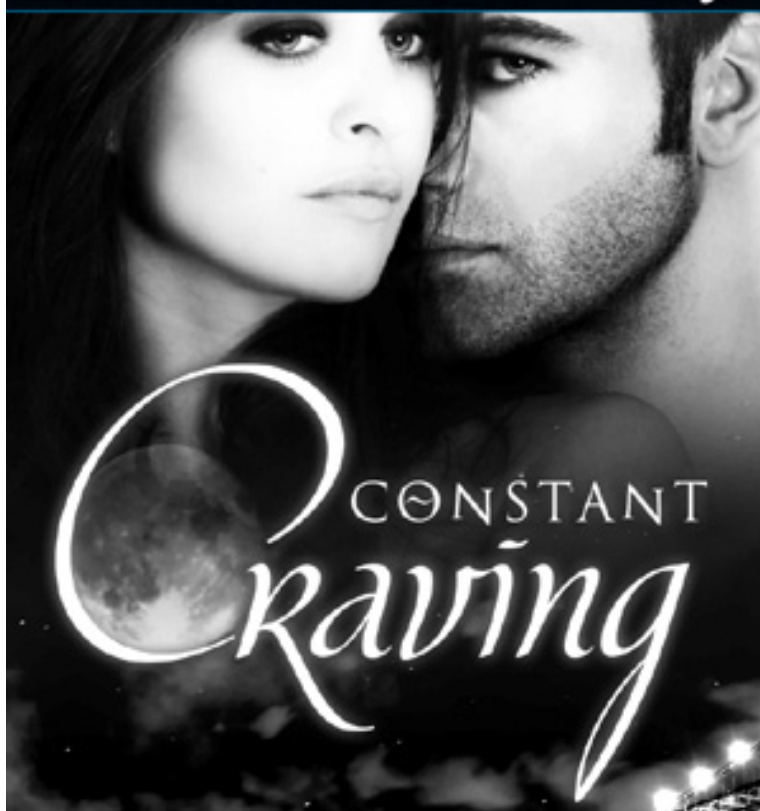


COBBLESTONE PRESS PRESENTS



# WICKED

Christina Kelly



*Constant Craving*

*By*

*Christina Kelly*

## **Constant Craving by Christina Kelly**

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### **Constant Craving**

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**Dedication**

**To Myself.**

## Chapter One

I turned my gaze to my tumbler of whiskey before I glanced up again. Nope, it wasn't my mind playing tricks on me. He still stared at me with an intense stare that made me tingle.

While I'm not the type to wallow in my low self-esteem, I couldn't wrap my mind around the fact that a guy like that could be so enraptured with me.

His burnt-sienna colored hair was cut short in a businessman style. His hazel eyes stayed on my profile, and he made no effort to pretend to look elsewhere. His finely tailored dark suit complimented his lithe and toned frame to perfection.

I couldn't bring myself to hold his gaze for longer than three seconds. My panties were already soaked through from just one glance at him.

This club, Hide-A-Way, was not my usual hangout. It just happened to be the only bar open when I finally left work, and I desperately needed to get good and sloshed before facing the rest of my long and empty weekend.

"All right, kitten, I'm going to have to cut you off," the bartender whispered to me. Even though no one could hear him above the pounding techno, my face still heated with embarrassment. I pushed my glasses up my nose and glanced at my watch. Dang, I'd only been here for a couple of hours.

I preferred drinking in a bar to drinking at home. When I'm in a

bar, technically, I'm not drinking alone. Therefore, I don't have a *problem*.

"Look, I'm not driving," I said honestly. "How about one more?" My little apartment was only two blocks away.

The bartender shook his head but refilled my tumbler anyway.

"Bing-o." I smiled while lifting the glass to my lips.

"Kitten, I gotta be straight with you," the bartender said as I gingerly sipped my jack and coke. "I don't think you should be walking home drunk with that killer still on the loose."

I doubted he'd give me another refill, so I had to savor this one. "I'm not too worried about it," I muttered, knowing he couldn't hear me. "Death would be too much of an upgrade."

I honestly didn't like to be reminded of the outside world and its happenings. I was much more content in the cocoon of isolation I built around myself.

