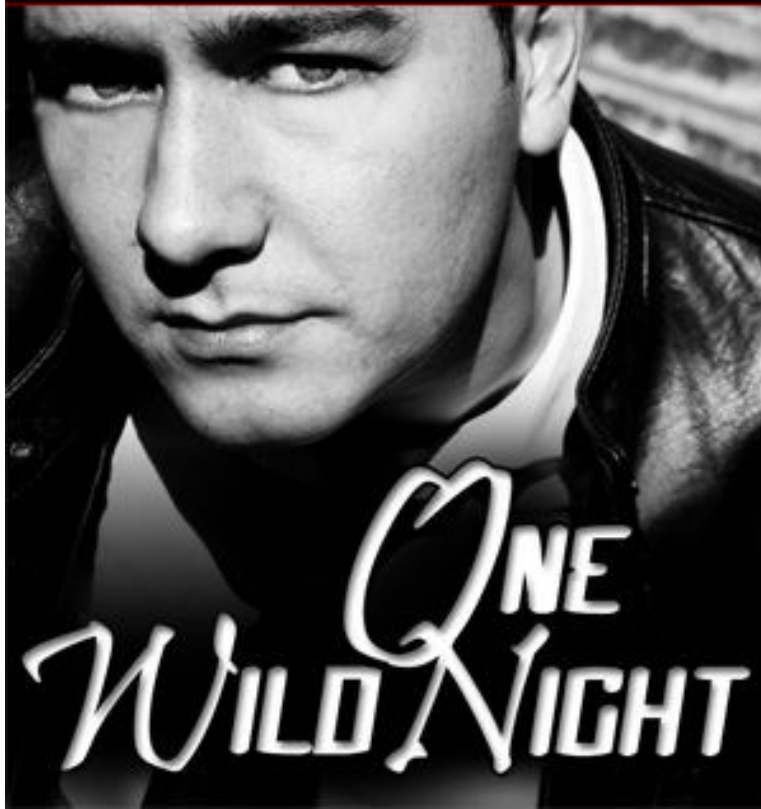


COBBLESTONE PRESS PRESENTS



WICKED

Summer Alan



One Wild Night by Summer Alan

One Wild Night

By

Summer Alan

One Wild Night by Summer Alan

This is a work of fiction. Names, characters, places, and incidents are products of the author's imagination or are used fictitiously and are not to be construed as real. Any resemblance to actual events, locales, organizations, or persons, living or dead, is entirely coincidental.

One Wild Night

Copyright© 2008 Summer Alan

ISBN: 978-1-60088-329-3

Cover Artist: Bree Bridges

Editor: Leanne Salter

All rights reserved. No part of this book may be used or reproduced electronically or in print without written permission, except in the case of brief quotations embodied in reviews.

Cobblestone Press, LLC

www.cobblestone-press.com

Dedication

To all vampire lovers.

Chapter One

“Seaman First Class reporting for one wild night,” Ava said to her reflection in the Mustang’s rearview mirror. “And dressed for the part.”

Thunder shook the car as rain poured down from a pitch-black sky and covered the surrounding countryside. The only costume for sale designed to turn more heads was the Lady Godiva. She’d promised herself tonight she was moving on—leaving Richard, his infidelity and cruelty, behind her—but she hadn’t worked up enough courage to go naked.

She peered once more at the written directions to the Halloween party Lisa had scrawled on a yellow Post-it Note. Now, where had she gotten off track on this illegible mess? Lisa was a terrific friend, but she had the handwriting of a serial killer and a broken compass for a brain.

Thousands of large, splattering drops whacked the windshield, obstructing her view of the lonely road ahead. Richard’s words came back to her, taunting, condemning. *You’re pathetic. You’ll never get another man.*

She clenched her teeth. That wasn’t true—it just *wasn’t*. She was going to this party in a costume designed to shout, *I’m sexy! Men want me!* She nodded. This plan had to work. The cute, sexy sailor outfit also covered up the frightening truth—*what if he was right?*

The water sluicing beneath her tires as she drove along the long, deserted two-lane road caused the rear end of the car to hydroplane. She dropped the paper and gripped the steering wheel with both hands.

Righting the car, she took in a shaky breath. Her heart pounded

One Wild Night by Summer Alan

with the cacophony of construction workers hammering raw wood. *That was close.* The last thing she needed was to have a wreck out here in the middle of nowhere.

As if in answer to the thought, a loud bang sounded behind her, and the rear end fishtailed again. Resisting the urge to stomp on the brake, Ava dropped her foot from the accelerator and clutched the steering wheel with her gloved hands, working hard to keep the front tires on the pavement.

