

J.A. Saare

MOON
Kissed

Moon Kissed

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Amira Press
Baltimore, MD 21216
www.amirapress.com

ISBN: 978-1-935348-64-1

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Dedication

To my one and only.

The quiet darkness faded into a soft orange light as I lifted my weighted lids and blinked rapidly to bring an unfamiliar room into focus. I detected the distinct sounds of a fire crackling nearby, the heady fragrance of scorched oak combined with fresh linens wafting throughout the air and lining my nose.

I shifted atop the soft, billowy mattress, relieved to discover there were no aches or pains. Everything worked as it should—torso, limbs, and head firmly attached. It was odd that I felt so well, considering I'd been thrown headfirst into an unforgiving brick wall.

Biting back the startled gasp that came courtesy of the immediate recollection was easy. Calming the erratic beating of my heart was impossible. As the chosen of the Thymeria, I had been selected to track and face the ever-elusive Master vampyren Demetrius Espada—the King's very own second and the monster in command of the sin eaters. It was an honor bestowed to many of my orphaned brothers and sisters, a task repeatedly failed. The sadistic bastard was infallible and sent more and more of us to unmarked graves.

Which begged the question, why wasn't I six feet deep?

I struggled to remember, forcing jagged pieces to interlock together to form a hazy memory of being glamourised before kissing solid rock and mortar with my cranium. The wall came first, blackness speckled my vision, and Demetrius appeared at my side to finish the job.

His fangs descended, coming closer. I felt the heat of his breath against the vulnerable softness of my throat. And then . . . then . . .

Damn it! I cursed my faulty memory and struggled beneath the thick duvet, shrugging aside the expensive and lush down. The clean white bandage wrapped snugly around my right forearm protested the violent thrashing, and I tested my range of motion with the rotation of my wrist. There was no pain, just an annoying itchy sensation I quickly brushed aside.

I stood on steady feet and shivered when the whisper of the cool air brushed against my bare legs. Gazing down, I frowned at the soft white cotton shirt with several buttons left loose covering my all but naked body. I lifted my head, glancing around the room. Aside from the bed, fireplace, and myself, there were zero adornments in the plain white space. My clothing was gone, as were my weapons.

My relief at being alive was short-lived. I didn't know where I was, but it was high time I found out. Whoever brought me here obviously didn't want me dead, which meant there was work to be done. I had to get back to the streets. Demetrius was alive and would continue to kill, draining the life from the innocent and overpopulating the world with more of his tainted race.

I shivered at the thought.

Every preternatural race had what was referred to as The Fallen—evil creations that embraced the darkness instead of the light. They were a curse, a plague, a taint on the world. And vampyren—vampires that had fallen from grace—were the most reviled creatures roaming the mortal earth.

Heavy footsteps echoed from the open doorway, and I froze, peering around frantically. There wasn't even a poker near the roaring fireplace. I had no weapons to wield, no way of defending myself.

Cursing quietly, I backtracked, lurched onto the bed, and climbed across the soft mess of sheets and feather comforter more clumsily than I would have liked. As I neared the edge of the mattress, I lost my balance and landed in a laughable heap atop the hard wood floor. My trembling limbs supported my weight as I made it to my feet and, preparing to face impending company, pressed flat against the wall.

It was a good thing I had the foresight to brace myself against the comforting solidity of cool plaster. I'd never been prepared for the sight or presence of Adam Trevlian. Not in the past, and certainly not now.

He was as gorgeous as he was lethal, a superb and debilitating example of a Lycae male. His ebony hair was short along the sides and back, the top slightly longer. His steps were purposeful and calculated, smooth and graceful, bringing his imposing and enormous six foot, five inch frame into the confining space. He was shirtless, covered in nothing more than a wrinkled pair of black slacks. A slathering of yellow-hued bruises marred the perfection of his tanned and contoured skin, a sealed gash closed and on the mend over his left eye.

He paused inside the doorway, studying me. His radiant forest green eyes roamed as far as the bed would allow, pausing midway on their trek before returning to my face. When he spoke, I thought I might crumble.

"Diiien, Kassia."

My name on his lips was the ultimate aphrodisiac, which sent waves of liquid heat to my sex and created an odd inner cramping in my stomach. This was the reason I'd left the Thymeria faction in New Orleans in favor of those housed in New York. He was too combustible, too undeniable, and too damned irresistible to leave alone.

And I didn't derive pleasure from rejection.

Somehow, I managed to collect myself and stifle my raging hormones long enough to murmur hoarsely, "Adam."

His lips curved, a most sinful grin forming. "You've grown taller."

The innocent remark stoked the raging fire in my system and reminded me that while he wasn't the enemy, he wasn't exactly the cavalry either. Pain is a powerful ally, bringing to mind all of the reasons a person has chosen to resent someone.

