



Marcel Manor

by

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Cover Art by Natalie Winters, September 2009
ISBN 978-1-60394-364-1
New Concepts Publishing
Lake Park, GA 31636
www.newconceptspublishing.com

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Chapter One

Giselle Beauchamp looked up at the large, castle-like home in front of her, in awe of its Gothic splendor and wondered what in the hell she'd gotten herself into. The place seemed familiar yet she'd never before set foot upon the grounds. Still, it was as if she was coming home, not visiting for the first time. Her dreams, that had beseeched her some four months prior, hinted of a home of this grandeur, this eloquence but when she woke, her memory was ill-defined. The dreams also carried with them a safe presence that was in deep contrast to the sense of foreboding felt in her current situation.

"Here goes nothing."

When the mayor of the tiny town of Painesville phoned, wanting her to either confirm or dispel the theory that the old Marcel Manor was haunted she'd assumed he wanted to know for the sake of tourism. Having a certified haunted house was big business for many places. It brought tourism and generated much needed revenue. Just about every small town boasted some sort of paranormal activity. Some were true. Most weren't. Giselle had assumed Marcel Manor would fall to the side of the majority.

After speaking with a number of the local townspeople, she wasn't so sure anymore. Several of the locals seemed to have little to no desire to talk about Marcel Manor or the myths surrounding it. They seemed even less inclined to get into discussions about the possible profits having a haunted house would bring the area. In fact, if Giselle had to label it, she'd say the locals seemed frightened by the idea anyone, tourist or otherwise, would want to visit Marcel Manor.

As Giselle glanced around the ominous estate, she couldn't say she blamed them. If nothing else, the place had the spooky vibe associated with so many haunted houses down pat. It had something else too. Something she couldn't quite put her finger on and wasn't sure she wanted to.

This case, involving Marcel Manor, was so very different from others. The owner of the manor had an eagerness that was refreshing and he seemed open and honest when she'd spoken with him on the phone. He came across as a natural born skeptic who had seen enough to become a believer. Those people tended to be the ones with an actual haunting versus something as simple as feeling cold spots due to a drafty old window.

Staring up at the ivy covered limestone exterior, Giselle looked for signs of life but found none. The rather ornate set of stone gargoyles flanking the entranceway only added to the spooky overtone. She peered harder at the vaulted stain glass windows and wondered if her eyes were playing tricks on her. Were there really scenes of monsters attacking people? Of what looked to be vampires feasting from the blood of the living?

"No way."

Surely no one would commission such works of art to have them show that.

She shuddered, the oppressive feeling returning once more. It didn't help she'd already had to drive her tiny coupé through an iron gate appearing to be original to the house. It had

creaked horribly adding an air of legitimacy to the macabre location.

About the time she was able to gather her nerve the fog which had been light upon her arrival thickened, moving over the area, following the theme of the evening.

Sure signs I'm in for a treat.

"Get a grip. You'll be fine," she muttered to herself, not believing a single word she'd said. No. Something about this house, this case, hadn't sat right with her from the word go. She wasn't sure if it was the mayor's urgent pleas or the owner's relaxed approach to the entire matter. Either way, something was off. Even with that knowledge, she was compelled to go forth, to seek out answers to questions she did not yet have.

The carefully manicured grounds were fast disappearing under a blanket of fog, as was her courage. Giselle took a tiny step forward. The fog seemed to thicken around her legs, suddenly feeling as though it had a familiar life all its own, brushing past her sensitive skin, up her long, lace print, black and white georgette skirt. It settled at the apex of her thighs, causing her pussy to dampen. Each step she took was pure torture, making additional cream form. Giselle drew upon her inner safeguards, doing her best to shield herself from the onslaught of paranormal energy suddenly around her.

The feel of being touched remained but she'd managed to ease the arousal accompanying it, at least for the moment. The mid-calf black leather, three-inch heeled boots she wore clicked against the stone pathway to the front entrance as she hurried for sanctuary. If the heavy iron gates opening for her car hadn't announced her arrival, her shoes certainly wouldn't do a thing to call attention to herself.

Just a little bit further and I can get my night started... then get it over with so I can go home.

The need to handle her current state of sexual awakening was great. She knew she'd either spend the remainder of the night masturbating or stop off at one of the bars to see what her options were. As much as she hated the idea of bunking up with just anyone, Giselle's body was sex starved. Another night alone, with only her fingers and toys to satisfy her wouldn't do. Especially not if she needed to use her natural born gifts anymore while on the case. Every time she used them, the urge to fuck clung to her like a second skin for hours, sometimes even days afterwards. Her skin already ached to be touched. She'd never make it all night at this rate.

Something howled out in the night and Giselle drew her arms around herself, not liking the sensations she was picking up on—death, pain, everlasting torture. The agony alone was enough to bring her to her metaphysical knees, to make her weep for agony that was not her own, but rather someone else's. It was an overload to her system, her senses.

Pulling at the lettuce-edged sleeves of the high-neck, antique, black, lace top, Giselle did her best to calm her now erratic breathing. It didn't work. The heavy weight of someone's stare was on her. Whatever or whoever was watching her carried death on them. The scent so overpowering, she staggered. Another howl pierced the night, this one closer than the last.

Thump.

Thump.

Her heart beat madly.

She gasped, afraid to do more than draw in air. Too many years she'd spent investigating evil to allow herself to foolishly draw it closer. A randy spirit, looking for a quick feel, was one thing, this was altogether something else. This was evil. Pure and simple.

Reaching towards her chest, Giselle cupped the tiger's eye pendant she wore faithfully, finding solace in its added protection from evil. She silently mouthed a prayer to ward off malevolent spirits and sensed it had little to no effect on whatever was nearing.

Never a good sign.

Something brushed over her skin again, this time feeling identical to fingers. It kept the feel of malevolence at bay, at least for the moment. Giselle turned, expecting to find someone there. She found no one. Her heart rate sped even more as she backed up towards the manor. The sensation of being touched continued. The "fingers" grew bold, caressing her nipples, making them harden to diamond-like points. The power kneaded them, rolling them between its nothingness, until her pussy was so damp, so wet that she panted with desire.

What was happening? Nothing had ever done this to her before. Sure, she'd encountered her fair share of the unexplainable and the supernatural and some even tried to force seduction on her but this was different. Whatever this was had a touch that left her wanting more. There was no forcing involved. Giselle wanted its wordless promises. She wanted the pleasure it could bring her.

The faint sound of a chant pushed through the thick layer of evil nestled over her. The evil tried to break through the barrier the other energy had built around her, but the protective power held firm. She focused, unable to make out the exact words but knowing it was Latin. Concentrating, she listened closer.

"Lētum nōn omnia finit."

What?

She stilled. Every ounce of her wanted to run back to her car and leave this place but she knew she couldn't. The call was too great. Someone here needed her, whether they acknowledged it or not. She could feel it in the air. Not to mention the dampness between her thighs. That alone was enough to make her want to stay just a little bit longer. So much pleasure was to be had here and Giselle couldn't bear the idea of passing it by.