The car bumped along until it finally rolled to a stop. Ava sucked in a deep breath to remind herself she was still in the land of the living. The headlights shone out a dozen yards into the torrential rain, revealing what she'd feared.

Not a car within miles.

Ava turned off the engine and sat for a moment, willing her heartbeat to return to normal. The sound of a thousand zombies beating their fists on the roof echoed around her. Between the imaginary zombies and her vibrating chest, her body had turned to liquid. Releasing her death grip on the steering wheel, she sucked in another deep breath.

You're still alive. It's okay. Time to get out of here. This is why auto clubs exist. She fished her cell phone out of her purse and flipped it open.

No signal—what a shock. Why hadn't she gotten a decent cell phone provider instead of this lame, fly-by-night operation?

She sighed in frustration. "Great. I either get out in this downpour, try to change the tire and end up ruining my costume or...what?"

The alternative was not good. In fact, it didn't exist. She had to change the tire or sit here all night, fogging up the windows and listening to imaginary zombies. She turned around and looked through the rear window. Darkness surrounded the red glow of her taillights.

No other cars were going to show up out here, and she didn't hear approaching Mounties either. Getting out of here would be through her efforts or not at all.

"Oh man." One foot set outside the safety of the vehicle, and the costume would be toast, her plans moot.

There would be other Halloween parties, she told herself. Other

One Wild Night by Summer Alan

chances to get out there again and start over. Find someone who appreciated her, someone who wanted all she had to offer.

Pathetic loser. You'll be alone for the rest of your life. What man would want you?

Wrenching her umbrella from the floorboard, she grabbed her keys, pulled the door handle, and opened the umbrella. A gust of wind caught the door and almost jerked both it and the umbrella from her hand. She stepped out into the wind and rain, slammed the car door, and yanked the umbrella hard over her head, crushing the costume's white sailor cap with the stitched gold anchor on the front.

Stumbling as she walked toward the rear of the car, she held what started out as the cute adaptation of a skirt from a sailor's uniform down in front to keep from flashing...whom exactly? Some stray spotted owl?

She fought back tears of frustration as she reached the rear of the Mustang and opened the trunk. Junk and more junk lay inside from months of using the trunk as a storage shed. Her mother's voice rang in her ears, *clean out your car once in a while, dear*.

Other reminders such as, *always wear clean underwear*, had been more useful—until now.

Holding the umbrella with one hand as her skirt flew up around her waist, Ava pushed one large Hefty garbage bag of clothes meant for the Salvation Army to the side and tried to find the spare tire.

The tiny light bulb mounted inside the trunk lid flickered, serving more as decoration than illumination. How hard could it be to find a full-sized round hunk of vulcanized rubber? It wasn't exactly a safety pin.

Holding the charity-bound bag back with her shoulder, rain and wind smacking against her legs, she felt around under the other piles of debris until she found it. Putting her hand under the edge of it, she pulled as hard as she could while balanced against a driving rain on spike heels.

The tire wouldn't budge.

A sound in the distance stopped her struggle. She turned to see a single headlight coming toward her, the distant roar of an engine echoing through the night mingling with the sound of the thunder.

A motorcyclist? Panic streaked through her like the lightning

One Wild Night by Summer Alan

assailing the dark skies. What if the biker turned out to be a homicidal maniac? What would happen to her out here with nothing but a pair of soaked fishnet stockings, a ring of keys, and clean underwear for protection?

She glanced back into the dark cavern of rubbish holding her spare tire hostage.

Or worse. What if he doesn't stop?

She tossed the keys into the trunk and stumbled around the car. Standing in the light cast by the Mustang's high beams, she waved furiously at what she hoped was her approaching rescuer and not Ted Bundy. Out of the corner of her eye, she could see wild, eerie shadows cast by her arms.

The echo of the engine gearing down reverberated through the pouring rain. As the vehicle slowed its approach, her pulse throbbed at her temples. *Which was it to be? Hell or high water?*

A candy-apple red and chrome motorcycle pulled up alongside her, its driver obviously a man, although he wore a black, full-face helmet covering his head to his neck. He sat up straight on the bike and looked her over, the helmet moving up and down the full length of her body and finally back to her face.

She glanced down at her clothing. Her wet skirt stuck to her thighs, and her feet squished in the high-heeled shoes. Her amazing costume was soaked through to her skin and hung like a wet rag.

Okay, yeah. Just perfect. He saw exactly what she'd known she would look like when setting foot outside the dry interior of her Mustang—a shipwrecked sailor awash on not-so-dry land.

