

Urban Ladies Series

Jordyn Tracey



Taking Ree

Copyright © June 2008, Jordyn Tracey
Cover art by Aidan Books © June 2008

This is a work of fiction. All characters and events portrayed in this novel are fictitious or used fictitiously. All rights reserved, including the right to reproduce this book, or portions thereof, in any form.

Aidan Books
USA
www.aidanbooks.com

Chapter One

I think I knew when Haven came back. Not that I saw him or heard rumors or anything. It was that Andreas got stiff and humorless like he was when I first met him. He also went all possessive on me, wanting to parade through his club with me on his arm like I was a trophy to be looked at but not handled.

“You should stay at my place for a while,” he suggested.

I was busy shuffling through my closet in the basement, wondering if I should have it remodeled for more space to add more clothes and shoes. To be honest I hated being in the basement, but I hadn’t figured out why light was still coming into my house above ground level. I had heavy curtains and everything. Still, if I happened to wake up too early, I strolled along and was singed on the arm in the hallway. That knowledge had made Andreas insist I move in too. The man wouldn’t give up.

“Why should I do that? This place is fine.”

In that arrogant way he sometimes had, which I had tried to beat out of him, he glanced around and shuddered. “This? A basement? Ree, you should have better.”

Throwing my hands up on my hips, I rolled my eyes at him. “Whether I do or don’t is not your concern. I live where I want to. Besides, I like living next to Chelle. You don’t see her moving out to the ‘burbs or something just because her new boyfriend has deep pockets.”

He frowned. “She is not like you.”

“What’s that supposed to mean?”

He moved in a flash across the room and pulled me into his arms. His fingers tangled into my hair giving the slightest of tugs until I put my head back. With his eyes glowing in that way he had when he was sexually excited or about to feed, he lowered his mouth to my neck and bit down. I moaned.

I still only fed from Andreas, and he fed wherever I didn’t see because I had no desire to know if he was feeding from beautiful women—or from men, which would have been slightly less disturbing. But sometimes, he would nip my neck and draw on my blood. It was the most erotic move and had made me come plenty of times just from the experience. He was a skilled lover who knew how to make my body sing.

“Your friend,” he whispered, “is on a mission to prove how independent she can be while barely able to support herself and her son. You understand that your man is here to take care of you, and you accept that.”

That pissed me off. I struggled in his arms as hard as I could. As a vampire, I could toss men on their ass with my new strength, but Andreas was a whole other ball game. I said it before, the man is made of stone. While his hardness turned me on, it was also messed up that I couldn't make him sway if he didn't want me to.

"Let me go, Andreas!" I shouted. "You are not here to take care of me. I pay my own bills, thank you. And I'm keeping my house. You're just for the luxuries and great sex. That's it!"

His eyebrows went up. He always did that when I went at him, and it reminded me that he was the one in control, while I flew off the handle.

"Don't look at me like that. You don't know anything about Chelle either." He finally let me go, and I moved as far away from him as I could. I shuffled through bags of clothing he had just spent the weekend buying me. If I could have sighed, I would have. Maybe I was a kept woman, his paid for mistress. "Chelle just started working as a bounty hunter, if you can believe that. A werewolf bounty hunter. She puts food on her table just like she needs to. And I'm not going to move away from her now that she's quit Wicky-Mart or I would never see her. All just because you're scared now that Haven is back in town."

He went still, if that was possible. "How do you know about that? Did he contact you? Ree, I said he's off limits to you!" Well, that riled him.

"Excuse me?"

His countenance turned dark and dangerous. At that moment, I wondered if he would kill me or Haven if ever I thought of going back to his brother. "You heard me. He's off limits. You belong to me."

"I resent you treating me like property, Andreas. It was sexy when we were in the jacuzzi and your dick was in me, but now it's old. No man owns Ree. If I decide to kick it with Haven, that's my business. I won't cheat on you. I'll tell you to your face that you and I are over, but still that's my call. Got it?"

Did I think I was bad or what? Like I was going to tell this man who was something like four hundred years old what he could and couldn't deal with, like it or not. I had to remember Andreas had been dealing in this world *his* way. He and his brother had made up their own rules, allowable because of their money. Andreas wasn't about to take stuff off this scrawny behind girl from the hood.

Like I said, I had moved on the other side of the room, I was so mad. He put his arm out and compelled me to come to him. He had taught me a lot of cool stuff, like hypnotizing humans to make them forget and how to read minds. The jerk had never mentioned a power to move people against their will.

I tried to resist, pulling away with all my amped up strength. It did not a lick of good. My feet skimmed the floor, and before I knew it, I was right up on him. This time, he didn't tangle his hands in my hair. He just lifted his hand beside me face. My head went back without a touch or me willing it.

With the tip of his tongue teasing my skin, he kissed his way down across my cheek to my chin on to my neck. Tremors rocked my body. After a few nips at my throat, he glided back to my ear. "I won't force you to be with me if you don't want to." The man was rock hard on my belly. Would any forcing be involved at all? Not! "But you will not, under any circumstances, be with Haven if I can't have you. No, let me rephrase. You will not be with Haven, period!"

Chapter Two

I said not one word. Andreas had told me when I met him that Haven was all the family had had. That let me know right there, his brother was real important to him, especially if he had spent so much time bailing Haven out of his messes. If Andreas was saying he would kill his brother if he touched me, that was too heavy to lay on me. I couldn't be responsible for the pain it would cause my man, even if it was his decision to hurt Haven. And who was I kidding with this bull anyway? I didn't want Haven. I still wanted to split his head for killing me in the first place. I just took exception to Andreas acting like he owned me.

My lover moved his mouth from my ear to my lips. He still held me captive in that power of his, but I wasn't struggling. It turned me on. I had had boyfriends who liked me to dominate them, and others who liked to dominate me. It had been a game for the bedroom. And right then that bedroom was getting hot.

While he stuck his tongue inside my mouth, stroking it in such a way that set me on fire, his hands moved up to unbutton my blouse and reveal my breasts. Most of the time, he liked me to go without a bra. Today I had given in. He ran his thumb over my nipple until I growled with serious need. "Drea..."