"Lētum nōn omnia finit."

Spinning in a small circle, Giselle tried to find the source of the voices. "Death does not finish everything? What do you mean? Who are you?"

Strong hands gripped her shoulders. A scream tore free from her throat as she went rigid. Whatever was behind her, turned her to face it, suddenly radiating a calmness that she required. Its power was familiar. It felt like the fog, the fingers, the pleasure.

"Qu'est-ce qui ne va pas? What is the problem... err... the matter? What is wrong?" The heavily French accented voice moved over her, seeking out the fear within her and cradling it with nothing more than words. Still, they were enough to chase the demons away. Looking up, Giselle found a tall man standing before her. A head of shoulder-length, jet black, silky hair framed a caramel-colored face. Eyes of deep brown, almost black stared out at her from beneath a pronounced brow, giving him a dark and brooding quality. The tiniest bit of a five o'clock shadow graced the man's strong jaw line.

The black turtleneck sweater he wore drew attention to his broad chest and wide shoulders. That in turn, made Giselle painfully aware of just how much bigger the man comforting her now was from herself. Easily six foot three, he dwarfed her five foot six inch frame. As her gaze raked down his body, she found herself staring at the front of his dark gray, wool pants—paying special attention to the size of the bulge that lay beneath them.

She gulped. Hot, unadulterated need ripped through her, causing her legs to shake and her hands to tremble. This man could give her what she was after, a night of passion, fulfillment, a stiff cock. What would it be like to take him into her body. To taste him? To have him taste her as well?

She didn't know anything about him. Not even his name. To feel this attracted to a stranger was absurd. Wasn't it?

Pulling back slightly, she blinked up at him. "Who...? Where...?"

The corners of his lush mouth drew upwards ever-so-slightly. "I could ask you the same thing, though I am quite sure I would manage to get the entire question out. Now," he ran the back of his cool hand over her cheek, "do you wish to tell me what has frightened you?" He sniffed the air. "For it is obvious something has troubled you greatly."

Lord above, his touch was divine, like sinful bliss for the taking. She closed her eyes briefly, tipping her head towards his smooth fingertips. Sighing was an option she was willing to take. His smell was heavenly as well. Enough to do a sex starved girl in. Hints of moss and musk reached her as her tongue darted out and over her lip.

It took a second for Giselle to realize the man was speaking to her once more. She caught the tail end of what he was saying. He wanted to know what had scared her. She didn't have to go into detail. The chanting voices answered for her.

"Giselle, *lētum nōn omnia finit.*"

She stiffened. So did the man, seeming to go on full alert. Did he hear them too? More often than not, only Giselle could hear the calls of the dead, of the spirits unable to rest.

"Come," he said gruffly. He took hold of her upper arm and escorted her towards the manor.

"D-did you hear that?" She paled, the color draining instantly from her face.

For one brief moment, it appeared as if the man would say no. Tipping his head to the side, his eyes narrowed as if he were in deep thought. When he nodded ever so slightly, her heart soared. Finally, someone who shared her ability to hear spirits. "Do you think what we heard was real?" She had to know if he would be like others, wanting to believe but in the end dismissing it all as overactive imaginations.

"I do," he said, his resolve unquestionable.

She sighed and instantly stepped closer to him, the heavy weight of possessing a gift others could not understand seemed to ease. It had been far too long since Giselle was around another like her, a sensitive. She had so many things she wanted answers to. She wasn't sure where to begin. "How do they know my name? Better yet, who are they and why do they want me to know that death doesn't finish everything? They don't feel like ghosts. What are they?"

The man stood eerily still as he stared at her, his dark eyes seeming to see through, to her very soul. "Your name is Giselle?"

She nodded.

He gasped and looked out at the fog. Howls came from every direction and the heavy feel of death pressed in on her. She only barely managed to keep from screaming and that was because the man drew her protectively to his muscular body. He grunted. "You were not to come."

Instead of pushing away as she'd have normally done when angry, she held tighter to him. He represented safety. "Not to come?" she questioned. "Mr. Duprat phoned yesterday and told

me my services were not only needed but that I should come immediately.”

“Non, that is not true.”

She stared at him with wide eyes. Who was he to tell her what the owner of the manor said when he called? “Yes, it is. Mr. Duprat told me to meet him here after nightfall. He said that all business I had to conduct with him needed to happen then.”

Something passed over the man’s face. He seemed nervous. “Come, quickly.”

Giselle followed him. Not that he gave her much of a choice. He held firm to her, ushering her swiftly through the oversized dark wood door. It closed behind her with a thud that echoed through the foyer. The smell of incense filled the air. The high, ruby red walls suited the room, giving the stone staircase an even grander feel. She drew in a sharp breath when she saw the size of the crystal chandelier that hung from the high ceiling.

Impressive.

If the entranceway was as magnificent as this, the rest of the place had to be astounding. She leaned, noticing the number of paintings lining the wall near the staircase. They were as glorious as their surroundings. Mr. Duprat took great pride in his home. That much was evident.

Yes. A home she had no doubt was wrapped in a blanket of spirits and evil.

The man with her, curled his hand around her elbow, guiding her into the sitting room. A deep red settee sat off in the corner, near a writing desk and two, high back sofas took center near the fireplace. Yellow, orange and red blurred as the flames licked the air, offering warmth. Giselle moved closer to the fireplace and the man accompanied her, staying near, his hand still on her elbow.

It inched along slowly, making its way to her side. Heat flared through her and Giselle knew better than to assume the fire had anything to do with the sensation. She stepped in, towards the man, her eyes fluttering, her lips parting.

His fingers dug deeper into her hips and he jerked her to him.

“Are you well?”

“Huh?” Giselle asked, staring at the handsome stranger longer than she should have. She moved from the close proximity, instantly noting the reduction in temperature even though she was even closer to the fire now.

“Is Mr. Duprat here?” she began. “I think I should speak with him. I don’t even need to go further to be certain the place has some serious evil around it. I can save us a lot of time and just declare the manor haunted. I don’t even need a tour.” She rubbed her hands together, hoping to chase away the ominous feeling that had come over her outside. It didn’t work.

In an instant, Giselle felt the press of something evil bearing down on her. Glancing at the man behind her, she weighed her options. She could hope for the best—that whatever the force was wouldn’t strike with him near or she could take the offensive lead. Her gaze went to the top of the stairs. Whatever evil threatened her currently emanated from that location. Nothing appeared to be there. Giselle’s psychic senses told her otherwise. She moved, placing her body before the sexy stranger’s in an attempt to protect him.

“I, uhh, forgot my bag in my car. Would you be so kind as to grab it for me?” she inquired, doing her best to sound sugary sweet. “The howling and the voices aren’t something I want to go through again. Not just yet, anyway.”