Ava pressed her shoulders back, pretending she didn't look like a drowned rat, and stared at the black, mirrored face shield. Tonight's plans for seduction were over. Time to get this tire fixed, get back on the road, and curl up at home with a movie. She'd seen *Blade* so many times she almost had it memorized.

She silently waited for him to remove the Darth Vader-like headgear before she spoke. If he made any sudden threatening moves, she could run back to her car and hope he didn't grab a tire iron.

One Wild Night by Summer Alan

What choice did she have? She couldn't even lift the tire out of the trunk. Besides, he could stare all he wanted as long as she could identify him later—God forbid—and he could change the tire so she could get the hell out of here.

He killed the motorcycle's roaring engine and nodded slowly, her headlights glimmering off his helmet. Unsnapping the strap at the corner, he lifted off the black globe of plastic and rested it on his lap.

Chapter Two

Wow.

She blinked and hoped she hadn't said the word out loud.

"Hi there."

His voice was liquid silver. Oh, man, she *would* have to look like death on Halloween in front of the king of Cimmerian darkness.

"Hello."

"I'm Pagan."

"Uh huh."

He stared at her, his eyebrows coming together as he smiled. The smile alone would have been enough to knock her over, let alone the thick thighs and broad shoulders. When he booted the kickstand and climbed off the bike, all six-feet of black leather pants and jacket of him, she did consider sitting down.

A line from *Blade* flashed into her memory. *Hang in there, kitten. I'll get help.*

His smile widened, and though she couldn't see his teeth, she had a clear, wonderful image of them nibbling her neck. "What did you say, sweetheart?"

She blinked. What *had* she said? She had no earthly idea. What difference did it make when she couldn't decide whether to run away from him or *to* him?

Her heart beat in her throat, and her breathing grew shorter and more rapid. "Ava. My name is Ava."

One Wild Night by Summer Alan

He nodded and held out one black-gloved hand. "Nice to meet you, Ava. Can I help you with that?"

"Help me with what?"

His smile widened even further. He put the gloved hand on her forehead and pushed back the soaked white sailor cap, stroking her forehead with his fingertips. "You didn't hit your head when you popped the tire, did you?"

"The tire." The word sounded like something she'd heard before, but almost like something foreign—like *homme bel dans la veste en cuir noire*, which she instantly translated in her mind. *Handsome hunk of everlovin' man in black kick-ass-and-take-names leather jacket.*

Or something close to it anyway.

"Yes, your tire. It's flat, darlin'."

The tire. Yes, the tire was flat. *Of course, it was flat.* She was standing out here in the pouring rain next to this gorgeous mountain of a man because she'd gotten a flat. Saying the word "flat" over and over in her mind helped bring her out of the semi-comatose state and allowed her vocal cords to function.

"I've never changed a flat before." Never wore leather. Never rode a motorcycle. Never imagined a man this sexy.

Maybe she should tell him that, too. *Maybe not.*

"Why don't I take you to a hospital?"

"Hospital?" The word shook her out of the daze she'd fallen into in the cool downpour. "I don't need a hospital."

"Ah, you can make sense. Well, good."

He took her hands into his and leaned close to her ear. "I was starting to think what a shame such a beautiful woman had serious-ass brain damage."

Beautiful? I'm not beautiful, and I don't have brain damage, she wanted to say, but once again seemed to have lost the ability to speak. Being mute would be a serious deterrent when it came time to moaning his name. And moaning his name, screaming it even, was exactly what she wanted to do.

Her costume was ruined, but maybe the night's mission wasn't. She

One Wild Night by Summer Alan

couldn't remember the last time she'd tried to seduce a man. She'd never even spoken to a man that looked like this one. Compared to the sizzling steak dinner special before her, she'd been staring at the potted meat menu.

Dream on, loser. You'll never find another man. I took pity on you.

If she was going to make any headway, though, she'd have to start talking and stop listening to Richard's parting words forever condemning her.

"Pagan." Good. She'd *said* his name, although the tremor in her voice wasn't very seductive.

"Yes, Ava?"

"It was very nice of you to stop." There. That sounded normal. Mostly.

"You were standing in the middle of the road."

Oh, yeah.

She couldn't take her eyes off him, and as the wind and rain blew over them both, the frigid elements failed to chill her. "Have you ever changed a flat before?"

He pulled off his gloves and tucked them in the back pocket of the leather pants, his eyes watching hers. "There's not much I haven't done before."

"Oh." She cleared her throat. "I haven't. I wasn't sure, and I couldn't get..."

He tilted his head, the smile still tickling the edges of his lips as he unzipped his jacket. "Funny, I would have thought you might have had some experience."