Maybe if I were more social I'd remember this bartender's name and ask him for details about the gorgeous guy staring me down. Nah, even I had to admit I was going to just go home, lie down on the couch, and watch the black-and-white movie playing on *Dr. Destruction's Crimson Theater* this evening.

"Why don't you let me pay for this?"

I turned to see my beautiful admirer sitting right beside me. I straightened my posture and extended my hand.

He smiled at my obvious attempt to appear sober.

"Jas-Jasmine. Hello," I stammered, looking into his unflinching eyes. It was almost unnatural how good looking he was.

"I'm Victor. Go on, finish your drink." His voice was heavy with an accent I couldn't identify.

"Oh, no. I was just leaving." I stumbled to my feet, and he placed his hand on my elbow to steady me.

I turned to look up into his face. His half-lidded eyes caught mine, and my knees went weak. His heady, intoxicating scent filled my nostrils. He smelled spicy, strong, and so safe. I wanted him to wrap me in his arms. I wanted to feel his chest pressed against mine while his tongue explored my mouth.

"I would like to see you home," he stated in an oddly formal way.

"See me home, huh? Yea, let's go." I couldn't remember the last time I'd been intimate with a man. My job at the library made my days run together, and I spent most of my weekends drunk on the couch reading trashy paperback novels. This pattern had never bothered me before.

Not until I realized I had every intention of sleeping with this man. A desire that had lain dormant inside me suddenly flared to the surface as he held my hand and carefully walked me out into the humid night.

God, I was so drunk, so close to blacking out, but I desperately wanted to remember him, this beautiful stranger who lead me toward my apartment above the corner store. I giggled as he followed me up the narrow stairs to the cramped hallway where my door stood across from two others.

"We have to be quiet so we don't wake my neighbors," I shouted while looking for my keys.

Victor smiled, reached out, and turned the knob. The door opened, and I admonished myself for leaving it unlocked all day. I could have sworn that I locked it.

I took another look at him and decided the locks didn't matter.

He stepped closer to me. My breathing became slow and labored as he bent his head to whisper in my ear in that formal way of his, "Jasmine, would you like for me to stay for a little while?"

"Yes, of course." As soon as the words left my lips, he was upon me, his arms around my waist and his lips on mine. While I eagerly returned his kisses, he pulled the ivory combs from my hair. Victor kept his hands twined in my tresses while I drank in the feel of him pressed up against me. I could hear my heart beating in time with his.

He ran his tongue down the veins of my neck before I felt *them*. His fangs.

I jumped. When I pulled back, staring at him in shock, his eyes dilated while he watched the trail of warm liquid trail between my breasts.

Thoroughly embarrassed and not quite grasping the situation in

my inebriated state, I brushed my hand across the wound and brought my fingertips to my lips. "Oh, I'm bleeding, how awful," I said once I recognized the coppery liquid.

"Oh god," Victor panted before crushing me against his chest. He buried his face into the crook of my neck and brutally bit down.

Then intense pain yanked me into awareness, and I dug my nails into his back as he drank from me.

I didn't think he would stop, and soon I didn't want him to. My whole body tingled with pleasure bordering on pain. I cried out when my toes began to curl as a numbing orgasm rocked me.

He sheathed his fangs and crushed his lips against mine. His hands trialed to the band of my soaked panties, and his fingers brushed across my swollen and throbbing clit.

"Don't tease me. Don't," I cried before blacking out.



## Chapter Two

The next morning I woke up nude on sweat-soaked sheets. The only recollection of last night I possessed was a pounding hangover. My thighs were extremely sore, and I noticed faint scratches on my hips. I limped into my living room to find my desk turned over and my couch pushed clear across the room.

“How on earth...?” I wondered, running my hands over the scratches in the wood floor. The grooves were deep, as if a wild animal had used the floor to sharpen its claws.

Unprepared to think through my pounding headache, I continued on to the bathroom. My black hair was a wild tumble on my head, as if someone had spent the night running their fingers through it. After brushing it back into a bun, I resolved not to drink any more for at least a week. Even my lips were bruised, and a dull pain resonated through my jaw when I touched them. Geez Louise, was I attacked last night?

Then I tilted my head to the side and noticed my brand new love bites.

Last night’s events came crashing back to me. His mouth open wide, and his broad fangs glistening as I rode his long, thick cock. How he’d turned me over on the couch and fucked me on my hands and knees until I became weak. How his god-like body had been slick with sweat as he carried me like a rag doll into my bedroom, and the moments when I begged him to bite me just one more time while he rocked my body toward release.