The man’s brow furrowed and for a moment she thought he’d say no. When he nodded,

she exhaled. He turned and headed out of the door. Not a second later, the evil rushed at her. It took no real form, instead choosing to come at her with a psychic attack. It struck her hard, forcing images of death, destruction and mayhem into her mind. The pain was excruciating and the images were horrific.

Giselle cried out a second before her body was lifted. Something held her, suspended in air as it continued its assault. The horrors the evil presence thrust out at her left her clawing at the nothingness holding her, as she fought for freedom.

Her powers attempted to surface. The years she'd spent hiding them away, only tapping into the tiniest portions of them on an "as needed basis" made her have to think about what should have been automatic.

"You will not win. You will not save him," the voices said, chanting in unison. Their Latin flawless. Their terror real.

Suddenly, it felt as though large hands were wrapped around her throat, cutting off much needed air. The feel of fingernails digging into her skin, made her very aware of just how powerful the evil was that she now confronted.

Long wisps of light brown blew past her and it took her oxygen-starved mind a second to realize it was her own hair blowing around. Dazed, she did her best to kick-start her dormant power.

Images of something so evil, so raw and full of hate that her mind refused to even acknowledge what was before her, continued to assail her. Reaching out, Giselle took hold of her pendant. She fisted it tight, focusing on the protective power of the tiger's eye and not the evil around her. She felt it then—help was on its way.

Fog surrounded her, bathing her in a calmness she needed to center her mind. Drawing in a sharp breath, Giselle kicked out and to her surprise, she came into contact with something though what, she wasn't sure. Strong arms wrapped around her, plucking her from evil's grasp. She didn't care what now held her only that it not let go. She coughed, her lungs demanding to be filled once more with air. She clung to her savior too weak to lift her head to see who it was that comforted her.

Chapter Two

Marcel held tight to the beauty before him, shocked the evil had been so brazen as to attack her. It normally focused its energy on him, picking away at what humanity he had left. When the call had come from the mayor, wanting to have his home investigated for paranormal activity, Marcel had refused. As a supernatural, a creature of the night, he didn't need anyone to tell him what he already knew—his house was haunted. More to the point, he was haunted.

Haunted by the ghosts of his past. Haunted by the ever present reminder of the evil he harbored. More importantly, haunted by history. Of events he could not change. Now, as he held the tiny woman the spirits called Giselle, he couldn't help but see a shred of light at the end of the dark, lonely, tunnel. It had been a long time since his body had responded so to anyone. His cock was hard and in a heightened state as the scent of her arousal clung to the air. When he'd drawn upon his dark powers, creating mist and toying with her, he never thought she would be the one. The faceless woman of his dreams who offered him not only passion but freedom from his self-imposed prison.

His Giselle.

The lure of her lush, rosy lips was great. It took all he had to keep from sampling them. It didn't help that she wore an outfit that molded to her every curve.

All woman. Beauty. Fire.

Her warmth was a harsh reminder of their differences. She was from the light, able to walk in the sunlight and be part of the living. He was walking death. A creature restricted to the darkness and sentenced to live a life of feeding from others. Forever damned—a vampire.

His cursed gifts had granted him the knowledge that the one who could end his self-inflicted torture was named Giselle. It never hinted at just how beautiful she was or how much simply being near her would twist his stomach into knots. No. His gifts were as cruel as he'd once been. Irony at its finest.

The press of evil moved in, circling him, no doubt trying to get at Giselle. Marcel refused to lift the power protecting her. He would see to it she was well and then send her on her way, never allowing the evil to taint her again. It was too late for himself. He was saturated in the blood of others, forever shouldering the knowledge of what he'd done.

I am a monster.

“We will not permit her to free you,” said the whisper of hundreds of voices rolled into one. Cold air blasted past him and he turned in the direction he knew the evil presence to be. The fire died almost instantly, the smell of smoke danced through the air, the taint of ill will on it.

“I seek not freedom. Harming her was uncalled for. I accepted my penance long ago.” He glared at the nothingness, knowing he was being watched. He was always being watched. Always subject to the scrutiny. To the shame. “She will leave when she is well. You are not to harm her.”

The evil pressed in once more, taunting him. It tested his weave of power around Giselle,

as if laughing at his attempts to keep her from harm. At the moment, Marcel actually wondered if he could truly assure her safety. "We shall see," it replied with no real emotion. It was as black as the stains on his soul and Marcel knew if the evil had its way, Giselle would be eliminated for good, the threat to their hold on him gone.

Marcel cradled Giselle in his arms, committing the feel of her to memory. It had been far too long since he'd last held a woman, especially one who sparked his interest. Her long, flawless neck teased him, making the demon within him fight for supremacy. It wanted to surface, to sample her. He fought for control all the while knowing the evil beings inhabiting the manor were mocking him. They wanted him to lose control. To take the blood of an innocent, forever sealing his fate to the darkness.

It was tempting.

Her pulse beat visibly through the strong veins of her neck. He licked his lip, running his tongue over his protruding fangs. He nicked himself, drawing blood. As the coppery fluid filled his mouth, his already aroused cock went rigid, threatening to break free of his pants. He bent his head down, inhaling Giselle's light floral scent. Need slammed through him and his eyes rolled to the back of his head. He knew they were swirling, flecks of red and black rushing through them. It happened every time the vampire demon, his body had merged with long ago, surfaced. He also knew how close he was to crossing a boundary that could never be returned from.

Giselle groaned, her head lifting and her eyes opening slightly. She brought a hand to his face and formed a question with her expression.

He waited for a scream, a sign of terror, anything. None came. Her lips curved upwards as her head lolled back. She went limp in his arms once more and a strange sense of peace settled over him.

Lifting Giselle with ease, Marcel headed towards the staircase. For tonight, she would sleep in his bed, under his watchful eye. Come morning, she would leave.

Hurriedly, he rushed up the stairs and down the long hall. He whisked her through his bedroom doorway and slammed the door shut behind them, surprised he had not awakened her with the noise.

Marcel quickly placed her on his bed, using the utmost care, fearing her body was too delicate and fragile to withstand much more. When she was spread out before him, he likened her to a fallen angel. One sent to bring him light but who found only darkness surrounding her.

He looked skyward, emotions he'd not felt in centuries battering at his defenses. Why had she come? Why would the evil tempt her, lure her to him? It had to know she could free him of his chains. It had to understand that once she came into his life, he would never want to really let her go. Why would it risk everything? Was knowing she was no longer a threat worth the possibility that she could release him from their clutches?

A tinge of hate eased around him and Marcel knew it was the evil's doing. A reminder that while it was quiet for the time being, it was still near and aware of what was going on.

He centered his attention on the angel before him. Her long dark brown hair fanned out around her olive face. There was no denying her beauty, both internal and external. His condition afforded him the knowledge of how dark one's soul is. Hers was pure. Innocent.

