

EXOTIKA

ELLORA'S CAVE

Seven Sinners

RED GARNIER

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Seven Sinners

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Edited by Kelli Kwiatkowski.

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SEVEN SINNERS

Red Garnier

Chapter One

Sex, blood and Sin. It seemed like a recipe for the perfect evening. Except the lady – that very important seventh attendant – was still not here.

Phillip Gaston Maxwell gazed around at his five friends as they all drank a glass of the chilled blood beverage, only occasionally listening to their banter. He stood by the fireplace, stealing glances at the door slightly behind the others, just out of their view.

Where is she?

He'd said eight and, blast her, it was eight thirty already. He could already hear her giving him that "fashionably late" crap *again*, which he wasn't buying anymore. A vampire had limits, after all.

He almost jumped and gave away the "surprise" when she finally arrived, stealthily closing the door and smiling in apology.

Quickly excusing himself from the five undead males, Phillip led her down the hall and into his bedroom, martini glass in one hand as he closed the door behind him with the other.

Out of habit and a desire for privacy, the drapes in his room were closed, the lamps by the bed switched on. It wasn't that sunlight could truly kill him but it made his eyes sting, his skin itch. Vampires were beings of pleasure. Phillip loathed subjecting himself to discomfort and only did so under extreme circumstances.

Or for the sake of taking a picture.

Phillip's bedroom was perfectly organized. He valued order, hated seeing anything cluttered. A bookshelf stretching from wall to wall, floor to ceiling, encompassed the east wall, the books lined up in perfect alphabetical order by author last name. His room may be simple, but it was also comfortable and elegant. The strong blend of solid

navy blue fabrics and coffee-colored wood furniture dripped with luxury, and the gleaming, dark mahogany floor held a proud refinement.

For a vampire who toiled creating art, the bedroom walls – done in a rich chocolate color – were shockingly bare. Phillip’s works were known to poke fun at life, love and everything else worth being cynical about, but his mockeries haunted him sometimes – and he didn’t like to sleep with them.

Setting the glass on the modern wood-and-steel nightstand, Phillip whirled around to face Anna, quickly forgiving her for her tardiness. Everyone had their weak spots, even vampires. And she was his. Among all his peers and every single Other of his acquaintance, Phillip had known none of them as mortals save her, and if there was anything in his life as permanent as his deadness – it was Anna.

She stood by the door, covered head to toe in a lustrous black velvet cloak. She looked so ravishing he felt like licking his teeth.

Like him, she was a young vampire, barely ten decades old, sired by the same Albanian Lugat who’d found their battered bodies after the accident. The craggy old vampire had licked their wounds then slashed his own wrists and pressed them to their lips. He’d spoken to them in a mysterious language which only after drinking his blood they’d begun to understand. The horse that remained alive had been whinnying in pain, and Phillip had dazedly watched the white-haired Lugat calmly approach it and twist its head until it snapped.

Three days later, both their bodies had healed, and yet they’d felt different – colder, stronger – some senses heightened, while others felt numb. Their hearts beat no more, their lungs were vacant and their teeth had grown.

The Lugat had said they needed to feed.

It was a task Phillip hadn’t looked forward to, being used to a spoon his whole life.

“Do you think it will hurt them?” Anna had whispered one night as they roamed the shabby streets of one of London’s most disreputable neighborhoods. Two drunken louts stumbled across the dim-lit sidewalk, mumbling to themselves.

"I don't know," he'd said. Standing close behind him, she'd laid her hand on his shoulder as they hid in the shadows of an alcove, waiting for the moment to surprise them. But something had happened as he felt that gentle touch on him – and the leash which held back the blinding, fierce desire he'd always felt for her had snapped.

He'd shut his eyes as a shudder coursed through him, a living, breathing void opening in his belly like the mouth of a monster.

"Phillip?" The concern in her voice had overwhelmed him with need.

He'd turned to her with an eerie slowness, so mindless with hunger and lust that when he met her trusting gaze, he felt like ripping the flesh from his sinful body.

She'd stared up at him as he slowly pressed her back against the wall, her blue eyes filled with question, and there, in those shimmering blue pools, he could still see what remained of her innocence. There was trust there. Yearning.

He'd lifted a shaky hand to stroke her cheek. "I want to feed from *you*," he'd rasped, not able to suppress the tremor he felt speaking those words.

There had been no room to feel shame, for a smile had quickly touched her lips and a hand had reached out to cup the back of his neck.

"It's all right," she'd whispered. "I want you to." She'd pulled him to her, pressing him to her neck so he could feel for the first time ever her bare flesh beneath his lips.

They had both shuddered, and Phillip had closed his eyes and groaned, opening his mouth wide so his tongue could slip out to taste her. "I want you, all of you," he'd whispered in a feverish, tortured voice.

As his hands smoothed down her body to lift her skirts, he'd slowly lowered his fangs.

That first time, in that very instant...

Phillip shook his head. He'd relived it over and over again, and he still didn't know what had happened to him.

Pulling himself together, he stared at her across the room now and smiled. "Take a wrong turn, sweetheart?" he asked in a British accent he'd never fully been able to relinquish.

Anna gifted him with a slow smile, used to his teasing.

Closing the distance between them, Phillip cupped her shoulders. "And what a nice costume we have here." He took it all in with a sweeping glance.

Anna pushed the hood backward, freeing her silky black hair and watching his eyes light up in appreciation. "And what a nice party we have *here*," she countered with a smile.

"It is now."

Anna was a sexual feast for the eyes – and feast Phillip did.

She had creamy white skin and a heart-shaped face that might have looked innocent if not for the thick, succulent lips. Her eyes were striking, an ever-changing shade of blue which could turn dark as the high sea or light as a summer sky. Arousal turned her eyes into stormy evening skies, while anger darkened them to the color of steel. She had a tiny, delicate excuse for a nose, and when she smiled, one could get a glimpse of her dimples, lethal for their sweetness—for she was not as sweet as one would think her to be. He knew the sharpened tips of the canines behind her lips and the hunger that raged inside her when she fed. He knew her passion, many of her fears and the way her eyes sparked when she was angry.

He knew her better than he knew himself.

Gently parting the folds of her cape, he gazed down at her body, at her round breasts, the flattened valley of her belly, the gentle flare of her hips. She was completely naked under the cape except for a sleek black choker and a flimsy black thong sitting low on her waist, two thin satin straps clinging like lovers to the gently curved hills of her hipbones. The panties were sheer, granting him an undisturbed view of her sex. It was smooth and hairless, the coral-colored lips puffy and moist.

"Beautiful." His voice was slurred, raspy.

"You don't look too bad yourself," she said. "You look very..."

"Hungry?"

She smiled, her dimples emerging. "That, yes. But I was going to say handsome."

"Hmm." On an impulse too strong to deny, he curled his hands around her breasts, her flesh filling his palms while his thumbs roughly scraped the hardened pebbles of her nipples. "I've been longing to touch you."

"And I want you to," she purred, her eyelashes briefly fluttering closed. Phillip watched her with greed, his inky black eyes fastened to her face as he stroked the hard little crests with his thumbs. Every nerve in his body stirred to a painful awakening, and he began to burn. He felt his fangs extend, readying to feed, his mouth water in remembrance of the taste of her blood. The smell of it tantalized as it teasingly stroked across his memory.

"You're horny," he said huskily, noting how the air had thickened with her musk.

She looked at him through a fringe of sooty black lashes. "Am I?"

Phillip stiffened when she cupped him, squeezing his thickened organ in her hand. "Speak for yourself," she said, tracing his length with the heel her palm. Even through the fabric he knew she could feel his cock pulse under her palm, and he ached to free himself to her eyes and touch.

Phillip met her heavy-lidded gaze, forcing himself to smile. "It's not for you, beautiful."

"Oh really?"

"Yes. *Really.*" Clasp her roaming hand to keep her from causing any more mischief, he lifted it to his lips and planted a kiss on the back of it. "Are you surprised?"

"Of course not, silly," she said, pursing her lips in a pout.

"Ready for some fun?" he finally asked, swiftly closing the cape around her.

"You know I'm always ready," she assured with a smile, her dimples making another brief, titillating appearance.

He shot a longing glance at her throat then met her gaze again. "Just remember, the bachelor is mine."

She looked amused. "A little greedy, aren't we?"

"You'll have four all to yourself. I'd say that makes *you* the greedy one."

Anna turned thoughtful for a second. "Are you sure they won't mind the intrusion, Phillip? I'm not of the same House and you know how grumpy some vampires get."

"Honey, they won't be able to resist you."

And if they did, they deserved to be staked through the heart.

Anna was incredibly beautiful, yet it wasn't only an external beauty that made her so irresistible. Phillip had never seen a woman—mortal or Other—so comfortable in her own skin. Anna knew she was beautiful and gloried in the knowledge of it. She had no qualms about exploiting her femininity or using her wiles to her advantage. She was true to her own instincts, never fearing her nature or making excuses for it. Anna would *never* apologize for having sex, much less liking it.

During the last couple decades, there were few escapades Phillip had indulged in that she hadn't been either a participant or an avid spectator. Her thirst for carnal experimentation was nearly equivalent to his, and lately Phillip had found his sexual adventures were never as satisfying if not shared with her. If his friends didn't completely throw themselves at her feet, there was something wrong with them—or something very, very wrong with Phillip.

"So, what's this guy like?" Anna suddenly asked.

