he unzipped his pants. He exposed his fully erect cock. "Come say hello, my lovely," he instructed in a hoarse voice.

Chandra cast a shocked gaze around the club. Every male eye seemed to be trained on her half-naked body. "Everyone is watching, Sin."

"Out of sheer jealousy. They wish you were up for grabs but you're mine and I want what's mine, Chandra. Come and give it to me or I'll take it in front of everyone." He cupped one hand over his cock while patting his lap with his other hand. "I'm waiting."

She trembled at the thought of climbing on his cock in front of a club full of leering vampires.

"I'm not going to wait all night," he warned. "If you're not interested, I'm sure I can find at least one other woman who'd like to ride my cock."

Even while she told herself it was an idle threat, she walked around the booth and straddled his lower thighs.

"Ride that cock, baby," a lusty male voice called out.

She sensed movement behind her. Glancing over her shoulder, she saw Sebastian and Max standing in front of the booth, shielding them from the gaze of most of the interested spectators.

Sebastian reached out to caress her cheek. "Hi, sweetheart."

She reached up to press his hand against her cheek. "I've missed you, Sebastian."

"I've missed you too." He smiled. "Mount his cock, honey," he urged softly. "Sin first and then us."

"Ride him hard and fast until he busts his nuts in you," Max whispered. "I've waited long enough to get to know you."

With her cheeks burning, Chandra placed a hand on Sin's shoulder and half-rose. Reaching between their bodies, she gripped his cock, aiming at her pussy.

He sucked in a breath but didn't move.

She rubbed the big head along her slit.

His hips jerked.

She leaned forward to brush her mouth against Sin's, excited at the idea of fucking in front of Sebastian, knowing he and Max would want her afterward.

Sin licked her lips.

She lowered her hips but paused with the big, warm head of his shaft touching her entrance. Would he beg for her? Just once, Sin.

Their gazes met and locked.

Just as she thought she saw the beginning of capitulation in his eyes, two warm palms covered her cheeks. She glanced back. Sebastian and Max each held one of her ass cheeks. Sebastian winked at her, reached around her body and stroked a hand down her slit.

She murmured and mindlessly rubbed her wet pussy against his long, probing fingers. Sebastian—sweet and tender.

“Fuck him,” Max ordered.

Before she could obey, Sebastian and Max abruptly pushed on her ass, driving her pussy down.

She gasped, arching her back with pleasure as Sin’s thick cock head pierced her slit before sliding up into her pussy.

The brothers kept pushing until she sat impaled on Sin’s delicious dick. Then someone ripped off the thong. She closed her eyes, linked her arms around Sin’s neck and pressed a moist kiss against his cool, firm lips. *Oh, Sin. We’re together again at last.*

Sin wrapped his arms around her, resting his palms against her back as he allowed his cock to slide in and out of her with an agonizing leisure that sent ripples of enjoyment along her nerve endings.

While she could appreciate his desire to be gentle the first time they made love after months apart, she longed to experience the hungry passion she’d come to expect sharing with him. She swept her tongue along his lips. When he parted them, she curled her fingers in his hair and greedily sucked his tongue between her lips. As she rotated her hips and rocked on his lap, Seb and Max touched her intimately. One of them reached between her body and Sin’s to pinch her nipples. The touch felt warm and familiar. She smiled. Sebastian.

The other rained sharp, pleasure-inducing slaps against her ass while sucking at her nape. Max.

Then, while she luxuriated in the freedom of enjoying the sexual attention of three handsome, powerful virile vampire brothers, one of the brothers trailed a finger down her crack.

She lifted her cheeks.

The finger pressed against her and slipped up into her ass. A second finger was quickly inserted.

Certain the fingers belonged to Sebastian, she sobbed against Sin’s demanding lips and tilted her head, exposing her neck. As Sin thrust his cock in and out of her with a power that made her blood roil, one of the brothers’ incisors pierced her neck.

It was Sebastian. A jolt of unbridled lust and love shuddered through her. Lost in a world of forbidden pleasure, where the two males she cared for most loved and fed on her, Chandra moaned and within minutes, exploded on Sin’s cock. Holding her by her hips, Sin shot his huge shaft in and out of her with a speed and force that prolonged her

orgasm until it threatened to turn the exquisite pleasure into pain. Only then did he gasp and shoot his seed into her.

The moment Sin stopped coming and fell back against the booth, the incisors were withdrawn from her neck. One of the brothers whipped her off Sin's cock and swung her around. With his palms on her ass, Max lifted her into the air until her pussy was level with Sebastian's mouth.

Heart pounding and pussy filling with a fresh rush of lust, she glanced over her shoulder at Sin.

He smiled and arched a brow, inclining his head slightly.

At Max's urging, she wantonly linked her legs over Sebastian's shoulders. Then she closed her eyes and let out a long unmitigated moan of lust as Sebastian's open mouth touched her pussy. She curled her fingers in his hair while he swept his tongue into her slit.

Oh, yes. Yes. She ground herself against his lips. *Yes.*

Sebastian slid his hands up her body to her breasts.

She arched into him. *Yes, Seb. Yes.*

He pinched her nipples while he ate her pussy, nibbling at her slit and sweeping his tongue in and out of her with greedy enjoyment.

With Max standing behind her spanking her ass until it stung and then finger-fucking her tight chute, she quickly shattered against Sebastian's lips and tongue. He continued eating her through her climax.

When she finally slumped against Sebastian, she kissed his hair. "I missed you."

"You can tell him what a great lover he is some other time." She felt Max's big hands sliding around her body to her waist. "Right now it's my turn," he whispered against her nape.

"I don't want anything to do with you, Max."

He laughed and lifted her away from Seb and set her on her feet, against the wall.

Her heart raced.

He grinned at her.

She moistened her lips. "Max."

"No talking." With Sin and the entire room watching, he parted her trembling legs with his knee and popped his erect cock out of his pants.

Max was thick and long. Her stomach muscles tightened. He was going to feel good sliding inside her.

He palmed her. "You're wet and ready, honey."

With her passions heightened by the knowledge that their fuck would be strictly physical, she rubbed herself against his hand.

"Someone's ready to say hello."

"Oh, God," she moaned, as he quickly thrust balls deep into her tender pussy.

"Shit! You're tight, hot and wet." He moved closer, sliding his hands over her ass.

Like Sin, he was a few inches taller than Sebastian and slightly heavier. She slid her hands up his chest to rest on his broad shoulders. His subtle cologne assaulted her senses. She closed her eyes, inching her hips forward until she could feel his pubic hair against her shaved pubes. Although a few inches shorter than Sin, Max's cock felt just as thick as Sin's.

He bent his head. With his cool lips against her ear, he crushed his chest against her breasts and fucked his thick length in and out of her slowly.

He felt good and she wanted more. Raging with lust, she gripped his muscular forearms and tightened her vaginal muscles around his pumping cock.

"Shit. Don't do that or you'll make me come too quickly," he warned.

She smiled and slipped her arms around his neck. "What's the matter, Max? Can't handle good pussy?"

He laughed and slapped her ass. "Do you know what happens to sassy bitches who talk too much?" he demanded.

Strangely enough having him call her bitch didn't annoy her. She lifted her head and met the blue gaze so like Sin's. "They get to fuck three handsome, well-hung vampires?"

He laughed again before he bent his head.

She curled her fingers in the long, thick hair falling over his shoulders and parted her lips.

"Is that an invitation?" he asked softly.

"Dream on, long hair."

He wrapped his arms around her and held her close as his lips descended on her mouth. She felt his incisors and then his tongue sneaking between her lips. Her stomach muscles clenched and her lust soared.

While she didn't feel the emotional attachment with Max she felt with Sin and to a lesser extent with Sebastian, she couldn't deny he knew how to arouse her. He took her with hard, deep, pussy-pleasing thrusts. She gloried in the completely erotic fuck knowing she didn't need to fear his feeling any more for her than she did for him. She came within minutes of his sliding his cock into her pussy.

He continued shoving his cock into her through her climax with a primal heat and fury that sent her quickly spiraling out of control into another mindless orgasm. She dragged her mouth from his and moaned, lost in the raw hunger he unleashed on her.