He bent, examining her features closely. Her lips glistened, almost begging him to sample them. Already he could easily picture them wrapped around his cock as he fucked her

sweet mouth. His fingers found their way to the parted treasures and he eased over them. She moaned. It was faint but there.

Marcel tipped his head, letting his lips hover over hers, taking her with his mind rather than with his body.

His cock threatened release and he cupped it, stroking it through his pants as he continued to soak in Giselle's beauty. The top she wore had eased open when he set her down, giving him a glimpse of one of her breasts. As he pictured touching it, the material of her shirt eased open more, his power acting out his fantasies.

One pert, dark nipple was revealed to him. It puckered as the cool air of the room moved over it. Marcel waved his hand above it, mindful not to touch her but rather to allow his power to do the deed for him.

Giselle arched her back, her eyes flickering open. "Mmm, more," she whispered, her voice barely there.

It was all the encouragement he required.

Marcel increased his power, using it to slip her out of her shirt slowly, the act itself making moisture leak from the tip of his dick. He bent, blowing cool air over her toned stomach. He wanted to truly touch her but held back, allowing his magik to do so for him.

Giselle hissed as his power eased her skirt from her. She opened her legs wide to him as if inviting what he could offer. Marcel obliged, planting a kiss on her inner calf, working his way up her thigh until he reached sweet glory. The heavenly scent of her cunt put him in a frenzy. He ripped his clothing from his body, discarding it behind his head before returning to her quim.

His power glided between her folds, opening her to him. The sight of her pussy nearly did him in. He groaned, fisting his cock at the base, holding it firm to keep from releasing. A niggle in the back of his mind told him how wrong it was to take advantage of Giselle in this state and that lying with her would put her in even more danger. He ignored it.

He pressed his mouth to her swollen bud, drawing it gently into his mouth. She nearly exploded off the bed, thrashing, grunting and tipped her head back.

Marcel moved his hands under her backside, pinning her to him as he continued licking and sucking on her clit. He was rewarded as her legs quivered and cream coated his chin. He inched downward, lapping up the delicious juice.

His entire body responded. His eyes swirled. Fangs exploded in his mouth. His cock jerked before erupting. Marcel tried to move away fast but his fang nicked Giselle's inner thigh. Blood trickled and centuries of habit had him bending to greet the red lifeline of sustenance. He licked it, the rich fluid easing down his throat as he continued to expel his seed.

He stood tall, bathing her in his essence. The very sight of Giselle wearing his seed drove him onward. He spread her legs wider, moving up and onto the bed, the demon he carried within taking the lead. The head of his cock pushed at her wet entrance, dipping in slightly.

She was perfection.

She was salvation.

She was not of the darkness.

She was good and pure.

The thought reared him, causing him to fight the demon for supremacy. Marcel won, gaining control of his actions by only a thread. He moved away from Giselle and rose to his feet.

No longer did the sight of his seed spilled on her excite him.

Now, it sickened him.

Her confused, yet sated expression only served to add to his guilt. She reached for him and he drew upon his powers, forcing her to slumber.

The evil pressed in, making itself known. Its laughter was soft but there. It had played a hand in his actions but he refused to lay blame anywhere but squarely on his shoulders. Guilt drove him to the bathroom as he retrieved a washcloth and a basin of warm, soapy water. He returned to her side and cleaned her with care.

"Forgive me," he whispered softly.

Giselle's hand came to a rest over his and he stopped, wondering if she'd truly granted him absolution on what he'd done or if she simply felt the same pull to him that he felt to her.

"Sleep, ma poupette."

Chapter Three

Giselle stretched out, putting her arms above her head and purring like a cat. Her fingers skimmed over a mahogany headboard. It was thick, molded with cherubs on each side and gilt finials. The light honey-colored sheets were so smooth to the touch Giselle couldn't help but wonder what they were made of. Briefly, she pondered where she was but a sense of safety settled over her at the same time the knowledge she was within the walls of Marcel Manor returned.

Safe? Here? She snorted. I must be dreaming.

Regardless how she felt, there was certainly no denying the place was beautiful. A Victorian button back chair sat next to the bed. One small, yet beautiful bedside table was placed between them. On it was perched an oil lamp, dimly lit. Though out of date, it fit the feeling of the room and the manor—somewhat timeless.

She turned slightly, bumping into something cool to the touch. Confused, she peeked out to find her nose pressed to a tawny, toned torso. She blinked, thinking herself still asleep and dreaming. When the chiseled male specimen before her didn't disappear, she gasped, reaching down and finding herself in nothing more than a sheet. She remembered visiting Marcel Manor, having a run in with some major evil energy and then nothing beyond that.

"I trust you slept well?" asked a heavily accented voice.

A tiny yelp tore free of her as she yanked the covers and slid backwards on the bed. As the chiseled torso gave way to a steely hip and then a dark thatch of curls, Giselle realized the man with her was also naked. The sheet she'd pulled away was his only form of cover as well.

Her eyes widened at the sight of his ruddy cock. It made her mouth water, the desire to taste it, run her tongue over it, all consuming. She'd denied her passions far too long and they held tight to her better judgment.

She forced her gaze upwards to find the man from the night before staring at her intently. Her lust flared even more.

The corners of his mouth tugged upwards. "Be careful how you look at me, Giselle. A man has only so much willpower. Sleeping next to you has already proven testing enough. Anything more and you risk having me deep within you."

"M-Mr. Duprat," she stammered. Her cheeks flushed. His cock in her sounded like the perfect plan. "I need to talk to him. I need to go. I need to..."

He smiled, calming her instantly. "You need to relax. Nothing has transpired between us." A tic developed just under his right eye and he looked away quickly as if ashamed.

Her body was sore, aching as if she'd spent the night having incredible sex. Waking to find herself naked in bed with the sexiest man she'd ever laid eyes on did little to dissuade the theory. She'd wanted to be sated, have her every desire fulfilled but she also wanted to remember the experience. Thoughts of going home to her fingers and toys instead of taking advantage of the perfect specimen of a male before her left Giselle sliding towards him.

"I need to speak to Mr. Duprat," she said, a slight vibration to her voice.

He offered a warm smile. "You are speaking to him."

Puzzled, she stared at him. "Wait? You're Marcel Duprat?"

He nodded.

The person she talked to on the phone lacked an accent. The man with her now did not. "But it wasn't you who I spoke to on the phone."

He remained quiet, giving Giselle time to ponder what it all meant. The call, the urge to come after hours, the wolves, the fog, the voices, the evil. None of it was coincidence. There was no such thing. It was planned. A sinking feeling began in her gut when she guessed what had made it so. "I was lured here by something mystical?"

Marcel nodded. "And," he stressed, a thread of worry in his voice. "That would be the best case scenario, Giselle." He sighed. "A great evil resides here. If it is what called you forth, its purpose is to harm you. It will not make idle threats nor will it bother with scaring you into submission. When it wishes something out of its way, it simply kills it. It is not safe for you to remain."

"But you're here." She touched his hand lightly. "If it's so bad you should leave too."

