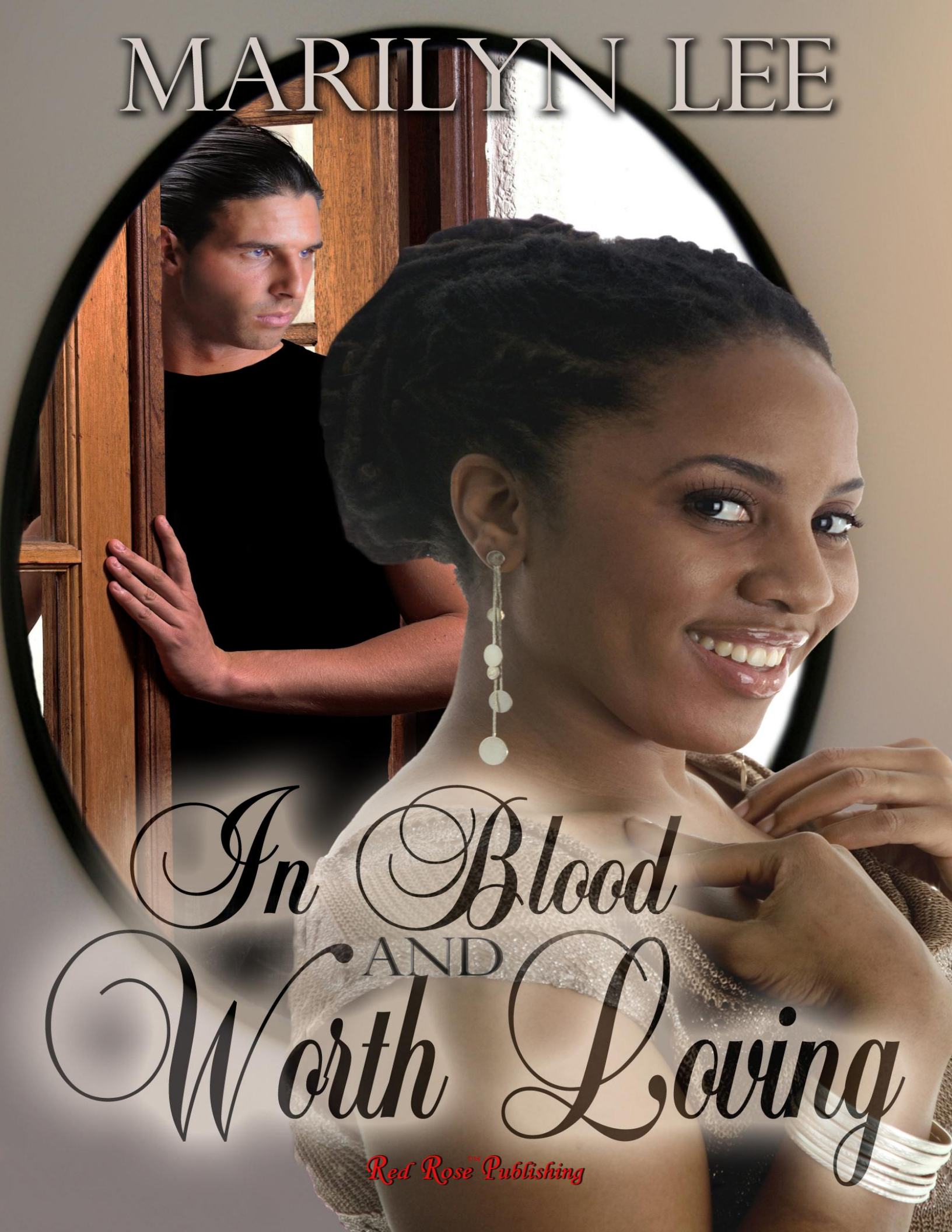


MARILYN LEE



*In Blood*  
AND  
*Worth Loving*

*Red Rose Publishing*

*In Blood And Worth Loving*

*By*

*Marilyn Lee*

## *Dedication*

*This book is dedicated to the core  
members of my Yahoo Group, Love  
Bytes whose support keeps me  
writing. Thanks, ladies!*



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In Blood and Worth Loving by Marilyn Lee

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*In Blood And Worth Loving*

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## Chapter One

The door of the master bedroom to the Mountain Retreat opened.

Brandi Knight, standing in front of the full-length mirrors mounted on the closet doors, had a clear view of the door.

A tall, handsome man with the high cheekbones of a Native American male filled the doorway. He had short dark hair silvering at the temples. His face was unlined. He appeared to be what she considered the perfect age for a lover—just over forty. He had wide shoulders, a narrow waist, and long legs. His dark pullover, opened at the neck, revealed an enticing glimpse of his massive chest. He projected an air of mystery and danger. Brandi could easily imagine him bare-chested with the sun glinting off his blue-black hair, astride a horse galloping across the Plains eager to return home to ravish his woman.

His woman. She savored the thought of being his woman. Was this just another fantasy? Her constant struggle to be a good girl had ended a year earlier with the death of the aging grandparents who raised her. After her parents' death, they had sought to impress upon her the need to carefully choose her boyfriends. Eager to please them, she had only dated men of whom they approved. With the

sharp edge of grief dulled, her years of pretending she didn't prefer bad boys to good ones were over.

She was finally about to reap the reward for the years of dating safe and dull men who left her emotionally untouched and sexually dissatisfied. This weekend she would get to be the lucky woman the handsome bad boy, Adrian, teased and pleased.

She flashed him a quick, tentative smile.

"And just who the hell are you?"

The obvious displeasure in the deep, sexy baritone with the hint of a southern drawl diminished some of her excitement. She moistened her lips. "My name is Brandi."

His eyes narrowed and his nostrils flared. "Brandi?"

She nodded. "Yes. Brandi with an I."

"You're Brandi Knight?"

"Yes."

"You're Rayna's co-worker?"

"Yes." Having seen his picture on Rayna's desk at the library branch where they both worked, she knew who he was. As Rayna had promised, he did not disappoint. "And you're Adrian."

“Yes. I’m Adrian.”

She gave him another tentative smile in the mirror. “We have all weekend to get to know each other.”

“All weekend?”

Why was he repeating everything she said? “Yes.”

“Oh, hell, no!” He slammed the door shut.

A sudden air of menace permeated the room. In the act of turning to face him, she froze. *Ok, Brandi, maybe agreeing to this weekend was not one of your brighter ideas.*

He took a slow deep breath. It didn’t seem to help. In the mirror, she saw him clench and unclench his right hand. He leaned back against the door, staring into the mirror at her.

If her research was accurate, the fact that he cast a reflection indicated he wasn’t evil. But he sure as hell was mad. Brandi could almost feel his fury as he allowed his steel-blue eyes to rake along her back. She suspected he didn’t like the view. What now? What did a good girl who wanted to be bad do when her chosen bad boy didn’t want to be bad with her?

“Tell me this is a belated April Fool’s joke that you and Rayna are having at my expense.”



*Oh, Rayna. What did you tell him about me?* He didn't look like a male with a preference for full-figured black women. "April Fool's was last month," she reminded him.

"I said belated. So you're telling me this *isn't* a joke?"

Brandi hesitated. Each of her answers seemed to increase his anger. "No. It's not a joke."

"It had better be."

Oh, great. He was definitely not amused or interested. "I—"

"If you think for one minute that I'm going to spend the weekend here with you, you..." He pushed himself away from the door.

She froze and sucked in a breath. Whatever misstatements Rayna might have made to him, she hadn't misled Brandi. The male stalking across the room towards her with bared incisors was clearly the real thing. After years of fantasizing about spending her birthday with a man capable of validating her belief in the supernatural, she'd made a fatal error in her attempt to be bad. She was alone in a remote cabin with a vampire she hoped wasn't angry enough to kill her.



Adrian Redwolfe felt as if the top of his head was on fire. Rayna had gone too damn far this time. After months of indecision, in a weak moment, he'd finally admitted he was ready for a monogamous relationship. Insisting she had the perfect mate for him, Rayna had lured him to the Redwolfe family Pocono Mountain retreat with the promise of a weekend with a pretty, slender green-eyed supermodel with long, blond tresses.

He had half-expected to arrive and find his long time friend and lover, Marcella awaiting him. Instead, he found himself alone with a full-figured, human plain Jane. Her dark hair was shorter than his was. The cream bra and thong she wore looked as if she'd stuffed herself into them.

Although he couldn't hurt the female he and his brothers had reared as their niece, her duplicitous friend was another matter. She would suffer the consequences for having deceived him.

He stopped several feet from the woman, allowing his gaze to slide down her body. Her ass was so large the back of the thong was nearly lost in her crack. Each cheek was round and brown. In the act of curling his lip, he paused. Actually, her skin tone reminded him more of rich, dark, melt-in-your-mouth-decadent chocolate. The kind Marcella said made her wet and ready for a night of mindless fucking.

The dark three-inch heels the woman wore drew attention to her plus sized thighs and her long legs. He looked at her ass again and found it difficult to look away. Damn. It was large, but very nice. While he stood staring at it, she turned to face him.

He raised his gaze to her face. Although she was plain as hell, she had dark, sexy eyes, beautiful, clear skin and full, soft looking lips. He glanced at her breasts. His cock stirred. Damn if she didn't possess the largest natural breasts he'd ever seen. Each round mound spilled out from the cutout bra to reveal dark aureoles that must have been an inch wide. Talk about all day suckers. Maybe she wasn't so plain after all.

He looked down her body. Surprisingly, the noticeable swell of her belly generated heat in his balls instead of repulsing him. A strategic opening in the thong highlighted a pretty, unshaved pussy. The dark outer lips glistened with moisture and seemed to beckon his cock.

He inhaled, filling his nostrils with her musky aroma. A pussy this fragrant sole purpose was to provide some lucky male with a weekend of endless pleasure. His cock roared to life, making a tent in his pants.

*Get a grip, Redwolfe. She's the last woman you can bed. She conspired with Rayna to trick you.* His attempts to maintain his anger at having been misled and deceived did little to put out the flame of need tightening his nuts.

This Brandi Knight was definitely not his idea of a prospective lover, but he was at the mercy of his ravenous need for blood and sex. He'd have to make do with her at least for the night. Consumed with lust, he undressed quickly. As he straightened from pulling off his socks, he heard her gasp.

He was longer and thicker than most men. First sight of his cock either caused amazed delight or a frightened shriek in his prospective lovers.

He looked up to find her gaze locked on his fully erect shaft, which protruded in front of his body.

She dragged the tip of her tongue lasciviously over her parted lips while she pulled at one nipple and finger fucked herself.

Scenting her pussy filling with moisture, he could almost taste his need for blood and sex. He looked at her breasts and her pussy, wet and fragrant, begging for penetration. Rampant lust replaced the last vestige of his rage.

He stalked across the room to the hard, armless chair positioned in front of the closet mirrors. He sank down on it and beckoned to her.

Her hands stilled.

Under her lingering fear of him, he sensed a deep and untapped wealth of passion and a need to completely surrender her body and soul for the first time. She wanted him to dominate her physically and emotionally.

He allowed his gaze to linger on her breasts before sliding down her belly to the valley between her legs. His balls tightened. He was eager to slide between her dark, silken thighs and to spend the entire weekend fucking her.

Impatient for release from his unexpected attraction, he beckoned to her again.

She bit her lip. "I've never done anything like this before."

But she'd sure as hell wanted to. "So?"

"My birthday is in two weeks."

As if he cared about her birthday with his nuts about to burst with lust. "Come to me," he commanded. "And we'll celebrate it early."

"I...are you going to—" She touched her neck.

Damn straight he was going to ingest her blood. "Don't make me come and get you," he warned in a low, barely controlled voice. *Come!*

While he watched her slowly cross the room, he felt a flash of heat rush up from his tight balls to his cock head. He glanced down, looked back up at her, and

then did a double take to stare down at his cock. He stiffened. His pre-cum was pink. Oh, fuck. Not now.

She stopped by his chair.

He could hear her heart thumping and feel her conflicting emotions. Sensing her fear about to overshadow her desire for him, he looked up.

As he met her gaze, he experienced an unexpected and unwanted flicker of emotion. He had to fight against a sudden need to lose himself in her dark, alluring gaze and to assure her she was safe with him. What the hell was happening to him? He didn't do safe.

Looking down at him seemed to reassure her. She licked her lips and planted a long leg on either side of his legs. Then she straddled him. Placing her hands on his shoulders, she started lowering herself.

Her perfume, soft, subtle, and sensual teased his senses. For a moment he savored the delight to come of feeling his naked cock sliding up inside her. Then, recalling the implications of his pink pre-cum, he reached up to grip her hips to prevent her from impaling herself on his cock.

“What’s wrong?”

He hesitated.

“Please don’t tell me you’ve changed your mind, Adrian.” She stroked her nails along the side of his neck.

He suppressed a shiver. Why the hell did her voice sound so husky and sexy? And why did her lightest touch ignite such a maelstrom of hunger in him? “Did you bring condoms?” He asked in a clipped voice.

“Condoms?” She frowned. “No.”

“You came to spend the weekend with a stranger without condoms?”

“Rayna said we wouldn’t need any. She said you couldn’t catch or pass on any STD’s. Isn’t that true?”

“Yes. It’s true.” He struggled to overcome his need to jerk her hips down and impale her balls deep on his cock. “But you are on some type of birth control?”

“I was, but I stopped two weeks ago in preparation for this weekend.”

What modern woman in her right mind went around fucking strange men without protection? “Why the hell would you do that?” he demanded.

She hesitated, bit her lip, and then went on in a rush. “I know it’s shameful to admit but I enjoy sex—a lot.”

Hot damn! He looked at her breasts and felt his cock harden even more. So maybe he’d spend more than one night with her.

“And I’ve always had this fantasy of...”

“Of what?”

She touched his hair. “Of having unprotected sex with a tall, handsome, well-hung, blue-eyed vampire.”

Human women and their damned fantasies. Give him a fem any day. Blue eyes? He knew what that meant. She had a thing for white men. He'd soon cure her of that bad habit. He fully intended to plunder Brandi Knight, but Rayna would still have a lot to answer for when he saw her again. “How many lovers have you had?”

“Three.”

Only three lovers? Were all the men she'd encountered blind or gay? “What were their ages and experience levels?” He asked questions in an attempt to suppress his rapacious desire to plunder her pussy.

“I generally date older men.”

“Why?”

“I prefer men who are old enough and experienced enough to know how to please a woman...men like you, Adrian.” She stroked her fingers through the hair at his nape.

Despite her admission, with a hint of color staining her dark cheeks, she looked shy, sweet, cock-hardeningly sexy, and barely legal. And so deliciously ripe



for plunder. “You look about twenty. How old are you?” Even as he asked the question, he knew her answer wasn’t going to change a thing. He had to have her.

She gave him a quick smile. “I’m twenty-nine.”

“And you’ve only had three lovers? Even though you enjoy sex so much?”

“I do enjoy sex but I choose quality over quantity. I’m sure you know how to please a woman.”

His lips twitched. Young and plain she might be, but she certainly knew how to close a deal and seduce a man.

“That was part of the lure of this weekend for me,” she admitted. “Coming here and meeting you and finding you’re really a vampire is my one chance to live my fantasy.”

“Your fantasy is sex with a vampire?”

## Chapter Two

She nodded. “Being able to make love with an experienced male without having to worry about STDs or pregnancy is a turn on for me.”

Make love? She was delusional if she thought what he had in mind bore any resemblance to making love. And she might have cause for concern if she knew the significance of blood in his semen.

She tilted her head and looked at him. “I have a feeling I’m not what you expected when you arrived, but please don’t tell me you’ve changed your mind.”

He knew Rayna would expect him to admit the presence of blood in his sperm greatly increased the possibility he could impregnate her. But with his nostrils filled with the scent of her arousal and her pretty dark pussy seeping moisture just inches above his cock, and her magnificent breasts begging to be sucked, his ability to reason vanished. He was too inflamed to admit anything that might result in her changing her mind about sleeping with him. Not that he had any intentions of allowing her to change her mind.

This seductive, plus-sized chocolate vixen and her pussy were his for the plundering. Any woman who agreed to a weekend with a vampire should be

prepared to accept the resultant consequences—including pregnancy. Besides, he'd secreted blood a number of times over the years, but he'd never been in blood. Nor had he produced any kids. Why should this time be any different?

He released her hips, allowing his hands to fall to his sides. "I haven't changed my mind."

She made a small pleased sound, giving him a slow smile.

He blinked. Her sensual smile lit up her dark eyes and changed her face from plain to stunning.

Still smiling at him, she stretched back her hand to reach for his cock.

When he felt her soft, warm fingers close around the base of his shaft, he experienced a jolt of need so powerful, nothing short of divine intervention could have stopped him from taking her. He reached down and ripped the tiny thong from her body and tossed it aside. Now there was nothing between his cock and her pussy.

Locking her dark gaze with his, she rotated her hips until she managed to position his cock at her entrance. She eased her hips down.

Feeling her outer lips part seconds before she worked the head of his cock into her wet channel, he lifted his hands to cup her ass. Her skin felt soft and

warm. Eager to feel himself completely buried inside her, he pushed his hips off the chair.

She gasped and pressed her hand against his shoulder. "Wait!"

He bared his incisors. "If you think you're in any position to change your mind, think again!"

"Oh, no!" She dug her nails into his shoulder. "I don't want to change my mind."

"Then why ask me to wait?"

"You're not only long and thick, but you're harder than any other lover I've had. Please go slow...no thrusting."

Clearly for all her fantasizing, she'd never fucked a vampire. He liked the idea of being her first. He lifted one hand from her ass to press against her back.

She arched closer.

Her large, soft breasts brushed against his chest.

Damn there were few things sexier than a woman with large, natural breasts and a pretty pussy minutes away from being full of his seed. He tugged on her hip. "If you want to sleep with a vampire, you have to expect a lot of thrusting," he warned her. "All of it hard and deep. My cock is eager to explore every inch of your pussy."

She bit her lip, but her dark gaze lit with excitement. “You’re making me so hot my pussy is flooded,” she whispered.

He felt an unwanted warmth spreading through him. There was something very sensual about a human woman who wasn’t afraid to embrace her femininity while fully embracing a man's masculinity. “That’s the idea. To get and keep you hot and wet and ready to take my cock again and again.”

“I’m here to please you,” she whispered.

“Then get ready to be fucked.” He pushed several inches of his cock up into her pussy.

She moaned and attempted to lift her hips away from his invading cock.

He found himself unable to exercise even a small measure of the patience he normally reserved for his human lovers. He placed both hands on her waist and drew her slowly but firmly downward.

“Oh...oh...my...god...” she moaned and shuddered as he drove himself balls deep inside her sweet, wet channel with one relentless thrust.

She froze and then suddenly gasped, dug her nails into his shoulders and tossed back her head.

Adrian held her hips to keep her fully impaled on his cock as she moaned her way through a mini orgasm. His first foray into pussy this tight and hot should be

savored not rushed. But her wild vaginal convulsions were so powerful he was in danger of coming with just one stroke.

He gritted his teeth and struggled to hold off his orgasm.

When the last tremor had passed, she linked her arms around his neck, resting her head on his shoulder. “Oh, God, your cock feels so good inside me.”

He remained motionless, surprised to find he enjoyed the weight of her warm cheeks resting against his thighs. He held her until she finally lifted her head from his shoulder.

She gazed at him with a look of pleased delight in her lovely eyes. “I...I’ve never felt so...full...so stretched. It’s a little uncomfortable, but I like having you inside me like this.”

Like didn’t begin to describe how he felt. He wrapped his arms around her waist and bent his head to taste her beautiful breasts.

She stroked her fingers through his hair.

He closed his lips over her right nipple and sucked hard.

“Oh...” She arched her back. Her pussy tightened around him.

Oh...damn her pussy was tight and sweet. Unable to resist the allure of being inside her, he twirled his tongue around her nipple and slowly pulled his cock halfway out of her.

“Oh...Adrian. You feel so good. Go slowly.”

He lifted his head to look into her eyes. “If you wanted slow and easy you shouldn’t have agreed to spend the weekend with me.”

She unlinked her arms from his neck to press her hands against his shoulders. “Rayna said you wouldn’t hurt me.”

“She lied,” he told her. He bared his incisors, bent his head, and bit into the side of her neck.

“Oh...God...God...that feels....oh...” She trembled against him, her nails digging into his shoulders.

Ingesting her blood felt fucking good. He slid his hands down to cup her ass and slid balls deep in and out of her warm channel. Holy hell, this is what pussy should feel like—wet, warm, tight, and clinging—as if it had been contoured just for his cock.

She moaned and pushed against his shoulders.

*Stop resisting me*, he commanded and slapped her ass.

“Oh...” Her pussy tightened around his cock.

A jolt of pleasure shot through him.

Oh. Damn. Nice. He slapped her ass again—harder this time.

Another pulse from her vaginal muscles encouraged him to rein a series of slaps on her ass cheeks.

“Oh...oh, God, my ass is stinging,” she moaned. She bent her head and raked her teeth against his neck. “You’re going too fast...”



While he no longer had a particular wish to hurt her, stopping or even slowing down was not an option he was in any position to entertain. His need for blood and sex was too great. He paddled her ass until her soft, moaning inhalations excited him and each cheek felt warm under his palms. Then he shortened his movements, fucking her with deep, greedy strokes.

“Oh...God...Adrian...”

Each upward thrust into her sent a corresponding rush of pleasure through him. Pushing in and out of her tight pussy combined with the sweet warmth of her blood flowing into his mouth drove him into a sexual frenzy.

Inundated with wonderful sensations he hadn’t experienced in years and feeling an emotional response that shocked and surprised him, he released the last remnants of his control. Digging his fingers in her ass, he fucked her with complete abandonment. Her cunt was sweet and wet and he knew he’d be hard pressed not



to fuck her into unconsciousness. Pussy this good was meant to be savored again and again.

Just when he thought fucking her couldn't get any better, she suddenly shuddered and whispered his name. Her soft lips brushed against his ear.

Damn she was going to ruin him for other women. He eased nearly all of his cock out of her and gently pushed it back in. So damn fucking good.

“Oh! Oh...oooh, Adrian...I love having your cock so deep inside me.”

Struggling to resist the urge to slam his cock in and out of her, he forced himself to ease in and out of her. His patience was rewarded when she suddenly clutched at his shoulders.

“Oh...yes...oh, God, Adrian! Yes! Fuck me hard and deep! Just like that! Fuck me!” She ground her ass against his thighs, tightening herself around his cock. Moments later she was fucking him back with a sweet heat he could almost taste. There were few things sexier than a human woman unashamed to fuck him back with a heat and hunger that nearly matched his own. Where the hell had she been all his life?

He forced himself to keep his movements slow and measured until the wild contractions of her pussy and a sudden rush of moisture over his cock told him she was coming.

Wrapping his arms around her, he removed his incisors from her neck, and tossing his head back, he groaned, and blasted his seed deep into her pussy. His release was more intense and prolonged than any he'd experienced in countless years.

When the last blast of cum shot from his cock, he fell back against the chair, cradling her against his chest.

She slipped her arms around his waist and pressed her cheek against his neck. "Oh...Adrian...that was everything I hoped it would be."

Her soft admission pleased him. He smiled, enjoying the involuntary shudders of her pussy and the gradual slowing down of her heartbeat as she lay in his arms. He doubted she'd spend any more time fantasizing about white men.

She seemed sated and showed no inclination to climb off his cock, which pleased him even more.

Damn he could easily get used to fucking a lusty full-figured woman who could take all of his cock and who didn't attempt to scramble off him the moment she stopped coming. A sexy human woman who didn't cry out in fear at the sight of his incisors was rare. One who willingly allowed him to enjoy lingering in her well-fucked pussy afterwards was even more rare. Maybe he'd been too hasty in deciding fems made the best lovers.

He stroked a hand down her back to her ass. Lord, what a sweet fuck they'd shared.

She traced the tip of his ear with her tongue.

He was feeling mellow enough to consider buying her an extravagant present for her upcoming birthday. He gently squeezed and massaged her flesh in appreciation.

"Hmmm. I like the way your hands feel on my ass," she murmured.

He ran his palms over her cheeks. "You have a very nice ass."

She lifted her head.

He pressed a kiss against her neck where he'd fed on her and opened his eyes.

She placed her hands on his shoulders. "Are you still angry?"

Human women. He wanted another sweet fuck and she wanted to play twenty questions.

"Adrian? Are you still angry?"

Their gazes met and locked.

## Chapter Three

Brandi saw no trace of anger in Adrian's eyes. What was a Native American male doing with blue eyes? She glanced down. The sight of her blood on his firm lips excited rather than repelled her. She leaned forward to lick her blood off his lips.

He squeezed her ass.

She looked into his eyes again. "Are you?"

His jaw clenched, but he remained silent.

"I like the strong silent type, Adrian." She cupped her palms against the sides of his neck and leaned forward until her breasts were crushed against his chest. She smiled and tightened her vaginal muscles.

His cock pulsed inside her.

"I'll take the response from your cock as a no you're not angry."

He didn't respond.

"Or at least your sugar dick isn't angry with me."

He arched a brow. "My what?"

“Your hard, hot, sweet, sugar dick.” She smiled at him. “I feel him pulsing deep inside me. He wants some more pussy.”

He narrowed his gaze. “Don’t be too sure of yourself.”

She tensed at the cool response. “What?”

“And don’t make the mistake of thinking I’ll feel the need to ask if I do want more,” he warned.

She compressed her lips. “You don’t need to threaten to take what you must know that I’ll gladly give you.”

He compressed his lips.

She leaned forward and touched her mouth to his. “I’ll gladly give you as much pussy as you want,” she whispered.

He leaned away from her lips. “Maybe I prefer to take it.”

She stroked her hands over his shoulders. “You can say that after what we just shared?”

“What we just shared? We had sex. Don’t delude yourself into thinking there was anything special about it.”

“There was something very special about it. I know you started to enjoy the sex even more once I was moving with you instead of trying to scramble off your cock. You can deny it, but we both know it’s true.”



Adrian inhaled sharply. Damn who knew a full-figured woman could be so sexy and exciting he'd want to spend the night gazing into her eyes and being buried balls deep inside her? Nevertheless, her confidence pissed him off. It was time he reminded her just who the hell was in charge. "I don't know what Rayna told you, but I didn't make the two hour drive here for conversation with you."

He watched tiny sparks ignite deep in her brown gaze. She had a temper. Good. He wouldn't need to worry about incurring Rayna's wrath by hurting her friend's feelings.

"Well, damn. Aren't you just oozing with charm? Not!"

Amused and intrigued, he was hard pressed not to smile.

"And surely you're not going to sit here and deny talking after such great sex feels good."

"Why wouldn't I?"

"Because your over-sized pole is still buried nuts deep in me!"

"A moment ago I had a sugar dick. Now it's turned into an over-sized pole?"

She bit her bottom lip and laughed.

Her laugh, like everything about her was soft, feminine, and sexy.

She sobered and gazed into his eyes. “Doesn’t talking after sex help keep you revved up for the next round, Adrian?”

The next round? Now she was talking. The thought of fucking her again so soon sent a jolt of lust thundering down to his cock. “I’m always revved,” he told her.

She stuck the tip of her tongue out and slowly licked her full lips.

His stomach muscles clenched. Sultry, sexy, yet with flashes of shyness. What an explosive combination.

“Always revved? I like that in a handsome, big dick, blue eyed vampire.”

Her second reference to the blue eyes he’d never liked, annoyed him. “Do you have a thing for white men?”

“No!” She shrugged. “But I do like blue eyes.”

“Have you ever dated a white man?”

She shook her head.

“Have you ever wanted to?”

“Not until I saw George Hamilton dancing in Love At First Bite. What woman fascinated by vampires wouldn’t be intrigued? It was lust at first sight.”

