

Changeling Press

MARILYN LEE

Nighttime
Magic



Bloodlust: Nighttime Magic

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Bloodlust: Nighttime Magic

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After a break-up with a controlling lover, forty-three-year-old Neely Little John finds herself stranded on a dark country road being pursued by a stalker. A tall, dark stranger comes to her rescue and Neely falls into instant lust. But what are the chances the young hunk is interested in an older woman?

Twenty-nine-year-old half-blood vampire Dimitri Dumont has obsessed over Neely Little John from afar and wondered if she might be his bloodlust -- his perfect mate. Determined not to make the mistake of choosing a mate too early in life, as he fears his father did, he flees from Neely after one night of incredible sex. In his struggle to forget her, he's driven into his Feast of Indulgence. He'll emerge from his Feast a full-blood vampire, hungry to claim Neely as his own -- even if he has to take her by force.

Chapter One

Neely Little John sat behind the wheel of her car. She spent several minutes slowing her heartbeat before she opened her eyes. Although she managed more measured breaths, her sense of danger remained. Struggling to overcome it, she took one last deep breath. *Don't let your imagination run wild. It's Halloween, you've lost your cell phone, and you're out of gas on a narrow, dark road. That's no reason to panic and imagine you're being followed.*

Her car had shut down about two and a half miles from her destination -- Trace's country mansion. However, it was a warm night. If need be, she could walk the remaining distance to the mansion where she could call for a tow. She thought of the three-inch red heels she wore and grimaced. Walking would probably result in blisters the next day.

She turned her attention back to the car. *Please. Start.* She turned the key again. No response. Damn! She attempted to start the car two more times before she sat back in her seat. She stared into the dark night.

Before her headlights dimmed and went out, she'd noted flat fields on either side of the two-lane road. Remaining in a stalled car without lights wasn't safe. The thought of walking along the deserted road held little appeal. Yet the feeling of being followed persisted. While she'd never considered herself psychic, she'd lately reluctantly acknowledged her ability to probe the thoughts of those in close proximity. The sense of self-preservation, which had always kept her from harm, indicated her fear was well founded.

She needed to find a way to evade the man pursuing her. During the last few weeks she'd looked out her apartment window more than once to find a male dressed all in black standing gazing up at her bedroom window. Although she hadn't noticed

him following her earlier that night, she knew he was in the vicinity. If she were quick, she might be able to get off the road and hide in the surrounding countryside before he discovered her.

She frowned. Along with the male who had been stalking her, she sensed another male presence. The second presence felt more powerful than the first. Uncertain of the intentions of her new pursuer, she slipped out of the car. She pushed her car door closed and ran as fast as she dared along the unlit road.

After several hundred yards, the sound of an approaching car reached her ears. Oh, no! She kicked off the backless heels and veered off the road into a field to her right, still running. She had only covered a few hundred feet before the headlights of a car swept over her.

She dropped to the ground onto her stomach. Heart racing, she crawled along the field, with her hands extended in front of her, feeling for possible obstacles in the dark.

The approaching car whispered to a stop. A vehicle door opened and then quickly closed. She froze, fearful he'd hear the sounds of her crawling. Without warning, the beam of a flashlight swept over her. Oh, hell. Could the night get any worse? It could and would if she didn't get moving.

Bolting to her feet, she cast a quick glance over her shoulder.

A tall, bulky figure dressed in all black, holding a flashlight, raced across the field towards her. She knew the rapidly advancing figure was the source of her almost constant fears during the preceding months. She had no clue to his identity but she suspected he was in some way connected to Trace. That belief was largely responsible for her acceptance of her former lover's invitation to his mansion.

Neely turned to run again and then gasped as a pair of strong hands descended on her, spinning her around. Almost instantly, she knew she had no need to fear this new stranger. "Help me," she whispered.

"It's all right," he assured her.

In the flickering light from her stalker's approaching flashlight, she saw this male was tall and well-built. She sensed a level of confidence in him, but she knew "it" was not all right.

A tingle of fear raced down her spine. She looked around his shoulder. Her pursuer rushed at them. Her stalker's right hand swung up, and her heart raced with fear. "Look out!" She'd barely called out the warning before the man's hand, holding a large knife, swung down, and drove the blade into the back of the stranger.

Neely screamed. The man holding her shuddered and slowly released her.

She braced herself to help keep him on his feet. Instead of collapsing in her arms, he uttered a vile oath, reached back and removed the blade from his back, tossed it over his shoulder, and turned to face his attacker.

Nelly gasped.

With a speed she'd never seen, both his hands shot out. His left hand knocked the flashlight aside as the fingers of his right hand closed around her stalker's throat.

In the faint glow cast by the flashlight, which lay on the ground, Neely watched as the attacker, a man at least six feet tall and probably close to two hundred pounds, was slowly lifted until his feet dangled several inches off the ground. He clawed wildly at the hands circling his throat while he gasped for breath.

Neely turned to her rescuer. "You're choking him. He can't breathe."

Keeping the man dangling above the ground, the stranger glanced at her. He spoke in a deep baritone. "He doesn't deserve to breathe."

Neely shivered at the callous disregard she heard in his voice. "If you don't release him soon, you'll kill him."

"He's not leaving here alive."

Her heart raced with a new fear. She heard the steel and resolve in his voice. His statement wasn't an idle threat. "Please release him before you go too far."

"I'm going to kill him. If you'd rather not watch, return to the road, near his car. I'll come there and escort you home in a few moments."

She shook her head and clutched at his arm. "Please don't kill him."

"If I allow him to live, I can't be sure he won't continue to be a danger to you. Is that what you want?"

"No, of course not, but I don't want you to kill him either."

"Why not?"

"Because it's against the law!"

"Against whose law?"

She shivered, certain her rescuer wasn't quite... human. "Please release him."

"Why should I?"

Frustrated at her inability to make him see reason, she reached out to probe his thoughts. A quickly erected mental shield rebuffed her, but the brief contact provided her with the needed ammunition. She tossed her head and her long dark hair swung around her bare shoulders. She stroked a hand over his arm. "Release him because I ask you to."

She felt a wave of anger from him. Nevertheless, he opened his fingers, which allowed her erstwhile attacker to drop to the ground where he lay struggling to breathe.

The stranger turned to face her. "I'll take you home."

"Are you... he stabbed you... do you need help?"

"No."

"There was blood on the knife. I saw it in the glow of the flashlight."

"I'm not hurt."

Did she dare ask why he wasn't injured?

"Not unless you're ready to suspend disbelief," he said softly.

He'd read her thoughts.

As you read mine. Let's make a deal. I'll stay out of your head if you stay out of mine. He projected the thought directly into her mind.

Neely sucked in a breath. She'd never encountered anyone who could probe her thoughts. She wasn't sure she liked the feeling.

Does anyone?

She tore her gaze away from his to glance at the man laboring to breathe on the ground. "What about him? Shouldn't we do something to help him?"

"He can thank you for my sparing his miserable life -- at least for the moment."

"For the moment?"

"Don't push it. I'm not lifting a finger to help him." He swung around to lean over the other male. "If I were you, I'd never darken her path again. If you do, there's nothing short of the power of God that will keep me from giving you a very slow, very painful death. In fact, if I think about it long enough, that's exactly what I'll give you."

The man cowered and raised a trembling hand to his face. He was clearly terrified. Watching, Neely felt sorry for him.

Her rescuer turned to face her. "Don't waste your sympathy on him. I'll take you home."

She frowned. "How?"

He nodded over his shoulder. "My vehicle is parked at the end of the road beyond the field."

She hesitated. "I can't see it."

"It's there." He moved into the glow of the flashlight, providing a glimpse of his face. Like the other male he wore all black. The black garb, which had been frightening on her would-be attacker, was sexy on him. He stared at her from a handsome face with dark eyes. He wore his dark hair short. She guessed he was roughly half her age, which made him far too young to have any sexual interest in a jobless, man-less forty-three-year-old.

Even as she told herself not to allow her sexual needs to control her, her rescuer's air of confidence combined with an underlying streak of tenderness sent a rush of anticipation through her.

"You have no need to fear me."

It was a misty, moonless Halloween night. He'd appeared out of nowhere. She'd watched him lift and hold an adult male several inches above the ground with no apparent effort. He'd practically ignored the vicious stab wound to his back. She sensed

a level of power in him she feared he might not hold under complete control. Yet attraction overshadowed any fear. She nodded slowly. "I know."

His slow, warm smile assured her he shared her attraction. That the handsome, sexy young stud found her sexually attractive stunned her. He extended his right hand. "Can I take you home?"

She cast a quick glance at the man still cowering silently on the ground. "Yes." She placed her hand in his.

He surprised her by sweeping her off her feet and into his arms.

She slipped her hands up his chest. "My shoes..."

"We'll get them."

She glanced over his shoulder in the direction where she thought she'd kicked off her shoes. "We'll never find them without the flashlight."

"Yes, we will."

"It's nearly pitch black out here."

"So I've noticed."

"Should you turn your back on him again?"

"That cowardly weasel couldn't sneak up on me on his best day."

Ah, the cockiness of youth. "He did manage to stab you," she pointed out.

"Only because I allowed him to. I knew where he was at every moment and was never in any danger from him. Nor were you."

His words held the ring of truth. She relaxed against him. Seemingly satisfied, he stalked across the dark road, bearing her weight without any visible effort. Neely was amazed at the sense of exhilaration she experienced being carried in the dark by the stranger. Any woman with the sense she'd been born with would have been afraid instead of excited and filled with anticipation of the possibilities the night held.

He lowered her to the ground and quickly slipped her shoes onto her feet in the dark. Then he rose, taking her hands in his.

A shock of desire shot down her spine as his fingers closed around hers. Briefly overwhelmed by the strength of the sexual hunger he projected at her, she closed her

eyes. A vision of the handsome male with glowing eyes and sharpened incisors flashed into her mind. She gasped, her eyes snapping open. Her heart raced with excitement. "You... you're a... a..."

He lifted her hand to his cool lips. "Yes," he told her. "I am."

She pressed her free hand against her breasts. "Then I know what you want."

He caressed her cheek. "Are you going to give it to me?"

"Do I have a choice?" she asked.

"Maybe."

"Maybe?" Neely frowned. "Are you implying you'd use force?"

"I've never needed to, but there's a first time for everything. And I'm determined to get what I want tonight."

She sucked in a breath. "Then what would make you any different than him?"

He stroked her cheek. "The fact that you'd welcome my attention."

Overconfident bastard.

He laughed.

She sighed. "You were going to stay out of my head," she pointed out.

"I'll consider it while we get to know each other." His soft, suggestive tone left her in no doubt about his meaning.

She didn't do one-night stands, but she ached to be caressed, kissed, and fucked. This male excited her sexual passions. Still, she'd never gone in for cradle robbing. She stroked a hand over his chest. "Are you even legal?"

"I'm over twenty-one."

"How much over?"

"What difference does that make? Isn't twenty-one the magic number for you?"

She bit her lip. Should she admit her age or just go with the flow and enjoy the treat fate had decided to give her? "I'm forty-three."

"So?"

"I'll be forty-four on my birthday."

"So?"

“So that makes you far too young to... to...”

“To fuck?”

Thankful for the dark, she blushed.

He closed his hand over hers resting against his chest. “Don’t worry about my age. I’m a legal adult.”

Even if he were of legal age, he was still far too young to sleep with. Oh, but he was so damned sexy. Surely after years of relationships that started off promising only to end abruptly she was entitled to at least one night of hot, wanton sex with a male she suspected could actually handle and appreciate her ravenous sexual appetite and with whom she wouldn’t have to struggle to conceal her ability to probe his thoughts.

She felt a sensual, tender caress along her mind. *Your ability to probe minds won’t be a problem for me and I’ll take great care to satisfy your sexual desires, sweet. Let me take you home and spend the night with you.*

She experienced a strong, emotional response to having the thoughts whispered directly into her mind. She sucked in a breath and nodded quickly. “Yes. Oh, yes.”

He bent his head, brushing his lips against her cheek. “You won’t be sorry.”

She leaned against him, placing her hands against his shoulders. No male capable of projecting the air of sensuality and power he did could possibly fail to please his woman. “I know,” she acknowledged.

He swept her up into his arms again.

She linked her arms around his neck, stroking her fingers through the hair at his nape. He inhaled quickly, and she smiled, brushing her lips against the corner of his mouth.

He drew his head away. “Don’t -- unless you want to goad me into taking you here in this field.”

If such a light caress from her stoked his passions that deeply, she was in for one hell of a night. Her smile widened as she pressed her cheek against his shoulder.

He carried her through the dark night, which no longer held any terror for her. It now held the delicious possibility of finally spending the night with a lover capable of staying hard long enough to make her come.

Oh, I'll make you come, sweet, he promised.

She dragged her tongue over her lips, feeling a sense of satisfaction that she was about to spend the night with a male who was nearly half her age. The belief that she owed the coming night to her ex-lover promised to give the night an added luster. After a year of exclusive dating, she had ended their relationship when Trace Donovan had become verbally abusive after her refusal to engage in unprotected anal sex with him.

Three weeks after their last date, she'd been fired from her job as human resources manager at the communications company owned by one of his friends. After six months of trying to land a comparable position, she'd begun to accept temporary, short-term positions. That required her to cut her expenses. She'd reluctantly moved from her upscale apartment in one of Philly's ritziest neighborhoods to a more modest apartment in a less affluent area of the city.

She was still jobless, but at least she was about to enjoy a little nighttime magic with a handsome hunk. What difference did it make if the lover in question was something... more than human?

Her rescuer suddenly stopped and placed her on her feet. She heard a beep. Moments later, a vehicle's headlights lit up the night. They stood by the passenger door of a large, dark SUV.

He opened the door for her and she slipped inside. He closed the passenger door and was seated in the driver's seat before she'd had time to reach for her seatbelt. She blinked.

He grinned.

She stared at him. Damn, he was so handsome and sexy. Her panties flooded at the thought of lying in bed with him naked and aroused between her legs.

His grin widened. She blushed. He'd clearly read her thoughts.

"You don't need to be ashamed of wanting me, sweet." He leaned over to brush his lips against her ear. "Believe me, I want you too."

She stroked her fingers through his hair. "How much?"

He nibbled at her ear, sending a jolt of heat through her. "More than you can imagine."

She closed her eyes and sucked in a breath. Oh, God, she'd finally hit the jackpot. "I can imagine quite a lot," she teased.

He laughed, fastened her seatbelt, and settled in his seat to start the vehicle.

"Shouldn't we call the police?"

"No."

"That man attacked you and God only knows what he was going to do to me."

"You don't want to know." He glanced at her. "Why *don't* you know? How can you probe my mind but not his?"

"It's not that I couldn't probe his mind. It's just I found his thoughts a dark, incoherent, frightening jumble." She shivered. "I didn't want to know his intent."

He drove away. "Don't you worry about him or anyone else."

From anyone else who looked like he should be at a frat party, the statement might have been strictly bravado. Neely knew that was not the case with him.

He turned the vehicle around and drove back along the dark two-lane highway. She gave him her address and he nodded, but she got the feeling he was only half listening, as if he already knew where she lived. That should have scared her, but somehow it didn't.

During the drive to her apartment, she frequently glanced at his profile and occasionally attempted to probe his thoughts. He evaded all of her efforts with a low, sexy laugh that served to intensify her sense of excitement and anticipation.

Although curious about him and the fact that she believed he was a vampire, she bit back the urge to ask questions. This would be a one-night stand. For that she didn't need to know anything beyond the size of his cock and how long he could stay hard. She didn't even need to know his name.

His rich, warm laughter filled the cab of the vehicle.

"That's not fair," she complained. "You're shielding your thoughts from me while reading mine."

He removed his left hand from the steering wheel long enough to brush his fingers along her inner thigh. She shivered, and he laughed again. Damn him! She pushed his fingers away from her thigh.

His hand shot out to cup her breast.

She pushed his hand away. "Keep your hands on the wheel and your eyes on the road! I want to get laid, not killed!"

"Not to worry, sweet, you're going to get laid," he promised, all traces of amusement gone from his deep voice. He turned his head. His eyes glowed and his incisors were bared.

She sucked in a breath.

He shook his head. "You don't need to be afraid. I promise you'll be safe and satisfied at the end of the night."

"Are you going to..." Her fingers hovered over her neck.

"Do you want me to?"

The thought of him feeding on her held an undeniable sensual appeal, but damn if she'd allow that on a one-night stand. "No."

"No?"

"No."

"We'll see." He turned his gaze back to the road.

"Look --"

"This is not an argument you're going to win. Hell, by the time I enter you, you won't want to win."

Damn him, but she believed him.

"And so you should," he told her.

Chapter Two

An hour later, with thoughts of her abandoned car and how close she'd come to being attacked relegated to the nether regions of her mind, she and her vampire lover walked into her moonlit apartment.

She reached out and flipped the light switch, glanced down, and gasped.

He moved close behind her, closing the door. "What is it?"

She turned to face him. "My costume is ruined!"

He linked an arm around her waist and pulled her against him. "You look as sexy as hell."

She stared up at him, her heart racing. "There's dirt and grass stains all over it."

He slid his palm down from her waist to her ass. "Do I look like I care?"

"No," she whispered.

He released her and took her hand in his. "Let's go into your bedroom and I'll show you just how little what you're wearing matters."

Her heart hammered against her ribs. Did she really want to willingly spend the night with a vampire who might --

"Who will spend the entire night pleasing you?"

She tugged at her hand. "What if I change my mind?"

Tightening his hand around hers, he caressed her cheek with his free hand.

"Changing your mind is not an option, sweet."

She moistened her lips. "Was it ever?"

He shook his head. "No."

"So no matter what I said to you, we were going to end up here?"

"Yes."

"Charming."

"You have no idea how charming I can be, but I won't hurt you. And you don't need to be afraid of me."

"You're telling me you're prepared to use force and --"

"Let's not play games. You know you're not afraid of me."

"Okay, but I should be."

"But you're not." He leaned close to rake his teeth against her neck.

She shivered.

He licked her neck. "Which way to your bedroom?"

"You don't already know?"

He laughed.

"It's the last door down the hall."

He picked her up. Hell. She could get used to a male who could pick her up and carry her with so little effort. She linked her arms around his neck.

He carried her into her bedroom. He set her on her feet by the door before crossing the room to sit on the chair set between her bedroom windows.

She stood with the muted lights of her bedroom lamps casting what she hoped was a soft, flattering glow over her and her ruined Devil-or-Angel costume. Determined not to allow Trace to see how successful his revenge had been, she'd spent far too much money preparing for the party and seeing him again.

The short dress with a zigzag hem which ended mid-thigh provided a showcase for the long, shapely legs she considered one of her best features. The top half of the dress was white with a scoop neckline, which left her shoulders bare while cupping and highlighting her breasts. The bottom half of the dress was red. She had removed the detachable tail so it wouldn't distract from her ass, which she liked to think was just the right size, neither too big nor too wide. Her lovers all seemed to enjoy clutching it as they fucked.

Very nice legs and an even nicer ass.

She glanced down and smiled. Her sheer black pantyhose had somehow managed to escape damage. They were worth every penny of the exorbitant price she'd paid.

Her lover for the night studied her dress in silence for several moments before he spoke. "Which one are you going to be tonight?" he asked. "Devil or angel, or a little of both?"

She stood with her hands on her hips, feeling sexy and naughty as hell. "Which do you prefer?"

"I have nothing against angels, but I'm in the mood to spend the night with an attractive woman with a devilish streak."

She slowly dragged the tip of her tongue along her lips. "Then I plan to be a very bad girl."

He grinned. "I like very bad girls. Show me how bad you plan to be tonight. Undress slowly so I can enjoy watching your clothes come off piece by piece."

She would normally have been hesitant to undress in front of a younger, handsome man, who probably didn't have a single ounce of fat on him. However, she sensed his appreciation for her body in his silent regard. Although she was no slender twenty-one-year-old, she had large breasts, long legs, and her stomach was flat and her pussy hot and tight -- or so Trace had been fond of gasping as he slid in and out of her while they fucked. His fascination with her pussy had changed once he became obsessed with her ass.