He curled his fingers in her hair and burned the taste of his mouth onto hers. As she drowned in his hot, relentless kisses, he shuddered and came inside her.

She moaned against his open mouth, feeling another blistering climax building in her.

Still fucking her, he suddenly swung her around so he was against the wall. Moments later, she shuddered with a delicious anticipation, feeling her ass cheeks

parted. She knew without looking that the fingers belonged to Sin. He slipped lube-covered fingers in her rear.

She dragged her mouth away from Max's lips again. "Oh...yes..." she moaned. "Yes, Sin."

Sin's cool lips moved along her shoulders and nape. "This ass belongs exclusively to me." He rubbed his cock along her ass cheeks.

"Yes. Only to you." She rotated her ass against his groin. "Put it in me," she begged. "I want to feel your cock sliding deep in my ass...your ass, Sin."

Her cries of pleasure turned to delight when Sin slowly drove several inches of his huge cock up her ass.

Max held himself still as she tried to adjust to having two huge cocks in her body.

All right, darling?

The unspoken question from Sin warmed her. "Yes."

Sliding his palms over her breasts, Sin sank his incisors into the side of her neck.

She moaned, feeling an emotional high that nearly made her feel dizzy.

Max bent his head to reclaim her lips and thrust his cock deep into her pussy. Still kissing her, he held himself still for several moments before he withdrew all but the big head.

As he paused at her entrance, Sin squeezed her nipples and pushed most of his cock into her ass. When he withdrew most of it, Max thrust his tongue between Chandra's lips and surged back into her pussy.

"Oh, yes. God, yes." She shuddered, reaching back to grip Sin's thighs. "Sin..."

Yes, my luscious, siren? Do you like this?

With Sin and Max fucking her with ruthless precision and rhythm, she was soon lost in a world full of bliss and delight. Overwhelmed with a sweet ecstasy, she shattered to multiple orgasms before, sated and overcome with pleasure, she slumped against Max, still impaled on two huge cocks.

Though Max was silent, Sin filled her thoughts with promises of endless need and devotion. *He was hers. She was his. They belonged together. He'd never let her go. She was the most precious thing in his life. He needed her, had to have her, forever and beyond.*

Her orgasms came fast and furious until she could no longer comprehend where one ended and another began. Her last thought, as they continued to fuck her, was that she was going to be walking wide-legged for days to come.

* * * * *

Chandra woke to the strains of "Unchained Melody".

My darling. I've hungered for your touch. She opened her eyes. She lay in a deep tub with warm, pulsing jets massaging her aching body. Sin sat on the side of the bath

rubbing warm oil into her breasts. Her neck rested against a bath pillow. She knew she was in his bathroom.

She had a vague memory of Sin cradling her in his arms as they rode in the back of a big SUV. Later, she recalled him carrying her into the mansion and up the staircase to his bedroom, all the while projecting warm, affectionate thoughts directly into her mind.

She turned her head to look at Sin. He'd made her chase him and humiliate herself to get him but he'd also made her feel as if she were the most special woman in his world.

The only woman in my world. He smiled. "Hi."

"Sin."

His smile widened. "I like the way you say my name in that soft, sexy voice of yours." He massaged her breasts with his palms. "But then I haven't discovered one thing about you that doesn't totally enchant me."

Warmed by his words, she reached out to grip his hand. "Oh Sin. Is this real or..." She realized the cross wasn't around her neck and bolted up in the tub. "The cross. I've lost it. Oh, Sin, I've lost it."

He urged her back against the pillow. "You haven't lost it. It's in our bedroom. I removed it before I carried you in here."

She smiled. Our bedroom.

He lifted her hand to his lips. "How are you feeling?"

She sighed. "Sore but very happy now that I've found you." She blinked back a flood of tears. "For a while, I was afraid I'd never see you again."

He shook his head, placing her hand against his bare chest. "There was never much danger of that happening, my lovely Chandra."

She gripped his hand and lifted it to her cheek. "I haunted Foreplay but you were never there."

He leaned over, pressing his lips against her hair. "I was there."

"But I found an excuse to search the entire place twice."

"I know."

He sounded amused. She stared up at him. "How?"

"I was in a private room watching you."

"But I never saw or felt you."

"I've lived for a very long time while most of those who tried to kill me are dead beyond redemption. Very few beings are aware of my presence unless I want to be seen or felt."

"Why did you hide from me, Sin?"

"I've waited a long time to meet a woman who enchants me as such as you do, Chandra, but I'm too old and too set in my ways to play the game of love by any rules

but my own. If you're going to be my woman, you have to be willing to embrace those rules without question or hesitation."

Recalling how shamelessly she'd behaved at Foreplay, she blushed. "I allowed you and your brothers to fuck me in front of an entire club of jeering, lecherous vampires. I think I've proven my willingness to abide by your rules, Sin."

He rose and removed his shorts. Then he stepped into the bath, slipping between her thighs.

She caught her breath, sliding her hands over his bare ass. She wiggled her hips until she felt his cock against her entrance. "Sin."

He brushed his lips against hers. "If we go any further, I won't accept anything less than blind obedience from you, Chandra."

"I'll do anything you ask," she promised, nibbling at his lips.

"Anything?"

"Yes, as long as you don't ask me to do anything illegal —"

He pressed his fingers against her mouth. "I said blind obedience, Chandra, and that's what I mean. My rules, my way. I'll be the one to set any conditions. Accept my rules and I can promise you endless years of pleasure and utter devotion."

She stared up at him, her heart racing.

He caressed her cheek. "There are numerous advantages to being the object of a wealthy vampire's deepest desires and darkest obsession, my lovely Chandra. I'll readily kill and willingly die to protect you. Not only will you have everything money can buy but I'll please you in ways you can't imagine. And from time to time, I'll permit Max and Seb to pleasure you as well. Hell, I'll even allow Sebastian to romance you."

The idea of having Sebastian romance her and Max giving her lustful fucks with Sin's knowledge and approval held a wicked appeal.

"I don't know if Sebastian has any desire to romance me." She bit her lip. She sounded whiney and greedy — as if she weren't satisfied with Sin.

Sin lifted her chin and kissed her lips. "He's in love with you and I suspect the feeling is mutual."

She blushed. "You don't mind?"

"No. Why should I when I know your feelings for me far outweigh any love you feel for him? Besides, one of these days he'll fall in bloodlust and then you'll have to make do with my being the only Stoner male who can't envision a life worth living without you."

"Oh, Sin. I had no idea."

"Didn't you?"

She shook her head. "No. I hoped you felt that way but hoping and knowing are two very different things."

He waved a hand in dismissal. "Enough talk of love. Give me your answer quickly, Chandra, before I lose patience and coerce your acquiescence. Are you willing to accept my terms?"

With her luck he'd want her to rob a bank or participate in some cover-up that would cost her the gold shield she'd worked so hard to earn.

He frowned and pinched her nipple. "You're an intelligent woman. Surely you know the meaning of the word quickly, Chandra."

"I do, Sin, but —"

"If it comes to a choice between your shield and obedience to me, which one will you choose?"

She sucked in a shuddering breath. "I worked very hard to earn my shield, Sin. Please don't ask me to choose."

He slapped the side of her thigh and bared his incisors. "I'm not asking. I'm demanding. Give me your answer now or I'll walk away. When I do, I'll find myself a lover willing to surrender to me body and soul without asking questions."

What comfort would her shield provide if she lost him? He was the only man who'd ever touched her deepest emotions. He enchanted her with the possibility of the delights awaiting a woman willing to surrender her hard-fought independence in return for the devotion of the sexiest male she'd ever met.

He brushed the back of his hand across her cheek.

She met his gaze.

He didn't speak, nevertheless she felt as if she were bathed in a sea of warmth. "I'm yours to command, Sin," she whispered.

She saw a flicker of relief in his gaze. "Without reservation?"

She nodded. "Yes. Without reservation."

"Mine to command." With a slow, confident smile spreading across his face, he pressed a tender kiss against her lips. *Mine. My Chandra. My woman. My obsession. My life.*

Chapter Fifteen

His obsession. His life. She linked her arms around his neck, tears filling her eyes. "I'm your woman and I'm ready and willing to obey your every command, Sin."