She stroked her fingers through his hair. “But I got over him the moment I saw your picture and learned you were the real thing, Adrian.”

Damn she was practiced in the art of seducing and keeping a reluctant male aroused. He had to have her again. He gripped her hips and rose.

She linked her arms around his neck again and deliberately brushed her lovely breasts against his chest.

He slapped her ass. “Stop that.”

“We both know you don’t really want me to stop,” she teased. “If you did, you wouldn’t still be inside me, stretching me so deliciously and ruining my pussy for other men.”

Human women who discussed sex without inhibition were a rarity. Apparently the alluring Brandi Knight had hidden depths. He studied her face. She looked sweet, sexy, radiant, and confident—as if she knew she had him by the balls.

She stared back at him, a sweet smile slowly curving her lush lips.

Overcoming the urge to kiss her until she couldn’t breathe, he strolled across the room and maneuvered them onto the bed. He was definitely going to leave his stamp on her tight, luscious pussy.

When he laid her on the bed, she gave him a provocative smile while bending her knees and slowly parting her legs.



Adrian found the smell and taste of his expended seed unpleasant. Nevertheless, seeing his blood-drenched cum trickling from her pretty pussy made him burn with need. Before he fucked her again, he wanted to taste her. He joined her on the bed, kneeling between her legs.

Staring down into her dark, liquid brown eyes, he slowly stroked his palms down her inner thighs. Her skin was soft, warm, and sex-scented. He lifted her right leg and turned his head to touch his mouth to her toes. She had pretty feet with a well-defined arch. Small wonder her legs looked so good in heels.

He liked that her toenails were well cared for but unpainted. Lowering her right leg, he lifted her left one, turning his lips against her toes.

She lay on her back, undulating her body in time with the kisses he pressed against her toes. He reached his free hand down to rub his palm over her belly.

She tensed, an uncertain expression casting a shadow over her face.

He gently probed her thoughts and suddenly wished he hadn't come empty-handed. Why hadn't he brought flowers? Red roses would perfectly compliment her dusky skin. Or maybe he should have brought candy or a bottle of wine. There was wine in the wine cabinet in a small room off from the kitchen, but going there to get a bottle wouldn't have the same impact as arriving with one.

He spoke in a soft voice. "Your belly is as alluring as the rest of you."

“Oh...Adrian!” She reached down to lift his hand from her stomach and kissed it. “Thank you for saying that.”

He eased his hand from hers, put her leg down and reached for the pillow lying next to her head. “Lift up your hips.”

He liked that she obeyed without asking why. Slipping the pillow under her ass, he settled between her legs on his stomach with her pussy just inches from his mouth.

She made a small sound and rotated her hips, as if impatient.

Although he normally preferred bald pussies, he had to admit he liked the feel of her pubic hair against his shaved pubes when they’d fucked on the chair. Now as he bent his head and gently touched his tongue to her engorged clit, he inhaled deeply, enjoying the scent of the coarse hair so close to his mouth.

She inhaled sharply.

He smiled. Eating pussy was even more enjoyable with a passionate, sensual woman like Brandi. Lifting his head, he watched his seed trickle down her warm, dark ass cheeks. What a beautiful sight.

He eased a finger into her pussy and gently fingered her.

“Oh...”

He added a second finger. As he finger fucked her, he rained biting kisses against her wet, warm, fragrant cunt. Knowing she was full of his blood-drenched seed heightened his pleasure.

She moaned softly, lifting her legs to rest across his shoulders. “Adrian...oh....Adrian...”

He liked the way she murmured his name while thrusting her hips off the pillow to push her pussy into his face.

Removing his fingers from her pussy, he gripped her hips and settled between her legs. He ate her with a slow enjoyment, savoring the wonderful sensation of feeling his tongue sliding deep into a pussy full of his blood and cum, and mingled with her pungent natural juices.

She locked her legs around him and rocked herself against him.

Damn. He liked that. He lost himself in a world where there was only the exquisite scent and taste of her pussy and warmth of her thighs around his face. Her soft, gasping moans as she came fueled his own passions and he groaned, thrusting his tongue deep into her pussy.

She fell back against the bed and allowed her legs to fall away from him.

Still hungry for her, he rose, slid his cock deep into her pussy, and lay between her thighs with his face against her neck.

She put her arms around him, pressing her soft, warm lips against his hair.

After enjoying the enchantment of lying with her for several minutes, he extended his arms to take his weight off her.

Her eyes were closed. A warm, beautiful smile curved her lips. She had such beautiful skin and was so sensual; he found it difficult to believe he was only her fourth lover. He glanced down at her large breasts protruding from her bra. His cock pulsed. The need to fuck her again surged through him.

Reminding himself that she was human and might need to rest before they fucked again did little to rein in his passion. He ejaculated inside her to help keep her moist so he could fuck her again without removing his cock.

His concern for her comfort annoyed him. They were sharing a weekend tryst. What was it about her that made him want to extend himself for her and made him want to treat her as something other than an easy, albeit exquisite lay? He needed to regain his grip on reality—immediately.



Feeling sexy and wanton, Brandi smiled up at him, cupping her hands over his tight ass. “Lie on me,” she invited. “I want to feel your weight on me this time.”

“Oh, you do?”

Lying under him with his cock still inside her felt wonderful. She nodded, caressing his ass. "Yes. I do."

He responded by pulling out of her.

She frowned, rolling onto her side. "Adrian?"

He lay on his side for a moment before he got out of bed.

She sat up. "What's wrong?"

He turned to give her a long, cool look. "What's wrong is you seem to think I'm interested in you and or your pleasure."

Great. They were back to square one. "And?"

"And I'm not."

She blinked up at him. "You're not?"

"No. I'm not."

"Charming." She flashed him a brief smile.

He turned to cross the room and quickly pulled on his clothes.

Brandi sighed. Clearly she had miscalculated and overestimated his interest in her. She should cut her losses and ask him to take her home. But if she did, she might never get another opportunity to share a weekend with a truly bad boy.

Despite his rekindled anger, sex between them had been explosive. And for her, at least, it had felt special. Was it just wishful thinking on her part to think he

might share that view? If not, why had he held her so tenderly after sex? She got out of bed. His semen rolled from her pussy and down her thigh. She blushed and cupped a hand between her legs.

“Adrian?”

He tossed a cool glance over his shoulder before he walked towards the bedroom door.

“Adrian!”

He turned. “What?”

“What’s wrong? Where are you going?”

“I’m leaving.”

“You’re leaving? Now?”

“Yes. Now.”

Apparently he wasn’t one to linger after sex. “But I need time to shower and dress,” she protested.

“You can take as much time as you like after I leave.”

“After *you* leave? You mean alone? You’re leaving alone?”

“Yes. I’m leaving alone.”

She rushed across the room to press her naked body against his back as he reached for the doorknob.

He stiffened.

She slipped her arms around him and slid her palms down to rub against his cock.

“Stop that!”

She brushed her cheek against his back. “You can’t leave yet. Rayna said you would take me home—after we’d spent the weekend together.” She unzipped his pants.

He swore softly, but made no effort to stop her.

Reaching into the slit in his briefs, she closed her fingers around his erect cock. She eased his shaft outside his briefs and pants so that it protruded in front of his body. She gently pumped him.

“Shit!”

She smiled, cupping a hand over his big balls, heavy with cum she was eager to feel him shooting inside her.

He stepped away from her before he spun around to grip her wrists. “I told you to stop!”

Stop? With his beautiful cock fully erect and just inches from her aching pussy? “Stop what?” As she spoke, she moved closer. She linked her arms around

his neck, pressing her breasts against his chest and her pussy against the head of his cock.

He shuddered.

She wiggled her hips until she felt the big cock head seeping pre-cum against her pussy. She reached down, closed her fingers around him, and guided him between her outer pussy lips. “Take me,” she encouraged in a shameless voice. “Fuck me again, my handsome Adrian.”

“I’m not your anything!”

Damn him! She shoved her hips forward, then gasped and closed her eyes as she felt his hard length sliding into her. She paused, only partially impaled on him. “Slide the rest of your sugar dick in deep, Adrian.”

For one sweet moment, she had visions of spending the rest of the night on her back with her legs spread wide, full of hot, hard, vampire cock.

He swore, wrapped his arms around her, and thrust his hips forward, driving the rest of his sugar dick into her greedy, achy pussy.

She shuddered, arching into him. “Oh, God, that’s it. Give me every inch.” She dug her nails in his ass. “Your cock is so good!”

She savored a few long, deep thrusts of his cock before he suddenly put his hands on her waist and pushed her off his cock.



She reached out a hand. “Adrian...”

He shook his head while pushing his cock back inside his briefs and sliding up his zipper. “Stop trying to seduce me! It won’t work.”

She thought better of reminding him that she’d already seduced him once and had come close to it a second time.

Almost as if he’d read her mind, he narrowed his gaze and shook his head. “Don’t push your luck. And be thankful I’m prepared to leave without ravishing you.”

She sucked in a breath and leaned forward to rub her pussy against his body. “I came here expecting and wanting you to ravish me.”

He pushed her away. “You’re a supposedly intelligent female.” He gave her a long, cold stare. “Do I look as if I’m interested in ravishing you?”

There was no misunderstanding that look or his words. Her cheeks burned and she lifted her chin to stare up into his eyes. “You liked the idea well enough just minutes ago!”

“Since you appear to be incapable of grasping the obvious, let me be blunt. Don’t flatter yourself.”

She swallowed hard, hurt and humiliated by the unexpected rejection. “You get what you want and then you go out of your way to be unkind? Obviously you were absent when manners and charm were taught.”

“If I were you, Ms. Knight, I’d leave well enough alone before I’m really unkind.”

It was hard to reconcile this cold male with the one whose passion had nearly consumed her. But he’d made his lack of further interest in her painfully clear.

She turned and rushed across the room to the bed. She pulled the cover up over her nude body. “What about me?”

He stood at the door, staring at her. “What about you?”

“You can’t just leave me in the middle of the woods at night.”

“Why not? That’s how I found you.”

Damn if he wasn’t oozing charm. “How am I supposed to get back to Philly?”

He curled his top lip back, revealing his incisors. “Ask me if I give a flying fuck where you go or how you get there! The next time you want a romp with a stranger, maybe you should bring your own car,” he suggested.

“There isn’t going to be a next time!”

“That might be wise. The next vampire you trick into fucking you might not be so forgiving.”

“I didn’t trick you!”

He arched a brow. “Do you really think I drove up here expecting to find you waiting for me?”

She stared at him in silence while her eyes filled with tears.

He stared back for several moments before he turned and jerked the bedroom door open and left the room. Moments later, she heard the front door slam and a car engine start.

## Chapter Four

Brandi gulped and blinked. The tears spilled down her cheeks. She impatiently wiped them away. Rayna had warned her that he had a temper. But she hadn't done or said anything which justified his going from gently caressing her after sex to storming out and leaving her stranded.

She gave an angry shake of her head. This is what came of behaving like an alley cat in heat the moment her grandparents were cold in their graves. Her mother's parents had been loving, but very old-fashioned. How many times had her grandfather told her men didn't respect girls who gave it up freely or easily? And she could almost hear her grandmother's refrain that it was just as easy to fall for a decent man as it was to fall into lust with a bad one who would lead her astray and never marry her.

To please them and in an effort to repay them for raising her at a time when they should have been enjoying their golden years, she had studiously avoided dating anyone they might consider unsuitable for a good girl.

Even after their deaths, she might have continued to date men like her ex, Doug if she hadn't met Rayna. Brandi and Rayna had quickly become friends. They

had soon discovered a shared interest in the possible existence of vampires. Rayna had suggested several sites which had occupied Brandi for countless hours.

Three months after their first meeting, Rayna invited her out to dinner. During dessert she had casually mentioned that her uncle was a vampire who had a thing for plus-sized black women. Brandi had looked into her eyes and believed her. Two months later, she had agreed to spend a weekend with Adrian.

Brandi sighed. Sometimes life seemed so unfair. She had met her fantasy male only to have him reject her after one fuck. Perhaps her grandparents had been right. The key to happiness lay in settling down and marrying a dependable man. Her mother had married a bad boy and both had overdosed on drugs.

Her thoughts turned to Doug Myers, a tall, dark, gentle college professor whose proposal she had twice refused. Perhaps it was time to reconsider. Doug didn't excite her passions or inspire her to fantasize about nights of unbridled lust, but he respected her. She could never imagine him suggesting all he wanted from her was a weekend of sex. If she married him, she'd always be sure of him.

And never again feel the passion she had shared with Adrian.

She shook her head. What was wrong with her that her treacherous body and heart preferred an insulting vampire who probably didn't even know the

concept of love to a sweet, gentle man who would cherish her forever? Doug had always been a kind and considerate lover.

Yet, it was Adrian she longed for. She closed her eyes on a fresh rush of tears and curled her body on her side. Recalling his reaction to her second attempt at seduction, she decided she'd given up too easily. Come hell or high water, she was going to spend at least one night with him. Crying wouldn't get her very far with Adrian. She wiped her tears away.



Filled with rage, Adrian drove well above the speed limit. The moment he slowed down, a vision of Brandi Knight's dark eyes swimming with tears imprinted itself on his mind. He had little patience with women who cried at the drop of a damn hat. Hell would freeze over before he put up with waterworks from any woman other than Rayna.

Once he dragged his thoughts away from her tears, he found himself remembering those first few moments of sliding inside her. His cock hardened against his thigh as he relived the pleasure of her pumping up and down on him. She'd enjoyed fucking him as much as he'd enjoyed fucking her.

He shook his head. *Snap out of it, Redwolfe. You're too damned old to behave like a teenage boy who'd just been seduced and fucked by an experienced older woman.* He was no boy,

but damn if she hadn't seduced him as effectively as if he had been one. Walking away from her had been difficult, but he'd probably saved himself a lot of grief by doing it.

When he arrived at the mainline estate he shared with Rayna and his brothers, he glared at the large water-color of a pretty, full-figured black woman which hung on the wall opposite the entrance door. She had been jerking his chain since the moment he saw her. But he'd finally had enough.

He flashed up the wide, winding staircase on the right side of the foyer. "Rayna!"

There was no response. When he reached the second floor landing, he tossed the door at the top of the staircase open and stormed inside. "Rayna!" Her lush, cream and lavender four-room suite was empty. Where the hell was she?

"Let me guess. Your slender, blond superhoe turned out to be black, plain, and full-figured?"

Adrian turned and stalked across the room to stare at his twin who leaned against the wall near the open door. "If you knew that why didn't you warn me, Conner?" He demanded.

“You’ve spent nearly fifty years spoiling Rayna rotten and now you’re shocked and appalled to find that she’s a spoiled brat determined to have her way?”

He sighed. Finding the crying infant outside the gates of their mansion nearly fifty years earlier one warm June night had changed all their lives forever. He had intended to call the police to report an abandoned baby. But the moment he bent down to pick her up, she’d stopped crying and reached out to wrap her tiny brown fingers around one of his.

He’d gazed down into her dark eyes and felt a protective instinct so strong he’d instantly known that he wouldn’t call the police. His brothers would raise hell, but he was determined to keep her and raise her as his niece. To his surprise, neither Conner nor Jay had protested. They had crowded around and she had reached out to each one of them.

Conner was fond of saying Rayna was a gift from the spirits. After just a week of learning how to care for her, she had quickly bewitched and enchanted them all so that they made no real effort to locate her parents. Anyone who tried to take her from them would have incurred the wrath and unbridled fury of three full-blood vampires prepared to kill to keep her.

Admittedly they had all spoiled her and never allowed her to want for anything. And now they were reaping the rewards for having overindulged her.



“What the hell has that got to do with anything, Conner? Besides you’re the one who became feral and threatening if Jay or I even hinted that her disobedient ass needed even a slight slap. If we’d have tried to spank her, we’d have risked your tearing us apart!”

Conner shrugged. “Spare me your shit, Adrian. Like you or Jay would have actually laid a finger on her. The moment either of you lifted a hand or raised your voice, she’d bat those beautiful brown eyes at you and tell you how much she loved you and how lucky she was to have you in her life and it would be Redwolfe brothers zero and Rayna 5,089. Besides, I’m not the one she suckered into driving two hours to meet one of her nice but plain friends.”

Adrian frowned. “What makes you think she’s plain?”

“Isn’t this Brandi as plain as the rest of Rayna’s friends?”

He’d certainly thought so at first. He shrugged. “She’s not a traditional beauty,” he hedged, strangely reluctant to call her plain.

“By which you mean she’s plain as hell.”

“I didn’t say that!” No one as sensual and passionate as Brandi Knight could be called plain.

Conner frowned. "Have you ever wondered why a girl as beautiful as Rayna only has plain-Jane friends? Do you think we raised her with some kind of complex or is there something else going on?"

"I'm not in the mood for a theoretical discussion about Rayna's friends. Besides, how old do you have to be before you realize looks aren't everything?"

"Excuse the hell out of me, Mr. I like-them-thin-and-blonde-and-supermodel beautiful-and-white."

The response infuriated Adrian. "I don't have to explain my preference in women to you or anyone else."

"Too true. If you like white women, you like them. Personally I prefer a woman with darker skin and more curves."

Then Brandi Knight would be perfect for him. Adrian frowned, wondering why Rayna hadn't set Conner and Brandi up with a weekend of sex. "You can like who the hell you like, Conner."

Conner's nostrils flared. "So can you, but judging by the scent of you, I'd say you're going to have some 'splainin' to do when Rayna learns you fucked her friend and then left her stranded at the cabin."

He narrowed his gaze. "Who says she's stranded?"

“She did when she called here looking for Rayna. She was practically in tears.”

Detecting a hint of accusation in Conner’s tone, Adrian narrowed his gaze. “You know human women. They’re manipulative and get weepy at the slightest imagined... slight.”

“Ahhh. Imagined slight? So this Brandi Knight imagines things and isn’t your type?”

“No she’s not.”

“Hmmm. Skin too dark for you?”

“I did not say that!”

“No you didn’t. Tell me, Adrian, how many times did it take before you knew that?”

He stared coolly at Conner. “How many times did what take before I knew what?”

“How many times did you fuck her before you decided she wasn’t your type?”

He bared his incisors. “Are you implying I used her? If you are, let me remind you that she willingly agreed to meet me for a weekend of unprotected sex.”

“I know that, but as you said, she’s human. She sounded so vulnerable on the phone.”

“And how the hell is that my fault?”

Conner shrugged. “I don’t recall saying it was your fault.”

“But you implied it.”

“Did I?” Conner tilted his head. “Or are you feeling a little sensitive and/or guilty?”

“I have no reason to feel either! Where is Rayna?”

“I drove her to the airport tonight to spend a few weeks soaking up the Hawaiian sunshine.”

Adrian compressed his lips. He didn’t like the idea of her being so far away from home without one of them close by to protect her. “Why did you let her go?”

“She’s forty-nine, Adrian, and as you know she nearly always gets her way thanks to her pampered life. We can’t coddle her forever. She wanted to go so she went.”

“Without help from you? She spends her paycheck before she earns it and I know her credit cards are maxed out. There’s no way she had the means to pay for a plane ticket.”

“So? I paid for the ticket and paid off the balance on one of her cards. So sue me.”

Damn Conner for not grounding her ass. He shook his head. “A few weeks? What about her job?”

“Having achieved her goal, she resigned.”

“What goal is that, Conner?”

“Setting you up with her friend.” He grinned. “Having done that, she got out of Dodge to give you time to cool off until she’s ready to come home and pull the wool over your eyes again.”

“Well, it’s not going to work.” He pointed at his twin. “I’m warning you, Conner. Rayna’s ass is mine when she returns. Don’t try and get between us.”

A hint of fury briefly flared in his twin’s eyes. “We’ll see. In the meantime, tell me about her friend.”

“What’s to tell except that her family has a lot for which to answer?”

“Why? Did her table manners leave something to be desired?”

Conner was clearly enjoying his discomfort. “What the hell can they be thinking to allow her to go off spending the weekend fucking strange men?”

“There’s no family to object.”

“None?”

“She’s an only child. Her parents overdosed when she was just six.”

Damn. He frowned. “Aunts and uncles?”

“Both her parents were only kids.”

“Who raised her?”

“Her grandparents raised her to be as unlike her parents as possible. They were in their sixties when her parents overdosed. Imagine what Brandi’s life must have been like trying to be a good enough girl to please them.”

Imagining the picture Conner painted gave him no pleasure. “And now?”

“Her grandparents died in a plane crash a year ago.”

“So she’s totally alone?”

Conner nodded.

She was alone in the world with no male to protect her. He caught himself. Why should he care? “Why would she agree to spend the weekend with me?”

“She likes to fuck and I’m thinking she didn’t get to do it nearly as much as she wanted when her grandparents were alive. They certainly wouldn’t have approved of her planned weekend to fuck you senseless.”

And damn if that wasn’t exactly what she’d done. Even now, he wanted her again...wanted to palm her large, lovely ass, and slide balls deep into the sweetest pussy he’d ever had the pleasure to fuck.

The sudden and unwelcome thought that she might have lied about the number of lovers she'd had annoyed him. He didn't even want to think about the lovers yet to slide between her lovely, silken thighs. "What about her man?"

"She's between them at the moment."

"How do you know so much about her, Conner?"

"Rayna told me—when she was trying to sucker me into spending a weekend with her."

So Rayna had tried to set her up with Conner. Thank God she hadn't succeeded with Conner or Adrian would have missed the most incredible fuck of his life.

"Say what you want about my being overprotective of Rayna, Adrian, but I wasn't enough of a sap to be tricked into bedding her friend."

Adrian gave Conner a cool look. He wouldn't be so damn smug if he knew what a fantastic lover Brandi was.

Conner glanced at his watch. "Still, I think I'll take a run up to the cabin. See you on Monday." Conner turned away.

Adrian gripped his shoulder and swung him around. "Why?"

"Why what?"

"Why are you going to the cabin?"

“If you’ll recall you left the charming and weepy Ms. Knight stranded there.”

“So?”

“Was she so disappointing in bed you feel she deserves to have to walk back to Philly?”

He ignored the censure he heard in Conner’s voice. “The ride there and back is only about four hours. Why the hell won’t I see you before Monday?”

Conner arched a brow. “I like the scent of her pussy I smell on you. And even close to tears she has a sexy voice.”

“What the hell does she have to cry about?”

“You’re asking me? I should be asking you that question. You’re the one who fucked and ran and left her in tears. You must be a little rusty. Maybe you need to work on your technique.”

Adrian compressed his lips. “My technique is fine!”

“I wonder if she’d agree after the way you walked out on her.”

Any male who dared treat Rayna as he’d treated Brandi would be beaten to within an inch of his miserable life. But hell would freeze over before he admitted that to Conner.

“I think I’ll spend the next two days deciding if Rayna’s right that full-figured black women make the best lovers. And what man can resist the allure of a



human woman with enough self-confidence to admit she loves to fuck? Lord knows I can't, even if you can." He turned away.

Adrian felt his temper rising. He jerked Conner around. "You keep your cock in your pants. I'll go back and take the teasing little bitch home myself."

Conner arched a brow. "If she's such a teasing bitch why bother?"

He wasn't about to admit that the idea of her beautiful brown eyes filled with tears bothered him. "Rayna would expect me to see her safely back to Philly." He quickly left Rayna's suite before Conner could protest. He ran down the staircase to the foyer.

Conner laughed. "Nice try, but don't think I'm buying that explanation, Adrian."

Sometimes having an identical twin who knew what he thought and felt before he did was damned annoying. He turned to stare up at Conner who stood at the top of the staircase. "What's that supposed to mean?"

"That you don't want to admit the obvious—you found her pussy's too good to share. You're okay with stranding her there but you're not okay with the thought of my sampling her delights."

"You're getting delusional in your old age."

Conner's smile vanished. "Don't I wish that were true? Stand firm, Adrian, or we'll all be doomed to the same fate."

"What the hell are you ranting about, Conner?"

"If you succumb to Brandi that spoiled rotten, match-making niece of yours won't rest until she'd suckered all three of us into alliances with her no doubt charming, but plain as hell, full-figured friends. As you go, so will Jay and I. So don't fall or we'll be close behind you."

"If you think I'm going to fall for Brandi Knight, you really are delusional."

"Really?" Conner looked pointedly at Adrian's groin. "Then why the hell is your cock hardening? Does just the thought of her get you hot and bothered? She that good of a lay?"

"Fuck off!"

"Jay and I have learned our lesson. We won't make the mistake of admitting to Rayna that we're ready to settle down."

"I'm not settling down with Brandi Knight."

"Sure you're not."

Ignoring Conner, he jerked the mansion door open and went back out to his car, parked in the oval in front of the mansion.

Inside his car, he sat brooding. A picture of Brandi alone and in tears haunted him. What must she think of him now? Was he still her fantasy male? Unnerved that he even cared, he made several calls before he drove off.

## Chapter Five

After a long hot soak in the sunken tub equipped with pulsing jets in the master bathroom, Brandi wandered back into the bedroom, nude. She'd change the linen on the bed and go to sleep. She'd worry about how she'd get back to Philly in the morning after breakfast.

Noting the pink stains on the sheet, she stiffened. The first minutes of sex with Adrian had been painful, but she hadn't realized he'd made her bleed. She glanced across the room. The light cream carpet bore numerous pink stains.

Frowning at the number of stains, she fingered herself. Although her pussy was sore, she didn't feel any tears or rips that would account for the blood.

She shrugged off the impulse to attempt to remove the stains. Let him worry about their removal. She changed the sheets, got into the big bed, turned off the bedside lamps, only to lay awake wondering what she could have said differently to keep Adrian with her. Finally, she drifted into a sweet dream of Adrian making love to her.



Adrian arrived back at the cabin a little after one in the morning. He stalked silently through the six-room building to the master bedroom. Deep, even breathing reached his ears. He crossed the carpet to lift the sheet covering Brandi's body. She slept on her side with the tip of her tongue peeking out from between her soft full lips.

He placed the vase he'd brought with him on the nightstand by the bed. He then eased her onto her back.

She murmured what sounded like his name in her sleep.

He liked the idea that she might be dreaming of him. But why dream when he was there in person? He gently parted her long, lovely legs. Damn, what a beautiful sight. He stroked his palm down her inner thighs close to her pussy.

She whispered his name again.

He shifted his gaze upward. Thinking of her upcoming birthday, he imagined how perfectly a two-carat diamond solitaire suspended on a thin eighteen-carat yellow gold chain would look circling her throat or nestled between the generous cleavage of her warm, chocolate breasts.

He took a mental picture of her while he stood admiring the beauty of her dark, naked flesh with the round ass made for spanking and the large, succulent

breasts perfect for sucking, and the aromatic pussy perfectly molded to deliver incredible ecstasy. His cock hardened and his balls tightened.

She was an incredibly sensual woman capable of inciting his passions like no other human female, and then fully satisfying them. What had possessed him to stalk off and leave her alone when she'd so clearly wanted him to stay and ravish her again? Only a fool would deprive himself of the pleasure of lying in her arms, feeling her soft palms on his ass, and having her cries of delight filling his ears. What male worth the name could resist her sweet allure? What male would want to?

The trip back to Philly and everything else could wait. His need to push between her thighs and get lost in the rapture of her again couldn't. He tossed the sheet aside. He kept his gaze on her sleeping body while he kicked off his shoes. By the time he finished undressing he knew without looking that the pre-cum seeping from his cock carried a generous amount of blood.

He thought of the condoms he'd purchased on the return drive. His gaze was drawn to her pussy again. There was no way in hell he was going to put on a condom. Feeling feral and hungry for her pussy and blood, he joined her on the bed. As he lifted her right leg and brushed his fingers along her slit, he acknowledged Conner had been right. Her pussy was too good to share...too exquisite to allow another male's cock anywhere near it. He brushed his lips

against her toes before sucking them into his mouth. For the rest of the weekend, this warm, voluptuous woman was his exclusive property.