"I want to be inside you right now." He followed his words by lifting me in the air and tossing me on the bed. He followed me down to settle between my legs. Just when he would have tugged off my panties, his cell phone rang.

"Ignore it," I pleaded.

He grunted and bent down to kiss my pussy through my panties. "I can't. I'm waiting on a call." I could have kicked whoever had decided at that moment to call. While he talked, I amped up my hearing to listen in. I wanted to know if it was Haven. I was still not decided on whether I would hunt the man down and kick his ass for ripping out my throat.

"He's settled at the condo," the man on the other end said. I didn't recognize the voice. Andreas had a lot of men working for him, and he didn't let any of them near me. Not that I hadn't seen an interested glance tossed my way more than once.

"Good. See that he stays there. I'm on my way." Andreas' tone brooked no arguments. So his high-handed ways weren't reserved for me. He was going to control his brother one way or another too. I rolled my eyes.

He was about to end the call when the man stopped him with his next comment. "Andreas, there's something you should know."

"What's that?"

“He didn’t come alone,” the man informed him.

“What do you mean?”

“Haven exited the jet with three other men. All vampires, and all, I’m sensing, older than you. I thought you should know. One of the guys thinks he recognizes two of them. Fabrizi.”

“Shit!”

Apparently the name set Andreas off. I could only guess those guys were bad news. I rolled the name Fabrizi around in my mind. It sounded Italian. Andreas told me he and Haven were Greek and originally from Athens, but they grew up in Italy of all places. How hot is that? When I got him going, he sometimes spoke Italian while making love to me. But not often. Better that than Greek, I guess. He claimed to have left that life behind, whatever that entailed. Looked like it had just caught up with him.

“I don’t know what game he thinks he’s playing bringing the Fabrizis here, but this is not the time for him to try for his independence from me, and definitely not like this. Get me Jet and Karl and have them meet me at the club. You stay on him and let me know every move he makes. I’ll talk to you later.”

“Right, boss.”

Andreas ended the call staring at me. I attempted to look innocent, like I hadn’t been eavesdropping, which was pointless given I hadn’t learned to keep him out of my head. He had to be hearing me rolling the Italian name around in there. I hated that he was so much older. Evidently, age with vampires was a real bonus for power.

“Pack a bag. You’re staying with me.”

“Andreas, we’ve been over this—”

“Pack or I will pack for you, Ree. I don’t have time to argue.”

I frowned. “Who are the Fabrizi brothers?” No sense pretending.

“You don’t need to know.”

“What do they have to do with me, and why are you freaking out just because Haven is back in town? All you have to do is tell him we’re together now if he doesn’t already know. Besides, he has to know I have it in for him after what he did, the bastard piece of—”

“Ree!”

I grumbled, but did pack. I would exert my independence after I was nosy and found out what was up. “This is only temporary, and you better remember, I have work tomorrow night at the store. I’m not missing it.”

He looked at me as if I had taken a vacation from common sense. “You don’t need to work there. I can pay your bills if you insist on living in this place.”

I tried to dump everything I owned in a small bag, but it wasn’t working. More shopping to do—this time for luggage. “Don’t even go there. I’m not quitting Wicky-Mart until I’m good and ready. After all Mr. Nowicky is such a dream to work for.” I laughed. “You’re not paying my bills.”

His frustration with me mounted. “Will you come on? Forget that, I can have someone swing by and pack for you, or I can get your friend to do it. She will understand the importance of keeping you safe.”

“Chelle will understand that I need my space.”

He ground his teeth.

“Will you just tell me what this is about and stop driving me up the wall?” I folded my arms, fully aware that he could just pick me up and carry me out the door. Unless he wanted a high heel up his butt later, he wouldn’t dare. I let him have that threat easily from my thoughts. I wasn’t sure, but I think he rolled his eyes.

“Fine. Haven, as you overheard, is back, and he wants you as much as he ever did.” Andreas’ gaze raked over my form. “I can’t say I blame him there, but if the threats he made the last time I spoke to him hold true, he has hired killer vampires to do whatever it takes to get you back.”

My eyes bugged. “K-Killer?”

“Yes, killer. Now let’s go!”

We needed to talk about this. Obviously, if Haven wanted me back, the men weren’t going to off me. So who were they targeting? Not Andreas. Not his own brother. I felt like my heart was pounding even though I knew it wasn’t. I stared at Andreas, and he stared back at me.

No, way. I can’t lose him. I can’t!

His face went all tender and he brushed something from my cheek. It was a blood tear. “Don’t worry. I will take care of everything,” he told me gently.

I clenched my fists. “And if you don’t, I will.”

Chapter Three

The first assault came three days later. I couldn't believe it. Andreas had said the Fabrizzis were killers. His ass did not say they were daywalkers. I was contentedly curled in his arms at his house. The next thing I knew, someone had kicked in the front door. The explosion of it hitting the wall actually woke us up.

Andreas pressed a hand over my mouth to keep me quiet. His eyes drooped, probably just like mine since we were at our weakest. "Don't say anything. Someone has broken in." He moved almost in slow motion to his cell and punched one button. I didn't have the strength to listen in, but his head bumped heavily on mine since he was laying between my legs.

"Karl, get over here. Someone has broken into my house." He grumbled. "I *was* asleep, damn it. Get over here. I cannot fight." He hung up and slid his cock out of me, making me feel empty.

"What's happening?" I whispered. "Andreas, how can Karl help?"

"He's human and so is Jet. The Fabrizzis are daywalkers. The sunlight doesn't affect them nearly as much as it does us." He fumbled with a drawer in the nightstand. When he punched a button I hadn't seen before, a door opened at the side. Two guns lay inside. He grabbed one and shoved the other in my hands. I nearly fainted.

"What am I going to do with this?"

"Defend yourself." He reached over and took the safety off. I thought I might vomit the blood I drank from him the night before. "You won't have the strength to fight. You're already falling asleep. We have to hold them off until the others get here."