That's how it should be with a vampire and his woman, my enchanting Chandra. Not that your submission will last long.

"No. I mean it."

Then take your cock. Fuck it. Enjoy it. He eased his hips forward, sliding slowly into her pussy, where he belonged and would always be welcome.

Always?

"Yes, Sin. Always. I love you, my handsome, lusty vampire."

Of course you do.

She opened her eyes.

He stared down at her with glowing eyes and bared incisors. What a gorgeous vampire. "Sin? Is it all on my side?"

"Is what all on your side?"

"Do you love me, Sin?"

"Love?" He eased out of her and got out of the bath. He reached for a towel from the towel warmer.

She stared at him. "Sin?"

He dried himself and then extended a hand to her. "Let's go to bed."

Chandra climbed out of the bath and sighed as he engulfed her in the huge, warm towel.

She stood silently as he quickly dried her off, tossed the towel aside and lifted her into his arms. He kissed her lips before he carried her out of the bathroom.

She glanced around. The room was bigger than the one she remembered. The furnishings were more modern, black lacquer. A large watercolor of her hung above the bed. Her large breasts were bare, her nipples taut. Her dress uniform pants were in disarray. Her shaved pussy with swollen lips was on display. A trickle of cum trailed down the inside of one thigh. She wore the smile of a woman who had just been fucked by a lover too impatient to do any more than push her pants down far enough to give him access to her pussy.

"That's me."

"I know."

"Is that how I look —"

"It's how you look after you've been fucked."

Her cheeks burned.

"Max gave it to me two months ago. I think it's his best work to date. Do you like it?"

"It makes me look sensual and wanton at the same time."

"And beautiful."

"Max is quite talented. So he doesn't just...fuck for a living?"

"He doesn't fuck for a living. He designs security software. He fucks for pleasure just as most men do."

"What about those web—"

"I'm really not interesting in talking about Max or anything else at the moment." He stretched her out on her back.

"Neither am I but we were talking about love, Sin."

"That conversation is a waste of time."

She turned onto her side, facing away from him as he slipped into the big bed beside her. "Not for me it isn't."

He kissed her nape, slipping his arms around her. "Love is a frail, human emotion, Chandra. I'm a full-blood vampire. My deepest and darkest emotions are no longer governed by love."

"But you said Sebastian loved me. Isn't he a full-blood vampire?"

"Yes but I also told you he's retained more of his humanity than either Max or I. He can be still be governed by love."

"What are you governed by?"

"Bloodlust."

Damn if he didn't know how to hurt her. "So you're saying you don't love me?"

He sighed. "I'm not human anymore, Chandra. I haven't been for a very long time."

She turned in his arms. "But you loved her. Didn't you?"

He frowned. "Who? Who do you imagine I'm in love with? If I were going to love anyone, it would be you."

His words didn't reassure her. "You loved Victoria."

He withdrew from her and bolted into a sitting position. "Victoria? Who told you about her?"

"No one told me about her."

"Then how do you even know her name?"

She shook her head. "I don't know how I know about her. I just do and I know you loved her very much."

He glanced away, his jaw clenching and unclenching rapidly.

She sat up and touched his arm. "Where is she?"

He slipped out of bed and stalked across the bedroom to stare out the window. "I'd rather not talk about her."

"I need to talk about her, Sin. Where is she?"

He sighed. "Dead."

Her immediate relief shamed her. "When did it happen?"

"She's been dead for a very long time."

Hearing the anguish in his voice, she slid from the bed to join him at the window. "I'm sorry, Sin. I thought... What happened to her? Can you talk about it?"

"She's been dead far longer than you've been alive. What's there to talk about?"

"You're telling me that you don't believe in love but I know you loved her. I want to know about the woman you gave something to that you'll never give me."

He swung around to stare down at her. "There's no comparison between the two of you, Chandra. She was my past. You're my present and my future. She's dead. What more is there to discuss?"

"But you loved her. Tell me that you didn't and I'll drop the subject."

"Yes," he ground out between his teeth. "I loved her with a fragile human emotion."

She sucked in a breath and bit her lip. "Oh, Sin."

He shook his head and caressed her cheek. "My feelings for you run far deeper than mere love, Chandra."

"You can speak as disparagingly as you like about love, Sin, but love is —"

"Love is just a meaningless word to most full-bloods worth the name. I lust for every inch of your voluptuous body with a hunger that increases each day until I fear it will soon consume me. My every thought and need center around you. I exist for the sole purpose of satisfying my need for you. I yearn to belong to you and have you belong to me."

"So it's all about sex."

"This is not just about sex, Chandra. You know that."

"What I know is that you're telling me you don't want me to love you."

"I never said any such thing. Of course I want you to love me."

"You tell me you don't love me but you want me to love you. How is that fair, Sin?"

"You're human, Chandra. Humans fall in love. But there's no humanity left in me. Do I love you? I know you want me to say I love you."

"Then say it. Please."

He lifted her hand to his chest. "Love is not a powerful enough emotion to describe the depth of my hunger and need for you, my lovely Chandra. I've survived without love since Victoria died. I would not do nearly as well without you. Without you I can't imagine life having much purpose. Sex does not drive my need for you. You touch my deepest and most guarded emotions in a way no one else ever has — not even Victoria."

"Oh Sin. You mean that."

"Yes, my darling. I mean it."

Overwhelmed by the passion imbued in his words, she slipped her arms around him.

He engulfed her in his arms, rubbing his cheek against her hair. "When I lost Victoria, I lost a vital piece of myself and any remaining humanity I had. I never thought I'd ever really care for another woman again. I never wanted to—until I saw you. Then I knew you were the one woman who could finally make me whole again."

She stroked her hands down his back. "What happened to her, Sin?"

He dropped his arms and turned to stare out the window again. "I don't want to talk about that."

"Why? Did you... You didn't..." She bit her lip, afraid to go on.

"Kill her?" He swung around to stare at her. "You think I'm capable of killing a woman I love? The only woman I..."

She sucked in a breath. He'd stopped just short of saying Victoria was the only woman he'd ever loved.

"Love is not important for me, Chandra."

"Please tell me what happened to her, Sin."

"She's been dead for hundreds of years. Why the hell won't you drop the subject, Chandra?"

"Because I don't want there to be any secrets between us."

"There aren't any. I've laid my deepest emotions bare at your feet. What more do you require of me?"

"I just want to share everything with you, Sin. Then why do you refuse to talk about her? I know she was important to you. Is that too much to ask you tell me about her after I've given you everything you demanded of me? Why is one request for information about her too great or difficult for you to grant?"

He sucked in a deep, shuddering breath. He pulled away from her, turning his back to her. "You don't understand, Chandra."

"I will if you'll stop putting up a wall between us."

"Talking about her..." He sighed.

"Hurts?"

"Yes. Even after all this time, it still hurts."

"I want to share everything with you, including your pain. Don't shut me out."

"Victoria killed herself."

"Oh, Sin! I'm so sorry." She slipped her arms around him, rubbing her cheek against his shoulder. "Do you know why? Can you talk about it?"

He leaned his forehead against the window. "Oh I know why."

"Then tell me why and let me share your pain."

"It happened after I died."

She shuddered at the thought of him dying at Sebastian's hand. Had his death been painful or swift and merciful? She quickly rejected a momentary resentment of Sebastian. Had he not brought him over, Sin would have been long dead before she was even born. "What happened to her that makes you feel guilty?"

"I died loving her. When I...arose I still wanted her. We'd been engaged at the time of my death and she'd recently found out she was pregnant. When I contacted her and she met me, I couldn't control myself. I tried but I ended up hurting her. I fed on her. I frightened her."

She tightened her arms around him but remained silent.

"She asked me to leave her alone but I couldn't. The truth is I didn't want to. I was drunk with the power of being a new vampire and I couldn't see any reason why I shouldn't have everything I wanted when I wanted it and I wanted her. I couldn't leave her alone and she couldn't accept what I'd become."

"She knew you were a vampire?"

"She learned the hard way one night when I'd been too rough with her. If I'd had a shred of decency left, I would have gone far away from her. Instead, I went to her house. I knew she didn't want to sleep with me again but I was going to have her anyway. I was going to rap—"

"Don't," she whispered.