Brandi woke to find herself sprawled on her back. Firm, cool lips sucked insistently on her right toes, sending a jolt of desire through her. A hard shaft rested against her wet slit, ready to slide in deep and hard. Dark blue eyes glowed down at her.

A chill of desire and need tingled through her. Then she smiled. “Adrian! I was just dreaming that you’d come back and now you have.”

He lifted his lips from her toes. “Yes. I came back for this!” He thrust his hips forward.

“Oh...” She licked her lips and pinched her nipples as she savored the slow slide of his huge cock deep into her body. “Oh...yes...oh, yes. I love the feel of your huge cock stretching and filling my pussy.”

“My pussy,” he corrected in a rough, lust-filled voice.

“Your pussy,” she agreed. “Take it...fuck it...fill it with your cum.”

“Mine.”

She rocked her hips. “All yours, Adrian.”

“All mine.”

She smiled. He sounded as if he liked the idea of her being his.

“I do.”

She blinked. He’d read her mind.

“Yes. I did.”

Seated nuts deep inside her very stuffed pussy, he bent to take her toes back in his mouth while thrusting roughly in and out of her.

Ignoring the initial discomfort of having such a huge cock pushing and pulling in and out of her with unrestrained lust, Brandi pushed her hips off the bed and fucked him back.

He rewarded her by sucking her toes harder. That kept her hot and wet.

He caressed her inner thighs as he took her. Every few seconds he’d rub his thumb against her clit.

Under the slight discomfort was an underlying tenderness that touched and thrilled her. She lay moaning in an almost constant state of near ecstasy. “Make me come,” she whispered.

He licked her toes and pushed his cock deep inside her.

She moaned, lifting her ass to meet him thrust for thrust.



Their second fuck of the night was wild, rough, quick, and even more satisfying than their first. Within minutes of his entrance, she lost herself and her emotions in the absolute delight of being fucked by him, cried out his name, and came.

He released her leg, pinned her to the bed with his full weight, cupped his big hands under her ass, and burying his incisors in her neck, he fed on her blood.

She shuddered, clutching him close. Sharing her blood with him created an intimacy between them so delicious she could almost taste it. She experienced a sense of euphoria and belonging she hadn't felt with any other man. There was something primal yet special about sex with him.

"Love me," she whispered. "Love me and come in me and make me yours, Adrian. I want to be yours alone."

He fucked her for several minutes until he shuddered and exploded inside her.

Brandi could actually feel him jetting deep inside her body. Everything about him turned her on. She linked her legs over his thighs and held him close. She tightened her vaginal muscles around him, eager to make it as easy as possible for him to shoot every drop of his seed inside her. "Fill me up with your cum. Brand me as yours."

He seemed to come and gorge himself on her for a long time before he finally kissed her neck and lay trembling in her arms.

Even though he was heavy, she enjoyed having him lie on her and linger in her after they'd both come. It enhanced the feeling of intimacy she felt. "I'm so glad you came back," she whispered, tightening her fingers in his ass.

He lifted his head to look down at her. "I came back for sex. Not conversation."

She felt as if he'd slapped her. She'd been a fool to think explosive sex could change Rayna's warning to expect nothing but sex from him. Even without that warning, there was no excuse for a woman staring thirty in the face being so naïve. Nevertheless, his words stung. "Fine. You've had sex." She pushed against his shoulders. "Let me up, please."

After a moment of resistance, he licked her neck, thrust in and out of her quickly several times, making her pussy wet, before he finally withdrew his cock and rolled off her and onto his side.



Brandi scrambled off the bed. Spotting the vase of red roses, she glanced at him.

He gave her a cool look.

“They’re beautiful. Is there a card?” She asked.

He shook his head.

“No card? Why not? Who sends red roses without a card?”

“Apparently I had a weak moment when I bought the roses but not weak enough to write a sappy message.”

Clearly she’d be a fool to read anything into the roses. “The only sappy thing around here is you, Adrian.”

He arched a brow. “Feeling brave?”

Given her certainty that he could have his choice of sex partners, the fact that he’d chosen to return to her for sex spoke volumes. “Why not? You did come back—even if only for sex.”

“It is only for sex so if I were you, I wouldn’t read too much into that.”

“You’re not me.” She turned and hurried from the room with a hand cupped between her legs. Inside the bathroom, she walked into the shower and removed her hand.

Pink semen trickled down her thigh. She sucked in an angry breath. Damn him. He’d drawn blood again. As before, when she examined herself, she found no cut or bruising to explain the blood.

After a long, warm shower, his cum still seeped down one thigh. Uncertain of the source of the blood, she decided against douching. She placed two panty liners in her thong, pulled on a bra, and returned to find the bedroom empty.

He'd left her again? Oh, hell, no. This drive-by fucking was getting old. She rushed from the room and down the stairs. She came to an abrupt stop at the bottom.

Still naked and fully erect, Adrian strolled from the direction of the kitchen carrying a tray.

She stood staring at him, unable to look away from his bobbing cock as he crossed the room to her. How could she still want him after he'd fucked her hard enough to make her bleed twice and had ruthlessly squashed all her efforts to make the weekend about anything but mindless sex?

"I thought you might be hungry so I made you a snack." He nodded towards the brown leather sofa.

Surprised, she walked across the room to sit on the loveseat instead.

He followed and sat beside her with his thigh pressed against hers.

She shook her head and rose.

He placed the tray on the coffee table and drew her back down beside him.

She tried to shake his hand off her wrist.

He tightened his fingers. “It’s way too late to decide you don’t want me to touch you, honey.”

She blushed. “You’re hurting me and don’t call me honey in that...nasty tone of voice.”

“Have it your way—for now.” He released her wrist and offered her one of the two cups from the tray.

She would have loved to slap it away but she was thirsty and hungry. Besides, she had no idea how he’d respond to such provocation. She gave him a cool stare. “Is this safe to drink or is it laced with arsenic?”

His blue eyes sparked, but he didn’t smile. “I assume that’s your charming way of implying you think I have to drug a woman to get her in bed.”

She lifted her chin. “Do you?”

“Not lately.”

“How can I be sure?”

The corners of his mouth twitched. “Trust me, poisoning isn’t high on the lists of things I want to do to you.”

She resisted the urge to flirt with him. He’d slapped her down enough for one night. She accepted the cup and sniffed. A sweet, fragrant aroma assailed her nostrils. “What is it?”

“Herbal tea laced with fresh lemon and rum.”

She took a small tentative sip. Hmmm. Nice. She took several longer sips.  
Very tasty.

“Do you like it?”

She nodded. “It’s warm and deliciously sweet.”

He stroked a finger down the side of her neck. “So are you.”

She turned to stare at him. “You didn’t think so when you first saw me.”

He shrugged.

“Why were you so disappointed when you first saw me? What did Rayna tell you about me?”

“What does it matter what she told me? I’m here.”

“But you left.”

“And came back,” he pointed out.

“But before you left you made me feel as if...as if I...you told me not to flatter myself.”

He sighed. “I was angry.”

“No shit, Sherlock. Does being angry make it okay to try to make me feel unattractive?”

“No, but like nearly everyone else, I say things I probably shouldn’t when I’m angry.”

“You had no reason to be angry or to make me feel unattractive after you got what you wanted.”

“After I got what *I* wanted?” His nostrils flared. “If memory serves, you wanted it just as much as I did. So why the hell are we having this conversation, Brandi?”

“Because you made me feel unattractive!”

“I came back! If you’re looking for a fight, keep pushing and prodding and we’ll have one. But I’m warning you—”

“I don’t want your damned warning, Adrian. I don’t want to fight with you! I just want to understand you.”

“I wouldn’t bother worrying about understanding me if I were you.”

“Fine. I want to know why you came back.”

“I promised Rayna I’d take you home.”

Her shoulders slumped. Why did he have to be such a hard ass? “Is that the only reason you came back?”

He allowed his gaze to briefly linger on her pussy and her breasts before looking into her eyes. “What do you think?”

“I don’t want to *think* anything, Adrian. I want to know which is why I’m asking you.”

“And I’m telling you I don’t want to discuss it.”

“Fine. We won’t discuss why you came back. Why do you have blue eyes?”

“Why do I have...how the hell should I know? I suppose somewhere along my genealogical track there was someone else who had blue eyes.”

“So they’re not contacts? Your eyes really are blue?”

“I have perfect vision, Brandi, and I’m not vain enough to want to change my eye color. My eyes really are blue.”

“Were both your parents Native American?”

“Yes. Cherokee.”

“Are you married?”

“No.”

“Have you ever been married?”

“No, Brandi, I’ve never been married.”

“How old are you?”

He shrugged. “Two hundred...give or take five or ten years.”

“Don’t you know which?”



His lips twitched but he didn't respond.

"Do you have a girlfriend, Adrian?"

"I don't do girls, Brandi."

"Fine. Do you have a woman?"

"I have lots of women I fuck regularly. That is what you really want to know. Isn't it? If I'm fucking anyone else?"

She nodded. "Is there anyone special?"

"Depends what you mean by special. Doesn't it?"

"What do you mean by it?"

"I don't mean anything by it, Brandi. You're the one who wants to talk about special not me."

She tried again. "Is there anyone who might have a right to object to your being here with me?"

"No. Now if you're finished grilling me—"

He sounded annoyed, but she didn't care. "I'm not. What do you do?"

"About what?"

"For a living. Do you work?"

"I'm a programmer analyst...among other things."

“Do you work for yourself or—”

“I freelance from home. And that’s the last question I intend to answer.”

“Why?”

“Because you already know as much as you need to know about me.”

“I don’t know nearly enough, Adrian.”

“You know enough for a weekend acquaintance.”

She sighed. “Fine.”

“You’re awfully fond of that word. Aren’t you?”

She bit her lip to conceal a smile.

He arched a brow and offered her a plate filled with small, party size sandwiches. “Try some.”

She put the cup down and picked up what looked liked turkey and cheese on wheat. The cheese was pungent and tasty, the turkey sliced in slivers. “That was good,” she said when she’d finished the last bite.

He offered her the plate again.

She chose another tiny sandwich and bit into what tasted like honey-ham on rye with some type of succulent cream mustard sauce. She ate it slowly, savoring each small bite. “Hmmm. That was delicious,” she told him.

He surprised her by leaning forward to lick a few drops of the sauce from the corner of her mouth. “So are your lips,” he told her, his voice husky.

Her stomach muscles fluttered. But damn if she was going to encourage him to fuck her again that night. She placed a hand against his chest and leaned away from him. “No.”

“Yes.” He took her hand from his chest and placed it on his cock.

She jerked her hand away, shaking her head. “No, Adrian.”

He cupped a hand over the back of her neck. “You relinquished the option of telling me no when you came here.”

“No, I didn’t!”

“Yes, Brandi, you did. You’re delusional if you think I’m prepared to take no for an answer.”

## Chapter Six

She stared at him. “You’re going to force me?”

He swore angrily and pushed her against the back of the loveseat.

She tried to scramble away.

He pushed her back against the loveseat, trapping her there with the weight of his big body. With his arms on either side of her, he brushed his cool lips against her ear. “Call it what you like, Brandi. I want you.”

She could feel his cock lying hard and heavy against her thigh. She shivered. “Adrian...please...”

He eased her onto her back, settling himself between her thighs. “Don’t worry, honey. I’m going to please you.”

Fighting the desire tightening her belly, she pushed against his shoulders. “You don’t need to use force.”

He nibbled at her neck. “I do if you refuse to accept the inevitable.”

“I will do that.”

He lifted his head to look down at her. “Yes? I’m relieved to hear it. I’d much rather have you want it.”

But he was determined to have his way—regardless of any of her objections. “Yes—just not tonight.”

He narrowed his gaze. “Don’t think you can play games with me, girl.”

The girl infuriated her. “I’m a woman not a girl, Adrian!”

To her surprise, he allowed her to push him away and then scramble off the loveseat. He quickly changed his mind and jerked her back onto his lap. “Then act like a woman and give me what I need.”

She softened her voice, hoping to reason him out of trying to force her into sex. “I will—but we can’t have sex again tonight.”

He unfastened her bra, tossed it aside, and caressed her breasts. “Oh, yes we can.”

The feel of his cock under her ass and his fingers teasing her nipples made remaining firm difficult. “My pussy is sore and I’ve been bleeding,” she told him.

“You’re not bleeding.”

“I am.”

“You’re not. I’m rather an expert on bleeding and blood. I’d know if you were bleeding. You’re not. What made you think you were?”

“There...when your cum seeped from my...it’s pink and clearly mixed with blood.”

She watched his long, dark lashes sweep down to conceal his expression.

“Do you have any cuts or tears on or in your pussy?”

“None that I’ve discovered,” she admitted.

He slipped his fingers inside her thong and quickly pushed it over her hips and down her thighs. “Then why not let me kiss your pretty pussy better, honey?”

Her pretty pussy? *Oh, no, you don’t, Brandi. You’re not going to allow him to sidetrack you with sweet words.* She shook her head. “Adrian...”

“Yes?” He tossed her thong aside and settled her onto his lap, with his cock resting against her ass.

She bit her lip.

He gently massaged her breasts while he brushed his cool lips against the back of her neck.

She struggled against the urge to turn and kiss him until she couldn’t breathe. “Please...Adrian...”

“I like the way you say my name in that soft, sexy voice. It makes me want you even more.”

And she liked the way his cock felt under her ass and the feel of his cool palms on her heated breasts. She suspected her involuntary tremors made that clear.

He eased her legs apart and gently fingered her pussy. “You’re wet and ready for my cock and I can’t tell you how ready I am to fuck you again.”

She squirmed on his lap. “Please don’t, Adrian.”

“Don’t be frightened.” He dragged his tongue along her neck and shoulder. “There’s no need. I am not going to hurt you, Brandi.”

The whispered promise surprised her. She turned her head to look at him. “Adrian?”

He lifted her right hand and kissed her fingers. “I won’t hurt you.”

“I...oh, Adrian, I—”

“Trust me.”

He forestalled any response she might have made by pressing a long, demanding kiss against her mouth.

The passion in his kiss weakened her resolve and swept away her remaining fears. She opened her mouth and leaned into him.

He swept his tongue between her lips and eased a second finger inside her.

She shivered. A few more moments and she'd be powerless to offer any resistance. She needed to stop him before that happened. She tore her lips away from his. "Adrian...please..."

"That's the idea, Brandi...to please you."

The soft promise sent a chill of delight through her. "Don't..."

He eased her on her back, rose above her, parted her pussy, and gripped his cock. "Just trust me."

"Adrian!"

"Shh." He surprised her by blasting a powerful stream of ejaculate directly into her pussy before pushing the head of his cock against her clit and ejaculating again.

"Oh..." She gave him a surprised look, gripped his cock, and came.

He leaned over to press a warm, hungry kiss against her mouth.

She tightened her fingers around him. Returning his kiss, she pumped his cock.

He lifted his head. "You can let go of my cock now, unless you're planning to give me some pussy."

She shook her head and released him. "You've had all you're getting tonight."

He arched a brow, rose, and swept her up into his arms.



She pressed her hands against his chest. “Adrian...”

He lifted one hand from his chest to brush his lips against her fingers.

“Protest all you like...I can smell your pussy wanting my cock.”

She stared at him, her cheeks burning. How could she deny the obvious?

“Didn’t you enjoy that?” he asked her.

“No.”

“Liar!” He kissed her palm and placed her hand on his shoulder.

With his seed seeping out of her to trickle down her clit to her ass cheeks, she felt naughty. What a rush. Clearly being a bad girl had its rewards. She linked her arm around his neck. “Don’t flatter yourself.”

His lips twitched as he silently carried her up the stairs to the master bedroom.

She nuzzled his neck and slid her palm over his chest. After a slight hesitation, she stroked her free hand down in search of his cock.

“Stop that,” he warned. “Or else.”

“Or else what?”

“Stop it.”

She laughed and demurely linked her errant hand around his neck. How delightful to be with a handsome man capable of picking her up and carrying her more than a few steps.

He laid her on her back on the bed before he stretched out beside her with his cock pressed against her thigh. “I want you.”

She closed her eyes, wondering what argument she could use to keep him from fucking her again. “No.”

He suddenly pulled the sheet up over their naked bodies.

Surprised, she opened her eyes. She slowly turned to face him.

He slipped his arms around her and rolled onto his back.

She bit her lip, bracing herself to resist his attempt to fuck her again.

He palmed her ass, settled against the mattress, and closed his eyes.

She blinked. “Adrian...?”

“Shut up and go to sleep before I change my mind and decide to fuck you after all.”

So she had managed to reach him. “Will you be here when I wake up?”

He kept his eyes closed. “Go to sleep.”

“Adrian...”

He slapped her ass cheeks hard. “Be quiet or face the consequences without threatening to cry rape afterwards.”

With her ass cheeks burning, she settled herself against him. Deciding there was no reason he should have everything his way, she rubbed herself against his cock.

He uttered a violent oath.

She smiled, lowering her lids.

He caressed her ass, grinding her pussy against his cock.

“Oh...please don’t or you’ll cause a flood in my pussy.”

He turned his head and kissed her hair.

Beyond nice. Her last waking memory was of him gently caressing her ass and whispering something indistinct against her ear.



Hunger for Brandi’s blood and pussy kept Adrian too sexually frustrated to relax or sleep. Once he was certain she slept soundly, he gently rolled her off his body and onto her side. Then he rose and quickly left the bedroom. He went out to his car naked, enjoying the cool May breeze on his skin.

He stood for a time, staring up at the stars. Maybe the cool air would brush away the cobwebs, allowing him to think clearly. It didn't. Instead of drinking in the beauty of the night, all he could think about was how close Brandi was. She didn't want any more sex that night, but there was always the following day. All day.

He retrieved his charcoals and large pad from his briefcase before returning to the bedroom.

He turned on the bedside lamp, leaned over Brandi and whispered a soft command in her ear. "Sleep, honey." Satisfied she wouldn't waken, he gently positioned her on her back with her knees bent.

He leaned over her and tasted her warm, soft lips twice before he kissed a moist path down her body. He tongued each nipple before moving down to her belly. Dragging his tongue over it, he kissed her pussy. Still not satisfied, he thrust his tongue inside her.

She moaned in her sleep.

After a last quick lap at her pussy, he forced himself to straighten. Returning to the chair where they'd shared their first taste of ecstasy, he studied her. Miles of smooth, rich, soft as silk chocolate skin made his cock harden. Damn, how could she look so innocent and sexy at the same time?

He couldn't remember the last time a human woman had so enchanted or enraptured him. The thought of the weekend ending and their going their separate ways held little appeal. The thought of other cocks sliding in and out of her infuriated him.

*Get a damn grip, Redwolfe. She's a good lay. Hell, she's a great lay, but that's all she is. A great lay. There are plenty more like her. Don't go letting a taste of superb pussy make you lose your head.*

He picked up his charcoal and pad from the floor. He sketched her slowly, taking care to get each stroke right. When the weekend was over, this was all he would have as a reminder.

He studied the finished sketch and decided it was only adequate and didn't really capture her true beauty or her sensuality. But it was the best he could do. After a moment's hesitation, he titled it, *Sleeping Brandi*.

Noting his seed seeping out of her, he inhaled and did another sketch. He swelled her belly and gave her heavier breasts and a slightly fuller face in the second sketch. That one he entitled, *Brandi—Having My Baby?*

He frowned. Something was missing. Lying down his charcoal he studied her in silence. A slow smile spread across his face. He picked up a white charcoal pencil to add a hint of his seed seeping from her body.

Years earlier an old vamp had told him that there was no more appetizing aroma in the world than that of a fertile woman spilling the seed of an in blood vampire who had just impregnated her. Was Brandi fertile? Was some of his sperm even now swimming inside her in search of an egg to fertilize?

He traced a finger over her swelling belly on the sketch. How would she react if she knew the implications of his secreting blood? He laid the sketches aside, rose, and stalked across the room to the bed, his cock aching, his balls heavy with need. He leaned over her and pressed a soft kiss against her thigh.

“Adrian...” she murmured his name.

Unable to resist the lure of her wet treasure so close, he turned his head and licked her slit several times. Moisture filled her pussy. He nibbled her clit once before he thrust his tongue inside her to lap at the sweet heat of her pussy.

“Hmmm...” She rotated her ass in her sleep.

He kissed her pussy and forced himself to straighten.

Still asleep, she rolled onto her side, a slight smile on her face.

Damn, she was soft, sweet, sexy, and beautiful. And he ached with need for her. But he had promised her he wouldn't hurt her. He had the rest of the weekend to get her out of his system. He turned, picked up his sketches, turned off the light, and stalked from the room. Ten minutes later, after taking the sketches

out to his car, he was drawn back to the master bedroom. He sat watching her sleep until he realized dawn was breaking.

He rose and walked over to the bed, pulled the cover over her before he bent to brush his lips against her cheek.

“Hmmm.”

He outlined her mouth with the tip of his tongue before he quietly left the room. In the shower of the middle bedroom, he jerked off twice before he soaped up. If he weren't careful, his level of need and hunger would require far more than one weekend in her arms before he was free of what he feared could become an obsession with him.

## Chapter Seven

The smell of fresh brewing coffee woke Brandi the next morning. She yawned and stretched before turning to glance at the roses and then turning to look at clock on the opposite nightstand. 8:30. Settling on her back, she smiled, her thoughts on how satisfying the previous night had ended.

Adrian Redwolfe was a study in contradictions. Angry and cool one moment and sweet and tender the next. Sex with him was off the charts. Lord, he knew how to skillfully wield his huge cock. Sighing with remembered pleasure, she rolled onto her stomach. Her eyes drifted shut. She dozed.

Lured out of bed ten minutes later by the aroma of frying bacon, Brandi stumbled into the bathroom to brush her teeth and wash her face. Deciding to shower after breakfast, she returned to the bedroom.

Adrian's clothes were in a pile by the door where he'd left them the night before. She picked up his dark shirt and buried her face in it, inhaling the scent of his cologne. She then pulled it on over her head.



She moved across the carpet to study her reflection in the mirror. The shirt caressed her breasts. Because she was so tall it barely covered her ass. Eager to eat and to see Adrian, she left the bedroom barefoot.

Although Rayna and Conner Redwolfe had called the building a cabin, she thought of it more as a luxury retreat. It boasted wall to wall plush carpeting throughout and four bedrooms, all beautifully furnished. As she walked down the staircase, she admired the mauve colored walls with the rose-colored borders.

The center of the living room was the huge fireplace adorned with a beautiful walnut mantle, which was covered with pictures of Rayna at various stages of her life. The dining room was huge and the kitchen looked like something out of a magazine with its gleaming stainless steel appliances built into the walls. Recessed lighting gave the room a warm, lived-in look.

She paused in the doorway.

Adrian, clad only in a pair of briefs, stood at the range, scrambling eggs.

He was a handsome male with an exquisitely sculptured body. She admired his long legs and tight ass. Talk about buns of steel. Had he ever given his heart to some lucky woman? Had he ever allowed any woman to claim him as hers? Despite his insistence on a strictly sex based weekend stand, dare she hope for more from him?

Rayna had hinted that he was ready to settle down. What would being his full-time lover be like? Would he remain moody or would he become the sexy, considerate lover who had held her so tenderly after sex and thought enough of her to fix her a snack?

He turned to look at her.

For the first time she noted the jagged scar on his left shoulder and another one on his left ribcage. They did nothing to mar his physical attraction for her. She allowed her gaze to slide down his body.

Noting the tent in his briefs, her cheeks burned. After riding him and having him suck her toes during sex, it was ridiculous to feel shy with him. She smiled. “You cook too?”

“Oh, I’m a vamp of many talents.”

And the owner of a big, pussy-pleasing sugar dick.

As if he’d read her naughty thought, he turned the stove off, covered the pan, and set it on the warming burner before he stalked across the room. Cupping his hands over her breasts, he bent to lick and kiss the side of her neck.

Feeling the tip of his tongue probing the two small puncture wounds, she shivered, her pussy filling with moisture.

“Think of them as love bites, honey,” he whispered.

The endearment, which had annoyed her the night before, now pleased her. She linked her arms around his waist. "Love bites?"

"Or a testament to your power to drive me wild with need and desire."

She liked the idea of driving him wild. When she lifted her face, he slid his palms down her body and under his shirt to cup her ass.

"Have I told you that you have a very nice ass?"

She rubbed herself against his bulging cock. "I think you might have mentioned it last night, but feel free to mention it again as often as you like."

He reached between their bodies to ease his cock out of his briefs.

Her stomach muscles clenched as he rubbed the big head against her slit. "Adrian..."

He guided her backwards, gently pressing her against the wall near the door. He used his knee to ease her legs apart. "Yes, honey?"

"What are you doing?"

He pushed his shirt up over her breasts and bending his knees, he positioned his cock at her entrance.

To her surprise, he hesitated, staring down into her eyes.

Surely he wasn't asking for permission to continue.

He waited.

Touched, she smiled as she eased her hips forward until the head of his shaft slid between the lips of her slit.

Locking his gaze on hers, he pushed into her with an exquisite leisure which allowed them both to savor every second.

Once he was balls deep in her, he bent his head.

She lifted hers with her lips already parted.

He touched his mouth gently against hers for several moments before he slid his palms over her ass and started to fuck her.

“Oh...Adrian...” She slipped her arms around his neck.

He nibbled at her neck. “Fuck me back, honey.”

She rotated her hips and tightened her vaginal muscles around him.

“That’s it,” he whispered, tightening his palms on her ass. “God, you’re so sweet.” He raked his teeth against the side of her neck. “You make me burn like no other woman ever has.”

The admission spoken in a lust-deepened voice sent a thrill of delight dancing up and down her spine. She liked that he spoke of her being sweet. Did that mean he might be ready to think of her as something more than just an easy lay?

She turned her head in an attempt to see the expression in his eyes.  
“Adrian—”

“We’ll talk later. Right now I need you,” he told her. He kissed her, clutched her closer, and fucked her with hard, deep strokes that had her clinging to him and coming all over his cock within minutes.

He dragged his lips from hers and sank his incisors into her neck as he shuddered against her.

She held him in her arms, kissing his hair as he pumped her full of his seed.

After he stopped coming, he removed his incisors, buried his lips against her neck, and kept her pinned against the wall.

Brandi liked that his cock was still hard and still inside her. She would have been content to hold him close indefinitely. But when her stomach rumbled, he lifted his head and eased his cock out of her.

He pulled his shirt down to cover her breasts before he lifted her chin. The kiss he pressed against her mouth was soft, gentle, and lacking passion.

She leaned against his chest, filled with anticipation of seeing a softer side of him. Her stomach rumbled again.

He arched a brow. “Hungry?”

She nodded. She hungered for food, sex, and tenderness.

“Then eat.” He pushed his cock back in his briefs and placed an arm around her shoulders, and led her to the island in the middle of the kitchen. He pulled out one of the stools and held it while she sat.

He surprised her further by washing his hands before he returned to the range.

She smiled. “This is what I call service.”

He walked over to her and licked the side of her neck and caressed her ass. “I aim to please, honey.” He paused before he met her gaze. “Do I?”

He was full of surprises. She would never have expected that question from such a handsome male and accomplished lover. In that moment, he seemed almost as vulnerable as she felt. She caressed his cheek and ran her fingers through his hair. “Yes. Oh, yes, Adrian. Never in my wildest fantasy did I imagine sex could be as satisfying as it is with you. You touched both my body and my emotions.”

He turned away without responding.

She turned to watch him.

At the sink he wet a dish-towel and swung it over his shoulder before he picked up a serving spoon and a plate.

She inhaled when he set a plate filled with eggs, bacon, and French toast in front of her. “It smells delicious, Adrian.”