I didn't want to hold anyone off. I couldn't even keep my eyes open long enough to find my nightgown. I was buck naked and droopy-eyed with my hands shaking so hard, I was liable to shoot Andreas. How could Haven be doing this? I wondered if I should talk to him and get him to back off. I couldn't imagine he wanted to hurt his brother. When it all came down to it, I knew I loved Andreas and would do anything to keep him safe.

The next thing I knew the bedroom door burst open and there they stood, two deathly white guys with long white hair and hooked noses. They were so thin it looked like they hadn't fed in decades.

I asked no questions; I just started firing. I hit everything but the daywalkers. Not because they zipped about too fast, but because my hand jerked every which way. When they moved into the room, Andreas' head had dipped. He fired once and hit one of the brothers, but the other had him hanging from the wall in seconds. I screamed.

"Let him go, you piece of trash!"

The vampire laughed. His brother peeled the bullet from his arm, threw it on the floor and came at me. I crawled like a snail onto the bed, still naked. The man looked too excited to see that. Andreas growled. With his teeth, he ripped a huge chunk out of the man's arm who was holding him. I gagged. The man dropped my lover, and he slumped on the floor, fighting sleep.

Before the other vampire got to me, the pitch black room lit with light. A volley of shots exploded around us, and the Fabrizi brothers squealed like pigs. Andreas' posse had arrived. With the number of bullets they riddled those losers with, I figured they would be down for a while.

Andreas climbed on the bed, dragging cover and himself over me as the Fabrizi brothers tore violently through a boarded window. Sunlight burst through into the room. Andreas cried out in pain. I cried beneath him. Even in exhaustion he had calculated what the trapped brothers would do.

"Get them covered!" someone shouted.

Seconds later, that felt like hours hearing Andreas' shouts of pain, a blanket was thrown over us, and then another. As I drifted off to sleep, I felt several hands separating me and my lover. I wanted to beg to stay with him, but I was too sleepy. Someone carried me in his arms.

"We've got to get them to a safe place right now," someone commanded. "More blankets so we can take them outside. Let's go."

And then I was out.

* * * *

I woke up in an unfamiliar room. It held a huge bed and looked like a bedroom, but there were no windows, yet I was sure it was night time now. My full strength had returned. I shot up thinking of Andreas.

"Drea!"

He was at my side in seconds. I kissed his mouth hungrily before pushing him back to examine him. He grinned, his fangs just receding. Evidence of blood coated his tongue and teeth. "I'm here, honey."

"You're okay? The sunlight..."

"The effects are gone now. I fed in order to heal faster. We're safe now. Would you like to feed since I am on a full tank?" He chuckled. I wondered if the man was delirious, but he looked in top form. Real hot, as usual.

“I just ate yesterday, but I’m not going to turn down my favorite meal.”

Satisfied he was okay, and wondering for the millionth time how he always managed to wake up an hour or two before me, I climbed up on his lap. I was still naked, and he had opened his pants as if I intended to bite him there, which wasn’t such a bad idea.

“Naughty woman.” He chuckled, reading my thoughts.

I grazed my teeth along his neck, but held off biting. “Why are you so happy? You’re weirding me out.”

His eyes practically glowed. “I heard your thoughts.”

“What? When? The biting your dick thing?” I shook my head. “I wouldn’t think you’d like that level of pain, but whatever floats my man’s boat...”

“Not that. Before when we were dealing with the Fabrizzis. You love me.” The knowledge seemed to send the man in orbit. Had I known that would give him so much pleasure, I would have thought about telling him long before now. Well, *maybe*. Ree didn’t really like a man to know he had that much sway in her heart.

I gave him my darkest look. “Yeah, well don’t think it means anything. I’ve been in love before, and I’m still woman enough to walk away if our relationship doesn’t suit me. Got it?”

He smirked, not believing a word of it. “Aren’t you going to ask if I love you?”

I rolled my eyes. “Boyfriend, please. You loved me on sight.” I leaned back, trying not to burst out laughing. “All this? You can’t tell me you don’t kiss the ground I walk on.”

He flipped me over onto my back with his heavy body positioned above. “Is that so?”

I feigned boredom, yawning and studying my nails. “Yeah, that’s so.”

“So if I did this...” He ran a hand down between my legs, dipped a finger in my pussy and licked my cream from it. “I’m just doing what’s expected of a whipped man like myself. And there’s really nothing out of the ordinary about rubbing your swollen little clit.” His thumb followed his words. He stroked my clit, gently pushed down on it and then moved his hand away. I thought I might cry.

“Drea!”

“Hmm?”

“I don’t—”

“Choose your words carefully, my love. If you tell me you don’t need me, I might have to prove to you that you do, by holding out on sex.”

I stared. “You can’t hold out any more than I can. You need it. Since you couldn’t go without feeding, you couldn’t give up the cootchie, and you know it.”

“Unlike you, who always rides me when you’re feeding, I have adapted to feeding for nourishment only. I do not spread the legs of the women whose blood I take.”

That admission took this teasing to another level. I knew how out of control I was when I sucked his blood. Even before my teeth had penetrated his skin, I was fumbling with his pants, stroking his dick through the material and humping him like a sex-starved maniac. What were the women he used as donors doing to him at that time? Jealousy choked me.

“So you swear you’re not sleeping with them? Who are they? They don’t touch you at all?”

Compassion came over his expression. “No, I promise, I don’t. None of the donors can hold a candle to your sexy body. Even if they could, they do not appeal to me. You are what I want. And to answer your unspoken question,” he tapped my temple, “I do love you. Very deeply.”

My heart would have swelled if it could.

“Now do you want to make love or not?”

“Bring it.”

Chapter Four

Andreas reared back to sit on his heels. He lifted my hips to straighten my body, holding me by the backs of my thighs. Just his proximity to my cootchie had me practically dripping with need. I knew the look in his eyes. He was going to drag the experience out and make me suffer with my desires for a nice long time. Anticipation almost had me quivering. Whatever danger lurked outside this room, I could care less. All I wanted was my lover, the man I loved with all my heart.

He slid his hands down to my rear and pinched my cheeks. His thumbs brushed the moisture at my intimate folds so lightly I jumped. "Ready?"

"On fire!"

His eyes sparkled. "Good. I'm going to do a little experimenting."

"Drea..."

