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WICKED

Cora Zane



AN IMMORTAL LOVERS TALE

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Wicked Desires

By

Cora Zane

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Wicked Desires

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Dedication

For Rose, in loving memory.

In the back seat of her sponsor's limousine, Liliana Ashton crossed her slim legs and looked out the rain-dotted window to her left. The headlights of the oncoming, Saturday night traffic registered as dim flares through the darkly tinted glass, the passing neon a quick blur of muted color.

She sipped the glass of champagne she'd poured not long after climbing into the car, and a chill touched her, sending a shiver through her body and goose bumps chasing up her arms. It wasn't a particularly cold night, but she'd worn a pair of strappy stilettos and a red halter dress that bared her back and shoulders. The dress was a little too breezy for Manhattan in early March. However, since she planned to charm her way into a warm bed before midnight, she hadn't dared cover her masterpiece with a heavy coat.

Although she considered herself prepared for what was to come, she couldn't deny the nervous anxiety that gripped her every time she tried to wrap her mind around what she was about to do—offer herself body and soul to a vampire.

She'd never seduced a man before in her life, but tonight the general plan was to present herself as a tender innocent too divine to resist. For twenty-one years, she'd saved herself, her virginity, for this night. What better bargaining tool could one use to secure a Biter than a gift she could give only once and couldn't take back?

Swallowing over the lump in her throat, Liliana took a deep breath and lifted her chin. For the tenth time tonight, she reminded herself now wasn't the time to dwell on the possibility that her offering might not be enough to please Serge.

Fear of rejection had nagged at her for days, even though she'd known the moment she'd accepted his sponsorship that this night would inevitably come. Of course, he must have a sound reason to refuse her. A belief that their mutual admiration for one another wouldn't last. Perhaps the gravity of it struck her now because until tonight she hadn't quite realized just how much she'd been counting on the one little morsel of her virginity to secure her future.

Whatever came of it, she had to get over these jitters. They solved nothing. With a little luck and some sensual persuasion, she could very well ensure the continuation of the Ashton line in vampire society, and secure a role for herself as Serge Dmitriev's protégé.

The car slowed, and as the driver turned into the valet circle outside the impressive high rise where Serge had called her to meet him, Liliana set aside her drink and checked herself in the compact mirror she kept in her clutch bag. On purpose, she'd kept her make-up neutral, save for her glossy red lipstick, a color that showed off her coffee complexion and lush lips. Women paid good money for injections to get fullness like hers, and she wanted him to take one look at her mouth and imagine it wrapped around his cock.

She also wore her dark, curly hair in a loose up-do to tempt him, to emphasize her neck. What vampire wouldn't recognize that invitation? As the car stopped and the valet stepped forward to open the door for her, she quickly fluffed her hair, tugging and flicking at the few spiraling tendrils around her face, before sliding the mirror back in her bag.

A balding valet offered her a hand and helped her out of the car, and she didn't miss his appreciative once-over when she stood before him. He shut the door for her, and she walked toward the gilt, amber-lit entrance, where a younger valet waited with the door open for her.

Heels clicking over the marble floor, she walked through the quiet lobby, past the reception desk, in the direction of the elevators. She had her instructions and was thankful that no one stopped her or asked any questions.

She found the private elevator easily enough, but her hand shook when she inserted the access keycard into the panel to unlock the doors. Like every other acolyte in the Ashton line for the past six generations,

Liliana was no stranger to wealth and creature comforts, but she had never experienced this kind of opulence.

Once inside the elevator, she took a deep breath and pressed the button to take her straight to Serge's penthouse suite then leaned back against the brass handrail, her heart racing.

Almost as soon as the doors slid closed, her cell phone gave a quick chime. She took it out of her clutch, careful not to drop it when she flipped it open. Anticipation curled through her when she saw the text message was from Serge.

Eleven o'clock sharp, Liliana. Don't make me wait.

Be late and give someone else a chance to take her place? She wouldn't dream of it.

A tight smile curved her mouth, and she shut her phone with a soft snap. Serge had no less than twenty women in his harem, and he wouldn't hesitate to call one in if she didn't show up on time. Tonight was a test, both for herself and for him. And if he didn't know it already, he'd find out soon enough that she didn't need a stand-in.