He took a step closer to her, and suddenly she wasn't sure if they were talking about the tire anymore. A moment ago, she'd imagined him naked, but a streak of fear collided with the thunder and lightning.

Good grief, who was she kidding? She wasn't cut out for seducing anyone, let alone this gorgeous creature. Hadn't her time with Richard proved anything? She took another look at his huge form. Seduction was one thing. *This* was a good way to get herself killed.

She took a step backward toward the rear of the car. "No. No

One Wild Night by Summer Alan

experience." Stepping on a loose rock on the pavement in her high heels, she stumbled and grasped for the rear quarter panel to stop her descent.

In a split second, he was beside her, catching her before she hit the ground. She'd never seen anyone move so fast.

"Whoa, there."

She righted herself and pushed away from him. "How—"

His eyebrows rose. "Are you all right?"

"Yes!" *Good God.* Hadn't she been thinking of Ted Bundy earlier? Another attractive, irresistible serial killer? Always helpful... She glanced around again at the deserted road, her panic rising.

"What is wrong with you?" He took a step closer to her, and her heart began to pound even harder.

No one. No one for miles. She slid along the side of the car toward the driver's door. "Please, let me go."

He shook his head. "Are you sure you didn't crack your skull?"

She grasped for the door handle and pulled it. The door wouldn't open. She yanked on it again and looked inside. *Shit.* She'd locked the door. The keys! *The keys were in the trunk.*

"Ava." Pagan walked to her and grabbed her, his hands a loose but firm vice on her upper arms. "What in the hell is wrong with you?"

She tried to get free from his hands, but as she struggled, her heel slipped again on the loose gravel and his grip tightened. "Don't hurt me! Please!"

"Hurt you?" Pagan shook his head. *Why were all the beautiful ones insane?* "I'm not going to hurt you, woman. I'm going to change your tire and let you drive yourself home. *Maybe.*"

"Maybe?" Her voice mirrored the inexplicable terror in her eyes.

"Maybe. *If you start acting like you haven't lost your mind.* Why would I hurt you, for crying out loud?"

"You said...you said..."

Now she was back to the monosyllables. Great. Pagan took a deep breath and blew it out. "*I said...*"

"...you thought I had experience—like I was asking for—"

"Asking for what?"

Chapter Three

She blinked.

He released his hold on her arms as if her body had caught fire. She wasn't injured. She was *nuts*. Not that she wasn't beautiful, but really. Was she serious?

"Ava, you flagged *me* down, remember? What'd you think? I was out here in the middle of nowhere on the off chance I'd find some woman alone, broken down by the side of the road so I could kill her? I'm on my way somewhere. I could have driven around you and kept going. Speaking of which..." He pulled his cell phone out of his pocket.

Pressing the speed dial number, he held the phone to his ear and stared at her. Hopefully, some logic was sinking into that gorgeous head. Dillon and Johnathan had set him up with yet another chick tonight. Hell, he'd procrastinated as long as he could until this little diversion gave him another excuse. If he was interested in getting a woman, he'd find his own. Those two buttinski brothers were a pain in the ass sometimes. Just because they'd found mates didn't mean everybody...

She watched him and seemed to consider this argument. Finally, her face softened.

He listened to the phone ringing. How crazy was this, standing in a torrential downpour to change a flat for some woman? He was supposed to have been there an hour ago. They were going to be pissed after they got done laughing their asses off. Maybe one good thing would come out of this—maybe the latest and greatest female they'd chosen would get sick

One Wild Night by Summer Alan

of waiting and leave.

Damn. Where the hell was Dillon anyway? Why wasn't he answering his phone? Water dripped down his face, his neck, and the front of his shirt. He stared up at the sky. "Yeah, this is where I like to find women, all right."

After a long pause, she finally spoke. "Maybe I overreacted."

He closed his eyes and laughed. "You think?"

"Maybe it was stupid, but you're so big, and I..."

The way she said "big" stopped him. He looked back down at her, and her voice trailed away, the fear in her eyes replaced by curiosity. For a nutcase, she was damn cute. Her crazy outfit clung like a second skin, and the first skin, frankly, didn't need any help. When he'd first seen her, before she'd started behaving like a lunatic, his mind had immediately wandered to visions of this woman in this rainstorm against this car...

What the *hell*? Was he going to change her damn tire or not? He snapped the phone closed and tucked it back into his pocket.

"Let's see if we can get you on your way to wherever you're going, all right?" He went to the trunk and, shoving aside a couple of large, overfilled garbage bags, reached for the butterfly bolt to unlock the tire. "Work, is it?"