He took a moment to answer, distracted by the curve of her throat again, wanting to see the punctures she hid under the satin black choker, punctures he ached to lick now. "Danny?"

"Yes."

He shrugged. "He's an Incubus."

"Yum, yum!"

“Dark brown hair, light brown eyes, athletic build. He’s wearing jeans and a white button-down shirt – and cowboy boots.”

Her eyebrows shot up, her interest piqued. “I’m sorry, but if those come with spurs, I’m going to have to fight you for him.”

He chuckled. The last time they’d seen a pair of cowboy boots, Anna had ridden the owner for the better part of the night while Phillip shagged the fellow’s girlfriend, wearing nothing but the cowboy hat he’d temporarily borrowed from him. The couple had been human, and though the desire for feeding had been there, both Anna and Phillip had long since learned control. They rarely fed on their intimate acquaintances – it grew so awkward.

He stepped to the nightstand then returned to ease the martini glass into her hand. It was filled with ruby-red blood topped with tiny pebbles of ice. “Here. Drink this.”

“Sin?” she asked, lifting the glass to her lips and licking the rim. “I see you mean business, Phillip Gaston.”

“When don’t I?” he asked confidently, crossing his arms while he watched her drink. Sin was a beverage Phillip had tasted a couple years ago at the Sanguinarium Court in Spain, an alcoholic blend including *guarana*, caffeine, ginseng and cat blood. It tasted like cherry soda and was known in vampire circles as a powerful aphrodisiac. Blood bars he’d frequented turned wild when Sin was served. It wasn’t uncommon for a drunken undead to forget part of the night a day later.

When Anna was halfway through her drink, Phillip headed for the door. “I’ll be back for you later, gorgeous. I’ve got a bachelor party to host.”

“Phillip,” she quickly said, forcing him to turn. She cradled the drink to her chest, a slow smile tilting her lips. “Don’t keep me waiting too long.”

His smile was just as lazy. “I wouldn’t dare.”

Closing the door behind him, he leaned on it for a moment, smiling to himself.

Making his way back to the living room, Phillip ran his hands down the wrinkles on his shirt and flicked a miniature speck of dust from his lapel. Echoes of loud male laughter resonated in the hallway and his lips twitched in satisfaction. His friends sounded pretty drunk already.

Like the rest of his apartment, his living room was physical proof of the single status of its owner. It boasted the essentials, all from the finest designers, yet still looked unashamedly bare. Phillip detested the troubles that came with ownership. He'd realized years ago that any purchased objects inexplicably, and quite annoyingly, became master—demanding to be cleaned, polished, buffed.

Imagine the crap a vampire could collect in a hundred years.

So he'd abstained as much as possible, and his Upper West Side apartment had remained much as it had been when he'd bought it a few years ago, with its regal dark wood floors, cocoa brown walls and white crown moldings. Out of necessity it now had furniture, but very little of it, as Phillip refused to be enslaved by anything, much less *more* stinking objects.

A simple beige leather L-shaped couch sat over a thick cream-colored rug in the center of the room, a low glass table before it and facing a modern black granite fireplace that split the grand window behind it in half. The adjoining wall was also floor-to-ceiling windows, granting him an impressive view of the New York skyline and the sparkling lights fanning across it for miles. One of the remaining walls boasted a large bar with three high stools upholstered in taupe suede, while the wall at the entry held a sleek iron console, a massive mirror hanging above it.

In the vast living room, his friends were exchanging good-natured ribbing, their laughter completely drowning out the low Beatles music playing in the background.

Lucas and Jonas were seated on black folding chairs Phillip had pulled out for the occasion, while Samuel, Hugo and Daniel sat comfortably on the leather sofa.

A bit of a rebel, Lucas was the only Ubour that Phillip had ever known. He was a rare kind of vampire, his transformation caused by drinking his own rotting blood after his soul refused to leave his body after a tragic death.

Ubours were known to be much more violent than most Others, and more times than not, Lucas lived up to that reputation. Unlike most vampires, Ubours rarely drank blood, and instead had a diet Phillip found gross—eating all manner of dead and decayed things. They were blessed, however, by the fact that sunlight didn't affect them negatively, and having once died already by shocking means, it would take more than a stake through the heart to get rid of them permanently.

Lucas wore his black hair in an Army-style buzz cut and a thorny vine tattoo curled around one forearm, which he seemed determined to display at all times by rolling the sleeves of his shirts up to his elbows. Like Phillip, Lucas was also an artist, except Phillip's cynical art was considered "delightfully genius" while Lucas' large oils on canvas were regarded as crude and violent. Not that either of them placed much importance on critical opinion.

Jonas was blond and green-eyed and extremely good-looking. A Lugat vamp like Phillip and Anna, he never, *ever*—even under the direst of circumstances—killed his prey. In fact, Lugats had a reputation for being among the most polite vampires in history. Jonas worked as a model among unsuspecting humans, and like Phillip, was also bisexual. They'd been together a couple times since they'd met at a gay bar a few years ago. The problem was, both of them preferred to be in control when it came to fucking a man, so their sexual involvement was very sporadic, if not completely nonexistent now.

Hugo, an Alp, was almost comical in his stout, well-fed appearance. He had a fondness for hats, like the silly checkered cap he wore now, and the rare ability to shift into small, rodent-like animals. Part shifter, part vampire and part demon, Alps had it bad. It was hard enough for vamps to find their place in a mortal world. Imagine the

confusion a poor Alp felt. Alps had no idea what was expected of them—or who would and wouldn't accept them—and so were notoriously insecure.

Rather than drink blood, Alps fed on souls. The males were also obsessed with breasts—and more than one overeager Alp had been known to accidentally suck the life out of a female while feasting on her nipples. Hugo had a hearty appetite, a boisterous laugh and the worst luck in the ladies' department.

Samuel, a vampire known for his wisdom and integrity, was the oldest of them all and the foremost member of their House. He dated back to the Napoleonic era. Any creature who'd survived the era of wigs and stockings had Phillip's utmost respect, and Samuel, for his steadfast convictions, had even more of it.

He was completely bald and had spent every single one of his vampire years beside his Kitra, his female donor. Kitras did everything a wife would—and that included badgering. Samuel appeared to like it, though, for reasons which Phillip was still unaware. Perhaps the same ones that kept the old vampire sleeping in a stiff, rotting coffin when he could have a perfectly comfortable bed. Both were beyond Phillip's comprehension, but then Samuel had always been different than the rest, more seemingly human than any other vampire Phillip had ever known. And while the years had a way of beating the sensitivity out of a vampire, they hadn't been successful in Samuel's case.

Then there was Daniel—a walking, talking wet dream. Daniel was an Incubus, known among Others as “demon vampires” and said to be among the most sex-starved of the undead. Incubi were known to kill their prey not so much from drinking their blood but from fucking them to death. Though Daniel behaved himself with all manner of politeness, sex oozed from every pore, and Phillip knew underneath it all lay a vampire's thirst for blood and a demon's urge to fuck the breath out of you. Daniel's delicious skin was naturally bronzed and his face was strong and chiseled, but there was warmth in his eyes and something very appealing in his smile.

At six feet five, Phillip stood out among them in height. He wore his black hair down to his collar, his black eyes permanently narrowed beneath thin, slanted eyebrows. His nose was sleek, long enough to make him look arrogant—and attractive enough to land him an offer for the cover of the popular men’s magazine, *Rogues*, which he’d politely declined. Humans were largely ignorant to the existence of Others. Who wanted publicity when there were all those slayers around, anxious to earn a penny at a vampire’s expense?

Phillip dressed impeccably, finding jeans to be a little stiff for his tastes, preferring black dress pants with silk and high-thread-count cotton shirts. He was the newest member of the House of Others on Fifth, having been welcomed by them when he moved to Manhattan a few years ago. Because Anna had stubbornly refused to live nearby, she belonged to House of Others on Lexington—the one nearest her area—and hadn’t met most of Phillip’s new friends.

Daniel’s upcoming wedding had seemed the perfect excuse to change that—and the perfect opportunity to get Daniel right where Phillip wanted him.

Phillip had no idea why some Others chose to embrace certain human rituals. Marriage between Others was bloody preposterous if you asked him. To commit your eternal life to someone, to fuck the same body, drink the same blood forever and ever—by god, that took balls. And clearly no brains.

As soon as Phillip rejoined the group in the living room, Lucas lifted his drink for a toast. “To our host, everyone,” he said. “For such refined accommodations and kick-ass drinks!”

“Cheers!” echoed the rest of the vamps. Smiling, Phillip leaned on the black granite fireplace and crossed his arms, his gaze fastening to Daniel’s.

Daniel paused, the blood drink midway to his lips.

Phillip had been fantasizing about Daniel for months now. Although Daniel was technically straight, Phillip had more than one reason to suspect Danny was also thinking about *him*—and not exactly in a friendly sort of way.

At the last House gathering, on the eve of the new year, Danny had been so drunk he'd grabbed Phillip's jaw and planted a thorough kiss on his mouth. Then he'd seized his erection and squeezed him hard, saying, "You're as good as it gets, aren't you, buddy?"

Phillip had been so shocked that any movement at that point had proved impossible, but after weeks of thinking on it, he'd decided he wasn't about to let that pass go by unnoticed.

"Aren't you having any, Phillip?" Daniel's voice suddenly snapped him back to the present. He cocked an eyebrow, eyeing Phillip warily.

"I'm afraid I have an empty stomach," Phillip easily said, patting his midriff to make his point. But after a moment's silence, he added, "If you insist."