But she'd forgive him that. They hadn't known one another for very long. They'd met for the first time in San Francisco at a masquerade ball—the event itself another first for her. She arrived undiscovered, a debutante, and that night he'd approached her fresh off the carpet from taking her bows into vampire society.

Determined to choose her own sponsor, she'd attended the masquerade without a proper chaperone to make her introductions for her. This one time she vowed to cut the family apron strings and make all the decisions for herself. She'd planned to choose her own Biter. She'd vowed from the start she would settle for nothing less.

Dressed as a peacock in a jewel-tone gown complete with feather train, she'd walked the carpet with her head held high. Nothing could compare to that exhilarating moment, out of her family's reach and seeing so many hot, hungry eyes appraising her, considering her, mentally undressing her.

After Liliana made her grand entrance, still high from the rush of the moment, she'd taken herself off to a strategic corner to search for faces that interested her, potential candidates she might approach in the hopes

they'd be interested in sponsoring her. But not just any vampire would do. She knew exactly what she was looking for—someone handsome and exotic.

She barely had time to pluck a drink from a serving tray when she looked up and saw a vampire with black hair and frost-blue eyes cutting across the room toward her, purpose in his stride. Her heart had leapt at the site of him. The way he'd zeroed in on her had her frozen to the spot.

As if he'd known then and there, he'd snared her, his mouth quirked at one corner, a cruel yet somehow sensual gesture. Liliana had swallowed hard as he prowled toward her. It was hard to say whether he wanted to bite her or fuck her. He'd probably wanted to do both.

The memory alone was enough to make her pulse quicken. Never in her life had she met a sexier, more intense man. From the moment he'd grazed her knuckles with his lips and introduced himself to her with that husky, Russian accent, she'd known that she was meant to be his.

Of course, she had no illusions about how their relationship would go down or what she might actually mean to him. She didn't expect him to love her, *per se*. He would probably never be hers alone, and that was okay with her, as long as he kept his end of the bargain and afforded her the support and respect she deserved.

Most acolytes took on a Biter hoping one day they'd be granted the gift of immortality through a blood bond, but she was far too practical for that. Being a protégé was more than enough for her. Her goal, first and foremost, was to preserve the Ashton line, and after that, to build a comfortable life for herself. She could do that without a promise of immortality. As her grandmother had once told her, the rest would fall into place if it was meant to be.

The elevator stopped, and the doors slid open to reveal a private corridor. At the end of it stood a set of double pocket doors that she guessed lead into the suite. She took a deep breath and walked toward the doors, trying not to rush, trying not to panic.

Over the past six months, Serge had taken her out on several dates, but in all that time he'd never once tried to seduce or bite her. She wanted him physically, practically burned with her desire for him, but he'd never once offered her more than a handful of kisses, and honestly, she didn't

know what to make of it.

After each date, she'd gone home frustrated, hot for him and needing to fuck. Each time, he'd left her to find release on her own, and she'd spent more than one evening masturbating while fantasizing about being his lover. If he didn't claim her tonight...well, she didn't know how much more she could take.

Again, she used the keycard he'd sent to her, and when the lock clicked, she entered the dimly lit suite.

"Hello?"

No one answered.

At first glance the room appeared to be all red and black and shadows. Triangular sconces lined the walls, each burning with a crimson bulb. Liliana stopped just inside the suite and waited for her eyes to adjust when, from the center of the room, a deep, thickly accented voice spoke to her.

"It's 10:57, Liliana. I was beginning to think you'd changed your mind."

"You know me better than that, I hope," she said, trying to sound confident. "You asked to see me, so here I am."

She set the card key on the entry table and jumped a little when he turned his head and she caught the movement like a shadow moving within a shadow. The way his eyes gleamed red in the darkness startled her, sent a chill running down her spine. Perhaps they'd changed because of the darkness, but his beautiful eyes were now the very same shade as the light in those eerie sconces.

For a moment, she hesitated. Was this really the Serge she knew? She didn't like being in the dark not knowing the layout of this room. She didn't like not being able to see his face. Although she told herself she trusted him, she couldn't begin to guess what played through his mind at this moment. Perhaps it was all just part of the game, a part of the test, the way he chose to remain hidden.