“Good.” He returned to the counter, his hand hovering over the percolator.  
“Coffee?”

“Yes. Thanks.”

“How do you like it?”

“With cream and sugar.”

He returned to the island with coffee and a glass of orange juice.

The orange juice had lots of pulp—just as she liked it. She looked at him as he sat on the stool beside her. “Fresh squeezed?”

He nodded and handed her the wet towel.

Smiling at him, she wiped her hands. “You think of everything.”

He arched a brow, a warm, intimate look in his steel blue eyes. God, he was so handsome. And he was hers—at least for the weekend.

He slipped his palm under her shirt. While she ate, he alternated between rubbing her back and massaging her ass. Within minutes her nipples were hard and her pussy filled with moisture.

“Adrian! You just finished fucking me.”

He straightened to look at her. “I just finished fucking *you*?”

Her cheeks burned. “Okay. We fucked each other.”

Apparently satisfied by her answer, he leaned over to nibble at her neck. “I love the smell of sweet, tight pussy, filled with my seed and ready to be fucked again.”

She moistened her lips and glanced at the empty space on the island in front of him. “Aren’t you eating?”

He caressed her thighs.

She sucked in a breath and parted her legs.

He slipped his free hand between her legs to finger her wet slit. “This is what I want for breakfast.”

She closed her legs, trapping his hand between her thighs. “Do you eat, Adrian?”

“Food? Yes.”

She frowned. “I didn’t think vampires ate.”

“Some do. Some don’t. We’re not all the same, Brandi. Some of us cast reflections. Some don’t. Some are lucky enough to be able to father kids. Some aren’t. Some kill indiscriminately. Some don’t.”

She put her fork down and turned to face him. “Can you?”

“Can I what? Father kids?”

She nodded.



“You know how old I am. I’ve never yet managed to impregnate anyone.”

“You’ve tried?”

He nodded. “Only for the last forty years.”

“Why?”

“Why? Like most human males, I wanted to be a father.”

She felt guilty for being glad he wasn’t. If he’d had a child, surely the mother would be in his life. She didn’t allow the errant thought of what it would be like to have his baby to linger.

He stroked her neck. “Don’t you want to be a mother?”

She nodded. “I’d like to have two, maybe three kids one day.”

They stared at each other in silence for several moments.

Feeling as if he were probing her thoughts, she moistened her lips and lowered her lids. It was time they changed the subject before she did something foolish—like admitting the idea of having his baby intrigued her. “Have you ever killed anyone, Adrian?”

He shrugged. “I’m a vampire. Have I killed before? Yes.”

“Will you kill again?”

“Probably.”

She stared at him. “Why? Why would you kill?”

“Because I met someone who needed killing. Why else?”

She didn’t like how casually he discussed taking someone’s life. “Have you ever killed a woman?”

He met her gaze. “You’re wondering if I’ve ever killed a lover.”

She nodded. “Have you?”

“I can promise you that I won’t kill you, Brandi.”

“That’s a relief, but it really doesn’t answer my question.”

He shook his head. “If I answered your question, I’d have to kill you,” he deadpanned.

“Be serious, Adrian.”

“And there are much nicer things I’d like to do to and with you, honey.”

“Adrian—”

“I’m bored with talking about me, Brandi.”

She decided pushing would only annoy him and spoil the mood. “Okay. What would you like to talk about?”

He slid his free hand up to pinch her nipples. “I’m jealous,” he murmured.

Surely he didn’t know about Doug. She frowned. Even if he did, how likely was he to envy Doug or any other man? “Of who?”

He nibbled at her ear. “My shirt.”

She drew back to look at him. “Your shirt?”

He nodded. “Because it gets to caress your breasts and cover your large, lovely round ass.”

She blinked at him. “What did you have for breakfast?”

“Nothing yet.” He thrust his fingers into her pussy.

She gasped, opened her legs, and pushed his hand away.

“Why do you ask?” He arched a brow. “What? Did you think I was incapable of sweet talk?”

“Actually, yes,” she admitted.

He rewarded her honesty with a sharp spank on each cheek.

“Ouch!”

“I’m as capable of sweet talk as the next man.”

“But more prone to slapping my ass than any other male I’ve met.”

“Don’t blame me because you have a big ass made for spanking.”

“You weren’t impressed when you first saw it.”

He kissed her neck. “I’m impressed now, honey.”

She felt shy yet sexy. “What impresses you most?”

“Everything.”

She drew away from him. “You can’t expect me to believe that.”

“Why not? It’s true.”

“I saw the look on your face when you first arrived, Adrian.”

He compressed his lips. “Let’s not go there again, Brandi. When I say everything I mean everything. I like the rich, chocolate color of your skin. Your large, natural breasts enchant me. You already know what I think of your ass. We won’t even discuss your pussy.”

She felt almost giddy because she knew that she had managed to change his opinion of her. She didn’t doubt for a second that he now found her attractive. “Why don’t we discuss my pussy, Adrian?”

“First, for the remainder of the weekend, it’s not your pussy. It’s mine.”

Her stomach muscles clenched.

“And second because if we discuss it, I’m going to want to fuck it again.”

She shrugged. “So? Do you see anyone objecting?”

“Are you flirting with me?”

She shook her head. “No. Why do you ask?”

He slapped her ass. “Do you know what happens to irresistible women who flirt with me?”

Irresistible now was she? “They get fucked?”

“Oh, yeah, honey. They get fucked repeatedly...harder and deeper each time.”

“So who’s stopping you?”

He stood up, kicking his stool aside.

Noting the look in his dark blue eyes, she knew how they’d be spending the morning. She smiled and reached out to rub her palm over the tent in his briefs.

“This feels almost like a dream.”

“I thought the same thing.”

“You did? When?”

“Last night while I watched you sleep.”

“You watched me sleep?”

“Yes.”

She smiled. “Did you like what you saw, Adrian?”

“Apparently so or I wouldn’t still be here.”

She slipped her hand in his briefs to palm him. “I’m glad you’re still here.”

He removed her hand from his briefs.

“Don’t you like being touched?”

“It depends on who’s doing the touching, but I think you can safely assume I like your touch, honey.”

Her smile widened. “Then what’s the problem?”

“Who says there’s a problem?” He lifted her off her stool and swept her up into his arms.

She linked her arms around his neck. “You’d better be careful, Adrian,” she warned.

“Of what?”

She stroked her fingers through the dark hair at his nape. “A full-figured woman can easily get used to a male who can not only pick her up, but effortlessly carry her up an entire flight of stairs and still have the energy to love her until she can’t stop coming once he gets her in bed.”

A slow smile spread across his handsome face, quickly followed by warm, deep laughter. When he sobered he met her gaze. “Why are you staring at me?”

She caressed his cheek. “You must know you’re a handsome male.”

He shrugged.

“Actually, you’re more drop-dead gorgeous than handsome.”

“I’m glad you think so.”

“Have you ever met a woman who didn’t?”

He shook his head. “I don’t want to talk about other women. For me tonight, there are no other women. There’s just you, sweet, sexy Brandi.”

She wondered what her chances were of getting him to want more than a weekend with her. “You’re smooth as well as handsome.”

“And you are sultry, sweet, and irresistible.”

There was that delicious word again. Irresistible. She caressed his neck.

He smiled.

She trailed her fingers over his lips. “When you smile and laugh...”

“When I smile and laugh—what?”

“You take my breath away.”

“You do that for me as well.”

The admission pleased her and gave her the courage to go on. “And you make me wonder and hope.”

“Wonder and hope what?”

She shrugged. “For...more.”

He tensed. “For more than what?”

“I can’t help wondering what it would be like to have more than just this weekend with you, Adrian. I want to be your woman. Your only woman.”

“My only woman?” His smile vanished.

She frowned. Why had his voice cooled? “Rayna said you were ready to settle down.”

“And you think I...Don’t, Brandi.”

“Don’t what?”

He shook his head and looked away.

She pressed her hand against his cheek and turned his head so she could look in his eyes. “Don’t what, Adrian?”

“Don’t ruin what’s left of the weekend by trying to change the rules mid stream.”

“What rules?”

“The ones we both agreed to—a single weekend of sex.”

She stared at him, shaking her head. “Is that really all you want from me, Adrian?”

He placed her on her feet. “Yes. That’s all I want from you, Brandi.”

Recalling his tenderness, she placed her hands on his chest. “I don’t believe that.”

“Believe it. I want a single weekend of sex. I won’t deny that sex with you is superb, but I’m not aware of having said or done anything to make you think I wanted more.”



She allowed her hands to drop to her sides. When would she learn that sweet talk meant nothing to most men? It probably meant even less to a vampire. She nodded. “Fine. I won’t forget all you want is weekend sex.”

She waited—hoping he’d say something to give her hope.

His silence gave her all the answer she needed. “Fine. Have it your way, Adrian.”

“I usually do.”

How could he speak to her with such cool disregard after all the sweet things he’d said? She sucked in a breath and walked away from him. He made no effort to stop her from storming out of the kitchen.

## Chapter Eight

Adrian ran a hand through his hair. What the hell was wrong with her? Why couldn't she leave well enough alone? Why did she push and push until she pissed him off and goaded him into saying things he'd later regret? He'd allowed her to jerk his chain the night before. Clearly that had been a mistake because now she wanted to change the rules of the weekend. If he allowed that, the next thing he knew she'd be trying to lead him down the aisle.

When he settled down, it sure as hell wouldn't be with a human woman prone to resorting to tears every time she didn't get her way. He should be with Marcella instead of with a female who gave every indication of being capable of wreaking havoc with his life and his emotions if he were foolish enough to linger around her too long.

He frowned, knowing he was partially responsible for her misconceptions. *You make me burn like no other woman ever has.* He knew better than to say things like that to a human woman. A fem would have taken such a declaration for what it was worth while a human woman imagined every horny man who told her love lies was in love with her.

Human women were unpredictable and too emotionally demanding. A man never knew where he stood with them. Fems were different. He thought of Marcella. She was safe. Their relationship presented no surprises. He'd had nothing but surprises from the moment he met Brandi.

Unfortunately there was very little possibility of his ever being able to impregnate Marcella. On the plus side, she didn't turn his world upside down or expect to be his only lover. Brandi had already managed to get under his skin. If he were going to minimize the emotional havoc she generated, he needed to get the hell away from her ASAP.

The memory of turning to find her standing in the kitchen doorway wearing nothing but his shirt and then sharing one of the most emotionally and physically satisfying fucks he'd ever experienced made walking away difficult. Yet that's what he needed to do. *It'll be a cold day in hell before you let a human woman jerk your chain anymore. So get your ass in gear, Redwolfe.*



Back in the bedroom, Brandi pulled off Adrian's shirt. She tossed it on the bedroom floor and stormed into the bathroom. When she got back to Philly she was going to call Doug and accept his proposal. To hell with Adrian Redwolfe. She allowed herself the luxury of a brief cry before she got out of the shower to dress.

She returned to the living room to find Adrian seated on the loveseat, fully dressed.

He looked up at her entrance but didn't speak.

She placed her weekend bag on the carpet near her feet. "Will you take me home?"

He made no effort to rise. "Yes—on Monday."

She shook her head. "I want to go home now."

"Why?"

"Why? Are you serious? I've had my fill of your company."

"Oh?"

"Yes and I don't want you touching me again."

"Really?"

"Really. Please take me home."

He gave her a cold stare. "Meeting you reminds me why I think so little of fickle human women."

Damn him. "And after sleeping with you, it will take an entire weekend of douching before I'll even begin to feel clean again!"

He bared his incisors and shot to his feet. He looked angry.

She tensed. Why did he have to be so volatile? Why did he think he had carte blanche to insult her as if she had no feelings?

He stalked across the room to stare down at her.

She instinctively pushed against his chest. “I don’t want you touching me and I need to go home.”

“That’s too damn bad because you are going to stay here until I’m ready to let you go and I am very definitely going to do more than touch you during that time.”

She stepped back. “You can’t mean to force yourself on me, Adrian.”

He stepped closer to her. “Call it what you like, but you’d better reconcile yourself to the fact that I am going to fuck you again and again and again.”

Her stomach muscles clenched. She couldn’t believe that he’d really force her. “You wouldn’t.”

“Oh, yes, I would. I’ll leave it up to you to decide how pleasant or unpleasant that fucking is going to be for you. You can participate and enjoy it or you can suffer through it. Either way, I am going to fuck you as much and as often as I like.”

She stared at him. Somehow she’d allowed the roses, the breakfast, and the unexpected sweet talk and bursts of tenderness to lure her into forgetting she was

with a ruthless vampire used to getting his way. “Last night you promised you wouldn’t hurt me.”

His jaw clenched. “And I kept that promise last night.”

“You can’t be serious.”

“Oh, yes I am.”

“Are you telling me that your promise was only good for one night?”

“Apparently so since I have no intentions of keeping it today.”

Cool, arrogant bastard! She stepped around him.

He gripped her arm and turned her back to face him. “Don’t walk away from me, Brandi.”

She swallowed a lump of fear as she found herself staring up into his glowing eyes. “Adrian—”

He shook his head. “And do not make the mistake of forgetting who the hell you’re dealing with. I always get what I want, Brandi. Always.”

His continued threats angered her. “Why? Because your lovers want to give it to you or because you’re not above resorting to rape?”

“I’ve done a lot of things in my life of which I’m sure you wouldn’t approve.”

“Does that include rape?”

He narrowed his gaze. “You’re about to find out. Aren’t you?”

“Fine. If you want to behave like a common rapist, I can’t stop you.”

For a moment he looked so furious she half-expected him to shake her. “That’s right, Brandi. You can’t stop me. But go ahead and try if you like.”

It was difficult to reconcile this angry, threatening vampire with the male who had whispered so seductively to her at breakfast. She jerked away from him and tore off her clothes. “Go ahead, Adrian! Use force!” she invited when she stood nude in front of him. “I’ll just bet you have a lot of practice.”

He bared his incisors. “Don’t push me!”

Despite her fear, pain fueled her anger. She wanted to hurt him as he was hurting her. “I’m sure this won’t be your first or last rape.”

“Bitch!” He hurled the word at her like an emotional missile.

In the time it took her to blink several times, he’d undressed and stood before her nude and fully erect.

The reality of her situation hit her. He really was capable of rape. She moistened her lip. “Adrian—”

“Who the hell am I to argue with you or refuse your invitation to use force with you? After all, you did say you wanted me to ravish you.” He swept her off her feet.

She pushed against his chest. “Put me down.”

He ignored her and strolled across the room.

To her surprise, he leaned down to place rather than toss her onto the sofa. Then he held her there with the weight of his body.

She shoved against his shoulders.

“Looks like your gamble backfired. Doesn’t it, Brandi?”

“Get off of me!”

“Not until I get what I want, you conniving tease!” He used his knee to push her legs apart.

“Adrian!”

“You’re about to learn the hard way that I’m not above taking what I want.”

She swallowed hard. “Then do it.”

“I plan to. What’s more, I’m going to make you enjoy it.”

She balled her hands into fists and turned her head away. “Just do whatever you’re going to do and then leave me alone. I don’t want to hear your taunting, hateful voice ever again. You’re as foul as—”

“Shut up, Brandi, before you really make me angry!” He bent his head and sank incisors roughly into the side of her neck.

“Adrian...” she whimpered his name.



*Shut the fuck up!* He reached between their bodies to position his cock against her entrance.

“Adrian...please...”

He pushed the head of his cock into her.

She sobbed, trying to draw her body away from his. “Adrian...you promised me you wouldn’t hurt me. If you do this...I trusted you.” She balled her hands into fists and pushed against his shoulders. “Don’t do this, Adrian...please...” She uncurled her fists and stroked her fingers through his hair. “You don’t need to do this...please don’t...”

He stiffened, halting the slide of his cock into her.

She turned her head, pressing her lips against his hair. “Stop, Adrian...please...stop and let me up. You don’t need to do this. If you do this you’ll kill my trust in you forever.”

*I don’t give a fuck about your trust!*

“Don’t say that. I don’t believe it. Last night and this morning you were so gentle...you calmed my fears and fulfilled my fantasy...I trusted you to keep your word.”

He withdrew his incisors from her neck and lifted his head.

She opened her eyes and stared up at him through a flood of tears. “If you don’t stop, you’ll completely ruin my fantasy. Is that what you want?”

He didn’t move or respond.

She could sense a struggle in him. His most primal nature wanted to force her, but she suspected the gentler, kinder Adrian who had brought her roses, cooked her breakfast, and flirted with her wanted to stop.

She just had to reach that part of him and make it easier for him to stop while she could still forgive him. “Using force is beneath you, Adrian. No male with your looks and charm has to use force.”

He stiffened.

She went on. “I know you think I’m just an easy lay. And I know that’s how I behaved with you. But I’m not easy. You’re my fantasy man and I couldn’t help wondering what it would be like to have more time with you. But just because I dared to want something more than sex with you is no reason to do this. Nor is the fact that I wanted something real with you. Does seeing something good and decent and worth loving in you make me deserve to be forced into sex?”

He lay unmoving on her.

“You don’t need to do this and I think part of you, the good, decent part which is worth loving doesn’t want to do this. Let me up, Adrian.”

He shook his head, his incisors bared.

“Don’t destroy my trust in you, Adrian. Let me up and I promise I’ll never dare to think you’re worth loving again. Just please let me up.”

He abruptly rolled off her onto the floor. Rising quickly, he flashed from the room.

Brandi sat up and rose. Her knees shook so badly she sank back onto the sofa. She wrapped her arms around herself as the tears spilled down her cheeks.

She was still sitting there when Adrian returned to the living room, fully dressed. She stared at him. His eyes no longer glowed but she sensed he was still angry.

As was she, but she would forgive him if he apologized and promised it would never happen again.

He crossed the room to her.

She dropped her head, afraid what emotions he might read in her unguarded gaze.

He put a hand under her chin, but didn’t lift it. *Look at me.*

She looked up. Even as the cold look in his eyes sent a chill through her, the touch of his fingers on her chin was gentle. If only he would take her in his arms and apologize everything would be right in her world.

He bared his incisors.

She shook her head. “No...”

Gripping her arms, he bent his head, sinking his teeth into her neck.

Brandi gasped. As her blood flowed into his mouth, he pulled her close to him.

She closed her eyes.

He worked his hands into the waistband of her skirt. Moments later, she felt his palms on her bare ass cheeks. The hard length of his cock pulsed against her belly.

She wanted to feel violated by what he was doing to her. Instead, she found it intimate and incredibly erotic. Her heart raced. Her nipples hardened and her pussy flooded. She was as aroused as if he were about to enter her. She balled her hands into fists at her side to keep from slipping her arms around him.

How could she feel this sense of warmth and belonging with a male capable of and willing to use force to get what he wanted? Why did she hunger for his touch? His attention? His cock? His tenderness? His incisors buried deep in her flesh? His love? Why did she want to love him when he clearly didn’t want or need anything real with her?

Unable to resist the need for him pulsing through her, she leaned into him, tilting her head.

He massaged her ass cheeks as he fed on her.

Despite herself, she was soon lost in the rapture of knowing he hungered for her blood as she hungered for him. How could anything that felt this wonderful repulse or anger him? Surely he experienced some of what she did. How could a single weekend with her be enough for him?

If only he'd say or do something to restore her trust in him.

He stiffened against her. His hands stilled on her ass.

Coldness replaced the warmth she'd felt as he'd ingested her blood. She opened her eyes.

He removed his incisors and stepped away from her.

His eyes glowed. Her blood glistened on his lips and teeth. He looked almost feral. The sight aroused instead of repulsed her. She didn't care what he was or what he'd done. She wanted him to do something to restore her trust in him.

"Don't waste anymore of your time longing for that or for me. I don't care about you or your trust, Brandi," he told her and stalked away from her.

She turned to stare after him. *Adrian! Please don't leave me again. Don't go angry. Please.*

He turned and looked at her.

*Don't go. Stay and reassure me. Make me believe you are worth loving.*

“Trust me, Brandi, the way I’m feeling right now, you don’t want me to stay.”

But she did. “Adrian...”

He turned and left, slamming the door behind him.

*Oh, Adrian. How could you have felt none of what I did when we made love?*

She felt hurt, angry, and used. Forgiving him now was out of the question. It was time to return to reality where vampires were bloodsucking lowlifes suitable only for killing. Not lusting after and certainly not for falling in love with.

She waited until she heard his car start and drive off before she rose and pulled on her clothes. She’d find a way home and forget him.

## Chapter Nine

Adrian drove with reckless abandon for twenty minutes before he trusted his ability to control his voice enough to call home. Jay didn't answer his cell phone or the phone in his bedroom. Adrian reluctantly called Conner who didn't answer until the fifth ring. "Adrian. Your timing stinks."

"I need a favor."

"When?"

"Now."

"Now? Unless it's extremely important now will have to be a few hours from now. I'm busy."

Clearly Conner was with a woman. "I hate to interrupt you, but this is important."

"Damn. What do you need?"

"I need you to come up to the cabin to take Brandi home."

"Where are you?"

"On my way home."

“What’s wrong, Adrian?”

“Nothing’s wrong. Can you pick her up?”

“Is she all right?”

“The teasing little bitch is fine.”

Conner sighed.

“Can you pick her up or do I need to go back and—”

“No. I don’t know what happened between the two of you, but I don’t think you going back would be wise. Damn, your timing stinks, Adrian.”

“Look, if you can’t do it, I’ll go back—”

“No. I’ll pick her up. I’ll be on my way in twenty minutes tops. In the meantime, stay away from her, Adrian.”

“I wouldn’t go anywhere near that bitch again if she were the last woman on earth!”

“So, it’s like that? She got under your skin and—”

“I’m not in the mood for any psycho babble, Conner!” he snapped and broke the connection. Annoyed by his inability to walk away and leave Brandi to fend for herself and angered that he’d allowed her to drive him to using force, he pressed his foot on the accelerator. It didn’t help. He could still hear her whimpering his



name and see her dark eyes filled with tears because of her fear that she couldn't stop him from raping her.

*Does seeing something good and decent and worth loving in you make me deserve to be forced into sex? I promise I'll never dare to think you're worth loving again.*

What the fuck made her think he cared what she thought or felt or that he wanted her love? Damn the conniving bitch! Why should he care if she no longer thought he was worth loving when romantic love was a weak human emotion?

He didn't want her love, but he could no longer deny that he found her nearly impossible to resist. He ran his tongue over his lips. That last sensuous taste of her blood lingered in his thoughts, making him burn for her. But damn if he would allow himself to become a slave to his hunger for a woman who'd practically implied being with him had somehow fouled or polluted her.

She insisted she wanted him to ravish her. When he attempted to do that, she behaved like a typical human woman—changing her fickle mind and crying rape.

She was free to return to her dull human lovers who left her dissatisfied. He'd return to the fems who didn't get weepy or try to change the rules of the game because they thought someone was "worth loving."

An hour and a half later, after barely restraining himself from strangling a state trooper who pulled him over for speeding, he stopped his car outside Marcella's Olde City townhouse.

She met him at the door wearing nothing but a warm smile. "It's good to see you again, lover." She drew him into the house and closed the door. "Take your clothes off and tell me what's bothering you."

He shook his head. "Nothing's bothering me. I don't want to talk. I want to fuck."

She stroked her hands over his chest. "I can feel the tension in you, but if you want to fuck first and talk later, I'm game, lover."

That was the beauty of being with Marcella. She knew what he needed and was always ready and willing to give it to him without making unreasonable emotional demands on him. It would be a cold day in hell before Marcella babbled on about him or any other male being worth loving.

"I don't want to talk at all."

She leaned up to nip his neck. "Then let me fuck the tension out of you."

"That's what I need."

"Then get naked and let's fuck."

He undressed quickly and pushed her against the wall.

“In the mood for some rough sex, lover?” She laughed, parting her legs. “Sex me up as roughly as you like.”

Moments later, they were sharing a hard, rough standing fuck. Thoughts of sex with Brandi hovered at the back of his mind, teasing and taunting him. He angrily dismissed them and kept his eyes open, and concentrated on thinking only of Marcella.

As her pussy signaled her coming climax, she pushed herself off the floor and wrapped her legs around him.

He knew what she wanted and needed. He normally didn’t allow his lovers to ingest his blood. But Marcella was always there for him—as a friend and a lover. He tilted his head and closed his eyes as her incisors pierced his skin.

She came within minutes of ingesting his blood. It took him longer than it usually did to come inside her.

They had sex three times before he lifted her slender body in his arms and carried her up to her bedroom.

He stretched out on his back on her big bed. The usual afterglow he felt after sex with her was missing. He struggled in vain to keep his thoughts from turning to Brandi. Where was she? Had Conner arrived and reassured her? What did she think of Conner?

The unwelcome thought that she and Conner might find each other attractive, shook him. Hell, no! She and Conner were welcome to each other. Perhaps he should have warned Conner not to let his emotional guard down with her. But Conner was capable of taking care of himself. Adrian forced himself to think of Marcella.

She sat at her vanity brushing the long, dark blond hair that nearly stretched to her slender waist. He glanced down at her ass. She had a cute, tiny ass. Visions of a darker, fuller, rounder ass haunted him.

Even though he occasionally enjoyed fucking human women, he'd always known vampire fems made the best lovers. They were as passionate as human women, without their baggage. They didn't stoop to emotional blackmail or expect an exquisite fuck to mean anymore than an ordinary one. They didn't wear a man out with talk of love and wanting something "real" with him. Human women were more trouble than they were worth. To hell with human women in general and Brandi Knight in particular! In the future, he'd restrict his sexual interest to fems.

With her pale skin, slender curves, long, blond hair, and sea green eyes, Marcella was his ideal woman. She was beautiful, graceful, and intelligent. Why couldn't he envision a monogamous relationship with her?

Abruptly recalling the ecstasy of sex with Brandi and of the emotions she'd stirred, he clenched his jaw. Damn the bitch! What the hell had she done to him? Unable to dismiss thoughts of her, he reluctantly admitted he could fuck Marcella until the next century and still not be able to banish memories of his all too brief time with Brandi.

Marcella turned to smile at him. "Ready for round two lover?"

Why the hell couldn't he stop wishing Marcella were taller with much darker skin, and God forbid, a bigger ass, and naturally large breasts? Although Marcella's breasts were nearly as large as Brandi's they weren't natural.

"Adrian?" She rose and crossed the room to stare down at him. "What's the matter?"

"What makes you think anything's wrong?"

She sat on the side of the bed and palmed him. "This makes me know something is wrong."

He glanced at his cock, frowning. "What?"

"You're not erect."

"So?"

"So I can't remember the last time seeing me nude didn't get you hard in record time. Please don't tell me I'm losing my fuck appeal, darling." She closed her

fingers around him and pumped him until his cock slowly hardened. “That’s more like it.” Smiling, she climbed onto the bed, positioned herself over him, and took his entire length into her wet pussy with a low moan. “Oh...hell...feeling your oversized dong sliding up into me isn’t ever going to get old, lover.” She stretched out on top of him and quickly fucked herself up and down on him.

He closed his eyes and fought to keep thoughts of Brandi at bay as they fucked.

Later, after she slept curled against his side, he lay staring up at the ceiling. A picture of Brandi’s face with tear-filled eyes stared down at him.

He closed his eyes only to find her image imprinted on his lids.

*Does seeing something good and decent and worth loving in you...worth loving in you...*

He couldn’t recall the last time anyone other than his brothers or Rayna thought him worth loving. The power the words and the sentiments behind them had on him unnerved him.

Marcella stirred against him, yawned, and sat up. “Are you ready to talk about her now?”

“About who?”

“About the female with the pungent blood?”

Marcella had clearly detected Brandi’s blood when she’d ingested his. “No.”

“What’s her name, lover?”

“Brandi...with an I.”