He shook his head. "No thoughts of other lovers tonight, sweet. Think only of me."

"Only of you." She kicked off her heels. Leaning back against the wall by the door, she slowly peeled her hose off.

"*Very nice legs,*" he told her.

She hesitated before tossing her hose at him.

His right hand streaked out to catch them. Locking his dark brown gaze with hers, he rubbed them over his cheeks and lips before he unzipped his pants. He slipped a hand inside. When he removed it, his cock protruded from the opening.

She caught her breath, her pussy flooding. The term “monster cock” must have been coined with him in mind. He was far longer and thicker than any male she’d ever seen. The thought of his cock tunneling deep inside her pussy left her feeling almost limp with lust. “My God! Is that... real?”

“Every inch of it.”

“My God,” she said again. How many pussies had he destroyed with his donkey-size shaft?

He smiled. “I know I’m bigger than most men you’ve been with, but I promise I’ll be as gentle with you as possible.”

She flushed. “You promised to stay out of my head.”

“Your eyes are glistening with desire.” He glanced briefly at her breasts. “Your nipples are hard and...” He inhaled. “I can smell the aroma of your pussy.”

She blushed.

His smile widened into a grin. “Reading your mind isn’t necessary.”

“So you really are a... a...”

He wrapped her stockings around his cock and slowly pumped himself. “I think you know exactly what I am.”

She moistened her lips, trying not to stare at his groin. “You can’t be.”

“Why not?”

“It’s Halloween and I’ve been told all my life that I have an overactive imagination.”

“Maybe so. But that doesn’t mean I’m not exactly what you think... what you hope I am.”

“Why would I want you to be a...” she trailed off.

“Because you’re eager to discover for yourself if the tales you’ve heard of vampires’ sexual prowess are true.” His nostrils flared. “Your need to get fucked is getting stronger by the moment and it matches mine to fuck you.”

“Me in particular?”

He hesitated a moment before he nodded. “You in particular, sweet.”

She believed him.

“Good. So shall we stop playing games and start fucking?”

“Yes.” The single word held a wealth of longing.

He rose, pushed her stockings into one of the pockets of his trousers and slowly stalked across the room to stare down at her. “Doesn’t the knowledge of what I am heighten your desire to spend the night with me?”

His probing gaze demanded her complete honesty. She shivered and nodded. “Yes.”

He smiled and caressed her cheek. “Then let’s make this a night we’ll both remember with pleasure.”

Her gaze dropped to his cock. It had a big, dark pink head, which tilted up slightly so she imagined it was staring up at her... beckoning to her... promising her paradise on earth. She licked her lips, eager to feel him inside her. “Oh, yes.”

He returned to the chair and sat with his legs open. “Take your dress off slowly and flaunt your charms for me.”

“Are you really here or is this just some sweet dream born of my sexual frustration?”

“This is real.”

“Why aren’t you with some beautiful slender supermodel?”

“I’m where I want to be -- with the sexiest woman imaginable. Now strip for me.”

A slow, satisfied smile curved her lips. She gripped the hem of her dress and slowly pulled it over her head. She tossed the dress at him.

He caught it, held it to his nose, inhaling deeply. She caught her breath when he looked up at her. His eyes glowed.

She stood before him in her underwear, feeling sexy and deliciously free of inhibitions. His dark eyes made a leisurely inspection of her before he spoke in a husky voice. "You look stunning in black lace."

She smiled, delighted she'd succumbed to the impulse to buy the outrageously expensive thong set. She slowly circled the tip of her tongue along her upper lip. "You look handsome in black, but I'll bet you'd look even better buck naked and gloriously aroused."

He grinned. "You think so?"

Her gaze rested on the thick length protruding from his pants. "I'm not sure. Show me."

"My pleasure." He rose.

She blinked.

With a blur of motion the dark suit flew off. Seconds later he stood naked before her.

She licked her lips again. Lord, he was a beautiful specimen of masculinity. He wore his dark hair short on the sides and front, but collar length in the back. Well over six feet tall, he had wide shoulders, a narrow waist and long runner's legs. Even without possessing the most impressive shaft she'd ever seen, he would have been absolutely panty-wetting gorgeous. Shaft? Oh, no. That bad boy was a cock with a capital C created for the sole purpose of giving some lucky woman's pussy incredible pleasure.

The fact that she was the lucky woman in question made the night feel more like Christmas than Halloween. What else but a Christmas miracle could account for her ability to attract such a young, handsome hunk?

"It's Halloween. Some of our kind believe it's a special night where dreams and hopes come true -- not unlike Christmas. My parents met and fell in love on Halloween, when I was conceived."

“Your parents slept together the night they met?”

“Yes -- just as we’re going to. It’s time for you to make my dreams come true. Take it all off for me, baby... let me see every inch of your beautiful skin and we’ll make a little Halloween nighttime magic of our own.”

Although proud of her Native American heritage, growing up in an orphanage surrounded by Black females with beautiful dark skin and Caucasian ones with pale skin, Neely had alternately longed for either lighter or darker skin. His praise for her coloring made her feel beautiful instead of average.

“Beauty is in the eye of the beholder,” he told her. “And you are far from average. In fact, you’ve captivated me from the moment I saw you. You take my breath away.”

His words washed over her with the power of a warm, wet wave. “I... I believe you.”

“You should. I mean every word I’ve said. Now take your sexy lingerie off for me so I can admire your naked body.”

He was probably drunk and would regret spending the night with her in the morning. But for the night -- or least the next hour or so, he was hers.

All yours, baby.

She smiled, enjoying the intimate feel of the thoughts whispered directly into her mind. Small wonder romance books abounded where women willingly subjected themselves to the lure of a vampire lover.

He leaned back in his chair, his eyes still glowing. “Show me how stunning you are, Neely.”

She reached up to unhook her front fastening bra, allowing it to drop to the floor. She lowered her hands to her sides, giving him an unobstructed view of her breasts. They were large, round, and firm with wide areolas.

Damn. You have lovely breasts. What do your nipples look like when they’re hard?

Casting off her remaining inhibitions, she imagined the hands moving up her body belonged to him. She shivered and cupped her breasts briefly before fingering her nipples.

Nice. Now make them hard for me, baby.

Obedying the sensual order, she rolled her nipples between her fingers.

Move those lovely hips for me. Show me how you're going to respond when I'm inside you.

A jolt of heat shot through her at the thought. She bit her lip and slowly rotated her hips while dragging her tongue over her lips.

He pumped his cock. *Sexy, baby. Now show me the pussy I'm aching to fuck.*

She stepped out of the thong and quickly kicked it into the air towards him.

His right hand shot out, his fingers closing around it. He pressed it against his face, inhaling deeply. He raised his head, centering his gaze on her pussy. She parted her legs and stood before him, trembling with excitement.

He made a small, incoherent sound before he raised his gaze to hers. "Oh, damn, you're beautiful."

She smiled, pleased he thought so.

"I do, because you are." He extended his free hand. "Come feed my hunger."

Naked, and so aroused she feared moisture would trickle down the inside of her thighs, she moved across the room to stand in front of him. He reached out a hand to caress her pussy.

Although his need felt almost palpable, she sensed an underlying tenderness she hadn't expected. Dare she hope for more than one night with him?

His dark eyes blazed up at her as he gently parted her outer folds. His nostrils flared. "The aroma of your aroused pussy is superb."

She licked her lips, feeling sexy.

"Sexy doesn't begin to describe your appeal." He gently eased one long finger inside her.

"Mmmm." That was nice, but she needed his cock.

Trust me, sweet, you're going to get it. Allowing her thong to fall to his thigh, he slid a hand around to palm her ass. He slapped each cheek hard enough to make them both sting.

She gasped. "What's that for?"

He massaged her hot cheeks. "An ass this beautiful was made for spanking... and other things."

Other things?

"Yes, sweet."

She glanced down at his thick, hard, long cock. There was no way she was allowing that up her ass during a one-night stand.

He slapped her cheeks again -- harder. "I always get what I want from a woman," he told her.

She narrowed her gaze. "Even if you have to take it?"

He laughed, removed his finger from her pussy, and swung her over his thighs.

"Hey!"

Before she could attempt to struggle back to her feet, he stung each of her ass cheeks with his palm.

A delicious shiver shook her body. Her pussy flooded. "Oh..." she whispered.

Your ass is as exquisite as the rest of you. Reaching under her to pinch her nipples, he slapped her ass again and then again and again. With each luscious slap, her heart raced and her need to feel his cock plundering her pussy increased. Within minutes, her ass was on fire and she lay across his thighs gasping, seconds away from begging to be taken.

"No begging necessary, my lovely." He spoke in a voice deep and brusque with passion. He swung her off his lap, gently setting her on her feet several feet from the chair.

While she stood trembling before him, he surprised her by pushing the chair back and kneeling before her. She stared down at him. "What... are you going to do?"

"I'm going to discover for myself if your pussy tastes nearly as delectable as the aroma promises."

It had been so long since she'd had her pussy eaten. Trembling with anticipation, she parted her legs. "Oh... please."

Settling his hands on her hips, he extended his tongue, and bent his head. The tip of his tongue brushed against her clit. It felt deliciously cool against her pleasure center. Her stomach muscles clenched. "Oh..." She reached down to cup her hands over his head.

He slowly dragged his tongue down the length of her slit from her clit. He then rained countless slow kisses against her pussy before he quickly thrust his tongue in and out of her.

Endless shivers chased each other down her spine. She closed her eyes, bit her lip, and arched into him, dragging his head closer. "Taste me... eat me... please..."

He slid his big palms over her heated ass cheeks and sucked her clit.

"Oh... God... oh!"

He sampled her, running his tongue along her slit several times before he smiled up at her. "Delicious."

"More," she whispered. "Please."

"I love a woman unashamed to beg to be loved."

"Then stop teasing me and love me!"

His warm, deep laughter filled the room before he planted a long, wet kiss against her pubic hair.

Damn that felt nice. She curled her fingers in his hair, grinding her pussy against his face. "Eat me, my handsome boy."

Tightening his fingers on her ass, he sucked and nipped at her clit and licked her pussy. Wave after wave of pleasure washed over her until she gasped, shuddered, and shattered against his lips.

He kept his mouth over her pussy, continuing to eat her as she came, prolonging her climax until her pleasure bordered on pain. Only when she moaned and pushed against his shoulder did he sit back on his heels.

Legs trembling, she placed her hands on his shoulders. He rose, slipping an arm around her waist, and she closed her eyes, pressing her cheek against his shoulder.

He stroked his hand down to her ass.

Neely's lazy, satisfied smile disappeared when he abruptly slapped each cheek until they stung. "Ouch!" She jerked her head from his shoulder to gasp at him. "You do that again and no pussy for you," she threatened.

Smiling, he used a knee to urge her to widen her stance. When she had, he slid a finger into her flooded pussy. "Don't count on that. I've never met a woman I wanted I didn't get." He finger fucked her as he spoke.

She resisted the urge to impale herself fully on his finger. "There's a first time for everything."

"Maybe so, but that first time isn't going to happen tonight," he said with all the confidence of a man sure of his allure.

"Overconfident bastard!"

He laughed, slid a finger around her body to finger her crack, and planted another sweet kiss against her neck. She trembled, reaching between their bodies to wrap her fingers around his long, thick length. Damn, his cock was nice.

It'll feel much more than nice once it's inside you, sweet.

"What are you waiting for? An engraved invitation?"

Although he didn't laugh out loud, he projected an air of amused indulgence at her as he turned his head to trail his cool lips against her breasts.

She cupped her hands over his head. He opened his mouth, taking her left nipple between his lips. Heat rushed up from her pussy as he slipped a second finger inside her. Unable to control her hunger for more intimacy, she fucked herself against his fingers. "Please," she begged, pumping his cock. "I need you... and this -- inside me."

Patience, sweet. You're definitely going to get my cock but I want to make sure your pussy is nice and wet and ready to take me. He dragged his lips across her cleavage to suck her other nipple. *Once I'm finally inside you... it might be difficult for me to be as gentle as I should be.*

Neely tingled. She liked the idea of him wanting to fuck her so badly that he might not be able to control himself. "I have news for you, handsome. I'm ready now," she whispered.

He eased his fingers out of her and lifted his head. Locking his gaze with hers, he slipped his fingers into his mouth. *You taste beyond delicious.*

Watching him slowly lick his fingers as if he wanted to savor each drop of her, she rubbed the head of his cock against her slit. "Come find out how deliciously my pussy will grip and delight this beautiful cock of yours," she invited.

"Hmm. I think you're right. You're ready." He sat on the chair, placing his hands on her waist.

She turned and wiggled her ass.

"Damn, you have a beautiful ass." He stung each cheek with his palm.

Her pussy gushing, Neely sat on his lap, settling her back against his chest. Glancing down, she caught her breath. His warm cock lay heavily against her slit. The desire to reach down, wrap her fingers around it, and eagerly push it inside her body was difficult to resist.

He brushed her hair aside so he could touch his cool lips against her ear. "Touch me."

Obedient to the soft command, she wrapped the fingers of one hand around his cock and cupped the other under his big, heavy balls.

They're heavy with the seed I'm going to shoot deep inside you when I come.

She wanted that more than she'd ever wanted sex with all her other lovers combined. Her stomach muscles tightening, she pressed him against her slit. He shuddered, raking his teeth against her shoulder while he cupped his palms over her breasts.

Encouraged, she wiggled her ass on his thighs until he pulsed between the outer lips of her pussy. Lifting and lowering her hips slightly, she rubbed herself along his length.

He sucked in a breath. Trailing one hand down from her breasts over her belly, he slipped a finger into her slit. *You're wet and ready for me. Put me out of my sexual misery and take my aching cock inside your sweet, hot pussy. Let's fuck, sexy.*

About to blindly obey, she had a moment of clarity. She turned her head so that her lips brushed against his shoulder. "I want to fuck and be fucked, but... oh, God, I can't think clearly. We need protection... we have to... you have to put on a condom."

He released her other breast and wrapped an arm around her waist. *There's no need. I can neither catch nor transmit any sexual diseases.* He dragged his teeth along her neck. *Take me inside your pussy now before I burst.*

"What about pregnancy?"

I won't tell you again. Take me inside now, Neely.

Unable to deny either of them any longer, she lifted her hips slightly. Gripping the base of his shaft with her right hand, she pressed him against her entrance. She paused, taking a moment to savor the anticipation of what was about to happen.

You're torturing me. Do it now. Take me inside your pussy and I promise you'll never want another lover.

After that scorching oral suck, she believed him. She slid her palm up and down his shaft. "You're so long and thick."

He laughed softly, his breath warm against her neck. *The better to fuck you to sweet oblivion, my delicious Neely.*

A jolt of absolute need shook her. She pressed her hips downward.

He eased his hips upward.

The big, probing head, already dripping pre-cum, slipped between her outer folds and into her wet, eager channel.

She gasped and closed her eyes, loving the delicious feeling of the slow, relentless invasion of his cock into her. It had been so long since she'd been fucked that

when he was fully inside her, she shuddered and moaned through a quick mini climax. "I feel so full and stretched." She reached down to cup her hands over his balls. "Oh, God... oh, God. You feel so incredible inside me."

He held himself still while he rained kisses against her ear. *You like having me inside you?*

She gently squeezed his balls. "Like isn't a strong enough word for what I'm feeling, handsome."

True. This feels so wonderful because your pussy was made for my cock.

Did that mean he thought his cock was made for her pussy?

Yes.

She smiled. "Prove it. Fuck me like you mean it."

He slipped his palms over her breasts again, slowly rotating his hips, although he didn't actually thrust into her. He pinched her nipples. *In a moment. I want to savor the anticipation of fucking you hard and deep.*

She opened her eyes and looked down. Seeing herself so firmly impaled on his thick length that she couldn't tell where her pubic hair ended and his began sent a rush of lust through her.

She slowly rotated her hips, tightening her vaginal muscles around him.

He groaned. *Don't.*

She rubbed her still stinging cheeks on his thighs. "Fuck me."

He nibbled her neck. *You're so wet, warm, and tight I need a moment to get control or...*

"Or what?"

Trust me when I say you don't want me totally out of control.

He was harder, thicker, and longer than any of her other lovers. Having every inch of him buried inside her sent a thrill through her. She must have done something right to land on his cock for even one fuck.

He licked her neck. *We're perfect together, my sexy Neely.*

He certainly felt perfect inside her. She could feel her pussy overflowing.

What do you plan to do about that?

“Let me show you, handsome.” She lifted her hips until only half his cock remained inside her. She leaned over and glanced down. The base and lower length of him glistened with her juices. Her passions heightened by the sight, she slammed her hips downward, driving him back up into her pussy.

He groaned and tightened his hands on her breasts. *Oh, damn... damn... you feel so fucking good. I... I've never felt... hungered for sex more with anyone else. Oh, shit! Shit! I'm going to fuck you, but I want to savor our first time together.*

Touched and surprised by his sentiments, Neely closed her eyes. Leaning back, she slowly rotated her ass against him.

He responded by thrusting in and out of her with long deep strokes that sent delicious sensations spiraling all through her.

She licked her lips while tightening her vaginal muscles around his thick, hard flesh. Oh, God, he felt good.

Oh, shit! Being inside of you is even more incredible than I'd imagined it would be. You enchant and delight me. He pinched her nipples and raked his teeth against her neck.

She shivered in a combination of fear and excitement.

No. No. You mustn't be afraid of me. I'll never hurt you, Neely. He licked her neck. *Never. Trust me.*

Reassured, she relaxed against him and reached down to cup her hands over his balls. She caressed them as she slowly fucked herself up and down on his cock.

He sucked hard at her neck. She felt the points of his teeth against her neck. She steeled herself not to shudder. He wouldn't hurt her.

Never, he promised. Trust me.

To demonstrate her level of trust, she tilted her head. Her hair fell away, fully exposing her neck. She promised herself she could gasp if he bit her.

He nibbled at her flesh, but made no effort to pierce her skin. *I won't ever hurt you.* He caressed her breasts while sliding his big cock in and out of her with a heated

leisure which made her burn to feel him coming inside her. *I'm going to fill you with my cum.*

She moaned. "Oh... yes... yes." She lifted her hips and quickly impaled herself back onto him. "Come in me until it trickles down my thigh."

I wish, my sweet. He eased his cock forward.

"Oh... God... you feel so... wonderful fucking me." She tightened her pussy while grinding her ass against him.

He withdrew and then pushed back into her a little faster and deeper.

"Oh... God... yes... yes. Fuck me!"

Within moments, they had settled into a wild, satisfying fuck rhythm that made her toes curl and her back arch. He whispered hot, erotic words of lust and desire into her mind as he kept one big hand over her breasts while the fingers of his other hand stroked her clit. She was beautiful... sexy... desirable... she enchanted him... he'd wanted her from the moment he saw her... he was her willing slave to command. He'd never be satisfied with any woman other than her.

She closed her hands over his big balls. "Fuck me harder... please... it feels so... delicious... I've never had such a big, hot cock pounding in me... I need more... more... give me more. Fuck me so hard and deep until I'm not certain if I'm moaning because it feels so good or because it hurts like hell."

He projected a pleased warmth at her before he responded by shortening his powerful strokes while he rubbed his thumb against her clit.

She shuddered. "Yes... oh... yes... just like that... don't stop."

Not until you come, my lovely.

His lovely. Yes!

Yes, he echoed. *My warm, sweet, luscious lovely. You totally enchant me.*

He made love to her body, mind, and soul in a way no other man had done. Each time he sent his hot shaft powering into the depths of her flooded pussy, she shuddered and gasped aloud, feeling as if he were stealing her breath along with another piece of her heart.

That's it. I want your body and your heart.

She could feel herself being fucked towards the most incredible climax of her life. Intent on taking him with her when she blew apart, she massaged and squeezed his big balls.