Maybe he was trying to make a point to her, to show her that this was his life, that this was what she would be choosing for herself, human or otherwise, if he made an offer for her and she remained with him.

As frightening and surreal as it seemed, Liliana ignored her racing

heart and stood firm. She wanted this. She wanted him. No way could she back out now. Her family wouldn't stand for it, and she knew she couldn't live with the shame if she disgraced herself. Not only that, but it was the nature of the vampire to intimidate their prey. She must not appear weak, unworthy. He could very well attack her if she made such a careless mistake.

She stepped forward, careful not to stumble over anything that might be in her path, and off to her left an amber-toned light came into view—a ceiling light tucked into a recessed area behind what looked like a serving bar. She couldn't tell for sure, but it appeared to be a kitchenette area.

She looked back and him, and that small light offered her a world of detail. Her nerves eased. *Shadow lover*. She could just make out his silhouette, the way he lounged on the curved couch, one arm stretched along the back of it. How confident and intimidating he looked.

A small smile tugged at her lips. He'd apparently dressed for the occasion. She admired his Italian suit, the way the dim light played over his black satin shirt.

"Come, sit with me," he said, and patted the seat beside him.

Liliana crossed the room, her stilettos silenced by the plush carpeting. Serge offered her a glass of champagne the moment she was near, and she took it gratefully, her fingers skimming the warmth of his as she settled onto the leather couch.

"We haven't had many chances to talk since I sponsored you," he said, tracing his thumb thoughtfully across his lips. "There've been a few dates, but that's never enough time."

"True," she agreed, afraid to say too much.

"I believe it's time to decide our future together, don't you? Perhaps tonight we can let our desires determine whether or not you will become my protégé and join the ranks of my harem."

Her heart thundered. She'd been waiting for this moment.

Serge reached for her free hand and kissed it. A sense of shrill excitement warred with that ingrained sense of duty she had toward her bloodline. As much as she wanted him, her family had been acolytes for generations; she mustn't dishonor their name.

"Are you ready to belong to me, Liliana?"

"Yes."

"And you're sure you wish to be with me?"

She swallowed hard, worked to control her breathing. "I want no one else."

Serge's sudden stillness, the intense way he studied her face, made her wish she had practiced a more poetic way to answer him and reveal her feelings. Thankfully, he didn't seem too put off by her clumsiness, if he even noticed.

He reached out and lifted the glass of champagne from her fingers, setting it on the coffee table before standing up and stripping off his jacket. Her nerves jumped when he tossed it onto a nearby chair and stepped in front of her, caressing her along the length of her jaw line until his fingers rested under her chin and lifted it so she had no choice but to look up at him.

"Your sole duty will be to give me pleasure, Liliana. Do you understand?"

"Yes," she whispered, and felt the slow creep of moisture trickle through the folds of her pussy.

"Good." He unbuckled his belt and stripped it off, his imperious eyes glaring down at her as he tossed it away. "Now, prove yourself to me. Take my cock into your mouth."

Excited and intimidated by the command, she reached out and smoothed her hands over the bulge in his pants before she unzipped him. Serge swept back the riot of curls from her face while she freed him from his trousers and the silk boxers beneath.

He was hard and hot in her hands, his skin silky soft. Gripping him tight in her fist, she slowly stroked him before levering the plum-shaped head of his cock down to her lips. At the first touch of her mouth, he inhaled sharply. Had he been anticipating this moment as much as she had?

Liliana tasted him with the tip of her tongue, the flavor of his skin mirroring his clean scent. She swirled around his base and over the crown before taking him deep, sucking him into the wet vacuum of her mouth. He expelled a harsh breath and reached around to free her hair from the

clip she wore. Thick curls tumbled down around her face, and he quickly gathered them back with his hands so he could watch her pleasuring him.

"That's it, Lily. Suck me. Use your tongue."

His words sent a small thrill through her. It was a heady feeling, this power she had over him, the ability to make him pant for more. She noticed her lipstick faintly colored his skin, and her heart fluttered at the notion that she'd marked him in such an intimate way. When he traced one hand along the column of her throat, her womb clenched, her own neediness growing into a throbbing ache between her legs.

The wet sounds of her sucking filled the room, and at last, Serge untied the top of her dress. He stroked his hands across her shoulders, resting his fingers for a moment over her pulse before sinking lower to massage her firm, apple-sized breasts.