"If it were only that simple," he confessed, his voice barely above a whisper. "You should go."

He was right. She should go. She wasn't a stupid woman and knew how serious true evil could be. Even so, leaving wasn't an option. Not without Marcel. They'd connected and that was beyond rare for her. To run away from the manor was to run away from him. She didn't know him, not really but there was no way she was leaving without him. Her gut said stick it out. Trust in Marcel and go with what may come.

"Giselle," he whispered. He leaned close to her. "You must leave."

"I should but I won't. Not yet. I feel like I'm supposed to be here. With you." She made no attempt to go. Instead, she placed her palm on his chest and bit back a whimper as heat flared through her body, centering between her thighs. Whatever was happening felt natural. It felt right.

Caution be damned.

She closed her eyes and tipped her head, hoping he would do what she wanted and kiss her. Giselle didn't have to wait long. His full lips feathered over hers, softly at first before moving straight into branding her territory. He bit at her lower lip and a moan came from one of them, which she wasn't sure. It mattered not. All that mattered was the overwhelming urge she had to become one with this man.

Their tongues met and fireworks exploded behind her eyelids. He tugged her closer to him in a demanding manner. It was exactly what she wanted and needed. His very touch chased away Giselle's inhibitions. She sighed under the weight of his skillful fingertips. Each caress left her putty in his arms.

Tipping her head, she kissed a trail down his jaw line, savoring his scent—jasmine with a hint of spice. He smelled the same as her mystery man, the one who frequented her dreams. He stiffened, jerking her to him as he buried his face in her neck. Giselle laughed wickedly, feeling so very wanton.

Marcel nibbled at her flesh and she caressed him wherever she could get her hands on him. The chiseled planes of his chest continued to draw her attention before the bulging muscles of his arms took precedent. Every inch of him was sculpted and each time her skin made contact

with his, it felt as if energy were passing back and forth between them.

He eased her onto her back. His dark gaze locked on her and Giselle surrendered completely to him. She touched his cheek and nodded, not that he needed much in the way of encouragement. Marcel seemed more than willing to see his actions through.

He inched his tongue down her smooth stomach. The slightest of curves graced her lower abdomen, seeming to entice him even more. He reached the thin strip of dark curls covering her mound. Parting her tender folds, Marcel exposed her clit. With the flick of his tongue, he had her squirming up the bed, moaning and begging for more. He varied licks and sucks, catching the swollen bud between his teeth gently and sending her spiraling towards the edge of bliss.

She clutched the sheets, thrashing her head back and forth as she panted, desperate for more but sure she would burst before they were done. So much pleasure, so much passion. Never had a man made her burn this way before.

Tiny gasps broke free of her as white lights danced just behind her eyelids. Marcel toyed with her more, adding a finger to the mix, easing it into her pussy. Her body closed around it, demanding more.

* * * *

Giselle came with a start and Marcel smiled into her cunt. The proof of her pleasure coated his tongue. The taste so sweet, like berries and cream. He dipped two fingers in her juices and thrust them deep into her, shocked by how tight she was. His cock stood in stark relief, wanting desperately to be allowed the joy of her body.

Crying out, she ripped at the sheets, her power dancing in the air around them. It buzzed, her energy meeting his head on. His lust ran rampant and Marcel was powerless to stop it. He moved up and over her, sampling her flesh along the way. He sucked on a nipple before finally settling between her legs. She opened wider for him as he took hold of his cock, lining up with her entrance. She was slick with pleasure and he pushed into her, burying deeper and deeper. She was so tight that every movement required Marcel's full concentration or he would risk coming too soon.

She was perfect. Made for him.

She arched her back, taking him deeper. He groaned and reached beneath her, kneading her hip and her ass before finally taking hold of her leg and lifting it even higher. The action left Marcel buried to the hilt.

Giselle cried out. Her nails sunk deep into the backs of his arms and the smell of blood roused the demon within him. Marcel knew better than to try to resist it. With so much evil laying claim to his surroundings, he would never survive fighting the demon and the spirits lying in wait. His fangs lengthened and the bloodlust hit him with a vengeance. Denying it was futile.

Her pulse beat strong. His gaze snapped to her neck as her pussy clamped around his cock. Her entire body shook and a spasm rippled through her core, sending Marcel over the edge of reason. He came hard and long, jetting seed inside her womb a moment before he struck. He sank his teeth into her tender flesh. Her blood rushed into his mouth, the spurts matching the beating of her heart. The sound filled his head as he continued to come in waves within her. It wasn't until he felt her life-force draining that he stopped. He swallowed and released his hold on her neck. Kissing the bite mark, he waited and watched as it healed almost instantly.

She closed her eyes and gave in to sleep, a smile upon her face. Never had Marcel seen a sight as beautiful as Giselle thoroughly loved.

Love?

What a strange notion. It wasn't as if he really knew her.

Even as the thoughts ran through Marcel's mind, he knew that on some level his body and his soul—whatever was left of it—recognized Giselle.

Panic welled in Marcel and he sat up quickly, tossing his legs over the side of the bed and planting his feet on the floor. A few deep breaths later and his nerves began to calm. He exhaled slowly and wasn't sure how long he sat on the edge of the bed before he noticed Giselle caressing his back. She planted the tiniest of kisses on his shoulder and let out a soft laugh.

"Mmm, are you going to stay there or are you coming back to bed?"

It would be for the best if I went, he thought, knowing it was true.

Giselle slinked past him and was off the bed and onto her knees in mere seconds. She stared up at him, her eyes filled to the brim with passion and Marcel knew he could no more deny her than turn his back on the demon within him. It was part of him. She was part of him too.

"Can I?" she asked.

"Ma poupette." His eyes fluttered shut a moment as a smile played across his lips. "Fais de moi ta chose—I am your plaything."

His senses picked up on the quickening of her heart rate and the smell of her cream. She liked the idea of having him at her whim. He would allow her to indulge and then Marcel would orchestrate their love making once more.

She ran her hands up his inner thighs and his cock reacted instantly, lengthening. She took hold of his shaft and worked her hand over it a few times before dipping her head and placing a kiss upon the head. He jerked, nearly coming from the slightest touch of her lips upon his cock.

"You taste like us," she murmured, licking a line to the base of his shaft. He was at her whim as she took him fully, his cock head hitting the back of her throat. Giselle used her hands, wrapping her fingers around any exposed portions of his shaft. Staring up at him, she sucked him hard, pulling almost all the way off him before taking him fully again. The act continued, each time leaving Marcel closer and closer to coming.

He slid a hand into her hair and choreographed her movements, increasing her pace. She pulled off and took a deep breath before going at him full on once more. Marcel tipped his head back and shouted in joy as he pulled her onto him fully, coming down her throat.

She whimpered and he caressed her cheek. "Swallow."

Giselle obeyed and he released his hold on her hair. She kissed the head of his cock and licked her lips. "Can you sleep now?"