"I imagine I have," I responded in a level tone, meeting eyes the color of the most sought after emeralds. I recalled the dismissive words he'd spoken in the past and added tartly, "As I'm no longer a child."

“No.” He chuckled, the sound sensual and alluring, and refused to sever the eye contact. “You most assuredly are not.”

“Where am I?” I asked and, unnerved by the pure sexual need and want he was creating, edged farther back, until my head slid against the smooth wall. It was common knowledge the Lycae were the most desirable males created, and as an Alpha, Adam would be doubly so. “Why am I not being cared for by the Order?”

The grin on his face waned, and he became serious, his shadowed jaw twitching. His eyes shifted and lightened, the iris flashing brightly, a werewolf trait that signified strong emotion.

“I’ve brought you to one of our safe houses. Demetrius has been felled. He is dead.”

Several emotions piled atop one another in a haphazard stack—disbelief, confusion, relief, and, finally, uncertainty. Demetrius should have killed me. The only reason the devastating impact with the wall didn’t get the job done was because of the vampire blood I’d been given prior to my departure from the compound. I was pliant in his hands, ready to be pillaged and destroyed.

“Yes,” Adam growled as he violated my privacy and read my thoughts. “Your Order was prepared to forsake another life for the cause—your life, Kassia, to be exact.”

“It’s our duty. We have to earn the privilege to stand alongside the Thymeria.” I shrugged dismissively, though the belief was empty, and my mind was garbled.

“Vampires, you mean.” His voice was barely recognizable, bordering on wolflike. “Human life is expendable to them. *You* were expendable to them. The simple fact that they recruit disciples from orphanages testifies to this demented truth. You are nothing more than disposable resources.”

His anger captured my attention, and I returned his level stare. “If Demetrius is dead, return me to the Order. My task is done. My obligation past. Take me home, Adam.”

“You are home,” he responded in a thick vocal caress, eyeing me curiously.

“I most certainly am not.” I laughed flatly and shook my head, pushing away from the shelter of the wall and moving closer to the bed. “Take me back, Adam. I wish to return to the Thymeria.”

“I couldn’t return you to the Thymeria, even if I wanted to.” He advanced, beginning the short trek around the bed. “You’re no longer a member of the human faction.”

“What are you talking about?” My voice wavered as he neared, and there was little I could do about it. His heady, woodsy scent brushed over me, and my knees went liquid.

Damn him.

“Who do you think saved you? Did you honestly believe the Thymeria would intervene on your behalf? They’ve been sending innocent people to do their dirty work, clinging to immortality like the cowards and leeches they are. They would have gladly sacrificed you and had another ready to take your place as you drew your last breath.”

Shaking my head, I thought of my brethren. “It could have been—”

“Nor was it your compatriots,” he interrupted and finished my thought smoothly. “They would have found the same fate had they tried. Humans are not meant to tangle with immortals. Even those most diligently trained.”

The combined scent of wood, leaves, pine, earth, and wolf were overwhelming, which made it impossible to think clearly. Adam’s presence was a shock three years ago, and time had done little to alleviate the tension coursing through me at his nearness. I forced myself to remember his harshly spoken reprimand before he dismissed me that night so long ago, having informed me I was no more than a child.

“Back off,” I snarled and started to leap onto the bed, mortified by the memory and my response to him.

His hand shot out, negating my progress. He guided me back against the wall and stood in front of me, his massive body blocking out the room behind him. The scent was stronger with the source so near, swamping me, encasing me, and I had to bite down hard on my lower lip to silence the moan that threatened to slip past. I slammed my eyes shut to block him out in the only way I could.

“Do you want to know who killed Demetrius?” His words, spoken in a husky timbre, were accompanied by his warm breath against my face. “Aren’t you curious?”

My entire body melted at the verbal caress, and a dumb nod was all I was capable of.

“I did,” he whispered thickly, violently. “I ripped out his goddamned throat before I severed his fucking spine.”

My eyes flew open, and I stammered, “W-what?”

Lycae did not get involved with the Thymeria without the promise of compensation. They detested the blood drinkers, thinking them little more than cold-blooded parasites. If Adam killed Demetrius, he would be owed a heavy boon.

“That’s right,” Adam murmured as I caught on, and he brushed his nose lightly against mine. “Since I relieved the Thymeria of their burden, they relinquished what I desired most.”

He pulled away to look me in the eye, and I blurted, “I don’t understand.”

His warm fingers wound into the hair at my nape, twining gently into the thick blonde strands. “The Thymeria knew of my intentions. That’s why they waited until you were twenty-one to send you after their most sought after Fallen. They banked on the fact I would be there, and that I’d kill the fucking bastard if he so much as touched you.” My hitched gasp of surprise amused him. “You shouldn’t be surprised, love. Vampires are shrewd creatures, if anything.”

As he spoke, I found myself moving closer to his enticing warmth, drawn to the cadence of his speech. His lips appeared so full and soft, so tempting . . .