"Yes, Lily, like that. You beautiful girl," he murmured as he squeezed her breasts together and rubbed his thumbs over her erect nipples, pinching and stroking them to sensitive hardness. His harsh breathing crawled through her, sensitizing her, winding tension deep within her womb.

She'd just developed a comfortable rhythm when he stopped her with a moan, surprising her when he cupped the side of her face and pulled away, his voice thick and raspy. "Enough."

The taste of his pre-cum mingled with the mild cosmetic flavor of her lipstick, but she didn't mind it too much. Hot for him, wanting to take things further although unsure how, she waited, curious, while Serge sat down on the couch beside her. The minute he'd settled in, he lowered his mouth to her breasts, sucking and nibbling at one nipple before moving on to the other, his fangs scraping lightly over her tender skin.

It wasn't long before he pulled her across his lap and hiked up her dress, his hand snaking between her legs to stroke her through her lace panties. More than anything, she craved his expert touch. Her crotch was already damp by the time he sought her there. He traced her plump nether lips through the fragile fabric, and a flush washed over her, the tide of pleasure so new and strong she pressed herself against his seeking fingers and shuddered at the sweetness of it.

"You're so wet," he said, his voice tinged with delicious approval.

He eased the scrap of fabric aside and slipped a finger in her slick warmth, a long stroke that parted her folds and made her moan. Heat flared in her face like a fever, but when he grazed her swollen clitoris, her body jerked beneath his touch, and she caught his hand.

Liliana clenched her eyes tight. She wanted to come, to experience it with him, not home alone in her room, but she couldn't let herself get carried away. Not without a promise that he would accept her as his protégé.

"I'm untouched," she said on a breath, her voice far more husky than she'd intended.

His hand stilled mid-caress, and a long silence drifted between them. She wondered what he was thinking. Whether he believed her or not, it was true. She knew how to make herself come, she'd touched herself enough to know what felt good to her. But she'd never taken anything inside herself, not her fingers, not a toy, and definitely not a man.

Since the first night she'd laid eyes on him, it had almost seemed fated that she should be owned by him. Still, she wouldn't relent in this. Not for a few moments pleasure. She needed something more substantial than that. If he wouldn't give his word and agree to sponsor her, she'd have no other choice than to walk away. Hopefully, it wouldn't come to that.

When Serge pushed her back onto the couch and went down onto his knees in front of her, her breathing quickened. He was so close to where she wanted him, where she needed him. How many of her daydreams had begun with him kneeling between her thighs?

Without saying a word, he held her gaze for several seconds. Eyes narrowed, he studied her, perhaps trying to determine whether he believed her. She lifted her chin in defiance.

A growl rumbling low in his chest, he lowered his mouth to her pussy and traced his tongue along her sensitive folds and moist slit. He sipped at her clitoris, his tongue lingering there to flick and darting against her.

Her muscles jerked, it felt so damn good, but she remained acutely aware of what he was doing. She didn't lower her guard. Stars of light

pulsed behind her eyes, and she raked her hands through his hair in a bid to hold him closer. She even allowed him to slip her thong down her hips, but when his thumb teased over her entrance, she flinched and caught his hand once more.

"No penetration," she told him firmly. "My virginity is my gift to give, Serge, and I'm saving it for the one who declares himself my Biter."

Fangs flashed white in the darkness. "Then I will be your master!"

A victorious thrill rushed through her. Serge reached for her, tugged her forward, and she complied, molding herself to fit his body, letting him pose her as he saw fit. Her heart pounding hard against her ribs, and she met his mouth in a furious kiss, welcoming his tongue.

She tasted the sweet musk of her own pussy, savoring the sharp scrape of his fangs against her tongue. Heady desire flowed through her, and she reveled in it. To love this man was to love a predator.

Serge kneaded her thighs in a sensual massage before breaking their kiss and dragging her closer. Kissing a trail along her inner thigh, he teased her opening with his thumb, and she thought it was his intention to enter her with his fingers to prepare her. Instead, he gathered her dewy moisture and rubbed it through her folds and over her clitoris. She sighed and leaned back onto the couch to enjoy the exhilarating sensation. Nothing could stop her from making love to him now.