Daniel nodded. "I do."

Swiftly, Phillip strode toward the bar and poured himself a drink, then turned around to face his friends. "Cheers," he said, his glass high in the air.

Everyone drank. Hugo finished his quickly then coughed. "What did you say this was?"

"Just a recipe I picked up in Europe."

"It's not illegal, is it?" Samuel asked with a worried frown.

Phillip shrugged. "It *is* in France," he admitted before tilting the glass and draining his drink.

"Yeah, well, the French don't know shit," Lucas said, turning to glower at Samuel. "And *back off*, Grandpa. Let's have some fun for a change. It's not like god has a place for you in his kingdom anyway."

"Shut up, asshole, I'm just asking!" Samuel shot back.

Lucas and Samuel were polar opposites, one way too responsible, the other absolutely reckless. This posed for innumerable conflicts between the two—and some great entertainment for the rest of them.

"So what did you say this was called?" Jonas asked wryly, studying the glass.

"Sin."

When Lucas laughed, he sounded like he was choking. "Hell, I like this shit already," he said, downing the rest of it in one long swig. "Cat blood. Umm. I just love dead kitties."

Faintly reddening with annoyance, Samuel grunted. "Well, not all of us do. I'm sure my Kitra would have a lot to say about this."

"And I don't hear anyone asking her," Lucas retorted.

Samuel glowered at Lucas, and Lucas scowled right back. Jonas and Phillip watched their exchange with mild amusement, while Daniel's gaze rested on his glass as he swirled the liquid around and, in a hushed tone, said, "I'm not sure Gina will like me drinking this either."

Phillip set his empty glass on the fireplace mantel and leaned one shoulder against the granite, crossing his arms. "Come now, Danny, she's not that naïve, is she? I'm sure she knows what to expect from a bachelor party. Blood, sex...Sin."

Daniel remained thoughtful. "I'm not sure what to expect of *hers*."

Lucas did. He quickly offered, "Hot-damned human gigolos, that's what."

They all burst out laughing and even Daniel smiled broadly. And for the next hour, they bantered and laughed and drank more Sin.

It was when some of their voices were clearly slurred, and each of them had had at least four or five drinks, that Phillip returned to his room to fetch Anna.

Anna looked miniscule as she stood next to him. Standing barely five foot two, her body was almost half the width of Phillip's. But what she lacked in stature she made up with poise, holding her chin and shoulders proudly as he guided her across the living room. The males fell completely silent when her cloaked figure came into view.

Phillip led her toward the wide space in front of the fireplace, where he'd ordered the males to sit on foldout chairs in a half circle.

"A surprise for you, my friend," Phillip told Daniel, his hand on Anna's elbow.

Daniel's startled gaze settled on Anna as she pulled back the hood. "Aw, come on, I said no hookers," he protested, hands on his knees as he shifted uncomfortably in his seat.

"She's *not* a hooker," Phillip said stonily.

Anna shot Phillip a canny smile to reassure him she didn't mind the comment, making him slowly relax and turn back to Daniel. "She won't do anything you don't want her to," Phillip assured him. "Besides, some of us could use the entertainment."

"You're a Lugat, aren't you?" Samuel asked, detecting her scent.

Her nod was curt. "That I am."

"Well, fuck me, let's see some wet Lugat pussy!" To make his point vulgarly clear, Lucas grabbed his crotch with both hands and pushed upward, a leering smile on his face. Had he been addressing anyone else but Anna, Phillip might not have minded his crudeness. But now he felt the corner of his eye quiver as he tried to hold himself in check. Anna took it all in stride, smiling in amusement.

Jonas was smiling lazily, leaning back on his seat as he openly regarded her.

Hugo pinched his nose with his thumb and forefinger several times, muttering the word "shit" over and over again.

Samuel had turned as white as plaster. "I am *so* getting in trouble for this," he said. Peals of laughter erupted and Lucas, seated beside him, slapped Samuel's shoulder.

"Shut up and watch, Sam. You just said you weren't even getting any lately."

"Well, yeah, but..."

"Then just sit back and jack off, buddy. It can't be that hard, can it?" Lucas asked, patting him on the back. "Just grab your dick and pull."

"I know how it's done, asshole! I've been doing it for centuries."

"Maybe if we just let the lady proceed," Phillip dryly suggested as he moved to stand next to Daniel. The Incubus was engrossed watching Anna as she gracefully

tugged at the silk bow that kept her cloak together at the neck. The fabric slipped down her body with a soft rustle, falling at her feet in a pool of velvet.

Lucas shouted something, a curse perhaps, but Phillip didn't really hear. He had eyes only for her at this moment and he felt himself respond to her nakedness immediately, as he was sure was the case with his friends, all of them staring unashamedly at her.

She was exquisite, her body bathed in warm light, womanly and rounded, perfectly capable of giving even the softest particle a hard-on.

Feeling a familiar clenching in his stomach, Phillip took a deep breath in order to collect himself. It wasn't uncommon that he should feel protective toward her. After all, they'd known each other for over a hundred years. It had always been a little difficult for him, if also a little thrilling, to watch her seduce other men, because a part of him felt queasily responsible for having initiated her. Perhaps the churning in his stomach was due to something primitive, territorial, because he'd been there first.

The memory of that first time, the eagerness, the need that had haunted them both for years, was one he could not, *should* not, relive now – not with others around.

"Take it all off, sweetheart," he heard Jonas' encouraging drawl. "Come on, Lugat. Give us something to moan about."

Showing dimples along with a sparkle in her eye, Anna hooked her thumbs at the side strings of her panties and swayed her hips, gently tugging and pulling but not removing them. She was humming, making sexy little noises, and Phillip felt suddenly grateful he hadn't turned up the music. The sounds she made tingled in his cock and pulsed in his balls, and his friends seemed equally affected.

In fact they all seemed to have gone catatonic.

Stealing a glance at Daniel's lap, Phillip's mouth watered at the protuberant bulge between his legs. Phillip wanted that cock in his mouth. He wanted that cock bobbing up and down and spilling cum as he fucked the Incubus.

A vampire's life got really boring, really fast. Phillip had fucked nearly everything that breathed—male and female, mortal and Other—and even plenty of beings that didn't. And yet he'd never fucked an Incubus. This would be a first for him, as it would be the first time with a male for Daniel.

Phillip liked firsts. The first time for anything was such a titillating adventure, filling him with excitement, anticipation, maybe even a little hope. Hope of finding that unnamable something that was missing from his life; that fleeting whatever that would confirm his life's purpose or his reason for being.

Phillip wasn't looking for love. Love was seldom reliable—skittish as a mare, slippery as an eel and much too needy to be dignified. An unnecessary drama in an already complicated existence. Vampires couldn't love.

It wasn't in their nature.

What was love, anyway, but the excuse to do something incredibly foolish?

Phillip wanted passion, adrenaline, that first possession that could never be repeated with the same person. One night, that was all. His life had been filled with them, and after those firsts, Phillip would grow restless, needing to find the thing he sought but which eluded him, needing another first, more adrenaline, more challenges. He knew he might never know the name of what he was looking for, but that didn't mean he planned to stop looking.

That first time with Anna had been indescribable. He'd felt it then, just within his reach...something special, holy, empowering. He'd sensed it, touched it, saw a bright, blinding glimpse of it...

It had haunted him ever since.

Anna approached the males one at a time, first pressing her breasts to Hugo's chubby face. In a brazen, out-of-character impulse no doubt prodded by the Sin, Hugo nuzzled the globes, making her giggle with a few ridiculous pig snorts. Within seconds he'd already cupped her firm little buttocks and hauled her closer, the urge to feast on her breast too strong, and before they knew it he was suckling from her nipple.

"Ah, ah, ah," Anna chided, shaking a finger at him sternly then pulling away and heading to her next victim. Everyone laughed at the startled expression on Samuel's face when she whirled around and sat her butt on his lap, wiggling it against his hard-on.

"If you stay there one more second, darling, he's going to come in his pants," Jonas drawled. Tilting her head sideways to stare at the handsome model with interest, Anna rose and went to him. Framing his face with her little hands, she bent down and kissed him.

Being a vamp with plenty of experience, Jonas let himself be kissed and moved his mouth docilely under hers, not looking in the least bit rattled—but for the telltale lust shining in his eyes—when she drew away and continued on to Lucas.

"Come here, baby, I got something for you," Lucas said teasingly, having dropped his jeans to his ankles and, since he never wore underwear, proudly displaying his rigid cock to one and all. "Ever seen anything this big, sweetheart?"

"As a matter of fact, I have," she said, stealing a quick look at Phillip. Their eyes locked for a brief second but that was all it took to make him restless and uncomfortable.

Kneeling before Lucas, Anna gave the thick line of his dick a flick with her tongue, making his whole body shudder before she stood and walked toward Daniel.

Wearing nothing but her thong, the black choker and her flawless skin, she was truly a sight to behold. The way she moved, the way she looked, the way she smelled. It was everything, an aphrodisiac more powerful than the Sin or anything Phillip had ever known.

When she reached the bachelor, Daniel's breath was already tearing quickly out of his chest.

Anna cradled Daniel's chin with one hand and ran her thumb along his lower lip. "So, handsome...last night of fun, is it?"

"I plan to have many with my wife," he said in a strained voice, earning himself a couple of enthusiastic "boos".