Damn it! I cursed myself, shaking my head to clear my mind and ripping my eyes away from his sublime face to stare blankly at the wooden floor. My body refused to settle despite my best effort. My breasts felt heavy, my nipples going hard as the soft cotton shirt brushed painfully against the agonized flesh.

“Why would you follow me?” I choked out the question in the same instant I thought it. Distraught by the reaction he produced in me. “You made your feelings clear in New Orleans. Nothing’s changed.”

I tried to move to freedom and was rewarded with Adam’s impressive body pressing flush against me. My knees gave out with the contact of his heated skin, and he wrapped a strong arm around my waist to keep me upright.

“That’s where you’re wrong, Kass,” he rasped and nuzzled my neck, sending vibrations along the nerve endings and creating a scattering of goose bumps along the surface. He brushed his mouth against my ear and whispered, “Everything’s changed.”

Our eyes met, hunter green clashing with mushroom blue, and I froze, unable to move as his face descended, coming closer, then closer . . .

His lips were softer than I’d believed them, and far more gentle than I’d imagined. My eyes fluttered closed, and I moaned when his tongue slid past and caressed mine, darting in tenderly before retreating and coming back once more. Already frazzled senses heightened, allowing me to revel in the smell, taste, and feel of him. Eager and wanton hands caressed the hot smooth skin along his back without shame, fingers delving into solid and unyielding muscle.

He pulled away, breathing heavy, and whispered possessively, “You are mine now. The Thymeria have severed the tie and have placed you into my keeping. You’re of proper age to claim and take as a mate, and that is exactly what I intend to do. I’ve waited far too long for you.”

The words had meaning, but they didn’t compute, buzzing through one ear and out of the other. My mind couldn’t fathom anything but the man directly in front of me. I’d fantasized about Adam for so long I wondered if I had died and went to some eroticized version of heaven.

His laugh was rich, throaty, and deep. “You’re not in heaven, love. Not yet.”

He kissed me again, his tongue consuming my mouth as his arms wound around my shoulders and legs, lifting me effortlessly into the air. The softness of the mattress cushioned my back, and my head sank into the plush pillows. He never broke our kiss when he lifted his much larger frame and maneuvered it over me while our tongues twined. His knee spread my legs, and he guided his waist between them and settled his delicious weight over my pounding and achy sex.

Muffled moans eclipsed the silence in the room, and I dimly perceived that they came from me. Adam rotated his hips and rubbed his pelvis against my quivering core.

“So hot for me,” he groaned into my mouth and thrust his hips forcefully, eliciting a high-pitched mew of want from my throat. “I can scent your heat. You smell exquisite.”

The warmth of his body vanished as he lifted away and reached for the buttons of my shirt. One by one, he slipped them free, separating the material only when the last one was undone. His green eyes flashed liquid peridot, and his squared jaw clenched and relaxed.

“I love your breasts. So full and heavy, white and pink.” His voice was hoarse, the words slurred and weighted, as if his tongue were suddenly heavy.

At last, some semblance of reason bubbled to the surface of my brain. What did I almost allow to happen? I tugged at the shirt to shield my body from view and held the pieces together in one hand while I squirmed and reached frantically for the headboard with the other.

The attempt to flee seemed to excite Adam. His eyes remained a bright emerald green, his focus honed on me like a delicious rabbit trapped in a snare that he wanted to devour.

My voice conveyed my confusion, my weakness to him, and above all, my rising fear. “I want to leave.”

“No, you don’t.” He grinned, mirroring my motions until we were once again separated by scant inches. “You want to stay right here, in this bed”—his lips curved, broadening into an alluring smile—“with me.”

Panic made my voice crack. “I don’t understand any of this. I don’t throw myself at men, and I’m not a slut. This isn’t like me at all.”

The smile vanished, and understanding crossed his face. He shook his head and murmured comfortingly, “No, of course it isn’t.”

He lifted his hand, cupped my chin, and traced my jaw with steady strokes of his thumb. Each pass returned the fire to my traitorous veins, heating my system, and bringing me back to the point of no return.

“What’s wrong with me?” I whimpered, going limp and allowing him to pull me back to the softness of the bed.

“It’s the instinct.” He soothed, covering me once more with his strong and chiseled body, settling his weight between my thighs and balancing himself on steady elbows. He lifted a stray lock of hair from my face and smiled down at me, eyes now a deep calming hunter green.

“The instinct?” I asked softly.

“It’s what happens when Lycæe mate. Our bodies secrete pheromones that entice and encourage our female to respond. That combined with . . .” His mouth clamped shut, and he glanced away.

When he made no effort to finish I prodded, “Combined with what, Adam?”