"Maybe," he said, his gaze dropping to her breasts. They swayed just enough to catch and hold his interest. He reached out and pinched a nipple. "But I think I would enjoy playing more."

Her eyes widened and he wasted no time in grabbing her up and tossing her onto the bed. She giggled as he began his sensual assault upon her body, committing every inch of it to memory.

Chapter Four

Giselle's flesh was taut and sore from their night of lovemaking. Marcel eased into her, the head of his cock barely in an inch before she bit her lip, the pain too much to bear. He ceased his forward momentum and captured her lips with his own. His tongue danced around hers, moving as one.

Marcel pumped into her and her cunt moistened, giving way to pleasure. Digging her nails into his lower back, she held tight as he continued taking her fully. A tiny rivulet of sweat ran down his chest and she lifted her head, licking it from him.

Pleasure racked her body, fogging her mind. For a moment, her thoughts were no longer her own. Instead, they were Marcel's. His fear washed over her. He was afraid of both keeping and losing her, as if either choice were the wrong one.

An overwhelming sensation built deep within Giselle and her inner thighs began to quiver. She arched her back, bucking beneath him as her orgasm struck.

An explosion of moans and grunts sounded around her and she was unsure where they came from. It wasn't important. All that mattered was the euphoria she felt in Marcel's arms.

"Now," she urged, wrapping her legs around his waist as his cock twitched within her.

He let out a long breath and put his forehead to hers. No words were needed. Giselle already knew whatever was happening between them was powerful and that walking away unharmed was no longer an option.

He withdrew from her and a sense of emptiness followed.

"Marcel?"

"Yes?" He positioned himself next to her, one arm draped over her midriff, pinning her in place.

"Did you bite me?" Giselle felt her cheeks flush. "I mean, last night, during..."

He traced slow, lazy circles over her abdomen. "You know I am more than human, as are you, *ma poupette*."

It was more of a statement than anything else but it held an air of a question as well. She nodded. He continued. "There is a reason why I need all business to take place during the night."

A sinking feeling centered in Giselle's chest. She closed her eyes, not wanting to believe what she was fast suspecting to be true. The affinity for night. The biting. The ability to hear spirits.

She twisted away from him, refusing to allow fear to consume her. "Just tell me the truth. Please."

Darkness reared up above her head, coming from out of nowhere. Marcel was suddenly there, trying to shield her but it was too late. Whatever had come for her thrust him aside and slammed into her. The visions of death and destruction returned, this time she was able to make out a face—the reason for the mayhem.

Marcel.

The visions showed him stalking his prey, his fangs erect and long dagger like fingers nails unsheathed. She fought to draw in air but the evil pushed down on her chest, forcing what oxygen that remained from her body.

There was a blur of black and then a shaking sensation. It took Giselle a moment to realize it was Marcel, calling her name and holding her close.

She blinked, her throat sore and her head aching. “Vampire?”

Darkness swarmed her before he could respond, not that she needed him to. She’d seen the truth. Deep down she also knew that whatever he was or had been, he wasn’t that monster anymore. She also understood that she’d been sent to help save him.

* * * *

Her wrinkled clothing clung to her sweat soaked skin. She paid it little heed, instead focusing on Marcel who had kept his distance from her since she’d awakened. “Tell me about the voices...about the evil here.”

“I am the evil here,” he said matter-of-factly.

She sighed. “Set aside the angst for a minute and focus.”

He lifted a brow appearing amused by her. “The angst?”

She huffed. “Oh, if you even try to tell me you’re not dark and brooding I’ll stake you myself.”

A slight smile tugged at the corners of his mouth.

Giselle winked. “Seriously though, tell me what’s going on around here. This evil is unlike anything I’ve ever come up against. What is it?”

“It is I,” he whispered. “My guilt, my horror at what I had become manifested the evil, leaving me my own keeper.”

Her heart broke for him. So much pain. So much sorrow for actions he could not have controlled. Giselle knew by the warmth of his aura that Marcel was not evil but what he carried deep within him—the demon—was.

He stared at her for what felt like eternity before she noticed a tickling in the back of her mind. Tipping her head, she focused on the sensation.

Marcel?

His eyes lit with merriment. Yes.

How are you hearing me?

So many questions for one so young.

She stared at him. “Exactly how old are you?”

“Five hundred,” he shrugged, “give or take a century.” He grinned. “Or two.”

She grew quiet.

He covered the distance between them and touched her neck gently. “You asked me if I bit you last night.” He kissed the tip of her nose. “I did.”

She gasped. “You fed from me?”

“Yes and no.” He let out a long breath. “It was more primal than that, Giselle. I fear I may have done something I can never take back.”

“You made me a vampire?” The thought chilled her to the bone. She touched her teeth quickly feeling around to see if she’d sprouted fangs. Her eyes widened. “Am I one of you?”

“No.” He exhaled loudly. “But I believe I have tied you to me.”

“Meaning?” she pressed, needing to know the truth of the matter.

“Meaning,” he replied. “I think you shall cease to age, the same as me”

The idea of being immortal sounded too good to be true. “What’s the catch?”

“You mean aside from the fact I am a creature of the night?” He grinned, obviously toying with her.

She nodded.

“I fear we may be drawn to one another...forever.”

Forever was a long time to spend with a man she’d only known a day.

Marcel scowled. “I shall leave you to right yourself and you are free to go.” He went towards the doorway and stopped just shy of leaving. He did not face her. “I know not how far you will get before the pull to return to me will come. I know only from what I learned from others of my kind.”

“The pull to come to you?”

“Giselle,” he said. “It will happen. I know not when or how strong it will be.” He glanced over his shoulder at her. “For both of us.”

He’d have the urge to come to her as well?

Giselle waited until his footfalls sounded far away before standing and wringing her hands. Her thoughts were jumbled and made little sense to her. The rational side of her screamed for her to cut her losses and run, that no man or non-man was worth any of this. The rest of her did not agree.

As much as she wanted to buy into meant to be and fairy tale endings, the darkness he’d allowed to consume his life was powerful and deadly. In addition, he truly was a stranger to her. A man she shared a night of passion with.

With purpose, she stormed towards the door with the intent of leaving. The heavy press of evil returned and she grabbed for her tiger pendant a hair too late. The energy slammed into her, knocking her backwards. A silent cry was ripped free of her as she was slammed into the wall. The evil was not kind in its assault, pummeling her, her head hitting the wall repeatedly.

She managed to cling tight to the pendant and whisper a protective chant. She hurt but should have been in much more pain than she was.

The evil dropped her but stayed near, leaving the air thick and heavy. She crouched, clinging to her pendant, repeating the chant as she stared around at the nothingness, knowing it was watching her. Its hatred of her was thick enough to choke on. Filled with defiance, Giselle rose to her feet and looked around the room. A smile tugged at the corner’s of her mouth. “You know I won. He’s mine. Not yours anymore.”