Anna's dimples peeked out, and a hint of sharp, white canines. "How romantic," she whispered, slowly unbuttoning his shirt, spreading her hands over his bare chest and up his shoulders to push the fabric aside.

After Danny slowly helped her remove the shirt, she sat on her haunches and tugged at his lizard-skin boots, tossing them behind her. Her hands worked steadily as they unbuckled Danny's lizard-skin belt, a perfect match to his boots, and only after slipping it off did she lower his pants and underwear.

When Daniel's swollen cock popped out with a quick, tremulous jerk, Phillip's mouth watered. A sleek path of golden hair ran down from his navel and spread wide above his cock, which rose broad and compelling. Phillip tried not to stare at it too much, nor at the prominent testicles below, and instead watched Anna as she lifted his belt and rose to her feet.

"Let's see what you've got, Incubus. You want to be tied up, don't you?"

Finally beginning to relax, Danny grinned confidently. "Yeah."

Chapter Two

She smiled. "All right then. Put your arms behind your back." As he did so, she walked around and tied his wrists behind his back with the belt.

After one final tug that bound his hands tightly, she came around and straddled him. "You're going to love this," she purred, her lips inches from his mouth.

Daniel looked drowsy, the Sin no doubt rushing through his veins, painting his smooth, tanned skin a toasty red and making his eyes look watery.

"I smell your blood," Daniel breathed, his lids weighted with arousal as he gazed at the heavy, creamy globes of the breasts thrusting from her small frame. "Go on, ride me, baby."

Bracing her hands on his shoulders, Anna slowly rubbed her covered cunt over his cock, the faint scrape of fabric reaching Phillip's ears. He stood motionless beside Daniel, a heavy sensation lingering in his chest while his erection grew and swelled to a monstrous bulge inside his pants.

Thick, corded tendons bulged in Daniel's throat while Anna rubbed her dampened panties over his length, wetting his cock with her cream. Phillip could smell Anna's arousal, a scent as familiar to him as his own, and he had to check the urge to reach out, pull the panties aside and spread those lips apart with his tongue, then lick away her cream.

Just remembering the taste of her made Phillip's cock swell larger, gushing with blood.

Anna's stormy blue-gray eyes fastened to his for only a second, enough for him to feel tormented by that beautiful face flushed with passion. As for Daniel... Phillip had always wondered how the Incubus' face would look while aroused. Now he knew, and he would never forget it. Dark, tense, beautiful.

Bending forward to graze his fangs on the curve of Daniel's earlobe, Phillip murmured, "She's quite something, isn't she?"

"Yes," Daniel rasped, swallowing forcibly. "Touch her tits, Phillip. I want someone to squeeze them."

"My pleasure," Phillip retorted, swiftly moving behind her. Two big hands settled over her breasts, gently kneading her flesh as she rocked her hips over Daniel's body.

Almost desperately, she clutched Phillip's hands and squeezed them tighter around her breasts, closing his grip around the fullness of her globes until he was nearly crushing them. She whimpered, bucked against his grip, her nails scraping down his arms and almost drawing blood.

Phillip fought for control, to still the ache inside him and the fire in his groin. Staring past her shoulder and concentrating on Daniel, his voice was strained when he asked, "Is this good enough for you, buddy?"

Daniel's eyes were barely open. "Yes."

"Good," he bit out, loosening his hold on her breasts so he could tweak and pinch her nipples. Anna cried out, the sound ringing in his ears as she ground her pussy against Daniel's cock with force. Harsh breaths in the room let Phillip know his other friends were enjoying the show.

"Let me borrow your hands, Phillip," Daniel whispered urgently. "I want to touch her pussy."

"You may borrow anything you want from me...I just want to be sure the lady wants it," Phillip said, his lips whisking the column of her throat as his thumbs began pressing her nipples. His heightened senses caught every one of her scents—the spicy tang of her blood, the sweet and heady musk of her sex, the clean, soapy scent of her flesh and hair—and beneath it all, the scent of *her*, unique in the world.

"Touch me." Anna's voice trembled with yearning. "Touch my pussy, Phillip."

Phillip licked her neck, feverish to feed, to pull back her choker and sink his teeth into the two punctures he'd marked on her decades ago...the only marks that had inexplicably never healed on her otherwise perfect body. He groaned against her flesh, grazing his fangs against her skin, his hand skimming down her belly as he went to his knees behind her. Anna craned her neck back to rest on his shoulder, her lips parted in a gasp as his hand slid into the soaked fabric of her panties, his finger pausing over her clit.

She hissed, trembling as he stroked her with quick, circular motions. He closed his eyes and dragged his mouth upward, his lips wide open over her jaw, his tongue swirling over her flesh. Her head turned more fully toward him and he groaned, seizing her lips.

A shudder coursed through her at the first taste of his kiss, at his gentle fondling of her clit, and he growled with pleasure at the taste of her, feasting on the plump, moist lips under his.

Anna made her own sounds, purring into his mouth, their wet tongues rubbing together as his finger fondled her dewy little pearl. Cream oozed out of her pussy like a soft drizzle of rain, moistening her panty, his finger, the cock straining underneath.

"Give me a taste," Daniel rasped urgently, but Phillip was feasting, his pupils dilated, his fangs sharp as he ripped his mouth away from hers and sought out her neck again.

"Bite me," Anna pleaded, clutching his head to her neck as his finger continued to stroke her.

Phillip bared his fangs, the pull of her irresistible, the need to drink from her making him tremble.

"I want pussy," Daniel rasped again, and Phillip groaned in agony, tearing his mouth away from her and slipping his finger out of her panties to hold it to Daniel's nose.

"Smell that?" Desire roughened Phillip's voice to a coarse rasp. "Is that what you want?"

Daniel nodded before his thick, wet tongue slipped out for a taste.

Phillip thrust his finger into Daniel's mouth, feeling dangerously out of control. Danny sucked on the roughened pad like a man possessed, his tongue scraping until he'd licked away the taste of her.

"Want more?" Phillip asked tightly.

Before Danny could answer, Phillip coiled an arm around Anna's tiny waist, lifted her above Danny's hips and slipped his hand back into her panties, thrusting his finger into the creamy warmth of her cunt.

Anna cried out, the slick muscles clamping around his finger as she tried to push her hips downward to take it in deeper.

Phillip clenched his jaw so hard it nearly fractured, a low curse hissing past his teeth as he bent down to her ear and gritted, "You're distracting the hell out of me."

"Phillip..."

"I want to fuck you, drink every last drop of blood in you," he whispered savagely, finger-fucking her with quick, merciless stabs.

"Phillip," she moaned.

"It's Daniel you want," he said tightly, withdrawing his finger and pulling the panties aside before lowering her onto Daniel's thick, swollen cock. "Fuck him."

"No, he's your —"

"I said fuck him!" He shoved her down and she cried out as she took him inside her.

"*Demons!*" Daniel gasped jaggedly, his neck straining with effort as he lifted his hips and began to pump into her.

Phillip gripped her waist and brusquely shoved her against that cock, inwardly wishing to know what she was feeling, how Daniel's cock felt inside her, if he filled her pussy, stretched her like Phillip did.

Her breasts bobbed as she rode him and Daniel strained forward to capture one with his mouth. Phillip grabbed her breast first, pressing the straining nipple to his parted lips while commanding, "Suck it."

Anna gasped and arched her spine, the dark cascade of her hair falling down her back as Daniel began to devour her. Wet, suckling noises vibrated against her breast as he sucked the tip with the fierceness of a beast. A demon.

Phillip dragged his hands down her body while she ground her pussy on Daniel's cock at will now. His fingers traced the outline of her spine, dipping between the firm slopes of her buttocks to stroke the tight, rosy entrance of her ass. His mouth followed, his tongue swirling hungrily down her back.

He heard her moan out his name and he grabbed her buttocks, spreading them apart as he dipped his tongue into the cleft between. A quick, wet stroke across her ass and Anna moaned again, urgently shoving her pussy against Daniel's cock, tugging desperately on the choker over her neck as Phillip's tongue continued to swipe over her ass.

Daniel came with a harsh cry, convulsing, and Phillip knew there was only one way Anna would follow.

Scratching her own neck in her rush to pull off the choker, Anna moaned. Phillip straightened and wrapped his arms around her, pressing his mouth to her ear. "Shh, I know what you want," he whispered, slipping his tongue into her ear as he fought his own desperate need to taste her, fill her, feed her. "I'll make you come."

"Phillip," she pleaded as she finally bared her throat, cocking her neck to expose the two tiny punctures he'd marked her with a hundred years ago.

With a low growl, Phillip licked them, a need unlike any other flaring in the pit of his soulless being. He cupped her breasts and squeezed as he licked the scars again, his

eyes closed, the sound of her throaty moans singing in his ears. She continued to rock her hips above Daniel, moaning as her nipples stabbed Phillip's palms. Not able to stand another second of torment, he bared his teeth and sank them into her flesh. She cried out, spasms racking her body as a rush of warm, heady blood poured into his mouth.

Phillip swallowed, sucking more into his mouth, a small spurt of cum shooting inside his pants while a wave of trembles washed over him.

He felt that unearthly connection, his body crashing in waves of sensation, his mind filled with a resurrection of memories, all coming forth like a firestorm with only a taste of her.

For that fleeting moment, he was engulfed by her, drowning in her.

Her blood seeped into his body, warm, strong, invigorating. Her scent, her flesh, her essence. He drank it all in, letting it seep into his every pore.