"But it's the truth, Chandra."

She understood for the first time why her charge of force had probably hurt more than it had angered him. "Go on," she encouraged.

"When I arrived, I found her dead. She'd left a note telling me she was pregnant."

So he had lost the woman he loved and his child at the same time. "Oh, Sin."

"She was an exceptional, forgiving woman. In her note she begged me to forgive her for not being strong enough to face life with or without me. She confessed to still loving me and asked me to find the strength to forgive her for killing our child."

"Then she didn't feel she'd been forced, Sin."

"That doesn't change the fact that I didn't stop when I knew I was hurting her."

"If she didn't blame you and still loved you, why did she kill herself?"

"She was a very religious woman. Her beliefs wouldn't allow her to continue loving me as I was."

"Sin—"

He moved away from her and crossed the room to his tallboy. He picked up the cross and retraced his steps to her. He held it in his open palm. "This was hers. Her mother gave it to her and she gave it to me when she accepted..." He stopped short.

"Your marriage proposal? You were engaged to her?"

He nodded. "Yes."

"I never took it off until..."

Chandra moistened her lips. "Until when?"

"I wore it the night..." He sighed. "She was incredible. Even after what I'd done, she offered no recriminations for my having hurt her or having gotten her pregnant at a time when only whores had sex before marriage. In her goodbye note to me she asked me to continue to wear the cross until I met and fell in love with another woman. Then she asked me to give it to that woman as a token of my love." He shook his head. "But I couldn't continue to wear it. I took it off that night and put it away until I sent it to you."

So he might not love her in the traditional sense of the word but he'd given her the cross the only woman he'd ever loved had given to him. She knew the cross held great emotional value to him, as it now did to her.

"Chandra?"

"Your Victoria must have been a very special person."

He nodded. "As are you."

She took the cross and fastened it around her neck. She smiled at him. "Victoria must have loved you very much. I know I do."

He sighed. "She was the only woman I'd ever loved and I repaid her love and devotion by allowing my lusts to force her to kill herself and our child. It was love, Chandra, mine for her and hers for me that destroyed her. Love. Had I loved her less... Love is a human emotion that rips and tears apart those unlucky enough to fall under its evil sway."

"Oh, no, Sin. No." She cupped her hands over his cheeks and stared up into his glowing eyes. "I can accept that you no longer believe in love but it doesn't have to be destructive or end badly. It can be the most wonderful thing that ever happened to someone."

"No."

"Yes. That's how I feel right now with you. You're the only man I've ever really loved."

"I adore you, Chandra but I'm no more worthy of your love than I was of hers."

"I disagree."

"Would you still feel that way if I admitted what I'd done to get you?"

"You mean with Val? I admit I'm always going to have a problem with what you did with her but she's happy now and—"

"No. I mean with your Jared."

"What about Jared? I came close to sleeping with him only once after I met you but—"

"That's not what I meant."

She frowned, allowing her hands to drop away from his face. "What do you mean?"

"Do you remember the woman you walked in on him fucking?"

"How could I forget?" After she'd caught the bitch enjoying the cock she'd thought was hers alone, she'd had the gall to turn and smile at Chandra. "What about her?"

"She was a fem doing me a favor."

"She was a fem? What are you saying, Sin?"

"He really loved you."

She blinked at him. "He did? He never said he did."

"He did and he wasn't inclined to cheat on you."

"Then why did he?"

"He didn't willingly cheat on you."

She swallowed slowly. "Oh, Sin. What did you do to him?"

"She had to compel him to sleep with her."

"You mean she..." She shook her head. "No."

"She compelled him to cheat. She told me later that it wasn't easy either. He never willingly cheated. Hell, I don't even think it's fair to call it cheating. She made him submit."

Recalling all Jared's protestations of not having been attracted to the woman and being uncertain how or why he'd ended up in bed with her, Chandra sucked in an angry breath. "Oh, Sin. Why did you do that to him?"

"Because he had you and I wanted you."

"But he's a man with feelings. It was cruel to force him to behave against his nature and inclination."

"Before you look at me like that, I could have done a lot worse, Chandra. I could have killed him. I nearly did but Sebastian convinced me not to."

So she had Sebastian to thank for Jared's life, which Sin would have carelessly snuffed out. "Jared is a good man, Sin. I wish you hadn't done that to him."

"He'll survive."

"That's not the point, Sin."

"Then what exactly is the point, Chandra? Are you planning to hold it against me?"

She lifted her chin. "I should. While you willingly pop your cock into anything with a hole, he had to be made to cheat. He's worth ten of you."

He bared his incisors. "Be careful, Chandra, or you'll be reading about his death in your morning paper."

"I swear if you hurt him, you'll lose me, Sin."

She saw the disbelief in his eyes. Fearful for Jared's life, she spoke in a compulsive rush. "You'll lose me just as you lost her."

He responded in a cold, angry voice. "You insist I bare my soul to you. When I do, you use it against me. Is that your idea of love, Chandra?"

She shook her head. "Sin—"

"And don't issue any ultimatums you're not prepared to follow through on, Chandra. If you think I'll allow you to hurt yourself—"

She bit her lip. Lord, she'd made a mess of things. How would she ever get him to share anything else with her? "That's not what I meant." She sighed. "I shouldn't have threatened you but I want your promise that you will not hurt Jared."

"And if I refuse to give it?"

"If you have one ounce of real feeling for me, you won't refuse, Sin. If you do, I guess I'll know where I stand with you."

"And where would that be, Chandra?"

"I'll know I'm nothing more than a pussy and ass you intend to use for your pleasure with no consideration for my feelings or needs. Is that all you think of me, Sin?"

She watched his eyes darken. He maintained her gaze, allowing her to see his fury. "You're not above using my feelings against me, Chandra. That doesn't say much for your so-called love."

"It's not so-called. I love you but that doesn't mean I'm going to roll over and play dead for you." She placed a hand on his chest. "You haven't answered my question, Sin. Do you want me to think this is all about sex after all?"

He spoke through his teeth. "No."

Why was he so reluctant to admit that he cared about her feelings? "Then promise me you won't hurt Jared."

"To hell with Jared."

"I need your promise, Sin. Once you give it, I know you'll keep it. Please."

"Fine. You have it."

She sighed in relief. "Then I'll admit that no matter what you've done, I can't stop loving you."

He stared at her, his eyes still cold.

She sighed. "What? I've already admitted I shouldn't have threatened you and I certainly shouldn't have made any reference to Victoria. I know she meant a lot to you and such a reference was unnecessarily hurtful."

"Then why do it unless you wanted to hurt me?"

She shrugged. "No. I said it out of jealousy."

"There's no need to be jealous, Chandra. She's been dead a long time."

"I know but you've loved her for so long."

"No. I do not love her."

"That's not a lot of comfort when you don't love me either, Sin."

His expression softened. "Don't let that be a problem for you, Chandra."

"Why wouldn't it be?"

"Because you are everything to me, Chandra. Everything. I care for you in a way I was incapable of caring for her. I'd give up everything to please you—even my immortality."

"Sin..."

"I know the word love is important to you but if you only understood the depth of my need and feelings for you, you'd know you have no reason to be jealous of anyone. You never will. If I have you, I have everything."

"Oh, Sin. Knowing how far you were prepared to go to get me... Call me an idiot but that knowledge just makes me love you even more."

"You're not angry?"

She balled a hand into a fist and hit it against his chest. "I'm furious..." She paused and then sucked in a quick breath.

He frowned. "What now?"

"Please tell me that the new man in Valerie's life isn't a vampire who's taking her out as a favor to you."

"And if he is?"

"Oh, Sin, please, no. She's had her life turned upside down enough without you're having done that to her. I won't stand for her being hurt anymore."

"I made everything right for her. Didn't she get her old job back with the raise she deserved? And isn't she happy with her new love? He's not a vampire, Chandra. I can't say I understand why she's so important to you but I know she is. I wouldn't do anything to hurt her."

She compressed her lips. "I'm delighted to hear that but why did they suddenly fall so hard for each other?"