I staggered against my bathroom sink, the memories of the sex strong and vivid in my mind. I had to see him again. But I didn't know anything about him. I wasn't even sure if Victor was his real name, and where does a person go to find a vampire?

After taking a long, hot shower, the memories of last night still nagged at me. Every time I closed my eyes if even for a moment, I'd see his body above me, my legs up around his shoulders as he thrust in and out of my pussy. A jolt of lust shot straight up through my legs each time. I went through four pairs of panties in two hours.

I languished around my little apartment all day, waiting for night to fall. My fingers caressed the wounds on my neck and breasts. My body ached in desire as I recalled the feel of his teeth sinking into my flesh.

I couldn't wait to go back to the Hide-A-Way.

### Chapter Three

A crowd hung out on the dance floor, but they didn't interest me. I cut right through them and sat on the barstool closest to the corner where he'd been standing last night, watching me as I drank myself silly. Well, not tonight, damn it. I wanted to be awake and fully alert this time. If hazy drunk sex was that good, I couldn't imagine sober sex with him.

But I didn't want it to seem as if I was there to see him. I ordered one ginger ale after the other. Soon, I was jittery with impatience, and he was nowhere in sight. Of course. How could I have been so stupid? Of course, this Adonis wasn't going to show up for second helpings of the spinster librarian. I bet I was stiff and inexperienced last night.

It has been, what, over three years since my last relationship?

In my unflinching self-pity, I ordered two shots of vodka before grabbing my purse and rushing out of the club as if pursued. What to do now? I couldn't just forget about last night. The need for him was like an addiction. What I wouldn't give for just one more night. One more taste...just a bite.

Tears clouded my vision, and I reached into my bag to grab a Kleenex. A sudden movement from the corner of my eye caused me to gasp and look up. It was *him*. Victor.

"I don't like what you're wearing," he said in the same detached formal manner as he'd spoken to me the night before. It was as if he wasn't accustomed to speaking with anyone, let alone a woman.

I snorted and looked down at my low-cut black dress and red

pumps. "This is a nice dress."

"You look better when you're dressed as yourself." He brushed his thumb across my cheek.

He was right that I wasn't dressed as myself. I normally wore plain old jeans and a black shirt. As I had last night.

"Your eyes are wet," he said when I didn't speak.

A frown marred his beautiful face as he waited for me to reply. I was too busy looking him up and down, memorizing the way his gray button-up shirt hugged his chest, and how his black slacks hugged his muscular thighs. I wanted him to unfurl that silk tie of his and tie my hands behind my back while he fu—

"You were crying." His smooth voice interrupted my thoughts.

My eyes were already clear of tears, and desire uncurled within me. "Ha, can't get anything past you, huh?"

He hugged me and kissed the top of my head.

His sudden, intimate actions shook me to the core. Could there be more than just sex between us? "I came here to find you. I—"

He shushed me with his lips.

The wounds on my neck pulsed under his touch, and a familiar desire snaked up through my legs. God, I needed him to bite me. I arched my body against his, not caring who saw us. He pulled away, and I whimpered in protest.

"I hope I didn't hurt you last night. Sometimes it's hard to restrain myself."

This time I shushed him. I bit down roughly on his bottom lip and yanked his hair. When he groaned, my body shivered.

"Come on," he growled, scooping me up into his arms.

We were up the rickety stairs to my apartment in no time, and the door was barely shut behind us before we tumbled onto my bed. I'd taken the time to put out my nicest sheet set, but I should have known either of us would care or know the difference.

He tugged at my pantyhose then yanked my dress up over my head. The delicacy in which he kissed his way up between my thighs drove me wild.

I reached down and cupped his face with my hands.

"Yes?" he asked, his hazel eyes blazing.

"I want you to bite me first," I whispered as he hooked his fingers around the stringy sides of my black thong.

"Patience, Jasmine," he chided before slipping his fingers into my silky wetness.

I groaned in ecstasy while grinding against his two fingers. He watched me intently as he teased his tongue against my clit. My back arched, and I held tight to my bed sheets. "Victor...." I moaned.