“Brandi with an I must be a hell of a woman.”

Oh, she was.

“Human?”

He nodded.

“Blonde?”

“I want to forget her not talk about her, Marcella.”

She stroked her hand over his belly to his cock. “Are you going to be able to do that?”

“Of course I am. If you help me.”

She turned to press her cool lips against his. “Of course I’ll help you, lover, but I have a feeling we’ve reached the end of our time together.” She paused.

He remained silent. What did she want him to say?

She sighed. “Never mind, lover. We both knew this day would come when one of us needed to walk away.”

“I’m still here.”

“But not for long?”

“I don’t know,” he admitted.

“Well, while you are here, let’s enjoy each other.” She rose over him and impaled herself on his cock.



Brandi sat in the living room of the cabin with the telephone directory opened to the taxi section. Rayna hadn't answered her calls. She didn't want to call any of her friends because they'd want to know how she'd come to be stranded. Calling Doug was out of the question. She sighed and reached for the cordless phone.

She heard a vehicle approaching. She tensed, uncertain what Adrian’s mood would be.

The engine cut off and moments later, there was a light tapping at the entrance door before she heard a key turn and the door opened. Adrian entered.

Her heart raced and a smile curved her lips. He’d come back for her and to her. She bounded to her feet, ready to forgive him. She met the dark blue gaze. It bore no intimacy and was completely void of recognition.

Her smile vanished. This wasn’t Adrian.



The man who was clearly Adrian's twin remained by the closed door. He smiled. "You must be Brandi. I'm Conner Redwolfe. Adrian asked me to take you home." He glanced at her weekend bag near her feet. "Are you ready?"

She hesitated. Adrian had been furious with her when he left. He must surely have confided in his twin. Would she be any safer with him than she'd be with Adrian? And what must he think of her knowing she'd willingly agreed to spend a weekend with a complete stranger? "Before or after?"

He arched a brow. "Before or after what?"

"Will you take me home before or after you terrorize me?"

"Terrorize you?" He sighed and shook his head. "I have no desire or intentions of frightening you, honey."

Was his word any more reliable than Adrian's? "Could you just please contact Rayna and asked her to come pick me up?"

"She's in Hawaii. I assure you you'll be safe with me."

"That's what Adrian said and then..."

"I'm sorry if he frightened you, but you have no need to fear me."

He didn't project any of the anger or menace Adrian had. She wanted to trust him. But should she?

“It’s all right,” he assured her. “It’s clear Adrian frightened you, but he also made sure you’d have a way home. He has a temper, but he’s not a hard ass. He cared enough to make sure I’d come make sure you got safely home.”

She wanted to cling to that assurance and believe Adrian had even an ounce of concern for her.

“You look like you could use a hug.”

Yes—from Adrian.

He extended a hand.

She bit her lip.

He beckoned to her. “It’s all right. Come.”

He exuded an aura of warmth she didn’t want to have to resist. She rose and crossed the room to stand close to him.

He reached out and drew her against him.

She curled her fingers in his jacket, closing her eyes on a sob.

He hugged her. “It’s okay, honey. You will be safe with me. I promise.”

“You do?”

“Yes.”

She lifted her head to glance up at him. “Does your promise extend beyond one night?”

He arched a brow but nodded. “Yes.”

She believed him. She relaxed, laying her head on his shoulder.

He brushed his lips against her hair. “I’ll see you safely home, honey. And if you like, you can tell me what happened between you and Adrian.”

She pulled away, shaking her head. “I don’t want to talk about him.”

“Okay. We won’t talk about him.” He drew her back into his arms.

She felt his lips against her forehead and relaxed against him. “I just want to forget him.”

He sighed. “Are you sure?”

“Yes. I’m sure.”

He released her. “Are you ready?”

“Yes.”

He crossed the room to pick up her bag before moving to open the entrance door. “After you.”

She gave the retreat a long last look and walked across the room and out the door.

Conner held the car door open for her. He kept up a pleasant but non-demanding conversation as they began the journey home. Finally, she started to

relax. Her cell phone rang forty-five minutes into the drive. She glanced at the outer display of her clamshell. It was Doug.

She cast a quick look at Conner.

He stared straight ahead.

Should she answer it or allow it to go to voicemail?

“Go ahead,” he said. “Answer it.”

Great. Was he going to read her mind too? She opened the phone and put it to her ear. “Hello?”

“Hi, Brandi. I was wondering if we could have dinner tonight.”

With Adrian’s mirror image seated so close, her resolve to see Doug wavered. “I’m not home yet and I’m a little tired.”

“Can I call you later tonight to discuss your birthday?”

“My birthday?” She smiled. “You remembered.”

“Of course I remembered. I was hoping we could celebrate it together at my place at the shore.”

She had spent two weekends at his small beachfront house at the New Jersey shore when they’d dated before. Now the thought of walking along the beach with a man with an even temper who wanted more than a weekend of meaningless sex appealed to her.

“That might be nice.”

“Yeah?” He sounded pleased.

She nodded. “Yes.”

“Great. We’ll make arrangements later.”

“Ok.”

“Have a safe trip home, sweet.”

“Thanks. Bye.”

“Bye.”

Brandi ended the call and put her cell phone back in her shoulder bag. Had Conner heard Doug’s end of the conversation? If so, would he share what he’d heard with Adrian? If he did, how would Adrian react?

## Chapter Ten

“I’d like to stretch my legs. Let’s stop for coffee,” he suggested.

“Okay.”

“Great.”

She glanced at his smiling profile. He was as handsome as Adrian, but he smiled a lot more than Adrian. He was easier to be around than Adrian. So why couldn’t she stop thinking about Adrian?

They stopped for coffee at a small country diner several miles from the highway.

She had a sandwich with her coffee. Although the coffee was hot and milky as she liked it, she found herself comparing it unfavorably to the tea Adrian had made her. The sooner she started dating Doug again the sooner she could forget Adrian.

On the remainder of the drive back to Philly Conner showed her all the consideration Adrian hadn’t. Yet it was Adrian who she wished was seated beside her. Getting over him was going to take a little more effort than she’d expected.

Conner insisted on carrying her bag inside her apartment and checking to make sure it was secure. He was so kind she felt compelled to ask if he wanted a cup of coffee before he left.

“What a charming offer, but I’m afraid I’ll have to pass.” He glanced around. “Is there anything I can do for you before I leave?”

Brandi shook her head. “No. Thanks.” She hesitated.

He waited in silence.

It felt strange to offer him her hand after the intimacy she and Adrian had shared. “Thank you for coming to get me and for driving me home.”

He placed both hands over hers, flashing her a warm smile. “It was my pleasure. If you need to talk or if I can help you in any way, please feel free to call me.” He released her hand and handed her a card from his wallet. “Here are all my numbers. You can call anytime—day or night.”

While she appreciated the offer, she would not be calling him to discuss Adrian. “Thanks again.”

He leaned down to kiss her cheek before he left.

Alone, she castigated herself for not having at least asked him where Adrian was and who he was with. The thought of some other woman kissing his lips and

raking her nails up and down his back as she enjoyed his hard cock, made her wild with jealousy.



Adrian found Conner lying on one of the sofas in the family room reading when he arrived home early Sunday morning. After a night of sex with casual lovers, instead of feeling relaxed, he felt tense and angry.

He sank onto a loveseat opposite Conner. “Did you...”

“See Brandi safely home? Of course I did.” He closed his book and placed it on the sofa beside him.

Adrian sighed. “Go ahead. Ask.”

“All right. I will. What happened between you two?”

Had she told Conner how close he had come to raping her? “Nothing that she didn’t precipitate.”

“So whatever happened was her fault?”

*Does seeing something good and decent and worth loving in you...* He raked his hand through his hair and shrugged.

“She asked me if I intended to terrorize her.”

“I didn’t terrorize her!”



“What did happen between you two?”

Feeling guilt and remorse knotting in his gut, he shot to his feet. “I don’t want to talk about her.”

“Fine. So it’s over between you two?”

“Yes.” He walked towards the door.

“Great. Then I won’t be stepping on your toes when I take her out.”

Adrian swung around to stare at Conner. “When you take her out where?”

“To dinner. I asked her out.”

“You asked her...and she said yes?”

Conner nodded. “Like you, I don’t often get rejected.”

“The little bitch!”

Conner arched a brow. “I’m assuming you got what you wanted so there’s no need to malign her, Adrian.”

He bared his incisors. “Don’t preach to me, Conner!”

“Who’s preaching? I’m just saying there’s no need to call her names.”

“When I want your advice, I’ll ask for it.”

“When I think you need advice, Adrian, I’ll offer it whether you asked for it or not. She didn’t strike me as a bitch.”

“You only spent two hours with her. So how would you know?”

“What makes you think I only spent two hours with her?”

The implication of Conner’s words infuriated him. “What? You...you spent more than two hours with her?”

“Yes.”

“Why?”

Conner shrugged. “I wanted to get to know her.”

“Why?”

“Why not?” he countered.

“Just how well did you want to get to know her, Conner?”

“Not as well as you did.”

Instead of reassuring him, Conner’s answer made him angrier. “Why the hell did you ask her out?”

“You can ask that after having fondled that big ass and sucked that magnificent rack of hers?”

Conner’s use of such language in relationship to Brandi infuriated him. He clenched his hand into a fist. “I asked you to take her home not behave like a dirty old man with her.”

Conner sat up. “I haven’t touched her—yet. Tell me, Adrian, are they natural?”

“Yes.”

“Holy shit. And you walked away from her before the weekend was over? You’re a better vampire than I am.”

Conner’s interest in Brandi pissed him off. “Do me a favor.”

“Another one?”

“Yes. Stay away from her.”

“Give me one good reason why I should.”

“I asked you to!”

Conner rose. “Maybe that’s not reason enough.”

Adrian stared at his twin. “She’s too damned young.”

“That didn’t stop you from fucking her. Why should it stop me?”

He stormed across the room to glare at Conner. “Why the hell are you doing this?”

“I haven’t actually done anything—yet.”

“Since when have you gone in for my sloppy seconds?”



Conner compressed his lips. “What the hell is wrong with you, Adrian? You know she doesn’t deserve that shit from you.”

The rebuke, which he knew he deserved, increased his anger. “What I know is that you’d better stay the hell away from her.”

“If this is how you behaved with her, small wonder she was afraid of you and anyone who looks like you.”

That stung far more than it should have. “She’s not afraid of me!”

“The hell she isn’t.”

“She’s not afraid of me. I don’t care what she told you—”

“She didn’t tell me anything, Adrian. But clearly you left your manners at the door of the cabin before you entered and proceeded to fuck and run.”

“Keep your sanctimonious lecturing to yourself and stay the hell away from her.”

“Or?”

“Take her out and find out!” Uncaring what Conner would make of his threat, he quickly left the room and ran up the staircase to his bedroom.

He undressed and stepped into the shower.

With cold water pouring over him, he closed his eyes and made no effort to dismiss thoughts of Brandi. He'd repaid her trust by hurting and frightening her. And that bothered him.

Conner was right. He had been out of line talking about her as if she was some whore selling herself on a corner. She was just young, passionate, and foolish enough to fall for him. Of course he'd probably cured her of that folly by forcibly penetrating her and then ingesting her blood when she so clearly wasn't willing.

And now she'd met Conner and agreed to go out with him. Adrian balled his right hand into a fist. He sucked in a breath and unclenched his fist. Punching the wall wouldn't help. He just had to hope...hope what?

Why was he wasting time worrying about Brandi Knight liking Conner more than she did him? For all he cared the two of them could spend the next two weekends fucking like rabbits. He was finished with human women in general and Brandi in particular.

After his shower, he dressed in dark slacks and a pullover. He paced the length of his bedroom for over twenty minutes, staring at the sketches of Brandi he'd framed and hung on the wall opposite his bed.

Finally he acknowledged that Brandi was the source of his anger and irrational irritation. The admission only served to increase both. He had to get her out of his system. Maybe one more fuck would do the job.

He returned to the family room to find Conner reclining on the sofa reading again. Conner glanced up but didn't speak.

Adrian shrugged. "Where does she live?"

"Why do you want to know?"

He counted to ten and then exploded. "Where the fuck does she live, Conner?"

Conner closed his book and rose. "Why the fuck do you want to know, Adrian?"

"Fuck you. I'll find her without your help."

Conner flashed across the room to swing him around to face him. "Why? Why are you going to see her?"

He jerked away. "That's none of your damned business."

"If you're going to do anything to frighten her, I'm going to make it my business, Adrian."

"Fuck off!"

“I will—as long as you remember how young and vulnerable she is and that she’s Rayna’s friend. There’s a reason we stopped dating human women, Adrian.”

“I didn’t know she was human. How is it my fault Rayna tricked me?”

Conner shrugged. “If all you want is a meaningless fuck, find another victim.”

“Victim? What the hell are you implying, Conner?”

“I’m not implying anything, Adrian. I’m suggesting you remember she’s human, young, and easily hurt both physically and emotionally.”

“You think I want to hurt her?”

Conner sighed. “I think you’ve already hurt her.”

Recalling her tears and pleas for him to stop, he couldn’t deny Conner was right. He stalked away, struggling to control his temper. During their two hundred year existence he and his brothers had few major disagreements and almost none that had ended in a fist fight. He wasn’t going to be driven to violence by the likes of the teasing, conniving Brandi Knight.

Conner followed him, placing a hand on his shoulder. “Adrian, we don’t fight over women.”

“We’re not fighting.”

“We are. Tell me what’s wrong.”

He slowly turned to face his twin, swallowing the hot, angry words tightening his throat. He sighed, hesitated and then admitted everything that had happened since his meeting with Brandi.

Conner kept his face expressionless and listened without interrupting.

Adrian finished and sighed. "Go ahead. Say it."

Conner gave him a long stare. "That you're in blood?"

"No! That I fucked up!"

"Are you saying she's not your blood?"

"Yes!"

Conner shook his head. "There's no need to pretend with me, Adrian. I know she's not just another easy lay for you."

If only she were, things would be so much easier. "What do you want me to say, Conner?"

"I want you to admit how you feel."

"Fine! I'll admit that sex with her is incredible, but that's all it is. Sex. I am not in blood with her."

"Was there blood in your semen with Marcella?"

The question annoyed him. "What has that to do with anything?"

"Was there?"



“No,” he admitted.

“I thought not.” Conner squeezed his shoulder. “It’ll be easier for you if you accept the inevitable.”

“What makes you think there's anything to accept?”

“Let's see. It was all right for you to fuck her until she was walking bowlegged, but I'm a dirty old man when I mention her charms. You're secreting blood when you make love to her, and you've been an absolute bear since you met her.”

He shook Conner’s hand off his shoulder. “I didn't make love to her. I fucked her. There’s a big difference.”

“Call it what you like, Adrian. I think you've met a woman capable of making monogamy and wedded bliss seem semi-attractive. By any of our definitions that would make the charming Brandi your blood.”

“You sound delusional. You must have gotten a hold of some tainted blood.”

Conner smiled. “Unfortunately, it’ll happen to us all sooner or later, Adrian.”

He shook his head. “There's nothing special about her.”

“If you really believe that, leave her alone to settle down with a man who does think she’s special.”

Adrian narrowed his gaze. “And who would that man be?”

“What’s your interest in him?”

“Who is he?”

“I think he’s someone who wants to marry her.”

He clenched his jaw. “Marry her?”

“Yes, Adrian. Marry her or at the very least spend her birthday weekend with her.”

When hell iced the fuck over! He took a deep breath before he spoke. “You told me she was between boyfriends.”

Conner shrugged. “I was wrong.”

Adrian stared at him. “How do you know about this man?”

“He called her on the drive back.”

“And?”

“And she agreed to spend her birthday weekend with him.”

Adrian felt a knot in his stomach. “The hell she did!”

“Did you know her birthday is in two weeks?”

“Why should I care about her birthday?”

“Maybe you don’t, but he does and that’s probably why he’ll be sharing her bed while you’ll be trying to pretend Marcy still gets the job done for you when we both know she doesn’t.”

Neither Conner nor Jay had ever exhibited the proper respect for Marcella. Rather to Adrian's surprise, Marcella had always shown a surprising tolerance towards them. "Her name is Marcella. As you know, she hates being called Marcy."

"Does she?"

Adrian compressed his lips. "And leave her out of this."

"Are you going to tell Brandi about her?"

"Marcella is none of her business or yours."

Conner shrugged. "Still can't break the cord? You must know by now that Marcella isn't and never will be your blood."

"You don't know how I feel about either of them, Conner."

"You and I both know that's just not true. I'm sorry you're feeling torn."

"Save your sympathy for someone who needs it." He turned and stormed from the room.

Conner flashed past him and leaned against the mansion's front door.

He came to an abrupt halt to keep from running into Conner. "Get out of my way."

"I will, but keep your temper under control, Adrian."

"Get out of my way, Conner!"

Conner clamped a hand on the back of his neck. “Get a grip, Adrian. You’re in no condition to see her. She already needs reassurance. Take a little time to calm down.”

He clenched his right hand into a fist, half raised it, and then let it fall back to his side. As was often the case, Conner was right.

“When you see her, take her flowers and go out of your way to make her feel attractive.”

“If I didn’t find her attractive—”

“I’m not the one you need to convince, Adrian. She is. You weren’t very kind to her when you left.”

“Is that what she told you?”

“No, but we both know that’s true, Adrian.”

He sighed. “I didn’t intentionally...I...”

“I’m sure it wasn’t intentional and I know why you had so little control.”

He silently shook his head.

Conner nodded. “The time for denial is past, Adrian. We both know what’s happening...what has happened to you. Because she is who she is, you have to be very careful with her.”

“And if I’m not you’ll be waiting to step in?”

Conner shook his head. "I was teasing, Adrian. I didn't ask her out. My only interest in her stems from what she means to you and Rayna."

"Did she...was she attracted to you?"

"No. She sat beside me wishing I were you."

"You're sure of that?"

"Absolutely."

Adrian blew out a relieved breath.

Conner slapped the back of his neck. "When you go see her, remember she doesn't owe you any explanations. She's free to see and sleep with who she likes."

"No, she isn't!"

Conner arched a brow. "It's like that, is it?"

"Like what?"

"You get to fuck who you like and she gets to sit home waiting to see what kind of mood you're in when you can trust yourself to see her?"

He narrowed his gaze. "You have a problem with that?"

"Me?" Conner shook his head. "Nope. Sounds perfectly reasonable to me."

## Chapter Eleven

His twin's sarcasm wasn't lost on him. "I'm glad you're enjoying this so damned much."

Conner sighed. "Unfortunately you'll get to return the favor one day when I meet a woman who turns my life upside down as she does yours."

"I've known her for a weekend. I've only seen her twice."

"So? What's your point? No one can say how falling in blood will affect any given vampire. I don't plan to fall within a single weekend, but clearly you have."

He parted his lips.

Conner lifted a hand. "Don't bother denying what we both know is true, Adrian. After you've had time to get your temper under control, go see her. Remember the flowers and that her birthday is approaching. Buy her a birthday present that conveys how you feel about her—even if you're not ready to admit it to anyone. Make sure it's something that will tell her just how much she and your child will mean to her."

Adrian swallowed hard. "My child? You're assuming a lot."

“It doesn’t take much of an assumption when you’re so out of control. Meeting her has obviously driven you into blood. I know this is a difficult time for you and you’re in turmoil, but you need to treat her with a lot more consideration, even going so far as to show way more affection than you did on Saturday night unless you want another male to raise your child.”

Adrian took a slow, deep breath. After so many years of hoping in vain he’d go into blood, he’d given up hope of ever becoming a father. Now, despite secreting blood with Brandi, he couldn’t quite imagine himself as a father. Nor could he imagine allowing any other male to touch Brandi—even if she weren’t pregnant. But he wasn’t about to admit that to Conner. “You’re assuming a lot,” he said again.

“Am I? We both know how our chances of getting a lover pregnant multiply when we’re in blood.”

“I’m not in blood. And even if I were, that wouldn’t mean she’s pregnant.”

“Do you want her to be, Adrian?”

The thought of Brandi carrying his child left him with mixed emotions. Part of him liked the idea of her having his baby. Another part dreaded taking on the responsibility of raising another child.

“Why?” Conner asked. “We didn’t do so badly with Rayna, Adrian.”

He arched a brow. “Didn’t we?”

Conner laughed. “Okay, she’s a spoiled brat who spends money like it was free and she’s determined to have her way. But she’s also kind, sweet, loving, and very quick to volunteer and work her ass off when the occasion calls for it. She’s a good girl. We did a good job with her and you’ll do a better one with your child with Brandi.”

His child with sweet, passionate, unforgettable Brandi Knight. He shook his head. “I don’t think she wants to see me again.”

“Of course she does.”

He glanced down at his nails. “Did she tell you she wanted to see me?”

“No.”

Damn. He looked up at Conner. “Then what are you basing that conclusion on?”

“She’d hardly have been so distraught if you hadn’t stirred her emotions.”

He raked a hand through his hair. “I forced myself on her. That’s reason enough to distress a human woman.”

“I’m sure it is, but you also stopped when she asked you.”

“After ignoring her initial pleas.”

Conner sighed. “No one’s perfect.”



He grimaced. "I'm sure she certainly doesn't think I am."

"Maybe not, but you didn't see the look on her face when she thought I was you. Her eyes lit up and she was a second away from jumping up and tossing herself into my arms. She looked like a woman ready to forgive you. Trust me. She wants to see you again."

Adrian released a relieved breath. Did she still think there was something in him worth loving? "Do you think she..."

"I know she wants to see you again, Adrian. I also know you need to be as gentle with her as you can be. She's afraid and badly in need of your assurance that you care about her. You do care about her. Don't you?"

He shook his head. "I don't know what I feel."

"The time to figure that out is before you see her, Adrian."

He raked a hand through his hair. "I don't know that I am going to see her."

"You'll need to make contact with her soon or risk losing her to her human lover."

A knot of rage tightened his gut. "Unless this lover of hers has a death wish, he'd better keep his hands off her."

Conner moved his hand onto his shoulder. “Don’t do anything that she might find impossible to forgive—like killing him. You’d do well to remember that she thinks a lot of him.”

“Then she’ll have fond memories of him to console her if he makes me kill him.”

Conner sighed. “Be careful, Adrian. And if you need me, call me.”

He nodded.

Conner stepped away from the entrance door.

Adrian jerked it open and hurried down the front steps.

Conner cleared his throat. “And you’re going where again?”

Adrian stopped. He didn’t know where she lived. Why the hell hadn’t he checked her wallet while she slept so Conner would have less to smirk about? He turned to face him. “I don’t know. Where am I going?”

Conner gave him the address. “Don’t go see her until you can be gentle and do not doom your chances with her by hurting the boyfriend.”

“If you want to ensure that, I suggest you contact him and warn him to stay the hell away from her.”

“If that’s what it’ll take to save you from yourself, I just might do that.”

Adrian got in his car and left the mansion grounds. Several hours later, he lay naked in Marcella's bed.

She sat beside him, stroking his hair.

He waited for her to point out that the sex they'd just shared had left a lot to be desired.

"Do you want to talk about Brandi with an I, lover?" she asked instead.

He shook his head and turned onto his stomach. "No. I want to forget her."

She leaned over to kiss his hair. "I don't think that's possible, darling."

"I don't want to talk about her and I can't imagine why you would either."

"Because you and I are friends as well as lovers. It's no use pretending ignoring her will change how you feel."

He closed his eyes.

"I'm a good listener. Let's talk about this Brandi of yours."

"She's not mine." Not anymore.

"But you want her to be?"

"I didn't say that!"

"There's no need to be so defensive with me, lover. Your actions clearly show you want her to be yours alone. Let's stop playing games and talk about her."

He slowly rolled onto his back. After a long silence, he told her about his night with Brandi.

She listened in silence and finally sighed. "She sounds like a lucky woman."

"I don't think she feels meeting me was such a stroke of luck."

"I wouldn't be too sure of that if I were you, lover." She pressed her back against the headboard. "But you do need to try to get a grip on the reality of the situation."

He sat up and half-turned to stare at her. "What?"

She reached out to rub his arm. "You have to admit you're in over your head and stumbling around blindly. Lucky for you, you're such a great lover and so handsome you can get away with things other less well-endowed males couldn't expect to be forgiven for."

"What?"

"Come on, lover. A woman you can't forget tells you she thinks you're worth loving and wants something real with you. Instead of considering yourself lucky, you find an excuse to insult her and walk out on her. Now even you can't think that behavior makes sense, lover."

He stared at her. "You're taking her side?"

She shrugged. "I'm a woman. I know how I'd feel if someone I cared for responded to a declaration of love by going out of his way to hurt me."

"I didn't hurt—"

She pressed her fingers against his lips. "Trust me, lover, if she cares for you, you hurt her. Or did you think her tears were fake?"

He swallowed hard. "No, but—"

"Then you'd better come up with a way to make things right with her."

"I will—when hell freezes over!"

She laughed. "Oh, I know you will and it'll happen long before hell freezes over. Let me see a picture of her."

He gave her a cool look. "What makes you think I have one?"

She stroked a hand down his chest. "I know sketching and photography are your hobbies. I know you have either a picture or a sketch of her."

"Fine." He rose from the bed and crossed the room to his pants to retrieve his wallet. Returning to the bed, he removed the snapshot sized sketches he'd made from the larger drawings. Seating himself on the bed beside Marcella, he handed her the sketch.

She studied the sketch entitled, Brandi—Having My Baby? "She's pretty."

He arched a brow. "You think so?"

“Yes. Don’t you think so?”

“Yes, but I didn’t expect you to.”

She shrugged, touching a finger to the sketch. “There’s a lot of her. Isn’t there?”

“Yes. There is.”

She looked up at him. “You sounded pleased by her size.”

“I am,” he admitted. “There’s more to hug, kiss, bite, and fuck.”

She glanced down at the sketch again. “Never tell me her breasts are...they look natural.”

“They are.”

“Real. God, I would kill for natural breasts half that size.”

“Your breasts are very nice too.”

She smiled and touched his cheek. “Ever the gallant, considerate lover.”

Brandi had not seen much of that side of him. “She doesn’t think so.”

“Well you have to give her reason to.” She stroked her finger over the sketch again. “They’re real. Damn. No wonder you’re in blood with her.”

“I never said I was in blood with her or anyone else.”

“Oh, lover, we’ve known each other too long to play games. We both know you are in blood with her.”

He didn't respond.

"Never mind. Let's talk about something pleasant."

"Such as?"

"You think you're going to be a father?"

"Conner thinks there's a good chance of that happening."

She squeezed his hand. "Congratulations."

He shook his head. "I don't think congratulations are in order. I'm not sure if she's pregnant or even if she'll forgive me if she is."

"So you're ready to admit you behaved badly? We're making progress."

He bared his incisors.

She laughed and leaned forward to kiss him. "Have you looked in the mirror lately? You're too gorgeous. Of course she'll forgive you."

But Adrian wasn't so sure he hadn't blown any chance of establishing a real relationship with Brandi. He frowned. When had he decided he did want a relationship with her?

Marcella caressed his cheek.

One of the things he liked most about Marcella was her lack of jealousy. She'd always been a friend first and a lover second. He turned his head to brush his lips against her palm.

She smiled. “Now, let’s talk about her birthday present. Then we’ll have a farewell fuck.”

He reached out to caress her pussy. “Let’s skip talk of birthday presents and go right to the fuck,” he said.

She tilted her head. “Is it going to be a farewell one, Adrian?”

He shook his head. “I don’t know.”

“Oh, but I think you do. Never mind. I’ll miss you like hell so we’ll just make sure this is the best fuck we’ve ever shared.” She stretched out on top of him, pressing his cock against her entrance.

He hesitated. What would Brandi say if she discovered he’d been with Marcella after he’d fucked her?