He shrugged. "How should I know? There's no accounting for taste. Some males seem to prefer slender blondes with barely enough breasts to suck. Other, more discerning males prefer Nubian beauties with full, voluptuous boobs we can happily lose our minds in."

She smiled but shook her head. "Don't think you're going to turn my head with compliments. I want an answer, Sin."

"So your promise of absolute obedience was an empty one?"

She clutched his arm. "No, Sin. I meant what I said but she is my best friend and she's been hurt enough because of me."

"You did nothing to hurt her."

"But it was because of me that her life was turned upside down. I don't want you to think I didn't mean what I said about obeying you but—"

He shook his head, a slight smile curving his lips upward. "You don't have to work so hard explaining, Chandra. While I do demand obedience, I wouldn't want to kill that annoying but rather charming spirit of yours."

"You wouldn't?"

He shrugged, a slight smile hovering over his lips. "Well, not completely."

"Arrogant bastard."

He grinned. "I didn't do anything to make them fall for each other. All I did was arrange their meeting. You can attribute everything that happened after that to his extreme lack of taste. He appears to be honestly attracted to her."

She hit his shoulder again. "Any man not legally blind would find her attractive."

"If you say so, my lovely siren. Have I answered your questions about them satisfactorily?"

She nodded.

"Do you believe me?"

"Yes."

"Good. Now let's talk about you and me and your feelings for me."

"Okay but before we do I have another question."

"Which is?"

"Were you going to turn Victoria?"

"Chandra –"

"Sin –"

"Yes. I was. Satisfied?"

She swallowed hard. "Is that what you plan for me?"

"No."

She frowned. "You mean you're prepared to allow me to grow old and die?"

"Do you want to be a fem?"

"I like who I am."

He smiled. "So do I, my adorable but exasperating Chandra."

"You do?"

"Yes, Chandra, I do. Surely that's obvious to a detective of your intelligence."

"Obvious or not, a woman likes to hear how her man feels about her."

"You think it's different for me?"

She leaned into him, tilting her head back. "Okay. I love you so much it hurts. And I need you to fuck me, Sin. Consume me. Make me your sex slave."

"I have no desire for you to be a slave of any kind, Chandra. Despite the fantastic sex we share, our relationship isn't just about sex. I can get sex from any woman. But only you can satisfy my innermost needs and desires."

"You're going to make me weep with happiness."

"What I have, I hold, Chandra."

"I want you to hold me, Sin."

"Forever and beyond?"

"You said you had no plans to turn me."

"And I don't but I can and will slow down your aging process and extend your life until such time as you want to spend forever and beyond with me enough to willingly agree to become my fem."

"How many fems have you had?"

"That were mine? None. You're the only woman in my life who has mattered since Victoria."

She smiled. "That's pretty exclusive company."

He nodded. "Now what about you? How many men have you loved?"

"Counting you?"

He smiled. "Yes. Counting me."

"Through high school I had various crushes but I always knew none of them were serious. In my third year of college, I fell for Charlie. Things got pretty serious between us and I thought we were in love."

"What changed your mind?"

She shrugged. "He accepted a job on the West Coast after college. He asked me to accompany him but by then I'd passed the written test for police officer and I didn't want to miss the opportunity. When I chose to stay here and accept the job instead of going with him, I knew I wasn't in love with him."

"And since this unlucky Charlie?"

"I've dated a number of men since college but none of the relationships were serious until Jared."

His jaw clenched.

"Jared's a good man, Sin, and I had begun to think in terms of settling down with him..." She sighed. "I have to see him."

"Why?"

"I have to tell him that I believe him."

His response surprised her. "Fine."

"That's all you have to say? No threats?"

He shook his head. "No threats. See him and tell him you believe him if it's important to you."

"It is."

"Fine. Have we talked enough about past lovers and how unworthy I am? If so, can we get back to you and me and forever and beyond?"

"Yes. We can." She placed her hands on his chest and smiled up at him. "Forever and beyond just might be long enough to love and submit to you, my handsome Sin."

"You'll consider becoming my fem?"

The thought of dying held little appeal. But then the thought of losing him as she grew too old and unattractive to hold his attention held even less appeal. "I'm not sure, Sin," she admitted.

"That's understandable. It's not something you have to decide now, Chandra. I can assure you I will always be attracted to you. I'm not some human male governed solely by outward appearances. No matter how old you grow you will always be the woman whose fire and passion make me ache with need and whose love completes me. You are a beautiful, voluptuous woman. But even if your outward appearance wasn't so pleasing, I'd still be drawn to you. I will always worship and adore you, my darling Chandra."

"God, you can be so sweet."

He grinned. "Yes. I can. Can't I?"

She rubbed her hands against his chest. "Have you ever been married Sin?"

"No. Marriage is a waste of time."

Damn him. "But you were going to marry Victoria."

"Yes, I was. I was human then. As we've already discussed, I have no humanity left."

"What does that mean, Sin? Are you telling me that I shouldn't ever expect marriage?"

"Why do you have to make this so complicated, Chandra? Marriage is for —"

"Let me guess. It's a fragile human arrangement like love."

"Yes. It is."

"Well, guess what, Sin? I'm human. Remember?"

He sighed. "Chandra —"

She pressed her fingers against his lips. "I'm a human woman. I'll learn to cope with your inability to love but I'll be damned if I'll do without love *and* marriage. You'd better understand that, Sin."

"Let's not argue, Chandra."

"Fine but you need to understand that I have all the needs and wants of a human woman."

"I'm a quick study."

She caressed his cheek. "You'd better be because I won't wait forever, Sin."

"I'll keep that in mind." He swept her up into his arms and carried her back to the bed where he laid her gently on her back.

She spread her legs and reached out a hand. "Come brand me as yours, Sin."

"You are mine."

She nodded. "Yes. I am."

He slipped between her legs and into her arms.

"I love you," she whispered and sighed with pleasure as he thrust into her. One day she'd get used to the idea that he was completely hers.

Epilogue

"So what's the surprise waiting for me at the mansion?"

Seated beside her in the driver's seat of his SUV two months later, Sin gave Chandra a brief, smiling glance. "We'll arrive in about ten minutes."

Even though they had spent most of their free time together, she knew there was still a lot she didn't know about him. This would be her first visit to the mansion since the night she'd gone to Foreplay and admitted she wanted Sin to dominate her. "I know and I love surprises but just give me a hint. Is it a piece of jewelry or a mink or —"

"Would you like a mink, Chandra?"

"Actually, no, I wouldn't."

"Then isn't it fortunate I didn't buy you one?"

He sounded amused. She cast her gaze upward. "You're real cute, Sin-Bad."

He laughed. "I'm glad you think so, darling."

She resisted the urge to elbow him. "Is it a dog? You know I've always wanted one."

"So you've mentioned. A big white German Shepherd."

"They're beautiful dogs."

"Yes."

"So? Is it a dog?"

Sin turned off the two-lane road onto a narrow one-lane one. "Today is very special for all of us."

"All of who?"

"You, me, Seb and Max. I'm not going to ruin the surprise, Chandra."

She looked at him. He wore a long-sleeved blue pullover and a pair of butt-hugging jeans under the black leather bomber jacket she'd bought him. He looked as sexy in the casual attire as he did in the black leather he often wore. She raised her gaze to his face. His profile gave nothing away.

"So you're not going to give me even a little hint?"

A smile curved the corners of his mouth. "If I did, Max and Sebastian would have my head on a platter."

She smiled. "So it has something to do with Sebastian and Max."

"Apparently."

"What does it have to do with them?"

"You'll soon see, my impatient minx."

She sank against her seat. The black wrought iron gates of the mansion were several hundred yards in front of them. They'd arrived.

Sin pushed a button on the dashboard and the gates swung open.

Three SUVs were parked in front of the mansion. Two were dark, late models. The third was a beautiful new silver luxury SUV with a large red ribbon tied around its front end.

She caught her breath and turned to stare at Sin's profile. "Is that the surprise? Is that gorgeous machine mine?"

He pulled to a stop beside the SUV before he turned to smile at her. "It has everything you could possibly want including a navigation system and a back-up camera. Do you like the color?"

She gripped his arm. "You mean it is for me?"