In response, he shortened his strokes until his cock shot up and down in her with a rapidity and power that overwhelmed her senses. Her entire world revolved around the wonder of his big, hard cock slicing in and out of her pussy with a ruthless precision of heat that stoked her passions and set her on fire.

That makes two of us because I'm burning for you too. Let's put the fire out together.

"Take me... oh... God... take me!" As she teetered on the brink of what she knew would be an intense climax, he rose. Keeping up the exquisite motion that sent countless shockwaves through her, he managed to turn her in his arms so they faced each other.

He brushed his lips against the corner of her mouth. *Fuck me.*

Linking her arms around his neck, she rubbed her breasts against his chest.

He slapped her ass. She gasped and grunted with satisfaction as she bounced up and down on his long, hard cock. Just a few more strokes and she'd lose her mind.

With one arm around her waist, he rained sharp, quick slaps against her ass cheeks.

"Oh... oh!" Ripples of pleasure swelled in her belly, surging down her body to the pussy stretched over his plundering cock. Icy heat danced up and down her spine. Her thighs trembled while she slammed herself down onto his cock.

Come for me, my beautiful nymph. Come... let me feel your juices gushing from your pussy to flow all over my cock... your cock... come for me and then I'll come for and in you until you're filled with my cum.

His words, combined with the deeper, more powerful thrusts, pushed her over the edge of desire and into absolute bliss. Neely slammed herself down on his cock and ground her ass against his thighs.

He slapped each cheek hard, raked his teeth against her neck, and powered his cock deep up into her pussy.

"Oh... my... God!" Shuddering and sobbing with pleasure, she experienced the most intense and prolonged orgasm of her life.

That's it. That's it, sexy Neely. Come all over my cock.

With her fingers curled in his hair and her pussy convulsing wildly, she moaned. "Oh... God... come in me... fill me with cum..." She felt a sudden tension in his muscles. Probing his thoughts, she realized he struggled to keep his passion under control. Her certainty that he feared hurting her endeared him to her. She whispered to him, "Let yourself go, my handsome lover. Fuck me as hard as you like. Fuck me hard... make me yours."

No.

"Yes," she insisted. "Take your pleasure. Make my pussy your private property." Sensing his surrender, she smiled. "That's right, handsome. Let yourself go and fuck me."

He slid his palms over her ass, raked his teeth against the side of her neck, and allowed his cock to surge up into her.

She gasped and shuddered. Each movement of his cock was harder and deeper. After a rapid series of thrusts, her thighs shook and she clung to him, close to coming again. She slammed herself down onto his cock so that within moments, her toes curled and she dug her nails into his hard, pumping ass, and exploded.

As her climax washed over her with the force of a warm, wet tidal wave, she tightened her pussy around him. A sound reminiscent of a growl rumbled from him as he shuddered.

She lifted her head from his shoulder. She stroked his shoulders and kissed his hair. "Come in me... fill me with your cum... brand me as yours."

He propelled his cock deep inside her, held himself still, and detonated.

"That's it, handsome. Come for me."

He seemed to come for a long time, shooting jet after jet of seed into her very satisfied pussy. As the last embers of pleasure died away, she lay against his chest, still impaled on his cock, feeling trickles of cum slide down one thigh. She smiled, rubbing her cheek against him. Damn. He'd really enjoyed fucking her and he'd made her feel beautiful and sexy as hell.

Keeping himself firmly inside her, he stepped backwards, and sank onto the chair.

She lay against him. His heart thumped. A fine film of sweat covered his chest.

He wrapped his arms around her and buried his face against her neck.

She tensed, preparing herself to feel his incisors piercing her skin. It only took a few seconds to realize he was trembling.

"Are you all right?" She asked.

He shuddered, his cock pulsing inside her. *I don't know. I... I've never felt quite like this after sex.*

"Like what?"

Weak... needy... more satisfied than I've ever been and...

"Go on," she encouraged.

And yet so greedy and hungry for you still. I feel as if I can't breathe... as if my world has turned upside down and will never be the same.

"That makes two of us," she whispered. Laying her head on his shoulder, she closed her eyes. She felt happy and eager to explore the possibility of a real relationship with him.

Chapter Three

Dimitri sat in the moonlit room, cradling her in his arms. She slept with her head on his shoulder and her arms linked around his waist. Having achieved his goal of sleeping with her, he should ease out of her, carry her to bed, and leave.

The tender feelings she evoked along with a continuing hunger for her made withdrawing his cock from her sweet pussy difficult. He'd ejaculated and remained inside her.

Why was he so drawn to her? While she was beautiful and sexy, he'd never had any problem bedding and then leaving countless such women in the past. Why did he linger with her?

He stroked his hand over the long, dark, silky hair that fell over her shoulders. Guiding his palm further down her back, he cupped her ass. A shock of desire radiated through him at the contact.

He sucked in a breath. A feeling of dread washed over him. Feeling anything more than lust wasn't in his game plan. He'd rescued her from the man stalking her and he would soon remove the source of her problem. After that, he'd have no logical reason for lingering around her.

The thought of walking away from her forever held little appeal. He curled his fingers into a fist around her hair. But he would do it because if he didn't he'd be forced to wonder why he couldn't forget her.

Put her to bed and leave now. While she's still asleep. Leave while you can.

He sucked in a slow, deep breath.

* * *

Neely woke to find herself still in the chair, impaled on the vampire's sinfully delicious cock. Surprisingly her pussy still felt wet and ready to be plundered again.

Embracing the thrill of delight the shameful thought aroused in her, she lifted her head from his shoulder. She looked into his dark, glowing eyes before allowing her gaze to drop to his mouth.

He parted his lips -- revealing sharpened incisors.

She stroked a hand over his cheek to his mouth. She touched her finger against his teeth. "They're real. You really are..." She trailed off, filled with renewed excitement.

Yes, my beauty. I'm just what you think I am... or so close to it that the difference couldn't possibly matter to you. He caressed her ass.

She shivered. Her cheeks felt hot and tender. "Did you... spank me while I slept?"

He shrugged. *How could I not? Your ass is as lovely as the rest of you, Neely.*

She stroked her fingers through the hair at his nape. "I wish I was half as pretty as you make me feel."

You're even prettier.

She cupped her palms over his cheeks. "How could any male as handsome as you think I'm pretty?"

You're not pretty. You're so sexy and beautiful, I burn with hunger for you. He kissed her neck. *And now I need some pussy.*

She tightened her vaginal muscles around his still hard shaft. "Surely you can't have forgotten you've already had some."

He slapped her ass hard.

"Hey! That hurts!"

He streaked a hand between their bodies to pinch both nipples. *So would my cock if I really fucked you as hard as I'm burning to the next time we fuck.*

His words excited her. She lifted her chin. "Who says we're going to fuck again?"

He paddled her ass cheeks with his palms.

She arched her tender breasts into his chest. "Ouch!"

Not only am I going to quench my need for more of your delectable pussy, but I'm going to feed my other hunger as well. So don't even think about giving me any shit.

Excitement warred with a touch of fear. "What other hunger?"

He leaned forward to drag his tongue along the side of her neck in a gesture so sensual, her pussy pulsed. He lifted his head to look in her eyes. *What do you think a vampire would need after such amazing sex?*

The desire she noted in his gaze emboldened her. She shrugged. "A cigarette?"

He shook his head. "I don't smoke."

She tilted her head. "I know. You're longing for a nice cold one."

He laughed, but quickly sobered. *Try again.* He caressed her neck.

She bit her lip. "I don't know if I'm ready for that."

He gazed into her eyes. *I need you to be ready for it. Now.*

She touched his cheek. "Your... they look very... sharp."

All the better to quickly pierce your flesh and speed us both on an incredible trip to paradise.

"I thought the sex we shared earlier did that."

He nodded. *It did, but for a vampire... this is the ultimate thrill.*

"I don't want to lose my free will."

I need you to trust me not to hurt you.

She ran the tip of her forefinger against his teeth. "How can it not hurt?"

My incisors are very sharp. You'll feel a slight prick and then ecstasy as you become mine in the true sense of the word.

She frowned. "You said *need*. You need me to trust you?"

He nodded.

She pressed her cheek against his shoulder. "I trust you."

Good. Now let's get comfortable. I want our first time to be a memory you savor with pleasure.

She stroked her fingers through his hair. "How can any male so young have such a silver tongue?"

He frowned. *You brought out a romantic side I didn't know I possessed.*

"You view that as a negative?"

He sighed. *Whether it's good or bad remains to be seen. Right now, my dual need for you makes me burn.*

"I'm yours."

He rose and carried her across the room to the bed where he lifted her off his cock and laid her gently on her back. He stared down at her. *Do you know my favorite way to spend Halloween night?*

"Tell me."

Buried balls deep in the tight, hot pussy of the prettiest woman I know -- while her sweet, warm blood flows from her neck into my mouth and down my throat. Just the thought has me so hot. I need your pussy and your blood, my lovely Neely.

Instead of inspiring fear, his lustful words stirred a renewed surge of lust in her.

He smiled, stroking the thigh nearest him. *Show me that pretty pussy of yours filled with my cum.*

Parting her legs in a wanton display of desire, she lifted her hips off the bed. A stream of his seed trickled down one thigh.

He rubbed his thumb against her clit.

She trembled and reached for him. "Take me. I'm yours."

Damn right you're mine. Slipping between her trembling thighs, he laid his big body on hers. Staring down into her eyes, he ground his hips against hers.

His cock head brushed against her engorged clit. A jolt of electricity sizzled through her. Mindless with need, she slid her hands down his back to his tight cheeks.

"Take what's yours."

He lifted his hips. She reached between their bodies, positioning his shaft at her entrance. "Do it... take me."

He thrust his huge cock deep into her pussy.

"Oh... hell, yes!" She jerked her hips off the bed. Closing her eyes, she moaned and wrapped her arms and legs around him.

He sank balls deep in her.

She'd be sore as hell in the morning.

But very happy.

"Yes," she agreed, sliding her hands down to cup his ass. "Very happy."

Show me you want to give yourself completely to me, he commanded.

After a brief hesitation, she tilted her head so that her hair fell away from her neck. He slipped his palms under her ass, tilted her hips to allow deeper penetration, and sank his incisors into the side of her neck.

She felt a sharp pain and then a quick infusion of pleasure that bordered on bliss. "Oh... oh..." She whimpered, jazzed to feel her blood flowing from the punctures.

Feeding on her, he fucked her slow and deep.

She shuddered. "Oh... my God... oh..." She curled the fingers of her hand in his hair while raking the nails of the other one down his back. "Don't stop. Don't ever stop."

I'll fuck you all night or for as long as you can bear, he promised her. *I can satisfy you again and again.*

He did just that and Neely, uncertain where one exquisite climax ended and the next started, wondered if she'd survive the night. One more climax would surely kill her -- but she'd die satisfied and very happy. She clung weakly to him until she lost her grip on consciousness and sank into blissful oblivion.

* * *

Lost in an ecstatic fog so intense it bordered on agony, it took Dimitri some time to realize that he was ingesting too much of Neely's hot, sweet blood and that he had fucked her into unconsciousness.

He'd never experienced a pleasure so powerful it made rational thought almost impossible. *She's unconscious. You have to stop.* He struggled for several moments before he overcame the hunger to continue feeding on her and slamming into her hot, tight exquisite pussy.

He removed his incisors from her neck and eased his cock from her. Rolling onto his side, he closed his eyes and took several long, tortured breaths. Then, unnerved by the need he felt to reach out and draw her into his arms, he bolted from the bed and stalked across the room to stare out into the dark night.

What was happening to him? Why did he feel this gut-wrenching need to be close to her? To protect her? To ingest her blood? To fuck her until he was limp with fatigue? He shook his head. There were far too many beautiful, chic women in his future to settle for one more than fourteen years his senior.

Yet, the thought of any other woman satisfying him after being inside a pussy so warm and welcoming it might have been made just for his cock, held very little appeal. He didn't even allow himself to think of her with another man. Any man foolish enough to touch her would soon find his throat ripped open.

He struggled to control the rage he felt thinking of another male inside her... touching her... kissing her... fucking her. He gave an angry shake of his head. Damn if he'd allow the best sex he'd ever had make him so delusional that he imagined he was in bloodlust at twenty-nine. He turned from the window to stare at the bed.

She lay on her back with her long legs parted. A steady flow of his seed seeped from her pretty, fragrant pussy. Her warm, sensual lips were parted, revealing the tip of her tongue. Her long, dark hair partially concealed one of her large, melon-sized breasts. The nipple of the other seemed to beckon his lips. He'd always had a thing for older women but this one woman made him ache with a desire and a need so compelling he'd been unable to control or resist it.

After watching his father, Mikhel, a full-blood vampire, struggle for years balancing deep feelings for two women, he'd decided he would not suffer the same fate. He'd wait until he was much older before allowing himself to imagine he was in bloodlust with a woman.

Bloodlust was the most powerful force in a vampire's life. It happened when a vampire met his perfect mate who left him or her hungering for blood and sex with that

one person. Once overcome with bloodlust a vampire would do anything to possess the object of his insatiable passions.

Dimitri valued his ability to remain in complete control of every relationship -- no matter how short term. And this one was so short term that it was in fact now over. At the thought he felt as if someone had stabbed a hard hot knife through his guts.

He shuddered. Damn it. Her ability to stir emotions no other woman ever had, as well as her annoying ability to probe his thoughts, made her too dangerous for his peace of mind and continued bachelorhood.

Ignoring the urge to return to the bed and slip back into her arms and her pussy, he dressed quickly. Then, instead of leaving immediately, he stood over the bed, staring down at her.

He knew she doubted her beauty and found her body less than perfect, but he viewed her as the most sensually alluring woman he'd ever met. Her smile held magic. Her beautiful dark eyes intrigued him. Her warm, passionate nature combined with her unashamed response to his lovemaking would ensure this would be a night he'd long remember as one filled with the magic of sex and blood ingestion with an almost perfect woman.

He stretched out a hand to stroke her breasts. A jolt of need sizzled through him at the contact. He swore softly and jerked his hand away. His gaze settled on her mouth. Her lips looked soft and sweet. He bent over her to taste them.

With his lips inches from hers, he stiffened and straightened. Damn if he would be controlled by lust. The drive to fuck her had dominated his thoughts and actions for months now. He'd felt compelled to watch her from afar from the moment she'd caught his attention while he visited downtown Philadelphia.

His hunger to fuck her had increased daily until he could no longer contain it. He'd now fucked her. It was time to move on to sample the delights of other women. He had a feeling it would take months and countless scores of other women before he forgot this woman. But he'd obsessed over her long enough. He glanced around her

bedroom, frowning. Before he wrote her off to the been there, done that period of his life, there were a few things he could do to make her life easier.

He stroked her breasts again.

She made a small, pleased sound in her sleep, so sensual and sexy his cock stirred.

Get a grip. It was great sex, but still just sex. You are not going to allow sex to control you. He sucked in a breath, gave her lips a long stare before he stalked out of her bedroom. He stood by her apartment entrance door before he forced himself to leave.

In his SUV, he sat staring at her building, fighting to overcome the urge to return inside and into her arms. Why the hell hadn't his hunger for her abated one God-damned iota? He gave an angry shake of his head and picked up his cell phone.

A cool, sultry feminine voice answered. "I hope this is important, Tri."

"It is. I need a favor."

"How much of my Halloween do you think I'm going to spend doing favors for you?"

He suspected she was annoyed that he hadn't confided in her about his interest in Neely before he'd asked for her help earlier that night. Bridges would need to be mended ASAP. He glanced at the dashboard clock. 3:40. "Halloween is technically over and I just need one more favor. You don't actually have to do it tonight. I just need to tell you what I need."

"All right. I'm listening."

He told her.

"So you really are serious about her?"

He shook his head. "No. It's over."

"Then why are you making us both jump through hoops to help her? Have you turned into a knight who rescues damsels in distress?"

"No, but this is the least I can do for her."

"Why?"

Damn, sometimes Pali could be a royal pain in the ass. "Why not?" he challenged. "Can I count on you?"

"Don't you always?"

"Yes," he admitted. "Now I'm going to see her ex."

"Her ex? Why?"

"It's time he realized that sending a psycho after her was a fatal error."

"Fatal? What are you planning to do, Tri?" she demanded in a sharp voice.

"You don't want to know."

"If you're planning to do something rash, don't! Where does this ex live? I'll meet you there."

"Thanks, but I can handle this alone. I'll talk to you later." He ended the call and drove off. When his cell rang moments later, he ignored it. He wasn't going to give Pali a chance to try and talk him out of ensuring the threat to Neely's safety was permanently removed. His cell phone rang several more times.

Recognizing the distinct individual rings he'd assigned to his mother and his father, he frowned. He immediately dismissed the suspicion that Pali had called them. In addition to being his first cousin, she was his best friend. She wouldn't betray his confidence without warning him first.

* * *

Two hours later, Dimitri sat in his SUV outside of the six-foot-high, black wrought iron fence surrounding Trace Donovan's country estate. Even if he weren't a half-blood vampire, overcoming the estate's security wouldn't have presented a problem. After graduating from college he'd chosen to join his father and uncle in the family security firm instead of pursuing a career in law, even though he'd passed the bar in both Pennsylvania and Massachusetts.

Several vehicles were parked in front of the dark mansion. Clearly a number of guests were spending the night. It would be an unhappy night for any of them who got in his way.

He slipped out of his SUV. Easily disarming the security system, which included numerous cameras, he picked the front door locks. Once inside the huge foyer, he silently stalked through the dark mansion. He moved up the wide staircase to the second floor landing.

Open doors revealed naked couples in each bedroom he passed. Some slept. Some were still fucking. The sounds of cocks sliding into and out of various pussies, mouths, and asses made him hard.

He reached down to cup a hand over his cock, his thoughts on the luscious woman he'd left behind. Damn, he wanted just one more fuck with her. Just one more. He closed his eyes, inhaling deeply as he remembered the sweet heat of her tight pussy massaging and welcoming him deep inside.

The gasping voice of a female snapped him out of his reverie and drew him to the open doorway of a moonlit bedroom. He paused in the doorway.

A pretty woman with short gray hair and pale skin knelt on the big bed. A male who looked at least twenty years younger held her ass cheeks spread while he thrust his bare cock in and out of her ass with such obvious enjoyment that Dimitri's stomach muscles tightened as he imagined fucking Neely's ass.

The woman moaned. Her entire body quivered each time the male pushed back into her.

Dimitri watched the male fuck her with deep, hard strokes. His cock stirred. He sighed, his thoughts turning towards the woman whose arms he'd reluctantly left. *You're here to take care of business, not watch a boy fuck a woman old enough to be his mother.*

He silently turned away and continued making his way through the mansion. He opened a large door at the end of a long, dimly lit passage. Dimitri judged this part of the mansion was soundproofed. He smiled. Perfect.

He closed the door and moved down the passage. The door of the master suite, located at the end of yet another passage, stood open. Dimitri glanced inside.

A naked male with short blond hair graying at the temples knelt behind a slender brunette.

Dimitri watched in silence for several moments as the man fucked the female's ass bareback. He didn't seem to care that her hands were curled into fists and that she gasped with pain each time he thrust his dick balls deep in her ass.

"Mr. Donovan... please... not so hard."

He reached under her and pinched her small breasts.

She cried out, pushed a hand against his groin. "Please... you're hurting me."

"Shut the fuck up, bitch. You know you like it." He rammed his cock deep in her ass with several brutal thrusts.

She shuddered and sobbed softly.

Dimitri had seen enough. He bared his incisors and stalked into the room, making no effort to conceal his presence.

Donovan's head jerked around. He stared at Dimitri. "Who the fuck are you, boy, and what the fuck are you doing in my bedroom?" he demanded as he continued fucking his unwilling partner.

The female turned dark, tear-filled eyes on Dimitri. Her cheeks turned red. She placed a hand over her breasts.

Dimitri swore. She looked like she was around sixteen years old.

