

A TEASE VALENTINES DAY SHORT

*Loved  
Eternally*

SKYLAR SINCLAIR

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This story is my Valentine's Day gift to all my readers. May your hearts be filled with the love and loving memories of this romantic day.

Love,

*Skylar Sinclair.*

Carpathian Mountains, 1702

*Wounded cries of pain pierced the chilled air in the shroud of night. Huddled on the ground, an animalistic man rocked back and forth, holding tightly to the mutilated body of a woman. As he looked up, his eyes shone blood red warnings in the bleak darkness and the burn of the moon above reflected off white fangs protruding from his full-lipped mouth.*

*He never would forget her last words to him; I will come back to you, my love...*

## Chapter One

Present day

Valentine's Day 2009

Fresno, California

There she stood amongst a group of men vying for her attention like dogs in heat. Could they smell her unique richness like he could? A scent he remembered well, the ripe and heady aroma of a heated, moist pussy.

He had waited more than three hundred years for her to come back to him and he wouldn't let anyone take her from him again—not ever.

Yes, she did look different; her hair wasn't golden blonde, but took the form of chestnut ringlets that hung to her waist, highlighted with blonde strands by the diffused lighting in the bar. Her eyes were light green, like the grass from his homelands, not blue. Her facial features naturally tainted with vitality and life. The one feature he distinctly remembered, her full, lush lips. He could still feel the ghosting touches of them running along the length of his cock, nuzzling the mushroom head and then devouring it deep within her moistened lips and down her throat as he voiced his pleasure.

Where Jacqueline had been petite, this woman stood tall, with graceful lines. Her lavender form-fitted dress hugged her curves, accenting her small waist and flared feminine hips. Slim legs narrowed into dainty ankles. His gaze rose. No, she didn't look like his dead lover—his mate—nevertheless, her soul proclaimed her to be his lost love. His fangs itched with the need to descend and taste her again.

His nostrils flared as he took in more of her unique and potent womanly smell and his heart seized in remembrance. From his shadowed vantage point in the corner of the bar, his cock strained against its restricted confinement of his jeans and his gums tingled, as he fought the primal urges warring to be set free. It, too, recognized her.

Fabyan Markovitz had once again found his soul mate - his mate through blood.

## Chapter Two

Janalee Wells tried to keep her attention on the gentlemen around her, but her mind drifted. As she looked toward a darkened corner of the bar, she saw a pair of exotic-skinned cowboy boots attached to the most mouth-watering pair of jean-encased legs, thighs muscled and corded in all the right places. They intersected into a large, impressive bulge, which made her want to lick her lips in appreciation. A sterling silver engraved belt buckle drew the eye straight back to his hardened groin.

With effort, Janalee moved her eyes up his chambray shirt. She could see the outlines and folds of his muscled stomach and widely berthed chest. The top unbuttoned to expose a tuft of black chest hair. Blue-black hair brushed the tops of his wide shoulders. His face cloaked within shadows, yet she caught the gleam of his straight white teeth as his face split into a feral grin.

Her gaze snapped up, but she couldn't see his eyes, or the raw sexual hunger addressed directly at her through the darkness.

He stepped from the shadows, looking straight at her. Her body tingled and burned from his alluring stare. She felt he looked right into her soul, washing it with his predatory perusal.

She could now see that his eyes were a brilliant turquoise. They reminded her of a peaceful lagoon at sunset, but she knew better; something lethal and animalistic waited in their depth. A low growl drifted across her subconscious, hers answered back without thought, emerging from the back of her throat into the open air. She wanted him with a burning hunger. She had never experienced this before—desiring a man instantly. Her body responded to his without thought, as if it had been waiting for him. This sudden attraction made no sense to Janalee. And she was not even sure she wanted to understand. She just knew it, like a blanket of awareness had evaded her soul with his appearance.

He stalked toward her, eating up the ground until he stood right in front of her.

“Hello...Luscious, my name is Fabyan. What is yours?” His voice layered in dark, deep tones, caused her body to tighten and her pussy to weep.

Ripping her eyes away from his fine masculine body, she replied without hesitation, “Janalee.”



The other people in the bar seemed to fade into the background; it was only her and this man right now.

“It is a pleasure to meet you, Janalee.” He never took his piercing blue-green eyes off her face when he spoke. “Can I buy you a drink?”

Janalee looked down at her glass. So intent on him, she’d totally forgotten her drink, now empty.

“Ah...ya...sure. It’s a Lemon Drop Martini.” She watched him walk up to the bar like he owned it and order. She couldn’t help but check out his fine tight ass and the way the material of his shirt stretched and pulled across his broad shoulders, the kind she would like to drape her legs over as he ate her pussy. Her cunt clenched at the thought.