"Who else would it be for?" He caressed her cheek with the back of his hand. "Ready to take it for a test run?"

"Yes." She pressed a quick kiss against the corner of his mouth and scrambled out of the SUV without waiting for him to open her door.

She slipped inside, smiling at the soft, supple feel of the fine leather seat. She fastened her seatbelt and started the engine as Sin slipped into the passenger seat.

"Do you like it, Chandra?"

She turned and squeezed his hand. "I love it. Thank you, Sin."

"I'm glad you like it but I didn't buy it."

Some of her pleasure vanished. "Who bought it?"

"Sebastian."

"Oh..." She turned off the engine.

He frowned. "Don't you want to take it for a quick test run?"

She shrugged. "Later."

He unfastened her seatbelt and leaned over to kiss her cheek. "On Aireon each new female member of the family receives a gift from each male family member. This SUV is from Seb."

She leaned away from him. "And I suppose you have a dog waiting in the mansion for me."

"How was I supposed to know you didn't really want a dog, Chandra?"

She stared at him. "Oh, Sin, how can you be so unromantic and —"

He sighed. "I knew your supposed blind obedience and submission wouldn't last long."

She grimaced.

He pressed his fingers against her lips. "Before you say something that will require me to spank your beautiful ass, look in the glove compartment."

She met his gaze, which gave nothing away. Damn him and his poker face. "Why? What's in there?"

"Open it and find out."

Chandra reached over him to open the glove compartment. She sucked in a breath as her gaze rested on a diamond-studded leather dog collar. She opened it and gave him a cool look. "I wonder how tightly this will fit around your neck."

He laughed. "That's my sassy, siren." He took the collar from her and laid it on the dashboard. "There's something else in the glove compartment."

"What?"

"Look and find out."

She bent to look into the lighted compartment. At the back she saw a small black jeweler's box. Her heart raced.

"It's for you, Chandra."

She glanced at him. "What's in it?"

"There's one way to find out."

She picked up the box and sat back in her seat, staring at it.

"Open it."

"I know it contains a ring."

"And?"

"But I don't know what kind of ring it contains." She glanced at him. "Please tell me this isn't from Max."

"It's not. His present is inside."

"Is it from Sebastian?"

"No, Chandra. It's from me."

She moistened her lips.

"Aren't you going to open it?"

"I'm afraid."

"Of what?"

She shrugged. "I know you don't want to get married."

"And?"

"And I'm still trying to adjust to that. I'm not... If this contains a friendship ring, Sin..." She touched a finger to the jeweler's box.

"If it contains a friendship – what?"

"Knowing how much I love you, it would be cruel and hurtful to give me a friendship ring when you know..."

"Do you think I'd be cruel to you, Chandra?"

"Not on purpose but you might not consider it cruel or hurtful, Sin."

He took the box from her and opened it.

A rush of emotion tightened her throat and tears filled her eyes. She had to blink rapidly.

Sin removed the large diamond solitaire from the box and slipped it on the third finger of her left hand.

Tears spilled down her cheeks. "It's an engagement ring, Sin."

He nodded. "Yes, I know. I had it made especially for you. Do you like it?"

"Yes but it's an engagement ring."

He wiped her cheeks. "You're repeating yourself, honey."

"But I don't understand. Why are you giving me an engagement ring?"

"For the usual reason."

"The usual reason is... You do know what the usual reason is?"

"Yes, Chandra, I'm aware of what the usual reason is." He lifted her chin and stared into her eyes. "So? Will you?"

"Will I... But... You said marriage was... You said..."

"I know what I said about marriage. You haven't answered. Will you?"

"Sin? Please say it. Actually ask me. Please?"

He nodded. "Okay. Will you marry me?"

"You said it. You actually asked me."

"Yes and now will you please answer me before I start to feel like a fool?"

She tossed her arms around his neck. "Yes!"

He embraced her for several moments before he drew away and cupped his palms against her cheeks. "Are you sure, Chandra?"

"I love you. Of course I'll marry you. Ask me again."

"Again? You want to torture me?"

"Sin."

Will you marry me?

"Yes, Sin. I will marry you."

He lowered his head and pressed a gentle kiss against her lips. "Good. Now let's go inside. Max is waiting to give you his present."

She waved her left hand at him. "I'm sure I'll like his present but after your proposal, it's going to be difficult to get excited about anything else."

"That's how I feel about your answer, darling."

She pressed her hand against her breasts. "You're going to make me cry."

"No tears, Chandra. Not even happy ones." He got out of the SUV and held open her door.

She slipped out of the vehicle and into his arms. "Oh, Sin. I'm so happy."

He kissed her forehead. "I think Max's gift will make you even happier."

She slipped her hand in his. "If I get any happier, I'll probably burst."

"We can't have that. I like you just the way you are."

"Yeah? Even when I don't live up to my promise of obedience?"

"Even then, Chandra."

She kissed his lips. "I'll falling more in love with you every second, Sin."

He grinned. "That's all part of my evil plan." He squeezed her hand. "Max will get impatient. Let's go see what he has for you."

As they walked up the steps, Sebastian opened the front door. A warm smile shone in his blue eyes.

She hadn't had any contact with him since the night at the club. She released Sin's hand and rushed at him. "Sebastian. Thanks for the SUV. I love it."

"I'm glad, honey." He embraced her but to her surprise only kissed her cheek.

She frowned up at him. "We haven't seen each other in—"

"I know how long it's been, Chandra."

"Then why such a cold welcome?"

He released her. "Believe me you'll get a warmer one later."

"Why not now?"

He frowned and leaned close to press his lips against her cheek. "Don't tempt me."

"I want some cock," she told him, glancing at his crotch. She frowned. Like Sin, he must have a jockstrap on because she saw no evidence of the usual arousal he frequently had in her presence.

"We have a guest who might not understand if I spank your naughty ass and then fuck you in the foyer."

"A guest? Who? Not your woman?"

He grinned. "There's no need to turn green, honey. It's a woman but she's not mine."

"Do you have a special woman, Sebastian?"

"Not at the moment."

"Good. Let's keep it that way for a while at least."

He laughed. "Aren't you the greedy little one?"

"I'm usually not but it's kind of nice having you both to myself for a while."

He smiled.

"Anyway, if she's not your woman, she must be Max's."

Sebastian arched a brow. "And you don't mind his having a woman?"

"Not as long as I continue to get my share of his cock." She smiled. "Where is he?"

"In the living room."

Sin slipped an arm around her waist and led her down the hall to a pair of double oak doors, which he pushed open.

Chandra entered the room ahead of him.

Max shared a love seat with a tall, slender blonde.

The woman rose. A radiant smile spread across her beautiful face, warming her green eyes.

Chandra stared at her. She was sure she and the woman had never met, yet the woman seemed familiar.

Max rose. "There you are at last." He smiled at Chandra. "Hi, honey. It's been a while but I think the two of you know each other."

She shook her head. "I don't think we do."

"This reunion is one of my gifts to you."

Chandra looked at the woman again.

"Annie!" The woman sobbed and rushed across the room.

Only one person had ever called her Annie. "Oh my God. Jill!" With tears spilling down her cheeks, Chandra ran to meet her and the two embraced in a flood of tears.

Ten minutes later, Chandra and Jill sat together on the love seat, clutching each other's hands. Chandra turned to look at Sin, Max and Sebastian, who stood near the patio doors, smiling at her.

"Thank you, Max."

He arched a brow and tilted his head, sending his long hair cascading around his broad shoulders. "That's it? Don't I even get a hug?"

She reluctantly released Jill's hand to walk across the room. She slipped her arms under his dark business jacket to encircle his waist. She looked up at him. "Thank you just doesn't seem adequate."

He bent and kissed her cheek. "I couldn't agree more but I have another present for you."

"You do? Where?"

"Over the mantle."

She turned her head. A large watercolor hung over the mantelpiece. Sin, wearing a dark business suit and a power tie stood before a jury in a crowded courtroom. "Oh, Max." She stretched on her toes and kissed his cheek. "I owe you a quick fuck later," she promised.

"Don't think I won't collect but it's not going to be quick. I'm going to take my time and thoroughly plunder your sweet, tight pussy again and again."