"I'm the *boy* who is going to kick your sorry ass." Dimitri reached out, grabbed Donovan by the back of his neck and forcefully pulled him away from the girl. Holding the struggling man several inches above the carpet with a hand around his throat, he tossed a sheet at the female. "Leave us alone."

She caught it, scrambled off the bed, and wrapped it around her body. Instead of obeying Dimitri, she cast a fearful look at Donovan. "I'm his for the night."

"The night is over for him. You can leave without worrying that he'll make a nuisance of himself again."

She cast another look at Donovan, who had both hands clasped around Dimitri's wrist in a futile effort to peel his fingers from his throat, before she rushed from the room.

Dimitri opened his hand.

Donovan tumbled to the floor. He quickly scrambled to his knees while pulling his nightstand drawer open. Dimitri made no effort to stop him.

Seconds later, two bullets slamming into Dimitri's chest provided all the justification he needed. Grimacing with pain and clenching his teeth to silence a roar of rage, he flashed across the carpet to knock the gun aside with one hand while fastening the fingers of his other hand around Donovan's throat.

He noted the picture on Donovan's nightstand.

A smiling Neely sprawled naked on a beach with her long, lovely legs parted, revealing her pussy. She looked so sexy, Dimitri's balls tightened. Small wonder the bastard was prepared to stoop to kidnapping to get her back. Too bad his obsession was for a woman who'd also managed to capture the desire and attention of a half-blood vampire prepared to do anything necessary to protect her.

He probed Donovan's mind. After extracting the information he needed, he slowly crushed Donovan's windpipe. *This is for Neely.* He tossed Donovan's lifeless body onto the bed and stalked from the room, his incisors bared. As he heard the soft sobbing from the upstairs living room, he remembered the teenager. He ascended his incisors and walked into the room.

She had dressed but cowered near the entrance door. He saw fear in her gaze and he suspected she might have seen him give Donovan what he had coming. Great. Just what he needed.

He stood staring at her. *You have nothing to fear from me or him. You're safe, but you will forget I was ever here.* She blinked. He felt brief resistance before all traces of fear vanished. He walked across the room to her and put an arm around her shoulders. "Do you need a ride home?"

She shook her head, a puzzled frown on her face. "Do we know each other?"

"No. Go home now. And don't worry about anything. If you have any problems, I'll take care of them."

She bit her lip. "Do you want me to... do you want to fuck me?"

"I don't sleep with teenagers and you shouldn't sleep with men of any age." He touched her cheek. "You're too young to allow yourself to be used for sex."

"I'm eighteen," she told him.

"What's your name?"

"Carol Dawson."

He touched her cheek. "Do you have a way to get home, Carol Dawson?"

She nodded.

"Where is home?"

She gave him her address, paused, and then went on in a rush. "Are you sure you wouldn't like to... fuck me once?"

He narrowed his gaze. "I'm positive. Go home before I spank your ass instead. And trust me, it will be all pain and no pleasure. Go home."

She turned and left.

Dimitri followed slowly, looking into the various rooms to make sure no one else was aware of Donovan's death. Satisfied he wouldn't need to impose his will on anyone else, he ran down the stairs into the foyer.

As Carol slipped out the front door, he heard her gasp. He stiffened and then stifled an annoyed groan as he sensed familiar presences.

Confronted by two men and a woman, all dressed in black, Carol was on the point of trying to retreat inside when he stepped out of the mansion. He placed a hand on her shoulder. "It's all right," he told her.

Unconvinced, she cowered against him.

He slipped an arm around her shoulder. "Which car is yours?"

She pointed to an old, battered coupe. He walked her to it and stood back while she started the car. She lowered the driver's side window. "Will I see you again?" she asked.

Just what he needed -- a horny teenager with the hots for him. "No! Now go home and forget me and what happened here tonight," he instructed her.

He waited for her to drive through the now open gates before he turned to face the three who stood silently on the mansion's top step. One had pale skin, short dark hair and brown eyes. The other had dark skin, long dreads, and blue eyes. The female was tall, curvaceous, and beautiful with very dark blue eyes.

Dimitri gave her an annoyed stare before walking up the steps to the male with the short dark hair. "What brings you here, Dad?" He cast a glance at the other male. "And you, Uncle Vlad? Let me guess, Pali called you both."

His uncle, a nearly four-hundred-year-old vampire, bared his incisors. "I smell death. What the hell have you done, you immature pissant?"

He glared at his uncle. "I did what I needed to do and don't call me pissant."

His uncle's eyes glowed. "Are you answering me back, boy?" He took a step toward him.

Dimitri tensed. All of his father's older siblings were far too fond of meting out powerful backhands when they felt disrespected. And the older the vampire, the quicker they were to take offense.

Dimitri's father, Mikhel, stepped between them, facing his much older brother. "Don't even think about hitting him, Vladimir."

"If you hadn't coddled him he wouldn't have so damned much to say for himself, Mikhel."

At ninety years old, his father was no physical match for his uncle, but Dimitri had grown up watching his father trade barbs with Vladimir with relative impunity.

"Fuck you, Vladimir. If you want to slap someone around, start with Etienne," he said of Vladimir's son.

Vladimir leaned around Mikhel to stare at Dimitri. "The next time we're alone, pissant, your ass is mine."

Mikhel turned to face him, his gaze narrowed. "Who did you kill and why?"

Dimitri told him about Trace Donovan and the stalker he'd hired to kidnap Neely.

Mikhel bared his incisors. "Two? You've killed two men?"

Stung by the censure in his father's voice, Dimitri lifted his chin. "They both deserved it."

"If we had the freedom to kill everyone we thought deserved it, the country would be littered with dead bodies. You know better than to do anything to bring unnecessary attention to us, Dimitri." Mikhel grabbed the back of his neck hard enough to make him wince.

"I didn't drain them. I strangled them."

"Well, damn. That makes it so much better," his uncle drawled.

Pali moved across the steps to slip her arm through their uncle's. "He's had a rough night, Uncle V. Give him a break."

Dimitri could also see a lessening of the tension in the full-blood. For all his outward harshness, Vladimir had always been a sucker for his twin brother Aleksei's daughters.

Dimitri met his father's angry gaze. Too bad such tactics wouldn't work on him. "I had to do it, Dad. They --"

"No, Dimitri."

"Donovan shot me twice. It hurt like hell."

"You could have avoided the bullets, Dimitri. You *wanted* to kill them. The question of why can wait for another time." He glanced towards the mansion. "Go home. We'll handle the cleanup." He turned away.

"I can handle --"

His father turned back to give him a long, silent stare. The cold, furious look in his dark gaze spoke volumes. Dimitri, who rarely found himself the object of his father's wrath, sucked in a breath. "Dad... I --"

"Save it, Dimitri."

He felt a hand slip through his arm and turned to find Pali standing next to him. It was going to be a long time before he forgave her for subjecting him to his father's displeasure.

"Tri --"

He pulled away from her and ran down the steps and through the open gate. By the time he reached his SUV, his Uncle Vlad leaned against the driver's door. He stopped inches from him, clenching his right hand into a fist. What he wouldn't give to hit the supercilious bastard hard enough to knock him on his ass.

His uncle laughed and clasped a hand on his shoulder. "Trust me, you'll never live long enough to seriously consider that. If you tried, your father would be compelled to come to your defense and that would result in both of you being knocked on your flat, white asses."

Vladimir was the product of a Caucasian mother and a Black father.

Dimitri shook the hand off his shoulder. "Excuse me."

Vladimir continued to lean against the door. "Your mother is worried about you. Call her."

"I will. Now. Will you excuse me, Uncle Vlad?"

To his surprise, his uncle reached out to clasp the back of his neck. He stared into his eyes and spoke softly. "If, as you say, they needed killing, don't waste time on regrets. Your father and I will ensure everything is as it should be. You go enjoy the rest of the night and don't blame Pali. You know she'd walk barefoot through hell for you. She wouldn't have called your father unless she was worried you might be in over your head."

"Well, I wasn't!"

Vladimir slapped his cheek in response. "Don't raise your voice with me, pissant." He removed his hand and stepped away from the door. "Don't make the mistake of being so stubborn you won't admit that killing two people was reckless and that she was right to call your father."

"I'm an adult. I don't need anyone calling my father."

His uncle narrowed his gaze. "Be thankful your father is still alive to be called! Do you know what I would give to have been lucky enough not to have had my father killed when I was ten?"

The pain he heard in the other vampire's voice sapped some of his fury. His parents had gone out of their way to ensure he had a safe, happy childhood. No matter how bad things seemed as a teenager, he'd always taken comfort in the knowledge that he could talk to his father about anything and find comfort and understanding in his mother's arms.

He turned to find his father looking at him.

He ran through the gate and up the steps. "Dad... I'm sorry. I should have talked to you first, but I wanted to... protect her... I..."

"We'll chalk this up to a learning experience, Dimitri. But unless your life or the life of someone you care about is in danger, your ass will be mine if you kill anyone else. I know you're a legal adult, but we live a very long time and by our standards, you're little more than a toddler. Don't make any more life and death decisions on your own. Understood?"

He nodded. "Yes, Dad."

Mikhel engulfed him in a brief hug before pushing him away. "Now go call your mother."

"I will." He went back to his SUV.

Vladimir arched a brow. "What? No hug for me?"

He bit back the urge to suggest the other male take a flying leap and got into his SUV in silence.

Vladimir laughed and stalked away.

Dimitri pushed the driver's window down. "Uncle Vlad?"

Vladimir turned to glance over his shoulder. "What now?"

"Thanks... for coming to back Father up and for the reality check."

A slow, warm smile spread across his uncle's face. He glanced over his shoulder at Mikhel before turning his attention back to Dimitri. "Anytime, pissant."

He started the engine of his SUV. Pali flashed down the steps to stand in front of his vehicle. Although still annoyed, he reached out and pushed the passenger door open.

She slipped inside. "You're still angry."

He drove off and kept his gaze on the road. "Wouldn't you be if I went behind your back to call Uncle Aleksei as if you were still a child?"

"Yes," she admitted. "But that wouldn't mean you were wrong."

He wasn't in the mood for what he considered her circular reasoning. "Where can I drop you?"

"Am I forgiven?"

"No! You betrayed my trust, Pali."

She touched his arm. "I was afraid for you, Tri."

"Why?"

"Why? I know you killed two men. We weren't raised to use our superior strength recklessly. Besides, I was worried what effect killing would have on you."

"Why should killing either of those lowlifes bother me?"

"Because we weren't raised to kill indiscriminately."

"I'm not going to lose a moment's sleep over either of those bastards."

"Donovan was wealthy. Uncle Mikhel and Vladimir will have to jump through hoops to keep the spotlight away from you. What about that girl?"

"She won't remember anything." He frowned. "Could you... help her?"

"How?"

He shrugged. "She's only eighteen. That's too young to sell her body to men like Donovan."

"So you're ready to forgive me?"

"What makes you think that?"

"Excuse me? If you're asking for yet another favor, you must be ready to forgive me. Either that or you're crazy."

His lips twitched and he laughed.

"That's better." She leaned over and kissed his cheek. "If I hadn't been worried about you, Tri, I wouldn't have called Uncle Mikhel."

He sobered. "I know." He turned his head quickly, brushing his lips against her cheek. "Now about that favor."

She groaned and sank against her seat. "God save me from cousins who spend all their time discovering favors for me to do for them."

He laughed.

After a moment, she laughed too. The remaining tension between them dissolved. "Best friends again?" she asked.

Keeping his gaze on the road, he reached out his right hand to brush her cheek. "Come hell or high water," he answered.

"Good. Want to talk about that cougar of yours?"

"Don't push your luck, Pali," he said coolly. "And don't call her a cougar."

"What shall I call her? Your girlfriend? Your woman?"

"There's no need for you to call her anything. It's over." To forestall other questions, he picked up his cell phone and called his mother. After assuring her he was fine and only half-listening to her lecture about the dangers of becoming entrapped in an older woman's web, he drove Pali to her Center City Philadelphia condo. Then, driven by an urge he couldn't control, he found himself drawn back to Neely's apartment.

Chapter Four

Neely opened her eyes and rolled onto her back, then bolted into a sitting position in bed as she remembered the events of the previous night. Her eyes darted around her bedroom. Daylight streamed into the room.

The tall, handsome male who'd rescued her the night before stood near her open bedroom door. Her heart sank. He was fully dressed, instead of gloriously naked.

She struggled against a wave of disappointment. "You're leaving."

The dark eyes, which had been so expressive the previous night, were now cool and evasive. He nodded. "Yes."

She slumped against the headboard and reached to pull the blanket up to cover her breasts. So it had been a one-night stand. That's what she'd expected -- until his words during lovemaking had given her hope that maybe... but she'd been a fool to imagine he'd want more than a one-nighter with her. He'd probably just wanted a temporary break from the supermodel women he usually dated.

His eyelids swept up.

She knew he'd read her thoughts. For a moment, she hoped he'd tell her she was wrong. When his lids swept back down, she sighed. "So... last night..."

"Last night was..." He ran a hand through his hair. "Last night was... I have to go."

"Why? Do you regret last night?"

"Not for the reason you're imagining, but yes. I do."

Recalling her uninhibited behavior with him, she swallowed a lump of disappointment. Had she been too shameless or had he just been slumming? She touched her neck, brushing her fingers against two small wounds.

He'd fucked her into unconsciousness and drank her blood. She had no idea who he was. "You know my name. What's yours?"

"Dimitri."

"That's a nice name, but not so nice it doesn't require a last one."

He hesitated.

"Surely a big, strapping vampire like you isn't afraid of me if you're not afraid of the daylight. Are you?"

"I don't sunbathe, but I have no fear of sunlight."

"Cross?"

"I'm not afraid of that either. Don't believe everything you see in movies or read in books about us. I'm not some bloodsucker who sleeps in a coffin or who needs to cower in some dark cavern during the day. And my name is Dumont."

"Will I see you again, Dimitri Dumont?"

He stared at her silently.

Despite the shield on his thoughts, she sensed turmoil in him. Did he want to see her again? "What's the matter, Dimitri Dumont? Do you disappear after Halloween?"

He shrugged. "Isn't that what people expect of creatures who go bump in the night?"

"Is that a yes?"

"No, it isn't."

"Then what's your hurry to rush away?"

His dark gaze moved over her face and body and then, while she floundered for something to say to keep him there a little longer, he turned and flashed from the room.

She lay on her back, closing her eyes. Oh. Damn. She felt a rush of excitement. She sat up, her eyes snapping open.

He stood in her bedroom door, staring at her.

Her heart raced with hope. "You came back."

"I'm leaving again, but I just wanted... needed to make it clear that I'm not leaving you to go see some supermodel."

"Aren't you?"

"I've never met any woman who could outclass or outshine you. And I've met and bedded plenty of women."

She smiled. There was no doubting his sincerity. "Then why are you leaving?"

"Because I have to."

"If you only wanted a one-night..." She paused, frowning... attempting to probe his thoughts. To her surprise, he briefly dropped his shield. "You didn't just want a one-night stand!"

He didn't respond.

"I don't understand, Dimitri. If you didn't just want a one-nighter... why..."

"We both wanted to spend the night together. We did. End of story."

"It's not the end of the story for me. Don't we both want to spend the day together too?"

She saw a flicker of emotion in his dark gaze before he lowered his long, dark lashes. "I'm not ready for anything serious right now. Let's just leave it at that."

"I have a lot of questions. Like where did you come from last night? How did you manage to show up just in time? Who was that man and --"

"All you really need to know about last night is that you won't have to worry about the one who was stalking you again."

Her thoughts turned to Trace. "How will you know if he does?"

"Trust me. I'll know."

About to press him, her thoughts turned to her car. Oh, hell. She had to get up and make arrangements to --

He held up a hand. "There's no need to get up. Your car is parked outside in front of the house."

"How?"

He shrugged. "I made a few calls."

"You had it towed? I'll have to call the auto club and --"

"It's gassed up and ready to go whenever you want it."

"Is that your way of telling me that if I run out of gas again, I'm on my own?"

"You didn't run out of gas. Your tank was drained."

"How... do you..." She frowned. "Please don't tell me..."

"No. I didn't drain it. The man I stopped from attacking you did."

"How do you know that?"

He shrugged. "I watched him do it."

"Then... why didn't you stop him?"

"I should have, but I wanted to rescue you."

"Oh, Dimitri. That's sweet."

He shrugged.

"Just once? What if I..." She realized she was on the point of begging to see him again and sucked in a breath. "Thanks."

He inclined his head, a slight smile hovering around his lips.

She stared at his mouth, realizing that while he'd spent hours fucking her, he hadn't once kissed her on her lips.

She met his gaze, a question in her eyes. Why would a male who'd declared himself her willing slave have avoided kissing her?

"Surely you don't believe everything a man says during sex, Neely?"

She swallowed hard, feeling as if he'd slapped her. Her cheeks stung. She bit her lip, blinking hard to keep her eyes tear free.

Noting the look on her face, his gaze softened. He shook his head. "I didn't mean that the way it sounded."

She lifted her chin. "Then what did you mean?"

"What difference does it make now?"

"If it makes so little difference to you, why didn't you leave before I woke?"

"I did leave. I came back."

"Why?"

He shrugged. "I didn't want you to wake up, find me gone, and imagine last night hadn't been... I didn't want to do that to you."

"Then stay and talk to me."

He crossed the room to caress her cheek. "I have to go."

"So you didn't mean any of the things you said last night?"

He frowned. "Surely you're old enough to know how much value to put on sex talk."

"So now my age bothers you? After you got what you wanted? Charming."

He narrowed his gaze. "I knew your age before we spent the night together. So don't waste either of our time trying to give me any shit."

She slapped his hand away from her face. "You're getting more charming by the moment, Dimitri Dumont. Your mother must be very proud of you."

To her surprise, he flushed. "What do you expect when you insist on putting the most negative spin possible on everything I say?"

She tossed her head. "Isn't that what you want so you'll have an excuse to fuck and run?"

His eyes glowed and he bared his incisors. "I don't think you want to fuck with me, Neely."

"Oh, Dimitri, that's exactly what I want to do -- fuck you -- again and again. And no matter what you say, I know you want that too."

"You don't know a damned thing about me."

Under his anger, she sensed an underlying tenderness and desire. For reasons he wasn't prepared to share with her, he wanted to deny his attraction to her. "Are you married, Dimitri?"

"No! If I were, I wouldn't have spent the night with you."

She wasn't sure why her question had produced such an angry retort. "Okay. You're not married."

"No. I'm not!"

Did vampires believe in fidelity or marriage? "Are you engaged or in a serious relationship with anyone?"

"Don't waste your time trying to ferret out anything I don't want you to learn about me," he told her.

"It's a simple enough question, Dimitri."

"It's also one I don't want to answer."

"Why? Were you cheating on someone last night?"

"What the hell do you take me for? I do not cheat!" He turned and stalked from her bedroom with all the majesty of a big, angry, predatory cat.

Great. Just great. She finally met a male who knew how to handle his huge dick and he'd had his fill after just a few hours. It was just her luck he...

She frowned. He'd know if her attacker returned? He wouldn't know if she were being menaced unless he kept a watch on her. And if he remained near enough for that, she was confident that eventually, the handsome, sexy Dimitri Dumont would want to do more than watch over her from afar.

When that happened, she'd do her best to ensure the lure of their mutual attraction was impossible for him to resist. Imagining him lying between her parted legs, driving that big, thick cock of his deep into her pussy, whispering into her mind how sweet, beautiful, and special she was, she smiled.

Okay. So her life was a mess. She had no family, or close friends who'd care if she disappeared off the face of the earth, and she'd nearly fallen prey to a crazed maniac with a knife who was probably sent by her ex-lover. But she'd also spent the night with a lusty young vampire locked between her legs... feeding on her.

Whatever had driven him away from her that morning would pale in comparison to the nighttime magic they'd shared -- unless another woman stood between them. If she believed his angry retort that he didn't cheat, there was no other woman.

She frowned, recalling his sexual appetite. She couldn't imagine a male as handsome as Dimitri not having a woman sharing his bed on a regular basis. Or maybe there were numerous women in his life -- none of whom meant anything to him.