She loved the way he cocked one hip, leaning into the edge of the wooden top running along the bar, one elbow resting atop. He turned sideways and looked back at her, giving her a sexy wink.

Drinks in hand, he handed her the drink. “Here you go, one Lemon Drop Martini.” His long, elegant fingers brushed along hers as he passed her the glass. A jolt of sexual awareness passed between them causing Janalee to gasp and almost drop the glass in her hand.

Feeling clumsy and embarrassed, she replied, “Th...thank you...ah...Fabyan, right?”

“Yes, you said it perfectly.”

“Where are you from? I detect a slight accent, but I can’t distinguish where it comes from.”

“I am originally from Hungary.” His eyes never wavered from hers when he spoke.

“Do you live around here?” Janalee questioned, wanting to know as much as she could about this overly sexual, and completely captivating, man. A man like no other she’d met before.

“Yes, I have a home near Friant Dam.” Taking a sip of his drink, he lightly ran his tongue along the rim of his glass, licking up a section of salt.

Janalee wanted to be the salt melting on his tongue. Wanted to feel his tongue running over her skin, licking and teasing her senseless. The feeling of ease with Fabyan took her by surprise too, like she had known him all her life. By nature, she usually didn’t warm up to men too quickly. Yet with this man, unbelievably so, seemed like a kindred spirit to her. As these thoughts ran through her head, she felt a hand run down her spine,

resting on the curve of her ass. Fabyan stood right in front of her, so it could not be him. Turning to the side, she glanced over and into the eyes of another man, one she had been talking to earlier in the evening.

“Hello again, Janalee,” he addressed her with more familiarity than she would’ve liked.

Out of the corner of her eye, she could see the narrowing of Fabyan’s eyes and one side of his upper lip curling, as if he wanted to growl or snarl at the man touching her so intimately.

“If you don’t mind, keep your damn hands to yourself. Can’t you see I am talking to the lady?” Fabyan said in a deathly quiet voice, stepping right up into the face of the other gentleman, crowding him, dominating him.

The other man visibly shuddered then ducked his head as he quickly walked away, his tail between his legs. Janalee shivered at the forcefulness and power Fabyan exuded. Not one to be into Neanderthal type men, she found it very attractive in him. Nothing made any sense at this point, and yet she wouldn’t let that stop her from taking the next step with this mysteriously handsome stranger who had made her feel completely feminine and desired from the moment their gazes locked onto one another.

Placing her glass on a nearby table, she bent her head close to Fabyan’s ear—lips only a hair’s breath away from caressing it—and spoke over the dim of voices and music in the bar. “Let’s get out of here.” A wild urge to be alone with Fabyan surged through her.

She felt the sexual thrill in leaving the bar with a virtual stranger. She wondered why it felt so right, like her soul knew him, wanted to possess him.

Without missing a beat, he grabbed her hand, enfolding it within his larger one, and they left the bar together to slip into the dark velvet hues of the night.

### Chapter Three

Neither spoke as Fabyan lead Janalee to his car. He watched her reaction when he hit the button on his remote control to start the car even before they reached it. She sucked in a breath, taking in the beauty of the sporty red convertible Boxster S Porsche. He wanted her to love everything he had to offer, and he had a lot. He had not even begun to show her, there was so much he wanted to do to her. He was ready to fuck her every way a man could possibly take a woman, but he didn't want to scare her.

Just before they reached the car, he stopped. Drawing Janalee into his arms, he growled against her lips, "I need to kiss you." He waited for her to pull away, rejecting his offering. Instead, she reached up and wrapped her arms around his neck, licking the seam of his lips, tracing their outline, begging for entry. Her passion, just as hot and needful as his, his soul rejoiced at her willingness to come into his embrace, to share the intimacy of his mouth, his breath, his tongue.

He opened his mouth for her questing tongue, sucking it, hungering, as a duet played out between their joined lips. He groaned against the warm wetness of her mouth, gripping her ass, tilting and aligning it with his steel-hard cock, rubbing it side to side against her soft, hot mound. His instincts screamed to take her—fuck her. But he didn't want their first time to be in the parking lot of a bar. With what control he had left, he broke their smothering kiss. Janalee's eyes were glazed over, as she licked her lips.

"Why'd you stop?" she asked.

"I'd prefer to make love to you in the comfort and privacy of my home. Wouldn't you like that, Janalee? I live not far from here. Will you go with me?"

She had to drag her eyes from his cock. "I shouldn't go with you, since I just met you, but I feel like I can trust you. Can I trust you, Fabyan?"