“Don’t worry, lover. This is the last time for us...unfortunately.” She pushed her hips forward.

He slid balls deep inside her. He closed his eyes.

Marcella ground her groin against his. “Oh, lover, I’m going to miss you and your big cock.”

“We’ll always be friends—no matter what happens or doesn’t happen with Brandi.”



She bounced up and down on his cock. “Oh, no, lover. That would be expecting too much of her. She needs to feel she has your complete attention and devotion. You have to make her feel that this wonderful cock won’t be sampling strange pussy. Just hers, lover. Just hers.”

Marcella’s understanding strengthened his view that fems were superior to human females. So why the hell couldn’t he stop thinking of Brandi?

Marcella leaned forward and kissed him passionately.

He parted his lips and responded.

Sex with Marcella satisfied his physical needs and provided a temporary respite from his growing rage. Once he left her, his rage and the fear that he wouldn’t be able to control himself kept him away from Brandi even as his hunger for her grew more intolerable.

## Chapter Twelve

“I know it must have been a frightening experience, but he wouldn’t have hurt you, Brandi.”

Seated on her sofa on Monday night speaking on the phone to Rayna, Brandi shook her head. “You might not be so sure of that if you’d seen him pinning me against the sofa and...”

“And what?”

“I’d rather not talk about it.”

“Ok. I didn’t see him, but I know him. I’ve lived with them since they found me outside the gates of the family mansion when I was just a few weeks old. All three brothers raised me, but Uncle Adrian was most like a father to me. He sometimes has a bit of a temper, but he can also be sweet and very considerate.”

“I saw a little of that while at the Poconos, but also saw a side of him that frightened me.”

“I hope you’ll give him another chance.”

She shook her head. "I've learned my lesson, Rayna. I'm going to spend my birthday weekend with Doug to see if we can rekindle our relationship."

"Uncle Adrian wouldn't have hurt you, Brandi."

Her reluctance to admit how far Adrian had gone annoyed her. She decided she didn't owe him anything and Rayna needed to know what he was capable of so none of her other friends would be subjected to his rage.

"Look, I know he's like a father to you, Rayna, but he...he..."

"What?"

"He...he penetrated me without my permission."

"What? Are you saying he...what are you saying, Brandi? That he...raped you?"

Hearing the shocked dismay in Rayna's voice, she wished the words unsaid. She had no wish to do or say anything to harm the close relationship she knew he and Rayna shared. She closed her eyes. "No. It's not as bad as it sounds. He penetrated me, but he stopped when I asked him to."

"But he...if he...oh, Brandi! I'm so sorry. I had no idea...I thought...I hoped that he'd finally moved beyond the mentality that would make that type of behavior acceptable to him."

"Moved bey...you mean he makes a habit of using force?"

“No! You’ve met him and spent the night with him, Brandi. He’s gorgeous and women throw themselves at him. He doesn’t need to use force.”

“Then what did you mean?”

“That I wasn’t going to make excuses for his past behavior. But I do need to give you a little background so you can understand him better. He’s a vampire, Brandi.”

Brandi touched the small marks on her neck. “No shit, Sherlock.”

Rayna laughed. “Uncle Adrian was used to doing whatever was needed to get what he wanted. My uncles didn’t think they were doing anything wrong until I was old enough to start to reshape their thinking and change their minds.

“Uncle Adrian knows you’re my friend so I can’t understand how or why...he’d...I was so sure he...” She sighed. “He has a temper, but he’s usually so controlled. I can’t imagine what happened to make him lose control with you...unless...”

“Unless what? I hope you’re not about to blame me—as he did.”

“Of course I’m not going to blame you, Brandi. I’m just not sure why he behaved that way with you.”

“I know you’re upset, Rayna, but—”

“I am.”

“I don’t want to say anything to add to your dismay, but I think you should think twice before you arrange anymore blind dates with him and your friends.”

“Why?”

“Why? Because he...even before...that incident...he hurt me.”

“He hurt you. How? Physically?”

“He...” She moistened her lips. “He was a little rough during sex and...I bled.”

“You bled? Oh, my God! You’re injured?”

“Well...no...not exactly.”

“I don’t understand, Brandi. You said he made you bleed.”

“He did, but I’m not injured.”

“Oh. You mean he ingested your blood—”

“No. That’s not what I mean.”

“What do you mean, Brandi? Where did he make you bleed?”

She blushed. “My vagina.”

“From your...you’re bruised or cut there?”

“No.”

“Then where did the blood come from?”

“I’m not sure,” she admitted.

There was a short silence, then Rayna gave a small scream. “Oh, my God! I knew it! I knew it! I have to get on a flight back home!”

“I’m not hurt, Rayna. There’s no need for you to return home.”

“You don’t understand. If I’m right...” she took a deep breath. “Let me slow down. How much do you know about vampires?”

“I’m not sure. There’s a lot of buzz about them on the net and as you know I’ve read every book I could get my hands on, but I don’t know how much of the info out there is credible.”

“I’ve spent my entire life with Uncles Adrian, Conner, and Jay. Still there’s so much I don’t know about vampires. I’m still learning new things all the time. They’re all over protective and try to shield me as much as possible from what Uncle Conner calls the seedier side of vampiric life. What I know is that my Uncles are full-blood vampires. They are very powerful and sometimes they can be ruthless. They can also be gentle and kind. They all want kids but it’s very hard for them to get anyone pregnant.”

“I know. That’s one—”

Rayna interrupted her. “Unless they’re in blood.”

“Unless they’re in blood? I’ve never run across that expression in my research. I’ve heard of bloodlust but not in blood. What’s the difference between the two?”

“Many vampires call their special mate their bloodlust. My Uncles would call their special mate their blood.”

“Their blood?”

“Yes. It’s a special endearment none of my uncles would use lightly.”

Then it was something she would never hear Adrian whisper in her ear while he made love to her—provided she ever saw him again.

Rayna went on. “Generally they only secrete blood during sex when they’re in blood.”

Brandi’s heart raced with excitement at the turn the conversation had taken. “Are you saying...what are you saying?”

“The instances when they secrete blood during sex are rare. They do occasionally secrete blood when they’re not *in* blood.”

Oh, hell! Just her luck.

“They can only get a woman pregnant when they’re secreting blood and in blood. And that only happens with their special woman. Generally vampires who

believe in bloodlust can produce blood on demand. By which I mean they can secrete blood in their semen.”

Brandi found the idea of Adrian secreting blood in her along with his semen surprisingly erotic.

“Like most vamps, my uncles can ejaculate at will, but have no control over the secretion of blood during sex. Uncle Adrian is usually very controlled. I can’t imagine him losing control with one of my friends enough to do what he did unless...”

The muscles in Brandi’s stomach tightened. She rose and paced the room. “Am I going to want to hear what you’re about to say?”

“I hope you will. Uncle Adrian didn’t make you bleed, Brandi.”

“I was bleeding.”

“No. It was his blood.”

Brandi swallowed slowly and moistened her lips.

“He’s in blood with you, Brandi.”

She shook her head. “No. He’s not.”

“He is. Oh, Brandi. I think I knew the moment we met you were right for him. His being in blood explains his behavior. When vamps are in blood, they lose control and often do things that would normally be against their nature. It’s



against Uncle Adrian's nature to be anything but kind and considerate with my friends.

"Oh, Brandi, he's in blood with you. You have to forgive him and give him another chance. You have to."

Rayna's insistence annoyed her. "He penetrated me without my permission—while I was begging him not to. I don't have to forgive him."

"He wasn't himself, Brandi. You said yourself that he was unpredictable. He's normally very predictable. He wouldn't have frightened or hurt you if he were in control of himself. Please forgive him."

"You speak very eloquently on his behalf, but I doubt if he's interested in my forgiveness. I haven't heard from him since Saturday and I don't expect to see him again." She ignored the twinge of pain the words gave her.

"You will definitely see him again."

"I don't think so. Besides, as I said, I've decided to resume my relationship with Doug. We're spending my birthday weekend together."

"I don't think you understand, Brandi. He's in blood. He'll come to you because he has to."

"Then he'll discover I'm no longer interested or available because I'll be dating Doug."

“That wouldn’t be a good thing for Doug.”

“What do you mean, Rayna?”

“If he finds you with Doug or anyone else...”

“If he finds me with Doug...what?”

She hesitated. “Please cancel your date for Doug’s sake.”

“For his...are you saying he’ll—”

“Uncle Adrian is a full-blood vampire who’s never been in blood before, Brandi. I like to think I’ve had a positive influence on all my uncles. They’re much more considerate of humans and much less inclined to resort to imposing their will on others than they were before they found me.”

“Then what’s the problem?”

“He’s not himself. He’ll kill any male who stands between you and him.”

Brandi sucked in a breath. “That’s only if I’m pregnant, which I can’t be.”

“If you’re pregnant he’ll be even more uncontrollable. But pregnant or not, he’ll kill Doug if he views him as a serious rival for your affection.”

“And what will he do to me?”

“To you? Nothing more than what he’s already done.”

“That was enough, Rayna.”

“I don’t mean to minimize your fear, but you were able to talk him into stopping before and you can again. I know asking you to forgive him is asking a lot. But please try to understand what he’s going through. I promise you he’s worth the effort.”

Brandi shook her head, but the weakest part of her wanted him—just as he was. “Did he know he was in blood?”

“I don’t know, but I assume he saw the blood at some point.”

“So in addition to all his other failings, he tried to impregnate me without my permission? And you expect me to forgive that as well?”

“Oh, Brandi, please try to see things from his perspective. He’s not rational or accountable for his actions. He won’t be until he accepts that he’s in blood with you and you accept him.”

“And what if I don’t accept him?”

“You have to or...”

“Or what?”

“He’ll...we’ll lose him to darkness and...you have to accept him.”

“No. I don’t.”

“Ok. No, you don’t, but if you do, you’ll get to live your fantasy up close and personal. You’ll be the center of his world...his reason for living. He’ll worship and cherish you for eternity.”

“Cherish me? Not after the way he behaved the last time we saw each other.” She shook her head. “Why did you do this?”

“Why did I do what?”

“Deceive him.”

“I—”

“Before you say you didn’t deceive him, I know you did. I saw the look on his face when he first walked into the bedroom at the Poconos. What did you tell him about me?”

“That I’d met his ideal woman.”

“How did you describe me that made him think I might be his ideal woman?”

“I didn’t go into detail. I told him you were attractive, passionate, and ripe for him.”

“That’s it? Then why did he look so disappointed when he saw me?”

“He has a thing for slender blondes,” Rayna admitted.

“And you told him—”

“I didn’t tell him you were slender or blonde. He just assumed you were and I admit I allowed him to think that without actually saying it.”

“Why?”

“I know what I did sounds bad, but I knew you were prefect for him.”

“He didn’t agree.”

“Maybe not at first, but he obviously changed his mind at some point and realized he liked you. He’ll be drawn to you.”

“I don’t think I want to see him again.”

“I know this is a lot to process and you were afraid, but he wouldn’t have done any lasting physical damage. Please don’t make any hasty decisions, Brandi. Just think about everything I’ve said. Please remember to factor in how much you have to gain if you can forgive him and bear with him until he’s back under control. Then you’ll see the real Adrian Redwolfe.”

Despite her anger, hurt, and confusion, the thought of Adrian feeling a quarter of what Rayna promised excited her. How could it not after her having experienced both his passion and his tenderness? “I can’t promise anything except that I’ll think about everything we’ve discussed.”

“That’s all I ask. And when you see him and he’s not quite where you need and want him to be, just think of how magical things will be when you know

you're his blood and he'd do anything to make and keep you happy. Imagine how incredible, special, and loved you'll feel when he first calls you his blood."

Would that ever happen? If she were so important to him, why hadn't she heard from him yet?

"I'll be back home as soon as I can book a flight out of here."

The last thing Brandi needed was Rayna back in Philly trying to pressure her in person. "Don't cut your vacation short on my behalf. I need some time alone to think."

"Ok, but if you need help or if you want to talk or have questions, Uncle Conner is a good listener. And he and Uncle Adrian are very close. He'll be able to...reason with Uncle Adrian if that becomes necessary."

"I'll keep that in mind."

"And please consider canceling your weekend with Doug. Uncle Adrian won't miss your birthday and—"

"I'm not going to change my plans for my birthday to suit something Adrian may or may not do."

"Brandi—"

"I'll talk to you when you return, Rayna. Bye."

## Chapter Thirteen

Brandi spent the next few days after her conversation with Rayna torn by conflicting emotions. Part of her longed to believe Adrian was in blood with her and wanted to forgive him. The saner, more rational part insisted she had to forget him and give her relationship with Doug another chance.

When she considered the possibility that she might be pregnant she was even more conflicted. While she'd always wanted kids and had fantasized about vampires being real, she'd never imagined she might end up having a child with a Native American hunk who just happened to be a vampire. The implications of having a child with vampire blood dismayed and excited her.

She spent most of her free time reading Cherokee history and scouring the internet for vampire lore before she decided she needed information she could rely on. If she called Rayna, she'd have to hear Adrian's praises sung. After his behavior and silence she wasn't in the mood for that. She called Conner on Thursday after lunch.

"Brandi! What a pleasant surprise. How are you?"

His warm greeting reassured her. "Confused. I have a lot of questions."

“I’ll be happy to answer any questions I can. Would you like to have dinner tonight? Do you like jazz?”

“Yes to both questions.”

“Great. I’ll pick you up at six-thirty.”

She arrived home at five-forty-five which gave her less than an hour to decide what she should wear. Should she dress to impress him? Or go casual?

She decided to go casual. She took a quick shower and dressed in a two-piece peach skirt set which fell below her knees and had a scoop neck with long sleeves.

Conner arrived wearing a black suit and grey shirt without a tie. He looked so much like Adrian that for a moment Brandi was hard pressed not to rush forward and throw her arms around him.

He leaned down and kissed her cheek. “Hi, honey.”

“Hi.” She stepped away from him.

“Sorry. I know it must be difficult to see me.”

She closed her eyes briefly and turned to face him. “No. I’m sorry. You’ve been nothing but kind.”

“Do you still want to go out for dinner?”

She nodded.



“Good.” He smiled and offered her his arm.

She smiled and placed her hand on his arm.

He squeezed her hand but made no effort to assure her that things would work out with Adrian. Although she wanted to hear that, she was grateful that he respected her enough not to make promises for Adrian.

He took her to a jazz dinner club. They enjoyed the music while she ate. He ordered a drink and a steak, but didn’t eat more than a few forkfuls. Over coffee, she struggled to decide how to express her concerns.

“Don’t worry about phrasing, Brandi. Just ask whatever you like and if I can answer, I will,” he told her.

He was so warm and encouraging. Why hadn't Adrian been more like Conner? “Are you and Adrian alike?”

“Only in appearance, although I like to think I'm the better looking twin.” He grinned. “Don't you think so?”

“Not really.”

He reached across the table to squeeze her hand. “I'm very glad to hear that. Now what did you want to ask me?”

“Rayna told me about being in blood and I wondered what the implications would be for my possibly getting pregnant.”

“To you?”

“Yes. And the baby.”

“The baby would of course have Adrian’s blood as well as yours and could be anything from a human latent to a half-blood. Did Rayna explain those terms?”

She shook her head.

“A human latent would be faster and stronger than a normal human. A vampire latent would be even stronger and faster. A half-blood would be nearly as powerful as a full-blood with most of the needs of one.”

“Would the latents you mentioned need to ingest blood?”

“Some do. Some don’t. A half-blood would certainly have a strong urge to do so.”

“Would latents have sharpened incisors and have the ability to make their eyes glow?”

“Those are...abilities most vampire latents posses. Some human latents develop them over time. All would have a longer lifespan than a normal human. They also age much more slowly.”

“What are the chances of having a latent compared to a half-blood child?”

He shook his head. “I’m not really sure. We don’t have kids very often or easily so there’s not much to go on.”

“What about me? Will I be changed?”

“That depends on a number of factors. However, you don’t need to fear losing your freewill. We don’t rob our lovers of their right to choose.”

Recalling Adrian’s refusal to accept her no, she arched a brow. “Don’t you?”

He sighed. “It’s clear you feel as if Adrian stepped over the line, but please remember that he did eventually stop.”

“He told you what happened?”

He nodded. “We don’t really do secrets in our family.”

Great.

“I’m sorry you were frightened but had he taken away your free will, you wouldn’t have been in a position to insist he stop.” He paused and studied her in silence for several moments. “Are you going to be able to forgive him?”

“I...I don’t know. I feel as if he...he doesn’t care one way or the other.”

“You think that because you haven’t seen or heard from him?”

She nodded.

“I know you’re not exactly having a ball, Brandi but this is a difficult time for him too. I won’t add to the full-court press I’m sure Rayna gave you, but I just wanted you to understand that he’s not himself. And that he’s not indifferent to you or your situation.”

By situation she suspected he meant the possibility she might be pregnant.  
“So you think I’ll eventually hear from him?”

“Absolutely.”

“Why are you so sure?”

“We’re close and we’re twins. Much to both of our dismay, we usually know what the other is thinking or feeling—even when we wish we didn’t.”

Interesting. “Then you know how he feels?”

“About you?”

She nodded.

“Yes. I do.”

“So?” She prodded.

He shook his head. “That’s something you’re going to have to ask him.”

“How can I when I haven’t seen him since he stormed out and left me stranded?”

“He left you, but he also made sure you wouldn’t be stranded. I seem to remember stopping what I was doing to make a two hour drive to pick you up when he called me.” He reached across the table to squeeze her hand. “And I was just about to get...comfortable with my date for the evening. I left her and went to pick you up because he asked me to.”

“I didn’t know I’d ruined your—”

“You didn’t ruin anything, Brandi. I only mentioned what I was doing to illustrate that he’s not indifferent to you. If he were, he wouldn’t have asked me to pick you up and I sure as hell wouldn’t have come to pick you up until afterwards.”

“Thank you.”

He shook his head. “No thanks necessary. Anymore questions?”

“Yes. Adrian told me he was around two hundred.”

“And?”

“And that would make him...and you old enough to have lived during the Trail of Tears. Did you?”

She watched his jaw clench before he lowered his lids. “Yes. We’re old enough.”

“Did you?”

He shook his head. “That’s not something I want to discuss, Brandi.”

She squeezed his hand. “I didn’t mean to resurrect painful memories, Conner.”

“It’s all right. It’s only natural to be curious. That was a difficult time for us as a people and as a family. We lost many of our tribe and family during that time so it’s not something we like to talk about.”

Which probably meant Adrian wouldn't want to talk about it anymore than Conner did—provided she saw him again.

“Would you like to dance, Brandi?”

Slow dancing with Conner would probably totally unsettle her. She shook her head. “I’m not really in the mood.” She feigned a yawn. “It’s getting late and I have an early day tomorrow.”

He glanced at his watch and nodded.

They didn't speak on the drive back to her apartment but it was a comfortable silence. He refused her offer of coffee and they stood at her door to say good night.

“Call me if you need to talk again or if you’re afraid or concerned about anything,” he told her.

“Thanks, Conner.”

He bent and kissed her cheek. “Good night, honey.”

“Good night.”

Alone in her apartment, she undressed, removed her make-up, and slipped into bed. She lay wondering what Adrian was doing and who he was with for a long time before she fell asleep.



Had Adrian contacted her immediately after her dinner with Conner she would have been more willing to believe that he actually had real feelings for her. The next morning she received flowers from Conner along with a thank you card.

*Thanks for last night. Call me anytime you need me. Conner.*

She sighed. Why couldn't Adrian be half as considerate?

Doug called her that morning at work to ask her out on Saturday. Although she was tempted, she declined. "I wouldn't be very good company."

"It's going to take awhile, huh?"

"What's going to take awhile?"

"Getting over whoever is standing between us. What's his name?"

There was no point in dissembling. Besides, she didn't want to start their relationship with secrets between them. "Adrian."

"Do you love him?"

"I'm not sure what I feel for him. I just know that he's not good for me and I need to forget him. I just need a little time. So next weekend, I'm going to need you to take it slow, Doug."

"By slow I'm assuming you mean platonic."

While Doug was a considerate lover, it would be a while before she was ready to sleep with another male and not compare him unfavorably with Adrian.

“Yes. Are you going to be okay with that?”

“Not really,” he admitted. “But you’re worth waiting for, so I’ll deal with it.”

He was so understanding. He was worth three of Adrian. Why couldn’t she feel half the passion for him she felt for Adrian? “I’ll see you next Friday at six, Doug.”

“Not before then?”

“I just want to work things through in my head for the next week. I want to be mentally ready to enjoy our weekend. I need some alone time until then.”

“Does that mean you don’t want me to call?”

“No. Call me after the weekend.”

“I will and I’ll look forward to seeing you next week.”

“Until then.”

She hung the phone up and sat staring at her desk trying to assure herself that spending the weekend with Doug would not be a mistake. She had been relatively content with him once and she could be again. It was just her luck that relative contentment paled in comparison with what she knew she could share with Adrian.





The day seemed endless. Brandi was prepared to go home and spend the night reading. Several coworkers convinced her to go out for dinner after work instead. Since she had walked to work that morning, she had several drinks before she had a salad followed by steak and roasted vegetables. After enjoying coffee and a slice of decadent chocolate cake, Steve, the designated driver for the night drove everyone home.

The drinks helped relieve some of her tension. She arrived home feeling so relaxed she thought she could get right to sleep after a quick soak. She kicked off her shoes in the small entrance hall and padded barefooted into the living room. In the doorway she stopped. Adrian, eyes glowing, turned from the living room window to stare at her.

Her heart raced with a combination of joy and anger. She clenched her hand into a fist and remained where she was.

“Who was that?” He demanded.

No how have you been or nice to see you again. Nothing had changed with him. “Who was who?”

“The man who walked you across the parking lot.”

She bit back the urge to snap that it was none of his damned business. “A coworker who was the designated driver for the night.”

“Not your boyfriend? You do know he’s gay?”

Did she detect a hint of jealousy in his voice? “Yes, I know he’s gay.”

He glanced at the roses Conner had sent, which sat on one of the end tables.

“So you’re dating Conner?”

She blinked at him. “Dating...no!”

“But you’ve been out with him?”

“Not in the way you’re making it sound.”

“How many ways are there to go out with a man?”

She compressed her lips. Damn him. After nearly a week of silence, he showed up uninvited with a tree-sized chip on his shoulder. “I’m tired. I want to take a bath and go to bed so if you could get to the point of your *visit*.”

His nostrils flared. “You’ve been drinking.”

She shrugged. “I’m over twenty-one. I can drink if I like.”

He bared his incisors and crossed the room to stare down at her. “I know you’ve talked to Rayna.”

“So?”

“So what if you’re pregnant?”

She sucked in a breath and turned away.

He caught her hand and turned her back to face him. “I hope you enjoyed drinking tonight because you’ve had your last damned drink.”

She bit back the urge to tell him she’d do whatever the hell she liked. He was right. Until she knew she wasn’t pregnant drinking had been a bad idea. But hell would freeze over before she admitted that to him. “What do you want, Adrian?”

He took a deep breath before he answered. “Are you pregnant?”

“We met a week ago.” She tugged at her hand, which he still held. “It’s too early to tell.”

He lifted her hand and pressed her palm against his chest. “Do you want to be?”

“No.”

His fingers tightened on the hand he held against his chest. “No?”

The uncertainty she heard in his voice and the hint of hurt she saw in his eyes touched her. “You haven’t exactly gone out of your way to make me want to have your baby,” she told him.

He lowered his eyelids, shielding his expression from her. “This is a difficult time for me.”

He sounded vulnerable. The last of her resentment melted. She leaned into him, linking her free arm around his neck. “Adrian?”

He raised his eyelids.

His expression revealed none of what he must be feeling. She sighed. “I can’t handle this.” She pulled away from him. “Please leave.”

He stared at her, his lips compressing. His Adam’s apple bobbed up and down. “My leaving isn’t one of your options,” he told her in a cold voice.

She balled her hand into a fist and hit his shoulder. “I am not in the mood for any shit from you, Adrian! I don’t care if this is a bad time for you! You’ve gone out of your way to make sure each time I see you is a bad time for me!”

He stepped back from her. “That wasn’t my intention. I didn’t intend to...”

“What? You didn’t intend to make me feel as if I weren’t worthy of the time it took to fuck me?” To her dismay, her eyes welled with tears. Despite her struggles to blink them away, they spilled down her cheeks.

He swore angrily and turned to stalk across the room towards the door.

“I hate you and wish I’d never met you!” She screamed after him, angry that he was walking out on her again.

He stopped and spun around to look at her.

She sucked in a breath. His eyes glowed and he’d bared his incisors.

He stood staring at her in silence for several moments before he shook his head and closed his eyes briefly. He crossed the room quickly to take her in his arms.

She closed her eyes and burrowed against him. "I hate you!"

He brushed his lips against her forehead and lifted her in his arms. "I didn't mean to hurt you."

She balled her right hand into a fist and hit his chest. "Well you did. You fucked me and walked out on me after making sure I knew you found me unattractive."

"If I found you unattractive, I wouldn't be here now," he told her, his voice brusque. He lifted her fist to his mouth and kissed it.

She opened her eyes and looked up at him through a flood of tears. "Why are you here?"

"Because I couldn't stay away."

"Why not?"

"I don't know why not."

So he wasn't ready to admit he thought of her as anything more than an easy lay. She closed her eyes on a fresh rush of tears. "Then go away and leave me alone until you know why you're here."

## Chapter Fourteen

He bent his head to brush his lips against her neck. "I'm not leaving."

His refusal angered her. He obviously didn't care anything about her. Everything had to go according to his rules. She drew her head away. "You're not touching me either!" she told him. "And if you need blood, go get some from whoever the hell you've been with for the last week!"

He swore and put her on her feet. "What makes you think I've been with anyone else?"

"We both know you have so don't bother lying to me."

"I don't have to lie."

"And I don't have to put up with your vampire shit!"

He narrowed his gaze. "Be very careful, Brandi."

"Or? Or what? You'll force yourself on me again?"

He sucked in a breath. "You said you wanted to be ravished so don't you give me any of your shit, Brandi! You can't have it both ways."

"That didn't give you the right to use force."

“Yes. It did.”

She stared at him. “Well I no longer want to be ravished by you. I don’t want you in my life or in my apartment. I don’t want to look at you!”

“You’re in no position to issue orders to me, Brandi,” he told her in a voice all the more powerful because it was cold and perfectly controlled. “I’ll decide when you’re allowed to say no to me.”

She turned away without answering. She made it as far as the door leading to the short hallway which led to her bedroom before he caught her hand and turned her back to face him.

“I won’t hurt you,” he whispered.

Why did she want to believe him when she could almost feel his anger and turmoil? Even if part of him wanted to keep that promise, another part of him probably wanted to tell her not to flatter herself before he stalked off. She closed her eyes on a fresh flood of tears and buried her cheek against his shoulder.

He lifted her chin and brushed his cool lips against hers.

She clenched her hands into fists, determined not to sleep with him willingly.

He slipped an arm around her waist and deepened the kiss.

Feeling his cock lengthening and hardening against her, she gasped.

He responded by sucking her tongue into his mouth while cupping both palms over her ass.

She shivered, linking her arms around his neck.

He lifted her off her feet.

She pulled her mouth away from him. “Adrian...”

“Shh...I won’t hurt you, honey. I promise.”

“No sex, Adrian. I don’t want to get pregnant and I haven’t started my birth control yet.”

“Good because if you’re not already pregnant, I have every intention of getting you pregnant.”

“Why?”

He didn’t answer as he carried her into her bedroom. He set her on her feet. Then he cupped his palms over her face and kissed her with a heat and intensity that set her entire body on fire for him.

By the time he released her, she was so aroused, she couldn’t even mount a token protest when he quickly undressed them both. He sat on the side of her bed with his legs parted and beckoned to her.