He stood up then, his fingers trailing away from her, but only to remove his pants. He shuffled out of them, kicked them aside, and returned to her. When he leaned over her, drawing her in for another delicious kiss, she thought for sure this was it: the moment he would take her.

Thankfully, he had more decorum than to deflower her on the sitting room couch. He rose over her and scooped her up as though she weighed nothing. He made her feel positively cherished. She wrapped her arms around his neck and leaned into the warmth of his body, allowing him to carry her into the next room, to a round bed that fit into a circular niche surrounded by windows offering a panoramic view of the city lights.

She knew Serge could see her perfectly in the semi-darkness, and when he dropped her on the edge of the bed and pushed her knees up,

almost to her chest, she wished she could savor that honeyed look on his face. She'd shaved her pussy for him, just in case tonight came to this, and seeing his expression of pure lust, she was glad she'd done so. He stood over her, his erection tight in his fist, his pale eyes devouring her.

"After tonight, you'll answer to no man but me."

His words sent tingling sensation skittering through her body. Her breathing too sharp and uneven to answer him, she swallowed over the lump in her throat and nodded.

When at last he dragged her closer to the edge of the bed, she shook. He pushed her legs apart and ran his hands over her thighs, traced his fingers along her slit, spreading her moisture. He levered himself against her, and she gripped the sheets, bracing herself for his initial penetration. Her stomach muscles jerked when he ran the silky-smooth head of his cock through the slippery folds of her pussy. Lodged against her opening like that, he felt startlingly large.

"Beg for it," he said in a rumbling voice, and Liliana tensed, her inner walls flexing in anticipation.

"S-Serge, please...."

"Please what?"

"Fuck me." Her voice trembled. "Please, fuck me."

She couldn't think of what else to say.

He gripped her left thigh, and with his free hand, guided his cock just past her pussy lips and squeezed himself slowly inside her. "Gods, you're so tight!"

She yelped at the sudden pain, and a cool sweat popped out across her skin. She flinched against him, her eyes clenched tight and a sob on her lips. Her hands twisted in the satin sheets. His cock felt huge, foreign. It stretched her too much, the burning glide of his flesh not what she'd expected.

The faint odor of blood mingled with her milky, womanly scent, but Serge gave her no quarter. He settled over her and thrust into her fully, and she cried out, tense and throbbing inside, both in pleasure and pain.

"Ah, yes!" He panted, nipping at her clavicle. "Take every inch of me."

To her shock, he bit her. His teeth sank into the saddle of her shoulder, the pain a sharp surprise that quickly dissolved into a hot, sparkling pleasure. It soared through her veins like a wave of fire. It pounded in her womb while her cunt clenched and flexed around his stabbing thrusts.

He sucked at the flowing wound, and she moaned, her body shaking, unraveling with the most intense climax she'd ever had in her life.

Her inner muscles milked him until finally he let go of her throat with a loud gasp. Sticky wetness ran down her shoulder, and her pulse pounded in her ears. He lapped at her exposed neck and gripped her hips, fucking her hard, his cock nudging her cervix, his balls slapping her ass. Growls rumbled in his throat, the sound of mindless pleasure. At last, he stiffened and began to shudder, and she smoothed her hands over his back as came, his orgasm a hot flood jetting deep inside her.

Serge rocked with her a long minute, then withdrew from her body, kissing her shoulder before seeking her mouth for a slow, thorough kiss.

Once her legs stopped shaking, he let her up, and for a long time she sat on the edge of the bed in shock. Through the fog, she wondered why she felt so suddenly different, not quite like herself. It wasn't the stickiness of the blood, or his semen trickling along her inner thighs.

You're not the same Liliana you were an hour ago. You know it; you feel it. You're a woman now—changed. And there's no going back.

She knew Serge watched her. He kissed her shoulder and traced a finger down the line of her back. Behind her, she heard the whisper of his breathing, but she didn't acknowledge him. The world felt too unreal at that moment. Despite everything she knew and the fact she'd grown up among other acolytes, Serge seemed unreal—the undeniable fact that vampires exist.

"Liliana...."

"I'm okay." She sat a moment longer then got up and padded across the room to the ensuite bathroom. Reaching around the door, she flicked on the light then went in and closed the door.