"I would never hurt you, Janalee, you have to believe me. I only want to pleasure you. Make love to you until you cannot move or think straight. Have you screaming as I take you over and over again." He rubbed his big hands up and down her arms, never breaking eye contact. "Come with me, Janalee. Let me show you the wonders of what I can do to your body—I will do anything you want." He waited for her reply, trying to read

the emotions flitting across her features. Her eyes darkened to almost black-green as the sexual hunger overtook them.

He knew desire when he saw it; her eyes and body language screamed for him to take her. Fabyan couldn't stop the male satisfaction that growled deep within him and he smiled at her breathy reply.

"I do believe you. I don't know why, yet I trust you more than any man I have ever known. It shouldn't be this way for me, trusting so easily. But I am going to."

Giving her one last passionate kiss, Fabyan helped her into his car. He needed to get her home and into his bed. His beast, his animalistic other half wanted slaking, and only the taking of her body and soul would suffice.

## Chapter Four

On the drive to his home, Janalee kept asking herself if she knew what she was getting into. This man, this stranger, was so familiar to her body. Watching him drive turned her on. His hands caressed the steering wheel like a lover's would a woman's body, knowingly, but with an easy gentle touch, the same touch that would leave a trail of unbelievable burning desire in its path, as it stroke along flesh. The powerful car responded with smooth turns. He was in complete and total control at all times. She let her gaze wander over his strong profile, his high cheeks and lush, full mouth. A mouth that made her wet just thinking about it, and he kissed like he was made for sin. She bet not a man alive kissed with such exquisite finesse as this man did.

She could feel her nipples rubbing against the lace of her bra and the fluttering of her pussy, as she watched his effortless handling of his expensive car. She gave in to the need to shift and squirm to relieve some of the sexual tension building inside of her. Janalee could feel the dampness of her panties that clung heavily to her aching sex.

Fabyan reached over, placing his hand upon her thigh to still and comfort her. She felt her body opening up to his touch. Her knees fell apart, his hand moved up her leg toward her drenched panties. The glide of his hand along the skin of her thigh sent electrical tingles straight to her pussy, causing it to clench, spasm and drip. Janalee dropped her head back against the soft buttery leather of the seat and shut her eyes, letting him have free rein of her body, letting him take control. When his fingers reached her panties, he ran his index finger along the seam of her silk-covered slit, concentrating on her distended and swollen clit. Her gasp let him know he had her full attention.

“You are wet. Your cunt is hot for me; I can feel your desire for me through your panties, Janalee.” Fabyan's eyes never left the road, yet there was a knowing lift at the corners of his mouth. “I can feel your heart beat, your pulse pounding your need through your clit. Do you want me to make you come, Janalee? Will you scream for me? Cry your pleasure for me while I drive?”

Janalee could hardly reply; her answer came out in broken gasps. “I...need to...I want...God that feels...good. Yes!”

He looked over at her for just a second. “Then come for me, show me what I do to you.”

Her hips rose up to grind against the hand he had effortlessly worked inside her wet panties. He teased and ran his fingers along the folds of her soaked lips, spreading them for his invading fingers, lightly teasing then pinching her clit, causing her to moan and thrust against his hand.

She was close...near the edge. With a couple more strokes of his finger her back bowed into the leather seat, the fisted back of one hand stifled a loud scream. When the haze of her orgasm faded, she realized they had stopped in front of a large glass and wood home on a hill.

Fabyan turned toward her. “Look at me, Janalee.”

She turned toward him with satisfaction-veiled features.

“Do not ever hold back your pleasure from me. I want to hear my woman scream when I make her come. Do not ever hide from me. I need to hear, see and taste your pleasure. I can smell your pussy from here. It is pungent and scented with your desire, a need I plan to take over and nurture. When I am done fucking you, you will know me, know who I am.”

His features were tightly drawn as he spoke, she could see that she'd displeased him. Fine, he liked his women to scream. Next time she would deafen him.

## Chapter Five

He walked her into a beautiful wood and glass-inspired home, very manly, with clean, cool lines. It seemed to fit this man, rugged, yet touchable.

She felt drawn to one wall of the great room, nothing but glass from floor to ceiling, overlooking a flowing dam and lush, green, rolling foothills.

In the window's reflection, she saw Fabyan walk up behind her, a look of overpowering domination etched upon his face; she could see he'd meant every word he'd said in the car. She tightened up as the heat of his body crowded her from behind. The outline of his hard cock pressed against the crack of her ass. She pushed back against its fullness, needing to get closer.

He watched their reflections as he spoke. "I want to fuck you from behind in front of these windows. I want to watch your face when you come from what I will give you."