He ignored me. Moving back, he tilted his head to first one side and then the other. I knew it was just to tease. He knew what he could and couldn't do, and what his next move was. With his hands at his sides, not touching me at all, my body began to levitate. My pussy was soon level with his mouth. He leaned in close to smell. "Mmm, what a treat."

"Eat me, Drea," I demanded. He had not once obeyed a command given by me. I don't know why I tried. This time he did. Sort of. He leaned in to take a swipe with his tongue. I wiggled my rear. Making that greedy eating sound turned me on like nobody's business. I tried scooting in tight against his mouth, but his power held me in place.

He ate only light enough to tease, not tight and rough like I liked it. I complained, but he laughed. "This is to bring you to the brink, honey, not send you over."

"I want to come!"

"All in good time."

Angry now, I put my hand down between my legs to rub my clit. My pleasure exploded. I rocked my hips to rub my swollen button against my fingers, and I moaned as my climax grew closer.

"Naughty!" Andreas took control of my arm and shoved my own fingers inside my wet pussy. My cream coated them, and he forced me to slide them in and out over and over. I screamed and twisted in his hold. I was so close to coming, but before I could he stopped me and pulled them out. My fingers hung wet in the air.

"Mine or yours," he demanded.

“Mine!”

He shoved my fingers into my mouth so I could suck my own juices off them. I was sure to moan and whine to torment him in return for bringing me to the brink. He only laughed.

“More?”

“Yes!”

He moved from the bed and disappeared through a doorway I hadn’t noticed earlier. I still hung in the air. I heard water running, and soon he returned with a small basin and cloth. A chill ran over my body. He positioned himself between my spread legs again and gently began washing me. From the front to the back, warm sudsy water ran over my body, soothing and tantalizing. I moaned, closing my eyes.

When he finished, he began kissing along my inner thighs, nipping and licking at intervals. “You taste delicious, Ree.”

“Eat me, Drea,” I pleaded shamelessly.

“Not yet.”

He leaned in and sunk his fangs into my thigh. I cried out, but he soothed the wound with the tip of his tongue. He didn’t draw on my blood. Instead he squeezed my thigh so that blood dripped on his fingers. He scooped up the thick liquid and combined it with more of my cream. I thought he would suck his fingers, but he fed it to me. I ate like I was starving. It got Drea off to watch me eat my own snatch juice.

His growl of excitement had me trembling. Finally, when I had licked his fingers clean, he returned to my ass, squeezing and pinching. He slapped first one cheek and then the other. I cried out, squirming.

He dragged my juice down to my ass opening and pushed his fingers inside. I screamed again. It hurt so good. I tried humping his hand, but couldn’t control my movements. “Let me down, Drea. I need it so bad.”

“Tell me how bad, honey?” He stroked my stinging ass cheek and kissed it. “Tell me.”

“I want to come. I need to come now.”

“And what do you want me to do to you?” He stood up at the end of the bed, stripped his clothes off and showed me the erect prize he held in his hand. I convulsed.

“I don’t know,” I said in confusion.

I could have slapped the smirk from his beautiful lips, lips I longed to kiss until they and mine were numb. "You don't know what you want, Ree? How can I service you if you don't know?"

I struggled to get my thoughts clear. The smell of my own arousal was under my nose. My sight was filled with the view of his big dick. I didn't know if I wanted him to eat me, me eat him or have him plunge that massive piece of meat as deep inside me as he could get it. I felt like I was losing my mind.

Andreas had mercy on me and sank back down to his knees. My body drifted toward him, my knees shifting higher at the same time. I thought my ass was a little high for him to eat my pussy. And then his mouth covered my back opening. He tongued the tight passage, teasing and stroking. My climax slammed over me, making me shiver and cry. Blood tears flooded my eyes. His hungry moans set me off over and over.

He drew back, slapped my ass and then zoomed in to lap my hole. I came for the second time. "Drea, you've got to stop. I don't think I can take it." Was I freaking crazy? The pleasure had never been this intense. He slapped my rear again. "Drea!" The aftershock was stronger.

Moving to my pussy, he slurped and greedily stuck his tongue far inside me. I pleaded in near gibberish. He gripped my hips, grounding my aching pussy to his mouth as he sucked hard. It hurt too damn good.

He let his arms fall across my legs so that he was supported against my hips and his mouth lay flat against my pussy. He ate and ate, his eyes closed as if he was lost in another time and space. My eyes, which I had opened the moment he began to lick my ass, drifted closed again. "Don't stop. Just...don't stop."

It had to be a good two hours we hung there, his lips working me, his tongue, his chin...until I had lost count of how many times I came. I wouldn't trade him for any man. Ever. Someone would have to pry my dead flesh from Andreas because I belonged to him and him alone.

Finally, he climbed up until his body hovered over mine. We slowly descended to the bed. His dick eased up my channel. I didn't have the strength to do more than murmur. We were one person, gyrating in unison, our lips touching but not moving. I felt the rush of his warm seed flow up into my pussy. I orgasmed with him, chanting his name as he whispered mine.

"I love you so much, Ree."

"I love you, too."

Chapter Five

Someone pounded on the bedroom door, but neither I nor Andreas answered. He lay on his back with his arms behind his head and me perched on top with his cock buried inside me. I read to him from a book we found on the nightstand. We were perfectly content to stay like that until the mood to go at it struck us or if we were driven from the room with a need to feed.

“You’ve had a lot of men,” Andreas said to me suddenly.

I rested the book on his stomach. “Yes, so?”

“So how do I compare? And do you miss them sometimes?”

I rolled my eyes. “Just like a man. Your dick is buried inside me and you want to know if I’m thinking of another man.” I grinned. Normally, I would have told whatever lover asked such a question that he could mind his business and just focus on the here and now. But Andreas was different. I had thought he was without a doubt the most secure man a woman could ever meet, but love did funny things to a person. I know it was throwing my butt for a loop. “I’ve been with some great lovers. Most because I taught them what pleases me, and I learned what did it for them. Even still, not one of them is in the same galaxy, no the same universe as you.”

That pleased him. “And the thinking part?”