She wanted to believe him about not having a special woman. But if that were true, why had he left her when she knew he'd wanted to remain with her? Discovering his secrets might be intriguing and exciting.

Despite the uncertainties her professional future held, her belief that the previous night had been the first of many such nights spent in Dimitri Dumont's arms slowly jelled in her mind. Of course it never hurt to help a man's desire along.

She gently rocked from side to side, reaching out to him with her thoughts. *Dimitri... Dimitri... remember me... want me... need me again... when you do... I'll be waiting.* She sensed a faint, reluctant acknowledgement of the inevitability of their meeting and loving again from him.

"Dimitri..." she whispered. "I can't wait to see you again."

Stay away from me.

"If you don't want to see me again, you'll have to sound more adamant than that, Dimitri. Otherwise, I'll think you're playing hard to get."

Neely. Neely. Her name brushed through her thoughts like a warm caress.

"Dimitri..."

Stay away from me.

Encouraged by the reluctance she sensed in him, she decided that she would see him sooner rather than later -- even if she had to track him down.

Heads up, Dimitri Dumont. There'll soon be a horny, jobless woman on your trail with nothing to do but track your tight, sexy ass down. When I find you, I'm going to spend all night sliding my pussy up and down that big, hot dick of yours until you tell me it's all mine and I can satisfy your lust for sex and blood. I'll totally satisfy your bloodlust. That's the word you use, isn't it? Bloodlust.

For a moment, there was no response. Then, a soft taunt whispered into her head -- *Dream on.*

Undaunted, she smiled. If he really didn't want to be caught, he wouldn't have told her his name. Certain she'd need all her energies for the coming chase, she drifted to sleep.

* * *

Neely woke again after eleven. She showered, put on a pair of jeans and tee shirt, changed her bedding, and then went into the kitchen to make an early lunch. As she made her favorite vinaigrette dressing, she turned on the clock radio mounted under her middle cabinet.

The fifty-seven-year-old Donovan is survived by an older sister who resides in San Francisco. Police continue to investigate. Stay tuned for updates as they occur on the overnight murder of local businessman Trace Donovan.

Neely stiffened, then reached over to turn up the volume, but the announcer began giving details of another overnight murder.

The body of the unidentified man was discovered floating in the Schuylkill River by a man on an early morning jog.

Trace was dead? Murdered? A sudden vision of Dimitri holding her stalker by the throat and threatening to kill him invaded her thoughts.

"All you really need to know about last night is that you won't have to worry about him or the one who sent him ever menacing you again."

She slumped against the counter. "Oh, Dimitri. What have you done?"

The ringing of her apartment bell startled her. She pushed herself away from the counter and walked to the callbox by her door and pressed the button. "Yes?"

A woman answered. "Neely Little John?"

"You are?"

"We don't know each other, but my name is Derri Dumont. I need to speak to you."

"Dumont? Are you related to Dimitri?"

"Yes."

There was only one reason a woman related to Dimitri should come to see her. She pressed a hand against her breasts. "Is he... has something happened to Dimitri?"

"May I come up and talk to you?"

"Please. Has something happened to him?"

“No, but we need to talk.”

Neely released a relieved breath and pushed the buzzer to release the lobby door entrance. Several moments later, her apartment bell rang.

She stared out the peek hole. A pretty woman with dark skin, dressed in an exquisite pants suit, stood outside the door. She appeared to be in her mid-thirties.

The woman smiled. “Ms. Little John? I’m Derri Dumont.”

Neely opened the door and then stiffened. A tall, dark male with dark eyes stood beside the woman. After a first startled glance, the resemblance to Dimitri was obvious. He must be Dimitri’s older brother.

She stepped away from the door. “Come in.” The couple entered. She closed the door and turned to look at the woman. “Is Dimitri okay?”

“Yes, but we came to discuss you.”

“Me? What do you mean?”

“I’m Derri Morgan-Dumont and this is Mikhel Dumont.”

Neely glanced at their left hands. Both wore rings. “I’m Neely Little John. Why would you be here to discuss me, Ms. Morgan-Dumont?”

“You’re just as Dimitri described you.” She smiled. “I’m a lawyer.” She reached into a briefcase hanging off her right shoulder and handed Neely a card.

She glanced at the card.

Derri Morgan-Dumont, Partner

Lewis & Morgan, LLC

Attorneys-at-Law

Neely shook her head. “If Dimitri’s okay, I’m not sure why either one of you are here.”

“As I said, I’m his aunt.” She nodded at the silent male beside her. “Mikhel is his father.”

“His... but he can’t be more than ten or so years older than Dimitri.” If he were really Dimitri’s father he must be... She stared at Mikhel. He stared back, his dark eyes

cold and hard. The word vampire trembled on her lips. She blinked at Derri. "Why are you two here if Dimitri's all right?"

"Have you heard the news today?"

"The news... this is about... Trace... Dimitri killed him. Didn't he?"

Mikhel finally spoke. "How the hell could he kill anyone when he was with you?"

Neely shook her head. "Oh. I see. You think... you expect me to lie and provide an alibi for him... I won't."

"The hell you won't!" Mikhel stepped close to her and glared down at her.

Heart racing with fear, Neely stumbled back against the door.

Derri Dumont stepped in between them. She placed her hands on his chest and stared up at him. "This isn't helping, Mikhel."

"If she thinks I'm going to allow her to implicate him in a murder, she'd damn well better think again." He stared at Neely. "Is that clear?"

Although his eyes didn't glow and he displayed no sign of sharpened incisors, the air of menace surrounding him was unmistakable. He was a vampire. And he was furious with her. She sucked in a breath.

Derri turned to face her. "I don't think you meant to imply you were going to implicate Dimitri in anything. Did you?"

Neely swallowed slowly and moistened her lips. She kept her gaze on Derri's face. "I just meant I can't provide an alibi when I know he killed Trace. He probably killed them both."

"Silly bitch!" Mikhel stepped around Derri.

She stepped back in his path. "Calm down, Mikhel, and allow me to handle this."

He took a deep breath and stalked across the room to stare out the living room window. Neely stared after him and reached back for the doorknob.

Derri turned to face her. "It's all right. He's not going to hurt you."

"I think he might."

"No, he won't. He's upset, but he won't hurt you. He just wants assurance that you don't plan to... what makes you think Dimitri killed anyone when he was with you all night?"

Neely slumped against the door. "He wasn't with me all night. He left and came back."

"What time did he leave?"

"I'm not sure."

"How long was he gone?"

"I don't know."

"Why not?"

"Because I was asleep when he left and returned."

"Then how do you know he even left?"

"He told me he did."

"I see. So you have no personal knowledge of his actually having left or having been gone long enough to do anything? For all you know, he could have gone out to clear his head or to smoke." Derri gave her a long stare. "Why are you so certain he killed anyone?"

Neely shook her head. "I just know he did."

"Then you also know whatever he might have done was for your benefit!" Mikhel Dumont stormed across the room to glare down at her. "And if you think I'm going to allow him to be subjected to possible arrest because he wanted to protect you, you're sadly mistaken."

"Mikhel! Dimitri wouldn't want this!" Derri stepped between them. "Whatever he might have done last night was because he has a certain level of concern for her."

"But I don't!"

"If you can't control yourself, leave us alone."

He stalked back across the room to stare out her living room window.

"We're not here because Dimitri needs an alibi. We're here because he's concerned that you might."

“Me? Why would I need an alibi? I had nothing to do with Donovan’s death.”

“Can you prove that?”

Neely sucked in an angry breath. “I was nowhere near his mansion last night --”

“Weren’t you?” Mikhel challenged. “Didn’t you receive an invitation to his party?”

He’d clearly done his homework. “Yes, but my car broke down and I never got there.”

“How can you prove that?”

“I was with Dimitri.”

“Who you say you can’t provide an alibi for,” he reminded her. “Which means he can’t provide one for you. And judging by the picture beside Donovan’s bedside, the police will be very interested in talking to you.”

Why had she allowed Trace to take that damned picture? Mikhel Dumont had clearly seen it. She frowned. “If you saw that picture, you must have been in his bedroom.”

“What’s your point?”

She shrugged. “Maybe Dimitri didn’t kill him. Maybe you did.”

He tossed back his head and laughed, then flashed across the room so quickly she gasped when she found him glaring down into her eyes. “To protect you? Don’t flatter yourself. I’m not some twenty-nine-year-old, thinking with his cock instead of his head.” He gave her a cold look. “Although I can’t imagine what the hell he finds attractive about you.”

Neely’s cheeks burned and her eyes stung with the effort to hold back tears.

“That’s enough, Mikhel!” Derri eased Neely aside and jerked open the apartment door. “Get out!”

With a last cold look at her, Mikhel Dumont stalked from her apartment.

Derri closed the door. “I’m sorry. I know his behavior was unforgivable, but when it comes to his sons, he’s as rabid as a wild animal in their defense.”

Neely wrapped her arms around herself. “He... do I need to be afraid of him?”

"No. He's angry and afraid for Dimitri, but he's not vicious."

Recalling how beautiful and desirable Dimitri had made her feel, she realized she wouldn't say or do anything to implicate him -- no matter what he'd done. "Dimitri has nothing to fear from me."

Derri smiled. "And you have nothing to fear from anyone named Dumont. As I said, I'm an attorney. If you find yourself in need of a lawyer, call me. I'm very good at what I do and haven't lost a case in... a very long time."

"Thanks, but I can't afford --"

"The days when I needed a financial reward are long gone. I still practice law because it's my passion and what I'm good at. If the need arises, I'll be happy to handle your case pro bono." She glanced at her watch. "Now, it's getting late and I want to get back to my husband and my son."

"Your husband?"

"I'm married to Mikhel's younger brother, Serge. We have a seven-month-old son." A sudden smile lit her eyes. "Would you like to see a picture of him?"

"Yes. I would."

Derri whipped out a phone and extended it to Neely.

Neely took it and found herself gazing down into the smiling face of a gorgeous little boy with bronze skin, a head full of curly hair, and beautiful gray eyes. She stared up at Derri. "He's beautiful."

Derri nodded and accepted the phone back. "Yes, he is, and he's the light of our lives and our pride and greatest joy."

"You sound very happy."

"I am deliriously happy."

Neely felt a surge of jealousy. "It must be wonderful to have a special man in your life who..."

Derri touched her arm. "I'm thinking you have a special one in your life, too."

"Dimitri?" She shook her head. "We just met last night and had a one-night stand."

"I won't betray his confidence, but I can assure you, he wasn't just interested in a one-night stand with you or I wouldn't have known about you before last night."

"He told you about me?"

"Yes."

"Even so, he made it plain that I shouldn't expect to see him again."

"Did he? Well, I'd be very surprised if you didn't." She squeezed Neely's hand. "You have my card with all my numbers on it. Call me if you need a lawyer or if you need to talk about the best way to pursue a relationship with a handsome, sexy, but unpredictable Dumont male."

"I... would you do me a favor?"

"I will if I can."

"Would you ask Dimitri to... call me? I... I'd... I'd really like to see him again."

"I'll tell him."

"Thank you."

Chapter Five

“What’s the matter? Dream sex not working for you?”

Dimitri stopped pacing the length of Pali’s Center City Philadelphia living room long enough to stare at her. She sat in a plush white leather chair, flipping through a magazine. Although they generally had few secrets, he was reluctant to admit he had invaded Neely’s dreams for his sexual gratification. “What?”

“Why don’t you go see her?”

“What makes you think I want to see her?” he demanded.

She shrugged and continued to flip the pages of the magazine without looking up. “Oh, I don’t know. You’ve been an absolute bear for the last week and you killed two men for her.”

“They deserved to be killed!”

“Maybe or maybe you overreacted because she’s gotten under your skin.”

He bared his incisors and stalked across the room to glare down at her. “The only one getting under my skin is you,” he snapped.

She tossed the magazine onto an end table and looked up at him. “I don’t see any chains on you keeping your sorry ass here, Tri. You know the way to the door.”

He experienced a sudden, violent urge to snatch her up from the chair and shake her senseless. Or maybe he should backhand her. He lifted his right hand.

She narrowed her gaze. “Get a grip, Tri, and back away from me before you do something that’s going to get your ass kicked by Dad, Uncle V, big brother Acier, and a warrior class Keddi named Drei who thinks of me as his daughter. If I needed their help, which I don’t.”

Her reference to her half-brother, Acier, Supreme Alpha of a shape shifting pack of wolves, and one of his miniature sidekicks, infuriated him. "You're pissing me the fuck off, Pali," he warned.

Growing up, Pali had shown herself capable of giving as good as she got when she and Dimitri roughhoused -- even though she was a mere latent while he was a half-blood vampire. Dimitri suspected she owed her unusual strength to her father's connection with his mysterious mentor, Luc.

She bared her incisors, shot to her feet, and shoved him. "Then take your happy ass someplace else, Tri."

Unable to control his rage, he balled his hand into a fist and swung it at her. She blocked it with her left forearm and then knocked him on his ass with a clenched right fist. "Get a grip, Dimitri!" she roared, her eyes glowing.

He stifled the urge to bound to his feet and continue his attack. He took a long, slow breath and closed his eyes. "I... I'm sorry, Pali. I --"

"It's all right, Tri." She cupped his cheek.

He opened his eyes.

She knelt in front of him. Her teeth were ascended. Her eyes no longer glowed.

Staring into her eyes, the enormity of what he'd done sent a chill of fear through him. He gripped her free hand. "Pali... I didn't mean..."

She nodded. "Oh, you meant it, all right, but I forgive you anyway."

He closed his eyes and leaned his forehead against her shoulder.

She put her arms around him. "There's no need to pretend with me. I know you feel far more for her than you want to. Go see her, Tri."

He sucked in a breath and clung to her. "I don't... she's... I can't. I told her I wouldn't be back. She'll think I'm fickle like a boy."

She kissed his head. "She'll think you're a man so drawn to her you couldn't stay away," she countered. "That will make you even more attractive to her." She pulled away from him to sit back on her haunches. "Go see her before one of us gets hurt. And trust me, Tri, it's not going to be me."

He stared at her and then laughed. He sobered quickly. "Pali... I'm... you know how I feel about you. I would never willingly try to hurt you --"

She smiled and slapped his cheek hard. "You just did. Lucky for me I'm not a normal latent or you'd have knocked me out or worse."

He blanched. "Pali..."

She shook her head. "It's all right, Tri. I know you're not yourself. What almost happened doesn't need to go beyond this room."

He sighed in relief. That would save him several ass beatings. "Thank you."

"You can thank me by going to see her."

He bounded to his feet. "Don't you ever give up?"

She rose slowly. "How can I when I see you are clearly in over your head? Why are you fighting what you so clearly feel for her?"

"Because I'm too young to fall hard for one woman."

"That's Aunt Erica talking," she said. "Remember, Grandma wasn't much older than you when she bloodlusted for the first time."

He narrowed his gaze. "Are you implying I'm in bloodlust with her?"

She shrugged. "I don't know. Are you?"

"No!"

"Prove it. Go see her. Use her up until you've had your fill of her and then move on."

"Use her up? She's not some piece... she has feelings! You think I want to risk hurting her?"

"No, I don't and that in itself is unusual."

"What the hell is that crack supposed to mean?"

"Oh, come on, Tri. I've lost track of the number of women you've slept with until you were sick of them and then casually discarded them like the has beens they were then. Why isn't that treatment good enough for her?"

"Because she deserves better!"

“So did all the others, but that didn’t stop you from leaving a trail of broken hearts behind you.”

Feeling his rage knotting the muscles in his gut, he swung away from her. “I don’t want to talk about this anymore.” He stormed out of the room, down the hall, and out of her apartment.

* * *

Neely stood in her shower stall after she’d turned off the water.

Things had finally started to look up for her. The police’s questioning of her had been so brief, she suspected Dimitri or his family had somehow influenced the detectives. One of her online resumes had finally generated enough interest to get her a job interview for the coming week.

Instead of being upbeat and hopeful, she felt restless and empty inside. Despite Derri Morgan-Dumont’s assurances, two long weeks had passed without Dimitri contacting her. Accepting his lack of interest might be easier if her nights weren’t filled with graphic dreams of them having hot, wanton, unprotected sex.

She felt a brief chill followed by an infusion of heat radiating all through her body. With her eyes closed, she daydreamed she could feel his hard body pressed against her back. Big, warm palms eased her legs further apart before sliding up her body to cup her breasts.

She gasped and shuddered. Oh, no. No. Surrendering to her hunger for him while asleep was bad enough. She couldn’t begin to lose herself in such dreams while awake. Yet, despite her efforts to force her mind to think of her upcoming job interview, she imagined she could almost feel the outline of his deliciously long, thick cock pulsing between her legs. Her pussy flooded in response.

Deciding to enjoy the daydream, she tilted her head. She sighed in pleasure as his cool lips brushed against her neck. Beginning a sawing motion with his powerful hips, he rolled her nipples between his fingers until they pebbled. Then he trailed one hand down over her belly to cup her pussy.

“Oh... yes. Yes. God, please don't let me wake up yet.” She reached down to close her fingers around his cock.

Pre-cum coated her fingers.

Her stomach muscles tightened. Hunger to feel herself impaled on him again drove her to push her hips down and to press the head of his shaft against her entrance. “Fuck me as only you can, Dimitri,” she whispered. She wiggled her ass and hips until she was able to work the big, dripping head between the lips of her slit.

Raking his incisors against the side of her neck, he gripped her waist and thrust his hips forward.

She felt him tunneling into her, filling her up. “Oh, God.” That felt too good to be her imagination. Her eyes snapped open. Fully impaled on his cock, she jerked her head around.

He lifted his head, revealing his bared incisors. His dark eyes glowed with desire. His cock pulsed inside her.

“Dimitri,” she whispered. “You're really here.”

He withdrew all but the head of his cock and then quickly shot it back inside her as he bent his lips to her neck. Cupping one hand over her breasts, he fingered her clit and began fucking in and out of her with long, almost painful thrusts.

She gasped, shuddered, and rotated her ass against his groin. “Oh, God, Dimitri.” She reached down to grip his arms. “Oh, God... you're here and really inside me.”

At last, my beautiful, sexy Neely. He groaned against her ear. Give me the pussy I crave as no other. Fuck me back and ease my insatiable ache. Take every inch of the cock made for your sweet, hot pussy. Love me... love me. Love only me.

She closed her eyes. With twinges of pain rippling through her, she fucked herself on his length, matching him deep, hard stroke for stroke. “I think I do love you,” she whispered, shuddering as he shot his hard length in and out of her with a superhuman speed that sent her shattering into a powerful climax within minutes.

As she came all over his cock, he bit into the side of her neck.

Feeling her blood flow into his mouth turned her orgasm into sweet torture. She tightened her pussy around him and sobbed. "Oh... oh, Dimitri... oh... my God!"

He continued to fuck her for several minutes before he suddenly shuddered, and ejaculated into her. He gripped her hips and held her still as he filled her with his seed. *Take it... take every drop of my cum.*

She reached back to clutch at his thighs. "Gladly, my handsome Dimitri."

Be mine alone.

"I am yours, Dimitri. Will you be mine?"

He stiffened and lifted his incisors from her neck.

When he didn't answer, she turned to look up at him. "Dimitri?"

He narrowed his gaze. "What do you want from me, Neely?"

She blinked. "What? What do I want from you?"

He released her and eased his cock from her. "Yes. Vampires generally don't fall in love. Even if they do, it's of no consequence when compared to the power and passion of bloodlust."

"So you're telling me what? That you expect me to be in love with you but you have no intentions of being in love with me?"

He shrugged. "If you want me to say I love you, I will."

"But you wouldn't mean it?"

He shook his head.

She stared at him for several moments before she swung her hand up to his face. He amazed her by allowing her to slap him twice before he tilted his head back and gave her a cool stare. "Happy now?"

"Get out of my apartment, you selfish, soulless bastard!" She lifted her hand again.

He caught her wrist. "You've had all the free slaps you're getting."