When he'd had his share, he pulled his mouth back with an effort, his arms still locked around her.

Anna gripped Phillip's forearms to keep them there, her head bowed. He tightened his hold, pressing his mouth to her soft black hair in a silent kiss and for a brief second, he wished everyone would leave except her.

But the men had other plans, and when he heard an intruding voice, Phillip remembered that he did too.

"Hey, you greedy bastards, are you gonna share her or what?"

Lucas had been watching them from his seat, and he sounded more than a little anxious to get a taste.

Feeling faint from a sudden, debilitating need for his own release, Phillip met Anna's cloudy gaze and faked a smile as he rose to his feet. "Your public awaits you, my lady."

With a smile perhaps too brief to suit Phillip, she unwound her body from Daniel's and slowly headed toward the four other men, all of them wide-eyed and silent at her approach.

Daniel watched her retreating back then his eyes landed on Phillip's figure, looming over him.

"Well, well, well," Phillip said, his eyes glowing. "I guess it's just you and me now, my friend," Phillip said with a wicked gleam in his eye.

Before his meaning had time to filter through Daniel's hazed brain, Phillip bent and gathered his balls in one hand, gently weighing them in his palm while grazing his thumb along the top of the sac.

"What the...!" Daniel stiffened, a spark of both horror and desire flashing in his eyes.

"Now it's my turn to get a taste." Phillip dropped his balls and shoved Danny's hard, muscled thighs apart as he dropped to his knees between them.

Giving the Incubus no time to protest, Phillip dipped his head and swiped his tongue over the tip of his cock, drawing glistening drops of cum into his mouth.

Hunger shook his senses at the first salty taste of him, the taste and smell of Anna lingering on his cock. He fought for control, pulling back with effort to meet his friend's tortured gaze. "I can taste her on your cock—and I can taste *you*, Daniel."

Daniel's eyes widened. "Damn...don't do that."

Phillip arched his brows, his smile not reaching his eyes. "Pardon?"

Not waiting for Danny to repeat himself, Phillip squeezed his balls as he wrapped his other fist around his friend's thickened organ, stroking it up and down.

"What the fuck!" Daniel gasped but despite his protest, he arched his hips upward, wanting more of it, more of his fist, more jacking, more pulling.

Phillip was drunk with his reaction. Drunk with want, with Sin, with Daniel. The sight of his friend's big, rigid cock in his hand, the leaden feel of his balls in the other,

the sight of the creamy drops of pre-cum dripping down the turgid head of his dick. Every muscle in Daniel's body was stiff, his shoulders and biceps tense as he futilely attempted to release his hands from their bindings. He didn't seem to notice he was fiercely shoving up his hips, almost fucking Phillip's hand.

"You've a big cock, Danny...almost as big as mine."

"Stop this," Daniel whispered, his words more plea than demand, gritted out through a clenched jaw as his eyes rolled backward from the pleasure. "Stop touching my cock."

"But you like it," Phillip countered, splaying his hand on his balls and sliding one finger lower. A shudder racked through Daniel's body when Phillip began to rub the tight, ringed entrance of his ass.

Daniel stiffened, reason fighting a losing war against want. "No, I...I don't like this...I *can't* like this," he cried, then groaned, closing his eyes tightly. His lean, muscled body betrayed his words, his hips rocking, following the quick, merciless strokes of Phillip's capable hand.

"You've wanted me to touch you," Phillip murmured.

When a splintered cry ripped from Daniel's chest and his hips began humping his grip in a crazed rhythm, Phillip's cock throbbed, loads of semen charging, aching to explode.

Before either of them found the release they ached for, Phillip pulled back, rising to his full height. Dazed, Daniel opened his eyes and stared up at him, his body taut as a bow.

Phillip began to undress, suddenly aware of a man's low, fevered groans coming from the area of the couch. Hugo was lying on his back over the length of it, looking delirious as Anna bent over him, voraciously sucking his cock. Behind her, Lucas was standing, fucking her ass slowly, his shirt still on, jeans at his ankles. Jonas had turned his chair to face them and was fully naked, watching them, his strokes on his cock deliberately slow as if he were in no hurry to come. Seated a few feet away on his

foldout chair, Samuel watched with darkened eyes, his hand slowly moving inside his pants.

When his first thought was to charge at them and pull her away, Phillip questioned his sanity and quickly forced his attention back to Daniel, sitting deathly still on the chair, his cock jutting out prominently. Now *there* was a sight.

Daniel kept his gaze averted from him. "Aren't you going to look, my friend?" Phillip asked.

"I don't want to," he said thickly. "Let me go, Phillip."

"I'm not sure I want to."

Daniel glowered at him for a long moment and finally Phillip shrugged. "Fine. I'll unbind you."

Phillip slipped one leg between Danny's, bringing his cock temptingly close. Daniel's quick intake of breath was audible, and for a moment Phillip was sure he was going to bend forward and take him into his mouth. Those darkened brown eyes raked over his member with unabashed desire, making his cock quiver and throb under the avid stare.

When he didn't move for several tense seconds, Phillip reached over his shoulder to release the belt around his wrists, the plum-shaped head of Daniel's cock almost brushing his body as he untied him. Daniel's scent suddenly filled his vacant lungs, the scent of blood and flesh exhilarating.

Pulling away after loosening the belt and letting it clank to the floor, Phillip regarded him steadily, watching him rub his reddened wrists over his lap.

Daniel's eyes when he looked up at him were widened by confusion. "What the hell is this, Phillip?" he asked hoarsely, his body motionless on the chair, his gaze dropping to Phillip's cock.

"It's just sex," Phillip said.

"I need to come again," the Incubus croaked, wrapping a shaky hand around his cock. "I need..."

"I know what you need." Phillip seized Danny's free hand and guided it to his own cock. When Daniel attempted to pull it away, Phillip jerked it back and rubbed his knuckles over the smooth, swollen length of him. "Touch me, Danny. Touch my cock."

Daniel yanked his hand away, increasing the strokes on his stiffened organ, his brow furrowed in effort as he closed his eyes tightly shut.

"I've seen you," Phillip whispered, curling his fingers around himself. "I've seen you look at me, Incubus."

Phillip began to work himself, sliding his hand up and down, tightening his grip every time he stroked the swollen head.

Groaning, Daniel opened his eyes and watched as Phillip stroked his cock and he stroked his own. Low, pained sounds tore from Daniel's chest, groans, moans and unearthly hisses only a vampire could make with his fangs. The sight of Daniel, the honey-brown color of his skin, his face so strained with arousal and the sight of him masturbating made Phillip's body quake for release. But Phillip had spent sweaty, sleepless nights thinking of this moment, and he wasn't about to let it end so soon.

"Why don't you suck my dick, Danny? Maybe you'll like it as much as you like pussy," he rasped while he cupped his own balls, his hand quickening the moves on his cock.

Daniel shook his head and continued to masturbate, his eyes ravenous on Phillip's cock as he jerked and pulled on his own.

Ignoring his denial, Phillip stepped closer and grabbed the back of Daniel's head, pulling it forward—guiding it to his cock. Daniel opened his mouth to take him, the elongated length of his fangs grazing each side of his cock as he groaned deep in his throat at the first taste of a man in his mouth. Gritting his teeth, Phillip shoved himself in deeper.

Daniel's mouth was as hot as a woman's pussy, and as he swiped his tongue around the swollen head, his fangs slid down the steely length of him. The pleasure was excruciating.

Phillip could tell Danny was starved for cock, gobbling up the one in his mouth as he pumped his own hips in the air, both hands curled around his pulsing dick and tugging it with abandon.

Beads of sweat gathered on Phillip's brow as he watched Daniel blow him, his cock fully lodged inside his mouth. His balls quivered in need, drawing up painfully against him.

Daniel started to come, his eyes flashing red. Tremors rocked his body, his semen blasting in the air while his mouth remained latched to Phillip's member.

Nearly undone by the sight of Daniel's climax, Phillip began to thrust into his mouth with blinding force, his hands fisting on his hair as he dragged his head back and forth along his cock. "Do you want to eat my cum, Danny? Or do you want to bite me? Hmm? Do you want to bite me, you cock-sucking prick?"

His reply was a growl, his tongue traveling frantically along his length.

"That's it...suck me, eat me." Phillip's voice was broken with need, while Daniel's head moved back and forth, back and forth. "Eat that cum, Danny. I know you're starved for it." Danny's choked noises rumbled against his dick. It drove Phillip over the edge, making him shout his name with a ragged cry as he came. Thick strings of semen spurted into the bachelor's mouth as Phillip let his body loose and shuddered.

* * * * *

Daniel swallowed his friend's cum, and when his mouth was again unoccupied he gasped as if for air, more out of instinct than need to breathe. His friends Lucas and Jonas were standing up, sandwiching the woman between them as they slowly pleased and touched her, the other two vampires watching from their seats, having

spent themselves already. Surprisingly, the scene wasn't as interesting to him as Phillip's cock, still mere inches away from his face.

He'd never felt this way. It wasn't only the beverage heating his blood to a burning, dizzying liquid that gushed through his veins in a frenzy, making his over-sensitized skin feel raw and tingly—but also a fierce, painful arousal. This inexplicable desire for...a man!

Over a year ago he'd watched Phillip Gaston make out with a human at a night club, and the image alone had made him hard. Daniel had been surprised, shocked even, at his reaction to watching Phillip stroke the man to orgasm right across the table from him. He'd fucked Gina like crazy that night, fed from her so hard she was dizzy for days after, and he'd found himself wondering why he'd gotten hard watching two males together in the first place. Then he'd dreamed of him, of Phillip fucking the mortal until the man's face had become all too familiar, and he'd realized with shock it was his.