She stumbled forward.



He wrapped his arms around her, burying his face against her body.  
“Brandi...”

He sounded as vulnerable as she felt. She bent to kiss his hair.

“Brandi...” He stretched out on the bed, pulling her on top of him.

Feeling his cock pulsing against her body, she couldn’t resist her need for him or the desperation she heard in his voice.

He rained kisses along her neck. “Brandi...give me my pussy.”

“We should use a condom this time, Adrian.”

“No. No.” He bit her earlobe while slowly grinding his cock against her.  
“There’s never going to be a condom between me and my pussy, Brandi. Never.” He raked his teeth against the side of her neck. “Brandi...oh, Brandi. Give me what I need.”

She mindlessly reached between their bodies, gripped his cock, and pressed it against her entrance.

He pushed his hips up.

She closed her eyes, gasping and shuddering with pleasure as he slowly slid up into her pussy. When he was buried inside her, she placed her hands on his chest, and sat up.

He cupped his palms over her ass cheeks. “Fuck me.”

She opened her eyes to stare down at him. The small part of her mind that could function screamed at her not to sleep with him. But her heart beat a wild cadence. She was with him again. No matter what happened in the morning, she had to have at least one last night with him.

“Fuck me,” he said again.

His voice was brusque with desire for her.

“Only you,” he told her.

“Are you sure?”

“Yes.”

She lifted her hips until only half his cock remained inside her. “Then open your eyes so I’ll know you’re not thinking of anyone else.”

He lifted his lids. “There isn’t anyone else.”

Commonsense told her it wasn’t true, but she wanted to believe him. She pinched his nipples and smiled down at him while she slowly impaled herself fully on his cock again.

He shuddered, tightening his fingers in her ass. “There’s only you, Brandi.”

Only her. She closed her eyes and slid up and down on him. Each time she pushed her hips down to drive his cock back into her pussy, she rotated her ass so

they each had time to savor being locked so intimately together before she lifted her hips again.

He rained sharp slaps against her ass, making each cheek burn and sting.

She moaned, rocking herself on his cock.

He slid his palms up her back, urging her forward. "I need to feel your breasts against my chest."

Keeping his cock inside her, she stretched out on top of him.

He cupped a hand over the back of her head, guiding her mouth down to his.

With a flash of tongues, they fucked each other with a greedy delight that had them both shuddering within minutes.

With his tongue flicking against hers and his hard cock sliding in and out of her wet pussy, she drowned in a river of ecstasy. When he slipped a finger up her ass, she sobbed against his mouth and came all over his cock.

Clutching her so close she knew he would leave bruises, he dragged his mouth from hers.

She opened her eyes to meet the blue gaze which glowed. "Brandi...?"

After a brief hesitation, she tilted her head. "Yes, Adrian."

He quickly buried his incisors in her neck.

She shivered with pleasure as her blood flowed into his mouth. “Oh...Adrian...yes...yes...” she moaned, tightening her vaginal muscles around him. “Take my blood and my pussy. Make me yours.”

He fucked her so hard and deep as he fed on her that she moaned and came again before he suddenly rolled her onto her back. Gripping her hips, he lay on top of her and fucked her with a painful intensity for several long, bittersweet moments before he shuddered and jetted his cum deep in her pussy.

She wrapped her arms and legs around him, holding him close, enjoying the sensation of actually feeling him coming inside her.

Finally, he removed his incisors from her neck and pressed his weight on her.

She kissed his hair, stroking her hands down his back. “You’re crushing me,” she whispered.

He rolled onto his back with her still impaled on his cock. He ejaculated inside her and pulled the cover over them.

When he touched his lips gently to hers, she tasted her blood on his mouth.

“It’s no longer your blood. It and you now belong to me,” he told her.

She supposed she should have taken issue with his statement. And they needed to talk. But she felt too content and sexually sated to risk ruining the mood

between them. She closed her eyes. They would talk in the morning. She fell asleep to the delicious sensation of his cum seeping from between her pussy and his big, hard cock.



Brandi woke alone in bed the next morning. Even though the air was fragrant with the smell of freshly brewed coffee, she immediately knew she was alone in the apartment.

A dozen red roses and an expensive box of chocolates adorned the night table on her side of the bed.

She sat up only to slump back against the bed when she realized there was no card with the roses. Nothing had changed. He'd wanted blood and a quick, no holds barred fuck and she'd willingly given him both. Having gotten what he wanted, he'd left.

She sat up again and glanced down at the sheet. The pink stains were unmistakable. He'd secreted blood in her again.

Damn him. So was he going to start doing drive-by fucks again? But maybe he'd call her or come back later that day or night. He did neither. Brandi spent the next six nights tossing and turning for hours before finally drifting to sleep in the early morning hours. Once asleep she had nightmares of watching Adrian torture

Doug before brutally killing him. Then he raped her and abandoned her—even though he knew she carried his child.

She woke on her birthday, tired, but eager to get out of the city for the weekend. After nearly a week of silence from Adrian, she knew she wouldn't see him again. With her luck, she'd end up pregnant by a vamp who had moved on and no longer wanted anything to do with her.

She received four deliveries before she left for work that morning. One was a stunning bouquet from Conner. The accompanying card read: Happy Birthday. Conner. The second was a dozen red carnations. That card read: Happy Birthday. Jayvyn Redwolfe. The last delivery was a five hundred dollar gift certificate to a chic lingerie store from Rayna. Her card read: Buy something sexy to wear for him. Rayna. The fourth was a dozen white roses from Doug. His card read: Looking forward to tonight. Yours, Doug. There was no present or message from Adrian.

She rubbed her temples. Even the brother she had never met acknowledged her birthday while Adrian ignored it—as if it didn't matter.

As the day progressed Brandi became more agitated and stressed. She couldn't stop thinking about Adrian and felt weepy one moment and angry the next. She left work at three. At home, she undressed and ran a bath with her favorite salts and oils.

As she lay in the tub, thoughts of Adrian plagued her. Too weary to reject them, she closed her eyes and sobbed softly. Although there were no outward signs, she felt certain she was carrying Adrian's child. She touched her breasts. They were a little tender, but then they were often tender days before her period.

"Oh, Adrian. How could you ignore my birthday?"

Brandi woke in her bed with no memory of climbing out of the tub and returning to her bedroom. She glanced at her bedside clock. 4:08. She bolted into a sitting position and jumped out of bed. About to reach for her thong and bra, she realized her pussy didn't feel fresh.

She returned to the bathroom. After a quick shower, she dressed slowly. She wore a cream colored silk dress. The v-shaped bodice which gave a glimpse of her cleavage was trimmed with burgundy lace. It was sleeveless with a matching jacket with three quarter sleeves. The full skirt ended mid-calve.

She wore three-inch burgundy heels and carried a matching clutch. Studying her reflection, she added a pair of white diamond and ruby earrings. What would Adrian think of her outfit? Had he even given her a thought since he'd slinked off in the middle of the night after yet another meaningless fuck?

She sighed and turned away from her reflection. She picked up her overnight bag and carried it into the living room.

The bag slipped from her fingers. A vase filled with red roses sat on each end table. An oblong jeweler's box lay on the coffee table. She looked around the room before rushing to check her entrance door. The deadbolt was locked.

She crossed the room to open the jeweler's box with trembling hands. Inside lay a beautiful diamond solitaire mounted in a gold setting with an 18 carat gold chain. She touched the diamond. It must be at least two carats.

She knew it was from Adrian. He hadn't ignored her birthday. She blinked back tears as she realized he had carried her from the tub to her bed. Why had he left without waking her?

She felt a sudden tingling sensation and quickly looked around the room. She couldn't see him but she felt him. He was near. "Adrian? It's beautiful."

"So are you."

She swung around.

Adrian, dressed in all black stood in her living room, staring at her. He looked handsome, but dangerous. "You're dressed to go out, Brandi."

Her heart raced with joy and fear. She swallowed slowly. "Today's my birthday."

He nodded. "I know."

"I'm celebrating tonight."



“With who?”

“A friend.”

He glanced at her suitcase. “Male? One who is foolish enough to expect you to spend the night in his bed?”

There was no mistaking the venom in his voice. Brandi moistened her lips. “Why are you here?”

He took the box from her, slipped behind her, and fastened the necklace around her neck.

The diamond settled between her breasts.

He bent to kiss her neck before he moved around to stand in front of her. He stroked a finger between her breasts. “It’s almost as lovely as you are.”

She shrugged.

He caressed her cheek. “I was hoping you’d be happy to see me.”

She stepped away from him. “I might have been if you’d stop treating me like your personal whore.”

“I’ve never treated you like a whore!”

“The last time we saw each other, you fucked and ran, as usual. I’m tired of never seeing you unless you want to fuck me and feed on me! You never show any concern for my feelings and what I might need from you. Everything is always

about what you want. You wouldn't give a damn if I dropped dead—as long as you got a last fuck first!”

He stared at her. “You can't believe that.”

She didn't, but she was angry and hurt. He'd probably come for another drive-by fuck and to ruin her weekend with Doug before he slithered away into the night while she slept.

“What I believe is that you're a selfish bastard. You've never taken me out or even called me to see if I were still alive. All you want is to fuck me—whether I want you to or not. Once you get what you want, you leave.”

He raked a hand through his hair. “I know I should have left a message or awakened you before I left you, but—”

“But what?”

He shook his head.

“What do you want, Adrian?”

“What I've wanted from the moment we met—you.”

Her throat tightened. “Why?”

He slipped his arm around her waist, drawing her against him. He brushed his lips against her forehead. “I'm sorry.”

Finally the apology she'd waited two weeks to hear. To her dismay, she realized it wasn't enough. A single *I'm sorry*, no matter how heartfelt, couldn't erase all the pain she'd experienced since meeting him.

He touched her cheek. "There's been a few good times too. Hasn't there?"

About to disagree with him, she paused. He had been tender on occasion. He'd also shown some restraint when he'd wanted sex and she hadn't. There was no denying the pleasure they'd shared. Or how having him cook for her touched her. How many men would have taken the time to make fresh squeezed orange juice? How many men could actually pick her up? How many men had displayed the level and depth of passion for her that he had? How many men had been capable of fulfilling her wildest fantasy as he had?

Maybe the scales weren't as unbalanced as she'd first thought, but she needed more than a good lover. She wanted to be romanced by a man who didn't make her feel as if she were just a place to come when he wanted an easy lay.

"I don't think you're an easy lay, Brandi."

Commonsense shot down her hunger to believe him.

He rubbed a thumb against her bottom lip. "I know my behavior has left a lot to be desired, but—"

She pushed his hand away from her mouth. “That’s being overly generous, Adrian. You’ve been the blind date from hell almost since we met.”

His jaw clenched.

She waited for him to bare his incisors and unleash an angry retort.

Instead he shook his head and held his hands apart in a helpless gesture.

“I’m sorry.”

“Saying you’re sorry isn’t enough, Adrian.”

He met her gaze.

Was there remorse in his eyes? Or did she just want it so much she imagined it?

“If you want to be romanced, I’ll romance you.”

“If? Why the hell wouldn’t I want to be romanced, Adrian?”

“Then I’ll romance you. I’ll take you out. Buy you anything you want. Send you flowers.”

She pushed against his shoulders. “I don’t want any more flowers from you unless they come with a card that has a very sappy message, Adrian. What’s the point of sending me red roses if they don’t mean anything to you?”

He tightened his arms around her, pressing his lips against her ear. “Forgive me. Forgive me.”

The knot of misery she'd felt since she'd awakened alone last Saturday unraveled. She gripped his leather jacket, her lips trembling. "Where have you been?" She pulled back to look up at him. "Who have you been with?"

## Chapter Fifteen

“I haven’t been with anyone who matters, Brandi.”

“So you have slept with other women?”

He sighed.

She pulled away from him. “Is that a yes?”

He raked a hand through his hair and turned away.

She jerked on his arm. “Adrian!”

When he turned to look at her, he’d bared his incisors and his eyes glowed.

“I said they didn’t matter.”

“And you expect me to accept that answer?”

“Yes, Brandi, I do.”

His arrogance was breathtaking. She did something she’d wanted to do since he first walked out on her. Fear had stopped her before but it wouldn’t now. She was no longer afraid of him. She raised her hand and slapped him so hard her palm stung.

He stepped back and stared at her, his jaw clenching and his Adam's apple bobbing up and down.

While she was aware that she'd only managed to slap him because he'd allowed it, she struggled to suppress a smile. She felt almost certain he'd never allowed any other woman to slap him.

"Fine, Adrian. The women you slept with didn't mean anything but then neither do I since you've spent the last week sleeping with other women while totally ignoring me—even when you must have known I needed to see you."

"It wasn't safe for me to be around you." He closed his eyes briefly. When he raised his lids, his eyes no longer glowed. "I was afraid I'd hurt you again."

"So I'm supposed to pretend I don't care you've been fucking other women?"

"They meant nothing and it won't ever happen again!"

"Really? Well maybe I'll tell you that *after* I've spent the weekend in Doug's bed!"

"Call him and cancel your date."

She stared at him. He forced himself on her, left her stranded, attempted to impregnate her without her willing participation, and then just expected to waltz back into her life and dictate who she slept with? "No." She turned away.

He caught her hand and turned her back to face him. “Call him and cancel your date.”

“No.”

She watched him struggle to control his temper before he exploded. “Call him and cancel your date or I’ll kill him!”

She met his gaze. A shiver danced down her spine. He was serious. He really would kill Doug. “You do that and I’ll never feel anything for you! Never!”

“His life is in your hands, Brandi. Don’t make the mistake of thinking I won’t kill him. I will. And if he touches you, I’ll make it as painful as possible.”

She wanted to storm away from him but feared for Doug’s life. “You’d kill a good, decent man who’s never done a damned thing to you?”

He curled his lip. “Good and decent, is he?”

“Yes!”

“In a moment you’ll be telling me how worth loving he is,” he taunted.

Brandi blinked hard to hold back tears. While she knew she no longer needed to fear for her safety with Adrian, he still had the power to hurt her. And he clearly didn’t mind doing it. His willingness to mock the feelings she’d been foolish enough to reveal to him, indicated how little she meant to him.



She pressed her tongue against her top lip before she responded. “He, unlike you, actually is worth loving, Adrian.”

He sucked in a breath and stared at her as if she’d attempted to drive a stake through his heart. “Are you saying I’m not?”

There was no denying the dismay she heard in his voice or the injured look she saw in his eyes. She hardened herself. She had to unless or until he was willing to admit he wanted more than drive-by sex with her. “I’m saying he is.”

He responded in a low voice that was almost a growl. “If he shows up here and you attempt to go with him, I will kill him, Brandi. If you value his good, decent, worth loving life, cancel your god damned date!”

He wouldn’t hurt her, but he would kill Doug. She turned away from him and picked up the phone to call Doug. “Hi, Doug. This is—”

“Brandi! Hi! Happy Birthday, baby.”

“Thank you. The roses were gorgeous.”

He responded after a moment of silence. “I’m glad you liked them, but something tells me you didn’t call just to tell me something you could say in person when I pick you up.”

She moistened her lips. “I...ah...”

“Brandi, please don’t tell me you’re calling to cancel our weekend.”

Hearing the disappointment in his voice hurt. “I’m sorry, Doug, but I have to.”

“Why?”

She shook her head.

“Is it something I said or did or didn’t say or didn’t do? Should I have—”

“No, Doug. It’s not you. It’s me.”

“You? Or him?”

She watched Adrian tense beside her. She turned her back to him.

“It’s really him. Isn’t it, Brandi? You want to spend the weekend with him instead?”

Adrian moved to stand in front of her, placing a hand on her arm.

She glared at him as she answered Doug, knowing he could hear Doug’s part of the conversation as well as hers. And not caring. “No, I don’t want to spend the weekend with him.”

“But you don’t want to spend it with me either?”

“I do, but I can’t.”

“Why if it’s not him?”

“I know you deserve an explanation, but I don’t have one to give you, Doug.”

“I made special plans for us tonight, Brandi. We have reservations at the Water Works with a table for two on the terrace overlooking the water. And then I thought—”

“I know you spent a lot of money preparing for the weekend and—”

“It’s not the money, Brandi. It’s you. I...I miss you and I just want another chance to win you back. If I just knew what I did wrong or what you need or want me to be...”

Oh, God! She compressed her lips, aching for the pain she heard in his voice. “Please don’t think it’s anything you did or didn’t do, Doug. It’s not. It’s me. I have issues.”

“Can’t we work through them together?”

“I’m so sorry, Doug.”

“Oh, God! Can I call you?”

She closed her eyes. “It would be better if you didn’t. I’m sorry.”

“Then you’re not only canceling our weekend, but you’re ending our relationship again before you’ve even given it a chance?”

No matter how things turned out with Adrian, she knew she could never try to rekindle a relationship with Doug. The risk of hurting him was too great. And

she suddenly realized he deserved better than she could ever give him. “I’m sorry, Doug.”

He sighed. “Then I wish you the best.”

“Oh, Doug...I wish the same for you. Please forget me and be happy.” After she ended her conversation with Doug, she jerked away from Adrian. “There! I hope you’re happy. You made me hurt a kind decent man that’s worth three of you!”

“You saved his life.”

“I shouldn’t have had to save it! Who the fuck are you to think you have a right to threaten someone who never did anything to you just so you can keep having your drive-by fucks whenever you want them? Doug is a better man than you ever were or ever will be!” She slapped him again and ran towards her bedroom.

He followed her, catching her hand, and turning her to face him.

He projected an air of menace that momentarily sent a chill through her. But when he spoke in a low, tortured voice, her fear vanished and her resolve to never forgive him weakened.

“Brandi...I need you. Please...”

She stared at him, her eyes filling with tears. “I hurt him...like you hurt me.”

“You didn’t mean it anymore than I meant to hurt you.”

“I’ll bet he’s no less hurt because of that than I am, Adrian.”

He put his arms around her and held her. “Please...please tell me you can forgive me and still want something real with me. Tell me.”

“I want your promise that you won’t hurt him, Adrian.”

“If he stays away—”

She jerked away from him. “No! Damn it! I want your promise you won’t hurt him, Adrian. I want that promise without restrictions or conditions. If you can’t make that one promise to me and keep it, I want you out of my life for good!”

“You have it.”

“And you’ll keep it?”

He nodded. “Yes. Do you...love him?”

“No.”

“Are you sure?”

“I don’t have to love him to realize he’s a good, kind, and decent man who doesn’t deserve to be killed because he was foolish enough to fall for me. I was an even bigger fool for falling for you.”

He cupped her face between his palms. “I know I hurt you, but it was never intentional. Forgive me...I’m sorry...I couldn’t and can’t control myself with

you...please forgive me for ever hurting you...forgive me.” He slid his palms down her body and touched his lips to hers.

The expected kiss didn't come. She realized that he was waiting for permission to continue. He was impossible, but he had his moments. Just when she thought he was hopeless, he gave her a reason to want to forgive him.

She leaned into him, parting her lips.

He kissed her with a feverish desperation that quickly ignited her passions.

Feeling his cock swelling and hardening against her, she moaned softly, linking her arms around his neck. Would she ever be strong enough to resist her desire and need for him? Would knowing how much he wanted her ever fail to thrill her?

“Adrian...” she whispered his name against his mouth, surrendering to her love and desire for him.

He swept her up into his arms and carried her to her bedroom. Hot, sweet minutes later, she lay naked on her back with her knees bent and her legs parted. Adrian lay between her thighs eating her with a slow, delicious hunger that sent chills of delight all through her.

While he ate her, he stroked his palms over her outer thighs.

She moaned and linked her legs over his shoulders.

He slapped the sides of her ass.

“Oh...Adrian...Adrian...” She pushed her hips off the bed, grinding her pussy against his face.

He responded by thrusting his fingers into her and pushing his tongue against her clit.

She trembled. “More...please...Adrian...”

He rapidly finger fucked her before he sucked her clit hard.

She gasped and shuddered as he drove her to a wonderful climax.

He lapped at her flooding pussy for several moments before he turned his head and pressed small, biting kisses against her thighs.

She fell back against the bed, taking slow, deep breaths. “Adrian...oh, Adrian...”

He kissed her pussy. “I need you.”

She opened her eyes at the sound of his deep, brusque voice.

His incisors were bared and his beautiful blue eyes glowed.

She smiled. “I’m yours, Adrian.”

“Only mine?”

She nodded. “I’ve been yours since the moment we met. I’ll always be yours.”

The relief she saw in his blue gaze gave her the first real hope she'd had since falling for him. She knew then that no matter how volatile his temper, Conner had been right. He might not love her or have feelings for her that rivaled hers for him, but he was not indifferent to her.

She held out a hand to him. "Come take what's yours, Adrian...what will always be yours."

He rose to his knees. He took her hand and kissed her fingers before he looked down into her eyes. "Are you sure? If we go past this point, there won't be any going back. I won't ever allow another man to touch you. You'll be mine."

"I'm very sure I wouldn't have it any other way, Adrian," she whispered. "You're my fantasy."

He pressed his lips against her fingers. "I need to be more than a fantasy for you, Brandi. I need to be your reality."

"You're my everything."

She watched a slow, purely male smile spread across his handsome face before she spoke again. "Are you going to do anything about that? Or are you just going to kneel between my legs all night grinning at me?"

He slapped the sides of her ass cheeks.

"Ouch! That hurts!"



“My cock’s going to hurt more,” he threatened.

She circled her lips with the tip of her tongue. “I don't believe you. Convince me.”

He slapped her ass again and turned her onto her belly.

She parted her legs, eager to feel his hard sugar dick pushing into her again.

He stretched his big body out on top of hers.

Feeling his cock against her ass, she reached back and positioned it between her legs. “Your pussy is wet and ready for you. Take it,” she invited.

Instead of immediately accepting her invitation, he rubbed the head of his shaft against her pussy. He leaned over her, raining moist, biting kisses against her shoulders and neck.

She must be turning into a bona fide freak because just the feel of his teeth on her neck so close to the small puncture marks heightened her desire. “Take your pussy, Adrian...please.”

He licked her neck. “It sounds like someone wants to be ravished.”

She reached back to clutch at his thigh. “Stop flattering yourself and fuck me!”

He laughed and eased his hips forward, keeping most of his weight on his arms.

“I want to feel your body and all your weight. Lie on top of me, Adrian.”

He rested his weight on her.

She closed her eyes, moaning softly as he slid slowly into her.

“Oh...God...yes...yes, Adrian. Take me and make me yours.”

“Mine alone. Forever.” He whispered the words before he sank his incisors into the side of her neck. As he ingested her blood, he linked his fingers through hers and fucked her with long, slow, wonderfully deep thrusts that made her toes curl and her back arch.

She moaned and shuddered with each painful thrust. Feeling the powerful orgasm building in the pit of her belly, she knew that no matter what he'd done or who he'd been with, she would forgive him. She had to because her need for him felt as frantic as his for her.

She didn't know if he was in blood with her, but she knew she loved him. If she weren't already pregnant with his baby, she wanted to be. She wanted to feel his child growing inside her and to share the bond of parenthood with him.

“Oh...oh, God!” she gasped, her release rushing over her. “I...I love you...I love you, Adrian!”

He dragged his incisors from her neck to press his lips against her mouth.

Overwhelmed by the sweet heat of coming, the words he whispered against her lips were lost to her. She emerged from the fog of her climax just as he groaned, shuddered, and shot his seed deep inside her. He collapsed on top of her with his lips pressed against her neck.

She bore his weight for as long as she could before she wiggled her ass against his groin. “You feel as if you weigh a ton.”

He nipped her ear. “Human women are so damned fickle. First you want me to lie on you. Then you’re complaining I’m too heavy.”

“Get your ass off me, Adrian.”

He kissed her neck, eased his cock out of her, and rolled onto his back.

She turned onto her side, pressing her body against his. “Are you complaining? The honeymoon over already?”

“Who? Me?” He shook his head. “I’m partial to fickle human women who can’t make up their damned mind.”

“You’re a quick study.” She smiled, trailing her fingers down his chest to cup a hand over his cock.

He removed her hand from his cock and surprised her by getting to his feet.

She stared at him, shaking her head. If he dared to leave her again... “What are you doing?”

He leaned over to take her hands. “Getting ready to shower.”

“And leave?”

He nodded.

## Chapter Sixteen

She sucked in a breath. “Adrian!”

“I see you’re not quite ready to trust me.” He lifted her hands to his mouth. “It’s your birthday. We have reservations at the new restaurant down at the pier,” he told her. “We have a private room.”

“We...do?”

“Yes.”

“Oh, Adrian!” She got off the bed and tossed her arms around his neck.

He bent his head and pressed a quick kiss against her lips.

She leaned against him, rubbing herself against his groin.

He slapped her ass hard. “Stop that!” He pulled away from her and turned her towards the bathroom. “Go shower. Then I will.”

She turned and linked her arms around his neck. “We could shower together.”

He unlinked her arms and stepped away from her. “No we can’t.” He arched a brow. “You want your ass slapped again?”

She smiled, licking her parted lips. “As a matter of fact I do.”

He laughed but spun her around so she faced the bathroom.

She glanced over her shoulder at him. “You’re tired of me already,” she teased.

He leaned close to cup his hands over her breasts while he kissed her neck. “I’ll never be tired of you. Now take your large, lovely brown ass in the bathroom to shower before I’m tempted to fuck it.”

“You won’t get your cock anywhere near my ass a moment before hell freezes over,” she told him and sashayed into the bathroom.

Ninety minutes later, she came to an abrupt stop in the doorway of the private room Adrian had reserved. The maitre d’ paused by a large table in the center of the room. Crystal goblets and sparking silverware sat on a beautiful lace tablecloth.

Conner, another male with short dark hair, and a woman sat at the table. The strange male looked enough like Adrian and Conner for her to conclude he must be Jay. The woman was full-figured with caramel colored skin and long, thick dark hair which fell well past her bare shoulders. The woman turned in her seat, a warm smile on her beautiful face.

“Rayna!” Brandi turned to look up at Adrian. “Why didn’t you tell me?”

“She wanted to surprise you.” He took her hand in his and led her to the table.

All three rose. She and Rayna embraced. Conner hugged her and kissed her cheek. When he released her the other male stepped forward with his hand extended. “I’m Jay and I’m delighted to meet you, Brandi.”

Jay Redwolfe was as tall as his brothers with the same blue eyes and Conner’s easy smile.

Adrian seated her before sitting beside her. He didn’t touch her during the meal but each time she glanced at him, she found him staring at her. He didn’t touch his food.

“Aren’t you eating?” she asked.

He nodded.

“You haven’t touched your food.”

He leaned close to whisper in her ear. “I’m having pussy for dinner later.”

Brandi leaned away from him, her cheeks burning. She took a quick look at the others seated around the table and she knew they’d all heard him.

Rayna laughed and reached across to touch her hand. “There’s no need to be ashamed with us, Brandi. You’re going to find that we have very few inhibitions when it comes to discussing sex.”

“Now you tell me.”

Rayna and the three brothers laughed. After a moment, Brandi relaxed enough to smile.

When the dinner plates were cleared away, waiters brought a bottle of expensive mineral water and an exquisite three-layer chocolate cake with the words *Happy Birthday, Brandi* on the top.

Her surprise turned into delight when Adrian and his brothers serenaded her with two verses of Happy Birthday. Then she cut the cake while Conner poured the champagne.

Although none of the brothers had eaten more than a few bites of their food, they all ate the cake.

Rayna leaned across the table to wink at Brandi. “They have a chocolate sweet tooth, which is one of the reasons I knew you’d be perfect for Uncle Adrian.”

Brandi smiled and turned to look at Adrian.

He arched a brow and lifted his glass to her. “Happy birthday, honey.”