His sigh was heavy, and when he met my eyes there was guilt embedded deeply within. One of his large hands wrapped around my right elbow while the other worked at the bandage taped around my

forearm. Somehow, I knew what sight would greet me beyond the covering of gauze and tape, but my heart still missed a beat, and my breath clung in my throat when I saw the jagged wounds in the flesh, dark bruises surrounding each one.

“You have to understand something.” He didn’t look at me while he spoke, caressing the closed lacerations with light passes of his thumb. “The Thymeria were beholden to me for what I’ve done, but they could have refused my request and demanded I choose another form of payment for ridding them of Demetrius. There was only one way to ensure that didn’t happen, and as you are well aware, Lycae are not welcome among them.”

“You could have allowed me to continue on as I have, going your own way,” I corrected, reminding him there was another choice before I added hollowly, “You didn’t have to bite me.”

“You don’t understand.” He was angry now, voice distorting as his vocal cords contorted. His chin came up, and his eyes were bright again, a lustrous teal. “I would follow you to hell and back. Once we find our mate, that’s it. Nothing else matters to us. Not our brethren, our families, or our lives. And those greedy leeches know it. I would have become nothing more than a tool for them, a pawn in their sadistic game. And you would have been the unwitting puppet master pulling my strings.”

I knew he was speaking the truth. The Thymeria didn’t have human morality. They lived and existed under a completely different code of conduct and honor. But it still didn’t make sense. I clearly remembered what happened in New Orleans. The pain continued to hover, even now. A taint over my still fragile heart, and I found myself repeating one truth over and over in my mind.

You let me go before.

Pain radiated through his eyes, and I knew he heard the thought as clearly as if I’d spoken it. His irises shifted, going dark around the edge and light near the pupil.

“You have no idea how difficult that was for me, allowing you to think I didn’t want you. But our laws are clear, and our mates must be given until their twenty-first year before the claim.” He released my arm and wound his hand back into my hair, capturing my eyes with his, silencing me with twin pools of variegated green. “After I left you in the Quarter that night, I met with the pack elders and rescinded my rank, informing them I’d found my mate. After over a century of service, I’ve earned the right to retire. But unfortunately, my retirement is exactly how the Thymeria discovered your worth. When an Alpha steps down, immortals take notice.”

Disbelieving, I asked, “You did that . . . for me?”

He nodded. “And I would again. I was never far from you, even though I remained unseen. I’ve waited so long for you, Kassia, so very long.”

“And now . . . I’m like you,” I whispered, “aren’t I?”

“Yes.” He lowered his head and snared my lips.

Words weren’t necessary. Lycae were blessed with the profound ability to hear the thoughts of others. I didn’t attempt to stem the flow of chaotic ramblings tumbling through my mind, wanting

him to know and understand the complexity of my unstable emotions. Just hours ago, I believed I would face my greatest fear and earn my place among the Thymeria. Then, I faced certain death, descending into the abyss I conceived as the ever after.

And now . . . Now I was something else all together.

“Shh.” He attempted to alleviate my fear, his lips tender against mine. “Everything will be fine, love. Trust me.”

The strong scent of Adam engulfed me, and the horrible cramping sensation returned, causing the walls of my sex to spasm and contort. I groaned into his mouth and writhed against him to ease the relentless agony.

“Let me take care of you,” he whispered and pressed his mouth against my throat, licking a wet path down the column until he found the tender hollow below. He parted the shirt once more, and, breathing hotly against my skin, bathed my flesh with soothing laps of his tongue.

“Adam.” I moaned his name and arched my back when his mouth found and took my peaked nipple into its moist depths, creating a blistering agony. His tongue flicked over the bud, rotating in a slow sensual circle, teasing and tormenting the sensitive skin.

“Please.” I bucked my hips, nearly undone as he did the same to the other breast. He was lazy with his ministrations, taking his time, stoking the heat.

His fingers slid past my quivering belly and drifted lower.

I wanted to scream when his finger slid past the swollen folds of my sex, but the orgasm that overcame me was too intense. I wheezed for air, thrashing violently, and he cupped my sex, stilling his movements until the pleasure slowly passed. The cramping in my stomach eased and became a dull ache that pulsed.

He kissed my throat and asked, “Is that better?”

Swallowing thickly, I then managed to pant, “Y-yes.”

I closed my eyes and allowed myself to drift, shrouded by Adam. He played with the layered strands at my temples, whispering casual nothings in his language. He smelled incredible—clean but woodsy—and entirely masculine. Each inhale seemed to bring more of him inside me, coating my lungs, and the ache in my abdomen snaked into a sharp spasm of pain.

I groaned, twisting my head into the pillow.

“Fucking hell.” He cursed in a low growl and stopped combing his fingers through my hair. He bent close to whisper against the now blistering skin at my nape, “I’m sorry. I wish I could give you more time. But there’s only one way to alleviate the kiss of the moon and give you relief.”

“The k-kiss of the m-moon,” I stammered and tried to force my body to go still, gasping, “What are you talking about?”