“You’re as thick as a pole, Drea. There’s no room to think of another man when I’m riding you. You can eat me for days, I bet. I’ve come so many times with you, and your energy never runs out. I bet if I wanted you to, you could keep your cock hard for twenty-four hours. You’re unnatural!”

He laughed. “Un-dead. Go figure.”

I grinned. “And me? What do you think?”

He shrugged as if his words were not a big deal. “You own me, beautiful sexy woman.” He ran a hand down over my stomach, stopping at my intimate curls. “I would kill my brother to keep you, Ree.”

My eyes widened. That was a big deal, no doubt.

“Drea...”

He looked away. “Don’t say anything.” I thought I saw hurt in his eyes, but he masked it quick. “He’s as obsessed with you as I am, Ree. I’ve never seen him this crazy over a female. He’s done dumb things, but he was always loyal to me, always obeyed to a certain extent. Now, he’s willing to kill me to get you back. When he learned I had made

you a vampire, he lost it. I had sent him home to Italy, and he went probably because he thought you had died and you were lost to him. Someone thought it was just gossip to tell how I had a new vampire girlfriend on my arm—you. That broke the bond between us. He's not just here to get you back. He's here to kill me for taking you."

I collapsed down on his chest and closed my eyes. "Something tells me he won't give up until one of you is dead. I don't like this. If anything happens to you...If he takes me..."

"He won't!" he snapped. "I promise."

I was about to tell him how I didn't want to depend on that, that I wanted the two of us to go far away and live in peace, when the sound of splitting wood hit my ears. Andreas flipped us so that I was beneath him and we both stared at the dust-filled door way. It wasn't the Fabrizi boys, but Chelle and her boy toy.

Andreas growled. He yanked covers over me then sprang to his feet. Chelle turned her head only after she had checked out my man, to my annoyance, but Lucas sneered like he wasn't impressed. I dragged my covers with me as I moved in front of Andreas. He calmly deposited my body behind his, but did slide into his pants.

"Care to tell me why you found it necessary to break my door down and how the hell you found us?" Andreas' voice was so threatening, even I was nervous. The wolves weren't fazed.

Lucas tapped his nose. "Can smell anything, even you."

Behind Andreas, I located a nightgown and slipped it on. I hurried out to throw my arms around Chelle. "Hey girl, what's the occasion? Are y'all nuts or what? Andreas is like a mama bear right now." I rolled my eyes and my friend laughed.

Chelle sniffed the air. "Damn, Ree. Didn't I tell you, your ass is nasty? Y'all been locked in here fucking haven't you?"

I slapped her playfully. She winced. I didn't know my own strength sometimes. "Sorry, what's up?"

She eyed Lucas walking over to Andreas. I knew that look. She had it bad for him. "Your ex-boy is off. He's running around killing vampires in their sleep looking for you and Andreas. A couple of the older ones came to my council and asked them about hiring werewolves to protect them. Apparently, daywalkers are a rare breed. They haven't yet located ones strong enough to combat the...the..."

"Fabrizi brothers?" I offered.

She nodded. "Yeah. What have you gotten yourself into, girl?"

“Into the man of my dreams,” I muttered, embarrassed. “Too bad his brother wants him dead so he can get me. What’s so hot about Ree’s pussy, I ask you?”

Chelle hugged me. “Don’t worry. I made sure Lucas and I were assigned to you.”

“You mean your council actually went for it? Vamps and werewolves haven’t been the closest on the best of days.”

“Yeah we usually stay out of each other’s shit, but the council thinks if Haven goes too far, humans will get wind of us night creatures and we’ll have real trouble.”

I thought about what she told me. The whole mess was a pain in my backside. I glanced over my shoulder at the two men talking. They were both hot as hell. How did Chelle and I get so lucky? I turned back to face her. “So why doesn’t a werewolf just off the Fabrizzis?”

Chelle gaped. “Well if we wanted a war, sure. Some of the vampires don’t like what Haven is doing and think he should duke it out with Andreas by himself, but they still stick by their own. If any other creature were to kill a vampire, it would be on. No questions asked.”

“Damn.”

She nodded. “Exactly” She held her arms out to the side. “So, meet your new babysitters. We’re moving, skipping town for a few days until we can arrange a meeting between Andreas and Haven, away from the Fabrizzis.”

“What about Derrick?”

“He’s staying with Stacy.”

My eyes widened. “Stacy? I thought...But she’s only human.”

“Yeah, but she’s in tune a lot more now. She also has that freak of a boyfriend, or should I say boyfriends. So weird that she has two lovers in one body.” Chelle eyed Lucas.

I laughed. “I’m sure you could only handle one werewolf lover at a time.”

“Speak for yourself.”

Chapter Six

I propped my feet up on the back of Andreas' chair and polished my toes in the darkness of the car. Chelle and I were shooting the breeze in the back seat while our men chatted up front. "Isn't this strange?" I asked my best friend. "We're so different now. In many ways we're stronger, living more exciting lives than we could ever imagine, but then sometimes it gets to be overwhelming. I mean you're different, but at least you're alive. I-I'm dead."

She squeezed my shoulder. "Don't they call it a virus or something, like a mutation?"

I rolled my eyes at her. "You're the mutant, girlfriend."

A growl rolled in her throat, but I felt no threat. She would never hurt me.

Having finished with one foot, I poked it between the chairs toward Andreas. He caught hold of my ankle and began blowing my toenails dry. Beside me, Chelle's eyes widened.

"Damn, I know when I first met him, he was stiff as a board. What you do to the man, Ree? He's whipped."

I felt a pinch on my heel. "He can hear you, Chelle."

"And what?"

I burst out laughing. "He's not whipped. He just loves me."

"Oh, sweetie, I'm so happy for you. I admit I dreamed of the day you would fall for a guy and settle down. You always had a new man in your bed every week."

"Hey, I didn't say we were getting married or anything. I said we love each other," I protested. "I get him and he gets me. Most of the time anyway. Sometimes, I get the feeling like Andreas is used to a certain kind of woman. You know the type. They obey his every command, little docile things that wouldn't dream of telling him to kiss her ass."