She tugged at her wrist. "Take your hand off me."

He tightened his grip.

She gasped, pushing against his chest with her free hand. "You're hurting me!"

He bared his incisors. "What else would you expect from a selfish, soulless bastard?"

She stared up at him, afraid of him for the first time. She dropped her hand from his chest and swallowed slowly. "You're hurting me, Dimitri. Please release my wrist before you break it."

He shrugged and arched a brow.

Meeting the cold look in his eyes, she half expected him to deliberately break her wrist. She shook her head. "I'm afraid of you. Is that what you want, Dimitri?"

"Why should I care what you feel?" he demanded.

Oh, God. What had happened to the male who had begged her to be his and love only him?

His gaze moved to her neck. He ran his tongue over his lips which glistened with her blood.

She shivered. What if now that he'd fucked her, he intended to kill her? Uncertain how else to reach him, she closed her eyes and reached out with her thoughts to touch his. "Please, Dimitri --"

"No! Stay the fuck out of my head!" He shoved her away.

She gasped, stumbled backwards, and lost her balance. She clutched wildly at the air in a futile attempt to grip some part of his body to keep herself on her feet. "Dimitri!"

He turned away.

She closed her eyes on a flood of tears and braced herself for the shock of feeling her head slam against the tub.

Instead, he swore angrily and suddenly swept her up into his arms before her head could impact with the tub.

Relieved, but shaken by his violence, she turned her head away from him and sobbed softly.

She heard him open the shower door and felt him stepping out with her in his arms. Without speaking he carried her into her bedroom and tossed her onto the bed with enough force to make her bounce on the mattress.

She opened her eyes.

He stood near the bed. The angry look in his eyes sent a new chill of fear through her. "What... are you going to do?"

"Turn on your stomach."

"Why?"

He leaned down to glare into her eyes. "Do as you're told or I'll show you just how soulless I can be," he warned.

She stared at him through a flood of tears. "If you're going to kill me, do it, but don't expect me to make it easy for you by cooperating."

He gripped her arm and ruthlessly flipped her over onto her stomach.

She sobbed and attempted to turn onto her back again.

But he was suddenly straddling her hips, keeping her on her stomach. "Don't move or I promise you'll be very sorry."

She froze. "What are you going to do?"

He reached back to slap both of her ass cheeks so hard she gasped. "I'm going to sample your big, round ass."

The thought of him forcing his huge cock into her unprepared, virgin ass sent an absolute jolt of fear through her. "Please... don't..."

He leaned over her, raking his incisors against her shoulder. "I have to." He used his knee to force her legs open before he stretched out on top of her with his cock throbbing along a stinging ass cheek.

"You're going to hurt me."

"No doubt about that."

"How can you rape me knowing that I love you?"

"Romantic love means less than nothing to a vampire," he told her, slipping a finger into her ass.

"No... Dimitri... please... not like this... if you're going to rape me, knock me out. I don't want to remember this."

He bit her ear and ground his cock against her ass. "Who says you'll remember anything?"

She stiffened. "So you're going to rape me and then kill me? Don't you feel anything for me?"

"No!" He pushed a second finger into her ass.

She sucked in a breath. "You're lying, Dimitri. You might think love is worthless, but I know you feel something for me. Channel those feelings and stop now. If you do, I'll forgive you."

He sank his incisors into her neck. *I don't give a fuck about your forgiveness. All I care about is getting my cock up your big, warm, beautiful ass and fucking you until I can't stop coming.*

She shuddered, but despite his words, she sensed a hint of hesitation and a struggle to regain control of himself. Hopeful that if she could reach the part of him which had begged her to love only him, he'd stop, she tried again. "I'll forgive you and love you forever," she promised.

He stiffened.

"I'll love you forever, Dimitri," she whispered.

You're tossing out meaningless platitudes in an effort to talk your way out of this. It's not going to work. But he lifted his incisors from her neck and removed his fingers from her ass.

She bit back a sigh of relief, aware she was still in danger of being taken by force. "Forever," she promised. "Love might mean nothing to you, but it means the world to me. If you'll stop, I'll freely give you my heart."

"Your heart means nothing to me."

"And my body."

"I can take your body."

"I know," she acknowledged. "But remember our night of magic?"

He didn't respond.

Encouraged by his silence and stillness, she spoke again. "Remember how explosive and sweet our lovemaking in the shower was? Let your thoughts linger on the memory of how wet and hot my pussy gets for you, Dimitri."

"I can make you want this."

"No, you can't. You can compel me with your superior will, but we'll both know I don't really want it."

"Why would that bother me?"

"It should bother you because you know sex is better when I want you inside me." She reached back to stroke her hands along his thighs. "You know it's so much better when I'm moving with you and welcoming your cock as deep in my body as our combined passion and desire can drive it. Your big, hard cock and my wet pussy are perfect together. When you're fucking me so deep my toes curl and my back arch, we share an incredible emotional high."

He lay on her without moving.

She could sense his inner struggle. Despite his desire to ravish her, she knew her words were having an effect.

She slipped her palms over his ass.

He shivered.

"Close your eyes and imagine how good anal sex will feel when I'm holding my cheeks apart in eager anticipation of having my virginal ass slowly filled with your big, hard, wonderful cock." As she spoke, she risked his wrath by brushing along his mind.

When he made no effort to lock her out, she closed her eyes briefly. She continued stroking his tight ass. "Imagine me moving in time with you... tightening my ass around you and welcoming each slow, deep stroke."

She projected a mental image of her lying spread eagle on her stomach while he lay on top of her with his incisors buried in her neck. As he stroked his cock balls deep in and out of her ass, she filled his head with words of lust and love. "I can almost feel you sliding slowly in... pulling halfway out and then pushing back inside me."

He made a sharp exhalation.

"Imagine how hard and how long you'll come in me. Imagine my ass so full of your cum it seeps out and trickles down my crack. Imagine the utter bliss of a shared anal fuck, my Dimitri... my love... imagine that."

His cock pulsed against her cheek.

"Imagine sharing the sweet delight of taking my anal virginity and don't do it this way."

For several long moments he lay silent and unmoving on her. Then with a vile oath, he vaulted off the bed.

Neely sucked in a deep aching breath and turned onto her back. She opened her eyes and stared up at him through a flood of tears. She watched him standing over the bed with his hands clenched into fists and his Adam's apple bobbing wildly as he struggled to control himself. "I love you," she told him.

"Love is a worthless human emotion!" he snapped.

And yet it was the power of her love that had finally reached him and stopped him from doing something she knew in her heart he would have regretted later. She reached out a hand to touch his fist. "Let me hold you, Dimitri."

He shook his head and backed slowly away from the bed. "I don't want you or your love." He scooped up his clothes from the floor.

She blinked and he was fully dressed. "When will I see you again?"

He gave her a cold look. "I've had my fill of you. Don't expect to see me again."

"You can't mean that."

"But I do."

"You can't mean to let it end like this."

"Let what end? We had a one-night stand that went on for two nights. Don't go on as if we had some great love affair. You were just another willing pussy to me."

His angry words sliced through her, leaving her feeling emotionally devastated. She knew she should attempt to retain what was left of her pride and let him go.

Instead, she tumbled from the bed and started across the room with her hand outstretched. "I know you don't mean that, Dimitri."

"What the hell don't you understand? It's over. I'm not coming back and if you know what's good for you, you won't try to contact me."

"Dimitri... please..."

"It's over!" he snapped and was gone in a flash.

"Dimitri!" She rushed across the room to look out the window.

A tall, beautiful curvaceous female with dark skin, short dark hair, and very dark blue eyes stood on the sidewalk looking up at her window. She looked about eighteen years old.

She easily, but gently, rebuffed Neely's attempt to probe her thoughts.

Neely stared down at her. What did she want? Neely's uncertainty turned to despair when Dimitri appeared on the sidewalk and walked into the woman's open arms. He put his head on her shoulder and clung to her.

Damn him for lying to her. Damn her for believing his lies about not leaving her for a young supermodel!

The woman met Neely's gaze and gave a small shake of her head.

Battling tears and anger, Neely turned away from the window, drew down her blinds and pulled the curtain closed. She returned to the bathroom to take a quick shower. After drying off, she slipped on an oversized nightshirt and went to her bedroom.

She turned off the lights and lay sleepless for over an hour before she glanced at her bedside clock. It was just after ten p.m. It was probably too late to make any non-emergency call to someone she didn't know, but she knew she wouldn't be able to sleep until she did.

She got out of bed and went to the bureau to get her purse. She searched through it until she found the business card Derri had given her. After a slight hesitation, she dialed the number.

A deep male voice answered. "Hello?"

She bit her lip. "May I speak to Derri?"

"Who's calling?"

"Neely."

"Little John?"

"Ah... yes."

"Hold on a second."

She heard Derri's voice several moments later. "Neely?"

"Yes. I apologize for calling so late, but --"

"I said to call me anytime. What's wrong?"

"Dimitri was here tonight."

Derri sighed. "And things didn't go well?"

"No. He... no... after..." Her throat tightened. "After he... he left with this girl. I know you're his aunt, but can you please tell me how to... I don't know what to do..."

"Are you all right?"

Neely bit her lip, reluctant to admit how afraid she'd been. "I'm okay."

"Give me an hour and I'll come talk to you."

"Oh, no. It's late and you have a young baby and --"

"It's important we talk tonight. I'll see you soon."

"Thank you."

Neely pulled on a pair of slacks and a tee shirt. She made a cup of decaf tea and sat in the living room to wait. She sipped her tea and concentrated on not thinking about what had almost happened with Dimitri. Instead she tried to re-channel her thoughts along the lines that he had cared enough to stop before he did any real damage.

When Derri arrived she was on the point of descending into despair because of her inability to dismiss thoughts of Dimitri with the other female.

Derri refused her offer of coffee or tea and sat on the loveseat while Neely paced. "What happened tonight?"

Neely shook her head. "Nothing... I just..."

"You can be honest with me, Neely. I know what it's like dealing with the Dumonts. I know how scary they can be when they start to feel more for a woman than they want to."

Neely sighed. "This isn't the safest neighborhood. I shouldn't have called you and had you come here by yourself."

"My husband came with me."

She turned to look at Derri. "Where is he? Did he drop you off and leave?"

"No. He's outside."

"He is? Why?"

Derri sighed. "If Dimitri returns, he'll ensure he stays outside."

Neely bit her lip. "If he does... is your husband going to be able to handle him?"

Derri nodded. "Yes."

"Are you sure? Dimitri is --"

"I'm positive."

She stared at Derri as recognition dawned. "Dimitri and his father are vampires."

Derri remained silent.

"Is your husband one as well?"

Derri shrugged.

Neely swallowed hard. "An entire family of vampires? Are you?"

"No. I'm not, but you were about to tell me what happened tonight. My husband Serge can easily handle Dimitri."

"He won't hurt him?"

"He'll slap him around -- if he needs it, but he won't do any lasting damage."

Neely swallowed. She didn't much like the idea of anyone slapping Dimitri around. "If he's stronger than Dimitri --"

"There's no if about it. He's far stronger than Dimitri."

"Then surely there's no need for unnecessary violence."

Derri shook her head, her eyes narrowing. "Unnecessary? Don't make hasty judgments about things you know very little about."

Neely blushed.

Derri softened her voice when she spoke again. "Dimitri will be fine. Let's discuss what happened between you tonight."

"He was wild... I was afraid he was going to..." She pressed a hand against her lips. "He was so... he frightened me but he didn't hurt me." She turned to face Derri. "But I guess I don't need to worry now that he's gone back to his jailbait girl."

Derri took her phone out of her shoulder bag, touched the screen a few times, and then extended it to Neely. "Is this the woman?"

Neely took the phone. She looked down into the face of a beautiful smiling woman whose expensive dark sleeveless dress had probably cost a small fortune. She nodded and handed the phone back. "That's her. How serious are things between them?"

"They're very close, but that's because she's his cousin."

Neely sucked in a deep breath. "His cousin? Not his woman?"

"I'm looking at the only special woman in his life at the moment."

Neely shook her head. "I might have believed that before tonight, but not now."

"How much do you know about vampires, Neely?"

"Not much except they seem to have violent tempers and aren't above... hurting their lovers."

"Normally you wouldn't need to be afraid of Dimitri, but this is a very dangerous time for him and for any woman he encounters."

"Why?"

"Let me explain a little about vampires."

"Is that wise?"

"Don't you want to know what you'll be dealing with when he returns?"

Recalling how eagerly Dimitri had walked into the other female's arms while refusing her request to hold him, Neely sighed. "He's not coming back."

"Trust me, Neely. He will be back and you will need to know what you're dealing with."

“Even if he comes back... why would you tell me so much about vampires?”

“Because he is coming back and you need to know. There are several groups of vamps. Some are born. Some are turned. When vamps and human have kids, they can be human latents, vampire latents, or half-blood vamps. Dimitri’s mother was human. He was a half-blood vamp at birth.”

“What’s the difference in these various... classes of vampires?”

“The more vampire blood a child possesses the stronger they are. Human latents are the weakest of the group, but they are still far stronger and faster than a normal human. Half-blood vamps are the strongest of the group. Full-blood vampires are the kind you read about in books and see on TV with the superhuman strength, the insatiable hunger for blood, and the ability to do things that seem to defy logic.

“Sometimes vampires change. Human latents can become vampire latents. Vampires latents can become half-bloods and half-bloods can become full-blood vampires. When this happens, it’s a time of great danger for the vamp and those he loves and encounters. Dimitri appears to be on the verge of going from a half-blood to a full-blood vampire.”

“Why? Is it like a rite of passage... like puberty?”

“No. It has nothing to do with age. It’s a complex and frightening time especially for any human in love with a vampire. This time in a vampire’s life is called undergoing a Feast of Indulgence. They throw off all restraint and indulge in excesses of sex and blood that is unimaginable to most humans. They are practically violent during their feast.

“For some reason I don’t understand, if given the chance, most will turn their rage and violence on those they love.” She tilted her head. “Much as Dimitri did with you tonight.”

Neely shook her head. “I didn’t say he did that. I said --”

“Neely, my husband was born a vampire latent. He underwent his feast after we met. Before the family took steps to protect me from him, Serge went out of his way to frighten me. I know Dimitri scared you witless tonight.”

Neely blushed and turned away, wrapping her arms around her body. She heard Derri rising. Moments later, she placed an arm around her shoulder. "That just means he cares for you."

"No! He doesn't!" She pulled away from Derri. "Please don't keep saying something that will only give me false hope. He made it clear love means nothing to him."

Derri turned Neely to face her. "Don't believe his claim that love means nothing to him. I'll admit that love pales in comparison to bloodlust for them, but it's not nearly as meaningless to them as most of them say it is. I'd be very surprised if he didn't love you."

"What's bloodlust exactly?"

"Bloodlust happens when a vampire meets his perfect mate or the one person he or she craves blood and sex from. It's a need so powerful that it can drive them insane if it's not satisfied. Human and vampire latents are generally viewed as incapable of bloodlust. But I don't believe that. I think it's falling into bloodlust that often triggers a vampire going from one blood group to another. I think that's what happened to Serge when we met. And I think it happened with Mik when he met Dimitri's mother Erica."

Listening to the description of bloodlust, a powerful emotional hunger engulfed Neely. She turned to face Derri. "Then while I'll accept his love, I hunger for his bloodlust."

Derri arched a brow. "Hunger for?"

Neely nodded. "Yes. That's what I have to have from him."

"Who exactly are you?"

"What do you mean who am I? I'm Neely Little John."

"I know you're an orphan, but --"

"How do you know that? I haven't told Dimitri that."

"Mikhel and Dimitri are both in the investigative and protective services. You can bet they both know more about you than you think. Mik thought he sensed an ability in you to search or probe others' thoughts. Are you psychic or clairvoyant?"

"I don't know what to call myself. I just know I have an ability to probe other people's thoughts. I couldn't probe Dimitri's -- unless he allowed me, but most people can't block me. Not that I make a habit of invading other people's minds."

Derri smiled. "Good, because you wouldn't get a warm welcome trying to probe mine. I've been married to Serge long enough to have learned a vampire trick or two of my own."

"What's it like? Being the object of his bloodlust?"

Derri's smile widened. "It's the most incredible feeling in the world. You haven't lived or known true love or passion in its deepest and most fulfilling form until you're a vampire's bloodlust. I wouldn't trade my life with Serge for anything. I love him so much I can almost taste it. Along with our son, J.R., he is everything that is good and decent and worth living for. I can't imagine how I was even remotely content before I met him and became his perfect mate."

Derri sighed. "They scare you shitless and take you through hell during their feast."

"But?"

"But when they love you and despite what they claim, they do love you, you'd walk through the hottest hellfire to be with them because you know they'd do that and more for you."

Recalling how she'd tried to keep Dimitri with her after he'd nearly forced himself on her, she nodded. God help her, but she had a feeling she was past the point of being able to exercise commonsense when it came to the tall, handsome, sexy Dimitri.

"This is so crazy. I've only known him two weeks and seen him a few times --"

"Their hunger is powerful and infectious. Once you've been intimate with one of them, it doesn't take long to find yourself scared, but head over heels in love."

Neely frowned. "You said you had to be protected from your husband and that he remained outside in case Dimitri came back. Will he hurt me?"

"He will be tempted to, but now that we know he's undergoing his feast, he won't be given the chance. We're a large family. Someone will watch over Dimitri and you as well. How much do you love him?"

"I've been in love before, but never experienced the powerful emotional hunger I feel for him."

"The days and weeks ahead are going to be difficult and dangerous. He has to satisfy his need for blood and sex."

"You mean I have to allow him to... rape me?"

"No. A family member will shadow him and one will remain in the vicinity of your apartment. That person will not allow him to hurt you, but..."

"But what?"

Derri sighed. "I don't know how to put a positive spin on this so I'll just be blunt. If I'm right, his primary need is for you. He needs rough, no-holds-barred sex and blood from you. If you're not willing to accommodate him, he'll have to find someone who is.

"If you love him as I think you do, you might want to consider allowing him to be a little... rough with you so he gets to satisfy his hungers. If you don't, he'll be with more women than you're going to want to know about."

Neely bit her lip. "How long does this feast last?"

"It can last days, weeks, or even months. It depends on the vampire and how much their bloodlust is willing to suffer at their hands and still be able to forgive and love them later."

"That's not much of a choice."

"I know. You can decide which you feel is the lesser of two evils. Whatever you decide, we'll accept. We won't let him take you by force. But you should know that if you decide to accommodate him, he's probably going to be very rough and inconsiderate with you."

Recalling him inserting his fingers in her ass, she shuddered. The alternative of his being with countless other women held even less appeal.

"You don't have to decide tonight. We'll keep him away from you for a few days."

"How will he spend those days?"

"Having lots of sex with other women and ingesting their blood. It's a fact of vampire life those of us who love them have to accept."

An abrupt knocking on her apartment door startled Neely.

Derri tilted her head, a slow smile spreading across her pretty face. "It's Serge and Tat. May I let them in?"

Neely nodded.

Derri crossed the room to open the door. A beautiful woman with long dark hair and startling blue eyes walked inside. A tall handsome male with short dark hair and gray eyes followed her inside.

Derri slipped her arm around the male's waist. "Neely, this drop-dead gorgeous hunk is my husband Serge, and this is his sister Tatiana Forester. This is Neely Little John... the object of Dimitri's... interest."

The male placed an arm around Derri's shoulder while giving Neely a cool nod.

Oh, great. He didn't like her any more than Mikhel had.

Tatiana made up for Serge's cool greeting by giving her a warm smile. "It's a pleasure to meet you, Neely." She extended her hand.

Neely smiled as they shook hands.

"With your permission, I'll be hanging around your apartment building along with my twin brother and husband, who you'll meet later." She clasped her other hand over Neely's. "We will do our best to make the coming days as easy for you as possible."

The confidence and warmth she felt from the other woman rivaled that which Derri projected. With the help and support of both women, she just might be able to keep Dimitri out of his other women's arms and keep him ingesting only her blood.