Adam didn't answer and lifted my trembling body upright so he could remove the shirt from my flushed torso. He tossed the wadded material to the floor and made quick work of the sheets and comforter, throwing them into a messy heap against the wall.

"Listen to me, Kass." He sounded serious, and I forced my eyes open, locating his concerned face hovering above me. "Don't be embarrassed by anything that happens between us. We are mated, you and I. Allow the instinct to guide you."

"Adam," I barked, suffocated by one need and one alone.

He frowned. "What, love?"

"Shut up and kiss me."

Thank God, he did. His tongue fueled the heat, and I met each thrust with one of my own, desperate and out of control. My skin beaded with sweat. My heart pounded. My sex clenched with an empty ache. It was maddening, causing me to lose whatever grip I'd maintained on reality.

Whatever was occurring between us was meant to happen. I knew it, could sense and feel it. The bleakness I wasn't aware I carried was suddenly absent, and I was whole once more.

Adam's mouth continued to ravish mine while his fingers toyed with my nipples. He thrummed the peaks with his thumbs before clasping them between his fingers, rolling each one oh so gently. Each new sensation was too much, each touch too tender. I needed something from Adam, but I didn't know what it was.

"More," I growled in throaty voice I didn't recognize while clawing the flesh of his back with the cruel bite of my fingernails.

His lips vanished, and his weight lifted. The bed shifted, and I squirmed, held in place by the solid hands clutching my hips. I lifted my head and watched as Adam drifted down the length of my body, parting my thighs with his shoulders. Modesty should have surfaced, or some decorum of propriety in the very least—but it didn't.

A newer feral portion of me demanded this—just this.

Adam growled at the sight before him and said, "I'm going to devour you until you can't take it anymore. Then, you're going to come for me."

His eyes met mine just before his face descended. His fingers gently parted the folds of my center, and I shuddered, struggling against his hold. I felt his hot breath just before his thick tongue ran in an intentional line along my slick sex, and the world as I knew it ceased to exist.

Licking, tonguing, sucking, and tasting, he lavished the same attention on my core that he did my breasts and mouth. Each stroke was deliberate, each thrust intentional. I teetered on the brink of orgasm, so close I could taste it. My hips rotated against his mouth unconsciously, aiding me on the mission to find and receive necessary relief.

“Do you need more?” Adam demanded hoarsely against my flesh. “Do you want me to give you more?”

“God, yes,” I groaned, relieved when he returned his attention to my agonized sex.

I watched him, completely brazen, unable to look away. He met my eyes midstroke of his wicked tongue and stopped. His hands released my bottom and rose up my sides until he found my breasts. He pinched the nipples before soothing the sting by massaging the stiff peaks between his thumbs and index fingers.

“Do you like the way that feels?” he asked, twirling his thumb in a circular motion around the edge of the pink areola.

My eyes slid closed, and I basked in the moment, wanting more from him but attempting to suffocate the terrible ache that refused to abate deep inside my body. He licked and bathed my neck with tender laps of his tongue, breathing lightly against my wet skin and then blowing softly.

Breathless, I murmured, “Yes.”

His hands wrapped around my wrists and guided my fingers to my breasts. He wrapped one of my palms around one soft globe and rolled the other nipple with his free hand before replacing his fingers with mine.

“Then touch them, love. Just like this. Give yourself pleasure.”

I opened my eyes as he situated his body between my legs and returned to the task of tonguing my sex as I caressed the pebbled nipples as he instructed. He worked a thick middle finger into my heat and thrust in and out several times.

“Jesus, you’re tight.” He parted me with a second finger, stretching my sex in smooth strokes that corresponded with the harsh licks at my sex. Within seconds, that glorious tension permeated my body and sent me into infinitesimal tremors.

“Come for me,” Adam growled and flicked his tongue in a quick motion across the sensitive bud atop my sex, bumping his knuckle against the delicate softness of my core. “I want you to come on my tongue.”

My body splintered, going weightless and boneless as I climaxed, uncontrollable muscles jerking and twitching of their own accord. My cries were muffled by my lack of oxygen, each one raspy and feather light. I twisted my torso into the pillows, gasping for air.

The flicker of the fire against the ceiling was the first thing I became aware of when I resurfaced, followed by the vision of Adam’s beautiful face. He wasn’t grinning, or smug, though he did appear wholly content and relieved.

He caressed my cheek tenderly with the back of his fingers and asked, “How do you feel?”

“Wonderful.” I sighed, noting that the cramping in my stomach had ebbed once more and that I could breathe easy.

“It won’t last for long.” He sounded remorseful, the soft bristles of his shadowed chin brushing against my face as he nuzzled my throat. “A good release will hold off the need, but it won’t relieve it.”

“What’s happening to me, Adam?” I met his eyes, daring him to look away.