It took her a moment to adjust to the brightness of the bathroom

light. Leaning against the door, she squinted until she could bear to open her eyes fully. When finally she managed it, she turned to see her reflection in the lavatory mirror, and froze. She looked sweaty and wild, her dark eyes glassy and bright. Blood stained her throat and the torso of her dress.

In defiance of how she looked, she tossed back her hair and held her head high. Proud tears pricked at her eyes. It was only the emotion of the moment getting to her, she told herself. She'd secured her Biter, the one she'd wanted above all others. The bloodline of Ashton acolytes would continue with her.

She didn't know how long she stayed in Serge's bathroom, but it took some time cleaning up in the sink. The black marble basin helped to hide the bloodstained water, and she was grateful for that. A shower would've been better, and she knew he wouldn't have minded, but it seemed pointless when she had nothing to put on afterward but her bloody dress.

Of course, now she realized her mistake for not wearing a wrap or a jacket of some kind—she had nothing with her to hide the blood or the bite marks.

Fuck it. Too late to worry about it now.

"Liliana," Serge called from the other room.

"Just a minute!"

She quickly retied the straps of her halter dress behind her neck, making sure to align her breasts right under the slinky fabric. At the last minute before leaving the bathroom, she finger fluffed her curls into some semblance of order.

When she emerged from the bathroom, the suite was no longer dark, the mask of illusion lifted. The overhead lights were on, a soft ambiance not much different from the lighting in her familial apartment.

A glance toward the bed revealed the rumpled sheets and a dark stain where she'd bled for him. Seeing it from a distance, the intimacy of it, the unquestionable sacrifice she'd offered him sent a flare of desire curling through her body. Was it normal for her to want him again so soon?

She left the bedroom and found Serge at the bar in the den, pulling

the stopper off of a crystal decanter.

"Are you alright?" he asked when she entered the room. "Not feeling faint, are you?"

"I'm fine."

He poured himself a drink: cognac, wine, something dark and red. She didn't know what it was for sure, and after giving it a moment's thought decided she didn't want to think about it. A small silence slipped between them. He didn't pour anything for her, and she took it for the sign it must be—a dismissal.

It stung a little, but she'd expected as much and had come prepared. *A lesson in love must be met with a lesson in distance*, her grandmother had once told her. Serge had given his word, and the rest hardly mattered.

Liliana walked over to the couch and picked up her clutch bag and her panties, and upon finding her sandals, she slipped her fingers through the back strap and carried them with her to the door. She'd just reached for the handle when Serge spoke.

"Liliana?"

Although he didn't do the same for her, she turned and looked at him. "Yes?"

"In exchange for your most precious gift, Monday morning, you will gather your things and take your place in my household—if that is what you wish."

"It is," she said, forcing herself to speak softly. An almost overwhelming bubble of elation blossomed inside her. She bowed her head. "Thank you."

"My pleasure," he said, then sipped his drink. "Your limo is waiting out front."

This time there was no mistaking the cue. Without saying another word, she walked out of the suite and closed the door behind her. Her entire body buzzed with energy. Her position was set. At the same time, she had so much left to do—packing, and at least a dozen phone calls to make. She had to share the good news with her family. They'd be so proud of her.

Halfway down the corridor, she paused long enough to brace a

hand against the wall and pull on her shoes.

Minutes later, in the elevator on her way back down to the ground floor, she grinned at her disheveled reflection in the shiny brass doors. She could only guess what the hotel patrons might think of her appearance when she passed through the lobby. The bloodstain on her dress made it look like someone had drenched her in wine.

The entire evening seemed dreamlike now that it was over, and yet, she'd accomplished everything she'd set out to do. Monday morning, her new life as one of Serge's appointed lovers would begin. Her stomach fluttered at the prospect, and pride beamed in her heart.

"Tomorrow's a new day," she said to herself, and as she stepped off the elevator and walked in the direction of the lobby, she had to bite her lip to contain her joy.

The End

Author Bio

In 2005, when Cora Zane announced to her family that she'd written a story about werewolves, her family was shocked to discover it was a romance—and an erotic one at that. A few years and string of short stories later, they've finally accepted her naughty imagination and her belief that lost souls need love too.

Cora currently lives in northern Louisiana with her family and a grumpy old watchdog. To find out more about the author and her books, please visit her online at www.corazane.com