She trembled at his raw promise and resisted the urge to rub herself against his groin. She whispered her response. "Oh, Max. Is that your big cock I feel hardening against me? It seems to be in some distress. Should I reach down and stroke it?"

"Don't start any shit you're not prepared to finish now, bitch," he warned in a soft, caressing voice before he released her.

She heard two sharp inhalations. She turned to find both Sin and Sebastian staring at her and Max.

Smiling, she crossed the room to resume her place on the love seat. "I feared we'd never see each other again, Jill. I searched for you but—"

Jill nodded. "I just knew you had. My adopted parents were archeologists. We traveled all over the world but settled in England. They're kind, loving parents but never understood my longing to reunite with you. I couldn't remember your last name and I thought... When Max showed up in England two months ago... Oh, Annie! My parents adopted another child they hoped would be a big sister for me. I love Gwen but I could never forget you, Annie. Never."

"I didn't forget you either. I'm glad you had a happy childhood, Jill."

"And you? How was your childhood, Annie?"

"I was never adopted but I was always treated well and now..." She glanced at the most three important men in her life. "I finally have a family of my own and I've been united with you. I couldn't be happier."

Jill glanced toward the window. "Which one is yours?"

Chandra smiled. "The tall, drop-dead gorgeous one."

"They're all tall and gorgeous."

Chandra nodded. "Yes, they are."

Jill lifted Chandra's left hand. "Now that's what I call a rock."

Chandra pointed at Sin. "We got engaged about half an hour ago."

"You two make a beautiful couple. Congrats."

"Thanks." She looked at Jill's left hand. "I see you're married."

Jill nodded. "Very happily. James and I have been married for seven years. Would you like to see a picture of him?"

"I'd love to."

Jill reached for a large leather bag on the side of the love seat. She removed a wallet and opened it. "Here he is."

Chandra looked down at a tall, attractive man with dark brown hair and gray eyes. "He's very attractive, Jill."

"Thank you. Here's a picture of our five-year-old daughter."

A pretty, smiling child with long blonde hair and green eyes sat on a pony in a meadow. "She's adorable, Jill."

"And as sweet and loving as the person she named after."

Chandra looked up. "Let me guess. She's named Jamie after her dad?"

Jill smiled. "James is sweet and more loving every day but our daughter is named Chandra Anne. We call her Annie."

Tears welled in Chandra's eyes and spilled down her cheeks. She flung her arms around Jill.

Jill clung to her. "I told you I never forgot you. James and Annie have both heard a lot about you and would love to meet you."

Chandra drew away and wiped her cheeks. "I'd love to meet them. Did they come with you?"

"They're in Italy to celebrate James' grandparents' sixtieth wedding anniversary. I'm catching a late plane there tonight. We'll be back in England in a week. We'd love to have you make arrangements to visit us when we return home."

She squeezed Jill's hand as she glanced at Sin. He inclined his head slightly. "We'll make arrangements for a visit."

"Great. We'd love to have you both visit our home. Now tell me all about your job."

"My job?"

"Yes. Max told me you're a detective."

"With an impressive and outstanding eighty-seven percent clearance rate," Max injected.

Chandra glanced at Max, touched by the hint of pride she thought she detected in his voice.

He shrugged and smiled. "I thought it was worth mentioning."

"You have hidden depths, Max."

He grinned. "It's about time you noticed."

She turned her attention back to Jill. "And what about you?"

Jill grinned. "I write erotic romantic suspense novels."

"Really? Tell me about them."

Jill leaned forward. "All my heroes are hot-bodied hunks who fall in love with average women they can't resist."

"Sounds just like my kind of erotic romance. Tell me more."

* * * * *

Later that night, Chandra lay on her side in her and Sin's bedroom at the mansion. Sebastian lay behind her with his lips against her neck, one hand cupped over her breasts, the thumb of his other hand rubbing her clit.

She moaned, grinding her ass against his groin, enjoying the feel of his big cock ejaculating inside her pussy as they both came. When the last shudder left her body, she sighed with pleasure and turned her head.

Sebastian kissed her lips, still erect inside her.

She broke off the kiss to snuggle her ass against him. "How have you been?"

"I've been missing you, honey."

"Have you been with anyone special?"

"No one capable of making me forget you, honey. That's what you wanted to hear. Isn't it?"

"Yes," she admitted. "I've missed you too."

He slapped the side of her thigh. "I doubt Sin has given you time to miss anyone."

She eased off his cock and turned in his arms to face him. "I love and adore Sin, Sebastian."

He nodded. "I know."

"But you shouldn't think that doesn't leave plenty of room to adore you as well." She closed her hand around his cock, coated with their combined fluids. "I know it's greedy but in spite of my feelings for Sin, I need you in my life too."

He smiled, stroking her thighs. "Just your life?"

She guided his cock against her entrance. "No. I need you in my pussy too, Sebastian."

"Oh, baby, you have no idea how much I want and need to be there."

She caressed his hair. "I will if you show me."

They stared at each other in silence. Without either one of them speaking of love, Chandra felt the emotion swelling between them. "You know I love Sin."

"He's a lucky bastard."

"But when I'm with you, every inch of my pussy burns for the sweet ecstasy of making love with you. Take me. Take your pussy, Sebastian."

"Oh, damn, Chandra. Be careful what you say to me."

"I mean it, Sebastian. Take your pussy and do whatever you want with it and with me. When we're together like this, I am all yours. Be mine."

"You know damn well, I'm yours, Chandra."

"Prove it. Give me my cock."

He sucked in a breath and thrust against her. He sank balls deep into her with one, wonderful movement.

"Oh, yes. You feel so good, my handsome Sebastian." She slipped her arms around him and parted her legs. "I need my cock. Give it to me, my handsome, sexy vampire."

He rolled her onto her back, his mouth descending on her parted lips.

She sucked his tongue into her mouth and tightened her vaginal muscles around him. He gripped her ass and they shared a quick, hard, raunchy fuck, exploding within seconds of each other just minutes later.

They lay joined together in silence, enjoying the aftermath of their fuck.

After several minutes, he finally withdrew his cock. Still sprawled between her thighs, he kissed her lips and murmured something soft and sweet against her mouth.

She caressed his hair. "What did you say?"

He lifted his head to stare down at her. "I said I lo—"

The bedroom door opened.

Chandra turned her head.

Sin stood in the open doorway, naked and aroused.

The two brothers stared at each other in silence before Sin spoke. "Shall I come back later?"

"No." Sebastian pressed a quick kiss against Chandra's lips and slipped out of bed.

She turned onto her side to watch him watch leave the room. At the door, he glanced over his shoulder at her. *You know how I feel, Chandra.*

She nodded. "Me too." She cast a quick look at Sin, relieved to see no evidence of annoyance or anger in his gaze or face.

Sin closed the door and smiled at her. "I don't have any problem with you and Sebastian's warm and fuzzy feelings for each other. You're a beautiful woman he can't help but need and he's a caring male not many women can resist."

"Who knew you could be so generous?"

"He's my little brother and I love him and want him to be happy. We've already discussed how I feel about you."

"Sin-Bad Stoner, you are one hell of a man, a lover, a vampire and a brother."

He grinned. "Finally, she recognizes my true worth."

"I do."

"I have a message from Max. He says he expects his thanks sometime tomorrow."

She smiled. "Maybe I'll thank him tomorrow and maybe I won't."

"I'm curious, Chandra. Why does Max get to call you bitch with impunity but if either I or Seb even look as if we're thinking of saying the word in your presence, we get cut off at the knees."

"It's all in the delivery, Sin."

"What?"

"I like the way he says bitch."

"Oh, you do?"

"Yes. I do. He makes it sound like a sweet, sexy endearment just between the two of us."

Sin arched a brow. "Looks like I'll have to start keeping a closer eye on the sneaky bastard."

She laughed.

"I'm serious."

"You are not." She sighed. "Do you think Max can discover my parents' identity, Sin?"

"We didn't want to mention it in case he wasn't successful but he's trying."

She tried to stifle her excitement. "He is?"

"Yes, Chandra. Just bear in mind that he's not a magician and he doesn't have much to work with. You shouldn't expect too much but you can bet he'll give it his best effort."