He hesitated before he answered. “You’re reacting to me and the newly emerging wolf under your skin. Tomorrow is full moon, and as your mate . . . your body needs what I can give it.”

“Do you mean sex?”

“Not entirely. It’s a bit more complicated.”

“I don’t understand.”

He frowned, dark brows furrowed together. “I know.”

The cramping returned without warning, searing my womb with molten fire. My sex clenched spastically, nipples so sensitive I wanted to scream. A voice that wasn’t my own surfaced in my head, guiding my actions.

Entice.

Adam didn’t appear shocked when I wrapped my arms around him and, finding his lips, pushed against his chest in an effort to force him up and onto the pillows in my place. He cradled my breasts as we switched positions, his thumbs pressing and thrumming the nipples.

“I . . . I need,” I whimpered, unable to finish as the light flicks of his thumbs sent sparks of electricity jolting down my spine.

“I know what you need.” Adam lifted his hips, kissed my quaking lips, and released my breasts to work the clasp and button on his slacks. “Don’t be afraid. Just as you belong to me, I now belong to you.”

He couldn’t remove the slacks fast enough, taking far too long. The sight of his fully engorged cock should have been frightening, the swollen plumlike head as wide as my wrist. The tanned skin was slick, the shaft impossibly long and thick. Several veins bulged in blue patterns beneath the surface of the skin, disappearing at the crown.

“Taste me.” Adam encouraged, relaxing against the headboard.

The voice in my mind returned, louder this time.

Tempt.

Something took over, guiding me, instructing me. I brought Adam into my mouth and lavished attention upon the hot flesh. My tongue brushed the underside, and I sucked hungrily while winding my hand around the portion my mouth didn't cover, stroking lightly. Each time I bobbed my head, I took more of him, until the thick tip pressed against the back of my throat. The salty bitterness that coated my tongue incensed me, and I relaxed my jaw to take even more of his thick shaft until my lips neared my clasped hand.

Fingers wound into my hair and twisted gently. "Christ, Kass, your mouth feels so fucking incredible."

Lure.

I moaned, sucking harder, bobbing my head and moving my hand faster. More saltiness came, engulfing my senses and driving me into a nearly blinding lust. I wanted to feel this part of him deep inside of me, stretching me, filling me. Nothing would end the agony until his body was seated deeply inside my own and I took his seed into my womb. My sex spasmed each time I brought my lips across his slick skin, the cramping in my stomach almost unbearable.

The head of his cock seemed to swell, forcing me to widen my mouth. Adam's heavy breathing caught, and he tugged on my hair.

"It's too good, too fucking good," he grated, yanking harder when I refused to pull away. "Stop, Kass. You have to stop."

I needed . . . I needed . . .

Attract.

Adam's hand released my hair, and he moved as if he'd heard the thought, guiding me toward the pillows on my hands and knees. He placed each of my hands on the wooden headboard, licking and nipping at the skin along my spine. Then he tucked several pillows under my stomach. I wiggled my ass and, trying to press against him, arched my back for easier access.

"Soon," he promised at my ear, leaning in to lick at the lobe before bringing the soft flesh between his sharp incisors. "I want to make sure you're ready."

The mattress shifted beneath my knees, and I felt something silky brush against my thigh. Adam's hands cupped my ass and guided my hips down, until I was nestled over his face. The deep, sure stroke of his tongue against my throbbing core brought a high-pitched wail from my chest, and I fisted the headboard to remain upright.

"You're so hot and wet," he growled and licked again, causing me to whimper and cling to the headboard like an anchor to reality. "I want you to come for me again like this. Do you want to come for me, Kassia?"

"Please," I moaned.

"Tell me," he demanded and licked my pulsating clitoris.

Trembling with the effort, my knees threatened to give. With my voice quaking, I rasped, “I want to come for you.”

His hot mouth and soft lips invaded me and created wave upon wave of sexual bliss until I crested. Each rasp of his tongue brought me closer, until I was drifting, ready to explode and combust. Oddly, the orgasm that arrived was weak and short-lived, leaving me desperate for more.

I cried out at the loss and heard Adam’s gruffly muttered, “Fuck.”

He quickly worked a finger in, following it within minutes with a second. He went deeper, then deeper, stretching his fingers inside my tight core, until the pleasure bordered on pain. The odd inner cramping seemed to latch onto those thick fingers, crushing them in heated spasms.

Each time an orgasm neared, it soon dissipated, leaving me a wreck of tingling nerve endings and muscles. The fire in my belly was agonizing, becoming a sharp stabbing sensation that increased with each passing minute.

“Please, Adam,” I begged, wanting relief so badly I’d gladly kill for it.

“You’re so small and tight. And I’m not averagely endowed. I don’t want to hurt you,” Adam grumbled, sliding his hand back and forth.

I shook my head, closing my eyes. “You won’t.”