Chelle fell out laughing. "But you would, wouldn't you, Ree? Of course, it depends on your mood. You probably like your man to kiss your ass."

"You know it! Feels incredible." I winked.

"Hey! What are you two talking about?" Lucas eyed us through the rearview mirror. We fell out laughing again like teenagers.

I piped up, "I'm giving Chelle pointers on you giving her the nookie just right, like my baby, Andreas." I thought steam would come out of Lucas' ears and Andreas' chest might swell until it popped.

Chelle leaned forward to run her hands through Lucas' hair. "Don't listen to her, baby. You know you give it to me right." Chelle sneered at me, but I saw amusement in her eyes. We liked to rib guys, but without their equipment, we'd be stuck with vibrators. No comparison!

While Chelle and I were busy rubbing down our men, I have to admit we weren't overly focused on the dark road ahead. The next thing I knew, something slammed into the car. Since I wasn't being safe, being unbuckled and leaning up between the seats, the impact sent me straight through the windshield. Glass shattered and flew into my eyes, my cheeks and my hands when I had been too late putting them up to protect my face. The pain was excruciating.

I slid across the hood, scraped my stomach on the hood ornament and hurtled some feet away. I lay there half out of it for a while with my head spinning and my eyes stuck open because my lids couldn't cover the glass imbedded in my eyes. "Drea?" I called. Listening as well as I could in my condition, I heard nothing, not the sound of breathing from Chelle and Lucas, not movement of any kind from Andreas. Fear gripped me.

Slowly, I dragged myself to my knees. My head spun so much, I slumped back down a few times before I could hold a kneeling position. *Come on, stupid body, heal!*

A crackling of glass sounded behind me, and then someone had me around the neck. He lifted me up a foot or so above the ground. I fought to be loose, but he was stronger than me. Must be a vampire. I glanced down as much as I could to find extreme pale skin. Fabrizio! Only imagining what they could have done to my lover and my friends, I bit down as hard as I could, trying to rip his skin like Andreas had done. He yowled, and I tasted bitter blood before he beat me about the head.

"Hey stop it, idiot. He told us not to hurt her," the other brother called out.

"She'll heal before we get there."

Finding the pain too much, I let go. He yanked my head back and sneered in my face. I tried spitting in his but was too weak. "Where are the others?"

He glanced over his shoulder. "They're fine. We had this planned real nice. Your boyfriend and the disgusting wolves are taking a nice long nap. Took only a second to inject them. But knowing, the vampire, we better get moving because his body will reject that sleeping potion quick. Come on, brother."

"My eyes..." I complained.

“Later!”

In another car they had sitting at the ready, they shoved me inside. Only through a blur did I see the car doors opened and Lucas, Chelle and Andreas unconscious inside. Fear for their safety choked me.

The taller brother hopped in with me while the other slipped into the driver seat. I fought like an animal as we careened down the road. Once I got a foot under the man’s chin, and he smashed his head against the side window.

“Get her settled, fratello. Now!” the driver yelled.

Fratello...or whatever his name was—I was fairly sure Andreas had told me that was the Italian word for brother—spread his body over mine to hold me down. His already bloodshot eyes glowed, and the stretch of his lips could only be called an evil grin. “I know how to make you calm down.”

Panic hit me thinking he was going to rape me right in the back seat while we were speeding down the highway. Instead, he forced my head to the side to expose my neck and he bit down hard. Soon I felt the pull on my blood, and was disgusted to find he grew hard and moaned while he did it. I wanted to throw up.

With the loss of so much blood at once, my energy flagged. My lids drooped as much as they could. All the fight left me and the Fabrizzis could do whatever they wanted.

“Drea...” I whimpered.

The man on top of me laughed. “He can’t help you now. I suggest you start calling out *‘Haven, oh Haven.’*” He grinned at his imitation of a female voice. I wished I could spit in his face. “On second thought, call out my name, baby.” He placed a hand at the waistband of my pants.

His brother glanced over his shoulder. “Sei pazzo, Federico? He’ll kill you if you touch her.”

“I’ll take my chances.”

Before he could go any further, something thumped on the roof of the car. Both brothers cried out. The car swerved, the shocks barely absorbing the bounces as it headed into a ditch. Fingers tore through the steel overhead. Even I was feeling nervous about what was about to happen.

Chapter Seven

My head dipped once and maybe I blacked out. The next instant, I realized the car was upside down with the roof completely peeled back like a sardine can. A wolf howled somewhere nearby. Someone was tearing off the back door.

“Drea?” I called.

A white face came around the car frame, but it was neither of the Fabrizi brothers. I froze. Willing my hands to move, I lifted my arms and curled my nails at the ready to scratch his eyes out. But that act sapped me of the last of my energy. I existed because I was a vampire and couldn’t die. I was pretty sure there was little blood inside me.

The man I didn’t recognize dragged me from the car, but before he could attack, someone tackled him from behind. My vision was still blurred. I couldn’t tell who it was. Two men fought, ripping into each other. A hiss I recognized as Andreas’ came to my ears. I smelled blood and my stomach growled.

“Drea....” I whispered. “I’m thirsty.”

Something told me more enemies had arrived on the scene. We needed backup, and my lover was fighting to save me with everything in him. Haven had been foolish enough to bring us all to the brink of war, if this whole episode got out.

I knew when he arrived, having stayed somewhere safe up until now. He had sent the Fabrizis to do his dirty work. The fighting must have gone on for longer than I thought. On the horizon, I was sure I saw a glimmer of light. Of course, I could have been wrong since I couldn’t see clearly.

A shadow blocked the moon over me as I lay beside the car. “Hello, my love.” *Haven*. I wanted to spit out the name, hating him for what he did to me and for causing Andreas pain.

“How can you do this, Haven? He’s your brother. He loves you.”

He leaned down to lift me into his arms. “You’re right! He *is* my brother, which is why he never should have taken you from me. And you giving yourself to him like a whore.” He covered my mouth in a punishing kiss. My lip cut on my extended fangs, but no blood leaked out. I longed to cry. “Mm, you still taste good, Ree. I can’t wait to get inside you. I bet your pussy has been craving my cock.”