"He's amazing."

"So now he's amazing?"

"Yes."

"You keep lavishing him with compliments and you'll get his ass kicked for him."

She smiled. "Who knew you were the jealous type?"

"I'm not jealous," he denied.

"Of course you're not." She parted her legs. "That's enough talk about the handsome, amazing Max. I need you to show me how jealous you're not."

"Are you sure? Despite my erection, I can wait until tomorrow, if you're sore."

"Sore?"

"I know Seb really missed you so I know he gave your pussy a pounding."

"Oh, he did and I enjoyed it but I'm always in the mood for the ultimate pounding by you, Sin."

"Spoken like my woman."

"Always, Sin-Bad."

He crossed the room and slipped into bed with her.

She turned to face him. "I love you."

He pressed a surprisingly gentle kiss against her lips before he lifted his head to stare down at her.

Meeting the tender look in his eyes, she half expected an admission of love from him. He didn't offer one but for the first time in their relationship she began to hope that he would one day tell her he loved her and mean it.

"I wouldn't say it unless I meant it, Chandra."

She nodded. "I know. That's why when you do say it, the admission will be all the sweeter. Now let's make love."

He shook his head.

"I'm fine, Sin."

Despite her protests that she wasn't sore, he insisted they take a bath together instead of making love.

She linked her arms around his neck and laid her cheek against his shoulder as he carried her into the bathroom. She fell asleep during the soak and barely stirred when he dried her and carried her back to bed.

Chandra slept soundly through the night and woke just after dawn the next morning hungry for him. After a quick trip to the bathroom, she returned to find him stretched out on fresh bedding, fully aroused.

She rushed across the room to join him in bed. She slipped between his thighs, seeking his mouth and his cock.

He resisted her efforts to impale herself on him and spent the next several minutes getting her hot and even more aroused before he eased into her pussy. He made love to her with a delicious, erotic slowness. She experienced several climaxes before he rolled her onto her back, shuddered and filled her pussy with his cum.

She tilted her head.

He responded by sinking his incisors into her neck.

Oh hell, yes. She held him. She loved the powerful jets she could actually feel detonating in her as he ingested her blood. She kissed his hair. "Hmmm. That's some good cock you have there, my handsome vampire," she told him.

He removed his teeth from her neck and smiled down at her. "And it's all yours."

"It is? You mean I don't have to share you with Max and Sebastian's women?"

"Neither of them have anyone special in their lives at that moment. I have zero interest in sleeping with women who mean nothing to them and less to me. It's been a very long time since I cared for anyone as I do for you and you get the benefit of all my pent-up emotions. As an added benefit you also get to occasionally sleep with Max and Seb."

She smiled, pleased by Sin's lack of interest in other women and Sebastian's continued interest in her. "Aren't I the lucky one? I get three for the price of one."

He kissed her lips. "I tend to think I'm the lucky one."

"Oh, Sin. You are so sweet."

"Yes. I am." He grinned and rolled onto his side, easing out of her.

She turned, settling her ass against his groin.

He pulled the covers over them. "Max has breakfast on a warming tray in the hall."

"Will it keep awhile? I want to talk."

He kissed her nape. "So talk."

"I know you sent the cross but who sent the other gifts? You or Sebastian?"

"You enchanted all three of us and we all sent gifts."

"Max too?"

"Yes. Max said you reminded him of a luscious chocolate delight."

"I like that."

He pinched her nipple. "You can tell him later when he comes for his fuck."

"It doesn't bother you that I like his cock?"

"No. Why should it when I know you love mine?"

"Arrogant bastard."

He laughed.

"So who sent me what?"

"Max sent the wine and chocolates. I sent the lingerie and the roses in the crystal vases. Seb sent the practical things like the bulletproof vest and the holster."

"Imagine that. Sebastian the practical one and Max the romantic one. You three are incredible."

"So are you."

"Sin? Why does your native language sound familiar?"

"Because I spoke it to you for nearly a year before we met at Foreplay."

"How?"

"I knew I had to have you the moment I saw you but I also knew I had to go slowly with you. So I used to visit your apartment while you were asleep and talk to you."

She recalled some of her dreams. "You did more than talk to me."

"Yes. I regularly mentally fucked you."

"Wouldn't an officer of the court consider that illegal, Sin-Bad? Like stalking?"

He slapped her ass. "Don't get too sassy."

"Sin? Do you have any kids?"

"Not to my knowledge."

"Do you want any?"

"Sometimes I still think of the child I lost with Victoria."

She ached for the pain she felt emanating from him.

"I'm not sure how I feel about exposing myself to that kind of pain again, Chandra. Do you want any?"

"I've never felt any pressing need to be barefoot and pregnant but I've always thought I'd like to adopt a few kids who would otherwise have to grow up in a series of foster homes. Would you consider that with me, Sin?"

"I'm not making any promises but yes I will consider it."

"You will?"

"Yes but just not yet. For now I want to keep you as much to myself as I can, given the fact that I have two horny brothers who want you as well. But if you want to adopt a few kids, we can talk about it. I'm not sure what kind of father I'd make but—"

She turned to face him. "I'll bet you'll make an excellent one. Now let's talk about your penchant for skinny women a lot lighter than I am."

"I don't have a penchant for skinny, white women. That is what you mean by lighter than you are. Isn't it?"

She shrugged. "Maybe."

"You clearly need a reminder that I grew up on a world where the standard of beauty was dark-skinned women with lots of curves. It's not that I prefer thin women of any color."

"Then what is it?"

"I've lived a long time and at various stages in my life I had a flavor of the decade."

She met his gaze.

He sighed. "Before you ask, Victoria was slender with long, auburn hair."

She caressed his chest. "She was the only woman you loved."

"I was still human when we met and young enough to be overwhelmed by her beauty. She was the first woman I'd ever seen with hair that color. It was striking against her pale skin but that doesn't mean my ideal woman is thin with pale skin. The most beautiful and striking woman I'd ever seen before you was the Sovereign with her silver eyes, miles of curves and beautiful dark skin."

She smiled. "Nice save, Sin-Bad."

"I meant everything I said."

She nodded. "As usual, I believe you. And I love you."

He leaned down to kiss her lips. *You are my unchained melody and my reason for living, my lovely, cherished beauty.*

That was almost as sweet as having him tell her he loved her. And he wanted to marry her. Hell, at this rate, he'd tell her he loved her one day.

Their gazes met.

She knew he'd read her thoughts. She waited for him to tell her not to expect any such thing. He didn't, which meant it *would* happen one day. "Won't it, Sin?"

"I think I've lost the ability to feel romantic love."

Yet he'd die to protect her?

"Without a moment's hesitation," he assured her.

"That sounds like love to me, Sin."

He shook his head. "I don't know that it is."

"It's close enough for now. It'll happen — provided I manage to live long enough."

He laughed. "I can ensure you live as long as you like."

"I'll have to think about that." She caressed his face. "Make love to me, Sin."

Crushing her breasts under his chest, he devoured her mouth.

She welcomed his lips and his domination as he slipped his cock into her pussy. Who needed or wanted independence when bliss lay in the sweet capitulation to the only male capable of making her believe in forever and beyond? Closing her eyes, she

gladly offered him what had been inevitable from the moment their gazes had locked across Foreplay – absolute surrender of her body, mind and soul.

He accepted with a tender passion that would make her continuing submission ecstasy for them both – forever and beyond.

About the Author

Marilyn Lee lives, works, and writes on the East Coast. In addition to thoroughly enjoying writing erotic romances, she enjoys roller-skating, spending time with her large, extended family, and rooting for all her hometown sports teams. Her other interests include collecting Doc Savage pulp novels from the thirties and forties and collecting Marvel comics from the seventies and eighties (particularly Thor and The Avengers). Her favorite TV shows are forensic shows, westerns (Gunsmoke and Have Gun, Will Travel are particular favorites), and mysteries. She loves the old Charlie Chan mysteries. Her all-time favorite mystery movie is probably *Dead, Again*, and nearly every vampire movie or television show ever made (*Forever Knight* and *Count Yorga, Vampire* are favorites). She thoroughly enjoys hearing from readers.

Marilyn 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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