He smiled as he nibbled and sucked my clit and stroked his fingers inside of me. The dampness coming from my pussy plastered the sheets to my ass. My legs tingled and weakened under his expertise. My hips ground against his mouth, my hands holding his head closer to my raging desire.

"Bite me," I insisted.

Victor didn't oblige. Instead, he set up, pulled off his tie, and tore his shirt open with one yank. I ran my hands down his perfectly chiseled chest, while he unzipped his pants and palmed his rock hard cock. The sight of it sent the breath from my lungs.

"Be careful with that," I said breathlessly as he cupped my ass and lay down on top of me.

"I will be gentle," he stated softly. He rubbed the head up and down the lips of my pussy before he slid his cock inside. We moaned in unison as he filled me up. "You're so tight, so wet." He groaned as he thrust into me. I rolled my hips to meet him. He never moved his gaze from my face, though my vision was failing me.

My eyelids fluttered each time he ground against me. "Oh! Oh! Oh," I chanted in pleasure as sweat dampened the crown of my head.

The way he bent me back would make it hard to walk tomorrow, but I didn't care. I savored sex with him like a fine wine. The way he kissed and sucked on my neck and breasts.

"Look at me. Don't close your eyes," he growled as he laid into me.

My legs quivered around his waist, and my eyes threatened to roll right out of my head. With the way he fucked me, I'd have to rent myself

a wheelchair if I planned on leaving the house at all tomorrow.

"Good God," I gasped as he rolled me over and propped me up on my hands and trembling knees. He entered me from behind and pounded into me ruthlessly. I gripped the sheets for stability. Each stroke brought a wave of pleasure so foreign that I struggled to remain upright and coherent. "Victor, oh, God, Victor. Bite me!"

"Alright, now," he said and pulled me up by my hair so my back was pressed against his chest. I hissed in pleasure and shivered with anticipation. My pulse raced while I waited for him to bite me. I didn't speak for fear he'd tease me longer.

Then he sank his teeth into the same wound from last night.

My orgasm came instantly and intensely. I shivered and shook against him. Even though my limbs felt like jelly, my body still responded to his feeding. Each pull of my blood sent a tremor down my spine. I became faint.

"Victor," I cried out as I went utterly limp against him with my skin still buzzing and tingling. He shuddered and grunted, and with one last thrust, he pulled his fangs from my neck.

We both were silent, panting, and unable to speak. Finally, he released me, and I fell into a boneless heap on top of my mattress.

He ran his fingers over my legs, causing goose bumps to rise on my still tender flesh.

I thought he would leave right away, but he pulled my face close to his, and in that oddly detached way I was growing to adore said to me, "I would like to bathe you."

I smiled and fell asleep.

## Chapter Four

The next morning I rose with the sun to get ready for work. My limbs still felt like boiled linguini, but I wasn't as sore as I thought I'd be. Perhaps the late-night bath and massage Victor had insisted on giving me helped my frail mortal body—his words not mine—after all.

I combed my hair into a French twist before slipping on black opaque stockings and a plain knee-length, long-sleeved black dress. After fussing in the mirror for several moments, I decided there was really no discreet way to hide the wounds on my neck, so I settled for a grey paisley ascot.

After arriving at the library, I functioned on autopilot while replaying my last two unbelievable nights. With the sensation of his feeding from me still fresh in my mind, my knees wobbled, and I received sideward glances from the few people browsing the shelves. I didn't care. I was counting down the moments till I could be with him again and have his slender fingers trailing down my—

"Jasmine!" My co-worker, Brittany, hissed while standing in front of my desk. I reluctantly glanced up at her face. Her brown eyes looked me over curiously while I tried to find an excuse why I couldn't work late tonight.

"I have plans, a date as a matter of fact," I replied while turning my chair to look away from her. She snorted, and her blonde bob bounced as she scurried around the desk.

"What's his name?" she asked, launching an arsenal of questions

my way.

I pushed my glasses up the bridge of my nose, "Victor." I sighed like a schoolgirl with a crush, making Brittany smile.

"Where did you meet him?" Brittany grilled, giving me no chance to change the subject.

I shrugged and looked away with a secret smile. No way was I going to tell her about my drunken night at a seedy techno club.

"You should be more careful. You know they still haven't caught that psycho who's running around killing little ladies like yourself."