“I know that you’re a virgin, love. I might have been out of sight, but I was not out of mind. I don’t want to cause you unnecessary pain—”

“I’m in pain right now!” I wailed in frustration, teetering on the brink of madness. “Nothing could possibly hurt as much as this.”

He slid from his place between my knees and pressed his large body against me. His chest was warm against the cool skin at my back, calming and soothing. His lips brushed against my shoulder, purposeful fingers trailing up my sides before moving to rest atop my hands latched onto the headboard.

“You’re mine, Kassia Lambert. After this, there is no going back for either of us. Do you understand?”

Strangely, I did. The instinct he spoke of was becoming clearer, flashing sporadic visions and images of our future together. I would finally have what I most longed for, what I was robbed of in early childhood. It was the only reason I’d ever joined the ranks of those like me in the Order, to sate the need to belong.

I would have a family of my own, consisting of a home and children.

A family created and nurtured by Adam.

“You’ll never be alone again,” he vowed, kissing my shoulder.

His hands squeezed mine before he moved away and situated himself directly behind me. I turned, watching him over my shoulder and shivering when he fisted his cock and touched the tip to my sex. He slid himself up and down, parting the folds with the slick head and wetting himself with my arousal.

“Wanted this for so long. Need to be inside her so badly.”

The thought was Adam’s, and it echoed through my skull, his own sexual longing suffusing my own.

“Then be inside me.” I pressed back, feeling the wide tip throb in response. “Please, Adam.”

He hissed when the head slid inside and he stretched my untried sex. The pressure was extreme but pleasurable, the cramping in my stomach intensifying. When he was buried crown deep, Adam released his cock, grasped my hips, and guided me back as he paved the way with short and sensual motions.

His tension was palpable, mounting along with his rising lust. Portions of his thoughts whispered to me, and I knew he was walking a thin line. He wanted to lose himself, to encase his entire length in one hard thrust. But he also wanted to be gentle, to ensure he didn’t hurt me in the taking.

I reassured him by arching my back and causing him to go deeper, creating a sharp burning sensation.

“Damn it,” he growled, his large body a mass of trembling muscle. “I have to claim you now. I can’t wait anymore.”

He slowly slid free, until only the thick and pulsating head of his shaft remained snugly inside. Then he lurched forward, barreling past my virgin tightness to bury his throbbing cock completely inside my constricting sex. My knuckles turned white, and I clenched the headboard, muting my yelp of pain by biting my bottom lip. The cramping in my stomach was overshadowed by the excruciating burn deep inside my body, and tears blurred the wall before my eyes.

“So tight,” Adam rasped.

He didn’t move, savoring the feel of his body trapped and encased wholly by mine. He gloried in our union, experiencing both relief and an almost arrogant satisfaction. I nearly raged at him for enjoying something that hurt so much when he became grounded, regretting the pain he caused. He kept his hips flush against my ass but moved his torso, grasping my hands and prying my rigid fingers loose from the wooden frame. He brought my back into his chest and cupped my breasts, teasing the nipples.

“Easy, Kass, I’ve got you.”

He bathed my neck with tender laps of his tongue, breathing lightly against my wet skin and then blowing softly. The burn ebbed, hindered by the prickles of ecstasy wielded by his fingers and

mouth. The fullness of his body became intoxicating, no longer painful or obtrusive. I went lax, my sex clenching and releasing. Adam shifted his hips, rotating them beneath me, and I moaned.

His words caressed the hair along my nape. “Do you like that?”

I nodded, unable to speak. He felt incredible, so thick and heavy.

“Do you want to come for me?”

I nodded again, clutching his hands as he massaged and kneaded my breasts.

He shifted his weight and guided me back to my knees, never leaving my sex as he placed my hands on the headboard. His warm palms traveled up the length of my arms and then slid past my shoulders until they rested on my hips.

Slowly, and with infinite care, he began pulling free of my body. The emptiness I experienced was immediate, and I pushed back to keep him within me.

“Oh no, you don’t,” Adam growled, tightening his grip, and I realized his control was all but gone. “I’m in charge this time. Hold on to that fucking headboard, relax, and enjoy it.”

The air escaped my lungs in a painful gasp, forced from my body when Adam slammed balls deep into me. The head of his cock delved into my womb, into my innermost depths, and my legs went watery.

His voice changed, becoming throaty and deep, as if he were speaking to himself. “That’s right. Take all of me, every last inch.”

I arched my back to allow him to go deeper and reveled in the intimacy of our bodies locked together. He started to move, easing out of my sex before ramming back in, riding me with deep sure strokes. My breasts bounced with the impact, my nipples going hard as the dislodged pillows beneath brushed against them.

“Fuck, you feel good,” Adam snarled, slamming his hips against my ass and pounding into me until the sound of skin slapping skin ricocheted inside the room. “You’re so wet for me, so hot and tight.”