"Thank you."

Chapter Six

"She's too old, and you're too young to be in love or bloodlust, Dimitri. If she thinks I'm going to stand by while she entraps you, she'd better think again!"

Sprawled in a loveseat in his parents' suburban Boston living room, Dimitri watched as his mother paced. Although his mother was nearly seventy years old, her face was unlined and her naturally blond hair held just a hint of gray. His father sat in silence on the sofa. He took a deep breath and forced himself to speak in a level voice. "She's not trying to entrap me, Mom."

She stalked across the room to stare down at him. "What do you call her seducing you into killing two men?"

Dimitri shot Mikhel an accusing look. *You told her?*

Mikhel narrowed his gaze and shrugged. "That's not information that you should have expected me to keep from your mother."

Dimitri bit back the urge to ask why the hell not. He turned to look up at his mother. "She had nothing to do with that. She --"

"Don't try to cover for that... that cougar!"

"She is *not* a cougar!"

Mikhel shot to his feet. "Don't you dare speak to your mother in that tone."

Dimitri sucked in an angry breath. "I meant no disrespect," he muttered.

"Then keep your voice level when you speak to your mother."

Erica sighed. "What has she done to you?"

"She hasn't *done* anything to me, Mom."

Erica bent over him, placing her hand against his cheek. He barely managed not to jerk away from her touch. "She's forty-three, Dimitri."

He clenched his jaw. "I know her age."

“And you don’t care?”

Apparently not. “No. I don’t.”

Erica’s nostrils flared. She straightened and walked several feet away before she turned to face him again. “Do you realize she’s too old to have your babies?”

He didn’t dare point out that Neely was only three years older than Erica had been the night he was conceived. He glanced at Mikhel. *Dad?*

Mikhel shook his head. *We are not going there, Dimitri. So move on.*

He shrugged. “Maybe I don’t want kids.”

“Well, you’d better think again, Dimitri, because I expect to be a grandmother one day.”

“There’s always Alex,” he said of his brother.

Erica clenched and unclenched her right hand and for a moment he thought she’d cross the room and slap him. “Alex is five years old!”

There was clearly no pleasing her. He didn’t respond.

“I want you to promise me you won’t see her again.”

That had been the plan when he’d fled from her lying words the previous night and while he’d spent the entire plane ride to Boston fucking two human latents who had always been able to take the sharpest edge off his sexual hunger. Although he’d come multiple times, he still felt as if a massive black hole was quickly devouring him.

“Promise me, Dimitri.”

He stared at her. “Not to see her again?”

“Yes.” She crossed the room to cup a hand against his cheek. “Promise.”

The promise stuck in his throat. He opened his mouth. Nothing came out. He threw his father a desperate look.

Mikhel walked across the room to place an arm around Erica’s shoulders and urged her away from Dimitri. “That’s not a promise you should try to extract from him, my lovely.”

She swung around to face him. “Why not? I’m his mother. I have a right to look out for his best interest! You’re his father. Make him promise.”

“Erica... he killed two men he felt were menacing her. What does that tell you?”

She balled her hands into fists and hit his chest. “He’s too young to bloodlust.”

Mikhel sighed. “That’s not a decision either of us can make for him.”

She put her head on his shoulder. “Mikhel... he’s my baby... he’s too young for someone so much older than him.”

He bent his head, brushing his lips against her hair. “We raised him well, my lovely. Now we have to trust his judgment.”

Dimitri released a relieved breath and shot Mikhel a grateful look.

Mikhel inclined his head. *I’m your dad. I’ll always be here when you need me. Are you okay with me staying here with your mom and Alex? If not, I’ll call Vladimir to stay with her and I’ll come with you.*

Under his anger, confusion and fear filled him. But he knew his mother and his little brother were just as afraid and probably needed Mikhel more. *I’ll be okay, Dad.*

You’re sure, Dimitri?

He wasn’t, but his father could only be in one place at a time. He nodded. *Yes.*

If you change your mind...

I know, Father. Rising, Dimitri placed a hand on Erica’s shoulder. “Mom?”

She turned her head to look at him. Tears and fear filled her eyes. “You’re too young to bloodlust.”

He cupped her cheek. “It’s not bloodlust. It’s just lust, Mom.”

“Are you sure?”

Okay, so Neely had invaded his thoughts and haunted his dreams and every waking moment for months. Sleeping with her several times had increased, rather than lessened, his need and hunger for her. Once he fucked her ass once or twice, he’d stop obsessing over her. Maybe he’d kiss her lips too... suck her pretty toes... fondle her breasts and gaze into her eyes and probe her thoughts as he fucked her hot, surprisingly tight pussy again. Surely after he’d done all that, he’d be ready to move on with his life. “Yes. I’m sure, Mom.”

Mikhel arched a brow. *Are you sure?*

Yes, Dad. I'm sure it's just lust.

If it is, it's more powerful than any you've ever experienced before.

Yes, he admitted. But it's still just lust. I'm not in love or in bloodlust with her.

Unfortunately I think you're in both. The sooner you admit it, the easier the coming days and weeks will be.

There's nothing to admit, Dad. He kissed Erica's hair and quickly left the room before she could press him. He knew one of his uncles or older cousins shadowed him. He didn't care. None of them would keep him away from Neely. And this time he wouldn't allow her to invade his mind long enough to sweet talk him out of enjoying her big, warm, round ass.

Halfway to the airport, he gave an angry shake of his head. No. He would soon be a full-blood vampire. He wouldn't allow lust for Neely to control him. There were too many women in the world to tie himself down to just one. To hell with her. He was going to fully enjoy his feast with a host of women of all ages and skin tones. He would fuck Neely out of his system and his thoughts.

* * *

"Can we talk?"

After a slight hesitation, Neely stepped back from her apartment door.

The tall, curvaceous teen into whose arms Dimitri had gone two nights earlier walked into her living room. Neely leaned back against the closed door.

The girl extended her hand. "I'm Palea Madison. Just to remove any misunderstandings, Dimitri and I are cousins."

Neely nodded. "I know."

"Good. Now let's get to why I came."

"Why did you come?"

"Dimitri and I are very close. I know what he likes and dislikes in a woman. If you're prepared to suffer a little... discomfort at his hands, I can tell you how to make the coming days or weeks easier to bear."

Neely frowned. "Did you say Madison? You wouldn't be P.S. Madison, the owner of Madison Graphics?"

She nodded. "Yes, but call me Pali like everyone else."

"Oh, no! If you're P.S. Madison, then the job interview I've been looking forward to is a hoax!"

"No, it's not."

"You're a teenager. How can you possibly own a graphics company that's been in business for eight years?"

"I'm twenty-eight."

"Twenty --"

"Eight. I started Madison Graphics my last year in college. By the time I graduated, I already had a list of clients who have stayed with me since then. The offer is real."

"Dimitri put you up to making the job offer. Didn't he?"

She arched a brow. "No one puts me up to anything. He asked me to look at your resume. I did and decided to extend the offer. I'm successful because I only employ the best. Believe me, if you don't live up to your resume, you won't last. There's a lot I'll do for Dimitri, but that doesn't include risking my business. Are we clear on that score?"

She spoke with an authority Neely believed. "Yes."

"Good. Now let me tell you what he likes. When he comes, you'll be ready for him and rock his world." Pali sighed. "Of course it won't be much fun for you, but then I'm thinking you can bear it."

"Why would you think that?"

Pali shrugged. "Because I know you love him. And he's going to need your love to see him through the difficult time ahead."

Neely didn't bother denying her feelings for Dimitri. "I haven't seen him for two weeks. He's not coming back."

“Oh, believe me. He’s coming back and unfortunately sex probably won’t be much fun for you until his feast ends -- unless you’re prepared.” She reached into her shoulder bag and removed a smaller zippered case. “Let’s talk about how to fuck a feasting vampire and survive.”

The thought of feeling Dimitri inside her again sent a tingle of need coursing through Neely.

Pali looked at her. “Interested?”

“Yes.”

Pali smiled and unzipped the case. “He’s going to want anal sex. This will make it much easier for you.” She lifted a slender white bottle from the case.

“What is it?”

“It’s an oil which will give you a nice warm sensation while numbing you. Use a little in your pussy and a lot in your ass.”

“Why would I want my pussy numb?”

Pali arched a brow. “Because he’s going to give it a pounding like you won’t believe.”

Cheeks burning and heart racing with delight at the thought, Neely watched her place the bottle on the table by the entrance door.

“This oil is called Lick Me All Over. It’s one of his favorite scents on a woman. If you dab a little behind your ears, on your breasts, and between your legs, he’ll go wild.”

“Isn’t he already wild?”

Pali looked up at her and then suddenly laughed. “Yes. He is, but I’m sure you know by now that he likes no-holds-barred sex. He’ll respond to your wearing it on a primal level and know you love him.”

“I already admitted that to him, but he didn’t want to hear or believe it.”

“There’s a reason for that. You’ll just need to bear with him for a while.” She reached into her shoulder bag and let a pair of handcuffs dangle from her forefinger. “And show him how much you love and care for him.”

Neely shook her head. "I left Trace Donovan because he wanted to handcuff me and have anal sex with me. Neither of those things excites me."

"They will when you're with a male you love enough to want to try new things just to please him. When he's himself again, he'll appreciate it more than you know and love you for it."

"He said romantic love was a human emotion."

"And so it is, but even when he's a full-blood vampire, his human roots will crave your love. Interested?"

She nodded.

"Good. Then let's prepare."

* * *

Three weeks later, having gorged himself on blood and having fucked more women than he could remember, Dimitri woke in a strange bed. The smell of sex and blood overpowered his senses. He turned his head. A woman with a round ass and long dark hair spilling over her shoulders slept beside him in the moonlit room.

A feeling of joy overwhelmed him. "Neely," he whispered, turning her to face him. "Fuck!" Although the sleeping woman was clearly over forty and of Native American ancestry, and stunningly beautiful, she wasn't Neely.

And that explained his unabated and incessant hunger. She wasn't Neely. None of the women he'd bedded or fed on was Neely. None of them could do more than give him temporary relief. Only Neely could extinguish the ache in his gut and fill the emotional void which threatened to overwhelm him.

Nothing he had tried had helped. There was only one option left. He rose from the bed. After a quick shower, he left the apartment while the woman still slept.

Mikhel waited outside by a dark vehicle. "How are you, Dimitri?"

He shook his head. "I feel empty, angry, and so hungry, Dad."

Mikhel cupped a hand on the back of his neck. "You're going to be miserable until you accept the obvious, Dimitri. I'll drive you to the airport. Serge will fly you to Philly. I know what you're going through and I know how hard it is to form a rational

thought, but try and remember who she is and what she means to you when you see her.”

He put his head on Mikhel’s shoulder. “It’s just lust.”

Mikhel curled his fingers in his hair and forced his head off his shoulder. “It’s not just lust, Dimitri.”

“All right!” He jerked away from Mikhel. “So maybe it’s love, but nothing more.”

Mikhel sighed. “Your mother, Alex, and I want you back.”

“I can’t come back... I feel too... dangerous... I don’t want Mom or Alex to see me like this.”

“Then go see her and resolve things. You can’t fuck or blood gorge her out of your system, Dimitri. No other woman can help you. Believe me, I know.”

“I don’t want to feel anything... *real* for her.”

“But you do and you can’t change that. Trying to will only prolong your agony. We can’t change our nature or the force or power of bloodlust, Dimitri. Stop fighting it and go see her.”

Damn if he’d surrender so easily and suffer the same fate his father had. Back in Philadelphia, he made no effort to see Neely. He headed for Midnight Shadows, one of his uncle Andrei’s nightclubs. There he found many human women and fems eager to share their bodies and blood with him. He fed on and fucked them all.

Three nights later, finally admitting his many sexual encounters had only served to increase his level of frustration and anger, he stood outside Neely’s apartment. Knowing how close she was after the long weeks of trying to fuck her out of his head sent a surprising rage through him. The agony of the past weeks could be laid at her feet. It was time for her to pay for haunting and taunting him.

He gripped her doorknob.

The door opened onto her moonlit living room. A familiar aroma of sensual body oil made his nostrils flare. He stepped inside and closed the door. He stalked through her apartment to the bedroom. At the doorway, he caught his breath.

A naked Neely sat at her vanity set. Her long, gorgeous dark hair lay in a wild cloud around her shoulders. Her round ass beckoned.

His heart raced and his cock sprung to full and complete attention. A small part of the emptiness inside vanished. He needed this. He needed to be with her.

She glanced over her shoulder. "Dimitri," she whispered. A warm, sensual smile spread from her lush lips up to her dark eyes. God, she looked so beautiful. Unable to control his hunger any longer, he tore off his clothes.

She rose and surprised him by crossing the room to drop to her knees in front of him. "I've been waiting for you, Dimitri."

He stared down at her. "What are you doing?"

"Giving you what you need and showing you how much I've missed you, my handsome Dimitri."

He stepped back. "I'm not your anything!"

"Oh, sweetheart, you are."

"No." But he felt the knot in his gut loosening at the endearment.

"I may not be your anything, but you are my everything. My everything, Dimitri."

When he felt that first sweet, but insidious brush against his mind, he should have rejected her. But it had been so long since he last saw her... since he last inhaled her scent... since he last knew he was only minutes away from sinking into the pussy which closed around and accepted his cock like no other woman ever had.

She sat back on her heels, keeping her hands at her sides. "Haven't we wasted enough time, Dimitri? You and I... we belong together. I knew that the night you came to my rescue like a knight in shining armor, swept me up into your arms, and made me feel beautiful and special."

He swallowed hard. She was both, but damn if he'd admit it.

Almost as if he had, her smile widened. "Tonight, just like that one, was made just for us. Let's not waste any more time."

Instead of pushing her away her, he dropped his mental shield.

“That’s it, my Dimitri,” she encouraged, invading his mind. “Let me touch your thoughts. Touch mine and feel our thoughts entwine until they’re inseparable. Feel how much I want and need you in my arms, in my bed, and inside me.”

“Where inside you?”

She reached her left hand back to touch her ass cheek. “I’m ready to give you everything you need and want, my Dimitri.” She smiled up at him. “I won’t hold anything back. Tonight, I’m prepared to be completely yours to do with as you want.”

Her words had the power and allure of a warm wave. God help him, he couldn’t resist her. No longer wanted to resist her.

She leaned forward, brushing her lips against his cock head.

Damn. Why did everything about her enchant him?

She twirled her tongue around him.

He shivered.

She licked a path down the underside of his cock to its base. She sent a jolt of lust through him when she nipped at his ball sac. He groaned and reached down to cup his hand over her head.

She kissed her way back up his cock and closed her warm lips around his cock head, and he lost all remaining desire to resist the pure magic of being close to her again, especially after all the lost, lonely weeks of endless pain. Closing his eyes, he placed his other hand on her hair. Recalling his father’s advice, he struggled against the desire to thrust his hips forward and force his entire length into her mouth and down her throat.

Twirling her tongue around him, she slowly sucked at his length. His stomach muscles clenched and he shook with the effort of allowing her to determine how quickly she took him into her mouth. She did it with an agonizing slowness that was sweet torture.

He heard the distinct sound of a handcuff snapping shut. He opened his eyes.

She removed her mouth, sitting back on her heels. Locking her gaze with his, she lifted her left hand. A handcuff dangled around her wrist. She placed both hands behind her back. "Fasten the other cuff around my right wrist, Dimitri."

This wasn't how their encounter should go. He should dictate to her instead of her shaping each step. Even as he thought that, he moved behind her to lock the cuff over her wrist.

As he moved to stand in front of her again, she looked up at him, a slow, sexy smile on her face. God, she was the most desirable woman he'd ever met. He placed his hands on the back of her head.

She parted her lips and teased the tip of his shaft with her tongue. He eased his hips forward, and she took him inside her mouth. She compressed her cheeks and sucked at his cock.

What a sexy sight -- her kneeling with her hands cuffed behind her back and a mouth full of cock. Oh... God! He closed his eyes and thrust in and out of her. Each time he pushed his hips forward, he eased more of himself between her lips. With half his shaft in her mouth, she sucked hard at him.

He shuddered and came, blasting jet after jet in her mouth. She tensed and attempted to pull away from his cock. With his hands on the back of her head, he kept his cock in her mouth. His climax was intense and powerful. He couldn't seem to stop coming. He was determined to have her swallow his seed -- as his woman should willingly and gladly do.

Still, when he became aware that she was gasping and struggling to dislodge his cock from her mouth, he released her head. Dimitri opened his eyes as she jerked back on her haunches, gulping in deep breaths. The sight of his cum on her lips excited him. He had to have some pussy and then finally he'd fuck her deep in her ass. Dropping to his knees in front of her, he pressed his cock against her entrance.

Her eyes filled with tears. "Oh, yes... please... it's been so long, Dimitri, and I was so afraid you wouldn't come back..."

"I had to come back."

“Oh... Dimitri... I never thought you’d admit that.”

Angry at the unguarded admission, he roughly thrust his cock into her pussy. She gasped and shuddered. “Take me and make me yours, Dimitri.”

“I intend to.” He curled his fingers in her hair, pulled her head back, and devoured her mouth as he fucked her. After the first few, furious thrusts, he managed to regain a measure of control.

He sucked her tongue into his mouth and lost himself in the sweet wonder of her tongue and lips. He lengthened his movements, allowing them both more time to savor each moment of their fuck.

As he took her, he reached down to slap and caress her ass. Her soft, encouraging moans along with her hard nipples pressed against his chest delighted him. Feeling the telltale tremors begin in the pussy made especially to give him hot, delicious pleasure worth dying for, he tore his lips from her. Bending his head, he cupped her ass, and sank his incisors into her neck.

“Oh... yes... yes... my love... my Dimitri... yes!” She sobbed and came.

The wild tremors around his cock and the allure of her blood combined with the riot of warm, passionate need he experienced as their thoughts locked, intertwined, and became one, pushed him into a powerful orgasm.

There was no feeling in the world equal to the exquisite delight of being with the one woman in the world capable of giving him such agonizing pleasure. He willingly lost himself in her and her mental promise to love and adore only him forever.

By the time his senses returned, he felt so weak, he was barely able to summon the strength to open the handcuffs and pick her up. She placed her palms on his chest and looked up at him with a smile so full of love and desire, he couldn’t look away from her. “I love you so much, my Dimitri,” she whispered.

He stumbled across the room to carry her to the bed. Placing her gently on her back, he lay beside her. She turned to burrow into his arms.

He clutched her close. The struggle to fill her ears with hot, unguarded promises of love and endless need raged in him... tearing at his emotions until he lay trembling helplessly against her.

"It's all right, my love," she whispered, stroking her hands over his back and ass. "I have you and I'll never let you go."

He pressed closer, pinning her to the bed with his weight.

She kissed his hair before reaching down to push his hands onto her ass. "Take it," she invited. "It's yours... take it and make this a perfect night for us both."

By perfect he suspected she meant he should surrender his emotional and mental well-being to her. He couldn't deny the joy and contentment lying in her arms gave him. Nevertheless, thoughts of his father's struggles kept Dimitri from taking that final step of admitting his deepest emotions. Such an admission might result in years of suffering for them both.

He sensed she was prepared to endure anal sex to please him even though she feared it would be brutal and painful for her.

He kissed her neck. "Just hold me."

"Forever," she whispered.

Dimitri drifted to sleep with her promises of love filling his ears and his heart.

He woke to find her asleep in the bed beside him. Her scent and that of sex filled the air, intoxicating him. The sense of rage and emptiness was gone. He was with the one person who made him feel complete and content. He was with Neely. Turning onto his side, he lay staring at her. She was so beautiful with her long, dark hair spilling over her breasts.

She whispered his name in her sleep.

It would be so easy to roll into her arms and whisper that he loved her. He wanted to spend eternity with her, forsaking all the other women who no longer mattered. They would never matter again.

Surrendering to these new and powerful feelings would feel good -- for a while. He feared later finding himself in the same position as his father. That would not happen to him.