"A Halloween party."

She followed him slowly, taking care with each step in those fuck-me spike heels. Another vision flashed into his mind—those spikes walking along his back.

Releasing the bolt and pushing aside the persistent thoughts, he pulled the tire out of the trunk and grabbed the iron and jack. "No kidding. Me too, supposedly. Not being shipped out today?"

The first real smile he'd seen on her face stopped his attempts at banter. *Holy shit. She really is beautiful under the soaked garb.* Water dripped down her cheeks. A strand of her long, dark hair lay plastered to the skin along her slender neck to the valley between her breasts. His mind leapt to full-color visions of stripping off the white hat and small, black gloves on her hands, moving her body against the edge of the car, and sliding his hand up her little white skirt, his fangs sinking into her carotid.

One Wild Night by Summer Alan

Hell, maybe she wasn't nuts after all. If she'd known the truth about him, she'd have more reason than she'd thought to suspect his intentions weren't entirely Coast Guard approved. He was no rapist, but he was a vampire. Fortunately for her, he didn't much care for human blood for sustenance. A nice taste during sex, though...

His groin tightened with the images in his mind, his blood surging through his veins. He licked his lips, feeling the tip of one of his elongating fangs. *Shit*, no. This was not the time for this. Closing his eyes, he took a deep breath and let it out slowly. No more thoughts, no more visions. Change the tire. Get out of here.

She looked down at the get-up she wore. "Oh, I'd forgotten about this thing. Believe it or not, it was actually cute once."

Pagan rolled the tire around to the flat and leaned it against the car, struggling to ignore his body's reactions to her voice. The sound, the cadence...*shit*. He could almost imagine the taste of her tongue, the feel of it on his cock. He cleared his throat and smiled up at her, attempting once more to keep the atmosphere light. "I believe it."

He tore his gaze from the grin on her face and kneeled down, putting the jack on the ground and adjusting it beneath the frame. "Did you set the parking brake?"

She paused. "Yes, why?"

Oh, that voice. Focus on the *tire*. He loosened and removed the lug nuts, shoving them in his pocket. Placing the tire iron in the slot on the jack, he pumped until the Mustang rose from the pavement enough to get the tire loose. "We don't want it rolling away on us."

"Used to work for NASCAR?"

He pulled the flat tire free, laying it beside him. "Used to have a Mustang. Drove two sets of tires off the thing."

"Which you traded in on the bike?"

Pagan centered the spare on the threaded studs and slid it into place. His full color imagination overrode his efforts, and he no longer saw the tire. His cock sliding into *her* hot, wet place...

Shit. He yanked the handful of lug nuts out of his pocket and began replacing them. "Yeah, traded it in on a ship when I joined the Navy, like

One Wild Night by Summer Alan

you.”

He grabbed the tire iron and wrenched the lug nuts, tightening them until they were secure. Lowering the car back to the ground, he grabbed the jack and stood up. “Okay, Seaman First Class. You’re good to go.”

“I called myself the same thing earlier.” She placed her hand on his arm and squeezed, the slight heat searing through the leather to his skin. “Funny you should say that.”

She. Belongs. To me.

Pagan shook his head. *What the fuck?* His groin tightened to the point of pain, his erection pressing firmly against the front of his leather pants. *Her naked body, against it, inside it—take her.*

“Thank you for fixing the tire. Sure you’re not going to hit me over the head and try to kill me?”

Putting the tire iron in the hand with the jack, he wiped the rain off his face. The words were out of his mouth before he realized what he was saying, the sound of his voice dangerously low and measured.

“No, but I could find some rope and tie you up with it. Don’t tempt me.”

She stared up at him with those glittering eyes, her full lips parted slightly.

With blood thrumming through his veins and the sharp tips of his fangs tickling his lower lip, the full scent of her body came alive in his nostrils. His vision narrowed to her face, the pouring rain ignored.

“You’ve got grease on your cheek.” She raised the hand she’d left resting on his arm and touched him. Stroking her thumb across his face, she stood dripping wet in front of him, her scent blurring his vision with a physical, burning *want*.

You belong to me.

He took hold of her wrist and dropped the tools from his other hand. A wild urge to rip her clothes away gripped him. He clenched his free hand into a fist and forced himself to remain perfectly still.

“You should go.” His voice was unrecognizable. “If you still can.”

She blinked then cupped his chin with her free hand, grazing a

One Wild Night by Summer Alan

trembling thumb over his bottom lip. "What if I don't go?"