My moans were jagged, cut short as he rammed into my body over and over again. His thoughts were clearer now, feeding me images of all the ways he wanted to take me—on my back, against the wall, his clawed fingers digging into my skin, his fanged teeth locked onto my neck, holding me in place as he claimed me as a wolf and not as a man. It was beyond erotic, witnessing the ways he planned to have me, and the ever elusive climax I’d been pleading for finally began to surface.

“You like that, do you?” Adam brought his lips to my shoulder, nipping at sweaty skin. He released one hip and brought his hand beneath, massaging my swollen clitoris and squeezing gently—once, twice . . .

It was as if he knew exactly what I needed to send me over. The orgasm that coursed through my sex extended through my body and caused my mind to black out. I wasn't aware of anything but pure sensation, the most unbelievable feeling imaginable derived from the knowledge my sex was clenching and milking Adam for the relief he would provide. Experiencing a pleasure so intense I worried I might pass out. I bowed my head and tried to weather the storm.

Adam's snarling voice was distant, even as his mouth pressed against my shoulder and his teeth pierced the skin. "I'm going to come. Relax for me."

I felt something swell deep inside, a fullness that bordered on pain. Something snagged and engaged in my sex before latching into place. A warm heat bathed my womb, accompanied by the violent jerking of Adam's shaft, and another orgasm seared through me. I screamed my release, my hands slipping from the headboard when I went limp.

Adam's arms wound around my waist, and I collapsed into the pillows, breathing hard. When the room stopped spinning, I realized he was wrapped around me like a blanket, arms locked firmly at my waist. The terrible ache in my gut was finally dissipating, the need in my body sated.

I shifted against the pillows, and Adam growled, arms going taut. "Don't move, Kass."

The answer to my unspoken question arrived before I had the opportunity to ask, given courtesy of Adam's mind.

"Locked together."

His barb was engaged, ensuring our mating was successful.

I kept my face in the pillow, afraid to ask, knowing he would hear just the same.

"I'd know if you were ovulating." He pressed a kiss to my spine and rubbed a comforting hand along my back. "Don't worry. You won't get pregnant."

I gasped when his still stiff and solid length jerked again, flooding my womb with another wave of liquid fire, and an orgasm detonated throughout my body. My limbs thrashed, and fisting the sheet beneath me, I cried into the pillow. It seemed to go on and on, wave upon wave of pleasure. My body didn't go boneless until the ripples passed, leaving me breathless.

"It's all right," Adam groaned, relaxing against me momentarily when his own climax was over. "We'll do that several more times before we separate."

"I don't know if I'll survive several more times," I murmured, thrilled and exhausted by the prospect.

"You will." He nuzzled my neck, chuckling. "And when it's over, we'll sleep for a while before we start all over again. I'll never be able to get enough of you."

"And what will happen tomorrow? When the full moon rises?"

“We’ll do as we’ve done tonight. We’ll feel the kiss of the moon and answer the call.”

His barb didn’t retract until he brought us to climax three more times, each one more devastating than the one before. By then, our bodies were slick with sweat, each of us barely able to move. He shifted me in his arms and brought us face-to-face, our heavy limbs entwined. His fingers combed through my snarled hair, smoothing the tangles.

An unspoken communication transpired between us, a link we now shared allowing us to understand and experience exactly what the other was feeling and thinking.

Adam didn’t have to tell me he loved me. I could sense his devotion, his contentment, and his adoration through flashbacks of the past that came and went. I experienced his fear when he had discovered the Thymeria dispatched me to Demetrius, his anguish when he bit into my skin to seal my fate, and his unwavering resolve to make me happy. Each emotion washed over me, and I relaxed in his arms, envisioning the past and what had transpired between us without the taint of pain or the bitterness of heartbreak.

I never forgot Adam, even after I left New Orleans. His memory haunted me, a constant shade in my mind that refused to relinquish its hold and give me peace. No matter where I went, he was there. Adam was the person I compared all others to, the only man I’d ever wanted.

Then it dawned on me that I’d known just as he did in that instant our paths crossed that we were destined for one another. Brought together by whatever it was that guided fate.

I opened my sleepy eyes when he whispered, “You’re so beautiful.”

His deep hunter green irises were studying me, incredibly long and dark lashes framing them perfectly. I managed to lift my hand to caress his shadowed cheek, heart melting when his lips curved into a crooked grin.

Tomorrow, the full moon would rise, and together, we would answer the call.

I returned his smile and whispered back, “So are you.”

The End

About the Author

I'm a normal gal with a taste for the macabre. I started writing on the down low when I was in high school, keeping my work a secret—until now. In my spare time, I enjoy the simple pleasures in life, like shooting a game of pool (straight eight, if you please), listening to my favorite band (NIN), or spending time relaxing with my husband and our brood. Please come visit me on my homepage: www.jasaare.com.