Oh, gee, *that* was real nice. "Listen, if you stop with the third degree, I'll cover your shift, okay? But never again," I replied with a firmness I'd never displayed before. Usually I happily switched shifts with my co-workers who didn't want to stay until the library closed. I'd never had anything to do or anyone to go home to until now.

Brittany smirked as she rose to leave. "I would ask *what* has gotten into you, but it looks like it's more of a *who*."

I grinned. If only she knew.



## Chapter Five

It was as if this man knew I was dying to get out of here. I vaguely recalled him from earlier in the day. His wrinkled black pants and tattered Henley shirt were unimpressive. Did all mortal men dress that way? My Victor, on the other hand, was always dressed to the nines. Though, I did prefer his clothes off and lying on my floor.

The unimpressive man finally left empty handed after leisurely browsing the shelves for what seemed like hours. I could have killed him.

After a quick sweep through all three floors of the library, I hurriedly clocked out and made my way out into the dark night. The air was humid and the ground wet from the afternoon storm. I loved the feel and look of the night after a summer rain.

For a moment, as I stood on the corner waiting for the light to change, I felt good. I couldn't recall ever feeling this weightless. All thanks to some mysterious stranger and his magnificent penis. The thought of *them* sent tremors from head to my toes. I could *not* wait to get home.

Suddenly it occurred to me that he might not show up. He didn't have to come back at all. How long would my luck with this guy last? I didn't want to go to the Hide-A-Way every night like some dog in heat just hoping to catch him. But, God, how I hoped he would keep me.

I slapped my hand against my forehead in agitation. It was just like me to ruin a good mood with unfounded worries. Of course, he would come back. Maybe. Hopefully.

Finally, the stoplight turned green, and I was able to cross the

street. I walked the four blocks to my little apartment only vaguely aware of the footsteps coming from behind. I was wrapped up in planning what I had to do to find my vampire when I noticed Victor coming directly toward me.

His long trench coat flared behind his legs as he came forward. My breath caught in my throat as I watched his long legs stride confidently toward me. My heart raced, and my wounds tingled. The closer he came, the more lethal and deadly he looked. For the first time I was actually frightened of him.

"Victor?" I said on a breath of surprise as he came up and pushed me gently to the side.

I turned just in time to see him seize the unimpressive man from the library by the collar and slam him repeatedly into the side of my brick building. With two swift movements of Victor's hand, my potential attacker was no more.

My stomach turned, I went a little lightheaded, and I trembled. The man must have followed me from the library while I walked unawares.

But who knew what he had wanted? Maybe he had planned to ask me out, or maybe he had planned to rob or even kill me. Still, I couldn't reconcile his violent death in my mind.

Victor came up to me and cupped my face in his hands. "Are you all right? He didn't touch you, did he?" His usually polite, detached voice brimmed with anger.

I couldn't stop shaking. The blood. I could smell it. And it smelled absolutely wonderful.

"Jasmine," he whispered against my cheek. I felt the stickiness from his hands on my face. My stomach churned, and I bent forward to vomit on the curb. Victor came to put his arms around me, but I staggered away.

"No, don't. Don't touch me," I mumbled. I couldn't think past this man's blood. I wanted it. It took everything in me not to lap it up off the ground at this very moment.

"Please," he replied, his tone now cool and clipped.

"I'm going to be sick—" The sidewalk spiraled up before me as I landed on the ground with a thud.

## Chapter Six

I awoke with a start. My head swam with my sudden movement, but still I struggled to get up.

"Lie down," Victor said softly with one hand on my shoulder. He effortlessly pushed me back onto a bed I knew wasn't mine. The sheets, for one, were a much better quality than I could ever afford, and the bed was fluffier and infinitely more comfortable. The lights were dim, which made the red walls and dark paneling of the large room all the more dramatic.

"Where am I?" I asked as I rolled on to my side. I wasn't wearing the same clothes from this morning either. In fact, I was wearing nothing at all.

My vision cleared enough for me to see him standing in front of a large multi-pane window. A black silk robe hung loosely from his shoulders, leaving his broad chest bare.

"I haven't been careful with you. I've been reckless in my feedings. Now, you're dying," he said calmly, as if he'd just asked me for the time.