All Janalee could do was nod her head as her body trembled from his dirty talk. She loved it when a man talked dirty.

He unzipped her dress, letting it slip from her body and pool at her feet. She stepped out of the crumpled material, kicking it away.

Looking up, she saw his intense stare taking in her body. He ran his hands up her arms to her shoulders, sliding his fingers beneath the straps of her bra, slipping them from her shoulders before reaching around to unclasp the front.

He dropped the bra on the floor behind him, looking back and catching her staring at him. He smiled a predatory smile, the smile of a man on the hunt hoping to capture and cannibalize his prey.

"Don't look so worried. When I eat you, you will only feel ecstasy, I promise." He chuckled, taking in her anxious reflection in the glass. "Take off your panties for me—nice and slow so I can enjoy the show."

Janalee hooked her fingers into the sides of her silk panties, but she felt his hands stop her.

"Keep your eyes on me, don't look away. I want you to see what you are doing to me." He let go of her, gliding his hand up and down the large bulge in his jeans.

She kept her eyes trained on his where they reflected in the glass as she eased the panties down her legs. He dropped his hands to her ass, running them down and back up again, squeezing the cheeks of her butt while letting his cock nestle in the crack to tease her.

Standing nude in front of the glass, she could see both his face and her flushed and heated body.

“Do you know how beautiful your body is, flushed and swollen by my hands, your eyes dilated and glazed, as a woman taken to passion should look? And now, I want you to see what you have done to me.”

He nudged a knee between her legs, using his toe to tap her legs farther apart.

He touched his lips to her ears and whispered, “Spread your gorgeous, long legs for me. I want to see your excitement dripping down your legs as I fuck you.”

He placed both her hands, palms down, onto the cool surface of the glass. He grabbed her hips, pulling them toward his bulging groin. He leaned over her body and quietly growled in her ear, “Don’t move one muscle, stay just as I have placed you, understand?”

Without breaking eye contact, she acknowledged him with a nod of her head. Her chest rose and fell, nipples hard from exposure, anticipating what was to come. She could hardly wait to feel his cock enter her clenching pussy.

He kicked off his boots, all the while working the buttons loose on his shirt. She could hear the downward glide of his zipper as it released that big cock, the clinking of his silver belt buckle as it hit the floor. Within moments, he was completely devoid of clothing. What a delicious picture he made reflected in the glass: wide shoulders and muscled arms, a tapered, lean waist and legs that went on forever. But it was his outstandingly large cock and his balls that held her spellbound. No wonder the bulge in his jeans was so big; his cock reached all the way to his navel. The mushroom head was the size of a ripe plume.

Again that feeling of *déjà vu*, like she’d seen this same image of him before, not in a reflection, but facing her proudly, wantonly displaying himself to her before they fucked hard and long. She could never tire of looking at his body, never. She shook her head, trying to shake this feeling and get back into the moment.

“Remember, keep your hands firmly on the glass, Janalee,” he said before slamming his cock deep into her warmth.



“Sweet Jesus.” These were the only words that cleared her lips before he drew back and slammed into her once again. His fingers dug into the flesh of her hips, holding her tightly to his groin.

She sucked in her stomach muscles and bore down on his cock. She’d never had someone this big; the pressure stretched and filled her to the limit. It was all she could do to keep her hands poised on the slippery surface of the glass while he pounded into her faster, harder.

Janalee held on for dear life, pressing her head back onto his shoulder for leverage. She heard moans and whimpering and realized they were coming from her.

His breathing was ragged in her ear when he spoke. “Good girl. Keep your eye on what I am doing to you. You feel so damn hot. Your pussy craves my cock, it always has. Now come for me.”

Before she could fully process what he’d just said, he removed one hand from her hip and reached around to run his fingers through the curls hiding her clit. He found the treasure, squeezing and nursing it between his fingertips, working her into a frenzy of carnal bliss.

“Scream for me, lover.” Fabyan whispered against her neck, biting her lightly, then licking away the hurt.

She screamed from the depths of her soul. It echoed off the walls of glass. Her cunt spasmed and bore down on his cock, working along its length, milking it as she came.

He let go of her clit to resume his grip upon her hips, fucking her mercilessly until his release started within his tightened balls and shot up his spine with blistering heat. He threw back his head, bearing his teeth in a snarl of ecstasy as he let out an animalistic roar.

If Fabyan hadn’t been holding her tightly she likely would have slid down the hard glass wall.

She could feel their combined cum running down her legs, rivulets of his potency and his mastering of her body.

He carried her limp body up a flight of stairs to his bedroom on the next level of the house. In seconds, he laid her down upon a bed covered with a purple velvet comforter. The softness of it felt like heaven against her flesh.