Something strong and desperate rose within him, slashed at his restraint like a scythe, cutting down his control piece by piece. Images like a fast-forwarded movie flickered through his mind—her skin, wet, hot, in his mouth. Her legs spread wide, his face buried in her pussy. Her mouth on his cock, her tongue licking his...

She didn't know what she was getting into, and neither did he. He'd had women, but nothing like this had ever happened. Something bestial inside him, a possessive, hungry animal tore at him for release. What it was and where it had come from, he didn't know. He knew only moments separated their finding out what the animal would do.

"Ava."

She continued to rub his cheek with her thumb. "I guess a kiss to thank you wouldn't be out of line." And without another word, she closed the distance between them and put her lips on his.

The soft, timid press of her lips, the sweet taste of her mouth, set the animal free.

He took hold of the front of her soaking wet costume, and the fabric came apart like wet tissue in one jerk of his hands. Stripping it loose from both sides, he released the torn remnants to the soaked earth.

Her gasp disappeared in his mouth when he pulled her bare upper body hard against his. He slid his hand over her ass, her firm, wet flesh covered by a tiny pair of panties. He jerked them down and away from her.

Chapter Four

Ava sucked in a breath of rainwater and the strong scent of virile man. Oh, God, in two seconds she'd gone from seduction to naked.

"Pagan—"

He pressed his lips to her ear. "Yes, say my name, Ava. Say it again."

"Pagan, wait." His arms tightened around her, his hand pressing her hips against the stiff shaft of his erection. A surge of heat seeming to come through his clothes warmed her skin against the pouring rain.

He placed his hand on her cheek and turned her face to his. Lightning flashed in his dark eyes, his gaze hard and steady. "There's another..." His jaw clenched, his eyebrows lowering. "Another man. Who is he?"

His thumb stroked her cheek as he watched her, unblinking.

"Nobody," she finally managed, her voice a hoarse whisper. "No one now."

"There was someone. I can feel him." He picked her up into his arms in one quick movement. "Let's rid you of him."

He carried her toward his bike, the low sound of something like a growl in his throat.

"Where are you taking me?"

Gently placing her backward on the cycle's seat, he removed his leather jacket and placed it in a heap over the handlebars. "Lie back."

She attempted to cover her naked breasts with her hands as rain

One Wild Night by Summer Alan

streamed over her cooling skin.

His gaze moved to her hands, and she heard it again, louder and more distinct this time—he *was* growling. “Ava, don’t cover your beauty before me.” He gently took her hands in his and pulled them over her head as he laid her back on the bike. “Hold onto this bar. Don’t move.”

Mounting the bike facing her, he slid as far back on the seat as possible. He placed his hands on her thighs then slid them slowly to her waist. Tipping his chin downward, his eyes narrowed. “What was his name?”

She didn’t want to talk about this, about *him*. Richard’s taunting voice had finally receded into the distance, pushed aside by Pagan’s mesmerizing eyes. His thumbs along her waist were hypnotizing. The slow, firm grasp of his hands generated a heat burning low in her belly. He bent toward her, touching his tongue to her nipple.

The shock of heat sent a shiver over her flesh. He flicked her hard bud once and again then slowly and purposefully raised his eyes to hers. “His name, Ava. It’s time to get him out. Tell me.”

The hum of his voice held patience, understanding, kindness. But the words were not a request.

“Richard.”

He closed his lips over the nipple, tightening his grip on her waist. “Good,” he murmured against her flesh, rolling the tip between his teeth. “But he hurt you.”

She arched her back to pull him closer, her hips lifting off the seat.

Trailing his tongue down her breast to the other, he captured the nipple in his lips, sucking it into his mouth. She let her head fall back into the soft, pliant leather and closed her eyes.

“He hurt you, Ava.”

“Yes, he did.” Tears burned behind her eyes, and she squeezed them shut against the pain of knowing, of having to tell the truth about herself.

He moved his hands over her hips and squeezed her thighs, his thumbs a breath away from the blazing heat now burning between her legs. “How?”

One Wild Night by Summer Alan

She didn't have to ask what he meant. A deep sadness splashed over her like the waves of rain splattering her face. She knew this surreal moment was temporary; this man would be the fulfillment of everything Richard had ever said. None would want her. *For one night, maybe. Then they'll see how useless you are. None will stay.*

None of the amazing things Pagan did could change who she was—a woman who wasn't good enough to keep a man happy.

His hands stopped moving. "Ava."

She folded her arms over her face. Tears ran from her eyes and mingled with the rain on her cheeks.

"Say it, Ava."

"He told me..." The words, mere whispers in the dark night, stabbed her heart. "He said that no one will ever want me."