A howling like she’d never heard before echoed around her. She covered her ears and made a move to run but was knocked off her feet. Thankfully, the bed was close enough to break her fall.

The door to the room burst open and she glanced up in time to see Marcel there, in full vampire mode. His eyes burned with predatory intent and his nails were longer than before. He opened his mouth revealing fangs.

For a split second, her breath caught and her heart skipped a beat.

Marcel glanced at her and inclined her head.

Giselle swallowed back her fear of him. “I’m fine. Do what you have to.”

Needing nothing more in the way of permission, Marcel defied gravity, extended his arms and spun in a complete circle. Giselle was sensitive enough to mystical attacks to know

he'd just launched one against the evil in the room with them. The evil lurched away and Giselle slinked off the edge of the bed, pooling on the floor. Tears sprung free and she surrendered fully.

Chapter Five

Marcel dug crescent shaped cuts into the palms of his hands as he stood at the base of the stairwell, watching as Giselle stepped down them. He'd lost her. The evil that haunted him had been too much for her as he knew it would.

Her clothing was crumpled but she smoothed it all the same, her posture almost regal as she descended.

Marcel ached yet pride kept him rooted in place. He schooled his face, unwilling to give her a reason to remain. It was too dangerous for her. Her leaving was for the best.

A sick sounding laugh trickled free of him.

Best for whom? he thought. You are a coward, Marcel. Stare down the mouth of the beast and the prize will be a life-mate the likes of which you do not deserve. One you want to desperately keep.

"Well?" Giselle quipped, making him wonder what he'd missed while internalizing. Her lashes were moist and the color in her eyes more vibrant. She'd been crying. He'd caused her grief by insisting she go.

He reached for her only to have her shy away. "I will come to you, Giselle. I will visit as often as I can. But you should be aware the evil travels with me."

"Don't bother," she said sharply.

"Giselle." He tried once more to touch her. Once more, he was rejected. He fisted his hand in the air, his eyes closing briefly as the agony of the situation held him in its grasp.

Giselle moved past him, towards the door and he watched as her tiny hand curled around the doorknob. She twisted and something within him shattered, taking with it his self-control and rational thought.

He took three large strides and was on her, slamming the door shut, pinning her body to it, face first. He drew in the fresh scent of her hair and could hear her heart pounding.

"Marcel," she said. "Off. I have to go."

"No." He bunched up her skirt, lifting it higher and higher.

Anger rolled off her. "You've already had a fuck. I'm done. Find someone else to..."

He jerked her skirt high above her waist, pressing his body to hers. He nipped at her earlobe. "There is no one else for me, ma poupette. I bonded you to me. I can do that to no other. There is only one."

She stiffened, her breathing ragged. "You can't ever take another lover?"

"I can take lovers but I will feel nothing. It will be only to sate my baser needs. There will be no passion, no burning desire, no love."

She pushed her ass against him and he reached down, undoing the front of his pants.

"Love? You don't love me. You hardly know me."

She was right. He did hardly know her. He wasn't even really sure what love was. All he knew was the minute she entered his life, he knew he'd never be the same. The entire world stopped existing when he looked into her eyes.

“See,” she murmured. “You don’t love me.”

“We have something here to build on.” He freed his cock and bent lining up with her wet entrance. “We have the start of what could be love, Giselle. I am not so willing to let it go.”

“Five minutes ago you were,” she snapped, giving him no reprieve.

He sighed and eased into her slowly. “Five minutes ago I was a moron. I admit it freely.”

“What about the evil that haunts you?”

He slid in deeper, rocking against her. She felt so good wrapped around his cock that he could hardly think let alone answer her questions. His cock pulsed and he knew he was releasing come in her in small amounts. He pulled almost all the way out and waited for it.

She whimpered.

He smiled against her neck, filling her once more. Her smooth skin called to him and Marcel gave into it, piercing her skin with his teeth. He sipped her blood, slowly, lazily. She thrashed wildly, riding his cock to the point he could do no more than hold her hips in hopes of preventing her from hurting herself while she drove herself onto his dick.

“Argh.” He kissed the bite mark and it healed over before his very eyes.

Giselle widened her stance and Marcel bent more, pumping into her. “Go any lower,” he grabbed a handful of her hair and jerked back gently, “and I’ll have no choice but to fuck your ass.”

She stopped moving down, excitement laced with a healthy dose of fear came off her. Laughing, Marcel reached around her, found her clit and began rubbing it. She slapped the door, keeping her hands there while he lifted her hips enough to allow him to fuck her without reserve.

“Marcel, please.”

“Please what?” He yanked harder on her hair, sensing how much it turned her on.

Her vaginal muscles tightened around his cock and his balls drew up tight. He managed to hold off on coming by exiting her warmth and spinning her around. He lifted her, guiding her onto his shaft. Once seated, she rocked on him, their gazes locking. Marcel held her ass and slinking his fingers closer to her core. He stopped just shy of it, choosing instead to insert a finger into the puckered ring of her ass muscle. The lips of her pussy fluttered around his shaft, drawing his orgasm forth with her own. They came in unison and he withdrew in mid-release, coming all over her inner thighs.

Giselle wrinkled her nose and laughed. “You should have stayed in me. Less mess.”

He wagged his brows. “It is not the first time you’ve worn my seed, Giselle.” The minute he said it, he realized his error. He’d not confessed the truth to her. He’d not told her he’d nearly taken her fully when she was asleep.

“Not the first time?” she asked.

His throat went dry. “Shall we get cleaned up?”

“Does this mean I’m staying?” She kissed him tenderly.

He drew back a tiny bit. “Mmm, I would hate to see what would happen should you chose to leave.”

She winked and kissed him again. “Just because you’re all spooky vibe guy and creature of the night, it does not mean I’m scared of you.”

“Ah,” he exhaled slowly, “I would have it no other way.”

* * * *

Her eyes widened in delight at the sight of the baroque styled, over-sized bathroom. A claw-footed tub came into to view. It was larger than any she'd ever seen. Just past the tub was a shower stall, modern yet made to fit the gothic theme of the bathroom. Heavy looking black chains were suspended from the ceiling. They held circular sinks. Above the sinks which appeared to be free floating, but were not, were a row of vaulted mirrors with deep mahogany wood frames. Towels hung from what looked to be black iron rods. Bats adorned the ends of each rod.

She cast a look over her shoulder at Marcel who was grinning at her. "Cute touch with the bats."

He blinked slowly, his hands finding her shoulders. He pulled her against his sculpted body, putting his mouth to her ear. "I do so enjoy the angst of my existence."

Laughter bubbled up from her and she did her best to hide it with the back of her hand. Marcel sprinkled kisses upon her neck and shoulder. She tipped her head, giggling, her body beginning to heat with need again.

Giselle drew in a sharp breath.

Marcel nodded, kissing her more. "I know. I feel it as well."

"Will the crippling desire ever stop?" she asked frantically.

"I should hope not!"