He eased out of bed and dressed quickly. He was halfway to the airport before he realized he didn't want to have her wake and find him gone. She deserved better than that from him.

Chapter Seven

Neely knew Dimitri was gone the moment she woke. Surprisingly the knowledge didn't fill her with despair or uncertainty. This time she knew he would be back. She turned on her side. A large vase of red roses sat on her nightstand. She sat up, and reached for the card.

*Think of me until we meet again.
Dimitri.*

"Think of me until we meet again." She smiled.

"You think you can do that?"

Her head jerked around. Dimitri, wearing a dark business suit, stood in her bedroom door. "Dimitri!" She kicked the cover aside, jumped out of bed, and rushed across the room to him.

He embraced her, burying his lips against her neck.

She felt his heart thumping. She pulled back and stared up at him. "You came back."

He sighed. "I didn't have a choice."

She stretched up to kiss his cheek. "I love you. Doesn't that matter?"

"Neely, you know love doesn't hold the same... connotation for us that it does for humans."

Encouraged that he didn't go on a rant about how meaningless love was, she brushed her lips against his. "I know, but I'll need a little time to accept that fact."

He tightened his arms and devoured her lips for several long, wonderful minutes. She gasped for breath when he finally lifted his mouth from hers. He released her and stepped back. "I came back to tell you I'm going home."

"Home is Boston?"

He nodded. "My parents and brother and grandparents live there."

"How long will you be gone?"

He shrugged. "I'm not sure."

She sighed. "Please don't stay away too long."

He slipped an arm around her waist. "I want you to come with me."

Her heart raced and she bit her lip. "To meet your parents?"

He nodded. "Yes."

Remembrance of Mikhel Dumont's lack of civility during their first meeting dampened her initial excitement. "Both of them?"

He laughed. "You'll like him better this time. Will you come with me?"

"Yes."

"Good."

"When?"

"Now."

"Now? How long will we be gone?"

"For as long as it takes."

"Dimitri, I have a job."

He slapped her ass. "There are benefits to working for my cousin. Go shower and get dressed while I call my parents and tell them we're coming."

"Pali gave me a job when no one else would. Even if I could afford to just not show up, I wouldn't leave her in the lurch."

"Believe me, she'll understand and you don't have to work unless you want to."

"Why not?"

He caressed her cheek before lifting her chin to stare down into her eyes. "Because I'm fully capable of taking care of you and giving you all the material things you might want -- just as Donovan did."

She took a deep breath. "Did you... kill him?"

"Are you sure you want to know?"

She nodded.

"Yes. I did."

"And the other man?"

"Him too."

She bit her lip. "Why?"

He curled his fingers in her hair and stared in her eyes. "No one gets to threaten or stalk you and live."

"Oh... Dimitri... I don't want you to go around killing people."

"I won't -- unless someone else threatens you."

She decided not to point out that he himself had threatened her.

He arched a brow and shook his head. "I would never have hurt you."

She wasn't sure that was true, but knew he believed it. "Dimitri, you can't just go around --"

He pressed a finger against her lips. "I am what I am, Neely. I'm not going to apologize for killing either one of them."

"Dimitri --"

He shook his head. "I don't kill indiscriminately, but before we go any further, I need to know if you're prepared to accept me as I am with all my warts without trying to change me or force me into the mold of a human male."

"Yes," she admitted.

He smiled. "Then trust me to keep you safe and to take care of you."

"I need love too, Dimitri."

He bent and kissed her lips. "I know. I promise I'll do my best to make and keep you happy. Let that be enough for now. Please."

She nodded. "Okay, but only for now, Dimitri."

He slapped her ass. "Then go shower and get dressed before I decide to have some pussy for breakfast."

* * *

Neely was surprised and secretly pleased that Dimitri showed no inclination to accept her offer for anal sex on the flight to Boston. Given the size of his cock, even with the oil Pali had given her, she suspected anal sex with him would be far from pleasant.

They sat in the living room area of one of his family's private jets, talking. He listened to her talk about growing up in a group home in silence before he put an arm around her shoulder and kissed her hair. "Your time of being alone is over."

She laid her head on his shoulder. "For how long?"

"Forever."

"That's a long time, and you're very young, Dimitri." She sighed and looked up at him. "Don't make promises you might find difficult to keep."

"And what's that supposed to mean?"

She stroked her hand down his chest. "You're young and handsome. Other women will want you and you'll be attracted to them..."

"No. I won't be attracted to them."

"If only I could believe that."

"You can."

She shook her head. "How can I? I've heard about what happens during your feast. Who did you sleep with during that time?"

"No one who mattered." He lifted her off the sofa beside him and sat her on his lap. "You're the only woman who's ever mattered to me, Neely. You don't need to worry that I'll leave you for anyone else. I won't. I'm yours for the duration."

"Of what?"

"Our lives." He nibbled at her neck. "I won't stray, Neely. I'm yours."

She linked her arms around his neck. "I love you."

He cupped her breasts and pressed a warm, gentle kiss against her mouth.

It wasn't an admission of love but she knew that was as much as she could expect from him -- at least at present.

* * *

"Big D! Big D! You're back!"

Dimitri smiled as a tall, slender five-year-old came charging down the hallway of his parents' home to toss himself at Dimitri. "Hey, sport!" He bent, picked Alex up, kissed him on each cheek and then swung him onto his shoulders.

Alex wrapped his arms tightly around his neck. "I missed you. Daddy said you'd be back but me and Mommy were scared you wouldn't."

He reached back to rub Alex's shoulder. "Nothing could keep me from coming back to see you, Alex. Nothing."

Alex sucked in a breath and tightened his arms. "Are you going to stay home now?"

He had no idea how well that would go over with Neely. "I'll stay for a few days at least so you and I can catch up. Okay?"

"Okay, Big D. Did you bring her with you?"

"Yes. She's in the guesthouse. You'll meet her later. Right now I have to go see Mom."

He found his parents in the family room. His mother rose and rushed across the room to him. He swung Alex off his shoulders and onto his feet and quickly crossed the room to embrace her.

She clung tightly to him for several moments before she pulled back to caress his face. "Are you all right?"

He took her hand from his face and kissed her palm. "Yes. I'm fine, Mom."

"You're sure?"

"Yes."

She kissed his cheek. "So? Where is this... cough --"

"Mom. Please don't."

She sighed. "I'm sorry, Dimitri. You're so young. It's just so hard to accept the fact that you're a man now."

"You'll like her if you just give her a chance. Please give her a chance."

She nodded. "I will, but --"

"That's all I ask."

Mikhel joined them, putting an arm around his shoulder. "Welcome back, Dimitri." He studied his face. "What's wrong?"

"I need to talk to you, Dad."

"I'm listening."

He hesitated. "In private."

Erica compressed her lips. "In private? Since when do we keep secrets, Dimitri?"

He spread his hands. "Mom..."

"It has something to do with her. Doesn't it?"

"Yes," he admitted.

"What do you have to say to your dad that you can't say in front of me?"

"Mom, I --"

Mikhel interrupted him. "Erica, please. A man is entitled to talk to his father if he needs to without having to explain why."

"Mikhel --"

He kissed her cheek. "Leave it, Erica."

She shook her head. "Fine."

Mikhel gestured towards the door. "Let's go into my office."

Dimitri ruffled Alex's hair, kissed Erica's cheek, and followed Mikhel out of the room and down the hall to his study. Mikhel sat behind his desk and waited in silence as Dimitri paced back and forth.

Finally, the thought of Neely anxiously waiting for him spurred him to speak. "I'm not sure how to say this, Dad."

"Just say it, Dimitri."

He glanced towards the open office door. "Do you mind?"

Mikhel shook his head.

Dimitri closed the door and then blew out a breath. "I know you love Mom."

"Of course I love her. More importantly, she's my bloodlust."

Dimitri sighed. "Is she?"

Mikhel frowned. "Of course she is."

"Do you have any regrets, Dad?"

"About?"

Dimitri shrugged. "Mom... and Aunt Derri."

Mikhel stared at him. "What kind of regrets?"

Dimitri swallowed hard. "Do you ever wish you'd met Aunt Derri first... instead of Mom?"

"No!"

"Would you tell me if you did?"

"Yes, I would, but I don't have any regrets that I met your mother first."

"But your feelings for Aunt Derri are... so... deep."

Mikhel nodded. "Yes. They are. I'll admit that I love your Aunt Derri, but your mother is my bloodlust and my feelings for her are even deeper."

"You don't ever wish... Aunt Derri was your bloodlust?"

Mikhel shot to his feet. "No!" He strolled around the desk to clasp a hand on the back of Dimitri's neck. "Never."

"Why not?"

"Because wishing that would mean wishing you and Alex away."

"You could have kids with Aunt Derri."

Mikhel shook his head. "Even if I did, they wouldn't be you or Alex. I could never wish for anything that would result in you or Alex never having been born. The happiest and proudest days of my life were when you and your brother were born. I love you both far too much to wish you away. I'm happy with your mother. I love her and I would willingly die to protect her. And I'd kill anyone who threatened her -- much as you did for your Neely."

"But you'd do the same if someone threatened Aunt Derri. Wouldn't you?"

"These days? Yes. When I first met her? No. It was your Uncle Serge who killed the full-blood stalking her. Not me. Serge killed him because Derri was his bloodlust. I didn't kill him. I've always known your mother is and always will be my bloodlust. Both she and Derri know that as well." He sighed. "Dimitri... I'm sorry if my relationship with Derri has created issues for you --"

"They haven't, Dad. It's just that I thought... I wondered if you had regrets and if you did, that I might have them as well with Neely."

"But I have no regrets, Dimitri. If I could go back in time and relive that portion of my life the only thing I would do differently would be to make sure your mother never left me. You know she left me briefly after we met?"

Dimitri nodded.

"That was the worst period of my life. I was filled with rage, fear, and despair. I knew even then I could never be happy or content without her. I've lived for years without making love to Derri. I could never have done that with your mother. Erica is everything to me. Both she and Derri know that. Don't let fear of regrets make you afraid to tell Neely how you feel, Dimitri. One day you might have a thing for Alex's bloodlust or even one of your cousins' bloodlust, but it will never threaten or rival your feelings for Neely."

"She makes me feel like no other woman has. I... love her... hell... I think she's my bloodlust."

"I'm sure of it. So what's the problem, Dimitri?"

"I guess I was afraid to admit how I felt because I thought that you were... suffering because you felt tied down to Mom."

"Tied down to her? Dimitri, I knew the moment I saw her she was special. Derri or no Derri, your mother is always going to be the love of my life and my bloodlust. I wouldn't trade my relationship with her for one with anyone else. I love her and I couldn't imagine my life without her. As my bloodlust she is and always will be the center of my world."

Dimitri sighed in relief, laying his head on his father's shoulder. "Thanks for explaining your feelings for Mom to me, Dad."

"Thanks for asking. This is clearly a talk I'll need to have with Alex at some point." Mikhel kissed his hair and embraced him briefly before stepping away from him. "Now go see your bloodlust."

* * *

Neely woke on her stomach with a damp, heavy body on top of her. Hard, muscular legs parted her thighs. A long, thick cock filled each inch of her and thrust so deep up inside her, she imagined she could feel it throbbing in her belly.

One hand held her thigh. The fingers of the other were linked with her right hand. Warm, insistent lips rained moist kisses against her cheek, near her mouth.

"Dimitri..." she whispered. "Oh, Dimitri... I love you."

He whispered something brusque against her cheek and pushed his cock balls deep into her.

She moaned and then stiffened. "What? What did you say?"

He bit her ear and kept fucking her.

She attempted to push him off her. "Wait, Dimitri. Please. Stop."

"I can't," he groaned, fucking her deeper.

"Dimitri! Please! Stop and let me up."

He stiffened on top of her. "What's wrong? Am I hurting you?"

"Please let me up, love."

"Why?"

"Because I asked you to, Dimitri. Isn't that reason enough for you to stop? Because I ask you to?"

He lay unmoving on her for what seemed an eternity before he swore angrily, removed his cock, and rolled off of her and off of the bed. She sat up quickly and followed him across the bedroom of his parents' guesthouse. "Dimitri! Wait."

He turned around to face her.

Instead of the anger she'd expected, she saw fear in his dark eyes.

She stroked his cheek. "I love you," she assured him.

He stared down at her. "I... love you too."

Tears filled her eyes. "That's what I thought... I hoped you'd murmured on the bed. That's the only reason I asked you to stop. Because I wanted to hear it clearly and see the look in your eyes when you repeated it. That must have been some talk you had with your father."

He shrugged, a smile spreading across his handsome face. "He told me about the birds, bees, and a few other things more important to a full-blood vampire, which I am now."

"You're not just any full-blood vampire."

"No?"

"No." She linked her arms around his neck and rubbed her breasts against his chest. "You're the handsomest, sexiest one ever."

He laughed and slapped her ass. "And you are the most beautiful woman I've ever had the pleasure to meet and fall in love with."

Gazing up into his dark eyes, she knew he really thought of her as beautiful. He was clearly in love with her. She smiled. "So, Dimitri, tell me. What does a full-blood vampire do when he has a naked woman in his arms?"

"This." He took her hand and led her to the wall near the door. He positioned his cock at her entrance, lifted her right leg, and thrust inside her.

"Oh... yes... yes!" She gripped his shoulders and lifted her face.

He bent to devour her mouth and they enjoyed a hot, explosive standing fuck. After they'd both come, they rested briefly, then he withdrew his cock from her long enough to guide her into a kneeling position on the carpet.

Pussy still on fire, she glanced over her shoulder, licking her parted lips before extending her tongue in an unmistakable invitation.

He moved behind her. Instead of immediately mounting her and fucking her, he spanked her ass until her pussy ached and she moaned and squirmed with anticipation of yet more pleasure to come.

Only then did he slide his cock between her ass cheeks.

Her heart raced.

He nibbled at her neck. "You look so damned sexy when your inner thighs shake like that," he told her.

She smiled. "My entire body shakes for you, handsome."

"Right answer."

She laughed and waited.

He slipped an arm around her waist and rained moist kisses against her neck and shoulders.

"I love how having you love me makes me feel, Dimitri."

He slid his other hand up to caress her breasts. "Show me what you want and need, my lovely Neely."

Almost mindless with the need to feel herself impaled on his cock again, she reached back to close her fingers around his shaft. She placed it against the bottom of her slit. "I want you inside me now."

"What have you done to me? You drive me wild and I can't seem to get enough of you or your sweet, hot pussy," he groaned.

She smiled. "It's all part of my evil plan to win your complete and utter submission."

"Mission accomplished. I'm all yours."

"Then give me what's mine."

He slipped the head of his cock into her wet channel.

"Oh... God, Dimitri. There's no feeling in the world quite as wonderful as feeling your cock sliding into me like this. More. Give it all to me."

When he didn't immediately obey, she thrust her hips back until she was firmly impaled on his entire length. His soft, seductive laughter filled her ears, but he held himself still inside her. Damn him. She'd make him fuck her again. She slowly ground her ass against his groin.

He sucked in a breath and pinched her nipples. "Stop that."

Sinking her teeth into her bottom lip, she deliberately tightened her vaginal muscles around his cock.

He responded swiftly, taking her with a rough, unbridled lust that she gloried in and eagerly shared. Their fuck was primal and wonderfully explosive. With each powerful movement of his cock into her, he branded another inch of her pussy as his private property. "Mine alone," he told her. "Say it."

"Yours alone," she admitted, cried out his name, and came.

He released her waist and breasts, and drove her onto her belly. Pushing her legs apart, he settled his full weight on her and fucked into her climaxing pussy until he groaned, shuddered against her back, and exploded inside her. Then he collapsed on her. "Damn."

She lay crushed under him until he finally rolled onto his back, pulling her body on top of his.

He slid his hands down her back to cup her ass. "Damn. Where the hell did you learn to fuck like that?"

"It happened when this handsome young full-blood vampire fell into bloodlust with me."

He stared up at her for several moments in silence before he sucked in a deep breath and then finally nodded.

Her eyes filled with tears. "Are you sure?"

He nodded. "Yes. I'm very sure. I've been sure since the moment I first saw you and couldn't forget you."

"Then why couldn't you tell me, love?"

"I... I was afraid."

"Of what?"

He sighed. "We need to talk."

She rolled off him and rose.

He stood up and lifted her in his arms. He carried her to the living room where he sat on the loveseat with her on his lap.

"Dimitri?"

He told her about his father's relationship with his mother and his Aunt Derri.

"Does that shock you?"

Neely shook her head. "No. I noticed an intimacy between them the night they came to my apartment."

"I grew up thinking that my dad had regrets and wished he'd bloodlusted with my Aunt Derri. Tonight we finally discussed it and that gave me the courage I needed to release my childhood fears and tell you that I love you."

"And that I'm your bloodlust?"

He nodded. "Yes. You are the love of my life and my bloodlust." He cupped a hand over her neck. "I will always love, need, and adore you."

Her heart welled with emotion. "Oh, Dimitri. I never thought you'd ever feel anything real for me."

"I do, my Neely." He licked the side of her neck. "I do. I meant everything I said to you the night we met. I meant them even more tonight."

"And you'll mean them when you're with other women?"

He lifted his head and stared at her. "Other women? What other women?"

She shook her head. "It's no use pretending that won't ever happen, Dimitri. Pali told me about your family custom... how you and your brother will share each other's bloodlusts and how you share with your cousins."

He sighed. "Sometimes Pali talks too damned much."

"Weren't you going to tell me?"

"Yes... when you were ready to hear it and understand that it wouldn't mean I loved or cared for you less." He bit her ear. "Besides... it won't be as one-sided as all that."

She pulled away to look at him. "What do you mean?"

"I mean my cousins will want to get to know you. It won't just be me fucking other women. And at the moment, my feelings for you are too intense for me to have any interest in any other woman."

Reaching out to touch his thoughts, she felt his sincerity. She smiled. "I'm very glad to hear it."

"No other woman will ever be more important to me than you are," he told her. "You're the only woman I've ever loved and my bloodlust. I'll love and need you forever."

"Oh, Dimitri. If I hear you say that a hundred times, it won't be enough. Make love to me."

"Gladly." He wiped her tears away before he lifted her chin to press a warm, sweet, gentle kiss against her mouth.

As she lost herself in his kiss she knew that she had stepped into a world that would be filled with new and maybe sometimes frightening experiences. But with the handsome and charming Dimitri at her side, she'd gladly explore them all -- especially getting to know his cousins.

"Vixen!" He slapped her ass.

"Hey! Stay out of my head," she said, her cheeks burning.

He stretched her out on the sofa and lay on top of her. "Let's make a deal. I'll stay out of your head and get in your pussy instead."

"That sounds like a plan I can fully endorse," she whispered, parting her legs.

He positioned his cock at her entrance.

She pressed her hands against his shoulders. "Dimitri... would you like to..."

"Fuck your ass?"

"Yes."

"Of course I would."

She moistened her lips. "Let me up and I'll go get the oil Pali gave me."

"That won't be necessary."

She stiffened. "Oh, Dimitri, please don't tell me you want anal sex without it."

He shook his head. "That's not what I meant, Neely. I meant we have our entire lives ahead of us. Anal sex can wait until you're fully on board and ready for it. I want the first time we have anal sex to be as pleasant for you as possible. I want you with

me... wanting it... wanting me in your ass... moving with me. We won't have it until you're one hundred percent emotionally ready for it."

Knowing how much he wanted anal sex with her, his restraint touched her almost as much as his declaration of love. Tears filled her eyes and spilled down her cheeks.

He settled his body on her and kissed her tears away as he gently pushed inside her. He held her, making each sweet, gentle thrust a silent and tender *I love you*. Their thoughts and minds touched and fused until she felt as if they would never be completely separate again. Perfection.

Marilyn Lee

Marilyn lives, works, and writes on the East Coast of the U.S. 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 (*Gunsmoke* 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, Vampire* are favorites. She thoroughly enjoys interacting with readers either through email or via her Yahoo! web group.

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