His hands stilled. For long moments, neither of them moved. Finally, she could stand it no longer. Facing the truth was better than fear, and the truth would be on his face. How could she survive seeing it?

She forced herself to open her eyes.

He nodded, his gaze a massacre of the lie, his kind eyes laying bare any question in her mind.

"Richard is a fool."

And then he was inside her, his palm pressed flat against her mound, his finger deep. Sparkles of light flashed in her vision as his voice surrounded her, absorbing into her pores and her blood.

"He can't hurt you anymore."

Before she could process his words, he slid back on the bike, and his mouth followed his hand.

Her breath caught in her throat. She released the handlebars and grabbed his shoulders for stability in the spinning scent of her own arousal mingled with his desire and the steadily falling rain.

"So tight. So beautiful."

His tongue laved her pussy with extreme prejudice, possessing her body from the outside in. She would have paused to breathe, but the orgasm burning just on the other side of the darkness hovered, sucking the air from her lungs.

One Wild Night by Summer Alan

“Come, my lovely. Let him go.”

Her scream rent the air as her body ignited in a flame of heat and waves of torturous, delicious completion. She clutched his shoulders as he continued to take her essence through the whirls of exploding pleasure.

“Ah yes, Ava.” He sat up and pulled her onto his lap in a smooth, deft motion. His lips found hers, his hands tangling in her wet hair. His kiss was desire. It was heat and longing and desperate need. It was possession.

When he released the claim on her lips, he placed small, tender kisses on her forehead. “I’ve been looking for you for a long time. But I need more.”

She blinked the rain from her eyelids and looked into his piercing eyes. He needed more? More than she could give? A blade of sharp-edged fear stabbed her chest. “I..”

“More of you, my Ava. More of you.”

He tightened her legs around his waist and stood from the bike, easily dismounting as if her body were no more than the fear she’d carried—weightless, a vacuum.

He carried her in front of the Mustang off to the side of the road, the headlights from her car flickering in front of him as he passed, refracting prisms through the droplets of rain.

Lowering her feet to the ground before a tall oak amidst a copse of trees, he brushed her hair from her eyes. “Will you take me inside you?”

He took her hands and placed them low on his hips, sliding one hand to stroke the erection straining against the fly. “I need to be inside you.”

“Why?” The question slipped from her lips before she had time to form the thought. His body beguiling, his words intoxicating, he could have anyone, any time, anywhere. She knew why she wanted him, but the question remained. “Why me, Pagan?”

Chapter Five

You belong to me.

The words rang through his mind like clanging bells, the knowledge like the heat from her body in its truth. Her body yearned for him—he could taste it in the air around her, in the moisture between her legs, the sweetness of her mouth. But she would not trust him or her own desire until she knew that he would never hurt her and would give his life to protect her.

Richard. He would find him and rip his eyes from their sockets, watch him bleed the blood of cruel pain he'd spilled from her heart. He would remove all traces of Richard from her memory.

Her mind must understand the truth with certainty as his did. She would not understand his certainty so soon because she was human. He could not tell her a vampire has one mate, one person to complete him, the knowledge, like water, sufficient in all forms when it is possessed.

He blinked away the wisdom and voices of his ancestors. He must find a way to tell her the truth without losing her.

Resting his hands on her waist, Pagan forced himself to move slowly as his thumbs caressed her wet skin. He pulled her closer, wanting to hold her body against the tree and take her in the cool fall rain. He restrained himself only by Herculean effort.

"Don't you deserve someone?"

She kissed him tenderly, tentatively, her lips trembling as they grazed his. Did she know how perfect she was, soaking wet and in his

One Wild Night by Summer Alan

arms, staring up at him with those liquid eyes? He had to get a grip on himself, or he would be inside her before he settled anything in her mind.

"I know why I want you..." Her voice trailed off as her eyes stared up into his. Was she afraid? Nervous? As turned on as he was?

"Why wouldn't I want you for the same reasons?"

"You don't know me." She shook her head. "You can't want..."

He nodded. "I can't want to love you forever when I hardly know you." The irony was, he did know. The one thing she longed for, did not believe she could ever know, he knew with absolute certainty. She belonged to him—he was the one who would love her for all time. His chest clenched with the next thought he forced himself to put into words. "Does anyone ever really know? Isn't all of life a risk you take for happiness?"

Her response was to stare at him with those liquid, expressive eyes.

"Ava..."

She glanced around then, as if checking to see if someone had suddenly appeared out of nowhere on the lonely road. She slipped out of his arms and leaned back against the trunk of the tree. Wrapping her hands around a branch just over her head, she turned her face to the sky, letting the water fall down her body. Her lips curved into a smile as she lowered her gaze to him.