Fantasies weren't new to Daniel. Vampires were beings of flesh, after all, and Daniel had had plenty of fantasies throughout the years. Dreams of fucking a mortal he may have bumped into on the street. Jacking off to the image of a sexy vamp slayer.

He'd never taken them seriously. They were just fantasies, fleeting thoughts of pleasure, and he'd never considered following through on any of them—not when he had Gina.

Not when he had the perfect life, one many other vampires would envy. The perfect parents, one of the precious few vampire couples in the world, living together even five hundred years after their marriage. He had the perfect fiancée, a Succubus, an adequate match for his sexual stamina. Hell, even his home was perfect. Dim, spacious, cold. That he should find something lacking in his life, or want something other than what he had, was unbelievable.

Suddenly furious at Phillip for stirring things he shouldn't be moving about, he rose to his feet and shoved him hard.

"What the hell do you think you're doing, Lugat?" he growled.

Phillip was taller by almost a head and his muscled body hardly moved. "Don't worry," Phillip said as he reached out and glided his hands down his bare chest, settling them both on his traitorous cock, which quickly hardened again. "You probably won't even remember this tomorrow," he added, his fingers toying idly with his balls.

Daniel pushed him again, this time making him take a step backward. "I don't give a shit! I like *women*," he hissed.

"So do I."

"What would've ever given you the idea I'd ever want to screw a man?"

"Oh, not just any man, Daniel. *Me*. You want to screw *me*."

Daniel was silent for a moment then he began to pound on Phillip's chest in earnest. "You fucking son of a bitch!"

After the third blow, Phillip grabbed his fists to halt him, his muscles straining as he held him still, one of their friends laughing behind them. "It's the only chance you'll get to screw around with me before those vows you plan to take. You'd better take it, Danny."

"Fuck you," he angrily spat, jerking his hands away.

Calm and steady as always, Phillip remained unruffled. His slow smile was filled with amusement. "You want me. You can fool yourself all you want, Danny, but not me. Never me."

A rowdy "Just fuck the horny bastard!" rose from behind them, and Daniel clenched his fists at Lucas' ensuing laughter.

Phillip's simmering eyes were fastened to his, drawing him to their blackness as he smiled. "Or do you want *me* to fuck you?" Phillip asked, one eyebrow lifting in question.

Daniel told himself he wasn't going to give the son of a bitch the pleasure of an answer but the truth was, he wasn't ready to hear the answer out loud.

Phillip took a step forward, cupping the back of Daniel's neck with one hand and pulling his face to his. Their lips touched lightly, their tongues mingling before Phillip's strong, plush lips closed firmly over his. Daniel's body weakened into a whirlpool of sensation when Phillip slipped his tongue into his mouth. Everything in his body became a liquid, burning torrent of need. Phillip's strokes were sure and powerful, his tongue the dominant one.

Finding himself responding to the kiss, Daniel groaned and rubbed his tongue across the roof of Phillip's mouth as the man caressed his balls with deft fingers, then fisted his hand around his cock, working it expertly, stroking the rigid column up and down. "You want me to fuck you, don't you?" Phillip whispered against his mouth.

Daniel was silent, his body never having felt like this, hot, overpowered, quaking. The low timbre of Phillip's voice and the faint accent catapulted Daniel's need to undeniable proportions, his straining cock throbbing heavily. Daniel felt a sudden urge to twist his neck and expose his jugular, an act of submission from one vampire to another. He felt a need to feed him, subject himself to satisfy Phillip's hunger.

"Turn around, Daniel."

Danny felt frozen but Phillip walked him back several steps until his legs knocked against the back of the couch, then he grabbed his shoulders and forced him around. "Brace yourself," he ordered, and Daniel slowly did as he was asked, gripping the back of the couch so tightly his knuckles hurt.

He looked over his shoulder. A few feet from the granite fireplace, Lucas and Jonas were pounding inside the black-haired vampire. She was beautiful in her nakedness, in the graceful way her body undulated between their two stronger ones, but Daniel knew the pain in his cock had little to do with her.

Phillip ran his hands down the smooth muscles of his back, spreading Daniel's cheeks apart. Eyeing the entrance of his ass, he pressed the engorged head of his cock to the ring of muscle. "Tell me what you want, Danny."

Daniel closed his eyes and waited, suddenly acutely aware of the fact that he desperately, *desperately* wanted to be fucked. In the ass. By Phillip Gaston. Every inch of his cold dead skin felt scorched and heated, his fangs now stretched to their full length, ready to bite, to feed, to take pleasure.

"Do you want it up the ass?" Phillip prodded.

"This is crazy," Daniel muttered under his breath.

"Answer me," Phillip demanded. "Do you want my cock in your ass, Daniel?"

Daniel was silent.

"You're hard, Danny. You want me. Now tell me. Do you want —"

"Yes," Daniel strained out.

"Spell it out for me." Phillip smacked his butt with one hand, a stinging pain shooting up his spine.

"I want you to fuck me," Daniel ground through clenched teeth. "I want you to bite me, you son of a bitch!"

"Much better," Phillip replied huskily as he gathered saliva on his hand and rubbed the wetness around his cock. "There you go now," he cooed as he gripped Daniel's hips and slowly guided his cock into his ass. Danny gripped the back of the sofa harder, sinking his fingers into the leather as a blinding pain jolted through him.

Behind him, the female vampire was moaning, being fucked so hard he had no doubt she'd have shattered if she were mortal, but Daniel paid little attention. All he could feel were the big, strong hands, so unlike Gina's tender ones, scraping up his back then fisting in his hair as Phillip guided his dick deeper inside him.

Daniel felt his cock jerk needily as the tight channel of his ass was stretched, widened by Phillip's penetration. Gina frequently toyed with his anus, but he'd never felt anything inside him. It was invasive, painful—and it aroused the hell out of him. His balls tightened and his cock quivered painfully, so much so that he could've sworn

he could come without even touching himself. Rough pants rushed in and out of his chest and his empty lungs felt jarred by the effort.

With a low, guttural sound of triumph, Phillip yanked Danny's head back, craning his neck to him. Danny's neck strained with effort as Phillip held him there, withdrew his cock, then stabbed him repeatedly, mercilessly, with swift, harsh thrusts that made Daniel genuinely cry out in pain and agony and a pleasure nothing short of cruel.

"I want your blood," Phillip whispered savagely, his breath harsh as he bent and touched his lips to his shoulder. His maleness, the heat of his cock inside him, overwhelmed Daniel. Phillip's tongue, like wet velvet—like his own must feel on Gina's skin—brusquely scraped the skin on his shoulder and neck.

Daniel shuddered, preparing himself for that moment, the exquisiteness of the bite, when not only their bodies but also their minds touched.

Finding a tender spot on his nape, Phillip licked the skin there, readying it for his bite only a second before his fangs sank into his flesh. Phillip groaned when blood gushed into his mouth, and Daniel roared, his skin of his neck twinging in pain, his spine arching back.

Phillip sucked, drawing his essence out of him, feeding on him while his huge, thickened cock remained motionless inside him. Daniel felt like bursting.

Blinded by desire, desperation and need, he dipped his hand and grabbed his own cock, crazily stroking himself. Phillip didn't like it, and he released Daniel's neck to yank his arms back, anchoring them behind him.

"You're not coming yet," he said harshly, pulling his cock out only to ram it back in again.

Bent over, his hands secured behind him, his head now resting on the back of the couch, Daniel thought he was dying from the pain—the very need to come. Even the air seemed to caress his aching, swollen cock, sending him teetering toward oblivion.

Daniel turned his head to glance behind him once again. Sam and Hugo, already spent, sprawled in chairs and watched the threesome, Sam sending occasional and

surprisingly lusty glances toward Phillip and Daniel. The woman and his friends continued to enjoy themselves, all three of them groaning out their pleasure. It seemed like slow, easy sex—sex that didn't hurt like this, that didn't make a vampire want to punish the same being who was giving him such pleasure.

A deep, loud cry ripped out of Daniel when Phillip began to shaft him full force, his rampant thrusts so harsh Daniel swore he was being torn apart. His body was burning, his cock stinging with pain and he felt as though a wild beast was clawing inside him—so unsettling was Phillip's cock, stabbing him mercilessly, again and again.

Daniel never wanted him to stop.

With a ragged groan, Phillip lodged himself up to the core, anchoring his cock within him, causing tremors of pleasure to sweep through his body as Phillip's semen filled him. He growled, rocking his hips against his butt as he came, making Daniel's whole body protest painfully with its own need for release.

Seconds after Phillip withdrew, he abruptly left the room.

With his cock aching and red-hot anger making his fisted hands shake with rage, Daniel waited for his return.

Chapter Three

With narrowed eyes, Daniel glared at Phillip as he returned and slowly walked toward him.

"Now I'm going to fuck *you*, Phillip," Daniel said raggedly. "I want you on the floor. On your knees. Like a *dog*."

"Shut up and kiss me." Not a second after Phillip had finished the command, Daniel kissed him, savagely, rubbing his straining cock against Phillip's muscled body and hungrily pummeling his tongue into his mouth. Groaning in need, Phillip kissed him back, his hands gripping Daniel's arms as they kissed, the taste of Daniel's blood still in his mouth.