His reaction lightened her fears and she twisted, taking his hands in hers. "Let's bathe one another."

"Yes," he stated, his gaze ravenous. "Let's."

Marcel backed Giselle into the bathroom, the scent of their sex still clinging to his body. He had no desire to wash it away but every desire to sink into her again. He lifted a hand allowing his power to run out and over the tub. The handles turned and the tub began filling with warm water.

Giselle gave him a knowing look. "Neat trick. Use it before around me?"

Did she know he'd used his magik to pleasure her when she was asleep?

She licked her lower lip and yanked him to her. "Oh, yeah, I knew."

"Pardon?" he asked, positive he'd not spoken out loud.

She touched his chin. "You wear your emotions on your sleeve with me, Marcel. I knew the minute I woke that you'd lied to me about nothing transpiring between us. I had fuzzy, barely there memories of you being close but not actually touching me at first."

Worry knit his brow.

Giselle gave a saucy smile as she raked her fingernails down his chest. The action made his cock harden once more. She was such a passionate vixen. If he wasn't careful, she would wear him out and do the impossible—age him.

She sank lower, nipping lightly at his flesh along the way. When her cheek brushed the back of his erect cock, Marcel felt his eyes swirl, a sign he was teetering on the edge of control.

Giselle took his shaft in hand and squeezed, an impish smile upon her face. She rubbed her cheek along the length of him before burying her face to his sac and drawing a ball into her mouth. She was gentle with him, rolling his ball around as she stroked his cock. Easing her mouth over him, she forced him to have to reach out and put a hand on the wall to support himself. His legs shook with anticipation. Each swipe of her tongue, each pull of her hot, wet mouth pushed him closer to the edge of culmination. He threw his head back with a roar, barely

staving off his release.

Giselle cupped him, artfully toying with his sac, kneading it as she fucked him with her mouth. He threaded his fingers through her long, dark hair, leading her actions. He forced her mouth onto him faster, harder. Her eyes widened but she continued to massage his balls. She relaxed her jaw for him and when he knew she was at ease and ready, he took her mouth with the same force he would take her cunt. She moaned on his cock, the vibration pushing him to pinnacle.

She removed her hand from his sac and he grabbed it, putting it back in place. “N’arrête pas,” he shouted, still in control. She returned to massaging him and he kept going, kept fucking her mouth. Unable to resist, he let his release arrive. “Je viens!”

Giselle swallowed his hot come, loving the fact she’d been able to turn him into a wild man once more. He stared down at her. Shadows flashed in his eyes and she knew he was far from done. Excited, she pulled off his cock slowly, licking him clean, still staring up at him.

In a flash, he had her up and off her feet, her legs around his waist and his cock ramming into her. He stepped into the bath with her. The hot water was a shock to her system. Marcel lowered her into the water, easing out of her only long enough to get situated before thrusting in to the balls. Water sloshed out of the tub, spilling onto the darkly tiled floor. He paid no mind to it as he kept moving in her. Tingles started in her toes and worked up through her legs. The feel of his cock and the water pushing against her was too much.

Giselle screamed out, clawing at the edges of the tub. She came with an intensity that scared her, her body wracking with each wave of pleasure.

Marcel did not cease his taking of her body. He kept pushing into her. Diving in and out, his cock merciless. Twice more she came, her body going limp from being sated.

Marcel stopped and withdrew. She assumed he was done. How very wrong she was.

He grabbed her legs, pushing them higher, making her head slip enough that she had to tip it back to stay above water. His cock nudged at her anus. Her eyes widened.

“Marcel, I don’t think we should...”

White-hot pain lanced her body as he impaled himself in her ass. She dunked under and came up a bit, drawing in air and gasping as he rode her ass hard with a take no prisoners approach.

He eyes bore into her and he slowed his pace. “Tu Aimes ça?”

Confused, Giselle gave him a questioning look.

His expression eased. A smile cracked his face. “I forget myself with you, Giselle. I wish to know if you enjoy this.”

The fullness in her ass remained and she nodded, her cheeks heating instantly. “Y-yes.”

“Do not be embarrassed by our actions, ma poupette. I take you in all ways because I can do no other than please you, take care of you, give you everything you desire and so much more.”

She wiggled beneath him. Water rushed over the sides. She grabbed his shoulders. “Then I want you to keep going. Fuck my ass, Marcel.”

Lightning flashed in his eyes. “With pleasure,” he said, his voice low. He slammed into her, drilling her body to the tub.

Just when Giselle was sure she could take no more, her body clenched, her pussy fluttered and her zenith struck. She cried out and clung to Marcel. A look of triumph passed

over his strong features a second before his jaw went slack. He shouted and slammed into her, seed jetting forth into her, filling her ass.

Giselle assumed he'd pull out and move away. He didn't. He remained above her and in her.

She brushed wet strands of his ebony hair back from his face. "Honey, I won't be able to walk tomorrow if you keep going in there."

With a manly chuckle, he withdrew. He pressed his mouth to hers. "I have truly been blessed, Giselle. I swear to you I will do all in my power to give you the life you deserve. To treat you as a cherished gift. To protect you forever."

Forever.

The word rumbled around in her mind. Total internal chaos ensued. The biting. The bonding. The immortality.

Giselle was silent for a minute, letting the information soak in. When she came to terms with the idea of having forever with a man as wonderful as the one before her, she cupped his cheeks. "I want half the closet and the left side of the bed."

His brow furrowed. "You would stay here," he looked around the bathroom, "in this cursed house with me?"

"No." She ran the pad of her thumb over his lower lip. "I'll stay here with you and help you fight your inner demons, Marcel. I think it's what I was meant to do."

"The journey could be a long one," he warned.

She smiled as his cock pressed into her core. "Wasn't it you who told me I'd stop aging?" she countered. "Clearly, I have time on my hands."

Epilogue

Giselle leaned against the window frame and stared out at the sun as it set. She sensed Marcel approaching from behind and closed her eyes. She pulled the curtains and laughed as he wrapped his arms around her waist and kissed her earlobe.

“Mmm, I have missed you, wife.”

Wife.

The word still sent slivers of joy down her spine. It mattered not that they had been married for close to fifty years and that it had taken the majority of the time for Marcel to finally believe she loved him regardless what he was. His inner demons no longer plagued them and they had grown to love one another so passionately they could scarcely keep their hands to themselves.

“I only left our bed fifteen minutes ago, Marcel.”

He whimpered, sounding like a wounded puppy. “I know. Do not remind me. It was fifteen minutes too long.”

Fog rose up around her ankles and instantly felt as if fingers were caressing her legs. She moaned as Marcel matched the pace of his power, and thumped his body against her. His cock lay against the cleft of her ass. Reaching back, she touched the side of his face, knowing her husband was about to bend her over and have his way with her against the window. It wasn't the first time and it wouldn't be last.

She smiled. “Mmm, I love you.”

“And I you, ma poupette.”

THE END