"Yes, I will take you inside me."

The words broke over him like a sonic boom. He closed the short distance between them and unfastened his pants slowly. Letting them fall low on his hips, he peeled his shirt over his head.

He touched her thigh, placing it against his hip. She clutched the branch and encircled his waist, clasping her ankles together behind his back. Licking the moisture from her neck, he tasted the desire seeping out of her every pore. The salt taste and her scent mingled with the metal taste of the rain. He slid her body down his hips, feeling the moment her wet pussy touched the tip of his cock.

She laid her head back, her breasts high and exposed to him. In the illumination from the car's headlights, the golden glow of her skin beckoned. Her lips parted, and she whispered in the thunder. "Everything

One Wild Night by Summer Alan

you're thinking, I want you to do."

He'd moved carefully, treading the fine line of control, holding back the baser instincts of his species. When she'd first seen him, she'd feared being attacked. There were greater things to fear now, more frightening than she'd ever imagined. She dreamed of being worthy to be loved. Did she realize what this meant? For if she let him enter her, if he were to join with the one woman who belonged to him, there was no going back.

If she was unwilling to be his from this moment on, he had to know before it was too late

"Ava?"

But what could he ask her? She could no more promise to stay with him forever than any other human being on the earth. Vampire joinings were eternal; human promises were not. Often not even the expanse of one lifetime. Humans did not live and die by their promises. If he joined with this woman, and she left...

Kissing her shoulders, he let his lips trail over her neck for one last moment. Perhaps one last taste forever.

"Ava, open your eyes."

She blinked her eyes open then smiled at him. "Yes, love?"

Am I your love? Will you stay with me forever? Damn, what the hell could he say?

She began to slide downward, the slick opening of her pussy pressing hard against his erection. Another small movement, and he would be inside her.

He straightened and caught her higher up in his arms.

"Promise me something."

"Yes?"

The ecstasy in her features burned in his chest, and the words finally came to him from somewhere far in the history of his kind. "The same things I promise you."

Her lips curved into the sweetest of smiles as she placed her hands on either side of his face. "That, I will promise." Her voice soft and vibrating with emotion, her breath on his face, she kissed him again, a

One Wild Night by Summer Alan

deep, hungry, yearning for the joining of two like souls.

His control fell away, and he released her body to his will. His thrust into the hot depths of her pussy brought a shout of exhilaration from her lips. Pressing her back against the trunk of the tree, he thrust into her with the conviction of the obsessed, driving hard and long to hold her, to please her, to have her as his own.

Pagan's mouth was forceful and spellbinding, and she opened her mouth wider to sink into the possession of his kiss. The sense of being lifted from this place and carried away on the winds of the storm raging around them coursed through her. His cock, firm and thick, filled her with every stroke, raking over every pleasure center her body had ever known.

"Talk to me," she whispered against his lips.

"Look into my eyes."

"Yes." A raging heat deep within her began to burn lower and lower, each magnificent thrust driving her closer and closer to it.

"Do you trust me?"

"Yes!"

"Look into my eyes. Don't look away."

He released his hold on her hips and grasped both of her nipples, squeezing them to the point of exquisite pain as he continued the hard, driving thrusts into her body.

As she stared into his eyes, with one magnificent thrust, an explosion of pleasure burst inside her, and her legs unlocked from around his waist. He pulled her nipples toward him, then lowered his lips to her neck as wave after wave of the orgasm shook her. Curling her toes in the air, she shouted his name.

A sharp pinch at her throat gave way to sparkling visions, images of pleasures filling her mind as another wave of something even more amazing than the orgasm she'd experienced had been.

For long, astounding moments, the vision lingered, then Pagan rose from his ministrations at her neck and looked into her eyes.

"Put your feet on the ground, sweetheart."

She stared at him for a moment, the same sweet face, but something had changed. Something she couldn't quite...

One Wild Night by Summer Alan

His mouth. There was something on his mouth. She touched his lip with her finger. "It's blood."

She started to search for something on the ground to wipe the blood away, but when she saw her feet still stretched out in front of her, over three feet above the ground, she wanted to scream, but when she opened her mouth, no sound came.

"I promise to love you forever," he said quietly. "I've joined with you, I've tasted you. You belong to me."

Her mouth hung open, and she couldn't breathe.

"Now it's your turn to promise."

The End

Author Bio

Summer Alan moves around a lot all over the United States with her cat, Martini. She never likes to stay in one place too long. Her interests include nude sunbathing and reading the sexiest books she can find.

Visit her at: <http://summeralan.wordpress.com>