Pulling away, Daniel scowled at him, both wanting and hating him at the same time. "On the floor, I said."

"I like you like this, Danny." Phillip fisted his hand in his hair and pulled him back for another kiss. They groaned in unison, and as their tongues feasted, they began to nip at each other's lips, first tugging lightly, then harder, until Danny protested with a growl.

"I'll tell you what, Danny," Phillip said. "Let's do this another way. You lie on the floor and I'll straddle you."

Not waiting for an answer, Phillip pushed Danielle down to the polished wood floor, straddled his narrow hips and lowered himself to his cock.

Daniel rose to his elbows and growled, lifting his hips to delve into Phillip's ass and greedily watching as the thick length of his cock disappeared inside him.

Phillip arched his neck back and closed his eyes, a savage sound tearing from his chest when he was fully seated — Daniel's thickened rod fully embedded inside him.

Daniel had Phillip's privates before his eyes. His cock loomed tall and swollen, his balls tight against him. Daniel's mouth watered at the sight, and as Phillip moved over him, Danny felt starved, wishing he could have that cock in his mouth.

He remembered how Phillip's cock had tasted, how his cum had been warm and salty as he'd swallowed it, and his mouth stung with the want for more.

"I want to eat you," he breathed, his eyes meeting Phillip's dark, hungry ones, then falling to watch his own wet dick disappear inside him again.

"That's right. Move it, move it inside me, Danny," Phillip rasped, the muscles on his thighs and abs clenched tightly with his efforts. Danny had never expected how seeing a male's face, so strong and chiseled as he was being fucked, could be so arousing.

He pushed deeper into the tight, hot passage of his ass, then watched his cock quiver as Phillip lifted and lowered himself again.

Daniel wanted to pump faster inside him, harder, deeper. He wanted control. While lying on the floor, Daniel felt like a sex toy—used by Phillip, who was setting the pace to his own liking, driving Daniel crazy with his deliberately slow, tormenting moves.

In fierce determination, Daniel shoved him away, rising to his feet with unearthly speed. "On the wall," he bit out.

Phillip smiled lazily before he stood, taking a few steps and bracing his hands on the wall, spreading his feet apart. Daniel swallowed, slowly approaching him. Phillip's back was magnificent, bronzed skin glistening with sweat and etched with tight, hardened muscles. His buttocks were firm and round above a set of legs which warriors from times ago would have used for battle. For survival.

Frenzied with need, Daniel grabbed Phillip's hips and rubbed his cock between the hard muscles of his ass. Suddenly the image of Phillip's cock as he'd straddled him came back to him, and he grabbed his shoulders and turned him around, falling to his knees and taking his cock into his mouth. He smelled clean, as if he'd washed when out of the room, and the citrus scent was heady. It made him want to take more of him, but

he was big, bigger than Daniel even, not even half his erection fitting inside his starved mouth.

He wanted to sink his fangs into that dick and drain the blood from it. He wanted to suck Phillip's cum until day came. And with that thought in mind and the starved, raging passions inherent to an Incubus, he sucked him now.

"You're a natural. Are you sure you haven't done this before?" Phillip asked, tangling his fingers in his hair.

Daniel had far more better things to bite than his bait. He could taste Phillip's semen in his mouth, the spicy flavor of him on his tongue, and when he squeezed his balls in an attempt to punish him, Phillip cried out, for that brief second losing every bit of his legendary control. It was addictive, the sound of Phillip over the edge, of him losing his beloved mind. It sang across Daniel's nerves, quivered inside his stomach and made his cock feel like a living inferno.

Daniel wanted more of it, to hear Phillip scream more and more and more. While he pounded into his ass and screwed the fucking mind out of him.

Rising brusquely, he forced him around and shoved him to the wall once again. "On the wall, asshole."

Phillip slowly braced himself, splaying his hands over the wall, but rather than seem submissive he looked powerful, his mere height dwarfing Daniel's, every muscle in his body tight with unleashed strength.

"This was what you wanted, wasn't it?" Daniel whispered in his ear, licking his earlobe as he pressed the full length of his body to his. "Now you tell me, Phillip. What do you want?"

"Do it, Daniel."

"Spell it out for me, Phillip!"

Shoving back his ass, Phillip rubbed his buttocks against his cock. "Fuck me. Fuck me in the ass. Now!"

With a maddened cry, Daniel drove inside him. Phillip fisted his hands, a hoarse shout tearing from his chest, and Daniel gloried at the agonized sound of it. Gripping his waist with one hand, he tunneled the other into his satiny black hair, rumpling it as he scraped his thumb over his scalp.

He'd never been inside anything as tight, as hot-damned warm, as Phillip's ass. It was like a fist made of rich, smoldering silk, clamping tightly around his cock.

Moving his cock inside him, Daniel gained momentum. Both their bodies were damp with sweat, their loud male groans equally harsh. The sounds blended until neither of them knew whose sounds were whose, only that they were needy and real and hoarse with lust.

Phillip flattened his brow against the wall, eyes closed tightly shut. Daniel brought both his hands around his waist and gripped his balls, toying with them mercilessly while he swerved his tongue and grazed his teeth over Phillip's neck. "Hot, horny bastard," he whispered before licking his skin again. "That's all you are. A hot, horny bastard."

"So are you."

Though Daniel was fucking him, he felt as though he were being played with, as though no matter what he did, Phillip was calling the shots. It drove him to fury, making him curse him again and again as he pummeled his dick as deeply into his tight ass as he could.

He cursed him one last time when he exploded, burying his semen deep into Phillip's ass when he came, still pounding inside him while the shudders took him completely.

* * * * *

Phillip felt unbearably horny when he turned around. Daniel was already slumped tiredly on the floor, half reclined against the couch. Stealing a glance at Anna, he

spotted her sitting before the fireplace talking calmly to the men, all of them lying around her in a numb sort of bliss.

She looked glorious, her hair in disarray, raven locks tumbling past her shoulders. As if sensing his gaze, she turned to him. Their gazes held from across the room, pitch black and steely, stormy blue. Nude and perfect, she rose and came forward, gracefully winding her way around the clothing that littered her path.

"I like the way you look," she confessed when she reached him. "Naked and horny. Being fucked in the ass."

"I like the way *you* look," he countered. "Naked and horny. Sucking cock." They both smiled, and then she ran her hands up the tense muscles on his arms, making him shudder.

"Have you had your fun, Lugat?" he asked fondly, brushing her hair behind her shoulders, his fingers lingering for a second.

"Have you had yours?"

"Hmm." He circled an arm around her waist and hauled her body to his, buffing his lips lightly over hers. "I seem to be missing something."

"What could you possibly be missing?"

He tightened his hold, wrapping a second arm around her until every inch of her body was flush against his, his hardness pressing against her belly. "You."

She trembled in his arms then settled one hand over the sleek satin choker around her neck. Her fingers tugged at the satiny black ribbon until it came loose. "I've got a little something for you."

"What is it?" His gaze fell to her neck as she revealed the tiny punctures at the base, fresh red blood gleaming from his bite.

"You'll see." She knelt before him, gently tying the black ribbon around his balls, tightening it at the top of his sac with a knot. It pulled the skin tight together, his balls straining.

He made a hoarse choking sound.

"A friend taught me this trick," she confessed, cupping his balls and slowly lifting them to her mouth. She licked him. So slowly it was torture. He felt overly sensitive, as though his testicles had been stripped bare, his flesh raw as she moistened it with gentle flicks of her tongue. He rested the back of his head on the wall, closing his eyes and sinking his hands into her satiny black hair.

"Should I be jealous of this...friend?" He hadn't expected to sound so solemn.

"Yes."

He feigned a smile but it quivered on his lips, lasting for less than a second.

Theirs was an unorthodox relationship, and one which had puzzled plenty of their acquaintances throughout the years. They rarely spent time apart, and when they did, neither of them liked it much. If Anna moved, he followed, for he couldn't imagine eternity without her.

When she took his cock into her mouth, he opened his eyes to gaze down at her, at the way her bright pink lips enveloped his circumference, caressed every inch of his hardness. He felt the sharpness of her teeth, the way she was careful not to nick him.

His fingers ambled down her hair, and he smiled down at her when he caught her looking up at him through her lashes. "When you suck me like that, I wonder..." *Why on earth I'd ever share you with anyone.* But he trailed off, suddenly catching himself.

Anna wasn't his to share.

Having recovered his energy, Daniel was staring at them with a lustful green gaze and a cock ready to plunder. Without invitation, he rose and sauntered forward then knelt and cupped her rump from behind.

Anna didn't even flinch at the touch. Instead she pulled Phillip's cock from her mouth and continued her assault on his balls, widening her legs and thrusting out her buttocks so Daniel could see both entrances at the valley between the slopes. Looking up at Phillip, Daniel idly fingered the swollen slit of her pussy.

"She's soaked," Daniel whispered in a thick voice.

Phillip wanted to see what he was seeing, touch what he was touching, and grow ten cocks to fuck her with at once. "How's the view from back there? Tell me," he said in a rough whisper, swallowing back a groan when her lips began to nip at his straining balls.

"She's got cream up to her ass and she's so damned pink..." Daniel trailed off, not able to finish.

"Do you like her ass?" Phillip asked while Anna continued to suck his testicles, killing him slowly each time she nipped at the tightly drawn skin.

"She's yours, isn't she?" Daniel asked, his face rigid.