She clutched his hand and leaned over to kiss his cheek. “Thank you.” She looked around the table. “Thank you all for making this a special night for me.”

“Do you want to go dancing?” Adrian asked as they sat over coffee later.

She blinked at him. “Dancing? Do you dance? Can you dance?”



“Of course I can dance.”

She glanced at Rayna.

Rayna grinned at her. “Hey, I made sure they all had soul. You can’t have soul if you can’t dance.”

Brandi turned back to Adrian, intrigued. “What kind of dancing?”

“Whatever kind you like.”

“Yeah? Well, you have to show me sometimes. Right now, I’m a little tired. I haven’t been sleeping too well lately.”

“I’m sorry to hear that, but I wouldn’t count on getting much sleep tonight if I were you.”

She flushed and stepped on his foot under the table.

“Ouch!” He said. When she looked at him, he licked his lips.

She grimaced. “When I get you alone, your ass is mine,” she warned.

“Yeah? Then let’s get the hell out of here now.” He glanced at Conner.

“I’ll get the check and we can settle up later, Adrian.”

He rose and put a hand under Brandi’s arm. “Come home with me.”

“With you?”

He nodded. “I want to show you where I live.”

“I’d love to see where you live.”

An hour later, she stood naked in his huge bedroom staring at the sketches he’d made of her. Adrian stood behind her, equally naked, with his erect cock pressed against her ass, his hands cupped over her breasts. Despite herself, her gaze was continually drawn to the black leather sex swing in the middle of the room.

“What do you think of them?” he asked.

She leaned back against him. “Is that how you see me?”

“It’s how I’d like to see you—very pregnant with my baby.”

“I meant...you make me look pretty.”

He rolled her nipples between his fingers. “You are beautiful.”

She turned in his arms to smile up at him while she reached down to close her fingers around his cock. “So is your sugar dick.”

“You’ll be even more beautiful when you’re pregnant, honey.” He peeled her fingers away from his cock and lifted her into his arms. “Would you like to try it?”

“Would I like to try what?”

He stopped in front of the swing. “This.”

The thought of sitting in it while he fucked her held appeal until she wondered how many other women he'd fucked in it. "I doubt if it would bear my weight."

He bent his head to nibble at her neck. "Why wouldn't it? I had it made with you in mind."

"You did?"

He nodded. "Yes, Brandi, I did."

"You've never used it with anyone else?"

"It was just installed last night."

She relaxed. "Can we try it another time? Tonight I want to lay in bed with you."

"Then that's what we'll do—tonight. Tomorrow night, we're going to try it and discuss the best way to prepare your beautiful ass to receive my cock."

"Do you know how long and thick you are, Adrian?"

He smiled. "Yes. I do."

Hearing the satisfaction in his voice, she suppressed a smile. He was as vain as any other man. "Then you should know you are never going to fuck me in the ass."

He carried her across the room to the bed. After setting her on her back, he sat on the side of the bed, stroking his fingers down her inner thighs. “You’re gorgeous as hell, but downright delusional if you think I’m not going to fuck your ass.”

He grinned down at her. “That's the thing about human women. Give them a little vampire cock and they lose touch with reality.”

“Give a vampire who's been wasting too much time with skinny, flat assed, small breasted white women some good, hot black pussy and they realize that real women have something called breasts and asses.”

She suspected he didn't like the remark about flat asses. Too damned bad.

“If you think I have a thing for white women—”

“Don't you?” she challenged.

“Yes. As a matter of fact I do.”

His answer surprised her and sent a shock of fear through her.

She stared at him.

He stared back. “I'm not going to make any apology for my past preferences. Besides the way you're always going on about blue eyes, you must have a thing for white men.”

“I don't.”

“How many men have you met with blue eyes who weren't white or biracial?”

“Three.”

“Three? Where?”

“Are you biracial? Are your brothers?”

He smiled. The tension between them dissipated. “No, but my kids with you will be.”

His kids with her? She smiled. “Are all handsome, blue eyed, well-hung vampires as delusional as you are, Adrian?”

He laughed. “I may be delusional but you're stuck with me.”

“What the hell did I do to deserve that?”

He slapped her ass. “Don't get too cute or I'll be tempted to show you just how crazy I can get.”

Was he serious? She couldn't tell. She knew life with him would never be dull. Hell, it might not even be safe. But then she'd had her fill of living a dull, safe life dating decent men who left her emotionally starving.

She parted her legs and pushed his hand up her thigh to her pussy. “While you're in a delusional la-la land where you get to take my anal cherry, hold me.”

“Hold you? Is that all you want me to do? Hold you? You’ve had enough of my sugar dick already?”

“I’ll never get enough of you or your big dick, Adrian.”

“But?”

“But this still feels like a dream...well, more like a nightmare where I’ll wake up and things will be just as they were last night when I thought it was over between us. So I just want to be cuddled and held for awhile.”

“Why don’t you give me some pussy first and then I’ll hold you?”

Clearly when they weren’t fucking, they’d probably be arguing. “Why don’t you just hold me because I need you to?” She turned onto her side.

“Don’t push me too far,” he warned.

“Shut up and hold me, Adrian!”

He swore, but curled his body against hers, slipping his arms around her. He kissed her ear.

“That’s better.”

“Don’t get cocky if I allow you to win a round every hundred years or so.”

She laughed, rubbing her ass against his groin. “And I want to talk.”

He groaned. “Oh, no.”

“Oh, yes.”

“What do you want to talk about?”

“You. There’s so much I don’t yet know about you.”

“Such as?”

“Were you born a vampire, Adrian?”

“No, I wasn’t.”

“So you were turned.”

“Yes.”

“When you were in your forties?”

“Give or take a few years.”

She touched the hand resting on her stomach. “Did you have to die?”

“No. I didn’t.”

She frowned. “How is it possible to become a vampire without dying if you weren’t born one? Were either of your parents—”

“Our parents were human. I was turned by a very skillful centuries old vampire. It was a slow, sometimes painful process but I never actually died.”

“You came close?”

“Yes.”

“Did you want to be a vampire or were you turned against your will?”

“It was either that or risk dying. I wasn’t very fond of dying.”

“Did it happen during The Trail of Tears?”

“No.”

“What happened to you to force that choice on you?”

“I was stabbed and shot and left for dead.”

She turned in his arms, tracing her fingers over the scar on his shoulder and then his ribcage. “Oh...Adrian!”

“It was a long time ago and I survived.”

“But only because you were turned?”

“I might have survived anyway. My brothers and I survived a lot before we became vampires.”

“Then why did you choose to become a vampire?”

“I was determined not to let the cowards who tried to kill me go unpunished.”

“What happened to them?”

He bared his incisors and spoke in a low, menacing voice. “I killed them and I enjoyed every second of it.”



She shivered. The cold ruthlessness she heard in his voice was a reminder that he was a vampire who had killed in the past and would probably kill again.

“How many were there?”

“More than you want to know about but every one of them deserved to be killed.”

“Did they have families?”

“Yes, but then so did I!” He released her and rolled onto his side with his back to her.

She scooted close to him, placing a hand on his shoulder. “Adrian...”

“I know you want to know about my past, but do we have to talk about this now? Remembering still makes me angry and...” he turned to face her. “I don’t want to be angry when I’m with you.”

“No. We don’t have to talk about it now.”

His shoulders relaxed.

“Is he still alive, Adrian?”

“Is who still alive?”

“The vampire who turned you.”

“Actually, I was turned by a fem.”

“A fem? A woman?”

His lips twitched. "Fems are women, Brandi."

"Is she...still alive?"

"Yes."

Brandi swallowed. She didn't much like the idea of Adrian having a mistress who was still alive. "Is she...do you...is she your master?"

"No. She's my friend."

"What's her name?"

He hesitated before he answered. "Her name is Marcella."

"And she doesn't command you?"

"No one commands me." He smiled suddenly. "Except you, of course."

She shook her head. "Clearly you don't want to talk anymore, but I'm not delusional enough to believe I can command you, Adrian. And I have one other question I have to ask you."

"Only one? It must be my lucky day."

She grimaced.

He smiled. "Go ahead."

"What's going to happen to me, Adrian?"

"Nothing's going to happen to you."

“Will I...what’s going to happen when I start to age and you no longer find me attractive?”

“That doesn't need to happen.”

“What’s the alternative, Adrian? I love you but I don’t want to be a vampire.”

“There are advantages to being one, honey. You—”

She shivered recalling how easily and ruthlessly he’d spoken of killing Doug. “I don’t want to lose my respect and reverence for human life. I don’t ever want to feel that it’s okay to kill someone just because they’re in my way.”

He sighed. “I guess that’s your charming way of chiding me for threatening to kill your boyfriend.”

“He didn’t do anything to you and yet you were ready to kill him. You would have killed him. Wouldn’t you?”

“Yes,” he told her, his voice cooling. “Don’t expect me to apologize for who and what I am, Brandi.”

“I love who and what you are—I just don’t want to be like you.”

“I don’t consider myself the parasite you seem to think I am, but—”

“I don’t think you’re a parasite. I think you’re a handsome male who has potential.”

“Damn. That’s kind of you, Brandi.”

She sighed. He was annoyed. “I didn’t mean to imply—”

“Didn’t you? You hinted once before being with me fouled you.”

“Oh, hell, no! You’re not going there. Not after what you said to goad me into saying that!”

They stared at each other in a cool silence.

## Chapter Seventeen

She waited for him to soften but after nearly a minute, she knew he wasn't going to. "Just because I don't want to be a vampire doesn't mean I think you're foul." She caressed his cheek. "So lighten up already, Adrian."

"How can we spend eternity together if you grow old and die?"

"I'm human. That's what we do, Adrian. I hope you're not planning to turn me without my permission."

"I'm tempted to do just that, but I won't—at least not for a few years."

Lord, he was impossible. "Adrian!"

"I don't have any immediate plans to force you to do anything you don't want to—except maybe give me your anal cherry. That I'm going to take sooner or later with or without your permission."

Although he smiled, she suspected he was serious. She decided to let it pass since she was confident if the need arose she could sweet-talk him out of using force. "So what happens when I start to age? I'll lose you?"

He shook his head. "I have no intentions of going through this shit ever again. You'll never lose me. I can stop your aging process without turning you."

She would have preferred his assurance that her aging wouldn't matter but she was realistic enough to know that it did and would matter at some point. "How?"

He arched a brow. "If I told you that I'd have to kill you, honey."

She laughed. "Be serious."

"I am serious. I can slow your aging until for all intents and purposes it's stopped without turning you. You can look as beautiful in a hundred years as you do today."

"That can't be possible."

"No? How old do you think Rayna is?"

"Twenty-nine."

"She might look twenty-nine—"

"Actually she looks a little younger."

"She'll be fifty on her next birthday."

She stared at him and knew he was serious. "Fifty?"

“Fifty and she’s not a vampire. Her aging process has been slowed. I can do the same for you. And one day when you love me enough to want to spend eternity with me...I’ll turn you. But not before you want that.”

“I said I didn’t—”

He pressed his fingers against her lips. “One of these days I’m going to have to teach you who’s in charge. Let me give you a hint, honey, it’s not you!”

She stared at him.

After a moment he softened and caressed her cheek. “It’s not as if I’m thinking of forcing the decision on you anytime soon. Once you become a fem...my fem...we won’t be able to procreate together. So we have to have our babies while you’re still a luscious, albeit, fickle human woman with the most incredible pussy in the world and the power to touch me as no other woman ever has. And honey, I’ve known more women than you want to know about.”

“I’m sure you have, Adrian.” She sighed. Clearly she had a lot to learn about vampires in general and Adrian in particular. What if she learned something she’d rather not know? What if he did something or admitted something she couldn’t handle?

He rolled on his back.

She scooted next to him. “Are you all right, Adrian?”

“I don’t know. That depends.”

She caressed his cheek. “On what?”

He sighed and shifted to his side so they faced each other. “On you.” He stroked a palm over her breasts. “Everything depends on you, honey.”

She lifted his hand to her lips. “How does it depend on me? Didn’t you just remind me that you were in charge of this relationship, Mr. Lord and Master of my heart?”

He flashed a brief smile. “Did you mean it earlier when you said this Doug was worth three of me?”

“Feeling a little insecure, Adrian?”

“Yes.”

The admission surprised and pleased her.

“I...I’ve never cared about anyone the way I do about you. Did you mean it, Brandi?”

“Yes, I meant it, Adrian.”

He stiffened and drew away from her.

She scooted closer, gripping his hand. “Let’s face facts, Adrian. He is worth three of you. He’s a good man.”

“And I’m not?”



“No. You’re not. I know about the charity foundations you and your brothers fund, but I suspect that’s mostly Rayna’s doing. Good men don’t go around threatening to kill innocent people. I admire and respect Doug—”

He curled his lip back. “You keep singing his praises and I’ll—”

She released his hand to press her fingers against his lips. “I expect you to keep your promise not to hurt him, Adrian.”

He gave her a cool look.

She had a feeling Adrian was always going to be hot tempered and dangerous. And she wouldn’t have it any other way. She slipped her arm through his. “I like my men tall, handsome, sugar dicked, and very, very bad—just like you, Adrian. I admire Doug, but he’s far too good for me. I’m a bad girl, Adrian, and I like my men...my vampires very bad. I wouldn’t trade you for five or six of him.”

His gaze softened. “Do you still see something good and decent and worth loving in me, honey?”

“Yes,” she whispered, kissing the corner of his mouth. “I love you.”

“Are you sure?”

“Of course I’m sure, Adrian. Why else would I have taken all the shit you’ve given me?”

He closed his eyes and rolled onto his back.

At first she thought he was struggling to control his temper. Then she watched his chest rise and fall as he gulped in air for several moments before she touched his cheek. “Adrian? Aren’t you going to tell me you love me too?”

He opened his eyes but didn’t turn to face her. “I don’t know that I’m capable of romantic love anymore. You know I’m not human.”

She trailed her hand down his face to his chest. “I think that’s part of what I love most about you...your wild, raw, lack of humanity is a big turn on for me.”

He turned to face her. “I need you to be willing to accept me as I am without trying to change me. I am who and what I am, Brandi.”

“I fell into lust and then love with you and what you are, Adrian. Deal with it.”

He smiled, stroking his hand down her back. “Come live with me and let me take care of you.”

“This mansion is very nice, but I don’t think I want to do this on a regular basis.”

“Do what on a regular basis?”

“Sleep with you knowing your brothers and for all I know Rayna can hear every love sound we make. When we fuck, I want to be able to moan and scream in ecstasy if I want.”

His smile turned into a grin. “I love a woman who screams when she’s fucked.”

“So?”

“Rayna, my brothers and I are close and we like each other. We like living together. However, this is just one of the family mansions we own. There are others in various states where we all live when there’s no one special in our lives. We all have individual condos for the times we want to be alone. Come live with me. If you want a house, I’ll buy you one and you can furnish it anyway you like. Or I’ll have one built to your specifications anywhere you like. I’ll willingly surrender my life if necessary to protect you.

“As you know I can’t always control my tempter, but I’ll cherish you, Brandi. And I’ll be good to you and give you everything you want.”

Everything except what she really needed from him. “I’m human, Adrian.”

“I know that.” He grinned suddenly. “No one’s perfect and though it’s a rather large flaw, I promise not to hold that against you, honey.”

She laughed and then hit his shoulder, but sobered quickly. “Why did you come tonight and not before?”

“I stayed away for as long as I could because I was afraid of hurting you again.” He brushed his lips against her neck. “I need you, honey. I hunger for you. I

have to have you and of course it's your birthday. Speaking of birthdays I nearly forgot to give you your birthday present."

She glanced at the top of his tallboy where she'd put the diamond solitaire when they'd undressed earlier. She tilted her head. "Is senility setting in already? You already gave me my present."

He slapped her ass and bounded off the bed. "That was just a teaser." He walked over to his tallboy and opened the top drawer. When he returned to sit on the bed beside her, he had a small black jeweler's box in his hand. "This is your real present. I hope you like it. Happy birthday, honey." He kissed her cheek and handed her the box.

She sat up but made no effort to open the box. "What is it?"

"Why don't you open it and find out?"

"I will—after you tell me what's inside."

He caressed her ear. "A little something to compliment the solitaire I gave you earlier."

"Matching earrings!" She linked her free arm around his neck and kissed him. "Thank you!"

He leaned away from her, a slight smile tugging at the corners of his mouth. "I guess you really need a pair of diamond earrings?"

“Do you know a woman who doesn’t?” She grinned at him and opened the box. A beautiful yellow gold diamond solitaire engagement ring sparkled up at her. Her eyes welled with tears and she sucked in a breath. Her throat tightened and her heart raced.

“Have you ever considered changing your name, Brandi?”

“What?” She stared at him through a flood of tears. “It’s...an engagement ring, Adrian!”

“I know.” He took the box from her and slipped the ring on the third finger of her left hand. “Brandi Knight is a nice enough name, but it doesn’t have the same ring to it as Brandi Redwolfe does.”

“Brandi Red...Adrian?” She shoved against his shoulders.

He stretched out on his back, staring up at the ceiling.

She leaned over him. “Are you asking me to...?”

He smiled up at her. “Of course I am. Will you?”

“But we’ve only known each other two weeks and—”

“And I’ve hungered for you nearly every second of that time.”

She fought against the urge to allow herself to be swept away in the joy of the moment. What were the chances of a man with his looks and resources falling

so hard for her in such a short time that he'd want to marry her? "Why do you hunger for me?"

He gave her a weary look. "What do you want me to say?"

She touched her pussy. "Is there anything inside me besides your cum?"

"Like what?"

"Like blood. Did you secrete blood in me when we made love earlier?"

He eased her onto her back and slid his body on top of hers. He gazed down into her eyes. "Yes. When I'm with you I secrete so much blood, it's almost scary. I can't control it or my feelings for you."

"Why not?"

"Clearly you're a witch."

"Adrian! Be serious and tell me what you know I want and need to hear."

He buried his face against her neck. "I'm in blood."

She bit her lip and cupped a hand over his hair. They were finally getting where she wanted and needed him to be. "With me?"

"With you and only you, Brandi."

She fought back a fresh flood of tears. "Are you sure, Adrian?"

"Yes. I'm very sure. I have been since five minutes after I saw you. It just took me a little while to accept my fate."

“Since five minutes after you saw me, huh? That sounds like revisionist history to me, Adrian.”

He laughed. “It’s not.”

She stroked his back. “Then look at me and tell me...say it like you mean it, Adrian and I’ll forgive you for anything and have as many of your babies as you want.”

“You’re going to do that anyway,” he said with a touch of arrogance. “You’re only fooling yourself if you think you’re not.”

She raked her nails down his back. “Bastard! Say it like you mean it.”

“I will if you’ll promise me you’ll let me make sure we’ll never be separated.”

“Oh, Adrian...don’t...please. Please don’t spoil what will probably be the happiest moment of my life. Say it and make me believe you mean it. Please.”

“Why should my wanting to be with you forever spoil anything?”

His voice fairly vibrated with annoyance.

She kissed his hair. “Be reasonable, Adrian. Fifteen days ago we didn’t even know each other.”

“What’s your point?”

“I love you, but I’m not ready to com...to give up my humanity. I like being who I am. But that shouldn’t make any difference to how you feel about me.”

“It makes a big difference. The thought of losing you...”

“I need to hear you say how you feel, Adrian...while you’re looking at me.”

He shuddered against her and lifted his head to look down at her. “I’m in blood with you, Brandi.”

Her throat tightened. “What exactly does that mean?”

“Rayna calls it the vampire equivalent to love, but she’s wrong. It’s a much more powerful force than love.” He swallowed before he spoke again. “It means you’re the only woman who’ll ever matter to me again. For me, there are no other women. Just you, Brandi. Just you.”

“What about the women you—”

“There won’t be any other women. Just you. You’re the one I hunger for and need to complete me. You’re the only woman I can’t be happy or content without.”

“So you won’t want to share me with your brothers?”

“Hell no! I’m not sharing you with anyone.”

She sighed. Thank God. “You and your brothers don’t share your women?”

“We used to when we were much younger and new vampires. But even then we only shared women who didn’t mean anything to us.”

“How many women meant something to you, Adrian?”



“None. There were a few that I liked more than others, but none of them were important. We don’t share our blood with anyone else. So you can come live with me without any fear that you’ll wake up one morning and find either Conner or Jay sharing your bed instead of me.”

Come live with him? Was he rescinding his marriage proposal already? Surely a man who claimed to need and want her so much should ask her to marry him and actually mean it. She bit her lip. She’d have to accept what he was willing to give her. Maybe vampires didn’t do marriage. She’d discover that soon enough. Besides, they’d only known each other two weeks. If she moved in with him, she’d have all the time she needed to work on nudging him toward admitting he loved her. Once he had, whether he liked it or not, marriage was in his future.

“Brandi?”

“Yes, Adrian?”

“You don’t want to sleep with either of them. Do you?”

“No! I didn’t even dance with Conner. I sure as hell don’t want to sleep with him. He looks like you, but...”

“He’s not me?” He sounded pleased.

Her lips twitched. “No, he’s not. He’s far more charming than you’ll ever be.”

He narrowed his gaze. “You think so?”

“Absolutely, but he’s not bad enough for me. You are just what I want and need, my handsome, blue-eyed vampire.”

He relaxed his shoulders. “Will you?”

“Live with you?”

“No! Marry me?”

She’d misunderstood his reference about living with him. He did want to marry her! “Yes. Oh, yes, I will, Adrian.”

He gave her a slow, tender smile.

“Even though I’m not sure you won’t change your mind.”

“There’s not a chance in hell of that happening, honey. I’ve had my fill of whoring around with women who mean absolutely nothing to me. I’m more than ready for a world of just two-you and me. I’ll treat you like the treasure you are. I promise.”

“Really? Is this promise good for more than one night?”

He stared down at her in silence before his chest shook and the bedroom was filled with the rich, warm sound of his laughter. He bent his head and brushed his lips against hers. “It’s good forever.”

“Forever,” she stroked her fingers through his hair. “I like the sound of forever with you, Adrian Redwolfe.”

“Forever with you won’t be nearly long enough,” he whispered.

“You’re sounding more and more like a vampire in blood with me,” she teased.

“In deep,” he assured her.

“How long does being in blood last, Adrian?”

“It lasts forever, my Brandi, my honey...my blood.”

His blood. Finally he’d called her his blood with as much passion and feeling as she’d used when she confessed to loving him.

He bent his head to kiss her with a slow, deliberate hunger that left her burning for him. She suspected that loving him wouldn’t be easy, but as she surrendered to her need for him, she knew that being his blood would make whatever came her way as his woman pale in comparison to the bliss they’d share—forever.

“So you think I’m worth loving?” He demanded, his incisors raking the side of her neck.

She pushed at his shoulders.

He rolled onto his back with her lying on top of him.

“Yes, blue eyes. You’re definitely worth loving.” She sat up, straddled his hips and reached back to press his cock against her entrance. “And worth fucking

too,” she teased as she slowly impaled herself on his hard, hot cock. Lord, that felt so good.

He groaned. “Damn good and getting better all the time, honey.”

She smiled. Great sex with him was never going to get old. She liked that he expected sex to get better.

“I have a lot to teach you, honey.” He caressed her stomach. “I have a lot to teach you both.”

She met his gaze. “You think I’m pregnant?”

“Yes. Don’t you?”

She nodded. “Yes. I do.”

“Are you okay with it if you are?”

She felt certain she was pregnant and that she would have to work hard to soften Adrian a little. But he was always going to be a vampire. She was okay with that. She reached back to cup her hand over his balls. “Are you?”

He nodded. “Oh, yes. This couldn’t have happened at a better time. I’m ready to settle down now and be a husband and father. And you’re the perfect woman for me, honey. What about you? I know you have some doubts and concerns.”

She nodded.

He caressed her cheek. “I’ll cherish you both forever. I never imagined I could be this content and happy. You have my fidelity for life. I’ve had my fill of whoring around. I won’t stray.”

“Neither will I,” she quipped.

He grinned up at her. “Good. Now just in case you’re not pregnant, we’d better start fucking and keep at it.”

She rotated her hips. “Hmmm. For how long?”

He slid his palms down her back to her ass. “Forever, my Brandi...my blood.”

His Brandi. His blood. She wouldn’t have it any other way.

*The End*

### Meet Marilyn Lee

Plus you can visit her website to find out more about her and her coming soon books as well:

<http://www.marilynlee.org>

To subscribe to Marilyn Lee's Love Bytes,

[marilynlee-subscribe@yahoogroups.com](mailto:marilynlee-subscribe@yahoogroups.com)

After her bio you will see her books listed that she has out. Many of her books are both in ebook and print formats.

Marilyn lives, works, and writes on the East Coast of The US. In addition to thoroughly enjoying writing erotic romances in various genres, she enjoys roller-skating, spending time with her large, extended family, and rooting for all her favorite 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 (Gun smoke and Have Gun, Will Travel are particular favorites), and mysteries (Charlie Chan movies in particular).

Her all time favorite mystery movie is probably Dead, Again. She's seen nearly every vampire movie or television show ever made (Forever Knight and Count Yorga, Vampires are favorites. She thoroughly enjoys interacting with readers either through email or via her Yahoo web group.

### Red Rose™ Publishing

Summer Storm-ebook and print available

Skin Deep-ebook and print available

Night Heat- ebook available and coming soon to print

Eye of the Beholder- ebook available and coming soon to print

In Blood and Worth Loving- ebook available and coming soon to print

Ellora's s Cave

### Bloodlust series:

Bloodlust 5-Midnight Shadows

Conquering Mikhel Dumont

Taming Serge Dumont

Forbidden Desires

Nocturnal Heat

All In The Family

The Talisman

Teacher's Pet

Night of Desires

Trina's Afternoon Delight

Branded

Moonlight Desire

Moonlight Whispers

Road To Rapture

The Fall of Troy

Full Bodied Charmer

Breathless In Black

Playing With Fire

White Christmas

Pleasure Quest

Quest III—Return to Volter



Liquid Silver Books

Yesterday Day's Secret Sins

Changeling Press

Moonlight Healing

Soul Mates

Moonlight Madness Books I & II

Daughters of Takira Series:

One Night in Vegas

Kyla's Awakening

Revelations

Daughters of Takira—complete series

Loose id

Falling For Sharde

Nice Girls Do

Dream Lover

The Dare

Fantasy Knights

**By Genre**

**I/R themes or couples**

Teacher's Pet

Moonlight Healing

Night of Desire

Soul Mates

Summer Storm

Bloodlust 5-Midnight Shadows

Trina's Afternoon Delight

Taming Serge Dumont

Forbidden Desires

Nocturnal Heat

All In The Family

The Talisman

Moonlight Desire

Moonlight Whispers

Playing With Fire

White Christmas

Pleasure Quest

Quest III—Return to Volter

Primal Lusts

Moonlight Madness Books I & II

Revelations

A Thing Called Love (also available in paperback)

Falling For Sharde

White Christmas

Where You Find It (written as Mary Lynn)

**BBW heroines**

Teacher's Pet

Trina's Afternoon Delight

Nice Girls Do

The Fall of Troy

Full Bodied Charmer

Playing With Fire

Falling For Sharde

Bloodlust—Nocturnal Heat

### Contemporary settings

Teacher's Pet

Night of Desire

Soul Mates

Trina's Afternoon Delight

The Fall of Troy

Full Bodied Charmer

Playing With Fire

Falling For Sharde

White Christmas

## **Romantic suspense themes**

Yesterday's Secret Sins

A Thing Called Love

## **Paranormal themes**

Moonlight Healing

Soul Mates

Fantasy Knights

Bloodlust 5-Midnight Shadows

Conquering Mikhel Dumont

Taming Serge Dumont

Forbidden Desires

Nocturnal Heat

All In The Family

The Talisman

Moonlight Desire

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