I forced a laugh. “Why should it? Andreas’ cock is more than enough to please me. I ride him every chance I get.”

He smacked me. I heard a roar to the right. Haven and I both turned to look. It seemed like Andreas was dragging against four other vampires to get to me. They struggled to hold him. Haven grinned.

“Don’t worry, fratello,” he told Andreas. “I will satisfy her every need from now on...con piacere. With pleasure.”

He turned away from the outrage on his brother’s face and moved with such swiftness, the wind blew my hair back. I managed to turn my face into his chest to protect my eyes. We traveled about an hour before he got a car and drove us even farther until we came to a pier.

“Where?” I mumbled.

“We have to cross water to throw off the wolves.” He moved swiftly down the pier to a boat waiting. “If you behave yourself, I will let you feed. If not, I will leave you like this until I know we’re safe.”

In a cabin with covered windows, he laid me on a bed. I glanced around, easily making out the sturdy furnishings, the decor styled like a ship from the 1800s. Maps hung from the walls but I couldn’t see details. I tried to remember if Andreas had said he and his brother came from that far back. I didn’t think so. Maybe they simply had an interest in old stuff.

“Haven, if you love me you will help me get the glass out of my eyes.” I wanted it to be an accusation, but my voice was low and weak.

He bent over me and gently brushed my hair back. “Oh, I’m sorry, baby.” I felt like vomiting in his face. Talk about lust for a guy fizzling out. He was still hot as hell, but I hated him so much, he turned ugly.

Each dig of glass from my eyes was excruciating. I screamed, or tried to. My throat dried to the point of not being able to produce more than tiny squeaks. Even those were dull and low. “Blood, Haven. *Please*. I promise I’ll behave.”

Finished cleaning my eyes, he stayed still looking down into my face. His gaze dropped to my breasts and a look of lust transformed his expression. I turned my head away. He forced it back. “You know I could have my way with you in your present condition. I could just spread your shapely chocolate legs and drill you until I come.” I felt a shiver rush over him from his proximity to me. “You remember how it was don’t you, Ree? I could just take you for hours.”

“Unfortunately, the sun is rising,” I said as sarcastically as I could muster.

As if on cue, his eyes drooped. “Damn it!” We didn’t need alarm clocks. Our bodies knew the drill, and whether we wanted to or not, we were drained of energy at sun up. Haven slid up on the bed. Terror ran through me that he was going to rape me, but he nestled his head down beside mine and promptly fell asleep. A few seconds later, I joined him.

Chapter Eight

My eyes popped open as they always did soon after the sun went down, but my body was still wasted. I felt a heavy weight atop me and remembered Haven. He hadn't awakened, which was weird since Andreas always beat me awake; sometimes early enough to feed so that he would be ready for me to satisfy my thirst. From the moans and slight movement that came from Haven, I had the feeling the asshole was dreaming about having sex with me. Anger nearly choked me.

His neck was right at my mouth. Without a second thought, I sank my fangs in him. I didn't even try to be gentle, but dragged as hard as my energy let me. I knew as I jerked my head, the sharpness of my teeth tore as his flesh, but he deserved it.

He woke up in a hurry but not before I had enjoyed enough to get a good amount of my strength back. And I was even more pissed because I had still been drinking exclusively from Andreas.

"That's enough, baby." His words were slightly slurred, and I knew his fangs were down. He too was thirsty. I ignored him, and wrapped my arms around him to hold him in place. He fought against me. "I said that's enough!"

Jerking so hard to get free, he fell over the side of the bed, carrying me with him. The move was to my advantage. I slammed his shoulders against the floor, shoved hard into his cock that could not have been pleasant, and continued to drink.

"Stop! Ree, no more!"

"*Die, bastard!*" I projected into his mind. Not that I knew whether he picked up on it. We had to willingly read each other's minds.

Somehow he broke free, throwing me backward against the wall. He flopped over to his stomach and crawled toward the door. I was on him in a heartbeat. I found a new delicious spot on his neck, forced him to the floor and went at it again. I heard him cry out, but I had no mercy. Just like I had been drained by that ass he hired, he was going down. I sucked and sucked until I felt like my belly would pop. Finally, I pulled back.

"Dumbass," I whispered in his ear. "Never sleep with your neck open to a hungry vampire."

I stood up and watched him a while to be sure he was unconscious. Then I kicked him and stepped over his body. I found the door locked, and instead of flipping the bolt, I tore it off. The door soon followed, the hinges clanging to the floor.

Outside, the cool night air was welcome. I searched the area to find we were in the middle of nowhere, completely surrounded by water. Having looked over the boat, I

discovered there was no driver. We were completely alone, but I had another problem. I couldn't drive the boat or swim.

"Damn!"

I paced thinking about what to do. I tried projecting my thoughts to Andreas to tell him where I was, but I couldn't be sure he would receive or even if he was okay. I hoped he was. I couldn't live in this dark, endless life without him.

Then I thought of Stacy. Maybe they would go to her to find out where I was. I shouted into the night everything I knew about the route Haven had taken the night before, and included the fact that I was on the boat in the middle of nowhere. If I weren't so desperate, it would be funny. I was acting like the woman received psychic info like a phone call. Anything was possible. After shouting over and over until my throat was dry again, I sat down to wait. Nothing else I could do.

After about two hours, I heard a flapping too loud to be a bird. I looked up into the sky and was shocked to see a man, pale like death, with wings sprouting from his back. They looked like giant claws with webbing between them, grotesque and freaky. I took a stance to let him know he was in for a butt-kicking if he was coming as a friend of Haven's.

He landed with a chuckle that ticked me off. "Hello, amore mio. You must be Ree."

"If you've come to try to force me to stay with Haven, you're wasting your time. I'll kill him in his sleep the first chance I get. I'll drain him dry and then cut his head off if you don't back off! I want to be with Andreas."

His eyes widened. "Such passion."

"Go to hell."

He chuckled making me feel like an idiot for no reason. "Not to worry, little one. I am Camillo Fribrizi. I think you've had the displeasure of meeting my sons."

I think I almost fainted.