He pulled the cover back to expose matching satin sheets. She crawled between them with him right behind her.

## Chapter Six

When Janalee awoke later, she opened her eyes and looked around the darkened room. It boasted the same decor as the rest of the house with darkly colored accents, but this room had no windows. The room did possess a recessed lighting fixture overhead that was turned down low, casting deep shadows throughout the room.

She looked over at Fabyan's sleeping form, her pussy clenching, remembering what they'd done just hours before. The memories of his cock pulsing and stuffed tightly inside her. It felt right, he felt right. She smiled, glad she'd followed her instincts and gone with him.

Even in the dim light, she could make out his semi-erect cock's outline under the sheet. A naughty idea came readily to her. Licking her lips, she carefully pulled back the top sheet to expose his hard male body for her perusal. Yes, he was built like a bull, exactly what she imagined her dream man would look like—fuck like.

Janalee moved up close to his hips; lowering her head, she took a deep breath. He smelled so familiar, his sex smelled familiar. *How weird is that?* She questioned her sanity. The scent of his release, his pleasure, was making her horny all over again.

Taking his cock into her palm, wrapping her fingers around his thickness, she watched it pulse to life within the warmth of her hand. Janalee leaned down and slid his hard sex between her moistened lips, moaning from his taste and smell.

Fabyan awoke to warm moist lips locked around his cock and a hand fondling his balls. He growled and arched his hips.

Janalee stopped, setting back on her heels.

“Don't stop. Wrap those lush lips back around my cock.” Fabyan reached up and grabbed a handful of her hair, gently pulling her back down to his lap. She went willingly, taking his cock between her lips. Running her tongue under the rimmed hood, she could feel his shaft grow stiffer and his body shuddered with each draw of her lips and bob of her head. Janalee became more aggressive, wanting him deeper in her mouth, all the way to the back of her throat.

He was soon thrashing upon the sheets, moaning deep in his throat as her talented mouth and hands worked his body.

Janalee could feel his body tightening, ready to come. Moments later, he exploded in her mouth. As she drank every drop of his thick liquid, memories started to flood back, overtaking her.

*She and Fabyan were running at night through a field of grass toward a cave. He caught her around the waist and swung her up into his arms, laughing and kissing her lovingly. Another image showed them making love by a stream while the moonlight cast shadows in the pale of the night. In yet another, she sank her fangs into the pulse of his neck as she rode atop him, drinking in his life force, reveling in her vampyre's nature all the while.*

Many more memories came and went within a span of seconds, flashing and swirling in her mind. Janalee now understood why he was so familiar. Fabyan was her husband, her soul mate, and she was Jacqueline, his wife.

She was the wife and lover of a vampire.

Tears started to stream down her face from the myriad memories, especially the one that took her away from him, so long ago.

Fabyan watched as the memories flooded back to her; the tears flowed freely down her cheeks, dropping onto his lap.

It broke his heart.

"I love you. I have always loved you, Jacqueline. The years have been hard without you. Loneliness has been my friend these hundreds of years. I had almost given up hope that you would return to me." As he spoke, tears filled the eyes of the man she'd once loved—the man she now loved again. No one in Janalee's lifetime had ever made her feel so alive and whole as Fabyan did tonight. Yes, she had come home to stay.

"I am so sorry I failed you, Jacqueline. By the time I got to you, the villagers had taken you beyond hope for me to save...oh God, I am so sorry." Fabyan could hardly talk through his choked tears.

"Fabyan, it was meant to be, my love. Let it go, I don't blame you—nor is there anything to forgive. We are together again. I will never leave you if I can help it, you know that."

He wrapped his arms around her, and they wept, both for what they had lost and for finding each other again.

## Chapter Seven

He looked down into her face as he asked her one more time, “Are you sure you want to do this, my sweet? I would love you even if you decided to stay human. I would love you until you took your very last breath and I would cherish the time we had. I would follow you into death this time, for I will not live without you ever again. I ask you one last time before bringing you over to the side of the night; are you sure?”

Her heart overflowed with both the old love they had shared and the new love they were making. “I want to spend the rest of eternity with you and I won’t lose a second of it being human. I remember what being a vampire was like. I want this, Fabyan, make no mistake. I give to you freely, my life blood, my life force. Make me yours again.”

As Fabyan sank his teeth into the pulsing vein in her neck, a gasp escaped her lips. She swore she felt the matching beat in the length of his hard cock as he thrust in and out of her soaked pussy. He drank of her rich, warm blood. In the last moments of her human life, she was once again in the arms of the man she had always loved and would be with forever...