I could have ripped all that gorgeous sienna-colored hair out of his beautiful frigging head. "Dying? Well, that's rich. Just great," I snapped, struggling to rise.

He pushed me back down again. "Please, remain calm."

"Calm? I don't even know where I am right now." I shoved his hand away and wrapped the satin sheet beneath me around my body.

He smirked but stepped back anyway. "You're in my home. I'm

going to give you something to make you stronger, so that you live." He didn't come closer, but his eyes didn't leave my face.

I was about to yell at him for not giving me whatever it was in the first place when it dawned on me exactly what he referred to.

"I do not want you to turn me."

He glared at me for a moment before collecting himself. I could see his jaw tick as he struggled to remain calm. Despite myself, my clit stiffened, and my pussy began to literally water. He smiled knowingly as I crossed my legs to keep my arousal from soaking the sheets beneath me.

"I thought you wanted me to keep you," he said. His robe fell open to reveal his rock-hard erection.

"Keep me?" I replied breathlessly as I watched *it* come toward me.

"Yes. You said you hope I decided to keep you. Isn't this what you wanted?" he said teasingly, staying just out of my grasp.

I pouted childishly; I didn't like this new game.

He leaned in as if to kiss me but pulled away when I reached out to meet his lips. "I have been alone for a long time. I'm not accustomed to this." He waved his hand toward me then toward his hardened shaft.

"I go to that club to feed whenever I'm in town. I never cared much for mortals. But you..." He paused and came onto the bed beside me. He pulled me up by my shoulders and looked directly into my eyes. "You radiated an emptiness so profound. You came in there with a need so great. A need greater than mine. I wanted you. I wanted to press myself into that hole and fill you up."

I didn't know whether to kiss him or cry, so I did both. I tore the sheet from between us and pressed myself against him. "Keep me with you. Do what you have to do. Just keep me."

Victor's eyes clouded with hunger as I tipped my head back and urged my neck toward his lips. I couldn't wait to feel his fangs sink into my flesh. As I began to perspire in anticipation, the fact that I was addicted to the feeling of having my blood drawn by him dawned on me. Would it be this good when I was a vampire?

"Better," he muttered and kissed his way down to the swell of my breasts. He sucked and nibbled lightly on my rigid nipples, and his hands

fumbled through my hair.

I rolled my hips over his hard cock. My nether regions dampened in anticipation. Truthfully, I felt a bit weak and disoriented, but it wasn't enough to keep me from having sex with him.

"Just relax," Victor murmured against my skin. Every hair on my neck rose as he tenderly rolled me onto my back. I reached out to touch him.

"Relax," he whispered again as he pressed my limbs back to my sides. He lifted my legs up on his shoulders and, with his hands on my hips, gently eased his long, thick cock into my pussy. I threw my head back in ecstasy. The feel of him rocking inside of me always felt as if it were the first time.

"You're weakened, so I can't bite you."

When I balked in protest, he pounded harder into my swollen pussy lips, and I groaned.

"I have to feed you," he said, still thrusting, not missing a beat.

My back arched as I rolled my hips, mimicking his rhythm. I was too fucking turned on and turned out to be afraid. "Yes, feed me," I moaned.

He bent down and pressed his lips to mine. As his tongue came into my mouth, so did the blood. But this was not ordinary blood; this was thick, smooth, and scalding hot. I would have cried out if the desire for more hadn't suddenly seized me. I wrapped my arms tightly around his neck, pressing him against me as if trying to merge into his body.

His sweat dripped onto my face as we kissed and fucked. All too soon, he pulled his tongue and his cock out of my body. "It's going to hurt, but I won't leave your side. Remember to remain calm." Victor brushed his hand against my cheek.

I held tight to his hand as my vision began to blur and then darken. I stiffened with fear and held tight to him. "I love you, Jasmine," he said softly, in that formal way I just adored.

"Thank you." I tried to smile but failed. I could still taste his blood on my lips as my limbs began to shut down.

"For what?" Victor asked.

## Constant Craving by Christina Kelly

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I wished I could see him, but I knew he was close. "For saving me from myself."

The End

### Author Bio

Christina Kelly is the author of the paranormal romance novel, *The Eternal Kiss*. She began writing at age sixteen and hasn't stopped since. This is her first erotica short story. When she isn't writing, she enjoys reading, dancing, and dying her hair neon colors.

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