"Easy. Hold on. I'm not here to hurt you. I came to clean up the mess they've made of things. I bet you're wondering about how we all know each other? After all Rome is a big place."

Not really.

"I wanted to continue to work with Andreas as we did back home, but he wanted to strike out on his own, go legit." He shuddered. "I was not happy, but I respected that. However,

my sons did not. They were more than happy to come here and start trouble. Haven had apparently promised them stakes in he and his brother's business dealings here."

I stared. "Something illegal?"

He waved his hand. "Never mind that. But I know Andreas. He is not like the rest of us. He dreams of a normal life, if one can be had. The man will surround himself with humans, and not just for food. I may not agree, but I do understand him. I love him like a son. I *will not* allow anyone, including my stupid sons, to take it away from him. Now, come, bella. I must take you home to your lover."

I didn't really see where I had much of a choice. Moving closer to him, I stared at his wings. "Where did you get those?" They were hideous but useful.

He chuckled. "Young woman, I hear your mind." I slapped a hand over my face, embarrassed. He said nothing more, just whipped me around, wrapped thin white arms around me and up we went into the night. "You have to live a good millennium to get these perks...even if they are hideous," he whispered into my ear. I thought it better not to say one word. My lover's enemy's father was rescuing me. Better to just thank my lucky stars and enjoy the ride.

Chapter Nine

“Damn, when Camillo says he’s cleaning up the mess, he means it!” I declared a few nights later.

Andreas’ attention had barely raised from my nipples in the last hour. I couldn’t be sure he heard what I said, but after giving my tight buds a few licks, he responded. “Yes, he’s had plenty of time to learn how to do it. He’s like a vampire mobster. He ordered a hit on every one of the vamps his sons hired to fight us. He paid off several in the werewolf council to vote against war, as well as any vampires that might be leaning in that direction. And he took control of his sons and Haven.”

I frowned. “Why would the werewolves take bribes not to fight? All they want is a good place to hunt.”

“Exactly. There are a few reservations that are exclusive werewolf territory. The upkeep takes money. And who doesn’t need a little extra to send little Johnny off to college for those determined to live in the human world?”

I thought of what Camillo had said about Andreas. He just wanted to live on his own terms. I had to respect that. It was better than hearing my man was into smuggling guns or something dramatic like the rich and sexy club owners on TV did.

“Ah, okay, I get it. By the way, what’s up with keeping me prisoner here for the last few days?” I poked him in the chest. A flash of desire ran through my insides. How many times did I have to make love to this man to ease how much I ached for him?

“Do you think I will let you out of my sight ever again? Never. If I have to force you to move in with me, I will. That’s after I can manage to allow you to leave this room.”

I shivered. “Oh, don’t worry. I was lost without you, and it might take a bit for me to feel right again.” I curled my body against his. “A few more sessions in bed should take care of it though.”

His eyes glowed brighter. “I think I can bring myself to take care of that. It’ll be tough, but...”

I covered his mouth with mine and ran my foot up the side of his leg. With my legs parted, he reached between us to stroke my pussy. I arched into his touch, feeling that growing need to be possessed by him, to belong completely to this incredible man. He stroked in and out of my wet pussy, rough and fast. It was so good, I began to whine and ride his hand with wild abandon.

“Deeper!” I demanded. He obliged, curling three fingers down and just using the two middle ones to shove deep. His knuckles grazed my clit and I screamed. “Drea, I’m going to come.”

“That’s what I want you to do, amore mio.”

The sweet Italian whispered from my lover sent me over the edge. I came quick, humping his hand and gripping his shoulders. But my body wanted more, so much more. I shoved him on his back and climbed up over him. Slipping higher, I positioned my pussy at his mouth and gripped the headboard.

“Eat me now!” I commanded. Andreas had come to love my commands when we were in bed. Of course that had only been when I was getting mine. When it was his turn, the man tamed me like a little kitten. I didn’t mind a bit. He could totally make a girl his love slave.

I lowered my pussy to his mouth. On cue, Andreas stuck out his tongue to lick me. His tongue was long and thick. He knew how to use it like a dick. He dipped inside my tunnel, spooning my cream into his mouth with yummy moans. Even his sounds turned me on.

It was getting too good. I gyrated my hips to his mouth and he grabbed onto me, to hold me still. He sucked hard, moving from my moist opening to my clit. When he latched on, I nearly went orbital. I arched my back to push my clit farther into his mouth. I sagged against the headboard, my arms limp at my sides, just feeling the sensations roll over me. I came once, twice, three times, before he let me down.

Andreas wasn’t finished. He slipped to the side of the bed and picked me up in his arms. He carried me to the couch in the corner and set me on my feet. He bent me over the arm of the chair and pushed my feet apart. Now, my ass was curved in the air. He blew on my wet pussy, and I squirmed.

He dropped to his knees and leaned in to eat me again. He parted my folds to stick his tongue inside me. I whimpered while he pinched and smacked lightly at my ass cheeks. When I came again, he leaned back. “What do you want now, baby?”

Tears wet my face. I had been whimpering into the sofa, muffling my screams, but now I turned my head to rest it against the cushion. “You know what I want.”

“You want my cock inside you?”

I bit into my bottom lip, not even realizing my fangs had slipped down in my excitement. Blood leaked into my mouth. I drank it with my eyes fluttering open and closed in my pleasure. “You know what I want, Drea.”

“Do you want it hard and fast or slow and easy?”

He was giving me a choice? Normally, the man took what he wanted and forced me to heights I didn't think I could return from without kissing the ground he walked on. “Make me yours,” I muttered.

“You are mine, every last inch of your sexy body. I'm never letting you go, Ree.” He laid down on me for a moment, but not allowing all of his weight to settle atop me. His lips at my ear, he said, “Ree, marry me. Be my wife.”

“Yes, I must.”

He stood again, gripped my hips, and I braced myself for his long stiff invasion, but instead, he eased inside my pussy. His strokes were slow and lazy. I thought I felt something drip on my lower back. I reached back to feel. It was a blood tear. My strong man was crying.

“Ree...”

“I know.” I felt myself becoming choked up. “Don't worry, my love. I will never leave you. We'll walk this dark road together, forever.”

The End