Meeting Anna's gaze as she took his swollen member into her mouth again, Phillip thickly said, "She's not mine."

But there had been moments, plenty lately, when he'd wished she were.

But Anna would never belong to anyone. She was something wild, free, untamed. No matter how many times Phillip had seen her give her body, there was a part of her that remained untouched. It was so guarded, not even Phillip could reach it.

Anna rose to her feet, her cloudy blue eyes fixed on Phillip. "I want both of you inside me," she breathed, her voice silken soft. "I want him in my ass and I want—"

Phillip grabbed the back of her head and yanked her forward, kissing her into silence, kissing her hard and hungry and vicious. He drowned out her words with his mouth, with a quick thrust of his tongue, and grabbed her ass to lift her.

She wrapped herself around him, limbs encircling him completely, her breasts flattened against his chest as she kissed him back with all the passion inside her. He was drowning in the taste of her, his thirst still unquenched and his loins burning in a hellfire.

Daniel rose and dipped a hand between her legs, smoothing her cream up her cleft, rubbing it over the tiny entrance of her ass before he cupped her rump and slowly

pushed his way inside her. Her body tensed and she cried out, stopped breathing completely as Daniel began to fuck her.

Phillip wasn't willing to stand by and watch.

He plunged inside her with a loud cry, like a vampire come home after purgatory. Her pussy was so wet, readied for his entry, the muscles of her cunt clenching around him familiarly. The slick passage rippled around him, massaging his cock with a rhythmic tightening, easing and contracting to juice every last drop in him.

"Anna," he said silkily, nipping on her lower lip.

She sobbed with pleasure, and he could hear the slippery sounds of his cock as he dipped it inside her, could feel the stretch of another cock against his, barely separated by a thin film of tissue. His balls, drawn tightly against him by the ribbon, faintly brushed against Daniel's, that tantalizing scrape nearly triggering his release.

Anna clung to Phillip, her lashes resting over her cheekbones, hands locked tightly behind his neck. She kissed his face passionately, desperately, as if she were aching and he was...her bloody savior.

It ripped him apart. While she may be as strong as he, she seemed so vulnerable. So trusting. Still so very much a woman.

"Look at me," he demanded, squeezing her waist. When she opened her eyes, he seized her lips with his and conquered her mouth.

She went wild, her body writhing between his and Daniel's, her kiss nearly shattering in its intensity. Lips fused, a melting of mouths, tongues seeking, tasting...taking and giving.

Shattered by it all, Phillip tore his mouth away from hers only to cup her face with shaky hands and brush back the dampened locks of hair on her jaw. "Sweet, precious baby," he cooed against her mouth, his words brimming with desperation. "Precious, precious, baby."

"Phillip...bite me, please!"

Without an exchange of blood, Phillip had never known Anna to orgasm. He ached to sink his teeth into her, drink again and again from her sweet, warm blood, but he refrained. "No. You're weak now."

Vicious with need, she drew her head back and bared her fangs with a low hiss, her eyes flashing red. "Bite me!"

His jaw tightened, his thrusts increasing in force as a need to feed her took hold of him like a vise. "*You bite me.*"

She moaned, her hands spreading over his shoulders as she dropped her face to his chest, her tongue wetting a path toward his nipple. The tip of her fangs grazed the tiny point, heat shooting up his spine as her mouth opened widely around it. Humans called it the kiss of death, when a vampire turned a human into one of the undead, but Phillip experienced it every time Anna fed from him. Her kiss was darkness and light, pain and pleasure, and every time he experienced it he felt opened, raw, vulnerable—which was why he rarely offered.

Now he felt both anxious and tense as he waited, his cock swelling inside her even more, pulsing with blood as he waited for the sting of her bite. When it came, he dropped his head back and groaned, the sharp tips of her fangs sinking into flesh and muscle, drawing out his life force and filling him with a foreign emotion—one that felt real and holy.

"More...take more," he groaned, hearing her moan as she sucked more gushing red liquid. He could barely fuck her, he felt so weak, so drained, so dizzy as he gave her the only truly meaningful thing a vampire could ever aspire to give. The only thing a vampire held of value.

She was energized by his blood, moving his length within her as she pumped her hips, her mouth latched onto his chest, each suckle of her lips vibrating against his nipple.

"I'm coming," Daniel rasped heatedly.

When her suction stopped and she began to pull back, Phillip held her to him, so hot he was ready to burst. "Feed!"

He pressed her face to him and held it there, felt her fangs cut into his flesh again, and with a harsh growl drove up to the very heart of her. He convulsed instantly, filling her with his cream as he filled her mouth with his blood, and she sank her nails into his shoulders, sobbing an indistinguishable word against his flesh, his name perhaps, and shuddering against him. Daniel shouted a fraction of a second after, following them to that unnamed place – maybe the closest they would ever get to heaven.

* * * * *

A short time later, all seven of them were lounging on the floor, most of them naked except Samuel. Lucas had scooted next to Anna, an arm curled around her shoulders. She'd stiffened at first then relaxed in his arms, a fact Lucas seemed to relish, his smile gloating. She'd caught Phillip looking at her then and she'd stared back at him, unsmiling.

"I like this Sin drink," Daniel said thoughtfully. "Maybe we could have it at the wedding."

Daniel continued to speak but Phillip's gaze strayed. Lucas was running his hand up Anna's thigh and he was murmuring something in her ear, something that made her smile. There were those dimples again, as beautiful as ever. Suddenly a vine tattoo had never seemed so threatening.

He turned his attention back to Daniel, who eyed him for a moment. "I find it interesting," he said in amusement, "that you've always been so sure of what you want – and you always get it, don't you?"

Phillip smiled with confidence. "Perseverance, my friend."

"Except you want something else now, don't you?"

Phillip cocked both eyebrows, his expression betraying no emotion except a very slight puzzlement. "Excuse me?"

Daniel's smile was widening by the second. "You avoid reaching out for what you really want, maybe for fear of failing for the first time ever." He cocked his head and let his eyes purposely drift toward Anna as she rose to get dressed.

Phillip quickly looked away. "Nonsense."

Daniel laughed wholeheartedly. "There are none as blind as those who will not see."

"Now we're quoting Matthew Henry?" Phillip asked wryly.

"I was quoting *you* — I remember you saying it."

"I'd borrowed from Matthew." Phillip smiled and lifted his glass. "I fear, unlike you, my friend, I do not trust the heart. It's often such a poor marksman."

Daniel nodded, smiling. "You're crazy about her. Admit it."

"This conversation is over," Phillip said flatly.

He mocked humans for a living, taking award-winning black-and-white photographs and messing them up at his will — adding whiskers to a diva to mar her beauty, adding horns to a politician. On one of his most famous, that of a pair of lovers kissing, he'd added a gun to the man's hand, implying his true intentions.

Critics thought he was making a statement, that he urged people to take off their masks. Phillip had no such wish. He merely chose to display life and its ironies the way a vampire saw them, or at least the way *he* chose to see them.

Having Daniel openly question him on his personal feelings was not something he was ready for. Dismissing the conversation, he grinned at his friends, lifting his glass up high. "A toast, everyone. To tonight. To many years from now. And to us, may we —"

He paused when he saw a fully cloaked Anna head for the doorway. "Excuse me for a moment." Setting down his fluted glass and rising to his feet, he followed her, reaching her as she pulled the door open.

"I thought you'd want to stay, sleep the day away with me," he said, holding the door partway open, his voice dropping to an intimate whisper.

She smiled at him, those dimples nearly robbing him of his sanity. "I'm sorry, Phillip, but my bed calls me."

"Mine's been calling you for years."

"You know I like mine better."

Phillip had bought exactly the same ultra-expensive sheets she used, and the down pillows she preferred, and still Anna refused to sleep with him. It hurt more than he cared to admit. "Stay for the toast, at least?"

She shook her head, her smile turning wistful. "Maybe next time," she whispered, pressing her lips to his so slightly he barely felt her kiss before she pulled away.

Phillip watched her walk down the wide hall until she boarded the elevator, not once looking back at him.

"Phillip, you've got to tell me what House she belongs to," Lucas said as he shut the door.

Deafened to his words, Phillip crossed the room to stand before the window, staring blindly out at the city.

"Tell us, Phillip," Daniel said with a tinge of amusement. "What is that vampire to you?"

Phillip paused thoughtfully. "We grew up together. My father – my mortal father – and hers were good friends. As are we."

"Ha! My dead ass, you're fucking *friends*!" Lucas cried.

Daniel burst out laughing, and the rest of the vampires grinned and looked at Phillip as if he'd just admitted to reading the Bible every night.

"Let's get back to the toast, shall we?" Though he didn't mean to, Phillip glowered, stalking to pick up his glass.

"To *love*," Lucas snickered.

"To sex, Sin and breasts," Hugo merrily interjected. Of course he was gleeful. He'd just been sucked by Anna. He'd been so long without sex he was practically a virgin.

Seven Sinners

Shaking his head at his own ill-humor, Phillip lifted the glass to his lips and mumbled, "To us – the seven sinners," before drowning himself in more Sin.

Sin would have to do. At least for now.

The End

About the Author

Red Garnier is a multi-published erotic romance author. She's also a happy wife and proud mother of two little handfuls. Writing has been her passion since she read her first romance novel at the age of fourteen. Red loves a good laugh, a good cry, but most of all, she loves a good romance. She's thrilled to be able to share her very own stories with others, and hopes you will enjoy reading them as much as she does writing them.

Red 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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